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Brethren in Christ Church

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Evangelical

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

Some trust in Chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. Psa.20.7.

Visitor:

GRANTHAM, PA.

FEBRUARY 24, 1913.
The Gospel of Christ saves all who believe.

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WORK OF INTEMPERANCE.

I knew a youth—a noble generous youth—from whose heart flowed a living fountain of pure and holy feeling, which spread around and fertilized the soil of friendship, while warm and generous hearts crowded about and enclosed him in a circle of pure and godlike happiness. The eye of woman brightened at his approach, and wealth and honor. His days sped onward, and as a Summer’s brook sparkles all joyous on its smiled to woo him to their circle.

glad some way, so he sped on, blithesome amid the light of woman’s love, and manhood’s eulogy. He wooed and won a maid of peerless charms—a being, fair, delicate and pure, who bestowed the harvest of her heart’s young love upon him.

The car of time rolled on, and clouds arose to dim the horizon of his worldly happiness. The serpent of inebriation crept into the Eden of his heart; the pure and holy feelings which the God of nature had implanted in his soul became polluted by the influence of the miscalled social cup. The warm and generous aspirations of his soul became frozen and callous within him. The tears of the wretched, the agony of the afflicted wife, found no response of sympathy within his bosom. The pure and holy fount of universal love within his heart, that once gushed forth at the moaning of misery and prompted the hand to administer to the requirements of the wretched, sent forth no more its pure and benevolent offerings; its waters had become intermingled with the poisonous ingredients of spirits, and the rank weeds of impenance sprang up and choked the fount from whence the stream flowed.

The dark spirit of poverty had flapped its wings over his habitation, and the burning hand of disease had seared the brightness of his eye and palsied the elasticity of his frame. The friends who basked in the sunshine of his prosperity, fled when the wintry winds of adversity blew harshly around his dwelling.

Pause, gentle reader! Go to yon lowly burial-place and ask who rests beneath its lowly surface. “The moldering remains

(Continued on page 32.)
We are told that one of the significant events toward the close of 1912 was the Federal Council of Churches held in Chicago when thirty two Protestant denominations were represented. We have noticed very favorable comments on the work of this Council in a number of our exchanges. The addresses delivered by men prominent in church and state were spoken of as being of a high order. Among many others was one given by the Vice President-elect of the United States, Governor Marshall of Indiana, on “Young Peoples’ Organizations and Christian Unity.” The address was of a high order and is said to have made a profound impression on the audience. He made it plain that Christ was a regenerator and not simply a reformer, that the Church is to stand as a representative of the Kingdom of God on the earth and “except ye be born again ye cannot enter into the Kingdom,” that Jesus Christ lived when the greatest despotism that the world has ever known ruled the habitable globe, yet the only recorded word of His that referred to the Roman Empire was, “Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar’s and unto God the things that are God’s,” that slavery had reached the very depths of degradation and yet His great apostle advised a runaway slave to return to his master, that Christ was not engaged in repealing bad laws nor in providing criminal punishments for the violators of good ones, that He was wiser because divine than we are, and sought to teach men . . . that He came to save them from their transgressions and that no man could get anywheres near to good citizenship or hope to enter into His kingdom unless he had an abiding faith in Him as the Mediator and Redeemer of mankind despite the weak-
nesses, frailties, follies and sins of human nature. Considering then the character of this address as well as others it would seem but reasonable to expect that in any expression of principles this Council would give Jesus Christ first place. It is therefore a great disappointment to find that in its expressed creed as given out Jesus Christ has no place. The editor of Our Hope says in this connection: “The Council ended with what is termed a new declaration of faith. Being a “church council” one would naturally expect in a declaration of faith at least something about the Bible, the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Gospel of Grace. But the name of Christ is not even mentioned in this strange document.” It is entirely concerned about what is designated at present as progressiveness in politics and reform. Our Hope continues: “Prof. W. Rauschenbush of Rochester (Baptist Seminary), a man who denies much of the Truth of God in commenting on this new creed called attention to its similarity to the Progressive political platform. There can be no doubt about it at all. The churches are falling in line with political progressivism, which is socialism, to settle the questions which are in the world on account of man’s sin. Christ and His Gospel, the power of God unto salvation, are rejected. Thus the first step is done towards the formation of a definite apostate body of an ecclesiastical—political character... It is another sign of the times. Step by step the way has been prepared for it. We may soon see more startling developments in the line of an organized apostasy. They defy God’s word. They deny the Cross and the blessed work done there.” Thus is there disappointment on lines where we are warranted to expect exaltation of Christ and His Truth.

The record as given in Acts tells us that Felix the governor desired to hear Paul the prisoner and came with his wife Drusilla and had Paul brought into their presence. Evidently Felix expected to hear Paul orate before them on the claims of Christ. But instead Paul reasoned about “righteousness, temperance and judgment to come,” and this in such a way that Felix became strangely affected, he trembled. Presumably there was something in Paul’s address which brought conviction to the heart of Felix. Probably there was unrighteousness in his life; probably he was guilty on the line of intemperance and self-control, and these with a judgment to come facing him brought terror to his heart and he trembled. Paul was there as God’s ambassador with a yearning heart for the guilty sinner, and, no doubt stood prepared to lead a penitent inquiring Felix to the fountain of salvation as he had done the Philippian jailer, and as a short time later he yearned over Agrippa longing that he and all the company would be like himself except his bonds. The chance for Felix was now present and undoubtedly the step to God could easily have been made. But like so many others, he decided the wrong way. Instead of him saying to Paul, “I am under judgment now, what shall I do, how shall I find relief,” he answered, “Go thy way for this time, when I have convenient season I will call for thee.” That was Felix’ chance and he failed to use it to his good. The convenient season failed to come. Interviews there were later but the trembling was gone. Felix passes from our view a type of the many, many, who are at some time brought under judgment because of their sins and are made to tremble, but the world with its charms, its empty pleasures and vain joys, has the stronger pull and they say, at a convenient time. How great
is the loss for the soul that thus trifles! When once the Spirit takes his flight then indeed is the soul left to the gloom of eternity's night. How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation! When the Jailor at Philippi cried in his agony, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved," the answer came quickly, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and soon as a believer he is instructed in the obedience of the faith of Christ and he is full of joy as also his whole house. That was Paul's answer to the penitent inquirer, and it is God's way for penitents. He saves such as believe and do nothing (Rom. 4:5) but when He thus saves the saved ones will do as did the jailor.

OUR ADDRESS.

Evidently a good many of our readers fail to see what the editor says in these columns. If they would they would surely have seen what we have been saying about our address in the numbers of Jan. 13 and Feb. 10, and would know that our address continues to be 1216 Walnut St., Harrisburg, Pa. The letters that are addressed to Grantham reach us all right but in a round-about way. It is unhandy for us when postal orders are made payable at Grantham, but even that we can arrange all right if the friends prefer to send that way. But we again say we are living in Harrisburg, Pa., at the old address. The postal authorities made us drop out our standing notice giving our Harrisburg address.

The two weeks meetings held by Eld. J. N. Martin here at the Messiah Home chapel ended on the 15th., inst. Eld. Martin engaging in special meetings at Hummelstown, beginning on the 16th. Of the Harrisburg meetings we may say they were appreciated by the believers and many of them testified to having been much benefited. The attendance of such as were non-members and non-professors was not large. One soul made her return to God and professes to have found peace in believing. Eld. Martin held up a life of victory over sin by the believer.

Eld. H. J. Frey's series of articles on Africa, the first of which appears in this issue, will no doubt be read with interest by all of our people seeing we have a more than ordinary interest in that vast Continent. The writer is well able to undertake this work having spent seven years in work there and no doubt has gathered much reliable information by observation in addition to what he has been able to gather otherwise. We bespeak a careful reading for what Bro. Frey may present.

Eld. Girvin Bearss and Sr. Bearss of Ridgeway, Ont., spent the closing part of the month of January in special revival efforts at Houghton, Ont. The notice of this effort was overlooked in our last notes. We have had nothing further as to the success of the effort. We hope, however, the labor was not in vain. The Lord plainly declares that His word shall not return unto Him void. We trust it has accomplished His purpose.

The report from Philadelphia Mission of successful meetings there is encouraging and cheering indeed. Bro. Stover informs us of further conversions and that there may soon be announcement of a baptismal service. We hope there may be increasing signs of a better time coming for that Mission.

We are informed that Eld. H. J. Frey is engaged in holding missionary meet-
ings in the Franklin county, Pa., dist. We also learn that the quarantine which kept Sr. Frey and children shut up at the Chicago Mission is lifted, and she is free to go out again. We have not learned whether she will join her husband in this missionary meeting itinerary or not.

Sr Mary J. Long writes from Texas of circumstances there being such just at this time to so occupy her attention that she is unable to answer the letters of many friends who write to her. She hopes to soon be able to do so again, and asks for special prayers in their behalf.

A baptismal service was held at Grantham, Pa., a few weeks after the close of the Bible Conference when three followed the Lord in that ordinance.

A love feast is announced to be held at Crossroads M. H. near Florin, Pa., on May 14 and 15.

OHIO STATE COUNCIL
The Ohio state council will convene at Pleasant Grove M. H. Mar. 21-22, 1913 at 10 a. m. Ministerial meeting on the 20th, at 2 p. m.

THE LEAST OF THESE.
Dago, and Sheeney, and Chink
Greaser, and Nigger and Jap;
The devil invented these terms I think
To hurl at each hopeful chap,
Who comes so far, over the foam,
To this land of his heart's desire,
To rear his brood, to build his home,
And to kindle his hearthstone fire?
While the eyes with joy are blurred,
Lo! we make the strong man sink,
And stab the soul with the hateful words
Dago, and Sheeney and Chink.

Dago, and Sheeney and Chink,
These are the vipers that swarm
Up from the edge of perdition's brink,
To hurt and dishearten and harm.
Oh, shame! when their Roman forbears walked
Where the first of the Cesar's trod—

Oh, shame! when the Hebrew fathers talked
With Moses, and he with God,
These swarthy sons of Japhet and Shem,
Gave the goblet of Life's sweet drink
To the thirsty world, which now gives them,
Dago, and Sheeney and Chink.

Dago, and Sheeney and Chink.
Greaser and Nigger and Jap;
From none of them doth Jehovah shrink;
He lifteth them all to His lap,
And the Christ in His kingly grace,
Whose grace is for all, love is for all,
He puts His tender embrace around our race,
As He kisses away the tears,
Saying "Oh, least of these, I link
Thee to me, for what ever may hap,
Dago and Sheeney and Chink;
Greaser and Nigger and Jap."
Bishop McIntyre.
Sel. by Edward E. Beach, San Francisco, Cal.

COMPENSATIONS.
No crushing sorrow, no bitter trial,
No disappointment can come to your heart;
No separation from a dear loved one;
But for each of them God has provided
Some compensation, some greater joy;
Unseen these may be to eyes tear-blinded,
But their existence naught can destroy
Happy he whose clear eyes can see them!
Sad separations, though they may hurt him,
To him the burdens increase of strength mean,
Daily he walks in abundance of life;
He sinks not helpless, crushed and defeated.
He is the one who will win in the strife;
Closer to Jesus cause him to cling.
Friend, when trial comes, be not discouraged;
Lift up your eyes so that they may see
God on His throne there, then ask this of Him,
"What compensation hast Thou, Lord, for
Ask it in faith that He certainly has one: [me]?
Wait for His answer, you'll wait not in vain;
Quick be to grasp and draw closely to you
His compensation when He makes it plain.
Then go rejoicing, telling the story
To other tried ones—numberless they—
Thus greater blessing you will be bringing
'Twill help and cheer them, give strength
That for each trial God compensates them;
Into your own life, for it is true
All of the strength and all of the brightness
Passed on to others will surely bless you.
—Selected

HEAVENLY TREASURE.
What I kept I lost;
"What I spent I had;
What I gave I have!" —Old Epitaph.
WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

BY FRED ELLIOTT.

“What think ye of Christ?” “As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.”

“What think ye of Christ, is the test, To try both your state and your scheme, How can you think right of the rest, Unless you think rightly of Him?”

Truly the words of the poet are more applicable to the present day than even to the time when they were written. Today, learned men expatiate eloquently on a “Modified Christ,” a “Limited Christ,” or purely human Christ. With their magic and artistic touch divinity disappears, miracles vanish, and the great Atonement becomes simply the death of a martyr. “Divinity,” say they; “is common property.” We are all “potential Christs.” Jesus had a larger share than many possess, so He is classed with Mahomet, Buddha, Byron, Burns, and George Washington, much on the same principle, as with money, we class Rockefeller, Carnegie, the Rothschilds, and Astors.

In all ages one of the most popular and successful devices of the devil to delude the souls of men, has been to instil into their minds and hearts perverted thoughts about Christ. Quite early in the history of the Church Arianism spread its baneful influence in the souls of men. The Romish apostasy followed suit, and just as the red line of sacrifice runs through the Bible, so the black line of opposition to the power and prerogatives of Jesus Christ too grows deeper and darker with every succeeding page of Romish history. True, it seems very orthodox on the doctrine of the Trinity, and apparently gives Christ His proper place in the Godhead but later on unblushingly robs Him, and divides the plunder between the Virgin Mary, an Infallible Pope (?) and a human priesthood whose name is legion. The Popish doctrine that multiplies its deities and divides its worship, the Unitarianism that attempts to rob Christ of His divinity and reduces the personality of the Godhead, and the modern theology that denies the Fall and sneers at the Atonement and subjects the Son of God to varied “human limitations” are all actuated by one spirit are “sailing in the same boat,” and will reach the same destination. Consciously or unconsciously they are carrying out the plans of Satan to obscure the Cross, and belittle the Atonement.

“What think ye of Christ?” Many people say, “It does not matter what you believe as long as the heart is right.” Well, what is Tightness of heart? How is it attained, and by what standard shall its quantity and quality be finally determined? Shall each one measure himself in his own halfbushel and weigh himself on his own private scales? Such conditions would not for a moment be tolerated in earthly things, how much less in those that determine our eternal destiny.

The United States has a system of weights and measures to which all its citizens are compelled to conform in their dealings, and such scales and measures must bear the stamp of the government. Then again, if we pursue this subject further, and with the belief that the Bible is true, we soon run up against the fact that salvation is more than a “Code of ethics;” it is “Life from the dead.” Instead of finding man a right thinking creature, a “divinity,” a “potential Christ,” we find, “His thoughts are evil continually,” and as his thoughts are, so is his life.

“Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one.” “Can the Ethio-
pian change his skin?” Can the dead make themselves alive? Can purity and holiness develop and emanate from a mass of corruption? Then it is evident that if man is to be saved at all, it must be from a source entirely outside of himself, or his fellow men.

Let us turn to Isaiah 53: “All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way;” that is, made our individual desires the rule of our lives. “And the Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all.” “Who is this, that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah—I that speak in righteousness Mighty to save.”

“What think ye of Christ?” Let us first hear what God thinks and says about Him. “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God—The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him—In him was life, and the life was the light of men.” “This is my Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.” We sum up, “Was with God” “Co-Eternal with the Father, an Eternal Christ,” “All things were made by Him” a Creative Christ. In Him was life, “Eternal Life,” for “It pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell,” a Life-giving Christ, “And the Life was the Light of men,” an illuminating Christ. This and much more is the Father’s testimony of His Son Jesus Christ.

Let us hear what the people to whom He came, thought of Him; we return to Isa. 53. “He hath no form nor comeliness, no beauty that we should desire Him, He is despised and rejected of men, (unpopular). A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and we hid our faces from him, (gave Him no glance of recognition). He was despised and we esteemed Him not.” The passages quoted give a fair outline of man’s thoughts of, and attitude toward Christ. It is as true of man today as when those Jews in scornful accents said, “We will not have this man to reign over us.” “What think ye of Christ?” Now we will have some friendly positive testimony. Hear John the Baptist, “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.” Woman of Samaria next, “Come and see a man that told me all things that ever I did, is not this the Christ?” Glory! An omniscient Christ, He could turn back the dark sin-stained pages of her life-history and expose them to her astonished gaze.

Now we will have the evidence of an “Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile” Nathanael, “What think ye of Christ?” “Rabbi thou are the Son of God, Thou art the King of Israel.” Divine and Royal Christ; Amen.

Simon Peter, what think you of Jesus? “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,” Hallelujah! Martha, a busy housekeeper, but a true disciple, will now testify. “I believe thou art the Christ that should come into the world.” Amen, Amen.

We will now hear the conclusions of an outsider, a grim-visaged Roman soldier, the hero no doubt, of many a battle. It is three o’clock in the afternoon; the scene is Mt. Calvary. Since noon it has been dark as night. At the post of duty, the stern Centurion has been compelled to behold a drama upon which even the sun refused to look, and upon which in pity fell the curtain of night. The closing scene is being enacted, Jesus is dying, “He cried with a loud voice and gave up the ghost.” As the earth trembles beneath your feet, and the riven rocks go crashing down the slopes of Calvary, Centurion tell us “what think you of Christ?” “Truly, this man was the Son of God.” Glory to God forever, Amen.

The crucifixion scene is over and Jesus
has risen again. He has met with His
disciples, and their hearts have been glad-
dened by His presence. There was one,
however, not present. He was a faithful
disciple, but he much preferred walking
by sight rather than by faith alone. When
with joyous accents they told him “We
have seen the Lord” he says, “Except
I see the prints of the nails....I will
not believe.” Later on, Jesus offered the
privilege he desired. Now Thomas
“What think you of (the risen) Christ?”
“My Lord and my God!”
Angels heralded the birth of Christ,
and bore witness to His resurrection and
ascension. We will hear them regarding
the latter. “Ye men of Galilee, why
stand ye gazing up into heaven?
This SAME Jesus which is taken up from
you into heaven, shall so COME in like
manner as ye have seen him go into heav­
en.” Praise God, a crucified, risen, as­
cended, and glorified Christ, and Coming
King.

Just one more Bible witness and I
am done. The great Sanhedrin Coun­
cil is in session. A man accused of her­
esy is on trial. Angelic light illuminates
his countenance, and heaven-inspired
words flow eloquently from his lips.
Full of the Holy Ghost, as he reaches
the climax of his defence he “Looked
steadfastly up to heaven and saw the
glory of God, and Jesus standing at the
right hand of God” Unobstructed by
roof, cloud, or sky, his inspired vision
rose far above the earthly tribunal, to
“The dwelling place of the Most High.”
to the court of final appeal. Hear him
give his testimony. “Behold I see the
heavens opened and the Son of man
standing on the right hand of God,” an
Enthroned and Exalted Christ. Hail
faithful Stephen, first of that “Noble
army of Martyrs” who sealed their tes­
timony with their blood. “Wherefore
seeing we are compassed about with so
great a cloud of witness, let us lay aside
every weight, (of worldliness) and the
sin that doth so easily beset us (unbelief)
—Looking unto Jesus the Author and
Finisher of our faith.” Amen.
“What think ye of Christ,” Bro. Eli­
ott? O my Lord, my precious Savior,
Chief among ten thousand.”

I came to Thee long years ago,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Thee a resting place
And Thou didst make me glad.

Nearly forty years ago the Holy Spirit
convicted me of sin, and “The pains of
hell got hold on me.” Vile, lost, undone,
burdened, and trembling with guilty fear,
I came (by faith) to where stood a cross,
and One extended upon it whose look of
tender love and compassion, melted r
broken heart. As I gazed on that wond­
rous sight my bonds were snapped
asunder, my burden rolled away, and I
saw it no more. Hallelujah. “Nothing
but sin had I to give, Nothing but love
did I receive.” yes, “without money and
without price.” O the joy of pardon
and peace, the sweetness of redeeming
love.

Jesus, the Name that charmed my fears,
That bid my sorrows cease;
’Tis heavenly music in my ears,
’Tis life and health and peace.

What think ye of Christ? O He is
all in all. His precious blood cleanseth
me from all sin...

“I sit under His shadow with great
delight, and His fruit is sweet unto my
taste. He takes me into His banqueting
house, and His banner over me is Love.”
His gentleness, sweetness, meekness, pa­
tience and love eclipse all human ideals,
and endears Him to my soul. While I
cannot, like those noted above, see Him
with my eyes, I can behold Him by faith,
and the sight is blessed indeed. The
Holy Spirit fills my soul with Life and
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Light, and bears witness with my spirit that I am a child of God. Though my way has been rough, and my feet pierced with many a thorn, and my knees bruised with many a fall on the jagged rocks, yet here and there I discern His footprints, and I know He has trod the way before me, and so “forgetting the things that are behind, I press forward.”

The day wears on, the shadows are falling, earth is receding, the canvas is rending, the cords are snapping asunder, the supports are breaking, this earthly tabernacle will soon meet its final collapse. What think ye of Christ, Now? Listen, “Though my flesh and heart fail, yet God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever,” Glory to God.

In conclusion reader “What think ye of Christ?” Your eternal destiny depends on that. It is the pivot around which all else revolves and turns. If you are trying to be your own savior by good works, or ethical culture, or both, you must provide your own heaven as well, for there is no place for you in the heaven Christ has gone to prepare. Ask God to show you what He thinks of you: let Him turn the searchlight into your inmost soul and you will cry like the blind man, “Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me;” or, like Peter, “Lord save, or I perish.”

“Let every kindred every tribe
On this terrestrial ball
To Christ all Majesty ascribe
And crown Him Lord of all.”

Amen and Amen.

God cannot justify a sinner who does anything to procure salvation, because cient; but God can and does justify every sinner who simply believes in Jesus, because that implies that we can do nothing to merit salvation, and that Christ’s work alone is all-sufficient.
away, but it is only to prepare a place for you. I will not be absent long; then I will come for you, and you shall be with me forever.

So the blessed Savior tells His disciples of heaven. His Father's house, and the many mansions of light in glory.

Heaven is not a poet's dream, or a fancy fable, but a place, a real place, just as much as New York or Chicago is a place. From the Scriptures we are led to believe that heaven is located somewhere in the ethereal regions above the earth. Jesus came down from there, and when He left the earth He ascended and the clouds received Him. But somewhere in the boundless universe of God, beyond where the bright planets roll, "There is a land that is fairer than day," that mortal eyes cannot behold, a city whose splendors can never be told by human tongue.

It is the home of God, the place that Jesus told His disciples about, the many mansions of glory.

It is a place where time is not measured by the flight of years, for it is eternal in its duration, and age has no power in that sun-bright clime. No pain, sickness, sorrow or death will ever enter that blest abode, and God will wipe away all tears from every eye.

Human words cannot express the joy and rapture of being forever with the Lord, for eye hath not seen all of the glorious eternal scenes of sacred bliss that the blessed Savior has prepared for those who love and obey Him. There will be rest for the weary, songs for the redeemed, crowns for the victors. The flowers that bloom along the banks of the River of Life will never fade. No shadow of night will ever fall across this fair celestial land, for the Lord Himself is the everlasting light and glory of it.

This unchangeable home has been prepared for all of the ransomed hosts of God from every tribe and nation, and will be their final abode throughout the endless ages of eternity.

Our loved ones who fell by the way-side and left us, have only passed on to this bright morning land, and if faithful to Jesus we shall meet them again. And O how blessed it will be to again meet those long absent ones in the many mansions. To clasp each other's hand in glad reunion, and talk of all the wondrous ways in which our Father led us home.

How long some of the dear ones have been gone from us as we count time, how far we have journeyed since; we are growing weary, and are looking with longing eyes toward life's sunset portal, when it shall open and we shall pass from the night shadows of earth into the glorious realms of an endless day. How we do praise God for the blessed hope of heaven after the storms of earth are over, and its warfare done. My sainted father as he was entering the valley of shadows, this side of the hills of light, said to some of the brethren waiting on him to sing, "O what a blessed hope is ours, While here on earth we stay." And so to every true believer in Christ, the hope of heaven is an inspiring, uplifting one that cheers them even in their departing hour.

And thus would Jesus comfort His sorrowing disciples with the glorious hope of a better, happier life with Him in heaven forever.

Fredonia, Kans. R. R. No. 2.

IDLE WORDS.

BY JACOB ZERCHER.

What are idle words? To my mind, idle words are these, words which would better not be said, "But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment" (Matt. 12: 3, 6).
Now then, as we are warned in many places through the Scriptures to watch, it requires that our spiritual eyes are open thereto. It might surprise us how many idle words we may make in a day if we would count them, and yet we believe they are counted and recorded. Persons with large language, in other words, big talkers, may have more temptations on these lines. Useless words are idle words. Would all unnecessary talk then be idle words? I do not see where else to put it. Do you? Brother and sister, if unnecessary talking were put away it would make life more clean. Where are we on these lines anyway?

We have a Teacher, the Holy Spirit, who will guide us on these lines, as well as on all others; although we know it we are so apt to forget ourselves. Well may the language of the prophet be used here: "Who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire and like fuller's soap: And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purge the sons of Levi and purge them as gold and silver that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness" (Mal. 3: 2, 3).

I have now said a little about idle words: now, how about the idle or useless thoughts? Will someone now kindly take up this subject and give his or her views on the useless or idle thoughts, (backed up by Scripture) through the columns of the Visitor?

Isa. 55: 7, we read: "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts." This Scripture we understand very well. But now how about the idle or unacceptable thoughts which come to the child of God which neither the child nor the Father likes nor wants. In Prov. 12: 5, we read: "The thoughts of the righteous are right." So we will now look for some one who may look to God for help to have this pulled apart.

Florin, Pa.

THE RIGHT KEY

BY GEORGE S. GRIM.

You have lost your key to the chest;—Some one said. And after trying all the keys you have in your possession, you are obliged to send out for a smith. The tradesman comes with a huge bunch of keys of all sorts and sizes imaginable. To you they appear to be a singular collection of many rusty instruments. He looks at the lock, and then tries first one and then another, and then another, and then another, and so on. He has not touched it yet, and the treasures are still out of your reach. Look; he has found the likely key;—it almost reaches the bolt. But not quite. He appears evidently to be on the right track now. At last the chest is opened for the right key has been found.

This is a correct representation of many perplexities. You cannot get at the difficulty so as to deal with it aright and find your way to a happy result. You pray; but have not always the liberty in prayer which you would wish or desire. A definite promise is what you would wish or desire. You try one and then another of the inspired words; but they do not always fit. You try those which seem to have been made for the occasion;—it fits as exactly as a well made key fits the wards of the lock for which they were originally prepared, having found the word of the living God, you hastened to plead it at the throne of grace, Saying O Lord God Thou hast promised this good thing unto thy servant;—be Thou pleased to grant it. The matter is ended: Sorrow is turned to joy;—the prayers are heard and answered.

Louisville, Ohio.
News of Church Activity
IN THE
HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Mary Heisey, Cora Alvis, Lewis Steckley, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.


Isaac O. and A. Alice Lehman, box 5263, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Jesse R. and Malinda Eyster, box 10, Boksburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

India.

The following are not under the Foreign Mission Board:

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Adra, B. N. R., India.

Elmina Hoffman, Kedgaon, Poona Dist., Ramahai Home, India.

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

Central America.

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

Missionaries on Furlough.

H. J. and Emma Frey, Abilene, Kans.

Sallie K. Doner, Campbellstown, Pa.

OUR CITY MISSIONS.

Philadelphia Mission, 3423 North Second St., in charge of Peter Stover and wife.

Buffalo, N. Y., Mission, 25 Hawley St., in charge of Eld. T. S. Doner and wife.

Chicago Mission, 6039 Halsted St., in charge of Sr. Sarah Bert, Bro. B. L. Brubaker and Sr. Nancy Shirk.


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

Dayton Mission, in charge of W. H. and Susie Boyer, 601 Taylor St., Dayton, Ohio.

MT. CARMEL ORPHANAGE.

We are grateful to the friends who have so kindly and generously contributed to the needs of the work again since our last report. We are also thankful for those who we know are faithful in being helpers by prayer. God's work cannot live and grow without the prevailing intercessory prayers of His children. We are conscious of this truth more and more. So we ask that those who are interested will continue in earnest fervent prayer for the progress and prosperity of God's work in this little part of His great harvest field.

It was necessary for us to make some repairs in the way of new spouting for the building. This was quite an expense to us, since the old was all considered beyond repair. This has added much to our convenience.

FINANCIAL.

Reprt of Mt. Carmel Home for two months.

December.

Receipts.

Mrs. A. L. Miller, Ill., $1.00; Upland, Cal., S. S., Christmas Offering, $3.00; H. L. Trump, Ill., $10.00; Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Heise, N. Y., $10.00; Aaron Garwick, Ia., $1.00; Union Grove, Ind., S. S., $6.36; Fanny E. Barnes, Pa., $5.00; Cumberland Dist., Pa., Freewill Offering, $24.00; Martin M. Brandt, Kans., $4.00; Mrs. Walter Watson, Ill., $5.00; Produce, Sundries, etc., $21.19; Little Girls E. G. C. Club, Ill., $5.00; Total, $129.21.

Expenditures.

Groceries, $48.41; 6 bbls. flour, $26.30; dry goods and shoes, $24.28; sundries, $15.14; Total $114.56.

Deficit on Dec. $14.66 or a grand total of $104.66.

January 1013.

Receipts.

Mrs. Nelson, Ill., $5.00; Mr. and Mrs. H. Krieder, Ill., $2.75; Mrs. David Barkman, Ill., $5.00; H. L. Trump, Ill., $5.00; John Pocock, Ill., $35.00; Clyde Bigbee, Ill., $10.00; Nappanee, Ind., S. S., Offering, $5.43; Produce and Sundries, $7.59; Total, $65.68.

Expenditures.

Dry goods and shoes, $12.87; groceries, $6.08; sundries, stationary and school supplies, $20.53; hardware and spouting repairs on building, $42.69; Total $82.17.

Deficit in Dec. $18.35 or a grand total of $100.52.

Deficit on Jan. 31, $34.84.
Other Donations.

Raisins and apricots, Mrs Albright, Ill., 20 lbs.; candy, salted peanuts and box fancy assorted cakes, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Morrison.

30 individual boxes choice candies, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Morrison.

30 individual boxes choice candies, Mrs. Evans, Ill.; 4 lbs. candy and 1 bushel apples, Mrs. B. Fiske, Ill.; apples, Mr. Aiken, Ill.; table linens, Marie Le Inesre, Ill.; 111 pieces glassware for table, Anna Bert, Ill.; dolls, Mr. Weaver, Ill.; clothing, Mrs. Inackenbush, Ill.; dried apples, peaches, new comforters, quilts, pillow cases and aprons, Mrs Miller and friends, Ramona, Kans.; boys' new night robes, towels, clothing, under wear and dried fruits, Sisters of Abilene and Bethel Kans.; lamb for roast, W. E. McCulloh, Ill.

Sincerity in His name,

A. G. Zook.

OUR VISIT TO THE BIBLE SCHOOL AT GRANTHAM, PA.

The writer having received several courteous and pressing invitations to take part in the Bible Conference, at last reluctantly decided to do so. We therefore left home on the morning of January 4, and arrived at Grantham, Pa., on the morning of the 5th, and remained there until the evening of January 13. While there we tried to take notice of what we saw and heard, and were well pleased with our stay there.

The building, which is partly built if brick and partly of frame, is plain, but has a pleasing and imposing appearance, and is sufficiently large to answer the purpose for which it was built, at least for the time being. The rooms for the various purposes of the school, including the chapel, are so arranged and constructed that ample fresh air and sunlight can be freely admitted, which is a great factor for the health of the faculty and students, and reveals the forethought of the designers of the building, for so great and important a necessity.

The faculty of the school are all members of the Brethren in Christ, and are all highly intelligent and energetic, and apparently have the welfare of the students at heart. The different members of the faculty do not merely profess to be believers, but their apparent Christ-like conduct to the students and to the school in general, together with their courteous bearing towards all others present at Conference, was to us a sure indication that they have a great measure of the love of God in their hearts. Such a devoted faculty to God and His cause cannot fail but leave its spiritual imprint upon all that attend the school.

The students are to all appearance of a high grade and of a studious nature. There are, we understand between forty and fifty of them at present, and the outlook is promising, indeed, especially when we consider that it is only a few years since the school was started.

The moral and religious standing of the school is especially gratifying. The majority of the students are the children of Brethren and Sisters, and claim conversion and have identified themselves with the Brotherhood. They come from all parts of the Brotherhood, but unfortunately only a very small percentage are from Canada. There are also others who attend this school whose parents do not belong to the Brethren in Christ, but who have heard of the advantages this school possesses over other schools, and consequently these parents have encouraged their children to attend this school. Among these are four who are worthy of special notice. They are young men from Armenia, who have come here through the influence of Rebecca Krikorian (an Armenian Lady, who is especially interested in these young men to have them properly educated and trained for Missionary work for their native land. Our Brotherhood, both in the United States and Canada has special reason to be grateful to God that He so favored the Bible School at Grantham, Pa., by bringing it about that these four young men (and if we are rightly informed have identified themselves with the Brotherhood) came there in order to fit themselves for future usefulness in the hitherto oppressed land of their fathers. Just think what this will mean to the cause of God, when these four young men fully consecrated to God, return to their fatherland and under the blessing of God set up the banner of Christ there? This incident itself ought to be sufficient to change the mind of all who were unfavorable towards this school heretofore.

There are, however, besides the above, other reasons why all should help this worthy work along. We will mention a few of them: (1) The teachers are all members of the Brotherhood and exhibit a zeal that not only all the members of their classes should get converted but should also live a holy, a pure and a clean life. (2) All the teachers before be-
ginning to teach their class exercise in prayer. (3) The students are expected and encouraged to attend the daily religious services. (4) The converted students take a deep interest in their unconverted fellow-students, and do all in their power to have them come to Christ.

The above mentioned points, together with exclusion from the school the deadly destructive higher criticism, with the notorious doctrine of Russellism and the blasphemous New Theology gives the school of the Brethren in Christ at Grantham, Pa., a pre-eminence over many other schools of that kind that cannot be estimated by dollars and cents. Just think of your son or your daughter going to a school where the above notorious doctrines are taught and tolerated and get them infused into their minds and hearts what the outcome of that would mean to them for time and eternity! Their own souls would not alone be at stake, but the deadly poison which they have imbibed while at such a school would be a misleading source of soul-destruction unto all those with whom they come in contact. On the other hand if you send your son or your daughter to the Brethren’s school at Grantham, Pa., where they would not be in danger of imbibing such notorious and soul-destructive doctrines, but instead get their minds and hearts imbued with the unadulterated word of God, which would enable them to save their own soul and also scatter sunshine all along life’s path-way for the benefit of others. Thus we trust, you will be able to see, at least in some degree, the difference of sending your sons and your daughters to a school where there is no pretence made to teach the word of God aright, and a school where every effort is put forth to teach the word of God in its primitive purity and to keep out all baneful and injurious teachings.

In conclusion, we believe that the Brethren’s School at Grantham, Pa., is worthy of the sympathy, respect, and prayers of the Brotherhood, which if sincerely extended would insure under the blessing of God the usefulness of the school for home and foreign mission work by the Brethren, and for work throughout the Brotherhood in general.

Charles Baker.

*Batteau, Canada.*

“Today if you will hear His voice harden not your heart.”

**PHILADELPHIA MISSION.**

“And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of man be lifted up that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life” (John 3: 14-15).

We have been holding revival meetings for the past two weeks and the Lord has met us, praise His name. Bro. Eli Engle of Mt. Joy was with us the last week. Bro. Sol. Engle our pastor held it the first week excepting a few evenings when he was unwell physically, but he is all right again, praise His name.

Our Bro. Eli Engle lifted up a soul-saving gospel, a gospel that sanctifies people if they accept it. We were glad for the good attendance we had. Last Sunday night we had a wonderful meeting: the fire fell and thirty of our young people of from 12 to 17 years, boys and girls came to the altar and their testimony was that they accepted Jesus. They are our Sunday School scholars. Oh what a harvest! Let us be encouraged to go forward in winning souls for the Kingdom. Two older persons, during the first week of the meeting gave their hearts to the Lord. We are glad we can shout victory. Glory to His name.

We have closed our meetings with a good interest and nearly a full house. Oh we are glad they didn't wear out. We intend soon to have another week, and then soon after that another week. We want you Brethren to pray for us and to co-operate with us so that the work of the Lord at the Philadelphia Mission may prosper in the salvation of precious souls that have cost so much. Oh, I am encouraged: the older I get the harder I feel to press the battle in this noble work. I feel glad and thankful to my heavenly Father that He has given me a holy boldness, that I am losing sight of men and have my eyes fixed upon Him, and while this is the case I feel that I love my brethren and church more and more. And what do you think? I can pray for my enemies. Is not this a wonderful gift from God? Truly it is. It burns me deep down in my soul this morning; glory to His name!

Our meetings are, in general, good and our Sunday school also.

Now brethren, in Jesus name, I ask you not to forget us and the many poor we have in our community. If we can't preach we can
give, and if we can't give we can use our influence to get somebody else to give, and that will be doing our part. Now, may God's blessing accompany this little letter.

Yours in the battle for souls,
Peter Stover and wife.

A PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Dear readers of the VISITOR:

Greeting in the precious name of Him who said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior."

Bless His precious name forever and ever. Surely our hearts are made to rejoice, when we realize that God's promises are never known to fail, and when we commit our way unto Him. He will surely bring it to pass. This is surely a time of rejoicing with us, as we can praise God for blessed victory individually, and also collectively at the Philadelphia Mission.

Surely we have been passing through deep waters and fiery trials, but we trusted in a Captain, that has never known defeat. We really feel as though it was a definite work, that happened, January twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and thirteen. (Hark! Listen to the subtle whispering of the devil, "Don't proclaim victory too soon, for fear it might not be real after all.) But praise God, it was by faith that the walls of Jericho fell, and so it is by faith in Him, that every conflict with the devil can be won.

What a sad, sad picture that so many people want to see and feel before they can believe the blessed promises of God, but faith says, "Believe and then see." Dear Lord, fill us with the blessed Holy Spirit that we can believe every promise.

No matter where a conflict exists, victory is bound to come when every one looks to their own hearts and lets the Holy Ghost have His way. What a sweet gentle teacher the Holy Spirit is when He abides in all His fulness. Surely there we can say of a truth "Not I, but Christ within me, the hope of glory." Oh to have the Spirit of the Master! How could we ever be able to explain that to each who have no realization in their own lives? What a spirit of humility, servitude, long suffering, kindness, and how easy to forgive!

Surely the Spirit of the Master has been needed here, and oh, what unjust suffering comes through the lack of this Spirit. How much suffering is brought between brethren and sisters where His Spirit is not ruling and reigning.

When we think of the heartaches and suffering we as a body have passed through at this place you need not wonder we are glad to shout and proclaim victory. There are different kinds of suffering, some come from the guilt of our own crimes while some is suffering unjustly. Well, we have tasted both kinds, and may we as a body have sufficient, that from henceforth we may walk in the Spirit, and stand together that love and unity may prevail.

We hope and trust through this victory, confidence may again be restored at this place, and that we may go forth, not contending among our selves, but earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. How our hearts are made to rejoice when we realize that some of the dear ones have not forgotten our work here, and seem to be interested, and willing to lend a helping hand to those who are poor and needy. We surely desire an interest in the prayers of God's people, that the work of the Lord may prosper and that many precious souls may be born into the kingdom.

Yours in Christian love,
Cora Stover.

A SISTER'S TESTIMONY.

Greeting in the precious name of Jesus. I praise the Lord for the many precious promises we have in God's word. "Fear thou not: for I am with thee," (Isa. 41: 10 f. c.) is so precious to me many a time. Why should we fear when we know God is watching over us? He will not leave anything come upon us that we are not able to bear: praise His name.

I praise God for a salvation that can and does keep us through all trials and temptations. O, let us be up and a doing for Jesus is coming; and will He find us watching for Him? Watch, for in such an hour as ye
think not the Son of man cometh. Therefore we should keep watching and praying that when He cometh we may be ready.

I praise God that my only desire is to serve my blessed Master and to obey Him whatever the cost may be. Brothers and sisters, let us let our lights so shine to those around and about us and our neighbors, that they may see that we have a pleasure in serving Jesus, and let us pray for them that they also may get a desire to serve our blessed Savior.

I am so glad the Lord called me when quite young: I must confess I did not at all times live as close to Jesus as I should, but I am so glad when we come to Him He is so willing to forgive us if we ask Him, praise His holy name. My desire is to be as part of a hymn which says, “Every thought of my being is swayed by His word.” O our thoughts and conversation, would that they were more heavenward! How much more God would be honored. Brothers and sisters remember me especially in your prayers.

Your sister in Christ,
Frances W. Rosenberry.

MOORETOWN CENTER, Mich.

“My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in the God my Savior.” On January 5, we commenced a series of meetings at this place continuing until Feb. 2. We are truly made to praise our God for what has been accomplished. We labored with a desire for greater things, but when we consider the state and longstanding condition of this work we must say that much has been accomplished.

For a number of weeks before the meetings started it seemed there wasn’t one encouraging feature to be found, and when the meetings started it was one steady pull against the tide of sin and indifference.

The Holy Spirit was faithful in exposing sin and in pointing out the requirements of God’s word, for those who profess to be children of God.

Ten sought the Lord for the pardon of their sins, and nine of them professed to have found the Savior. One young man was wonderfully delivered from the tobacco habit which he had contracted in childhood being now able to withstand it when pushed under his nose. There were also a number who sought the Lord for a clean heart and some claimed to receive the answer to their petition.

We were glad to have with us one Lord’s day Eld. Henry Schneider, of Carland, Mich.

The future progress of the work here depends on whether or not those who have been saved and others who have received the light become willing to unite with us as a people and take the way as mapped out by the word of God.

Please continue to pray that the will of the Lord may be done and many more may be saved.

V. L. and Charlotte Stump,
P. O. Address, Sandusky, Mich.

MINISTERS CHOSEN.

The writer being requested by the Brethren of Waterloo dist., to come to them and hold an election for a minister at the Union church near Hespeler, Ont., left home on the morning of Jan. 25, and was met at Hespeler, depot by Bro. Nathaniel Wildfong who conveyed us to his home, where we arrived about noon. We found his aged mother, wife and family quite well, and were well cared for by them. Later in the day other brethren and sisters came in from other parts of the district, and the time was pleasantly and profitably spent in conversing upon moral and spiritual subjects. In the morning, it being the Lord’s day, we all repaired to the church where we were pleased to see that a goodly number of people had met for Sabbath school and worship. It is worthy of note that there had not been a Sabbath school kept in this place before—some of our evangelists were here some time last year. But God having blessed their labors, the new converts with the older members in that place were impressed with the thought of starting a school, and the result is very promising indeed. We bespeak for these brethren and sisters a bright future in this noble work providing they do not allow the glowing love of God in their hearts to grow cold or diminish.

After Sabbath school we spoke for a time on the qualifications of a minister, and then proceeded with taking the ballots. The result was that Bro. Nathaniel Wildfong was chosen for that important place. Bro. Wildfong is a son of the late Eld. John Wildfong, and is a man a little past the middle of the allotted age of man. He is a man of ability and
courage and promises well for the position. His wife, who had up to this time been a member of another persuasion was also received by the church by the right hand of fellowship, and intends to get baptized at the time of their Spring love feast, when others have also intimated to take the same step. We believe, if Bro. and Sr. Wildfong keep humble at the cross that they will be useful instruments in the hand of God in doing much good in His service.

We will further say that at the time of the Fall love feast at the Rosebank church near New Dundee, Ont., that Bro. Simon Cober, son of Bro. Solomon Cober, Hespeler, Ont., was likewise chosen to the ministry. He too is a little past the middle of the age allotted to man, and likewise possesses some noble qualifications for the ministry. We believe if these two newly elected ministers, with the other minister Bro. A. Hunsperger of New Dundee, Ont., work together in love, and obey the injunction of Paul, “but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves,” the Lord will be able to do a good work through them.

Charles Baker.

FROM AFRICA.

Mtshebezi Mission,
Gwanda, Jan. 9, 1913.

Dear Visitors Family:

We come to you with greetings in the precious name of Jesus.

It is some time since I wrote to the Visitor, yet I have often thought of many of the readers whom I have met and had sweet fellowship with in times past. We often pray for you all that God may bless you all and make you a blessing.

Another year is in the past and work has been done but much is yet to be done. God has been with us in His own sweet way. The battle at times has been heavy but God has helped us as we looked to Him. Oh to learn to lean harder on Him and not to look or lean to our own understanding.

The past year has been a busy one. Especially so because of the building, and also as there were a large number of girls staying here. We had as high as thirty three at one time. Having so many made it harder for Sr. Engle and myself as the work in the sewing class was very heavy. We have the class twice a week. From July 1, to Nov. 22, the girls sewed two hundred and forty nine pieces, some large and some small. These were all sewed by hand. So beside clothing the girls, we have been able to sell quite a few garments.

Again with the old year we have passed another Christmas day and realized as in former years how the human heart reaches out for the earthly gifts so much more than for the heavenly. People will walk miles for a little cup of salt, but Jesus has come all the way from heaven to earth and stands and pleads to be accepted but is rejected. I often think how grieved Jesus must feel as He sees the world in its mad rush for the perishable while He who is able to be all they need is not thought of.

We had services on Christmas day and gave the usual gift of a cup of salt to each one. There were 260 present.

My prayer is to see and realize Jesus to a greater extent and to be more simple and trustful in Him.

During December we had our vacation and most of the girls went home and we had a month of quiet but as we turn over the new leaf of 1913 it again brings with it the opening school, the return of the girls and the work in general that comes during school.

We do praise the Lord for sending Sr. Sadie Book to our help. She is teaching in the school and helping with the sewing class, etc.

The rains are very slow in coming. The pasture is very short in this part, so we have sent most of the cattle up into the hills where there is good grass. We have not been getting enough milk to have any butter for about two weeks which has been pretty good considering how dry it has been.

We have had a few light showers but not enough to bring on the crops, but our Father knows all about it, if it is best for Him to withhold the rains it will be alright.

We have all been keeping quite well for which we are thankful. The heat has been quite hard on us and by times the work would seem a little burdensome but our Father has helped and “Jesus is near just when we need Him most.”

Baby is growing and keeping quite well. The natives manifest quite an interest in the young man as they call him.
SELECTED.

PREACHING AND PRAYER.

We are constantly on a stretch if not on a strain to devise new methods new plans new organizations to advance the Church and secure enlargement and efficiency for the Gospel. This trend of the day has a tendency to lose sight of the man, or sink the man in the plan or organization. God’s plan is to make much of the man, far more of him than anything else. Men are God’s methods. The Church is looking for better methods but God is looking for better men. There was a man sent from God whose name was Jahn. The dispensation that heralded and prepared the way for Christ was bound up in that man, John. “Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given.” The World’s Salvation came out of that cradle Son, Jesus. When Paul appeals to the personal character of the men who rooted the Gospel in the world he solves the mystery of this success. The glory and efficiency of the Gospel is staked upon the men who proclaim it. When God declares that the eyes of the Lord run two and fro through out the whole earth to show himself strong on the behalf of him whose heart is perfect toward Him, He declares the necessity of men and His dependence upon them as a channel through which He can exert His power upon the world. This vital urgent truth is one that this age of machinery is apt to forget. The forgetting of it is as baneful on the work of God as would be the sinking of the sun from its sphere. Darkness, confusion, and death would ensue.

What the Church needs today, is not more machinery or better, not new organizations or more and novel methods, but men whom the Holy Ghost can use, men of prayer, men mighty in prayer. The Holy Ghost does not flow through methods, but through men. He does not come on machinery, but on men, men of prayer. The character and conduct of the followers of Christ Christianize the world, transfigure nations and individuals. Of the preachers of the Gospel this is eminently true.

The character as well as the fortunes of the Gospel is committed to the preacher. He makes or mars the message from God to man. The preacher is the golden pipe through which the divine oil flows. The pipe must not only be golden but open and flawless, that the oil may have an unhindered and unwasted flow.

The man makes the preacher, God must make the man. The messenger if possible is more than the message. The preacher is more than the sermon as the life giving milk from the mother’s bosom is but the mother’s life, so all the preacher says is tintured, impregnated by what the preacher is. The treasure is in earthen vessels and the taste of the vessel impregnates and may discolor. The man, the whole man, lies behind the sermon. Preaching is not the performance of an hour. It is the outflow of a life. It takes twenty years to make a sermon, because it takes twenty years to make the man. The sermon grows because the man grows, the sermon is forceful because the man is forceful. The sermon is holy because the man is holy. The sermon is full of the divine unction because the man is full of the divine unction.

Paul termed it, my Gospel. Not that he had degraded it by his personal way. But the Gospel was put into the heart.

We do ask the dear readers of the Visitor to continue to pray for the work at this place. We do desire that souls may become alarmed about their condition. Also we long to be used to gather in many precious sheaves.

Yours for the Harvest,

Abbie B. Winger.
and life blood of the man, Paul. Paul’s sermons. What are they? Where are they? Skeletons, scattered fragments, afloat on the sea of inspiration. But the man Paul, greater than his sermons, lives forever in full form, feature and stature, with his moulding hand on the Church. The preacher is but a voice, the voice in silence dies, the text is forgotten, the sermon faded from memory, but the preacher lives.

The sermon cannot rise in its life-giving forces above the man. Dead men give out dead sermons, and dead sermons kill. Everything depends upon the spiritual character of the preacher. Under the Jewish dispensation the high priest had inscribed in jewel letters on a golden frontlet, Holiness to the Lord. So every preacher in Christ’s Ministry must be molded into, and mastered by, this same holy motto. It is a crying shame for the Christian ministry to fall lower in holiness of character and holiness of aim than the Jewish priesthood.

The Gospel of Christ does not move by popular waves. It moves as the men who have charge of it move. The preacher must impersonate the Gospel. Its divine, most distinctive, features must be embodied in him. The constraining power of love must be in the preacher as a projectin, eccentric, an all-commanding, self-obivious force. The energy of self-denial must be his being, his heart and blood and bones. He must go forth as a man among men clothed with humility, abiding in meekness, wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove, the bonds of a servant with the spirit of a king. A king in high royal independent being, with the simplicity and sweetness of a child. The preacher must throw himself, with all the abandon of a perfect, self-emptying faith and a self-consuming zeal into his work for the salvation of men. Hearty, heroic, compassionate, fearless martyrs, must the men be who take hold and shape a generation for God. If they be timid time servers, place seekers, if they be men pleasers, or men fearers. If their denial be broken by any phase of self or the world, they cannot take hold of the Church or the world for God.

The preacher’s sharpest and strongest preaching must be to himself. His most difficult, delicate laborious, and thorough work must be with himself. The training of the twelve was the great, difficult, and enduring work of Christ. Preachers are not sermon makers, but men makers, and saint makers, and he only is well trained for this business, who has made himself a man and saint. It is not great talents, nor great learning, nor great preachers that God needs but men great in holiness, great in faith, great in love, great in fidelity, great for God. Men always preaching by holy sermons in the pulpit and holy lives out of it. These can mold a generation for God.

After this order the early Christians were formed. Men they were of solid mold. Preachers after the heavenly type. Heroic, stalwart, soldierly, saintly. Preaching with them meant self-denial, self-crucifying, serious, toilsome, business. They applied themselves to it in a way that told on their generation and formed a generation yet unborn for God. The preaching man is to be the praying man, Prayer is the preacher’s mightiest weapon. An almighty force in itself. It gives life and force to all.

The real sermon is made in the closet. The man, God’s man, is made in the closet. His life and his profoundest convictions are born in his secret communion with God. The burdened and tearful agony of his spirit, his weightiest and sweetest messages were got when

(Continued on page 27.)
To Subscribers—1. Our terms are cash in advance.
2. When writing to have your address changed, be sure to give both old and new address.
3. The date on the printed label will show to subscribers when their subscription expires.
4. If you do not receive the Visitor within ten days from date of issue, write us at once and we will send the number called for.

To the Poor—who are unable to pay—we send the paper free on the recommendation of others or upon their individual requests. Individual requests must be renewed every six months as a matter of good faith.

To Correspondents—1. Articles for publication should be written on one side of the paper only. Write all business letters on separate sheets.
2. Communications without the author's name will receive no recognition.
3. Communications for the Visitor should be sent to the Editor at least ten days before date of issue.

GRANTHAM, PA., FEBRUARY 24, 1913.

TRACTS.

What We Believe and Why We Believe It, per hundred, 20c.
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We Would See Jesus, per hundred, 15c.
Repent For The Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand, per hundred, 15c.
Death Eternal, per hundred, 15c.
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Retribution, per hundred, 15c.
Prayer, per hundred, 15c.
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Points for Consideration, per hundred, 12c.
Scripture Text Envelopes, per hundred, 20c.
Motto paper, per hundred sheets, 20c. postage prepaid.

Orders for the above tracts, papers and envelopes should be addressed Evangelical Visitor, Harrisburg, Pa. Tracts are free to mission workers.

MARRIAGES.

HOLLINGER—STONE—On Feb. 9, 1913 at the home of the officiating minister Bish. Henry B. Hoffer, near Mt. Joy, Pa., Samuel B. Hollinger was united in marriage with Dasie Stoner, all of near Manheim, Pa.

SHELLEY—NAUMAN—On Feb. 15, 1913, at the home of the officiating minister, Bish. Henry B. Hoffer, Amos B. Shelley, son of the late Eld. Abram B. and Sr. Lizzie Shelley was united in holy bonds of matrimony with Susie M. Nauman, all of near Manheim, Pa.


OBITUARY.

BREHM.—Kathryn Mabel Brehm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brehm, was born near Palmyra, Pa, April 26, 1911, died at the age of 1 year, 8 months and 21 days. She was a grand daughter of the late Bro. Andrew Brehm of the same place. Services were conducted in the Brethren's M. H. at Palmyra, and interment made in the adjoining cemetery, H. K. Kreider officiating. Text Job 14: 1, 2.

LEVITT.—Donald Levitt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alva Levitt, grandson of Bro. and Sr. Henry Schneider, of Garland, Mich, was born June 14, 1909, died Jan. 11 1903, his age being 3 years, 6 months and 27 days. Diptheria was the cause of his death. for which reason the funeral services were not held until Feb. 2, being conducted by Bro. Jonathan Lyons, assisted by Bro. George Kiteley. Text II Sam. 12: 23. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

HUNTZBERGER.—Joseph A. Huntzberger, of Bellaire, Dauphin county, Pa, died Jan. 18, 1913, of a complication of diseases, aged 54 years, 10 months and 23 days. During his prolonged sickness he became conscious of his need of a Savior, and sought Him earnestly. We did not see such marked results as might have been desired but trust the Lord took him as His own. He is survived by a sorrowing wife, sister Sarah Huntzberger, and an only child, Joseph Jr, residing at home. Services were conducted by Bishops Aaron Martin and Henry Kreider in the Brethren's M. H. at Elizabethtown, Pa., and interment was made in the Mt. Tunnel cemetery. Text

II Kings 20: 1.

MYERS.—Christian L. Myers was born in Franklin county, Pa., Oct. 1, 1830, died Jan. 14, 1913 in Iowa, aged 72 years, 3 months and
14 days. He was twice married; first to Anna Garling, who died in 1886. To this union eight children were born, of whom five survive: Emma Cuffel of Aredale, Iowa, J. W. Myers, and Luther Martin Myers, Green, Ia., and Ida Mary Lake, Lanark, Ill. He was married again to Mary Ann Morter. To this union four daughters were born: Cora Hoover, Sask., Can., Martha Myers, Los Angeles, Cal., Cora Myers, San Francisco, Cal. Deceased was a son of Benj. Myers of Franklin county, Pa., and went West 15 or 20 years ago. Funeral was held from the home of his sister, Mrs. Leah Hoffman, Greencastle, Pa., the remains having been sent East. Services were held at the Montgomery M. H. conducted by Eld. D. W. Brehm and the home ministry.

WERTZ.—Bro. John Wertz of the Manor dist., Lancaster county, died on Sunday morning, Feb. 9, 1913, being in his seventy first year. He was received into the church in October last, being then already in bodily weakness, so that he had to be carried to, and form, the water at his baptism. He, however, rejoiced in the Lord and was none the worse for going into the water in following the Lord. He is survived by his wife and two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller of Lancaster, and Mary Lyons of Millersville. The funeral services were held at the Millersville Mennonite church, conducted by Eld. Jacob L. Heisey and Bish. C. N. Hostetter. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

SLAYMAKER.—Sister Ida Slaymaker, the wife of James Slaymaker, near White Horse, Pa., was born Feb. 7, 1873, and died of pneumonia, Feb. 8, 1913, aged 40 years, and 1 day. Her death came as a shock to her friends they not knowing of her being sick. She is survived by her husband and five children, Anna, Jacob, Elva, Viola and Paul, all at home. Her father, Jacob Warfel, also survives and the following named sisters, Mrs. John Ressler of near Strasburg, Pa., was born Feb. 7, 1873, and died of pneumonia, Feb. 8, 1913, aged 40 years, and 1 day. Her death came as a shock to her friends they not knowing of her being sick. She is survived by her husband and five children, Anna, Jacob, Elva, Viola and Paul, all at home. Her father, Jacob Warfel, also survives and the following named sisters, Mrs. John Ressler of near Strasburg, Pa., was born Feb. 7, 1873, and died of pneumonia, Feb. 8, 1913, aged 40 years, and 1 day. Her death came as a shock to her friends they not knowing of her being sick. She is survived by her husband and five children, Anna, Jacob, Elva, Viola and Paul, all at home. Her father, Jacob Warfel, also survives and the following named sisters, Mrs. John Ressler of near Strasburg, Pa., was born Feb. 7, 1873, and died of pneumonia, Feb. 8, 1913, aged 40 years, and 1 day. Her death came as a shock to her friends they not knowing of her being sick. She is survived by her husband and five children, Anna, Jacob, Elva, Viola and Paul, all at home. Her father, Jacob Warfel, also survives and the following named sisters, Mrs. John Ressler of near Strasburg, Pa., was born Feb. 7, 1873, and died of pneumonia, Feb. 8, 1913, aged 40 years, and 1 day. Her death came as a shock to her friends they not knowing of her being sick. She is survived by her husband and five children, Anna, Jacob, Elva, Viola and Paul, all at home. Her father, Jacob Warfel, also survives and the following named sisters, Mrs. John Ressler of near Strasburg, Pa., was born Feb. 7, 1873, and died of pneumonia, Feb. 8, 1913, aged 40 years, and 1 day. Her death came as a shock to her friends they not knowing of her being sick. She is survived by her husband and five children, Anna, Jacob, Elva, Viola and Paul, all at home. Her father, Jacob Warfel, also survives and the following named sisters, Mrs. John Ressler of near Strasburg, Pa., was born Feb. 7, 1873, and died of pneumonia, Feb. 8, 1913, aged 40 years, and 1 day. Her death came as a shock to her friends they not knowing of her being sick. She is survived by her husband and five children, Anna, Jacob, Elva, Viola and Paul, all at home. Her father, Jacob Warfel, also survives and the following named sisters, Mrs. John Ressler of near Strasburg, Pa., was born Feb. 7, 1873, and died of pneumonia, Feb. 8, 1913, aged 40 years, and 1 day. Her death came as a shock to her friends they not knowing of her being sick. She is survived by her husband and five children, Anna, Jacob, Elva, Viola and Paul, all at home. Her father, Jacob Warfel, also ...
But in yonder world on heaven’s bright shore,
With them I number, now, one more.

My mother, dear, as you onward move,
To the souls bright home where all is love,
Where we shall meet and never part.
I’m waiting there with longing heart,

J. Lyons.

ROHRER.—Harold Emerson, son of Bro. & Sr. Albert and Elsie Rohrer, was born near Englewood, O., Mar. 3, 1911, departed this life Jan. 25, 1913, aged 1 year, 10 months and 22 days. His illness was first noticed about one week before the fatal disease of pneumonia stilled his short career. His loving disposition and lively ways won the admiration of all who intimately knew him. Funeral services were held at the Fairview M. H. on Monday Jan. 27, Bros., W. H. Boyer and Frank Brechbill officiating. Subject, “The Brevity of Life,” from Jas. 4: 14. Interment in Fairview cemetery.

Bro. and Sr. Brechbill stated in rhyme the following sketch of little Harold’s sickness and death and the submission of his parents.

Our little darling from us has gone,
And him no more we’ll see;
And though his spirit now has fled,
With him we soon shall be.

Almost two years with us he dwelt,
And our hearts of love he won;
By baby prattle and baby ways,
While this race with us was run.

But while God gives He also takes,
Oh blessed be His name!
For the grace He gives in every trial,
Even when death’s angel came.

One week ago his little form,
Was wrapped in pain severe;
In tears and sighs his little voice,
Rang out in tones so clear.

But as disease upon him preyed,
In quietness he lay,
With little hands so firmly clasped,
As we would when we pray.

‘Tho’ loving hands for him did work,
To give him ease and rest;
God had a place for him prepared
In heaven among the blest.

So in the stillness of the night,
In the quiet midnight hour,
The heavenly Father came and called,
Our precious little flower.

He planted it in realms above,
Where angels do attend,
And where the fragrance of the flower
With angels’ praise shall blend.

With papa, mamma, and sister dear,
We sympathize most deep;
For ’tis truly hard to say good-bye,
And with them we should weep.

But ’tis so comforting to know,
They all to God resign;
And in the hour of darkest trial
They pray, “Thy will,” not mine.

Little Harold leaves to mourn his departure
A father, mother, a baby sister, grand parents,
And a host of relatives and friends.

Dear Harold from our home’s embrace,
Thy little form is snatched;
No more we view thy tender face,
Nor ways so much attached.

In loving memory we behold,
An epitaph of love,
Descending from the streets of gold,
To take thee home above.

With true submission we give o’er,
To God’s ideal call,
Awaiting our home on yonder shore,
Of Christ our all in all.

With saddened hearts and teary eyes,
We bid thee sweet adieu,
Rejoicing that in yonder skies,
We may think now of you.

Blest Father seal us ever Thine,
With prayers and faith and love;
That as our boy we too may shine,
Within Thy courts above.

BE STRONG IN GOD.

Be strong, my soul, in God most High,
And trust His mighty arm:
The hand that holds the starry sky
Preserves thee safe from harm.

He who has spread the heavens above,
And earth’s foundation laid,
Walks by thy side, a guide and God,
And says “Be not afraid.”

He is thy buckler and defence,
Thy rock, thy strength, and tower;
And He will be thy confidence,
In each distressing hour.

H. L. Hastings.

“Do you ever feel discouraged or down-hearted?
Do you ever feel your work is all in vain?
Do the burdens thrust upon you make you tremble?
Do you feel that you shall ne’er the victory gain?

Have faith in God; the sun will shine,
Though dark the clouds may be today;
His heart has planned your path and mine,
Have faith in God, have faith alway.”
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A YOUNG SISTER'S LETTER.

To the VISITOR family:
I am truly thankful to our Father for what He does for the children of men. As I have not written for sometime for the VISITOR I have been of late feeling it to be my duty to do so. I can say I am still enjoying salvation and victory in my soul; also I enjoy the work God has assigned to me. It is wonderful to prove God, and see Him answer prayer.

That verse in Mark 11:24, has become very precious and real to me for there were some things I really desired and as I prayed believing, God answered and I have received them.

While God answers prayer, and is good to us in many ways yet there are some places where our faith is very much tried and increased. Especially is this true along financial lines. God has so far supplied our need, by us just looking steadfastly up to Him for it. You pray for us that we may just trust Him at all times. Sometimes it goes right up to rent paying time: then if ever is when our faith is tried. So you pray that our faith fail not, for if we fail there are many who will never know of the power of God unto salvation.

The field here is exceedingly large. We never know how many we preach to in one single evening. We go out on the street and begin to sing and may be before we sing one song through we have a large crowd, and then while some one is testifying they may vanish away and a new crowd be gathered and so on. There are about three that we know of that stand during a whole street service, but God is blessing the effort with souls now and then. We don't have the promise of crowds seeking God, but He said, "One soul is worth more than the whole world."

There are so many boys who are in the bloom of life on the street just like young birds, ready to snatch up any thing that may come along, and they do it. There are so many pool rooms and rum shops and dance halls and of every kind of evil, that they need not hunt for them, they are all wide open and inviting just such to come in.

Our hearts often are made to ache as we see them enter. Just a week ago while on the street two boys aged about sixteen came to our meeting, stopped a few minutes spied a pool room back of us, and forgot where they were the way they acted, and crossed the street and one started down the stairs while the other one refused, but by a little persuading he consented and they went intogether. It was the last I saw of them. That is the way the devil, is doing our boys of today who ought to be steady, honest and upright men to take the father's places. Help us pray God to get a hold of some of them, at least.

Then there are some others of the same age who have formed the habit of eating some kind of dope, which causes them to nearly lose all life, they are like dead men walking, as blind to where they are as if they were asleep.

But our God can save them.

When we see some of these men coming to Jesus and being made whole and restored to their right mind it repays us for all our sacrifice of home and home comforts. Often the devil likes to get me to try and think of how nice it would be to be home with my parents and enjoying them while we yet have them. Then we think of who will fill the place, and how will these be helped if someone does not sacrifice for them, for Jesus came all the way from heaven for me.

I have never yet been sorry that I said "Yes" to God although I did not know what it was going to mean, and I am glad I did not for it is easier to go just one step at a time, and there is always plenty of grace for the next step.

Our Mission was two years old the 4th of February, and God gave us one soul on that evening, a soldier boy, who said he was going through with God, said he did not want any more of a life of sin, so came to Jesus, and He spoke peace to his soul.

There are many more just like this one, but the devil has them so bound they think it impossible to live a Christian life, and so are afraid to start.

Of late there have been quite a lot of them in the hall, all expressing a desire to be right, but couldn't break loose. You reader can help us to pray for them.

One says if ever there was any one who desired to live a Christian life he does, but
some way can't get right hold of God as he
would like; you can put him on your prayer
list too if you so desire.

The work is encouraging at present.
All whom this concerns, I ask an interest in
your prayer for me that I may be a bright
and shining light at all times for Jesus.
I have to thank God over and over again
for granting me my heart's desire, in giving
me this place where my heart so many times
yearned for. Even before I left Ohio my heart
yearned for the mission field, although I
didn't know where I would start, but God
opened this place.
I will close wishing you all God's richest
blessings.

Yours for the lost of earth.
Ella Linkey.
52 Cumberland St., San Francisco, Calif.

KINDERSLEY, SASK.

Dear readers of the Visitor:
This morning while reading over the piece
of poetry I have at the end of this little letter
I felt very much impressed to write and tell
you what God has done and is doing for me.
I do praise Him for His wonderful love to
me, for it seems I can see His love more
clearly each day. I am so glad I have yielded
my life and all to Him, even though He leads
me through dark clouds, I can see His hand
of love in it all. I am glad I have come
to the place where I can say, "All things
work together for good to those who love the
Lord." I want to become more humble and
more useful in His service, more childlike,
more loving and kind, and I want to be filled
with the love, charity, of which we read in
I Cor. 13.
I want to be ready when Jesus comes with
my lamp trimmed and burning and my wedding
garment on.
I would ask a deep interest in your prayers
in behalf of the work here, that we as God's
children may be a bright shining light to those
around us, and that God may richly bless us
and enable us to become real soul winners
for Him.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

He is coming, oh ye people,
Coming soon—the Nazarine
Not with flaunting, noisy tumult,
Though none greater, man hath seen.
Shout, ye heralds, tell the story,
Never let your crying cease,
For He comes, the man of glory,
King of kings and Prince of Peace.

Have we "set our house in order"
For this Guest, so soon to come?
Shall we entertain Him gladly,
So with us He'll feel at home?
Are we eager for His coming?
Is the banquet table spread?
Is the pillowed bed quite ready
For the tired and weary head?

Do we wait, anticipating,
(As we do for men of earth)
For this Man, among all nations
Lord, and King and Prince by birth?
Shall we bring of our hearts' treasures,
Love and praise and honor meet,
And in loving adoration
Lay them at His blessed feet?

Do we take Him at His promise,
That the appointed day draws near?
Do our hearts forget their aching,
And rejoice with gladsome cheer?
Have we given all our being
His to be and His alone?
And are we prepared to meet Him
When He comes to claim His own?

Help us, Lord, to love Thy coming,
Thou, who life eternal art;
Breathe Thy gracious, tender Spirit,
Into every waiting heart.
Thou art pure and meek and lowly,
Come, and bid our longings cease;
Thou art pure and meek and lowly,
King of kings and Prince of Peace.

Sel. by Lydia Klippert.
Yours in love,
Lydia Klippert.

We need to learn the meaning of be­
ing yielded up to God, and to determine
at whatever cost no longer to have our
own will. Nothing but the fulness of the
Holy Spirit will carry anyone through.
Oh, how all missionaries do need to be
held up in prayer by the intercessors at
home. Would that the Church might
understand the need of intercession. If
missionaries fall and fail on the field it
is largely the fault of the church at home.
"Prayer changes things."

"To see the law of Christ fulfilled,
And hear His parpoleing voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice." —W. Cowper.
DAILY HOME READINGS.


Up, get you out of this place... Escape for thy life... look not behind thee... The Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire... and overthrew those cities... and all the inhabitants... And God remembered Abraham, and sent out Lot out of the midst of the overthrow.

Let us be warned by this lesson against compromise with the world in order to gain its riches or honor. Lot escaped so as by fire. May we be separated indeed from the evil which awaits the judgment.

Tuesday Mar. 4. Read Gen. 18: 16-33. Doom of Sodom Decreed.

And Abraham... said, Wilt thou destroy the righteous with the wicked... Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right... Peradventure... Peradventure... And the (the Lord) said, I will not destroy... for ten's sake.

Here is a very instructive example of intercession ministry. Abraham lived near to God and his intercession was heard. Only when he ceased asking did God stop meeting him.


Woe... woe... woe... woe... woe... woe... As fire consumeth... stuble... flame consumeth chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness and their blossom shall go up as dust: because they cast away the law... despised the word of the Holy One.

Sin brings woe and judgment. The six woes of Isaiah 5, can all be avoided by us if we permit Christ to live His life in us.


Thus saith the Lord... I will deliver it into thine hand... But Benhadad was drinking himself drunk... he and the... thirty two kings.

"Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess," is what the Holy Spirit directs Paul to write to the believers. "Be filled with the Spirit," is the safe filling for any every one.


They drank wine and praised the gods... (there) came forth fingers... and wrote... upon the plaster of the wall Thou art weighed... and found wanting. God hath numbered... finished...

Drunkenness belongs to the works of the flesh (Gal. 5: 21). No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God (I Cor. 6: 10). We can only expect to have full weight in God's balances as we are "in Christ." He is able to deliver (from drunkenness) and mighty to save.


And Noah began to be a husbandman and... planted a vineyard, and... drank of the wine and was drunken.

If the Bible were a man's book we would hardly have a record of Noah's lapse into drunkenness. The Author of the Sacred writings does not hide the shortcomings of the men of God. Let us be warned seeing we know. Possibly Noah had not learned the effect of wine before.


Arm yourselves with the same (Christ's) mind... no longer... live... in the flesh... to the lusts of men... be sober and watch unto prayer.

Are we truly believers? Are we separated from all riotous living? Peter says that yesterday they walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revelings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries. But today free from it all through God's power.
The Test of Abraham's Faith.
And Isaac...said, Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb... Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb.

The typical lessons here are: (1) Isaac, type of Christ “obedience unto death” (Phil. 2: 5-8). (2) Abraham, type of the Father who “spared not his own Son but delivered Him up for us all” (John 3: 16; Rom. 8: 32). (3) The ram, type of substitution—Christ offered as a burnt offering in our stead (Heb. 10: 5-10). (4) Resurrection (Heb. 11: 17-19). —Scotfield.


He staggered not through unbelief: but was strong in faith...therefore it was imputed to him for righteousness.

What a word is this—he staggered not through unbelief! He believed God. He was a man of vision. He looked for a city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God. “Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.”


Have mercy...O Lord...my daughter is vexed with a devil...Lord help me... yet the dogs eat...crumbs which fall from the master’s table...O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt.

The Master has obligated Himself to hear and help His children when they cry to Him day and night, (Luke 18: 1-18). The reason we do not receive is because we ask not, or ask amiss (James 4: 2, 3). God help us to ask in faith.


The time would fail me to tell of... (Of whom the world was not worthy) these all...obtained a good report through faith.

Hardships,—what are our hardships?

Surely we have not anything that is worthy of comparison with the record of today’s portion. Yet we read that God has provided something better for us. Well may we exclaim, Wondrous Grace!


This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth...I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

How good it is to have a singleness of purpose when that purpose concerns God-likeness. Then we can rightly estimate as to how much is refuse and what is really of value. Paul had gotten a heavenly vision and that made all the difference in the world to him.


Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations... Blessed is the man that endureth temptations...he shall receive a crown of life.

“What though my joys and comforts die, The Lord my Savior liveth; What though the darkness gather round, Songs in the night He giveth No storm can shake my inmost calm, While to that refuge clinging Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from singing.”


If God be for us who shall be against us? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect...who...condemn...Christ died...is risen...is at the right hand of God...who shall separate... (nothing) shall be able.

“I lift my eyes, the clouds grow thin, I see the blue above it, And day by day this pathway smoothes, Since first I learned to love it. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart.
alone with God. Prayer makes the man. Prayer makes the preacher, and prayer makes the pastor. The pulpit of this day is weak in prayer. Prayer is with the pulpit too often only official, a performance for the routine of service. Prayer is not to the modern pulpit the mighty force it was in Paul's life or Paul's ministry. Every preacher who does not make prayer a mighty factor in his own life and ministry, is weak as a factor in God's work and is powerless to project God's cause in this world.

The sweetest graces by a slight perversion may bear the bitterest fruit. The sun gives life but sunstrokes are death. Preaching is to give life, it may kill. The preacher holds the keys; he may lock as well as unlock. Preaching is God's great institution for planting and maturing of spiritual life. When properly executed, its benefits are untold. When wrongly executed no evil can exceed its damaging results. It is an easy matter to destroy the flock if the shepherd be unwary or the pasture be destroyed; easy to capture the citadel if the watchman be asleep, or the food or water be poisoned. Invested with such gracious prerogatives, exposed to so great evils, involving so many grave responsibilities, it would be a parody on the shrewdness of the devil and a libel on his character and reputation if he did not bring his master influences to adulterate the preacher and the preaching. In face of all this, the exclamation of Paul, "Who is sufficient for these things," is never out of order.

Paul says, "Our sufficiency is of God who also has made us able ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter but of the Spirit, for the letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life." The true Ministry is God-touched, God-enamed, and God-made. The Spirit of the Lord is on the preacher in anointing power. The fruit of the Spirit is in his heart. The Spirit of God has vitalized the man and the word. The preacher gives life, gives life as the spring gives life, gives life as the resurrection gives life, gives ardent life as the Summer gives ardent life. Gives fruitful life as the Autumn gives fruitful life. The life-giving preacher is a man of God, whose heart is ever athirst for God, whose soul is ever following hard after God, whose eye is single to God, and in whom by the power of God's Spirit, the flesh and the world have been crucified, and his ministry is like the generous flow of a life giving river.

The preaching that kills is non-spiritual preaching. The ability of the preacher is not from God. Lower sources than God have given to it energy and stimulant. The Spirit is not evident in the preacher or his preaching. Many kinds of forces may be projected and stimulated by preaching that kills, but they are not spiritual forces, but are only the shadow, the counterfeit, life they may seem to have, but the life is magnetized. The preaching that kills is the letter, shapely and orderly it may be, but it is the letter still, the dry husky letter. The empty ball shell. The letter may have the germ of life in it but it has no breath of Spirit to evoke it. Winter seeds they are, as hard as the Winter's soil, as icy as the Winter's air, no thawing or germinating by them. This letter preaching has the truth, but truth unquickened by God's Spirit deadens as much as, or more than, error. Even divine truth has no life-forces at the back of it. The letter preaching is unctionless, neither mellow nor oiled by the Spirit.

A fountain ever springing,  
All things are mine since I am His,  
How can I keep from singing?"
The preacher may feel from the kindling of his own sparks, be eloquent over his own exegesis, earnest in delivering the product of his own brain. The professor may usurp the place and imitate the fire of the Apostle's brain and nerves, may serve the place and feign the work of God's Spirit, and by these forces the letter may glow and sparkle like an illumined text, but the glow and sparkle will be as barren of life as a field sown with pearls. The death-dealing element lies back of the words, back of the occasion, back of the manner, back of the action. The great hindrance is in the preacher himself. He has not in himself the mighty life-creating forces. There may be no discount on his orthodoxy, honesty, cleanliness, or earnestness, but somehow the man, the inner man, in its secret places has never broken down and surrendered to God. His inner life is not a great highway for the transmission of God's message, and God's power. Somehow self, and not God, rules in the holy of holies. Somewhere all unconscious to himself some spiritual non-conductor has touched his inner life and the divine current has been arrested. His inner being has never felt its thorough spiritual bankruptcy, its utter powerlessness; he has never learned to cry out with an ineffable cry of self-despair, and self-helplessness, till God's power and God's fire comes in and fills, purifies, empowers.

Self-esteem, self-ability, in some pernicious shape has defamed and violated the temple which should be held sacred for God. Life giving preaching costs the preacher much. Death to self, crucifixion to the world, the travail of his own soul. Crucified preaching can only give life. Crucified preaching can only come from a crucified man.

We certainly should be much interested in this work, as Paul says, "If the ministration of death written and engraven on stone was glorious so that the children of Israel could not steadfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance, what shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious?" Seeing we are in a glorious work let us all be passive in the hands of our God and surrender our lift to Him.—Sel. by Fred Hahn, Kindersley, Sask.

AFRICA.

BY H. J. FREY.

Ever since my return from the field, as time permitted, I had been studying lights and sidelights on the "Dark Continent" and missionary work in general. During the last several months I have collected these data in systematic form together with other facts gained first-hand on the mission field. This has been done primarily for my own enlightenment and satisfaction; and also that I might be able to speak intelligently on the subject both in public and private.

Thinking that some of these truths might be interesting to some of the readers of the Visitor, and having been encouraged thereto by a few friends, I now take the boldness to present this series of articles, trusting that every one who reads them may receive new inspiration to do his part in sending the Gospel to the heathen.

The first several articles will necessarily be geographical and historical, after which we hope to speak of the inhabitants, their heathen customs and religions, the need of missionaries, etc., Of course I do not claim originality for all that I have written or shall write, but have gathered information and statistics from histories, cyclopædas, missionary books, as well as works on exploration, travel, etc. I may say that during my investigation on the subject,
lar and unbroken, with few bays and peninsulas, and but very few good harbors, the one at Delagoa Bay on the East coast being perhaps the best.

Being situated directly under the Equator, more than three fourths of Africa lies in the Torrid zone, and it is therefore the hottest continent. Near the Equator, however, the Summer heat is not so strong as in the deserts on the margins of the tropics. The Equatorial region has a very great rainfall, in some places amounting to several hundred inches per year—almost an inch per day. Near the Equator there are two rainy seasons during the year, corresponding to the times when the sun passes directly overhead. Farther out toward the tropics the two seasons blend into one. The land and the air are cooled by these frequent rains. In these regions also, clouds shut out much of the sunshine, and even when the sun shines from a cloudless sky, dense forests shelter the ground. But the desolate Sahara region is too far North to be reached by the equatorial rain belt and too far South to receive rains from the westerly winds. The Kilahari desert is too far South for the equatorial rain, and too far North to be benefitted by the Westerly winds. Therefore in these deserts the sun’s rays are exceedingly hot. It is said that in Nubia, the Eastern end of the Sahara, “The soil is like fire and the wind like flame,” and eggs can be boiled in the hot sand. In many parts of Africa, and especially in the deserts there is a great difference in the temperature between night and day. In Winter the sun may shine hot during the day, but the air be frosty at night. These extreme daily changes are hard on the strongest constitution.

Africa is a land famous for extremes. As Roosevelt says, there are “Swamps where the slime oozes and bubbles and I not only learned many things, but also was made to realize that I still know but little on this great theme.

**Geographical.**

The dark continent lies just under the limitless expanses lies just under the Equator extending almost an equal distance on either side. Its entire length is about five thousand English miles, and extends from 38 deg. N. Lat. to 35 deg. S. Lat. or 73 deg. Its greatest width is 4700 miles extending from 17½ deg. to 51½ deg. E. Longitude, a total of 69 degrees. Its total area including Madagascar is approximately 12,000,000 sq. mi. which is equal to the whole of North America and half of South America combined. Africa is three-fourths as large as Asia, and three and one half times as large as Europe. The whole of India and China placed together in Africa would cover but half of its surface. Almost one fourth of the land in the whole earth is found in this great continent, and if one sailed around it he would cover a distance equal to more than two thirds the length of the Equator.

The whole of Africa may be said to consist of an elevated plateau surrounded by a belt of lowlands along the coast. The general elevation of this plateau may be taken at 3000 to 4000 ft. above the sea. But the surface is very undulating, with many depressions and towering peaks. The average height of the whole of Africa is perhaps something more than 2000 feet or about the same as North America. Asia is 3000 ft. high, and Europe but 1000. The principal mountains are Kenia and Kilmanjaro on the Equator, almost 19000 ft. high, the Atlas Mts. in the N. West, 11000 ft., the Camaroons, in the west, 13000 ft., the Matopo in Rhodesia 7000 ft. the Blue Mts near Albert Lake, 10,000 ft. and Mts. in Natal 10,000 ft.

The coast line of Africa is very regu-
festers in steaming heat; and everlasting cold on Mt. Kilamanjaro. There are the largest and smallest of hoofed animals. The mightiest creatures that tread the globe, and the smallest insect, seen only by the microscope. Antelopes smaller than hares and larger than oxen. Creatures the embodiment of grace and others whose huge ungainliness is like a shape in a nightmare.” We have also the fleetest antelope and the slowest snail. Flowers with the sweetest scent, and others with a sickening smell. There are the most unhealthy, disease-breeding districts, and others suitable for the finest health resorts.

There being such a prodigious amount of rainfall in Central Africa, one would naturally expect to find large river systems which is the case; but they are of little service to civilization because of falls or rapids not far from the sea, which forbid the passage of ships. The four largest are as follows: The Nile, in the North, one of the longest rivers in the world with cataracts near the Tropic of Cancer; the Congo, in the West, which in volume of water is second only to the Amazon, but which has falls and rapids where it descends from the plateau into the narrow coast plain the Niger also in the West, with rapids a few hundred miles from its mouth; and the Zambezi, in the South, with falls about 300 miles from the sea. The magnificent Victoria Falls are much farther up on the same river. All these have their sources in the Equatorial rain belt and carry great floods of water to the sea during the rainy season.

Africa has also a splendid system of fresh water lakes, second in size only to the Great Lakes of North America. They are situated in East Africa near the source of the Nile. The largest of these are—Victoria, Albert, Nyanza, (Nyanza with an area of 30,000 sq. miles nearly as large), Tanganyika, Nyassa, and Bangweola. It was near the last named where died the heroic, David Livingstone. An interesting lake also is L. Tchad, in Northern Sudan, which though without an outlet is almost fresh because that during the incessant rains of the Summer it overflows its banks through a wady and becomes lost in the great Sahara.

**VEHEMENT DESIRE.**

**BY H. R. HEISE.**

When Bro. J. W. Hoover came to Markham, to commence a series of meetings the first evening I asked one of my brethren if he was going to meeting. As we had several miles to go he said he thought not, as it would be dark. Then my mind was carried back to the above text, and I wished that every brother and sister might get more of that “Vehement Desire,” so that it would be hard for them to stay at home. There are too many self-satisfied ones, and they show that if they and their children are in the ark, it is about all they care about. But what a beautiful example our Savior gives, in the parable of the marriage of the King’s son. The servants gathered in all they could find, both bad and good, and the wedding was furnished with guests.

As I am now visiting through New York State I find everywhere a coldness creeping over the churches. But I was glad to find at Conesus a watchman who took for his text these words. “Therefore let us not sleep as do others,” and he faithfully warned his hearers of the need of waking up lest Jesus coming suddenly find us unprepared for His coming. I find ample opportunity of doing mission work, right here in the home land, as I find so many who are not willing to accept the wages they are working for, so I am glad I have something better
to offer them. I met an old friend who with tears confessed to me he did not want the wages, and yet the enemy had him so bound in his clutches that I fear he may perhaps say to the caller, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." I told him I could hardly leave him until I convinced him of the need of a better house than the one he lived in.

In conclusion let us ask God for more of that "Vehement Desire," and then get out and gather them in. Some of us perhaps remember reading a short time ago in the Toronto News, of three little children of three different families, going into a barn to play, and fastening the doors on the inside, and then setting the barn on fire, and the three mothers trying frantically to open the doors, but could not, and they were burned to death. But what a pleasant recollection it must be for them to know they are safe in the arms of Jesus. But what about our children, who have crossed the line of accountability, and yet unsaved. I have often thought if I should see a child of mine about to enter the bottomless pit, (of which so many do not want to hear) how eagerly I would reach out my hand and say, Come, and yet it would not avail, and they would sink farther and farther from me throughout the countless ages of eternity. Therefore let us not sleep as do others, but pray God for more of that "Vehement Desire."

Gormley, Ont.

This vision was given in 1803. All but the last point is history now and in view of current events, this last point bids fair to become history soon.

Following is the record as written by him:—Joseph Hoag.

"In the year 1803 in the eighth or ninth month, I was working one day, alone in the field. It was an unusually bright, sunny day the sun shining clear.

But soon I observed that a mist eclipsed its brightness. As I was reflecting upon the singularity of the event, my mind was struck into a silence, the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed. All my faculties were low and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself, "What can this mean? I do not remember, ever before, to have been sensible of such feelings."

Then I heard a voice from heaven say:

"This which thou seest, which dims the brightness of the sun is a sign of the present and coming times.

I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression and planted them here among the people of the forest.

I sustained them, and while they were humble, I blessed them and fed them, and they became a numerous people. But now, they have become proud and lifted up, and forgotten Me who nourished them and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty.

They have taken quietude from the land and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them. Lift up thine eyes and behold!"

Then I saw them dividing in great heat. The division began in the church on points of doctrine.

It commenced in the Presbyterian Society and went through the various religious denominations, and in its progress its effects were the same. Those who
dissented went off with high heads and taunting language, while those who kept to their original sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful.

When the division spirit entered the Society of Friends, it raged in as high a degree as any I had before discovered: as before, those who kept to their ancient sentiments retired by themselves. It next appeared in the lodges of the Freemasons, where it broke out in appearance like a volcano, inasmuch as it set the country in an uproar for a length of time.

Then it entered throughout the United States and did not stop until it produced a civil war. An abundance of human blood was shed in the course of the combat.

But the Southern States finally lost their power, and slavery become annihilated from their borders.

After this a monarchial power sprang up, took the government of the States, established a national religion and made all other Societies tributary to support its expenses. I saw them take property from “Friends” to a great amount.

I was amazed at beholding all this when I heard a voice from heaven proclaiming:

“This power shall not always stand, but with it I will chastise my church until they return to the faith and simplicity of their forefathers.

Thou seest what is coming upon thy native land for their iniquities, and the blood of Africa, the remembrance of which has come up before Me.”

This vision was seen for many days. I had no idea of writing it, until it became such a burden, that for my own relief I have written it.

Joseph Hoag.

WORK OF INTEMPERANCE.

(Continued from page 1.)

of a drunkard”—one who possessed a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness; the days of whose boyhood were hallowed by high and noble aspirations; the hours of whose early manhood were unclouded by care and unstained by crime; the setting orb of whose destiny was enshrouded in a mist of misery and degradation.

He saw the smile of joy sparkle in the social glass; he noted not the demon of destruction lurking at the bottom of the goblet; with eager hand he raised the poisoned glass to his lips, and was ruined.

—By Doctor Gunn.

MINE OWN.

When for me the silent oar
Parts for me the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved ones known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Then will One approach the brink,
With a hand extended,
One whose thoughts I loved to think
Ere the veil was rended,
Saying, “Welcome, we have died
And again are side by side.”

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal
Drop away like foliage sear
At life’s inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever holier grow.

He who on our earthly path
Bids us help each other,
Who His well-beloved hath
Made our Elder Brother,
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river,
Death, thy hastening on I know;
Bear me, Thou life giver,
Through the waters to the shore,
Where mine own have gone before.

Selected.

“Our greatest glory consists not in never falling but rising every time we fall.”
L O S T  S O U L S.

L O S T  S O U L S! Can you get a faint idea of the measureless depths of meaning in these two small words? What oceans of tears! What overwhelming bursts of wailing and gnashing of teeth! What eternities of despair! Irredeemably lost. No chance for a light to shine out on their devil-begirt, furnace-heated, pall-shrouded, downward, outward, hellward pathway! Lost to happiness and holiness! Lost to God and the redeemed! Lost to Heaven and hope! Lost! and no hope of ever being found! Not one dim, distant hop of ever being anything but more hopelessly, ruinously, despairingly lost during all the eternities to come!

From woe to more woe; misery to worse misery; ever, always lost! Lost, because they would be lost. Lost, while their bosom friend was found! Lost while Jesus was seeking them, and found them, lost; but they would not be found. They gained the world, and lost their souls. They gained the shadow and lost the substance; gained the briers, and lost the flower; gained famine and lost plenty; gained foes and lost a friend; gained eternal damnation and lost eternal life.

Lost amid the outer darkness! Lost in the smoke of torment! Lost in the lake of fire and brimstone! Lost amid the howling of myriads of tormenting devils, the shrieks of the damned, "a horrible tempest," ten thousand thunders! Lost! Lost!! LOST!!! The bells of eternity are tolling the requiem. Time warns you. The Bible warns you. The Spirit warns you. Shall you and your loved ones be lost? Decide now, while Jesus calls, or you are lost.

"Time's sun is fast setting, its twilight is nigh, its evening is falling in clouds o'er the sky, its shadows are stretching in ominous gloom, its midnight approaches—the midnight of gloom. Then haste, sinner haste, there is mercy for thee, and wrath is preparing—flee lingerer, flee!"

This tract can be had of S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., at 15c. per 100. $1.00 per 1000.
TIME, DEATH and ETERNITY.

READER: Thy time on earth it short. The closing year, each setting sun, each tick of the clock, is shortening thy days on earth, and swiftly, silently, but surely carrying thee on—on to ETERNITY and to GOD. The year, the day, the hour, the moment will arrive that will close thy life on earth, and begin thy song in Heaven, or thy wail in Hell. No future hour shall come to bring thee back to earth again, thou art there forever—for ETERNITY.

To-day thy feet stand on TIME's sinking sand; to-morrow the footprints remain, but thou art gone—where? Into ETERNITY.

To-day thy hands are busy at work, thine eyes are beholding, thy mind is thinking, thou art planning for the future. To-morrow all is still; the folded arm, the closed eye remain, but thou art gone—gone to ETERNITY. Others were once busy as thou art; they are gone—gone to ETERNITY. The merry voice, the painted clown, the talented artist, whose presence made the theatre and the pantomime an attraction for thee, are gone; they are removed far from the region of fiction to that of reality—the reality of ETERNITY. The shrewd merchant whose voice was so familiar to thee on the crowded exchange is hushed, he buys and sells no more—he has entered ETERNITY.

And, reader, thinth own turn to enter ETERNITY will shortly come. Ask thyself honestly, "Am I prepared for ETERNITY?" Give thy conscience time to answer; listen, it speaks to thee to-day. Drown not its voice lest is speak to thee no more. Let the Heaven and the Hell of the future stand before thee in all their reality; one of these must be thine ETERNAL DWELLING PLACE, and to-day is the time to make thy choice. To-morrow may be too late—one day behind time. Which art thou living for? Which art thou traveling to?

To go from the haunts of sin, debauchery and vice to the presence of God and the Lamb—impossible; from the crowd of the condemned, and the race for gold and gain, to the song of the redeemed and the crown of glory. No, never! EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN HE CANNOT SEE THE KINGDOM OF GOD. Reader, hast thou been born again? If so well; but if not, the horrors of an ETERNAL HELL are awaiting thee, and to-day thou art nearer its unquenchable flame than thou hast ever been before.

Halt! Why will you meet God with an unsaved soul? He it not. To-day He pleads. Turn ye, why will ye die?

This Tract can be had of S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., at 15c per 100, $1.00 per 1,000. Postpaid.