10-20-1913

**Evangelical Visitor- October 20, 1913. Vol. XXVII. No. 21.**

George Detwiler

---

Follow this and additional works at: [https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor](https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor)

Part of the [History of Religion Commons](https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor), and the [Religion Commons](https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor)

Permanent URL: [https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor/596](https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor/596)

---

**Recommended Citation**


[https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor/596](https://mosaic.messiah.edu/evanvisitor/596)

---

**Sharpening Intellect | Deepening Christian Faith | Inspiring Action**

Messiah University is a Christian university of the liberal and applied arts and sciences. Our mission is to educate men and women toward maturity of intellect, character and Christian faith in preparation for lives of service, leadership and reconciliation in church and society.

[www.Messiah.edu](http://www.Messiah.edu) | One University Ave. | Mechanicsburg PA 17055
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.

October 20, 1913.
The Demon's Trap.

Where drink is sold, I passed one day,
With sense all attune
to the ruin wrought, and read this sign,
"The Tidal Wave Saloon."

Oh, what a truth was written there
In that repellant sign,
as they might tell whose ruined souls
Went out on the flow of wine!

There's cowering shame where beauty
Reigned,
Despair where hope had stood;
And rampant evil, raging round,
As it practised as it would;
A beggar's rags where wealth had been,
in homes where all was joy and peace,
Now want and woe intrude.

A sister stands with saddened brow
And views the ruin wrought;
a widow kneels in tears of grace,
to bear it as she ought.a
ruined home, a ruined name,
a ruined hope and trust;
The brightest joy of human life
All trampled in the dust.

The dead, the bartered dead, that fall
Are but the toll the rum fiend takes
to desolate the land,
Man names the price, and grants the right
to spoil the human race;
rum pays the golden bribe, and flings
Our dead men in our face.

Our hundred thousand drunken dead,
Which Heaven's books record,
as sold to fill the traitor's purse,
As Judas sold his Lord.
And still we sit, and still we dream
Of peace and duty done,
While this gigantic tidal wave
Rolls westward with the sun.
Then fling the temperance banner out
Between the earth and sky.
your captain is on high,
your battlefield is here below,
the hosts of God are with the right.
And Right shall victor be;
And some shall sing the victor song
Thru all eternity.
O, haste the day when love shall reign.
When wickedness shall cease;
When this old earth shall know again
The blessedness of peace.
That glorious morning will not wait:
Its coming may be soon.
When God Himself shall reckon with
"The Tidal Wave Saloon."

Thou might'st have sent from heaven above
Angelic hosts to tell the story;
but in Thy condescending love
On men thou hast conferred the glory.
EDITORIAL.

RUSSELISM.

At a State Council, held at Harrisburg, Pa., several years ago, Bishop S. R. Smith was authorized to edit a pamphlet, in which Russelism would be explained and refuted. Pressure of work has prevented Bro. Smith from completing this work, and since there is a pressing need for a work of this kind, the Messiah Bible School, to have reliable matter in reference to this subject, arranged with the Chas. C. Cook Publishing Co., for the publication of five hundred copies of Millennial Dawnism, “The Blasphemous Religion which teaches the Annihilation of Jesus Christ,” by I. M. Haldeman, D. D.

The regular price of these pamphlets is ten cents per copy, but on account of a large order, the school is enabled to sell them at seven cents post paid, to any address, United States or Canada. U. S. stamps accepted in payment.

We believe this pamphlet to be the best yet published against Russelism, and think that it should be in the hands of every minister, at least, of our church.

For copies address Enos H. Hess, secy, Grantham, Pa.

Enos H. Hess V. Pres., & Secy.

The following letter from Bro. T. A. Long, Salem, Texas, ought to meet the eyes of some minister brother to whom the proposition would appeal. Sr. Long is now in the East, and if Bro. Long secures the release he asks for he will come East too, and be ready to answer calls in the evangelistic field as indicated in his letter. The letter follows:

A MINISTER WANTED

If some brother who would wish to spend the Winter in the South would come to Salem, Texas, and assist Bro.
Peter Fike in my stead, I could give myself to the Evangelistic field for the coming Winter, to labor where called on. For such who suffer from the cold Winters in the North this is a good place. Many come to the Gulf Coast to recuperate. Many thousands come over Winter. I wrote Bro. F. Elliott of Richmond Hill, Ont., some time ago inviting him to come and take my place. Should he decide to come, we would feel well provided. Should he refuse the place is open for some one else.

The one who accepts the offer can take possession of our dwelling and all connected with it, one or two cows, chickens, garden, horse and buggy to attend the meetings away from our place. Our church house is within a few rods of our yard.

Many who have weak lungs come here to escape the cold Northern climate. We wish to state to any who contemplate coming that we have a few days occasionally when the North winds are quite chilly and good warm clothes are in demand. I hope to hear from some one who will volunteer to come.

T. A. Long.

We are anxious that all subscription renewals, whether now due, or expiring at the end of the year, be sent in early. To encourage our friends to do so we hold out special inducements. Our Scripture Text Wall Calendar for 1914 is ready and the price is 25 cents singly. We have concluded to offer to all subscribers new or old the Visitor for a year, our calendar, and one motto entitled , “Rules for Today,” for $1.35. The price of the motto is 25 cents. We also offer a Self-filling Fountain Pen, price $1.50 for $1.10 to all who are in need of one. We have used this pen for more than a year and it has given satisfaction. All new subscriptions will be credited to Jan. 1915, from now on. Will send back numbers of October as long as the supply lasts. Those who are not ready to renew early can secure the Calendar and motto by dropping us a card, thus getting them to them early. We would be glad for a thousand orders by December 1. Calendars in quantities, 5 for $1.00; 12 for $2.25.

In a brief obituary elsewhere in this issue there is the announcement of the passing away at the home of her son, Henry N., in Abilene, Kan., of Sister Engle, widow of the late Bishop Jesse Engle, well and favorably known throughout the Brotherhood, not only as a gifted church officer and preacher, but as the pioneer missionary of the church, and who lies buried at the Matopo Mission, South Africa. In all the activities of Bishop Engle, he had the loyal support of his wife. She stood loyally by him when passing thru most trying circumstances, accompanied him to Africa, sharing with him the hardships attending that effort. After her husband’s death she returned to the homeland and spent her closing years among her children. Now the burden of life has been laid aside and she has gone to her reward, where faith gives way to sight. Her sons rise up and call her blessed.

We are glad to note that the Messiah Bible School and Missionary Training Home, at Grantham, Pa., has started in with the Fall Term with an increased attendance. The number is a few less than fifty which number it is hoped may yet be reached by students coming later. Members of the teaching staff speak highly of the students. The West, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Illinois, is well represented by a number of fine young
people who will help to increase the prestige of the school. We earnestly hope the institution will grow in all things that make for excellency, and will merit and receive the confidence and support of our people as a whole, and that year by year its usefulness may increase. May it ever remain a safe institution, and young people who are trained there go out saved and educated to be a blessing to the world.

Mr. S. D. Gordon is probably one of the most popular present-day writers on religious themes. His "Quiet Talks" series consists of possibly six or more books, and are extensively advertised and recommended by the religious press. In a former issue we called attention to a warning given by the editor of Our Hope which said that Mr. Gordon was unsound in his teaching. His latest book "Quiet Talks on the Lord's Return" came in for the criticism of Mr. Gabelein. More recently The Gospel Message has undertaken to show Mr. Gordon's unsoundness as found in the second part of the same book. The reviewer charges that Mr. Gordon here teaches,

1. That many men will be saved by their own works, and that any man anywhere could be so saved.

2. That the book conveys a wrong impression as to the extent of man's depravity.

3. That the teaching of the book seems to ignore the New Birth.

4. That the book gives a wrong conception of the wrath and judgments of God, and

5. That the teaching of this book will kill Missionary zeal.

The passages from the book which are quoted by the reviewer to substantiate his charges as given above are too extensive for us to produce here but the criticism seems to be entirely just, and it is well that people should know the truth about it, since the Quiet Talks books are quite popular among the reading public. Better read nothing than to read that which is apt to be poison to the minds of those who read.

Just after going to press with our last issue, a brief word came from Bro. Frey advising us of their safe arrival at Bulawayo, at 9 P. M. Aug. 28. The distance from Cape Town to Bulawayo, 1360 miles, was made in just fifty eight and half hours. The trains make speedier time than formerly. Bro. Steigerwald met them at Bulawayo. They were all well and glad to be back home again. Bro. Frey and family and possibly Sr. Doner, were going by train to Mshhebezi and Sr. Baker would accompany Bro. Steigerwald to Matopo. All were enjoying good health.

Bro. and Sr. J. H. Myers arrived in Harrisburg, Pa., on the 2nd., inst. On the way from Thomas, Okla., they visited a week at Goodman, Mo. Their present address is 1837 Boas St., Harrisburg, Pa. They wish the friends to know that their health is considerably better than it was at the time of General Conference. They request the prayers of the saints in their behalf.

GLEANINGS.

In the tenth of Hebrews, where the object is to exhort believers to hold fast their confidence, we read, "Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while..."
and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith.” Here we have faith presented not only as the ground of righteousness, but as the vital principle which we are to live, day by day, from the starting-post to the goal of the Christian course. There is no other way of righteousness—no other way of living, but by faith. It is by faith we are justified, and by faith we live. By faith we stand and by faith we walk.—Sel.

‘Tis with “such measure as ye mete!”
“Who loves is loved,” glad lips repeat;
The kindly word is multiplied,
Returning by the earliest tide;
The helping hand is helped in turn;
Who teaches from the child will learn;
Who gives will gracious alms receive;
Who spreads his joy forgets to grieve;
Whose little candle lights the way
For others when some shadow bars.
Will guided be himself by ray
Of glory passing sun or stars!

Mary Mason Poynter.

How constantly we are rushing into life with all its demands, half-dressed! When we are proud we have left out Christ’s humility; when we are morally weak, we have forgotten to put on Christ as our strength; when we fail in some temptation we have failed to put on Christ as the complement of all demands, when there is lack in us of the sweetness, reasonableness and loveliness of Jesus, it is because we have forgotten to put on His “meek and quiet spirit.” Let us “put on the Lord Jesus Christ,” and every part of His vesture—“The garments of salvation,” as well as the robe of righteousness.”—Selected.

As I have said, Christ’s voice comes to us again and again, sometimes direct, sometimes thru one of His disciples, but always reiterating and re-emphasizing this same demand. How is it that so few hear it? And how is it that those who hear do not always act as tho they heard? I remember reading some time ago of a talk a man had with his little son one Sunday when they were looking at the pictures in an illustrated Bible. Amongst them was a reproduction of Holman Hunt’s “The Light of the World.” You know it well—that picture of Christ standing outside the closed door of a house. The hinges were rusty, the portals were overgrown with weeds and ivy, and the suppliant whose hand knocked seemed to get no response. The father told the little boy the story it portrayed—of Christ standing there and knocking, seeking admission.

After some thought the little boy said,
“Father, did He get in?”
“No; I don’t think He did.”
“Why didn’t He get in?”
"I don't know why. But I am sure he didn't."

"Was it because they did not hear Him knock?"

"I don't know boy. I don't see quite how they could help hearing Him."

The little fellow thought for a while, and then said, "O father, I think I know! They must have been living in the cellar. That is why they didn't hear Him!"

We smile at the child's explanation but as we think about it we stop smiling, for we recognize the truth of it. Yes! That is why a great many people never hear the voice of Jesus. They are living in the cellar, in the lowest things of life—for self-gratification, pleasure, sport, money-getting, and money-spending and the like! Oh, let us all make quite sure of this, that we are not living down in the cellar, or away at the back of the house, lest when Jesus comes to us saying "Where is My guest-chamber?" we are unable to recognize His voice.—Extract from a sermon at Northfield by J. Stuart Holden.

*. * * * * * *

...And what shall this man do?" A wealthy zealous, self-sacrificing deacon of a country church in Vermont, known far and wide for his good works, was once asked why he led such a life of self-denial. He replied, "When I became a Christian and began to read my Bible understandingly, I read that I was called into the vineyard of the Lord, and I made up my mind I was not called there to eat grapes, but to hoe; and I've been trying to hoe ever since."—Sel.

*. * * * * * *

"It is possible not only to locate Kadesh-barnea upon the map, but also to find it in the geography of the soul. It suggests not merely the point whence Israel turned back into the desert, but the scene where many a life has fallen into discouragement and disappointment and disgrace. It is the place of lost opportunity; of failure and defeat."

*. * * * * * *

Mr. Moody on the last day of his life, was listening to passages of the Bible as they were read to him by one of his sympathetic friends. At last he asked that the Bible be laid beside him, and he wrote on the margin of it; "If God be your partner, make your plans large."

The trouble with us is that we do not make our plans in life large enough. Why do we not enlarge the horizon of our life and let God be our partner in very truth? When we have done this we can say with confidence, "Nothing is too hard for God."—Onward.

*. * * * * * *

If everything around us is of the best, does this assure our being of the best? A newspaper dispatch tells of an interesting experiment about to be made. It is said that in one of our Southern cities "ninety-seven influential women have decided to test a theory that girls thru proper environment may obtain feminine perfection. It is planned to select twenty girls, ranging in age from four to sixteen years, and, by giving them the proper home atmosphere and training, to develop them into women of the highest intellect and capacity." The "higher mental and eugenics training" is to be the method for reaching this perfection. But this sort of human environment and training will never bring the results so laudably desired. In the Garden of Eden the environment was of the best, and the result was failure. Yet there is an environment that assures final perfection. That environment is Christ. And He is the only environment that can accomplish this. When, to our voluntary surrender to Him, we let Him not only encamp round about us but fill us with Himself as well, then
we have entered on a course of training and growth—the end of which is that we shall be like Him. Best of all this Christ-environment is freely offered to everyone—even to those whose human surroundings seem hopeless.—S. S. Times.

* * * * * * *

"NOT ABLE?"—If ever anybody was justified in saying 'that, it would have been a girl cradled in poverty, crippled so that she must be strapped to a chair till nine years old, compelled to wear a steel harness and use crutches the rest of her life, and never free from pain. But at nine she went to school; at fourteen she hung out a sign; "Day-school for Girls. Fifty cents a Month." To keep in advance of the twenty pupils she gathered, she attended an afternoon school paying for her instruction by giving elementary lessons to beginners. When she was eighteen, a stranded acrobat asked her to help him prepare for a civil service examination, but had no money to pay her. Altho already teaching in two school and studying in another, she gave him her evenings. Others came with him and soon she had the first free evening school in her city. Before she completed her service she had also seen the need for an institution to care for crippled children, and had raised the money to house it. Had she been made of the same stuff as the ten spies, Sophie Wright of New Orleans would have died unknown and unwept.—Youth's Companion.

The medical work at Tripoli and Jumich is doing much to break down the prejudice of the Mohammedans and represent the spirit of the Great Healer.

While we give about sixteen cents each per year, our converted heathen brothers give over two dollars each per year.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

BE YE THANKFUL.

BY G. S. GRIM

Paul foretold that men and women will be unthankful in the last days. To see this fulfilled we only need to see how men and women do and act at the present time. Many people are born into this world by unthankful parents and thus the very nature and disposition is brought into the world with them, and then instilled into them by the parents. They become so absorbed in unthankfulness and ingratitude that it is difficult for them to be thankful for what they get or even what they have. Some persons seem to see but little if anything, to be thankful for. They are more inclined to complaining, and therefore are more unthankful for what they do have, and may influence others to become like them. This gloom, discouragement, and unthankfulness are sown broadcast, and no telling where it will lodge, and how far it will go, and to what extent it will develop in the actions of men.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain." "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with that which you have; for he said I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." If we are tempted to think we have hard trials to go thru which may bring clouds of unthankfulness, then let us begin to count the many blessings which we had enjoyed and which did us good as we were passing down the steeps of life; then we will begin to soon see what we really have in this life. We know before hand that there was nothing promised as far as the world is concerned but sorrow, sickness, pain and death, Now what else can we expect?

We are exhorted to give thanks not
for pleasant things alone, but for, or in, everything. “In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.”

We should let our requests be known unto God with thanksgiving, that is, we should thank Him for what we have, and should ask Him for anything we are in need of.

If we thank Him for what we are able to accomplish for Him and ask Him to increase our ability and usefulness for His glory and for our good, we are more likely to get our requests granted, than we should if we just want to have our own way, or become discouraged because of our inability to do more, and thereby belittle ourselves. If we are thankful for the little we can fill God will increase our usefulness in this world and also in the world to come.

Louisville, Ohio

DEATH. A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.
BY W. R. SMITH

Man was created immortal, and no doubt it was the purpose of the divine Creator, that he should live on forever in that delightful Eden home. Thru his disobedience and deplorable fall into sin, he died spiritually, and by the same act became subject to all of the ailments and various diseases, that have ever afflicted the human race.

The sin of disobedience also brought physical death to the body into the world, and “so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned.” (Rom. 5:12).

What an awful state of affairs sin brought about in the very beginning of man’s life on earth.

In the midst of the garden of Eden was a tree called the “Tree of Life,” What properties it had is not told, but it seemed to possess some wonderful life imparting qualities, for after man had sinned, God determined to send man forth from the garden, “lest he put forth his hand and take also of the Tree of Life, and eat and live forever,” as a spiritually naked, hiding miserable sufferer.

So man was driven out and cherubim and a flaming sword that turned every way, was placed there to keep and guard the way to the Tree of Life.

God did not now purpose that man in his fallen diseased condition should live forever on earth, however, desirable perpetual life might have been in a state of innocence.

Perhaps but few if any, will believe me when I state that under present conditions, physical death is a great blessing in disguise.

If the divine Creator had permitted Adam and Eve to eat of the tree of life, the record plainly says they would live forever and as representatives of the human race all of their descendants would have lived also. Can one imagine what an awful condition this world would present? A sinful, diseased race of people endued with eternal life? No one dying since the creation of man, but all living, countless millions of them, afflicted with all the aches, pains and diseases that flesh is heir to.

Multitudes that are incurable, deformed in thousands of ways, the crippled and maimed, legions of blind, groping about in life-long darkness.

Millions suffering, and groaning in anguish of heart for relief for thousands of years crying out for deliverance but can not die.

What a truly horrible scene of human woe and sorrow that would be. Everywhere, all nations, tribes and people of earth, suffering because they are immortal creatures, and must live on and on with all their many afflictions forever!
The wounded, torn and mangled conditions in which human beings would crawl about or lie in a helpless state would be truly pitiful. Everywhere the same sad scenes of misery pain and affliction exists, for no family is exempt.

It has been estimated by some that fifty billions of people have lived on the earth since the Creation, but I think that is not a large enough number. But even with that population now, what a growing mass of human misery this world would have.

Aged persons from the time of Adam, and all others born since, still going wearily about, weighed down with many years, longing to lay down the burden of life, and yet fully realizing that their stay here was forever. Who would want to live under such conditions and surroundings if they could avoid it? Truly it would seem more like a living death than life.

So to man in his fallen state, physical death has been a blessing in disguise, and, I believe, was so intended by the Creator in not allowing him to partake of the tree of life in the garden.

How carefully God guarded this Tree of Life to prevent man from approaching it is seen by His placing there a cherubim, one of a high order of angels, and a flaming sword, the symbol of justice.

God still loved man and wanted to save him by keeping him from what would be harmful in his now fallen state. For changed man, changed conditions were best, so the all-loving Father reaches out His hand to prevent man from making his sin eternal.

This is why I think that the Tree of Life was so carefully guarded, to keep man from bringing upon himself and the whole human race an immortality of misery.

From all this terrible story of the fall of man, we learn an ill-important lesson, which is, that tho man had lost his way to God, yet God in His infinite love and mercy at once provides a way to come to man with His great salvation. 


I AM OFTEN WEARY HERE.

BY M. ALICE KEEPER

I am often weary here,
As I roam
Far from home
In a world so sad and drear,
And were not my Savior near,
Whispering to me, "Do not fear."
I should soon
Be overcome,

But he does my strength renew,
Day by day,
All the way.
He's my Shepherd, kind and true.
Showing me just what to do,
When I can see no way thru.
Oh how good
Is my Lord!

He has told me of a place
Where I may,
Some glad day
Live with him, and see his face,
And, because he gives me grace.
I shall win in life's hard race
And ere long
Wear a crown.

In that land, with glory bright,
I will come
To a home
Where there shall be no more night.
And my soul will, with delight,
Leave this world, where sin does blight
And destroy
Peace and joy.

Christ will bear my spirit, o'er,
Tho death's stream
Dark may seem,
I shall reach the other shore
Safely, and forevermore,
With the saints who've gone before.
I will sing
To my King.

Millersburg, Pa.

While the gospel message has gone to almost every nation on earth, the remarkable thing is that the Ishmaelites, or Arabs, have not as yet heard the good news of the Gospel.
**News of Church Activity**

**IN THE HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS**

Addresses of Missionaries.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Mary Hisey, Cora Alvis, Sallie Doner, Hannah Africa.

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

Baker, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.


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

Jesse and Docia Wenger, box 10, Boxsburg, 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 R. and Malinda Ey ter.

**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.

An election for deacon was held in Zion district, of Kans., on Oct. 1. The choice fell to Bro. Noah Zook who recently was received in church fellowship. May the Lord set His seal to this choice and equip the brother for successful work.

**MECHANICSBURG, PA.**

A series of meetings will be held at this place, beginning Nov. 23. There meetings will be conducted by Eld. H. O. Musser, of Elizabethown, Pa. All are invited to attend.

**DAYTON MISSION.**

We can hardly realize that the time is here again, to send in another monthly report of our work. The Apostle Paul was so much impressed with the brevity of time, as he said to the Corinthians, "But this I say, brethren, the time is short." (I Cor. 7:29). And to the Ephesians 5:16, and Colossians 4:5, he said to redeem the time because the days were evil. To the Romans 13:11, “And that knowing the time that it is high time, to awake out of sleep.” “The night is far spent, the day is at hand.” James 4:14; in speaking so impressively of the briefness of time, said, “Whereas you know not what shall be on the morrow, for what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.”

Dear friends, just think, our whole lifetime is compared to a passing vapor, and is the only time we can possibly have to do work for a long eternity. Then is it possible to have our work all done at the close of such a brief time of life, unless we are working with our might that which our hands finds to do while it is called today? At the close of the day to look back with a regret, tho it be ever so serious ‘t will never undo the neglect, nor regain the loss of one moment. Dear ones, let us think what it may mean to us were we to look back from eternity’s shore and see one neglect, while passing through brevity of time. We are not dealing in stocks and bonds but we are dealing with immortal souls, and eternal things. Then with sacred care, let us so improve this precious time, that the results thereof may please our Lord.
at heaven's gates.

We can report the work to be moving on as well as could be expected, considering the many hindrances that are against the work, and Spirit of the Lord, that sadly do exist in the wicked cities if our land. Last Sunday afternoon a poor drinking man came to the altar of prayer, to call upon God to help him to get free from that awful curse of our land, and to receive pardon of his many sins. He is the father of eleven children, six living, and five dead. Those poor little children scarcely have enough to eat, or to wear, and have received a notice to move, because of back rent. All because he misused his hard-earned money for drink. If you were to go into the home you would be moved with pity. It is so sad to see how those poor little innocent children must suffer from hunger, and cold, because the father is a drunkard. Let us pray that this man may not stop until he has gone entirely thru with the Lord. We were glad to see them, he and wife, present at the meeting last night. He testified that the Lord is helping him.

Another father made a start for the kingdom a week ago last Sunday night, and a week ago last night at our prayer meeting one of our Sunday School girls came forward to the altar confessing her sins to the Lord, and asking her mama to forgive her. Others renewed their covenant with the Lord.

On Sept. 13, we experienced a blessed baptismal service, our dear brother Taylor followed his Lord into the rolling stream. It brought great joy to our hearts as we were wading out into the stream, to think of this precious man whom the Lord had rescued from a life of many years of sin, as you will notice in his own testimony in this issue.

We were so glad to have our Conference appointed Elder J. N. Hoover, present to officiate in this sacred service. He explained Matt. 18, so impressively and proved a great blessing to us all. May God bless His labors, is our prayer.

We can again report, to the glory of God, that He has again supplied all our needs thru the faithfulness of His dear children. May you all have a continual consciousness of the Lord's presence with you for your reward, is our sincere prayer.

**FINANCIAL.**

_Report for September 1913.

Balance on hand $18.04.

**Receipts.**

Henry Myers, Dayton, O., $2.00; Bro. Ireland, Dayton, O., $2.25; Eva Hoover, West Milton, O., $1.00; sold one song book, $.40; Mission offering $.80. Total $30.19.

**Expenditures.**

Table account $11.40; gas and stove rent 2.34; incidentals $2.30; chair paint $1.17; car fare $.35. Total $17.56.

Balance on hand Oct. 1, 1913, $12.03.

Balance on hand Oct. 1-13. $18.06.

Paid out for poor $5.00.

Balance on hand Oct. 1-13, $13.06.

**OTHER DONATIONS.** Provisions were donated by the following:

Isaac Engle, Emma Cassel, Iva Herr, Ella Ettet, Florence Brumbaugh, Edward Engle, Abert Hoke, Maud Ettet, Ida Cassel, Susanna Hartman, mother Milkright, Hettie Hershey, Lester Leibers, consisting of tomatoes, butter, apples, butter milk, beans, apple butter, eggs, sweet corn, young chicken, potatoes, sweet potatoes, cookies, dried pears and apples honey, water melons, cereals, and sugar.

Your in Jesus name

W. H. and Susie Boyer

601 Taylor St., Dayton, O.

**DES MOINES MISSION.**

"We know whom we have believed and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day."

The Lord has hitherto helped us and His approval is on the work. There is a beautiful co-operation and harmony in the camp for which we bless the Lord.

Last week we had two hopeful conversions, and one young lady sanctified. She said she was troubled so much with a stubborn will, but it was now all gone.

A number of dissipated men had come to the altar. Some seemed to get real help, but, of course, many of them are so very weak because of the hold their bad habits have on them, and they are unable to resist the temptations that meet them.

The new-rebuilt-church was dedicated on Sept. 20, 21. A harvest meeting and love feast was held on Saturday. A goodly number were in attendance. The dedicatory services were well attended, and the presence of God was evident.

By economizing in the rebuilding and changing the plans from those of the first structure, we were able to put the auditorium in real desirable condition, but the basement is un-
finished for lack of funds. Had we received the $300.00 that the committee, appointed by General Conference recommended to the Brethren of the Fire Relief, we could have nicely finished the basement also, but the brethren on the Fire Relief have so far not seen fit to comply with the recommendation.

We reorganized our Sunday school at the new Gospel Temple, and it has already increased and the prospects are encouraging. There is a splendid spirit manifested among the members, and workers, and people.

The love feast was greatly enjoyed by all who attended. We greatly need your prayers that the work may grow, and the borders of Zion enlarged.

A number of the brethren and sisters of this place attended the love feast at Dallas Center, Ia., on Sept., 13, 14, and it was a time of spiritual refreshment. Love and harmony was in evidence, and freely expressed in testimony as well as in the spirit of hospitality and happy greetings.

We greatly feel the need of your prayers and co-operation in this great work of the Lord.

The Landis brothers are faithful helpers in the work. The Mission down in the city is open every night.

Father Andrew Gnagy of Dysart, Ia. made us a pleasant visit on the way up to Dallas Center love feast. He is over eighty years of age and enjoys real good health. We are so glad to see our good faithful fathers in the Kingdom of God who have braved many a heavy head wind, and stood immovable in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ.

FINANCIAL.

Report for August and September, 1913.

Receipts.

Zion S. S. Kan, 11.86; Fairview S. S. O., $7.00; S. J. Winger, Oil City Ont, $10.00; A sister, Fayetteville, Pa., $1.00; Edith Hoffman, Hope, Kan., $5.00; a sister Elizabeth-town Pa., $5.00; B. S. Herr Cambridge City, Ind., $5.00; Mary Eleberger, Anderson, Ind., $2.50; Black Creek, Ont, S. S., $10.50; Jno. M. Landis, Thomas, Okla., $2.00; William Deemy, Dallas Center, Ia., $2.00. Total $61.86.

Expenditures.

Gas $8.25; fuel $1.00; water $4.50; groceries and other eatables $50.00; fruit for canning $5.00; incidentals $15.00. Total $81.75

Balance due Mission Oct. 1, 1913, $22.79.

Yours in the field for Jesus

J. R. and Anna Zook.

BUFFALO MISSION.

"In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand from thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that or whether they shall be alike good. (Eccl. 11: 6).

We are glad for the privilege of sowing the precious seed; while many times we might desire to see more fruit of our labors, yet we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord and that He does care for the seed sown. He does allow us to meet with some hungry souls and see a few who are willing to confess and forsake their old life of sin, yet we long to see many more rescued ere it is too late.

We are desiring to put forth a special effort at this time of the year when it is easier to get the people interested. Will you especially pray for us at this time?

We again thank all who have stood by us the past month in a financial way and have helped us get part of our Winter's coal in.

FINANCIAL.

Report for September 1913.

Balance on hand $8.00.

Receipts.

Sr. Bossart, Pelham, Ont., $2.00; Sr. Fanny Heise, Clarence Center, N. Y., $5.00; H. H. Ebersole, Clarence, N. Y., $1.00; B. S. Herr, Cambridge City, Ind., $5.00; Sr. Mary Elebaryar, Anderson, Ind., $2.50; Bro. and Sr. John Winger, Stevensville, Ont, $2.00; Wier Shradley, Harrisburg, Pa., $2.00; Bro. Edward Carley, Buffalo, N. Y., $2.00; Bro. Abram Hess, Mt. Joy, Pa., $3.50; Bro. Peter Steckley, Bethesda, Ont., $1.00; Bro. George French, Gormley, Ont., $1.00; Bro. George Hilt, Gormley, Ont., $5.00; Bro. John Ehlers, Buffalo, N. Y., $5.00; Bro. Isaac Swalm, $2.00; Andie Hill S. S. Kindersley, Sask., $7.00; In His Name, $2.00; Susan Rodes, Clarence Center, N. Y., $5.00; Bro. Elmer Roberts, Buffalo, N. Y., $5.00; Bro. D. L. Giah, Buffalo, N. Y., $8.00; Bro. Webster Burtch, Winger, Ont., $2.00; Sr. Effie Heise, Gormley, Ont., $1.00; Miss Clara Tennon, Gormley, Ont., $5.00; Sr. Laura Wintemute, Sherkston, Ont., $1.00; Sr. Fanny Farmer, Gormley, Ont., $1.00; Mr. John Zook, Smithville, O., $2.00; Mr. Mertz, Smithville, O., $2.00; Bro. Fred Woodward, Gormley, Ont., $1.00. Total $76.00.

Expenditures.

Ice $2.00; light, $1.68; coal, $34.00; jars and fruit for canning $2.00; groceries and street car fare, $11.03; household, $6.69. Total $58.00.

Balance on hand, $18.00.

Provisions donated by the following:

John Winger's, Sr. Ehlers, Bro. D. V. Heise Sr. Blake, Sr. Florence Ott, Bro. Elmer Roberts, Mrs. Vernon Hoover, T. S. Doner's,
October 20, 1913.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR

John Sider's, Joe Sider's, Mabel Boland. May God abundantly bless you all.

Yours for souls'

Minnie Bosler

SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

To the dear ones in Christ Jesus:

Greeting, Psalm 27 is very comforting to us, for, truly, we find the Lord to be our Light and Salvation.

Here there are many oppositions even some who pretend to be Christian sometimes stand by in our street services, and as soon as we start for our hall they step in and hold our crowd. This has been done twice of late by two different parties.

Our street services are very encouraging; often we have large crowds and attentive listeners. Occasionally a drunken man will cause some disturbance but so far the Lord has wonderfully protected us.

We are truly thankful for having the privilege of holding up the Gospel in this part of the city. While we would like to see greater results from our labor, the word tells us, "Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

So, with David, our faith is sustained by the power of God. Many are the traps laid for the travellers' feet, and many are the feet that have been trapped. Some have fallen so low they think there is no hope for them. One young man has been attending the Mission, off and on, for more than a year. He is given to drink and cigarettes. I have seen him pray at our altar, but would get up and say, "There is no hope for me."

He says when he wakes up at night he must have a cigarette before he can go to sleep, and often he has had to get out of bed and go to the saloon to satisfy himself before he could sleep. He tells me he has a good Christian mother, that sin and the devil have done it all.

We are glad to see some who have been saved from these awful sins and who are standing true to God.

One young man who has been making a profession, but was not settled in his experience "found the Lord the past month." Others are being deeply convicted, and we trust the Lord will bring them there.

We have had the privilege of having with us: Bro. Bechtel of Ohio. Sr. Effie Rohrer has just arrived and will be with us till the day of sailing. We are expecting a company from Upland on Tuesday morning, Sept. 30, and will have a small love feast in the afternoon, and a Missionary service in the evening. And on Wednesday the Missionaries will sail at one o'clock.

Thanking all the donors for their offerings and asking a deep interest in your prayers, we remain as ever

FINANCIAL.

Report from Aug. 24 to Sept. 24, 1913

Receipts.

Elmer Roberts, Buffalo N. Y., $5.00; Sarah Torens, Upland, Cal., $1.00; Martha Whitmer, Lebanon, Pa., $5.00; Bro. and Sr. Knupp, La Habra, Cal., $5.00; Waukena Cal., $5.00; Upland, Cal., S. S., $50.00; Hall offerings, 31.72. Total $101.02

Expenditures.

Car fare, $9.15; table supplies, tomatoes for canning etc., $26.19; household, light water, gas, $3.36; Hall expenses, lights, etc., $3.25; poor, $2.10; house rent, $8.00; Hall rent, $50.00. Total $100.05

Balance on hand, Aug. 24, $4.61.
Balance on hand, Sept. 24, $4.58.

Your in Christ

The Workers

CARLAND, MICH.

Dear readers of the Visitor: As you read these lines you will notice they date back to our love feast, last Spring which was held June 21, 22. Truly we can say the occasion was one which remains fresh in our minds, on account of the presence of the Lord, and the fellowship with His saints. Bro. Vernon L. Stump of Mooretown was with us; and the Lord used him in delivering such messages which proved beneficial; encouraging the church to strive together for the love, unity, power and purity of the Gospel of Christ. May the Lord bless our dear brother and sister Stump, in their earnest labours for the Master and the church to which He has called them.

Quite a number from different parts of Michigan were with us. Our hearts were made glad by the coming of four sisters from Ohio, namely, sisters Mary Dohner, Mary Lohnes, Anna and Ethel Regghard. Their
definite testimonies and inspiring songs were real uplifting. May the Lord keep them true until Jesus comes.

To some of the readers of the Visitor it is known that a few years ago our dear brother and sister, Felix E. and Mollie I. Burkholder of Pleasant Hill, Ohio, came to Michigan locating six miles West of Merrill, Michigan, in the midst of a Catholic settlement. After living there for a while they were moved by the Spirit to open up a work for Him who had saved them. With this in view, they started out and canvassed the district, meeting Catholics, and Protestants alike, asking permission to open a Sunday School in a nearby school house. The request was granted; the result is a live Sunday school, and church services every two weeks. And we can say, to the praise of God, the Spirit has been doing His work in convicting sinners. Quite a number have made a start to live a new life, four have been added to the church.

The work continues to be of good interest. We are sorry that our dear brother and sister were so soon called from our midst, and the burden of the work fell on the younger ones, especially our dear young brother John C. Burkholder son of the late Felix E. and Mollie I. Burkholder who is taking a very active part in carrying on the work. We have been having some tabernacle meetings at Mooretown and Merrill. The reports of the Mooretown meetings will likely appear in the Visitor. On account of not having the tabernacle early enough, our meeting at Merrill was too late in the season, nights were quite cold thus preventing people from attending. The meetings were interesting but no special move among the sinners.

Notice, as already said, Bro. and Sr. Burkholder have been called to their reward, and in settling up their estate which seemed to be a duty that fell upon the church, we found after making a sale of all farm stock implements, and everything owned by Bro. Felix E. Burkholder, there was not enough to make satisfactory settlement. So we laid the matter before the creditors, and, most of them after hearing the circumstances, consented to reduce their accounts considerably thus helping us in our effort. But after we had done the best we could, there remained some over three hundred dollars, yet to be made up. A few of the brethren of Carland then obligated themselves and hired three hundred dollars. This was done after bringing it before the church, and the church deciding it to be the best thing to do. We are now paying interest on the three hundred dollars.

We make an appeal to our dear Brotherhood, to help us bear this burden.

We the brethren in Michigan, would very much appreciate the help. All who feel disposed to help will please send their donations to Bro. Henry Schneider Jr. Burton, Michigan, who will keep a strict account. Should we receive more than the amount needed, we thought the best to do, would be to have all donations published in the Visitor, and all over and above the three hundred dollars, we would give it over to the Poor Fund of the church.

Jonathan Lyons.

---

MOORETOWN MICH.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and forever." It is with pleasure that we come to you with the report of a very precious baptismal service which was held here last Sunday, Sept. 28. Three dear souls were definitely led to follow the Lord in baptism and were buried with Him in the scriptural way.

The service was encouraging and inspiring, indeed, as these three young people went forward in obedience to the word and will of God.

We enjoyed the fellowship and presence of Eld. J. Lyons, with us over the Lord's day and we believe souls were encouraged to go forward in Him. Kindly continue to pray for us that the Father may still do greater things in this place.

Yours in His service
Vernon Charlotte Stump

---

RINGGOLD MD.

Greeting. The Visitor family has not heard anything from this district for some time. After due consideration by the members of the district an election for minister was held and the lot fell on Bro. Joseph C. Myers. Ordination took place on Oct. 5. We pray the Lord may bless him and enable
him to preach the Glad Tidings fully, and many souls be saved and God be greatly honored thru his labors.

William H. Hykes.

Paramount, Md.

On Oct. 12, a revival meeting was started at the Bethany M. H. near Thomas, Okla., and on Oct. 25 and 26 a communion meeting will be held there.

TESTIMONY.

Sept. 26, 1913

Dear editor,

I would like to send a little testimony, I am a new worker for the Lord, having joined the Dayton Mission, and was baptized Sept. 13, my birthday, by Bro. Boyer. I am fifty-seven years old and have been a railroad man since 1873, in different positions, water boy, telegraph operator, station agent. I am at present a crossing watchman. I have been in all kinds of churches, and at one time belonged to the Methodist church, but fell from grace. That is to say, I was a backslider, but I had nothing to backslide from, only the church, as there was not much of God’s love there that I could see. But, thank God I have found the true worshipers of the Lord, in the little Mission at 601 Taylor St.

Let me tell you what the Lord has saved me from: a drunkard, a liar, a thief, and a gambler, everything but a murderer. Thank God. I am not ashamed to tell anybody what He has saved me from, in the church or on the streets. Glory be to God! I used to make fun of my dear companion, thank the Lord we have a happy home now.

Bro. and Sr. Boyer are certainly God-sent to the people of Dayton. I am, and always will be,

Your brother in Christ
Robert Taylor
1113 E. Herman Ave. Dayton, O.

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow.
Look at your fabric of labor and sorrow,
Seamy and dark—with despair and disaster!
Turn it, and—lo! the design of the Master!
The Lord’s at the loom: Room for Him, room! —Selected.

A DES MOINES LETTER.

May joy and peace be upon all of God’s people. This evening being alone at home I felt impressed to drop the Visitor family a few lines as it is several months since I last wrote. Every time it comes I wonder who has passed away and as I look over the death list I say to myself, well, still they are passing away never to return, and one of these days it will be me, or perhaps one of our loved ones. So I feel like being true to the Lord who knows the secrets of all of our hearts, and it is before Him we must stand justified.

I am so glad for a personal experience, one that God gave me years ago, and if I know my heart this evening, I have been walking in the light He has let shine on my pathway ever since. It means much get saved, and then it means just as much to keep saved. There are so many things to ensnare souls that we need to keep wide awake, or the devil will trip us, and in that way spoil the growth in our own experience, and hinder or spoil our influence for good. He knows just where our weak places are, and there is where he can trip us. So no wonder it says we shall watch and pray. Surely we need to do much of that in the days in which we are living, when everything but real Bible salvation is afloat. We don’t see much of it. Oh for the old-time repentance and conversion that will stand, no matter what turns up. Surely we are living in the last days, and they are saying, peace, peace, when there is no peace. But sudden destruction will come, when folks harden their hearts and stiffen their necks. God said they shall be destroyed suddenly and that without remedy. O may the Lord help us to see the need of being true to Him and each other. We have to travel this road only once and what is left undone will be undone forever. Our life is more serious than we often realize I fear. Sometimes I say to myself, Lord must I really give account of every vain and idle thought, and every word we say? If so how we need to guard our words. May the Lord help me and all of His children so we may be a light in this dark age.

I am glad to say we are well and happy, both soul and body. We are now back again in our newly rebuilt church for which we thank the Lord. The Sunday school is increasing too. I have a class of little folks
which I enjoy very much. They all are well pleased with the new building as it is more convenient than the old one was. I, with my class, have a room to ourselves. They all seem so bright. Help me pray that I may sow some seed which will grow and yield fruit in these young lives.

May the Lord bless all the dear readers, even our dear ones in the foreign fields. How often we think of them. We can all have a share in this great work, so may we all fill our place in it.

I remain your in Him
Anna B. Eisenhower
1405 W. 23rd St., Des Moines, la.

A NEGLECTED CALL.

When the fields were white with harvest,
And the laborers were few,
Heard I then a voice within me,
"Here is work for thee to do.
Come thou up and help the reapers,
I will show thee now the way;
Come and help them bear the burden
And the toiling of the day."

For "a more convenient season."
Thus I answered, will I wait.
And the voice, reproving, answered,
"Hasten ere it be too late."
Yet I needed not the utterance,
Listening to "lo! here, lo! there;"
I lost sight of all the reapers.
In whose work I would not share.

Followed after strange devices,
Bowed my head to wood and stone,
Till like Ephriam, joined to idols.
God well nigh left me alone.
But the angel of His patience
Followed in every track,
Setting here and there a landmark,
Wherewithal to draw me back.

Onward yet I went and onward,
Till there met me on the way,
A poor prodigal returning.
Who, like me, was gone astray,
And his faith was strong and earnest
That a father's house could be
Safest shelter from temptation,
For such sinful ones as he.

"Read the lesson," said the angel,
"Take the warning and repent."
But the wily tempter queried:
"Ere thy substance be unspent,
Hast thou need to toil and labor?
Art thou fitted for the work?
Many a hidden stone to bruise thee,
In the harvest field doth lurk.

There are others called beside thee,
And perchance the voice may be
But thine own delusive fancy,
Which thou hearest calling thee,
There is time enough before thee,
All thy footsteps to retrace."
Then I yielded to the tempter—
And the angel veiled his face.

Pleasure beckoned in the distance,
And her siren song was sweet;
"Thru a thornless path of flowers,
Gently I will guide thy feet;
Gleaming noiselessly away,
Earth is but a pleasant garden;
Call its roses whilst thou may:
Press the juice from purple cluster.
Fill life's chalice with the wine.
Taste the fairest fruits which tempt thee,
All its richest fruits are thine;"
Ah! the path was smooth and easy,
But a snare was laid therein,
And the feet were oft entangled
In the fearful mesh of sin,

And the canker worm was hidden
In the rose leaf folded up,
And the sparkling wine of pleasure
Was a fatal siren cup;
All its fruits were dead sea apples,
Tempting only to the sight,
Pair, yet filled with dust and ashes,
Beautiful, but touched with blight.

Oh! my Father! cried I only,
Thou hast striven—-I have willed,
Now the mission of the angel
Of Thy presence is fulfilled;
I have tasted earthly pleasure,
Yet my soul is craving
Let the summons Thou has given
To Thy harvest be renewed;

I am ready now to labor—
Wilt Thou call me once again?
I will join Thy willing reapers,
As they garner up the grain.
But the still small voice within me,
Earnest in its truth and deep,
Answered my awakened conscience:
"As thou sowest, thou shalt reap.

God is just and retribution,
Follows each neglected call:
Thou hast shine appointed duty,
Taught the to the Lord of all;
Thou hast chosen: but another
Filled the place assigned to thee,
Henceforth in My field of labor
Thou mayest but a gleaner be.

But a work is still before thee—
See thou linger not again;
Separate the chaff thou gleanest,
Beat it from among the grain;
Let thine eyes be on the field,
Gather up the precious handfuls
Their abundant wheat sheaves yield;

Go not far to glean, but tarry
From the morning until night;
Be thou faithful and thou mayest
Yet find favor in is sight.
—Margaret E. Kimbell.

The above poem was found among the letters of a deceased mother. It is the Master's message, as from eternity, to all who turn aside His call to work in His vineyard (Rom. 11: 29).

A village church can be built for $200, and $50 will pay the salary of a native pastor for a year in India.
SELECTED.

"THE ALTAR SANCTIFIETH THE GIFT."

A man heard an evangelist say to a seeker of holiness: "The altar sanctifies the gift; Christ is the altar and you are the gift. Put yourself on the altar and you are sanctified." Not being satisfied that the doctrine was Scriptural, he asked the Christian Witness to give the Scripture supporting it. It was referred to Dr. Daniel Steele for solution. The following is his answer:

The verb to sanctify is used in two senses. 1. To consecrate or set apart for sacred uses. 2. To cleanse, to purify. When a thing was laid upon God's altar, there was no essential change. The only change in the object was relative. It changed ownership. It ceased to belong to the offerer and now belonged to God. If a diseased or blemished slain lamb was laid on the altar it was not made perfect by its consecration to God. Nor did He accept it. In this case the altar did not sanctify the gift in either sense. These two meanings of sanctify are both found in Christ's high priestly prayer: "For their sakes I sanctify myself (consecrate myself to the redemption of men), that they (believers) may be sanctified" (R. V.), or 'be truly, really sanctified, the second sense of the term—be wholly cleansed from all moral defilement.

When the phrase, "I lay myself on the altar," is used by the seeker of entire sanctification, he has used a wrong formula, for impurity has no place on the holy altar of God. Its place is in the cleansing stream issuing from the pierced side of the Son of God. In the Wesleyan sense no person in the Scriptures was ever sanctified by being laid on the altar of God or by touching it. The altar theory of sanctification is not found in the writings of Wesley, or in the volumes of his great defender, John Fletcher, or in any of the standard Methodist theologians, Watson, Raymond, Pope, Miley. In fact, it originated in America about the year 1840, in the writings of Mrs. Phebe Palmer, who regarded it as a great discovery. It was her short way to entire sanctification. Christ is the altar; the altar sanctifieth the gift; lay yourself on the altar and you are sanctified. The error is in confounding the two meanings of sanctify, or in substituting purification, the work of the Holy Spirit, for consecration, man's work.

That souls have experienced entire sanctification while asserting, "The altar sanctifieth," we do not deny. They had real faith in Christ despite the erroneous formula. But many have made the same assertion and have found themselves in great perplexity. The altar theory has become a snare to them. Their faith was mere presumption, and unwarranted inference that God does His part because they have done their part, as they suppose. But no one knows that he has fulfilled the conditions either of justification or sanctification, except by the witness of the Spirit. It is the province of God, and not of the seeker, to decide whether these conditions have been performed. Many a person, under erroneous instruction, thought that he laid himself on the altar and had been induced to say, "The altar sanctifies the gift," and has kept repeating this assertion for months and years, without realizing any inward change. Some continue thus till death, but many more in despair pass into a state of indifference and unbelief respecting the question of purity of heart in this life.

Bishop William Taylor styles the "al-
The doctrine of Everlasting Punishment having been much called in question, and the minds of the simple shaken and the faith of some overthrown, I have thought a warning was needed for plain people. To such I would suggest to distrust those who talk much about Greek to those who do not understand it. It is easy thus to impose on people. It is useful to know Greek, no doubt, in studying the New Testament, because it was written in Greek; and it is perfectly fair to refer to it with those who, knowing Greek, can judge of what is said; but it is very suspicious when much quoted to those who do not; for how can they judge about it? A man tells you "Eternal" does not mean "Eternal" in Greek. That sounds very conclusive; but how can you judge whether it does or not? Now in all those who talk much about Greek to plain people, I have generally found trickery; and that their Greek has not been worth much when put to the test by those who did understand it.

Without pretending to be very learned, I know Greek, and I have studied the Greek Testament (he published a translation of it), and I have not been led to place any confidence in their statements about the Greek, but the contrary. The Spirit of God will guide more surely a plain man, if he is humble, in fundamental truths, than a little Greek will those who trust in it.

Now, to a plain man, the statements of his English Bible leave not a doubt on the mind that the punishment of the wicked is eternal.

These statements, I feel assured, are substantially right. No doubt, being a human work, translations are imperfect, and the translators' views and feelings are apt to be transfused into them. But in the main, the doctrine presented by the English Bible, and the faith produced by it in a plain believer's mind, is sound doctrine and divinely taught faith, tho it is possible some passages might be more exactly rendered. None, however, that I am aware of, affecting this truth, are misrepresented by the translation.

It is quite evident to me, and to any plain honest man, that God never meant to produce the conviction that eternal misery is the portion of the wicked, and I do not believe that He meant to produce the conviction of a lie, nor frighten them with what was not true.

It is my unhesitating conviction that the attempts to undermine this doctrine of Scripture have entirely failed, and that the arguments used are either dishonest, some of them flagrantly so, or contradictory and fallacious, and that all of them subvert other fundamental

(Continued on page 21)
PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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

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

3. The date on the printed label will show to subscribers when their subscription expires.

4. If you do not receive the Visitor within ten days from date of issue, write us at once and we will send the number called for.

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

To Correspondents—1. Articles for publication should be written on one side of the paper only. Write all business letters on separate sheets.

2. Communications without the author's name will receive no recognition.

3. Communications for the Visitor should be sent to the Editor at least ten days before date of issue.

GRANTHAM, PA., OCTOBER 20, 1913.

TRACTS.

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

An Interesting Conversation, per hundred, 15c.

We Would See Jesus, per hundred, 15c.

Repent For The Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand, per hundred, 15c.

1ath Eternal, per hundred, 15c.

Scriptural Head Veiling, per hundred, $1.25.

Subscription, per hundred, 15c.

Prayer, per hundred, 15c.

The Worm That Never Dies, per hundred, 85c.

Points for Consideration, per hundred, 12c.

Scripture Text Envelopes, per hundred, 20c.

Scripture Text Mottoes, $10.00 worth for $6.00

Orders for the above tracts, papers and envelopes should be addressed Geo. Detwiler, 1210 Walnut St., Harrisburg Pa. Tracts are free to mission workers.

MARRIAGES.

HAAGEN—HESS.—On Sept. 25, 1913, at the home of the bride's parents, Bro. C. Z. and Sue Hess, their third daughter, Sr. Ada was united in holy matrimony to Bro. George C. Haagen of Howard, Pa., by Eld. C. N. Hostetter in the presence of a host of friends.

RYAN—HESS.—On Sept. 17, 1913, at the home of the bride's parents, Bro. Elmer E. and Annie Hess, their oldest daughter, Sr. Bertha, was united in holy matrimony to James Ryan of Philadelphia, Pa., by Rev. Noah Z. Hess in the presence of the immediate family.


OBITUARY.

ENGLE.—Sr. Elizabeth B. Niesley was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, January 18, 1839, married Jesse M. Engle November 5, 1857, and passed away at her home in Abilene, Kansas, September 18, 1913, aged 74 years and 8 months. The deceased was the mother of nine children—Elizabeth who died in infancy, Mary, the deceased wife of A. J. Heise of Hamlin, Kansas, and seven sons who survive. They are Jacob N., Henry N., John H., Enos N., Aaron N., Jesse R., and Ezra C. Six of the sons served as pallbearers. Brothers M. L. Hoffman and J. R. Herr conducted the funeral service at the church in Abilene. Burial in the Abilene cemetery.

WENGERT.—On Sept. 11, 1913 Abram Z. Wenger passed away quietly at his home near Chambersburg. Death resulted from softenings of the brain. He leaves to mourn his departure a widow, Mary E. Brechbill, three sons and four daughters, Ira B. of Chambersburg, Pa., David, of Peabody, Kan., Harvey of Scotland, Pa., Mrs. Samuel Wenger of Shippensburg, Pa., Mrs. Aaron H. Winger of Navarre, Kan., Mrs. Lester L. Parish of Peabody, Kan., and Miss Ella, at home. Funeral service was held at the Air Hill M. H. conducted by the the home brethren from Matt. 24:44, "Therefore be ye also ready; for in an hour that ye think not the Son of man cometh."

DEAN.—Benjamin Dean of Stevensville, Ont., died Sept. 20, 1913, aged 62 years, 4 months and 8 days, just twelve years since his wife crossed over to the beyond leaving...
him without a side companion in life. He was a much respected resident of this place for many years, and leaves to mourn eight children, five daughters and three sons. Alzina F. Johnson, Rebecca P. Heximer, (dead) Esther E. Zimmerman, (York State) Sarah F. Zimmerman, and Laura W. Grant. His sons, Alfred, David and Israel, the last in Michigan. The funeral took place on Sept. 23, in the afternoon, from his late residence to the Brethren's M. H. Obsequies improved by Rev.—of the Stevensville U. B. church and A. Bearss. Subject "Thoughts on the last battle," from I Cor. 15:55-57. Interment in cemetery adjoining.

BRUMBAUGH.—Sr. Barbara Ann Brumbaugh was born Dec. 30, 1842, died Oct. 4, 1913, aged 70 years 9 months and 4 days. Up to Oct. 10, 1900, she lived near Chambersburg, Pa., and since then she was one of the members of the Messiah Home, Harrisburg, Pa., where she died after some weeks of sickness and severe suffering. One brother and one sister and seven nieces and nephews, with forty-six grand nieces and nephews, and six great nieces are the surviving relatives. She was a member of the church for many years. In her last sickness she was brought to a deeper experience of the grace of God, and died in peace. Service was held at the Messiah Home chapel on Monday evening, Oct. 6. On Tuesday Oct. 7, the remains were taken to Air Hill M. H. and further services were held and where burial took place.

COMMUNION MEETINGS.

**Pennsylvania**

Mechanicsburg, ..................At 6 p. m. Oct. 25.
Manheim M. H. Rapho dist. ........Nov. 1
Mastersville M. H. Rapho dist. .....Nov. 22.
Meetings begin at 5:00 p. m.
Mowersville M. H. North Franklin, Nov. 2, evening preaching on Sunday following.
Harrisburg

**Oklahoma**

Thomas


LOVE FEASTS.

**Pennsylvania**


**Michigan**

Carland.


**Kansas**

Newbern, ..........................Oct. 25, 26
Abilene, ..........................Nov. 1, 2
Zion, ..............................Nov. 7, 8

MINISTERIAL MEETING.

Abilene, ..........................Friday, Oct. 31
All are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

(Continued from page 19).

truths. I declare also my conviction that a sound knowledge of Greek confirms the plain man's Scriptural faith. If God had meant to convey the idea of eternal punishment, He would not have used expressions stronger than He has used; nor do any exist.—J. N. Darby.

IF THE WORLD WOULD ONLY LISTEN.

If this great world would only pause in its mad rush and listen to the pleadings of the wives, mothers and children whose homes and lives have been wrecked from whiskey, listen to the cry of the poor helpless children, separated from their natural inheritance, the love of a self-sacrificing mother, separated from their brothers and sisters, never to know the sweet joy of childhood's happy hours together, never in after life to have the sweet memory of childish games, played together.

Listen to the pleadings of the mother struggling in this cold world for a living for herself and children which whiskey robbed the father of earning.

Listen to the sobs of these little ones lying alone in their beds at night in some orphans' home, snatched from their mother's breast, and left to the care of strangers so that, heart broken despairing mother can earn her living.

Listen to the sobs of that poor mother at night after working all day, whether Winter, Summer, hot or cold, sick or well, sitting in some little ill-furnished rooms, the best her small earnings can afford, longing to see her babes, knowing they are grieving for her and that the youngest will soon forget her.

Listen to the cause of three-fourths of the divorce cases, murders, suicides, most all, either directly or indirectly, the result of whiskey.
Listen to the causes of hundreds of innocent children being brought into this world, nervous wrecks, some born idiots, some deformed, others marked in various ways by the effects of whisky.

Listen to the mothers pleading to their sons not to drink; with the daughters not to marry the man who drinks. These are all in vain so long as whisky is allowed to be made.

Listen to the young man whom we have all often seen reeling drunk, asking some pure, good, unsuspecting girl to be his wife.—_Mrs. Frances Clark._

---

**THE WAY OF PROSPERITY.**

There is one thing which seems to be universally desired by people in this world, and so earnest is the desire that it has a place almost constantly in their thought; it influences their actions, and to a great extent it determines the course of their life. The matters which are considered independently of any connection with this desire and are settled without reference to it, are comparatively few.

It is a desire to possess a sufficiency of temporal things. And these are not to be lightly esteemed nor undervalued. They have their proper place and an important place in God's plans and method. A lack of them may hinder advancement in the right way, and may close many doors of opportunity and of usefulness. An insufficiency of them can rob us of health and so place us at a disadvantage in every relation in life. This being true, it is right that Christians as well as others should give attention to the matter, and while people are doing almost anything and everything to gratify this desire there is one way of securing a supply of temporal things needed which does not seem to be as common among the Christian people as might be expected. In view of the fact that the way is suggested by the best authority and recommended universally by those who speak from experience, and that an unlimited amount of reliable testimony can be furnished in favor of it, it seems strange that it is not more commonly followed.

The way is this. “Give and it shall be given unto you” (Luke 6: 38). While the Israelites were on the East side of Jordan, in the plain over against the Red Sea, Moses told them that they should pass over Jordan to go in and possess the land and that they should observe to do certain things, one of which was that they should tithe of their increase and lay it up within their gates and the Levite, because he had no inheritance, and the stranger and the fatherless and the widow should come and eat and be satisfied. And this they were to do that the Lord their God might bless them in all the work of their hands. (Deut. 14: 28, 29).

Again he tells them that if there shall be among them a poor man, one of their brethren they shall not shut their hand from their poor brother, but shall open it wide unto him so he shall have sufficient for his need, and when they do this they are to beware that the thought of their heart is right, and their hearts shall not be grieved when they give to the poor man, “because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto” (Deut. 15: 7-10).

Again they were told that if in the time of harvest they should forget a sheaf in the field they were not to go again to fetch it, but leave it for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow, that the Lord their God might bless them in all the work of their hands” (Deut. 24: 19).

It was enjoined upon Israel that they
be generous and give to the poor and should be blessed in their work; and these are some of the things which were “written aforetime” for our learning and are a part of the Scripture which was given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and instruction in righteousness that we may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works. It is true of Christians today as it ever was of God’s people in the past, that “the liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand.” or as the margin reads, “in liberal things shall he be established.” The revised version reads, “in liberal things shall he continue,” which rendering does not suggest the thought that one will have less because of what he gives, or that giving leads to a condition of things where liberality will cease because of lack of ability to be liberal. “There is that scattereth and yet increaseth” (Prov. 11: 24). “He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully, and he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly” (II Cor. 9: 6). “He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again” (Prov. 19: 17). “Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty” (Prov. 3: 9, 10). “God loveth a cheerful giver;” and those who are cheerful givers enjoy God’s love as those who give grudgingly or of necessity never can enjoy it; and when cheerful givers are more numerous there will be fewer Christians who will go thru life wondering whether God loves them. It is well for us to keep in mind that it is in connection with this subject of cheerful giving that we are told that “God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things may abound to every good work” (II Cor. 9: 7, 8).

After the Israelites possessed the promised land, the record says that there had not failed ought of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass; and Joshua before his death said to them “ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you: all are come to pass and not one thing hath failed” (Josh. 23: 14). When they had been obedient they had been blessed in the work of their hands, and had been blessed by receiving much. And so we find when we learn to be obedient that we shall be blessed. When we learn to sow bountifully then the Lord can bless the work of our hands, and we may reap bountifully, and we may find that if we give it shall be given unto us, and so we shall be blessed by receiving much. To receive much is indeed a blessing; yet there is a greater blessing. When it was said that it is more blessed to give than to receive it would have been difficult to have substituted another word for the word “receive” which would have made the statement mean so much to the human heart. What do we naturally think is better than to receive? But there is something even better than what we sometimes think is the best; and while we receive much as a result of our giving there is also for us the greater blessing bestowed when we give. “Ye ought to remember th words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive” (Acts 22: 35).—The Safeguard.

In Africa there is a Christian communicant for every two hundred and twenty-five of population.
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TESTIMONY.

Dear readers—By the help of Jesus I will write a short testimony for the Young people's page.

O what joy there is in serving Jesus! He does so much for us. He helps us thru troubles. I am so glad He saved me. We can thank Him for a full and free salvation.

He will save whosoever will. He not only saves us but also keeps us. We have so many things to be thankful for.

A short time ago there was a campmeeting held here, and God called me back to Himself again. I had followed Him before but got careless and indifferent. I thought I would enjoy the things of the world better.

I am glad He called me back again because it was so miserable to live without Him. I thank Him; I am enjoying salvation now. I will let Him have His way with me. I never would exchange for worldly pleasure for there is something so much better.

I am glad for the way He is leading me. He has led me to take the plain way, and I expect to be true, altho Satan does try to discourage us in many ways, but we should not listen to him. We should go to Jesus for help.

If sinners would only realize the awfulness of turning away from God. I am thirteen years old and expect all the rest of my life will be spent with Jesus. I belong to the Brethren in Christ Church. Christian friends, remember me in your prayers. I think we should pray for one another. I close

Your Sister in Jesus
Ida Vanderveer.


THE CIGARETTE’S OWN STORY.

If the deadly cigarette could talk it undoubtedly would tell its own story in the following manner as given by Lucy Page Gastons.

I am the deadly cigarette. My mission is to blast and blight, to ruin and wreck, to main and to kill. I am a despoiler of homes and if allowed to go on my conquering way, I have a Spain like future in store for America.

People with their eyes open see what I, an alien foe, am doing and seven state legislatures have already shut me out by law. The United States Supreme Court has declared that states have this right in the interest of public health and morals. Many other states are likely to take similar action this year (1910).

I have invaded the best homes of the nation as well as every evil resort for my victims. Even the White House has not escaped. The mistaken among women, high and low, by thousands, re my victims and future generations only will show the demoralization I am working. Strong but self indulgent men are in chains of bondage at my feet as they find me a new charm. “Fashionable” doctors both use and defend me; foolish ministers are making me their boon companion; newspaper men and other workers whose lives I am shortening wreath my smoke in their stories so that the pure minded reader is nauseated.

I am immensely popular with the thoughtless or vicious college men upon many of whom expense for an education is worse than wasted. The “dude tribe,” whether in college or out of it, could not long exist without me. A cruel cynic once said, and you often hear it quoted, that “a dude is only the worthless attachment to the damp end of a cigarette.”

The future of many of the “good fellows” among college men can be guessed. Even now it is claimed that one-third of the men who come to the Water Street Mission in New York, ragged and dirty and begging for food, are college bred, and, Rescue Mission Workers in other cities find many college men in the “Down and Out Club.” Thoughtful parents hesitate to send their boys to college where professors and students are under my power.

I am also an adept at making criminals, especially of the young, as the crowded prisons and reformatories of the country show. I pave the way for my friend Alcohol when unable to finish the job myself. Seventy-five per cent of the prisoners at Sing Sing are college men, a large majority of whom I helped on their way. I am getting much blame in the juvenile courts for starting boys wrong
as I make a boy cheat, a liar and a thief, and unfit him for school or honest work.

It is among the boys that I am getting in my best work, although I must confess wherever the Anti-Cigarette League has a chance to get in its work in the public schools, almost every boy turns against me and begins to fight me. Here is a yell I hear the boys giving. This fairly makes me shudder, for it tells me of my end:

The cigarette! The cigarette!
The cigarette! our foe;
We'll drive it out! we'll kick it out!
The cigarette must go!

Exterminate! Exterminate!
Exterminate our foe;
We'll agitate! we'll legislate!
The cigarette must go!

I am made of mild tobacco and my smoke is so volatile that it can be easily inhaled, and this is a trick the boys very soon learn. Even five year olds learn it and love the tickling sensation it gives. The burning tobacco and paper form carbonmonoxide gas, which scientists say is the principal agent in causing so much trouble from inhaling cigarette smoke. This is the nicotine and pyridine and a half dozen other poisons pass directly into the blood thru the delicate mucus membrane of the lungs when the smoke is inhaled.

I am an arch enemy to health, for I strike at every vital organ. I strike at the lungs and consumption follows; at the heart and tobacco heart kills. The weak and intermittent pulse of the smoker shows what I can do to that great engine of life, the heart. I send a burglar to the brain and he brings me back the reason. I am a veritable key to the insane asylum. I am slyly getting in my work among the rich, many of whom I have sent to private sanitariums, raving maniacs. Imbeciles and Harry Thaws are also largely my work.

I rob the body of its power to withstand disease, so that I claim my deaths as my fee, in which I am not named in the doctor's certificate. Of all agencies for the graveyard now in active operation I do the most thriving business. I carry on a regular preparatory school of death. A few years in my school robs the boyish cheek of its bloom, the eye of its brightness and the form of its erectness. The diploma of death has been given many a son who was his father's hope and a mother's darling. But I am blind to mother's tears and deaf to all entreaties. I care for nothing only that my father, the devil, may be pleased and n-N- makers may grow the richer.

Of course I have my enemies. The business world has ordered me off its premises and posted a "No Admittance" sign for my benefit. I've ruined the office boy, stupefied the clerks so they could hardly add a column of figures, rendered worthless the stenographer, robbed the junior partner of his wits, and the son of the senior partner sleeps in my grave. Besides this, I have set fire more than once to the plant.

In conclusion, with every mother's heart against me, every father in fear of me, every true preacher and honest physician calling for my life, lovers of pure air reviling me, the public at large despising the sight of me, with the hand of every teacher in the land at my throat, and all decent citizens calling upon the legislatures to kill me, my finish I plainly see.

THE MIDNIGHT ROBBER.

On a little farm near the village of Vera Cruz in eastern Pennsylvania, lived an aged couple all alone in quiet retirement. Their humble tho comfortable home was situated a little distance away from the busy public thoroughfare. The house was surrounded by fruit trees of every description. Back of the house was a garden, beyond which the woodland commenced, reaching up to the top of the hill.

There, at this beautiful shady spot, away from the noise and rush of daily travel, these old saints lived for many years.

More than half of their long and hap-
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TESTIMONY.

Dear readers:—By the help of Jesus I will write a short testimony for the Young people's page.

O what joy there is in serving Jesus! He does so much for us. He helps us thru troubles. I am so glad He saved me. We can thank Him for a full and free salvation. He will save whosoever will. He not only saves us but also keeps us. We have so many things to be thankful for.

A short time ago there was a camp meeting held here, and God called me back to Himself again. I had followed Him before but got careless and indifferent. I thought I would enjoy the things of the world better. I am glad He called me back again because it was so miserable to live without Him. I thank Him: I am enjoying salvation now. I will let Him have His way with me. I never would exchange for worldly pleasure for there is something so much better. I am glad for the way He is leading me. He has led me to take the plain way, and I expect to be true, altho Satan does try to discourage us in many ways, but we should not listen to him. We should go to Jesus for help.

If sinners would only realize the awfulness of turning away from God. I am thirteen years old and expect all the rest of my life will be spent with Jesus. I belong to the Brethren in Christ Church. Christian friends, remember me in your prayers. I think we should pray for one another. I close

Your Sister in Jesus
Ida Vanderveer.

THE CIGARETTE'S OWN STORY.

If the deadly cigarette could talk it undoubtedly would tell its own story in the following manner as given by Lucy Page Gastons.

I am the deadly cigarette. My missiun is to blast and blight, to ruin and wreck, to maim and to kill. I am a despoiler of homes and if allowed to go on my conquering way, I have a Spain like future in store for America. People with their eyes open see what I, an alien foe, am doing and seven state legislatures have already shut me out by law. The United States Supreme Court has declared that states have this right in the interest of public health and morals. Many other states are likely to take similar action the present year 1910.

I have invaded the best homes of the nation as well as every evil resort for my victims. Even the White House has not escaped. The mistaken among women, high and low, by thousands, re victims and future generations only will show the demoralization I am working. Strong but self indulgent men are in chains of bondage at my feet as they find me a new charm. "Fashionable" doctors both use and defend me; foolish ministers are making me their boon companion; newspaper men and other workers whose lives I am shortening weave my smoke in their stories so that the pure minded reader is nauseated.

I am immensely popular with the thoughtless or vicious college men upon many of whom expense for an education is worse than wasted. The "dude tribe," whether in college or out of it, could not long exist without me. A cruel cynic once said, and you often hear it quoted, that "a dude is only the worthless attachment to the damp end of a cigarette." The future of many of the "good fellows" among college men can be guessed. Even now it is claimed that one-third of the men who come to the Water Street Mission in New York, ragged and dirty and begging for food, are college bred, and, Rescue Mission Workers in other cities find many college men in the "Down and Out Club." Thoughtful parents hesitate to send their boys to college where professors and students are under my power.

I am also an adept at making criminals, especially of the young, as the crowded prisons and reformatories of the country show. I pave the way for my friend Alcohol when unable to finish the job myself. Seventy-five per cent of the prisoners at Sing Sing are college men, a large majority of whom I helped on their way. I am getting much blame in the juvenile courts for starting boys wrong
as I make a boy cheat, a liar and a thief, and unfit him for school or honest work.
It is among the boys that I am getting in my best work, altho I must confess wherever the Anti-Cigarette League has a chance to get in its work in the public schools, almost every boy turns against me and begins to fight me. Here is a yell I hear the boys giving. This fairly makes me shudder, for it tells me of my end:

_The cigarette! The cigarette!_  
_The cigarette! our foe;_  
_We'll drive it out! we'll kick it out!_  
_The cigarette must go!_

_Extirminate! Extirminate!_  
_Extirminate our foe;_  
_We'll agitate! we'll legislate!_  
_The cigarette must go!_

I am made of mild tobacco and my smoke is so volatile that it can be easily inhaled, and this is a trick the boys very soon learn. Even five year olds learn it and love the tickling sensation it gives. The burning tobacco and paper form carbonmonoxide gas, which scientists say is the principal agent in causing so much trouble from inhaling cigarette smoke. This is the nicotine and pryadine and a half dozen other poisons pass directly into the blood thru the delicate mucus membrane of the lungs when the smoke is inhaled.

I am an arch enemy to health, for I strike at every vital organ. I strike at the lungs and consumption follows; at the heart and tobacco heart kills. The weak and intermittent pulse of the smoker shows what I can do to that great engine of life, the heart. I send a burglar to the brain and he brings me back the reason. I am a veritable key to the insane asylum. I am slyly getting in my work among the rich, many of whom I have sent to private sanitariums, raving maniacs. Imbeciles and Harry Thaws are also largely my work.

I rob the body of its power to withstand disease, so that I claim my deaths as my fee, in which I am not named in the doctor’s certificate. Of all agencies for the graveyard now in active operation I do the most thriving business. I carry on a regular preparatory school of death. A few years in my school robs the boyish cheek of its bloom, the eye of its brightness and the form of its erectness. The diploma of death has been given many a son who was his father’s hope and a mother’s darling. But I am blind to mother’s tears and deaf to all entreaties. I care for nothing only that my father, the devil, may be pleased and n’ makers may grow the richer.

Of course I have my enemies. The business world has ordered me off its premises and posted a “No Admittance” sign for my benefit. I’ve ruined the office boy, stupefied the clerks so they could hardly add a column of figures, rendered worthless the stenographer, robbed the junior partner of his wits, and the son of the senior partner sleeps in my grave. Besides this, I have set fire more than once to the plant.

In conclusion, with every mother’s heart against me, every father in fear of me, every true preacher and honest physician calling for my life, lovers of pure air reviling me, the public at large despising the sight of me, with the hand of every teacher in the land at my throat, and all decent citizens calling upon the legislatures to kill me, my finish I plainly see.

---

**THE MIDNIGHT ROBBER.**

On a little farm near the village of Vera Cruz in eastern Pennsylvania, lived an aged couple all alone in quiet retirement. Their humble home was situated a little distance away from the busy public thoroughfare. The house was surrounded by fruit trees of every description. Back of the house was a garden, beyond which the woodland commenced, reaching up to the top of the hill.

There, at this beautiful shady spot, away from the noise and rush of daily travel, these old saints lived for many years.

More than half of their long and hap-
py lives they had spent in the service of the Lord. They had been among the first converts in a revival which had spread throughout the community during which a young man got saved, who was afterward greatly used of the Lord as a pastor, presiding elder and a leader in Bible teaching of those days, who for more than half a century preached the Gospel throughout eastern Pennsylvania.

During these days of spiritual awakening this family, of whom I am now writing, together with about a dozen others, organized themselves into a little congregation and built a large brick church about a mile from their home.

Here they found their greatest joy in regularly occupying a prominent place in the work and worship of the Lord.

They held their family worship regularly, the aged father reading from the big family Bible every evening before retiring, after which they both knelt down and committed their bodies and souls, house and possessions, as well as their two sons and their families, unto God for His protection.

They had victoriously stood many tests and passed thru many deep waters and the God in whom they trusted had upheld them.

Thru all this God was preparing them for still greater things as the poet says: “Each victory will help you some other to win.”

One cold night in the month of January in 1883, after reading their Bible and committing themselves to their Protector as usual, the aged couple, now far past three score and ten years allotted to man, retired for the night.

During the night they were suddenly awakened out of the sound sleep, and to their surprise they saw a tall man standing a few feet away from their bed with a red handkerchief tied over his face, all but the eyes, and an ax in his hand.

Grandmother, calm and composed, lifted up her head and said to the man, “Where do you come from?” and as he did not answer she asked him, “What do you want?” Upon this the burglar stepped up to the side of the bed and, lifting up his ax ready to strike, said, “I want your money and that at once. There are four more downstairs and if you don’t give me your money I will call them up and we will kill you.”

While this robber was standing in front of them with his uplifted ax, he heard a peculiar rushing noise as the sound of a whirlwind which filled their souls with a sweet quietness and peace and a sense of His divine protection. They realized that the Lord of hosts had, as it were, sent a detachment of His heavenly hosts for their bodyguard.

By this time they both sat up in bed, and Grandmother said to him, “Don’t strike; you cannot strike. Our God is stronger than you. You are alone. That is not true that there are four others downstairs. You cannot strike us.” As she said this the burglar’s arms dropped and he put his ax on the floor without saying a word. Then Grandmother got out of bed and took the man by the arm and preached a powerful sermon to him while he stood motionless and confounded, listening with deathly silence.

After she was done with her admonition and had exhorted him to quit his life of sin and get converted, she said to Grandfather: “We’ll give him a few dollars.” So Grandfather got his purse out of his trousers hanging on the bedpost, took out a number of bills, and handed the ruffian a two-dollar bill.

It seemed the Lord had completely unnerved this robber by this time, and had divested him of his daring boldness so that he stood there, helpless, his arm...
apparently paralyzed, unable even to reach out and take the money handed to him by Grandfather, so Grandmother took the money and put it into his hand, saying, "Here, take this."

Grandfather leisurely put the rest of his money back into the purse and put the purse into the pocket of his trousers in the presence of the robber as tho it had been an ordinary business transaction.

So completely had the Lord taken all the fear away from them that Grandmother even took hold of his handkerchief which he had tied over his face, to see who he was.

When the man had put the money into his pocket, he started to go downstairs, when Grandmother said, "Wait, I will take the light and light you down to the door."

As they were going downstairs, she asked him, "Where did you get in?" to which he replied, "Why, here thru the window." Then she said, "Well, you can go out thru the door," and after another exhortation she opened the front door and let him out.

By this time Grandfather had dressed and come downstairs too, and went out with him as far as the gate, opening from the yard into the lane, leading down to the main thoroughfare.

After he had watched the robber going down the lane as far as he could see him, he returned back into the house. They did not sound an alarm but both went back to bed, but for joy they could not sleep the rest of the night as they meditated upon the wondrous love and care bestowed upon them by their Heavenly Father, in whom they had trusted these many years.

So they spent the night in talking of what Darius said to Daniel when they cast him into the den of lions. "Thy God whom thou servest continually, He will deliver thee." And God did send His angel who delivered Daniel out of the lion's mouth, also how He delivered the three Hebrews out of the fiery furnace.

While they thus praised God for sending His angel to encamp about them to guard them continually, and especially for their deliverance during this night of extreme danger, it seemed to them as tho the room was filled with the glory of the Lord and one wave of unspeakable joy after another swept over them and flooded their souls.

The next morning a young man who was working in the ore mines not far from the place of the robbery, said to some of the workmen: "Did you hear that robbers had broken into the house of—?" This young man was the first one to publish the incident, as the old people had not yet told any of the neighbors anything about what had happened. He was at once regarded with suspicion, arousing the whole neighborhood with indignation, as these aged people were held in high esteem by all those who knew them. Many of the neighbors advised them to employ detectives to try and arrest the burglar if possible. They, however, thought they did not care to go to law about the matter, being thankful that God had so gloriously delivered them. So the neighbors took the matter in hand, and notified the county detective, who had the burglar behind the bars in a short time.

One night, about two weeks before the time set for the trial, Grandfather had a very significant dream which caused him to awake. He awoke Grandmother and as he was telling her this he heard a noise downstairs. They arose and went down and found that another robber had been in the house. They searched all around and found that he had stolen some provisions and a
little money. They also noticed that he had left the coffee box, which was about half full of ground coffee, standing on the table uncovered.

They had been told that the father of the man in jail had made the remark to someone in the neighborhood a few days before, that, "These people are old and might die yet before the trial. What will happen then? Can the matter be pushed further yet?" In view of this and the dream Grandfather had that night, they were suspicious and had the coffee examined and found that the man who broke in that night had put poison into the coffee to poison them.

So then, the second time, God had marvelously protected them from the hands of would-be-murderers.

Several years after this incident Grandmother fell asleep in Jesus and was laid to rest in the quiet country church-yard back of the old brick church.

Grandfather, tho bereft of his earthly companion in the tests and trials of life, continued for many years in the service of the Lord. We were often refreshed when we heard him relate the above remarkable miracles of God’s protection and care, while his eyes were filled with tears of joy and gratitude and his soul so full of glory that he could hardly speak. These things were always remarkably clear and fresh in his memory.

He lived to see all his children, grandchildren and also his great grandchildren (with possibly one or two exceptions) converted, while a large percentage of them are actively and exclusively engaged in the Lord’s work, among whom are some of the most successful and prominent leaders in both church and mission work.

He lived to within a few years of the century mark, well in body, clear in his mind, strong in the faith, and conscious of God’s presence with him unto the end; then worn out and full of days, tho without sickness and pain, he also fell asleep in Jesus and was carried to his last resting-place by the side of his companion.

Here is another proof of the truthfulness of the Scriptures—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them," and again, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—Western Christian Union.

CAST THEM OUT.

A correspondent commends a recent article in the Advocate which exposed the objectional features of so many magazine articles of the day, and adds:

"Almost all magazines are publishing stories that sooner or later develop into disgustingly immoral form, an unlawful love plot or other crimes. One mother said to me the other day that she had cut one after another from her list of magazines, yet those that remain seem to be getting worse all the time. The heroines of these stories are pictured as cigarette smokers or smutty talkers, or reckless flirts, or something equally bad. What’s the matter with everybody, anyway? The world loves the true lover, and many like to read decent love stories; but from the kind we are getting good Lord deliver us."

How would it do for people to deliver themselves from such reading? The magazine publishers would come to time very quickly if readers would cast their productions into the fire and tell them they have done so, giving reasons why, and refusing to renew. There is no better way to suppress the yellow press than to stop patronizing it. Money is what it is after, and it will publish any sensational thing that helps to give pub-
licity and bring in cash. Stop sending the cash to all unprincipled newspapers that advertise liquor and cater to vicious taste.—Michigan Chr. Advocate.

BEGIN AT HOME.

Too many Christians are like the blind woman whom R. A. Torrey tells about.

"Do you think my blindness will hinder me from working for the Master?" she asked.

"Not at all; it may be a great help to you, for others, seeing your blindness, will come and speak to you, and then you will have an opportunity of giving your testimony for Christ, and of leading them to the Savior."

"Oh, that is not what I want," she replied. "It seems to me a waste of time, when one might be speaking to five or six hundred at once, just to be speaking to an individual."

He answered that our Lord Jesus Christ was able to speak to more than five thousand at once, and yet He never thought personal work beneath His dignity or gifts.

Christian worker, it is one or none. He who waits for numbers before undertaking to win men for Christ will never succeed. He may perchance have his ambition gratified to stand and address thousands, but the effect will be lacking in that effectiveness which God expects. The personal way is his way. He that is faithless with that will be faithless with the others. Some time ago a man came to a friend of J. Wilbur Chapman and said:

"I have about decided to enter upon evangelistic work, and want a few suggestions from you. I am going to Colorado or California, and am sure that with such a class as I shall find there I shall be successful."

His friend said, "Do you live here?"

"Yes, with my brothers and sisters."

"Then may I ask you this question, Is your brother a Christian?"

"Well, no," he said, "he is not. The fact is, I have never asked him."

"May I ask if your sisters are Christians?"

"No, they are not; for as a matter of fact we are not on very good terms with each other, and I know little about their spiritual condition."

Then the friend turned on him and said: "God will never use you in the broader work until you are successful in your home field."—Sel.

A PRACTICAL TALK TO FATHERS.

God pity and help the boy who has never known the true companionship of a father. About 90 per cent. of the fathers of this country take pride in and seem to love their boys from the time they are babies until they reach the age of three or four. After that the sons drift along as best they can.

I can not comprehend how fathers can have so short memories. Tell me, fathers, what you remember of your own lives. Has it not often occurred to you that you would have been a better man had your own father taken a greater interest in your boyhood days? You should not forget that it will not be long ere your boy is a man and that your responsibility for his welfare does not end when he begins his school life.

Do you know that by being a close companion to your boy you are bringing joy to the boy's heart as well as youth and ambition to your own life? I know of nothing that is so inspiring and thrilling as to see fathers playing with their boys and going on outings with them. I do not mean that a father should have so little confidence in his boy as to worry when he is out of his sight, and that he
must feel compelled to join in all of his boyish sports. Not at all. No father can follow his boy about like a spy, for that would be showing a species of suspicion. But he should take sufficient interest in his boy to go out with him desirous of making the acquaintance of his boy companions. No father’s dignity is lowered by meeting and talking with boys.

A good many fathers like to shirk the responsibility of their boys’ bringing-up, and let the whole matter rest on the mother’s shoulders. That is the worst error you can possibly commit. It manifests a most contemptible procedure on your part and proves that you lack self-respect. You should not forget that self-respect and self-reliance are two of the most important attributes of manly character; and that, if you yourself are deficient in these, you can scarcely expect your boy will develop along such lines.—Frederick B. Hawkins.

“GOING TO HELL.”

“I am going to hell,” were the often repeated words of a man only slightly under the influence of liquor at the gospel mission in Washington, on Friday evening. He was a young man of about thirty-two years of age. The Spirit of God had been remonstrating with him for three months. Almost every week of that time he had either held up his hand requesting prayers, or come forward and kneeled to pray for himself and to have others pray for him, but the dimmed intellect, the weakened will failed to exercise faith, failed to realize pardoned sin, failed to get hold of even the plain verse, “For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.”

That Friday evening he came forward to be prayed for. Mr. Sidell, one of our most experienced workers, prayed for him and pointed the way of salvation. But his steady reply was, “I am going to hell.” Mr. Sidell answered, “Charles, unless you find God to-night, you will surely not see God. You have trifled on this matter for weeks. With you it is now or never. You will never again get back to the mission; I am so impressed.”

The man arose from his knees unsaved and comforted. Doctor Ketner, a brilliant young physician, not knowing what Mr. Sidell had said, put his arm around the faltering man and said: “Charles, you must not go out; God has called you for the last time. Let us take a back seat and pray thru. You will never get back.” He answered, “Let me alone, I am going to hell.” He left the mission at nine-thirty; was killed by an automobile a little before eleven the same night.—The Lutheran Observer.

THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.

Multitudes are behind in their praying. The prayer-life is essential for far-reaching and abiding souls. All can not preach, all can not sing, all can not give munificently, all are not gifted with magnetic personality, but all can move heaven in prayer. When folks go to praying something begins to happen.

It is recorded in the “Life of John Hunt,” that apostolic missionary to the Fijians, that as he lay on what proved to be his deathbed, he never ceased to pray for the people of the island. When the end drew near he grasped his comrade with one hand, and lifting the other cried, “Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ’s sake, bless Fiji! Save thy servants, save thy people, save the heathen in Fiji.” And then he fell asleep.
These mighty men of God toiled, wept and prayed until the awful cloud of paganism was lifted, and light from heaven flashed into many a benighted heart. Saving people is hard work, for the story of Calvary can be successfully told only by those who are suffering with the Lord Jesus.—Living Water.

A VISIT TO TULARE.

On our return from San Francisco, Bro. S. R. Smith and wife, myself and wife stopped at Tulare, Cal. This place is about 250 miles from San Francisco and about the same distance from Upland. Here is where a little band of our brethren are located.

We visited the brethren and sisters and found all in good courage and happy in the Lord. Saturday evening we held a communion service at the school house, their appointed place of worship. Twenty-two participated in this sacred service. Quite a number of outsiders were present.

Sunday morning an election was held for a deacon, the choice falling on Bro. Eleazar Heise. This was a solemn service because of the manifestation of the Spirit of God. Sunday evening we held a communion service at the school house, their appointed place of worship. Twenty-two participated in this sacred service. Quite a number of outsiders were present.

Sunday morning an election was held for a deacon, the choice falling on Bro. Eleazar Heise. This was a solemn service because of the manifestation of the Spirit of God. Sunday evening we held a communion service at the school house, their appointed place of worship. Twenty-two participated in this sacred service. Quite a number of outsiders were present.

Sunday evening Bro. Smith again brought the message and immediately afterwards Bro. Heise's ordination took place. The congregation then came forward and showed their appreciation to our dear brother and sister, not only the members but others who worship with them. Hearts were melted, and immediately after this we gave an altar call and six dear young people came forward and sought the Lord. Bro. Smith and wife remained throughout the week while myself and wife came home on Monday evening.

May the Lord continue to bless the work at this place; and we are looking forward to the time when the brethren will have a house of their own to worship in. We ask you all to continue to pray that souls may be saved.

C. C. Burkholder.

P. S. Bro. J. B. Leaman, who has been home from an Eastern trip for the last eight weeks, and who had expected to leave again on Oct. 8, for an evangelistic trip thru Eastern states, was delayed on account of bodily affliction. We trust the Lord will undertake and his way be opened in the near future.

C. C. B.
as we had in our last S. S. lesson. “The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working. R. V. Bro. and Sr. Smith were ordained as missionaries at this service. An offering was taken for them at this time which amounted to $93.00, for which we thank God. At the close of the service Bro. and Sr. Smith very sweetly sang 'The Missionaries' Farewell.'

On Monday evening the party of ten left for San Francisco. A large crowd was present at the station to see Bro. and Sr. Smith off, and as the train pulled in the people enthusiastically sang the song 'Speed away.' We arrived in San Francisco Tuesday night, and ent out to the mission home. Here they had erected a tent in the yard which served as a beautiful dining room where we could all sit around one large table. In the afternoon they had communion services in the tent and Jesus seemed very near. Nineteen participated in this sacred service. In the evening we all went to the Mission Hall up town, and at about seven o'clock went on the street for the street meeting. The large crowd that took part in the singing and testifying was a large crowd of humanity varying from barrel house bums to well dressed frequenters of the haunts of sin. Between foreigners, well dressed Japanese, gaudy, women, typical Chinese, smart young cigarette fiends, tottering old beer sots, jeering unbelievers, and many attentive listeners.

The meeting in the hall immediately following this one was one of song and testimony in which was a measure of fire and vim largely lacking in many similar meetings elsewhere. When the riff-raff of society does find Christ they tell of it in no uncertain tone.

The missionary meeting in charge of Bro. and Sr. H. L. Smith and Sr. Rohrer, which was the main feature of the evening, began about 8:30. Sr. Rohrer gave a very impressive message followed by Sr. Smith, and then Bro. H. L. Smith spoke forcefully from the word of Matthew, 'Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas or Jesus that is called Christ?' The offering amounted to about $19.00.

On Wednesday Oct. 9 every one from the Mission went down to the pier and spent some time looking over the Mongolia, a 2700 ton vessel of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co., which for the next four weeks is to be the home of our friends and loved ones bound for India. We noted that the deck hands were largely Chinese and that hundreds of Japanese and Chinese were taking passage both of second class and steerage passengers, it this being excursion season to Japan and China.

While looking over the vessel we came upon a group of people enthusiastically singing the glory song. We learned upon inquiring that a party of Presbyterian missionaries were leaving for China. There were also some other missionaries aboard so there will be quite a party.

The moments pass by and soon it is 12:15, and alittle group of people at the front of the gang plank on the pier are heard singing 'Where He leads me I will follow.' Then while tears of joy and sorrow mingled and swelling emotions could be heard in the voices, the last farewells were said, the last hand clasps were given, loved ones embraced one another and missionaries cheerful and happy passed on up the gang way.

At exactly one P. M. the ropes were cut off, the moorings were loosened and the great vessel was towed out into the Bay, while the dear ones waved us a last farewell from the vessel's side as we stood on the edge of the pier. Slowly the great ship gathered speed under her own power and soon sailed thru the Golden Gate accompanied by a small tug on which the band played popular airs, to start her on her trip. May God watch over and care for them and give them a safe and prosperous journey.

Adeline Burkholder

Oct. 6, 1913.

I desire now to try myself; to search my spirit; and, therefore, I devote this week, thru God's grace, to extraordinary retirement, prayer, fasting and meditation; if so be that the Lord will be gracious, and assist me in my self examination and devotion, and revisit me with His free salvation. Without Christ I can do nothing; I therefore cast myself at His feet, and beg Him to strengthen and direct, and so lead me thru the rugged road of life, that I may at length obtain the full fruition of immortal bliss, and be made partaker of never-ending glory.—Martha Ramsay.
Lost, Lost

Reader:—That is a solemn word! "Lost at sea"—Lost in infancy"—Lost in Death"—"A lost man"—"A lost woman"—"A lost child." All these words call up sad thoughts. But to be lost at last!—how mournful. What a fate for you or for me. What an end for one who might have been a son of God, an heir of glory; a companion of angels and glorified saints; to miss the heavenly port, to fall of the grace of God, to perish and be lost!

—TOMBSTONE EPITAPH—

What an epitaph would that be. What a sad word to close up the history of a being destined for immortality—lost! Young, brave, polite, witty—but lost! Beautiful, amiable, caressed, flattered—but lost! Serious, moral, courteous, affectionate—but lost! Correct in deportment, a church-goer, benevolent, learned, respectful—but lost! Reader, shall such a record be written above the resting place of your buried hopes? "Lost! Lost!" Oh, 'tis a terrible thing to be lost in the wilderness; to be lost at sea; to have your ship ground to fragments amid the roaring tumult of the breakers and the frowning terrors of a lee shore; to feel that only one single plank holds you back from death; but oh, how much more terrible to be lost in eternity, to be shipwrecked and dashed along dark ruin's fiery coast, to be drowned in destruction and perdition, to be lost amid the surging billows of the lake of fire and brimstone—to be lost! Lost! Lost! Lost from mercy, and joy, and bliss—lost from peace, and life, and gladness—lost beyond hope or help, beyond remedy or release.

—TERRIBLE TO SEEK FOR GAIN—

Terrible as this word is, it will close up the history of multitudes. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose himself, or be a castaway?" And it is a solemn fact that while no man ever has gained the whole world, thousands have been lost in the attempt. Shall this be your destiny? Do you tread the path of ambition and seek to gain the dizzy heights of power? Oh, look and see how many, in treading that perilous path, have been lost! Do you seek wealth?—ah, multitudes have lost themselves there. Satan has his hook in that pile of gold.

—TERRIBLE TO SEEK FOR PLEASURE—

Do you seek pleasure? A young lady stood on the verge that overhung the boiling flood of Niagara, and saw a beautiful flower growing there. She coveted it; she reached forth her hand to pluck it, but bending above that dread abyss, her foot slipped, and she was—lost! Ah, reader! the flowery path you treads overhangs perdition's awful gulph, and those beauteous blossoms of pride and praise are waging far out above the fiery deep; pluck them and you are lost! Lost!

—CHRISTLESS READER, LOST NOW—

Christless reader, you are lost now. Not fatally, not irrecoverably. Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Christ is thy hope. You are a "lost sheep," but the Shepherd of Israel seeks you today. You are a lost son, but a father's heart yearns over the absent prodigal. Will you return? Ah, you are in darkness—you know not how. Let me tell you: Years ago a man was benighted in one of the mining regions in England. He lost his way. It was dark. Dangers were thick around him. The next step might precipitate him down some awful shaft. He realized his peril. He stopped still, and began to cry with all his strength, "Lost! Lost! Lost!!" Oh, what a moment of agony! But a cottager hears the sound. Grasping a lantern he sallies forth and answers the voice. Guided by the mournful cry, "Lost! Lost!" he hurries over the moor. The man sees in the distance a glimmering light; it comes nearer and nearer, until at length it shines around him and he sees,—O heavens! he stands upon the very verge of death—another step would have plunged him hundreds of feet down the shaft of a coal-mine and dashed him in pieces at the bottom. Another step—even another effort to save himself, or to find the way, would have been his ruin.

—STOP AT ONCE—

Reader, you are lost. Stop—stand still—cease from your wanderings—cease from your works—cry now to God. There is no other help. Lift up the voice; cry "Lost! Lost! Lost! God be merciful to me!" Jesus will hear you. He came "to seek and to save that which was lost." He will save you. Oh will you not be saved? Now is the accepted time! Now begin to cry to God for help. It will come. Jesus will help you. Hear the experience of one who had tried it:

"I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God:

Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord" (Ps. 11: 1-3).

* * * * *

The foregoing tract which is complete in a small eight page, 3 ½ by 5 in. booklet, with an attractive cover, can be had of S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., at 4 cents per copy; 40 cents per doz.; $1.50 per fifty; $2.50 per hundred, postpaid. This booklet has proved a wonderful inspiration to some who were lost in sin, and others in doubt or discouragement.
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 busts of wailing and gnashing of teeth! What eternities of despair! Irredeemably lost! No chance for a light to shine out in their devil-begrimed, 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 day of 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 footprints remain, but thou art gone—where? into INFINITY.

To-day thy hands are busy at work, thy eyes are beholding, thy mind is thinking. Thou art planning for the future. To-morrow all is still; the folded arm, the closed eye remain, but thou art gone—gone to ETERNITY. Others were once busy as thou art; they are gone—gone to Eternity. The merry voice, the painted clown, the talented artist, whose presence made the theatre and the pantomime an attraction for thee, are gone; they are removed far from the region of fiction to that 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 to-day. 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.