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George Detwiler

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Evangelical

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.

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WAITING UPON GOD.

Waiting upon God is His own prescribed way of blessing. There are no "quick lunch" counters in the spiritual realm. Human nature is so constituted that the element of time enters into the deepest spiritual process. Just as the photographic plate needs to be exposed for a while that the image may be deeply impressed, so the spirit needs to be still and open to God to receive the full impress and impartation of His life and power. In celestial photography the film is sometimes exposed through the whole of a long night, and the result is that stars are photographed which no telescopic observation could ever have discovered. Waiting on the Lord is not counting time, or passive and idle postponement of blessing. It is the active and intense receiving and absorbing of spiritual life and power. And as we thus wait in living, fellowship and appropriating prayer, we shall "mount up with wings as eagles" and find our souls elevated, comforted, inspired, filled and sometimes surprised with the most glorious manifestations of God's presence and grace. And then we shall go back to the path of service and the plod of life to "run and not be weary, and to walk and not faint." —A. B. Simpson.

THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME.

I seek a city out of sight,
This world is not my home,
Where Jesus reigns in realms of light,
This world is not my home.

I have had a glimpse of the glory land,
And I fain would join with the happy band,
Who in triumph march o'er the shining strand,
This world is not my home.

Cleansed by the blood redeemed from sin,
This world is not my home,
The holy place I've entered in,
This world is not my home.

I sojourn here a little while,
This world is not my home,
Comforted by His loving smile,
This world is not my home.

O the trump shall sound and the saints shall
We shall meet the Lord in the vaulted skies,
Dwell with Him for aye where no storm
clouds rise,
O heaven is my home.

Trials may come, I will not fear,
This world is not my home
My Lord has said, "Be of good cheer".
This world is not my home,
So by faith I lift up my eyes and see,
What are Lord of life hath prepared for me,
And my cares grow light and my sorrows flees,
O heaven is my home.

—Sidney Lanier Gracie.
Religious Journal

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


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EDITORIAL.

A SCRIPTURE MEDITATION.

In Proverbs we read that "the eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good," while in II Chron. 16: 8, it says, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." Can we grasp such a stupendous statement? Can we imagine an eye, or eyes, beholding every human being, and every thing else visible or invisible, and further that sees both the evil and the good, not only the people of both classes, but the good and evil things that go towards making up the life of these people, the good and the evil fruage of every life singly as well as the whole in bulk? We are told His eyes are as a flame of fire and nothing can be hid from them. Think then what those eyes see as they sweep over the world. They see the secret and hidden things. They see the good, and we cannot but think He is pleased with much that He sees in connection with His work and His people. There isn't a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple but He notices it and will reward it. In the Judgment lesson we learned that He said to those on His right hand, "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me; naked and ye clothed me, hungry and ye fed me," thus showing that there is a record kept of the good which He sees.

But those eyes see the evil as well. No matter how it is hidden away in secrecy and darkness, every thing is open unto those eyes. O what horrible scenes are thus revealed to Him. Evil wants to hide itself as a rule, but in our day it has become bold and is not much
ashamed to come into the open. The people of "Vanity Fair," are largely lost to the sense of shame. But how a pure and holy God must be grieved at what He sees of the fruitage of sin, the carnival of crime, lust, and passion, the scenes of butchery and bloodshed on the awful battle fields of Europe, the habitations of cruelty in the dark places of the earth. He sees deeper than the outward act; the secret motive of the heart is open and uncovered to His view. May we never forget that God sees us.

The second passage quoted tells us that God is looking for persons whose hearts are perfect toward Him. Many good qualities were Asa’s. There was much said in his favor but evidently his heart was not perfect toward God. He failed in the matter of trusting in God. He had experienced what God could do for his servants in the way of protection when attacked by enemies, but when invasion was threatened he sought human help instead of divine, leaned on the arm of flesh when he would have honored God by trusting in Him for deliverance from the foe that came upon him. It is indeed sad that any one should fail as Asa failed, yet such is the case when the heart is not perfect towards God.

The perfect heart. We are told that the word here translated perfect does not mean sinless perfection, but that it means wholehearted for God; sincerity; singleness of purpose. And for such people God is looking. His eyes go to and fro throughout the whole earth to find them, and then to show Himself strong in their behalf. The personal question is, Does He find in me what He is looking for? Do His eyes see in me that quality of perfectness that He will intervene in my behalf for the defeat of the foe whom I am unable to meet and defeat in my own strength, but whom His strength can quickly overcome?

O that He might find in us the qualities, the perfect faith and trust, the sincerity, and wholeheartedness for Himself that those eyes are looking for! How glad He will be to show Himself strong in our behalf if He finds us thus. We need not, like Asa, seek protection from either Egypt or Syria, having the Lord Himself the deliverance and victory is assured. "If God be for us who can be against us?" "Let us therefore hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering: he is faithful that promised."

Would Christ, or does He in the person of His disciples, have a place on the battlefields, standing in the ranks of the opposing armies, killing as many as possible of those who are fighting in the opposing ranks? There would seem to be but one answer possible to this question, and that a very emphatic No. Yet according to the views expressed by some it must be so that He does stand, in the persons of true believers, in just that place. The editor of Our Hope says:

"This is the time for earnest intercessory prayer. Many thousands of our brethren in the Lord stand upon the battlefields, drawn in by the awful current of the times, many more thousands are in the war zones. Let us pray for them. Let us pray for their wives and little ones. Let us all cry day and night to God that this unspeakable horror may soon be stopped."

From The Evangelical Messenger we learn that "Our brethren lie bleeding on battlefields; our sisters in their desolate homes are praying for the safe return of a father and brothers, or are bewailing the loss of a provider. Among the five million men under arms are not only one-half of the ministers of our German Conferences, but also many of their sons; and a large proportion of our male membership."
Of the "Methodist missions it is reported that nearly all the German Methodist ministers engaged in missionary and religious work in south Germany have been called into military service, their theological school at Frankfort has been closed and most of the students have been drafted into the army."

We suppose the same might be said of believers in the French army, the British army and the others. What a spectacle! "Christ on the British side shooting or bayonetting Christs on the German side for Paul said "Christ liveth in me." Christ, the Son of God, yea, God, Himself, the Savior and Redeemer, who gave His life a Ransom for all; who said to His disciples, "My peace I give unto you;" who said to Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world else would my servants fight," who bade the impetuous Peter put up his sword, He taking active part in the business which one of America's foremost war men said was hell! Such a thing is unthinkable. Whoever of humans is responsible for this smashing of Civilization it is true as says the editor of Our Hope, Behind it all, there stands he, who is the murderer from the beginning. His powers are manifested in this gigantic struggle. His demons are now at work as never before in the present age. They love bloodshed, crimes of passion and lust. War is licensed wholesale murder. The murderer, Satan, gets now his fill as never before in the history of the world." What an insult to our blessed Savior and Lord to associate Him with such horrible work, yet that is what we attribute to Him when we say His true children are engaged in this awful business of this licenced wholesale murder.

A half million boys and girls between the ages of twelve and twenty, now enrolled in the Sunday schools of Pennsylvania, are signing their names to a mammoth anti-rum petition to the State legislature, to be presented to that body, when it meets next winter. This mighty appeal of the Sunday schools of the state will take its place beside that other pathetic petition to the same legislature which comes from the wretched liquor-victim convicts in the Eastern Penitentiary. "The convicts are pleading for the removal of the licensed saloon from the state to give them a chance to reform. The Sunday school children merely want an equal chance to grow up to be strong men and women, with no trace of rum's blight on their physical beings and in their lives."— The Evangelical.

Virginia has been swept into the dry column by a majority of 40,000 as the result of the recent prohibition contest. In that state the liquor power fought for Local Option and against prohibition, while in Pennsylvania it is the other way. Temperance forces are struggling to obtain Local Option and the liquor element is fighting against the Local Option proposition. Our Ohio brethren can scarcely afford to help the liquor forces by abstaining from voting altogether. There is no neutral ground in this struggle: to not vote is to help the booze forces that much. We are sure no Christian, man or woman, can be favorable to such an enslavement to the devil as would be the case if the anti-prohibitionists would win.

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In our last article, we noticed that the Israelites were required to give tithes, offerings, and sacrifices of their time to God's service and work. Let us now look at the customs of other nations.

History gives it that the Arabians, near neighbors and close kin of Israel, were required by law that every merchant should offer a tenth of his frankincense to the gods. The Phoenicians, the Canaanites of the Bible, devoted to their gods a tenth of the spoils of war. The Greeks, under Xenophon, consecrated to Apollo and Diana a tithe of the gains from the famous march of the ten thousand into Asia. When they were successful over the invading Persians under Xerxes, the pious Greeks, though polytheists, offered a tenth of the immense spoils of war to the temple at Delphi. Pliny the Elder says that the Ethiopians paid tithes of their cinnamon unto their gods.

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We thus see that the Jews were not the only people who were required to tithe. In fact, the idea of giving liberally, and even to make sacrifices for the sake of their religion seemed to pervade all nations and religions, and this same principle holds to-day. Some, however, say that the system of tithing was brought in by Moses, and was done away in Christ. But not so. For long before the law of Moses was given, Abraham paid tithes in Melchizedek, the priest of the Most High God. (Gen. 14: 20.) In Hebrews, seventh chapter, we learn that Christ was a priest after the order of Melchizedek, and we would therefore naturally infer that tithing should be continued in Christ. In Gen. 28: 22, we read that Jacob vowed to give a tenth unto the Lord after his vision at Bethel. This also was before the giving of the law. The only reference concerning the tithe in

The Teaching of Jesus

is one in which He expressly commends it. Rebuking the Pharisees in Matt. 23: 23, He said: "Ye tithe mint and anise and cummin, and neglect the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith. These ought ye to have done and not to leave the other (tithing) undone." Here He rightly lays the stress on the weightier matters, but does not say that tithing is unnecessary, as some do to-day; but, "Ye ought not to leave it undone." That is, ye ought to do it.

In the 25th and 26th verses of the same chapter, Jesus rebuked the Pharisees again for cleansing only the outside of the cup and the platter. Not that the outside made no difference; but rather, "That the outside might become clean." Let us read the 23rd verse the same way. In tithing as well as in all our work for the Lord, the heart work must be first, but the outward deeds.
must follow. Tithing was practised for centuries in the

EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

It is said that Chrisostom, writing in the fourth century, said, "If there was ever any danger among the Jews of omitting the tithe, think how great the danger now." That St. Augustine, one of the leaders of the early Church, said, "Tithes are requested as a debt. He who would procure either pardon or reward, let him pay tithes, and out of the nine tenths give alms." We are told, however, that "as state and Church became one, and the state compelled the payment of tithes, bitter prejudice was naturally created against tithing. In the reaction which followed, in sweeping away the abuses, they swept away also the divine law which the abuse had encrusted and obscured."

Thus we see that tithing was practised not only by the Jews, but by God's people before the Jews, and Christian people in very early times. It was commended by Jesus, the early Church taught it, and it has never been revoked. Paul, in his epistles, though he did not use the word tithe, was very emphatic in his exhortations to cheerful, systematic, and liberal giving. Could one obey Paul's instructions in I Cor. 9, and 16:2, in II Cor. 8, 9, and Phil. 4:11, 12, and not give as much as the tenth? The apostle says, "How can they preach except they be sent?" And we would ask, How can they be sent if God's people hoard up that which He has given instead of scattering liberally to extend His cause?

A certain dear brother began the system of tithing only about two years ago. Though he is only a "rent farmer," to his surprise, his tithe amounted to about eighty dollars the first year. He gladly gave this amount to the Lord's work and said if all the brethren in his district would give the tenth, they would have money to send everywhere. Another brother told me that he began only this year (1913) to tithe, and finds that it amounts to so much more than he expected. He cheerfully pays his tithe, and says that if all would give the tenth, our mission work would prosper and the treasury would continually be supplied. The remarkable thing about it all is that these brethren who tithe, not only have plenty to give, but they do it so cheerfully. And many times they do not stop with the tenth; they give offerings besides, which of course is the Scriptural way. There are many who say, "I do not keep account of my offerings, but I believe I give more than the tithe."

But do you? Is it not true usually, like the two cases cited above, that the tithe amounts to more than we expect? According to this rule, many who think they give as much as the tenth but who do not keep account, come far short of the tithe. Again, some ask the question, shall the tithe be taken out before our living expenses are deducted, or after? Alas, should we follow the latter plan, some would have nothing to give at all. Most emphatically, let us deduct the tithe first. Then of the nine tenths take our living expenses and give alms. Others again ask the question, Should I tithe an inheritance or legacy? Why not? Would there be danger of God's treasury overflowing? If so, then the blessings will overflow as well.

Do we realize the meaning of Jesus' words when he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?" Does He not mean that all are to go, and that we are to go to all? If, however, I cannot go in person, can it be right that I should live at
ease and in pleasure laying up wealth for myself or my children while my brother sacrifices home, friends, time, money, yea, and his very life in the work of the Lord? In time of the war, many a man paid a thousand dollars or more, and gladly too, to get someone to go in his stead. We fulfilled our obligation to our country by going personally or by sending a substitute. What about our obligation to our God? I was speaking on this line in one of the churches of Pennsylvania. At the close of the meeting, an intelligent young married man came to me, saying, "I was deeply impressed with that idea of sending a substitute. How much does it cost to support a missionary? I have been thinking that since I cannot go myself I ought to send a substitute: or if I cannot do it alone, perhaps several of us joining together could send one." He said, moreover, "When one gives liberally to the Lord's work, it seems that he can pray better too." How true! That brother was thinking in the right direction. Many in the church could send a substitute if they determined to do so. But it takes a determination. Aye, there's the rub. Too many think they cannot and therefore do not. How poor we are when it comes to sending a missionary, and how rich when we want to buy a farm or factory, automobile or some other luxury! Let us open our eyes to see how rich we are for the Lord, and at the same time open our hands to give liberally of what God has given to us. Then blessing will come to those who still grope in darkness, and the windows of heaven will be opened to pour us out a blessing in turn.

H. J. Frey

"We need but little here below, nor do we need this little long." "For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." It would be of no avail if we could. We must drop these bodies of clay to be clothed upon with a spiritual body that is not subject to aches and pains, sickness and death.

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

(No. 2.)

What great possibilities are expressed in these words! How, in our spiritual vision, we are led to see that God has planned for that, which so often is looked upon as a rare experience, for a chosen few, who have been so separated from the world and worldly things that they have been thus fully prepared to enter into this God-directed and chosen life. This is a mistaken idea and is misleading in that it would lead some to think they did not belong to the chosen tribe and that therefore they were not eligible. The Word says, "If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and made meet for the Master's use and prepared unto every good work."

We see very clearly that God allows for no excuses; He asks for our willingness. Are we willing to be really separated to God for this holy service, to be made a mighty channel of blessing in our home, in our community, in our church, in our every association? Are you so in touch with God that the place where you have your secret devotions, your secret prayer becomes more sacred to you every day? Or has the path which you had worn by your frequent treading, grown up with weeds so that now you cannot see the way? Weeds of worldly ambition. A desire to get wealth. Weeds of carelessness, a kind of a school boy's "I don't care" disposition, so that you are not alive and all on fire to get souls sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost. Weeds of hinder-
ing hungry souls,—earnest hearts from being all ablaze for God and a lost world. Weedy weeds of just filling a place or position for the honor attached to it, and not rendering a whole-hearted and whole-souled service to the Lord Jesus. Nasty smelling weeds—being unwilling to face some hidden sin, refusing to confess and really forsake it. Thus while you may be professing the Lord Jesus yet you are surely denying Him. Thorny weeds of keeping in your possession the "Lord's money:" you do not get blest when you read.

We might name yet a larger list of those things that eat out the life of a soul that has been unwilling to pay the full price of Fellowship with God, because if you have fully considered those stated you will no doubt see for yourself what others may be in your life, making you unwilling to go all the way with Jesus, giving up all the world and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

Again as we have fellowship with God we have such extacy of joy that we love to have prolonged holy communion with the Lord Jesus, and with Paul we exclaim, "That I may know Him and the fellowship of his sufferings." To know Christ we must get away from the din of this world, and taste the power of the world to come until we know that the preciousness of knowing Christ is being so much filled with His company, that we would have the testimony fulfilled in our hearts, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." By having this fellowship our spiritual vision is clear to see the hidden treasures of divine grace in store for all those who are willing to remain alone with God and wrestle with God as a Jacob of old and have your name changed—a prince of God.

In this sacred fellowship the hunger for earthly food is often completely taken away and fasting becomes natural and a real treat. It is to just so love Jesus that you cannot help asking others to come to Him. Without this blessed fellowship our preaching is dry and chaffy, powerless to quicken the dead souls. If we want our message to have life in it we must pray fire out of the skies upon the sacrifice until it is consumed to ashes, and until the truth shall so grip hearts that there will be no compromise with sin. Why is it today that so many who profess to be converted their lives are unsatisfactory to themselves and to others? Is it not because they are only "Half converted" as the expression is sometimes used: that is, they have started in the Lord's service only going part way desiring to take part of the world with them. There is no surer way to failure. There is no need for those sad disappointments, if souls were earnestly admonished to so seek company with Jesus and seek His unbroken fellowship.

From many places, comes the call for earnest, fully consecrated, spirit-filled, workers who have a definite call from God. But how sad to see that they are not forthcoming. In most cases it is because they are not willing to be out and out for the Lord Jesus, and seek His blessed fellowship alone, until the dews of heaven shall come upon them.

Dear ones who may read this and you feel your spiritual need, don't delay but come humbly seeking Jesus and He will answer your earnest petition.

In His blessed fellowship,
Iaac O. Lehman.

Humility was called by Augustine the greatest Christian virtue. He also said that we do not rise to God's heaven until we have descended to the hell of our own hearts. Christian progress is always marked by a deeper and riper humility and an increasing hatred of sin.—Sel.
SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD.

“As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord so walk ye in him” (Colossians 2: 6).

Dear Editor and readers of the EVANGELICAL VISITOR. The above scripture is an important one for it tells us how to walk and I know if the Holy Spirit guides my mind someone will be benefited in my writing. We should time and again remind ourselves of the days or years gone by (many or few), the promises and unconditional surrenders which we made when we were under the load of sin when we could truthfully exclaim with the Psalmist of old. “When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.” (Psa. 32: 3, 4). And then as we faced the record of our lives, and confessed our sins, this promise was ours: “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. And to cleanse us from all unrighteousness (I John 1: 9).

David exclaimed, “I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah” (Psalm 32: 5). I will take the liberty to say, previous to this blessed condition we were in an unconditional surrender. I do not want you to lose sight of the above scripture. “As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord so walk ye in him” (Col. 2: 6: I Thess. 4: 1).

There may have been a time in our lives when the Holy Spirit had such control of our lives that we, with the Psalmist, could say, “Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah., and as we kept true to our calling the next verse was also applicable in our lives; “I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.” (Psa. 32: 7, 8). Also the words of the prophet Isaiah, “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee”, (Isaiah 26: 3).

Again the Apostle admonished the Galations with these words, “Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage” (Gal. 5: 1). This scripture proves to me that it is possible for us to walk as we have received Him. I want to praise the Lord for the word of God, and as we have it applied to our hearts by the Holy Spirit, and obey the same, it will give us victory over sin and make us “more than conquerors through him that loved us” (Rom. 8: 37).

It grieves my heart still when I look at our own dear Brotherhood: how pride has come in and is coming in. You, perhaps, can, with me, remind yourself of instances where members of our own people in the beginning were willing to take the plain, separated, despised of the world way but as years went by we saw by their outward appearance they were taking liberties, which they perhaps professed in the beginning not to have. O! some one may say, It does not need to be just so. But remember the foregoing scripture: “As ye have, therefore, received Christ Jesus the Lord so walk ye in him.”

In some instances it is needful by their appearance to ask some brethren whether they belong to our body or not.
Also some of the sisters, piece by piece in their plain garb, they seem to have no use for any more. Perhaps first the apron then the cape and with that came the thin covering, and thus the simple, plain, despised by the world way is not wanted by such. Then likely in its stead there is a high profession of sanctification, which, I believe, does not fit to-gether because if we believe that sanctification cleanses and purifies, I think it should have its effects on the hearts of such.


I love this plain and narrow way: it, somehow, suits me, and as I walk with my Savior it satisfies the longings of my heart. Praise his name. I know we will meet with persecutions if we take the way with Jesus. Jesus said “If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you: if they have kept my sayings they will keep yours also” (John 15: 20). So if we mean to take the way with Jesus we can look for them. Refer to John 15: 18.

I want to here give a short experience on the line of giving. Some time ago I was impressed to give a certain amount of money to a certain mission of ours and at the time my expenses seemed to be pretty high so I was questioning whether I should send the sum as I was impressed. Finally I obeyed according to my impression, and this is some of what one of the workers wrote me afterward. “We thank you for the offering, and may God bless you for the same. We felt that it was ‘God-sent, and in answer to prayer, as we were on our last dollar, and with bills soon to be paid. Surely God is faithful to His own. Bless His name.” I am glad I obeyed. “Behold to obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams” (I Samuel 15: 22).

It is wonderful how God can lead us when He can lay His soft hand on us when needed either for sacrifice or service. I believe if our dear brethren and sisters would all learn the secret of giving, Malachi 3: 10, there would not be the much and continued call for money. I would like to give you this thought, What we give, we get. What we keep, we lose. Pray for me that my life may be a savior of life unto life and not a savior of death unto death (II Cor. 2: 6). “As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord so walk ye in him” (Col. 2: 6).

Yourbro.,
Samuel M. Engle.
Waskada, Manitoba, Canada.

FIRE AND THE HOLY GHOST.

John said of Christ to the surprise Of that great thronging host, With water He shall not baptize, But fire and the Holy Ghost.

When His disciples heard His word, And tarried at their post, They were baptized at Pentecost, With fire and the Holy Ghost.

Today if we would work for God, What we are needing most; Is to receive the promised power, Of fire and the Holy Ghost.

O Lord transform our hearts and minds, Lest in our pride we boast; And may we now be sanctified, By fire and the Holy Ghost.

—Sel. by Sr. Sara Gracie.
News of Church Activity

IN THE
HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Addresses of Missionaries.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Walter O. and Abbie B. Winger, Mary Heisey Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.
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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.
Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 1174 14th St., in charge of Eld. J. R. and Anna Zook.
Jabkob 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, 607 Taylor St., in charge of W. H. and Susie Boyer.

DES MOINES MISSION.


Receipts.
A sister, Clarence Center, N. Y., $1.00; Pleasant Hill S. S., Brown Co., Kan., $14.00; Valley Chapel S. S., Canton, O., $9.77; Total, $24.77.

Expenditures.
Gas, $2.53; electric, $1.08; water for quarter, $4.50; table supplies, $28.50; incidentals, $6.28; Total, $42.80.

Deficit, Sept. 1, 1914, $18.00.

Yours in humble submission
J. R. and Anna Zook.

REPORT OF THE BIBLE SCHOOL LAUNDRY BUILDING FUND.

The building is built of concrete blocks, is 22 x 24 feet and a half stories high with cistern, caldron, furnace and ironing stove, the cost being $359.60.

Receipts.
Cash in small amounts, $44.70, a sister, In His Name, Franklin, Co., Pa., $10.00; A. J. Heise, Hamlin, Kan., $10.00; E. F. Hess and wife, Greenastle, Pa., $100.00; Collected by E. F. Hess, $11.00; Total, $175.70.
Balance unpaid, $183.90.

We feel very thankful to those who have helped in this good work so far. Especially do we appreciate the interest taken in it by Bro. E. F. Hess.

A. B. Musser, Builder.

CHICAGO MISSION.

Report for month ending Sept 15, 1914.
Balance carried over, $8.70.

Receipts.
S. S., Abilene, Kan., $35.62; J. Garwick, Morrison, Ill., $2.00; In His Name, $16.00; Sr. Hoover, Detroit, Kan., $3.00; Y. P. Chicago, Ill., $5.45.

Expenditures.
Table supplies, $25.00; gas for lighting and cooking, $4.55; express, $3.50; wood, $3.00; Total, $36.95.

COAL FUND
Mother Shirk, Shannon, Ill., $10.00; Anthony Heise, Hamlin, Kan., $10.00; Sr. Hutchins, Chicago, Ill., $5.00; R. Eshleman, Abilene, Kan., $5.00; C. C., $9.00; In His Name, $9.00; Congregation offering, $45.00; Sr. Hoffman, Abilene, Kan., $5.00; Sr. Schmutz, Abilene, Kans., $2.00; W. H. Kreider, Shannon, Ill., $5.00; Total, $105.00.
Coal 24½ tons, $103.00; Trimming, $2.00, Total, $105.00.

POOR FUND.
Bethel Dis., Detroit, Kan., $25.20.

DONATIONS.

We wish to thank all who have again thus helped to uphold and push on the Lord's work at this place. "May grace and peace be multiplied unto you thru the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord. According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness thru the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue." We need the prayers of the saints in these trying days.

In Him,
Sarah Bert and Workers.
6039 S. Halsted St., Englewood, Ill.
Phone—Wentworth 7122.

TENT MEETING IN OHIO.

We are made to exclaim, with David, "Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart." Glad that God has a people He can trust with His riches. As God laid the work of a Tabernacle Meeting on the hearts of some of our brethren, by prayer, and waiting on the Lord, He marvelously opened the way and place at North Hampton. We met Sunday Aug. 16, at 2 p.m. with a good attendance, and later there were hundreds that could not be seated. Meetings began with our home brethren, Bro. Orville Herr and O. B. Ulery. God met with us in a wonderful way, with conviction, inspiration and power, which increased daily, as our dear Elder J. N. Hoover, Bro. M. L. Dohner and Bro. Boyer of Dayton joined the ranks. Sin of every type was denounced, the need of a pure heart and the power in the blood of Jesus to save were proclaimed. Our eyes were made to witness that which makes the angels rejoice. Sinners began to cry out for mercy, and as they confessed out deliverance came, and shouts of victory were heard in the camp. A family of five went thru and found pardon, a rare occurrence in these last days. Believers sought for the deeper things of God, and as they fully co­sec-rated themselves to the will of God the Holy Spirit anointed them with power from above which made the place resound with shouts of glory. In the latter part of the meeting Bro. Meshach Krikorian of Gran­tham, Pa., met with us and God in a special way anointed him for service. As we beheld our young brethren together with one mind, and one purpose at heart for the sal­vation of souls, we were made to exclaim, "Behold what God hath wrought."

The tent meeting came to a close on Sept. 6. The following week our Bro. Krikorian broke the bread of life to us at Bulah Chapel where God again met with us with conviction and deliverance as we saw the deaf made to hear, the blind to see, and the dumb talk, we were made to say, the day of miracles are not yet past.

What the fruits of these meetings will be we will never know, until all kindreds and tribes and people and tongues, (Rev. 7) shall stand before God in that great judgment day. While we saw many that hardened their hearts against the truth, we are glad for those who heeded to the call of the Spirit and found deliverance thru the precious blood of Jesus. My prayer is that the seed sown, may have fallen on good soil, and spring up, and bring forth fruit unto life everlasting. Isa. 55: 11: "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void. But it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the things where to I sent it."

Your Sister Maud Ripley.
Springfield, Ohio.

P. S. We expect to have our love feast at Maple Grove, Donnelsville, Ohio, on Oct. 10 and 11. Come and enjoy the feast with us as we expect a special feast. We expect to have our brother Vernon Stump of Indiana with us.

TESTIMONY.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." O if only more people would real­ize the precious truth that is contained in this verse!

Being impressed to write, I will by the help and grace of God do what He bids me do. This afternoon I know that God's love is
October 5, 1914.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR

upon me. I am not able to express in words God's goodness to me. I want to show my love to Him in my walk and conduct, every moment of my life, and let my actions speak louder than my words. When I read God's blessed word and meditate on it, I have a continual prayer that the Lord should give me wisdom and understanding. He so wonderfully reveals His blessed words to me. He often gives us joy in place of sorrow. I thank the Lord that all of His children have a mission to fill each one in his or her place.

O dear mothers, we who have children growing up by our side, let us teach them the Bible. Often they want mothers to tell them about the Bible, and to explain to them some of the Bible lessons. We all believe that most of the things that they learn while young they will never forget. Then as they grow up and we bring them before the Lord in prayer, I believe the Lord will have them yield their lives to Him in their young years. I know the Lord hears and answers prayer.

"Happy the home, when God is there, And love fills every breast; Where parents love the sacred word, And live but for the skies,"

It is my prayer that the rising generation may be saved for service, let it be where it will; just so it is doing the Lord's will. May the Lord bless all of His children wherever they are. But it seems there are only a few here and there, that are earnestly engaged in the service of the Lord. Pray for us.

Your sister in Christ,

Lizzie Basehore.

Derry Church, Pa.

AN APPEAL.

"He that despises his neighbor sinneth, but he that hath mercy on the poor happy is he," I feel impressed to write a few lines this morning for the Visitor. I will say first of all, I am happy in the Lord, I am still in the battle on the firing line, Bless His name. Sometimes I had to retreat, for the enemy was very strong, but then King Jesus gave me reinforcements so that I could go on to victory, and this morning I claim victory thru Jesus our Blessed Lord. Our meetings are right good. Bro. Joseph Smith from Grantham, Pa., was with us for about four weeks and surely the Lord crowned his labors with precious souls. About 40 came out during those meetings. Quite a few are very active at this time yet, and we give God the glory.

Sister Mazie Dohner of Ohio was also here as a helper in the work. May the Lord bless them, and use them to the salvation of souls.

Well there's so much to do in the mission field that I hardly know where to commence. Don't think for a moment, while I haven't written for so long for the Visitor that I am idle, doing nothing, for I am not. I am in the Master's work every day. We have meetings at the Mission on Tuesday and Thursday nights and on Sunday, morning and evening, and S. School in the afternoon at 2 p.m. We have a good S. School, there being many poor children. We have a lot of poor sisters and brothers who would need a little help, and we are commanded in God's word to help the poor, especially those of the household of Faith. If you, brothers and sisters, that have plenty of this world's goods, don't hear the cry of your poor brethren and sisters, I am afraid your treasures will be all upon earth. I am sure if some of you were here, and would see how we struggle at the Mission, your hearts would melt and you would feel to give us a little help. If you have any old clothes to spare, don't be afraid to send them. Anything that you can't make use of any more, we can well make good use of. I walk the street many a day and beg for the poor, and lots of people that don't profess to be Christians, have open hearts to share.

There is a poor family in our neighborhood here who come to our Mission, they have two boys for whom they would like to get homes in the country. They would put them out until of age. Their names are Howard Parson, 12 years old and Russel Parson, 8 years old. This family has a hard way to travel; the Mission is helping them much, and they asked me to get places for the boys. Many people ask me to help them out on these lines, but my way has been closed so much these few years and I felt condemned many times that I did not make more efforts, and this morning I was prompted by the Spirit of the Lord to do this and I obeyed, hoping to hear from some one that will have the good work at heart, and charity enough to give a few poor boys a home. Now may the blessing of God go with this letter is my prayer.

Peter Stover.

A PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

We are still working in God's vineyard down here, and the work is bringing good results. The Spirit of God is with us. We are growing daily in the faith path, and which, as we go grows brighter. Wonderful things have happened since Bro. Joseph Smith and Sr. Mazey Dohner came to us. Praise God for two such children of His.

We who were so indifferent have been brought so close to Jesus that we can truly say He (Jesus) is our daily companion. We think of God's love and mercy towards us and wonder how can it be that He did so much for us, yet we are so unwilling to do such little things for Him.

Truly we can say with the poet "Savior, like a shepherd lead us," and know we are secure in His care.

Our Mission in Phila. is alive to God's cause, and we thru God's help, are leaving nothing undone to bring the lost sheep into the fold.

On last Sunday our school held its Rally Day services. A special collection was taken for the foreign missionaries with the result that $16.00 (Sixteen dollars) was sent to the Treas. of the Missionary Board. We had Bro. Solomon Engle to address the School, and Bro. Zuber to lead the singing. Taking all together the love of God rules the Mission, and nothing is too hard for God's children in the Phila. Mission to do to help in the work.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Remember the Phila. Mission in your prayers and especially the writer for he needs to be held up in the prayers of the saints.

Yours in Christ,

Bro. Wm. Nevins.


"We can love whom and what we please. We may love pleasure and be frivolous. We may love fashion and be vain. We can love strong drink and be drunken, or tobacco and be filthy."

Begin the web, and God will send you thread.—Sel.

MACA MISSION.

Some Experiences on an Evangelistic Trip.

As previously stated many of the people living in the villages round about our second camping place were very busy getting ready for a wailing so only a few people came out to the Sabbath service. In the evening we went up to the village to see their heathen performances. Many people had gathered in from the surrounding villages; all but a few were seated in groups, or circles, around a number of large fires drinking beer. A number of the girls who had been the most diligent in attending our services, came over to speak to us, remaining kneeling in front of us until the dancing began, when they went off to help form the circle around the drummer and those who were dancing at intervals, as the individuals fancied. The power of darkness was indeed strongly felt, and we were soon ready to return to our tent, much impressed with the wierd and feindish surrounding. I should say that most of the old men were drinking beer, the women wailing, and the young people dancing.

Our next camp was near the home of one of our little girls who was with us the greater part of last term. These people seldom hear the gospel story. The women and children came out readily, the men being away to a beer drink. One young man however, who was home from Livingstone where he is working, came out the first evening, and on being questioned as to his position to the gospel, said he had been going to school but was not a believer. He was seemingly quite intelligent. The second evening he was not present, and on inquiring after him we found that young as he was, he already had three wives, and of course had too much knowledge to think of accepting the Lord under present conditions.

After a few days we trekked on to Kabwe the home of five of the girls who were staying at the Mission, and where we also have an out school. On arriving at the above place we soon saw the bark strings stretched out in opposite directions from one of the huts, denoting that a new baby had recently been born in that particular hut, and warning all married women to stay away, as their presence is supposed to bring ill
health or death upon the child, or to be injurious to the one who might venture in.

In the afternoon we had a long tiresome tramp to some distant villages, where the people were unenlightened and indifferent. One man made the assertion to one of the boys who was with us, that "Just as you (the believer) desire to follow the Lord so I desire to follow Satan." He also said his father lived and died without the light, and what was good enough for his father was good enough for him.

Our next camp was a number of miles to the northeast at a large village, the home of several of the Mission boys, who are at present at their home and who were pleased to see us. Here also the people treated us very kindly, some of the women giving us gifts in the form of cornmeal and pumpkins and some expressing their regret at not being able to give us something, now that we had come to see them. Those who were at home came out readily to the services. Although the chief and a number of his men were away paying their taxes. Yet there were sufficient people to form large circles around two fires during service. On Saturday afternoon we trekked toward home, stopping for Lord's day services at Kabanzi the oldest of the out schools, and the place where the largest number of believers live. This is also a large village.

Monday afternoon we arrived home after an absence of two weeks, Brother Steckley however having been home over the previous week end. We were pleased to find the place well cared for during our absence and thank our heavenly Father for the privilege of being out among the people, of getting nearer into their lives, and of giving them the gospel. We found many little boys and girls among them of school age, and a number who responded readily in favor, when asked if they desire to come and live at the school. It remains to be seen how many will embrace their opportunities. There were also a few who said they desire to follow the Lord, but oh how vague is their understanding, and how weak the desire of most of these. Visits were made and services were held at twenty-four villages. We aimed to have a number of services at each camping place.

We have many reasons to thank God for His kind care in keeping us from all harm and giving us good health. Although our needs were bountifully supplied and blessings appreciated, yet we were pleased to again be at home, and enjoy life in our accustomed manner of living. We solicit your prayers in behalf of these souls who are bound by Satan, and that the seed sown may spring forth and grow, and bear fruit unto eternal life.

Yours in his service,
Elizabeth Engle.
Macha Mission, Choma, N. Rho.

GLIMPSE OF MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE AT MTSHEBEZI MISSION.

"Sa ku bona, Mfundisi." (We have seen you, Teacher).
"Yebo." (Yes).
"U sa pila, Mfundisi?" (Do you still live, Teacher?)
"Yebo, si kona; si ya buza lina." (Yes, we are here; and we ask you).

In this customary manner we were greeted one morning as we approached a group of natives squatted around a bonfire under a large tree. A place being quickly vacated, we were glad to sit with them and spread our hands over the cheery coals. The long drive from the station was very chilling; a raw moist wind was blowing, and the gray clouds, half condensed, hung heavily over the tops of the hills. Occasionally a few large drops of rain fell loudly upon the ground, as tho to augur a heavy downpour later on.

The group of natives gathered there around the bonfire on the open veldt this cold day, was a new native outschool opened just the day before. After some conversation, the native in charge opened the sessions by calling for a hymn, and then all knelt in prayer while several prayed. And when natives kneel to pray, they do it properly; no "sitting up" prayers they, with heads reverently bowed, but they get down until their foreheads are almost on a level with their knees.

The first class was called, three boys about nine or ten years old—"One" to rise from the ground and "Two" to advance to their teacher a few feet away, where they stood before him in a line and pronounced over the first lesson in the Speller, the vowels, "Ah, a, e, o, u." Each succeeding class was a little farther
advanced. One tall, lank, married man was learning to pronounce such words as “Um-fana, umfazi, umfuyo,” while his wife, with her baby on her back, was endeavoring to understand the task in the book before her, when she was not occupied in trying to understand the child behind her. The last of about six classes was an embarrassed young man just beginning to read in the New Testament, having for his morning lesson the passage in John 6, about the feeding of the multitude, which was explained to him by his teacher in an energetic manner.

One incident caused a smile and a reflection. A little fellow was called up to recite and as he ran over his syllables he either did not know or care that he had opened his book upside down; but we were beside him and saw it all, and can vouch that he read as perfectly as tho he had turned it about, for he did well. However, there are many things upside down in Africa besides books; and when right side up is upside down the only thing to do is to let right side up upside down until upside down is right side up to you. Queer? not when you get used to it. Witness even the heavens; your shadow is south of you, and the South Pole sticks up at an uneasy angle where the North Pole used to be, only on the other side.

The main reason for visiting the school that day was to assist in choosing a suitable location to build a school hut (not school-house). After school, and after we had eaten our lunch, a number of natives accompanied us to a site they had already proposed, which was quite satisfactory to us, on the sunny slope of a low hill, water not too far away, and in the center of a thickly settled district. Within four or five miles there are twenty-one kraals, from which might come a large number of boys and girls, were it not that some of the fathers want their children to herd the flocks rather than learn. It is a good location for a school and we hope many will take advantage of the opportunity, which is as a net to draw them to the Lord Jesus Christ.

A. C. Winger.

Aug. 13, 1914.

Cheerful obedience is the only acceptable obedience; he who obeys reluctantly is disobedient at heart.—Spurgeon.

MTSHABEZI MISSION.

It is with thankfulness that we record the happenings of another month at this Station. The eye of the Lord has been upon us and His hand over us for good, so that we can say no necessary thing has been withheld from us. We have had those things which move for the sustenance and comfort of our bodies; efficient to keep our minds well occupied; and the realization of the Spirit’s presence in our hearts. The passing days have not been without their trials for us all; fears and longings, uncertainties and hopes, prayers and praise, have mingled together, and perhaps all have found that against those wholly occupied in the Master’s service the enemy is truly as wholly occupied, endeavoring to overthrow what he can. But we believe that grace and peace which are not dependent upon outward conditions have been multiplied to us in our multiplied need; such is the promise, and such is the experience of those whose desire is only toward Him in whom alone they can be found.

The regular Sunday services—Sunday School, preaching and special instruction classes, have been kept up, and also the Wednesday morning prayer meeting. The monthly Fast-day service on Aug. 7, was lifted and instead a harvest meeting was held the day following. A number of outlying districts were asked to be present and the church was well filled. The thought of the day was of course upon the temporal blessings of the year: the rain, the sunshine, the sowing and the reaping; the flocks and herds, the food and raiment and shelter with which all had been provided, and above all, the great Source and Giver of all these things. One sister was understood to say that although the past year had not been a normal one, and the reaping had been small, our praises should not be small in comparison, but large. We believe that some of these people are learning to ascribe their blessings, not to the amadhlozi (ancestral spirits), or a raindoctor, or some spirit in a cave in the hills, but to God. About one hundred and eighty-two pounds of grain, and one dollar and fifty-six cents in cash, were brought as thank-offerings to the Lord, besides this two bags of kaffir corn had come some time previous, all to be used in sending forth the Gospel through native teachers.
On July fifth one of the native boys living here took sick with what we thought was fever. He grew worse as the days went by, until on Sunday evening, July 13, he passed away. His sickness was rather strange, and his death came unexpectedly to us all. His parents live near here and the boy had attended school since he was small; and while not exceptionally bright, yet he made fair advancement in his studies. He was a member of the inquirers' class, expressing by his testimony some desire to follow the Lord; we therefore hope he had that faith which saves, be the person ever so ignorant. The death brought a sadness to both missionaries and natives and the opportunity was taken to impress all with the seriousness and brevity of life, the need of true repentance, and faith in Christ for salvation.

The school continues as usual. There are between forty-five and fifty learning now. The classes range from those reading in the speller to those reading the English Testament.

The industrial part of the work is being cared for also. At present some are putting fertilizer on the fields in preparation for spring plowing, and some are rolling stones out of the hill to build a new goat kraal. Some have their regular daily duties about the premises, or with the poultry and flocks, while some are given at stated times such work as may require to be done. Thatching grass, which is not very plentiful this year, is being prepared against the time when the new huts will be needed. The gardens are yielding a few vegetables with prospects of more later on. A few points of rain have fallen lately.

A visit from Bro. and Sr. Steigerwald over Aug. 9, was much enjoyed.

Owing to the outbreak in Europe, we can not tell what the effect may be in this, a British dominion, as regards missionary work but we do know that God still lives and with a Father's love will care for His own. Continue to pray for the work at this place.

In His service,

A. C. Winger.


When the conscience is at peace and the heart is happy in Jesus, troubles cannot take away, but generally increase communion with Him.—Romaine.

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SELECTED.

HOW THE FULL BLESSING OF PENTECOST COMES TO ITS FULL MANIFESTATION.

Every blessing which God gives us is like a seed with the power of an indissoluble life hidden in it. Let no one therefore imagine that to be filled with the Spirit is a condition of perfectness which leaves nothing more to be desired. In no sense can this be done. It was after the Lord Jesus was filled with the Spirit at His baptism He had to go forth to be still further perfected by temptations and the learning of obedience. When the disciples were filled with the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, the equipment with power from on high was given to them that they might carry out the victory over sin in their own lives and all around them. The Spirit is the Spirit of truth, and He must guide us into it. It will only be by slow degrees that He will lead us into the eternal purpose of God, into the knowledge of Christ, into true holiness, into full fellowship with God. The fulness of the Spirit is simply the full preparation for living and working as a child of God.

When we consider the matter from this point of view, we see at a glance how entirely indispensable it is for every child of God to aim at obtaining this blessing. Then we begin to feel that this is the very blessing that is to be pressed on the acceptance of the weak and timid. We also understand why the Apostle offers this prayer, in Ephesians 3: 14-19, on which we now meditate, in behalf of all believers without distinction. He did not regard it as a spiritual distinction, or special luxury which was intended only for those who were prominent or favored.
amongst the children of God. No: it was for all without distinction, for all who at their conversion had by faith received the Holy Spirit, that he prayed. And his request was that by the special, powerful, and ever deepening work of the Spirit, God would bring them to what was their true destiny—namely to be filled unto all the fulness of God. This prayer of Paul is everywhere regarded as one of the most glorious representations that the Word of God gives of what the life of a Christian ought to be. Let us then endeavor to learn what the full revelation and manifestation of this blessing of the Spirit may become.

I.

That the Father would grant you that ye may be strengthened with power thru the Spirit.

That these Christians had received the Spirit when they believed in Christ is clear from a previous statement of the epistle (Chap. 1:14). But he sees that they do not yet know or have all that the Spirit can do for them, and that there is a danger that, by their ignorance, they may make no further progress. Hence he bows his knees and prays without ceasing in their behalf that the Father would strengthen them with might by His Spirit in the inner man. This powerful strengthening with the Spirit is equivalent with being filled with the Spirit, is indeed the same blessing under another aspect. It is the indispensable condition of a healthful, growing, and fruitful life.

Paul prays that the Father would grant this boon. He asks for a new, definite operation of God. He entreats that God would do this according to the riches of His glory. It is surely not any trifling thing, anything very common, that he thus craves. He desires that God would remember and bring into play all the riches of His grace, and, in a fashion commensurate with the divine glory of His power, do a heavenly wonder, and as the living God strengthen these believers with might by His Spirit in the inner man.

O Christian, learn at this point that your life every day depends on God's will, on God's grace, on God's omnipotence. Yes; every moment God must work in your inner life and strengthen you by His Spirit, otherwise you cannot live as He would have you live. Just as no creature in the natural world can exist for a moment if God does not work in it to sustain its life, so the gift of the Holy Spirit is the pledge that God Himself is to work everything in us from moment to moment. Learn to know your entire, your blessed dependence on God, and the claim which you have on Him as your heavenly Father to begin in you a life in the mighty strengthening of the Spirit and to maintain it without the interruption of a single moment.

Paul tells these believers what he prays for in their behalf in order that they may know what they have need of and ask for it for themselves. Do you also learn to offer up this petition. Expect everything from God alone. Bow your knees, and ask and expect from the Father that He would manifest to you—yes, in you—the riches of His glory. Ask and expect that He would strengthen you with might by His Spirit, that Spirit who, in fact, is already in you, but only as an unknown, hidden, and slumbering seed. Let this become the one desire, the strong confidence of your soul: "God will fill me with the Spirit; God will strengthen me thru the Spirit with His Almighty energy". Let your whole life every day be permeated by this prayer and this expectation.
II.

That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.

This is the glorious fruit of the divine strengthening with might in the inner man by the Spirit. The Great work of the Father in eternity is to bring forth the Son.

In Him alone is the good pleasure of God realized. The Father can have no fellowship with the creature except thru the Son. He can have no joy in it except so far as He beholds His Son in it. Hence it is His great work in redemption to reveal His Son in us, and so to obtain an abode for Him in us, that our life shall be a visible expression of the life of Jesus. That is the aim He has in view in strengthening us with might by the Spirit in the inner man. It is that Christ may dwell in our heart by faith.

This indwelling of Christ in us is not like that of a man who abides in a house, but is nevertheless in no sense identified with it. No: His indwelling is a possession of our hearts that is truly divine, quickening and penetrating their inmost being with His life. The Father strengthens us inwardly with might by His Spirit, so that the Spirit animates our will and brings it, like the will of Jesus, into entire sympathy with His own. The result is that our heart then, like the heart of Jesus, bows before Him in humility and surrender; our life seeks only His honor; and our whole soul thrills with desire and love for Jesus. This inward renewal makes the heart fit to be a dwelling-place of the Lord. By the Spirit He is revealed within us and we come to know that He is actually in us, as our life, in a deep, divine unity, one with us.

Brother, God longs to see Jesus in you. He is prepared to work mightily by Him that the living presence of His Son may always abide in you. Jesus loves you so dearly and longs so intensely for you that He cannot rest until He makes His abode in your heart. This is the supreme blessing that the fulness of the Spirit brings you.

That Christ may dwell in your heart by faith. It is by faith that you receive and know the indwelling of the Spirit and the operation of the Father by Him. By faith, which discerns things invisible as clearly as the sun, you receive and know the living Jesus in your heart. As constantly as He was with His disciples on earth—yea, more constantly than with them, because more inwardly and more really—He will be in you and will grant you to enjoy His presence and His love. O soul, pray that the Father would strengthen you with might by the Spirit, would open your heart for the fulness of the Spirit, and enable you to trustfully appropriate it. Then at last shall you know what it means to have Christ dwelling in your heart by faith.

III.

That ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

Here is the glorious fruit of the indwelling of Christ in the heart. By the Spirit the love of God is shed abroad in the heart. By Christ who dwells in the heart the love wherewith God loved Him comes into us; and we learn that just as life in God, between Father, Son, and Spirit, is only infinite love, so the life of Christ in us is nothing but love. Thus we become rooted and grounded in love. We are implanted in the soil of love; we strike our roots (Continued on page 21)
PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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GRANTHAM, PA., OCTOBER 5, 1914.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS' TRACTS


Orders for the above tracts, papers — and envelopes should be addressed Geo. Detwiler, 1956 Walnut St., Harrisburg, Pa. Tracts are free to mission workers.

MARRIAGES.


OBITUARY.

BAKER.—Died, on Aug. 9, 1914, at Markham, Ont., Sr. Frances, beloved wife of Bro. Simeon Baker. She was of a very quiet and mild disposition, possessing the Pearl of great price. Her husband and family mourn the loss of a very kind and generous wife and mother. Eld. Fred Elliot conducted the funeral service at the Heise Hill church where interment also was made in nearby cemetery.

SHERK.—Margret Elsie Sherk, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Sherk of Ridgeway, Welland Co., Ont., died Sept. 9, 1914, of pneumonia, aged 1 year, 8 months and 22 days. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the neighbors and friends. Services were conducted by Eld. Girvin Bearss at Zion church, Garrison Road, near Ridge- way. Interment in cemetery near by on Sabbath afternoon.

JURY.—George Washington Jury was born Dec. 29, 1839, in Dauphin Co., Penna., died at his home at Holland, Kan., Aug. 28, 1914, aged 74 years, 7 months and 29 days. He was married to Anna Gish, Sept. 12, 1865, to which union were born eight children two of whom died in infancy. He united with the Brethren in Christ church in 1889 living a consistent Christian life to a happy end, desiring to depart and be with Christ. Funeral services and burial at the Newbern church, conducted by Bishop Jacob N. Engle assisted by Elder Cakerice off the Dunkard church who became intimately attached to Bro Jury in visiting him during his sickness. Text, Psalm 116: 15: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

BOSTLER.—Mary, daughter of Josiah and Ella Bostler, was born in Osnaburg Township, Stark Co., Ohio, March 22, 1887, died Aug. 27, 1914, aged 27 years, 5 months and 5 days, leaving to mourn her loss her parents, three brothers, Harvey, Milton and John, and one sister, Minnie. She was converted and united with the church in 1903. She was always active and loyal to God and the church and we feel our loss was her eternal gain as she died triumphant in the Lord. She was a great sufferer but bore it patiently. She requested that no eulogy be pronounced.
over her remains but that the living should be admonished to prepare to meet God: also requesting that Hebrews 2: 3 be used as a text. Services at Valley Chapel church conducted by Bro. W. J. Myers, assisted by the home brethren.

LOVE FEASTS.

Pennsylvania.
Souderton, ................ Oct. 24, 25
Harrisburg, ................ Oct. 31, Nov. 1
Maryland.
Riggold M. H. ................ Oct. 24, 25
New York.
Clarence Center, ................ Oct. 17, 18
Ohio.
All are invited.
Kansas.
Rosebank, ..................... Oct. 17, 18.
Special meetings will begin at the same place on Sunday evening, Oct. 18
Michigan.
Carland Mission, ................ Oct. 17, 18
A cordial invitation is extended to all.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

Pennsylvania.
Mechanicsburg, Oct. 10, at 6 p. m.
Cross Roads M. H., ............ Oct. 10, 5.30 p. m.
Conoy M. H., ................... Oct. 17, 6 p. m.
Rapho District.
Manheim M. H. Oct. 31.
Services begin at 5 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.


Bro. and Sr. Wm. H. Hykes are now located at Grantham, Pa. Their former address was Paramount, Md. Note the change when writing to them.

How THE FULL BLESSING OF PENTECOST COMES TO ITS FULL MANIFESTATION.

(Continued from Page 10).

into heavenly love; henceforth we have our being in it and draw our strength from it. Love is the supreme element in our spiritual life. The Spirit in us and the Son in us bring us nothing but the love of God. Love is the first and the chief among the streams of living water that are to flow from us.

It is thus that we come to discover the truths that love is the fulfilling of the law; that love doeth no ill to one's neighbor: that love seeketh not its own; that love layeth down its life for the brethren.

[Our heart becomes ever larger and larger: our friends, our enemies, the children of God and the children of the world, those that are worthy to be loved and those that are hateful, the ransom-ed and the lost, the world as a whole and every individual creature in particular—are all embraced in the love of God. We find, then, our happiness lies in the sacrifice of our own honor, our own advantage and comfort, in favor of others. Love takes no account of sacrifice: it is its blessedness to love: it cannot do otherwise: actual loving is its nature and its life. We are able so to love, because the Father with His Spirit works mightily within us; because the Son, "who loved me and gave himself for me," dwells in us, and He, who is crucified Love, has filled the heart completely with Himself. We are rooted in love, and in accordance with the nature of the root in God is the fruit from God—love.

That ye may be strong to know the love which passeth knowledge, that is, to know love, not with the knowledge of the understanding and its thoughts alone, but in the conscious blessedness
of a heart in which Jesus dwells; to know love as something that cannot be known or conceived by the heart of itself; to be strong to know it fully, so far as this is possible before God, in order that He may fill you, an earthen vessel, with His own love to overflowing.

O souls, pray, listen to the word: "God is Love"; and He has provided everything to the end that you may know love fully. It is for this object that the Spirit is in you, and that the Father will work mightily in you: it is with this aim that Christ desires to have your whole heart. O let us begin to pray, as never before, that the Father would strengthen us with might by the Spirit; that the Father would grant unto us to be filled with the Spirit: that ye may be strong to know the love of Christ.

IV.

Filled unto all the fulness of God.

What an expression! What an impenetrable mystery! What a divine blessedness! Filled unto all the fulness of God: this is the experience to which the fulness of the Spirit is intended to bring us, and will bring us.

Fulfilled unto all the fulness of God; who shall ever unfold the meaning of this expression to us? How shall we ever reach any definite idea of what it signifies? God has made provision for our enlightenment. In Christ Jesus we see a man full of God, a man who was perfected by suffering and obedience, filled unto all the fulness of God; yea, a man who in the solitariness and poverty of an ordinary human life, with all its needs and infirmities, has nevertheless let us see on earth the life enjoyed by the inhabitants of heaven, as they are there filled unto all the fulness of God. The will and the honor, the love and the service of God were always visible in Him God was all to Him.

When God called the world into existence it was in order that it might reveal Him. In it His wisdom and might and goodness were to dwell and be visibly manifested. We say continually that Nature is full of God. God can be seen in everything by the believing eye. The Seraphim sing; the whole earth is full of His glory. When God created man after His image, it was in order that He Himself might be seen in man, that man should simply serve as a reflection of His likeness. The image of a man never serves any other purpose than to represent the man. As the image of God man was destined simply to receive the glory of God in his own life, to bear it and make it visible. God was to be all to him: to be all in him: he was to be full of God.

By sin this divine purpose has been frustrated. Instead of being full of God, man became full of himself and the world; and to such an extent has sin blinded us that it appears an impossibility ever to become full of God again. Alas! even many Christians see nothing desirable in this fulness. Yet it is back to this blessing that Jesus came to redeem and bring us; and this is the end for which God is prepared to work mightily within us by His Spirit. This is no less the result for which the Son of God desires to dwell in our heart, and which He will bring to accomplishment: it is all that we may be filled unto the fulness of God.

Yes, this is the highest aim of the Pentecostal blessing. To attain this we can count upon the Spirit to make sure of our reaching it. He will open the way for us and guide us in it. He will work in us the deep humility of Jesus, who always said: "I can of Myself do nothing;" "I do not My own will;" "The words I speak, I speak not
of Myself." Amidst the self-emptying and sense of dependence He will work in us the assurance and the experience that for the soul which is nothing, God is surely All. By our faith He will reveal to us Jesus, who was full of God, as our life. He will cause us to be rooted in the love in which God gives all, and we shall take God as all. Thus it will be with us as with Jesus: man nothing, and God's honor, God's will, God's love, God's power, everything. Yes; the issue will be that we shall be "filled with all the fulness of God."

Christian, I beg of you by the love of God not to say that this is too high an experience for you, or that it is not for you. No; it is in truth the will of God concerning you: the will alike of His commandment and His promise. He is bent on fulfilling His promise: He Himself will work it out. Today, then, in humility take this word, "FILLED UNTO ALL THE FULNESS OF GOD," as the purpose and the watchword of your life, and see what it will do for you. It will become to you a mighty lever to raise you out of the self-seeking which is quite content with only being prepared for blessing. It will urge you to enter into and become firmly rooted in the love of God which gives everything to you, and thereby in the love which gives everything back to Him. It will convince you that nothing less than Christ—Himself dwelling in your heart can keep such a love abiding in you, or actually make the fulness of God a reality within you. Yes; the issue will be that we shall be "filled with all the fulness of God."

When God said to Abraham, "I am God Almighty," He invited him to trust His omnipotence to fulfill His promise. When Jesus went down into the grave and its impotence, it was in the faith that God's omnipotence could lift Him to the throne of His glory. It is that same Omnipotence that waits to work out God's purpose in them that believe in Him to do so. Let our hearts say, "Unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, unto Him be the glory." Amen.—From The Full Blessing of Pentecost by Andrew Murray.

CHRISTIAN IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

But now in this Valley of Humiliation he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name was Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armor for his back; and therefore tho't that to turn the back to Him might give him the greater advantage with ease to
pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, tho' he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance and thus began to question him:—"Whence come you? and whither are you bound?"

Chr. I come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

Apol. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine; and I am the prince and god of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope that thou mayst do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

Chr. I was born indeed in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, "for the wages of sin is death;" therefore when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

Apol. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee. But since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back: what our country will afford I do here promise to give thee.

Chr. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes, and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

Apol. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, "Changed a bad for a worse;"but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

Chr. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him, how then can I go back from this and not be hanged as a traitor?

Apol. Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

Chr. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and, besides, I count that the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee; and besides, O thou destroying Apollyon! to speak truth. I like his service, his wages, his government, his company, and country, better than thine; and, therefore, leave off to persuade me further; I am his servant and I will follow him.

Apol. Consider again, when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! and, besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of their hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his tho' taken by them! and so I will deliver thee.

Chr. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him
to the end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to; that is most glorious in their account; for, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it; for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when the Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels.

Apol. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him; and how dost thou think to receive wages from him?

Chr. Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to him?

Apol. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed until thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice thing: thou wast also almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey; and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

Chr. All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honor is merciful, and ready to forgive. But, besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country for there I sucked them in; and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, "I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, his people: I am come on purpose to withstand thee."

Chr. Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, "I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further here will I spill thy soul," and with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast: but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that. Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir himself; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by which, notwithstanding all that the Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, his foot. This made Christian give a little back. Apollyon therefore followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for about half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's Sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, "I am sure of thee now." And with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise," and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors thru Him that loved us." And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian saw him no more.
In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight—he spake like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart! I never saw him all the while give so much as a pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then indeed he did smile and look upward; but it was the dreadfulest sight that I ever saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, "I will here give thanks to Him that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to Him that did help me against Apollyon: "and so he did saying—

"Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
Designed my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harnessed out; and he with rage.
That hellish was, did fiercely me en-
But blessed Micheal helped me, and I,
By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly;
Therefore to Him let me give lasting praise,
[always."

And thank and bless His holy name.

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before: So being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, "I know not but some other enemy may be at hand."

But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite thru this valley. —Pilgrim's Progress.

NEW GUINEA.

New Guinea is the largest island in the world, "as long as from London to Constantinople, and 500 miles wide in some parts." With a low swampy coast line in many parts, the centre rises to the height of a mile or more.

"It was the darkest and most neglected island in the world." Its people were cannibals; constantly attacks were made by one village on another in the night; spears and poisoned arrows were the weapons used, and the captives were carried off to be eaten. Thus it has been reveling for ages in cannibalism and idolatry. The Island is beautiful, with magnificent forests; splendid mountains; fertile valleys; rich plains; sunny slopes; green-clad hills, and grand rivers; with its groves of cocoanut trees and well cultivated gardens; with its spices, masool bark, and betel nut.

A brave band of Dutch missionaries began a mission on the north end of the island, but all died except one, and the mission was broken up. The English missionaries learned by their experience, and took natives of other islands to do much of the work. They can bear the climate better than whites, and they work among the people to advantage, because having been cannibals themselves, they understand the New Guinea people, and succeed in imparting truth where whites would fail.

Landing on the island was at first most dangerous. At each new spot touched the missionaries took their lives in their hands when they went ashore.

In seven years, six hundred miles of coast have been traced, thirty stations formed, landings effected at one hundred places where friendly relations have been formed, and one river has been explored for two hundred and
sixty miles. Four languages have been reduced to writing; school books have been translated into them, and the Gospel according to Mark in their own tongue.

S. Macfarline concludes:

"I shall never forget the first night I landed, and I should like to compare it with the last night before I left. It is all very well for the captains of our vessels and those on board. Their work is out at sea. But when they bring their vessel to a certain point the anchor is dropped, they have their evening chat and turn in; when very often the missionary paces the deck in great anxiety, because he is to go on shore the next morning among a number of savages. I remember the feeling that came across me that night. I could see the fires through the cocoanut trees; I could hear the drums beating; and I heard sometimes the shrieks of women. I knew that there was heathenism and cannibalism all around. Ah! but as I sat on the verandah of my little house at Murray Island, the night before I came to this country, you must try and understand what feelings were then. I was coming home to my own country and family. The opening up of the mission had been mostly accomplished, and here I was sitting on the verandah of this house, and I saw a fire in the cocoanut grove, just as I had done on that night before I landed. And as I sat there and thought of the work that had been accomplished during the six or seven years, there was a sound that came warbling up the hill. It was not the shrieks of women; but it was one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. These people were engaged in their evening worship; and after the singing of the hymn and prayer, and the talking of the teacher, then came about two hours of singing, for they are very fond of it. They know nearly all Moody and Sankey's hymns. All this has been accomplished within eight years. It was twenty years before the missionaries of Tahiti had their hearts cheered by knowing a native was praying to the true God. We have not had to wait twenty years for that in New Guinea. There were two young men down at Dauan, about a mile and a half from the main. One of them was speared by the young chief, to follow his father's spirit into the spirit-land; but the other one became very serious and anxious, and made many inquiries from the teacher, about the progress of Christianity in the South Seas. One day he walked out very thoughtfully; and the teacher suspecting that he was going out to pray, and being very anxious to know if there was a man in New Guinea who had begun to pray, went after him, and followed him until he came to a banana plantation. There he saw him kneel down under one of those trees. He clasped his hands and this was his prayer. 'O God, we hear that thou art the great God, the true God, the only God. My heart is dark, the hearts of my countrymen are all dark. Have pity on us and give us light.' I was exceedingly touched when I heard it, and greatly delighted, because I look upon that as New Guinea on its knees asking God for the greatest of all blessings—that He would give light. You remember that, when the world was without form and void, the very first step toward order and beauty and life was the divine command, 'Let there be light.' And now there is darkness brooding over New Guinea, and, if we are only faithful, as we ought to be, we shall soon have that light spreading over that land." —The Armory.

"Where sin abounded grace did much more abound."
Among the evangelistic campaigns of the late Dwight L. Moody, perhaps his greatest victory was his famous St. Louis revival; mainly because of the conversion of one whose life had been one continuous siege of crime and imprisonment.

A St. Louis daily paper announced that every sermon, every prayer and every saying of Mr. Moody would be published during his stay in that city. One morning the Globe-Democrat was pitched through the bars and into the cell that was being occupied by one of the most hardened criminals that was ever confined in the Four Courts prison. He was a big, coarse, burly fellow, with a broad face marked with deep lines that told of his long criminal career, but his voice was deep and gruff, and his words were bestrewn with the bitterest oaths.

“What does this mean?” the prisoner growled hoarsely. Glancing at the headlines of Moody’s sermon, he slammed the paper to the floor with an oath. He picked it up again and read: "How the Jailer at Phillipi Got Caught.” "Phillippi,” he muttered, “I’ve been to that place; it’s down in Illinois.” He read the sermon and chuckled over it, to see how the jailer was trapped. Presuming that some smooth prisoner had played a trick on him, again he threw the paper down and cursed it. He walked the floor of his cell like a caged lion, growling and swearing bitterly.

His twenty years of prison life had embittered him against the human race. He cursed the guards and even his fellow prisoners. He was known to be one of the most treacherous and most troublesome of the many hundreds who came and went from the Four Courts prison.

“What rot is this?” he said, picking the paper up again, he read the strange story. Each time Moody’s sermon cut its way a little deeper into his cold, stony heart. “What does it mean, anyway,” he inquired. “I’ve never felt like this before. What does it mean to be saved? I have lived a dog’s life, and I am tired of it. If there is such a God as this preacher tells about I’ll find it out if it kills me to do it.” After hours of broken prayers and bitter remorse over his wasted life, toward midnight this hardened criminal came to the knowledge of a true and merciful God, who loved him and was willing and able to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record. The light of heaven had shone through prison bars and into the dark soul of the notorious and despised Valentine Burke.

On the following morning, the guard on going his rounds said: “How about you, Burke?” and to his utter astonishment he was for the first time greeted by the prisoner with words of kindness. His voice, which was so harsh but a few hours before, was soft and full of tenderness. He saw upon the face, always so hard and soured by his long career in crime, a smile as sweet and as gentle as that of a happy child. The guard passed on, and warned the jailer to keep a watch on Burke. “He is playing the pious dodge,” the jailer said. “That is an old game; keep him in his cell today.”

A few weeks passed and Burke had his trial and was acquitted. Once more he walked out of the criminal courts; free from his prison term, and from a long life of sin, that made him the most despised and the most dreaded man in St. Louis. For days he walked the streets of that city looking for honest work, and whenever a scant opportunity was found he gladly told the story of his glorious redemption from a long
life of crime. Many who knew him and feared him, heard the story of the man who was known only as a terror to the police and citizens alike. While Burke knew his sins were forgiven, and that he had begun a new life, the people doubted him, and looked upon him with scorn.

He walked the streets for weeks looking for an honest job, only to be refused. His struggle in the new found life came hard. No friendly hand was held out to him. No kind words did he hear, but he knew in whom he had trusted, and to his loving Savior he went for strength and courage, that he might fight the battle bravely to the end. From a hardened criminal in appearance he became an honest looking man. But after a diligent search for work, finding he had made a complete failure, he turned away from the city he had claimed as his home— if he had a right to claim a home—and went to New York to be among strangers, with nothing of his dark record. After months in that city without success, he returned to St. Louis, determined to battle it out among his enemies. In the face of his continued disappointments he never wavered in his religious convictions. He was a faithful Christian, with a strong hope that all would end well.

One morning shortly after Burke's return to St. Louis, he received a message from the sheriff to come to the "Four Courts." He obeyed with a heavy heart, believing it was some old case he had to answer for. "If I am guilty I will tell them so," were the words that passed through his mind as he walked slowly toward the prison.

Upon Burke's arrival at the sheriff's office, for the first time in many years he was greeted with kind words, and the sheriff received him into his office as he would a most distinguished visitor.

"Tell me about yourself Burke," said the officer, with a look of assured kindness toward the man he had once hated. Patiently the sheriff listened to Burke's story, in which he carefully and truthfully detailed his experience since leaving the prison. He told of his trip to New York, and his purpose in going there. The sheriff listened eagerly, believing Burke's story, and then said: "Burke, I was one of many who had no faith in the reality of your professed conversion, and since you left the prison until your return to the city, you have been closely 'shadowed' by a shrewd detective. I believe that you have risen from the low ranks of a common criminal, and are now an honest man and a true Christian." The officer arose from his seat and stepped toward Burke with his hand extended. In a broken voice he added: "I'm your friend."

The once hardened face of the ex-convict softened, and down his furrowed cheeks flowed tears of joy. "Tis the grace of God," said Burke, trying to suppress his emotions, for out of his big, warm, clean heart came a flood of gratitude for the kind words of the officer.

For a time the two men sat in silence. At intervals the sheriff looked through tears into the face he had so often seen through prison bars. Burke," said the sheriff, "you are truly a wonderfully changed man; I can see it in your honest countenance."

"The great change," answered Burke, "is here," pointing to his heart. And then the sheriff told his old prisoner of past years his motive in sending for him; and that day Valentine Burke was sworn in as the sheriff's chief deputy.

For years he proved not only a faithful and active Christian, but loyal to his official duties. The tide had turned. Men who had despised the name
of Valentine Burke became helpful friends. He became an honored citizen, and the hardships of his early Christian life proved to be only a test of his sincerity. He was faithful to the end.

One day a short, gray-haired gentleman came to the "Four Courts" inquiring for Burke. He was ushered into the sheriff's office. The two friends embraced each other like brothers who had been long separated. The man who was so tenderly held in the strong arms of Burke was the man who had led him out of his life of crime. "See here, Mr. Moody," said Burke smiling; "See what the grace of God can do for a fellow." And then he exposed to the view of the great preacher $60,000 worth of diamonds that he had been especially appointed to guard. Mr. Moody gazed upon the precious jewels, and rejoiced over the gospel that he had preached, that made a trusted officer and a faithful Christian out of a notorious criminal with a record of twenty years behind the bars.

Some years afterwards a great crowd of people gathered to hear the opening sermon of a popular evangelist. A telegram came, announcing that he had been delayed on account of sudden illness. A minister stepped to the front of the platform and stated the situation. Before he finished his announcement some one called out the name of Valentine Burke. Hundreds of voices rang out through the great auditorium, calling for Burke. In the midst of the call Valentine Burke was ushered to the platform. Upon his broad, honest face was a heavenly glow. A hush came over the great throng of anxious listeners as the once famous criminal stood before them. For an hour he swayed them with the pathetic story of his wasted life, and then in a powerful manner he demonstrated by his own miraculous conversion the mighty power of the cleansing blood of his Savior. The evangelist never came, but night after night multitudes flocked to hear the mighty messages from the man they once despised but now honored and loved. A great religious wave swept over the city, and hundreds of sinful men became true Christians.

Valentine Burke has long since gone to his reward, but his influence yet lives in the lives of men who knew him and loved him.

May the readers of this story learn more and believe more in the saving power of the world's Redeemer, and lend a helping hand to the man like Valentine Burke, who has drifted far out on the wave of utter despair.—J. C. Dudley.

NO-HELLISM.

The Divine Paternity is the favorite hobby of the Universalists, which they ride indefatigably. Like all the silly sophisms of the No-Hellites, this dogma is utterly untrue. The Savior forever sweeps it from the field. John 8: 44: "Ye are of your father the devil, and you will do the lusts of your father." You see this utterly and forever demolishes that cherished idol of the No-Hellites. They say God will never put His children in hell fire. This is true, but the devil lives in hell fire and has no other place to put his children. The simple truth focalizes in the fact that spiritual life was lost by the fall, and is only regained by regeneration. You must admit that the wicked are the spiritual children of the devil, or flatly contradict the Savior in the above Scripture. All of this hue and cry over the love and mercy of God, that He is too good and kind to put anybody in hell, is bosh and bun-
combe, utterly destitute of truth. It is a petitio principii, i. e., a sheer begging of the question. We all admit that God is too good, loving and kind to put anybody in hell, but the devil is not.

While God has room in heaven for us all, and is doing all he can to get us to come and occupy it, the devil has no place to put us but hell. God pleads with us: "Behold, I place before you an open door, and no one can shut it." (Rev. 3: 8.) This open door leads into the Kingdom of grace here and glory hereafter. God invites, pleads with, and beggs us all to leave the devil's country and come in. If He were to save us against our will, He would have to dishumanize us, and make us mere machines. There is no humanity without perfect freedom of the will.

Satan utilizes all his myrmidons in earth and hell to keep the people in his kingdom until they die, as that settles the matter forever. When they die, their probation expires, and demons arrest them at once and drag them into hell. There is but one way to get out of the devil's kingdom, and that is to leave sin, world without end. So long as you stay in Satan's kingdom you are full of sin, gravitating hellward, and ready to drop into the pit the moment the breath leaves you.

Testimonies of living saints and dying sinners abundantly corroborate the Bible doctrine of hell. David says: "The sorrows of death encompassed me and the pains of hell got hold of me." (Psa. 116: 3.) I reached a point in my conviction when eating and sleeping were impossible. My spiritual torture was awful, and exruciating beyond description or even conception. If all limbs had been chopped off I do not believe my physical agony would have been comparable to the torture which ran its Juggernaut wheels over my soul.

I do believe it was a prelude of hell. Though it occurred fifty-three years ago, I remember it better than the events of yesterday.

The death-bed scenes of dying sinners in all ages have filled the bystanders with shocking realizations that the poor victims were in the hands of devils dragging them into hell. In numberless instances they have testified with their expiring breath that hell was coming to meet them, and demons ushering them into the devouring fires.

The celebrated infidel, Newport, exclaimed in the agonies of death: "I have written and spoken against the divine retribution; I was mistaken, I am in it already, filled with the flames of hell and suffering the retribution of the lost!"

A dying man in a hospital in Philadelphia, during the Mexican war, writhed in awful agony many hours, exclaiming, "The devils are here! do you see them? They are all around me and reaching after me!" Finally, in awful fright, frequently leaping from the bed, he at last exclaimed with his expiring breath, "Alas! you have caught me, you have caught me!"

I am in the fiftieth year of my ministry, and have often witnessed appalling scenes like the above. A man in Alexandria, Kentucky, where I preached thirty years ago, passed out of the world in the unutterable horrors of his own damnation, testifying to the presence of the devils, and writhing as in the fire.

While I was preaching in Prestonburg, Kentucky, twenty-five years ago, a woman spent the whole night in the agonies of death as if suffering hell torment, and constantly testifying to the presence of the devil, exclaiming, "He has come for me. Oh, drive him away!"
Just as the glorious heavenly radiance breaks in from the eternal world and brightens the countenances of departing saints, so the dismal pall of Satan's black wing throws over the wicked in the awful hour of dissolution the appalling presentiment of that dreary midnight which is only relieved by the glare of hell's flaming billows. —W. B. Godbey.

AN UNSUSPECTED OPPORTUNITY.

The minister had waited a full hour or more in the little country cemetery, and he was wet and cold when he stepped down from his buggy to offer a simple prayer at the grave. The doors of two of the carriages were opened during the prayer, but none of the occupants got out in the driving rain. It was a dreary, unfeeling burial, the minister mused, as he drove slowly homeward over the three miles of miry road, and a trace of bitterness crept into his heart. Nobody had spoken to him. Nobody had thanked him for losing a half day from his books and his parish duties. ‘Nobody had shown any grief for the dead or any courtesy to the living, says a writer in the “Youth’s Companion.”

Six years passed, and the minister had quite forgotten the incident, when a letter came to him from a college student in Ohio, whose name, even, the minister had never heard.

As a boy of sixteen, the young man had attended the funeral of a great-aunt at I. He told how greatly the dark leaden sky, the driving of the rain on the carriage windows, and the jolting of the slowly moving vehicle had depressed him. Moreover, under their heavy mourning veils, the relatives had discussed the probable disposition of Aunt Lurena’s property, and the sordidness of it all had affected the boy’s sensitive nature like a blow.

“Ours had never been a religious family,” the letter went on, “and this was my first contact with the serious side of life. I don’t think I heard a dozen words of the prayer, but for days I could see you just as you stood there bareheaded in the pouring rain. I supposed at first that you were paid for the service, and when I learned from a light remark on the way back that you weren’t, I wondered why you came. I couldn’t understand why a man should do what brought him neither pleasure nor profit—why he should do it for strangers, at all events.

“By degrees, I came to see that the kind of life I was most familiar with went to pieces when fortune or death came. Father was always nervous and restless for days after any of the men in his business circle died, and then I’d think of you, standing so calm and quiet out there in the rain, praying, not because you were paid for doing it, but because you believed in prayer. That seemed to point to something higher, and I began reading the New Testament to find the next step.

“Father was very angry when I joined the church and decided to study for the ministry. He had other plans for me, but I couldn’t see my duty anywhere except in the church, and so I’m here, working my way through college. I’ve written this to tell you where the good impulse started, a place where you might think there was the least chance of exerting any influence at all.” —Selected.

Man confess their sins as beggars sometimes show their sores, which they are not willing to have cured. He that melts not in the confession of sin, will freeze in the prayers he puts up against it; if his tears be false his desires cannot be true.—Wm. Gurney.
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. Draw 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 amid the surging billows of the lake of fire and brimstone—to be Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost from mercy, and joy, and bliss—lost from peace, and life, and gladness—lost beyond hope or help, beyond remedy or release.

—Terrible to Seek for Gain—

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

Do you seek pleasure? A young lady stood on the verge that overhung the boiling flood of Niagara, and saw a beautiful flower growing there. She coveted it; she reached forth her hand—

—Terrible to Seek for Pleasure—

to pluck it, but bending above that dread abyss, her foot slipped, and she was—lost! Ah, reader! the flowery path you tread overhangs perdition's awful gulf, and those beauteous blossoms of pride and praise are waving far out above the fiery deep: pluck them and you are lost! Lost!

—Christless Reader Lost Now—

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

The forgoing tract which is complete in a small eight page, 2 1/2 by 5 in. booklet, with an attractive cover, can be had of S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., at 5 cents per copy; 40 cents per doz; $1.50 per fifty; $2.50 per hundred, postpaid. This booklet has proved a wonderful inspiration to some who were lost in