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George Detwiler

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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.

Evangelical Visitor.

GRANTHAM, PA.
September 8, 1913
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CATO AND THE INK BOTTLE.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God,
and renew a right spirit within me."

There was an old colored man, who
made loud profession of Christianity, but
whose life did not harmonize with his
words. A faithful minister resolved to
reason with him. Meeting him one
day, he asked: "Well Cato, what grounds
have you for believing yourself a true
Christian?"

"Been baptized, massa," answered Ca­
to, placing marked emphasis upon the
word baptized. The minister tried in
vain to convince the ignorant man that
mere baptism could not avail to make
him a child of God. Cato had been
taught that the water of baptism cleans-
eth the heart of all sinfulness, and he
was not willing to relinquish so comfort-
able and easy a doctrine. He believed
in baptismal regeneration.

A happy illustration occurred to the
minister’s mind. He invited Cato into
his study, took an empty ink bottle from
a shelf, and holding it before the black
man, said, "Cato, do you suppose that I
can cleanse this bottle by washing the
outside of it with water?"

"No, massa, yo’ must wash de inside
too, to get him clean;" answered Cato,
ever suspecting the minister’s trap.
"Very good, Cato," answered the clergy-
man. "Now how do you suppose a
little water applied to the outside of a
man, can cleanse sin from his heart,
which is within him?"

Cato’s stolid, black face changed. The
Holy Spirit had used the illustration to
send a shaft of conviction to his heart.
"I sees it now, massa, I sees it;" said he,
placing his hand upon his forehead, as if
to brush away the clouds of bewilderment.
"My heart be like de inside o’
dat bottle. Baptism no cleanse de in-
side. I mus’ seek de power o’ de Spirit
to make my black heart white."—Sel.

"Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I’ve tasted,
More deep I’ll drink above;
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand.
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel’s land”.

No religion which presents false views
of Christ can present right views of liv-
ing.
SUNDAY SCHOOLS, ATTENTION.

We sent order blanks to all of the schools about the middle of August and have at this date, Sept. 2, received only one order for supplies for 4th quarter. We would kindly request that all orders be sent in without delay so that there may be no delay in filling them.

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBER.

All new subscriptions, beginning Oct. 1, will be credited until Jan. 1915 for one dollar. We ask that special efforts be made to add many new names to our list.

RENEW! RENEW!

All who are in arrears in their account with the Visitor are requested to renew at once. There are a few whose names must be dropped if not soon renewed. Let us hear from you NOW.

Sunday work is generally considered a necessity for railroaders. The work goes on on the first day of the week without interruption. If there are fewer passenger trains it gives opportunity to move more freight instead. But what one Christian railroader was able to do when he felt it to be the Lord's will that he should not work on Sunday the following interesting testimony will show. It is reprinted from The Sunday School Times of August 23.

"In the Times of June 28, appeared an article on Sunday labor. The subject being brought up by a railroad man,
and I being a railroad man myself, I would like to give my testimony on this matter for the benefit of this brother and others.

"I accepted Jesus as my Savior two years ago the seventh day of October next. I was then, and am now, a yard conductor on the night tour, in the yards, seven nights in a week, but I did not feel that I was doing wrong; in fact I tho't that God would hold the railroad company responsible for forcing me to work on Sunday.

"Now the pastor of my church, who was a very evangelistic and spiritual man, started a campmeeting five miles out from our town, and I attended several meetings in the morning and afternoon, having to work at night, of course.

"During these meetings I saw that if God would, or could, use me in His service, I must give up all into His care, and be ready to go where He wanted me to. It meant that I must be ready to give up my job, my home, and everything I possessed, or ever would possess, and there in that tent, one afternoon, I told God He could have all. That was when He became my Lord and Master.

"Well, it came Sunday night and God spoke to me and told me that He wanted one-seventh of my time. Right away Satan said, 'If you refuse to work anymore on Sunday, you will lose your job.' Then God spoke and said, 'You told me I could have your job.' So I said, 'All right, Lord, I will let you take care of my job, and I will not work anymore Sundays as long as I live for anyone.'

"So the next day I went to our yardmaster, who was a very ungodly man, and told him I could not work anymore Sundays, and also told him why. To my surprise he told me I would not have to, and I have had two different yardmasters since, and I have not worked one single Sunday since then, and that was just one year ago yesterday. Any railroad man who reads this will know what it means for one to refuse to be called out on Sunday under any circumstances.

"God has taken care of my job, and wonderfully blessed me for taking the stand I took.

Romans 14: 12 is the Scripture that told me I would be responsible for my own actions and not the company."

A second testimony in the same issue of the Times is equally interesting. This one writes of being in the railroad service for twenty years, the first five without any Sunday service. In the sixth year came the first demand for Sunday work in which as operator he was required to be in the office much of the time on Sunday. Being Sunday school superintendent in the village he had to leave the church during service to report a passing train. It took but a few moments but his mind was not at ease as he felt he was breaking the fourth commandment, and to be the leader of the Sunday school under the circumstances seemed to him inconsistent. He wrote a brief note to his superintendent next morning about the matter asking what he would advise to do—observe the laws of God or the rules of man, that since he could not make the new rule and the fourth commandment harmonize he was compelled to choose between the two. The superintendent gave him to understand that the rule must be carried out. The superintendent gave him to understand that the rule must be carried out. Now what should he do? He had a family to support, and felt it was hard to give up a good job. He sought for advice to his father, his pastor, his wife. None could decide the question for him. Several long letters passed between him and the railroad officials. They tried to show that it was a work of necessity
and no wrong to do it on Sunday. He found it to be the severest test of his life and had no peace of conscience until he resigned his position. In reply to his notice of resignation he received a telegram which offered him a position in a larger town, at a larger salary and "no Sunday work nor likely to be." He writes, "I accepted, and in two years received another promotion with a hundred per cent. increase of income. I was in the employ of the same road for fifteen years after this temptation to surrender principle, and never had more than an hour at a time of Sunday work to do. This experience came over thirty years ago. It has been a help in testing times ever since. Our Father is able and willing to care for us if we obey His commandments."

The newspaper is considered to be a public necessity, and there are few homes in the land where it does not go. We do not wish to discount its usefulness, but we cannot fail to notice that thru its columns much that is an enemy to the good, as represented by the teachings of Jesus Christ, is scattered broadcast into the homes of the land be they Christian or otherwise. There is much that is un-Christian if not anti-Christian. This, of course, is almost so of necessity since the newspaper is supposed to provide what its patrons want, and among them probably the fewest are Christians. Yet it is a serious matter, be the people Christian or not, to have coming into our homes thru the press, not only information and literature the influence of which on youthful readers is hurtful and has a tendency to unsettle them in the principles of that which is pure and good, but also brings into the homes the teachings of the destructive higher criticism, Russelism, Theosophy, etc. Russelism has long been to the front in using the newspaper to disseminate its heretical teachings. More recently we have noticed that the noted author, and attractive writer, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is discoursing freely in the press, on the virtues of Theosophy, the Hindu system of religion. And in this way these anti-Christian cults are brought favorably before the people of the land with the result that Christ and His salvation are crowded out. Of necessity it is incumbent on Christian parents to carefully guard their homes against the harmful literature that floods the land, and to watch out for some of these things in the local weekly which comes as a friend to our homes. As a rule the newspaper has no conscience, posing as a friendly purveyor of news, but is doing its work for the money that is in it. So if Russelism or Theosophy or any other cult pays the price the paper is willing to receive what they have to give and asks no questions.

Another staunch defender of the faith as opposed to the destructive higher criticism, as also all other new fangled teaching, and what he designated as "the cooking-stove apostasy," has passed to his reward. Rev. E. P. Marvin of Lockport, N. Y. recently was called to the beyond. Both by voice and pen did he faithfully warn against these latter day heresies, and worldliness in the churches.

Believers who own automobiles have need of watchfulness that the "lure of the wild" does not prove stronger than their convictions of duty, and instead of regularly attending the Sunday school and church service as before, they are found speeding here and there thru the
country in company with friends who are strangers to God. There is constant danger of our goodness leaking out so slowly and imperceptibly that we scarcely realize that it has gone. The apostle writes that it is necessary to give the more earnest heed to the things we have heard lest at any time we should let them slip,—leak out as from a leaky vessel. (Hab. 2: 1). The admonition is needed now as well as then. We have read of the Christian man who if for some reason was prevented from being present at a church service felt it incumbent on him to explain his absence to his pastor. If there were more tender consciences there would be less of "don't care" among Christian professors.

Our sister, Leah Ulery, of Springfield, Ohio, writes us that she has now reached her home again after an extended visit in Pennsylvania. She is well and praises the Lord for His goodness to her during her absence from home. As we are under necessity of re-writing her letter it is held over for our next issue.

On account of a breakdown at the printing plant the mailing of this issue of the Visitor has been delayed several days. We hope this will not occur often, knowing that there is disappointment when the paper fails to appear regularly and on time.

We would again remind those who write for the Visitor to not crowd the writing. Don't try to see how saving you can be with the paper, give the writing plenty of room, and don't use large sheets of paper. Sheets about five or six inches wide is preferable. Lately we have had to rewrite articles and let-

(Continued on page 22)
knowing the first principles of civilized ways of labor, knowing but little if anything of Jesus, but with one redeeming feature—a desire to learn. See them now, clean and neatly clad, reading intelligently the Word of the Lord, see them sewing their own clothing, and above all, hear their testimony of deliverance from sin, and see their consistent lives that prove the truth of their testimony. When one sees these things, he does not ask, "Does it pay?" but rather, "Why did we not begin sooner?" and "Can we not open still other schools?" Practically the same things could be said of the boys' school at Matopo and Macha Missions, tho of course their industrial work is somewhat different.

The question is often asked, and naturally, too, "Can the work ever become self-supporting, and how soon?" This again raises another question—What is most desired, a self-supporting mission, or one continually growing and extending her influence? Now it would be possible I think to make any of the missions self-supporting in a short time by laying special stress on the temporal at the expense of the spiritual. If our prime object is to make money—well, we can make it. But if we want to build up the spiritual part, erect permanent buildings, open up out-stations, send out native teachers, and enlarge the sphere of our influence, then the expense will be greater, and we may need to depend to a larger extent on the contributions from home. It means something to go into a new country and begin with nothing to build up a large and prosperous mission. It means many days of hard labor and thousands of dollars in money to get a mission well established. But given a mission with good buildings, well stocked with cattle and other animals, well furnished with all kinds of farming imple-

ments and machinery, I see no reason why it should not usually be self-supporting. But there is the ever-present possibility of another famine coming upon us like the one this year. In such cases, our financial hopes are thwarted. Moreover, as the missions become older, the native congregations should be expected to contribute more and more to the work. They ought in some places at least to support the native teachers, tho it is doubtful if they should ever be expected to contribute very largely to the general support of the mission.

Besides industrial missions as described above, built up in the country among the homes of the natives, the brethren also have two missions established in the mining compounds of Johannesburg. Tho at these latter places, it is undoubtedly harder to build up a permanent church, yet here where thousands of natives are congregated for work in the mines is a wonderful field for seed sowing. And if Europeans call the natives together to dig gold for them, and many classes come to exploit the natives, teach them their profanity, infidelity, and sensuality, why should not also the Gospel Missionary take advantage of the opportunity thus made for him, and come with healing balm? And what we do must be done quickly. For the longer a native has been on a mine the harder he is to reach with the Gospel. Praise the Lord, however, many young men have yielded themselves to the Lord on the mines and afterward went home to teach their people. Who can tell, where their influence will end?

But, says one, look at the lives that this mission work has cost, see the thousands of dollars that have been expended. True, large sums of money have been expended and our precious co-laborers have laid down their lives. But they
did it willingly and gladly. Only a short time before our sainted brother, Levi Doner, laid down his armor he made the expression, "What we need is missionaries who are not afraid to die on the field." How little he thought at the time that so soon he himself would exemplify his statement. And yet, I believe that none who knew him would question that he was of that type. God too made a sacrifice for us, when He gave His Son. Jesus made a sacrifice by giving Himself. Should not we also make a sacrifice? The soldier goes to the battlefield and lays down his life for the cause of territorial aggrandizement. But God also has His soldiers who are willing, if need be, to die for His cause. God give us soldiers.

"I know a land that is sunken in shame,  
A land where they faint and tire, 
I know of a name, a name, a name  
That will set that land on fire. 
I know of a name, a name, a name,  
That will set that land on fire."

THE BIBLE.

I again come in Jesus name, Psalm 119:105, has been occupying my mind, in connection with the word Bible.

The Bible is not only the revealer of the unknown God to man, but His grand interpreter as the God of nature. In revealing God, it has given us the mysteries of creation. The glass thru which to look "from nature up to nature's God."

It is only when we stand and gaze upon nature, with the Bible in our hands, and its idea of God in our understanding, that nature is capable of rising to her highest majesty, and kindling in our souls the highest emotions of moral beauty. Without the all pervading spiritual God of the Bible in our thoughts nature's sweetest music would lose its charms.

Dear readers, could we but for a moment stand with our open Bible upon the Areopagus of Athens where Paul stood so long ago, and in thoughtful silence, look around the site of all that ancient greatness; look upward to those still glorious skies of Greece, and what conception of wisdom and power would all those scenes of nature and art convey to your mind?

They would tell of Him who made the worlds; by whom, thru whom, and for whom, are all things. It would speak to us of but one living and everlasting God.

Again let us stand with David and Isaiah under the star spangled canopy of the night; and as you look away to the range of planets; take up the mighty question of inspiration. Or go stand upon the heights of Niagara, and listen to that boldest, most earnest, and most eloquent of all nature's orators! And what is Niagara with its plunging waters and its mighty roar, but the oracle of God, the whisper of His voice who is revealed in the Bible as sitting above the water-floods forever! Who can stand amid scenes like these, with the Bible in his hand, and not feel there is a moral sublimity to be found on earth? It is in the book of God, it is the thought of God.

Dear readers, did you ever stop and think, that the oldest reliable history is that given by Moses, when God said, "Let there be light, and there was light," on down for four thousand years, the sacred volume follows the fortunes of God's chosen people.

It does not unfold to us the mysteries of Geology, Astronomy, or Chemistry, yet it does train the mind for its loftiest flights and its broadest explorations.
The Bible is adapted to every possible variety of taste, temperament, culture and condition. It has strong reasoning for the intellectual. It takes the calm and contemplative to the well-balanced James, and the affectionate to the loving and beloved John. The pensive or sad may read the tender Lamentations, and the funeral strains of Jeremiah. Let the hopeful commune with Joel: and the plain and practical may go to the wise Ecclesiastes or the out spoken Peter. Or if you desire take the wings of imagination and leap from earth to heaven, or wander thru eternity, then open the Revelation, and pore over and fill yourself with the glory of the New Jerusalem, and listen to the seven thunders; and gaze on the pearly gates and the golden streets of the heavenly city.

Not only is this book precious to the poor and unlearned, but the scholar and the sage bow to its authority. It also has encountered many a scorn and hardship, but praise the Lord none of these things ever moved it because it bore the stamp of a special revelation and the seal of the eternal God.

To multitudes of our race this book is not only the foundation of our religious faith, but our daily practical guide. It has taken hold of the world as no other book ever did. It is the golden chain which binds hearts together at the marriage altar. It contains the sacred formula for the baptismal rite. I also look at a good mother as she parts with her son or daughter, with her tearful prayers she will fold among their apparel a Bible. To untold millions it is their pillar cloud by day and fire column by night. Also stand before it as a mirror and you will see there not only your good traits, but errors, follies, and sins, which you did not imagine were there until now.

If you desire to make constant improvement, go then to the Bible. It not only shows the way of all progress, but it incites you to go forward, it opens before you a path leading up and still upward, along which good angels will cheer you, and God Himself will lend you a helping hand.

Never yet has a human being gone to the Bible who did not find His words true: “How its blessed truth extend with electric force thru all the avenues and elements of the home existence,” giving music to language, elevation to thought, vitality to feeling, intensity to power, beauty and happiness. It is a book for the mind, the heart, the conscience the will and the life.

It is a comfort to the house of mourning, and a check to the house of feasting. It gives seed to the sower, and bread to the eater. It is simple, yet grand, mysterious, yet plain. It is within the comprehension of a little child.

The family Bible has given to the Christian home that unmeasured superiority in all the dignities and enjoyment of life, over the home of the heathen.

Take this book from the family, natural affection will sink to mere brute fondness, and what we now call home would become a den of sullen selfishness and barbaric lust. Therefore let us cling to the Bible, it is a lamp to our feet and a light to our pathway.

Hummelstown, Pa.

Beloved editor and minister of the Gospel, God grant you the needed grace in your ministry.

I greet all the saints in the name of Jesus. My theme is John 1:14. “The Word was made flesh and dwelt among
us (and we behold his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth."

O my soul does magnify God, the Father, that His Son was made flesh. O, all ye saints, magnify God: praise His name that the Word was made flesh. Yes, hidden in order to give Himself to us—Thou who art the Light and the Life of the world, manifest to Thy saints Thy grandeur and Thy beauty. Let Thy saints be penetrated and filled with greater confidence, gratitude and love, for to receive this holy Jesus is to receive Thee, our God. O how deeply we should be penetrated by so great an action! What a happiness and glory!

O praise His dear name forever for those, Thy saints. All who receive Jesus will become the children of God. O Jesus, Thy saints are lost in the depths of Thy ineffable mysteries, in the immense ocean of Thy great mercies. O bind Thy saints to Thee with a still stronger bond of love and true oneness. The only way we can make our returns for His benefits is to give Him our all. O glory, hallelujah for such a Savior, who was made flesh and dwelt among men. O that we may be yet more like Him, in mind, thoughts, words, deeds, and actions. Words fail me. I am not able to fully express the meaning of the words spoken as they really deserve. Mortal tongue is inadequate to express it. I am feasting on the good things of the land of Canaan.

Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, I believe there is a time coming that will try our faith, whether we are and do know that the Word was made flesh unto us. But the Lord is preparing His saints for that time, and He will give us the words that are to be spoken. O for more holy boldness to speak and hold forth the whole counsel and word of God in all its power, truth and purity, and that thereby sinners will be made to tremble so as to repent and be saved.

Your sister
Fannie Hoover.

Ronks, Pa., Aug. 12, 1913.

FROM THE OUTGOING MISSIONARIES.

Dear editor:

For the first time, in this capacity, we greet you in Jesus’ precious name. Up to this time we have found Isa. 33: 19 a sure answer to every rising obstacle in the way against our entering such a hard field as India is reputed (rightly we think) to be. This assurance direct from the Throne however we find, finds its most inspiring promise coupled with Zech. 4: 6. With these promises given us, we feel no fear, no dread, no hesitancy, at the thought of crossing nearly 11,000 miles of watery expanse. Rather the delightful, even ecstatic sense of joy whelms our soul in the holy consciousness of worth or value in our Master’s heart.

Life’s toil shall be sweet to us, for toil it shall be, not for bread for ourselves but for Life for others. Life mastery is Life’s mystery, and we long to reveal to needy souls the One thru whom the mystery of perfect mastery is perfectly solved—yea even more—thru whom this same “priceless pearl” is given as the world’s needed “faith-gift.” Wonderful Gift! Divine Giver!

The Lord is, in matchless love, unravelling the mystery of His nature to us, His little ones. We are keenly aware of His rich, holy inspiring Presence, as He labors within toward the perfecting of His gifts, and the preservation of our lives, thru the “inner vision.”

In these last days of preparation, pure joy is ours, as we near the advent of our
life-work in India. These are the days of our ardour. Soon will commence the years of unending labor.

Passing out from among those of like precious faith, we doubtlessly shall come in vital contact with those whose “fibre of life,” nature of heart, thought, zeal, and ideal, are foreign to us; whose very temperament, dress, food and homes are much wanting in those things and elements which constitute the content of our corresponding conditions.

In the sharp struggle for the Cross and its Way, our foes will be relentless, and knowing this, we plead for Christian sympathy from those to whom our faith unites us, that we may prevail in the conflict thru Christ.

Assured thru others who have gone before of the coming stress and strain, we accept them as part of our hope. But conscious of self-insufficiency a second time we plead, not for sympathy in our work, but in the words of Isa. 35:3 we beseech our dear brethren to “strengthen our weak hands, and confirm our (human) tottering knees” thru your prayers. (At this moment our Bible is open at Isaiah 40: and verses 29 to 31 have just come to our eyes. Praise the Lord for His Word!)

Tonight the perennial sense of coming victory thru Jesus’ Name and the Holy Spirit’s Power, lingers as a thrilling inspiration.

God has called us to labor in India both for the promulgation of His Word, and for the loyal support of our own dear Brotherhood. The work, thus, is double; the joy is proportioned to the task. We love the song “For Christ and the Church,” and we love our relation to Him and Her, vitally, doctrinally and organically, or in other words, their spirit, their religious teaching and their government. Praise His Holy Name!

Let our brethren feel assured, that, as God stimulates our mind and guides the motives of our heart, we shall teach the pure word of God—the “Whole Book of Truth.”

Our visit thru out the Brotherhood has brought us varied experiences, but none of a nature to dis-hearten. We doubt not but that the gentle rebuffs we have received, were for our edification and the promulgation of His cause. Assuredly we have learned to love our dear brethren and sisters more deeply. Indeed it would be difficult to name all the manifold advantages accruing from our trip, thru the East, North, Middle West and West. Many of the impressions we received, and the kind remarks of some of our dear faith-friends will linger long after we have severed physical connections with our beloved-land, America.

And now the day is soon here when we go forth to war for the Lord, for the salvation of souls.

If there is no preventing providence, we shall be committed to the “great deep”. Oct. 1, at San Francisco, California. By schedule we will reach Honolulu Oct 7, Yokohama, (Japan), Oct. 18, Manila (Philippine Islands) Oct. 30, Hong Kong (China) Nov 1. At Hong Kong we lay over until Nov. 5. We will arrive by schedule at Calcutta, India, Nov. 20.

From San Francisco to Hong Kong we sail on the 27,000 ton vessel “Mongolia,” owned by the Thomas Cook and Son S. S. Co. From Hong Kong to Calcutta we will sail on a small 6,000 ton vessel, under the Indo-China S. S. Co. called Apacar Line.

Sister Effie Rohrer, my companion and myself will constitute the present com-
pany. But we appreciate it much that one is standing beside us "like the Son of God."

As we labor in His Field our hearts will often be with you in the home land, praying for new recruits to help press the battle harder for the Lord. Bear us up in prayer, so shall blessing flow upon yourselves and us.

Yours in His Name for India,

Bro. and Sr. H. L. Smith.

Upland, Cal., Aug. 5, 1913.

THE WIGWAM WAS LOST.

The great difficulty in preaching the gospel to the world is convincing men of their lost estate. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost," unless a man believes he is lost, there is little chance of his accepting a Savior. It is a well known fact that an Indian prides himself on his being able to find his way and never being lost. On one occasion, however, an Indian lost the trail and wandered for days without finding his "wigwam." At last some white men met him and asked him if he was lost. "No," he replied, "Indian not lost. Wigwam lost." This is just the attitude of many a man who believes that "luck is against him," "society is all to blame," "the church is a failure," etc., etc. Everything is wrong, but of course he is right.—Sel.

The Census of India, with 315,000,000 people, was taken on a night, from 8 to 12 o'clock, set by the English government.

Greece does not allow the Bible in modern Greek to be distributed within its realm. It is the only country in Europe which has this policy today.

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.

H. Frances Davidson, Lewis Steckley, Elizabeth Engle, Macha Mission, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa.


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

Jesse and Docia Wenger, box 10, Boxburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

India.

The following are not under the Foreign Mission Board:

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

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

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

Central America.

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

On Furlough

Myron and Adda Taylor

Jesse and Docia Wenger.

OUR CITY MISSIONS.

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

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

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


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

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

We feel to say with the Psalmist: “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, Bless his holy name.” When we think of all the Lord is to us we surely have reason to praise Him. We want to thank all the dear ones who have a part in supporting the work at this place. It takes means to carry on the work of the Lord and also bodily strength. I can praise the Lord for that. I am sure if I could not look up I would fail. Pray for us that the Lord may have His way with us.

FINANCIAL.

Report for May, June, July, 1913.

Receipts.

Sr. H. N. Lehman, $2.00; Daniel Wolgemuth, $2.00; Amos Wolgemuth, $1.00; Edward Diehl, $5.00; Mission S. S. $1.79; A sister, $1.00; Alfred Rotz, tithe, $5.00; H. N. Lehman, $1.00; Emma Wingert, $2.00; Bro & Sr. A. O. Wenger, $10.00; Total, $31.07.

Expenditures.

Provisions, $10.84; fuel, $2.35; light, $3.76; provisions per brother and sister A. O. Wenger, $10.00; Total, $26.95.

Balance on hand, $4.09.

A. O. and Elizabeth Wenger.

August 3, 1913.

SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

Greetings in the precious name of Jesus; “Him hath God exalted with His right hand, to be a prince and a Savior, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins.”

The works during the past month has on the whole been quite encouraging. On the 10th of Aug. we enjoyed the privilege of receiving into church fellowship a brother who was converted in the Mission about a year ago. The baptism which took place in the afternoon, was, we believe, an occasion of blessing to all who witnessed it.

From the 14th to the 18th we were favored with a visit by our Bro & Sr. H. L. Smith, formerly of Grantham, Pa., but now on their way to India. Their ministry among us was blessed of God, and several souls sought the Lord at that time. Among others was a backslider who now gives a bright testimony of his restoration to the favor and fellowship of God.

Also at other times during the month, we have been privileged to pray with those who felt their need of a Savior. One special case was that of a man, formerly a preacher of a certain denomination, who thru giving heed to arguments against holiness, and reading theological books which taught contrary to sanctification, became tangled up and left preaching, thus getting entirely out of line with God’s will, and was when we last saw him, suffering the spiritual estrangement from God which always follows the refusal, or neglect, to walk in the light as so plainly revealed in the word of the Lord. Prior to his coming into the Mission, this man had not heard a gospel message for three years, having been employed in the oil fields near Bakersfield, Cal., where, according to his testimony, there are a number of hungry hearts in need of some one to lead them to Jesus. Every now and then we hear the call “Come over and help us,” from different parts of our state, but so far we have been unable to extend the answer that we would like to, on account of our having all we can do with our work in the city. The need in a good many out-of-the-way mining and lumbering camps in this part of the country, is that of consecrated, spirit-filled young brethren who could go and live and work right among the men, and show them by example as well as by precept, the true way of salvation. May God raise up those who are able to go and give to these “other sheep” the Bread of Life for which their souls are hungering.

FINANCIAL.

Report for July 24 to Aug. 24, 1913.

Receipts.

Sr. Rose Pendleton, Urbana, Ohio, $10.00; Sr. Katie Haugh, Wakena, Cal., $5.00; Bro. Jacob Myers, Wakena, Cal., $10.00; Hamlin S. S., Morril, Kan., $10.25; Odd Hill S. S., Kindersly, Sask., $0.25; Hall offering, $37.01; Total, $78.51.

Expenditures.

Car fare, $8.10; Table supplies, $20.80; household, water, gas, 100 bars of soap etc., $11.74; poor, $1.25; Hall expenses, electric light, paint etc., $6.70; house rent, $8.00; hall rent, $50.00; Total, $106.59.

Balance on hand, July 24, $32.67.

Balance on hand, Aug. 24, $4.61.

Yours, desiring a continual interest in your prayers.

Elizabeth Wingert and Workers.
PHILADELPHIA MISSION.

"My grace is sufficient for thee" (II Cor. 12: 9).

We are not to expect the pure enjoyments of heaven while on earth; we should therefore be more careful to enumerate what is for them, and what is against us. Our sorrows may be many, but our mercies are more, and tho, like Paul, we may find troubles on every side, the pit is never so deep but we may look up it. Psalms 11: 2; "For tho the wicked bend their bow, they make ready their arrow, upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart." Whatever may have been the Apostle's affliction, we know it was a peculiar one. There was given unto him a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet him. It was such a trouble, as the goodness of God wouldn't suffer him to remove, but still the prayer of faith was not in vain, for tho the burden was not removed from his back, his back, was fitted to the burden, and he received the gracious answer, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

We may not be suffering precisely as the apostle was, but every Christian has his thorn in the flesh (Heb. 12: 1). God sometimes answers prayer in wrath (Num. 11: 4, 5; 31-33). And sometimes denies in mercy (II Cor. 12: 7-9).

I don't just know what this thorn was, but it was a Messenger, and that of Satan. No doubt it was some of his false brethren that were thorns in his flesh. Thank God for the promise that His grace is sufficient, "Thy grace is sufficient for me." Glory to His name. The poet said the fight is on, but the race is not yet won, but we read in Hebrews 12: 1, we should lay aside every weight and sin which doth so easily beset us and run the race with patience looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith. The apostle, Jude 3, tells us that we shall earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Have you that faith? Well praise His name, it is for us. If we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved. Faith is the victory. Without faith it is impossible to come to Him, for we must believe that He is a rewarder of those that diligently seek Him.

Well, the fight is still on, and we are in the front of the battle. We have a good Captain, or we would have been defeated long ago.

Pray much for us here at this Mission that we may have victory over the devil.

And now may God's richest blessing rest and abide with all God's children is my prayed.

FINANCIAL.

Report for Aug. 1913.

Balance on hand, $15.00.

Receipts.

Urbana, Ohio, $5.00; Gratersford, Pa., $2.00; Mt. Joy, Pa., $2.00; Rosebank S. S., Hope, Kan., $8.95; Hamlin, Kan., $5.00; Cedar Springs, $15.00; Shannon, Ill., $3.00; Thomas, Okla., $5.00; Valley Chapel, Ohio, S. S., $8.00; Elizabethtown, $2.50; A sister, $1.00; Derry Church, $11.00; Collections, $4.22; Total, $87.70.

Hamlin, Kan., 1 box clothing.

Expenditures.

Provision, $25.54; poor, $13.50; gas, $3.90; rubber hose, tar paper and paint, $4.00; light, $1.23; other expenses, $6.00; fixing lights, $.70; Total, $54.95.

Balance on hand, September 1, $32.75.

Peter Stover and Wife.


REPORT OF THE MESSIAH ORPHANAGE BUILDING COMMITTEE.

FINANCIAL.

Formerly reported, $157.81.

Receipts.

In His Name, A sister, $100.00; Susan Myers, Franklin county, Pa., $1.00; Henry Gilbert and son, Harrisburg, Pa., $20.00; H. O. Musser, Elizabethtown, Pa., $200.00; A. J. Heise, Hamlin, Kan., $50.00; Magdelene Hunsperger, Michigan, $2.00; Total, receipts up to Aug. 25, 1913, $530.81.

These generous gifts are thankfully received by the committee with the hope that there are many more who will have something to spare for this worthy object.

The Locating Committee with the Building Committee bought 26 acres of land, more or less, at Grantham, some of the best land,
at $75.00 per acre from the S. R. Smith Co., for this purpose. The spot for the buildings was selected by the Locating Committee. The house, size 36 x 60 feet, and being built of concrete blocks, is up to the first story; the barn, 28 x 50, is weather boarded and the rafters on. Scarcity of help hinders the progress of the work to some extent.

Evidently some are misinformed as to the moving of the Orphanage. The secretary will gladly answer any inquiries that may be made for further information concerning this matter.

A. B. Musser, Sec. & Trea.

Building Committee
S. R. Smith,
J. D. Wingert,
A. B. Musser.

UPLAND CALIFORNIA.

Dear readers:
We are glad to report victory thru Jesus at this place. If we were to look upon outward appearances we might feel discouraged as there are so few who really accept Christ as their Savior. We do praise God for the moving forward among the saints.

We are glad to have Bro. and Sr. H. L. Smith with us. Bro. Smith has been giving us some very inspiring messages from the Bible. They are busy getting ready to sail. The sisters have been very kind in helping with the sewing and there is also a nice lot of fruit canned.

At present they are visiting at San Francisco and next week they will be in Tulare.

We miss those who have left us here and taken up new homes. Dr. Kreiss and Isaac Kreiss are now situated in their new home in Chowchilla, while Bro. Samuel Eyers', Bro. Jesse Sheets, and Bro. Eugene Eyers have gone to Tulare. May the Lord abundantly bless them in their new fields of labor.

We enjoyed a visit from Bro. Broyles, one of the San Francisco Mission boys, the other week. His testimonies were so encouraging and inspiring. The question "Does it pay?" is surely answered when you see fruits of this kind.

Adeline Burkholder.

FROM AFRICA.

Matopo Mission.

It was once again after a lapse of almost two years, our privilege to pay a visit to Macha Mission.

It was arranged that Bro. Steckley and Sr. Engle would go to Macha and relieve Bro. Wengers who, on account of sickness, were unable to remain in that part of the country. It was thought advisable for them to try another part, where malaria is not prevalent and in a cooler and more invigorating climate. They are now at Boksburg at Bro. Eyster's station keeping the work going there while Bro. Eyster's are on furlough. We trust they will enjoy better health at this place than they did in the more central part of Africa.

Bro. and Sr. Wenger, who were at that time still at Macha, met us at the station and took us safely to the Mission, where we met Sr. Davidson finding her well and busy. A love-feast had been planned which was arranged to be held the following Sunday. We met on Saturday morning in devotional services. There was a good attendance and a lively interest in this fellowship meeting. A number from the out schools were present.

After the forenoon meeting an examination meeting was held for those who were to be baptized, there being eighteen, who as far as we could see, were ready, they having realized Jesus' saving power. After the usual questions had been asked all went to the river near by where the eighteen were baptized.

Not one of them knew even the name of Jesus, but were now willing to confess in this way the work He had done in their hearts. I think we can testify that all who were present who knew what baptism meant, were happy to see this number follow the Master in this humble yet beautiful ordinance.

This was the first time we have had the privilege of receiving women into the church at this place. Until a few years ago they appeared very indifferent and shy, but God has found way to some of their hearts; so at this meeting a number of those baptized were women, while a number more are retained in the Inquirer's Class for further instruction. This move among women should be a great cause for rejoicing and an incentive to press...
on. I am sure the workers at Macha have much to praise God for. He has permitted them to see of the fruits of their labors and to witness of His saving power.

Some of the women are meeting with difficulty when they obey the truth, in some cases persecution from husbands others from parents. Only those who are acquainted with the heathen “nag” which is just the same “nag” as in other countries only decidedly uncivilized, can sympathize and feel for them. They need your prayers.

It was also our privilege with Sr. Davidson to visit two of the out schools. We found a good attendance and fair amount of progress. The teachers are still quite young and unexperienced, as in fact most of our native teachers are. They need much Christian fortitude to fill their place well. We have no reason to doubt that they are doing a good work for the Master.

Two weeks were soon over and we were ready to leave, on the Monday, but before leaving had the privilege to unite two Christian couples in holy wedlock by Christian rites.

You must not be shocked, or too hasty in your judgment, when I tell you that both brides had babies on their backs. If you do it only prove over again the folly of condemning before the whole truth is known. The facts are that both parties were living together according to heathen custom, but having received the light and liberty in Jesus were remarried by Christian rites.

We came away feeling that we had spent a profitable time together, and I am confident that the labors bestowed at this place by the earnest workers have not been in vain. All praise to Him who alone is worthy.

We missed Bro. and Sr. Taylor very much. They were there on every previous visit, but now they were in the homeland. While no doubt, they were enjoying the fellowship of the dear children of God at home we venture to guess that their minds are often back at Macha. We trust it will not be long until they will be back among the Bailla people again where, we are confident, they long to be.

David is also away at present and is much missed in the work. He hopes to return next year.

We were sorry to leave Bro. Steckley behind when we came away; not sorry that he is assisting in the work there but, that, for the present at least we would lose his help at Metopo where it was much appreciated.

Sr. Engle will also be missed greatly at Mshebazi where she has faithfully labored for the past seven years. Both entered the work with Sr. Davidson at Macha with apparent good courage, we pray that they may all be kept well and strong for the many duties that fall to them.

H. P. Steigerwald

FROM PARIS, FRANCE.

Aug., 15, 1913.

Dear readers of the Visitor—

Bro. Frey, before sailing away, requested me, or rather, zealously urged me, to dispose of the English link in the Missionaries’ voyage. I am afraid I have not been a dutiful scribe. The dear missionaries sailed away on the afternoon of Aug. 2, and here it is almost two weeks later. But my budget may yet outspeed theirs from the Canary Islands. If not, I crave forgiveness from all for my delinquency.

“Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God:

Which made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth forever.” (Ps. 146:5, 6.)

Therefore, “Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord. The Lord that made heaven and earth, bless thee out of Zion.” (Ps. 134.)

“Let all the people say, Amen.”

My soul truly says “Amen” this morning at the call to praise the Lord for His goodness. I praise Him for leading me definitely to Harrisburg, Pa., to meet the dear saints there and to have fellowship with them in the spirit. I praise Him for permitting me to be present at the farewell meeting of the missionaries and at the ordination of my dear sister, Hannah, as missionary to the foreign field. That service meant much to me, for it was truly a precious service and will forever, I believe, remain an inspiration to many. Then I praise Him, too, for making it clear that I should cross the ocean with the outgoing
band and spend some days together, both on the sea and in England, with my dear sister, whom I have not been permitted to see very often for some years. Finally, tho unendingly I praise God for all His love and care, for Jesus, His blessed and only Son, who has redeemed me and washed me in His own precious blood, and given me the blessed hope of seeing Him some day, wondrous and glorious, “as He is.” Amen.

Our trip across the Atlantic was uneventful beyond the ordinary. We all came under the spell of the sea, for a time, in a not wholly pleasant way. However, we thanked God for making it as pleasant as it was. As the boat was late—which on the whole was not unwelcome—we spent several days in Southampton, enjoying the beautiful climate, and especially the ruins of old walls and buildings, one of which had frequently been the residence of King John. We also had the privilege of holding an open-air service on Sunday evening. Some boys, especially, seemed deeply interested. May God bless those boys and make them a blessing. A sermon heard that Sunday morning in St. Mary’s Cathedral was a real uplift to us all and will probably never be forgotten. A few words with the preacher, Dean Lovett, in the churchyard afterwards, made us feel quite at home. We felt God planned the interview.

Then came the trip to London, mighty London. Bro. Frey kindly volunteered to remain behind with the two little girls, whilst Ernest and I were accompanied, or rather, conducted, by the women of the party—three suffragettes, as some styled them. However, I can assure you, they were less harmful than the London type and, being peaceful in act and countenance, were admitted, contrary to the regulations against suffragettes, into the Parliament buildings. We also visited several other buildings and places of renown, notably St. Paul’s Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, in both of which we were present at the daily service. Among other Scriptures heard with new force in the Abbey was the following, “That we might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life.” All the days, all. God grant this prayer. We enjoyed also the parks, the fine architecture of many buildings and the rich antiqueness of others, the vari-colored, irregular streets; and also the omnibuses and autobuses, which make a perfect swirl of speed, noise and color.

Yet, sightseeing was not our main object. We kept our hearts lifted up to God for London, which is indeed one of the wicked cities of the earth. All the while, we hoped to be able to attend some mission meetings. Our prayer was heard. After some attempts in finding an open mission—for some were closed for a few weeks—we were rather remarkably led to a mission on Whitechapel Road, where good work is being done among the criminal class. We all felt the hand of God was in that meeting and in our being led to the mission. Our hearts rejoiced to see and hear some of the rescued ones and to give out some words of encouragement. With the blessing of God upon the trip we felt we could return to Southampton, our lives richer, our hearts furnished with new material for prayer and meditation and our memories hung with pictures to gladden days perchance of loneliness and oppression in some less favored portions of this earth.

And now the farewell. With hearts filled with love and struggling emotions we stood—some on the boat, and one on the pier—as the boat hove away. At 2 o’clock, Saturday afternoon, Aug. 2, the missionaries sailed away on the “German.” Long we stood and watched each other prayerfully, as the distance widened. The flutterings of the handkerchiefs finally became invisible and still later the huge boat was lost in the haze upon the horizon. Sad and lonely, yet rejoicing at the sacrifice the dear ones were making, I returned to my room, beseeching God, our Heavenly Father, to take me, even me, under His care and keeping and to guide my steps, tho wide apart from theirs, in following Jesus, with the same devotion as they have shown. God grant them a pleasant voyage, a safe arrival and an abundant harvest of souls in yonder land. God cause us to pray for them and to hear His voice in all things concerning His work wherever it be.

Since their departure, I have had the privilege of meeting a few friends in the beautiful town of Bournemouth, where I visited a mission a number of times. God is certainly gathering out, here as elsewhere, a people who will walk, God helping them to keep humble, in the truth and power of the Gospel. As I had hoped also, if the Lord will, to visit
the continent, I came on to Paris, where I have stayed nearly a week. I find it a city
given over almost wholly to vanity and plea­
sure. Many of the edifices are magnificent
to behold, but the Spirit whispers it is all
vain and vexation of spirit, though in a
striking measure, pleasing to the aesthetic
mind. The Spirit goes to the core of things
and reveals from the pages of history the
real foundation of all this glory—love of
fame, things of shame, deeds of oppression,
revelry and debauchery, the groans and tears
of millions. What a day of revelation, more
awful than that reckoning day of the great
French Revolution, is yet to come for France,
and not for France only, but for all those
nations and individuals who will not do the
will of God from the heart.

Here, too, are found missions and churches
seeking to bring men to Christ. Protestants
are permitted perfect liberty, the Calvinists be­
ing perhaps in the majority. Quite a number
of Salvation Army and McAll Missions hold
daily services, one of which I attended. A
goodly number had gathered; and while the
sermon was earnest, yet one could not help
feeling that an awakening should come. If
only we would let go and let God work, what
a difference there would be. If only we
would honor the Holy Spirit by letting Him
Work and Speak the praises and glories of
Jesus’ Name. Last night I planned—nil in
my own strength and will—to leave Paris.
But I was hindered in so many strange ways.
It seemed as if every avenue was blocked.
I rather wondered at it all, even resented it
little, I believe. God forgive me. Yet this
morning, after a dream in which thru a
closed-up way I was led into a meeting where
all were praying, the whole thing became
clear. As I knelt in prayer the blessed Holy
Spirit suddenly flashed before me the re­
membrance of a prayer meeting which I was
told last Sunday is to be held today in one
of the missions. I feel I must go there and
join in prayer, for the thought came and the
Word corroborated it, that “prayer must be
made for all men,” and for Paris too, praying
with a measure of that spirit which Jesus had
when He beheld the city of Jerusalem and
wept. Then the thought came, “Spend this
day in Paris for Jesus’ sake alone.” So, of
course the will must yield, my plans must go,
and the way must be prepared for clean ser­
vice this day. Hence this article, by way of
confession and doing what dear Bro. Frey
relied upon me to do.

“Cause me to hear Thy lovingkindness in
the morning; for in Thee do I trust; cause
me to know the way wherein I should walk;
for I lift up my soul unto Thee” (Psa.
14: 3; 8).

“Let the words of my mouth and the medi­
tation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight,
O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer”
(Psa. 19: 14).

Your brother in Christ,

A. D. Baker.

A MID-OCEAN LETTER.

S. S. German, Atlantic Ocean.

Aug., 7, 1913

Dear Ones:—

We greet you this morning in the precious
name of Jesus, our Lord. We are thankful
unto our loving heavenly Father for His con­
tinued care over us unto this time. Thus
far we have had a most beautiful voyage.
Since leaving Southampton, the sea has been
exceptionally calm. The Bay of Biscay is
usually rather rough, but on this voyage we
appreciated the exception to this. The stew­
ardess told us she had passed thru the Bay
many times and never before had it allowed
such smooth sailing. We feel assured that
a band of saints at home who are interested
in God’s work are daily speaking to our Fath­
er, in behalf of the little missionary party,
and He is so sweetly answering prayer. “He
maketh the sea a calm so that the waves there­
of are still.” Bless His name!

We have also enjoyed beautifully cool
weather since leaving England. However we
are now realizing that we are moving South­
ward.

We have a variety of people on board.
Some know the Lord Jesus as their Savior.
Others are disinterested in their soul’s welfare,
while still others are eager in their master’s
evil work. We had an interesting service
on Sunday evening which was much appreciat­
ed by some hungry souls.

During our week of waiting in England,
most of our party, including Bro. Baker, spent
three days, we believe profitably, in London.
We were permitted to attend services in St.
Paul’s Cathedral, as well as in Westminster
Abbey. Here we visited the tombs of many of the ancient kings and queens, and others made famous by heroic deeds or by the quiet yet powerful messages written in solitude. Here also lies the one who spending thirty years of his life in faithful service, opened the way for those who should follow in the great work of carrying the Gospel to the millions of south and central Africa—David Livingstone. On the slab covering his grave are inscribed some of his last writings. "All I can add in my solitude, is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." (the slave trade) also "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."

We also visited other places of interest. We were especially favored in gaining admittance into Parliament while in session, as, since the trouble caused by the suffragettes, ladies are not allowed an entrance except by special permission.

We spent a short time in the building occupied by the British and Foreign Bible Society, that is doing such a great work in sending to all parts of the world, the Word of God. It sent out last year 7,000,000 Bibles in many different languages.

Our visit to the slums of London was one which we shall not forget. We were led, we believe divinely, into a Primitive Methodist Mission where a good work is going on in behalf of the working lads, many of whom are taken from prison. Situations are secured, and many have thus been rescued from a life of sin and shame. We were hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Heywood. Mrs. H. accompanied us thru several of the poorest streets of White Chapel district. The streets which also formed the only playground for the many children, are perhaps only ten or twelve feet wide. Sometimes two or three families lived in one compartment of four small rooms.

It was an inspiration to us to attend a service at this Mission, and hear the testimonies of some who have been rescued. Theirs faces showed the traces of poverty and effects of sin, yet they rejoiced in the saving blood of our Christ, He who had made them new creatures. The short time of sweet fellowship at this place was most refreshing to us, being what we had been longing for.

We returned to Southampton on Friday evening, and were busy in our last preparations for our long voyage until noon of Saturday when we embarked on the "German." This meant another farewell for our dear sister Baker. For until now, her brother, who had given her such a pleasant surprise by accompanying her to England, had been one of our party. His fellowship was much enjoyed by all. But the time for separation came, and God's grace again proved sufficient, so that the farewells, tho with tears, we believe were cheerfully, yes, gladly given. As the boat moved out, handkerchiefs were waved until the vision faded in the distance and we were again plowing thru the great deep.

Bro. Baker expects after a few weeks in Europe to return to his work in his native land. Our sister, we believe is happy; with the thought of entering the work to which God has called her. We all rejoice in returning home. Even the children are eagerly looking forward to home, sweet home, tho the isolation must often be felt.

We expect to reach Las Palmas tomorrow which, we understand, will be the only stop. Pray for us.

Your co-laborer in His work
Emma M. Frey.

TESTIMONY to DIVINE HEALING.

I am writing this for the sake of the sick and afflicted: and to the honor and glory of God.

"Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." (Jas 5: 14, 15).

I praise the Lord that He is able for the body as well as the soul. All glory be to His precious name. I had suffered for eleven years, was for over two years invalid, and spent most of my time, the first year, in the hospital, also part of the second year, and the last time I saw my physician he talked about an operation. He got me discouraged for a while, but praise the Lord, I did not have to stay discouraged, as there came to my help a physician that is higher than any skillful
doctors that this world contains. He came to my help and healed me instantly.

I had come to the place where I was willing to be afflicted if the Lord would get the more glory out of me, and that was the time the Lord undertook for me. Blessed be His holy name.

I feel I ought to praise the Lord that He ever came down so low as to lift me out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon the Rock, Christ Jesus. And praise His precious name, He can keep my feet from falling.

I was converted eight years ago and during that time have disobeyed Him many a time. The Holy Spirit followed me and convicted me, but I would not give up, and the Lord saw the only way for me to rise up as, to bring me thru the furnace of affliction, and praise His precious name, I came out purified, like gold thru fire. Today I can say with the Psalmist, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes. Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." I do praise Him that today I am saved and sanctified. Blessed be His dear name. He is my Savior n'y Healer my Sanctifier and my Coming King.

Yours for Christ's sake
Sister Mason.

Perry Station, Out. Aug., 1913.

A TESTIMONY.

Dear readers. Greeting in the precious name of Jesus.

I have felt impressed many times to give in my testimony, thru the columns of the Visitor, so I will endeavor to write some of what Jesus has done for me.

If I were to attempt to tell all I would utterly fail, for the half never can be told of God's fathomless love towards sinners, of which I am one saved by grace.

Oh what joy there is to know the past is under the blood!

"My sin—oh! the bliss of this glorious tho't.
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more.
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Oh! my soul.
I never have regretted, that I said, "Yes."
I find real joy in my soul, joy the world can not give or take away.

With God's help, I am going all the way, His grace is sufficient, and He promised that He would never leave us or forsake us.

I wish my past life would have been more devoted to Christ, for I did not enjoy what there was for me, for I was not willing to give up self and I had a pretty hard time getting along, it was quite an up and down life.

But the enemy has not been quiet since I have given my all. Trials and tests only help us to be more firm, if we are overcomers, and thru watching and praying we can be.

The further I progress in the Christian life, the more I want, for it truly does pay to serve Jesus. I would like for those who know the value of prayer to remember us here in the work. We are only a few in number, but God does meet with us and bless.

Some have made a start, but I would like to see many more forsake sin and follow Jesus.

We are in the midst of a Roman Catholic settlement and they, undoubtedly would like to see the work come to naught, for they have been exposed quite a bit during the meetings here, but if the Lord be for us who can be against us.

Your brother in Christ
John C. Burkholder.


REPORT OF VISIT IN MANY PLACES.

In obedience to very strong impressions which I believe, were from the Lord, I left my home and family on May 14 and reached Thomas, Okla, safely on May 16, where I was very kindly received.

On the Sunday following I preached in several churches in Thomas, being accompanied and assisted by Bish. J. R. Zook and Eld. Wm. Kern.

The love feast was a season of great refreshing to all who had the privilege to be present. On Sunday altar services were held at both morning and afternoon services, and many, I believe, prayed thru and received from the Lord that satisfying portion for which their soul longed, and real conviction settled on many hearts.

(Continued on page 23)
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., SEPTEMBER 8, 1913.

TRACTS.

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

MARRIAGES.


MAUCH—GRIDLEY.—At the home of the officiating minister, Eld. E. M. Smith, Clay Center, Kan., on Aug. 21, 1913, Samuel Mauch and Miss Cyril Gridley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gridley, were united in holy wedlock, all of Clay County, Kan.

MARTIN—ENGLc.—Married, at the home of the bride's parents, Bro. and Sr. M. L. Engle, near Thomas, Okla., on Aug. 17, 1913, their daughter, Fanny Engle, to Mr. Grover Martin by Bishop D. R. Eyster. Sister Engle is a member of the Brethren church.

MACHMER—WORTHINGTON.—On Aug. 20, 1913, Eld. E. M. Smith officiating, Ernest Machmer and Miss Willamina Worthington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Worthington, of Clay Center, Kan., were united in marriage. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents.

OBITUARY.

GISH.—Dorothy May Gish, daughter of Bro Jacob and Sr. Minnie Gish of near Bachmansville, Dauphin county, Pa., died Aug. 14, 1913, aged 2 years, 10 months and 27 days. Services and interment at Shanks M. E. near Deodate, by the home minister from Matt. 18:3. She is their first in heaven.

KRUPP.—On Aug. 6, 1913, Sr. Krupp, wife of Bro. Isaac Krupp of New Dundee, Ont., departed this life at the ripe age of 79 years. Her death resulted from burns received by her clothing igniting while at her domestic duties as related in editorial notes in our last issue. Sr. Krupp lived a consistent Christian life for many years being a member of the Brethren in Christ church. Her husband, two sons and five daughters survive to sorrow over her departure. Funeral services and the interment took place at the
Blenheim (Mennonite) M. H. Services were conducted by Eld. L. Shoaltz assisted by Rev. Sinden (Mennonite). Text, I Cor. 1: 2 first clause, “Called to be saints”.

ZOOK.—Bro. Ezra J. Zook died of pneumonia at the home of his parents, Bro. and Sr. David L. Zook, in the N. Franklin, Pa., district, aged 14 years, and 13 days. He was converted and joined the church about two years ago and died very happy. He is survived by his father and mother, four brothers and two sisters. Services and interment at Pleasant Hill church. Services were conducted by the home brethren.

BOWMAN.—Victor, the eight year old son of Edwin and Susan Bowman of near Campbelltown, Pa., died of dropsy and other complications, on Aug. 16, 1913, and was buried in the United Christian cemetery at Campbelltown, services being conducted in the adjoining church by Rev. M. D. Landis of the U. C. church and Eld. H. K. Kreider. He is survived by the parents, four brothers and four sisters who mourn his early departure.

SHANABARGER.—Ephram Shanabarger of Richland county, Ohio, was born April 16, 1836, died Aug. 13, 1913, aged 87 years, 3 months and 27 days. He leaves one son, Calvin of Texas, two daughters, Ellen Bowman of California, Mannie Whitmore of Tecumseh, Mich. One son and daughter preceded him to the spirit world. Three survive, also Albert Shanabarger of Chereлючso, Ind., and Mrs. Lucinda King of Monroe township, Richland county, Ohio, and a host of relatives and friends to mourn his departure. He united with the Brethren in Christ church about three years ago having belonged to the Church of the Brethren (Dunkard) in former years. Funeral services were conducted by Eld. B. F. Hoover.

KREIDER.—Bishop Jacob K. Kreider passed away peacefully at his home at Fairland, Lebanon Co., Pa., on Aug. 6, 1913, aged 75 years, and 12 days. He was converted in early years and united with the church which he served faithfully for many years. He was elected to the ministry about forty-four years ago and served in the office of bishop for twenty-eight years. There are comparatively few brethren in the church who realize what a drain on a man’s energy and finances the office of the bishop really is, excepting the ones who are in it. The deceased is survived by the widow, they having never been blessed with children. Services were conducted at the Fairland M. H. by the home brethren, in accordance with the wish of the deceased. Text, Phil. 1: 21, selected by himself. Truly for him, To live was Christ. He was conscious to the very last and had an eager desire to depart and be with Christ.

WILES.—Mrs. Lena (Gayman) Wiles, died at her home near Duffield, Pa., Aug. 1, 1913, aged 24 years, 9 months and 11 days. She is survived by her husband and one son, John Alfred. Also by her parents, Bro. & Sr. Alfred Gayman, of Pinola, Pa., and three sisters, Ella, Nancy and Mary. Funeral services were held Monday, Aug. 4, at Air Hill church. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

Dearest sister thou hast left us, And thy loss we deeply feel, But 'twas God that has bereft us. He can all our sorrows heal.

We loved thee, ah, no tongue can tell, How much we loved thee and how well: But the angels loved thee best, And took thee home to Jesus’ rest.

Dear sister, while thou art clad in white, In thy home so fair and bright. We do here in mourning go, And think of you while here below.

Weep not for me, dear parents, And you my sisters, three, Trust in God, believe His word And some day you’ll be with me. By her sister, Ella Gayman.

MAGSAM.—John Magsam was born, Dec. 19, 1833, died, July 30, 1913, aged 79 years, 7 months, and 11 days. He was a member of the Brethren in Christ church. His wife preceded him to the spirit world several years ago. Six children, one son and five daughters, survive. Funeral was held at the home of David Magsam where he had his home Services at Montgomery church conducted by Bish. J. D. Wingert, Eld. H. C. Shank and the home brethren.

HESS.—Mattie Hess, wife of Bro. Frank P. Hess, was born Aug. 19, 1858, and died Aug. 24, 1913, aged 55 years and 5 days. She is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Samuel Mylin of Herrville, Pa., Mrs. Samuel Gall of Lancaster and Mrs. Jacob Thomas of New Danville. Funeral was held at the Pequea church conducted by C. N. Hostetter and David Moseman (Mennonite) text Heb. 9: 27-28.

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 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 two
brothers, John of Inwood, and Samuel of
Winger. She having made her home with the
latter for a number of years. The funeral
service was held at her home in Wainfleet,
conducted by Elders John Sider and L.
Shoalts. Interment in Brethren's cemetery.

Text II Timothy 4:7: "I have finished my
course, I have kept the faith."

(Note.—This obituary is repeated from our
last issue. The editor mistook the person as
there is another sister of the same name, and
made the surviving relatives fit the other
person. We are glad to make the correction
and hope no harm is done.)

COMMUNION MEETINGS.
Pennsylvania.
Mechanicsburg, ........At 6 p. m. Oct. 25.

LOVE FEASTS.
Pennsylvania
At the home of Harrison Brouse near McVe
town Sept. 20, 21.
Come to McVeytown with train reaching
there 10, 38 A. M. on the 20th.
At the home of Bro. Jacob Shock in Ma
nor Twp. Lancaster County at 2 P. M. Sept.
27.
Train leaves Columbia 8, 15 A. M. Station
Cressville. Any person not able to reach
Columbia in time will be met at Columbia if
they will write Bro. Shock. His address is
Washingtonboro, Pa.

Ohio.
Richland and Ashland, Pleasant Grove M.
H. Sept. 20, 21.
Fairview M. H. Dayton dist. 1, 30 P. M. Oct.
11, 12.

Iowa.
Dallas Center, M. H., ............Sept. 13, 14.

California.
Upland M. H. Sept. 27, 28.

Ontario.
Black Creek, Sept. 13, 14.
Markham, Sept. 20, 21.
Walpole, Sept. 27, 28.
cisco and will sail from there for India on Oct. 1. Bro. & Sr. Smith are well and in good spirits.

A brief word from Bro. P. J. Wiebe informs us that they have gone to California for the Winter being advised to do so on account of Sr. Wiebe's health. They are located at Lordsburg, Cal., where Bro. Wiebe is attending the Lordsburg College.

REPORT OF VISIT Continued.

(Continued from page 19.)

Conference was much enjoyed by all; we could not but note the sweet spirit which prevailed at all of the sessions.

On Thursday evening there was a special manifestation of the presence of the Holy Spirit. The subject assigned to Bish. J. N. Engle and the writer was dealt with as God gave the unction, and the meeting was closed by the chairman, Bro. Geo. Dewiler. Hardly had the meeting been dismissed when several who had rose for prayer, came forward and asked to be prayed for right away. Sr. Lizzie Page had a real burden and requested that the meeting be called to order and have an altar service which I did after having consulted Bish. J. N. Engle. The result proved the impression was from God. Some thirty came forward, and such cries and prayers are not often heard in these days of cold and lukewarmness. Our hearts were made to rejoice to witness such a scene once again. It was also a great encouragement to us who are younger to have so many of our older brethren and sisters remain until the meeting closed after midnight. No doubt that night will be an Ebenezer in many a life. To God be all the glory.

Conference closed on Friday evening. On Saturday, thru the kindness of our dear brother, Len Brandt, of Romana, Kan., I was permitted to accompany the Kansas delegation on their special train which ran from Thomas to Abilene, Kan., as my ticket read via Clinton and Enid making it impossible for me to travel with the brethren.

The Lord has yet some who are not out in the field but who are willing to obey the leadings of His Spirit when it comes to giving of their means to those who are out in actual service.

Arriving at Abilene I was kindly entertained at the home of Bro. D. S. Wagonman. On Sunday it fell to my lot to preach in the Brethren's M. H. in Abilene in the morning and at Zion in the evening, also on Monday evening. On the 26th and 27th, I preached at Bethel, and again at Abilene on the 28th, and 29th. On May 30, and 31, I attended the love feast at Belle Springs, returning to Abilene for the evening meeting where the Lord helped me in preaching the word with no uncertain sound.

At all of these meetings God manifested Himself in accompanying the word with conviction. Some gave expression to the movings of the Spirit and took fresh courage.

On June 1, in the evening I came to the home of our dear brother, J. N. Engle, and assisted in the meeting at the Newburn M. H. Coming to Hope on the 2nd, I visited a number of sick and attended a prayer meeting in the evening at Bro. Samuel Wingard's home. Bro. I Eisenhower took me to Herrington in his auto on June 4, where I took train at noon for Chicago being met there by Sr. Bert. Arranging for my transportation to Lancaster, Pa., the home of my parents, I came to visit them once more. They are both getting old and somewhat feeble, especially mother who is getting so that she needs a great deal
of attention. We are real glad that our youngest sister lives close to our parents and is able to make mother’s burdens less heavy.

In the morning of June 8, we preached in the Mellinger Mennonite M. H. This is our babyhood home. Here we attended our first Sabbath school twenty-seven years ago. Here is where my brothers lie buried and many others with whom I formerly associated and are now lying beneath the cloths of the valley. Some of them were schoolmates of mine and much younger than I. I was much impressed with the shortness of time as I stood by the graves of those who lie buried there.

In the evening I preached to a very attentive congregation in the Evangelical church in Lancaster. On Monday I visited an only brother, and spent the night with one of my sisters.

On June 10, I came to Scotland, and attended the love feast at Air Hill June 11. The attendance was large and God gave real liberty in preaching the word. A largely attended out door service was held on the evening of the 11th. Coming to Chambersburg I preached at the Mission three nights. On June 14, and 15, I attended love feast at Ringgold, Md. This was my first visit here. The attendance was quite large. I was kindly entertained at the home of dear Bro. Shank. In the afternoon of the 15th, we broke the bread of communion with Bish. Wingert who was afflicted. In the evening I was permitted to again preach at the Mission in Chambersburg. The house was crowded and a number yielded themselves to God.

On June 16 and 17, I preached at Mowersville M. H. Bless God for the little band at this place. They are alive and are pushing the battle.

On June 18, I with others came to Grantham where we attended the Commencement exercises of the Bible School, and later the love feast. This was my first visit to this institution and I thank God that this needful work has been launched amid the tide of opposition and misunderstandings. How I wished I could show the benefits which I believe, will come to the church from such a work as this. I am sure if we are unable to attend both, we can advise those who are not favorably disposed to the work, to attend the Bible Conference and see for themselves. I believe such a course would have a very good effect.

On the evening of the 19th I was permitted to preach at the Messiah Home chapel, Harrisburg, Pa. Here I was permitted to visit many of the inmates. This is a nice place for such as are old and infirm. Such are cared for in a way as to ensure the most comfort for them. On the 20th., I visited a short time with the Visitor editor in Christian fellowship, visiting also a cousin, J. C. Burkholder and others returning to my parents in Lancaster in the evening.

On Saturday, June 21, I was with the brethren in a prayermeeting at the home of Bro. Myers in the Pequea dist. On Sunday morning I preached at the Manor M. H. and in the evening at the Mission in Lancaster. During the ensuing week I visited among friends, and by special request preached to a crowd­ed house at the Millersville Mennonite M. H. on Saturday evening June 28, as also on Sunday morning at the E. Chest­nut St., Lancaster, Mennonite church. I was made to feel very welcome by the dear people and I enjoyed real fellowship.

On June 30, I came to Philadelphia to the Mission remaining till July 2. I found the work encouraging and the brethren in good spirits. Bro. Stover
seems to be putting forth every effort in his power to help those who are poor. I also spent a day with dear Bro. Engle and wife, the weather being extremely hot. Many were overcome by the heat.

On the nights of July 3 and 4, I preached at Gratersford, and was glad that I could become acquainted with the dear ones here for the first time. The work is quite encouraging. I was permitted to spend a few nights in the home of Eld. Jacob Bowers where we certainly enjoyed Christian fellowship.

On July 5, 6, 7, I visited Hummels-town where the Lord gave real liberty in preaching the word. I was glad to renew acquaintance and have fellowship with the dear ones here. Our dear Bro. S. E. Brehm very kindly entertained me. By special request I came to Fairland M. H. in the evening of July 8 and to Palmyra on the 9th., where I was glad to meet the saints for the first time.

Coming to Mt. Joy on the 10th, I attended an open air service followed by a meeting in the town hall which had been arranged by the local brethren. The services were largely attended by the brethren from both the Rapho and Donegal districts. The Lord blessed in giving the message.

On July 12, came to Elizabethtown spending the night with Bish. Aaron Martin's and preached at the Brethren's M. H. on Sunday morning, and at Mt. Pleasant in the evening. These services were largely attended, and at the latter place a number requested prayer by standing.

Returning to Lancaster, I came on to Philadelphia and Souderton on the evening of the 14th., and to Silverdale on the 15th. This was my first visit at these places. The brethren here are much alive and active in the work of the Master. I spent a day with Bish. Detwiler who is also not well in body but happy in the Lord.

Thru the courtesy of my friend, Mr. P. Sacks I spent July 16, in New York. He entertained me royally taking me in his auto to see the principal places of interest. At midnight we left for Washington D. C. and returned to Lancaster late in the evening of July 17. All this special treat was given to me by Mr. Sacks, a young millionaire because of a little act of kindness I had shown to him a year ago when he broke down with his auto in front of our home here in California.

While I had never been to any of these places it was a great enjoyment for me to have a few days of recreation and to see how the rich of these large cities live. I was the guest of honor at the table with some of the Wall St., men, and those who move in the higher circles of society. Thank God He helped me to be just natural. I wore my plain suit and did not feel the least bit ashamed. I know some impressions were made here that will not soon be forgotten. To God be all the glory.

July 18, was spent with my parents. As this would be my last visit I felt to spend the day in quiet alone with them. How much they seemed to appreciate this, as we have reason to believe, the last visit with their son on earth. Yet I hope the dear Lord may order it otherwise.

By special request I attended the harvest meeting at Crossroads M. H. on the 19th., afternoon and evening, preaching there on Sunday morning, July 20. This was a meeting long to be remembered because of the presence of God. A number publicly manifested a desire to give their hearts to God. The meeting was very largely attended.

Coming to Lancaster again at noon I
preached to a very large congregation at the Church of God Bethel in the evening. Here God helped me to clear my skirts from the blood of this people. As these opportunities come to us they bring great responsibilities to us. I find the enemy would be here and help us lower the standard and compromise just a little. But I thank God there is no desire in my heart to become great or wise in any but the Savior's eyes.

After this service I left for Springfield, Ohio, where meetings had been arranged for. I was kindly received at the home of Bro. Abram Wingert on Maiden Lane street. On July 21, in the evening I was at Beulah chapel. The interest was good. Some were convicted and believers sanctified. The meetings closed on the evening of July 27. Three services were held on the last day. A number stood asking prayers; some heads of families.

Here I came very near suffering a nervous breakdown which would prevent me from continuing my further visits. But the Lord saw fit to renew my strength and July 29, found me at the Dayton Mission, with the little band of true workers who are pushing the battle on with commendable courage. The evidences of the destructive flood are still to be seen.

I next came to Highland M. H. and preached the word on July 29, and 30. I attended a harvest meeting at the home of the late Eld. Levi Herr whom I missed greatly. The meeting was held in the barn and was largely attended. A principle feature of the day was that the Dayton Mission S. S. attended in a body coming by special car over the trolley line. They enjoyed the treat of a good chicken dinner prepared by the good sisters of the district. I wish all could have seen these dear little ones enjoy such an outing, as also Bro. & Sr. Boyer who have charge of the Mission and are much interested in the welfare of the children. This, to my mind, is real Mission work. May the Lord bless these dear ones who are so kindly giving of their means and time to the work of the Lord in this place. Visiting for a few days in this vicinity, Saturday, Aug. 2 found me at Pleasant Hill where I had opportunity to preach twice. The last service was on Sunday morning, Aug. 3. Then I was at Highland in the evening, and was favored with a realization of the presence of God in preaching the word. I enjoyed the fellowship of the saints and was glad to hear the testimonies of real victory thru the blood.

From here I came to Buffalo, N. Y. Aug. 5. I spent a few hours viewing Niagara Falls, one of the wonders of the world, and came on to Stevensville where Bro. Saylor took me to his home, and in the evening to the Bertie M. H. Here I was permitted to preach for three evenings, God giving me real victory.

On August 8, I came to Hagersville where Sr. Nigh met me and took me to their home. In the evening I preached in the Springvale M. H. The Lord is blessing the self-sacrificing labors of our young brother John Nigh and his consecrated wife. May God raise up many more such young people and send them out in His great harvest field. Surely the fields are white already to harvest and the laborers are so few.

Next I came to Gormley via Toronto, Aug. 9, where I was entertained at the home of Eld. and Sr. T. S. Doner for the night. A service was held at the Heise Hill M. H. that evening and in the morning of Aug. 10. In the afternoon a service was held in the Mennonite church at Gormley. This was my first
visit in this district and we enjoyed blessed fellowship together. The Lord met us graciously and a number responded to the invitations.

Here I met for the first time dear Bro. Elliott and was entertained at his home over Sunday night. How glad I am as a young man to be permitted to meet with these old soldiers of the cross who have gone thru many hard places.

I came away feeling the sacred influence of these dear ones on me; inspiring me to be more like my blessed Master by His grace.

Early on Monday morning, Aug. 11, Bro. Elliott took me to Richmond Hill where we took the parting hand and I set my face Westward, journeying by way of Toronto, Chicago and Salt Lake City. I reached home well and happy, fifteen hours earlier than my family was expecting me.

The Lord very graciously blessed me with health and so watched over me that I did not meet with a single accident in travelling over 10,000 miles by railway. He also preserved the lives of my dear wife and children. He shall have all the glory. We magnify His name.

Many things are now confronting us and we need the prayers of the saints, so that in all things we may know His will concerning us.

I thank the Lord for the many brethren and sisters who assisted me in a financial way so lightening my burdens which otherwise would have been very heavy to bear. I make special note, and with thanks, of the special offering given me at Grantham by the Mowersville brethren, to be used in furnishing me with a new suit of clothes for the Summer, something I needed very much. Yet it came to me as a complete surprise. May the Lord bless all who had a part in this work of love. He who notes the sparrows when they fall, and who said the giving of a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall not fail of its reward, will also note this.

I am glad to note a real forward move in all the districts visited, a real seeking after the deeper things of God. I am persuaded that we as a church need to go forward and possess the land. I believe we are well able. God's promise to me is that all that my feet shall tread upon is mine. Shall we move forward? Yes, in His name we shall reach the goal. But we must stand together as one man in the battle and face the foe with a solid front. We then are workers together with Him. He will lead us on to victory thru the blood. O what a grand prospect is before the true child of God. The fight is on. I mean by His grace to reprove and rebuke sin in all its forms so that some day beyond this world of sin I may be found without spot and faultless, so that the all-seeing eye of Him who sitteth on the throne can see nothing in me that is unlike Him, or that will not be found white in the white light of His judgment.

Yours, in Jesus.

J. B. Leaman.

Upland, Cal.

There are millions of people on earth today who will never possess a portion of Scripture unless it be given them as a free gift.

The missionaries in Japan are planning a special study of the Empire with a view to the evangelization of its untouched fields.

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?
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A SISTER'S LETTER.

Dear brethren and sisters:—I felt that I should try to write for the Visitor. I have just finished reading the Visitor of August 25. I am always glad to read it. Then I opened the New Testament at I Pet. third chapter and read. In the 15th verse it says, “But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts, and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear.” The latter part especially made me think.

If I read and hear about strange doctrines there is one Book that we can depend on, one that will not lead us astray, if we are willing to obey its teachings, just as they are given, and not to turn aside to explanations given by men, for all mankind is imperfect. Why should we listen and follow after any one, when their teachings are contrary to the Word of God, which is perfect?

It says we shall speak in meekness and fear of the hope that is within us. I see that I sometimes speak not in meekness and fear as I should, sometimes as tho I were doing more than some others, but what are we that we should feel so? How soon God can say, “It is enough,” and we have no power of our own. It is only thru Jesus that we can do anything good.

We also read that “He that exalteth himself shall be abased but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted,” that we should esteem our brethren above ourselves, and that a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price.

How good it is that we may have the Bible and especially the New Testament for therein we find what we must do to be saved, and we also find comfort and especially so when in trouble or distress.

It is my prayer that you all and I with you might “Stand fast in the liberty where with Christ hath made us free and not be entangled again in the yoke of bondage,” and that we might not be a hindrance to any one, but that we might help others to know and love Jesus, and be born into the kingdom of God.

In the last chapter of James the last two verses, we read, “Brethren if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.”

We also read that when we have done what we could, that we should call ourselves unprofitable servants, for we have done what it was our duty to do.

But if we follow Jesus he gives us rest and peace, and we feel no condemnation, and have the promise of everlasting life.

This while past I have thought a great deal of that hymn, “O for a faith that will not shrink.”

It has been a comfort to me. The third verse says:—

“A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without.
That when in danger knows no fear;
In darkness feels no doubt.”

Yours in Christian love,

Miriam K. Benner.


DRAWING LEM FROM THE LUMBER CAMP.

In the parsonage study the minister’s wife held a card in her hand. On it was printed:

...Christ says “The harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few.”... By God’s help I will be a laborer, and will pray daily for...

The cards had been distributed to the congregation on the Sunday before, at the prayer meeting which followed the pastor’s impressive sermon on the “Power of Prayer in the Conversion of Souls.” It was the custom in the large Newfoundland Methodist Church to hold a prayer meeting after the evening service for “drawing in the net,” as the sermon been the casting of it. On this day the earnest prayers that followed each other in quick succession led Mr. Norman to present to his congregation the Church Helper’s Cards, which he had intended to hold till his people had returned from Labrador.

As the minister’s wife held the card before her, she was thinking deeply. Whose name should fill the blank? She ran over in her mind the list of youth people of both sexes in her large Bible class who had not yet closed in with the offers of salvation. O, yes, she knew them well, for she was praying for every
one of them. There was Janet Fowler, struggling to fill a mother’s place to four reckless, half-grown boys, and daily harassed by the cildish petulance of an ill-tempered father. She took up the pencil to write her name, but before she could do so, another’s face came before her.

“I wish I could write them all,” she said aloud. Then with more persistence than ever she saw the laughing, boyish face of Lemuel Richards. Gay, happy, careless, it was so easy for him to be drawn into evil, and she knew all too surely that the appetite for strong drink was gradually forging its chains around him. His hard-working father knew it, too, and often wondered why it was that God had removed from him his mother’s influence.

She took the card, and wrote slowly, “Lemuel Richards;” and then, with a slight smile, she reversed it, and on the back she wrote the names of all the needy ones of the class.

“There,” she said aloud, “that is the only same method to adopt;” and, placing the card in her Bible at the fifteenth chapter of John’s Gospel, she then and there offered up an earnest prayer for them all, but especially for Lemuel Richards, who was even then exposed to all the temptations of Labrador life.

“I hope he will soon come home,” she thought. “I shall get the boys of the class to help me to pray, and to try to win him. Some of them will be sure to tell me when he returns, and anyway, I know he will be in class on Sunday, for he is always loyal to that.”

On Saturday night she met his chum, Andrew Allison.

“Lem came home today, Mrs. Norman,” he said. “I saw him.”

“He is coming to Bible class tomorrow, Andrew?” she asked eagerly.

“Yes, he promised me he would be there, and told me it was his only Sunday at home, as he is spending the Winter with Harrison’s Lumber Contractors, and leaves for the woods on Monday.”

“Oh, Andrew, I am so sorry!” said Mrs. Norman involuntarily; and her heart sank as she thought of the few good influences that would surround him there, and of the desperate, downward pull of evil to counteract them. Then the old question recurred to her: “Is the Lord’s arm shortened, that He cannot save? Is His ear heavy, that He cannot hear?” and shame at her lack of faith filled her heart.

“I will go early to class tomorrow,” she thought, “and have a talk with him;” but even here she was destined to bitter disappointment, for a violent headache kept her confined to bed all next day, and a substitute had to be provided for her class. The next morning Lemuel was gone.

“This, too, is God’s way,” she thought, “so I will trust and not be afraid. My work is to pray, and leave the result with Him.”

Two months later, in response to many prayers, a powerful revival swept the circuit, and scores—nay, perhaps hundreds—had the joy of witnessing the conversion of those whose names had filled the blanks on their pledge cards.

Mrs. Norman worked hard, and had the satisfaction of seeing a large harvest from her class, among the first of whom was Janet Fowler. In the midst of all this her heart was sad, however, for she could not help thinking regretfully: “If Lemuel were only here.”

One night as she moved about among the congregation she saw Mr. Richards there. It was not often he got to meeting, for an hour’s walk after his day’s work was too much for the old man. She went to him at once.

“Mr. Richards,” she asked, “have you heard from Lem lately?”

“Yes, I have,” he answered, “and he will be home tomorrow.”

“Home?” she repeated in astonishment, “why, what is the matter?”

“Well,” said his father, “he wrote me that he is too miserable to stay. ‘It is an awfully wicked place, father,’ he said; ‘and I must get out of it. I have felt all Winter that some one is praying for me, and I can’t stand it any longer. I am coming home to begin a new life, and then I will try to get work at the sawmill.’”

“Thank God!” breathed the minister’s wife reverently.

Next night, when the meeting opened, Mrs. Norman looked over the crowded church for the boy for whom she had so earnestly prayed, but she could not see him, and her heart was heavy. At last, in passing one of the back seats, she saw, close to the wall, the familiar form of the young man, with his head bowed in his hands. She moved in beside him.

“Lem,” she said, “it was God who brought you home.”
He looked up. "Then it was you who prayed for me all Winter," he said.

She bowed.

"I thought all along it was you," he said. "Lemuel," and her hand was on his arm. "Jesus waits now to forgive you, and to take away the burden of sin which is making your life unbearable. Won't you come to Him now?"

The merry brown eyes were dimmed with tears as he looked up into his friend's face. "It is what I came home for," he said, "but I waited for you to come and invite me first!"

and rising, he walked forward with a firm, decisive step, and knelt among others at the foot of the Cross.—Sel.

TESTIMONY.

I have felt for some time to send my testimony to the Visitor. I am glad that Jesus saves me now. I praise Him for His saving and keeping power. I am so glad that this wonderful salvation suits the young as well as the old. I find real joy and satisfaction in His service. I am so glad that this wonderful salvation suits the young as well as the old. I find real joy and satisfaction in His service. I am so glad that the desire of this world is taken out of my heart. I feel like saying with the poet, "Take the world but give me Jesus."

The Lord has been teaching me many lessons late for which I praise Him. I want to be a bright shining light to those around me. It is not enough for me to be saved but I want to bring others to the feet of Jesus. Sometimes the devil tries to make things look hard but when I look around and see what the Lord has done for me, and the way He has changed my heart, I feel like saying, "I am going thru, Jesus, I'll take the way whatever others do." O it pays.

Bessie Wildfong.

Hespeler, Ont.

EVANGELISM.

In the churches of America the voice of lamentation is heard on every side. There never was such a demand for juniper trees, and never such a supply of weeping prophets to sit under them. The coronach sounds mournfully as if the Lord had forgotten to be gracious. It is obvious that something is wrong. There are fewer accessions than in former years; fewer showers of blessing, fewer conversions. Doves are not flocking to their windows as in former years.

What is the difficulty? To begin with, there is nothing wrong with Christ. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He is able and willing as ever; and His hands are stretched out still. The fountain of salvation has not run dry.

Nor is there anything wrong with the gospel. It is just what it always has been, "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." It has not been superannuated by the logic of events; since it was adjusted in the beginning to all the vicissitudes of time. The Cross has ever been an offense to many in the necessity of the case; but to those who believe, it is still the wisdom and power of God.

Nor is there anything wrong with the constitution of the Church. It was founded on the confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," as on an immovable rock, and it was equipped with Pentecostal power for all time; so that, unless it refuses to draw on its inexhaustable resources the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

WHAT IS WRONG?

Where, then, is the fault? Are our ministers to blame? It can not be denied that many of them have apparently lost their way. They have cut loose from their instructions "to seek and to save." I attended church twice a Sun-
day during the three months of last Summer, and never heard a single invitation to accept Christ as the only Saviour from the power and penalty of sin! Have they forgotten the injunction: "Watch thou; do the work of an evangelist?"

Are the churches also to blame? Lincoln said: "You can trust the people;" but there are people with itching ears, who willingly follow their pastors into all manner of byways. It must not be inferred, however, that the universal Church is going to the bad. When a railway train meets with a disaster, it may put the entire schedule out of gear, but that is not necessarily a reflection on the system.

Are our colleges also at fault? It is an open secret that there are instructors in so-called "evangelical" schools of theology who are totally out of accord with the Evangel. If there is no sin therefore no omnipotent Christ and therefore no salvation, our vocation is reduced to nil, and can offer no attractions to earnest young men. The fact is that the Church has been largely diverted from the business in hand. The business is Evangelism—that is, the holding up of Christ and His gospel for the salvation of sinful men.

In many cases there has been a turning aside from the Evangel into the multitudinous forms of so-called "New Thought." Ring out the old, ring in the new! New Theology! New Ethics! Babism, Hinduism, Theosophy! Anything but the old-time religion. The zeitgeist, or "spirit of the age," is exploited at the expense of the Spirit of God. Others have turned aside from the Evangel into the discussion of problems which properly belong to the kindergarten of faith, such as the personality of God, the Divinity of Christ, the power of the cross and the reality of the resurrection, in which life and immortality are brought to light. The Apostle to the Hebrews spoke of "leaving the principles of the gospel of Christ and going on unto perfection." But with many there are no such "principles," there are no axioms, no postulates. Everything is in the air.

Others have turned aside from the Evangel into legalism. One of our distinguished preachers recently said: "If we ever have another revival, it will be an ethical revival," by which, of course, he meant—if he meant anything—that the people would assemble around Sanai rather than Calvary. An ethical revival can mean only a revival with the Cross left out. The Ten Commandments to the front, and the Atonement to the rear! What is this but old-fashioned legalism? What is this but salvation by works, or justification by the deeds of the law?

Others have turned aside from the Evangel into sacerdotalism. Bell, book, and candle! Fringes and phylacteries and tithes of garden herbs! All this in the presence of a world cavilling at truth and dying for want of the Gospel of Salvation!

Others have turned aside from the Evangel into emotionalism. They have gone apart, like the mystics, to sit in silent contemplation of the Cross. They keep on singing in their trysting places, while the fields are white to harvest, and the souls are perishing for want of a helping hand.

Others—many others in these days—have turned aside into social service; the feeding of the hungry and the clothing of the naked and the healing of the sick. A most Christ-like service! But to say that this is the "Christ-life" is to say a false and foolish thing. He "went about
doing good," but He did not content Himself with administering to those who were laid on couches along His way. Not sustenance, but salvation was the keynote of His ministry.

What is the remedy for this condition of things? Thus saith the Lord: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." He knows best: His plans call for a marshalling of His professed followers in a crusade for souls. He said: "As the Father hath sent Me into the world, so send I you." Let us get back to our commission; back to our business, which is "to seek and to save the lost!"

THE GREAT QUEST.

We occupy a coin of vantage from which we may sound a trumpet blast to the uttermost borders of Christendom. Let us get back to Christ, back to His program of service, back to the explicit terms of our commission: "Go ye!" Go ye out in the quest of souls! Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and constrain them to come in! Go ye to Sychar, to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, to Gadara and regions beyond with the message: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life!"

A truer word was never spoken than that of John Foster: "Power, to the last atom, is responsibility!" The power, is at our command. It is for us to say whether we shall be willing in the day of the Lord's power. We are here at the King's call and on the King's business. Let us sound the lost note! Evangelism! Evangelism! EVANGELISM! Let us sound it so loudly that every minister in our communion shall be given to understand that progress has not undermined the deep foundation of Calvary or washed away the crimson stain of the Atonement, or obliterated those momentous words: "I am the Way: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.'

Let us sound the clarion note of Evangelism with such carrying power that our missionaries shall hear it in the regions beyond; and address themselves with new hope and courage to the salvation of souls.

Let us speak so distinctly that every home shall hear us; so that family altars shall be rebuilt and parents shall no longer farm out the duty of leading their children to the Savior, but shall personally constrain them to come to Him. For the great commission cannot be delegated to those who are in so-called "holy orders." All alike are in the life-saving service. EVERY SINNER IS LOST, AND EVERY CHRISTIAN IS SENT TO SEEK AND TO SAVE.—The Christian.

"Pray without ceasing." Does anyone say this is hard to do? Impossible and impracticable? Hear the testimony of that brave soldier, Stonewall Jackson: "I have so fitted the habit in my mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without asking God's blessing; never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal; never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward; never change my classes in the lecture room without a minute's petition for the cadets who go out and those who come in."—The Churchman.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings."
LOST SOULS.

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 gnashing of teeth! What eternities of despair! Irredeemably lost. No chance for a light to shine out on their devil-begirt, furnace-heated, pall-shrouded, downward, outward, hellward pathway! Lost to happiness and holiness! Lost to God and the redeemed! Lost to Heaven and hope! Lost and no hope of ever being found! Not one dim, distant 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 found them, lost; but they would not be found. They gained the world, and lost their souls. They gained the shadow and lost the substance; gained the briers, and lost the flower; gained famine and lost plenty; gained foes and lost a friend; gained eternal damnation and lost eternal life.

Lost amid the outer darkness! Lost in the smoke of torment! Lost in the lake of fire and brimstone! Lost amid the howling of myriads of tormenting devils, the shrieks of the damned, “a horrible tempest,” ten thousand thunders. LOST! LOST!! LOST!!!

The bells of eternity are tolling the requiem. Time warns you. The Bible warns you. The Spirit warns you. Shall you and your loved ones be lost? Decide now, while Jesus calls, or you are LOST.

"Time's sun is fast setting, its twilight is nigh. Its evening is falling in clouds o'er the sky. Its shadows are stretching in ominous gloom. 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 footsteps remain, but thou art gone—where? into INFINITY.

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

And, reader, 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 thine Eternal dwelling place, and to-day is the time to make thy choice. To-morrow may be too late—one day behind time. Which art thou living for? Which art thou traveling to?

To go from the haunts of sin, debauchery and vice to the presence of God and the Lamb—impossible; from the crowd of the condemned, and the race for gold and gain, to the song of the redeemed, and the crown of glory. No, never! Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. Reader, hast thou been born again? If so, well; but if not, the horrors of an Eternal Hell are awaiting thee and to-day thou art nearer its unquenchable flame than thou hast ever been before.

Halt! Why will you meet God with an unsaved soul? He 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.