
George Detwiler

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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.

August 25, 1913.
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NOT LONELY.

Lonely? No, not lonely,
While Jesus standeth by;
His presence fills my chamber,
I know that He is nigh.

Friendless? No, not friendless,
For Jesus is my Friend;
I change, but He remaineth,
True, faithful, to the end.

Tired? No, not tired,
While leaning on His breast;
My soul hath sweet possession
Of His eternal rest.

Saddened? Ah, yes; saddened,
By earth's deep sin and woe,
How can I count as nothing
What grieved my Savior so.

Helpless? Yes, so helpless,
But I am leaning hard
On the Mighty arm of Jesus
And He is keeping guard.

Waiting? Oh, yes, waiting,
He bade me watch and wait;
I only wonder often
What makes my Lord so late.

Happy? Yes, so happy,
With joy too deep for words,
A precious, sure foundation,
A joy that is my Lord's."
—Selected.

A BOY'S RESOLVE.

Three things there are I'll never do.
I'll never drink, nor smoke or chew,
I'll never form an appetite
For whisky, beer, cigar, or pipe
No alcohol or nicotine
Around my person shall be seen.
Of three things more I will beware
I'll never lie, nor steal, nor swear,
I'll speak the truth to every one
What is not mine I'll let alone.
My life I pledge shall ever be
From naughty oath and by words free.
From these six things I will forbear
I'll never drink, nor smoke, nor chew,
Nor lie, nor steal, nor swear.
—Selected by Fannie H. Martin.

In his great address, “The Making of a Man,” the Hon. William Jennings Bryan advises young men, when challenged by unbelievers to explain the mysteries of the Bible, to ask them in turn to explain the everyday occurrence on the farm, how “a red cow can eat green grass, and give white milk which can be made into yellow butter.” A thing may be true, even tho' you cannot explain how, or understand why.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—Charles Kingsley.
A SUNDAY IN PERRY COUNTY.

It was the privilege of the editor and wife to attend a harvest-home meeting in Perry county on Sunday the 17th., inst. The trip was made, going and returning, in a large auto-truck owned by the Hoffer and Garman company and was handled by Bro. Jonathan Hamaker an employee of the company. Including a number of children the truck carried thirty-three persons going, a pretty good sized meeting itself. The distance to the place of meeting was about twenty-five miles, and to say that the road traveled was picturesque would seem to those who are acquainted with Perry county to but feebly describe it as it actually is. And that our load was conveyed there and back without mishap of any kind was regarded by those who made the trip as a special favor of the kind Father above.

The meeting was held in a beautiful grove on the farm of John Bergdol located between Duncannon and New Bloomfield. We understand it is the old Bergdol home farm and that the meeting is an annual event as a mark of respect for his parents by the present owner. The parents were members of the church and the meeting is always given in charge of the brethren of the Cumberland district. Bishop Jonathan Wert was present and had charge of the services. The brethren have a regular eight week appointment at the school house near by. The membership at present in that district has dwindled down to only a few. No doubt there are a goodly number in this community who by right should be Christians and members of the church of their fathers. But why they are not it is not ours to say.
We were able to take in the services forenoon and afternoon. The attendance in the forenoon was fair; in the afternoon many more were present, and the best of order and attention was maintained throughout. The congregation seemed intelligent and gave the best of attention to what was spoken, and we cannot but hope that the seed of the word may have, to some extent, at least, fallen in soil prepared soil, and may become fruitful in God's honor through the operation of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of those who heard.

The holding of this meeting annually out of the motive which prompts it is certainly worthy of recognition and no doubt brings its own reward to the son and daughters of the parents who have passed to their reward, but the reward can have no more than a temporal value, unless Jesus Christ is accepted individually as Savior and Lord. God grant that they and many more may know Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and without whom there is no Eternal Life for any one.

MERRINGTON CHURCH, KINDERSLEY, SASK.

General Conference of 1913, under Art. 38 and 39, Pages 57 and 58, considered two petitions, and referred the matter to the General Executive Board for final disposition. An election was held by the General Executive Board at General Conference, for two members of the Board to visit the Merrington church.

The lot fell on the brethren Jacob N. Engle, Abilene, Kan., and S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., to proceed to the Merrington church on behalf of the General Executive Board, to make disposition of the conditions which existed there, according to the instructions of General Conference under Art. 38 and 39, Sec. 2 and 3.

On July 21, Bro. Engle left Abilene, Kan., and S. R. Smith left Grantham, Pa., for Kindersley, Sask., arriving at their destination respectively July 24 and 25. The work of looking into existing conditions was begun near Delisle, where some of the members of the Merrington church reside, which is about one hundred miles northeast of the Merrington church, and later proceeded to Kindersley and took up the work in the community of Kindersley.

Upon investigation, it was discovered that there were some misunderstandings by those who petitioned Conference under Art. 39, which misunderstandings were a considerable barrier in the way of bringing about reconciliation, and after it was discovered, all the brethren concerned in the petition, gladly consented to correct the misconstruction in their petitions under Art. 39, by a notice in the Evangelical Visitor, as soon as the proper construction can be drawn out, and after visiting the members, principally from house to house, it appeared that the principal trouble was between the ministering brethren and the bishop, and while it may be some time before all conditions may be properly understood and reconciled, we are glad to report that reconciliation has been brought about, and by the testimonies and expressions of all those who met in council held in the Merrington church on August 4, we must conclude that God, through the Holy Spirit, brought about conditions which may prove as a fundamental for complete reconciliation.

It behooves us to speak encouraging words for the class in the Merrington district, Sask. We were very much impressed with the earnest of the Spirit...
and the craving desire that peace may obtain to the extent that a number expressed themselves that they would rather suffer wrongfully, and even admit to errors that they did not thus understand, for which they felt that they were not responsible so that reconciliation may be brought about. If these expressions continue to obtain, there is no reason why full and complete reconciliation cannot obtain, and that reconciliation, peace, unity, and co-operation may be fully obtained, and that this part of God's moral vineyard may become a strong-hold, looking for His coming.

The class is composed of old, middle-aged, and young members, and we were very much impressed with the efficient working material at that place, and see no reason why the body in Merrington district should not prosper spiritually, and become a power that may shake the strong-hold of evil in that community.

Executive Board.

NOTICE.

General Conference, under Art. 42, Pages 61 and 62, of Minutes of 1913, considered a petition to defer making preparations for a bishop for Dayton district, Ohio, since the resignation, followed by death, of A. M. Engle, made provisions for an overseer for the following Conference year, by appointing the Bishops B. F. Hoover, Mansfield, Ohio, and J. N. Hoover, West Milton, Ohio, to have the oversight of the church in the Dayton district, Ohio, collectively, for the following Conference year.

In some way or other, the record of the appointment of General Conference of the Bishops B. F. Hoover and J. N. Hoover, was either mislaid or destroyed, and consequently that part of Conference action does not accompany the Article in question, and hence no record is on the Minutes of their appointment.

We feel very much humiliated over having this part of the decision missing, since the action of Conference is not complete on the Minutes without it, and take this method to make it effective.

S. R. Smith,
Permanent Gen. Con. Sec'y.

The seventh convention of the World's Sunday School Association was held recently, July 8-15, in Zurich, Switzerland, and exceeded all former conventions in the number of delegates present the number being 2,664. Bro. J. H. Engle of Abilene, Kan., was one of the Kansas delegates. The next Triennial Convention, 1916, will be held in the city of Tokyo, Japan. The totals of the statistics of the Sunday Schools of the world as given in the report are: Sunday Schools 297,866, officers and teachers, 2,624,896, scholars (all ages) 26,076,593, total membership enrolment 28,701,480. The estimated world's population at present is 1,635,314,962, and the percentage in the Sunday School is 1.1. In North America the percent of population enrolled in the Sunday School is 15.3. The increase in the total membership since 1910 is 690,295. These are interesting facts showing how large the Sunday School has grown, yet also showing how small a proportion of the world's population goes to the Sunday School. Special efforts are to be made to extend the work of the Sunday School in the Mission fields. In Korea, so recently emerged from heathendom, the report says, the adults do not know any better than go to Sunday School. They consider the Sunday School to be the Bible teaching service of the entire church, and that the problem is to get Korean grown-ups to make room in the Sunday-school for the little children.
It is something worthy of recognition and praise that harvest meetings are given a chance to show the thankfulness of the people in a practical way. It is only within the last few years that this feature has been introduced in the East. We understand that at the Crossroads, Lancaster county, meeting, a freewill offering exceeding one hundred dollars was given for the benefit of the Messiah Orphanage, and at the meeting held at the home of Bro. Henry Baum, near Palmyra, Pa., the offering given for the Orphanage and Philadelphia Mission was over seventy dollars. This last mentioned meeting was the editor's privilege to attend. The attendance was quite large, composed of the Christian people of the community from the different churches. Ministers of the United Christian church, as also of the Church of the Brethren took part in the services. The meeting at the home of Bro. Ezra T. Heisey's near Mechanicsburg, Pa., on the same date was also largely attended and a good meeting is reported.

Bishops S. R. Smith and J. N. Engle have returned from their mission, assigned to them by General Conference, to Kindersley, Sask. Bro. Smith reached his home at Grantham, Pa., on the morning of the 10th inst. It is hoped success attended their endeavor, and that the unity of the Spirit will prevail, and the church in that part of God's vineyard prosper, many more be gathered into the fold, and the name of God and Christ honored and glorified.

Western Kansas is experiencing the severest drouth that has occurred there within the last 45 years, according to a letter received from W. R. Smith of Fredonia, Kan., a frequent contributor to these columns. He says the suffering will be great there the coming Winter.

There is water famine as well as food famine. We notice in the Abilene Reflector that steps are being taken in Eastern Kansas to send relief to those districts where famine conditions exist, and we hope timely assistance may reach all who are in need. Kansas is rich, owing largely to the fact that it has outlawed the liquor traffic, its wealth per capita being higher than in any other state, we believe, and there should be ample provision made for those whose crops have failed.

We sympathize with Bro. and Sr. Levi S. Winger of near Sherstton, Ont., in the loss of their barn, by fire, a short time ago. It is a serious loss to them, as most of this year's crop had been gathered. They had just lately bought the farm moving there from Rainham, Ont. No doubt the brotherhood of Canada and the community will help them to rebuild, yet the loss will rest heavily upon them. May they realize the everlasting arm beneath them.

We regret to note the death of our sister Krupp of New Dundee, Ont., under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Being engaged in her domestic duties, using gasoline for fuel, in her operation a little of the gasoline was spilled on her apron without she being aware of it. Coming in contact with the flame the garment was ignited and she was burnt so badly that death ensued not long after. May God comfort Bro. Krupp as also the bereaved children and friends.

In the death of Jacob K. Kreider the Dauphin and Lebanon, Pa., district has lost its senior bishop. The term of his office of bishop we do not know but it must have been close onto twenty five years, and as far as we know he was held in high esteem in the district as also
evangelical visitor
August 25, 1913.

Throughout the church. In recent years it
was evident that he was failing physically
and also mentally, and being conscious
of this himself, he took the needed steps
a few years ago, to have an assistant
and successor appointed. Eld. H. K.
Kreider was then chosen and has been
the acting bishop during the last two
years. Thus "God calls His workers
home one by one, but the work must
go on and He always finds those to
whom He can entrust the work.

Sr. Effie Rohrer has finished her vis­
it in Pennsylvania and has reached her
home at Ludlow Falls Ohio, which will
be her address until further notice.

GLEANINGS.

A wayward son once said: "My moth­
er's prayers like mountains surround
me." Those mountains hemmed him in
until he had turned to God and lived a
Christian life. When the pious Monica
prayed in agony for the conversion of
her dissolute boy, it was said that the
child of such prayers could never be lost,
and the Godly life of Augustine proved
the saying true. The memory of a moth­
er's prayers and the recollection of her
gentle hand laid upon his childish head,
held back Jack Randolph from the paths
of infidelity and sin. A little boy nine
years of age passing by his mother's door
heard her speak in earnest prayer be­
fore God. He thought within himself,
my mother is more anxious that I should
be saved than I am for my own salvation.
That hour witnessed his decision to serve
the Lord: and thru a life of remarkable
usefulness, Samuel Budgett was the wit­
ess of the efficacy of that mother's
prayers.

The story is told of a man who was
compelled one night to cross a wide,
frozen river. Notwithstanding the as­
surances of those who were thoroughly
familiar with the region and repeatedly
crossed on the solid ice, the traveller
feared to undertake the trip, but finally
began to crawl his way over. When
near the middle of the frozen stream he
was startled by a sound in the distance,
and saw a man driving a heavy team of
horses pulling a great load of pig iron
across the ice: yet there was not the
least sign of a crack anywhere. "Fool­
ish man," do you say? And yet, do we
not more often see man's faith crawling
than walking.

When Daniel A Poling, of Ohio, was
notified that he had been chosen to con­
duct a broad, unifying, nation-wide, in­
terparishian temperance and civic cam­
paign, he telegraphed his reply in these
words: "Trustling in the Lord Jesus
Christ for strength, I accept the high
commission." Mr. Poling is a young
man of brains, fire and power, a genuine
orator, sympathetic, cordial, tactful, ab­
solutely manly—and a sincere Christian.
His purpose is a prohibition plank in all
political parties. With such a goal, and
such an acceptance of his commission
his success is assured. Take heart ye
who are weary in the temperance war­
fare: the Daniels are not all dead.

I asked the robin as he sprang
From branch to branch and sweetly sang,
What made his breast so round and red.
"I was looking toward the sun," he said.

I asked the violets sweet and blue,
Sparkling with the morning dew,
Whence came their color? Then so shy,
They answered, "Looking toward the
sky."

I saw the roses one by one
Unfold their petals to the sun.
I asked what made their tints so bright
They answered, "Looking toward the light."

I asked the thrush whose silvery note
Came like a song from angel's throat,
What made him sing in the twilight dim.
He answered, "Looking up to Him."

When late in life, a sceptical lawyer became converted, he was asked by his pastor what sermon or song had influenced him. He replied, "No sermon and no song but the simple, sincere, faithful life of your church janitor. He never tried to convert me, but I could not help seeing that he had some comfort and steadfastness that I had not." No man or woman, even in a lowly position, can live a sincere, faithful Christian life without proving to somebody the reality of God's comfort and steadfastness.

* * * * * * * *

Below are the closing words of a South Sea Islander's prayer at the close of their Sunday evening meeting; "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off and folded up in a box until another Sabbath comes round. Rather let Thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies, ineffaceable till death!"

* * * * * * * *

The prodigal wrangled with the swine for husks. But there are depths below depths. This man, for example, who learned to drink at five, was accustomed to wander from saloon to saloon in Chicago cleaning spittoons for drinks. The last time he was arrested for drunkenness they said to him at the Police Court, "Go out and die! You're not fit to live." But on the day he determined to trust Christ's salvation he lost his craving for drink. Then he spent his spare time taking "busted men" to his room, fixing them up with clothes, and leading them to Christ. Later he went to Cleveland to help in the Rescue Mission, laboring all the time at his trade as an art glass worker. What a story is that which follows!

"I had worked in the same place ten years earlier, but at that time no one would allow me a tool to work with or trust me with a five cent piece. When I went back the men tried to tempt me in all shapes and forms and when I refused to go out with them they threw whiskey on my table, hoping the smell of it would awaken my old desire. They also put cigarettes there, hoping I would give in and smoke them. Finding I stood firm the foreman told the men that if they didn't leave me alone he would fire them and the first man that bothered me could go into the office and get his money, and the man who persecuted me the most I led to Christ, with his wife and four children. Then they made me the treasurer of the Labor Parade Fund. They told me that they had been watching me closely and had come to the conclusion that they would rather trust me than anyone else in the shop."

* * * * * * * *

In France we have a nation caught in the terrible dilemma of clericalism or atheism. Morally the French people are, without doubt, in a perilous way. The terrible cancer of alcoholism spreads in all directions, and no measure seems adequate to check it. The recent French premier, M. Genges Clemenceaw, has written a preface to a great new study of the alcohol problem by a French engineer, M. Louis Jacquet. He is clearly frightened by the way things are going, also astonished at the impotence of the individual and the cowardice of the government before an evil "beside which the great epidemics of the past are no
more than commonplace incidents in the human drama." But what to do? Here he puts his finger on that which is, after all, the chief remedy for every dangerous situation. He does not say, "Ye must be born again," but he does affirm that the "bottom of the problem is the need of changing men in their comprehension of life." In this he is unquestionably right. Liberty, equality, fraternity, popular education, anti-clericalism, all the formulas of French democracy are powerless against this stalking pestilence of drink. But an evangelical revival would break the grip of absinthe, as the Wesleyan movement broke the domination of gin in the eighteenth century England.

From the China Inland Mission there comes a picture of a man seventy-two years old starting out with his bundle of books, selling or giving away his Bibles, and explaining the precious words to the people. Just before he started on a tour he was over heard praying: "Prepare men's hearts to receive the word. Help me to give my testimony. Don't let convinced men argue with me. Don't let the books get wet. Show me how to get over the swollen rivers. Don't let the dogs bite me. Take care of my wife." It is said that never in all this man's travels has he been once molested.

* * * * * * * *

During the Boxer uprising in China, some missionaries were in imminent danger of their lives in a large city, and knew no way of escape. But their Master had known long before. A native Christian came rushing into the compound with the news that a caravan was at the gate of the city, ready to start upon the journey across the desert of Gobi, but the trader was unexpectedly unable to go, and was anxious to dispose of the caravan. The missionaries hastened to the spot, and "there," as one of them said, "was the Caravan which the Lord had provided for us," even servants and provisions. Thus weeks before these servants of the Lord had known or thought of their future need, their Lord had been preparing for them, and after several weary weeks, He brought them all, men and women, in safety "unto the haven of rest" and civilization, "where they would be." "Before they had called," He was answering them, and "He is the same Lord, yesterday, today and forever."

* * * * * * * *

The female eagle often crowds her fledgling out of the nest and over the edge of the cliff, allowing it to fall, that it may be compelled to use its wings. But she watches its downward plunge, and, sweeping toward the earth, she expands her wings to the utmost, and rising from beneath, catches the falling, trembling bird, on her own mother pinions, and soars with it to the eyrie. So Jehovah's Wisdom and love led and educated His people. He was training them to use their wings; urging and encouraging, aiding and directing their feeble efforts till they should dare longer and sublimer flights. At the Red Sea He bore them over on His pinions. When they felt themselves falling to destruction He was spreading "everlasting arms" beneath them and lifting them out of danger and want.

Argentina is not strictly Catholic, for there is a wide-spread estrangement from, and disgust for, the Romish Church. Hundreds of towns without a missionary.

The world is ready for the Gospel but Christians are ministering extravagantly to their own pleasures and do not respond to the voice of God.
News of Church Activity

IN THE

HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Addresses of Missionaries.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Mary Heisey, Cora Alvis, Sallie Doner, Hannah Baker, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

Jesse and Docie Wenger, H. Frances Davidson, Lewis Steckley, Macha Mission, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa.


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

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

Central America.

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

The Church of Christ is made responsible for the spread of the Gospel. What excuse has she—lack of interest, lack of love or lack of means?

Say not ye, there are four months, and then cometh the harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already to harvest. (Jno. 4:35).

We are reminded of these words as we look upon the fields of golden grain ready to harvest, and then we see how careful man is that not any sheaves should be wasted. But so few seem to be concerned about precious souls that are perishing all about us; especially, do we see this thru these warm Summer months. Churches are being closed, prayermeetings neglected because people are after pleasure and earthly gain and are not concerned about precious souls. Many are saying, There are yet four months until time for revival meetings, and then we will become concerned about others. “But I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already to harvest.”

Reader, think of that loss that can never be redeemed, souls that may be lost throughout eternity because someone has failed to do their duty. Many may be hurled into eternity before the warm, busy months are past. Will we be free from their blood? How true are the words of the poet,

“Plenty for pleasure but little for Jesus,
Time for the world with its troubles and toys
No time for Jesus’ work, feeding the hungry,
Lifting the souls to eternity’s joys.”

We are having much to praise the Lord for these days. He does keep our hearts encouraged in the midst of discouragements and the things that would seem hard become easy as we look to Him. Bless His name.

We are much in need of your prayers at this time. The need of this city is so great and the reapers so few. We are glad for the souls the Lord is giving us but we long to see many more won for Him ere it be too late.

We wish to again thank all who are so faithfully standing by the work in a financial way and also remembering our personal needs. May God bless you all.

FINANCIAL.

Report for July, 1913.
Balance on hand, $11.00.

Receipts.
Mary Blake, Buffalo, N. Y., $1.00; Elmer Robert, Buffalo, $5.00; Mrs. Kate Warner,
Grantham, Pa., $1.00; D. L. Gish, Buffalo, $10.00; James Putman, Forks Road, Ont., $1.50; Eliza Morrissee, Buffalo, $1.50; Sr. Ehlers, Buffalo, $10.00; Mary Steckley, Bethesda, Ont., $1.00; Rachel Klinck, Toronto, Ont., $1.00; Joram Nigh, Kindersley, Sask., $1.00; Total, $44.00.

Expenditures.

Fruit for canning, $1.92; household, and repairing, $3.33; ice, $2.00; light, $1.82; oil, $ .60; groceries and street car fare, $13.33; Total, $23.00.

Balance on hand, $21.00.

Provisions donated by the following:

Yours, seeking the lost.
Minnie Bosler.

SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

"I will praise the, O Lord, among the people: I will sing unto thee among the nations."

We praise God for the privilege of doing this night after night on the streets of San Francisco, where we are surrounded by those of different nationalities and languages.

We are glad to say that God always meets with the little band of His people in the Mission as we gather to sing His praises and tell of His wonderful works, and He often gives us added tokens of His love in the convicting of sinners and drawing of His own closer to Himself.

We certainly are grateful for the way the church at large has come up to the help of the Lord with their offerings during the past months. These remembrances are always an encouragement to us, to press on in the battle of the Lord, and come as quite a relief to the home church at this time of failure and loss of the fruit corp which is always so much depended upon in Southern California.

We believe every contributor will realize the blessing spoken of in Prov. 11:25. Will you please continue to pray for us.

Financial.

Report from June 24, to July 24.

Receipts.
Hall offerings, $24.70; Rosebank S. S., Kan., $11.09; Bro. & Sr. D. V. Heise, Clarence Center, $10.00; Bro. Bennet, San Francisco, $5.00; Bro. Spurgin, Irnea, Calif., $5.00; Black Creek S. S., Stevensville, Ont., $32.25; Bethany S. S. Thomas, Okla., $30.00; Sr. Elizabeth Brant, Lebanon, Pa., $2.60; A Bro. & Sr., Hope, Kan., $2.00; Total,$122.04.

Expenditures.

Car fare, $8.95; table supplies, $18.55; household, light, water, etc., $6.48; fruit for canning, $2.55; hall expenses, light, oil etc., $2.20; house rent, $8.00; hall rent, $50.00; Total, $97.73.

Balance on hand, June 24, $8.38.

Balance on hand, July 24, $32.69.

Yours in Jesus name
The Workers.

FROM AFRICA.


Dear readers of the Visitor, Greeting in Jesus' precious name.

But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. (Phil. 4:19).

I am thankful today that the above promise is for all those who trust in Jesus, we have many reasons to rejoice, and praise our heavenly Father for His help to us, during the past year, and for the way He has supplied our needs.

Our hearts have also been filled with praise to God, as we read in the Visitor how faithful the church at home has been in raising money for the African relief fund, and we take this way to thank all those who were instrumental in starting the relief fund, also those who gave of their means to support the work here. Paul says in Acts 20:35 'we should "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive;"' so we believe you all will receive a blessing from the Lord for your help at this time of need.

The late rains which came about the middle of February were a good help to the country, tho we did not get here as much rain as they did at the other Mission Stations. Still it helped us so we have a small crop tho not near enough grain for food for the children till next year's crop is harvested.

We had the ground ploughed and when the rains came we planted corn, beans etc., but it was very dry after the corn came up so we will have only a small yield, of corn. Beans and pumpkins did better, and citrons and melons were a good yield, as they do better in a dry season. The citrons are used by the children, cooked into a sauce and corn meal stirred in and cooked. This is called Enopi and they are quite fond of it. We were also able to have some potatoes, tomatoes, and other vege-
tables which we grew by irrigation.
Beside the dry season which was hard on crops there seemed to be more insects and animals to trouble the gardens than in other years as there was not much grass, and the gardens of the natives had very little growing in them, but we are thankful for the vegetables and small crop of other things we could have.
Some of the old grass the roots dried up and killed, and what new grass came on from the rains is nearly finished, cattle are now pasturing by the rivers and in old gardens but we fear they must be taken to the hills before long for pasture.
The work at the out schools is encouraging. There is also an opening at the mines for services now, so some of the native brethren hold services at four of the mine compounds every two weeks. The work here at the Mission is about as usual, our attendance is not as good as it had been, so many of the men and boys are away at work to get money to buy food for their families. This also makes the school attendance smaller than it was. We have been busy and did not get out to visit the people much of late but we hope to do more kraal visiting now during the Winter.
School opened on July 1. We now have ten girls and one baby and eight boys staying here, and expect more girls to come before long. We are very thankful that the way has been opened so we can help the girls who want to stay, and you who have given toward the support of this work will receive a reward for the benefit these girls have by being at school.
There have been tests and trials in the past year, but we praise God for His grace which has been sufficient for all. We also feel to thank the Father for all the blessings we have enjoyed, and it is our desire to keep low at His feet where He can make us a blessing in His service among these people.
We ask an interest in your prayers for the work at this place.
Yours, in the Master's service,
Walter O. Winger.

ENROUTE TO AFRICA.

U. S. M. S. New York.
July 25, 1913.
Beloved in the Home Land:
"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."
We come to you with these words of greeting from the mighty deep. Thus far the Lord hath led us on, and we praise Him for His protecting hand which has been over us. According to present prospects, we will arrive in Southampton, Eng., tomorrow, Saturday, about noon. After a short spell of seasickness, to which most sea-travellers are heir, we have had a very enjoyable voyage.

Our party consists of Sr. Sallie Doner, Sr. Hannah Baker, Sr. Frey and myself, with our three children. In addition to these, Bro. Albert Baker is accompanying us as far as England. In doing so, he brought a happy surprise to us all, especially to his sister, Hannah, for tho she had known of his accompanying us to the coast, she knew nothing of his going farther until the boat had pulled from shore and she discovered that he had purchased a ticket for England. We all enjoy his presence socially, and also because of the great spiritual encouragement and inspiration he is to us.

After about fourteen months of pleasant diversion in the homeland, we are now setting our faces toward dark Africa again. In our former experience there, we have seen something of hardships, trials, discouragements. We have had the great joy of seeing the transforming power of God wrought among the heathen. Think ye, we now remember the hardships and trials and would fain stay in the homeland? Never! But our hearts thrill with the thought of again shining for God in that dark land that He might work even thru us His transforming power.

We are glad also for new recruits, in the persons of Sr. Baker in our party, and Bro. Andrew Winger who will shortly follow. Is it not remarkable that men
THE FOUR ARCHES OF FAITH.


Faith is not belief alone, nor trust alone, any more than a head or a heart is a man. Faith is the whole man turning Godward— the belief of the intellect, the submission of the will and the trust of the heart, all manifesting themselves in the life.

To speak in a figure I shall use all thru my discourse, faith as a bridge between sinful man and the merciful God consisting of four arches; first, the arch of belief, built by the intellect; second, the arch of submission, built by the will; third, the arch of trust, built by the heart; fourth, the arch of manifestation, and women can “forget their own country and their father’s house,” in their passion for unsaved souls? The workers on the field, too will rejoice for new soldiers full of zeal and courage. But oh, how few! In Rhodesia there is still great need. And when will new laborers be going to Johannesburg to answer the call from there? Africa’s 160,000,000 souls are calling unto us. Does anyone say we are doing as much as we ought to do in the face of Jesus’ plain command to send the Gospel to every creature? Who will be the next to heed the call?

And now brethren pray for us. Fare ye well.

H. J. Frey.

of application, of action, of faithfulness— faith made full by expression in the life.

Intellectual Belief

The First Arch.

The first arch of faith is the arch of belief built by the intellect. Belief is a persuasion of the mind based on evidence.

This arch of intellectual belief can not be built by the will or the heart. One can not believe a thing because he wills to or because he wishes to. This arch does not rise by magic at a word of command.

An inquirer writing to his pastor for guidance, said, ‘Don’t tell me in your reply, as so many have done, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.’ He had doubtless been assailed by those well-disposed, but ill-equipped Christian workers who cry imperatively in the face of an anxious soul, ‘Believe, believe, believe!’ as if belief was a servant of the will, to be commanded, instead of a child of the intellect to be convinced and persuaded.

Even Christians sometimes speak as if faith were the opposite of reason. Nay, faith begins in reason, which builds the first arch, stretching from solid ground out amid-stream. He that would come to God must believe that He is.’ No one can submit his will to God, or trust in Christ as a Savior, or devote his energies to a Christian life, whose intellect has not been first persuaded that the claims of Christianity are reasonable. He who is to take the Bible as his law must first believe that its commands and precepts are from God.

This arch of intellectual belief should be strongly built, for a bridge is no stronger than its weakest part.

Do you remember when a railway train fell thru the bridge over the Firth of Tay—Queen Victoria’s train narrow-
ly escaping as the next on the schedule? The bridge was found by the subsequent investigation to be strong except one span, and that was all right except one iron beam, which the builder had noticed was defective, but on examination concluded was not bad enough to reject. In many a life the bridge of faith has failed at a critical moment of temptation or doubt, tho the will was in perfect submission, and the heart's trust undisturbed and the life faithful, because the first arch of intellectual conviction was not strongly built. When the will wavers and religious emotions grow faint, clear, intellectual conviction will often hold the bridge of faith against the freshets of doubt.

But it should be noted that tho this first arch of faith should be strongly built, it need not be slowly built, for it is not made of a multitude of bricks from man-made creeds, but rather of a few great stones of fact.

In my church in New York there was a thoughtful boy of fourteen named Harry Lewis who had made up his mind that before he could be a Christian he must clear up all the difficulties in the Bible, starting with 'Who was Cain's wife?' He was earnestly and sincerely undertaking the task, which would have wasted this life in a vain effort if he had not been laughed out of his folly by a story I told as I had heard from Dr. T. Dewitt Talmage. When he was a theological student, he thought it very smart to ask his professors puzzling questions about 'the secret things that belong to God.' One day a professor replied, 'Mr. Talmage, you must let the Almighty know somethings that you don't.' So Harry concluded to let the Almighty know somethings that he did not know. He quit his endless task of building the arch of belief of petty bricks, and went firmly forward on the great stones of a few certain facts that are sufficient basis for intellectual belief and an intelligent start in Christian life.

There are really very few atheists. Those who are swearing and talking infidelity on deck in sunny weather, very quickly learn to pray when shipwreck brings reality to the surface. A swearing sailor fell overboard. His chum who threw a rope and pulled him in said, 'Tom I heard you praying.' Tom replied, 'You go down there and you will pray too.'

You have sufficient belief to go forward if you believe firmly that God is; that Christ can some how transform your life; that the Bible is a God-given guide.

It was found by a circular of inquiry sent to business men of Cleveland that nearly all of them believed in God as the 'First Cause,' but many did not think of God as in any sense personal.

To my mind the best proof that God is, and that He is 'the Father of our spirits'—a mind like ours but greater—is in the cumulative three-fold argument of design, order and progress as seen in nature and history, God has used from the dawn of creation such mechanical adaptations as man, 'thinking God's thoughts after Him,' has re-invented less skilfully after six thousand years of experiment and study. The hand of man is a more wonderful chest of tools than that hand has ever been able to make in so small a compass. The head of a man has in it the dome, dove-tailed bones, india rubber cushion, pulleys, levers, a mirror, opera glass, camera obscura, a telephonic car, and many more machines—enough to prove the existence of a God like us, but greater, to any clear brain. This is not a Godless, Fatherless world, but design, order and progress proclaim God lives and loves and
reigns.

As to Christ, the supreme three-fold miracle of His matchless life, His matchless words, and His matchless influence on men and nations prove Him at least a teacher to be absolutely believed, too good to deceive, too great to be deceived.

Every thing important in belief follows. When reason has shown us He is worthy of our absolute confidence, reason bids us accept what He says as unquestionable truth; and thus we come to believe what He says of Himself that He is Savior and King of men; and we also accept the Old Testament as His Bible, quoted by Him always as the true and authoritative Word of God, and the New Testament as what He taught His disciples.

That the Bible is in a different sense than any other book the revelation of the Creator’s will is proved also by the fact that it is the only book that has proved itself a book of power in all times and lands, and for all classes of men.

If a fourth great stone be wanted for that first arch of belief, let it be the transformation wrought in degraded men and such transformations of nations as is occurring before our eyes in China thru the teachings and spirit of Christ.

The intellectual beliefs desirable in a minister or church officer may be many, but the intellectual beliefs which the New Testament teaches are necessary to saving faith are few and simple—so few, indeed, that Paul often baptized pagans as converted men after they had heard and accepted only what he could tell them of Christianity in a single sermon. Now, as then, the necessary intellectual beliefs in saving faith relate only to a few facts. Religious difficulties are mostly about the mode of facts, the philosophy of history, not about the facts themselves. If you believe in God as your Father, and in Christ as your rightful King and waiting Savior, you need not tarry longer on the first arch, but proceed at once to the second.

Submission of the Will,
The Second Arch.

Let it be remembered that the intellectual belief in all the claims of Christianity will no more save a man than a quarter of a bridge will take him across the stream. Believing in the laws of health does not necessarily lead to following them. Many people praise goodness and do as they please. They follow the advice of George Herbert to ‘praise the sea, but keep on land.’ Scores of people show their belief in Christianity by sending their children to Sunday School, but at the same time trample on it themselves by spending the Lord’s Day in labor or trade or amusement or idleness. ‘The devils believe and tremble,’ but are devils still. The Herod before whom Paul stood, believed the prophets’ but obeyed the devils.

Indeed, intellectual belief in Christianity, if one goes no further, is ‘a savor of death unto death.’ To the unsaved men who sit by their Christian wives in all our churches, intellectual believers but nothing more, God says reproachfully, ‘Ye knew your duty and did it not.’

You have built the first arch of intellectual belief in the essential facts of Christianity. Will you add now and here the second arch of submission, built by the will?

Let us not allow the thought of ‘submission to God’s will’ to seem a doleful thing. ‘Having our own will and way is what makes most of our troubles. If one brings sickness or death upon himself or others by his own carelessness or by deliberate violation of nature’s well-
known laws, he talks about 'submission to the mysterious dispensation of Providence,' and sings as a dirge. 'Thy will be done,' as if God's will were some dreadful foe. 'Thy will be done' gets its right note of triumph in the Lord's prayer, and that is what submission of the will should mean as we move forward to the second arch—a child's exultant acceptance of the heavenly Father's perfect will for guidance and defence thru life. Just what it is to take this step of submission, that is, of decision, I saw one night in a revival meeting when a young clerk, whom I knew and to whom I had spoken of beginning a Christian life, bent his head in a pew in a hard struggle with himself. The veins stood out on his brow as he thought of what courage it would require to act upon his convictions. At length he said in a loud whisper, 'I will'; and, as if he had touched some secret spring, he sprang to his feet, and made a decisive confession of faith. There is no other way to enter on a Christian life than by such an act of the will. One can not float into it by tears, nor dream into it by longings, 'I will arise and go to my father' turns the whole life about toward God. People debate about 'instantaneous conversion.' There can be no other kind, for conversion is the act of human will, the act of turning to God. Regeneration and development of Christian character is not accomplished in a moment, but 'turning right about face' from a life that turns the back on God to a life that turns prayerfully to God is always instantaneous. Many lose half the good of life for lack of decision. You believe enough, 'Turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die?' Justified by faith we have peace,' pictures, the serene result of ceasing to pull one way—the wrong way—when God pulls the other way.

The act of submission deepens into a life-long state of submission, of loyalty, expressed in the words, 'Pray without ceasing' and 'Instant in prayer.' That does not mean, of course, that we shall devote all our time to prayer, but rather that as a wife is ever loyal to her husband, even when not directly thinking of him as she moves busily about the home, and as a patriot is ever loyal, even when absorbed in business duties, so the Christian can habitude his will to be steadily true to Christ as the needle is to the pole on all days and in all occupations.

Jesus says to you: 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life, freely.' 'If any man will open the door I will come in.'

Here are three decision cards with a place on each for your signature. The first reads: 'I can not love and serve Jesus Christ.' You dare not sign that and say you can not do what God bids every one do. Here is a second card: 'I will never love and serve Jesus Christ.' You will not sign that. You are no more ready to say 'Never' than to say 'Now.'

Here is the third to which I hope every one here will assent, if that assent is not already his habit or life; 'I will now and forever love and serve Jesus Christ, and mankind in His name.'

Heart Trust the Third Arch.

But the third arch of trust, built by the heart, is a yet more beautiful portion of this bridge of faith. I have used the term 'Christians in the will' to describe the apostles before Pentecost. Up to that time there was little heart power even in Peter, James and John. Their wills had responded to Christ's call, 'Follow me,' but they lacked spiritual heart power. At Pentecost they stepped up on the third arch of a love
for Christ, and for sinful men as ‘strong as death.’ I saw in my Haverhill church a similar change in a man who was most distinctly a Christian in the will. Most emphatically he was a servant of God, rather than a son. He went to church because it was his ‘duty’ to God, and mumbled something in every prayer meeting with bowed head, about doing his ‘duty.’ He took a class of boys in Sunday School, but was so heartless in his teaching that all the boys left him except two or three, whose parents compelled them to stick. One night, when a group of us were ‘of one accord in one place,’ asking God to give us power for service, Pentecost came to him, with others, and he arose and with glowing eyes and a ringing voice told an audience of seven hundred of the entrance of the spirit of love and joy and courage into his heart. He had stepped on the third arch of trust and never went back to mere will service.

The difference between the first and the second arches is well described in George MacDonald’s profound words: ‘When God’s will is our law, then are we but a kind of noble slaves; but when God’s will is our will then are we his free children.’

Entering the life of trust, which is first an act, and then a state, tho an act of the heart, does not necessarily involve strong emotion. It is essentially taking God at His word, as a boy of mine did who came to a session meeting to join the church. The old elders had not encouraged such young folk, to come, and supposed he had come only as company to some older person. But when all of the others had been examined one of the elders in a forbidding tone of surprise said: ‘Boy, do you want to join the church?’ He answered cheerily, ‘I do.’ ‘And do you hope that God has forgiven your sins?’ ‘I know He has.’ ‘Indeed! Why do you think God has forgiven your sins?’ ‘Because He said He would. He said, “If we confess our sins, he is faithful, and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”’ (I John 1: 8). He was sure that when we do our part in that contract in confessing our sins with the purpose of forsaking them, God will do His part in forgiving and cleansing, because He said He would, not because of any ‘feeling’ that may come to us. Trust is believing God will keep faith with us, and when we believe that, peace steals into our souls.

This act of trust should become a state, a daily habit. Victor Hugo pictures such a state in a song of faith:

‘Let us be like the bird, one moment lighted
.. Upon a twig that swings,
He feels it yield, but sings on un-affrighted,
Knowing he has his wings.’

*Faith Made Full in Faithfulness the Fourth Arch.*

Our intellectual belief and submission, of the will and serene heart trust in God does not complete the bridge of faith, which can only be made full by faithfulness in real life. David points forward to this arch as he sings, ‘Trust in the Lord and do good.’ James points to it when he says, ‘Faith without works is dead,’ that is three-fourths of a bridge, if you stop work there, is no better than none. Paul points to this arch quite as distinctly, tho not as often as James, for he says to Titus: ‘Charge them that have believed in God that (they be careful to maintain good works.’ Indeed, ‘Good works’ are the key words of Paul’s Epistle to Titus as well as of the general Epistle of James. The fancied contradiction between Paul and James as to
saving faith are seen to be only one of the many instances of the Bible's unity and variety by those who consider the two different purposes of Paul and James in the writings that are said to be contradictory. Paul's Epistle to the Romans was intended for those in every age who begin the bridge of faith at the wrong end, at the fourth arch, with 'works of the law,' forms, ceremonies, which are good only when they follow and grow out of character, that is, from belief of the intellect, submission of the will and trust of the heart. Paul cries to all who thus begin at the wrong end in their bridging, 'Justified by faith, and not by the deeds of the law,' that is, you cannot get across a stream by a quarter of a bridge built on the opposite shore. You must build the other arches of belief, submission, trust.

James wrote for those in every age whose intellects believe, whose wills submit, whose hearts trust, but who, with the bridge three-fourths done, throw away their tools and sing a doxology as if it had been completed. To these James cries, 'Faith without works is dead'; that is, three arches without the fourth is useless. To your heart trust you must add hard work. Robert Collyer once said: 'The man who builds a strong and true wall on week-days stand nearer to the true soul of goodness than the minister who, by reason of laziness preaches a poor sermon on Sunday.

In the course of an address to the Auckland Ministers' Association, New Zealand, the Rev. T. F. Robertson said: 'I passed over a bridge lately, on the key-stone of which are inscribed the words, 'God and We.' The story is interesting. A humble girl in danger of perishing in a storm, when the stream was in flood, vowed that if God would save her life and help her in the future, she would build a bridge over the dangerous chasm. Her prayer was heard. She lived to build the bridge, and to leave an endowment for the poor of the parish. The inscription on the bridge gives the secret of every Christian worker's success. It is not 'God alone,' for that would mean human idleness; or 'we' alone, for that would be human presumption. It is not 'we and God,' that would be human pride; but 'God and we' gives the Scriptural way of success. Faith, then has a fourth arch, application, activity, faithfulness, which is related to the trustful confidence of which I have just spoken as manhood to childhood, only that faith, like all true genius, carries the childhood into manhood, and possesses the qualities of both at once. Faith in its confidence and trust sleeps like a child in its mother's arms, without a thought of fear, but faith at the same time arouses all our human energies to go forth and work and fight like loving sons with the infinite Father. In the handle of the crusader's sword we see the cross as a weapon of conquest. Paraphrasing Bryant's poem on Liberty we may say:

O Faith! thou art not, as painter's dream,
A fair young girl
A bearded man, armed to the teeth,
art thou.
One mailed hand grasps the broad shield.
And one the sword.

The eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the fullest description of faith that is found in the Bible, confines itself almost entirely to the exploits of faith's manhood, to the deeds that have been wrought upon this fourth arch of the bridge thru the activities of faith.

'By faith Noah prepared an ark for the saving of his house.' By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daugh-
ter; choosing rather to suffer affliction
with the people of God than to enjoy
the pleasures of sin for a season.

'And what shall I more say for the
time would fail me to tell of Gideon,
and of Barak, and of Samson, and of
Jephthah; of David also and Samuel,
and of the prophets, who thru faith
wrought righteousness.'

In the palace of Versailles, in France,
there are seven miles of battle scenes
on many pieces of canvas, in many of
which there appears in the foreground
the figure of Napoleon. Waterloo is
not among the number, for after all his
victories came defeat. In this eleventh
of Hebrews we have an inspired picture
of the grandest victories of Bible time;
and in the foreground of every picture
we are pointed to an unseen commander,
 thru whose leadership victory was al­
ways accomplished—'Faith! 'In this
sign conquer.' The kind of faith which
God commands and man needs is the
kind that not only thinks and feels and
talks, but also fights against the wrong
and works for the right. There is in­
deed a peril here, as in the opposite ex­
treme. True faith will not be always
serving as a bustling Martha, no more
than it will be always meditating as a
pensive Mary. It will

'Serve with faithful Martha's hands
And loving Mary's heart.'

Dr. Bushnell said tersely to a west­
tern preacher: 'I will tell you what is the
difficulty with the western style of reli­
gion; it is too much below the elbows.'
The swift retort was: 'And your New
England religion is too much above the
eyebrows.' And we may add that there
are persons whose religion is too much
under the ribs. True faith turns the
whole man Godward, the intellect, the
will, the heart, the life. 'Faith and works
are like the two coupons of a ticket on
which is stamped 'Forfieted if detached.'

We prove that we have given God our
hearts by giving Him our hands. Jesus
said: 'Ye are my friends if you do what­
soever I command you.' I once had in
my home a handless god from India,
Subhadra, from Benares. Her 'hands
are shortened that she can not save.'
But I have seen something worse than
that—a handless godliness. It is hardly
better than idolatry to bring to God our
heads, our wills, our hearts, but not our
hands. To such God says, 'Whatsoever
thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy
might.' If Pentecost has really come in­
to our souls it will be followed by a book
of Acts. He that doeth good is of God.'

'Faith worketh—by love.'

A Christian gentleman to whom I
once spoke of taking a class in the Sab­
bath-School said, thoughtfully: 'I suppose
any Christian who is not doing some de­
finite Christian work owes his pastor an
explanation or vindiction.' A member
of one of the churches used to explain
every absence from church service at the
first opportunity following. It was an
uncommon recognition of the fact that
every one who comes into the church
owes to it and to God active and constant
service, to be intermittently for some
weighty cause.

The world needs more 'practising
Christians,' more 'applied Christianity.'
We shall never be more than three­
fourths saved if we fail in practical
workaday righteousness, sensibilities and
willing righteousness and helpfulness,
making us givers, earnest rescuers of the
perishing, patient parents, honest traders,
generous workers not only for better in­
dividual character, but for civic right­
eousness and social betterment.

And now let me close with a story of
human interest in which all parts of sav­
ing faith are illustrated by a sick man's
August 25, 1913.

faith in a great physician. An American in Paris found himself attacked by a disease which he could not understand, but instinctively felt was serious. He inquired for a competent physician and got one of the most eminent and most beloved. The doctor diagnosed the case and said to his patient: 'Your malady is indeed serious. You will go down at least into unconsciousness. I shall stay by you and do my best to bring you back. Give me your valuables. Make your will.' These were rather startling requests from a stranger. But his intellect said, 'This man is so eminent that there is every reason to believe he will deal honorably.' This verdict of reason his will accepted. As he looked in the open sympathetic face of the physician his heart also trusted him. Then he put the verdict of intellect and will and heart into action by doing as he was told. The completeness of his trust in the physician and the consequent discharge of his anxiety aided the doctor in his efforts in recovery. The sick man went down into the shadow of death, but the faithful physician stayed by to help the forces of nature in the work of recovery. The patient came back to consciousness, and then to health. The physician gave him back his treasures and sent him joyfully to his home.

I hardly need to apply the illustration so perfectly does it picture the relation of a sin-sick human soul to the Great Physician. Jesus Christ never lost a case. Twenty Christian centuries compel an honest brain to believe He can today transform any man, any country as in the past. Let your will trust Him; let your whole life be consecrated to God in the service of man.

Let us build the whole bridge of saving faith adding to the belief of intellect, the submission of the will, the trust of the heart and faithfulness of the life.

'Make a firm-built hedge of trust
All around today;
Fill it in with loving work
And therein stay.
Peep not thru the sheltering bars
At to-morrow;
God will help thee bear
Of joy or sorrow.'

THE SIN OFFERING.

Many years since I was called one night to see a colored woman who was dying close by where we were holding a tent meeting. Entering the room and kneeling by her bedside I quoted to her awhile about Christ and then learned from her lips that she had been a terrible sinner, living a life of shame herself and dragging others down with her. At first she could scarcely believe that Christ would save such a sinner as she but I told her about the Lamb of God and begged her to lay her hand upon His head and just roll over on Him all her burden of sin. The vivid picture seemed to appeal to the strong imagination which is peculiar to this race and after awhile she reached out her hand as tho to put it on some invisible head. And then she began to confess and confess and confess until it seemed as if she would never end. Year after year she went over her sinful life telling it all out as tho I were not there, rolling the burden over on Jesus as tho it was an infinite relief. And as she rolled it out her bosom heaved and sighed like the rolling of the sea and her voice rose and fell in strange cadences of agony and comfort; several times I tried to stop her and finish with a word of prayer, for my meeting was waiting for me. But "No," she said, "hold on, I am not thru yet."

(Continued on page 21)
PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

To Subscribers—1. Our terms are cash in advance.

2. When writing to have your address changed, be sure to give both old and new address.

3. The date on the printed label 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., AUGUST 25, 1913.

TRACTS.

What We Believe and Why We Believe It, per hundred, 20c.

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We Would See Jesus, per hundred, 15c.

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Orders for the above tracts, papers and envelopes should be addressed Geo. Detwiler, 1216 Walnut St., Harrisburg Pa. Tracts are free to mission workers.

OBITUARIES.

MOORE. Beulah E. Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Moore of North East Hays Township, Clay county, Kansas, died July 30, 1913, aged 2 years, 6 months and 22 days. She was an intelligent child being of a lovely and sweet disposition and was loved by all who knew her. Funeral service and burial took place Aug. 1, 1913, services being conducted by Elders J. M. Sheetz and E. M. Smith.

"Sweet little darling, light of the home Looking for some one, beckoning, Come, Bright as a sunbeam, fair as the dew, Anxiously looking, mother for you."

BREHM.—Sr. Fannie C. Brehm, widow of the late Samuel S. Brehm, and oldest daughter of Abram and Catherine Whitmer, was born May 12, 1842, died July 25, 1913, at the residence of Jacob Brehm, Hummeltown, Pa., aged 71 years, 2 months and 13 days, surviving her husband, 39 years and 11 months. She is survived by one son and one daughter, A. A. Brehm of Buffalo, N. Y., and Mrs. John Wright of Pittsburg, Pa., also one brother and sister, Mr. Abrum U. Whitmer of Lawn, Pa., and Mrs. Harry B. Wolgamuth of near Elizabethtown, Pa. The funeral was held from the house of Bro. Jacob Brehm, Hummeltown, Pa., and services at the Messiah Home chapel and interment in Chamber Hill cemetery, Elders Henry Kreider, John Dick and Clayton Engle, officiating. Text, 1 Rev. 7: 11 to 18.

MORIARTY.—Sr. Nancy Moriarty peacefully departed this life on July 7, 1913, at the age of 43 years, and 5 months, after a lingering illness, being a victim of consumption. For a number of years she has proved faithful, both to her faith and to her church, and that under the most trying circumstances. She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, and four children. The funeral services were held in the Brethren's church in Wainfleet, Ont., conducted by Eld. John Sider. Interment was made in the Brethren's cemetery. Text, "Let not your heart be troubled." (Jno. 14, 1).

MATER.—Sr. Mary Mater was called to her reward on July 29, 1913, aged 69 years, 9 months and 21 days. Heart trouble was the direct cause of her death. For many years she was a devoted and faithful member of the church, always having the welfare and flourishing of the cause at heart. She was a patient sufferer, and even to the very last, did not complain, but rather expressed her desire to go home to glory. Until within a very short time of her death, she was engaged in prayer for the young and also the unsaved. Her inspiring and encouraging testimony will be missed in the prayer meeting. She is survived by four children, one son and
thee daughters, a number of grand children, two brothers, three sisters, and a host of friends and relatives. The funeral services were held at her home in Wainfleet, conducted by Elders Jno. Sider and L. Shoalts. Interment in the Brethren’s cemetery. “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.”

CLIMENHAGA.—Bro. David Climenhaga, a life-long resident of near Stevensville, Ont, passed into the beyond Aug. 2, 1913, aged 86 years, 11 months and 9 days. His wife, Abigail Barnhart, to whom he was married sixty-four years ago, predeceased him five years ago, having journeyed together in life’s journey nearly sixty years. Ten children were born to them of whom eight survive. There are three sons, Peter, Benjamin and Daniel, and five daughters, Mrs. Susan Winger, Mrs. Mary Ann Sider, Mrs. Sarah Engle, Mrs. Caroline Sider, Mrs. Andrew Saylor. All are members of the church of their father and mother, and all but two, Benjamin who lives at Richmond Hill, Ont., and Sarah living at Abilene, Kan., reside in Welland county, Ont. There are also surviving forty-one grand children and forty-eight great grand children. Father and mother Climenhaga united with the church some fifty years ago, and he filled the office of deacon for many years. He was faithful and loyal to his Savior and the church, and lived conscientiously in all of life’s relationships. The weakness incident to old age came upon him in recent months and he gradually wasted away not having any pain, and so fell asleep in Jesus. Funeral services were held Aug. 5, at the Brethren’s M. H. where he had been a regular worshipper ever since it was built. Elders N. C. Michael and Asa Bearss conducted the service. Text, I John 5:19, first clause, “We know that we are of God.” Interment was made in adjoining cemetery.

COMMUNION MEETINGS.

Pennsylvania.

Mechanicsburg, At 6 p. m. Oct. 25.

LOVE FEASTS.

Pennsylvania

At the home of Harrison Brouse near McVeytown Sept. 20. 21.

Come to McVeytown with train reaching there to. 38 A. M. on the 20th.

Ontario.

Black Creek, Sept. 13, 14.

Markham, Sept. 20, 21.

Walpole, Sept. 27, 28.

Notiawa, Sept. 27, 28.

Wainfleet, Oct. 4, 5.

Howick, Oct. 4, 5.

Waterlooo, (Rosebank), Oct. 11, 12.

Canada Joint Council, Sept. 11, at Black Creek, Ont.

The Sin Offering.

(Continued from page 19)

And so I let the meeting go while a burdened soul unloaded its burden at the cross. It must have been more than an hour before she seemed at last to be emptied of her awful load and began to shout her gratitude and thanks to the Savior that had taken it all away, and as we softly sang, “There is a fountain filled with blood,” it did really seem as tho a white and spotless Lamb was standing by that bed and a black hand was passing over to Him a still blacker stream of life-long sin and then as tho that precious blood had washed it all away and that once guilty woman was whiter than the driven snow.

Oh, sinner, will you come and thus exchange your sin for His righteousness, for “He was made sin for us who knew no sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.”

Dr. Clark tells in his journal of missionary travel how once in India he listened in a humble tent to the song of a lot of coolies who had been a band of cut-throats and murderers, who had been marvelously redeemed. One of them, named Kothabye, had been the chief of a robber band and at last had been captured and sold as a slave. But no master would keep him, he was so wicked. At last a missionary bought him with the hope of saving him. One day he heard the missionary tell how the blood of Christ could cleanse a sinner. At the close he came up and in a stealthy voice asked, “Could he cleanse a murderer?” “Yes,” said the missionary. “But if he killed five men?” “Yes,” said the missionary, “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” “But if he had
killed twenty men?” “Yes,” said the missionary, “tho your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.” “But if he had killed thirty men?” “Tho they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool,” answered the missionary. “Then” said he, “I am that sinner, for I have killed thirty men.” But the blood of Jesus Christ saved even that man and he was now the leader of a coolie band of soul winners and they were singing every night the song of thirty murders and the blood that could wash them all away.

Ah, but perhaps you have no such record and no deep sense of sin. Listen, the sin offering was for sins of ignorance especially, and the very condition of guilt was this, “Tho he wist it not, yet he is guilty.” God knew that down in the human heart there is a capacity for sin of which the sinner himself has never dreamed. God sees all that and it was for that that Jesus died. Do not wait till God lets you work it all out in your life as He has let some other sinner. The story is told of a painter who wanted a model for a painting of John on Patmos and he found a beautiful young man and had him sit for the ideal portrait. Many years later he wanted to paint Judas Iscariot and he looked thru the prisons of Italy for a model that would fitly represent the worst of men. At last he found one and paid him to sit for the portrait. After he had finished he asked his name and history and found that it was the same young man who fifteen years before had represented the Apostle of love. Such havoc had sin wrought in one short life! Oh, man and woman, you little know your future if you reject Jesus and God leaves you to yourself. For all the sin you know and for all the sin you do not know, Christ waits this moment to save and take it all away. If you have never committed any other great sin, greater than any sin you could have done is this sin of sins, the sin of rejecting Jesus and neglecting His great salvation. Tell me the secret of the unparalleled judgment that have fallen upon the Hebrew people for two thousand years. Was there ever nation so scattered, peeled and crushed with the cruelty of men and the curse of heaven and why? Listen, “His blood be upon us and our children.” They sinned against the blood of Jesus, that is what you are doing. And for that, unless you turn from it to Him, there is no forgiveness. But even for that He waits to forgive and save. Will you come?

A. B. S. in Alliance Weekly.

SHOULD WE USE SUNDAY TRAINS?

In a meeting of locomotive engineers some years ago in Washington one engineer spoke of Sunday trains, and their results in his own life. For seven years, he said, he had never been free to spend a single Sunday with his family. When he did see them for a few hours he was often so tired that he fell asleep while eating and had to be waked to finish his meal. No wonder that, in the home of another such worker on the railroad, his little daughter, to whom her mother was reading the story of creation in the first chapter of Genesis, said, as the seventh day and its rest was read about:

“Mother, we shall have to get God to make an eighth day so papa can rest and be at home with us!”

Yet America is a Christian nation. The trains that flash by on Sunday are not filled with heathen, bent on defying the ten commandments. They are filled, on the contrary, with Christian people for the most part, born and brought up in Christian homes, affiliated with
churches in some way, and exceedingly careful about some of the commandments, at any rate. There may be Godless people on Sunday trains often and often. Nobody denies that. But it is equally true that if, from every train even on the most crowded Summer Sunday, all the travelers who have affiliations with any church were taken off there would be an array of empty seats. It is because Christian people travel on Sunday that Sunday trains run.

The matter might as well be faced. There are many modern Christians who eliminate the fourth commandment from their lives when they want to go from one place to another, and Sunday happens to be the most convenient day. Trustees of churches, women serving on church committees, Sunday-school teachers and scholars, are found on Sunday trains, with the patient engineer at the throttle, on his seventh day's job, wondering why these church folks take away Sunday rest from his life. A certain railroad conductor told Dr. Wilbur Crafts once that during the month just passed he had worked thirty-eight days and another man on the same line had worked forty. He meant day's labor, as measured by extra hours. One engineer, measured at this rate, was said by his son to have worked fourteen months in one year. When such overworked, driven men, with never a day of rest, end by neglecting signals, and sending their trains into a terrible wreck, there is no occasion for surprise.

The Sunday-traveling Christian would rather not think of these things, naturally. He or she prefers to talk about the necessity of Sunday excursion. Think of the pleasure it is to the poor workers of the city to get out into the country or down to the seashore for a few hours. What other time can they have? Is not a day of rest for them far more necessary than a day of rest for the trainman? There is only one of him, and hundreds of them. It sounds plausible, until it is taken apart. In the first place, the Christian who is able to go on an excursion any other day of the week can not plead necessity in going on any Sunday excursion. In the second place why are not the wage workers given a Saturday half holiday? They ought to have it, and in many lines of work this half-holiday is now the accepted rule. That gives the wage earner a chance to enjoy an excursion that does not make other wage earners work on Sunday. The question of fair treatment of wage earners is bound up with Sunday rest.

Thus the Sunday traveler is, consciously or unconsciously, standing in the way of better week-day conditions for his fellow men. The fourth commandment is no academic theological pronouncement. It is a human rule of conduct, laid down when man was created because he was created as he is, with need for rest and worship, recreation of body and soul, one day out of seven. Take away his Sunday and soon his weekdays become cramped and crowded, too. The workingman's soul is forgotten, and then his body oppressed. But when his soul is cared for, and Sunday is restored, sacredly, to him, the rest of the week is leavened by the same thought, and inhuman hours cease, and Saturday is also made more restful. Nothing will make the workingman believe in the reality and activity of the church of Christ as will the restoration of his Sunday to him. Nothing can make the workingman take Christianity seriously as long as Christians help to overwork men on Sunday.

So the fourth commandment must be taken as part of Christian life today. The Sunday traveler must meet its de-
show that there is a real necessity for his use of a train on the day forbidden by the commandment. In some cases there is such a necessity. When a steamship leaves New York for Naples, when a transcontinental train starts on its journey toward the Pacific, the voyager must spend Sunday, when it comes, on train or boat. Yet, even here, there are five-day liners that could leave on Monday and be across the Atlantic before Sunday, and the Monday train from New York will reach San Francisco before the end of the week. If enough Christians cared, the railroad and steamship lines would care too, and would make specialties of such trips. The very fact that such a suggestion seems absurd to many pew holders only emphasizes the fact that they never have thought hard on the Sunday travel question, or tried to adapt their movements to a strict Sunday observance along this line.

Inconvenience is one thing. Necessity is another. The United States has recently inconvenienced many men by refusing to open the postoffice any longer on Sundays at any hour. But, as a railroad man of thirty years' experience, high in office in a large railroad, once said, "If ever there was a necessity for Sunday mail it ceased with the telegram," and he went on, "There is no valid excuse for railroad traffic, either for mails, passengers or freight, on Sunday. If ever there was a necessity for moving perishable articles on Sunday it has been removed by the refrigerator cars."

It is a small amusement park that does not draw 5,000 every Sunday at the least. It is a most unusual amusement park which can be run, too, as a Sunday resort and not become a scene of questionable conduct and a place of real temptation for the young. Thus the breaking of the fourth commandment involves the breakage of other commandments.

If the Christian who travels cares nothing for being his brother's keeper, he can not escape the effect of Sabbath breaking upon himself. "Sunday excursions are so much cheaper than weekday trains, so we always travel that day. We have to, you see, on account of the money," explained a woman whose husband was the owner of a thriving business. For a few dollars these two prosperous people were losing the balance of their consciences. They were letting the love of money tighten its grasp upon them. Now it is safe to say that Sunday is never realized in its fulness of blessing until the Christian has sacrificed something worldly to it. Every commandment implies that there is an easier opposite policy than to keep it. The Sunday traveler who has vanquished conscience and worships expediency, convenience or gain more than the holiness of the Lord's day, is so much the poorer in Christian possibilities henceforth. Neither business nor pleasure should grasp at Sunday for its own. The day belongs to God, not to man; it belongs to God, for man.

"I haven't known, for the last two months, when Sunday came," said a young girl, laughing, to a friend. "We have been traveling all over the West, and one day has been just like another. We met lots of people who were having the same experience. Of course at home here we go to church, but on a trip it is different." This sort of thing is common, as all tourist agencies know. Yet in every town thru which the railroads pass there are churches, and stopovers are allowed for anywhere. What does Christianity mean to such Christians? Certainly not a guiding principle of daily life.
In the matter of Sunday traveling, the Christian salt may be said to have lost its savor. "How then shall it be salted? That is a personal problem for the church; and the stern words of Christ, "It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men," ought to remind every Christian that there is no half-way business about witnessing for Him.—Priscilla Leonard, in The Continent.

HINTS TO WRITERS.

Poetry is one of the noblest forms of literature. But the ability to write good poetry is the gift of the few. In fact, it is a question whether one who is not born with the poetic instinct, with all the education and training it is possible to give him, can ever learn to write good poetry. I can not pretend to tell you how to write poetry in this short article but I offer a few broad, general hints.

Be sure first of all that you start with a poetic thought. Let your thought be pure, holy, true, uplifting, beautiful.

Before you write the poetry, write out your thought in prose. If it looks and sounds "worth while" in prose it is an argument in favor of trying to versify it. If it is insignificant in prose, the best advice about putting it out in poetry is, "Don't."

Be sure you have the poetic instinct. Better not ask any one whether you have it, for he might feel bashful about telling you the truth. If some one tells you of his own accord that you have a gift for poetry, you might be inclined to accept his view. But never assume you have it from your own estimate of your ability. It is so hard to know ourselves.

If all these conditions point toward your writing poetry, there remains the stupendous task of learning how. You will have to learn the English language thoroughly if your poetry is not to make ridiculous blunders.

You will have to learn thoroughly the great subjects of Grammar, Rhetoric, and Prosody, no matter what language you are to write in.

These subjects will tell you how to make the words so express the sense you want, will tell you all about the very essential matters of accent—accent of every word, remember—number of syllables to the line, number of lines to the stanza, and will tell you about that wonderful thing of rhyme, so poor and weak in our English language, which some people think is the only thing necessary to make poetry.

If you have passed all this, there still remain a few cautions.

NEVER copy a poem from some book or paper and send it in as your own. That is plagiarism. When you copy, always say, "Selected by—."

NEVER take an old poem and make it over to suit your own circumstance. That is parroting. It is often done in jest and should not be done in serious writing. No one who knows the original poem will take your parody seriously.

ALWAYS be sure that your effort is for God's glory and not your own.—J. A. Ressler in Gospel Herald.

[Note.—We commend the advice here given to writers to the attention of those who are moved now and then to try their hand at rhyme writing. Without wishing to discourage anyone, we would like them to see that all is not poetry that lays claim to that distinction. Editor]

A wealthly lady from Atlanta, while in Cincinnati shopping called for her parrot over the long distant phone, she then listened to polly call for a cracker and paid a thirty dollar telephone bill.
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE.

You may smile at my subject
And think it quite strange,
But if you'll be patient
I'll try to arrange
In prose, or in rhyme
Tho not over nice
A few simple thoughts
As a piece of advice.
And if they are too pointed
To suit all your views
I hope you will listen
And try to excuse,
For as you all know,
I'm a foe to the wine
And the lips that touch liquor
Shall never touch mine.

The tale of deep sorrows
How often we've read,
Of a heart-broken woman
Awaiting the tread
Of him who promised
To love and protect,
When a few months before
As his bride she was decked.
But, who now has damped
All the joys of her life,
By that terrible blight
A drunkard's wife.
Which she would not have been,
Had she said this in time,
The lips that touch liquor
Shall never touch mine.

There are hundreds of mothers,
All over 'the land,
Who are pleading today
With penniless hand.
For help to support
The children they love.
Whose fathers have left them,
As beggars to rove.
Altho it seems hard
To censure or blame
Yet it had been better
For all 'tis quite plain
Had they said this when young
I'm a foe to the wine
And the lips that touch liquor
Shall never touch mine.

There's many a one
Who has worked long and well.
This terrible fiend
Of intemperance to quell;
But what can they do
When young ladies will wed
Drunkards inspite of all that is sad,
Then if you will aid
In this calling divine,
Say "The lips that touch liquor
Shall never touch mine."

Oh take this advice
Young lady from me,
No matter how wealthy
A young man may be,
No matter how handsome
How gay or how nice,
No matter how grand
Be his station in life.
No matter how seldom
A glass he may take,
If he takes it at all
For your happiness sake
Say when you are woed
I'm a foe to the wine
And the lips that touch liquor
Shall never touch mine.

You may say it's all nonsense
My heart is a stone,
And if I act thus
I will spend life alone,
I care not for that
My mind is made up
To do what I can
Against the poisenous cup,
And if I must wed a drunkard or none
Of the two great evils
I'll choose the less one,
Yes I'll live an old maid
To the end of my time,
E're the lips that touch liquor
Shall ever touch mine.

—Selected by Fannie H. Martin.
Elizabethtown, Pa.

MY EXPERIENCE.

Dear readers of the Visitor:

Greeting in the precious name of Jesus, with Eph. 6:10-18.

I feel impressed to give my testimony in the Visitor. I praise God tonight for deliverance from the bondage of sin. I gave my heart to the Lord nearly five years ago, but thru disobedience, was led away, little by little, until I really thought the way was closed for me.

For about four years, I lived the life of a cold professor, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. Once during that time I sought the Lord earnestly, and He again spoke peace to my soul, but as I did not walk by faith, and trust in Him, when trials came, I was overcome, and once again my soul was in great darkness, but praise God, He lifted the load.

Three weeks ago, I sought Him again, tired of the life I had been living, and when I met the conditions, the burden rolled away. O, I can not praise Him enough for His wonderful love to me.
I thank Him that He cleansed my heart, and took away the desire for the sinful things I loved before, and filled me with His Holy Spirit.

I am glad that I have learned to walk by faith, and not by feelings. He has helped me thru many hard places and I praise Him for it. He has said His grace is sufficient for us, and He will not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able to bear. If we make a mistake He is so willing to forgive us as we take our place and confess our wrong.

I mean to live for Him while in this life. We see so many souls around us who are so careless about their eternal welfare, and it is very necessary that we live close to Jesus, that our influence may go out for good. I can say with the poet "I will ever more repeat the Wondrous Story, of my Savior’s dying love to me; how He laid aside His beauty and His glory, how He gave His life to ransom me."

Tonight my trust is in my Savior, and I intend, by His grace, to follow Him all the way. I feel my weakness very much but "I can do all things thru Christ which strengtheneth me." (Phil. 4:13).

Your Sister in the Lord
Ida M. Steckley.
Bethesda, Ont.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Dear Young People,

Since the young people’s page seems to have been suffering for original material recently, it might be in place to remember the Golden Rule. I think we may receive a great deal of encouragement by reading the testimonies of others and hearing what God is doing for His people in other places.

I am thankful that it is the privilege of every one of us to have a personal knowledge of our salvation and enjoy the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit with us continually. I thank Him for the enjoyment of a life consecrated to God, a heart fully yielded to Him. I am glad that we can trust Him always, and if we keep listening to His voice and obeying His word, there need be no fear of falling; for truth and righteousness are the “pleasant pastures” into which He will lead us.

“Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him” (I John 2:15). It is necessary that we be entirely free from the love of the world if we wish to enjoy the “glorious liberty of the children of God.” The love of the world and the love of the Father are such distinctly separate things that the two can never dwell together. “No man can serve two masters.” And the happiest heart is the one freest from the love of the world and most devoted in its love to the Father.

But “Faith without works is dead.” We must be busily employed in the Master’s service. Those who are not doing anything for the Lord are usually the ones who have time to look about and see the mistakes of others. But those who are doing the most service for the Master are the ones who are receiving the richest blessings. The more difficult the task, the greater the reward; the more strenuous the labor, the sweeter the rest will be.

We are not all called to the same task; for we do not all have the same opportunities. Each of us must fill the place assigned us and happy are we if we fill it so well that in the end the Master may say “Well done.”

If the future depends upon the young, should not we, as young people, as true soldiers of the cross, be more and more concerned about the Master’s business? Then may God help us, that we may awake to a sense of our duty, a realization of our responsibility, a vision of our opportunity, as we have not before; and ever keep before our minds this motto: “For the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.”

Let us pray for one another.

Lela Cassel.

Brookville, Ohio.

ONE OF MANY.

A few years ago, a little girl was a day scholar in our orphanage school. Altho her father was a Hindu, yet, he wanted his little daughter to be educated, so he allowed her to attend our Christian school.

She was a very winsome little Hindu girl and as happy as the day was long. Coming in and out among us we learned to know and love her very dearly. She was a general favorite among the orphanage children and spent most of her time in their company.
Every thing went well with our little friend until she was ten years old, then the blow fell. Attending a Mission school meant more than merely learning to read and write. She had daily instructions in the Bible and learned about Jesus. When she passed the fourth standard in school, she had an experience of salvation and passed from death unto life. In one of our meetings she stood up boldly and testified to the saving power of Jesus, and her childish voice had no uncertain sound when she said she would follow Jesus all the way, and confess Him in her heathen home.

When the Hindu father heard what his child had done, he took steps at once to knock the silly notion of being a Christian from her head, and forthwith beat her unmercifully and warned her never to speak the name of Jesus again. The beating did not have the desired effect for the little girl knew Whom she believed. Her Bible was taken from her and burned; then, when warmings and punishments did not avail, she was taken from school. Hasty arrangements were made for her marriage and in a few months, against the entreaties of the missionaries to spare her, she was married to a wicked, immoral man. At once she was taken to his home. The husband's brother's wife had died and left two little girls. The little girl-wife was installed as cook and housekeeper for two men and had to look after two motherless children.

For a time she passed out of our lives, but one day I came across her in her little home, in Khamgaon. She is now about sixteen years old and lives right in the midst of heathenism. She is very different from the people among whom she lives. Cleanliness characterizes her home while around is dirt and filth. Her neighbors are repulsive looking on account of their uncombed hair and unclean persons, but she is always clean with hair neatly combed and braided. The children of the neighborhood are conspicuous for their lack of dress, but the two motherless girls whom she looks after are dressed all over, and are as neat and clean as our own children. She is not loud and coarse like the women around, but the impress of Christian training is on everything she says and does. One can readily see she has been in touch with Christianity.

The influence she wields over the two little girls is very beautiful. The older one with childish confidence says she means to be a worker for Jesus when she grows up. In secret they love and worship Jesus, and call upon His name in prayer, right in the home where the pictures of odious heathen gods adorn the walls, and where the husband and father follow idolatry in all its dreadful forms.

Th husband hates Christianity and his hatred is poured out on the girl-wife who loves Jesus. Many and cruel are the beatings she receives, and altho we endeavor to keep her supplied with scripture portions they are always taken from her and destroyed. She is not allowed the comfort of reading, being constantly reminded that it is a disgrace for a woman to sit and read. The husband and brother are always quarreling, and usually their hatred for each other comes to blows, and the defenseless wife comes in for her share, and many times is left bruised and unconscious with the two terror-stricken children.

One time, I interfered and sent for her father, because she had been beaten day after day for a week or more until it seemed the frail child would not last very long. Did the father stop the outrageous treatment of his child? No! he simply authorized the husband to go on in the way he thought best to control his wife.

The last time I visited her she wept and cried as she told me the awful things she was forced to endure. There was nothing to be done for the child, for custom and caste permitted all the outrages that were going on in that home. The only refuge was in prayer, and oh, what a sad sorrowful petition went up to Him, who knows and loves and cares! She prayed that she might be kept pure and clean by His blood and walk worthy of Him in the midst of heathenism and sin. We sang hymns and the little girls also prayed. Jesus drew very near and her heart was comforted, but she begged for some plan to be made whereby she could leave the heathen and be identified with the Christians.

There is no way of escape for India's young girl-wives. They live, suffer and die, and the way is doubly hard when they seek to love and serve Jesus.—Emma Krater in India Alliance.

Our pride must have winter weather to rot it.—Rutherford.

“He that soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.”
A GODLY HOME THE BOY'S BEST SAFEGUARD.

Some years ago a Methodist preacher's son graduated at a leading Methodist college in the South, and at once made arrangements to go to a certain great university and begin work for his doctor's degree. It was with joy that he entered the university grounds a day or two before the fall term opened. It had been the ambition of his life to go to this university and work for his degree; and now that he was there and ready to begin his work, he was happy and eager for the opening day to come.

The day before the opening of school the faculty had the students, old and new, to meet them in an informal way that they might become somewhat acquainted with each other before they met in the classroom. The meeting was open and free in its manner, and the faculty asked the old students to relate some of the experiences they had had during their vacation. This they did in a happy vein for an hour or so, and faculty and students felt much closer together for the meeting. Then a student who had spent his vacation selling books in the mountains of West Virginia related some of his experiences with people he had met. He told of their homes and habits of life and then of their religious life. Their faith in the Bible was absolute, even crediting fully the stories of Jonah and the whale and the raising of Lazarus from the dead by Jesus. The student pitied these poor mountain people in their ignorance and superstition and wished they had intelligent preachers who could teach and lead them aright. Many laughed at such faith in the Bible and made light remarks about it. The faculty agreed with the student in his views and branded such faith in the Bible as false and misleading and preachers who taught such doctrines as ignoramuses who were not worthy of recognition.

The meeting ended, and all went to their rooms with instructions to meet the faculty next day at a certain hour for assignment of work in the different departments. But the preacher's son went to his room thinking little about the morrow's meeting. He had a more serious question to settle. The Christian faith of his father and mother had been assailed and branded as foolishness, and it was the faith on which he had built his life. The Bible had been declared unworthy of learned people's confidence, and yet it was the book that his parents took counsel from every day and went to for comfort when in trouble. Was their religion true or false? The question had to be settled before anything else could be taken up. His mind went back to the old family altar at home, and he remembered how, with his father and mother, he had bowed at it morning and evening while his father talked to God for them all. It had been in the home ever since he could remember, and he knew it was there still. It was the place where they had met with God and talked with Him. No place in his childhood was so sacred and full of tender memories. Could he give up such a faith and accept the faith of strangers, tho they were learned men who were soon to be his teachers? No he could not. The decision was emphatic.

The struggle thru which he passed was terrible, coming as it did amid new surroundings and strange people. For the time it eclipsed all other questions. He had been nearly swept off his feet by this sudden and unexpected wave of skepticism from the faculty and student body. But he could not go back on the piety and integrity of his parents. He knew they loved him as no others did, and would not deceive him for the world. He had seen their sacrifices for him while he was in college, and even then they were making sacrifices that he might take his university course. They were proud of him and were expecting much of him in the future. Their religion was not mockery; it was comforting to their hearts and made them a blessing wherever
they went. Professors and students might sneer at it, but it had made him what he was, and he was going to hold it fast.

This young man lived up to his decision on that terrible night and finished his university course. He came out of the university with a reputation for integrity and lofty ideals, and at once was called to the head of a fitting school for boys. He has since then risen step by step in the work until at present he is president of a leading Methodist college in the South and is now directing the education of hundreds of young men as the years come and go. He has not forgotten that afternoon and night at the university when he faced the greatest crisis of his life. He does not hesitate to say that it was the religious training at home that saved him from infidelity. This is one testimony to the power of a godly home, greater than the power of a great university. What an argument for the family altar! — Christian Advocate.

THE PANAMA ENGINEER.

A young railway engineer, working down in Panama, was careless and ran his engine past a switch, making a poor record for himself. He felt so ashamed that he determined to leave and go back to the United States. He went to Colonel Goethals, the commander in the canal zone, and asked for his discharge, and also for a letter of recommendation to a certain railway official at home.

"Very well," said Colonel Goethals, "I will send him a record of your transcript of service."

The engineer flushed and explained that that was exactly what he did not want. He would prefer that his careless mistake be wiped off the record.

Colonel Goethals looked squarely into his eyes.

"Your record is your record," he said softly, "and if you have made one you do not like to stand on, there is nothing for it but to make a better record next time."

It was a whole sermon in a single sentence, and it struck home. The engineer returned to his job and made a record of which he had no further need to be ashamed. His case is the case of a number of engineers in life who need the same counsel. What is done is done. Running away from a mistake does not change it. The only way to win is to make good, and to make good inspite of past mistakes.

A man's best chance to make good often lies in the very place where he has failed. To cover up failure is of little use. To live down failure is far better. To a man determined to do that, no failure is final. Any sin can be forgiven. Any life can be started afresh. That is the promise of God to man—a promise upon which any one can lay hold, and build anew and enduringly.—Forward.

ROSEBANK, KANS.

On Saturday, Aug. 9, the brethren and sisters of the Rosebank, Kan., district, met in a harvest and praise service. Some visitors were present from adjoining districts including Bishop M. G. Engle and Eld. Wm. Page. The day was hot with scorching winds and dust to face, yet many were the praises to God for the natural harvest, and most of all for a present salvation rising above the natural conditions, with no corn, and a scarcity of feed in sight, we having this confidence that our God shall supply all our needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Praise His name!

Special mention was made of Paul's advice "speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." Also "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into the world, and certainly we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment let us therewith be content." Services closed with an offering of $21.00 (twenty-one) for the poor and an application meeting for baptism.

On Sunday following, after the Sunday School hour, Eld. Page addressed us on the theme of baptism, followed by Bishop M. G. Engle who gave the customary exhortations and questions to five children, ranging in ages from eleven to thirteen years. Immediately after services they followed the Lord in the ordinance of baptism, and we trust rose to walk in newness of life. In the absence of Bishop J. N. Engle, baptism was administered by Bishop M. G. Engle. Will you help us pray that these lambs may be fed and kept true to their Master, and spend their lives in the Lord's service. — Cor.
FROM TEXAS.

Just a few lines for the Visitor. I praise the dear Lord many times for His great love to us all: how He spares our lives from time to time. My daily prayer is that I may show forth my thankfulness to God by a close walk with Him day by day. I believe I can say that every day there wells up within my heart a real praise to God for permitting me to return again to my companion and help share the duties of life, both temporal and spiritual.

The work here in Texas is moving on slowly. We have preaching services every Lord's day, Sunday school at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. To me it is a pleasure to see the interest the children are taking in committing verses in order to win prizes. Help us pray that lasting impressions may be made.

We have shipped the tent to Elmer, Mich. O that many souls may be won for Christ! Let us all help by real earnest prayer for the workers. We too need the prayers of the saints, that we may be alive and in real earnest in God's cause. Let us not forget the admonition given by our editor in behalf of the Boulter family for they certainly have been passing through great trials. The thought came to my mind today, How would we feel if one of our children had gone blind. O let us be much in prayer for those who are passing through great trials, also the aged widows in their lonely hours. O I love to go aside alone to pray and often ask for more of a spirit of prayer.

Mary J. Long.

Salem Texas.

A VISIT.

In response to a strong plea to come over and help us, the writer, his wife, and Bro. D. L. Book and wife, left home July 11, for Crawford, Okla., a small island town, 22 miles from the R. R. station, 75 miles west of Thomas, Okla. We went by train to Strong City and were met by Bro. Herren and were taken by carriage to the place of meeting. There is a small number of earnest Christians living there. They had in former years lived near the Brethren church at Thomas and had come in contact with the gospel of full salvation but at that time made no profession of religion. Some years later having a chance to file on land in Western Oklahoma they moved there and later found the Lord precious to their souls and united with a church that preaches a sinning religion. These people having some knowledge of the more excellent way sought the Lord for a deeper work, and found the life more abundant and bore testimony to the same which seemed to stir carnality in the church where they held membership, and later they were expelled. These people seem to be very humble and earnest in the spirit and anxious to do the whole will of God.

They built a large arbor in the town for the meetings to be held under, and during the ten days meeting, the attendance and interest were good and conviction was on the people. Some expressed a determination to live closer to God. One found the Lord precious to his soul, and the meeting closed with a good spirit and many hearty hand shakes. The dear ones who called us to hold the meeting have no membership at present in the church, and are thinking of uniting with the Brethren in the near future. They are not rich in money and lands but their desire is to be rich toward God. May the word and the Holy Spirit be their Guide.

D. R. Eyster.

SOUDERTON, PA.

The brethren baptized an aged sister on Aug. 2, and on the following day, Sunday the 3rd, a brother and his wife were baptized and united with the brethren.

On Saturday, Aug. 16, the harvest meeting was held at Silverdale, and was well attended. Bro. J. K. Bowers preached from Psalm 116:12, 13, being assisted by Bro. Mahlon Souders (Mennonite) in German. The home brethren were also glad to have Bro. Samuel D. Wingert and wife and Bro. H. B. Burkholder and wife, both of North Franklin, Pa., district, in our community on a visit. In the evening the time was occupied in prayer, song, and testimony. It was a Spirit filled meeting. Our Sunday services were fairly well attended, and the messages were inspiring, being food for our souls. Christ said, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

Henry F. Rosenberger, Cor.

Souderton harvestmeeting, Saturday Sept. 13, at 2 p.m.
ONE THING NEEDED.

No one denies that the church is suffering from a serious spiritual disorder. Many are anxiously crying, “Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick.” It is an internal disorder. The vitals are affected. The trouble lies near the heart. The manifestations of the disease are manifold. There is great lack of vitality in witness and work. The eyes fail of vision and can not see afar off, and the ears are dull of hearing. The voice is weak, and its accents are lost in the chatter and confusion within and without. The appetite is abnormal, and calls for strange morsels from the fat feasts of the world. Dainties and delicacies are called for. No strong food can be received into the system or retained if administered. The extremities are cold—cold feet and cold hands. Somehow the patient is cold all over, and can’t get warmed up. Hypodermites are used now and then and are of use but for the time, always leaving the situation worse and the patient weakened.

The doctors are many. They are gathered about the patient as the “comforters” of Job. The prognosticians and diagnosticians are prophesying and prescribing. In opinion they are much divided and greatly differ. One says, “It is just old age, and decrepitude; the patient can not last long, so let her die.” Another says, “She needs more light and better than the ‘old light’” and he prescribes a “new religion.” Another concludes that she has been “too spiritual,” and not sufficiently “social.” He suggests sociology for theology, and reformation for regeneration. Fix things up on the outside, and things on the inside will be all right. Another thinks a change of diet would be good. She has swallowed too many fables, miracles and allegories, and therefore needs more of the “natural” and less of the “supernatural.”

But the truth of the situation is, she needs more blood in the system! “The life is in the blood” Lev. 12:11. Said Jesus the Great Physician: “Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.” John 6:53. The church does not need doctoring, but doctrine! Doctrine the church needs or sustenance. The word “doctrine,” is found fifty-five times in the Bible. Some people do not know this. “My doctrine,” said Jehovah. “My doctrine is not mine,” John 7:16. “Take heed to the doctrine,” says Paul. I Tim. 4:16. The “doctrine of Christ,” says John. It is the doctrine the church needs, not doctoring! “Sound doctrine,” says the Apostle. Titus 1:9. “Uncorrupt doctrine.” Titus 2:7. The old church does not need the Allopath, the Osteopath or the Homeopath, but the “old path.” Give the church doctrine which is the substance and the truth about God, and she will be strong and vigorous. Feed her with what God has provided.

The death, burial, and the resurrection of the Son of God is vital enough for all victory. Doctoring takes us away from the Bible. “All Scripture.... is profitable for doctrine.” Doctor by doctrine, and dibilitation will give way to evangelization. There is “balm in Gilead,” there is a physician there. The way to cure a sick church is not by doctoring, but by doctrine, and by this we will “adorn the doctrine of God.” Titus 2:10. The emaciated church will become an evangelizing church, and a weakened church will become a witnessing and working church.—Way of Holiness.

“Tis not for man to trifle, For Life is brief and sin is here.”
LOST SOULS. 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 grashing of teeth! What eternities of despair! Irredeemably lost. No chance for a light to shine out in 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 hope 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 finding 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 amidst the outer darkness! Lost in the smoke of torment! Lost in the lake of fire and brimstone! Lost amidst 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. 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 is 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 INFINITY.

To-day thy hands are busy at work, thine eyes are beholding, thine 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.

And, reader, thine 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 today. Drown not its voice lest it 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 thy 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—is 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.

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

This Tract can be had of S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., 15c per 100, $1.00 per 1000, postpaid.