The apostle Peter speaks of a certain womanly ornament as being in the sight of God of great price. This gives us an idea of God Himself. It is not position, it is not dress, it is not outward appearance. It is that which makes us look like bad characters. What need those have, to stand up to the world, and show off when they are young, much more will they want to show off when they are older. They will acquire habits which will not be easy to leave; they will be enrolled in the ranks of those who are froward and not modest.

May we hope that the time will come when the beauty of modesty will be more appreciated by our American girls?—Wm. Strong in Gospel Trumpet.

What need those have, to stand upon their guard, who have made a great profession of religion, and showed themselves forward and zealous in devotion, because the devil will set upon them most violently, and if they misbehave, the reproach is the greater: it is the evening that commends the day; often it happens, however, that each growth up, too often look with envious eyes at the gay things in the shop-windows; and in their ignorance and want of taste, only succeed in making themselves look like bad characters. Who can wonder that, as these things are so, the heart of those who care for you is made sad, as they see the bold stare, the forward manner, the foolish dress, the silly giggle, the vulgar self-assertion, the graceless demeanor, the absence of modesty?

You can not be raised by dress, however beautiful, one single inch above your natural position and your natural disposition. If any wish for a change to a higher condition, bear in mind that it is the heart, the mind, the disposition, that must be changed, not the mere outward appearance. It is not the dress that distinguishes a lady or a gentleman from other people, it is not appearance, it is not position. It is courtesy and refinement, a knowledge of what is right in small things, as self-respect, a neatness in habits; all of which must be genuine and which can not be imitated with success.

What a sad picture often forces itself upon the public eye: young women flaunting about in gay and unseemly dress, out on the street late at night, uncontrolled in their conversation, gossiping with idle young men, eager for consequences!

Of what value are coarse and gaudy flowers in comparison with the violet, the lily of the valley, or the rose newly washed with the morning dew, hiding amongst its leaves from the sun? When once a girl has been allowed to be, or has grown accustomed to being, much out and away from home, to talk to whomsoever she pleases—strangers and passers-by and mere acquaintances; when she has once lost her maiden blush and her quiet love of retirement; then the bloom of her girlhood is gone, and can never be fully restored.

Mothers, in all classes, are to blame for the want of simplicity in the way they dress their children. It is indeed sad that even the simplicity and innocence of childhood should have such intruders made upon it by the ignorant pride of those who ought to know better! If children are taught to be vain, how can it be otherwise when they grow up? If they are trained to show off when they are young, much more will they want to show off when they are older. They will acquire habits which will not be easy to leave; they will be enrolled in the ranks of those who are froward and not modest.

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Evangelical Visitor

A Bi-Weekly Religious Journal
For the exposition of true, practical piety and devoted to the spread of Evangelical truths and the Unity of the church.

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EDITORIAL.

AS REGARDS SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1913.

We notice that next years Sunday school lessons will take us through the Pentateuch and a few lessons in the Book of Joshua. During the first three quarters the lessons are confined to the two first books of the Bible,—Genesis and Exodus. So it will be seen that practically the whole of the year 1913, will be spent in the earliest books of the Bible by the Sunday schools that follow the International Lesson Course, and it will be an excellent time to adopt a systematic study of the Bible.

In entering in on the study of Genesis it is well for us to remember that there is such a thing as the Destructive Higher Criticism, a propaganda that seeks to rob us of the ancient faith which receives the Bible as the GOD-BREATHED Word. It is well to remember further that this Destructive Higher Criticism is rampant in the higher educational institutions of the present day in this and other lands, also that it pervades very much of the literature of our day, and is found to an alarming degree in much of the Sunday school literature, such as lesson helps, etc. That the International Lesson Committee is not free from catering to this element or at least is influence to some extent by the New Theology, appeared to be evident from the lesson arrangement during the current year.

As to the attitude of the Destructive Higher Criticism towards Genesis it is well to know that, since the Book of Genesis is the foundation of the whole Bible, and is of such vast importance, it is not surprising that the enemy of the Truth of God has first of all directed his attacks against this Book so as to break down its authority. A. C. Gabelein, editor of Our Hope writes as follows:

“A hundred years ago and less the cunning inventions of the father of lies, directed against the inspiration of Genesis, and its unity, occupied mostly, if not altogether, the minds of theologians and scholars. It is different now. The stock in trade of the destructive critics, differing but little from that of accredited infidels, has become the common property of evangelical Christendom. The rationalistic theories concerning the date and authorship of Genesis are now liberal and almost universally displayed. In theological seminaries they are openly taught, and hundreds of men who claim to be teachers of the oracles of God, deny the inspiration of the Book of Genesis.”

Now as to the paternity of Higher Criticism we may be sure that it is not of God. In the destructive criticism of Genesis and the Pentateuch we have the enemy of God at work. A Frenchman, Jean Astruc by name, has been called the “Sir Isaac Newton of Criticism.” He was a physician, a free-thinker, who led a wicked and immoral life. In a book entitled, “Conjectures Regarding the Original Mennonists in the Book of Genesis,” which he published in 1753, he gave to the world his doubts concerning the things recorded in this Book. He taught that two different documents were used in the composition of the Book. This he based on the fact that two names of God were used in the composition of the Book. The two names were Elohim (translated, God) and Jehovah (translated, Lord). So this unconverted Frenchman, was the inventor of the hypothesis of a so called, Jehovist and Elohist writer. However, it was a German scholar and rationalist who formulated the denial of the unity and inspiration of Genesis into a system. This man was Professor Eichhorn, and he coined the phrase, “Higher Criticism,” and therefore is the “father” of it. He was successful in introducing the theory of Astruc into the theological institutions of Germany. Being a very learned man he invented higher criticism took hold upon the minds of thousands of people. Another Higher Critic who himself was a “powerful factor of this most dangerous infidelity,” gives his estimate of Professor Eichhorn in the following words:

“We cannot fail to recognize that, from a religious point of view, the Bible was a closed book to him.”

“Such is the Paternity of the now widely accepted ‘Higher Criticism’: an immoral infidel Frenchman and an unconverted, blind leader of the blind, a German Professor.”

Then other men followed these men, some teaching different theories from these. There were many who may be fitly called the disciples of the immoral Frenchman and the infidel German. One of them, George Adam Smith, has said that the frame work of the first eleven chapters of Genesis is woven from the raw material of myth and legend. And the works of this man and others are now sold at popular prices by so called “Christian Publishers.”

Now this being the condition of things it will be quite evident that there is need of watching very closely the lesson helps that will find acceptance in our Sunday schools. The duty seems to be plain that any thing that partakes, in any way, of the nature of the destructive higher criticism should be let severely alone as far as giving it any place in our schools goes. It is claimed, and not without reason, we presume, that nearly all of the larger, more popular denominational bodies, are permeated with these destructive teachings and it is but what we may expect that the literature which they provide for Sunday schools will be of the same nature.

As far as possible, the Lord giving wisdom, we mean that the helps that go out from us shall be safe and we do not anticipate any trouble on that line. However, there are yet a few schools, and possibly a goodly number of individuals who use other more popular helps, so that in that way there may be some danger ahead. The publisher of Notes for Bible Study, Toronto, Ont., in an announcement of enlargement of Notes for next year,
giving more space to Sunday school lesson matter has this to say in way of warning:

"One of the recent attacks made on the Word of God is in connection with the Sunday School and the Sunday School Lessons. Teachers are at sea these days. Their Help (?) no longer helps. They are alarmed at the downward tendency, or they are blissfully ignorant of the poison they are constantly imbuing." And Mr. Roffe, the publisher announces that Notes will continue to be a safe help.

But it is evident that Christians who are inquiring for the Old Paths, need to be on the look-out and provide safe literature for their Sunday schools for the coming year. The Destructive Higher Criticism will without doubt do its utmost to capture the Sunday Schools, and it is the duty of loyal Christians everywhere to lift up a banner against such invasion.

### AT MARTINSBURG, PA.

We were able to take a few days off since our last issue and attend the love feast at Martinsburg, Pa., on Oct. 19 and 20. It was our second visit to that place and we enjoyed our stay very much. There is a rather small company of earnest and spiritual members there under the oversight of Bishop Stern.

The meetings were well attended. Arriving after 2 P. M. on Saturday we found the service in progress. The members appeared to be quite alive and ready in the testimony service. The brethren J. H. Myers and H. C. Shank were also there as visiting ministers. The services were solemn and orderly as becomes all such services.

The Sunday school on Sunday morning was well attended and interesting. We remained for the Sunday evening meeting and returned home with the first train on Monday morning. We hope the class at Martinsburg may prosper under the blessing of God and the faithful labors of the ministers in charge.

Lead pencil writing is not favored by the compositor, yet now and then some one sends in an article written with that instrument, and we do the best we can with it. When the writing is distinct and plain we can bear with it, but when the paper is of the cheapest sort put up into scribbling pads for children in school, and the writing far from plain it is almost too much to ask a compositor to put it into type. Kindly remember this when you write again.

Tomorrow, November 5, the citizens of these United States will cast their votes for the election of a president and vice-president for the next presidtential term, commencing March 4, 1913. Professedly this is a Christian nation and we might reasonably expect that the voting would show favorably on questions of virtue and morality. We venture however, to guess that the election will result in victory for one of the parties which are favorable to continuing the wicked partnership with the liquor interest. How it is that church people, professedly Christian, can continue to throw their influence in favor of the liquor traffic we cannot understand. If they would for once break loose from the old parties, and, to a man, vote with the party which is pledged to rid the country of the dominance of liquor rule, treating it as Abraham Lincoln did, slavery, denouncing it as a crime, there would be an emancipation greater than when the slaves were set free. And this it would seem to us would be the most reasonable thing to do, if we vote at all.

Special meetings are already in progress, or soon will be, in a number of districts in different parts of the Brotherhood. It will be noticed elsewhere in this issue that Eld. Almer Martin of Elizabethtown, Pa., will take up the work at Mechanicsburg, Pa., on Nov. 10. We learn from the Abilene Reflector that Eld. W. J. Myers of Massillon, Ohio, commenced work at the Belle Springs, Kansas, M. H., on Oct. 27. Word from Thomas, Okla., informs us that Bish. M. G. Engle of Kansas will labor at the Bethany M. H. beginning in the near future. No doubt others may soon be in progress of which we have not been informed. May God bless all the efforts.

In some way, we don't know how, the name of Sr. Mary Heisey was dropped out of the list of Missionary addresses in connection with the names of the other missionaries at the Mattoon Mission. We were apprised of this omission by several of our Ohio friends. We are sorry that it occurred and will see that the name appears again.

Did our readers all notice that we offer to new subscribers the VISITOR from now on until Jan. 1, 1914, for $1.00, and further, for 17 cents more, our Gospel Text Wall Calendar for 1913, and also a Fountain Pen, self-filling, for $1.25. Our old subscribers can secure the Calendar for 22 cents extra, and the Pen for $1.50 extra. We would like to be favored with many new subscribers, and many orders for Calendars and Pens. Send orders early.

### SPECIAL NOTICE:

We are under necessity of informing our VISITOR friends, as also others, that our residence is yet in Harrisburg, Pa., and our address is as before, 1216 Walnut St. All subscriptions and matter for the VISITOR should be sent here. All postal orders should be made payable at Harrisburg, Pa. Draw all checks, bank drafts and postal orders in favor of Geo. Detwiler.

We have no trouble in using private checks even from Canada. We would rather our Canada friends would send private checks, or preferably, postal notes or orders, than Canada bank bills. Please don't send us Canada silver nor Canada postage stamps.

On page 12 of the VISITOR under Publisher's Notice there is a short paragraph which reads as follows:

"Communications without the author's name will receive no recognition." We have before now called attention to this rule, but there is still one now and then who sends in something for the VISITOR, without the name and according to the above rule it must go to the waste basket. We have an article on hand now which might be printed but we have no way of knowing who the writer is. Where it is requested that the name be withheld—not printed—we respect such request.

We have heard of some communications whose nature would almost require the author's name to accompany the same. This, it seems to us, would be the case with the article referred to above. When any one feels called to write in the way of reproof, rebuke, or admonition it ought not be done anonymously. However we may say here that the ground of the article in question is pretty well covered by the article entitled "Drifting," found elsewhere in this issue.

With all the cares of life, and all its sorrows, yet I find that a life of communion with God is sufficient to yield consolation in the midst of all, and even to produce a holy joy in the soul, which shall make it to triumph over all affliction. I have never yet repented of any sacrifice that I have made for the Gospel, and find that consolation of mind which can come from God alone.—Wm. Carey.

The devil has sworn our death, but he will crack a deaf nut. The kernel will be gone.—Luther.
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

A series of meetings will be held at Mechanicsburg, Pa., beginning, Nov. 10. Elder Albert Martin of Elizabethtown, Pa., will conduct these meetings. All are invited to attend.

PHILADELPHIA MISSION.

He that dwelleth in the Secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty' (Psalm 90: 1).

"Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard" (Proverbs 21: 13).

I pray God for His goodness to us: we passed through dark seasons since you heard from us last, but we can shout, victory. Praise the Lord. (I. Cor. 10: 13).

He will leave nothing come on us that we are not able to bear. Glory to Jesus. Pray for us all who are interested in the lost of earth.

FINANCIAL.


Balance on hand, $13.05.

Receipts.

Canton, Ohio, $8.95; Cambellstown, Pa., $200; Lancaster, Pa., $2.50; Harrisburg, Pa., $200; Cash, $100; Offerings, $11.01; Total, $589.55.

Expended.

Provisions, $26.88; gas, $2.90; other expenses, $4.85; Mission, $99; total, $34.49.

Balance on hand, $39.

Other Donations.

A brother and sister, a basket of vegetables; a friend, 3 baskets of tomatoes, 1 basket peaches, 1 watermelon. In the last report a mistake occurred. A brother and sister of Philadelphia, a basket of vegetables; and 1 box of clothing from Flurin, Pa., donated by the Eiforn Sewing Circle. May God's blessing rest on all hands and hearts who take an interest in this well begun work. Yours for souls.

Mary K. Stover.


SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

"Be ye strong and of a good courage exceedingly strong and very courageous" (Joshua 1: 6, 7).

The month just past has held for us some tests and responsibilities, but in all these we have seen the salvation of a sufficient number of souls to make it well worth while. One of these conversions was that of a young Hawaiian, whose work had been on a ship sailing between this port and his native country. About six months ago he was given a Testament by a mission worker in San Diego, and he found new things in his testament every day.

Several soldiers have been won back to the Christian life during the month. One of them, a Russian Jew, whose mother opposes very strongly the step he has taken; but he seems clear in his conversion and firm in his determination to go on. The good Lord comforts His servants with the word which says that the whole world and a soul are not to be compared, and so that we feel that our labor in San Francisco has been well worth while in spite of all that has had to be overcome.

Bro. and Sister J. H. Wagaman are now with us, and we believe they will be of great help to the mission work. Pray for them; if you can not do anything else, you can pray, and prayer in faith avails much.

FINANCIAL.


Receipts.

J. Haldeman, Redfield, Cal., $1.00; Sr. Anna Byer, Kans., $5.00; Upland Church, Upland Cal., $2.00; Sr. W. R. Wingert, Chambersburg, Pa., $2.50; Bro. Booser, Pa., $2.00; B. S. Herr, Cambridge City, Ind., $2.00; Sr. Anna J. Wagaman, Cambridge City, Ind., $2.00; Rosebank, S. S. Hope, Kans., $3.50; "Frewell" offerings at hall, $25; Total, $54.84.

Expenses.

Street car fares to and from hall, $8.50; table supplies, $10.72; home incidentals, $1.27; hall lights, etc., $2.25; rent, $800; hall rent, $2000; total, $3001.

Balance Sept. 24 $189.

Balance Oct. 24, $249.

Finally, brethren, pray for us.

The Workers.

CHAMBERSBURG MISSION.

Dear ones of the Visitor I surely feel to praise the Lord this morning for His rich blessings to His faithful children. It plays to be in His service.

This Summer we held street meeting every Saturday evening, and God surely blessed my soul in knowing that we obeyed God and His commands. I know there was conviction. Eternity will tell as to results. The jail meeting is very interesting. Surely it encourages our hearts.

Some may think our coal bill is high, but we always get our bin filled. We think we will have enough if the Winter will not be too severe. So I hope you will not think hard of us.

On the third of November the continued meetings will start here. Pray that the Lord may have His way. Bro. Benjamin Hoover of Ohio is expected to be here. Report from Sept. 1, till Oct. 26, 1912.

FINANCIAL.

Receipts.

Sr. Emma Williams, Reserve Hill, Pa., $200; A sister, $20 cents; Sr. Martin, $1.00; Mt. Rock, S. S., $14.00; Mission S. S., $5.00; Sr. Sollenberger, $1.00; a sister, Montgomery, $5.00; Contribution box, $5.95; A brother, Mike, Rock, $8.00; Bro. and Sr. A. O. Wenger, $5.00; Total, $34.25.

Expenses.

Provisions, $22.18; light, $1.02; coal, $5.60; incidentals, $50.00; due mission last report, $70.62; total, $95.69.

Balance due mission, $60.82.

Other Donations.

A brother, Mt. Rock, sweet potatoes, court.
November 4, 1912.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

corn meal, apples, chicken, basket provisions; S. S. Burkholder, butter; Sol. D. Wingert, basket provisions; H. W. Lehman, basket provisions.

Remember us as thy unworthy brother and sister.

Bro. and Sr. A. O. Wenger.

903 Center St.

LOVE FEST AT SPRINGVALE, ONT.

Dear readers: Greeting in the precious name of Jesus. We were especially blessed this Fall. Our regular weekly prayer-meeting is on Wednesday night; and Bro. Elliott got here when the meeting was drawing to a close. He gave us a few words of encouragement and exhortation, and on Thursday evening Bro. Asa Bearss was with us too: so we had meetings for the rest of the week. We had several ministering brethren and a godly number of brothers and sisters from different places. God's Holy Spirit was in our midst on Saturday afternoon during the testimony meeting, and we had a grand meeting. Just before supper two young sisters, one of brothers and sisters from different places, God's Holy Spirit was in our midst at that time, on account of other church duties awaiting us, we returned, after Sabbath school, with our son to Kindersley, and after a good night's rest we left Kindersley at 9 A. M., Sept. 30, for home, arriving there at 10, P. M. on Oct. 3, finding our loved ones well and of good cheer, for which we praise God.

The church at Merrington is now fully organized and apparently promises to be a power for good work in the Master's cause there. The ministerial staff including the elder, ministers and deacon is composed of men of ability and stability. If each one does his part in his ministerial capacity and, apparently, have the Master's cause at heart. We pray that God there always maintain us, and that the word of God and the church will be instrumental in building up a flourishing congregation in that place. The membership is principally composed of middle-aged brethren and sisters, who are intelligent and active, and, apparently, have the Master's cause at heart. We pray that God there always maintain them well, and that the spirit of love and forbearance between the ministry and the laity at that place, as well as everywhere throughout the Brotherhood. In conclusion we must say that we are kindly received and cared for by all with whom we came in contact whilst there, and wish unto all God's bountiful blessing for time and eternity.

Charles Baker.

WAUKENOA, CAL.

To the Visitor family: Greeting in Jesus' precious name. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord he is my refuge and my fortress, My God, in him will I trust." I am so glad for the precious promises we have in the word of God. They have been great comfort to me since my companion's sickness. Glad that I learned to trust Jesus.

According to arrangements Elder Burkholder and Bro. Lehman of Upland, Cal., arrived at this place on the evening of Oct. 19. we met at Bro. Heise's home where we held a small love feast. There were ten communicants. Will also say that brother Samuel Lady of Kan., was with us. On the 20th, we all gathered to our regular place of worship, at the school house where we have services every Sunday.

After Sunday school Elder Burkholder broke the bread of life to us. The saints were all encouraged.

Bro. Geo. Hartzell was ordained to the ministry. He has been preaching for us since Bro. Haugh has been sick, but had never been ordained. There were also services at the same place on Sunday evening. Bro. Lehman holding forth the words of life. At the close of the meeting quite a number raised their hands for prayer. In the morning several had raised for prayer. I am glad that I see the Lord's work in our midst. To Him belongs all the praise.

After services on the evening of the 20th, the brethren took their leave again. May the Lord abundantly bless them is my prayer.

We give a hearty invitation for brethren and sisters to stop with us when they can.

Katie Haugh.

Oct. 12, 1912.

UPLAND LETTER.

Readers of the Visitor, greeting: Bro. Harry Wagaman and family were with us for about ten days. The brethren requested Bro. Wagaman to hold meetings during his stay. That the efforts were attended with blessing was manifested every evening. Several souls professed to be saved; others confessed, and some gave evidences of a thorough consecration. We feel to praise God for that which He wrought through the ministry of our brother. Bro. Wagaman and family have left for San Francisco. We wish them God's richest blessing in their new field of labor "The San Francisco Mission." On the evening of Oct. 13, we remembered the Lord in the breaking of the bread and partaking of the cup. A spirit of unity and love pervaded the services. It was a feast to our souls to worship in His presence. "Unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages." (Eph. 3: 21)

Isaac D. Kreiss, Cor.

Upland, Cal.

A SISTER'S CONCERN.

Acts chapter 16 was my reading lesson this new morning. I had many thoughts. When I am alone with God I cannot stay at home in the kitchen I often am blessed more than at any other place. The word opens up more to me while reading here than anywhere else. When I am alone with God I certainly feel as being alone with God: it is a wonderful experience. It would be good for all of us if we were entirely free from the Scribes spirit (Luke 20: 45-47). Jesus warned His followers to beware of highest seats, long robes, long prayers. We'll only receive greater condemnation. To make the longest speech, or have the most to say, or pray the biggest prayer, perhaps to be heard, yea if I say all in a meeting, I don't have the best promise. O if I could continuously realize in all I do that I am before an Almighty God, alone with or before Him! If we could on the Sabbath day, like Paul, be by the river side where prayer is wont to be made, if we could realize more that we are before God instead of people. I believe it would be with us as it was there; Some one followed Paul and his companions saying, "These are the servants of the Most High God who show us the way of salvation. May not we do the same with us. I feel and know God is here this morning. I may do things that don't look honest, but God says, "if you cheat, cheat no more."
what I made wrong, and I never have gotten so far that I could not get or make right. Praise His dear name. When my father or mother, bishop or sister, don't understand me and put me down God takes me up, and, I can stand alone with God.

Amanda Snyder.

A PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Greeting to all God's people in the name of Him who has promised in His word never to leave nor forsake us, and through all the difficulties of life, and the many cunning devices of the adversary, is blessed day for the saints at the Mission: with us, which is quite encouraging indeed, they had good meetings and a splendid harvest meeting service. After this the testimony and song service during the afternoon there was first a service for a lovefeast season. By noon a goodly number from different counties had convened and partook of a good noon meal.

On Saturday, Sept. 28, was the convening of song and prayer being followed by a large school having when full three hundred students. I brought to see their lost condition by nature, then redemption by the blood of Christ shall be magnified and God glorified.


A VISIT THROUGH JUNIATTA AND BLAIR COUNTIES, PA.

"But I say he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully" (II. Cor. 9: 6).

I then came to Altoona, and soon found No. 218 Fifth Avenue, the home of L. E. Smith, son-in-law of our sister Elizabeth Haines, where she makes a home and was glad to meet the sister. We learned to love her long ago when she was yet in active life: but now she is in advanced age. About six months ago she fell from the porch and broke her hip bone, and now is disabled so that she can only walk a little with crutches when helped. The bone does not knit or heal at the broken place. Our sister was so glad for a visit. She is kindly cared for by her daughter and son-in-law. Yet she has many lonely hours and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her.
and the man that uses tobacco defies his body which God said, is holy.

I beg pardon for digressing from my subject of love as I again renew my acquaintance with those whom I had learned to love long ago. True, oh so many are gave way to him. His discourse was good not get to all the homes I had wished, there those who mourn. 

joyce with their joy and then weep with quaintance with those whom I had learned subject of love as I again renew my acquaintance. Spurgeon.

and the man that uses tobacco denies his grims to meet once more to bring the near ant-secrecy preacher with us, so we the off Sunday was small. On Sunday on preaching Sunday is pretty good but not enough of people. The Sunday school meetings were slack, enough of places but not very well in body I did not get to all the homes I had wished, there those who mourn. 

My sojourn here was quite a little while, but as I was not very well in body I did not feel that love uses, and it, too, to cheer them, and the consolation of drifting which also comes to an unprofitable end.

If this article can serve as a reminder and not as an offender I believe the Lord will get some glory out of it. While this may not be edifying to some, but if there should be some drifting soul who realizes his or her condition and desires to return, God is Faithful (I. Cor. 10: 13; I. John 1: 9). God is Willing (II. Peter 3: 9). God is Ready (Neh. 9: 17; Matt. 11: 28, 29, 30).

Well, may it be said of us as a Brotherhood if this scripture does not apply to us. "His watchmen are blind, they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber" (Isa. 56: 10). Pray for me. Hummelstown, Pa.

Such a view of the Divine Being is presented on the cross as is precisely calculated to inspire and maintain the two great principles of a holy life, the love and the fear of God, filial attachment, freedom and confidence, combined with humble reverence and holy dread. —Dr. Wardlaw.
MIRACLES IN GALILEE

Jesus had been busy teaching the people by parables and explaining them to His disciples, and now that evening drew near He began to feel tired. His way of getting free from the people was to get into a boat and row away from land; and so He did in this case. Being much fatigued He laid down in the boat and fell asleep. During the night a fearful storm arose and lashed the waves with such fury that there was great danger of the ship capsizing. The disciples became terrified and cried out to Jesus, "Lord, save us." They were permitted to do so, and He arose and rebuked the winds and immediately at His command they ceased to blow and the wave subsided, and there was a perfect calm. Then Jesus turns to His disciples and seems amazed that they had so little faith in Him and God after all He had done. They had been ready done. They in turn were amazed at this mighty manifestation of power, and said, "Who then is this even His presence seemed to be terrorizing. His way of getting free from the people was to enter into a great herd of swine that made him rave like a madman, and they now request permission to do so, that He was casting out devils and making the dumb to speak, by the power of the devil."

After the eventful night on the Sea of Galilee and His disciples landed along the coast of Gerasene, and having landed He was met by a demoniac or a man possessed with evil spirits. This man seems to have been controlled by spirits that made him rave like a madman, for he was fierce and untameable and possessed with mighty strength and had so little faith in Him and God after all He had done. They were permitted to do so, and He arose and rebuked the spirits and immediately the man fell asleep. But as soon as he saw Jesus he recognized Him and began to shout. The disciples however did not think it strange that Jesus should be touched, pushed or even jostled in such an immense crowd. But the woman, knowing that Jesus knew what had happened, came and fell down at His feet and confessed having touched His garment and there before the multitude she told her story. Jesus, in a kind and fatherly way consoled her by saying, "Daughter, thy faith has made thee whole." While He was yet speaking the messengers came from the ruler's house saying, "Trouble not the Master, for thy daughter is dead." But Jesus tells them not to fear, but believe Him; for if they believe He shall be again restored. When He reached the house He finds it in a great tumult. Many of the child's friends and relatives had come to mourn her death. He told them not to weep for the child was not dead, but asleep, and they laughed Him to scorn. Then He forced everyone to leave the room except the child's parents, Peter, James and John. And when they were alone, He took the damsel by the hand and said, "Maiden arise," and the damsel arose and began to walk. Jesus commanded the parents to give her something to eat. They were however very greatly amazed, but Jesus commanded them not to say anything about it to anyone. When Jesus had left Jairus' house He was met by two blind men who cried unto Jesus saying, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us." Jesus however continued on His way to His place of abode. But when He arrived at the house He turned and saw that the two men still followed Him. Then He asked them if they truly believe that He can help them. They say, "Yes Lord." He then touched their eyes saying, "According to your faith be it done unto you." And they immediately received their sight, and even though Jesus forbade them to publish it, yet they ceased not to noise abroad the great blessing they had received. At this same time a dumb demoniac was brought to Him and He cast the evil spirit out, and the man was cured and spoke, but no one could understand or saying that they had never seen it done like this in Israel before. But some of the Pharisees, who were envious and forever criticizing the words and works of Jesus, said that He was casting out devils and making the dumb to speak, by the power of the devil."

But let us not forget this blessing has cost our Savior much pain, shame and distress.

There is no death more horrible or painful than the death on the cross, with its burning pain caused by the nails in the hands and feet, the torture of the overcharged veins and worst of all the intolerable thirst. Thus it is impossible to keep the body still, and as it swings to and fro each moment brings new and unbearable anguish.

But we are glad that we can turn from this awful sight, the side of darkness, misery and dread to one of light, joy and triumph. As we behold Him on the cross, what to we see? One with great strength of soul, resignation to God's will, love for humanity, triumph over shame, cruelty and horror, beholding His mother and making provision for her, absorbed in prayer for His murderers and interested in the repentant thief on the cross.

Oh the love! the fathomless love of Jesus, the only begotten of the Father who left the shining courts of heaven and suffered such unalloyed agony for you and me.

And still worse were the sufferings of His mind. That well beloved son, whom the Father loved, who was continually in the Father's presence, surrounded with love, knew nothing but love, whose soul was pure and spotless and whose life was all holiness is now entirely separated from the Father's presence, surrounded with dark, bitter and hellish passions and the sins, not only of the present but of those in the past and those in the future, the sins of all the world pressed themselves upon His loving and holy soul.

Oh the weight of the words, "My God, My God why hast Thou forsaken me" as they burst forth through the long silence amid the darkness; the moment the soul of our Savior touched the very bottom of His misery.

Then the joy of triumph as the sun again bursts forth in brightness, the struggle is ended, the great victory won as He cries, "It is finished."
Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit.”

Let every heart rejoice, let every knee bow, let the rocks and hills sing forth. His praises and let men everywhere bow in the wilderness, that there would have no salvation, no anchor, and no refuge from the storms and tempests of darkness and despair.

Had there not been a cross there would be no crown. But who bears the cross for Jesus, will also wear the jeweled crown and have the privilege of praising Him forever and ever and ever.

Grantham, Pa.

THE SUN WENT DOWN WHILE IT WAS YET DAY.

It was my privilege quite recently to have a long auto run over the mountain scenery of old Pennsylvania, arriving at the home of one of our Christian sisters in the early morning hour. She at once recognized my voice and bade me welcome. We spent some little time in Christian talk, then prayed and said, let the rocks and hills sing.

About 30 A. M. I awoke from sleep and my mind was carried to our old homestead, the place of my birth, where my brother D. D. Myers now lives. The thought of those happy days, the sweet fellowship, I felt as though I was not strange after all.

After a warm greeting and a hearty handshake, Bro. Hess asked me to come with him to the platform and lead the morning service. At first I felt a little timid as I had so recently awoken to the fact that I had not accomplished as a hirerding my day, but after a little meditation I thought well of it.

We went and saw and heard for himself. This is life and yet belong to the church, but Jesus did command, “let us lay up treasures in heaven, that they may not be stolen, nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal.”

The curtains of night draw around us: my brother and wife are in company: presently we read from the old Bible and have prayer. We retire for rest, the morning light breaks upon us, we once more worship at the family altar, enjoy our morning meal and spend the day quite pleasantly. Toward another setting of the sun our brother is ready with his horses in the two-seated surrey to convey us from his home a little ways over the hills to the little village of Grantham. We soon find ourselves in a little company of saints convening at Bro. Keefer’s home where prayer is wont to be made. Presently the Bible is handed, and we read a portion of God’s word and a word of exhortation, then testimonies of the saints followed with song and prayer. When this service is over we go to the old building and are entertained for the night with Sister Kraybill. The day-light breaks, we again enjoy the rising from rest to worship Almighty God and to partake of the morning meal.

The lovely cool morning of November breezes is beautiful. Presently we take a stroll in the hill-side village along the side walk that seems to lead the way and presently we halt at what we presume is a College building. We stop and read MESSIAH. We enter the main entrance into the chapel room and take a seat in the rear end of the room. Presently the students gather for the morning exercises. We enjoy seeing the boys and girls coming in and again wring our hands and exclaim, The sun went down while it was yet day. We again say, Oh my, and wring our hands and exclaim, We have not accomplished anything in birching. See it lingers in our mind as we see the boys and girls coming in and say, Oh my, could I turn the dial of my life back I would do it.

Presently there comes one of the teachers of the College to me. I was somewhat embarrassed at first, but I soon recovered a little as he approached me and said lovingly, “I thought within me, Oh, this is one of the teachers: why it is Bro. E. H. Hess, and I felt quite comfortable. How natural to the human side that he confirmed my fears. I felt as though I was not strange after all.

After a warm greeting and a hearty handshake, Bro. Hess asked me to come with him to the platform and lead the morning service. At first I felt a little timid as I had so recently awoken to the fact that I had not accomplished as a hirerding my day, but after a little meditation I thought well of it. My motto is, try again. Soon I found myself more at home as Bro. Hess had the stand and the students confed dear readers, I felt a little out of place before the boys and girls.

Though I had often before stood before large assembles, yet I only so recently discovered that my sun had gone down while it was yet day. Bro. Hess handed me the Bible and I felt a little comforted, having before me the boys and girls, I just kindly told him I had better said, the students, in readiness for the usual morning service. I endeavored to have my mind collected. Bro. Hess having kindly said, I would not be in a hurry, or perhaps better said, I should take time. By this time my nerves were quieted and I turned to the prophecy of Isaiah, chapter 55, and read, “Ho every one that thirsteth.” I endeavored to impress on the students the necessity of having a desire for education. A well-watered and milked field is found in the 55th chapter of the Book of Isaiah. We bowed in prayer invoking God’s blessing upon the school. The service closed and I met with pleasure some of the young Christian boys. I was invited into some of the class rooms. Time so soon passed by, and the invitation was to dine with the students which was heartily accepted. It was kind of him to provide on the platform and take a seat in the rear end of the room. Presently the students gather for the morning exercises. We enjoy seeing the boys and girls coming in and again wring our hands and exclaim, The sun went down while it was yet day. We again say, Oh my, and wring our hands and exclaim, We have not accomplished anything in birching. See it lingers in our mind as we see the boys and girls coming in and say, Oh my, could I turn the dial of my life back I would do it.

After a little walk in the country I met a Christian man, and was soon in conversation with him and we learn that we belong to the same church. I had after all known of this brother for a long time, but I only met him as I came from I just kindly told him I had been at Grantham. I did not give myself away as to what I thought of the School. You know I have traveled a little and I have learned that it is not best to be too free with strangers. So this brother soon ventured himself as regards the School. I have never known one of those very zealous and conscientious men and made much of keeping the commandments and, by the way, I learned that they had no children. This man did not know the difference between the ordinances and commandments, so he was only harping on the ordinances of the church.

He knew that Jesus commanded that we are not to lay up treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves break through and steal. It seems to me that we have more treasure in this life and yet belong to the church, but Jesus did command and say that we should lay up treasures in heaven because where your treasures are there will your heart be also. Now this brother was opposed to the school. Himself nor his wife has any, or at least very little, in mission work. They say we have heathen nearer, we have not a desire to go to the heathen and giving the help of the poor preacher that gives his time to the service of the church that they say they love so much, but they will not help. So this man had a lot against the school and his church because at the last meeting a brother asked him about the goodness of the school building; so he was feeling badly.

I kindly bade my brother good bye, but presently met one of the brethren at the Keefer’s home where prayer is wont to be made. This good brother has a family, but, like the first one is somewhat radical on some lines. He is not out on laying up treasure on earth. He knows his Bible quite well on some lines and is quite liberal ‘inclined according to the means he has. Like the first he knew of my being at the Grantham College, as it is somewhat of a high school. By the way, I learned as to how I enjoyed my visit, and was a little astonished that I felt at home at Grantham College, as it is somewhat of a high school. He expressed himself, yet somewhat reserved. Well if I had boys old enough I would not send them to Grantham, I would rather send them to some other college or high school. By the way, I learned that he had never done as I did, went and saw and heard for himself. This man is still nearer right than the first one I met, as he said, I have spent a loving good by. It being a very pleasant afternoon and meeting company as I did time passed very quickly and being again impressed with the condition of things I met, and I felt as if it was going toward the setting of the
sun in the Western horizon, the impression fastens itself more deeply on my mind. His sun went down while it was yet day. We hasten to accomplish as an hireling his day. I met a third brother. He is a man of long experience; he had reared a family of well-to-do boys and girls but could not see school or education beyond our common free school. In fact, he talked against education. In process of time there was a denominational College built not so far from his home. Being a man of good common sense he watched the course pursued by these people. He saw that they were taking care of their children, and were reaching out for his, and his grand children, his brethren's children. Meanwhile the school project at Grantham was launched and this good old brother's name appeared on some of the committee work. He don't object; other brethren like him have changed their views by this time and have come to the front, and, like the third, brother I have met this afternoon, are ready to let on as if they would push the work forward.

Good for what is accomplished, but at present the school project puts us in mind of a set of men that wanted to cook a large pot of mush. They got ready; several got the pots, the wood, the matches, others the water and salt; quite a number prepared stirring sticks to stir the mush but none willing to give the meal. There is where the sticker is. The third brother I met this afternoon in our acquaintance learned that he did his part in giving the meal, and says, Brethren we owe it to the church we love. Oh so much will we, as an hireling, accomplish the work, or will it be true of us, The sun went down when a man gave himself to God his troubles were over. Isn't that what the parsons tell us?

With a thoughtful but glowing face the blacksmith replied: "Do you see this piece of iron? It is for the springs of a carriage. I have been 'tempering' it for some time. To do this I heat it red-hot, and then plunge it into a tub of ice-cold water. This I do many times. If I find it taking 'temper,' I heat and hammer it unmercifully. In getting the right piece of iron I found several that were too brittle. So I threw them in the scrap pile. Those scraps are worth about a cent a pound; this carriage spring is very valuable."

He paused, and his listener nodded.

The blacksmith continued: "God saves us for something more than to have a good time—that's true. But He wants us for service, just as I want this piece of iron. And He has to put the 'temper' of Christ in us by testing us with trial. Ever since I saw this I have been saying to Him, 'Test me in any way you choose, Lord; only don't throw me in the scrap pile.'—Selected by Samuel M. Engle, Hummelstown, Pa."

THE BAR.

Written by a life convict in the Joliet (Ill.) Prison. The saloon is sometimes called a Bar—that's true. A Bar to Heaven, a door to hell; Whoever named it, named it well. A Bar to manliness and wealth; A door to want and broken health; A Bar to Heaven, a door to prayer, Whoever named it, named it well. A door to every drunkard's grave; A Bar to joy that home imparts, A door to tears and broken hearts; A Bar to home, a door to hell; Whoever named it, named it well. A NEW EXPERIENCE.

About forty years ago I had what I called a new and very rich experience. It has been of great service to me since. I learned that a minister may be very anxious for souls and labor earnestly for a revival, and even weep over lost men, and yet not have a full outfit for his work. He may earnestly believe he is fully in the work and prepared to lead his flock, and yet not have any real soul travail himself.

I held union meetings, alternately between the Baptist Church and the Congregational. I visited from house to house, and prayed with different families, and felt very anxious for a revival; I worked hard, and looked pale from hard work. It seemed to me I would have been willing to die for souls, and yet I found my heart was not thoroughly melted.

I preached quite a number of times to the churches in all the earnestness of my heart, and tried more and more earnestly to get them near enough to Christ to have a revival. I wondered why they did not melt down; I was half discouraged. After prayer and fasting and much labor, I went alone before God and inquired what the matter was, and what more we could do. Then God seemed to speak to me by the Spirit and say, "You are just as cold as the churches to whom you are preaching." It startled me. "Am I cold?" I said. "Your heart has not really broken up for years." I said, "Did I not weep while preaching this afternoon?" "You did, but it was water running from ice when the sun is on it."

Then I saw it all; I saw the difference between anxiety and soul travail. I had great anxiety, but no soul travail. I then saw why souls were not saved and God's work reviled.

The fault was largely with the minister, and I was the minister. I went to the Congregational pastor and told him what I had discovered. After a little, as he looked into his own heart, he said, "I am in the same state." No wonder there was no more done. Ministers had not the upper room power; they had but little power with God.

We prayed with and for each other for some days, but my heart did not melt. I knew there was power enough.
in Christ to break up the fountain of my heart, and there was efficacy in prayer.

So I resolved to spend the night alone with God. And what a night it was! I had, I think, twenty seasons of prayer that night, but my heart seemed to rebel and grow harder.

After four hours I had used all my arguments with God, and my heart had not melted. I finally used the publican’s prayer for hours, “God be merciful to me a sinner, God be merciful to me a sinner.”

I did not detect any immorality in my life, but I lacked the anointing; needed the baptism of pain, real birth pain that brings souls into the kingdom.

Toward morning the fountain broke up; my heart melted as it had not for years. Christ seemed to breathe on me and say, “Receive ye the Holy Ghost.” And O, such a fullness of love, my heart was full; I said all alone, “I’ve got it, the long sought blessing is mine.”

In the morning I went out and said the very words I had used the day before. Now the wicked broke down. I preached a little sermon to the churches, and they broke down, and the work broke out with power. I found the fault was with the preacher, and I was myself the preacher.

Little did I think I myself was in the way when I was so anxious and working so hard. I could not say the deacons and members of the churches were right, but how soon they melted when the ministers melted. For more than sixty years I have noticed that as soon as the pastors have melted down and led the way, the churches have usually quickly followed, and I have worked with about ten thousand ministers in twenty-three denominations over the country.

If the pastors with whom I have labored have not melted down and received the baptism of real soul travail, the work has usually been light and unsatisfactory, but if they have received the baptism of pain, so that they really travailed in birth for lost men, I have never known a failure.


He who abhors himself, sees and feels it to be right that God should abhor him. He can accordingly take part with God against himself—justify God while he reproaches and condemns himself. And he who can do this is prepared to embrace the Gospel.

ARE WE IN THE SUCCESSION?

Here, then, is a principle. The gospel of a broken heart demands the ministry of bleeding hearts. If that succession be broken we lose our fellowship with the King. As soon as we cease to bleed, we cease to bless. My brethren, are we in this succession? Does the cry of the world’s need pierce the heart and ring even through the fabric of our dreams? Do we “Fill up” our Lord’s sufferings with our own sufferings, or are we the unsympathetic ministers of a mighty passion? I am amazed how easily I become callous. I am ashamed how small and inscriptive is the surface which I present to the needs and sorrows of the world. I so easily become enwrapped in the soft wool of self-indulgency, and the cries from far and near cannot reach my callous soul. "Why do you wish to return?" I asked a noble young Missionary who had been invalidated; "Why do you wish to return?"

"Because I can’t sleep for thinking of them?"

But, my brethren, unless I spend a day with my Lord, the trend of my life is quite another way. I cannot think about them because I am so inclined to sleep! My brethren, I do not know how any Christian service is to be fruitful if the servant is not primarily baptized in the spirit of suffering compassion. We can never heal the need we do not feel. Tearless hearts can never be the heralds of passion. We must pity if we would redeem. We must bleed if we would be the ministers of the saving blood. Are we in the succession? Are we shedding our blood? Are we filling up “That which is behind of the sufferings of Christ?”

It was done in Uganda, when that handful of lads, having been tortured, and their arms cut off, while they were being burned to death, raised a song of triumph, and praised their Savior in the fire. “Singing till their shrivelled tongues refused to form the sound.” They are doing it in China, the little remnant of the decimated churches gathering here and there upon the very spots of butchery and martyrdom, and renewing their covenant with the Lord. They are “Filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ.”

They are doing it in America, when our thoughts rather upon this monstrous question, “Am I sound or am I rotten at heart?” “Am I a new creature or the old disguised in borrowed clothing?” Let it be your prayer that you be not deceived.—Flavel.

Away with such uncharitable censoring of others, and be more just and severe in rebuking yourself. Away with unprofitable controversies; spend your thoughts rather upon this momentous question, "Am I sound or am I rotten at heart?" “Am I a new creature or the old disguised in borrowed clothing?” Let it be your prayer that you be not deceived.—Flavel.

May there rest upon us that peace which is the cure of care, taking from our thoughts its anguish, from desolation its loneliness, resting upon human hearts as sunlight upon all the land this day.—George Rudolph Freeman.
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I learn that you are agitated by many tempests, and that your soul is tossed to and fro by the waves.—The cross of Christ is divided among all the world, and each man has his share. You should not, therefore, reject that which has fallen to you. Receive it rather as a holy relic, not in a vessel of silver or of gold, but in what is far better—in a heart of gold,—in a heart full of meekness.—Luther.

Unbelief does not heal anybody.
It is faith that heals. Believe then, come what may, believe thou in Christ, though the devil tell thee thou art damned. Though hell seem to be open to thee, yet believe thou in thy pardon through the precious Blood, and be not staggered at the promise. And thou shalt feel thyself filled with a holy fear, and joy, and peace, and love, and zeal, and burning desire to serve Him who has done all this for thee. —Spurgeon.

Hell: A Terrible Reality.

A Sermon on a Much Neglected Theme.

"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."—Psalm 9: 17.

The popular god is not the God of the Bible. The popular god is a dead trunk. He has no eyes, he cannot see; no ears, he cannot hear; no feet, he cannot pursue; no arm, he cannot punish.

Listen, O heavens! God has changed (though in our simplicity we used to think Him unchangeable)! Our modern god is not at all the same as the ancient God. The God of the ancients had iron for Sodom and Samaria and Tyre and Jerusalem; and Baalam and Belshazzar. The God of Abraham used to thunder in His ire. He ruled with a rod of iron, and dashed to pieces sinning nations like a potter's vessel. But our modern god has no iron in His constitution. He has sheathed the sword, and set down helpless in heaven, an indulgent weakling! Sin's thunders are hushed forever; and the arm which used to visit vengeance swift and dire upon impenitent sinners, now hangs nerveless and paralyzed. That is the popular god, and I for one, refuse to worship him; for I have nothing to do with the creation of men's wishes, but with the God of the Bible.

God is unchangeable and unchangeable, "I am Jehovah, I change not," is a word that smites modern thought and popular infidelity right on the cheek-bone and teeth, and will one day put an end to all unbelief in His power to punish—in hell!

The reign of iron lasts still! The same God—who hurled oceans over Alps and Andes, drowning a world, and scorched Sodom to cinders in a hurricane of fire, and choked the streets of Jericho with corpses, and threw the Roman dogs on Jerusalem; to tear it limb from limb, until, in wild struggles of darkness and fire, a nation found its grave—reigns still. The same God—who cursed Cain, and sent remorse upon Esau, and dug a grave for Korah, flung Jezebel to the dogs, and slew Belshazzar at his own banquet table, and hurried Judas to a suicide—while the thunder of drums drowned their dying screams. It was the sewer of the city—the abominable receptacle to every conceivable filth and impurity; to consume which, fires were kept constantly burning. The cries of bloated vultures, the unceasing fires—now smoldering, now blazing out anew, as the bands of stomping smoke always lying over that horrid vale, made it, in the eyes of every Jew, a picture of hell.

There was a hell, though Universalism—or the devil's theory of hell— "the blandest of smiles, comes to tell us that all alive, saint and sinner, will turn up in heaven at last. The murderer and the murderer, and the seducer and the seduced, the hater and the hated, the robber and the robbed, to their surprise, will all find heaven at last. Nero and Paul, Jesus and Herod, Judas and Peter, Cain and Abel, Elijah and Jezebel, Tom Paine and Murray McCeyne, will all come out at the same side of the judgment throne. A strange heaven indeed!—with all the hypocrites and whoremongers and drunkards and backbiters and blasphemers standing on the glassy sea. I say in the name of reason, the thought is blasphemous.

Sin is being burnt into your soul as with a red-hot iron. You cannot throw it off as you do your clothes. It is a part of your being. Look out, men, sin is no trifle; it will live when the sun it buried.

The more popular theory of this age is Annihilationism; that is, "I die like my dog, I die a sinner, and am annihilated ever after. The coffin that holds my body is the grave of my soul; and, of course, punishment of any kind in eternity is an impossibility. Now this theory denies the immortality of the soul; for when my body dies my soul dies. But God says, "The
wicked shall be turned into hell,"—

"Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." To your Bibles, men, and let us have the truth whatever it be. I will cite the eternal God Himself, and hear what He says: "The wicked shall be turned into hell" (Psa. 9: 17). You may scatter the everlasting mountains or split the sun in twain, until, with shorn locks and dimmed eye, it stumbles on the pathway of light; but you cannot alter God's Word. I cite the tender-hearted Savior; and three times in one chapter (Mark 9) He speaks of a worm that never dies, and a fire that never shall be quenched. Now be mercilessly clear, for your soul is at stake. Answer me this question, Did the Lord Jesus lie when He spoke of the unquenchable fire? Did the Son of God picture a lie when He shows us the rich man lifting up his eyes in torments, and begging a drop of water to cool his tongue? Did He mean to harrow up our souls with pictures of that which never existed? Nay, but answer me. Of course not, you say; "It is impossible for God to lie." Well, then, it is impossible that there is no hell; and let that settle the question forever.

If there is no hell, there is no heaven. They have the same foundation—God's truth—will if hell be a fake, heaven is fable too. There is as much proof in this Bible for a hell, as for a heaven. The threatenings are as numerous as the promises. God wows, and as distinctly thunders. Drown the fires of hell, and you drown the music of heaven, and like our dogs let us die. The plan of redemption is one. Take hell out of it and the whole scheme fails.

There is a hell, then. Be mercilessly clear; let no doubt rest in your mind here, as you love your soul. Because if not, Calvary was a huge mistake; the death of Jesus was the greatest blunder of the ages. The eternity of punishment and the divinity of Christ stand or fall together. Jesus was not God if there is no hell. The Book which tells of the one tells of the other.

By the permanency of sinful character, the demands of a broken law, the truth of God's Word, and the death of yonder Son of God, there is a hell! Understand, second, that the wicked shall be turned into it. I have no delight in preaching hell. I would refrain from harrowing your feelings but that necessity is laid on me. Woe is me if I preach not the Truth, the half of which is, "He that believeth not shall be damned." I dare not, on peril of my soul, preach a one-sided Gospel, lest I should be found smoothing your road to perdition.

If there is no hell, certainly we ought to stop preaching the lie. But if there is, I ask you, as you love your soul, is it a thing to be hid from you until you are in it? Is he your friend who hides it from you, till you are there, and past redemption? If you were walking hard by the edge of a precipice, and about to put your foot on thin air unawares, would not I be branded as a murderer did I not with loud cries warn you? With endless torment on the track you tread, and only a few steps to it, how dare I stand silently by while you move forward?

Now for one warning ere you sink, sinner! "The wicked shall be turned into hell!" Many have had foretastes of it ere they died. Esau finds no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully, with tears. Saul's troubled spirit foreshadows the restlessness of hell, with no harp of David to soothe it. Judas feels the undying worm twisting in his soul, and takes to the halter to escape it. The dying cries of Voltaire were echoes of the shrieks of the damned. Mirabeau prays for landannum that he may forgo the eternity to come—a vail from the sea of woe.

These last moments of wicked men ought to burn in your soul the stern fact that "The wicked shall be turned into hell!" Colonel Charteris, while dying, offered thirty thousand pounds to have it proved conclusively there was no hell but his offer was of no avail.

Unsaved sinner, you shall be turned in there: God says it. You may wish it otherwise; you shall wish in vain. Turned in there! Your companions—fiends, and murderers, and adulterers, hypocrites, and blasphemers. Your torment in body and soul unsupportable, and that for ever. There is no death in hell, mark that, unbeliever. Death, which is a monster on earth, would be an angel in hell. If death went there all the damned would fall down and worship him, and a shout of triumph would rend the fiery vault till all was still. But there is no death in hell. Long as heaven lasts hell will last. Farewell offers of mercy and woes of love. Farewell voices of mirth and songs of gladness. No more forever shall mercy woo thee. No more forever shalt thou rest in thy sin. It was sweet. Now it will hunt you, and scare you, and damn you; and as you rise to your feet, it will hurl you down again—your sin! Never shall you rest again. Black clouds thunder it from above, 'No rest,' and tongues of flame around say, 'No rest,' and the tortured everywhere shriek, 'No rest.'

You want to go there. You shall be turned into hell. It will be by force. No entreaties shall save you. No power can rescue you. The arm of God Almighty will turn you into hell. Drunkard! you shall be hurried from your cup smitten of everlasting thirst! Swearer! God will rivet the last oath on your tongue and drug you to judgment. The last laugh you have at Jesus, scoffer, will remain in your lungs, and echo there forever. Ye drunkard-makers who put the bottle to your neighbor's mouth and make money by the murder of souls, ye shall be turned into hell, damned forever.

I warn you, decent and respectable sinners, you shall be turned into hell, all ye that forget—never despise, not reject, not hate, not deny, not blaspheme—merely forget God, ye shall die the second death. Cowardly and unbelieving, you shall have your portion with the hypocrites, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth. Your decency is damning you while it keeps you from the Savior. The harlots and the publicans shall go into heaven before you who make a Christ of your morality. Decent unbelievers, you are going from the communion table to an endless hell.——Selected.

THE QUESTIONER.

By [name not legible].

I called the boy to my knee one day, and I said: "You're just past four; Will you laugh in that same light-hearted way When you're turned, say, thirty more?" Then I thought of a past I'd fain erase—More clouded skies than blue—And I anxiously peered in his upturned face For it seemed to say: "Did you?"

I touched my lips to his tiny own And I said to the boy: "Heigh, ho! Those lips are as sweet as the hay new-mown; Will you keep them always so?" Then back into those years came a rakish song— With a ribald jest or two—And I gazed at the child who knew no wrong. And I thought he asked: "Did you?"

I looked in his eyes, big, brown and clear, And I cried: "Oho, boy of mine! Will you keep them true in the after-year? Will you leave no heart to pine?"

Then out of the past came another's eyes—Sad eyes of tear-dimmed blue—Did he know they were not his mother's eyes? For he answered me: "Did you?"——Selected.
It was a cold, misty Sunday morning in September when I was brought to the Matopo Mission that the head-man of one of the neighboring kraals had passed away during the night.

The man had been sick for a number of years and at one time had been cared for at the above named Mission for some welfare. He would say that he believed and at different times since had been visited at the above named Mission for some dealing with him have delivered their souls died unprepared. I believe those who die in his iniquity: but thou hast delivered edness, nor from his wicked way, he shall not accept offered mercy. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

When it is no use knocking, when He hath shut the door, that terrible, "too late!"

When He hath shut the door.

Sadie Book.

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A YOUNG MAN IN A WISCONSIN TOWN GAVE HIS HEART TO GOD AND WAS CONVERTED THROUGH AND THROUGH. He was very bright and before his conversion he had been a drunkard; but now he was a young lady in that town who he had been wont to visit often. She said to a familiar friend of hers, when she heard of his conversion: "I wonder what you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now; I was going to think how many of you young people will do now;
CRUEL KINDNESS.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

On a wretched day, bitterly cold and dark, the winter's air being heavy with the white snow, the carman, twined in warm overcoats, stood on the step of a tramcar, ready to alight at the next stopping-place. As they waited, the conductor came up, cold and tired, with a look of suffering on his face. "That's all right," I would say; I'm a temperance man myself; but I take it as a medicine, and I advise you to do the same. It would do you good.

"That's all right," he said, "I brought her here."

"Well, I don't know," I answered; "I never saw her before."

"That's a nasty cough you've got," said one of the gentlemen; "I can't understand it."

"It's too late," I replied; "I'm done with that, sir; I have had it too much, and I feel jolly comfortable just now."

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"All for Jesus:" listen, sisters. He who says to us, "As ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me," shall we sit idly singing while the days go swiftly by, fellow women, or shall we, like our dear Master, hasten on to save the lost, and to bring the sinner to the fold of salvation?

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which there could not be masterfulness
over difficulties and a comprehen-
sion of their value. These lessons
are of more value in early life than is
good. Nay, truly, it would prevent God's appointments to
hardships and self-denials and so hind-
er or turn aside His disciplinary pur-
poses.

The biography of the Bible abounds
with illustrations of God's appoint-
ments along this line. The rugged
training of the leaders of God's host
stands out boldly in most every case.
They were God's chosen all along, some from the womb. Jeremiah, the
weeping prophet, seemingly knew lit-
tle of worldly comfort, but was ap-
pointed to suffer for the cause of
Christ, and how grandly he stood the
test, we know. The whole scriptural
context is from the eternity view, the
importance of such standard-bear-
ers and their eternal reward will stand
out in full glory to the praise of Christ.

The providential appointments and
preparations of God's leaders, as set
forth in the New Testament, is a pro-
digious belief in the only solid basis
of morality and justice. Secular learning and a secular civilization, with no Bi-
ble to train the heart and conscience, is a disastrous failure.

The golden age of Grecian civiliza-
tion was the age of foulest moral cor-
ruption. The "Shaggy Demons of
the Wilderness," that trampered out the splendid civilization of Rome, were
more moral than the Romans.

Unsanctified knowledge has power
to make more skilful knives and dan-
gerous neighbors. Most of our bank
wreckers are college bred.

Alas, that the splendid civilization
evoked in America by Christianity
should give way to destructive criti-
cism, pagan evolution and revolution-
ary democracy!

The great universities of England
and America, which were founded for
the purpose of maintaining the doc-
tines of Scripture, and spreading the
knowledge of them as the revolutions of the living God, and as the founda-
tions of all true learning, have been
depopulated of all that made them useful
for the nurture of young minds, and
valuable to the communities wherein
they have flourished; and this mo-
mentous change has been accomplished
through the agency of philosophy and
vain deceit, according to the ancient
divinations of the world, and not accord-
ing to Christ.

These modern unbelievers really
turn state's evidence on the great pro-
phesies of the last times, which in
words they deny.—E. P. Marvin.

**MARRIAGES.**

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**THESE LAST TIMES.**

Parents who believe the Bible and
desire the salvation of their children
should not now dare to send them to
the universities. A great change has
come over them. Their shrewd sophis-
try and concited smartness in doing
away with the old Bible is apt to im-
press and please plastic young minds.

Nor is this false philosophy and vain
deceit confined to the male schools.
Our leading male colleges, like Yasser
and Bryn Mawr, are leavened with
shallow unbelief, foolish pride and
fashionable worldliness. The great
apostasy has struck our educational
and ecclesiastical institutions in the
head.

History, that revered chronicler of
the grave, should teach us that a fa-
ligious belief is the only solid basis
of morality and justice. Secular learn-
ing and a secular civilization, with no Bi-
ble to train the heart and conscience, is a disastrous failure.

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turn state's evidence on the great pro-
phesies of the last times, which in
words they deny.—E. P. Marvin.

**BRANDT.—**Bro. Levi Brandt was born
Jan. 19, 1832, died, Oct. 15, 1912, at Man-
heim, Pa., aged 80 years, 7 months and 6
days. Deceased was in failing health for some
time. He was a member of the Brethren in Christ church for about twenty
years. His wife preceded him to the be-
yond years ago. He is survived by one
daughter and one son. Deceased is
held at the Masterstown church, conduc-
ted by Bishop Henry B. Hoffer and Eld.
Henry O. Musser. Texts: Prov. 7: 1, 2.
Interment in adjoining cemetery.

**BENNER.—**Joseph Benner, son of Al-
bert and Marinda Benner, departed this
life at their home near Sherkston, Ont.,
on Oct. 5, 1912, aged 15 years, 6 months and 3
days. He was a fine respectable young man
of good moral character and was loved by
all; and was just about to finish his educa-
tion as a public school teacher when the
fatal commencement of pneumonia was de-
sabled ones on earth. He leaves father, mother,
brothers and sisters to mourn his untimely end,
caused by lung disease and typhoid fever.
Funeral on Tuesday from their home to
the U. B. chapel at Sherkston. Obe-
rances improved by Rev. J. E. Girvin. Texts:
church. Interment in cemetery near by.

**HARLEY.—**Sarah H. Harley, wife of
Bro. John Harley, was born in Chester
county, Pa., Feb. 5, 1837, died at her home in
Limerick, Oct. 10, 1912, aged 65 years,
3 months and 9 days. Deceased is sur-
veyed by her husband and nine children, Lizzie
nee of Rev. J. R. Kuhns of Bridgeburg, and
Amie, wife of Bro. John Tyson of
Schwenkville, Pa., Emma, wife of Bro.
Cons. Kuhns and Mary, wife of Bro.
Nathan, Kuhns, all of Bridgeburg, Pa., New
Carlisle, Ohio, John, and Joel, of Spring
City, Pa., Sadie, wife of Warren Walter
of Trappe, Pa., Isiah, of Limerick, Pa.,
and Jacob, of Philadelphia, Pa. She was
faithful sister in the Old Springville church.
A short service at the house was
conducted by Eld. Joseph Detwiler, of
Syontond, Pa. Text. II. Tim. 4: 6, 7.
Succeeding this further services were in
the Brethren in Christ church. A short
service at the house was
conducted by Eld. Joseph Detwiler, of
Syontond, Pa. Text. II. Tim. 4: 6, 7.
Succeeding this further services were held
in the Brethren in Christ church for about twenty
days. Deceased was in failing health for
about four weeks, and died. Burial in the
Brethren in Christ church for about twenty
days. Deceased was in failing health for
about four weeks, and died. Burial in the
Brethren in Christ church for about twenty
days.

**HOUSE.—**Laurence T. and Evan P.,
sons of Laurence and Ida House, died at
the home of their parents in the town of
Bridgeburg, Ontario, the former on Oct.
15, 1912, aged 16 years and 6 days, the
latter two days later, Oct. 17, aged 1 month,
and 4 days. Both were buried in one
grape on Friday afternoon Oct. 18. The
young man was ill with pneumonia for a little
over a week. In spite of the kind-
care at home and the best skill ex-
ercised by the doctor death claimed his
victim. He was at school every day up to the
time when the fatal disease first showed itself.
He was a fine moral young man, a member of a Sunday school class, which
he attended regularly, and was much re-
spected and loved by the whole family.
there is a large vacancy in the family
circle caused by the death of these two. They leave four brothers, one a twin brother of the
deceased, and one sister. Funeral took
place from their home on Oct. 20, 1912.
Burial in the Brethren in Christ church near by. Obituaries by Bro. A. Bearss, Subject,

**MARRIAGES.**

**SUMMY—DERR.—**On Sept. 28, 1912,
at the home of the officiating minister,
Bishop Henry B. Hoffer, of near Mt. Joy,
Pa., Jacob H. Summy was united in mar-
rriage to Annie E. Derr, all of Pennyp.
Pa.

**WENGER—SNIDER.—**On Oct. 17, 1912,
at the home of the officiating minister,
Bishop Henry B. Hoffer of near Mt. Joy,
Pa., Herman W. Wenger was united in
marriage to Sister Mahel S. Snyder, all of
near Mastersonville, Lancaster county, Pa.