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:

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September 21, 1914.
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PRINTED, COME TODAY.

Unto the feast the King has spread,
Come, come, come, come,
Feed upon honey and living bread,
Prodigal come today.

Out of the darkness of sin's long night,
Come, come, come, come,
Into the marvelous Gospel light,
Prodigal come today.

Out of your sickness and into health,
Prodigal come today.

Out of your poverty into wealth,
Come, come, come, come,
Out of your bondage to sweet release,
Prodigal come today.

Feeding no longer on husks of sin,
Come, come, come, come,
Perfect salvation your soul shall win,
Prodigal come today.

Travel no longer the downward road,
Come, come, come, come,
Leaving away from you blest abode,
Prodigal come today.

—Sel. by Sr. Sara Gracie.

OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER.

Souls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken thru;
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul by travail knew.

Thousand voices
call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, harken, none has taught them,
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear.

Ye who know Him,
guide them from their darkness drear.

Haste, oh haste and spread the tidings,
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings,
Rise against us when we stand,

In the Judgment
From some far forgotten land.

Lo the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten.
When we seek them,

Let Thy Spirit go before.

Sel. by Sr. Sara Gracie.

MESSIAH ORPHANAGE DEDICATION.
GRANTHAM, PA.

The Messiah Orphanage, which was lately built at Grantham, Pa., will be dedicated on September 27, with an all-day meeting. A hearty invitation is extended.

Trains leave Harrisburg, 8:35 a. m. and 4:50 p. m. and returning leave Grantham, 8:38 a. m. and 5:38 p. m.—arriving at Harrisburg at 9 a. m. and 6:23 p. m.

Jewish people know nothing of the 53rd chapter of Isaiah; or Isaiah 7:14 9:6. Neither are they familiar with Psalms 2, 22 and 89 which are distinctly messianic.
Editorial

An English Opinion

Alex. A. Boddy (Pastor Boddy) of All Saints' Vicarage, Sunderland, England, editor of *Confidence*, a leading Pentecostal publication, also prominent in the present day pentecostal movement including the Tongues Gift, visited Canada and the United States in recent months. He gives an interesting account of his visits in different states where he attended camp meetings and ministered in the word. On account of certain happenings in Philadelphia recently having some bearing on the work of our mission in that city, it will be of interest to read what Pastor Boddy says about the work as he saw it there. We therefore quote herewith some of his report:

"A run of about eight miles brought me to Foxchase Camp Meeting. The electric car brought me along side a number of tents like a little village. As the car stopped I could hear the emphatic voice of a Pentecostal preacher in the center tent.

"Brother Greer, who had arranged for the camp hurried forward to embrace me and give me a warm welcome, and very soon I was on the platform...... I was pressed at once to say a few words as some friends were leaving by train after living here for a week.

"In Philadelphia there are several Pentecostal gatherings, including the Highway Mission, a Scandinavian Pentecostal Mission, and the Apostolic Faith Mission of Bro. Robert Greer and his wife. This brother had written to England inviting me to give some days to this Camp Meeting, and so I spoke twice a day during my stay.

"There were some difficulties, but more blessings. One brother from another
city had turned somersaults. I was told, the night before, in excitement, and the brethren had been grieved. I heard in another place of a brother standing on his head, or trying to do so. These strange antics and religious buffoonery keep earnest seekers away from the Pentecostal blessings and the Pentecostal people.

"These stumbling blocks are generally self-willed people who long for notoriety, and actually seem to think that the blessed, reverent Holy Ghost prompts such soulish and idiotic performances."

"I was thankful that the teaching I was led to hand as to spirit, soul, and body, was thankfully received by the majority, tho the American temperament seems to be slow to learn that noise does not always represent Divine power, but more often is the result of soulish excess."

"Sometimes at the close of the evening meeting there would be nearly a thousand people standing round the tent, some, no doubt, hoping to witness manifestations, or to hear sisters demonstrating unrestrainedly, but many, I trust, thankfully taking in the message of salvation."

The Italics are ours. Here is the opinion of a leader in this movement. We are therefore surprised that any of our people should be drawn into at, and with such regrettable results as has recently been the case.

BISHOP ELECTED AND ORDAINED.

The recent death of Bishop Aaron Martin of Elizabethtown, Pa., made it necessary that another bishop be chosen for the Donegal dist., Lancaster Co., Pa. The election was held and Eld. L. O. Musser of Mt. Joy, Pa., was chosen. The ordination service was held at the Cross Roads M. H. on the 13th., inst., Bishop H. B. Hoffer of the Rapho dist., presiding. Bro. Musser is one of the younger members of the ministerial staff of the district and his election to this important office is evidence that the elector of this strong district places confidence in him. May he prove himself a capable leader under the blessing of God, and be used much in promoting the welfare of the Master's cause in the district as also throughout the church.

In Ohio the liquor people are struggling to fasten upon the state liquor's domination so completely that the State would be permanently and perpetually under its control. The religious and moral forces are, however, strongly resisting such encroachment by the powers of booze, and it is hoped will win in the struggle and Ohio be swung into the dry column. In Pennsylvania the reform forces are struggling to elect a legislature that shall permit the state to enjoy Local Option privileges, as so far the State is one of those quite dark states where the people have no say as regards the licensing of the liquor business. Prohibition campaigns are also in progress in California, and Virginia, and, we think, in another of the western states. God grant that success may crown all of these efforts, and may this be "A saloonless nation in 1920," if not before.

We understand that brother and sister William Hykes of Paramount, Md., are assuming the offices of Steward and Matron of the Messiah Orphanage now located at Grantham, Pa. We think the institution is to be congratulated for this acquisition, and we hope it will prosper in its new location and under the new management. The sisters who have borne the burden of this work so faithfully up until now, are worthy of special recognition and praise. They stood in
their places loyally and faithfully, and, no doubt, having done it as unto the Lord, He will not fail to hand out the merited reward.

Bro. and Sr. Myron Taylor are now located at Moorstown Center, Mich., having taken up the work there laid down recently by Eld. Vernon and Sr. Charlotte Stump. Bro. Taylor is pleased to write encouragingly of the work at that place now as contrasted with what it was seven years ago when he resigned the work there to go to Africa. They are comfortably located in the parsonage home, and take up the work there with encouraged hearts believing that God will continue to bless the efforts and so give success to the efforts put forth. They request prayer in their behalf.

During the week just past Grantham has taken on new life. During the summer vacation things around the Bible School were very quiet, but the opening of the Fall term on the 14th., inst, has transformed the place into a busy hive of students and teachers. Students have enrolled from distant states and also Province of Ontario. We are unable to give the number of students now enrolled, but is considerably larger than last year, and no doubt, more will be coming later. We wish the work encouraging success as time progresses, being always under the direction of the Spirit of God.

Some time ago we passed on, in these notes, a statement, culled from an exchange, that Dr. Campbell Morgan had become unsound in his teaching. An India correspondent thinks there is not sufficient ground for the charge, as Dr. Morgan in his answer to such charges seems to make it plain that he is loyal to the Bible. We hope it may be so. We do not want to, knowingly, misrepresent anything or any one.

We would like to secure an agent in every Sunday School district to sell our beautiful 1915 Daily Text Wall Calendar. It gives the S. S. Lesson Topic and Golden Text references for every Sunday in the year, also a Scripture Text for each day. Bro. J. S. Lehman of Gormley, Ont., will handle them in the Markham, Ont., district. The brethren of that district will kindly patronize him.

Ten days of Bible Study and Evangelistic services at the Bethel M. H., N. Dickenson Co., Kans., conducted by Bishop J. R. Zook, assisted by Prof. A. Q. Whitcomb, is the announcement sent us by the correspondent there. Three services will be held daily, at 10 a.m., 2 and 7:30 p.m. Everybody is invited.

President Wilson has yielded to many requests and appointed Oct. 4, as a day of special prayer throughout the land, for the cessation of the horrible butchery of human beings now going on in Europe, and restoration of peace. Yes, may God hear the prayers and may the dove of peace soon settle over the warring nations.

To those who have occasion to use picture post cards we would recommend the Scripture Motto Cards. For 10 cents we will send an assortment of seven cards prepaid.

We may seek opportunities for ourselves, while neglecting those God gives us.—Sel.
CONTRIBUTED.

CONSECRATED GIVING.

"Ho! everyone that thirsteth, come ye. Yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." (Isa. 55: 1).

The Gospel comes to us indeed as a free gift. We cannot buy it. We must receive it as a gift. But having received the gift, we are not expected to keep it all to ourselves, but give it out to others. In fact, this is the only way the gift can continue to be precious. F. B. Meyer has truly said, "The right attitude in the stewardship of money affects the entire religious life." This corresponds with Paul's statement in II Cor. 8: 5: "They first gave their own selves to the Lord." Then they were able to fulfill verse 4 which speaks of liberal giving. That indeed is the secret of liberality even today.

Before going farther on with this subject, let us notice briefly what was required of God's people UNDER THE LAW.

They were to tithe the fruit of the tree, the fruit of the land, and also their flocks and herds (Lev. 27: 30, 32). This tithe was to be given to the Levites, who had no inheritance, but who performed the service of the sanctuary. The Levites in turn gave the tenth of their tithe to the priests (Num. 18: 24-28). In earlier times, the Israelites were required to give all of their first-born and firstlings of their flocks to the Lord (Ex. 13: 2, 12). Also first-fruits (Ex. 22: 29). Afterward, instead of the first-born of all the tribes, the tribe of Levi was chosen for the Lord's special service; and the cattle of the Levites instead of the firstlings of all (Num. 3: 14). Thenceforth the people gave tithes to the Levites as noted above.

(2) A tithe, in all probability a second tithe, was to be applied to festival purposes, to be eaten in common with the Levite, the stranger, the widow, and fatherless. This apparently was to be taken every three years (Deut. 14: 22, 29).

(3) In addition to tithes, the children of Israel also gave sacrifices of peace offerings, burnt, trespass, and other offerings, as stated in the first seven chapters of Leviticus. It was probably to these sacrifices that Malachi referred (Ch. 3: 8), when he rebuked the people for robbing God, not only of the tithe but also of the offerings as well.

(4) Then there was the half-shekel of the sanctuary, about thirty-two cents, which everyone was to pay for the ransom of his soul (Ex. 30: 13). This amount, which was appointed for the service of the congregation, was to be given by everyone, whether rich or poor.

(5) Every seventh year, the Israelites were required to release every debtor and every bondservant (Deut. 16). Every seventh year, also, their fields should not be planted and their vineyards not pruned. And should any fruit mature of itself, the poor and the stranger had as much right to it as the owner (Lev. 25: 4-6).

(6) All gleanings of grapes and corners of fields were to be left for the poor (Lev. 19: 9, 10).

(7) Lastly we mention the sacrifices of time. Besides keeping the Sabbath strictly, the Israelites were also asked to take time for many feasts; as follows. On the fourteenth day of the first month was the Passover, followed by the Feast of Unleavened Bread for seven days (Lev. 23: 6). Then, later in the season at reaping time, before
eating any of the new crop themselves, they were to bring a sheaf of First-fruits, together with a burnt offering, drink offering, and meat offering, called the feast of Harvest or First-fruits. Again, at the close of the season, when they had gathered in their crops, on the fifteenth day of the seventh month was held the Feast of Ingathering, sometimes called the Feast of Tabernacles. This feast lasted seven days, and they lived in booths, to commemorate the time when the Israelites dwelt in booths. See Lev. 23: 34-43; Ex. 23: 16. Then there was also the feast of Pentecost, or feast of Weeks, fifty days after the offering of first-fruits, supposed to commemorate the giving of the Law on Mt. Sinai. It also corresponds to our Whitsuntide, the anniversary of the day on which the Holy Ghost was given. See Lev. 23: 15. Then the feast of Trumpets, held in the seventh month of the ecclesiastical year, but on the first day of the civil year, was a New Year festival on which no work was done (Lev. 23: 23-25). And the day of Atonement also called the Fast, (Acts 27: 9). This was a day of peculiar solemnity when the people afflicted their souls, and the high priest entered into the Holy of Holies to make atonement for the sins of the people (Lev. 16). (The day of atonement was necessarily yearly because there was a remembrance of sins every year (Heb. 10: 3). Thus we see that God's people under the Law were required to give an astonishing amount both of time and means to the Lord's service. Not only did they give a tithe of their income, but offerings amounting to perhaps more than a second tithe beside. In addition to this they gave at least a tenth of their time, not counting the Sabbath, in attending the feasts of the Lord. Not only so, but the feasts again required additional offerings; for no one was to go empty-handed. Neither could they offer anything that was maimed or broken or sick or imperfect in any way. They had to offer the best, and it had to be given liberally. See Ex. 25: 2, and 35: 5. Beside all this the first-born of their children had to be given to God for special service, until finally, one whole tribe was set apart for this purpose.

How do we, who are partakers of a better Covenant, measure up to the old-time standard? If the Church to-day would give only half as liberally as did the Israelites, of time, money, property and children, there would be men and means abundant, and how soon the world could be evangelized. And how much more could be done if we measured fully up to the standard.

Will anyone who reads this still continue in his carelessness, selfishness and lethargy? God forbid.

H. J. Frey.

FAITH-LOVE-HOPE.

"Looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God" (Heb. 12: 2).

How refreshing these words are to one's body and soul! To know that Jesus fulfilled the law, and so God demands our supreme love, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whatsoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. Think over these words, dear friend. Do you realize what love God really had for this sinful world? That by faith we should be saved! How often does our faith fail!
we wonder that Jesus rebuked His apostles more than once and said, “O ye of little faith? Why, simply because we become indifferent. Where is the faith that once stood for God? Are we in the days like the Jews of old, that our faith is failing like their’s? O let not faith become weak. Let us be on the watch and pray for a unity of the faith. “Jesus saith Have faith in God.” (Mark 11: 22). Wake up: let us watch and pray lest we fall into sin, for God searches our hearts. We are not saved by sight but by faith. Let us look at the faith of Abraham, how faithful he was. And Daniel: look at Daniel, how he must have felt when he was ordered to be cast in the lions’ den. What did he do? Why he simply believed in God, that all things were possible. And when Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were ordered into the fiery furnace what did they do? They stood by God, for it matters not, dear friend, what we do, unless we have faith we will not be saved. “Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints” (Jude 3). There is not one passage, dear friend, in the Holy Bible that God will not do what He says He will do. If He would not there would be a Jubilee in hell. There are 30,000 promises, and 800 commandments in the Holy Bible, and then will we not believe? Is it any wonder that Jesus saith, “O faithless generation, how long shall I suffer you? Bring him unto me” (Mark 9: 19). Let us not drift out into the world and be faithless (remember Lot’s wife) for rich will be our reward if we have patience and direct our ways in Christ Jesus.

LOVE.

“Beloved let us love one another for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God” (I John 4: 7).

“Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends” (John 15: 3). But Jesus laid down His life for His enemies. God is divine Love. It is not His will that one should perish. But man is a free agent.

What more could God do than give His Son, Jesus, for mankind. Love prompted Him to do it. So many say Adam and Eve are the cause of sin, why should we perish because of their sin? Can we help it if a man has a disease and we get the same? What do we do? We inquire of the physician. He say’s Take this medicine; it will help and we believe it will, and so it does. Dear friend, there is a remedy for this disease, and so there is a remedy for sin. There is a greater physician than this one or that one. It is Jesus Christ, and faith in Him will heal us.

Praise God for His wonderful love. There is something that is precious, namely Christ’s blood which was shed on Calvary’s Cross. Think of it. What wonderful love He had for mankind when He hung on the cruel cross. He could have called to God for help and God would have sent angels with fiery swords to protect Him, but what did He say? “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!” (Matthew 23: 37).

Wonderful Love was in His heart when He expressed these words, He
had no angry heart, neither should we. We should not go round with that grouchy look but heavenly sunshine should reign in our hearts, keep ourselves pure, the heart green, so that heavenly thoughts can grow within: have a smile so that our works, deeds, and actions will shine for Jesus.

Hope.

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

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

What more do we want? If we have a true God who is in heaven, who will stand by us, and never forsake us though trials and tribulations come, what more do we want? Our hope is in God with whom we will be if we do His will. It is only to forsake sin, let our stubborn will be taken out of us, not have a heart like Pharaoh. Then we can sing, “There is glory in my soul!” and we hope for a better day, a day that will last for eternity, where all cares are over. Let us all be working toward one point which is to work for Jesus Christ. We may meet with many discouragements, but we can always say, Some happy day will Jesus come in bright array. Then will all discouragements be scattered, in the twinkling of an eye. Those who did the will of God will have eternal rest, but those who were not born again will have their portion in the bottomless pit where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth forever.

Dear friend, remember this, as long as heaven is there will also be hell, and the life we live here is only a short time, and when all is over what profit have we if we did not have our ways and hope centered toward the Omnipotent Father which is in heaven? Let us all work closer together that we may not be lost, that we may sit by God and Jesus Christ and see them face to face, and never want, for He will wipe all tears away. Let us hope to obtain the eternal rest and escape eternal destruction. The word of God is here, and the remedy for sin is, believe in Jesus, take up the cross, and follow His footsteps, and thus be saved. If the world despises you it despised the Savior too. The hymn says:

“There is a hope that never dies, A light that beams forever; A star whose beam cannot grow dark, A sun that sets, No, never.

Chorus

O, the hope! Blessed hope of the Christian soul, 'Tis a star that shines forever, O the hope! Blessed hope! And its cheering light He loses, never.

The flight of earth, its changing scenes, That shadow life's to-morrow, Change not the vivid rays that shine E'en in the hour of sorrow.

It is the hope—the Christian's hope— That calms the troubled spirit, And bids him wait, with patient heart, For joys that saints inherit. Omar Worman.

Souderton, Pa.

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

“Our fellowship is with the Father” (I John 1: 3).

The normal condition of a child of God is to live in unbroken fellowship with the Father. That this is possible, and that many are today rejoicing in the grace of this heavenly association enjoying the spiritual companionship of the Eternal God and Father, is evidenced by the living and inspiring testi-
monies given by those who seek the honor which cometh from God only.

Let us consider some of the essentials to having fellowship with God. First we will notice the necessity of the heart being clean (Matt. 5:8). cleansed by the precious blood from all iniquity. The Psalmist says, “If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me. The precious blood of Jesus must be honored in a full experience of its cleansing efficacy in removing from the heart all the pollution of sin (Acts 15:9). The past is all solemnly and conscientiously put under the cleansing blood and a glorious union is formed with all that believe in “Holiness and Sanctification,” the blessed teaching of the Bible. An unconditional surrender to God for all time. A complete denying of self and ecclesiastical ambition (John 5:44).

There must and will be a clear conscience. “I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day” (Acts 23:1). And, “Herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men” (Acts 24:16). Thus made abundantly alive in God there will be a perfect knowledge of His will and a pressing forward to abound yet more and more in the fullness of His grace.

A great love for the study of God’s word will so fill the heart that there will be no desire left to waste time on the light and soul-destroying chaffy literature of these evil days.

The Holy Ghost having taken full possession, thus effecting a wonderful new control, making the once timid and frightened Peter now a mighty witness of God’s saving and transforming power to a careless self-seeking people. He no longer doubts the power of Christ to heal the sick and to sanctify believers. His normal spiritual atmosphere proves this. “Silver and Gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.” God will never fail His obedient child who is in loving fellowship with himself.

Seeing that a blessed fellowship with God has now taken its proper place in the prayer life, we will further notice the blessed accomplishments of divine grace as this mighty force the prayer life,—the life of God, carries before it the ever increasing barriers that the enemy puts in the way of the saints of God the weapons of whose warfare are not carnal but mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin.

Any one who has had a full experience of sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost knows that he must have “Daily fellowship with God.” “He must keep company with Jesus every day.” If he is not faithful in, these no matter however bright his experience may have been in the past, his now leaky vessel has put a deep line of discontent upon his soul. Beloved, do you have all the fellowship with God that your heart longs for? Or do you feel barren and dry and shriveled, your heart filled with disappointment? Have you been hindering and unsettling others deliberately, or by your carelessness? If so you need not be surprised as to the sin in your own life and the guilt upon your conscience. You may pray and exercise yourself very much in an outward manner but if in your heart your fellowship with God has been cut off, your efforts are a sad and grievous failure. It is possible for you to regain your peace before God, by humbly and earnestly seeking His loving face. Dear one, delay not but faithfully come to Him. He can help and restore you today. Will you let Him do it?

Fellowship with God means more than just to be a dry formal Christian.
It means that the life of God is so lived in you that as you pray you have the consciousness that God is hearing and answering your petition.

Now follow that soul whose heart is all aglow for God, into his seasons of prayer and fellowship with God alone; hear him pray and weep before the altar, travelling for the salvation of the lost. See that saint in the homeland in his earnest “Fellowship with God.” Asking God to pour out His Spirit upon His work upon the mission fields everywhere, then he takes the workers by name upon his heart in earnest faithful prayer until he knows that God has answered and brought new inspiration and a soul stirring blessing upon the one in lonely isolation. Then listen as you hear him intercede for the spiritual development of the dear native brethren and sisters. Do you believe that you ought to have this fellowship with God?

Dear ones, God is calling you into fellowship with Himself. He wants you to share in His great work. Will you let Him so equip you and fill you with His Spirit that you will take such joy in prayer? Fellowship with God is prayer and you cannot have real whole-hearted fellowship with God until you let Him teach you how to pray effectually for the salvation of the lost.

How much are you concerned about Missions? How much do you pray for Missions? How many answers to prayer do you know, you have received when praying for Missions? What is the greatest joy in your life? Can we truly say our fellowship is with the Father?

Your Bro. in fellowship with Him and His little ones.

Isaac O. Lehman.

Johannesburg, Africa.

News of Church Activity

IN THE
HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Adresses of Missionaries.

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

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


Isaac O. and A. Alice Lehiman, box 3263, Johannesburg, South Africa.

India.

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

Following not under Foreign Mission Board.

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

Elmina Hoffman, Kedgaon, Pocna, 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. Brubaker and Sr. Nancy Shirk.


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.

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

Once more we come in the dear name of Jesus, greeting you with Prov. 15: 28-30: "The heart of the righteous studieth to answer; but the mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things. The Lord is far from the wicked; but he heareth the prayer of the righteous. The light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart; and a good report maketh the bones fat."

This has been our concern and prayer, that our reports of this work be not to make a show or have a boastful appearance, but prove to be an encouragement, and a little help to some precious soul; and, above all, that they may meet the approval of our God, apart from this motive all our reports would be sadly in vain.

On July 29, we with our Sunday School were invited again to Sr. Iva Herr's to the harvest meeting which was held in their barn. We are glad to say the interest and attendance is growing each year. The scene appeared to me like the love feasts our fathers had in their barns in my childhood days. We were so glad to see them gathering in from the various districts.

Special effort had been made to interest the children. Bro. Orville Herr first spoke to them, he explained to them what sin is that sin is really in the heart, and especially revealed to them the value of a soul. Bro. Jesse Wenger also talked to them holding up before them the faithful characters of the Bible, such as Joseph, Daniel, and others and the blessed results of their obedience. Then Sr. Blanch Johnson of Springfield, O., who gave her heart to Jesus nearing four year ago, at the age of ten, was chosen to reveal to the children her Christian experience, and the keeping power of the Lord in her soul in the midst of all the sorrow, distress, and misery that comes to a drunkard's home, even to the extent that her parents separated and she was thrown out of a home. Thank God she continued to shine, and the Lord provided for her another home. This truly is an encouragement to us all; that the Lord can and does care for the children in the severest trials, if they trust and obey Him.

Then a careful explanation was made to the children of the experience of faith, by Bro. O. B. Ulery. He showed in a simple and child like way, how to trust and believe the Lord for salvation, and for grace to resist temptation, and to be ready to work for Him in this wicked world.

An altar call was made, and a goodly number of the children came forward to the altar confessing their sins. What a little army this will make for Jesus if they willingly move right out in the light in faithful obedience to the Lord, and shine as little sunbeams for Him. Some of those children were from the Mission, others from Fairview, and Highland. Will you help us to pray for them?

O, dear ones, there are so many snares and pitfalls for our dear children these days. Let us unite our prayers, calling upon God that they may be saved from the awful wickedness of sin.

The afternoon was spent in social exercises, and was very profitable indeed. Our dear aged father Herr was very happy and received such a blessing while giving his testimony. The thought came to me, should we be privileged to have another harvest meeting, he and his dear companion may be rejoicing with the redeemed in glory.

We all enjoyed the day, and well paid for having been there. May God especially bless our dear Sr. Herr and the dear ones at Fairview for their faithful labor to make it possible to have such a precious service.

On Aug. 23, we were favored to have with us our dear brother, Meshach Krikorian, one of the Armenian students of the Grantham Bible School. It truly had a very solemn effect upon us all to hear his message, telling of the cruel massacre of the Armenians by the Turks who are lost in the almost hopeless depths of idolatrous Mohammedanism. O can we not thank God, and appreciate more our Christian freedom as we see the dark and sad pictures of idolatrous heathenism? And if we are not true, and faithful with all of the light and liberty we have think what the awful account we will have to give. May God help us to realize the great responsibility resting upon us.

On Aug. 23, we enjoyed a very precious baptismal service. Four dear souls were made willing to take the narrow way with Jesus, and become one with us in our church fellowship. We were so much impressed with the quiet attention and solemnity man-
Ifested by the large company of witnesses as they stood by the water's edge. Truly public baptism in the running stream is diminishing, and going out of date, or, is too much looked upon as a thing of the past, as so many have their baptism in their church building where they can baptize, pour or sprinkle. So much is this true that public stream baptism is becoming a rare occurrence in our cities. But I do thank God, that it does appeal, and still brings conviction and solemnity upon the people as they are looking on, because it is the way Jesus our example laid it down for us. Then in the evening service there were four precious souls came forward to the altar of prayer confessing their sins. It truly is wonderful to hear of the sins that the children of our day are confessing to. O, dear brethren and sisters, as God's children let us awaken more and more and cry louder and harder against sin.

We are greatly indebted again to our heavenly Father for the way in which He has cared for us in our temporal needs thru the faithfulness of His children. We lack words to express our thankfulness and appreciation to the Lord and you all, may God continue to pour out upon you of His bounties, and that the continuation of our labors may please the Lord and result in the gathering in of lost souls. Please do not cease to remember us at a throne of grace.

SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

From the San Francisco Mission Workers, the servants of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ; to the VISITOR family scattered abroad in America, Canada, Africa and India, Greeting:

We come again with the praise of God on our lips and His joy in our hearts, with this month's report.

Truly God is good to all those who call upon Him in truth.

We cannot report of such wonderful large visible victories, but there have been some real definite victories in souls. Since Aug. 1, the Barbary Coast has been thrown open to slumming parties and of course it is harder on the cause of right, but God has been working on as many hearts as would permit Him.

There have been some real definite things done in the way of sanctification of believers. I tell you, in these days, it is Holiness or Hell. Many kick at this but it is truth nevertheless.

These two last months are always the hardest months for mission work in this city, but we are glad to say God's grace was sufficient to carry us through.

God is good to us, and through His children He has kindly supplied our needs for another month for which we thank Him and all who have obeyed His voice. May God richly bless all His Israel everywhere.

We are glad to hear of the much needed rains in the east, coming to bless your crops. The Lord promised the rain in its seasons. We solicit your prayers for us and the work at this place.

FINANCIAL.

Report from June 24, July 24, 1914.

Receipts.
Hall offering, $23.45; Upland, S. S. $5.00; Zion, Kans., S. S., $26.96; Fairview, Ohio,
Sept. 21, 1914.

S. S., $7.60; A. Heise and wife, Hamlin, Kans., $20.00; J. B. Winger and wife San Francisco, $5.00. Total $106.86.

Expenditures.

Fruit for tanning, $1.15; car fare, $9.50; groceries, $17.70; house rent, $8.00; hall rent, $50.00; household, gas, water, light $3.64; hall light etc., $3.95; poor, $1.45. Total $95.39.

Balance on hand, Aug. 24, $9.87.

The Workers.

BUFFALO MISSION.

We greet you with Psa. 4: 6. It is precious to know while we are weakness, He is our strength and to realize, "He will hold me fast."

In these perilous times, when we may be misunderstood, and misjudged, such a sweet calm fills our soul's in the midst of it all. We can "look up," and know that Father knows and He will not forget His child.

We were favored with having with us Bro. Hess of Grantham, two evenings, and enjoyed his gracious words very much. We also enjoyed the visit of a number of the students. We pray God may take care of the work at Grantham, and that every one that goes out from that place may be made a blessing.

We must too express our thankfulness to all who have helped to so often gladden our hearts. We especially thank our Heavenly Father for all we have and are. Will you all continue to pray that God might have His way?

FINANCIAL.

Report from July 31 to Aug. 31, 1914.

Balance on hand $8.50.

Receipts.

Sr. Katie Winger, Stevensville, Ont., $1.00; Bro. C. S. Brenner, Smithville, Ohio, $2.00; Mrs. Kinard, Buffalo, $1.00; St. Lillian Baker, Nottawa, Ont., $1.00; Bro. Orla Heise, Headford, Ont., $1.00; Miss J. Friendly, Buffalo, $1.00; Bro. Jesse Lehman, Carlisle, Pa., $2.00; Bro. D. L. Giah, Buffalo, $5.00; Bro. Norman Winger, Stevensville, Ont., $1.00; Bro. Archie Byer, Grantham, Pa., $2.00; Bro. E. Carlyn, Buffalo, $1.00; Sr. Florence Ott, Ridgeway, Ont., $1.00; Zion S. S. Kans., $16.86; A boarder, $7.00; Sr. Nancy Rhodes, Clarence Ctr., $1.00; Bro. Emerson Climenhaga, Stevensville, Ont., $1.00; Bro. Andrew Saylor, Stevensville, Ont., $1.50; Wainfleet S. S. Wainfleet, Ont., $10.65.

Expenditures.

Light $ .70; gas, $ .30; doorbell $ .90; groceries, carfare and sundries, $29.66; coal, $27.20.

Balance on hand, Aug. 24, $9.87.

Yours, yet His,
T. S. and Cora Doner.

MT. CARMEL HOME.

Financial Report for Mt. Carmel Home for 3 months May, June and July.

May Receipts.

Union Grove, Ind., S. S. $10.00; H. L. Truunt, Ill., $5.00; Mrs. B. L. Brubaker, Ill., $5.00; Dr. and Mrs. W. O. Baker, Ohio, $5.00; Rosebank, Kans., S. S. $8.73; Mr. Reiger, Ill., $3.00; Anna H. Bert, Ill., $5.00; Annie Page, Kans., $2.00; Mrs. Cora Albright, Ill., $1.00; Mrs. Emma Miller, Ill., $1.00; Income, earnings etc., $57.65. Total, $193.38.

Expenditures.

Groceries, $34.97; dry goods $4.97; sundries, repairs etc., $37.29. Total $77.23.

June Receipts.

Janet H. Houston, Ill., $20.00; Elizabeth Houston, Ill., $5.00; Bethel, Kans., S. S., $10.13; Christian Sunday School Indians, $20.00; Fairview, Sunday School Kansas, $5.00; Waukena Sunday School, California, $13.00; In His Name, Ill., $5.00; D. V. Heise, N. Y., $10.00; Gospel Temple, La., S. S., $12.52; Mrs. Angeney, Pa., $25; Income, earnings etc., $51.90. Total, $161.80.

Expenses.

Groceries, $36.22; dry goods $17.02; fuel $4.37; Mt. Carmel Tidings, $30.00; sundries, repairs etc., $62.24. Total $149.85.

July Receipts.

Janet Houston, Ill., $25.00; Mrs. Johnson, Ill., $5.00; Spring Hill, Ill., S. S., $3.75; income, earnings etc., $33.50. Total, $67.75.

Expenses.

Groceries, $60.17; dry goods, $12.00; repairs sundries etc., $67.44. Total $149.85.

Deficit carried over from April, 3, is $183.74.

Deficit July 30, $218.00.

Other Donations Mrs. Ahrens, Ill., clothing, Prophets Town, friends jelies, Mr. Aiken,
Ill., clothing, Ladies’ Sewing Circle, Abilene, Kans., night robes, pillow cases, bath towels, roller towels, Mrs. Shirk and Albright, Ill., shoes, Mrs. McCulloh, cakes, Allen Longenecker, potatoes, Lizzie Millinger, Kans., new comforter, Miss Henry, Ill., clothing, Mrs. Abbott, Ill., clothing, J. H. Snyder, Ill., single harness, clothing.

We wish to express our gratitude to those who have so kindly contributed to the work during these three months.

We might also state for the benefit of those making inquiry as to what would be most appreciated at this time since the apple crop is a complete failure with us this year and also other fruit scarce, a quantity of dried apples or fruits of any kind would be much appreciated by the Home Family.

A. G. Zook.

OUR INDIA LETTER.

Bangaon, Bariahi P. O., Aug. 3, 1914.

Dear readers of the Visitor,

“Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul. While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable. The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.”

The longer we are on the field the more we realize the greatness of our God, the more we feel like praising Him for the “Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.” While we three are the only ones around here that we know of, who worship and praise the Living God yet our praises are ever increasing that we are His children and that we can praise Him.

Sometimes in the evenings quite a number of people come here for different things, some for medical treatment etc., and there is more or less of a commotion on the compound; then too we hear the people in the village quarreling by the use of their voices: and sometimes a number of drums beaten by some people who are worshipping their gods are heard, which altogether makes one feel as if they are indeed living in a place where Christ is needed, and at that time the strain comes quite heavy upon us; but after our evening meal we gather around the family altar, as it were, alone with God, and what a peaceful rest there is! O there is such a difference between serving a God who helps and cares for His own, and gods made out of wood and mud.

Yes, “great is our God and greatly to be praised.”

We have now been at this place three months. We enjoy our home very much, altho we find many disadvantages in living in a mud house. But some day we shall have a better home up in heaven. Then the little trials and tests of this life will all be forgotten. Sister Rohrer and myself have not seen one white woman since we are here, and only one white man. But altho we are alone, yet we are not alone as Jesus is with us. We only have the privilege of looking upon the same sex as ourselves, of the native people, who are of the very lowest caste, called coolies. These women work the same as men. When we have the language then we can go into the homes of the better class and get acquainted with the women. But now we are not yet able to speak sufficiently to go into the homes by ourselves. The women of the higher castes are not allowed in public, and also other men may not go into the women’s compartment. Since our teacher is a man, he could not go with us.

During these three months, Sr. Rohrer and myself have only been away from our place twice. At present it is too warm to do much walking, and as this is our only means of conveyance, we must be satisfied to stay at home. But even in this it is wonderful how the Lord gives contentment. O when He places us, then, no matter what the circumstances or surroundings are, all is well: and what a great satisfaction to know God sees and knows all. The two times I mentioned before of our going away the first was one afternoon some of the people fixed up an ox cart for us. At first these people objected very much to our going in this, but we assured them it was all right and so they consented. It was not very easy riding and consequently we suffered from soreness for some time. But again we remembered how Jesus used to travel about and get weary and then not even have place to lay His head. At this time we went to see the land we are at present trying to purchase.

Sometime ago we had the privilege of becoming acquainted with a Bengali Babu from Madlmpura. He very kindly invited
Sept. 21, 1914.

us all over to his place. Last Thursday we went. We again rode in the covered ox cart five miles to the railroad station and then took the train. Bro. Smith rode his bicycle. This family is a very wealthy family. They have a very nice large substantial house, not at all like other natives. Also these people do not believe in the worship of idols and closing the women up like the other High Caste Hindus. They belong to the reformers. Here we met two brothers, (the one is a lawyer), his wife and the brothers’ mother. She however would not appear in public since she has become a widow within the last year. Sr. Rohrer and myself were called into a separate room to visit with the mother. We enjoyed the day very much. We spent some time in singing. They understood English so they said they appreciated the singing. We especially prayed that God would bless the day with His presence and we believe He answered prayer. They heartily invited us back again and begged us to open a girls’ school there. This we believe the Lord will open the way for us to do in the future. They also are very eager for us to learn the language, so we can speak to the people. They said when we come again they will take us out into other homes. In this way we will get a hold on the people. Since this family is wealthy they have great influence.

For sometime I have not been able to do any studying of the language. Since we are here I have had a very severe attack of inflammatory prickly heat. This went to my eyes and they have been left very weak. It has been a trial indeed to drop all studying as one is so handicapped without the language of the people. But I have committed this to the Lord, and I know He will undertake in His own time, “He works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform.” How grand it is that we can trust everything to the Lord no matter how great or small it is. And then we can know that as we trust we are safe in Him. I think one of the hardest tests has been for me since I have had to stop studying for the time being, is to see so many around us who need the gospel; so much to be done; the harvest is so great and yet the laborers are so few. Only three of us in number! And now I am not making much progress. But thank the Lord I am here willing and ready for service.

There is one thing that I feel we especially want to thank the Lord for in answering prayer so definitely for us lately. For sometime we so keenly felt the need of a bicycle for my husband, and yet we did not feel able at the time to purchase one. But finally the Lord put it on the hearts of some of the dear brethren and sisters in the homeland to send us an offering and this at once opened up partly the way so we decided to send and trust the Lord. The day we went to pay the bill for the bicycle we received another letter from a young brother in the homeland and this made it possible for us to pay for the bicycle. Indeed we were happy. Surely Jesus is good and does care for His own. He knows our needs and also He knows just how to supply them. We give Him all the glory.

Will the dear ones continue to pray for us and the work. And we especially ask for the united prayers of the brethren and sisters that God may send out here to this very needy place some other workers in the near future.

Yours for lost souls,
Sr. H. L. Smith.

FROM AFRICA.

(HAPPENINGS ALONG THE WAY, IN AN EVANGELISTIC TRIP.

According to previous plans, the workers of Macha, together with Sitjokupi and Jim as helpers and driver, and little Sjabava as leader and herder for the oxen, left home at 1:00 p.m. on Monday, July 27, for a trip amongst the people West and North of the immediate vicinity of the Mission.

School closed on last Friday and all the boarders, but a few boys have gone to their homes for the month of August. Hence we decided to make this an opportune time to visit some of the natives who are not sufficiently interested to visit the Mission, or to partake of the Gospel and school privileges.

Our first camp was at Mahinba’s village about six miles West of Macha. There we were kindly received, remaining with them until Thursday p.m.

Our camp was at a quiet, shady spot, only a short distance from the village. There the people gathered with us every evening in Gos-
pel worship. The chief, Mahinba always came out first and took his accustomed seat by the fire-side, his people following him later.

Doubtless every person who has at some time or other experienced sitting about a large, bright camp-fire will join me in saying it has a peculiar fascination for one. It affords a worker, at least one good opportunity of getting into the confidence of the natives. Here congregate the old men and women, whose shins are red and scarred by long and oft exposure to the fire-side. Here also gather the little boys and girls, especially the herd boys, full of life and mischief, who delight to have a joke at each other's expense, and who usually linger long after their elders have gone home, watching up the white peoples' ways and habits. Here also every baby is brought, either awake or asleep on its respective mother's back. Neither are the lepers or the dogs excluded.

During the days in camp we were busy visiting the smaller out-living villages, at some places receiving a cool indifferent reception, while at others a hearty welcome. I especially remember one good-sized village, the last one to be visited one afternoon, where all responded readily to the call to gather for a short service as the sun was already rapidly setting and we had still some few miles to camp. It had been rather a tiring walk as it was up and down hill, in and out among the native paths, which wind about like a Hugh serpent and we were very thirsty.

To find good drinking water at a native village, is out of the ordinary occurrence, so we had Sitjokupi ask if there was some ebwatu that we might drink. Ebwatu is a mildly sour-drink, nearly always at hand among this particular tribe, and is prepared by putting a bruised root of a certain tree into a very thin corn gruel and left set a few hours until ready to drink.

Presently the chief, a tall strong looking man went into a nearby hut and came out with a large blue enamel cup, capacity about one and one-half quarts, which was grimey outside and inside, sat down and began washing the cup. After it was sufficiently cleansed to suit him, he strode across the large village enclosure to his own, or possibly a wife's hut returning with the cup brim full of the desired ebwatu. He came and sat down in front and to the side of Bro. Steckley, and after taking several hugh, sounding sips out of the cup to show that what he was offering was quite all right and contained no poison, it was then handed on down the line, after removing the small black ants from the top we drank it with a relish, thankful for the refreshing draught altho some of our number have not learned to like it on account of its peculiar taste.

Yesterday afternoon we drove across the veld a few miles to Sikabenga's village, and are now comfortably camped under a clump of shade trees in a cosy 9 x 12 ft. tent. 'Africa is a resourceful country for trekking and camping. There is plenty of wood to burn, plenty of game for the pot, and usually plenty of water for general purposes, all of these blessings we are enjoying at present and hope to remain here over the coming Lord's day.

There is to be a dance and beer-drink one of these days at the near by village in memory of one who died a year ago. The beer was cooked last night and early this morning and is now in pots ready to be mixed with the leaven tomorrow.

The grain to be used for the leaven will be stamped tonight.

July 31, 1914.

E. Engle.

A LETTER FROM SR. MARY J. LONG.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled" (Matthew 5: 6).

It is some time since I have written for the Visitor. The cause of this delay was not that I had become in the least careless or indifferent, for if others who used to write in by gone days became pained, and by times nearly distressed as I have been, they too will again take up the work and help along for we are workers together (II Cor. 6: 1).

For several days as I tho't of writing the above named scripture would always come to my mind: for most blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled, so that I took it for granted that I should give my experience of the last eight months. Before I made any attempt to write I went down on my face before God imploring high heaven for grace to write something that
will help other needy souls, for there are hungry hearts among God's children where we will. Many times have I been more hungry for more of God, and to have all that God has for me, than for the food for my natural body. Along with this condition, I realized a lack of power for service: yet I had not taken anything back of my former experience. Truly God was with me, and met me in healing and quickening power in marvelous ways, both in southern Oklahoma, in Kansas and Michigan. I can look back and rejoice from the depth of my soul for the mighty power of God; tho'w He does meet and quicken His little ones who wholly trust Him under every circumstance in life, it matters not how hard and severe. The tests come quick and fast but leaning on God He always brings us off victorious, and on higher ground better prepared for the next battle. I have been enabled of late, to see the great goodness of God as never before in all my life hitherto and words are not sufficient to express, neither can I express in writing the depth of joy that is flooding my soul. It is better felt than told. O dear, hungry souls, be encouraged, and thank and praise God for blessing you with this great blessing.

At this writing I am in South Cumberland, Md., nursing a sister through confinement, as I learned of the sad condition and no one to care for the mother, and the husband giving up quite a responsible position in order to care for his wife and three children. My heart was touched, and I decided to call on the family and offer my services which was very thankfully received. If I could have chosen for myself, I would not have come here for I must say it was quite a cross, but the nearest way to heaven is to do the things we do not like to do. To be a real deaconness according to the word of God means more than what some professed people think. I might go about bearing the mark of a deaconness in way of wearing some special garb, and hand out cards showing my office in the household of faith, but unless I am willing to turn in my hand as it is needed and administer to the needs of the sick how could I expect that God would come to my help and satisfy my longing hungry heart.

The first day I came here as I went to my room to wait upon God He in a very marvelous way flooded my soul with His glory, a way I shall never forget. O, it pays to live a self-sacrificing life and do the things which by nature we would not like to do. When I first came here this sister told me that she and her husband are just beginners in the Christian life and want to learn; that I should come down in their room and read the word and have prayer with them.

I must now stop and finish some, other time telling you how I came to this convention. I ask your united prayers for us as a family, for we need the prayers of God's children for a revival among my own dear people. Will you not join me, and not let up until we have the answer. Jesus will soon come to catch away His bride, Amen.

Mary J. Long.

TESTIMONY.

Feeling impressed to write my testimony for the Visitor, by God's help I will obey, for "There is no other way to be happy in Jesus, But to trust and obey" be it deep waters or pleasant pastures. My heart goes out in thankfulness to God as I realize what He has done for me. Truly He has brought my feet from the mire and clay and set them on a rock to stay. Hallelujah.

For some time after I had made a start for the Kingdom, I had real joy in God's service, till I began to get cold and backslidden in heart, living in doubts and fears. Some times I would testify and at other times not. Thus I went on till God in His mercy undertook for me. Prase His name. Since then His praise has continually been on my lips. I feel that Jesus satisfies. Of myself I am nothing but Jesus is my strength.

"Oh to be nothing, nothing. Just low at the Master's feet; An empty and broken vessel, For the Master's use made meet."

My desire is to live so that not my will may be done, but God's will be done in me. I realize that God's hand has been over me in the past and my trust is in Him. Blessed be the name of the Lord forever.

Your sister,

Clara Cober.

Hespeler, Ont.
TESTIMONY.

Dear readers of the Visitor,

I feel to write my testimony for the Visitor. I praise God for His saving and keeping power. I thank God for picking me up from a hell pit and putting my feet upon the solid rock. Three years ago I joined the U. S. Army; was sent from New York to the Phillippine Islands and went into more sins. There was a man in my company who was a Christian, and he spoke to me about my soul and about God. I really thought he was crazy, but now, praise God. I know he is all right. I said to myself, if I ever get back to the United States again I will start a mission and bring those words and truths back to San Francisco. One night I went down on Pacific street and there I met dear brother Andrew Winger. He spoke to me about my soul's salvation. Well I thought he was crazy too. So in a day or so he came out to Presidio to see me. I was on guard then. I felt like putting him under arrest for bothering me, but I told him I would come down sometimes. Well, dear friends, God led me into that Life Line Mission hall on the 18th of August 1912, and I thank Him for it. That night I cried unto God and He heard my cry, and came into my heart, and brought me peace. Glory. Dear friends, it is the happiest two years I ever had. Today I rejoice that I can say I am saved and sanctified, through the blood, and on the way for lost souls, and for Christ's highway. I wish you may all pray for me. I am your brother in Christ,

George A. Wagner.

TRIUMPH SONG OF THE TYRANT, ALCOHOL.

Who is like me? Who has such power as I? I have brought thousands to destruction. I respect neither station nor honor, age nor race. Whoever surrenders himself to me, I draw into the mire. Whether count or beggar, I rob the youth of his health, the virgin of her honor, the man of his strength, the wife of her modesty. I unlock the dark fountains of the heart, and out gushes anger, slander, blasphemy and vulgarity.

I make man into a thief, an adulterer, a murderer, a perjurer. He raises his hand against wife and child against father and mother. There is no commandment that I do not a hundred times daily help to transgress. I fill jails and penitentiaries, insane asylums and poor houses.

What are all tyrants compared to me? I am more cruel than Nero, more fearful than a plague. I am the Moloch to whom one willingly offers property and goods, wife and child and honor, body and soul. My dominion reaches over the new and the old world. My power is great, my government is hard. I have destroyed whole nations, and I yearly snatch up thousands in the bloom of their youth. I have killed more people than weapons of war and murder in all times and nations.

With me all is fraud and deceit. When man first found brandy, he believed to have found the water of life, and behold it was instead a fearful death drink. I promise to strengthen the body and I destroy it. I promise to give new life to the spirit, and I only confuse. I promise joy and sociability, and stir up quarrels and disputes rudeness and violence. In times of cholera men praised me an infallible preventative, and behold, I deceived them also, for the cholera snatched up the drinkers ten fold. My dress is pleasing; I travel through the world under high-sounding names. I know how to lure and tickle the senses. I promise to warm the body or to cool it— to quicken the nerves or to quiet them—just as it suits me—all is deceit. I stood behind Belshazzar, as with out-stretched hand he took the wine-filled goblet and blasphemed Jehovah. I assisted Herodias to obtain the head...
of John the Baptist.

"Come with me" said King Alcohol, "and I will show you my work. Here lies one in the gutter, seemingly lifeless, that is my work. At home they were expecting him long ago, for he had promised to come straight home from his work just for this once, as his child lies dying at home, but I did not let him. "Just one glass," I whispered to him, and he was mine; when he awakens his child will be dead.

See there they lead a man who just stabbed his comrade because of a disagreement over the last game of cards. That is my work.

Do you see how yonder child twists in spasms on its little bed? I poisoned its life from its first moment. I brought about the mother's fall, the father is my slave. Do you hear the roaring tyrant in yonder house? Do you hear the animal like sounds from the lips of that man on the street? Do you see yonder swaying forms with their bleary eyes? They are all my slaves.

I drive them hard, and their blood burns within them. They must drink, and each drink only adds to their inner fire. I clothe them mostly in rags, and rush them to an early grave. Who will contend my might? And who will free my slaves out of their bands?

Instruction and knowledge? Picture to the world in blackest colors the dangers of alcohol. Show it to her thru statistics that 40 per cent of all suicides, 40 per cent of all weak-minded, 70 per cent of all crime and offense come thru me, that I shorten life at least one third, and perhaps you may startle a few moderate drinkers into throwing their glass aside, but out of a hundred drunkards hardly two.

The drinker's road to hell is paved with good resolutions. Ask him how often in the morning when with aching head and body, with torn clothes and empty pockets he awakens out of his drunkenness, he has resolved to begin a new life, but when evening came he was again mine.

One calls the police and officers as though I was afraid of the law! One has only to touch me and immediately a host of brewers, saloonkeepers and dealers, fill the world with their lament.

My might is great. I stand in the power of the mighty one, namely Satan. I do a thorough work. I destroy the body and murder the soul. To the prince of hell do I eventually bring my spoil.

Only one do I fear. One there is who can snatch from me my spoil, and can free my slaves. His Name is Jesus. Before one sign must I tremble: It is the cross. Who comes toward me in Jesus' name, before him I must flee.

See, there before yonder hall glitters the, to me, hateful sign the cross. There one seeks to snatch from me my slaves. They are my death enemies who meet there. There a mother, a wife, a child praying to God for the soul of a son, a husband, a father, that grace may be yet given the lost. Oh, how I hate them. Yes, this Jesus is stronger than I, even stronger than my master, Satan. Lucky that my slaves know little of Him, and few believe Him. Oh, how my master and I froth with anger when one believes Him and we must let him go free.

But we, and all our earthly and hellish helpers take great pains to blind our victims, to stop their ears to confuse their minds and to stop their hearts that they will not perceive that He really gives what I deceitfully promise; that He gives the soul joy and the conscience peace; that to the heart He gives true brotherly love; that He does

Continued on page 2
PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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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 the individual request; individual requests must be renewed every six months as a matter of course.

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GRANTHAM, PA., SEPT. 21, 1914.

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OBITUARY.

BREWER—J. M. Brewer husband of sister Lydia Davidson Brewer, died suddenly, July 29, 1914, at their home in Abilene, Kans. He had retired in usual health, but not responding to the morning call investigation disclosed the fact that, he had quietly passed away during the night. His age was 80 years, 5 months and 5 days. He was a member of the Trinity Lutheran church of this place. Services conducted by Rev. W. H. Schroek, assisted by Bishop J. N. Engle.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

Pennsylvania.
Mechanicsburg, Oct. 10, at 6 p. m.
Rapho District.
Manheim M. H. Oct. 31.
Services begin at 5 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

LOVE FEASTS.

Pennsylvania.
Martinsburg, Oct. 3, 4
Souderton, Oct. 24, 25
Harrisburg, Oct. 31, Nov. 1
Gratersford, Oct. 3, 4
Meetings begin at 1:30 p. m. on Saturdays.

Ohio.
Ashland and Richland, Oct. 3, 4
All are invited.

Maryland.
Ringgold M. H. Oct. 24, 25

Ontario.
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.

New York.
Clarence Center, Oct. 17, 18

We have divine authority in our commission to go everywhere with the gospel—next door, next parish, next state, next nation, and to all nations.
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Standing at midnight on the curb of a big well at the outskirts of Khangaoon, is a beautiful Hindu girl of fourteen or fifteen years. In obedience to the law of a kind Providence, most of the people of the big town are wrapped in slumber. Many have labored through the long day under the tropical March sun and their rest is well earned; others have toiled in the gins and they, too, deserve the sleep which now restores their tired bodies for the work of the coming day. But for this girl there is no sleep. The distant sound of the busy cotton mills falls on her ears—for it is the height of the season and the gins go night and day—but she is oblivious to the friendly humble of the spindles and the steady puff of the engines. Besides this there is hardly another sound except the occasional bark of a dog in the town or the mournful cries of jackals among the hills to the north of her. The latter sound is more in keeping with the feelings of her mind. And—yes, there is one other sound. It is the beating of her troubled, frightened heart, as once more she contemplates the awful thing that has filled her thoughts ever since the last quarrel with her mother-in-law, a few hours before. She is only a girl, she has a mother-in-law, and a husband. Against the strong protests of her yet child-heart, she has been compelled to leave her own father and mother and serve as the drudge of all work for the mother of her husband. The quarrel of the evening just gone is not the first one and she knows it will not be the last one. Unless—Quarrels have been very frequent and her heart is sore and full of self-pity as she reviews the past. Looking ahead she can see only drudgery and beatings and injustice, and she wants to get away from it all. Hinduism has taught her that she must pass through many re-births and live many earthly lives in various forms until her soul at last becomes good enough to be absorbed into Nirvana and is subject no more either to pain or pleasure. And since this is so, why not cut this life short and wait for the next one? Perhaps it will be better. Wicked spirits suggest this and other like thoughts and she, in her lack of knowledge believes the reasoning to be fact. Another Spirit says, “No: it would be wrong. The great God who created you has the sole right to say when your life is to end. Do not do this awful thing you have thought of.”

But again the memory of her wrongs returns. She looks down into the blackness beneath her and her heart quickens its beating once more. “How can I? It is so dark and so terrible!—But I have been wronged and abused. I can not, I will not, stand it longer. I will have revenge and will bring shame and trouble to them by throwing myself into this well.”

And then her guardian angel, because he may not violate the will of a rational creature, turns weeping—away. The evil spirits crowd closer and whisper more words of discouragement and self-pity, and with a last, low cry—unheard by any who could help—the maid leaps forward into the darkness. Her head strikes the edge of a wooden platform built into the side of the well opposite her, and about eight feet below the curb, and she sinks into the dark water beneath it, unconscious. And then her spirit passes out into the long, long night of a Christless eternity.

* * * * *

Just across the wide government road from the well where this tragedy took place, is a wire fence enclosing the yards and buildings of the Khangaoon orphanage for girls. “Berachah (blessing) it has been, to scores and hundreds of India’s daughters left without the care of parents, in the famines of former years, and from other causes in more recent years. Here the gospel of God’s love has been preached and lived by those in charge and the young souls taught there have leaned that they must, indeed, be born again but born above and of the Spirit.

One of the girls brought up in the shelter of this orphanage home lies dying in a hospital ward in the city of Poona, many miles from Khangaoon. The kind missionaries had ministered to her carefully through many months, for her health had been frail for a long time, but as the stages of her illness became more acute they brought her here under the care of doctors and trained nurses in the hope that her life might yet be prolonged. However, her work is now al-
most done and the end of her earthly journey is near.

The big hospital around her holds many other sick and suffering ones and the nurse by her side is used to seeing people pass through pain and the throes of death. But somehow this case is different. There is pain and weakness but there is patience, and peace of an unusual type, and it makes the nurse wonder. But in the few days the sufferer lies there, before the last messenger comes to call her spirit home, the nurse learns the reason for it,—Christ has come into the sufferer's life. Death is near now but the peace remains unbroken. “I'm not afraid,” she is saying, “I am not afraid, because Jesus has forgiven and taken away all my sins, and I shall go to be with Him.” Soon after that her gentle spirit departed to dwell in the light with Christ forever.

That was the testimony of the dying Christian girl as passed on with broken voice by the nurse when the missionaries made inquiries later on. And back in the Khamgaon orphanage the testimony had been the same in life as it now was in death.

Of late years she had been a teacher of the girls younger than herself and out of the modest pay she received, amounting to less than three dollars per month, she had kept herself clothed and fed and had given back to the Lord His tenth and other gifts besides. After her death a gold coin—an English pound, sterling 'was handed to the orphanage. It was the girl's parting offer—ing, “to be used,” she had said, “in the work of translating the Scriptures for India's people”—her people. And we believe the gift was 'sterling in His eyes for love of Whom she gave it.

* * * * *

The Sabbath morning after the dark tragedy of the well, dawned as bright as do all March days in India. And though to others it was just one more day, there was a hallowing about it—and there always is to Sabbaths, even in India—to those who thought of Him whose resurrection it commemorated. The chapel bell by the orphanage sounded out its invitation to worship of the living God and its rebuke and protest against idolatry and sin, and the little band of Christians and the orphan girls gathered for the morning service.

But on this same bright morning the body of the girl who had taken the leap into the awful darkness, floated on the water of the well and was discovered. Since her disappearance her relatives had searched for her in vain. And because such things are not uncommon in this land they had conjectured that such a fate might have befallen her, and had accordingly informed the police of the town that she had disappeared. The missionaries were told of the discovery on their way to the chapel for the morning service. And because of the nearness of it, it seemed as if the shadow of it would cast its gloom over all the day. The night of sin and death was fighting against the glad fight of resurrection and life. But “the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not.” And that afternoon the difference between the light and the darkness was brought home to hearts once more. Outside, only a few rods from the chapel, the friends and caste people of the dead Hindu girl prepared her body for the burning-ground. There were no words of comfort—no ray of hope pierced the blackness. All was dark despair and cruel, cruel fate. Inside the chapel—for it was the first Sunday after the news came from Poona about the home-going of the Christian girl in the hospital—inside, one of the lady missionaries told with tear-dimmed eyes 'but with comforted heart of the final triumph of the missing one of their number. And there was hope, and rays of the glory to come shed their beams into the darkness of the present.

For Christians sorrow not as do others which have no hope,” because in “a little while” their sorrow shall be turned into joy.

And now, dear reader, if your feelings have been harrowed by what we have said about the Hindu girl, remember that such sad and awful deaths are all too common in India. Then think of the infinite difference between these two deaths and remember that that difference is made by knowing the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. And the point of the whole matter is this, that you and I may do the work and send the message that will make the difference to some who have yet to pass thru the hour and article of death.—E. R. Corner in the India Alliance.
TRIUMPH SONG OF ALCOHOL

(Continued from Page 19).

not refuse the most miserable who come to Him for mercy; that He removes their filthy rags, and gives them again their self-respect, and eventually will clothe them in white silk.

Between us there never can be peace. I make a man miserable, He makes them happy. I stir up anger, hatred and strife; He fills the heart with love. I destroy and undermine all earthly relations; He gives loving parents, obedient children and blessed home life. He gives new life; I give death. He gives in the end the joys of Paradise and eternal blissfulness; I rush my spoil into the deep. And as we know, my master and I, that our time is short, we hurry, that, if possible we may draw many more to destruction. —Sent from Germany by Pastor E. Edelhoff. Translated from the German by Sister Sophia Schaeffer, Chino, Cal.

A WORD TO MOTHERS FROM A MOTHER.

Scarcely a book, magazine, or daily paper exists today that does not, in one manner or another deal frankly, and in some instances, too frankly with the matter of sex.

On one point, however all agree—that children should be instructed at an early age in matters of sex. On a second point they differ. Whether children should receive this instruction at home or in the school room, is still an open question. However a third point exists, and one that heretofore has been generally overlooked, though of the greatest importance. It is this aspect of the subject I wish to emphasize, and as it appeals most directly to mothers it is to them that these words are addressed.

From your lips your daughter may learn the story of life; in the school room she may be instructed in every detail of sexual hygiene and social ethics, but if you have not instilled into her from babyhood that habit of virginal reserve, that "Noli Me Tangere" attitude of body and mind, that modesty that does not permit the slightest, lightest touch of disrespect from a playmate or companion, (be he young or old) of the other sex, then in the time of temptation all her sex instructions will count for nothing, her virtue will find that cold knowledge of facts is a poor substitute for maiden modesty and calm strength of will.

Your son may possess all the sex knowledge there is to be had: he may learn from the best of sources of the train of evils that result from the improper use of those functions, but if you fail to teach him habitual self-control and reverence for womanhood, then his knowledge of sex and sexual hygiene will be worse than nothing. I say worse than nothing, for when we sin with full knowledge of our sin, we are sinners indeed. And you cannot begin to teach him self-control at the age of fourteen or sixteen. That lesson you should begin to teach him the first time he cries to be taken up from his bassinet, and such teaching should never be discontinued.

Conversely, if you equip a girl with this sense of modesty, backed up with a will trained from birth to choose the right, or a boy, with self-control, and this deep-rooted hatred of anything "unclean," you may send them into the world absolutely uninstructed in sexual matters, and they will intuitively avoid "the pit that defileth."

By this I do not mean to advocate silence on these topics. It is my unshaken belief that from the very ear-
liest years the principle of life in plants, birds, and animals, should be carefully and reverently explained to the child's inquiring mind, and his every question truthfully answered. But the inculcating of principles of modesty and self-control, purity of thought and strength of will must be accomplished first, and it far transcends in importance the details of sex.—Sel. Printed by request.

A SEARCH FOR A WORD.

The caravan is slowly and painfully winding its way among the rocks up the steep, mountain sides into Ukamba land. Women and children working in fields run in terror before the white man's approach, but a few young warriors, bolder than the rest, come closer, and when we stop to rest, spring up like magic all around us.

Stork like, they stand on one foot, the other being drawn up and resting on the knee. Stolidly they gaze for a little while but curiosity finally gets the better of them, and when we stop to rest, spring up like magic all around us.

An inquisitive young fellow, pointing to something, utters a single word, "Nichau"—What does he mean? We conclude that he is asking, "What is it?" In order to prove it, I point to the nearest object, which happens to be his bow, and to his surprise, I say, "Nichau"—He hesitates, and then answers, "Uta"—

The two words are hastily jotted down phonetically, and we have the beginning of the Kikamba vocabulary.

Day after day, through the months and years that follow, we fling that word, "Nichau" in their teeth, and pester them with it on every occasion, until we have mastered several thousand words.

How we longed to preach the Gospel to the multitude perishing all about us! Yet it was long after we were able to converse on ordinary topics before we could intelligently set before them spiritual things.

For two years and a half I searched in vain to obtain one word. But it was the word that has belted the world in praise; the word that brings order out of the chaos of man's vain search after God; the word that is yet destined to make dark Africa light in the Lord. That word was "Savior." Never had it seemed so sweet, so incomparably beautiful. What a big thing it became to me in those days! It loomed up before me in my thoughts by day and in my dreams by night.

You who have never known its lack cannot realize how vast a place it occupies in the scheme of redemption. All the many months in which I had endeavored to give out the glad message, I had been compelled to circle all about the idea of salvation, telling with labor ed sentences that which should have taken a single word.

Hour after hour I sat with Kukuvi and others, trying in every conceivable way to draw out the magic word. The very day on which my search was ended, I had no less than five persons in my room, questioning, explaining, all to no avail.

Darkness had thrown its mantle over the sad, sickening scenes of the day, and covering sadder sights of revelry and sin by night. Even the brilliant vault of the equatorial sky is hidden behind thick masses of clouds, and only the mournful howl of the hyena is heard in the land.

With the master question tugging at
my heart, I went to the men’s quarters and seated myself with them around the blazing camp fire. Minute by minute they recounted the incidents of the day, and Kikuvi, the most intelligent and trustworthy native I ever saw, launched into a story that made me hopeful of getting the long-sought-for word.

Brother Kreiger, laboring in another tribe, had been badly torn by a lion, and Kikuvi had been the means of his rescue. Surely the word must come now! Two years and a half of disappointment were put into the eagerness with which I listened. He went through the whole scene most eloquently, but concluded even to having frightened the lioness away without using the word for which I was seeking. Finally, however, just as I was about to give up again in despair, in a modest sort of way, he remarked, Bwana nukuthaniwa na Kikuvi” (The master was saved by Kikuvi).

Never shall I forget the thrill of pleasure that swept over me. I could have leaped for my exuberance of joy. Being afraid of losing my precious possession, I immediately changed the verb from the passive to the active form and said, “Ukuthania Bwana?” (You saved the master?)

This proving correct, I said, “Why, Kikuvi, this is the word I have been trying to get you to tell me these many days, because I wanted to tell you that Jesus the Son of God came—”

“Oh, yes,” he interrupted, and his black face lighted up as he turned to me in the lurid light of the camp fire. “I see it now, I understand. Jesus came to kuthania (save) us from our sins, and to deliver us from the hands of Muimu (Satan).”

Never did sweeter words fall from mortal lips. At last the treasure was discovered, and no weary prospector, lighting suddenly upon some rich gold reef, ever felt keener emotions than did the lonely missionary, when for the first time he was able to frame that matchless word, Savior, in an unknown tongue. It was, too, the first real evidence I had had in all those months that the message spoken had been grasped at all. Completely overcome, I rushed into the house and fell on my face in thanksgiving before God.

Next day was Sabbath. In the early morning I was sitting in my house singing a rough translation of a hymn I had just made, and accompanying it on my guitar, when Kikuvi came in and said there was a crowd outside who wanted to hear me. I went out with joy bells ringing in my soul and sang for them. But I wanted to set before them my great discovery.

“Kuthania, Savior!” it rang through my being like music. I began to speak to them, but before long I was interrupted by Kikuvi with a question relative to the resurrection, which is always an amazing thing to them. This was encouraging; for questions betoken interest and aid greatly in the work. His question answered, he surprised me still more by saying, “Master, let me talk a little.” Wondering what he would say, I gave him permission; and in a truly marvelous way he began to tell the old, old story.”

I listened in amazement. I could scarcely believe that he had grasped the thought so intelligently from the fragmentary way I had been compelled to preach to them. But the flash of intelligence by the camp fire the night before explained it all. The moment the word Savior dawned on his darkened vision, all the scattered fragments of truth that had been floating about in his darkened mind fell into line, and became one glorious revelation.

Yes, and it brought a revelation to me as well. In the light of that experience
it seemed as if I had never before known the meaning of the word Savior. I had spoken it from childhood, had preached it for years, but somehow it became luminous with meaning that night. Over against the frightful need that settled down around me, there flashed a light unutterable, and a scarred hand traced in letters of glory, "K-U-T-H-A-N-I-A."

—Willis R. Hotchkiss, Africa.

PROFANE CURIOSITY.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps well says in "Gates Ajar." "We should be wise up to what is written. It is equally important to not be wise beyond what is written." "Revealed things belong to God." The Bible contains all that is necessary for instruction in righteousness and preparation for the future life. There is a great deal said about the life to come and the necessity of making suitable provisions for the same, but the silence of the Scriptures with regard to many things, concerning which we would like to know, is a tremendous rebuke to idle and profane curiosity and is one of the evidences of the divinity of the book for it is just uninspired men to be talking about, and divulging secrets that had better be concealed. As one says: "Where the Scripture has no tongue, we should have no ear." In some portions, the Scriptures are almost as impressive in their silence as in their utterances. Teaching and preaching beyond what God has revealed has resulted in many grave departures from the truth. Our Lord rebuked Peter for his inquisitiveness as to what would become of John. Spiritualism, with all of it's diabolical train of evils, is the outcome of meddling with questions forbidden in the Scriptures. Persons have a morbid curiosity or insatiate desire for revelations from the spirit world in addition to what is given in the Scriptures. Hence the devil has built up these counterfeit systems for the purpose of deluding these duped souls. If they will only yield themselves to his control, he appears as an angel of light, personifies their dead friends, which is the explanation of much of the supernatural phenomena connected with all such damnable heresies. Some poor-blinded soul, half-crazed with a desire to converse with a loved one who has been torn from his bosom, goes to a medium and surrenders himself to the Satanic powers there dominant and Satan pretends to call up the dead friend, when in reality he only personates that friend in such a way as to completely deceive the man. He can assume any form that he likes, and talk just like the friend would talk. The poor fellow is ravished with joy at the idea of having at last found the door through which he can enter and converse with the spirit world, he sells himself too the devil, and becomes an advocate of one of the most pernicious systems of falsehood. Beware of all isms now going over the country presuming to give light beyond that revealed in the Bible. Have nothing to do with these "unfruitful works of darkness," but rather reprove, and rebuke them. —Living Water.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

What influence does the Sunday newspaper exert upon American life and thought? For one thing, it undoubtedly promotes the increasing secularization of Sunday. The natural man is inclined to sleep late on Sunday, and by the time that he has completed his toilet and his breakfast, the church bells
are ringing. Will he heed their call? Perhaps. But there on his doorstep lies the Sunday paper, with its flaunting comic supplement and its fifty to one hundred pages of miscellaneous material. It offers itself with jaunty assurance as a substitute for churchgoing. It prints a picture of the ideal American family—the father tilted back in his chair, reading the news of the stock-market report; the mother absorbed in the fashions and bargain sales; the older children busy with the fiction, society gossip, theatrical news, and answers to correspondents, and the little boy or girl reveling in the comic supplement, puzzle page, or "cutout" inset from which, with the aid of a pair of scissors, can be evolved ingenious cardboard constructions, squads of soldiers, or hiderous masks. The picture is not exaggerated. It might be reproduced photographically in hundreds of thousands of American homes. Its counterpart may be seen in remote villages, as well as in the cities and larger towns. A family which has saturated itself with the Sunday newspaper is in no mood for churchgoing, nor for any serious occupation. It is fit for nothing but amusement or sheer idleness.

In some sections of the country a baseball game offers itself for the afternoon, and the theater—possibly under the guise of a sacred concert out of deference to some obsolete statute—for the evening. Or, in sections where the restraints of law or decorum forbid such diversions, social visiting employs what energy remains. It is not surprising that religious conventions discuss the problem of the "evening service," and that many churches solve it by giving up the service altogether, and others by arranging special musical attractions and announcing sermons on topics calculated to pique curiosity. American preachers who are charged with sensationalism are not blame-worthy as they seem. They are engaged in a desperate competition. To a man who wants to preach to full seats, the first essential is to catch his congregation. He can not offer comic supplements or portraits of stage beauties, and he has no prize coupons to distribute, but he may do something by advertising sensational subjects. So the pulpit competes after its fashion with the Sunday newspaper by such topics as these: "The New Woman;" "Popular Vices;" "Missing His Chance;" "Prize Winners," etc.

If the sensationalism of the American pulpit, especially in the cities is deplorable, it should be borne in mind that it has great provocation; and, moreover, that however grotesque the subject announced, the preacher, having got his congregation, does often contrive to convey to it wholesome and practical counsel on morals, and even on religion. The beguiling title covers a serious and helpful purpose, and if some of the preacher's auditors have a vague sense that the sermon is not exactly what they expected, they may nevertheless get some good from it, in spite of themselves.—Littell's Living Age.

THE CONSECRATED LIFE.

Paul has declared in the previous chapter: "But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign unto eternal life." Does it not follow, then, that if it is true that grace abounds where sin abounds, we have at least an occasion for sinning? Paul sees at once the objection, and he gives it its full force. If the grace of God abounds according to our sin, why not sin abundantly that we may have grace abounding? Paul answers this by saying that we are just-
ified before God by faith, and the moment faith justifies us, it regenerates us. We are born from above; we become partakers of the Divine nature. So, Paul says, the objection does not hold. If grace abounds because sin abounds, man might go on in sin; but, with justification God imparts a new nature that hates sin, and turns from sin, so that it is really impossible, if we have been justified before God, to continue in sin. Sin has been cast out by the grace which God makes to abound.

In this chapter there are:

I. FIVE POINTS OF DOCTRINE. ..(1) In regeneration there comes to the soul a death to sin.—“How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?” (v. 2). When we are justified, we die to sin. A blind man is dead to color, a deaf man is dead to music, and a converted man is dead to sin. Sin may be alive to him, and always will be. There will come the temptation; there may be a tendency, or even a desire to sin; but in his new nature he has done with sin: he makes no response in the way of approval to the enticements of sin.

(2) There is full entrance into the merit and power of the death of Christ. “Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death” (vs. 3, 4). “Baptized into the death of Christ,” means that we have a full entrance into the merit of Jesus, in forgiveness, in cleansing, in everything that comes to us through the Atonement. We have, in our spiritual experience, what takes place symbolically in the act of baptism. You do not baptize people to kill them to sin; there is no grace of God in that. You are not dead to sin by the act of baptism, but you are buried symbolically because you have died to sin, and therefore enter into the merit and power of the death of Christ. The merit of...  

(3) A full entrance into the merit and power of the resurrection of Christ. “That like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life” (v. 4). Just as Christ was raised from the dead, so are we to become dead to sin and alive to Christ. We are to come out of the associations of death.

That phrase, “newness of life,” needs to be understood. It does not mean new in relation to time; there is another word which is always used when it refers to time. It means new in relation to quality. It is life that you did not have before. Through the resurrection of Christ He imparts to us His new spiritual life, which helps us to walk with Him day by day. It is a life for the humdrum, for the routine, for the duties of every day. “Walk in newness of life.” Not fly nor run, but...
walk, doing daily the things that Christ would have us do, because His life in us prompts us to do it. We will not continue in sin with this life in us, prompting us to do the work of Christ.

(4) The union with Christ in His death and life.—"For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall also be in the likeness of His resurrection" (v. 5). That word "planted" really means more than dropping seed into the ground. That is quite a secondary meaning of the word. This is the only place in the Bible where that Greek word is used. When I turned up my Greek lexicon I found the first meaning was "born together," the second meaning "grown together," and it has been translated "joined together." After we have been born together, grown together, joined together in the likeness of Christ's death, we shall also be born together, grown together and joined together in the likeness of His resurrection. We should be JOINED TOGETHER WITH CHRIST.

We should not be following sin, but following Christ. We have His life, and we follow His life and not our own.

(5) The dissolution of sin's organic power.—"Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Here, again, the word "old" has no reference to time, but to quality. Our "old man" before regeneration was crucified with Him. One old Puritan said: "My old self is still hanging on the cross, and I just leave him there, and let him hang." This old man has to go through the process of crucifixion, just as the Lord Jesus did, that the body of sin may be destroyed.

II. Six Points of Practice. (1) Count yourselves dead, and alive.—"Reckon yourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." When sin comes along, I have got no ears at all. When sin asks me to do something, I am dead and buried. I am to make no more response to sin, than if I were in the graveyard. If you are not dead to sin, in your experience, keep saying to the old nature: "You ought to be dead."

(2) Acknowledge no allegiance to sin.—"Let not sin therefore reign in your body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof." Sin has been dethroned. You owe no allegiance to the old king who sat upon a black throne and wielded a black scepter over your life. Do not listen to sin at all. It is to have no power over you. Never listen to its insinuations or its enticements.

(3) Let your whole body be an armory for God.—"Neither yield ye your members as weapons (that is certainly the word) of unrighteousness unto sin, but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as weapons of righteousness unto God" (v. 13). All the members of your body are now to be as weapons in the hand of God. You are to say to God: "Here is my tongue, here are my hands, here are my feet; make them Thy weapons against evil, against the world, the flesh, and the devil." Hold your whole body as weapons in the hands of Christ, who is fighting your battles for you. Give yourself over to Him, and let Him fight the battle with you and through you.

(4) Remember that you are still in Christ.—"Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under law but under grace" (v. 14). You do not start under grace and continue under law; it is grace all the way. You are saved by grace; you are dead unto sin by grace; you enter into the fullness of the death and life of Christ, and into union with Christ. It is all the free merit of God. You do not have to
fight your battles by your own righteousness or in your own strength; it is the grace of God from start to finish. You are kept by Christ, and hence there is no reason why you should keep sinning. If God can furnish grace for your salvation from all the guilt of sin, He can certainly furnish grace for your temptation, and He will give you the victory through grace, if you trust in Him.

(5) Make a complete change of masters.—"God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you" (v. 17).

YOU HAVE CHANGED MASTERS.

All the slavery of sin is in the past; there is no slavery for the present or the future. It is important to get the meaning of that word "form." One writer has translated it "mould." All your mental, physical, and moral being has been delivered unto this "mould" of death and resurrection.

If you go to furnaces where iron is being smelted, you can see the moulds, made of soft earth, and then molten metal is allowed to run into the mould. When the metal is cooled, the mould is removed and the metal is shaped exactly according to the mould. The meaning of death and resurrection has taken possession of you, and now you are moulded by that doctrine according to the will of God.

"Being made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness" (v. 18). You have got away from the old master, and now you are under a new Master, Christ Jesus our Lord.

(6) Keep in mind the end of things.—Take long views. "The end of those things is death" (v. 21). The end of what things? "Yielding your members slaves to uncleanness, and to iniquity, unto iniquity" (v. 19). The end of these things is death, separation from God, the bottomless pit and a gulf between us and the source of life. Keep that in view. And there is another thing you must keep in view: "Being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your FRUIT UNTO HOLINESS, and the end everlasting life" (v. 22). Then follows a vision of the final end. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." The word "wages" there is not what is paid for work. The figure would not hold, because slaves do not receive wages, and even subjects of a king do not receive wages. The word means the monthly stipend or the pension. You are fighting your members as weapons of sin, you are a soldier in the army of sin. Remember the pension of sin is death; the stipend for sin is death.

But remember, at the same time, that the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. The gift of God, not the wages of God. He does not pay us for salvation, or for this or that good work. It is the gift of God. It begins in Christ, it continues in Christ, it ends in Christ. "This is eternal life that ye know God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." The knowledge of God in Christ is God's gift; and if you are to be faithful, and let not sin abound that grace may abound, keep your eye on the finality of things, and God will present you, in Jesus Christ, with eternal life, and you will have a great reward for your faithfulness.—Sermon by A. C. Dixon.

MEN ARE FICKLE.

"On Sunday they appear to be devout worshippers of God; but by Wednesday are ready to violate any command He has given, if there is monetary profit in it, or if the world will applaud the thing." B.
SOME OF WM. TAYLOR'S CALIFORNIA STREET PREACHING EXPERIENCES.

In the early days of his career Bishop Taylor was known as plain William Taylor. His street preaching experiences in California, in those pioneer days, were full of striking incidents. From his book, "California Life Illustrated," we take several paragraphs illustrating the manner and effect of his preaching. Describing one occasion, he says:

"I sung together a vast crowd, of such a variety of humans as never was seen except in California. Peter's congregation on the day of Pentecost, for variety, was but a small affair compared with it. When the songs ended, I said: 'Good morning, gentlemen; I am glad to see you this bright Sabbath of the Lord. What's the news? Thank the Lord, I have good news for you this morning. 'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'

"Brother Spaniard, I have tidings for you, senor," and told him the news, and requested him to tell his people. "My Hawaiian brother, can't you want to hear the news this morning? I have glad tidings of great joy for you, sir." I then told him the news, and that his island should "wait for the law" of Jesus, together with other "isles."

"John Chinaman, you, John, there by the post, look here, my good fellow, I've got something to tell you," etc. Thus I travelled, as it were, over all creation, calling by name all the different nations I could think of, recognizing their representatives before me, and I felt unspeakably happy in the fact, that throughout creation's vast realm I could not find a rebel to whom I could not extend the hand of hearty Christian sympathy, and say, I have good news to tell you, my brother. "glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." When I got round, as I thought, an Irishman in the congregation spoke out and said: "And may it please your reverence, and have ye noth

"Why," I replied, "I did not mean to pass you by. Thank the Lord, I have good news for you, my brother. Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every Irishman on the Emerald Isle; and let me tell you, my brother, that if you will this morning renounce all your sins, and submit to the will of God, Jesus, your Savior, will grant you a free pardon, and cleanse all the sins and all the devils out of your heart as effectually as your people say St. Patrick cleared the snakes and toads out of Ireland. "Thank you, sir," said he. "I raly believe ivery word you say, and I'll try and be a betther man."

"Thank you, sir," said he. "I really believe ivery word you say, and I'll try and be a better man."

Again: "One Sunday, as I was preaching in Washington Street, I observed in the congregation an old Italian weeping. At the close of service he grasped my hand:

'O, dat what I like; tell everybody' bout Jesus; I never saw such free preaching and free Jesus before. O, I like it! When you preach again?'

"This afternoon, on the plaza, at four o'clock," said I.

'O, I'll be there! I likes it!

"Are you acquainted with Jesus?" said I.

'O yes, bless de Lord, I se got Him right in here,' he replied, putting his hand on his breast; 'I love Him wid all my heart.'

I saw him at preaching several times afterward. He always took his stand close in front of me, and gazed, and listened, and wept, and seemed to enter almost into the spirit of good old Simeon."
Agan: "At an experience meeting in our Seamen’s Bethel in San Francisco, a Prussian arose and said:

'I come to California to get gold; now I don’t care about de gold; I want to find dat Yæsus you all talk about. I believe He is my friend too, and I want to find Him. De hands of God has been heavy upon me since I be in California. He shakes me. He shakes me now. I dream de odder night dat I was dyng and a great pig snake had me, and just as my breadt was almost gone, Brodder Taylor came along and knock de snake away, and help me up. I didn’t know Brodder Taylor den, but dis is de man dat knock de snake off, and dis is Brodder Taylor. De snake is de debil; O Brodder Taylor, and all you brodders, will you pray for me, and help me get away from de debil, and find Yæsus?"

A SOLDIER ON WAR.

There is in time of war no lack of ministers who proclaim its justice and holiness, and exhort their hearers to engage in it; and very frequently they pray for the success of their armies; and so we have the strange spectacle of ministers professing to serve the same God, believing in the same Christ, preaching the same Gospel, and journeying toward the same eternal home who, just because they live on opposite sides of some imaginary boundary by which men divide the Lord’s world, exhort their brethren in Christ to go out on the battle field and kill each other; they themselves leading the way and encouraging them in their carnal strife.

In contrast with this we place a soldier’s estimate of military glory. Sir Charles Napier, so distinguished for his military services in India, on receiving dispatches from the English Government making him Governor of Scinde with additional pay, and ordering a triumphal column to be cast from the guns he had captured, wrote:

"I wish the Government would let me go back to my wife and little girls; it would be to me more than pay, glory and honor. This is glory, is it? Yes. Nine princes have surrendered their swords to me on the field of battle, and their kingdoms have been conquered by me and attached to my own country. Well, all the glory that can be desired is mine, and I care so little for it that the moment I can, all shall be resigned to live quietly with my wife and girls; no honor or riches repays me; it is agreeable only as it enables me to do good to these poor people. Oh! if I can do any good to serve them, where so much blood has been shed in accursed war, I shall be happy! May I never see another shot fired!"

This is the testimony of the conquerors flushed with victory and crowned with laurels. What must be the verdict of the vanquished ones, who taste the bitterness of outrage, rapine, spoil and bonds? What have Christians to do with such cruelties and crimes against humanity and against the God of peace? May the great Prince of Peace speedily bring deliverance to His church, and tranquility to a ruined and disordered world.—The Common People.

Changes in India come slowly and against great opposition. The age of child marriage, however, has been raised from eight and ten to twelve.

CORRECTION.

The date of the Communion Meeting at Mechanicsburg, was given incorrectly in our last issue. It is Oct. 10, and not Oct. 16.
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. Deny not its voice lest it speak to thee no more. Let the Heaven and the Hell of the future stand before thee in all their reality; one of these must be thine Eternal dwelling place, and today is the time to make thy choice. To-morrow may be too late—one day behind time. Which art thou living for? Which art thou travelling to?

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

Halt! Why will you meet God with an unsaved soul? He wills it not. Today He pleads. Turn ye, why will ye die?

“Time’s sun is fast setting, its twilight is nigh; Its evening is falling in clouds o’er the sky, Its shadows are stretching in ominous gloom. Then haste, sinner haste, there’s mercy for thee And wrath is preparing—flee lingerer, flee!”

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

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

—Tombstone Epitaph—-

What an epitaph would that be. What a sad word to close up the history of a being destined for immortality—lost! Young, brave, polite, witty—but lost! Beautiful, amiable, caressed, flattered—but lost! Serious, moral, courteous, affectionate—but lost! Correct in deportment, a church-goer, benevolent, learned, 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 amidst the surging billows of the lake of fire and brimstone—to be LOST! LOST! LOST! Lost from mercy, and joy, and bliss—lost from peace, and life, and gladness—lost beyond hope or help, beyond remedy or release.

—Terrible to Seek for Gain—-

Terrible as this word is, it will close up the history of multitudes. "What shall a man do 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 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

The foregoing tract which is complete in a small eight page, 3 1/2 by 5 in. booklet, with an attractive cover, can be had of S. J. Smith, Grantham Pa., at 4 cents per copy; 40 cents per doz; $1.50 per fifty; $5.00 per hundred, postpaid. This booklet has proved a wonderful inspiration to some who were lost in