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The Earth Shall Be Full of the Knowledge of the Lord, as the Waters Cover the Sea. — Isa. XI, 9.

Some trust in Chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. — Psa. 20, 7.

Evangelical Visitor.

GRANTHAM, PA.
August 24, 1914.
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FOR INFORMATION and LITERATURE re OXYGEN HEALING write to the EDITOR.
EDITORIAL:-
Secrecy's Way, .......................... 2
Cruel War .................................. 4
Notes and Special Mention, .......... 5
Sanctification, ............................ 6

POETRY: -
Bartimeus, .................................. 15

CONTRIBUTED:-
God's Gracious Invitation, Norman Church, .............................. 7
Donts for Parents, Jacob Zercher, ... 8
The three R's in Christ, Isaiah Basehore, 8
A Look Beyond the Vale, Amos Dick, 10

SELECTED:-
Clergymen and the Sick. ............... 1
Happy Nancy's Secret, .................. 22
Prayer, ..................................... 23
Conviction of Sin in Revivals, .......... 25
Healed and Quickened by the Indwelling Spirit, ................ .................. 27
Personal Work, ............................ 31

NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY, ETC., 16
OBITUARY ETC., .......................... 20
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, ........................ 21

CLERGYMEN AND THE SICK.

The bishop of London recently spoke of the growing tendency to keep people out of the sick-room. He had consulted some of the physicians of London and they agreed that they "had never traced the slightest harm to the spiritual attentions of the earnest, tactful minister." The bishop remarked that it was the duty of the clergymen to make a protest against the sick being debarred from the comfort of spiritual ministration. "After all," said the bishop, "it is only a certain class of doctors who are responsible for the attempt to keep out the clergy." Among the best and highest of the medical profession are most devoted church-

men, and they, together with the whole church, are against shutting the door of the sick-room on the clergy. This is an important subject. If the clergyman has no place in the sick-room, he has, unless specifically invited, no place as a pastor anywhere. Of course, if the sufferer does not wish to see him, a clergyman should not be forced to him, nor should he be forced into the room against the expressed will of the physician based on the condition and possibilities of the case. A clergyman who never visits his people except when they are very sick may do damage by the mere fact of his appearance, the patient concluding that his case is hopeless. But it is seldom that a Christian physician, knowing the pastor of the family to be discreet, objects. On the contrary, physicians suggest calling him in. But agnostic physicians, or men who have no interest in the Christian religion or church, sometimes have extraordinary influence over a devout family and bar out the minister of religion. One of that class would conceal from the dying patient the fact that he was going to die, even when all hope had been given up. He was also in the habit of proposing to the family the administration of an opiate under the effects of which the patient would pass away without pain. A religious family, having a religious pastor who does not combine the role of quack doctor with that of minister, desires the minister to visit the patient, both for religious conversation and friendly intercourse and encouragement. —The Christian Advocate.

"Ask and ye shall receive."
EDITORIAL.

SECRECY'S WAY.

An article in the *Christian Cynosure* for August written by Pres. Charles A. Blanchard under the heading "Lodges and Civil Government," gives account of how the lodge makes its influence felt in politics reaching from the federal government at Washington to cities and towns throughout the land. According to the writer the lodge is an expert in planning and carrying out its work, mostly under cover but none the less sure. Anti-Catholic papers are loud in their denunciation of such tactics in the Roman church. These papers, particularly *The Menace* and *American Citizen*, are as strongly pro-Masonic as they are anti-Catholic. They denounce in strongest terms the tactics of the Catholics in breaking up anti-Catholic meetings, seemingly not knowing that Masonry is doing the same thing in its opposition to anti-secrecy work. Mr. Blanchard gives a concrete example of such work by the lodges of Humbolt, Nebraska, so late as July 1914. This little city is located halfway between St. Joseph, Mo., and Lincoln, Neb., and contains a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a German Methodist and a Christian church, also a small Baptist organization. The lodges represented there are the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias and several others. A month or so ago The National Christian Association sent Rev. Adam Murrman and wife there to represent its cause. He was permitted to give addresses of a Biblical and evangelistic character in the Methodist church, without disturbance, but when he commenced to inform the people respecting secret societies, immediately there was agitation. Lodge men began to com-
plain, to threaten, to protest. They blamed the minister for inviting him to his pulpit, and criticised the people who had favored him, and said he ought to be driven out of town. The situation became more tense, and more serious consequences were seemingly providentially prevented as will be seen in the following paragraphs which we quote from the article:

"On Monday evening July 6 he was giving an address in the public square. There were interruptions by lodge men and others instigated by them not intended to throw light upon the facts but to confuse and discredit the lecturer. He was asked whether he had belonged to lodges. He was told that if he had not belonged to lodges, he could not know anything about them, and a large company of lodge men, assembled for the purpose, greeted with jeering laughter his replies. Some secret plans were made to deal with him. We do not know what they were in detail; there was talk of tar and feathers, there was talk of an automobile ride such as Mr. Patmont was treated to from Danville in our own state. When he said a number of times he would on the following evening present authorities which were asked for, the jeering lodge men cried out, 'There will be trains out of town before tomorrow night.' The direct intimation being that he would be compelled to leave town; the indirect inference, understood by lodge men alone perhaps, had reference to such mob conveyance as has been repeatedly employed on recent occasions.

"After the close of the address which was interrupted by the heckling above mentioned, he went to the fountain near the stand to take a drink of water. At once the lodge men commenced closing in around him. He turned hastily to leave the fountain and providentially ran into the arms of the Mayor of the city. The Mayor at once did his duty as a public official and ordered the mob to stand back. They did so with a great deal of reluctance, but were not ready to make a public assault on the chief executive of the town. He therefore began to walk along the streets of the city toward the temporary home of Mr. Murrman. Mrs. Murrman was on one side, the Mayor on the other, the crowd hooting and yelling and cursing followed along until they reached their home, the Mayor seeking to quiet them and finally dispersing. The family with whom Mr. and Mrs. Murrman were lodged were terrified and wished them to leave the house immediately. Of course if they had attempted to do this in the night and the mob had become aware of the fact, the story would have had a different and more tragic conclusion than we must now record."

On July 10, Mr. Blanchard, the writer, at the request of the secretary of the association went to Humboldt. Further efforts to hold meetings on the public square were futile as the Mayor claimed he would be unable to insure adequate protection. Churches were closed against them because of trustee lodge men. The only place where they could publicly address the people on the question of the lodge was the lawn of a staunch friend of the cause. The writer further says there have been three institutions in this country which have denied the right of free speech to those who did not approve them: the American Slave System, the Saloon and the American Lodge Movement. Further on he rather hesitatingly adds another—the Roman Church. The anti-slavery advocate received unpleasant attention from the Slave System. The
anti-Saloon agitator is frequently given the same kind of treatment. Lodge men are not behind the others when it comes to deal with those who show the people the inside workings of the lodge, and Roman Catholicism has of late in a number of cities in these free United States shown what it can and will do to those whose anti-Romish work they fear and hate. The Slave System has been dealt with by an aroused people and is dead. The Saloon System we hope will soon have received its death blow, and may we not hope that the other two will also be outlawed and brought to complete desolation by an enlightened people.

CRUEL WAR.

For more than forty years there has been no serious war between any of the nations of Christendom. There was the Boer war in South Africa, the war between Russia and Japan, the war in eastern Europe affecting the smaller states there, but the war between Germany and France in the early seventies of the nineteenth century was the last great war between civilized nations. It was hoped and people prophesied that in consequence of the advanced civilization, as influenced by the ethics of Christianity there would be no more such destructive wars among what are known as Christian nations. But the breaking out of this gigantic struggle among these very nations, the end and result of which no one can see or foretell, shows how vain was the hope of universal peace with the hearts of men unchanged. Where Christ the Prince of peace reigns there war and fighting is past. Where Jesus has the right of way war ceases, and when once He comes and takes the reigns of power wars will cease. He said, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight." O how He must be grieved as He looks down on these fighting madmen. Men being mown down light ripened grain by the modern instruments of destruction, widows and orphans at home starving being robbed of their supporter without knowing why except that he was called to join the soldier ranks and try and kill as many men of other soldier ranks as he possibly can, men whom he does not know, against whom he can have no lawful hatred or grudge. O how awful it all is! May God pity, and may He direct the hearts of those rulers of the nations towards a peaceful settlement of the differences between them, so that the terrible carnage and blood shed may speedily cease, and men and nations learn that the arts of peace are more noble than the arts of war. The Savior said to His disciples that wars and rumors of wars would be one of the conditions that mark the time of His absence from them; and truly this has been the case, but soon He will be crowned King of kings and Lord of lords, then shall peace be established. And in view of all that that means we may join in the prayer of the Revelator, "Even so, Come Lord Jesus."

"Jesus is coming! His saints to release;
Coming to give to the warring earth peace;
Sinning, and sighing, and sorrow shall cease,
Jesus is coming again!"

On a recent Sunday the Sunday schools studied once more about the fig tree to which Jesus came expecting to find figs to still His hunger and found nothing but leaves. There should have
been fruit for the promise was there, but when He came to it He found “Nothing but leaves!” And we applied it to the Jewish people and said it fitted them, that they had been placed into the place of privilege; they had much of ceremonial, leaves, in their worship, much of profession, but failed to bring forth the fruit they should. But if we failed to bring home the lesson to our own hearts, examining ourselves as to what we are bearing of fruit for the Master, or possibly if He would find Nothing but Leaves. The old hymn is still appropriate:

Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain,
We sow our seeds to'tares and weeds—
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves
No vail to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

Ah, who would thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

It is frequently said that death is no respecter of persons. There is no station of life that is fortified against its approach. It enters the homes of the rich and powerful as freely as the homes of the poor and lowly. On Aug. 6, its summons came to the home of President Wilson in Washington and took away the beloved wife of the President leaving the stricken family in deepest sorrow, and throughout the nation there is a feeling of deep sympathy and sadness. Of Mrs. Wilson it is said she was a noble personality, of rugged character and a valuable help-mate to her husband, and a tender, loving and considerate mother to her children. She was of a quiet disposition, unobtrusive and commendably modest, a model of American womanhood.

The brethren of Ringgold, Md., dis. announce a love feast to be held at the Ringgold M. H. on Oct. 24, 25, and extend a cordial invitation to all to come and enjoy the season with them. Also that a series of meetings will begin at the Hollowell M. H. in the same district on Oct. 25, evening. These meetings it is expected will be conducted by Eld. Abner Martin of Elizabethtown, Pa. All are invited.

On Sept. 5 and 6, a love feast will be held at Dallas Center, Iowa, in the meeting house. A hearty invitation is extended to all.

Many of our readers are acquainted with the work of The Vanguard Association of St. Louis, Mo. Announcement is made of a Camp Meeting in connection with this work to be held in Marvin Park, St. Louis, from Aug. 27 to Sept. 7, 1914, and a general invitation is extended to all. Evangelist S. B. Shaw of Grand Rapids, Mich.,
and other workers will have charge of the services.

SANCTIFICATION.

We would impress this thought upon the church, that holiness is of the highest importance. Let us go on “perfecting holiness in the fear of God.” If we are born again we are in the stream that issues from the threshold of the house. Let us yield to the leadings of the Spirit that we may be led from ankle deep to knee deep, to the loins, onward to the risen water, where it is a river to swim (Ezek. 47). Are we not too prone to be contented with the shallow water of ankle depth, and afraid of the river where bottom (earth) is lost? “And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ (I Thess. 5:17, 18).

DEGREES IN HOLINESS.—“In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth into an holy temple in the Lord” (Eph. 2:21). Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit perfecting holiness in the fear of God” (II Cor. 7:1). “Ye also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ” (I Pet. 2:5). “Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness. But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To Him be glory both now and forever. Amen. (II Pet. 3:17, 18).

The aggregate of home life is the life of peoples or nations. The home life is the true life. Hypocrisy and incompetency cannot hide themselves in the home. Every infirmity and weakness are laid bare. The whole character is exposed. Every good quality is in requisition, and the lack makes a prominent vacancy. Religion pure and undefiled is the stay of the family and the nation.

On account of the conditions produced by the war in Europe Bro. Dan’t Winger, on advice of the F. M. B., has postponed his departure for the Africa Mission field for a later date. His address for the present is Grantham, Pa.

OUR BIBLE OFFER.

For $6.00 we will send a $10.00 India Paper Combination Bible to any address, or For $6.75 we will send an $8.00 Scofield, India Paper, Bible, to any address. With thumb index 25 cents extra.

OUR COMBINATION OFFER.

For 60 cents we will send prepaid (1) a beautiful Wall Calendar for 1915. It has a beautiful Bible picture for each month and a Scripture text for every day. The price is 25 cents. (2) A wall motto, velvet finish, price 30 cents, entitled “Home Blessings,” (3) A wall motto, velvet finish, price 25 cents, entitled “Rules for Today.” So for 60 cents we will give 80 cents worth.

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

All new subscribers will from now on be credited until Jan 1916 for one dollar.
“Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool” (Isa. 1: 18).

Come now. These words were spoken by Isaiah to the people of Judah. They had strayed away from God, and became rebellious. But although they were in such a wicked condition, God still had love for them, and sent his Word by the prophet offering them pardon and mercy if they would return unto Him. Although they were rebellious yet God still wanted them to return to Him, and in the words of the foregoing verse, He wanted them to come immediately and reason with Himself. So we can come in our day and likewise reason with Him and if we reason right, and God convinces us, we can have the promise fulfilled in us, that our dark life and sins can be cleansed and made white as the snow. The Apostle Paul in writing to the Corinthian church, tells them that this is the accepted time, this the day of salvation. Peter tells the multitude on the day of Pentecost, “Repent and be baptised every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, for the promise is to you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.” Here we see the difference between the Jews of Isaiah’s time and those in the time of the apostles. Although they heard the message from Isaiah’s lips, yet very few repented, but when Peter spoke at least 3,000 people believed and were cleansed from their sins, and continued with the apostles in fellowship and prayer. Under the Gospel Dispensation everybody who feels his, or her, need of a new heart and clean pure life can find it by applying to the fountain head, Jesus Christ. He says, “Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest.” This means every one, irrespective of color, nationality, or caste, God will not turn a man or woman away because they are black, although men will despise one who is not the same color or nation as themselves. We often hear the expression, oh he’s just a nigger or a chink and don’t amount to much anyway, and sometimes justice is perverted because of this race pride which fills men’s hearts. But the Word of God says there is no difference between the Jew and Greek, and also that there is no respect of persons with God. If we have the love of God reigning in our hearts, all pride and formality will be taken out, and we shall be free (freed from the bondage of sin) and have liberty in Christ Jesus.

Let us from henceforth live for God, and when we do this, we shall be able to love our fellow men better and lift them up out of the gutter of sin, and point them to Jesus, the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world.
Let us sow morning, noon, and evening and when God comes the harvest will be reaped and we shall all be taken home if we remain faithful here.

"Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve,
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

Norman Church.

Kindersley, Sask.

DONT'S FOR PARENTS.

Dont neglect to instruct early in the ways of God.
Dont discourage when the Spirit leads to give their young hearts to God, altho tender in years.
Dont expect too much of children.
Dont neglect to teach them early to work with their hands.
Dont let a child have its own way, when old enough to train.
Dont spare the rod when needed.
Dont ever scare children in any way.
Dont neglect to instruct them to be polite, and kind, to old people especially.
Dont pen a child in a dark place for a punishment.
Dont make children believe there is a Santa Claus, or any other kind of lies.
Dont promise children any thing and refuse to give it to them, be it a present, or a punishment.
Dont raise them so that when they must get out to strange people they can't be liked.
Dont let them run with any kind of company.
Dont put any thing on their bodies, sisters, which you would not put on your own.
Dont plant pride when young, and when older, have to try to root it out, it may not go so well.

Dont call children kids, as is the practice of so many people, (but not of children of God). Kids are young goats and the goats were set on the left. The Savior said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which is on the right hand, therefore it is not scriptural.

Dont laugh at their mistakes, better never laugh, the fool laughs.

THE THREE R'S IN CHRIST.

"And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as streams of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary place (Isa. 32: 2).

We at once note that the beauty and setting of this verse compel attention, and exert a charm. We in this passage of scripture have three figures of speech, three classes of needs and three promises to meet these diverse needs.

(I.) REFUGE.

"A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." The people in the far east, and also in our western countries, know the meaning of having a hiding place from the storm. We live a life exposed to and subject to greater storms than sweep over our prairies, and more to be feared than our cold blasts from the north. We are exposed to the storms of affliction, the terrors of a troubled conscience, and the on coming of divine judgment if we have lived in sin. We may flatter ourselves in our own strength, but it will not be long until, we will find that we need shelter, a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest. Oh brother, sister, the storms of life may beat, but God is
a Refuge for all who will flee to Him. “God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present help in time of trouble” (Psa. 46: 1,2). Where do you go when the storms come? Praise the dear Lord, we have found Him to be our shelter, and a hiding place. “He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of Jehovah, He is my refuge and fortress; my God in whom I trust” (Psa. 91: 1,2).

Beloved this is for the child of God, but where does the sinner go when the storms of life beat upon him? He seeks a hiding place in the world, but it is not satisfying. The only safe hiding place is in the “Cleft of the Rock” (Psa. 94: 22).

(II.) REFRESHMENT.

“As streams of water in a dry place.” The desert is not only without shelter, it is also without water, and if travelers do not prepare themselves, how many will perish along the way. Here we can compare the desert to the life of sin. If we do not partake of the Water of Life (which is Christ) we also will perish in the desert. It is so sad that many, and especially the young, and sad to say, some so called Christians, seek for refreshment in this sin-cursed world. We seek refreshment in so many ways and in so many wrong places. And we find that the world has nothing to satisfy, nor to meet our deepest needs. The world cannot satisfy the thirst for happiness, for consolation, for reconciliation, for peace. Every promise the world holds out is like a deep mirage in the desert, instead of being an oasis, and all its promises tend but to destroy. Thus the Water of Life and refreshment that shall last for time and eternity is the only kind worthy to seek after. “The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and he that is athirst, let him come. He that will let him come, and take the water of life freely” (Rev. 22: 17. R. V.).

We find that this world without Christ is dangerous, dry, without hope. We surely do dwell in a dry land where no water is, and feel to say with the poet, “I heard the voice of Jesus say, Behold I freely give, The living water, thirsty one, Stoop down and drink, and live. I come to Jesus and I drank Of that life-giving stream, My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.”

(III.) REST.

“As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” We do not need to go far in the world until we find out that it is not only dangerous and dry, but oh such a wearisome place, and if we seek rest in the world we may be resembled to caged birds, beating out their lives against the bars of the cage. How infinitely wearisome the life of sin is. Study the faces of men and women in sin. Do they not seem void of all traces of peace, joy, refreshment, and rest?

“Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest” (Matt. 11: 28,28,30). Here we have both soul and body rest found in Jesus. Rest, what a sweet sound and how many neglect to seek for it. Oh! sinner, let me appeal to you, turn to Christ, and find sweet rest. The desert journey is so long, so languid so monotonous, Oh: for the shadow of a great rock!

Rest, what a sweet sound. We shall often be weary, and faint as was our Lord (who often was tired physically) of His work but never weary of it. There is never a day so weary, beloved,
but that you may have a resting place. Protected from the biting storms, or the driving rain, and refreshed by the water, of which if a man drink he shall never thirst, we may rest, then we can say, "I sat under His shadow with great delight," (Song of Sol. 2: 3). And again the words of the poet.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast. I came to Jesus as I was— Weary, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a resting place, And He has made me glad. Refuge, Refreshment, Rest."

A great hope for our great need. A man shall be these things for us, Who can this man be: The answer is Jesus of Nazareth. Thank God there is a man able to shelter and to give rest, the Man Christ Jesus, our Elder Brother. Beloved may we find in Him our all and in all, and our never failing treasure; May we be earnestly engaged in His service till He comes, to gather in His jewels.

Praise God for such a Saviour that saves from all sin. Amen.

I. F. Basehore.

Blackethtown, Pa.

A LOOK BEYOND THE VALE.

(Note:— The following oration was delivered at the Messiah Bible School and Missionary Training Home, June 17, 1914, by Bro. Amos D. M. Dick, graduate, at the annual Commencement Exercises.)

Eternity! Ah, that is a word that is clothed with the mists of death; death, that gloomy, shadowy vale thru which we all must some day pass. Terrible are the pitfalls and shadowy are the depths with which it is filled, a vale that is only the termination of a larger vale between the rocky crags of two un-

known and unrevealed eternities—Life. How seldom it is that in the turmoil of life, the busy creatures of the earth halt in their mad rush thru this short pre-eternal existence, to consider and contemplate the land beyond this vale of tears and strife!

(Ah, if we but pause a moment and allow our minds to ponder over that which is to come, it appeals to us that in so short a time as we have in which to prepare for so long a journey, we should be striving, agonizing and exerting every one of the delicate faculties with which God has entrusted us, in one tremendous, unceasing and exhaustive effort to please the infinite mind of our equally infinite Creator, so that in our frequent looks beyond the vale we might see awaiting us that crown of righteousness and that spotless robe of glory; that mansion eternal, built of precious stones: framed by Him from the good deeds, kind words, pure thoughts, and living supplications of faith of His saints—all of which are laid up in store for those who endure to the end of the race.

Halt, brother, sister! You who profess to know Him. Before you lift your eyes to the hills of the great beyond, pause just a brief moment and look about your feet. From what point of observation are you about to contemplate the scenes beyond the vale of death? Are your feet entangled in the webs of deceit and lust with which the world is spun full? Are your hands besmirched with the taint of poisonous habits, or the itching after worldly gain? Are your eyes beclouded and dimmed by the vanities of this world? Have they become accustomed to look up, forward, straight to the goal, as true soldiers of our infallible Leader, Jesus Christ? Ah, if they have not, you cannot of a reality even catch a glimpse of the glory that is to be revealed in the last day, or the stern realities of the judgment. Has your soul been yearning with an inexpressible desire, and a hope, which deferred maketh sick the heart, to know more about Him, or has it been sickened by
the love of earthly things? Have your lips been tainted with the foolishness of the world, or have they been uttering songs of praise to Him? If you have not yet looked beyond the vale, let the precious love of Jesus flood your soul and then your gaze will be drawn to His word out of gratitude to Him, where you will see depicted the great and limitless unknown.

But, let us suppose you are standing upon a foundation that cannot be shaken or moved; which even the very power of hell itself cannot cause to tremble. Behold the entrance into that other world of a true child of the Father of many obedient children, and see in it your own final redemption.

As the thick and gloomy shadows of death steal slowly, quietly, and stealthily upon that mortal tenement of clay, what a look of contentment and quietude creeps in beautiful contrast over the smiling face, and the eyes which are about to behold the King in His beauty. Does he have to go alone? Is he unwelcomed into that Haven of Rest? Ah no! As the last great enemy of man, Death, slowly tightens his grasp on the throat that has poured out in unceasing volume the praises of Him who has already crossed and recrossed the vale; what a delicious sound of the sweetest strains of celestial music falls upon our ears, and we hear the gentle voice of the Christ fall in measured accents, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

There are no qualms of conscience: no pangs of remorse: no horrid anticipations. All is calm and peaceful as that spirit is launched and guided by a cloud of angels on its long unending journey thru an eternal eternity; and, as a blaze of glory reveals to the world-wearied gaze of the upward-bound traveler a scene so unparalleled in beauty that the soul is filled to overflowing with joy and praise of the Eternal King of kings and Lord of lords, it joins in the chorus of the innumerable multitudes that are gathered around the Great White Throne to receive the just recompense of their rewards.

Ah, what a scene of inexpressible beauty is here depicted: every face aglow with the beauty of holiness: every heart beating with unquenchable love: every eye centered upon the One whose majestically benign countenance shines forth as the Sun shineth in his strength; whose head and hair surpass the wool and snow in the glory of their whiteness: even whiter than the driven snow; whose eyes are as flaming fire; whose feet are like unto fine brass; whose voice is as the thunder of mighty waters: but withal, within that breast a heart, broken, bleeding with love. Love? No words can express the degree of fatherly love that emanates from that riven side; that places those nail-pierced hands in holy benediction upon our fevered brows; that urged those torn and bleeding feet after us thru the squalid avenues of sin and folly; and which caused the blood to trickle down over His gentle brow to mingle with the hot tears of compassion flowing down over His garment; and all for you, and me!

That is the picture of the meek and lowly Son of Man, who is now the Occupant of that Great White Throne, the center and object of adoration of countless multitudes of worshippers.

Brother, sister, can you not see thru the pen-pictures of His word; thru the small and limited foretastes of Heaven that you enjoy here below, what it means to be there? No need for the sun to shine by day, nor the moon by night. The Sun of Righteousness is the Light and Life of that heavenly land beyond the vale.

But, as we hear the glad welcome of that faithful one whose earthly career was closed by the Divine hand, we hear another great shout, far surpassing the welcome just accorded one of His Saints: so loud that it completely overwhelms the sound of the former. What is meant by that great shouting; that singing; that startling outburst of heavenly music? Look how happy all seem to be! What is the meaning of all this great demonstration?
Ah, there, far off in the distant courts of Heaven comes an angel bearing a scroll. What is written thereon? Presently, our curiosity is satisfied, as he reads aloud that short but destiny-fixing message—an answer to the universal 'whosoever,'—"Lord Jesus, I come."

As the words reach the ears of those angelic beings nearest him, a mighty shout rends the very vaults of Heaven, and is echoed and reechoed in thunderous reverberations from the outermost courts of the redeemed.

Methinks I can see the Master's countenance light up with joy, and his heart is filled with thankfulness, as, with his face turned toward His Father, he breathes out a blessing upon the new recruit in the blessed ranks of the Redeemed. The agonies and excruciating tortures of the Cross on Calvary fade away before the joy that fills His great loving heart as another soul is rescued from the toils of the Prince of the Power of the Air. Oh, how our hearts love to linger over this wondrous glimpse of the beauty and glory of that upper kingdom beyond the vale.

But imagine as we stand upon the walls of that mystic new Jerusalem, and look away across the immeasurable gulf, we see a sight of woe and wretchedness that freezes our blood in its very veins; that makes our bones grow weak and powerless; our hearts to ache and tremble. What is that strange scene? What are those hideous beings that are hastening along the pathway of Death towards the Earth? Let us approach them. What, are they devils? Whither are they bound?

Far off in the distance we see a little hut standing in a clearing in a dense growth of tropical vegetation. Within lies a dark-skinned man, scantily clothed; cheeks hollowed and furrowed with pain; brain confused in the delirium of fever; about to be ushered into Eternity. What a terrible picture! Why? Because he has never heard of Jesus. He has never seen His Book. He does not know anything of the joy, peace, and the death-bed consolation of such a Friend and Saviour. He has never experienced in his life the sunshine of God's love, the real presence of a real God not made of wood or stone; but a sympathetic, supernatural being, invisibly felt in the soul. Ah, no. But instead, all thru his life he has been weighted down by a crushing load of ancestral and legendary superstition and ignorance in which he could find no satisfaction; all thru his life he has felt a vague restlessness in his bosom. He has tried to soothe the sorrows of his heart and heal the anguish of the soul, by prostrating himself before an image created by his own hand, and intreating it to satisfy that void; but alas, in vain. He was ignorant of its inability to be touched with the feelings of his infirmities; or to calm the storm of uneasiness in his soul; and in expectancy he approaches the gateway of Eternity with yet an irresistible longing for something he knows not, what filling his innermost being. But what a sad and bitter disappointment awaits him.

As the escort of infernal beings, sent by their master, approaches the soul about to be released, a terrible sense of fear and hesitancy fills the bosom of the poor wretch. How they gather about his couch in fiendish glee; how they torture and torment him, even before life is extinct! See him pause and shrink before the awful doom that awaits him; see the look of despair on his face that tells of the anguish of his soul; see how he shudders and trembles as the bottomless chasm of despair and woe vawns before him with pitiless and merciless expectancy! Now he draws back with a wild cry of hopelessness, but is pushed forward again with relentless rage and fury by the horde of blackened demons. Can you not hear the awful wails of bitter woe that rise from the gloomy depths beneath his feet?

Nearer and nearer are his feet to the brink of despair, and the last vestige of hope, until, with a shriek of horror, he is forced to take that awful plunge into the blackness of eternal night, to join in the terrible pandemonium of wails and shrieks of the lost of earth, down! DOWN!, an eternal descent into the
very heart of that fearful region of the damned, where hope is a stranger; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

Has he had a hope within, that he would meet his Lord and Master on the resurrection morning, with glory in the heavens; that eternal bliss would be his if his life were devoted to the service of his Maker? Ah no. But instead, his hope, if any, was to repair to a place of sensual enjoyment, where his passions and fleshly lusts could be gratified; because he has never learned how and where life and death can be made one succession of blessings, and steps that lead up from his level of degradation into the purer atmosphere of holiness. No one has seen this poor man’s fate before; no one has looked beyond the vale ahead of him. That is why we see his soul on its journey to the confines of immortal anguish.

And, as he catches a glimpse of the shining courts of glory far away across the unbridgeable abyss, he cries aloud in terror because of his present condition and pain upon losing the pleasure he sees afar, while the heart-rending shrieks of the forever-damned of earth pierce the blue ethereal vaults of heaven, and are lost in the immeasurable distance that separates them from their God. As he plunges down into the depths from which none have ever returned, he remembers his friends on earth, his companions in superstition, and cries out for someone to be sent to point them to a better way. Even in those first brief hours of a ceaseless eternity of punishment, he cannot help but think of his fellow-creatures, for whom the same doom is sealed, unless someone, in some way, warns them to flee the wrath to come, and guides their straining footsteps toward the goal of eternal security.

Brother, sister, can you not hear that awful wail of despair? Have you in earnest looked beyond the vale? Have you, in prayer, cast your spiritual eye far across the vale of death, and caught a transient view of the fate of all who cannot come with broken and contrite hearts to the loving Master, because they have never heard of Him? Is your soul stirred with pity and compassion on these sinladen souls, buried beneath an almost impenetrable cloud of superstition, idolatry and witch craft? Have you ever prayed to God to send forth His chosen ones in battle array, to confront the dense ranks of evil teaching and superstitious philosophy, and with love lead a dying race to the Fountain of Life? May I ask, have you, thru that spiritual telescope, God’s Holy Word, caught a glimpse of the beyond?

Why is it that we see so many idle so-called Christians? Why is it that the churches of today are crowded to the very thresholds with unconverted people who look down upon the lower strata of society with contempt? I can tell you why. They have never looked beyond the vale. They have not become anxious about the poor miserable wretches in far-off heathen climes, where the darkness of semi-barbarism puts to shame the darkest night you ever saw.

Christian, as you see the doom of the lost, unconverted, and unevangelized; as you have it described in God’s word; as it stands out in awful and veritable contrast with the glories of your bright and promised future, how can you help but be aroused from your stupor of insensibility to the fate of your neighbors, and, like the watchman as he silently wends his way thru the streets, alleys, and byways of the great city, while all is calm and still, and all but he are unconsciously slumbering on, when suddenly there appears in sharp outline against the serenity of rest, and the shades of night, the flame of destruction upon an humble cottage roof; and as he distinctly hears the dreaded cracking sound of the relentless flames, he at once becomes enervated with a consciousness of the peril of the unwitting sleepers, and without a single second’s hesitancy calls aloud at the top of his voice, “fire, FIRE, FIRE!” with every nerve poised and muscles ready for the work of rescue, how much MORE should you be concerned, brother, sister,
as you see the flames of Mahommedanism; the canker-worm of African heathenism; the soul-numbing powers of paganism fasten themselves slowly, but surely and inevitably upon the soul, that immortality of mortal man, and drag it silently to the most horrible fate that pen can ever picture, while you stand in a place of safety.

How much more, I say, should you, with all the power that is available from above, rush out into the face of the multitudes that are reeling into hell, and with all your vital energies, cry “Halt! for God’s and your own soul’s sake, Halt! Look ahead! Quick, ere it be too late, ere the tide becomes too strong!”

Will they listen? Do they want to stop? Are they looking for a better way?

Hark! what is that faint cry coming over the billows, in strange, doleful accents? Like the last whisper of a dying man it comes again; now louder, as if in great distress; now again, as if the strength were almost gone; and, as hope seems to be fading away in the distance, again, with all the energies of a despairing people summoned in one final, agonizing cry, it comes with soul-stirring and heart-thrilling force, “COME OVER AND HELP US!”

We look, and behold, we see above the billows of superstition a hand lifted in mute appeal to us! Are our hearts not stirred with pity? Can we not look beyond the vale and see their fate? Oh, will we help to change it?

From far off India’s coral strand we hear the sighing of millions of poor miserable widows, groaning beneath the burden of caste and custom; suffering cruelties beyond description, from the hands of their fellows; all because some one has not looked beyond the vale.

From the jungles of Africa we hear the somber shuffling of feet as the dark-skinned natives carry their dead chief to his last resting-place. Resting place? Would to God it were! The heathen dance is progressing far into the dead of night when our ears catch the woeful cry for relief from the spell-bound victims of the witch-doctor’s deviltry. All because someone did not look beyond the vale with an honest heart.

From the harems of the Mohammedans we hear the plea for mercy, the cry for freedom. But who will offer to point them to it? Someone who has looked beyond the vale.

From China’s teeming millions of political and religious slaves comes that Macedonian wail, “Come over and help us.”

From the islands of the sea comes again the same oft-repeated appeal, borne by the waves of mighty hurricanes across the briny deep, and cast with untold force and energy upon the shores of our own free land of religious tolerance.

Out of the dim twilight of the cold regions of the north, where the precious light of God is almost as dim as the physical light, we hear that same cry borne down to us on the icy blasts of winter, piercing our very souls to the quick.

Christian, is your heart open to these mute appeals from souls to be saved, waiting with anxious and aching hearts for some one to tell them the Sweet Story of Old? Is your soul stirred with zeal for His cause, and pity and compassion on their poor souls? Or are you steeled against their cries and supplications? Have you made your heart impenetrable to these prayers of a dying and despairing world, as the nation that builds mighty bulwarks against the onslaughts of a dreaded enemy?

Ah, brother, if that is your condition, just go quietly alone, by yourself, and look beyond the vale. Allow your heart to be softened, and have pity and compassion on such as are dying for lack of the knowledge of a Saviour’s love.

Sluggish brother, quicken your pace! Press forth into the thick of the fight! Drowsy one, Awake! Open your eyes and see the awful doom to which thousands of your fellow-men are fast hastening! Forward! With increasing courage, make your existence and presence felt and feared in the ranks of the
hosts of evil! Be not a coward! Look who is before us! The great Jehovah-Nissi is with us, why be fearful?

But sometimes, as we see the inactivity and inertness of God's profess- ed people; their insensibility to the greatest need of the world the need of Missionaries; and their peculiar interest in commercialism, our hearts cry aloud, and our spirit groans within, and we pray that they might be visited with some great revelation of power and visitation of distress, so they in turn might become concerned about their fellowmen.

When were there greater and more glorious opportunities for deeds of valor on the mission frontier or of nobler sacrifices for the cause of a lost Creation? I say never, NEVER! Not in the history of the whole world were there more golden opportunities to show our love for our blessed Master, and to tell poor lost souls of His love for them, than Right NOW.

Then stop and look beyond the vale, where your spirit will see sights and visions that will stir your innermost being, and with a trustful hope in Him, sally forth in the strength of youth and God, and shine for Him in the dark corners of the earth.

A European who had been seized and imprisoned by an Abyssinian king was allowed to go at large, but a heavy iron fetter on each ankle kept him from making his escape. A European traveler saw and pitied him, but dared not openly help him, as he was watched by the king's officers. He was, however, allowed to give the captive a book. The poor prisoner was disappointed. He did not want books, and would have been much better pleased with a gift of food or clothing. The book was laid aside and forgotten. Three years afterwards in an idle moment, he examined the book. There was something hard in the back of it. He pulled it out, and, behold, it was a file! It was the thing of all others he most needed. He made his way to the woods, filed off his fetters, and in a few days had reached the coast and was safe from pursuit. He could not forgive himself for having endured those three years of slavery. If he had only looked in the book before, he might have been free. So men neglect the Bible which would make them free from sin.—The Christian Herald.

BARTIMAEUS.

I would receive my sight; my clouded eyes
Miss the glad radiance of the morning sun,
The changing tints that glorify the skies
With roseate splendors when the day is done;
The shadows soft and gray, the pearly light
Of summer twilight deep'ning into night.

I cannot see to keep the narrow way,
And so I blindly wander here and there,
Groping amidst the tombs, or helpless stray
Through pathless, tangled deserts, bleak and bare;
Weeping I seek the way I cannot find—
Open my eyes, dear Lord, for I am blind.

And oft I laugh with some light, thoughtless jest,
Nor see how anguish lines some face more dear,
And write my mirth, a mocking palimpsest,
On blotted scrolls of human pain and fear:
And never see the heartache interlined—
Pity, O Son of David! I am blind.

I do not see the pain my light words give;
The quivering, shrinking heart I cannot see;
So, light of thought, 'midst hidden griefs I live,
And mock the cypressed tombs with slightest glee
Open my eyes, light, blessed ways to find—
Jesus, have mercy on me, I am blind.

My useless eyes are reservoirs of tears,
Doomed for their blind mistakes to overflow;
To weep for the thoughtless ways of wandering years,
Because I could not see—I did not know.

These sightless eyes—than angriest glance less kind—
Light of the World, have pity! I am blind.

The light shall drive away the darkness.
News of Church Activity

IN THE

HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Adresses of Missionaries.


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, B. & N. W. Railway, India.

Following not under Foreign Mission Board.

Bangaon Bariahi P. O., North Bhagalpur, 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, 6039 Halstead St., in charge of Sr. Sarah Bert, Bro B. L. Brutbaker and Sr. Nancy Shirk.

Des Moines, Iowan Mission, 117; 14th, St., in charge of Eld. J. R. and Anna Zook.

Jabbok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. N. and Adella Engle, R. 3, box 1.

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

DAYTON MISSION

We greet you with Titus 2: 11-14: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, Teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world. Looking for that blessed hope, and glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior, Jesus Christ; Who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity. And purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works: Amen.

On July the 4th., we met in an all day meeting, here at the Mission. We were so glad to see our dear brethren and sisters coming in from the various districts. Eld. M. L. Dohner brought us the message, encouraging the thought of complete victory over sin. Also we can prove our victory, not only by our testimony, but especially by our lives.

The remainder of the forenoon was spent in testimony and praise. The afternoon service was opened by a half hour address to the children, by Sr. Emma Cassel. Her line of thought was the freedom we enjoy in our country, and how we ought to appreciate and improve it that we may please our precious Saviour who made it possible that we could be made free in Him. Opportunity was then given to the children to engage in a little testimony service which appeared to be a help and blessing to them. Then Eld. O. B. Ulery broke unto us the bread of life, revealing unto us the precious value of the graces the Lord bestows upon His children.

In the hour of separation we all felt that it was good to be here, and in closing prayer, we could thank our God for His presence with us.

On the 23 and 24th., we were pleased to have with us our dear brother, Enos Hess of Grantham, Pa., who is labouring for the interest of the Bible School. We appreciated his scripture reading in our prayer service on Thursday evening which was beneficial, and edifying to our souls. May the presence of God attend his labors of love is our prayer.

We also enjoyed a short visit by Bro. and Sr. Milton Engle of Thomas, Okla., they stopped off over Sunday on their way to
Aug. 24, 1914.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR

visit friends in Pennsylvania. May the Lord bless them, and make them a blessing wherever they go.

We can report the work to be moving on as usual: glad to say the Spirit of God is still being manifested in our midst. And revealing Himself to precious souls. Glad for the courage He puts into our hearts to continue to seek for the lost of earth. We hope many may yet be rescued before it is forever to late.

We are unable to express the gratitude of our hearts to God, for the way He has cared for our temporal needs thru His children. May you prosper in store, but more especially in your souls, that our God may be honored in our labors together for the ingathering of the unsaved. Continue to pray for us.

Report for July 1914.

FINANCIAL.

Balance on hand $66.18.

Receipts.
Lester Leiber, Englewood, O., $1.50; Wilber Snyder, Springfield, O., $1.00; Edward Engle, West Milton, O., $2.00; Enos Hess, Grantham, Pa., $.50; Ashby Pendleton, Urbana, O., $2.00; Mission Offerings, $3.94. Total $77.12.

Expenses.
Table account $8.58; water meter rent, $1.00; water, bill, $.60; gas bill and stove rent, $2.34; water pipe repairs, $1.90; car fare, $.65; towelling, $.60; a baptising garment, $1.55; Incidentals, $.44. Total $20.71.

Balance on hand Aug. 1, 1914, $56.41.

POOR FUND.

Balance on hand $2.36.

Receipts.
Milton Engle, Thomas, Okla., $3.00; Hannah Raisor, Englewood, O., $.50. Total $3.50.

Disbursements.

Provisions, consisting of eggs, spreading pies, cakes, raspberries, peach butter, bananas, oranges, peaches, chicken, beans, water melon, butter, cookies, cabbage, were donated by the following, Edward Engle, Mamie Herr, Mary Dohner, M. L. Dohner, Effa Ulerv, Geo. Miska, Robert Taylor, Ella Etter, Alma Cassel, Dortha Myers, Mrs. Riber, Sr. Harvey, Anna Miska Eliza Engle, special offering, a chicken, a cake, green beans, one half bu. of graham flour.

Buffalo Mission.

We continue to be your Bro. and Sr. in the interest of the lost souls.

W. H. and Susie Boyer.
601 Taylor St. Dayton O.

We greet you once again in the precious name of Jesus who gave Himself for us. We are indeed thankful for the glorious privilege of lifting up Jesus in this city where sin and wickedness is so prevalent, altho' we are aware of the fact, that in these days the majority of people are not inclined after that which would lift them upon a higher plane, neither does the name of Jesus attract many. However, we are encouraged to continue holding up this Savior to the many or few. We see that many need salvation and as we come in contact with people opportunity is afforded which means to us responsibilities. Hence we desire the prayers of those interested, that the Lord may continually give us a burden for the souls of men, and a real burning love for the same, that we may be able to pray effectively in their behalf. We are indeed thankful to all who show an interest in the work by your presence as well as the financial help. A goodly number have visited us and their presence was indeed appreciated by us. May the Lord richly bless you all.

FINANCIAL.

Report for month of July 1914.

Balance on hand $8.35.

Receipts.
Bro. W. Shradely, $2.00; Gordon Sherk, $1.00; Andrew Sailor, $1.00; J. Putman, $.50; E. Roberts, $.50; J. Ehlers, $.20; A Brother in Christ, $.50; Sr. F. Ott, $.30; Total $26.35.

Expenses.
Light $.15; gas, $.60; sugar and fruit for canning $1.45; incidentals and street car fare, $.70; groceries, $.94. Total $47.85.

Balance on hand $8.50.

Provisions were donated by the following, Girvin Sider, J. Putman, Florence Ott, D. V. Heise, Robert Petke, Sr. Ehlers, Mrs. Tice, Paul Winger, Henry Winger, Sr. Robert, such as eggs, cream, butter, vegetables, berries, currants, apples, bread, and cake.

Yours in His Service,
The Workers.

25 Howley St.
CHAMBERSBURG MISSION.

To the readers of the Visitor.
We come in the precious name of Jesus, thanking you all who have helped to support the work at this place. May the rich blessing of God rest upon all the dear ones. I know the Scripture says it is more blessed to give than to receive, but it takes all kinds of workers to constitute the body of Jesus: just so we know our place and then obey God. That is our prayer. Remember us. We want to be faithful till Jesus comes.

FINANCIAL.

Report from May 1 to July 31, 1914.

Receipts.
Bro. Whisler, Ohio, $1.00; H. B. Burkholder, $2.00; Sr. Dohner, Ohio, $2.00; H. O. Wenger, $2.00. Bal. last report $3.62. Total $10.62.

Expenses.

OTHER DONATIONS.

DES MOINES MISSION

Report for July 1914.

Receipts.
Fairview S. S. Englewood, O., $8.74; Earl Bossert, Chantlers, Ont., $5.50; Springvale, Ont., S. S. $16.00. Total $31.24.

Expenses.

We greatly appreciate the helpfulness of the saints in their free-will offerings, prayers, and kind words.

As fast as the way opens, and men and women consecrate time, talents and means; there will be open doors and room for them all.
FROM AFRICA.

P O. Box 5263 Johannesburg, S. Africa
July 9, 1914.

To the readers of the Visitor.
Once more we have resumed our regular
routine in Mission work. We have just
had a little vacation, or, shall I say, recrea­
tion such as a change always brings about?
This time the rest has come in a visit of
Bishop Steigerwalt in our midst. He reach­
ed here on one of the stormiest coldest days
of the season, June 27, leaving for Bulawago
again on July 8. The special meetings held
during his stay with us were a time of re­
freshing and we hope a real blessing to
many.

On July 4, 5 we had our lovefeast. A
number of our people gathered in on Satur­
day evening, coming from the other stations,
and met in the church for a time of refresh­
ing from the presence of the Lord. The
meeting was continued until the morning
hours when the majority retired only a few
continuing on in prayer.

Early Sunday morning the brethren gath­
ered for testimony and prayer. After break­
fast they assembled to examine the appli­
cants for baptism and twenty were received
into church fellowship by Eld. Steigerwalt.
A number were advised to wait awhile un­
til they should have clearer evidence of good
establishment in Christ.
The congregation then gathered at a small
dam or lake where the baptismal services
were held.

In the afternoon the ordinance of feet­
washing was observed. The breaking of
bread and the drinking of the cup was a
precious season held in remembrance of
Him, the Blessed Son of God who gave
Himself that we might have LIFE, and that
MORE ABUNDANTLY.

We hope and pray that those who have
entered the school of Christ here at Johannes­
burg may continue to learn of Jesus until
they will be so propelled by that self-same
Spirit that bro’t Jesus down from Heaven
to give Himself for the lost of earth until
they too will be fitted vessels for the in­
dwelling of the Holy Spirit in such a
measure as will meet divine approbation.

Yours till He comes,
Isaac and Alice Lehman.

The proper place for the ship to be
is in the water, but if the water gets in­
to the ship, the ship will sink. The
proper place for the church is in the
world, but if the “world” gets into the
church, the church will go down in dis­
grace.—Selected.

."He shall deliver thee from the snare
of the fowler” (Psa. 91: 3). That
is from the little things, the hidden traps
and nets that are set for us. Great
sins frighten where little snares en­
tangle. It is easier to escape the hunts­
man’s arrow than the crafty lure. Little
things, mere threads, hardly worth
guarding against—yet they are strong
enough to hold us and hinder us, and
may be the beginning of our destruc­
tion.—Mark Guy Pearse.

LOVE FEASTS.

Ontario.

Waterloo, (Rosebank M. H.) Sept. 12, 13
Markham, .......... Sept. 19, 20
Wainfleet, .......... Sept. 19, 20
Nottawa, .......... Sept. 26, 27
Walpole, .......... Sept. 26, 27
Bertie, (Black Creek) .... Oct. 3, 4
Howick, .......... Oct. 3, 4

Canada Joint Council will convene on
Sept. 10, at the Rosebank M. H. Railroad
Station, Petersburg.

HARVEST MEETINGS

At Elizabethtown M. H. on Sept. 5,
at 2 p. m. All are invited.
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 Harris­
burg, 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.
PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GRANTHAM, PA., AUGUST 24, 1914.

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

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OBITUARY.

GEIGER.—Barbara Mabel Geiger was born in the township of Gainsborough, Welland Co., Ont., May 3, 1888; died in the township of Bertie, near Stevensville, Ont., July 13, 1914, aged 26 years, 2 months and 12 days. She was converted at the age of eight years, and two years later became a member of the Brethren in Christ church. She lived a consistent Christian life and was dearly loved by all who knew her. The parents and one sister are left to mourn her early departure. Service was held at the Brethren's M. H. conducted by Elds. Girvin Bearss and Bert Sherbill. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

PAULUS.—Daniel Morris Paulus, son of Bro. Monroe and Elizabeth Paulus, was born near Canton, Ohio, May 20, 1898. In the fall of 1911 he with his parents moved to Dark Co., O., where he met instant death by lightning, Aug. 7, 1914, aged 16 years, 2 months and 17 days. His parents, one sister, three brothers, two grandfathers and two grandmothers remain to mourn his fate. Funeral services were conducted at the Oakland church by Eld. M. L. Dohner assisted by Henry B. Etter of the York Brethren. Text Luke, 12: 40.

"When blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

"While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth impress
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

"Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
Tomorrow death may come.

"The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray."

South America is cursed with a baptized paganism which has hung like a millstone round its neck for four centuries; Romanism, with its hatred and open hostility to the circulation of the Scriptures.

We are bound to go forward, cost us what it may, we have no armor for our backs.—Spurgeon.
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

uoJOS EA.

Among the thousands of men and boys who surge to and fro, from all parts of S. Africa, even from the corners of densest darkness to these vast gold fields centering here at Johannesburg, came a slender Shangar youth. He came from a heathen home where it is impossible for Europeans to live without wresting with the deadly malaria fever. Owing to these conditions, missionaries have been greatly hindered. The Gospel knowledge that has come to many of these places has come thru those who have repented while away from their homes working at the mines. They go home and will tell their people that they have now left off serving the devil, and are serving the true and living God. They witness to their new found joy in the living Savior, who has set them free from their bondage of darkness and heathendom with all it means.

One day uJosefa came into our Mission school with a number of other dark faced youths and men. He eagerly began learning to read the letters, syllables, and words of his native tongue, until he was able to read the Book of books—the Bible.

God says that the entrance of the Word giveth Light.

The result is that we find uJosefa among a company of penitents, weeping his way to the Cross, confessing his sins, and receiving forgiveness and the joy of the Lord in his soul, as evidenced by his testimony.

The time was drawing near when a baptismal service was contemplated for those who found Jesus precious to their souls, and who proved their faith by their life. uJosefa was one of the number, but before he could witness in the watery grave, to the old heathen life laid down and the resurrection to a new life in Christ Jesus, he was taken ill and placed in the Mine Hospital.

His case was pronounced a very serious and baffling one. For five days the attendants were expecting his death and the screen was kept around his cot. Here at the Mission the prayers of God's little ones were ascending to the Father in his behalf. The answer came in uJosefa's restoration to health, and in making him a faithful and true witness in that hospital.

A Jewish attendant in referring to uJosefa said his case perplexed them, they couldn't understand it nor his speedy recovery for one having been so ill. He also gave him a good testimony saying he could trust that boy anywhere. Also how uJosefa kept talking to different ones about the wrong in their using tobacco and strong drink until he himself felt out of place with his pipe.

The mines frequently send home small gangs of natives who have been very ill so they will have more opportunity to recuperate.

uJosefa came to us saying he was being sent home in one of these companies, but expressed a desire to come and stay with us at the mission just to learn and help on. We also felt we would like him to come and stay awhile so as to give him more time to become established in Christ. It was hard to see him go, but owing to the industrial unrest in the threatening strike we took no steps to free him.

Here he comes the slenderly built, tender spirited, kindhearted uJosefa, with all the graces so many seek to cultivate; with the light and love from heaven beaming from his dark face. He came to give his touching farewell. With a last tender longing look he left the place where he had found the Savior and turned his face toward the dark home he had left a heathen. Now to enter this same dark place a Christian. God hears and answers prayer. Will you pray for uJosefa and his people?

Yours for Africa's lost
Alice Lehman.

THE MARKS OF A FRIEND.

Readiness to Correct, to Forgive, and to Suffer.

Some make the mistake of thinking that their biggest flatterer is their best friend, but a wise friend will never flatter. If we require our friends to be silent about our faults and to continually enlarge upon our virtues we shall find that the only friends left are not friends at all. And yet there are men and women who have become so self-satisfied and withal so domineering that
not one of their friends dare tell them their faults, or even contradict or oppose them. To differ from such people as to the wisdom of any policy or plan which they have suggested is taken at once as a personal attack. They have grown so accustomed to having their own way that they can not conceive of opposition as anything other than personal spite.

We sometimes speak of the pope as the embodiment of ecclesiastical autocracy, but in some homes we have many small would-be popes. We smile at the doctrine of divine right as applied to kings, but there are many living men who have just as firm a belief in this doctrine as applied to themselves as ever possessed a king, and their only friends are held to be the men and women who do not, openly at least, dispute the doctrine. Yet this is all very foolish. The wise man welcomes friendly criticism, and the truest friend is the one who is brave enough to tell us the truth. Instead of numbering such a man among our enemies, better far regard him as one of our very best friends. One mark of a friend is the willingness to hurt our feelings for our own good, whether by telling us our faults or by opposing us when we act foolishly and wrongly.

And a true friend will not be driven from us by any reverse of fortune. There is a friendship that is gendered by gold, fine houses, fine clothes; but such friendship is not worth discussing. The men who esteem us for our possessions do not esteem us at all. The men who admire us for what we have are not worthy to be enrolled upon our list of friends. The house is nothing, the inmates are everything. Gold may give power, but it never gives manhood, and friendship ever depends upon the man. Hence it follows that no matter what reverse may come to a man, they can not rob him of his friends. Even death itself can not sunder souls that love has bound together. True friends abide friends forever.

Another mark of friendship is its willingness to forgive. In the ideal state we may never say nor do unwise or unkind things, but most of us have not yet reached that ideal, and even our friends will suffer occasionally from our folly. It is not wise at such time to say, "He is not my friend or he would not have been so 'unkind.' This is very often not true, and our experience is enough to furnish illustrations enough of its falsity. True friendship is exacting, and it has a right to be, but it is swift to forgive, and a friendship that can not forgive is not the true type. The deeper the friendship, the swifter and fuller will be the forgiveness for the wrong-doing of friends.

And one of the surest marks of all, one of the infallible tests, is the willingness to suffer for a friend; to share his burden, to bear his cross, to lighten his load at our own expense, and this not as a duty, but from freest choice. Men have died for their friends, and men have submitted to life-long burdens which were worse than death, for the love they bore to others. This is one of the tests which humanity accepts at once as decisive. The man who will voluntarily and even cheerfully suffer for another has earned his right to be called a friend.

But when we apply these tests, how many friends are left? It is certain that some will be weeded out, and it is just about as certain that others will stand revealed as far better friends than we had deemed. The friends of the sunlight may be ruled out, but the friends of our hours of darkness and storms are recognized as friends indeed. And father and mother and the friends of the home are ever among the very best friends, but nearer and dearer than all others is the one who "was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities," and by whose "stripes we are healed." — The Christian Guardian.

HAPPY NANCY'S SECRET.

There once lived in an old brown cottage a solitary woman. She was thirty years of age, tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere from village to village, by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives; and was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her, and yet there, in
that plain-featured, deformed body, the
great God, who loves to bring strength
out of weakness, had set His royal seal.
"Well, Nancy, singing again," would
the chance visitor say, as he stopped at
her door.
"O, yes, I'm forever at it."
"I wish you'd tell me your secret,
Nancy—you are all alone, you work
hard, you have nothing very pleasant
surrounding you, why are you so
happy?"
"Perhaps it's because I haven't got
anybody but God," replied the good
creature looking up. You see rich folks
like you depend upon their families and
their houses; they've got to think of
their business, of their wives and chil-
dren, and then they're always mighty
afraid of trouble ahead. I ain't got
anything to trouble myself about, you
see' cause I leave it all to the Lord.
I think, 'Well, if He can keep this great
world in such good order, the sun roll-
ing day after day, and the stars a shin-
ing night after night; make my garden
things come up the same, season after
season, He can certainly take care of
such a poor, simple thing as I am, and
so you see, I leave it all to the Lord,
and the Lord takes care of me."
"But Nancy, suppose a frost should
come after your fruit-trees are in blos-
som, and your little plants up, and
suppose—"
"But I don't suppose; I never can
suppose, I don't want to suppose, ex-
cept that the Lord will do everything
right. That's what makes you people
unhappy; you're all the time supposing.
Now why don't you wait till the sup-
pose comes, as I do, and then make the
best of it."
"Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain that
you'll get into heaven, while many of
us, with all our worldly wisdom, will
have to stay out."

"There you are at it again," said
Nancy, shaking her head, "always look-
ing out for some black cloud. Why,
if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's
length, instead of taking him right into
my heart; he'll do you a desperate sight
of mischief."

She was right. How many times
we take the spirit of care, of distrust,
of ingratitude, right into our hearts.
How often we canker pleasure with the
fear of coming ill, and seldom hail the
daily blessings when they come.
It would be well for us to imitate
Happy Nancy, and "never suppose."
If you see a cloud don't suppose it is
going to storm; if you see a frown,
don't suppose a scolding will follow;
do the best you can, and there leave it.
Be child-like toward your Havenly
Father; believe more and more in His
love; instead of trusting your finite
understanding, learn to confide in His
infinite wisdom; and above all, "wait
till the suppose comes, and then make
the best of it." Never give place in
your thoughts to imaginary evils; and
depend upon it, our days will have more
sunshine in them if we follow Happy
Nancy's rule.—Selected.

PRAYER.

Ask—Because there is a giving by
God, which comes only from our ask-
ing.

Prayer is a power. Through pray-
er God does things which would not
otherwise be done. When He says,
"If ye ask, I will do," He very clear-
ly hints that if we do not ask there
will be some lack of His doing. This
is a great mystery, but it is also a
great fact. When Hezekiah, in re-
sponse, prayed to God for deliverance
from the Assyrian host, and God sent
His angel who smote one hundred and
eighty-five thousand of them, the reason for that victory was stated in these words: "Thus saith the Lord (to Hezekiah). Whereas thou hast prayed to me." Christ, too, speaking of a friend who came at midnight for bread, said, "Though he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth" (Luke 11: 8). Christ here clearly teaches that some things which God does not give simply from the fact of being a God of grace, and because He is "our friend," he does give because of our importunity. God indeed gives many things, simply because he is God, and a God of grace. He sends His rain on the just and the unjust. He has general blessings which He pours out whether we pray or not. But there are great and special bounties which He holds in reserve for those who pray, which He bestows because of our importunity. It is like this: Here are the heavens over-arching us. They are always full of the moisture which is ready to descend in the form of rain. That rain is always, as it were, hanging over the heads of the children of men. But it does not descend in the form of rain until a cool current of air meets the moisture-laden clouds, and condenses them into a fall of rain at that particular point. So these special gifts are, as it were, His clouds hanging over us big with blessing, waiting for our stream of prayer to rise and condense them into showers of blessing; but if we pray not, they float by, leaving us unvisited and unfreshed. We have a beautiful illustration of this truth in Samson's life (Judges 15: 18, 19). Samson had just won a great victory in the slaughter of a thousand of his enemies. He finds himself weary and sore athirst. God looks down upon him and sees his condition, but there is no deliverance recorded until Samson "called on the Lord." Then God's hand clave the earth, and the living water gushed forth to revive and save the earnest petitioner. Wherefore Samson names the place "En-hakkore," that is, "The well of him that cried." In that name he clearly testifies that the thing which impressed him in this wonderful deliverance was that it was given when he cried. It was when he became a crier that God opened the well. And as the years rolled by, and men quenched their thirst at the living spring, its name was a constant reminder that God had opened it because some one had cried to Him. (How true this is in our lives! We come to some place of stress in life. The gloom is thick; the burden is heavy; the voice of hope is faint; the vision of faith is dimmed. While we are sore athirst, God is waiting—waiting for our cry to Him. The very ground beneath our feet is throbbing with the pulse of the thirst-slaking fountain that is ready to spurt forth when we cry. But if we do not cry, we have no well, for it is the well of him that cries. Sometimes men shoot an oil well with a cartridge that spurs the fluid flood into the air by its force. Prayer is God's well opener. Prayer is the passage-way from spiritual thirst to spiritual refreshing. "He was sore athirst—he called—and his spirit came again." It is the bridge that bears us from distress to deliverance. "In my distress—I cried—and he delivered." Some know only the thirst, only the distress, because they use not the way out—the cry. God does not mean for us to dive in a permanent state of need or in a permanent condition of distress but out of the need and out of the distress to cry and have a well opened.
One man says, pointing to the past, "Here came a great affliction to me—here a grievous sorrow—here a serious loss. My life has been a constant experience of distress and need." Another says, "True, I have been through the same tribulations. But see: here God opened for me a cooling well—here a sparkling fountain—here a bubbling spring—here a refreshing stream. Life is sad for you because you know only its need—joyous for me because I know also the deliverance—'for he shall deliver the needy when he crieth'"

Who is there, buffeted, dispirited, weary unto death, who has cried unto Him in their distress and, in the sweet inflow of peace, comfort and rest, has not been as conscious that He had opened a stream of refreshing in their souls as though their ears heard its musical flow, and their parched lips tasted or its sweet running waters?

"If ye ask, I will do." Pray—and He will soften hearts that all your doing could never touch; pray—and He will heal that cruel estrangement that is slowly crushing you; pray—and He will meet your needs both temporal and spiritual; pray—and He will weave all the tangled threads of your life, which seem beyond hope of disentanglement, into the single golden thread of God's purpose for you; pray—and into your life, fresh from the failure and disappointment of your own doing, He will bring miracles of His doing which shall some glad day fill your lips with songs of praise; pray—and He will work changes undreamed-of, and bring about providences unthought-of; pray—and He will overturn and overturn, until darkness changes to light, bondage to liberty, bridgeless chasms to safe highways, granite walls to webs of gossamer, because a miracle-working God has fulfilled His promise. —Sel.

**CONVICTİON OF SIN IN REVÌVALS.**

We have seen that conviction of sin is wrought by the Holy Spirit only, and that man has no power to produce it. Sometimes the Spirit convicts people of sin by the mere presence of a godly person, and at other times through their testimony in speech or song. Not infrequently he uses some incident or accident to make God's presence seem real to people, and thus to remind them that they are sinners.

I know a man who was led to realize his sinfulness by his inability to get into the tabernacle where Mr. Moody was preaching. Another was similarly convicted by being shut out from the ferry boat which he attempted to take.

Sitting in church a man once had his attention called to a solitary leaf which hung on a tree. As he watched it swaying in the wind, suddenly it was detached from the branch, and floating back and forth it gradually settled to the ground. Instantly he thought of the verse, "We all do fade as a leaf," and he said to himself, "I suppose if I do not repent, I shall after a while fade as that leaf, and lose my hold upon life, and fall to the ground and decay." That reflection led to his conversion, while the sermon being preached to him at the same time, apparently made no impression on him.

It also appears from the Scripture that Christians, by earnest prayer, can bring sinners under conviction. Thus Jacob seems to have prayed the murder out of Esau's heart so that when they met he threw his arms around his brother's neck and kissed him. And the believers in Damascus doubtless were the human instruments by which Saul of Tarsus was under conviction, or perhaps it would be better to say
that it was in answer to their prayers 
that Christ was revealed to Saul, and 
hereby his conversion was brought 
about.

While no definite laws concerning 
conviction of sin can be laid down, still 
much can be learned from experience 
and observation.

I recently had a letter from a man 
in Worcester, Mass., saying that, acting 
upon the suggestions made in an article 
on Men's Bands in the September issue 
of this paper, he and a few friends be­
gan to make daily prayer for a man in 
that city who was a drunkard. In 
eight days the man sent for two of 
these friends to come to see him, and 
after conversation with them, he knelt 
and gave himself to God.

An evangelist was sent by the state 
missionary to hold meetings in a cer­
tain church. The church had no pas­
tor and the evangelist inquired for the 
deacon. He was informed that he 
had "Gone on a hunting party, when 
he knew that I was coming?" "Yes." 
"What does that mean?" "It doubt­
less means that he wanted to be away 
while the meetings were in progress." 
"Well," said the evangelist, "then we 
must pray him out of the woods," and 
for several days the little company join­
ed in that prayer. Soon the deacon 
appeared in a very contrite mood, and 
acknowledged that he had been so con­
victed of sin that he could not stay any 
longer, and leaving his dogs and gun 
with the party, he returned to confess 
his sins and take up his duty as a ser­
vant of God. From that time the meet­
ings went on with power, and many con­
versions followed, some of the deacon's 
own family sharing in the blessing.

A friend of mine went to a town in 
Vermont to hold special service. A 
Christian woman said to him that if 
old B. W——, could be converted she 
would believe that God could do any­
things. "Why," said my friend "God 
can convert him as easily as any one 
else. Let us pray for him." The 
services went on and usually the even­
ing service was preceded by an open­
air meeting, at which my friend sang 
one or two songs through a megaphone 
which could be heard easily for half a 
mile or more.

One night B. W.——, who was out 
in the field came rushing home in a 
great hurry saying to his wife, "That 
man is calling me. I must go." He 
went to the open-air meeting and my 
friend who had noticed him, asked him 
if he would help carry the settes into 
the church. He consented, and taking 
hold of one end he helped carry in sev­
eral of them.

As the last one went into the church, 
my friend asked him if he was a Chris­
tian, and when he declared that he was 
not, he asked if he wanted to be one. 
He answered. "Yes." "Do you want 
to be a Christian enough to kneel right 
down here and confess your sins?" "I 
do." And he did, and thus was con­
verted the man who was considered the 
most wicked and hopeless man in the 
community.

One of the most striking incidents 
on record is that which occurred at Mr. 
Moody's first visit to England. His 
church had been burned and another 
was being built, and he improved the 
opportunity to visit England and hear 
some of her noted preachers. He did 
not intend to preach at all while in Eng­
land, for he was painfully conscious of 
his lack of education, and he had even 
been told that speaking in public was 
not his gift, and he had better keep 
silent. However, he was asked to 
preach in a church in North London on 
Sunday and consented. He preached 
in the morning and at the close he felt
that he had made a fool of himself, and he actually questioned whether he ought to preach again in the evening. However, he had promised, and so he went back in the evening.

As soon as he began to preach he was conscious that everything was different. The power of God seemed to be upon the service. At the close he asked all who desired to accept Christ to stand up, and to his surprise about six hundred people stood up. He thought there must be some misunderstanding, and so he asked them to sit down and then repeated the invitation. They all arose the second time.

Then he announced an inquiry meeting, and invited all who wished to seek the Lord to enter the vestry. The people streamed in by the hundred. Again he put them to a test and still they insisted that they really meant what they said.

Then Mr. Moody said, "I am going to Dublin to-morrow, but your minister will be here tomorrow night and all who are fully decided to lead a Christian life can come here and he will speak to you." When Mr. Moody reached Dublin he had a telegram from the minister saying there were more on Monday than on Sunday, and that a great revival had broken out and he must come back and help him.

What was the explanation? There was a woman in London who was bedridden. She did not know that Moody was to preach that morning. Her sister asked her on her return from church, "Who do you think preached for us this morning?" She guessed one person after another and finally the sister told her that it was a Mr. Moody from Chicago. "What! Mr. Moody of Chicago? I read of him in an American paper, and I have been praying to God to send him to London, and to our church. If I had known it I would not have eaten any breakfast, I would have spent the time in prayer. Now sister, do not send me any dinner. I am going to spend the afternoon in prayer." She did and all that evening while Mr. Moody was preaching she was holding him up in prayer as Aaron and Hur did Moses, and God completely changed the atmosphere of the church and convicted hundreds of people of sin.

Surely God's people may wield a mighty power if they will, but as long as they have no concern for souls, there will be no conviction among sinners. —Union Gospel News.

HEALED AND QUICKENED BY THE INDWELLING SPIRIT.

A few months before I took Christ as my Healer, a prominent physician in New York insisted on speaking to me on the subject of my health, and told me that I had not constitutional strength enough left to last more than a few months. He required my taking immediate measures for the preservation of my life and usefulness. During the summer that followed I went for a time to Saratoga Springs, and while there, one Sabbath afternoon, I wandered out to the Indian camp ground, where the Jubilee singers were leading the music in an evangelistic service. I was deeply depressed, and all things in life looked dark and withered. Suddenly, I heard the chorus:

"My Jesus is the Lord of lords; No man can work like Him."

It fell upon me like a spell. It fascinated me. It seemed like a voice from heaven. It possessed my whole being. I took Him also to be my Lord of lords, and to work for me.

A few weeks later I went with my
family to Old Orchard Beach, Maine. I had not, up to that time, committed myself in any full sense to the truth or experience of Divine Healing.

At the same time I had been much interested in it for years.

But the summer I speak of I heard a great number of people testify that they had been healed by simply trusting the Word of Christ, just as they would for their salvation. It drove me to my Bible. I determined that I must settle this matter one way or the other. I am so glad I did not go to man. At His feet, alone, with my Bible open, and with no one to help or guide me, I became convinced that this was part of Christ's glorious Gospel for a sinful and suffering world, and the purchase of His blessed Cross, for all who would believe and receive His Word. That was enough. I could not believe this and then refuse to take it for myself, for I felt that I dare not hold any truth in God's Word as a mere theory, or teach to others what I had not personally proved. And so one Friday afternoon, at the hour of three o'clock, I went out into the silent pine woods—I remember the very spot—and there I raised my right hand to Heaven and, in view of the Judgment Day, I made to God, as if I had seen Him there before me face to face, these three great and eternal pledges:

1. As I shall meet Thee in that day, I solemnly accept this truth as part of Thy Word, and of the Gospel of Christ, and, God helping me, I shall never question it until I meet Thee there.

2. As I shall meet Thee in that day I take the Lord Jesus as my physical life, for all the needs of my body until all my life-work is done; and, God helping me, I shall never doubt that He does so become my life and strength from this moment, and will keep me under all circumstances until all His will for me is perfectly fulfilled.

3. As I shall meet Thee in that day, I solemnly agree to use this blessing for the glory of God, and the good of others and to speak of it or minister in connection with it, in any way in which God may call me, or others may need me, in the future.

I arose. It had only been a few moments, but I knew that something was done. Every fibre of my soul was tingling with a sense of God's presence. I do not know whether my body felt better or not—I know I did not care or want to feel it—it was so glorious to believe it simply, and to know that henceforth He had it in hand.

Then came the test of faith. The first struck me before I had left the spot. A subtle voice whispered: "Now you have decided to take God as your Healer, it would help if you should just go down to Dr. Cullis' cottage and get him to pray with you." I listened to it for a moment, without really thinking. The next, a blow seemed to strike my brain, which made me reel for a moment as a man stunned. I staggered and cried: "Lord, what have I done?" I felt I was in some great peril. In a moment the thought came very quickly, "That would have been all right before this, but you have just settled this matter for ever, and told God you will never doubt that it is done." I saw it like a flash of lightning, and in that moment I understood what faith meant, and what a solemn and awful thing it was inexorably and exactly to keep faith with God. I have often thanked God for that blow. I saw that when a thing was settled with God it was never to be unsettled. When it was done, it was never to be undone, or done over again in any sense that could involve a doubt of the finality of the
committal already made.

The next day I started to go to the mountains of New Hampshire. The next test came on the following Sabbath, just two days after I had claimed my healing. I was invited to preach in the Congregational Church. I felt the Holy Spirit pressing me to give a special testimony. But I tried to preach a good sermon of my own choosing. It was about the Holy Ghost, and had often been blessed, but it was not His Word for that hour, I am sure. He wanted me to tell the people what He had been showing me. But I tried to be conventional and respectable, and I had an awful time. My jaws seemed like lumps of lead, and my lips would scarcely move. I got through as soon as I could, and fled into an adjoining field, where I lay before the Lord, and asked Him to show me what my burden meant, and to forgive me. He did most graciously, and let me have one more chance to testify for Him and glorify Him. That night we had a service in our hotel, and I was permitted to speak again. This time I did tell what God had been doing. Not very much did I say, but I tried to be faithful in a stammering way, and told the people how I had lately seen the Lord Jesus and His blessed Gospel in a deeper fulness as the Healer of the body, and taken Him for myself, and knew that He would be faithful and sufficient. God did not ask me to testify of my feelings, or experiences, but of Jesus and His faithfulness. And I am sure He calls all who trust Him to testify before they experience His full blessing. I believe I should have lost my healing if I had withheld it I should not now be writing the pages of the Gospel of Healing. Well, the next day the third test came.

Nearby was a mountain 3,000 feet high—I was asked to join a little party that were to ascend it. I shrank back at once. Did I not remember the dread of heights that had always overshadowed me, and the terror with which I had resolved in Switzerland and Florence never to attempt it again? Did I not know how an ordinary stair exhausted me and distressed my poor heart?

Then came the solemn searching thought, "If you fear, or refuse to go, it is because you do not believe that God has healed you. If you have taken Him for your strength, need you fear to do anything to which He calls you?"

I felt it was God's thought. I felt my fear would be, in this case, pure unbelief, and I told God that in His strength I would go.

Just here I would say that I do not wish to imply that we should ever do things just to show how strong we are, or without any real necessity for them. I do not believe that God wants His children needlessly to climb mountains, or walk miles just because they are asked to. But in this case—and there are such cases in every experience—I needed to step out and claim my victory some time, and this was God's time and way. He will call and show each one for themselves. And whenever we are shrinking through fear, He will be very likely to call us to the very thing that is necessary for us to do to overcome the fear.

And so I ascended that mountain. At first it seemed as if it would almost take my last breath. I felt all the old weaknesses and physical dread; I found I had in myself no more strength than ever. But over against my weak-
ness and suffering I became conscious that there was another Presence. There was a Divine strength reached out to me if I would have it, take it, claim it, hold it, and persevere in it.

A few weeks later I returned to my work in this city, and with deep gratitude to God I can truly say, hundreds being my witnesses, that for nearly seven years I have been permitted to labor for the dear Lord in summer's heat or winter's cold without interruption, without a single season of protracted rest, and with increasing comfort, strength, and delight. Life has had for me a zest, and labor an exhilaration that I never knew in the freshest days of my childhood. The Lord has permitted the test to be a very severe one. A few months after my healing He called me into the special pasto­rical, evangelistic, and literary work which has since engaged my time and energy, and which I may truthfully say has involved four-fold more labor than any previous period of my life. Besides the evangelistic and pastoral work of my Church, involving most of this time, several sermons every week, there have been the following additional labors: The entire editorial charge and much of the writing of a monthly magazine; the preparation of several tracts and volumes; the personal supervision of the entire publishing work, and the responsibility of a large correspondence; the oversight of Berachah Home, with the reception every week of many callers and enquirers, and several meetings there; one or two lectures daily during seven months in the year at the Missionary Training College, requiring the most elaborate and careful thought; and many meetings and conventions in various places with God's dear children. Much of this work has had to be done at night, and through long protracted exertion, covering often from twelve to sixteen, or even eighteen hours of labor in the twenty-four. And yet I desire to record my testimony to the honor and glory of Christ, that it has been a continual delight, and seldom any burden or fatigue, and much, very much easier in every way than the far lighter tasks of former years. I have been conscious, however, all the time, that I was not using my own natural strength. Physically, I do not think I am any more robust than ever. I would not dare to attempt for a single week what I am now doing, on my own constitutional resources. I am intensely conscious with every breath, that I am drawing my vitality from a directly supernatural source, and that it keeps pace with the calls and necessities of my work. Hence, on a day of double labor, I will often be conscious at the close of double vigor, and feel just like beginning over again, and indeed almost reluctant to have even sleep place its gentle arrest on the delightful privilege of service. Nor is this a paradox of excitement to be followed by a reaction, for the next day comes with equal freshness, and all this has gone on for nearly seven years: and that following close on a worn-out constitution, and twenty years of suffering. I have noticed this, that my work is easier, and seems to draw less upon my vital energy than before. I do not seem to be using up my own life in the work now, but working on a surplusage of vitality supplied by another source. I believe, and am sure, that it is nothing else than "the life of Christ manifested in my mortal flesh." It is a life of constant dependence on Christ physically as well as spiritually. One night, especially, I remember returning from a distant city, and finding at a late hour several hours of night-work on
my desk that it seemed necessary for me to do before morning. In myself I felt at the moment physically unable to do it, and heart and brain both seemed to tremble at the sight. But I looked to God, and became fully assured that it was His work and His will that I should do it then. I took up my pen, and in a few hours it was joyfully finished, and when it was done, instead of being exhausted I was fresher than when I rose in the morning, and ready to lie down with tranquil nerves and sleep as peacefully as a child.

I know not how to account for this, unless it be the imparted life of the dear Lord Jesus in my body. I am surely most unworthy of such an honor and privilege, but I believe He is pleased with His great condescension to unite Himself with our bodies, and I am persuaded that His body, which is perfectly human and real, can somehow share its vital elements with our organic life, and quicken us from His Living Heart and indwelling Spirit. I have learned much from the fact that Samson's physical strength was through "the Spirit of the Lord," and that Paul declares that although daily delivered to death for Jesus' sake, yet the very life of Christ is made manifest in his body. I find that "the body is for the Lord, and the Lord for the body," that "our bodies are members of Christ," and that "we are members of His body." I do not desire to provoke argument, but I give my simple, humble testimony, and to me it is very real and very wonderful. I know "it is the Lord." I know many of my brethren who have entered into the same blessed experience. I only want to consecrate and use it more and more for Him. I feel what a sacred and holy trust it is. And I so wish that my weary, broken-down, and overladen brethren could but taste its exquisite joy and its all-sufficient strength.

I would like to add, for my brethren in the ministry, that I have found the same Divine help for my mind and brain as for my body. Having much writing and speaking to do, I have given my pen and tongue to Christ to possess and use, and He has so helped me that my literary work has never been a labor. He has enabled me to think much more rapidly, and to accomplish much more work, and with greater facility than ever before. It is very simple and humble work, but such as it is it is all through Him, and I trust for Him only. And I believe, with all its simplicity, it has been more used to help His children and glorify His name than all the elaborate preparation and toil of the weary years that went before. To Him be all the praise.—The Gospel of Healing.

PERSONAL WORK.

Perhaps as harmful a notion as ever crept into the modern councils of Christian men, is the theory that laymen are to furnish the money and that ministers are to do the spiritual and evangelizing work of the church. Of course the money must come from the laymen in large measure, but, as the ancient Levites, having received the tithes of the nation, were in turn to use in the Lord's service "the tithe of the tithes," so ministers are to put their personal proportion into the Lord's treasury.

Laymen must not feel exempted from doing what they are able to do of spiritual work because they have brought their money to the Lord but are to remember that they are stewards for Him of all that they are, as well as of all
that they have. It is this very personal work that is the great need of the church of to-day. Men of Christian faith and character have personal influence over their fellow men, and they must exert this earnestly and diligently in order to the better progress of the cause of Christ.

The pastor should do all the personal work he can. Without this he will have a comparatively fruitless and worthless ministry. He may preach the truth and preach it in love, but he must follow it up by meeting the people one by one, at home, in the shop, on the street or wherever he may, and inviting and urging them to serve and follow Christ. A man had come to unite with the church, and the minister asked him which of his sermons had led him to make his decision for Christ. He answered that it was not any sermon, but that one day, after the sermon, the minister took his hand and told him that he wanted him to be a Christian. It was this personal work and word that was blessed by God to his conversion. The minister had preached many strong and faithful sermons, and had instructed and touched and helped him, but this personal appeal led to his personal decision.

So far as this personal work is concerned there is much of it that the members of the church may do as well as the minister if their hearts are warm with the love of Christ. The minister may make a thousand calls a year, may urge and invite the people to come to church and all its services, to become Christians and unite with the church, and to be earnest in Christ’s service. But if there are two hundred members and each one makes but one call a week, here are ten thousand, with ten thousand invitations. If special cases of interest are found these may be brought to the attention of the pastor. The church that tries to lead others to Christ and to a place in the church has an opportunity to do, with scarcely an effort, as much as many pastors, if it had many, could do. The whole church should be at work, for its own good and life, as well as for saving others and glorifying God. They touch the community at many points, and may be of mighty power for good if they wish to be.

In a certain church recently one hundred persons signed a covenant card which reads: “With God’s help I will seek to win others to Christ. I will speak or write to those whom I hope to win. I will also pray earnestly for their conversion.” If ten persons in each congregation would make this covenant, and live up to it, the life and work of the church would be revolutionized. The whole body of professed Christians ought to be seeking others to lead them to Christ.

Dr. Chapman recently preached from the text found in Genesis 44: 34—“How shall I go up to my Father and the lad be not with me?” During his sermon he said: “Suppose we change the text and read it like this: How shall I go up to my Father and my friend be not with me? Or, How shall I go up to my Father and my husband be not with me? Or, How shall I go up to my Father and my employe be not with me; my stenographer, to whom I dictate my letters? I am a Christian; he is not. Or, How shall I go up to my Father if I allow the days to come and go and say I believe his word to be true and speak not a word of warning or invitation to those with whom I am brought in personal contact?” It is an impressive thought. We might each of us do the personal work needed to win souls if we were only willing to do it.

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

TOMBSTONE EPIGRAPH...

...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 from mercy, and joy, and bliss—lost from peace, and life, and gladness—lost beyond hope or help, beyond remedy or release.

TERRIBLE TO SEEK FOR GAIN

Terrible as this word is, it will close up the history of multitudes "What shall it profit a man if he 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 heights of power? Oh, look and see how many, in treading that perilous path, have been lost! Do you seek wealth?—ah, multitudes have lost themselves there. Satan has his hook in that pile of gold.

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...