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## Evangelical Visitor- January 12, 1914. Vol. XXVIII. No. 1.

George Detwiler

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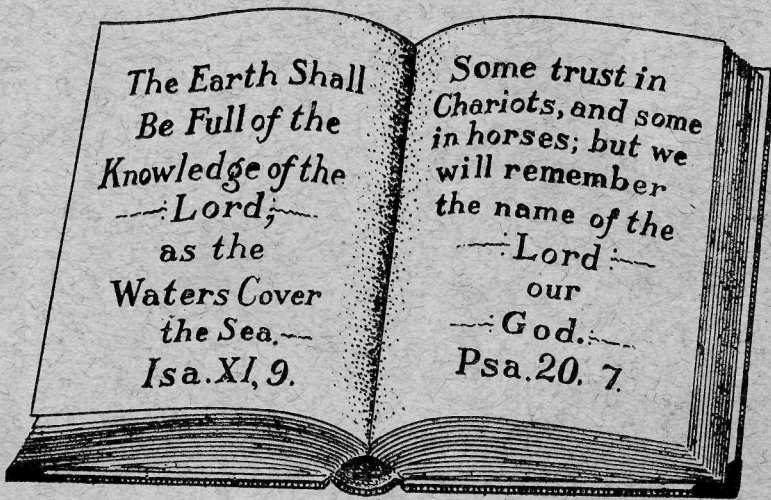
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# Evangelical



## Visitor.

*GRANTHAM, PA.*

January 12, 1914

## TIME, DEATH AND ETERNITY.

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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.

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

*Today* thy hands are busy at work, thine eyes are beholding, thy mind is thinking, thou art planing 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 thy-

self honestly, "Am I prepared for *Eternity*." Give thy conscience time to answer; listen, it speaks to thee today. Drown not its voice lest it speak to thee no more. Let the Heaven and the Hell of the future stand before thee in all their reality; one of these must be thine *Eternal dwelling place*, and today 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 travelling 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 quenchable 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?

*"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's mercy for thee  
And wrath is preparing—flee lingerer, flee!"*

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



# Evangelical Visitor

The Gospel of Christ.....Saves all Who Believe

VOL. XXVIII.

GRANTHAM, PA., MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1914.

NO. 1.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

### EDITORIAL:—

As to the New Year, .....	2
Special Mention etc., .....	3
Bible Conference Announcement, .....	4

### CONTRIBUTED:—

The Silent Harp, <i>W. R. Smith</i> , .....	5
Bro. Morrison's Letter, .....	6
From Africa, .....	9
From India, .....	12

### SELECTED:—

A Class Meeting Story, .....	1
When the Deacon Talked in Church, ....	15
A Call to Duty and Sacrifice, .....	18
A Touching Example of Devotion, ....	19
Candy and Cigars, .....	23
The Four-fold Gospel in the Books of the New Testament, .....	30
Being and Doing, .....	31
Choice Fragments from Spurgeon, .....	32
NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY etc.,	7
OBITUARY etc., .....	20
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, .....	23

### A CLASS-MEETING STORY.

"I know God answers prayers," said the oldest member, a railway man. "It was on the second day of last December that I was surprised by the visit of a young fellow on the tramp. He was in rags and in great destitution. I found that he had been well brought up, but thru drink and other sins had left his home and brought himself to this. I was just getting a bit of food, and offered the stranger a bite and a cup of tea, which he was glad enough to accept. As he warmed himself by the stove in my cabin we talked together, and the poor, weary, distressed wayfarer told me his story. I begged him to

go back home, but he said that was impossible. I related the story of the prodigal son, and as my heart was greatly touched by his sad and wretched condition I prayed hard for the poor fellow that he might at any rate return to the heavenly Father. As my mind was deeply impressed I set down the date—nothing else, only 'December 2, 1912.'

"Last Monday a gentleman came to my cabin. 'Good morning,' he said; 'do you know me?' 'No,' I said, 'I don't sir, at all.' 'Don't you? Look again.' He was in good health and spirits, and beautifully dressed. 'Well, I've been here before, and I owe you more than I can tell.'

"It was the second of December you gave me a bit of breakfast, and spoke to me very kindly. You asked me to go home, but I refused. When I got away I began to think about your words. I went home. As I knocked at the door I heard my father's voice. He said, 'Why, that's our Jack's knock—it is.' And he opened the door and took me in just as you said about the prodigal.'

"Of course, I was full of joy and thankfulness when I heard this, but he went on to say:

"And, best of all, I have sought and found the Savior, and am now happy in His love.'

"I can tell you this has stirred me up to try and bring some more souls to Jesus, and I feel that I want to live longer to do such blessed work."—*Methodist Recorder*.

"Oh, how love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day."



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## A Bi-Weekly

### Religious Journal

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For the exposition of true, practical piety and devoted to the spread of EVANGELICAL truths and the Unity of the church.

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EDITOR **GEO. DETWILER.**

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Office Manager,  
**GEORGE DETWILER.**

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**BISHOP W. O. BAKER,** Louisville Ohio  
**BISHOP S. R. SMITH,** . . . Grantham, Pa.  
**ELDER F. H. HESS,** . . . Grantham, Pa.

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*The Associate Editors shall be equally responsible with the Editor for all articles that appear in the Evangelical Visitor—Conference decision.*

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*Notice.—The date printed after your name on the label denotes the time to which you have paid. Keep it in the future.*

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Address the editor, 1216 Walnut St., Harrisburg, Pa.

#### AS TO THE NEW YEAR.

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With this number of the VISITOR we begin a new volume again. Our desire and prayer is that the new volume may be much better than any preceding volume. In order that it may be so we need the co-operation of our correspondents, as also the prayerful interest and sympathy of all the friends of the paper. Some articles have been sent in which have, for reasons not here disclosed, been held back. Possibly they may appear yet. Anything that has to be re-written or re-constructed must wait its time when attention can be given to it.

Renewals have been coming in fairly well during December and so far in January, and we are hopeful that our lists will make a very creditable appearance as far as renewals are concerned by the close of January. We would encourage all whose credit is now expired to renew at once. New subscriptions are not coming in as freely as we would like to see, yet we are glad for those that do come. Other church papers are reporting encouraging success in way of securing new subscribers, and we would be glad to have like experience.

The missionary reports, both home and foreign, are interesting and encouraging. Letters from Africa and India will no doubt come in larger numbers since the working force has been increased. We feel sure this feature of the VISITOR is interesting to all of our readers. No doubt if we yield to the conviction our interest in the African work, as also India, since representatives of the church are now in that field again, will be increased. And while our assistance in material things is needed and deserved, what the missionaries desire, more than money, is prayer and supplication in behalf of the work. So let us all do what we can

in support of the work and workers, especially in the prayer ministry.

With an old hymn we would say to all:

*"Come let us anew, our journey pursue:  
Roll round with the year. [appear.  
And never stand still, till the Master*

*His adorable will, let us gladly fulfill  
And our talents improve, [love.  
By the patience of hope and the labor of  
\* \* \* \* \**

*Oh, that each in the day of His coming  
may say*

*"I have fought my way thru;  
I have finished the work Thou didst give  
me to do."*

*Oh, that each from the Lord may re-  
ceive the glad word,*

*"Well and faithfully done!  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my  
throne."*

What effect it has on a person when he receives Jesus Christ is finely illustrated in the case of an Italian in New York who was converted at an open air meeting. At the Carnegie Hall meeting, which closed the campaign, Dr. Arthur Smith exhibited a murderous dirk (long knife) that had been handed over to him by an Italian with the remark: "Since I now belong to Jesus Christ I won't need this any more." Surely such fruit of repentance may be looked for, to a greater or less extent, in all cases of genuine change of heart.

The hymn says:

*'Tis not enough to say,  
"We're sorry and repent;"  
Yet still go on from day to day,  
Just as we always went.*

*Repentance is to leave  
The sins we loved before,*

*And show that we in earnest grieve,  
By doing so no more.*

Paul teaches in Romans 6: 1, 2 that the believer has become dead to sin, and to profess to be a believer and continue to practice sin would indicate that the dying to sin has not been realized. "Reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God thru Jesus Christ, our Lord." May the Spirit truly have room in all our hearts and bring into judgment every thing that is contrary to the mind of the Master. And may the New Year be made to manifest that we are walking in "newness of life," and serving in "newness of the spirit and not in the oldness of the letter," for "The letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life."

Bro. H. J. Frey writes us from South Africa, calling attention to the concluding article in his series of articles on Africa printed during last Summer. The last one appeared in the issue of Sept. 22, 1913. He wishes us to say that the last *three* paragraphs, beginning with "A political campaign," should have been designated as being quoted. The quotation marks were omitted. We are not able at this time to trace the mistake whether it belongs to this office, or whether Bro. Frey failed to indicate the matter in the manuscript. We gladly make this correction.

We are informed by Bro. A. L. Eisenhower that some did not understand his offer, as given in the December 15, number of the VISITOR, correctly. Several have sent him \$1.25 for the VISITOR and receipts instead of \$2.50, as the offer reads. Send him \$2.50 and you will get the receipts, and the VISITOR for a year. The time limit is lifted and made indefinite.

## BIBLE CONFERENCE.

The yearly Bible Conference will convene at the Messiah Bible School, beginning Sunday, Jan. 25, and continue to Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1914. The Scriptural books to be considered are: Romans, I Corinthians, I and II Peter, Philemon, Jonah, Habakuk and others. Among the topics assigned, are the following:

1. What effect has Sanctification on the individual's life?
2. Illustrate the whole armor of God.
3. Give an outline of the unpardonable sin (Matt. 12: 31, 32) and the sin unto death and not unto death, (I John 5: 16, 17) and illustrate the difference, if any.
4. If the blood of Christ atones for sin, to what extent does it atone for sin committed by defrauding others?
5. Can there be a Sanctified education?
6. To what extent is baptism essential to salvation?
7. Prophecy-fulfilled and to be fulfilled.
8. Christian economy.
9. What attitude does Atheism and Pantheism hold towards Christianity?
10. Allegorical application of the children of Israel from the crossing of Jordan to the rebuilding of Jerusalem.
11. Analysis of the Disciple's (Lord's) prayer.
12. Letter to Philemon, or Sanctified diplomacy.
13. Inspiration of the Bible.
14. How does seeking the Kingdom of God Matt. 6: 33, and Seeing the Kingdom of God, John 3: 3, and the Kingdom of heaven, Matt. 3: 2 and Matt. 5: 3, 10 compare with each other?
15. Allegorical application of the children of Israel from Abraham to the crossing of Jordan. Two subjects.

16. Allegorical Scriptural applications of various kinds.

17. Pre-Natal influences—for both sexes—for which speakers will be arranged.

The speakers having charge of these subjects will be Bishop J. N. Engle, Abilene, Kan., Bishop C. C. Burkholder, Upland, Cal., Bishop C. N. Hostetter, Washington Boro, Pa., Bishop H. K. Kreider, Campbelltown, Pa., Elds, Geo. Detwiler, Harrisburg, Pa., J. K. Bowers, Trappe, Pa., E. M. Engle, Mt. Joy, Pa., S. G. Engle, Philadelphia, Pa., C. S. Eshleman, Mechanicsburg, Pa., E. H. Hess, Grantham, Pa., and others.

Other topics not fully listed will be introduced. An arranged daily program will be ready to be furnished on application about Jan. 19. Every one welcome. Arrangements will be made at the School for board at 15¢ per meal. Sleeping arrangements will be provided for those from a distance who contemplate remaining over night at the School and in the community.

All are *welcome*. Can we not arrange our temporal matters to spend *several days in the study of God's word* and enjoy a spiritual feast—and thus qualify us better for the conflict?

The Philadelphia & Reading R. R. Station is on the premises. Trains leave Harrisburg for Grantham, 5.15—7.20 a. m. 12. m. 4.45 and 7.15 p. m. returning, arrive at Harrisburg, 7.50 and 9.00 a. m. 12.45—3.20—6.10 p. m.

An effort will be made to hold train leaving Harrisburg at 7.20 a. m., to connect with Pennsylvania train, arriving at Harrisburg at 7.30 a. m.

S. R. Smith.

Love is the greatest thing that God can give us, for He Himself is love; and it is the greatest thing we can give to God, for it will give ourselves, and carry with it all that is ours.—*Sel.*



## CONTRIBUTIONS.

### THE SILENT HARP.

BY W. R. SMITH.

One bleak, chilly, November day, I was sitting before a bright open fire, in the room of a friend, in a far away Southern state.

Outside, the fine misty rain was steadily falling from the low full clouds, and dripping from the branches of the old pine trees in the yard, while the fields and woodlands beyond presented a dreary scene.

My friend was busy looking over the contents of an old time chest that he had brought down from the attic, where it had been stored for half a century.

The floor around was strewn with the old-fashioned things of former days, some a curiosity and of fine workmanship. At last he brought out a morocco case of elegant design, and opening it took out a most beautiful silver harp. This harp had once belonged to his father, who had taken it with him when he went forth to battle in the civil war, and when he fell in the fiery storm at Shiloh, was returned to the son with his other personal effects, who had stored them away from view.

For as my friend said, they revived such a train of sad memories of the long ago, that he did not care to see them.

The old harp when properly strung up still produced sweet delightful music that would have thrilled the heart of the old warrior in his younger days, as he sung the songs of his beloved Southland.

But for long, long years the master's hands had not touched the vibrant strings, and the old harp had remained silent, sending forth no cheerful songs to delight the listening ear. And as I

heard the story of the silent harp, I thought to myself how verily like the life history of some human hearts that have fallen along the wayside. Once they were full of joy and cheerful song, and life was a pleasure without a cloud to shadow their pathway. But the storms came, the winds blew, sorrows overtook them, and all joy and praise departed from their once happy hearts.

Thus the captive Jews of old, as they reclined along the banks of Babylon's rivers, wept as they remembered the present desolation of Zion, and all song and joy took its flight from their sad aching hearts while they hung their now silent harps on the willows along the streams. How can we sing the songs of Zion, they say, in this far country for our hearts are back in the homeland and we mourn over its fallen glories?

Thus the Jews of old reasoned, and with some truth, for Zion's songs are those of joy and praise, and aching hearts never sound forth a very cheerful melody. But they should have remembered that God was still with them and had not forgotten them in their exile, and that great good was to come out of their sorrow, if they were only obedient to the divine will.

Along the River of Time are many sad aching hearts. Sitting under some great cloud of sorrow or wrong doing, with no song of cheer, and silent harps, as they muse on the sad memories of the past. I do not think that it is the purpose of the all-loving Father, that the sorrows and trials that come to us here in this life should silence our songs of joy and praise, for even these He can make work for our present and eternal good, if we only continue to love and trust Him who doeth all things well.

And yet, how many in the times of adversity hang up their harps and for-

get that this also will shortly pass away, and the sunshine of God's love again fall on their pathway.

Some of the sweetest songs that have cheered and inspired the hearts of men thru the past ages, have been sung by some of God's faithful heroes when enduring great afflictions. Storms and clouds overshadowed them while the waves and billows of persecution dashed around their frail barques threatening to engulf them in disaster and ruin, but they looked beyond these fleeting scenes of earth, to the fadeless glories that await them in their Father's house, and His peace filled them with courage and songs of praise.

Along the banks of the River of Life there are no silent harps, but every one is attune with joy and songs of redeeming love unto Him who has loved and washed them in His own blood. Why should the children of the King go mourning along their pilgrim way home with silent harps, as tho they were going to prison for life, for the journey here is short, its sorrows fleeting, and soon all will be exchanged for a cloudless sky and waveless sea. Bring out the harps and let them again resound with songs of joy and praise to the great King of glory, that we may be ready for the final coronation day when the assembled nations of earth shall gather at Jesus' feet and "Crown Him Lord of all."

*Fredonia, Kan., R. R. No. 2.*

Bro. Morrison of Guthrie, Okla., writes in way of testimony as follows:

Just a few lines for Jesus, for He is just the same dear Jesus. While alone and meditating my mind went in many different directions. But, praise God, I am still traveling heavenward, and expect to meet my Savior and all the dear saints in glory, praise His dear name.

We see the enemy is working in so many different ways and places. I pray to the

Father again and again to continue to lead us and help us to watch and pray that we may not be trapped by this deceiver.

Let us not forget our fellowman, dear brother and sister, for "Who maketh thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" (I Cor. 4: 7).

I am so glad there are so many bibles printed: they contain, or are the Word of God. What a blessing! It is written so plain that each one can find salvation. When everything looks dark and dreary you can find light in the word of God. O how good! Dear brothers and sisters, let us praise Him more and more.

It will soon be time to invoice again and this is the way my account stands.

January 1, 1913.

December 31, 1913.

*Dr.*

The best of health and plenty to live and still being blessed with grace.

*Cr.*

By daily morning worship: by testifying for Jesus often: talking to sinners often: talking to professors freely: praying in secret daily: returning good for evil: distributing good literature: helping the poor financially: helping the blind, natural and spiritual: encouraging some on to God: still having the Savior in view.

Now this looks and sounds well, and if God accepts it and will give me credit, and I know He surely will, then I'll be rewarded by and by.

One more thought. If we could only rub out or erase so many things that do not become us, then our account would be grand. Well, praise the Lord I have prayed much lately that many more would write or give their testimony. It surely will help some one and I know God will help you.

Wishing to all a Happy New Year I am yours as ever,

E. Morrison.

For the information of those who are interested in the work of J. B. Mitchell among the mountain people we may say that as far as we have information at present his address is Cumberland, Tenn. It would be best to write to him for instructions before sending goods.

## News of Church Activity IN THE HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

### Addresses of Missionaries.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Walter O. and Abbie B. Winger, Mary Heisey Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

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

H. J. and Emma Frey, Hannah Baker, Cora Alvis, A. C. Winger, Sadie Book, Mtshabazi Mission, Gwanda, Rhodesia, 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 Eyster.

### 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 Shirck.

Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 1226 W. 11th St., in charge of Eld. J. R. and Anna Zook.

Jabbok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. N. and Adella Engle, R. R. No. 3, box 1.

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.

### SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

"Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." This is the language of our hearts as we look over what God is doing for us as the days go by. Even in the trials of mission life, we find so much of the mercy of God, that we have continual reason to praise Him.

The attendance, generally, at the Mission the past month has been encouraging. God has been dealing with hearts. Several souls have been saved and several backsliders reclaimed. Also some of the believers have been led to consecrate their lives to God and to plunge into the fountain for the deeper heart cleansing so necessary to a successful Christian life.

One very encouraging conversion we wish to relate here. On the evening of Dec. 20, a man apparently some thirty years of age, in a state of intoxication, followed us in to the hall, from the street meeting. During the opening song service he became uneasy, but we thought it due to the influence of the liquor. Soon however, he knelt and began to pray, silently at first, then breaking out audibly. Such pleading with God we seldom hear, and it was not long until his face lit up and he began to praise God, saying, "Glory to Jesus. My heart was so heavy, but now my burden is gone." All thru the rest of the evening's service the praises of God were upon his lips, and he seemed as perfectly sober as any one in the house. The glory of the Lord rested upon the meeting in a marked way, and the blessing of that evening lingers with us yet.

God is drawing us closer to Himself, of late, and it is our greatest desire to serve Him better, in return for all His goodness to us. We sincerely thank all who have again contributed to our need.

#### FINANCIAL.

Report for Nov. 24 to Dec. 24, 1913.

#### Receipts.

Waukena, Cal., S. S., \$8.25; Morrill, Kan., S. S., \$7.75; Bethel, Kan., S. S., \$14.00; Upland, Cal., S. S., \$35.00; Hall offerings, \$28.68; Total \$93.68.

#### Disbursements

Car fare, \$8.70; groceries, \$18.41; hall expenses, light, oil etc., \$6.95; household, gas, water etc., \$6.90; House rent, \$8.00; Hall rent, \$50.00; Total \$99.41.

Elizabeth Winger and Workers.



### HUMMELSTOWN, PA.

A series of meetings were opened in the church at Hummelstown, Pa., on Nov. 30, and continued until Dec. 14, conducted by Eld. Joseph Leaman of Upland, Cal. We feel that it was an uplift to the church to have our brother in our midst. One soul made a start for the kingdom and is now in His service, while others in the church realized there was more in store for them and sought and found as the Gospel plow was running deep and turned up some fallow soil, and back things were cleaned up for which we wish to thank God, as also for the manifestation of His power thru our brother, and pray God to bless him in his efforts to lead men and women to God.

A Brother.

Jan 2, 1914.

### A PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Dear readers of the VISITOR:

I extend to you all my best wishes for a prosperous and happy New Year. Again we are standing upon the threshold of another year, and let us make it a year of more consecration to God: a continual dying out to self, our greatest enemy, and a drawing closer to Him, who paid the debt on Calvary's brow that we thru Him should obtain this everlasting life. This is the time of the year above all others, when we all look forward to the exchanging of gifts, as a sweet memorial of the Christmas time. Still how few there are who really stop to meditate over the real meaning of the day, and what it really means to those who unfortunately are outside the Ark of Safety.

The thought of admonition which so agreeably impressed me this morning was truly a very desirable one, as we are closing our accounts of the year now almost extinct. Many of us are so liable to keep looking back continually and picturing the dark past of our lives, our many mistakes and defects. Why not leave them in the past?

Dear friends, I received and accepted a beautiful lesson this morning on this same question and problem. While I had my mind and heart consecrated on the good things above Satan got busy and was forcibly depicting to me the awfulness of the many lost opportunities and errors which were so

numerous in my sad mispent years, and while wrestling between the spirits the beautiful words of Francis Havergal, came to my rescue:

"Fierce may be the conflict,  
Strong may be the foe,  
But the King's own army,  
None can overthrow;  
Round His standard ranging,  
Victory is secure,  
For His truth unchanging,  
Makes the triumph sure."

And while repeating in silence the above it came to me, just meditate over what happened to Lot's wife when she looked back, and in that one thought, friends, I received a blessing and not only a blessing but an admonition of its seriousness. Time which might have been used to far better advantage in pressing forward and grasping hold of the better and deeper things was lost in looking back over the dark past. Let us forget the past and place ourselves in an attitude as did our beloved apostle Paul, pressing "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Let us be up and a-doing, friend, always abounding in grace and knowledge of our dear Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. This is my aim, sincerely hoping that this is the complete determination of every sincere heart, who may be privileged to read the above testimony of a Roman Catholic convert, who has been wonderfully lifted up and brought to the knowledge of a living Christ.

I love to tell the sweet story of Jesus and His power to save my Roman Catholic brothers and sisters. I have resolved, with the Spirit's help, to try and win many more to make a start, forsake sinning and follow Jesus: teach them that the Way of the Cross leads home to glory. I have been privileged to see a few of my people make a start, and I earnestly pray that many more may see the error of their ways. We must win them for Jesus one by one. If we are saved let it be for service, not our own will in the matter, but God's will, in all things, in and thru us, and I assure you results will be accomplished. Let us have for our Motto, strive earnestly, in all the good we can do, for Jesus' sake.

Well, dear ones, I know you all feel interested in your Philadelphia Mission, and as I can understand, the only one you have in

a large ungodly city like this is. So from close observation and reading thru your VISITOR, I see no report at all, and seemingly the Spirit doesn't inspire any one of the immediate members of the Household of Faith to write and give the brothers and sisters a bird's-eye view of the doings of the work and workers at the Mission. Considering it permissible from the standpoint of the Spirit, I take upon myself, the least of God's little ones, the privilege of writing, realizing the fact that many dear ones who have a warm spot in my heart and whom I have learned to love will see this and know that I have not forgotten them.

The meetings on Sundays are good and during the week fairly so. Sunday School is good. We have some blessed meetings, inspiring testimonies. The Christmas exercises were well attended. The program rendered by the School was indeed a credit to the officers and teachers of the School.

Our beloved pastor, S. G. Engle, gave a splendid address which proved very appropriate for the occasion, his theme being,

IF HE HAD NOT COME.

Bro. Stover was at his post of duty as usual seeing that the poor and needy were amply provided for over the Christmas season. For two or three weeks before Christmas he went around thru various parts of the city carrying a banner bearing the inscription:

PHILADELPHIA MISSION.

WOULD YOU KINDLY HELP THE POOR TO A  
CHRISTMAS DINNER?  
3423 N. SECOND ST.

And truly, the Lord provided enough provisions with fifty chickens to supply twenty-four needy families with a substantial basket and two or three chickens according to size of family. "If God be for us who can be against us."

Bro Stover and workers have great reasons to praise the Lord for His goodness to the Phila. Mission, as the contributions far exceeded those of previous years. The Lord wonderfully blessed Bro. Stover's efforts and crowned his efforts and labors with success. Praise His Name.

Every Sunday morning at 6.00 o'clock Bro. Stover and some of his faithful workers hold meetings at the station house not far from the Mission. They sing and pray, and

speak words of encouragement to the unfortunates behind the bars, and who knows but there's seed planted that will some day spring up and bring forth fruit.

We enjoyed our dear brother who was with us from the country last Sunday a week, Bro. Sheetz. He didn't come with the excellency of speech, but he lifted up the Christ and left us food for thought. One thing lingers with me and that is "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty," and that's why I write for I feel free and "whom the Son makes free is free indeed."

Kindly dear readers, remember the workers and pastor here at the Phila. Mission. Pray that all their needs may be supplied. It is a large field worthy of notice, and if you can't give anything else you can spare a little of your time in close communion with God in our behalf, holding us up continually to a throne of grace for I am confident they are all candidates, myself included for God's best.

Now, dear ones, May the peace of God which passeth all understanding rest and abide with you all is my prayer and wish.

Yours in Christian love,

Mrs. Bessie Dimmick.

December 30, 1913.

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FROM AFRICA.

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P. O. Box 5263, Johannesburg,  
S. Africa, Nov. 27, 1913.

Dear readers of the VISITOR:—

As we meditate upon the faithfulness of our God, words fail us to voice the debt of praise we owe to Him in adoring Him, in our devotion to His work which lies so near His heart. By His grace alone can we do anything that will stand in that day of days. These are moments that afford wonderful opportunities to give the word of life to dying and perishing souls. O! how much we need your earnest, effectual, prevailing prayers for the accomplishment of God's purpose for these souls among whom we are laboring to plant the Gospel of the Son of God. Beloved when you assemble during these Winter months in your weekly prayer meetings we ask you, we plead with you, to remember us before the throne of grace that God may wonderfully pour out His Spirit upon this Mission, that souls will be converted.—"Born again," made ready for the coming of our

blessed Lord. Oh how glad we would be to get warm letters from such whose hearts have been much moved by God's Holy Spirit to remember God's work by a special time of prayer when you helped us to win some of the hard stubborn battles here in this heathen land. O, dear ones, how much are we united in God's work? How much do we plead with God in prayer for the deliverance of the captive, enslaved souls? Do we have the assurance that our prayers are effectual?

Beloved, let me plead with you once more, let nothing prevent us from letting God by His Holy Spirit so move us into loving obedience for more time of real consecrated prayer for *Missions*.

We want to thank and praise God for all those who have been standing by the blessed cause, who have labored and travailed and have seen the fire fall upon their joyful sacrifice, they have been much blessed in their hearts and have moved out in fuller and larger measures of usefulness. O blessed be God!

Why are there not more who gladly respond to God, today and say from now on I will spend definitely, a certain amount of time weekly in earnest prayer for the work of "Missions." What are our dear young people doing? Is there anything that will bring more blessing, more joy and peace into your own lives as to consecrate some of your precious time to the Master? May God help many of those who have just been converted to take up this glorious ministry, God will bless you, dear one, in doing so. I should be very glad to hear from any who have been definitely led of God to pray for Missions.

Let us give God the best part of our lives, —our prayer life. We are thankful to God for giving us some tokens of His grace in bringing souls from the gross darkness, into the marvelous light and liberty of the children of God. As we look into the faces of those who have been saved we say there is nothing too hard for God to do. He can take the black hardened sin-benumbed soul and wash it white in the Blood of the Lamb. O Hallelujah be to His dear name. He can make the foulest clean!

There are a number who have been saved and also some who are still seeking deliverance for whom we ask you to join us in

special earnest prayer. I have before me a list of nine names of those who came forward to the altar the last time I was out to the Florida Mission. Pray for these also! We have had several special times of blessing since we last wrote to you. For these we praise His dear name.

Our prayers have been following the outgoing missionaries to India that God will graciously undertake in all things for them.

Faithfully yours and His,

Isaac O. Lehman.

P. S. Pray especially for Bro. Umuali Naumayo as he enters upon a difficult task for the Lord.

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#### MTSHABEZI MISSION.

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"And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward; for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. Arise, walk thru the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee" (Gen. 13: 14).

With such a command and such a promise has God set before His Church on earth the broad land of heathendom for her possession. What an opportunity to lay hold of great things for God. What a challenge He has given her to prove her zeal for the increase of that Kingdom so dear to His heart, and should be to her's. "Lift up thine eyes \* \* and look \* \* for all thou seest \* \* will I give thee forever." Scale the loftiest mountain peak and pierce thy vision to the farthest distance and know that all thou seest I will give thee. "Arise, walk thru the \* \* length \* \* and \* \* breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee." With such a successful conquest just ahead, who can be any longer disinterested; who dares be a coward; who that is able to "walk" is listless enough to say, "I will hire me a substitute." Nothing attempted is nothing obtained.

The pleasant duty has been assigned me of writing to the VISITOR at this time. I



praise God that I may address you from this land, the land toward which my eyes were turned, but by a kind Providence were kept so long from beholding. The hope, the aim which was like a guiding star on my earlier Christian journey has been realized and I am where I believe the Spirit of Love has led, to give my life there. God be praised.

Perhaps a summary of my outgoing from you may be of interest to some. I left Philadelphia July 30, and spent several days in New York City shopping and visiting, embarking for England, Aug. 2. Altho thruout the multitude of rustling handkerchiefs I could see none waving farewell to me, yet as the great ship backed out from her berth, and all things stationary and secure receded from sight, I felt that all was well; that God was before in the future, behind in the past, and on every side in the present—the God of the hills and valleys of water indeed. And so I found it; for voyages freer from seasickness I can not hope to make again. And on both ships I met with those who knew the Lord, whose fellowship, as we conversed upon the Word and works of God, was as refreshing to our souls as the cool evening breeze that came up from the waters. God is everywhere present, and tho man ascends or descends, or takes the wings of the morning, he will find God there before him.

Beside a stop in Southampton, Eng., only long enough to change vessels, the only other delay at sea was a few hours at Tenniriffe Island, Canary Islands. An opportunity was taken to visit the quaint, old, Spanish city of Santa Cruz, which lies, half-forgotten, lazily dreaming out its carefree existence, on the slope of a beautiful island mountain.

Fifteen days of steady sailing lay between the Island and Capetown. As we were questioning one day whether we had crossed the Equator, one answered, "Did you not feel the ship rise and settle as we went over the line?"

Capetown was reached Aug. 29, twenty-seven days out from New York. A few days there, and I came on to Bulawayo, arriving Sept. 3, and at Matopo Mission the following day. It seemed strange that after traveling alone so long, constantly away from all I knew and surrounded by strangers, I should expect to find far out in the African hills any of my own people whom I had

known before. If I had not known the whys and wherefores, I thought I had been worthy to be classed among the fools; and indeed, several souls, well-meaning but out of harmony with missionary endeavor, seemed to think so anyway.

We have had some nice rains lately, enough to start the grass and push the leaves on the trees. We are hoping that this season will be a normal one, so that the famine may be broken, or else there will be a great scarcity of food thruout the country. We are praying that God, who numbers the clouds in wisdom, and can stay the bottles of heaven, will unstop the bottles and water the earth, that it may bring forth and bud, and that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater.

The other day an old native said to Bro. Frey to this effect, "Pray to your God that He may send us rain; we need it." And in a kraal not far distant is a sick child whose healing we believe would tend to draw his father's heart to the Mission; so the prayer of our hearts has been, "Lord, do Thou stretch out Thy hand to heal, that signs and wonders may be done in the Name of Thy holy Child Jesus; that the heathen may see that the living God is with His people, and that they may seek Him, who is not far from any one of them." Help us to pray for those of the lost sheep who have not yet been brought into the fold.

Bro. Frey has the boys and girls running three plows at present, two with ox teams and one with donkey. Some of the grain planted is coming up.

The girl's school will close next week for a vacation until perhaps the first of the year. Sister Book, the teacher, will go to Matoppo Mission for a rest during this time.

A love feast will be held with out native members at Mapane over next Wednesday and Thursday, and one at our out-school at Swazi the following Saturday and Sunday. At the latter school there is a very encouraging membership and inquirer's class. This school is one of the most flourishing under the control of this Mission station. Bro. Steigerwald will come down to both places by mule-cart, to conduct the services.

All the workers at this Station are well as usual in body and encouraged in spirit. The Lord is multiplying His grace to us, so that

we are enabled to stand against the onsets of the enemy, who opposes the missionary on the field in his own soul as powerfully as he does anyone anywhere. We ask a continuation of your prayers for us and the darkened hearts all about us among whom we labor.

Yours, in His service,

A. C. Winger.

FROM INDIA.

Adra, B. N. Ry. India

Nov. 25, 1913.

Dear readers of the VISITOR:—

"Swear not at all," has been the effective silencer of every conscientious voice, upon the verge of drawing upon some superior name, power, or condition to give credence to some supposed truth or some tottering declaration. The oath is alone reserved for God. Its shameful abuse has set it beyond our privilege of use, wisely or otherwise. God would not have it demeaned so that the world would no longer know its sacred awfulness. Lawfully, God alone can swear. I am conscious of some terrible import couched beneath the word, when I read that "God hath sworn," and a sense of crushing, wide spreading, far reaching power pervades the sense of comfort, which I know His oath makes secure.

No time or experience has made this comfort more necessary or this power more real than since I have gazed into the dazed eyes of this seething India life.

But a glimpse, but oh what revelations! But a few days, but oh what a sense of sensate death, of insensitive life, of lifeless sensuality,—human misery! Humanly there is an unbridgeable gulf, a chasm "pit"-deep, "night"-dark, hopeless, cheerless and cruel between these seared souls and "beatific transformation."

As animals, they are crouching for

their prey, they are snarling and biting their foe, they are deceitfully whimpering before their superiors, they are restively mad.

As "Divine sparks" they are consumed flax, smothered candles, smouldering flickerings, smothered torches, dead in that which should be alive, lurid and contemptuous in that which should be dead. Poor distorted souls,—in their restless unseeing sight there is at odd moments the glint of a far away hope, a dimly seen vision, a fading beyond!

Amid the new and strange I am only too keenly conscious of the "painfully sad" which broods over all this sun-kissed, ocean-lapped East-land.

But the heaven of promise portends a glorious coming day, and even in the high night of fulfilment low mutterings of the coming times are wonderful in their Divine monitions. Across the heaven of prophetic night flashed the awful words, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Ah the depths of mystery have been stirred by Almighty Himself! Then reverberating, the heavens scarce bear up under the terrible mutterings of their Maker, as He thunders to all the world, to every age, "By myself have I sworn,"—oh how can man flaunt vain oaths, or flaunt arrogant invectives in the face of God! The holy, pause in speechless wonder, for God hath sworn. But what shakes the heaven and earth? "The word is gone forth from my mouth in righteousness and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow."

Thus by the oath of God, shall the unbridged be spanned, the human, animal fanatical, be over-reached, yes the fullness of Infinity be revealed and given. By Him has come the *One*, by Him are coming the others. Earth's tattered ends are being gathered in,—her

mountains, peninsulas, promontories, islands and farthest points north, south, east and west, they all are called of God, and are waving Salvation banners or yet awaiting the coming of God's empowered ambassadors.

Our eyes see the awfulness of sin, and cruelty, but our faith sees the Lord enthroned in these dear hearts, it sees beauty in the place of ashes, and holiness in the hovel of death.

Sweeter than ever is the call of the Lord to labor among these Indians. The rising of obstacles in no wise brooks our zeal for God.

Passing down along the coast of Siam we saw a stranded ship, up against rocks upon which a light house stood. So is India. Noble and proud she is gone to wreck in spite of her noble Verda "lights." Sailing up the coast from Singapore to Rangoon, in the night we saw a beautiful rainbow. It was so strange and new our eyes could scarce believe the sight they saw. So soft the colors seemed! This we feel is a great comfort to our Faith. As rainbow in the night, so is our "promise" amid all this darkness, that we shall be kept and that they, to whom we are called shall be saved.

Out on the wide bounding main, we saw many scores of partly covered boats, tossed up and down at the pleasure of the wave. Upon inquiry I learned that these boats bore families of people whose life was no longer spent on land, but upon the great deep from year to year. These strange people love the wild, dangerous free life upon the water, rather than all that they might have on land. How true this is as a picture of Indian Nature. Long since they have cut loose from their early visions of God (for they know well that there is a God) and are wildly adrift, subject to "every wind that blows," subsisting

upon the common findings of their toil, desiring no firm anchorage in a fair haven, nor caring aught to tread the solid earth of Faith in Christ.

We landed in Calcutta Nov. 20, at 4.00 p. m. and were met by Srs. Zook and Steckley who very kindly conducted us to Bro. Lee's Memorial Mission near Wellington Square, where we remained all night. So we landed in our "home" country, after nearly seven weeks of ocean life, upon four different vessels, varying in capacity from 4000 tons to 27000 tons.

In Japan we found the weather very pleasant. Manila was very hot, so that we purchased sun protectors. While in Hong Kong, we very narrowly escaped a serious case of dysentery. The Lord knew our case and relieved and cured us—its just like Him. Singapore 100 miles north of the equator, we found very comfortable, indeed quite as endurable as Honolulu. The ocean breezes kept the city perpetually temperate, tho the rains were frequent and literal deluges. For a day we stopped at Penang. Our vessel, the "Ellenga" offered us all things needful for our comfort. At Rangoon we passed customs without any inspection of our baggage. From Rangoon to Calcutta we sailed upon the S. S. Angora. There was practically no inspection of our goods at Calcutta. This land is a strange place, an almost laughable combination of the ridiculous and the sublime. Children beneath the age of 7 years play perfectly nude in the side streets and near it is seen a man half nude haunched upon the pavement having his hair cut, one lock alone being left to straggle down to his shoulders, by which he expects God to catch him up to heaven some day. Next to the viceroy's palatial grounds, lurks the shunned leper. Here stands a Mission



building, and across the way a Mohammedan Mosque. One minute we are bowed in holy prayer, the next we are gazing upon a marriage procession, for a man is going to claim his baby bride. The glare of cheap lights and the flare of a half trained band make the night seem strange and unnatural. Foul suggestions lurk in the eye, the half concealing yet half revealing clothes, the habits of motion, posture and use of hands. Be sure there is but little sense of service in this native heart. What service is ever given comes only thru Christ. They need Jesus to correct the wrong, to instil love, to beget any semblance of true service, to awaken pity for the defenceless or to bring assistance to the weak.

Our dear Bro. Lee offered us every comfort while we remained at his Mission. He has a big heart for new workers especially the young people whom he meets. But we can't wonder at his bigness of heart when we remember that it has suffered so much in years past when six of his own precious boys and girls were buried beneath a huge land slide near Dahrjeeling. Now half in pain, half in holy comfort he says that God privileged his children a burial like that of Moses. Two were found, but four were not seen since that sad disaster. It was that "enlarged heart" man who welcomed us to India in the name of Christ. In his house we offered our first prayer of praise to God for a successful journey and His superintending care.

On Saturday, Nov. 22, we came Northwest about 175 miles to Adra to Bro. D. W. Zook's Mission which will be our temporary home while we study the language and search for some suitable place to locate for future work. We feel under deep obligations to Bro. Zook and the workers who have treat-

ed us so kindly and assisted us so effectively in this time of need.

At this time we are cozily installed in a pleasant spacious room in one corner of the Mission building. The Sunday services were an inspiration to our hearts. There were about twenty-five natives at the preaching services. We shall never forget these first days in India.

It is not our purpose to be unmindful of the great blessings which have paved our pathway thru the intercessory prayers of our dear brethren and sisters. From Canada, and the East and West we felt sweet influences flow and we knew that our dear friends were holding us up before God. Our hearts beat a responsive gratitude to you all and to our Father who answered your personal entreaties. Now that we face the foe and see the deadness of these lives, we earnestly entreat you all to take hold on God for us that our Faith fail not in the coming days of labor and strain. Yours shall be a share of the promised fruitage as yours shall be the prayer for fruit.

We close our present communication by assuring our dear readers, that while sin increases and darkness prevails, our faith and experience in God stand firm, tho the enemy frown darkly upon us and rage, we will thru Jesus shout the Victory, and until He comes to claim us either thru death or translation, we will fight for the Word of God, knowing that He will not fail us in the dark hour, but will of a surety keep us until the "day dawn."

Our comfort and the future hope of our brethren shall find realization, we pray, in the words of Isaiah 49: 18, 22. Trusting in God, we beseech a safe retreat in the affection of our brethren and sisters in the Faith.

H. L. Smith.

## SELECTED.

### WHEN THE DEACON TALKED IN CHURCH.

We were not expecting anything unusual that day, we got it just the same. It was a warm Sunday in June, and the annual foreign missionary sermon was to be preached and the collection taken. That did not excite us any, for we had slept, I may say thru both sermon and collection many a time before. It was not the sermon either, for that did not seem so different from usual, but that somehow it just happened to come home to the deacon. So far as I remember the preacher took for his text that verse about "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," only he dwelt considerably upon the "Go Ye." He said it did not say anything about taking up a collection, but it did say to go, and the Lord would never be satisfied until we went.

Our collections, anyway, he told us, didn't amount to much, and always reminded him of the story he had heard of a little boy. It seems the little fellow was saving some of the best meat on his plate for his dog. The mother noticed that and told him to eat that himself, and after dinner he could take what was left on his plate and give to the dog. So after dinner he picked up the bits of fat, bone and gristle that were left and took them out to the dog, and some one heard him say sadly: "I meant to bring you an offering, Fido, but I have only got a collection."

Well, it did kind of hit home, for most of us had not been giving much of a collection, only just enough to look respectable when the plate passed.

But the preacher went on until he showed us that commandment "Go Ye," meant just what it said, that we had to

go. He told us that everybody had to go. Now I had always thought that there was some special kind of call that come to one here, and another there, and when they felt that they had to be a missionary. But he said that was not in the Bible, that everybody was commanded to go unless they had a call to stay at home. And even if they had a call to stay at home, they were bound to do their best to find a substitute to go for them, and to help everybody to go that could.

Then he just asked us how we would feel if we had no Jesus to go to for forgiveness of our sins, for help in our trials, for strength against temptation, comfort in sorrow, for guidance in perplexity; no Jesus to tell us how to live here, and especially no Jesus to tell us about the love of God, and where our loved ones are when the darkness of death shuts down upon them. This was what made life so dark for the heathen, and in our gifts we were to remember the Lord's command to us and the heathen's need for us to go.

Then he prayed a bit, and the choir did not sing any that day, but the organ played a soft voluntary while the collection was being taken. Old deacon B— was as fine a man as you could find in a day's journey, as good a neighbor and as honest a man as ever lived—nice two-hundred acre farm and a fine family, all members of the church. Jim, the oldest, ran the farm, Jack, the second boy, was just ready to go to college, and Mary had her diploma as a teacher and was studying to be a nurse in the Toronto Hospital. The mother too was just as nice a woman as you could find anywhere. The old deacon had been getting considerably deaf of late years, and he sat alone in the front pew. I guess he got to kind of dreaming over the sermon, for as he arose to get the col-

lection plate he began to talk to himself, and to do it out loud. But, bless you, he could not hear himself, for you have to shout to make him understand anything.

So, as I said he took the plate and began to talk. As near as I remember, this is what he said: "So that 'Go ye' means me and every one of us, and this is the Lord's plate, and what we put in is our substitute and shows how much we have been worth to Him, seeing we don't go ourselves." Then he got to the back seat and passed the plate. Now, our back seats are always full of young men, and as they put their money on the plate, the old man went on; "Twenty-five cents from Sam Jones. My boy, you'd have been worth more than that to Lord. Ten cents from David Brown, five cents from Tom Stone, and nothing from Steve Jackson. Forty cents for four boys, and every one could go, too. They're worth six hundred dollars a year to their father and only forty cents to the Lord."

In the next pew Mr. Allen and his family sat. Mr. Allen put on a dollar for the family, and the deacon moved away, saying, "The price of one of your dinners down town, half of that pair of gloves you wear, almost as much as you spent for ice cream last week, a box of candy," were the deacon's comments as coins fell from the hands of the Judge and family.

Then Father John Robb put in a bill rolled up. Mrs. Robb put in another, Johnny Robb a little envelope bulging with pennies, and Maggie helped the baby to put in another little bag; and the old deacon said: "God bless them."

You may be sure we were all listening by this time, tho we did not dare turn around; and there were lots of us mighty glad the deacon was not taking up the collection in our aisle.

John McClay's pew came. "Worth a dollar a year to the Lord and two thousand a year to himself," said the deacon. "Seventy-five dollars for a bicycle and twenty-five cents for the Lord don't match, Tommy McClay."

"Ah, Miss Eden, it looks queer for a hand with a fifty-dollar ring to drop five cents in the plate."

"A new house for yourself and an old quarter for your Lord, Alex, Bovey."

"You take in washing and can give five dollars to the Lord! God bless you, Mrs. Dean. What? Minnie has some, too, and wee Robbie?"

"Fifty, seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety. Ah, your dinner will cost more than you have given, Mr. Steele."

"A bright, new dollar bill, and spread out too. Mr. Perkins, I am afraid ninety-five cents was for show."

"A check, from Mr. Hay. It will be a good one too, for he gives a tenth to the Lord."

"Two dollars from you, Harry Atkins is a small gift to the Lord that healed your dear wife."

"Ah, Miss Kitty Hughes, that fifty cents never cost you a thought; and you; Miss Marion, only a quarter, when both of you could go and support yourselves."

"Five cents from the father, and a cent from each of the family. I guess John Hull and family don't love the heathen brothers very hard."

"Ah, Mrs. McRunton, that means a good deal to you. The Lord keep you until you join the good man that's gone."

"Charlie Baker, and you too, Effie—I doubt if the Lord will take any substitute for you."

"Nothing from Mrs. Cantiel? Heathen at home? Perhaps you are one of them?"



"Five cents, Mr. Donald. I doubt if you'd want to put that in the Lord's hand."

Then the old man came to his own pew, and his wife put in an envelope. "Ah, Mary, my dear, I am afraid that we have been robbing the Lord all these years. I doubt we'd have put Jack on the plate, wife. Jim, my boy, you'd be worth far more than that to the Lord." Jack and Mary sat in the choir.

So it went from pew to pew till the old man came to the front again, and there he stood a moment, the plate in his left hand, and after fumbling in his vest pocket awhile he said, "No, that isn't enough, Lord; you ought to get more than that; you've been very good to me." So he put the plate down, and taking out an old leather wallet, counted out some bills on the plate, and said, "I'm sorry, Lord, I didn't know you wanted me to go, and Jim will keep mother and me on the farm, now we're getting old; but I won't keep back Jack any longer; and Mary's been wanting to go too, only I wouldn't let her. Take them both, Lord."

Then while the old man sat down and buried his face in his hands Deacon Wise jumped up and said: "Dear pastor, we haven't done our duty. Let's take up the collection again next Sunday." And a chorus of "Amens" came from all over church.

But the pastor got up with tears in his eyes, and said: "My friends, I have not done all I could either. I want to give more next Sunday, and I'll give my boy too."

Then we sang a hymn as we closed, but it sounded different than it ever had before:

*"Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."*

The organist said she believed it went thru the roof, and I guess the Lord

thought so too.

I think that old deacon felt pretty bad when he found that his day-dreaming had been done aloud. And one of two felt pretty hard at first, but they knew it was true. So that was what started our missionary church, and we've kept on ever since. There have been fourteen members of our young people's society to go as missionaries in the last five years—six of our best young men and eight of our brightest girls.

Jack Bright? He married the organist, and they are on the border of Tibet, where his medical skill is winning a way for Christ. Mary Bright married the minister's son, and they went to Africa.

The old deacon has gone to his rest now. I wish we had more like him. Jim keeps his mother on the farm yet, but she's getting pretty feeble. You're much obliged. O that's nothing. I'm glad to tell you. You see I have two of my own boys that are in the work, one in India and the other in China, and another getting ready to go. My name? John Donald. You're laughing? Yes, I was the one who gave only five cents that day. What the old man said about putting it in the Lord's hand struck me. But I hope to give the Lord a boy or a girl for every one of those five cents. Even my two youngest are talking about going already. You see the Lord said, "Go ye," so we're going, Good-by.—*Sel. by Willim S. Hinkle, Carlinville, Ill.*

The capture of Jericho gave the Israelites a chance to enter central Canaan. The next place strategically important was Ai, which commanded the upper entrance into the Valley of Aijalon, leading into Western Canaan. As he had done in the case of Jericho, Joshua sent spies to Ai to learn the situation. Made over-confident by their recent success, they gave poor counsel on their return:

"Let about two or three thousand go up and smite Ai," they said, "and make not all the people to toil thither, for they are but few." The small force was sent up the steep ascent, but when the garrison at Ai sallied forth, and attacked them, the Israelites fled without striking a blow. The enemy overtook them and thirty-six of their number were killed, the rest escaping to camp. In the disaster all saw the withdrawal of God's guiding hand.

Until recently it was supposed that Canaan was at this time wholly a country of semi-barbarians. Now we know that quite early Canaan was subject to Babylonian rules, and the Babylonian language and civilization had been adopted there. Next came the Egyptian domination, and we have seen how highly cultured was Egypt. Tel-el-Amarna Tablets, dating about 1400 B. C., before the conquest of Canaan by the Israelites, are many of them letters to the Pharaoh of Egypt, written in the Babylonian language by tributary princes in Canaan. "At that period Canaan had already behind it a long civilized past. The country was filled with schools, and libraries, with richly furnished palaces, and workshops of artisans. The cities on the coast had their fleets, partly of merchantmen, partly of warships, and an active trade was carried on with all parts of the known world."

These tablets show, too, that at this period Egypt was losing its hold upon Canaan, the native people were rebellious, and ready to become "the prey of the first resolute invader who had strength, and they had this courage which came from their knowledge that God was with them. Thus it was possible for them to enter and possess the land. But the repulse at Ai taught

them that they could not trust in their own strength alone.—*Tarbell's Teacher's Guide.*

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#### A CALL TO DUTY AND SACRIFICE.

"Arise, let us go hence." Here we have the call to duty, to sacrifice and service. The cross was before Christ, He realized in anticipation its terrific claims upon Him. The call to duty met a willing and ready response from Him. The hour of destiny for the whole human race would strike very soon. Into those preliminary days much that was vital to His kingdom had to be crowded. To go hence meant for him Gethsemane and Calvary. It meant suffering, anguish and an ignominious death. This call to duty and sacrifice was imperative. The call was from God to accomplish His purpose in the redemption of the human race. The powers of darkness and the concentrated forces of wicked men sought to frustrate the divine plan, but the Christ of God heard the call to duty, to sacrifice and service, and He unhesitatingly responded with a fixed and definite conviction that victory lay in aggressive movements toward Calvary.

He evidently had a vision—a vision of the cross, of the pending conflict, and of the assured victory. He moved with steady and measured and confident step toward the inevitable, the final clash with the powers of evil. "Arise, let us go hence," conveys the thought that advancement, success and victory are found in the path of duty and a ready response to such a call. His "hour" had not yet come, but it was coming. It was looming up more conspicuously each day. It can not be longer delayed than to fulfill prophecy and promise. The "fulness of time" was rapidly approaching, duty was be-

coming more and more exacting. The pressure of eternity was upon Christ, God's purpose and His purpose merged in sweetest accord, and this was the impulse that prompted Him to steady but constant and ever-aggressive forward movement to the final contest of Calvary. It became His meat and drink. The shadow of the cross did not disconcert Him.

The heroic element in Christ was ever in the ascendancy in His marvelous life. His whole career was cast in a heroic mould. While He was the humblest of men, He was a heroic soul. He never flinched when entering upon or while treading the path of duty. He was ever on the alert, He was ever "going hence." He knew of no retreat and hence of no defeat. His steps were heroic, the steps of the conqueror. He traveled in the God given path, the world to save. The world never saw His equal and in all the ages to come no one can stand on a par with Him in mighty convictions, in relentless purposes, in profound sacrifices, in unselfish service and in His all-inclusive conquest. The master-passion of His life was to do the will of His heavenly Father. From this ever-growing conviction and purpose He never swerved. His tread was one of self-mastery and of a born King. And yet, when the question was put to Him, "Art thou a king?" His answer was, "For this purpose was I born." He was ever true to that fact.

And now, dear reader, is there not a call to duty, to sacrifice and to service for you? Verily. "The Master is here and calleth thee." This call is divine in its nature and is given for a divine purpose. Ability and opportunity constitute responsibility. As the call to duty comes to one and all and with the call there will be the opened

door of opportunity, are you responding gladly and willingly and readily? If not, why not? The Master has need of you. He gives grace sufficient for every duty, strength for every sacrifice and passion for every service. The path of duty is one of victory, of usefulness and fruitfulness. It is the golden stairway to a God-pleasing life, it is the royal road to efficiency and success. Duty faithfully and gladly performed is always a laurel won.—*The Evangelical Messenger.*

A TOUCHING EXAMPLE OF DEVOTION.

*Do Missions Pay?*

The work of David Livingstone in Africa was so far that of a missionary explorer and general, that the field of his labor is too broad to permit us to trace individual harvests. No one can thickly scatter seed over so wide an area. But there is one marvelous story connected with his death, and which has to do with individual character, the like of which has never been written on the scroll of human history. All the ages may safely be challenged to furnish its parallel. On the night of his death he called Susi, his faithful servant, and after some tender ministries had been rendered to the dying man Livingstone said, "All right, you may go out now." And, reluctantly, Susi left him alone. At four o'clock next morning, May 1, Susi and Chuma, with four other devoted attendants, anxiously entered the grass hut at Ilala. The candle was still burning, but the greater light had gone out. Their great master, as they called him, was on his knees, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. With silent awe they stood apart and watched him lest they should invade the

(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., JANUARY 12, 1914.

### TRACTS.

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

An Interesting Conversation, per hundred, 15c.

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Scripture Text Mottoes, \$10.00 worth for \$6.00. Postage extra.

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

## MARRIAGES.

**GINDER—REINER.**—Married, at the home of John Pyle near Mastersonville, Pa., on Dec. 20, 1913, Alphas S. Ginder, son of Bro. B. B. Ginder of near Mt. Joy, Pa., and Flora Reiner of Mastersonville, Pa., Bish. H. B. Hoffer officiating.

**SUMMY—LONG.**—On Dec. 23, 1913, there occurred the marriage, at the home of the officiating minister Bish. H. B. Hoffer, near Mt. Joy, Pa., of Joseph H. Summy, of near White Oak Station, Pa., and Emma B. Long of near Penryn, Pa.

**LYONS—KITELEY.**—At the home of the bride's parents, Bro. and Sr. George Kiteley, on Dec. 3, 1913, Bro. Leslie L. Lyons and Sr. Ethel M. Kiteley, all of Carland, Mich., were united in marriage, Eld. Jonathan Lyons officiating.

**ADAMS—MAIN.**—At the home of the officiating minister, Eld. Jonathan Lyons, on Dec. 10, 1913, at four o'clock p. m. there occurred the marriage of Bro. Seth H. Adams of Owosso, Mich., to Sr. Mary J. Main of Yale, Mich.

**STOPPARD—LEPPARD.**—Bro. Edward Stoppard of Maytown, Lancaster co., Pa., and Bertha K. Leppard, of near Middletown, Dauphin Co., Pa., daughter of Bro. and Sr. Samuel Leppard were married on Jan. 1, 1914, at the bride's home, Eld. S. E. Brehm officiating.

**TURNER—LYONS.**—At the home of the bride's parents, Bro. and Sr. Jonathan Lyons, on Dec. 10, 1913, at the noon hour, Bro. S. Emery Turner of Henderson, Mich., and Sr. Ada H. Lyons, of Carland, Mich., were united in marriage, Eld. Jonathan Lyons officiating.

**SHERK—WINTEMUTE.**—On Dec. 24, 1913, Bro. Gordon Sherk, son of Abraham and Rebecca Sherk, and Sr. Lillian E. Wintemuth, daughter of George and Sarah Ann Wintemuth of near Sherkston, Ont., were married, Eld. Bert Sherk officiating. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride.

**ELSTON—COBER.**—On Nov. 12, 1913, at the home of the bride's parents, Bro. and Sr. Solomon Cober of near Hespeler, Ont., there occurred the marriage of their daughter, Sr. Annie to R. J. Elston of Waterloo, Ont., Eld. John Reichard officiating.

## OBITUARY.

ZINK.—Sr. Caroline Zink widow of the late Jacob Zink, was born Oct. 10, 1847, died Dec. 3, 1913, aged 66 years, 1 month and 23 days. The deceased was a consistent member of the church for about eighteen years. Her death was due to cancer of which she sons and three daughters. Services were held in the Manheim M. H., conducted by the home brethren. Tex II Cor. 4: 16, 17, 18. Interment in the Eby cemetery, near Mt. Joy, Pa.

HOFFMAN.—Jacob F. Hoffman was born in Bedford Co., Pa., Jan. 3, 1841, died Dec. 24, 1913, aged 72 years, 11 months and 21 days. He emigrated to Stark Co., O., with his parents when quite young and settled on a farm near Canton. He was married to Nancy Bowers, Nov. 14, 1865. To this union were born two daughters, Ada and Emma. Ada preceded him to the spirit world about nineteen years. He lived a retired farmer about thirty-three years. There remain to mourn his loss, his wife, one daughter, five grand children, and one great grand child, and a number of relatives and friends. He was the last surviving member of the family of Rev. Jacob Hoffman, consisting of father, mother, and five children. He was converted about eighteen years ago and lived a consistent Christian life till death. Services were held at Valley Chapel M. H. conducted by Eld. J. H. Smith.

BENTZEL.—Bro. Geo. J. Bentzel was born May 14, 1872, in Clark Co., Ohio, and passed away Dec. 18, 1913, after an illness of only two weeks, aged 41 years, 7 months and 4 days. On Oct. 3, 1893 he was united in marriage to Ollie Keeton. To this union three sons were born, two having preceded him to the spirit world in infancy. He leaves a wife, one son, one brother and one sister, with a large number of other relatives to mourn his early departure. In the Winter of 1893 he was converted and united with the Brethren in Christ, during the last two years filling the office of deacon. He always manifested a concern for the welfare of the Lord's work and was always ready to do his part in financial support of the same. Funeral services were held Dec. 21, 1913 in the Dunkard church at New Carlisle, O., with a large audience of friends and acquaintances present. Services were conducted by Bish. J. N. Hoover and Eld. O. B. Ulery. Text, Rom. 6: 23. Interment in New Carlisle cemetery.

"Let me go where saints are going,  
To the mansions of the blest;  
Let me go where my Redeemer  
Has prepared His peoples' rest.  
I would gain the realms of brightness  
Where they go out never more,

I would join the friends that wait me  
Over on the other shore.

"Let me go where none are weary,  
Where is raised no wail of woe;  
Let me go and bathe my spirit  
In the raptures angels know;  
Let me go for bliss eternal  
Lures my soul away, away.  
And the victor's song triumphant,  
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay."

### A TOUCHING EXAMPLE OF DEVOTION.

(Continued from page 19)

privacy of prayer. But he did not stir, there was not even the motion of breathing, but a suspicious rigidity of inaction. Then, one of these black men, Matthew, softly came near and laid his hands upon his cheeks. It was enough: the chill of death was there; the great father of Africa's dark children was dead, and they were orphans. The most refined and cultured Englishmen would have been perplexed as to what course to take. They were surrounded by superstitious and unsympathetic savages, to whom the unburied remains would be an object of dread. His native land was six thousand miles away, and even the coast was distant fifteen hundred. A grave responsibility rested upon these simple-minded sons of the Dark Continent—a burden, to which few of the wisest and ablest would have been equal. Those remains, with his valuable journals, instruments, and personal effects, must be carried to Zanzibar. But the body must first be preserved, from decay, and they had no skill or facilities for embalming; and, if preserved, there were no means of transportation—no roads or carts; no beasts of burden available—the body must be borne on the shoulders of human beings; and, as no strangers could be trusted, they must themselves undertake the journey and the sacred charge. These humble children of the forest were grandly equal to the occasion, and they resolved among

themselves to carry that body to the sea-shore, and not give it into any other hands until they could surrender it to his countrymen. And, to insure safety to the remains and security to the bearers, it must be done with secrecy. They would gladly have kept secret their master's death, but the fact could not be concealed. God, however, disposed Chitambo and his subjects to permit these servants of the great missionary to prepare his emancipated body for its last journey, in a hut built for the purpose on the outskirts of the city.

The true story of that nine months march has never yet been written, and it never will be, for the full data can not be supplied. But here is material waiting for some coming English Homer or Milton to crystalize into one of the world's noblest epics; and it deserves the master-hand of a great poet-artist to do it justice.

See these black men whom your scientific philosophers would place at one remove from the gorilla, run all manner of risks, by day and night, for forty weeks, now going round by a circuitous route to insure safe passage, now compelled to resort to strategem to get their precious burden thru the country; sometimes forced to fight their foes in order to carry out their holy mission. Follow them as they ford the rivers and traverse trackless deserts, daring perils from wild beasts and relentless wild men; exposing themselves to the fatal fever, and burying several of their little band on the way; yet, on they went, patient and persevering, never fainting or halting until love and gratitude had done all that could be done, and they laid down at the feet of the British consul, on March 12, 1874, all that was left of Scotland's great hero, save that buried heart. (They had removed from the body the heart of their loved

leader which had beat so long with such tender love for his beloved Africa. This they buried in the bosom of Africa under a tree at Hala where he died. The tree was carved with a simple inscription and became his monument.—Ed.)

When, a little more than a month later, the coffin of Livingstone was landed in England April 15, it was felt that no less a shrine than Britain's greatest burial place could fitly hold such precious dust. But so improbable and incredible did it seem that a few rude Africans could have done this splendid deed, at such a cost of time and risk, that, not until the fractured bones of the arm, which the lion crushed at Mambotsa thirty years before, identified the body, was it certain that these were Livingstone's remains. And then, on the 18th of April, 1874, such a funeral cortege entered the great abbey, of Britain's illustrious dead, as few warriors or heroes or princes ever drew to that mausoleum; and those faithful body servants, who had religiously brought home every relic of the person or property of the great missionary explorer, were accorded places of honor. And well they might be. No triumphal procession of earth's mightiest conqueror ever equalled for sublimity that lonely journey thru Africa's forests. An example of tenderness, gratitude, devotion, heroism, equal to this the world has never seen. The grandeur and pathos of that burial scene amid the stately columns and arches of England's famous abbey loses in lustre when contrasted with that simple scene near Hala, when, in God's greater Cathedral of nature, whose columns and arches are the trees, whose surpliced choir are the singing birds, whose organ is the moaning wind—the grassy carpet was lifted and dark hands laid Livingstone's heart



to rest! And in the great cortege that moved up the nave to Westminster, no truer, nobler man was found than the black man, Susi, who in illness had nursed the Blantyre hero, had laid his heart in Africa's bosom, and whose hand was now upon the pall. Let those who doubt and deride Christian missions to the degraded children of Ham, who tell us that it is not worth while to sacrifice precious lives for the sake of those doubly lost millions of the Dark Continent—let such tell us whether it is not worth while, at any cost, to seek out and save men of whom such Christian heroism is possible!—  
*Arthur T. Pierson.*

#### CANDY AND CIGARS.

Some one tells a story of a father who promised his boys if they would save their pennies and put them in their banks he would double what they had in a month's time. One day as the father was buying a cigar, his son who was with him looked longingly at the candy and then at his papa, and said:

"If we ought to save *our* pennies and not buy candy, you ought to save *your* money and *not buy cigars.*"

The father thought the boy had the best of the argument, and that boy's papa does not smoke cigars any more. Surely if it is a good thing to save and to avoid useless expenditure, the saving should not be all done by the boys and girls, or the women. The men should have their share in saving, and so their share in blessing. Many a man has smoked up house, farm, a home; has smoked himself into poverty and smoked his family out-of-doors, and he still smokes and smokes, until when smoke has made him stupid he needs drink to excite him, and so between stimulants which excite and narcotics which depress, he drops dead some day, and the

## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

### WHAT THE BIRTH OF CHRIST MEANS TO US.

Long ago, shortly after Adam and Eve had first sinned, a Redeemer was promised to them. Then later to other people He was promised again. The fulfillment of this promise had been eagerly looked forward to, by multitudes of people, as the lifting of a great burden from their lives. According to the Law they had a burdensome life to live, and freedom from this burden meant a great deal to them.

And now the birth of Christ was the fulfillment of this promise which meant life to those people. Their sacrifices and offerings were temporal but they did not give them the freedom from sin that they desired. The blood of beasts could not completely blot out their sins.

So now the birth of Christ was the beginning of the new dispensation which was to be their salvation, and was to be the beginning of the restoration, when they could thru Him be restored, from their sins, to the condition of innocence and freedom from sin the same as Adam had enjoyed before sin. To us it means as much as it did to them.

The birth of Christ is the beginning of the new dispensation. How many of us have seriously and earnestly considered the meaning of the birth of Christ? To most of us the resulting anniversary means at least one holiday. It is the time when we expect to give and receive gifts and have a great feast. For several weeks previously we are planning what we expect to do on Christmas.

To the mind of young persons, it does not usually occur what the anniversary which we celebrate with so much enthusiasm, really means. If someone should ask them they probably would not know; if someone would tell them the meaning very likely they would answer: "Well, what of it? I am going to enjoy myself and have a good time, I don't see what that has to do with it." Yes, we

doctor calls it "heart failure," or some other receptacle name which is used to cover the disgrace of men who have smoked themselves to death.—*Sel.*

should rejoice at this time, but let us not carry it too far.

But the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem means more than we can tell. We give gifts to each other; have we thought of the gift that Christ gives to us? He gives us eternal life. He gave His life for us. Can we realize that someone would willingly come into this world of sin and suffer what He did, to save poor wretches like we are from death? Would a man do this? Yet a Man did do it. Yet He was not a mere man, a mortal, He was a king, and more than that, He was Kings of kings, still He died for us. Yet we are so ungrateful to Him. Would President Wilson do that for his nation? Would King George of England do it for his? The thought of it seems ridiculous. And still a president or king who is no respecter of persons, in whose estimation President Wilson or King George may be no better than you or I, died and gave His life for us.

Oh, the birth of Christ means everything to us. Without the atonement made by Him we would be in darkness. It means nothing more or less than the difference between Death and Eternal Life, which He gives us, the greatest gift ever given to mankind.—Prepared by Bro. Emerson Reichard of Hemet, Cal., and read at the Christmas meeting of the Sunday School.

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#### TESTIMONY.

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Dear readers:—

I feel impressed to give my testimony in the VISITOR. I thank and praise the Lord that He ever saved me.

I can hardly express myself in words what He is to me from day to day. I thank Him that He ever called me in His service, and that He placed me among this people. I often have to think if it had not been for His tender love towards me, I would have been deep down in sin tonight.

I can praise His blessed name for His saving and keeping power. He keeps me every day. I can say from the depths of my heart It pays to serve Jesus. The enemy has been trying of late to trip me up, but I praise the Lord that when we look to Him He will help us in every time of need.

I praise Him tonight for victory in Jesus. I am glad I ever said yes to His will. I just

want to follow Him all the way and be in the place where He would have me to be. I know there is much in store for me, and I want to get all God has for me. I thank and praise Him for the sweet hour of prayer, and for the blessed prayer meetings which we enjoy from time to time.

Tonight I feel my weakness and I beg an interest in your prayers that I may be kept humble at the foot of the cross at all times, and trust and obey Him in all things.

Albert E. Davis.

*Victoria Square, Ont.*

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#### MAKING RESTITUTION.

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Dear Editor:

The following is a copy of a letter, to one desiring to straighten his past life.

Sometimes people hesitate to do this fearing the consequences. I would say to any such do not hesitate, as it is the only way to victory, and it will always end better than you think.

D. E. Rohrer.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

Dear Sir:—

Your letter of Nov. 11, enclosing check for \$1.00 for wire which you took about three years ago, is at hand.

People sometimes feel that large corporations can stand the loss of these small things without being affected thereby to any appreciable extent. Yet, it is the very large amount of small items in a business, such as ours, that need watching, for when taken collectively they make up the large amounts.

Whenever we make an effort to look after the small affairs connected with out business there is often a cry from misinformed persons about the penurious attitude of a soulless corporation. This is, I believe, due more to a lack of information, or thoughtlessness, rather than to any real serious ill feeling toward us.

You state that since the time you took this wire, which was about three years ago, you have changed you way of living and received a change of heart, that you want a clear record before God and

man, and for these reasons you have forwarded the check for one dollar.

If every one were as conscientious in trying to do what is right as you now seem to be this world would undoubtedly be a much better place.

The time is again approaching when the usual custom in this country of setting aside a day for thanksgiving will be here. I suppose you will enter into the spirit of the occasion with somewhat of a feeling of relief from the fact that you have squared your account with our company. With this in mind and in order that you may feel that we appreciate your desire to do what is right, I am returning your check herewith, and wish to advise that your evidence of good faith in this matter will be considered as sufficient compensation for the wire that you took, and so far as this matter is concerned, we will consider your account as settled.

Yours truly,

J. A. Halliday  
Dist. Commer. Supt.

Dear Readers of the VISITOR.

Greetings in the name of Jesus, thru whose blood we are saved and made clean. I praise God for salvation, and for the peace and comfort we have in Him as His obedient children. I thank God for the temporal, as well as the spiritual blessings I enjoy. Tho we may not have great riches on earth, we can be rich in heavenly things; "for the Lord is rich unto all that call upon Him." (Rom. 10:12)

The following is a story written by my sister, Effie Rohrer, describing a trip across Japan. I thought you would enjoy reading it.

D. E. Rohrer

#### THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN, OR SUN RISE KINGDOM.

We arrived in Japan, called by its inhabitants, Nihon or Nippon, i. e. "Sun Origin" or "Eastern land" Oct. 19. We were conveyed from the S. S. Mongolia to the hotabad, or warf, by means of a small ship. As there was no place of worship to go to, as we could find, we spent the day looking around.

The first thing that attracted my attention was the Jinri-ki-sha a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by one or more of the natives. I believe I am safe in saying, I did not see a dozen horses the whole day I was there. What I did see was as poor looking as the kind they kill in America and send to the fertilizing factory. It is a very common thing to see a Jap pulling the milk wagon, water wagon, a load of stone, lumber, vegetables for market, and every thing that comes in the line of being conveyed from one place to another.

Well! but is it possible for one man to draw a load of this kind? O yes, the milk wagon is about the size of a small hand cart, with a box built on about the size of a small bee hive. The rest of the wagons are about the same size while some are a little larger. The stone wagons are loaded with about four or five stones making a load about the size of a bushel basket. The lumber wagons are loaded with about as much as one could handy reach around. The pieces being about ten or twelve feet long.

The streets in Yokohoma are what we would call an alley-way. They range from six to fifteen feet in width. Some of the streets in Robe, Japan, are wider while others are very, very narrow.

By passing thru the city one would think that every body lived on the street or out of doors, as women, children, and men are all out. I don't suppose they have large living rooms so need not do much work to keep them in order.

There is not much furniture in the house. It would explain it better if I would say not any at all. One room that I had the privilege of looking into had a clock on the wall, a few cushions on the floor that served as chairs, and a small account desk. The floor was covered with straw matting.

Here you see women and children (boys and girls) with babies tied on their backs. Mothers work with babies on their backs both asleep and awake. Little boys and girls out playing with babies on their backs, and go about their play the same as tho they were not there. This one thing I noticed, the babies were



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We arrived in Japan, called by its inhabitants, Nihon or Nippon, i. e. "Sun Origin" or "Eastern land" Oct. 19. We were conveyed from the S. S. Mongolia to the hotabad, or warf, by means of a small ship. As there was no place of worship to go to, as we could find, we spent the day looking around.

The first thing that attracted my attention was the Jinri-ki-sha a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by one or more of the natives. I believe I am safe in saying, I did not see a dozen horses the whole day I was there. What I did see was as poor looking as the kind they kill in America and send to the fertilizing factory. It is a very common thing to see a Jap pulling the milk wagon, water wagon, a load of stone, lumber, vegetables for market, and every thing that comes in the line of being conveyed from one place to another.

Well! but is it possible for one man to draw a load of this kind? O yes, the milk wagon is about the size of a small hand cart, with a box built on about the size of a small bee hive. The rest of the wagons are about the same size while some are a little larger. The stone wagons are loaded with about four or five stones making a load about the size of a bushel basket. The lumber wagons are loaded with about as much as one could handy reach around. The pieces being about ten or twelve feet long.

The streets in Yokohoma are what we would call an alley-way. They range from six to fifteen feet in width. Some of the streets in Robe, Japan, are wider while others are very, very narrow.

By passing thru the city one would think that every body lived on the street or out of doors, as women, children, and men are all out. I don't suppose they have large living rooms so need not do much work to keep them in order.

There is not much furniture in the house. It would explain it better if I would say not any at all. One room that I had the privilege of looking into had a clock on the wall, a few cushions on the floor that served as chairs, and a small account desk. The floor was covered with straw matting.

Here you see women and children (boys and girls) with babies tied on their backs. Mothers work with babies on their backs both asleep and awake. Little boys and girls out playing with babies on their backs, and go about their play the same as tho they were not there. This one thing I noticed, the babies were

all quite peaceable. Of the great number I saw, only a few were crying. Some of them looked sweet enough to kiss while others were not so neat looking. We passed the park in Yokohama, called the children's play ground. Indeed there was a large crowd there busy playing. I did not understand their games.

The theater girls look like hospital nurses as they dress their hair very neatly, and wear white bibbed aprons. How do I know this? Why as we passed along on the street they were all sitting on the outside busily engaged in looking at the passersby.

The stores are mostly all open front. One can see in easily from the street as you pass along. It reminds one more of the street market at home. I saw a mother buying, or trying on, a pair of shoes for her baby. I am sure she did not have much trouble to get a shoe to fit as it only covered the bottom of the foot, a string on each side drawn across the toes held it in place.

We met a few beggars as we passed thru the streets. They came and held out their hand and said something I could not interpret, but any way, they wanted money. I could not find out the cause of them having to beg.

When a couple go out walking, the man takes the lead. His lady follows about six feet behind him.

Next we took the train for Ryotos, situated on the Kamogawa river, a population of 353,139 in 1898. The country along the way was very interesting. The scene was a change to what we had been used to for some time. The rice fields look very beautiful. The rice is planted in plots, or patches, about the size of our gardens at home. These plots are sown alternately at different times so they do not have it all to care for at the same time. They wade in the water to gather it. It is hung on a fence, or drying rack, to dry. After it is dry enough to separate it is drawn, by hand, thru some kind of a machine that has prongs like a fork, (something similar to a skutcher). The rice at this stage is called paddy, as it still is in the husk. It is then spread out on a canvas and dried, after which it is hull-

ed. I also saw several water-wheels, about 12 ft. in diameter. They were, as a rule, placed in the rice fields. Note— These wheels are used to draw or raise the water.

Among the things I saw growing in the country was cane, buckwheat, onions, sweet potatoes, different kinds of vegetables, and orchards.

The tea that was planted on the sides of the hills and mountains look like a perfect beautiful garden. The way it was planted gave it the appearance of patchwork, something like crazy patch work. The farmers do not use any thing like a plough, they break up the soil with a large hoe.

The houses are of a variety of materials. Some are built of mud, having a straw roof. Some entirely of straw; while others are of brick and some frame houses.

The houses in the country are built close together which gives it the appearance of a small village. The roads, like those in the city are very narrow, wide enough tho for the kind of vehicles they use.

One town we passed thru I saw husband and wife shoveling coal from a car into their cart. After it was loaded the husband pulled and the wife pushed. Another one by the side of this one was loading coal on his cart, while his wife, with baby on her back, stood near by watching him. After it was loaded, the wife took her place pushing.

We also saw the beautiful snow-capped Mt. Fiuyiyama, from the train. The Japs consider this mountain sacred.

We traveled something like 325 miles by rail, from Yokohama to Kolb, where we again met out boat. Our tickets were good, either on land or water so we took the train. Our state-rooms were locked and every thing was safe when we returned to them.

We visited some of the largest manufacturing firms in Kyoto (Kioto). They generally occupied one or two rooms about 12 x 14 feet. In these you would see five or six, boys or men, sitting on

the floor busy with their hammers, (about the size of a tack hammer), small scissors, and different tools. \* \*\*

We were also in to see the Kinkozan Pottery Mfg. of Artistic Satsuma and Awatco Ware. Here I saw the clay in the potter's hands. It only took him a few minutes to work out a dozen pieces. It was quite interesting to see. It makes that part of the Scripture, where it refers to the clay in the potter's hands, more easily understood, when one sees work of this kind done.

We were to see Yamanaka & Co. Japanese and Chinese Works of Art. Modern and Ancient.

While here we had the privilege of visiting the next to the largest temple in Japan: they say it is the most magnificent. I saw the Japanese come in, bow to their god, then kneel down and throw their coin across the altar to their god. Then they fell on their hands and face to pray. I also saw a concubine praying. While she prayed, she was pounding on a ball of some kind with a hammer, (something like a base drum outfit). She did this to keep the spirit of her god awake while she prayed. POOR SOULS!

Thursday a. m. Oct. 23, we arrived at Nagasaki, another beautiful sea port. Here we took on, as near as I can tell, about 3,000 tons of coal. It was loaded by men, children, and women with babies on their backs. They built their steps, from the flat boat to the hole of the ship, with chunks of coal. Placing a man, woman or child on each step, the basket started in the flat boat and was kept going until it reached the top where it was emptied and thrown back. They emptied as high as fifteen baskets in half a minute.

When any one has long fingers in Nagaski they tie his hands to his body, one in front and one on the back.

In this country they say "Ohyio" for good morning, "Siyonara" for good by or fare you well, and "Aryætta" for thank you.

We took dinner in a Japanese restaurant one day. The table was about eight inches high with a square hole in the

center, where a Brazier was placed, with a frying pan. In this pan was placed meat, onions, and mush-rooms, all cooked together. We helped to cook our own meal after we had seated ourselves on cushions which took the place of chairs. We ate our meal with chopsticks: they served rice and persimmon after our first course was eaten.

#### MISSIONARIES' DELIVERANCES FROM WILD ANIMALS.

##### *Mrs. Scudder in the Tiger's Lair.*

While on a long journey across India, Dr. John Scudder, the first medical missionary from America, contracted jungle fever, and it was thought he could not live. When word reached Mrs. Scudder she borrowed a tent, laid in a stock of provisions, hired the necessary bearers, and started to him at once, taking her little son with her. The way led thru a dense jungle infested by wild beasts. But all went well until night came on, when the bearers became so terrified at the growling of the tigers that they suddenly fled. With no human arm to protect her, the defenceless woman spent the long hours of that lonely night in prayer. Again and again she heard the tread of the wild elephants, and the low, menacing growls of tigers not far away. "All night long," says her brother, "they seemed to be circling around the spot where she knelt, ready to spring upon her and her child. But God held them back." In the morning the bearers returned, and the journey was resumed. At its close, Mrs. Scudder found the crisis past, and her husband convalescent.

##### *Louis Dahne and the Serpent.*

One evening, about the year 1757, a young Moravian named Louis Dahne, who was at work among the Arawak Indians of South America, went into his hut to rest awhile in his hammock. On entering the door, he saw a large snake descending from a shelf near the roof to attack him. In the scuffle that followed, the snake bit him on the head, and twined itself several times around his neck. Supposing he was about to die, and knowing his Indians would be charged with the deed, he siezed a piece of chalk and wrote on his table, "A serpent has killed me." Then suddenly remembering the promise in Mark, "They shall take up serpents, and....and it



shall in no wise hurt them," he siezed the creature with great force, and, tearing it loose, flung it out of the hut. This done, he "lay down to rest in the peace of God," and felt no harm whatever.

#### *A Bicycle Race with Three Lions.*

On his second journey to Uganda, R. P. Ashe, a coworker of the immortal Mackay, made use of his bicycle, or "iron donkey," as the Natives called it. One morning, about ten o'clock, while riding far in advance of the porters, he suddenly became aware that large animals of some sort were galloping along by his side. Tho the path was a fairly good one, he was marking it carefully, scarcely daring to take his eyes off it for an instant, not knowing what might be ahead. But, curious to know what his companions might be, he now turned for an instant and found there three magnificent lions. They were not more than twenty or thirty yards away, and keeping parallel with him.

For a hundred yards or so they kept it up. Then, after standing still for a moment and eyeing the strange white apparition that moved along so noiselessly, they turned at right angles and bounded away. Several times they stopped and looked back, evidently in doubt as to whether they had been wise to run away and lose a good dinner. But at length they disappeared in the bush, leaving Mr. Ashe in peace.

#### *A Wrestle with a Leopard.*

In the early part of the last century a great deal of trouble was experienced at Groenkloof, a Moravian mission station among the Hottentots in South Africa, with hyenas, which constantly ravaged the flocks. So many sheep and goats were carried off that in August, 1811, John Henry Schmidt, the missionary in charge, started out with a party of Natives to rid the place of the pest.

Early in the chase one hyena was wounded, but it got away, and could not be found. After a long search, Schmidt decided to go home, but suddenly the dogs set up a furious barking, and the people began shouting. Thinking the hyena had been found, Schmidt hurried to the spot. To his dismay he found that the dogs had started a leopard. Terrified beyond measure, all the Hottentots ran for their lives, excepting one man named Philip. Instantly the leopard sprang upon him, pining him to the ground in such a way

that Schmidt could not shoot without killing him. His attempts to rescue the poor fellow soon drew the leopard's attention to himself, and it turned upon him, attacking him at such close range he could not use his gun. Then began a life-and-death struggle.

Lifting his arm, Schmidt warded off the first blow, but cruel jaws snapped around his elbow, and the huge paws tore the clothing from his breast. Then, like Samson, "the spirit of Jehovah came mightily upon him," and, clutching the leopard's throat with one hand and its forepaw with the other, he threw the beast to the ground, and planted his knee on his breast.

The cries of the two men soon brought assistance, and one of the Natives, pointing his gun under Schmidt's arm, shot the leopard thru the heart, and the fearful struggle ended. Schmidt was terribly lacerated, and for a time his life was despaired of, but eventually both he and Philip entirely recovered.

#### *Between Two Foes.*

One morning while Robert Moffat was on a journey in South Africa, he left the wagons and started out in quest of game. Before long he wounded an antelope, and, while pursuing it suddenly discovered an African tiger-cat glaring at him between the forks of a tree behind which it was hiding. It was turning and twisting its long, spotted body like a cat about to spring upon a mouse. Having nothing but shot left in his gun, Moffat began to move about as tho hunting for something in the grass, meanwhile keeping his eye on the tiger, and retreating as fast as he dared. But alas! unable to look where he stepped, he unwittingly trod on a cobra asleep in the grass. Instantly the enraged reptile coiled itself around his leg, and threw itself into position to bite. But Moffat was too quick for it. Leaping from the ground he dragged it with him, and, without turning around, threw his gun over his shoulder and shot it dead. It measured six feet.

#### *Delivered from Lions and Rhinoceri*

During his first years in Africa, Willis R. Hotchkiss, of the Friends' Africa Industrial Mission, had many dangerous encounters with lions, rhinoceri, and snakes.

One morning, while crossing a ravine with a small party of Natives, five lions were discovered on a rocky platform jutting out from the hillside about two hundred and fifty yards

away. A clump of trees at the crest of the ridge offered protection, but the ascent must be made in full view of the lions. As the men started up, the lions began to pace to and fro and give vent to low, menacing growls that meant danger. Escape seemed impossible; nevertheless, keeping their eyes on the lions, the men made for the trees as fast as they dared. Presently, to their great relief, the lioness trotted off, taking her three full-grown cubs with her. As she was the dangerous factor in the situation, Mr. Hotchkiss now dared to turn for an instant to see how near they were to the trees. To his dismay he found two huge rhinoceri blocking the way. To add to the peril an instant later the lioness reappeared, and, with a blood-curdling roar, came bounding down the hillside toward them.

The first impulse was to run; the second, a wiser one, to fire. But the lioness proved an uncertain target, and the men did not aim very well. One bullet took effect, slightly wounding her, but soon the ammunition gave out. In this extremity Mr. Hotchkiss turned to God.

"With empty rifle in one hand and hunting knife in the other," he says, "I lifted up that mightiest of all weapons—prayer. Not a nicely formulated prayer—there was not time for that—but just the wordless expression of a desperate need. But it was enough. The infuriated beast had gotten within seventy yards, when, without apparent cause—but God—she suddenly turned at right angles and dashed away." The day of miracles past? Never! When it was all over, they turned to look for the rhinoceri. But they too had disappeared, having been frightened, doubtless, by either the charging lioness or the noise of the rifles.

#### *Menaced by Rattlesnakes*

During his long journeys among the North American Indians, David Zeisberger had many perilous encounters with rattlesnakes. One of these occurred in 1750 while canoeing down the Chemung River. Discovering a flock of wild turkeys on shore, Zeisberger guided his canoe to the bank, and, taking his rifle, crept noiselessly thru the tall grass. But soon a well-known sound brought him to a sudden halt. A moment later a huge rattlesnake darted forward and bit him in the leg. Had it not been for the thick buckskin leggings he wore, it would doubtless have

cost him his life. About a year before his death, while in Goshen, Ohio, he awoke one morning to find a large rattlesnake coiled up under his pillow. It had been there all night, yet had not harmed him.

#### *Still Other Incidents*

Stories such as the foregoing could be given almost without number. John Heckewelder, a co-worker of Zeisberger, in recounting the special providences of God in his behalf, tells of many encounters with panthers and rattlesnakes in which he was marvellously—preserved from danger. George L. Mackay recounts no less than six occasions in which he was in imminent danger from poisonous reptiles in Formosa. Dr. House in Siam and Dr. Nassau in Africa had encounters with elephants that well-nigh cost them their lives, and Gertrude Egade had a narrow escape from a polar bear in Greenland.

David Livingstone's famous encounter with the lion that crunched the bones of his arm was not the only one he had with the king of beasts and other vicious creatures in Africa. And Bishop Hannington's first journey to Uganda was a succession of miraculous escapes from lions and snakes that opposed him on land, and hippopotami that chased him on water. Yet it was savage men, not savage beasts, that took his life at the last.—*Sunday School Times.*

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#### SUBSCRIPTION CREDITS.

From December 21, to January 5.  
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Beware of growing covetousness, for of all sins this is one of the most insidious. It is like the silting up of a river. As the stream comes down from the

land it brings with it sand and earth, and deposits these at its mouth, so that by degrees, unless it be carefully watched, it will block itself up, and leave no channel for ships of great burden. By daily deposit, it imperceptibly creates a bar which is dangerous to navigation. Many a man, when he begins to accumulate wealth, commences at the same moment to ruin his soul; and the more he acquires the more closely he blocks up his liberality. Instead of doing more for God he does less, and the more he wants of this world, the less he cares for the world to come.—C. H. Spurgeon.

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#### THE FOURFOLD GOSPEL IN THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

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##### II Peter.

**SALVATION:** Chapter 1:4. To be a child of God means that we are "partakers of the divine nature." It is not enough to have high ideals and deep resolves, nor is it enough to reform our outward acts. There must be a change of nature. And this change is not something we bring to ourselves, a reconstruction of the old nature: it is a direct impartation of the divine nature. Without this no one is saved.

**SANCTIFICATION:** Chapter 3:11. As we view the coming end of the age we should feel the mighty imperative to holy conversation and godliness. Life is too short to waste in rioting and worldliness, and the issues are too serious to be risked thru carnal and compromising living. We should be out and out for God, wholly separated from the passing foolishness and frivolity of this perishing world. An eternal order of things is soon to be set up and we should be filling our lives with eternal values.

**HEALING:** Chapter 1:14-15. Three verses are here given in order to show that the acceptance of the Lord as Healer does not preclude the possibility of



death. There are those who falsely accuse God's children of inconsistencies in believing in a Lord as Healer and yet dying. But there is no inconsistency. Healing means preservation of health and strength until our work is finished. It does not mean immortality. Peter knew the power of Christ as much as any and lived in a constant enjoyment of it, without a doubt. Yet he looks forward to his decease without any sense of inconsistency or unbelief.

CHRIST'S RETURN: Chapter 3:12. We are not only to look for, but to hasten the "coming" (margin) of the day of the Lord. From one point of view Christ's church can hasten this day by (a) sending the gospel into all the world; (b) preparing believers thru a deepening of spiritual life. This twofold calling is the work of Christ's Church, tho, sad to say, a large part of the church has lost sight of both these great ministries. Let us not lose sight of this twofold commission.—*Sel. by Sr. Mary Zook.*

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#### BEING AND DOING.

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Much emphasis is put on Christian service in these days, and properly so. The harvest is great, the time is short and the laborers are too few. Service is one of the fundamentals of the Christian life. It is essential to the development of a stalwart and stable Christian character. Faith and service are inseparable. Real faith always works. James says that faith without works is dead. The interests of the Kingdom and one's personal spiritual welfare require diligence in service.

Nevertheless, doing is not everything nor the chief thing in the Christian life. Acceptable service is first being right in our relation to God before we can do right. We cannot be servants of God

except we be children of God. Just being holy in heart and life is the most important service we can render to God or man, tho that be far from all that is required of us. It is not all, but it is first in order and first as to importance. It is to be feared sometimes that the loud and insistent call to service, here and there, for this and that, may, in some instances, have the effect of exalting doing, above being. They belong together, but the being must go before doing. That is God's order. Some busy people, that is, busy in Christian work have confessed that at times at least, they have so much to do that they cannot find time enough for the nurture and culture of their own spiritual life. In the end, no one can render the most effective service in that way. The effectiveness of one's Christian activities depends chiefly on one's constancy of communion with the Father and attention to that personal inner culture without which a man's religious influence soon sinks below par. "If salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" Except the life gives proof that we are born of God, that we are indeed and in truth the children of God, how shall the world be blessed by what we do?

Acceptable service must proceed from a heart and life which are right with God. The most pleasing, the most acceptable sacrifice we can bring to God is ourselves, without reservation. Not until one has yielded himself to Christ, is he prepared to be wielded by Christ, or fit to be used by Him and for Him. So then, being right is the chief thing. When the heart is right it is as natural to do good as for a tree to bring forth fruit, after its kind. As the heart, so are the issues of life.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

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"Nature is the art of God."

CHOICE FRAGMENTS FROM  
SPURGEON.

The common policy of our churches is that of great prudence. We do not, as a rule, attempt anything beyond our strength. We measure means and calculate possibilities with economical accuracy, then we strike off a large discount for contingencies, and a still larger as provision for our ease, and so we accomplish little because we have no idea of doing much. I would to God we had more "pluck." I know of no fitter word; tho the word may better fit the camp than the church, we will for once borrow from the barracks. Bear in mind that there is nothing like courage in ordinary things. Sir Richard Sutton when he was ambassador to Prussia, was taken by Frederick the Great to see the regiment of giants, everyone of whom stood six feet in his shoes. The king said to him, "Do you think any regiment in the English army could fight my men man for man?" Sir Richard answered, "Please your majesty, I do not know whether the same number could beat the gaints, but I know that half the number would try it." Let us attempt great things, for those who believe in the Lord succeed beyond expectation. By faith the worker lives.

It is the highest stage of manhood to have no wish, no thought, no desire, but Christ—to feel that to die were bliss, if it were for Christ—that to live in penury, and woe, and scorn, and contempt and misery, were sweet for Christ—to feel that it matters nothing what becomes of one's self so that our Master is but exalted—to feel that tho like a sere leaf, we are blown in the blast, we are quite careless whither we are going, so long as we feel the Master's hand is guiding us according to His will; or, rather, to feel that tho, like the diamond,

we must be exercised with sharp tools, yet we care not how sharply we may be cut, so that we may be made fit brilliants to adorn His crown.

The upper galleries at Versailles are filled with portraits, many of them extremely valuable and ancient. These are the likenesses of the greatest men of all lands and ages, drawn by ablest artists. Yet most visitors wander thru the rooms with little or no interest, in fact, after noticing one or two of the more prominent pictures they hasten thru the suite of chambers and descend to the other floors. Notice the change when the sight-seers come to fine paintings like those of Horace Vernet, where the men and women are not inactive portraits but are actively engaged. There the warrior who was passed by without notice upstairs, is seen hewing his way to glory over heaps of slain, or the statesman is observed delivering himself of weighty words before an assembly of princes and peers. Not the men but their actions, engross attention. Portraits have no charm when scenes of stirring interest are set in rivalry with them. After all, then, let us be who or what we may, we may bestir ourselves or be mere nobodies, chips in the porridge, forgotten shells on the shore. If we would impress we must act. The dignity of standing still will never win the prize, we must run for it. Our influence over our destinies will arise mainly from our doing and suffering the will of God, not from our office or person. Life, life in earnest, life for God, this will tell on the age; but mere orderliness and propriety, inactive and passionless, will be utterly inoperative. —Selected.

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less; so nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

## 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-begrit, furnace-heated, pall-shrouded, downward, outward, hellward pathway! Lost to happiness and noliness! Lost to God and the redeemed! Lost to Heaven and hope! Lost and no hope of ever being found! Not one dim, distant hope of ever being anything but more hopelessly, ruinously, despairingly lost during all the eternities to come!

From woe to more woe; misery to worse misery; ever, always lost; Lost, because they would be lost. Lost, while their bosom friend was found! Lost while Jesus was seeking them, and

found them, lost; but they would not be found. They gained the world, and lost their souls. They gained the shadow and lost the substance; gained the briars, 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.

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



J A Keefer  
R R No 2

10-14

## **BIBLE CONFERENCE**

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THE YEARLY BIBLE CONFERENCE WILL CONVENE AT THE MESSIAH BIBLE SCHOOL, BEGINNING JANUARY 25, TO FEBRUARY 3, 1914.

THOSE WHO WILL TAKE PART IN THE WORK WILL REPRESENT CALIFORNIA, KANSAS, MIDDLE WEST AND EAST.

AN INTERESTING PROGRAM WILL BE ARRANGED, THRU WHICH WE EXPECT SOUL STIRRING SEASONS. ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE FOR ROOMING AT THE SCHOOL BUILDING, SO THAT IT WILL BE VERY CONVENIENT FOR THOSE FROM A DISTANCE DESIRING TO ATTEND ALL SERVICES.