Some trust in Chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord: our God. Is. XI, 9. Ps. 20. 7

Evangelical

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FOR INFORMATION and LITERATURE re OXYGEN HEALING write to the EDITOR.
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Lives That Live

At one of the Northfield conferences, a few years ago, an American missionary to Africa told a story that stirred the heart of every listener. He began his work with companions as eager as himself. One by one they succumbed to the terrible climate. Three he buried—the others he took to the coast and sent home. Then he turned back, to stand, utterly alone, in the midst of hundreds of thousands of men who had never heard the name of God. Again and again he tramped the blistered plains with his tongue so swollen that he could not speak. Thirty times he was stricken by fever, with no one to care for him. Lions attacked him, natives ambushed him; he had lived up on everything, from ants to rhinoceroses. And here was his conclusion: "I know the great joy of walking with Jesus Christ in the midst of all this; I stand ready at this moment to go through it all again for the joy I have in flashing the word Saviour into the darkness of a great tribe! Is it God's will? That makes the wilderness a garden; that makes the desert glow with the very presence of God!"
—Youth's Companion.

Caring for the Lambs

A true story is told of a pastor of a church in Scotland, who did not approve of children joining church, because they were too young to understand what it meant. A good old Scotch elder was deeply concerned about his pastor's attitude in the matter, and he resolved to give him a practical illustration of his error. He invited his pastor to tea, and after tea, the elder took the pastor out to see his large flock of sheep put into the fold. Taking his stand at the entrance to the sheepfold, the elder allowed the sheep to enter, but as the little lambs came up, he roughly pushed them back.

The pastor became very indignant, and exclaimed: "What are you doing to the lambs? They need the shelter far more than the sheep!"

"Just what you are doing to the children of the church," was the prompt reply of the good old elder.

The object lesson did its work. Never again did the pastor attempt to shut out from the fold one of Christ's little ones.
—Exchange.
EDITORIAL.

HARVEST MEETING MEDITATION.

Harvest meetings are being held in the different districts of the Brotherhood, and generally the meetings are well attended. It is commendable that people thus publicly recognize that all blessings, temporal as well as spiritual, “Come from above, from the Father of light with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning.” It appears that people need reminders. We are so apt to forget. Especially is this true as regards the things that come to us from our divine Father. So when the grain has been gathered and the marks of God’s goodness are standing in evidence we need to remember where all these blessings come from. And not to forget to “Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

It is well for us to be reminded again and again of God’s faithfulness. To Noah He said that the earth would not again be visited with a flood judgment as it had been. But there should be a continuance of summer and winter heat and cold, seed-time and harvest as long as the earth would last. And this covenant has been faithfully kept all thru the centuries.

As to God’s activity in carrying out the conditions of His covenant it is beautifully set forth in Psalm 65, and others. In this Psalm we read, “O God...Thou art the confidence of all the ends of the earth. Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice. Thou visitest the earth and waterest it. Thou greatly enrichest it. Thou providest them grain, when Thou hast so prepared the earth.
Thou waterest its furrows abundantly,
Thou settlest the ridges there of,
Thou makest it soft with showers:
Thou blessest the springing thereof:
Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness:
And Thy paths drop fatness.
The hills are girded with joy
The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys are covered over with grain;
They shout for joy, they also sing.”

All of this is in evidence in this year of abundant crops—said to be the largest ever gathered in this country. Well may we then exclaim with the Psalmist in another Psalm, “What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?” And answer with him “I will take the cup of salvation,
I will call on the name of the Lord,
I will pay my vows .... in the presence of all his people,”

I will offer ... the sacrifice of thanks giving”

And if we wish to know what are the sacrifices that He is ready to accept, we may find the answer in Hebrews 13: 15, 16: “Let us offer up a sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips which make confession to his name. But to do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.”

We are thus assured that the expressions—the fruit of our lips—of praise are well pleasing to God, but lip-praise alone is not sufficient, but is to be accompanied with acts of like character.

It is therefore evident that harvest meetings most fully answer the purpose of their creation when the people offer liberally and cheerfully of what the Lord has blessed them with to be devoted to helping some good cause. Our brethren in recent years have made a new departure on this line, and only a few harvest meetings are now held where there is not an opportunity given that the people can show that they are thankful in some tangible way. The Messiah Orphanage, as also other institutions and funds, has thus been specially favored in recent years, and we hope there will be increasing interest in every good work.

A SUNDAY AT WAYNESBORO.

It was our privilege to attend a harvest meeting at Waynesboro, Pa., on July 25, and also meet with the brethren in Sunday School and preaching services at South Waynesboro on Sunday afternoon following. The harvest meeting was held in a public hall on Saturday afternoon in Waynesboro, and was quite well attended by the members of the district as also by some members from adjoining districts. In the evening a prayer and testimony meeting was held at the home of Bro. Jerome Funk’s. The Sunday afternoon service and Sunday school is a new institution for our brethren of this district and is prosecuted with commendable zeal and interest. Regularly organized schools have been established at three places in the district where they meet every Sunday, and at two more places the study of the Sunday school lesson is taken up at every preaching service. On Sunday evening Bro. H. C. Shank kindly conveyed us to the Cedar Grove church, three miles south of Greencastle, where we were permitted to meet with a goodly number in worship. On the way going we called briefly at the home of Bish. S. S. Wingert at Five Forks. Bro. Wingert, since having suffered a paralytic stroke almost two years ago, has been unable to engage actively in the work as before. He is, however, cheerful and trustful
in his condition. This part of our visit was only possible in that the trip was made in Bro. Shank’s automobile. We returned to our home on Monday morning, having been most hospitably entertained over night at the home of mother Sollenberger in Greencastle.

Seamingly the dogs of war are set loose once more in Europe, and there is no telling to what extent the conflagration will spread, for the whole of Europe is an armed camp ready to engage in a struggle the end and result of which no one can fortell. O where are the signs of the universal peace that has been heralded as being almost here? Not until He who is the Prince of Peace comes will wars cease. But that time will surely come, it is on the way now. May He come quickly.

Much is written and printed in these days about the freakish style of women’s clothing. It appears there is an almost universal disgust felt, and warnings, as to the baneful effect physically and morally that will result are often given, but all seem not to have any effect in diminishing the evil. What fashion decrees women will wear, no matter how ‘bum’ an appearance it gives them, or what hurt it will bring upon them in destroying health, as also in moral ruin. The following letter selected from a Toronto paper by Sr. Mary Stover, is but one of many such expressions in secular as well as religious papers:

LADIES DRESSES.

Editor of The Star, Will you please give space to this letter, as opportunity may offer. Since the writer has himself several near relatives who are involved, he cannot justly be charged with partiality. Moreover, the letter is written in all kindness, though not without concern. My theme is the present day dresses of our young women. Was ever the like seen before in Toronto or anywhere else, for I am informed that we are away ahead even of New York? Look at that young lady approaching you on the sidewalk. You cannot help noticing because there are a hundred counterparts behind her. Every outline of her body from ankle to waist, just as plain as if it were nude, is depicted. Whither are we drifting? A true gentleman looks another way in passing, or essays to cross the street, but there he meets the same again by the dozens and scores. Have our young ladies lost their native modesty and shame, the supreme charms of female loveliness? What does it all mean? These dresses seem not only to invite, but to actually solicit and crave male attention, and they are getting it unquestionably, and from the very class of men who ought to be avoided. Has it really come to this, that gentlemen sweethearts are so scarce, or shy, or diffident that ladies must angle for them after this manner. What would be thought twenty, aye ten years ago of the ladies dressed now so common? Why their owners or wearers would not be tolerated on the street. Will some bold lady retort: “Be quiet, look to yourselves; what about your hats?” Admitted fully and frankly. Many men wear hats nowadays that give them the appearance of clowns or idiots, and seem to delight in it. But these are less than nothing and vanity, compared with the indefensibly indelicate toggery of the ladies. This is a question, sir, which the pulpit, the press, and society at large—notably the sane and virtuous female portion of it—should take up and prosecute until our young ladies revert again to the modest and loveable human ornaments which God designed them to be.—Common Decency.
Harvest Meetings

At Gratersford M. H. Aug. 22, at 1.30 P. M.
At the home of Bish. H. K. Kreider, Campbelltown, Pa., Aug. 29, afternoon and evening.

Come from Lebanon on the Hershey and Campbelltown trolley to the place of meeting. Or, come from Harrisburg, Pa., leaving the square on the half-hour car, changing at Hummels-town. The car passes at the place of meeting every hour. All are invited.

At Martinsburg M. H. Blair Co., on Aug. 22, at 2 P. M. All are invited.

At the home of Bro. Amos Shearer, near Mt Joy, Pa., on Aug. 22.

At the home of Bro. J. O. Lehman, Cumberland dist., at 9.30 A. M. on Aug. 20. The place of meeting adjoins Bellaire Park. Come by trolley from Carlisle to Cave Hill, then by boat to Bellaire Park. Car leaves square every half hour.

Silverdale, M. H. Saturday August 15 at 2 P. M. A hearty invitation is extended to all.

History is being made rapidly these days. In a note of a few days ago we referred to the threatening war cloud in Europe and that a great war seemed imminent. At this writing, Aug. 4, the first skirmishes have already taken place, and ere this issue reaches our readers decisive battles may have been fought. All the first class powers seem to be in it, England seemingly not being able to keep out of it, however much it was hoped she would be able to do so. What the outcome will be no one can predict, but we may rest assured that amid the tumult and the strife our Father is at the helm, and His little ones may feel safe, and what is transpiring is but the evidence that our Lord's coming draweth nigh, is even now at the door. Let us all be ready.

Bro. A. C. Higgins informs us that the statement which was made in an editorial note some time ago of his being able to get his support without calling upon the Poor Fund was a mistake. He says he is not able to secure employment now because lawns are drying up, and in the winter there is no work he can do. Where the mistake comes in we cannot now ascertain, but what was said was gathered from a letter which he had intended for conference and came too late. We do not mean to misrepresent anything.

Date of Sailing

As the time is drawing near for my departure to the field of labor, I feel to thank and raise God for His love and many mercies, and for the precious seasons of fellowship and prayer enjoyed with the saints. May the Lord richly reward you for your labors of love. I expect, the Lord willing, to sail from New York on Thursday, Aug. 13.

Earnestly soliciting your continued prayers in my behalf, I remain.

Yours in His glad service,

Daniel B. Winger

I want to say a word .... on Christ's optimism in face of all power in the world. It was the eve of His Passion and He was having His parting talk with His disciples. They were beginning vaguely to realize that He was leaving them and that they would have to live their life and do their work without Him. And they looked at themselves — just a handful of humble Galilean fisherman, and then they tho't of the
world into which they were about to be sent, vast, scornful, impassive, hostile, and their hearts sank within them. It seemed such a hopeless enterprise. The opposing forces seemed so unequal. And the Lord divined their fears and timidities and challenged them with these mighty works: "Courage, I have conquered the world." This is Christ's optimism in face of all the vested interests of evil, Christ's optimism in face of the mighty forces of wickedness. "Courage," He cries, "the world is a beaten power, the world is conquered, for I have overcome the world." Jesus had never a shadow of doubt as to what the issue of things was going to be. He never doubted clouds would break. He never dreamed tho' right were worsted that wrong would triumph. He never for one minute, imagined the world was heading for the abyss. Tho' He knew that He Himself would die upon the cross, He never for a moment imagined that evil was going to win the victory. He knew the Father was working. He knew the end of the day would see, not evil triumphant, but the kingdom of God established upon the earth. Listen to this sentence of His, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." It looked as if it were Satan's hour at that time. Judas, Pilate, the priests—these seemed to be the dominant power. Wickedness seemed firmly seated on the throne. And yet that was what Jesus saw, — Satan fallen! The entire kingdom of power and evil broken up, cast down, destroyed. So He faced the future with heart calm and unperturbed — with heart confident and assured. "Fear not little flock," He said to these same disciples, "it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." "Courage, I have conquered the world."

"Turn ye, for why will ye die?"

CONTRIBUTED.

DEBTOR.

Romans 1: 4.

The venerable Apostle had many favorable things to say to the church at Rome by way of commendation for their fidelity and obedience to the gospel message, as it had in all probability been brought unto them by "strangers of Rome" (Acts 2: 10). "Beloved of God, called to be saints: grace to you and peace be multiplied, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. First, I thank my God through Jesus Christ for you all, that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world. For God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of His Son that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers; making request, if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey, by the will of God, to come to you." From this we learn that the Apostle had not, up to this time, met with the saints at Rome. "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, that oftentimes I purposed to come unto you, (but was let hitherto) that I might have some fruit among you also, even as among other Gentiles." The apostle apparently was detained in other fields of labor until the Lord's time had come. Then He makes ample provisions for a free and prosperous journey to the saints at Rome. Acts 27, gives us a vivid description of how the Lord dealt with him by the way and gave him the ship's crew, 276 souls, for his hire and faithfulness, with many more on the "island called Melita," where they were detained three months. He could well say, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise" (Rom. 1: 14-18).
"The apostle is now coming to the grand subject of the epistle, to show the absolute need of the gospel of Christ, because of the universal corruption of mankind," as pictured in the latter part of Rom. 1. The saints in that wicked and corrupt city, were a collection from Jew and Gentile and consequently difference of opinion obtained among them, the Jews being very zealous in observing the tenets of the law regarding the holy days, clean and unclean meats, and other ceremonies, which they so strictly observed according to the letter, while the spirit of the law was largely neglected. They were prone to wonder into the byways of the degraded Gentiles who made themselves no conscience in such matters and they thus became a reproach unto the cause of Christ, and an hindrance to the progress of the church. The carnal mind being at enmity against God, must be put upon the cross, crucified with Christ, "for it is not subject to the law of God neither indeed can be."

The apostle had a message of life to all that were in Rome. To the Greeks, who had the Key of Knowledge and were "distinguished for civilization and refinement" whom he reputed the wise, who were just as much in need of the light of the glorious gospel of Christ as the Barbarians, the unwise, or every one not a Greek. The whole human family consists of only two classes of people. The wise and the unwise. The righteous and the unrighteous. In one of these we hold our citizenship, whether of life unto life or of death unto death. Admitting that there is a vast difference in the associations by which man may be enriched and the degree to which the soul may be subjected to good or evil, some being more demonstrative than others, apparently, enjoy more of the element in which they move II Cor. 4: 6, 7: "Walking circumspectly not ashamed of the gospel of Christ" but II Cor. 4: 16: That the life of Jesus might be "made manifest." It meant much for the believer at Rome to draw the line between the wise and the unwise, the clean and the unclean (Rom. 1: 18). It means much to the child of God today to distinguish between the clean and the unclean, and walk in purity and holiness, in all godliness and honesty through the dash of pride and vanity that greets our vision both in city and country. Men may apparently be good and do many good acts and kindly deeds and enjoy many temporal blessings and be highly esteemed among men who hold the truth in unrighteousness.

The Psalmist said, "My feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped. For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked, until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end." "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened." Why will intelligent souls choose to make their eternal destiny with that awful society enumerated in the closing of Rom. 1, verses 28 - 32? The devil exercises a mighty power with feeble halfhearted professors to our day. Nor are the stronger free. I praise God that for a season He has permitted him to keep me in the crucible, that I have been able to learn more of the weaknesses of the flesh and my utter helplessness without Him, as well as His strong arm underneath that has over ruled it all for my good, and I trust to the glory of His all prevailing name.

D. V. Heise.

Clarence Center, N. Y.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto me and rest."
CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

John 4: 1 - 42.

Whenever I turn to this chapter and read it, these words “He must needs go thru Samaria,” impress me: for you remember that geographically Samaria lay just between Judaea and Galilee, and that all Jews loyal to Abraham rather than to pass thru the despised Samaria would cross the Jordan river and go up thru the land of Peraea, thus, in preference to the short course they went many miles out of their way. But Christ took the straight and shorter course, and by this act broke down race prejudice. He showed that no time could be lost in displaying Jewish bigotry. In this act he showed a purpose and a principle unheard of before His day. Christ knew that on this way He would meet a human need a lone woman a degraded woman whose heart would be open to receive Himself to whose needs He could minister. The need in the life of this woman, who was tired and sick of sin made it necessary for Christ to go thru Samaria. When coming to draw the natural water Christ talks to her about the water of life. To drink of this water means to thirst again but to drink of the water that He will give, means to never thirst; it means to be a well yourself springing up into everlasting life.

Second, note what Christ sees in this woman, as revealed in His method of dealing with her. As men we see her in all her sin; having had five husbands a very great adulteress, a street character, but oh, the darkness of our vision! Christ sees this, and more, He sees great possibilities: that underneath her life of sin there are religious convictions. The Master does not strike at sin first, the worst in her; but He does seek first to awaken the deepest, the greatest and grandest in her nature, the subconscious religious convictions. This woman is but a typical case, of those blinded by sin; and in whose life hope is but a faint ray; that in their thinking they have religious convictions. The expression, “Our father Jacob” shows her ancestral claim and the trend of her thinking.

Third, notice how Christ awakens her childhood memories. “I know that Messias cometh, **when He is come He will tell us all things.” The cloud of sin had become black and heavy, it burst as it hung over her head; as it were the morning had turned into evening, the day into night but still, a conviction of a better day abides.

It is wonderful indeed how in the presence of Christ our memories are renewed; the forgotten Scripture story, the song of mother, the broken vows made to God, the long forgotten promises made to father and mother, the prayer made at mother’s knee: all come
back to us with freshness. To this woman, like to us, the coming of the Messias would clear the clouded sky and settle the turbulent life.

THE MEANING OF SIN.

This woman in her life is both an example and a definition of sin. She had a very strong passionate nature. This Christ knew and he lost no time in putting His finger right on the spot, “Go call thy husband.” In a way to cover her sin she answers, “I have no husband” whereupon Christ replies, “Thou hast well said I have no husband; for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that saidst thou truly.” This is the story of sin. Five husbands the result the lustful nature. Now I do not mean lust in the bad ethical sense that we commonly use the word but rather as it is commonly translated from the Greek; which means unsatisfied desire, a feverish condition of the soul crying out after something it cannot get. Take another word which means the same and suggests to us the thought better: I refer to the word thirst. Few of us know the full significance of this word. Rev. E. A. Marshall head of the Mission course at the Moody Bible Institute tells us that when travelling in the Orient he got so thirsty that he was compelled to drink water that was all alive—that it was necessary to put his kerchief before his mouth to keep from swallowing the wigglers in the water. Rev. Enos Pemperton a pioneer preacher of some note tells the story that during the war the soldiers became so thirsty that they drank water from a lake in which were floating many dead horses. In these two illustrations are seen the cry of nature for that which is essential to it’s wellbeing. Now this woman was like other folks are thirsty. Her sin lay not in her passion but that she tried to satisfy it in the wrong way. Sin is doing the right thing in the wrong way. It is the putting of proper desires to improper uses. Sin in any form is the prostitution of desire. To every desire that God has given us there is a legitimate channel for the expression and gratification of that desire. The man who thirsts for water but drinks beer instead prostitutes that desire; for, beer does not satisfy but calls for more. Now the awfulness of sin is not alone in the prostitution of right desires, but that back of that sin there is a capacity for God.

THE MEANING OF WORSHIP.

There is here a recognition of the different emphasis between the Samaritans and the Jews. The latter thought of Christ as king but the former as a prophet. Indeed this was the woman’s first claim, “Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place to worship.” Here it seems to me Christ is drawing the attention of the woman from the two objectives to the third. Not so much the ceremonies connected with “this mountain” or “Jerusalem” that attract us in worship or that is true worship but the recognition of the Spirit and Truth.

Herein Christ gives us a revelation of stupendous importance, “But the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in Spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.” That is, that our worship is not merely external and physical but that it is internal and spiritual. However we need to remember that true worship affects our outer life. To worship God men must be truthful and upright in their lives. The crooked must be made straight. Their lives must be recon-
structed and be brought into harmony with truth and right living. The flesh with its desires and ambitions must be made subservient to the Spirit of God.

LESSONS FOR US.

Why was the life of this woman wrecked?
Why do men and women of today have wrecked lives? Her trouble is our trouble, namely the attempt to satisfy the legitimate claims of life in illegitimate ways and with wrong means. To the thirsty, the restless and care worn Christ said, “Come unto me and I will give you rest.” To this desert soul, this lone woman on the wellside Christ said, “The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” Is your life a desert, burned out and barren by sin? Take the desert life, hand it over to Christ, and He will make it fruitful. Let Christ have His claims upon your life and He will satisfy your every right desire.

L. P. Cassel.
Pleasant Hill, Ohio, July 7, 1914.

It is not a bad thing to meet the world’s reproach, to have it casting up old unhappy things, to hear our own heart turning against us, our memory pouring its black waves over us, if in answer to it all we can say out of our alarmed but believing soul, “We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.”—Sel.

No created powers in hell, or out of hell, can mar the music of our Lord Jesus, nor spoil our song of joy. Let us then be glad, and rejoice in the salvation of our Lord; for faith had never yet cause to have wet cheeks, and hanging down brows, or to droop or die.—Rutherford.

Pride kills the spirit of praise; when thou shouldst be praising God, thou art praising thyself.—Wm. Gurney.

News of Church Activity

IN THE HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Adresses of Missionaries.

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

Lewis Steckley, Elizabeth Engle, Sallie Doner, Macha Mission, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, S. Africa.


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

India.

Eld. and Sr. H. L. Smith, and Effie Rohrei, Bangaon Bariahi P. O., North Bhagalpur, B. & N. W. Railway, India.

Following not under Foreign Mission Board.
Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Adra, B. N. R., India.

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

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

Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cassel, San Marcos, Guatemala, Central America.

Furlough—Myron and Adda Taylor, Jesse R. and Malinda Eyster, and Frances Davidson.

OUR CITY MISSIONS.


Chicago Mission, 6030 Halstead St., in charge of Sr. Sarah Bert, Bro B. L. Bruhaker and Sr. Nancy Shirk.


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

charge of W. H. and Susie Boyer.
CHICAGO MISSION.

Report for month ending July 15, 1914.
Balance carried over $9.37.

Receipts.
Fair S. S. Sedgwick, Kans., $5.00; S. Sollenbarger, $2.00; D. Wenger, $5.00; A. Rotz, Chambersburg, Pa., $2.00 C. Bert, $2.00; S. Bert, $2.00; Jesse Bert, $1.00; Sr. Mary Bert, Lurgan, Pa., $2.00; H. Leaman, $.50; J. Brandt, Campbeltown, Pa., $2.00; H. Brandt, $1.00; Rosebank S. S. Hope Kans., $13.14; Total $47.01

Expenditures.
Table supplies, $19.50; gas, $4.16; express etc., $3.00; Total $26.66.

Bail. on hand $20.35.  
Provisions 16½ lb. butter, 14 quarts dried cherries, beans.  
Money received for winter coal will be reported later.  
May our blessed Lord bless and keep true His own until He comes.

We wish to thank all who have again come up to the help of the Lord in the financial being confident that we have the support of your prayers as well.

Sarah Bert and Workers.

SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

"Say ye not there are yet four months and then cometh harvest?  Behold I say unto you, lift up your eyes and lo on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

How fitting are these words spoken by Jesus to His disciples just after His conversation with the woman at the well.  As we mingle with people and learn their spiritual needs we are often constrained to say "The harvest truly is great and the laborers are few."  The past month has been singularly blessed of God in the salvation of a number of souls, and quite a few of them are staying in the city and attending the meetings at the Mission.  Our hearts are in love with the work and our greatest desire is to see more of these poor hungry souls getting to God.  Will you please help us to pray to this end?

For some time we have wondered if there may not be some misunderstanding throughout the Brotherhood with regard to the relation of the San Francisco Mission to the Home Mission Board.  We have heard that in some districts we are thought to be entirely under the Upland church, and perhaps this is the reason we have been left to draw so heavily upon the church at that place for our support.  The truth is that we are under the Home Mission Board, the same as the other city missions.  We are truly grateful to our community for the way they have stood by us in our every time of need, but we thought that perhaps if the whole church understood perfectly, the burden on the few might be lightened by a greater sharing.  This note has been written without any instigation whatever from the Upland church.

We thank all who have so kindly contributed to the cause of the Master, and pray God's blessing upon you.

FINANCIAL.
Report from June 24, to July 24, 1914.

Receipts.
Hall offering, $23.45; David Book, Okla., $5.00; J. B. Winger, $1.00; Upland, Calif., $57.00.  Total $86.45.

Also apricots for canning by Bro. J. B. Winger and peaches, plums, dried apricots, eggs and ripe apricots from Bros. Sam'l Eyer, Eugene Eyer, Eleazer Heise, and Sr. Katie Haugh of Waukena, California.

Expenditures.
Car fare, $8.30; table supplies, $3.20; household ex. gas, water etc. $2.80; house rent, $8.00; hall rent, $50.00; hall ex. light etc. $3.45; poor, $2.70.  Total $88.45.

Balance on hand June 24, $ .40.

Due Mission, July 24, $1.60.

Elizabeth Winger and Workers.

MERRIL, MICH.

As is known to many of the brethren and sisters, a few years ago our beloved brother and sister, Felix E. and Mollie I. Burkholder, left their home at Pleasant Hill, Ohio, and moved to Merrill, Mich.  After living there a short time, the Lord laid it on their hearts to open a Sunday School.  This was done with great success.  A short time after the school had been organized the Brethren of
Carland were invited to hold meetings in the school house, which we have been doing every two weeks. Last winter Bro. Henry Schneider Jr., and the writer, held a few weeks meetings, but as the school house where our regular meetings are held is located in a Roman Catholic district, and they being very much opposed to our meetings, for the reason that they have been the means of exposing some of the evils of Catholicism, we were invited to hold our meeting in a school house two miles farther North. While the opposers, no doubt, had in mind to hinder the work, yet we must believe it was all so ordered of the Lord. The meetings opened with fair interest, and increased until sickness broke out in the community.

The meetings closed after being held about three weeks, with fifteen or sixteen making a start in the service of our Saviour, fathers, mothers, and school children being in the number. On June 14, baptismal services were conducted when eight precious ones were baptised and united with the church, and we look for others to follow. May the Lord keep them true, as they meet with considerable opposition.

If the Lord will we expect to build a house of worship at this place and have it ready for dedication some time this fall. May all the dear brethren and sisters send their prayers to our Father above for the work at this place.

While our beloved Bro. and Sr. Burkholder have gone to their reward their work is still going on. While we have not been soliciting for the church building at Merrill, yet some beloved ones have remembered us in the work. May the dear Lord reward them for their kindness. Their names are as follows, A Sister by Bro. Detwiler while at Conference, $1.00; Bro. Ebright, $1.00; Sister Mell, $5.00; Bro. Jacob Zercher, $5.00; Bishop D. R. Eyster, $21.13; S. S. offering Pleasant Hill and Highland, Ohio, $32.13. Any offerings will be received with thankfulness.

Jonathan Lyons.

Pray ye that all the workers in Bible lands may be sustained to witness for the truth as it is in Jesus. May the Spirit's power work in them and thru them, and their faith fail not.
CARLAND, MICH.

Our love feast at Carland, Mich., was held June 20, 21. Bishop John A. Stump of Nappanee, Ind., and Elders Vernon L. Stump of Sandusky, Mich., and Myron Taylor were with us. Our dear brethren were very earnest in ministering the word as God gave them the message. May the Lord bless them for their labor of love. Bro. and Sr. Taylor were listened to with interest as they gave us a talk on the Foreign Mission work.

Brethren and sisters were with us from Merrill, Mooretown, and Caledonia, Mich. I believe we can say the feast was enjoyed by all, some of the older ones thinking perhaps it would be the last time for them to meet on the love feast occasion. As milestones we leave behind us those times of refreshing, with our eyes lifted up looking for the coming of our blessed Lord, when we shall enjoy the blessings of heaven. May we all be ready for His coming.

Jonathan Lyons.

TESTIMONY.

Dear readers of the Visitor,
I feel to write my testimony for the Visitor. My desire is to be kept closer to God. As I see the people going along the street, I feel if they would only stop and think where they will go when they leave this world, there would be more Christians in the world today. There is a day coming when they will see their mistake but it will be too late then for I believe that day is not far off.

I am glad I made the start when I did, and my desire is to keep pressing on as long as I am here, even until death comes. Reading in the Visitor, as I have time, makes me feel the more to keep pressing on.

Dear people, unsaved ones, do you ever think where you will go when you leave this world? Will you go to heaven, or hell when you die? Will you not stop and think where you will spend eternity?

Brothers and sisters, we don't know what is awaiting us in the future. I know what is past but do not know what is before me and am glad that I don't. I know that I want to make better use of my time and talents in the future than in the past.

I only lately started in the Christian life and I want to follow the narrow way that leads to life everlasting. The way is narrow and we need to watch lest it become broader. So many young persons, and older ones too, when they start to serve God, and follow the narrow way, do not stay on the narrow way, but drift more and more on to the broad way, and so get back where they were when they started. We cannot sit down on the stool of ease when we start to live a Christian life. It takes watching and praying if we want to do what is right. I keep watching and praying every day as I do not want to go back where I once was. When I was out in sin I thought I was enjoying myself, but I have enjoyed myself more since I started to serve the Lord than when I was serving Satan. I mean to keep moving on the way as long as I live. I am glad to testify and speak for Jesus whenever a chance offers itself.

The Father gave His only begotten Son to save us from our sins, and it is our duty to speak for Him whenever there is opportunity to do so. If only I had started sooner than I did. I would have then enjoyed more meetings than I did so.

Dear young people, do not put off serving God till you get old. The longer you neglect to start the harder it will be to do so. Putting it off we go farther and farther on the broad road. When you then want to get back to the narrow way you must return the way you went. You will have to make your wrong things right. If you start while you are young you will not have so many things to make right. So now is the time to start; it will be easy to do so while you are young. And we don't know how long we shall be here yet. I put it off longer than I should but have had more enjoyment since I am on the way than I ever did when I served the enemy. I was a little more than nineteen years old when I gave myself to God. I wish I had done so much sooner than I did. We do not know whether we shall ever get another chance, and to neglect our salvation is a great mistake.

My desire is to live closer to God every day and be a bright and shining light to those around me. Pray for me: I will do the same for you. God bless you all.

Harry Garling.
This world is not my home, I am traveling to a better land, a place where we can see Jesus face to face, and tell the story saved by grace, Praise God, what precious promises for the child of God; why should we ever be discouraged on this good and glorious way. I truly can say, this beautiful afternoon, that we, poor souls, can have a foretaste of glory here already if we just want it. But we must be born again, converted, and then this world will look entirely different to us. We will become new creatures in Christ Jesus, and the desires of this world will be taken out of us; even for this I can praise God, for what did it bring to us? When I would come home after spending my time in the pleasures of the world, and lie down on my couch for the night, I would be so afraid that the end of time would come and I was not prepared, and my God, my God! Some say, today, there is no hell. But how many have I heard say that God had to show them the torments of an unsaved world to turn them from their evil ways. But to me it came too while I was sitting in church, not paying much attention to the services, just like a flash I was struck down helpless, and it came so forcibly to me, "Heaven or Hell, which? " Then Satan came too and showed me how impossible it was for me to keep religion, that now everything was done, I would be forsaken and lose all my friends. But thanks be unto God forever, Satan ever was a liar and ever will be, I gave my heart to God and my eyes were opened to discern the things of the Spirit, and I only began to live. How the dear saints would pray for me, how they would grasp my hand and speak a word of encouragement to me. Some wrote me beautiful letters, which I have to this day, for they did so encourage me.

Oh, where are we to-day, dear ones, when one is newly born in the kingdom? How they need our love and the support of our prayers. I know what it meant for me. I am one who believes in enjoying one's religion, not enduring it, for I believe that God wants us to come often to Him and then He will fill our hearts with heavenly things. And how He does answer our prayers, many, many times that we do not just see it, but nevertheless He cares for us.

When I want to look too far in the future I think sometimes what will become of us yet? Then this sweet little song comforts me, "Fear not, Fear not, God is on His Throne, Trust Him, He who careth for His own; He is a faithful Friend, and you He will defend, and never leave His child to walk alone." What comfort to God's cross bearing little flock! Oh, what a Jesus we have found—those of us who become meek and lowly, He heals the broken-hearted, those who open to Him the prison doors, and let Him come in and take possession. Oh, that more poor souls may come and taste and see that the Lord is good and that His mercy endureth forever. Eternally has no end, If we accept Jesus here we can have Him over there, and if we reject Him here, the gates of mercy will be closed forever to our cries, Oh, I would say if there is a soul who reads this that is unsaved, turn before it is ifor ever too late. Do not hold back on account of some one else, thinking what will they say if I accept Jesus, for our friends can only go with us to the grave. Many times it is seen we are soon forgotten. Here is Jesus who says He will never leave us nor forsake us, and will go with us even unto the end. Praise His Holy name! Let us as His followers pray without ceasing and breathe that precious name. When we think the trials are heavy, He will reveal Himself to us wonderfully, and some day He will come and gather us from all parts of the earth unto Himself, to those mansions that He has gone to prepare for all who love His appearing.

Mrs. Harry E. Wagner.

"WEARY OF EARTH."

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin, I look at heaven, and long to enter in; But there no evil thing may find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come!" So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glory of that holy land? Before the whiteness of that throne appear? Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
SELECTED.

CHRIST—OUR PRIEST-KING.

Continued from last issue.

A friend of my father's was a judge, and there came before him a very bad man. The trial proceeded, and the man was found guilty. The judge looked at him, and said: "Do you recognize me? Do you remember John Kerr, who used to play with you on the green in the old country village? We were boys together, and here I am compelled to pass sentence on you." He passed the sentence of a fine of £20 or imprisonment, knowing that the man would have to go to jail, for he could not pay; and when he had passed the sentence, he handed in a check for £20, and said: "I will pay your fine because of old times." He declared the righteousness of law, and then he could show mercy. If he had let the man go without meeting the demands of the law, righteousness would have demanded it; but when he had met the demands of the law, he could be merciful. So Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Jesus Christ meets the demands of the law, infinitely righteous as He is, that He may pardon us.

III. As Melchisedec blessed Abraham, so our Melchisedec blesses us.—The Lord Jesus did not come into this world as the High Priest, but as the Lamb: and when John the Baptist said, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," he gave the heart of the mission of Christ. The crucifixion was no incident; it was the heart of the mission of Christ. All through the Old Testament Scriptures we find the type and symbol pointing forward to His death. Everything about the Tabernacle and the Temple was suggestive of His death. It was not the priest that died; it was the priest that offered the sacrifice.

Jesus became incarnate, not primarily that He might enter upon His High Priesthood, but that He might make atonement for sin. After the sacrifice had been made on the altar, the priest began his function. On the great Day of Atonement He passed by the altar of blood, took some of that blood, and went through the veil into the holy place, there to present the blood, and to commune with God from above the mercy-seat.

Jesus Christ entered upon His High Priestly function when He ascended to glory. We see Him as the Victim, as the One who offered Himself for the salvation of the world; then He takes His own precious blood into the presence of the Father, and there speaks for us through all eternity. There He proclaims the sacrifice for guilt, and the cleansing from sin.

IV. As the Lamb, Jesus Christ suffered a kingly death.—He did not die as High Priest, but as King. "I have power to lay down My life, and I have power to take it again." He did not go to the cross because He was com-
pelled to go—except by His infinite love and mercy; He could have smitten that mob, and rescued Himself, if He would; but as a King He chose not to do it. With all

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD

He could pray for twelve legions of angels, but He restrains omnipotence; and we see in all the speeches and dealings of Christ that calm, majestic attitude, that bespeaks a King. He is the One that has the power and refuses to exercise it; and He is willing to become weak in order that we may become strong in salvation.

The two thieves who died on the cross at His side both joined in the mockery until one of them began to realize that He whom he was mocking was really a King, and turned to Him and said: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy Kingdom." That marks the difference between the saved and the lost. Some people regard the Lord Jesus Christ as perfect in character, but only human, and a martyr to a great mission—living and dying for what He believed. There is no salvation in that, and no matter what high opinion you have of our Lord, there is no salvation until you begin to realize that He died as King. He came from heaven as the King of Righteousness, and was just as much a King on the cross as He was on the throne before He left.

After His resurrection and ascension He entered into the Holy of Holies with the blood and all that it means, to represent saved humanity, as our atoning Lamb; and there He is to remain until, by and by, the veil shall open and the Priest-King shall come down again in glory.

V. **There is a sense in which Jesus becomes King through His Priesthood.**

"We are kings and priests unto God," and we do not need anybody to introduce us to Christ. We can go right in and speak to Him for ourselves; the way of approach is open. While He was here we find in His ministry the nature of a Priest that serves: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

He tells us how to be kingly, and to have a place of greatness and authority. "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister." The men and women that are really great, powerful, or kindly are those

WITH THE SACRIFICIAL SPIRIT of our Lord Jesus Christ.

He is the King of kings, and Lord of lords but He saw fit to empty Himself of glory and dominion. He laid aside the crown that this world might say He was King indeed, and worthy of the crown. "We see Jesus crowned with glory and honor for the suffering of death."

Let us take a look through the door of heaven, and behold all the hosts of heaven. We see the Lamb as it had been slain in the midst of the throne. Jesus Christ is King in heaven. As the Lamb, the marks of the cross are upon His person; and as we look and linger, we catch the words: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." All heaven gives Him the crown, because our great High Priest over the house of God is the High Priest that is worthy to be King.—A. C. Dixon.

INSTRUCT YOUR DAUGHTER.

Every normal woman desires a home of her own. God has made her so. "I will therefore," says the word, "that the younger women marry." (I Tim. 5:14). From the day of childhood,
she plays "keeping house," and fondles her dolls, and does various other things which reflect the purpose of God and prophesy of that which is to be.

Nevertheless, few girls, I fear, have much conception of what it really means to be married and to have a home of their own. Mother, is your daughter fitted for a home of her own? Have you told her what lies just beyond her wedding-day? Your girl may have an idea that marriage simply means a nice wedding outfit, a house filled with company and roses, a short trip to a distant city, and a returning to a house warmed and lighted by love and, as it were, cared for by angels. Such, however, is not the actual case. Have you taught your daughter any of the responsibilities of a young married woman, with conditions so quickly changed, and the dangers attending thereunto? Have you taught her that motherhood is one of the valuable attributes and yet serious responsibilities of having a home of her own? Have you taught her, not only the sacredness of, but the length of, her marriage vow? Does she know that the man whom she marries is to be her companion all her life? Have you told her that while the husband-to-be, had been the aggressor and has done the courting to win her love, she must take it up, too, and work continuously and efficiently? He enters into the battle of financing the home, and in this age of dishonesty and rivalry, of deceit and unchastity, his wife will either be his strong arm or his source of weakness. The wife must be a skillful diplomat, and must meet him, upon his home coming with a smile, and not a frown, if she would keep him from the influences of worldly social life, which take him away from home, among men and women whose pathway leads to hell. She should know these facts by being taught so by her mother, rather than by sad experience. Tell your daughter that she has it in her power, generally, by kindness, by affection, by arranging the home tastefully, by good cooking and personal carefulness, to make home a perfect success.

It has been truly said that multitudes of divorces have had their inception on the honeymoon tour, because of the awful lack of knowledge upon the important matters relative to quickly changed relations in newly-married life. The majority of unhappy homes, in my opinion, are the result of ignorance of nature and her fixed laws. Parents should begin early to teach their sons and daughters the laws of their own being and the penalty of their infringement.—“The Vanguard.”

**THE WAGES OF SIN.**

The devil took me up into a capacious palace, a magnificent structure it was, beautiful and glorious in all of its architectural symmetry . . . . I looked upon and worshipped the pictures hanging around on all the walls, and then I looked at the beautiful carpets on the floors and at the beautiful curtains at the windows, and there was a table of pleasure, a chair of ease, and a sofa of contentment. And, oh, how many thousand things in that palace charmed my heart.

Then the devil said to me, “If you will be my servant all this is yours.” . . . And I took possession of that palace of sin.

. . . . One day I walked out and when I returned I saw my chair of ease was gone, and somehow or other I never felt so easy in there afterwards as I had before that time. I returned another day and my sofa of contentment was gone, and I never felt so contented there afterwards. I came back another
day and found my table of pleasure gone, and I never found any more pleasure in that palace. Another day I found one of those beautiful windows had been removed and a solid wall had been placed in its stead, and I said, “It is not quite so light as it once was.” I came back another day and a beautiful picture had been removed, and how blank and dreary that space looked. Another day and another window was gone, and it was perceptibly darker to me. Soon a door had been removed, and I said, “There are not so many ways of ingress and egress now as there once were.”

On and on, until by and by the last picture was gone, the last window had been removed, and, oh, how dark and gloomy was my home! The carpets had all been taken up, and how bare and cold were the floors! Soon another, until the last door had been removed except one. The windows had all been taken away, and everything was gone, and, oh, how desolate!

Thank God! soon after that I walked out of that palace to see my father die, and before he died I promised him I would never go back any more. But I knew a man who stayed just a little longer than I. He was a friend of mine. He stayed until the last piece of furniture was gone, every window removed, and all the doors taken out. He said to me, “I cannot escape from this place, the walls are coming closer together every day.” And one night about one o’clock his wife stood by his bedside when the walls of the palace now desolate and empty, crushed together and he said with his dying breath, “The wages of sin is death.” —Sam Jones.

The Detroit Free Press says: “Even the most unobservant cannot join the parade on our main thoroughfares without being convinced that the assertion that manufacturers are much less concerned about what women are going to wear than about what they are going to take off has considerable foundation in fact. Really, some of our young pedestrians couldn’t take off much more in the way of attire without falling into the hands of the police.

“The manager of a certain business who has a number of girls under him, sent one miss home to ‘get some clothes on,’ the low shoes, cobweb hosiery, abbreviated skirt, short sleeves and exaggerated “V” at the throat incurring his emphatic disapproval.

“Girls are seen on the street in clothes—or the lack of them—that their mothers would once have thought immodest at home. It is related of Mme. Tallien that she appeared as Diana at a masked ball at the French court in the days of the first empire, in a gown so filmy and gossamer-like that it could be passed through a man’s finger ring. Under it she wore a single garment of the same material. Are we to emulate, eventually, the undress of the French madame?

“What are mothers thinking about to permit such a style of dress? What has become of the modesty we were wont to associate with young and presumably innocent girls? They may be modest, but they certainly don’t look it. If this display is intended to charm men, it is a great mistake; it may allure, as the fallen woman allures, but to man the charm of a girl is her mystery, her elusiveness, her refinement as shown in modest mien and attire. Even hot weather doesn’t excuse girls for cheapening themselves as they do; and

He that hath God’s heart cannot want His arm. God’s love sets all His other attributes at work.—Sel.
the remarks made about them are neither admiring nor admirable.

We heard that in the city of Springfield, Ohio, two girls were arrested on the street for wearing insufficient clothing. The hands and face are enough to be exposed to view. For young men to trot around in public plays with bare thighs and much of the limbs bare is indecent, and should not be tolerated among civilized people. Let the whole body be decently and properly attired, and show that civilization and enlightenment has had their effect on us and that we are not barbarous nude savages.
—Sel.

THE OUTSIDERS.

With reference to the kingdom of God there are outsiders and insiders. The one class implies the other, and the two classes include everybody. If the classification seems severe, it nevertheless rests upon a real distinction, that is necessary and not arbitrary. As every inhabitant of this world is either inside or outside of Pittsburgh, or London, so is every living soul either inside or outside of the kingdom of God. Jesus declared that a man could serve only one master, and that every man was either for him or against him.

In this classification every man's place is determined by his personal relation to Jesus Christ. It is not a question of what he knows, or how he lives, or what his record is, or what his ideals or his claims are. A man living in France may know more about Pennsylvania than any one of a thousand men who are living within its bounds, but that does not entitle him to the rights or privileges of citizenship. He may claim to be a broader minded, better educated, more highly cultured man than his friend who lives in the Keystone State, but that does not give him the right to vote. Citizenship, in heaven or on earth, is not primarily a matter of blood or of brains, of information or of association, but of personal relation. The kingdom of God is the community in which God reigns, and in which He is consciously obeyed, not as a matter of compulsion, but of free will and affection.

But if we are inside the kingdom of God, it does not follow that we are free from obligation to those outside. On the contrary, our principal mission and duty is to them. When this fact is overlooked, as it too often is, the Church becomes a religious club. Its life becomes self-centered and degeneration begins. Christian people do not always live as though they believed it, and Christian congregations do not work as though they believed it, but our principal mission and our greatest responsibility are to the outsiders. Christ's mission was to the outsider. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. His commission given to the disciples sent them to the outsiders. The church in the earliest days recognized its mission as being to those outside, and as a result multitudes were added daily. How much of our earnest thought and prayer and effort is directed to those outside? How many churches are evangelistic all the year through? How many pastors preach evangelistic sermons, except on special and rare occasions? How many of our people ever do earnest personal work to win those outside? And yet our duty is to them more than to our own brethren in the church.

The great passion in the heart of God is for the outsiders. They are lost, and He has redeemed them, and He wants them to know it. His great desire is

(Concluded on page 25).
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 how subscribers when their subscription expires.
4. If you do not receive the Visitor within ten days from date of issue, write us at once and we will send the number called for.

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

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

GRANTHAM, PA, AUGUST 10, 1914.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS' TRACTS


Orders for the above tracts, papers and envelopes should be addressed Geo. Detwiler, 436 Walnut St, Harrisburg, Pa. Tracts are free to mission workers.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR

Aug. 10, 1914.

OBITUARY.

NOLL:—John R. Noll was born Nov. 16, 1851, in Lancaster Co., Pa., died at his home in Redlands, Cal., March 31, 1914, aged 62 years, 4 months and 15 days. He was married Nov. 16, 1870, to Miss Lizzie Page. To this union seven children were born, two dying in childhood. His wife died Aug. 6, 1898 at his home near Hope, Kans. In 1880 he was married to Miss Sallie M. Weddel who survives him. Mr. Noll lived a true and useful life and was of noble character, and his departure is a sad bereavement to all. May God in His infinite mercy sanctify this loss to all.—S. M. Noll.

SNAVELY:—Being hurt by an automobile on July 18, 1914, Christian H. Snavely, son of Bro. and Sr. Daniel Snavely of near Rockville, Pa. lost his life. His age was 12 years and 19 days. The machine that hurt him carried him to the Harrisburg Hospital where he died shortly after his arrival. The parents with two brothers and two sisters are left to mourn his untimely end. Funeral service was held at the home on the 22nd., conducted by Bro. Geo. Detwiler. The remains were taken to crossroads M. H. where services were conducted in the afternoon by the brethren S. E. Brehm and J. N. Martin. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

STONER:—Bro. Henry Stoner died July 11, 1914, at his home in Martinsburg, Pa., after an illness of only two days, of intestinal troubles. He was aged 77 years, 8 months and 12 days. Bro. Stoner was highly esteemed in the community and the announcement of his death was a shock to many. Since the death of his wife about four years ago, he and his daughter, Gertrude, had been living in the home, a place where all who came were made welcome. He was an earnest worker in the church, and his interest was that the young people and children might become Christians. Funeral services were held July 3, at 2 P. M. in the meeting house at Martinsburg, conduced by the home brethren.

BERT:—Nathan Theodore Bert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe P. Bert, was born Dec. 4, 1912, at Abilene, Kans., died of pneumonia July 22, 1914, aged 1 year, 7 months and 18 days. He came with his parents to Upland last New Years to enjoy the fair sunshiny climate of California, but he has now gone to a much fairer clime where there will be no more suffering. As we look back over his short life here with us, it was nothing but beautiful. He brought comfort to all he came in contact with. Funeral services were held from the Brethren's church, Upland. Friday forenoon July 24, conducted by
C. C. Burkholder. Text, Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Interment in Bellevue cemetery.

WINGERT.—Bro. Andrew B. Wingert died at his home near Upper Strasburg, Franklin Co., Pa., July 11, 1914, aged 76 years, and 1 month. He had been ill for several months and his death was not unexpected. He was a sufferer of tuberculosis for a number of years, but the direct cause of his death was dropsy. Bro. Wingert was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and of unusual ability, and until advancing age compelled him to quit, he took an active part in the affairs of the church. Sister Wingert died less than six months ago, and in their passing away within so short a period, the community and the church suffers a distinct loss. He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. John M. Hoover, of Nyesville, Mrs. Martin Dougherty of near Chambersburg, and Mary C. at home. He is also survived by one brother, Jacob B. Wingert of Edenville, Franklin Co., Pa. Funeral services were conducted by Abram Wingert and Martin Oberholser. Interment was made in Air Hill cemetery.

EISENHOWER.—Samuel P. Eisenhower was born in Dauphin Co., Pa., Feb. 4, 1831, died at Nararre, Kans., after a continued illness of almost three years, when life calmly and quietly ebbed out without a struggle at 9 A. M. June 30, 1914, thus reaching the good old age of 83 years, 4 months and 26 days. He was united in holy matrimony to Lydia A. Orndorff, May 31, 1857, thus making a married life of over fifty-seven years. To this union were born ten children, three of whom died in early childhood. Those surviving are William of Navarre, Kans., Mrs. Mary A. Buffington of Harrisburg, Pa., Mrs. Sarah E. Book, of Hope, Kans., John of Abilene, Kans., Mrs. Emma B. Strole, Hope, Kans., James of Schell City, Mo., and Simon of Salina, Kans. Also thirty-six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. He was converted and united with the church about the year 1862 with which he was identified until his death. In March of 1884, he with his family moved from Penna. to Dickenson Co., Kans., where he has resided ever since. In his illness he bore his sufferings patiently, and with Christian fortitude, and constantly kept his faith anchored in his Redeemer whom he loved, and in the years of the past endeavored to faithfully serve and burial at Belle Springs church, July 2, 1914, conducted by J. N. Engle assisted by Bros., Jesse Eyster and A. J. Snivel. Text John 14: 1-2, Scripture lesson read at house Psalms 116, at the church Ecce, 12. Additional note. Bro. Eisenhower was first paralyzed, May 4, 1904, from which he never entirely recovered but suffered a steady de-

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A WORD TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

We are glad to encourage any and all of our young people in the study of the Holy Scriptures. Paul testified of Timothy that the Holy Scriptures were known to him (Timothy) from a child, and that these Holy Scriptures are able to make one wise unto salvation, and that, thru faith in Jesus Christ. In this connection we must not fail to remember that the Holy Scriptures which Timothy knew means the Old Testament Scriptures, known and spoken of by Our Lord, Jesus Christ, as the “law of Moses, the prophets .... and the psalms.” No New Testament yet at that time, yet Timothy was instructed as to how to be saved, that it is thru faith in Jesus Christ (II Tim. 3: 15). An inquiry reached us from a young brother, asking about the sons of Noah as to what was prophesied of them, whether one was to be a servant, one a warrior, and one a scientist. Possibly others would be interested in the answer to the inquiry so we will give here what we were able to find for the inquiring one.

In chapters 8 and 9 of Genesis we have the statement of the Noahic Covenant as outlined by Dr. C. I. Scofield in the Scofield Bible. The elements of this Covenant, are:

1. The relation of man to the earth under the Adamic Covenant is confirmed (Gen. 8: 21).
2. The order of nature is confirmed (Gen. 8: 22).
3. Human government is established (Gen. 9: 1-6).

dine for several years, until at last he was confined to his bed for about the number of years above mentioned. Finally the mortal body was released by death, and the spirit returned unto God who gave it.
4. Earth is secured against another universal judgment by water (Gen. 8: 21; 9: 11).

5. A prophetic declaration is made that from Ham will descend an inferior and servile posterity (Gen. 9: 24, 25).

6. A prophetic declaration is made that Shem will have a peculiar relation to Jehovah (Gen. 9: 26, 27). All divine revelation is thru Semetic men, and Christ, after the flesh, descends from Shem.

7. A prophetic declaration is made that from Japheth will descend the "enlarged" races (Gen. 9: 27). Government, science, and art, speaking broadly, are and have been Japhetic, so that history is the indisputable record of the exact fulfillment of these declarations.

In Gen. 10: 2, we are told the names of the seven sons of Japheth. From the first is descended the Celtic family: from the second, the Scythians or Tartars whose descendants predominate in Modern Russia. See Ezek. 38: 2; 39: 6; Rev. 20: 8. From the third there come the ancient Medes; from the fourth those who peopled Greece, Syria, etc. Tubal, the fifth's descendants peopled the region south of the Black Sea, from whence they spread north and south. It is probable that Tubolsk perpetuates the tribal name. A branch of this race peopled Spain. Meshech, the sixth son was the progenitor of a race mentioned in connection with Tubal, Magog, and other northern nations. Broadly speaking, Russia, excluding the conquests of Peter the Great and his successors, is the modern land of Magog, Tubal, and Meshech: and the Thracians are the descendants of the seventh son of Japheth, Tiras. From these seven sons of Japheth are descended the goyim, or Gentile, nations, translated "heathen" 148 times in the A. V. The name implies nothing concerning religion, meaning non-Israelite, or "foreigner."

We are glad to get in touch with our young people in this way, and if questions are asked we will answer, if able, and if not able, some one else may be found to do so.

MOTHER MADE IT.

I was hurrying along the street in one of our beautiful inland cities, says a writer, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a little boy on the side of the pavement, selling candy. He was not really beautiful, nor was he decidedly the reverse. His age was about nine years; his clothes were old and faded, but well patched. His candy was spread upon a coarse, white cotton cloth, neatly stretched over what had been a japanned salver, and was surrounded by a small group of boys, evidently belonging to different grades of society.

As I came nearly opposite to him, the oft-repeated interlude, "Candy, sir?" fell upon my ears, and, although opposed to the excessive use of candy, I stepped aside to patronize the light-haired, pale, freckled, homespun little representative of trade. I purchased of him, partly for his encouragement, but with particular reference to the friendship of the little folks with which I was a temporary guest.

The candy was as white as the cloth beneath it being free from the poisonous coloring ingredients so extensively used in the confectionery art. I tasted it, and found it delicately flavored and very nice. "My boy," said I. "your candy is very good; let me have a little more." I immediately saw that my remark had awakened in his young heart emotions which in themselves, were quite abstract from the candy trade. His countenance beamed with joy, as he raised his large eyes, sparkling with delight, and with an unconscious outburst of filial affection, replied "It is good, isn't it? Mother made it."

The incident, in itself, was trifling: but the spirit of the language carried my mind back through life more than thirty years, and at irregular intervals bade me pause.
and apply the sentiment to some fact connected with my own history; for I am not ashamed to profess my affection for my parents, and I hope I may not outlive the feeling of gratitude.

When I was a little boy at school and carried my dinner in a satchel made of calico, some of my schoolmates carried theirs in fashionable willow baskets, and sometimes teased me because I carried mine in a “poke.” I felt vexed at their insults, but reconciled myself with the recollection, that if I did carry a calico poke, “Mother made it.” In less than twenty-five years from that time, one of these same schoolmates was happy to avail himself of the privilege of sending his children to my school to receive gratuitous instruction, professed in view of his extreme poverty. His children came to school without any dinner. They had no nice willow basket, and they needed no calico “poke.”

William Foster ruled his copy-book with a pencil set in a fine silver case. He said he would not carry such a great ugly club as some others had, but I had one made with my own manufacture for it, while I was working to assist my father in raising his family; she paid fifty cents for getting the garment cut, and made it herself. John Stokes came one day to my desk, held out his arm, compared his coat-sleeve with mine, and inquired, ironically, where I got such a fine coat. I proudly told him, “Mother made it.” He feigned great surprise, and sarcastically observed he had mistaken it for imported goods: he wished he could get such fine clothes, and wondered if mother would not get him such a fine coat.

A short time afterward, while in a tailor’s shop one morning with a fellow student, John Stokes’s fine coat was brought in by a lad with instructions to scour and press it. He had not been seen the previous night on Water street, rolling in the mud, drunk as Bacchus. He left the school in disgrace. He now lies in a drunkard’s grave.

I boarded myself while attending school from home. I walked 9 miles home at the close of each week, and returned on Monday morning with my loaf of bread under my arm. It would become stale before Friday evening, but I always relished it when I recollected that “Mother made it.”

I am now so far advanced in life that my friends begin to call me old. But I have not lived long enough to learn why I should not still respect my mother and regard her affectionately. She is now quite advanced in years, and has nearly lost her sight. She sits within a few feet of me, sewing up a rent in my linen coat, while I write this. She has been a widow eight years, and is still toiling for the welfare of her children. She has never studied grammar, nor philosophy, nor music. These things were seldom taught in her younger days. But she knows their value, and has toiled hard many a day to purchase books for her children, and support them at school. And shall I now curl the lip of scorn, or blush in company, to hear her substitute a verb of unity for one of plurality, or pronounce a word twenty years before the Websterian era? Never—never! The old dilapidated grammar in my library might vary against her style; but its testimony would be infinitely more terrible against my ingratitude; for I recollect well when she rode seven miles, one cold winter’s day, to sell produce and purchase that book for me, when I was a little boy. It required a sacrifice, but “Mother made it.” God bless the mothers! —Sel.

There is no self-made man in the Kingdom of God.—Capt. A. S. Mahan.
PRAYER; THE IMPORTANCE OF IT.

Prayer is one of the most important things in a Christian's experience. It brings the soul in touch with God, and enables us to draw from him the things we stand in need of.

In the first place in order to find God one must pray earnestly, and afterward it takes the earnest prayer to keep an experience of salvation.

Young people need to be diligent in prayer. Satan will try to make them careless in their secret devotions, because he knows that in this way he can soon overcome the soul. In 1 Thess. 5: 17, Paul tells us to "pray without ceasing," and Jesus says in Matt. 26: 41, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Jesus himself found it necessary to pray, and if he did, surely how much more do we need to pray. Should we find ourselves becoming careless about secret prayer we have cause for alarm and should stir our souls to earnestness, until we again find ourselves overcomers on this line.

Prayer is a sweet privilege and joy to the soul. In prayer we can go to the secret closet and tell God all our troubles and temptations, all our joys and victories, and we come away refreshed and strengthened, feeling that we have in Jesus a friend so precious.

"To lift our hearts to God in prayer Promotes an inward work of grace; It sets us free from earthly care, And brings us to behold his face." —Sel.

TRIALS.

Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Endure hardness as a good soldier. (2 Tim. 2: 13.)

None of us need ever blame outward circumstances if our soul-prosperity begins to decline.

The worst surroundings, if we cannot escape from them, may be overruled to ripen vigorous saints.

Some of the loveliest of Alpine flowers are those that grow, quite surrounded by ice, in the small cup that the sun has melted out for them in the hardened snow.

It is not in well-sheltered gardens, but on the almost shelterless mountainside that you must seek the tree that no storm can uproot. You do not grow oaks under glass roofs, and the more of buffetings and trial the Christian has to stand, the firmer often does his spiritual fibre grow.—C. H. Knight.

Put on the whole, armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil (Eph. 6: 11).

Armed by the armor of God's truth, we shall resist the power of the adversary and withstand his wiles. Satan may tempt us by our circumstances, but, if our circumstances find us under the shadow of the Almighty, dwelling in Christ and saying of Jehovah, our Father, He is our refuge and our fortress, our God in whom we trust, we shall master our circumstances and never suffer them to master us. No evil shall befall us, (Psa. 91), but all things are working together for our good. Our circumstances finding us in God, we shall certainly find God in our circumstances, be they bitter or sweet.—H'm. Hake, Sel., by Mary J. Long.

NEGLECT OF SALVATION.

Neglect is enough to ruin a man. A man who is in business need not commit forgery or robbery to ruin himself; he has only to neglect his business, and his ruin is certain. A man who is lying on a bed of sickness need not cut his throat to destroy himself; he has only to neglect the means of restoration, and he will be ruined. A man floating in a skiff above Niagara need not move an oar, or make an effort to destroy himself; he has only to neglect
THE OUTSIDERS.

(Continued from Page 19)

that the outsiders may be won to a saving knowledge of Him, and how is He straitened until it be accomplished! And His plan for reaching the outsiders is to send men after men. He has established the church that it might be a great winning force, with its organization, its worship, its aggressive and evangelistic methods. He has not bidden us mark time until the world shall come to us, but has directed us to go out into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He has made human personality to be one of the greatest winning forces in the world: but how many bury this talent deep in the earth, at least so far as evangelistic effort is concerned, and never know the joy of winning a soul to Christ! Of course Jesus is the greatest winning force in the world, but how shall they believe on Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? The winning force that we can employ with least trouble to ourselves is a little bit of money, and the most of us probably give that; but the amount is so small that we do not even feel that virtue has gone out of us. Our divinely appointed task is nothing less than this, to reach

using the oar at the proper time, and he will certainly be carried over the cataract. Most of the calamities of life are caused by simple neglect. Let no one infer, therefore, that because he is not a drunkard, or an adulterer, or a murderer, that therefore he will be saved. Such an inference would be as irrational as it would be for a man to infer that, because he is not a murderer, his farm will produce a harvest; or that because he is not an adulterer, therefore his merchandise will take care of itself.

the outsider and win him for Christ. We can do this if we will. We read of beginners who came back from such a mission with the testimony, “Lord, even the devils are subject to us through thy name.” When we throw our prayers and our personality into the real work of winning souls, we shall begin to experience the joy of loving outsiders into the kingdom—the joy that is Christ’s own.—The United Presbyterian.

THE BRAND OF THE CROSS.

“From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.” (Gal. 6: 17.) The word marks in this text is translated by Rotherham, “brand marks.” The word describes a mark that has been branded into flesh, and suggests the idea of the cruel practice of certain nations in branding political offenders in the face with a badge of dishonor which never could be erased. The Greek word literally means “a stigma,” and suggests a mark of reproach and shame. The apostle says that he bears in his body, the branded scar which identifies him with Christ and His Cross.

The kind of mark which he refers to is made plain by the verse almost immediately preceding, “God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world.” It is the cross of Christ which is the object at once of His shame and His glory. Let us look first at the marks of the Lord Jesus, and their reproduction in His followers.

1. The Cross marks of Christ. He was always overshadowed by the cross which at last He bore on Calvary. His life was a life of humiliation and suffering from the manger to the tomb.
1. His birth was under the shadow of dishonor and shame. The shadow that fell upon the virgin mother could not be removed from her child, and even to this day only faith in a supernatural Incarnation can explain that reproach away.

2. His childhood was overshadowed by sorrow. Soon after His birth, He was pursued by Herod with relentless hate, and His early childhood was spent as an exile in the land of Egypt, which was always associated in the history of His people as the house of bondage.

3. His early manhood was spent in toil and poverty and He was known all His later life as "the carpenter's son." A modern painter represents Him as under the shadow of the cross even in His early days at Nazareth, and returning from a day of toil with arms outstretched with weariness, the setting sun flings the shadow of His figure across the pathway, and it falls at His feet as a dark suggestive cross.

4. His life was one of poverty and humiliation. He had not where to lay His head, and when He died His body was laid even in a borrowed tomb.

5. He was rejected and despised by the people among whom He labored. "He came to His own, and His own received Him not." His work was, humanly speaking, a complete failure, and when He left the world He had but a handful of followers who had remained true to His teachings and person.

6. His very friends and companions were of the humblest class, rude fishermen, common people, without culture, and indeed, often without the ability to appreciate their blessed Master. Coming from the society of heaven, how He must have felt the strange difference of these rude associates; and yet, never once did He complain or even intimate the difference.

7. The spirit of His life was ever chastened and humble. The veil of modesty covered all His acts and attitudes. He never boasted or vaunted Himself. "He shall not strive, nor cry, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street," was the prophetic picture which He so literally fulfilled. He sought no splended pageants, asked no earthly honors, and the only time that He did assume the prerogatives of a king, He rode upon the foal of an ass and entered Jerusalem in triumph as the King of meekness rather than of pride.

8. Perhaps the severest of all His life was the repression of Himself. Knowing that He was Almighty and Divine, He yet held back the exercise of His supernatural powers. Knowing that with one withering glance He could have stricken His enemies and laid them lifeless at His feet, He restrained His power. Knowing that He could have summoned all the angels of heaven to His defense, He surrendered Himself to His captors in helplessness and defencelessness. He even surrendered the exercise of His own will, and drew from His heavenly Father the very grace and power which He needed from day to day, the same as any sinful man who lives by faith and prayer. "I can of Mine own self do nothing," He said. "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so My followers shall live by Me." He took the same place of dependence that the humblest believer takes today and in all things lived a life of self-renunciation.

9. At last the climax came in the supreme trial of the judgment hall and the cruel cross. When He became obedient unto death, a death of shame and unparalleled humiliations, insults
and agonies completed His life sacrifices for the salvation of His people. What words can ever describe, what tongue can ever tell the weight, the sharpness, the agony of that cruel cross the fierceness of His fight with the powers of darkness, and the depths of woe when even His Father's face was averted and He bore for us the hell that sin deserved.

10. After His resurrection, He still bore the marks of the cross. The few glimpses that we find of the risen Christ are all marked by the same touches of gentleness, self-abnegation, and suffering. Indeed, the very evidences that He gave them that He was the same Jesus were the marks of the spear and the nails, and in His manifestations of them, especially in that memorable scene at Emmaus we see the same gentle, unobtrusive Christ, walking with them by the way unrecognized, and then quietly vanishing out of their sight when at last they knew Him.

And even on the Throne to which He has now ascended, the same cross marks still remain amid the glories of the heavenly world. John beheld Him as "a Lamb that had been slain," and to still further emphasize the picture He is described by a diminutive term which really means "a little Lamb." The Christ of heaven still bears the old marks of the cross as His highest glory, and His everlasting memorial. Such are the marks of the Lord Jesus and all who claim to be His followers and His ministers may well imitate them. The men who claim to be His apostles and ambassadors, and come to us with the blare of trumpets, the bluster of earthly pageants and the pompous and egotistical boastings of pride and vainglory are false apostles and wretched counterfeiters of the Christ of Calvary and only can deceive the blind and ignorant dupes who know no-thing of the real Christ. "I shall know Him by His scars," said a noble wife, as she searched for the body of her husband on the field of battle. These were the marks of the Master, and they will be worn by His servants, too.

II. The cross marks of the Christian. "The servant is not greater than his Lord." The tests of the Master must be applied to His followers. We may not preach a crucified Savior without being also crucified men and women. It is not enough to wear an ornamental cross as a pretty decoration. The cross that Paul speaks about was burned into his very flesh, was branded into his being, and only the Holy Christ can burn the true cross into our inmost life.

1. We are saved by identification with Christ in His death. We are justified because we have already died with Him and have thus been made free from sin. God does not whitewash people when He saves them. He has really visited their sins upon their great Substitute, the Lord Jesus Christ, and every believer was counted as in Him when He died, and so His death is our death, and puts us in the same position before the law of the supreme Judge, as if we had already been executed and punished for our own guilt and for us the judgment was already past. Therefore, it is true of every believer, "He that believeth in Me is not condemned, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death into life." The cross, therefore, is the very standpoint of the believer's salvation, and we shall never cease to echo the song of heaven, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honor and glory and blessing."

2. We are sanctified by dying with Christ to sin. When He hung on Calvary, He had not only made a settle-
ment for our acts of sin, but He bore with Him on that cross our sinful self and by faith, we reckon ourselves as actually crucified with Him there to the whole life of sin. It is our privilege, therefore, to identify ourselves with Christ in His death so fully that we may lay our sinful nature upon Him and utterly die to it, and then receive from Him, a life all new, divine, and pure, and henceforth say, “I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.” Sanctification is not the cleaning of the old life, but the crucifying of that life and substituting for it the very life of Christ Himself, the Holy and the Perfect One.

3. We must keep sanctified by “dead reckoning.” And dead reckoning is just the reckoning of ourselves as “dead to sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ.” It is not a matter of mere feeling and experience, but a counting upon Him as our life, and drawing it from God as we draw our breath from the air around us.

4. Our spiritual life is perfected by the constant recognition of the cross and our unceasing application of it to all our life and being. We must live by the cross, and pass from death to death, and life to life by constant “fellowship with His sufferings and conformity unto His death” until at last we shall “attain unto the resurrection from among the dead.”

Now this principle of death and resurrection lies all thru nature as well as the Bible. The autumn leaves with their rich crimson are just as a parable of nature’s dying to make way for the resurrection of the coming spring. Pick up an acorn in the forest yonder, and in its heart, as you break the shell, you will find a crimson hair line as the cross-mark of its hidden life. When it bursts thru the ground in the spring, the first opening leaf is red, the color of the cross, and when the leaf dies and falls in autumn it wraps itself in the same crimson hue.

But all this is but a stepping stone of the life that follows. Look at the structure and growth of a flower. First, the calyx or flower cup tightly clasps the enfolding petals, refusing to let go, the type of our clinging self life, holding tightly to ourselves. But gradually, these fingers relax, these folds unclasp, and at length the petals burst open in all their fragrance and beauty. But still the calyx holds them tightly as if they would never let go, but hour by hour, as the flower-life advances, those petals have to relinquish their grasp, and in a little while they give up their hold upon the blossom and it floats away on the summer winds and seems to perish. “The flower fadeth,” the beauty of nature dies. But observe, after that death comes a richer life. Behind the flower you will notice a seed pod. It also is held for a time by the grasp of another cup. But as the seeds ripen, even they must let go this grasp, and gradually the seed pod relaxes and at length bursts open and the seeds are scattered and sink into the the ground and die. But from the buried seed comes forth a new resurrection of plants and trees and flowers and fruits. The whole process is one of dying and living, one life giving place to a higher, and all moving steadily on to the reproduction of the plant and the stage of fruit bearing.

So marked is this principle in the natural world, that botanists tell us that when a flower gives too much attention to the blossom and develops into a double flower, which is the most beautiful form of the bloom, it becomes barren and fruitless. Nature puts its ban upon self life even in a flower. It must die and pass away if it would bear much fruit. Your beautiful double
petunia is no good; that humble, single petalled blossom has in it the life of another generation. And so our spiritual life must pass down to deeper deaths and on and up to higher experiences of life, or we shall lose even what we have. We cannot cling to the sweetest spiritual experiences, the fondest object of our highest joy, without ceasing to grow and bear that fruit which is the very nature of our salvation.

Let us look at this principal of death in our deeper life.

(a) We must learn not only to give up our wrongs, but even our rights. It is little that we should turn from sin; if we are to follow Christ, and His consecration, we must turn from the things that are not sinful and learn the great lesson of self-renunciation, even in rightful things. The everlasting ideal is “He who though in the form of God thought it not a thing to be eagerly grasping that He should be equal with God, but emptied Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.”

There are many things which it were not wrong to keep and hold as your own, but in keeping them He would lose and you would lose much more.

(b) We have the cross mark upon our affections and friendships. Thus Abraham gave up his Isaac, and received him back with a new touch of love as God’s Isaac now. We shall find that most of the lives that count much for God had somewhere in them a great renunciation, where the dearest idol was laid upon Moriah’s altar and from that hour there was new fruit and power.

(c) Our prayers must often have the mark of the cross upon them. We ask and we receive the promise and assurance of the answer and then we must often see that answer apparently buried and forgotten, and long after, come forth to our amazement and surprise, multiplied with blessings that have grown out of the very delay and seeming denial.

(d) So the life of our body which we may claim from Him, must also be marked with the cross. It is only after the strength of nature fails us that the strength of God can come in, and even then the answer is sometimes not given until we have first surrendered it to Him and been willing to give up even life and learn to seek the Blesser rather than the blessing. Then often God reveals Himself to us as a Healer, as He could not do until we were wholly abandoned to His will.

(e) Our religious experiences must have the mark of the cross upon them. We must not cling even to our peace and joy and spiritual comfort. Sometimes, the flower must fade that the fruit may be more abundant and that we may learn to walk by faith and not by sight.

(f) Our service for God must be buried often before it can bring forth much fruit. And so God sometimes calls us to a work and makes it appear to fail in its early stages, until we cry in discouragement, “I have labored in vain. I have spent my strength for naught.” Then it comes forth Phoenix-like from the flames, and blossoms and buds until it fills the face of the world with fruit. So God writes the mark of the cross on everything, until by and by, the very grave may be the passport to a better resurrection and death be swallowed up in victory. Nay, we believe that the universe itself has yet to pass through its dissolution and come forth in the glory of a final resurrection that the marks of the Lord Jesus may, at last, be written upon the very earth and heaven, and the universe to its furthest bounds re-echo the great
Redemption song: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

Beloved, have you the marks of the Lord Jesus? These sacrifices to which He sometimes calls us are just great investments that He is asking us to make and that He will refund to us with accumulated interest in the age to come. So it is said, good Richard Cecil once asked his little daughter, as she sat upon his knee, with a cluster of pretty glass beads around her neck, if she truly loved him, and if she loved him enough to take those beads and fling them into the fire. She looked in his face with wonder and grief, she could hardly believe that he meant such sacrifice. But his steady gaze convinced her that he was in earnest, and with trembling, reluctant steps she tottered to the grate, and clinging to them with reluctant fingers, at last dropped them into the fire, and then flinging herself into his arms, she sobbed herself to stillness in the bewilderment and perplexity of her renunciation. He let her learn her lesson fully, but a few days later she found upon her dressing case, on her birthday, a little package, and on opening it, lo, inside was a cluster of real pearls strung upon a necklace and bearing her name with her father's love. She had scarcely time to grasp the beautiful present as she flew to his presence and throwing herself in his arms, she said, "Oh papa, I am so sorry that I did not understand."

Some day, beloved, in His arms, you, too, will understand. He does not always explain it now. He lets the cross have all its sharpness. He lets the weary years go by; but, oh, some day we will understand, and be so glad that we were permitted to bear with Him and for Him the "brand marks of the Lord Jesus." — A. B. Simpson in the Alliance Weekly.

TESTING GOD'S PROMISES.

Among the hills of New Hampshire there was a noble farm, whose thriving corn fields were the pride of the neighborhood. The farmer was a rich man, and his fine barns, graneries, woodpiles, and well kept fences showed that he looked well to his business; he was rich also in a warm heart; for, having no children of his own he and his excellent wife took one little motherless child after another to their hearts and home, until six adopted children sat at their table and filled their home with gladness. Nor did their riches end here. He had a treasure laid up in heaven. The farmer was rich in faith, and his pious example shone with a beautiful light all around. The little church not far off, loved and honored him, and made him one of its officers. The people loved and honored him, and appointed him selectman of the village. A useful and happy life was his.

Time went by with its changes, and some it brought to the deacon. His children one by one married and settled, and at last his wife died, his companion for forty years, and he was left alone. Old age had crept on, and he began to need the affectionate care which, in other days, he had so freely given to others. A son invited him to make his house his home; and friends invited him to go and spend the rest of his days in that ease and comfort which he could so well afford. It was hard to sell "the old place;" but he could do what seemed best, since, loving it as he did, he looked forward to that sweeter rest which remains for the people of God beyond the grave. It was a sorrowful day to the little church when the good man took his leave, and his seat was empty in the pew.
In a few years, the son failed in business, and the failure swept away the largest half of the old man's property. Other losses followed in its wake, and like Job, he was well nigh stripped of everything. Scarcely enough was left for his daily bread. Unwilling to be a burden, he yearned for his early home, and only wished that he might end his days there. Back he traveled to his native village. He knocked at the old farm gate, and begged for lodgings beneath the old farm roof. The young farmer bade him welcome. A bargain was struck, and the old man became a hired servant where he was once the master. But no complaint of a "hard lot" ever fell from his lips. A sweet content filled his soul. Morning, midnight, and evening, snatches of prayer and praise floated from his bedroom into the kitchen and over the green, catching the ears of the young farmer and his wife, who often stopped and hearkened to the strain.

But what could the old man do? He could no longer swing the axe, handle the hoe, or turn the furrow, as he once had. The hard, rough work of life must be done by stronger hands than his. Ah, there was work to be done, precious work, that he could. There were little children to be watched and tended and a burdened mother to relieve. And before many months it was plain how their little hands and hearts were stretched lovingly toward him, and even baby chirped more cheerily in his arms. It was a touching sight to see him on the log under the old beech tree, one on his bosom, another hugging his knees, a third kneeling at his side, listening with eager face to "little Moses hid in the bulrushes," or "Samuel hearkening to God," or the "mocking children ate up by bears," or "that sweet little story of old, the infant Jesus in a manger, their own blessed Savior."

The old man was never tired of these labors of love. And do you think the father and mother could help hearing what pleased their children so? No, no. His good words and simple, godly talk sunk into their hearts as well as the children's like small seeds into the bosom of the earth.

"Oh," sighed the young mother, in her innermost heart, "I want to be like that good man."

"That's the religion for me," said the strong farmer, thinking of it over his plow. Then they asked him to come and pray with them. And the good deacon fetched out his old Bible, and set up the family altar once more, as it used to be under the old roof in his day. And this pleased God, and He sent His Holy Spirit down into the little household: Jesus was there; and the farmer and his wife sought Jesus and found Him; and by and by they united with the little church hard by. Then they called the old man "father" and the little ones called him "dear grandfather," and he had the best seat in the chimney corner, and nothing was too good for him to have.

Because, you observe, when "hard times came to him, as they have come to hundreds and thousands in our land, he did not grumble and complain, or lose faith and get discouraged; he did just what David tells us to do." "Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." And didn't he find it true?

—Sunday School Evangelist.

CONVERSION OF A JEWESS.

A Jewess, a lady in Baltimore, gave herself to Jesus. There was a general meeting in progress, in which there was noticed a Jewess several evenings. Her husband, a gay man of the world, was
in the habit of passing his evenings with congenial friends at the theatre and other places of amusement, leaving her at home alone.

To relieve the monotony of an evening (the nearest Church being situated in the same street), she slipped out, and, impelled by curiosity, attended one of the services. The first evening's services left no particular impression. The question simply arose in her mind, just as a cloud floats over the sky.

"Suppose that Jesus was the Messiah!"

The next night Jesus again was preached, and before the sermon was over, the question became more than a question; she said to herself.

"Jesus was, perhaps, the Messiah," and it greatly distressed her.

On the third night the thought seized her soul and shook it through and through:

"Jesus was the Messiah."

Of course there came with it—inevitable to a Jewess—the conviction, "I am lost forever, for my people slew Him." And in that spirit she went home sobbing and wailing.

Her husband returned at midnight, and she met him in tears and said at once, "Go to some Christian neighbor's and borrow for me a New Testament." He tried to laugh her out of her impressions, or argue her out of them; but it was of no use, and so for the love he bore her, he went out at half-past twelve in the morning and rang up a Christian neighbor. When he came to the door the caller said, "I beg your pardon, but will you be so kind as to loan me a New Testament?"

You may be sure the request was most cheerfully granted. The neighbor thought, "There is a work in that house to be done for Jesus to-night," and as soon as he could properly dress himself he hurried to a Christian brother's and with him repaired to the Jewish mansion.

The door was instantly opened, and the mistress met them with a smile, saying, "I have found Jesus!" And then she told the story I have told you, with this addition: she said that when the New Testament was put in her hands she went into her room, and kneeling, lifted up her face toward heaven, and cried, "O Lord God of my fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, give me light, give me light!" She opened the Testament with closed eyes, and opened it at the beginning of the epistle to the Romans.

She read slowly, and the verses went tearing through her soul like hot thunderbolts, until she came to the sixteenth verse—"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth, to the Jew first"—there she stopped; her bursting tears blinded her. She looked again. "It is to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." As she read these words she believed them, and she knew it. When the Christian brethren came, she was a Christian.—Hebrew Christian.

HARVEST MEETING.

At Elizabethtown M. H. on Sept. 5, at 2 p. m. All are invited.

The youthful nations of Japan, Turkey, Persia and now the infant China, are bestirring themselves—let us bestir ourselves also in giving them the gospel of their salvation.

155,000,000 professes Christian people living in "Christian nations" with Christian prosperity and plenty, gave $25,000,000 last year for foreign missionary work.
TIME, DEATH AND ETERNITY.

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

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

And, reader, thine own turn to enter Eternity will shortly come. Ask thyself honestly, "Am I prepared for Eternity." Give thy conscience time to answer; listen, it speaks to thee 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 today 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. Today 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!"

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

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

—TOMBSTONE EPISTAPH—

What an epitaph would that be. What a sad word to close up the history of a being destined for immortality—lost! Young, brave, polite, witty—but lost! Beautiful, amiable, caressed, flattered—but lost! Serious, moral, courteous, affectionate—but lost! Correct in deportment, a church-goer, benevolent, learned, respected—but lost!

Reader, shall such a record be written above the resting place of your buried hopes? "Lost! Lost!" Oh, 'tis a terrible thing to be lost in the wilderness; to be lost at sea; to have your ship ground to fragments amid the roaring tumult of the breakers and the frowning terrors of a lee shore; to feel that only one single plank holds you back from death, and that that will soon be swept from your enfeebled grasp; but oh, how much more terrible to be lost in eternity, to be ship-wrecked and dashed along dark ruin's fiery coast, to be drowned in destruction and perdition, to be lost amid the surging billows of the lake of fire and brimstone—to be Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! From mercy, and joy, and bliss—lost from peace, and life, and gladness—lost beyond hope or help, beyond remedy or release.

—TERRIBLE TO SEEK FOR PLEASURE—

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

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

—CHRISTLESS READER LOST NOW——

Christless reader, you are lost now. Not fatally, not irrecoverably. Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Christ is thy hope. You are a "lost sheep," but the Shepherd of Israel seeks you today. You are a lost son, but a father's heart yearns over the absent prodigal. Will you return? Ah, you are in darkness—you know not how. Let me tell you: Years ago a man was benighted in one of the mining regions in England. He lost his way. It was dark. Dangers were thick around him. The next step