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George Detwiler

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EVANGELICAL

VISITOR

J A Yefer
R R No 2

10-19

OCTOBER 7, 1918.

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OUR MOTTO

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OFFICE MANAGER
GEORGE DETWILER

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

1175 Bailey St., is the new address of the Editor.

**VICTORY THROUGH OUR LORD
JESUS CHRIST.**

Firm in Jordan's rolling current,
Lo, our great High Priest doth stand;
Wrestling with the surging torrent,
Bordering on the promised land:
Over him in awful blackness
Death's cold, gloomy waters rise;
See, beneath those waves of darkness,
Jesus bows his head and dies!

Overwhelmed by death's dark surges,
Short his stay beneath the wave;
Lo, triumphant He emerges,
Mighty to redeem and save!
At his feet the flood divideth,
High the watery wall doth stand,
Through the deep his flock he guideth,
Onward to the goodly land.

Forward Israel's hosts are pressing,
Jordan's waves no more we dread;—
Him who died and rose, confessing,—
Safe in Him alive or dead.
All death's dark and angry waters
Never can our footsteps stay;
He who by his blood hath bought us,
Parts the waves and points the way.

Priest of God, death's floods dividing,
Stay for us the rolling tide;
Thus may we, in thee confiding,
Reach in peace the other side;
Partners in Thy resurrection,
Death's dark waves we dread no more,
Under thy divine protection
We shall gain the shining shore.

Failing to receive copy from Bro. Light for the United Zion's Children Department, we supplied the article entitled "Our Growth in Grace," which we recommend as being instructive reading altho' somewhat long.

Bish. J. R. Zook is at present engaged in evangelistic work in Texas according to word received from Eld. T. A. Long. The prospects for good work to be done are promising.

Please keep your credit in the future.

EDITORIAL.

And now, little children, abide in him; that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming". (I John 2: 28).

Our Saviour said to His disciples "I will come again." The two men in white apparel, after the Lord had vanished out of the sight of the disciples when He ascended to heaven from Mt. Olivet, said to the heavenward gazing disciples, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts 1: 11). And John in his writing to the little children, the born-again ones, refers to His coming again.

We are surely living in a wonderful, an awful, time. History is being made so rapidly that it seems impossible to keep pace with it. Great changes politically are impending. The same may be said of things religious or spiritual. Leon Tucker, editor of *The Wonderful Word*, said at a Bible conference a few months ago, "Democracy is coming. It must come." Nebuchadnezzar's image vision foreshadowed it. "His legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay" . . . "And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men: but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay." (Dan. 2:33 and 43). There is the picture of democracy, and it seems as tho things were shap-

ing themselves in order that that form of government, politically, will have its innings ere long. How long this golden dream will last or what will be its success time must tell, but it certainly will not turn out as is predicted by its promoters, for the stone cut out without hands smote the feet of the image and brake them to pieces. All the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold were broken to pieces and became as dust which was carried away by the wind. It looks as tho' democracy will have an opportunity to be tested out but the outcome will be disappointing to its advocates who proclaim it as the ideal government.

But there is a Ruler coming whose right it is to reign and His kingdom shall continue forever. This ideal Ruler is Jesus Christ,—He who said to His disciples "I will come again." And so John writes to the little children that they are to **Abide in Him**. They have been brought into fellowship with the Father and with the Son, they are "in Christ" and He dwelleth in them; if they walk in the light as he is in the light they have fellowship with each other and the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth them from all sin, they have hope of seeing Him as He is and be like Him. How glorious is the outlook for these born again ones! How great is the incentive to purifying oneself even as He is pure!

And these little children are appealed to to "**abide in him**" in order that they meet Him at His coming with an open countenance and not have to be ashamed before Him. The context would indicate some of the things that might cause the shame. Uncharitableness, the lack of love,

uncleanness—walking after the flesh, worldliness: where the world is loved there is absent the love of the Father, pride or lifted-up-ness, thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, self-love, looking out for "Number-One," these and many more, if they obtain with the little children they will be ashamed before Him at His coming.

In our issue of Aug. 26, page 5, there was printed a **Special Notice** received from the General Executive Board soliciting invitations from the various districts of the Brotherhood especially Pennsylvania, that would desire to entertain General Conference of 1919. Said notice stated that General Conference of 1917 had made provision for financing General Conference in small and isolated districts. Now the Board wishes to repeat the invitation as given above and is anxious that some district take up the matter and forward such information to the secretary by Oct. 15 if possible. This notice was intended to be in our last issue, but came too late.

The same Board, in the same number made an appeal to the Brotherhood for financial help in order to make it possible to do some much needed repairing at the Philadelphia Mission building, the work needing to be done should be done before winter with its storms of sleet, and, perchance, snow, are upon us. This appeal the Board wishes to repeat now, and requests that all contributions be forwarded without delay to the treasurer of the **General Executive Board**, Amos Wolgemuth, Mt. Joy Pa. It is also requested that all dis-

tricts that have been dilatory so far in the payment of the ten cents per member tax, forward the same without further delay to the treasurer, Amos Wolgemuth, Mt. Joy, Pa., stating definitely the district to which credit is to be given.

The General Executive Board also announces that any district wishing additional pamphlets on Relief and Reconstruction Work can obtain them by writing to the Asst. Secy. Eli. M. Engle, Mt. Joy, Pa., and further that all districts desiring printed forms of receipts for Relief and Reconstruction work can obtain them from Levi F. Sheetz, Florin, Pa. Price, including postage, 55 cents per book of 50. These receipt books can also be used for pledges.

This Relief and Reconstruction work is recognized by President Wilson in the following words:

"I am sure that you will permit me to express my deep appreciation of the reconstruction work purposed, and my happiness that it is carried out in association with the Red Cross work, which is already doing a great work in France to express the heart of America."

The Messiah Bible School and Missionary Training Home resumed operation on Sept. 23, with a fair number of students coming from a number of states, from Kansas and Oklahoma in the west to Pennsylvania in the east; one from Michigan and one from Saskatchewan of Canada a creditable body of young men and women. Apparently they have come determined to apply themselves diligently to the tasks awaiting them. We feel confident they will not be dis-

appointed and also that they will not disappoint the school in its expectations of doing them much good. The number of students would be larger if it were not for the conditions now prevailing in the countries of the world. The acting editor is privileged to be connected with the faculty again, a position of responsibility to the Lord, first, then to the school and its students. More than ever do we think that our society should appreciate this institution and patronize it freely.

What is experience? A sister says, in her testimony elsewhere in this issue, what many others have said and is often repeated in public testimony meetings. She says how she often feels herself far behind others in the matter of experience when she hears them tell of the **wonderful and great experiences** through which the Lord brought them. It would seem as though the words **wonderful and great** ought to be "writ large" to fully express the meaning intended. There is a saying that some people's "geese are all swans." The same idea may possibly attach to experience. Anyway what is experience? The dictionary says: "Knowledge gained by trial and practice: spiritual exercise of mind." "**To experience religion** (theol), to become a convert to Christianity; to yield to the power of religious truth." "To most men experience is like the stern light of a ship which illumines only the track it has passed." That is, experience is occupied with the things which are behind. In present day language it is the stern or rear light of the automobile whose vision is confined to the

part of the road it has passed over. It, no doubt, regards those things as **wonderful and great**, and interesting to relate since it has no forward vision. But the head light is not so: its vision takes in the things that are before. So Paul said he would forget the things behind and be occupied with better things ahead, even the prize of the high calling in Christ. Experience, then, is the rear light while **faith** is the head light, it sees and is occupied with greater and better things than its companion behind, altho that has its place. Faith sees what great riches are provided for us in Christ, is occupied with Christ. When a sister recently said in these columns that **obedience** is the most "important word in the Bible," our mind and heart said no, **No**, and this without denying that the word is of large moment to the Christian. But **faith** is the important word in the Bible, not only in the New Testament but in the Old as well, because Hebrews 11 speaks of the ancient saints as being men and women of **faith** and their obedience grew out of that faith. Moses saw "Him who is invisible" and was occupied with Him. So that in his forward vision the believer sees how all things are ours in Christ and that being **yielded** to Him, He will live out His life in the believer. Paul said, "I live but not I . . . Christ liveth in me."

**"O Christ, He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.**

"O I am my Beloved's,
 And my Beloved's mine,
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into His house of wine.
 I stand upon His merit,
 I know no safer stand,
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land."

To unduly exalt and magnify experience, which is so largely feeling, and obedience, it seems to us, tends to legalism, not in the sense of Galatianism, but rather in its Alexandrian form as is revealed in Colossians 2, against which the apostle warns the believers, and which needs to be repeated in these days.

The last week in September brought a very unusual experience to the Messiah Home. Three of its inmates passed out of this mortal life. The first to go on Monday morning was Sr. Maria Wenger, widow of the late Martin Wenger of Grantham. A few hours later Sr. Haldeman, who was bed-ridden for more than ten years, also passed away. There was the unique experience of holding a double funeral service on Wednesday evening. Then on Saturday an aged lady, Mrs. Langlet, fell to her death from the loft over the outside kitchen. A gloom was cast over the Home by these occurrences.

Neither you nor I are in very great danger from Satan as a manifest angel of darkness; but we are in extreme danger from him as an angel of light. Our great security is "The single eye," which seeks to do the will of God.—John Dickie.

BIBLE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The term opened on the 23rd. There are 24 ladies and 21 gentlemen in attendance. The residence location is: Pennsylvania 24; Ohio 3; Illinois 5; Kansas 7; Oklahoma 4; Michigan 1; and Canada 1. Seven of the lady students are taking half time work and thereby earning their expenses. The gentlemen students are busy evenings and Saturdays cutting corn for the farmers of the community. The earnestness of the students is quite commendable.

THE SUFFICING BIBLE

When I am tired, the Bible is my bed;
 Or in the dark, the Bible is my light.
 When I am hungry, it is vital bread,
 Or fearful, it is armor for the fight.
 When I am sick, 'tis healing medicine,
 Or lonely, thronging friends I find therein

If I would work, the Bible is my tool;
 Or play, it is a harp of happy sound;
 If I am ignorant, it is my school;
 If I am sinking, it is solid ground.
 If I am cold, the Bible is my fire;
 And it is wings, if boldly I aspire.

Should I be lost, the Bible is my guide;
 Or naked, it is raiment rich and warm.

Am I imprisoned, it is ranges wide;
 Or tempest-tossed, a shelter from the storm.

Would I adventure, 'tis a gallant sea;
 Or would I rest, it is a flowery lea.

Does gloom oppress? The Bible is a sun;
 Or ugliness? It is a garden fair.

Am I athirst? How cool its currents run;

Or stifled? What a vivifying air!
 Since thus thou givest of thyself to me,
 How should I give myself, great Book,
 to thee!

—Amos R. Wells, Sel. by O. B. Ulery.

CONTRIBUTED.

THE WORLD OUTLOOK.

By H. J. FREY.

I was given recently a missionary periodical bearing the above title, and was impressed with the bigness of it. There are those whose interest centers in their own very small sphere of life. They have but little knowledge of the world and its people a little farther away, nor do they care to know. Others fix their eyes as it were on the hills just over the horizon: but a world outlook sees even beyond the horizon in far distant lands. This is the position of the Christian with the world outlook. Jesus said, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields." And "The field is the world." As the Church of the living God, as representatives of God upon earth, we need to remember His Commission—the whole commission. The enemy of our souls wants us to become fainthearted because of our many shortcomings and failures. God wants us to be courageous and conquering because of His strength. He says, "Go ye into all the world:" and then how reassuring is the "Lo I am with you always."

It has been truly said, "What the Church needs today is men of vision." We need to view the world as a whole and work out plans for its evangelization, and is it too much to say, "in this generation"? Those now living whom the gospel does not reach in this generation will not be reached at all. The promise was given to Jesus in the second Psalm, "I have given thee the heathen for

thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the world for thy possession." But Jesus possesses it only through us. If we are slack, then the work languishes.

But we need to labor intelligently and systematically. We must study the various fields still heathen and plan for a world campaign, intelligently, enthusiastically, and with confidence, not in ourselves but in Christ. Especially must we look out for strategic points. One of these today is unquestionably the Sudan. According to Dr. Kumm in the recent report of the Christian Occupation of Africa, there are but three missions of importance working among the teeming millions of that dark land; and unless they are greatly reinforced the followers of the false prophet will break through. When once the pagans have accepted Mohammedanism they are ten times harder to reach with the gospel. Does God not want some of us to help stay the tide in that needy field?

Our battle cry must be forward. We must expect large things. As a society, we have baptized in Africa perhaps five hundred during the last twenty years, and there are two or three times as many more in the inquirers classes. Truly we should be thankful for these, but what are they among the hundred and fifty million of Africa? We must plan for larger things. Our African Church gave considerably more than a thousand dollars to God's cause during the year 1917. This is more than ten times the amount given ten years ago. Ten years hence, why should they not give ten thousand? For a long while the church at home could

scarcely raise more than Five Thousand Dollars per year for foreign missions. Now she gladly gives three times as much. Tomorrow she should do still better.

A few years ago the Baptist church of America was striving to raise a million dollars for missions. We thought, what a vast sum! But this year right in the midst of the ravages of war the Methodist Episcopal Church of America is making plans to raise during the year marking the hundredth anniversary of their Foreign Mission work, the stupendous sum of Eighty Million Dollars. What about us? Does anyone say "retrench"? Never. We must go forward. We must raise increasingly large amounts of money: we must send forth more consecrated men and women, and send them in their youth; we must search for new fields where the Gospel has not been preached; we must continue instant in prayer that God would send forth workers and that He would work through them mightily. In a word, if we would do the most for God we must combine holy zeal with Godly wisdom that we might do our part in bringing the glad news to the uttermost parts of the world in our generation.

Yours in the harvest for souls.

—○—

ADVERSITY A CURE FOR SELFISHNESS.

By C. B. EAVEY

Man naturally is a selfish creature; therefore he likes nothing so much as to be at ease so far as outward circumstances are concerned. The farmer is satisfied with his work when rain falls at the proper time to

make his crops produce well. The merchant rests easy so long as he has plenty of customers to whom he can sell his goods at a profit. The teacher is contented when he sees his pupils responsive to his efforts to impart instruction. The minister or the missionary has great joy if the truth is accepted by those among whom he is laboring. Thus it is with each and every one of us—we find most satisfaction for ourselves when greatest success crowns our efforts, or, in other words, we feel good in the day of prosperity. So long as everything is going to please us, we are perfectly contented.

We never welcome adversity. When things do not go to please us, we are inclined to feel that all is not well. We chafe under the reverses of life and rebel against our lot when they come. The days seem long and sleepless nights are often spent while one is passing through a time of trouble due to adverse circumstances.

How seldom do we appreciate the uses of adversity! Instead of looking on the bright side of things and seeing good in that which is untoward, we brood over our sorrows. We forget that adversity brings out the best that is in us if we take the right attitude toward it. Because of our selfishness we think that we would be better off if we never met reverses.

Did you ever consider what the result would be if things always went just as you wanted them to go? Just imagine that you lived five years without one unpleasant experience. What monsters of selfishness would most of us be! If the man whose highest aim is to make

money always met with success, he would soon be so selfish that no one could do anything with him. Witness the great combinations and the difficulty which our government has in stopping their unjust practices as proof of this statement. If complete success always crowned the efforts of the one who seeks to uplift men intellectually, he too would become exalted. The same would be true of the one who met with unmixed success in imparting spiritual truth. Many men have been ruined because of too much success along these lines.

But when the money-maker fails to make money or when the teacher is rebuffed in his attempt to do something in his work, he is humbled. His pride receives a jolt, so to speak. As a result, if he does not yield to discouragement and give up, he is strengthened in character. His material loss may be great but his gain in character is correspondingly great. What is true in the examples given is true in all cases.

Selfishness is the greatest enemy to good character that there is. It assumes many and various forms; it spoils the good qualities in ones character; and it makes poor qualities worse. So we should welcome anything and everything that has a tendency to crowd selfishness out of our hearts and lives. When you meet with adversity of any kind, consider well what lesson you should learn from that particular experience. Be assured that each loss, each trial, and each reverse has a lesson for you; if it had none, you would never have been called upon to meet it. "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider:

God also hath set the one over against the other to the end that man should find nothing after him." "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."



The child of today is no sooner born than its decorating begins, and its first years are spent with all the surroundings that make it fond of display, until pride of appearance is deeply rooted. Parental discipline is sadly lacking, and fathers and mothers let the "Little dears" have their own way, thinking that thereby they will be happy, but finding that with the children as with older people, their own way is a way of sin and pain. Subjection to the parents' will and guidance, is as necessary to the happiness of children, as submission to God and the direction of the Holy Spirit is essential to the happiness of those of mature age. God's book tells us that those who are disobedient to parents are worthy of death, and there is no true obedience unless it is to obey at the first word. How many parents are helping their children to deserve death in God's sight!—Sel.



We are going home, our journey is through a rough, rugged and trying desert; but five minutes at home with our heavenly Father, our dear Savior and our glorified brethren, will more than make up for all the trials of the way.—Selected.



To measure ourselves by ourselves is not wise. No man is going to get out of himself and selfish moods without the aid of the "expulsive power of a new affection." The ten great words of the law are beyond us. Only by following Christ can we live right.—Sel.

**NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY
in the
HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS.**

MISSIONARY ADDRESSES.

Bish. H. P. and Grace Steigerwald, Eld. H. J. and Emma Frey, Salie Doner, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, S. Africa.

H. Frances Davidson, Bro. Lewis and Sr. Elizabeth Steckley, Macha Mission, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, S. Africa.

Walter O. and Abbie B. Winger, Miss Hannah Baker, Miss Sadie Book, Miss Cora Alvis, Miss Mary Heisey, Mtshabezi Mission, Bulawayo, Private Bag, S. Rhodesia, S. Africa.

Eld. A. C. Winger, Box 5263 Johannesburg, Transvaal, S. Africa.

Eld. Myron and Adda Taylor, Sika-longa Mission, Choma S. Africa.

INDIA.

Eld. H. L. and Katie Smith, Ruth Byer, Saharsa, Bhogalpur dist., E. & N. Wn Ry., India.

D. E. and Lottie Rohrer, Anita and Gladys Zarger, Supual, B. & N. W. Ry., India.

Effie Rohrer, Dauram Madhipura, N. Bhagalpur, B. & W. Ry., India.

Following not under F. M. Beard.

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

MISSIONARIES ON FURLOUGH.

I. O. and Alice Lehman, Hamlin, Kans.

OUR CITY MISSIONS.

Buffalo Mission, 25 Hawley St., in charge of Geo. and Effie Whisler.

Chicago Mission, 6039 Halstead St., in charge of Sarah Bert and Workers.

Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 1194 14th St., in charge of Bish. J. R. Zook & wife.

Jabbok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of Bro. and Sr. P. B. Friesen.

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

San Francisco Mission, 3739-20th St. in charge of Elizabeth Winger & Workers.

Philadelphia Mission 3423 N. 2nd St., in charge of Eld. Wilbur Snider & wife.

Mt. Carmel Home, Morrison, Ill., in charge of Sr. Katie Bollinger, and Harvey W. and Elizabeth Hoke.

SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

"In Him will I trust; He is my shield and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge, my Saviour." (II Sam. 22:3).

Glory to His name, what confidence and trust is ours to have!

We are glad to report this month's work here at the Mission. It has been a month of much blessing and also a month of many changes. You have noticed last month's report given by Sr. Edna Wagaman. She with Bro. and Sr. N. T. Franklin of Upland, Cal., and Bro. Heisey of Toulare came through by Auto and spent a week helping in the work. Then they all returned home-ward, except Sr. Wagaman, who remained and helped the writer two weeks longer in the Mission. We had a very precious time laboring for the lost and were blessed in recalling some of our precious seasons together while working together several years ago. The Lord surely used our sister while here. May God richly bless her for the sacrifice and labor given.

Upon her return to her home, I was left with the help of a few Christian friends who faithfully helped to push the battle for the Lord.

On Aug. 30, Sr. Edith Hoover of Detroit, Kans., came as a worker for the present time, according to the call of the Lord. The Lord is blessing her in His work and we feel she will be used as a soul-winner for Christ.

We have had the joy of giving out the gospel, in preaching, in testifying, in songs, in tract form, etc. Have had many precious services realizing the rich, sweet and sometimes the melting presence of God in power. There has been some very heavy conviction on some souls. A few have decided for Him who died for us. How we wish all to whom the Lord speaks

would yield. We, by the grace of God are sowing the precious seed and truly believe that eternity alone will reveal what is being done.

The Lord has been blessing in a financial way, for which we give Him all the glory, and wish to thank all who have thus given of their substance. The Lord will reward. We desire your earnest prayers for the work here.

Upon the arrival of the rest of our incoming workers, I am expecting to visit my home-folks, parents, etc., having been away from home since five years last May. I feel the Lord is pleased to have me take this step. It will possibly be during the month of October sometime.

FINANCIAL.

RECEIPTS.

Hall offerings, \$49.11; Home Mission Board, \$20.00; Bethel S. S., Detroit, Kan., \$51.53; Sunday School, Straw, Cal., \$5.47; Levi Hershey, Elizabethtown, Pa., \$2; Pleasant Hill S. S., Hamlin, Kans., \$25.23. Total, \$153.34.

EXPENDITURES.

Table supplies, \$21.30; car fare, \$5.25; Home incidentals, \$4.86; furniture and carpet, \$28.75; house rent, \$18; hall rent, \$30; hall expenses, \$1.62; water, \$1.80; gas, 2.66. Total, \$114.24.

Bal. on hand, Aug. 1, 1918, \$18.31.

Bal. on hand, Sept. 1, 1918, \$42.21.

A box of fruit, J. B. Winger, Oakley, California.

Yours looking for His coming,
Maggie E. Sollenberger.

FROM AFRICA.

A VISIT TO MAPANE MISSION AND OUT SCHOOLS.

It may be interesting to the Visitor family to once again hear about the Lord's work here in Africa. On July 8, I left this place, Matopo, spent a few days

in the hills where some of the Mtshabezi Mission workers are spending vacation. It is a lovely place and gives them a change from the general routine of the work. Leaving the hills I went on to Mtshabezi Mission. The following day two native boys took Sr. Baker and myself to Mapane Mission with the cart and four mules. Along the way we visited the chief's village. Here lived a man who used to be a member but has gone back. Tuberculosis is claiming him as its victim. He acknowledges that he is lost but not willing to return.

We arrived at the Mission about 12:30 o'clock, then hastily got our meal and off to prayer meeting. This was the day of their weekly prayer meeting. Quite a number were present,—many children for which we were glad. They are our hope, the old people are hard and love darkness rather than light because their deeds are so very black. It was my greatest pleasure to once more worship God in the same building where my husband and myself used to worship.

The surroundings have changed a great deal. Looking at the outward appearance it would not seem like home. The little brick house built by my husband is torn down, doors, iron and boards have been used at the other missions.

There are no white workers stationed there and it was useless for the building to remain for the white ants to destroy. But regardless of all the changes it still seems like home and my interest continues in the work.

Bro. Steigerwald had a brick hut built on the top of a high rock, which he and Sr. Steigerwald occupy when they go there to visit the school and hold services. It is a beautiful cool spot with magnificent scenery to the north.

Nyamazana, the native brother who taught school there when my husband

and I were there, is still carrying on the work. He has been teaching and doing evangelistic work for ten years, with the exception of a few months. He is a faithful Christian and well thought of not only by his own race but also by the white man. I remember him as a little boy when I first came to this land. Now he is a married man, has a nice Christian wife and two children. His name was the first I tried to learn in this language and remember how very difficult it was. During our stay at this place we had six services and visited thirteen villages. The attendance was fairly good and a number came forward for prayer.

One day we took a long walk, about five and a half miles. On reaching the village we aimed for we found no one home, but they had only gone out to gather wood and soon returned. One old woman whom I used to know well but had not seen her since the death of my husband came and sat in front of me, slightly clapping her hands, saying, "My mother, my mother," the tears rolling down over her face. It seemed as though she was mourning because of my loss. We took a long rest, ate our lunch, had a service then started homeward, visiting some villages along the way, reaching home after dark. Just as we were near home we had to cross a river. There are very few bridges in this part of the country, so instead of having to wade through two native girls formed a bridge with their hands and carried us across.

The people were very kind to us and thoughtful of our needs. Two little boys gave us each a fowl, the women gave monkey nuts, others eggs and milk. They do not have very much to give and sometimes one feels loath to accept it. A little boy whose name was Machine came quite regularly to build our fire. We spent one very profitable week here, af-

ter which Nyamazana moved us to Mayazana where there is an out school, a distance of about nine miles. His outfit consisted of a two wheeled cart and four poor donkeys. A bag of blankets served for our seat. You can know that we did not go auto speed, nevertheless we got there and were glad and thankful for the outfit. Very few natives have any teams at all. The day after we arrived here the Mtshabezi Mission cart brought Sr. Heisey and took Sr. Baker back.

We spent one week at this school. Matshuba teaches here and does evangelistic work. We were sorry to find him away. Another brother took his place while he was gone. It means self-denial for Matshuba to remain in the work. The white man offers him high wages, at teaching he only gets enough to keep him going. Thus far he has chosen the self-denial way. We had four services and visited a few villages. God was gracious unto us and blessed our meetings. There was freedom in testimony. Many of the members who used to worship at Mapane have moved to this place. We were very glad to meet with them, but sorry to see that some have fallen along the way and some gone back to their sins. Matshuba with the help of the members built a nice church here: it seats about two hundred. One day we went to visit a few of the members in their homes. The distance was unknown to us and our leader did not know the path very well but after a walk of four miles through the hot sun we found the place. They were very pleased to see us. This brother and his wife seem very earnest in the Lord's work. He is engaged in evangelistic work. They are the first couple married by Christian marriage at Mapane Mission.

It is very encouraging to see some stand true and shine for the Master. We

thank God for the souls which He has given us amongst these people. They are as jewels out of the rough.

Leaving this place we went on to Si-zeze another out school. Nyamazana moved us again. Our heavenly Father gave us a light spray before we reached there. Crossing a river the donkeys left us stick in the river, but the water not being deep we waded through then they were able to pull the load.

Here we met another company of earnest believers. They all seemed glad to meet us. Here we had three services only. The interest was good and also a number came forward for prayer. The people were busy threshing so we visited them on their threshing floors. They have good crops at this place. Corn shellers are very scarce amongst them. Stones are used instead. Rubbing the ear of corn across them serves quite well and saves the hands.

Our time was rather short and did not get out amongst the people very much. The believers were very thoughtful of us and came to look after us quite frequently. When we see the change which has taken place in the hearts and lives of these people we must say, "See what God hath wrought!"

On July 31, we returned to Mtshabezi Mission: thus our visit was ended. We thank God for the privilege of spending three weeks amongst our black-faced brethren and sisters. It brought real joy to our hearts.

Brethren pray for us and our native brethren and sisters.

May the peace of God rest upon you all, and the Holy Spirit teach you and show you your part of the work of spreading the Gospel amongst these people.

Your sister in His service,

Sallie K. Doner.

Matopo Mission, Aug. 8, 1918.

ON THE WAY TO AFRICA.

Dear readers of the Visitor:

Greetings in His precious name. Our way has now opened to move toward our African field of labor.

We are booked to leave from San Francisco on the S. S. Ventura of the Oceanic S. S. Co. on Oct. 1, via Honolulu, Samoa, and Sydney, Australia, thence to South Africa. We very much appreciate the way the Lord has gone before us thus far. We know not what may await us as we keep walking in the delightful ways of our Lord, this we know that He will care faithfully for us day by day as we are trustful and obedient to the Spirit. We expect to spend Sunday, Oct. 22, at Upland, Cal.

Bro. and Sr. H. C. Lady are going with us. We hope and pray that all who read these lines will offer faithful prayers to God for our safe voyage across the "Great Deep".

We are glad for the privilege of having been in the Home land, for the fellowship in spiritual blessings.

God's blessing be upon all who love His appearing.

Faithfully in Jesus,

Isaac & Alice Lehman.

TESTIMONY.

Greeting to the dear Brethren:

I am among you as one who in times past was without Christ, being an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, and a stranger from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world; but am no more a stranger and foreigner but a fellow citizen, with the saints and of the household of God, born of the same Spirit and baptized into the same body.

Thanks be unto God and His wondrous

grace forevermore. I do thank Him for His gracious goodness to me and for faithful brethren whose prayers and interest have helped me on my way.

I am glad for the love God has put into my heart for the brotherhood and also for the lost who know nothing of our Christ. So often when sitting under gospel preaching I think of those who have never heard. There was a time when I looked upon a home as the nicest thing in the world but since the call has come to go to the heathen lands, I can cheerfully sing with the poet, "Friends and home are all surrendered," Surely there is no place in this world so sweet as being in the very center of God's will.

Oh that young folks every where could see the need of the heathen fields and that they could only realize the joy of leaving behind earthly ambitions and plans and being called out as ambassadors to carry into darkened lands the blessed gospel story!

Our Savior was so willing to lay down His life for us, and what a privilege to help spread the good news of our eternal redemption. O the plan of our redemption is so extensive. The fountain is wide enough for all. The Savior is willing for all. His grace sufficient for all, but how can they hear without a preacher and how can they believe except they hear?

Think of the grace that to you has been given.

Knowledge of Jesus, the Saviour in Heaven.

God's Holy Bible, the light of life's way,

Unknown to the heathen still looking this way."

Yours for the lost of Africa.

Lila Coon.

TESTIMONY.

Dear readers of the Visitor:-

Greeting in the precious name of Jesus, and with Romans 5: 1:-"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

This afternoon I will endeavor, by the help of God, to obey my convictions in writing a few lines for the columns of the Visitor, as I feel that it is the Lord's will for me to do so, and I mean to be obedient to His Will and Spirit. I realize the only way to be happy in Jesus is to "trust and obey". I am glad, although I do feel my inability and unworthiness, that what He asks of us He will also help us through with.

First, I do want to magnify the name of Jesus for what He has done, and is still doing, for me and us. I praise Him for what He is to me day by day. I'm so glad that I ever made a start on the King's Highway. Although I did not make a start in as early years as some; but I am glad that His Spirit strove with me until I became willing to say yes to His Will. It will be four years until February that I accepted Him as my personal Saviour, and truly I do not regret it to this day. But I feel with a more earnest desire than ever to work onward and upward until He makes His appearing.

I praise Him also for Christian parents and Christian influences. I feel that I have been blessed far above many others. I think it means so much under what kind of an influence we are brought up. In my Christian experience I feel far behind when I hear some others tell how wonderfully the Lord has led them and what great experiences they went through. And of course the enemy is so ready to discourage us who have not had such great experiences. I am so

thankful that we don't all need the same experience to get to heaven. There was a time in my life that I wanted to depend too much on feelings. I am so glad that He has helped me to get away from that and to accept Him by faith instead. Oh! I do praise Him for His precious Word. How we can find help and comfort in time of need. I feel I need Him so much in these last days. And by His help I still want to be drawn closer to Him and ever be a blessing to others. I now close wishing you all God's richest and choicest blessings. I yet crave an interest in your prayers for us that we may ever stand true to our Redeemer until He comes.

Your unworthy sister,
Mrs. J. H. Hoffman.

Maytown, Pa. Sept. 14-1918.

TESTIMONY.

Dear brothers and sisters and Visitor readers:-

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved", (Psalms 55: 22). I thank the Lord for this promise, and the many others we have in God's precious Word. Surely it is as a lamp unto our feet and a light upon our pathway. I have felt for the last few days to give a testimony through the Visitor, and tonight I want to obey God's voice.

I thank God for calling me from a life of sin nearly four years ago, altho' before that time I had made several starts but was always unwilling to obey in everything. Sometimes it was confessions that bothered me, and then again something else. But I thank God that He made me willing to say "Yes" once for all, and tonight it's in my heart yet, and by God's grace it's there to stay.

Then too I thank God for sanctifying me last winter, altho' I had come to Him several times before, and, received some blessing, but somehow it went deeper than ever before the last time. The devil often bothers me along this line. When I do something wrong he is always right there and says, "Now you are not sanctified or you wouldn't have done that". But I'm glad God knows my heart, and my desire is to be more like my Master each day. I am glad for the good seasons we can have with Jesus when we are alone: sometimes He seems so near we can almost grasp Him.

I am also glad and thank God for taking the desire of worldly things and pleasures out of my heart. I don't have to try not to go here or there, nor, try not to wear this or that, that is of a worldly nature, but God took the root out and I don't want it any more. These things became sin to me when I was justified and not sanctified yet. God's Word says, "Shun every appearance of evil". That goes a long way. But God can help us if we want to be helped, and when He does a work for us, we don't boast of it, as some would call it, but we are glad to tell what God can do for poor sinners for His glory.

Will you pray for me that God may have His way in my life, and that I may know God's will at all times.

Your brother in Christ,
Simon E. Bohen.

Hope, Kansas, Sept. 17-1918.

FROM OUR AGED SISTER CATHER-
INE KOHL.

Dear brother:-

Beloved in Christ; greeting in the precious name of Jesus. Enclosed find renewal of my subscription. It is a welcome visitor in my home: it is food for

my soul. I often read it with tears and prayer. If we know how it goes with others, we can pray better for each other, which I believe is a great help. My son and wife in China always say they pray much for me, and I pray for them so you see it mingles together.

"There is power in prayer in believing prayer." The poet says, "Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright." Bless the Lord.

Secret prayer is often needed and there is power in such prayer. That I have experienced and many blessings are lost by its neglect.

I used to write on my birthday which would be December 4 when I would be 87, if Jesus tarry, but as we are to renew earlier I thought I would obey.

Time is going so fast. Do we realize it how fast we go? O, to be always ready for His coming!

I know my time can't be so long anymore. I am glad I am going home to die no more. I am so glad I know "I have another building, not made with hands," if I am faithful. O the home over there! how it draws. O glory to Jesus my precious Redeemer who took all my heavy load of sins away 66 years ago. Blessed be the name of the Lord! He made me free and happy. Hallelujah! All the way through He has kept me and blessed me thousands of times. And all, all the sinful lusts I loved so much He took the desire away and gave me something so much better. Glory in my soul. I surrender all. This I do every day. Just leave myself fall in the arms of Jesus, as clay in the potter's hand, to make me a vessel to His honor and glory. If He can use me yet for anything, why here I am. He must have His way. If I could only be the means that one soul would be saved to have a star in my

crown! Jesus the righteous shall shine as the sun.

O wonderful are the promises of God! I am surprised sometimes that people who are plain, not conformed to the world when dead are just buried as the world. I can't understand it. It would make me feel very sad if I would know that anything would be put on my body that I wasn't used to: but I trust it will not be done so. I just want to be buried the way I live.

We are in dangerous times. Brothers and sisters, Jesus said, "Beware that ye be not deceived." Jesus said, If these things come which are coming fast, we shall lift up our heads and rejoice that our redemption is drawing nigh.

So let us lay aside the weights and run the race set before us. O that many souls may be gathered in before it is forever too late! O it is too hard to be lost forever and ever. Jesus has made such a good and easy way to heaven for every one that repents and believes, and gives up all. He saith, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." "I found it so, I found it so."

I am so long on the way, and am not weary yet. Praise the Lord. I am happy on the way. He is the fairest among ten thousand to my soul.

I saw in the Visitor at one place they stopped raising tobacco—the filthy weed, which harms body and soul. I thought what a blessing it would be if our country would stop raising it, and raise something that is needed. I can't see how a Christian can raise it. I think they must feel condemned all the time. May the Lord help is my prayer.

I haven't been from home for two and one-half years. Here a while ago Bro. Will Kern took me in his Ford to their home one day. I enjoyed myself very much. Afterward he took me to

meeting one Sunday. I enjoyed the Sunday School; and the sermon was food to my hungry soul. I am so thankful that it's no worse. I can still walk around a little in the house with a cane. I had six strokes already: the Lord is so good to me, and everybody is, and my grand children too. I believe they would do anything for me. I often feel so unworthy.

My hope still gets brighter, and faith stronger, as I am nearing my glorious home in heaven. I am in my quiet room most always alone, but after all, never alone. I have sweet communion with my Lord. I have sweet peace in my soul which the world can never give nor take away, thank God.

A few more days, a few more years,
 To tell our Redeemer's story.
 Just a few more trials and a few more fears,
 Just a few more crosses and a few more tears,
 Then we'll anchor, never more to roam;
 it will soon be over.
 We are almost home: we are almost home.

Yours in Christian love. Remember me in your prayers.

Your loving sister,

Catherine Kohl.

Grater Ford, Pa. September 19-1918.

TESTIMONY.

Dear brothers and sisters in Christ. I love to read the Visitor, especially the testimonies of the saints. I thought if they would all do as I have been doing there wouldn't be any to read. I was converted five years ago in July. I have been a member of the church since Nov. 1913. Have had some up and down experience

but am glad the Lord is willing to help in every time of need.

I am glad I am saved and that the Lord is keeping me from sin. The Lord shows me the way and helps me to walk in it. I love my enemies and everybody. Bless God, for He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son; and whosoever will may come and partake of the water of life freely. Whosoever shall believe on Him shall be saved. My hope is stayed on things higher than those of this world with its trials and temptations.

Some of my shopmates ask me whether I am praying that this country would win in the war, this dreadful war of hatred and strife and murder among mankind. I told them that I pray that men will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

The Lord is so good: He bestows so many blessings on me, praise His name. I have had many a blessed time in the Lord with the brethren, bless the Lord.

Pray for us that God will help us to bring them up in the fear of the Lord.

I am praying for the brethren that have gone to camp that God will help them to live according to His word. I know something about it as I work in the factory, am asked all sorts of questions about my belief, and where I find scripture for this and that, but the Lord is with me, bless His name. Pray for me that we may stand true and faithful.

Your unworthy brother in Christ,

Seth Adams.

Owosso, Mich., Sept. 15, 1918.

As there is a curse wrapped up in the wicked man's mercies, so there is a blessing concealed in the righteous man's crosses, losses and sorrows.—
 Spurgeon.

OUR GROWTH IN GRACE.
(II Pet. 3: 18).

"Grow in Grace" is the injunction of an apostle, and to it the heart and conscience of the Christian respond. The law of growth is the law of life pre-eminently in Christianity, where the life is eternal life, and maturity in it is not the easy attainment of a day. "He that hath this hope in him," says the apostle John, "purifieth himself, even as He is pure." (I John 3: 3). Put that as the limit, and who can say that he has reached it—is purified as Christ is pure? When, then, shall the exhortation to "Grow in grace," be needless?

There is such a thing as growth then—as the progressive sanctification of the believing soul of God. Progress in holiness there ought to be; we ought to be this year more fully and practically Christ's than last, which is what is meant by holiness; more simply and in detail yielded up to Him, and the results apparent in our lives.

I speak of course to believers. There must be **life** before there can be **growth**. First of all we must be "born again," as the apostle speaks, "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God," a "word," he takes care to add, "which by the **gospel** is preached unto you" (I Pet. 1: 23-25).

It is as if he expressly designed to make it more emphatic in warning to all who depend on ordinances for the reception of new life, that **Peter** (proclaimed by men as the very head of the most ritualistic system existing today) is inspired to speak so. It is he who tells his would-be followers that men are born again, not in bap-

tism, but by the "word of the gospel."

That word which, coming to sinners as it does, speaks of a work done for sinners, salvation for the lost by the death of another. It is **this** that, being received, transforms. Having had much forgiven, the soul forgiven **loves**; and that love, to one who has been saved, is the spring and power of a new life of blessed and endeared obedience.

But I do not dwell upon this at this time. I would only be understood to speak to those just now who have learnt, if only babies, to cry, "Abba Father." To such I would say, Do not imagine that because you are saved and have conscious peace with God, that therefore you have attained the summit of Christianity. The unhappy result of making the knowledge of salvation (as many make it) the result of (it may be even a lengthy) Christian experience, has been unhappily with a good many the making that the end and resting point, which is in reality only the beginning of attainment, and of experience properly Christian. And thus the gospel itself is shorn of much more than half of its power and blessing. Rest and peace and blessing for **myself** are made the end of all, and rest in **salvation** substituted very often for rest in **God**. Thus how many sink into loose and easy living and call it freedom! Alas for such, and for the gospel that they boast of, if such is indeed the freedom it has given.

We need to speak out plainly. The worst evil of the day is the Laodiceanism which can speak loudly of grace with the conscience unexercised as to the responsibility which

grace introduces into. Men who delight in the gospel, "the glorious gospel"—and so it truly is—if you speak to them of other things which the God of the gospel has made known and enjoined obedience to, will answer, "Such things are not necessary to salvation." God has spoken, and men have learnt by listening to His voice (as they would have it) how and when with safety to themselves they may disregard His voice. But is that then the fruit of the gospel? Of what worth is the piety that sits down content with salvation, not wishing to be disturbed or unsettled by the claims of God and of His truth?

And it must be remembered that according to Scripture, truth alone sanctifies. We do not judge with the poet of latitudinarianism.

"He can't be wrong whose life is right," but rather, with the Lord Himself, "he that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." (John 14: 21). There must be an ear listening for the voice of Christ, or there cannot be the spirit of true obedience. He who does not care to hear, does not really care to obey. "My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me." He who discards as it were from the word of God all but the gospel, has never known yet the proper power of the gospel.

But the apostle adds to his exhortation "grow in grace" "and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." "Our Lord," mark, first, as well as "Saviour." Rendered up into His hands who has alone title to us, we find salvation from One "exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour," and one main part of our

salvation is deliverance from other masters unto His service, whom when we call "Master and Lord" we "say well, for so He is." "He who died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him that died and rose again for them."

Beloved reader, before we go a step further let me ask you this question. If you profess and call yourself a **Christian** are you **Christ's**? surrendered up to Him in the full joyful consciousness of His service being indeed perfect freedom? Do you live with every pulse of that new life He has given you "to Him?" There is no growth in grace for you till such is the purpose of your heart. Is your eye then on Him, your ear waiting for His voice, your hand engaged for Him, your foot treading in His pleasant paths? Are you one not only redeemed but "redeemed to God?" no "hired servant" indeed but one "to whom to live is Christ?" O, then, beloved, we hail in you the true and proper effects of the gospel of grace; for "the grace of God which bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto **Himself** a peculiar people **zealous of good works**" (Titus 2: 11-14).

And now then, beloved, "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The book of His thoughts, His coun-
(Continued on page 30.)

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GRANTHAM, PA., OCTOBER 7, 1918.



Our Scripture Text Wall Calender for 1919 is ready and as we are anxious to secure early orders, and have prompt Visitor subscription renewals, we repeat our former offer. Those renewing their subscription before Dec. 30, can secure the Calender for 20 cents. Send in orders early.

MARRIAGES.

BOSSART.—SIDER.—On Sept. 11, 1918, at the home of the bride's parents, Bro. Joseph Siders, Perry Station, Ont., there occurred the marriage of their daughter, Sister Lizzie Sider, to Bro. Fred Bossart, son of Bro. Adam Bossart of South Pelham, Ont., Eld. L. Shoalts, officiating.

OBITUARIES.

WHITE.—Oval White was born in Kentucky, Sept. 17, 1889, departed this life Sept. 13, 1918, aged 27 years, 11 months, and 26 days. Sister White with her husband moved to Oklahoma, some ten years ago and was converted here, and united with the church. During the last year she suffered much with a cancer but her faith was strong in the Lord. Her husband and little girl mourn her loss. Funeral services was conducted at Bethany church by D. R. Eyster, and John Frymire. Text II Cor. 5: 1.

WENGER.—Mrs. Maria Wenger, widow of the late Martin M. Wenger was born Feb. 6, 1847, died Sept. 23, 1918, aged 71 years, 7 months and 17 days. From a large family of children, one sister, Mrs. Slichter, living in the Air Hill dist., Franklin Co., is the only surviving member. Sr. Wenger died at the Messiah Home, Harrisburg, Pa., in which she was an inmate since last February. Services at the Air Hill church were conducted by bishops S. B. Stoner and M. H. Oberholser. Text selected by deceased, II Tim. 4: 8, 9.

A M E N T.—Sr. Barbara K. Ament entered into rest at the home of her only surviving daughter Agnes Wiggins of Millersville, Lanc. Co., Pa., Sept. 3, 1918, after a few months ailing but her departure was sudden, aged 72 years, 8 months, and 23 days. She was a member of the Brethren in Christ church for about twelve years. She is also survived by one son, Daniel of Creswell, Pa. Services conducted by the home brethren were

held at the United Evangelical Church of Creswell. Text Jno. 14: 1-6. Interment in the adjoining cemetery.

Walton.—Wallace Secord Walton, was born at Scarborough Junction, York Co., Ontario, Sept. 26, 1847. The son of Guy and Mary Secord Walton, U. E. Loyalist. Died of anemia Aug. 29, 1918, in his 71 st year. Brother Walton lived practically all his life on the farm where he was born, and was united in holy wedlock to Annie Junes on January 5, 1870. To this union was born one daughter Margaret Urshula who departed this life Apr. 19, 1900, leaving two little daughters, the one two years, and the other ten days old. Brother Walton was the third of a family of seven sons, and three daughters. He was converted to God under Methodist influence, Oct. 1871, and united with the Brethren in Christ church some years later, of which he was a faithful, and consistent member to the time of his departure, and we believe he departed in peace, and in triumph of the faith, repeatedly having expressed the desire to go home. Brother Walton was much interested in the work of a number of God's faithful missionaries, and many a consecrated servant of the cross was the recipient of his generosity in a practical monetary way. He also sowed the word of truth and virtue in "tract" form. The above two avenues seemed to be his ministry, which we believe God honored. Peace be to his ashes Their remain to mourn his demise, his beloved wife, one son-in-law, J. G. Size and two grand daughters, Mrs. Gordan Shaddock, and Margaret Urshula Walton Size, and four brothers. Funeral services conducted by Bish. Peter Steckly, and Eld. D. W. Heise, assisted by Rev. Fraylton, (Methodist) from Psa. 132:14; "This is my rest forever". Interment in Knox Cemetery, Aigencourt.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sister Nancy Bearss of Ridgeway, Ont., passed over to her heavenly rest, July 30, 1918. This is not an "obituary" as the proper correspondent has already given

it in that column. While there may be some little repetition this is simply a heartfelt appreciation of a noble self-sacrificing life, adorned with Christian virtues. It was the kind of life that causes the unsaved onlooker to exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like (theirs) his." Our sister's maiden name was Michael; she was brought up in the Lutheran faith, and, no doubt, many serious impressions were made, and good seed sown in her heart in those early morning hours of "Life's little day." Over fiftyseven years ago she was united in marriage to Asa Bearss and fifty-one years ago they were united with the Church at a meeting presided over by the venerable pioneer Elder Peter Cober of Markham Dist., and Abram Winger of Springvale, Ont. Together they were baptised in Lake Erie "For there was much water there." Three years later Bro. Asa was elected to the ministry, and here the strenuous work of life began in earnest. This was the transition period from German to English in our services and work. Very few of our then ministers had much ability or learning in English. The writer can testify with Bro. Asa that those of us who were put in the work at that time were certainly kept busy. The demand for English preaching at outside appointments and especially funerals meant much time and labor for our then young preachers. What all this meant to their wives under the system that has hitherto prevailed in our church would form a large, startling, and pathetic chapter of church history. The increase of cares, duties and responsibilities found our sister willing and ready to cope with them, for her love to the Lord Jesus Christ made His yoke feel easy and His burden seem light. Sister Bearss' Christian experience was not the spasmodic, intermittent kind but with a quiet simple faith and trust in God she "pursued the even tenor of her way." Her Saviour was near and dear to her and her life reflected the radiance and fragrance of His abiding Presence. Her testimony in meeting was in few words but they were listened to with

reverence and respect. On account of poor health she seldom traveled with her husband yet she bore those deprivations without complaint. When I think back over the forty years of our acquaintance and the oft recurring and nerve racking headaches with which she was afflicted, "In her patience she possessed her soul." A friend to all, she held in a marked degree the confidence and respect of the community. To her the troubled and perplexed maiden could go freely for motherly counsel and advice and without fear of her confidence being misplaced. Sister Bearss' sympathy went out to the sick and sorrowing and was more anxious for others' comfort than her own. One little incident remains fresh in my memory. It was at their lovefeast, the weather had turned wet and cold, and as the stoves were out there was no remedy, The chills raced up and down my back like icicles, and with my poor health I feared serious results would follow. Sister Bearss quietly arose and came to the pulpit with a heavy shawl to put between my back and the cold wall: that thoughtful act, gratefully remembered, describes more than a volume. God has wonderfully blessed home influences on posterity. The only son is a faithful minister, the only daughter the wife of a deacon and mother of a minister. Bro. Bearss has many sweet and holy memories and present blessings to praise God for, as he watches the shadows lengthen and the sun sink down in the west. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," Why? Because it is the gate through which we pass into our Father's House, into the Presence of the King. Precious to welcome His exiled, tired and weary children home from school and His soldiers from conflict to eternal victory, where they—

In nobler sweeter songs
Can sing His power to save;
When these poor lisping stammering
tongues
Lie silent in the grave.

Amen, and amen,
F. Elliott.

Richmond Hill, Ont.

COMMUNION MEETINGS.

Fairland M. H.,	Oct. 12
Mechaniosburg, evening,	Oct. 19
Manheim Rapho Dist.,	Oct. 26
Harrisburg,	Nov. 3
Mt. Pleasant,	Nov. 9

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LOVE FEASTS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Martinsburg,	Oct. 12, 13
Graters Ford	Oct. 12, 13.
Souderton,	" 19, 20
Montgomery S. Franklin,	Oct. 19, 20
R. R. Station, Greencastle.	

A general invitation is extended to all.

IOWA.

Dallas Center,	Oct. 19, 20
Changed from Sept. 28, 29.	

MICHIGAN.

Mooretown,	Oct. 12, 13
Merril,	Oct. 19, 20

District Meeting will be held at Carland the Monday following the Love Feast, Oct. 7. All Michigan Brethren who can are requested to attend.

OHIO.

Maple Grove,	Saturday Oct. 26
Beginning at 10 o'clock.	

On account of the gasoline restrictions the meeting will be only on Saturday.

All are cordially invited.

ONTARIO.

Howick,	" 12, 13
Walpole,	" 28, 29

All are invited to attend these services.

There are many "Profane persons" and spiritual fornicators, like Esau, not a few of whom are in the church of God, who make a barter of spiritual privileges, opportunities and blessings—a barter which not even repentance will undo; a forfeiture which not even prayer will restore. Even God cannot give back a lost day or hour.—A. T. Pierson.

SELECTED.

THE DEVIL'S DIARY.

Thursday, January Fifth.

The "shut-ins" have had my attention this day. The sickness of Egypt I have used to fine advantage in carrying on my work. (Deut. 28: 60; Ex. 23: 25). Some of the "shut-ins" have been reading along the lines of the "Christian Alliance"—the mortals who propagate what they call the "four-fold Gospel," which includes the Gospel of healing for the body, and the exposure of my work in afflicting the so-called "saints" with sickness and disease. My presence was imperatively demanded that doubt might check the progress toward restoration. These cases which I have kept in pain and weakness for years (Luke 13: 16), are now resigned, and they give me no more trouble than I now seem to give them. One can even get accustomed to pain, "supported by the grace of God." I am able to put off many a saint with suffering "by the grace of God" who might put off the suffering and have done with it, if they only knew the power of their God.

But didn't I catch it at one home I visited today! Of all the assaults ever underwent, I got it today. The result was that old "sun-bonnet" Christian, the proud mother of six boys and five girls, all staunch believers and followers of Christ, so strenuously resisted me that I had to flee. (Jas. 4: 7). I despise defeat, and I knew when I went to her house that I should be in danger; but the defeat I sustained came out of my disposition to persevere. So many times I

have won by persisting. I could not stay to hear all of her prayer. When she first knelt I slipped up by her side, and began my whisperings of doubt. I rehearsed her hardships, reminded her of the poverty, trials, and persecutions through which she had passed. But her prayer grew more fervent and more spiritual, and when she turned to quoting the Bible promises, my heart failed me. As I left she was praising and shouting aloud for joy. I think it will be quite a season before I try her again. (Luke 4: 13). I am bound to confess she conquered on her knees.

But if I failed on that old saint, I won my best innings with the boys. I suggested to the cigarette makers the way to so treat the tobacco that the smoking will sooth, and so effect the young smoker as to hold him in its giant grip. How successful I was in this direction is proved by the enormous demand for cigarettes by boys; a demand, that I rejoice to say is continually increasing. In this same line I was able to impress the leading liquor dealers with the immediate and imperative importance of "dashing" the candies that were made for and sold to the school-children. So my day's work, despite its unfortunate defeat, has not been in vain by any means.

Friday, January Sixth.

I spent a part of the day in Paris as one of my aides reported the probability of that city losing its hold on the American dress making. America is far too puritanical and revolutionary for us to allow her to set the styles. In Paris, far less gay than before the war—there are many of the demimond whose daring taste in

dress is quickly taken up by the hyper-social set of the United States. My visit today enabled me to pull off a telling "stunt." I regard it as one of my best day's work. Before long the women of the United States will be following my latest Parisian fad of skirts that do not reach the ankles. It will shock the conservative element at first, but later the old maids, elderly matrons, and even ministers' wives will take to it. It was a fine day's work. With the short skirt and the low-cut dress there will be a strong appeal to the voluptuous class of men, but I expect far greater results from today's work. By this means I shall easily arouse the sexual passions of these easily seduced mortals and by gentle steps, the women will be led into wrong. I need 37,000 "white slaves" annually for the city of Chicago alone, and the short skirt and low-cut dress will contribute their part towards the supply of the victims in the traffic of shame.

Returning to the United States I slipped into a church today to attend a funeral. Like many prominent business men of most towns, who seldom go to church except when there is a funeral, I nearly always attend funerals. In this case, as usual, I experienced a sensation which mortals would call being "tickled." So absurd was the scene before me, I almost chuckled aloud. The deceased was a prominent citizen, and had belonged to many lodges. Resolutions of respect and sympathy were read by the Secretaries of each Order, without exception each and all of the resolutions said, "Whereas in the Providence of God He has seen fit to remove from earth our beloved brother," etc. But God knows, and

I know, that the old sinner was a gormandizer under my tactful manipulation. He also added fine wines to his daily menu, and these with the beer he drank, rendered him a ready victim to the pneumonia which delights to feed on so corpulent a man. Well, I didn't get any credit for it, but I did it all the same! (Heb. 2: 14).

Saturday, January Seventh.

"The Week of Prayer" always gives me extra work, but when it is followed by "a big Union meeting," with a nationally known evangelist in the lead, my hands get full to overflowing. Today I have swept the country, stupifying the church members in one way and another, placing one thing and another in their way, so that the revivals shall fail. One agency of interference I have set in motion is a storm which will sweep the country from California to New England, just in time to cut down the attendance on the services. (Eph. 2: 1). In thousands of cases my imps have been ordered to get Christian business men tangled up with business deals and dates so as to take them from home during the revivals. (Matt. 6: 33).

For some time the Lord has called my attention to another of His loyal servants whose Jobine faithfulness is remarkable. I have this day been given permission to handle him, again under restriction to save his life. (Job. 1:12, and 2:6). But for this restriction he would soon be a dead man, for I like to put these good men out of my way.

This minister I have enticed into a land investment. I led him to argue with himself that he would soon be

an old man, and that when "laid on them to the asylms today. (Luke the shelf" he would need some means 4: 35).

of support. It worked like a charm. My most interesting experience to-day was dealing with a home characterized by intelligence, refinement and religious experienc. The husband and wife are well-mated, one would think, but I have found out the man's weaknesses, and the woman's as well, and knowing them better than they know themselves, I am able to rouse all the worst there is in them. I make them suspicious the one of the other, and now they constantly misunderstand each other. The one I have long since made a nervous wreck, and this helps me along wonderfully in bringing about friction. I would rather divorce this couple than any ten in the community. (Luke 22: 31).

Sunday, January Eighth.

My forces put forth extra effort with the preachers today. There is only one kind of sermon we fear, and against which we need to fight, and that is the "Christ and Him Crucified" sermon. Indeed that is the only sermon. The other efforts are but lectures. We are having less trouble all the while to lead preachers into oratory, eloquence, great displays of erudition, and lazy, superficial efforts. The dry bones will rattle in thousands of pulpits today, because of our labors, but there will be no breath in them.

But speaking of preachers quite a number of those who were "booked" to begin meetings tomorrow, I have kept from going to meet their engagements in one way or another. (I Thess. 2: 18). Some of them I could hardly hold away, hence I had to resort to drastic measures to overcome their determination. Some I made sick (Luke 13: 16), some I held by accidents which befell their children; others were prevented by a fire happening in their homes. How many ways I have of hindering the Almighty whose authority I resent; whose Son I hate; and whose kingdom I oppose to the utmost of my power.

Another feature of my unusually busy day has been driving men mad over the prospect of inevitable failure in business. I sent many of

In certain Sunday schools they made it hard for me today, for in spite of our hard work to keep intelligent, spiritual teachers out of Sunday school work, many such are appointed. If I could get more, rather than less, Society mothers and sisters to teach in the Sunday School, my work would succeed better. This

class of teachers skim along on the surface of the lesson in a dull and uninteresting sort of way, driving away many of the pupils. Sometimes they substitute a story for the lesson to save themselves the trouble of preparation. I never fear such teachers getting any of their pupils saved. On the other hand the more spiritual teachers are saving souls from time to time, and that is what gives me great concern.

I have one consolation, and that is the old, stale, worn out schedule of services, used in the Sunday schools for half a century, are still good enough for most of the schools. The stereotyped expressions, such as, "The teachers will now take charge of their classes," used all over the country, are in striking contrast with the progress and enterprise of godless merchants all over the world, who change their show-windows so frequently. (Luke 16: 8).—**Rev. Richard Lewis in Pentecostal Herald.**—Selected by Eld. J. R. Eyster.

THE ACTOR AND THE SHEEPMAN.

Some weeks before his death, Joseph Jefferson, the actor, in an address to 800 convicts at the State prison in Boston, told of an experience he had while traveling in Australia. He said:

"I had left what I call my 'home station,' and was making an excursion, in the 'blue gum' forest. Dismounting from the horse, I sat down to take a lunch. A large flock of cockatoos, those beautiful white parrots with yellow crests, came circling around and alighted on the trees overhead. I was watching the curious manoeuvres of these birds as they

were chatting and hopping about among the limbs, when they stopped suddenly, as if alarmed. They set up an awful scream, and with a tremendous flutter spread their wings and flew away, just as a large black dog came bounding out of the bushes, and suddenly stopped in front of me. For a moment I was startled. The dog paused, eyed me keenly; then, coming slowly up, walked around me, and at last approached and licked my hand, which I had held out to him. He then ran away, but soon returned wagging his tail, and followed by the gaunt figure of a man, thinly clad, barefooted, and with a wide-brimmed, frayed straw hat on his head. He was fifty years of age, and, as he removed his hat and made me a well-mannered, dignified bow, I could see that he had been a gentleman.

As he stood bareheaded before me, the wind blew his long, thin sandy hair about his brow, and he regarded me with a strange, far-off look in his eyes. I met several shepherds after this, and noticed the same strained expression. They live so much alone—sometimes even three or four months without seeing a human being—that they form this habit of looking over the plains, hoping that thus they may catch sight of some one to relieve this awful monotony.

"The man sat down quickly beside me and ate sparingly of the lunch, always sharing his morsel with Jack, his dog. I took out a flask of whiskey, and offered my guest a drink. His eyes beamed with a longing look as he saw the liquor, and, turning on me a strange, frightened look, he said: 'No; none of that. Put it away, please.'

"It now dawned upon me that my law, and in a short time arose to be a friend was a reformed drunkard who successful barrister. He married had come out to this lonely part of early, and had one child, a daughter the world to avoid temptation. I had born to him. After two years of heard that there were many such in wedded life he lost his wife and child. Australia, and that the shepherd's Despairingly he took to drink, and, life was chosen as being the most iso- being weak and desperate, went lated one that could be found. As I downhill and lost his position. , rose to take my departure, he said: "That, once lost in London, is sel- dom regained. This was the trouble that had beset the shepherd, who succumbed to the pressure that sur- rounded him, and after a time, with a broken spirit, left England and went to the colonies.

" 'I'd like to oblige you,' I replied, 'but they will be uneasy about me at my home station.'

" 'But are you sure you know the way? You might get lost.'

" 'Oh, no,' I replied.

"The poor fellow hung his head and looked the picture of despair.

" 'How far is it to the hut?' I asked.

" 'Only a mile, I assure you.' I agreed to go; so he started off at a good pace, fearing I might change my mind. The dog ran ahead barking. We soon came upon his hut. It was built of mud, sticks and straw, with a hard earth floor. The shepherd prepared a cup of tea.

"The sun had gone behind the low horizon with the same effect that it does at sea. There was no sound but the distant tinkle of a sheep's bell, and the crackling of the little fire that was boiling the tea. The smoke went up straight and silently into the still air. The loneliness was bad enough with two men; what must it have been with one?

"I questioned him about his past life. It seems he had been educated at Eton; then became a fast youth in London, where he studied for the

and in a short time arose to be a successful barrister. He married early, and had one child, a daughter born to him. After two years of wedded life he lost his wife and child. Despairingly he took to drink, and, being weak and desperate, went downhill and lost his position. , "That, once lost in London, is sel- dom regained. This was the trouble that had beset the shepherd, who succumbed to the pressure that sur- rounded him, and after a time, with a broken spirit, left England and went to the colonies.

"This was the story he told me, and there was no doubt of its truth.

"It was now getting late, and the shepherd insisted on my taking his couch—an old canvas cot, with a plain gray blanket spread upon it. So, as I was tired, I accepted the offer, and lay down for a night's rest. My companion stretched his tall figure on the grass outside. Jack lay between us.

"The strangeness of the scene, together with the strong tea seemed to banish sleep from me, and I must have been lying there for an hour, with my eyes closed, but quite awake, when presently I heard something stirring. Opening my eyes I saw the shepherd sitting up in the doorway with his head resting on his hand. He seemed uneasy, and began restlessly to pass up and down in front of the hut. The dog remained still, but I felt that he was awake and watching his master.

"Presently the shepherd stopped in front of the hut and came with a hesitating step toward the door. He entered, and stooping down upon his hands and knees crawled stealthily to the chair on which my coat was

hanging. He put his hand in the breast pocket and drew forth the flask of liquor. And now he seemed bewildered, as if some strange emotion had seized upon him, and then fell upon his knees as if in prayer.

"Suddenly he rose, and placed the flask untouched back in the pocket of the coat. Then, stretching himself on the floor, with an air of comfort and satisfaction, he went off to sleep.

"The whole proceeding so haunted me that it was broad daylight before I closed my eyes. When I awoke my host had prepared breakfast. After our meal he spoke freely of the night's proceedings to me. I told him I had seen all.

" 'I thought it might be so,' he said. 'The old craving came upon me, so strong, too, but if I ever prayed for strength it was then. Well, at that moment there was a hand laid on my head a calmness came over me that I had not felt for years, and when I returned the flask to your pocket I knew then, as I know now, that another drop of liquor will never pass my lips. It is all over now, thank heaven, and I can return to the world again with safty.' "

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HOW ENSOR ROBBED GOD.

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me." (Malachi 3:8-9.)

A minister of the Gospel in the state of Maine found, in one of his charges, a man who professed conversion, but was extremely penurious. He wanted all the blessings that pertained to the Gospel but

had never seemed to realize that the command, "Freely ye have received, freely give," was for him. The minister felt a concern to help the man; but, whenever he said anything to him about contributing for the spread of the Gospel at home or abroad, he was met by the excuse that, with a family to support, he had no money to give away.

One day, as the minister was driving along he saw the man, whom we will call Ensor, in his field and stopped to have a talk with him. He proposed to him that he should stake of a certain portion of that field, and cultivate it the best he could, and give the proceeds to the Lord. Ensor at last acceded to the proposition, and the minister, well pleased, went his way. The man planted the portion set apart with corn, and it grew wonderfully. When the minister saw him, he said he never saw anything like the way that corn grew; and the strangest part of it was, it was the poorest part of the field. The minister was aware of the latter fact before the man inadvertently made the disclosure.

"Well," said the minister, "the Lord has evidently blessed it, and you know you promised to give Him all the proceeds."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Ensor. "I didn't expect to raise more than one bushel of corn on it, and there will be five at least. I think I will give the bushel I expected to raise to the Lord's work, and the rest must go to supply the needs of my family. I have quite a family you know."

The minister expostulated, but could get no satisfaction from the

"closefisted' farmer and with a kindly warning, he left him.

In a few weeks there came an untimely frost, and the minister, falling in with his parishioner, asked him if the frost damaged his crop at all.

"I should say it did!" he replied, almost angrily. "Every particle of my corn is gone but that little corner I staked off."

"Oh, the Lord's lot is all right, is it?" said the minister.

"I suppose you'd call it the Lord's lot, but I call it mine, and intend to use it, every ear of it. 'Circumstances alter cases,' and nobody with any sense would expect me to give any of it away, with such luck as I have had."

"My brother," said the good minister, "there is no such thing as luck in this world. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' Take heed how you sow."

The man turned hastily away, the minister went sorrowfully homeward, saying to himself, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The minister went soon to another people. Months after being in the neighborhood of his friend Ensor, he stepped into a store to make a needed purchase, and inquiring of the proprietor, who was also the clerk, of the welfare of the people, was met with the remark:

"I suppose you didn't know about Ensor's loss, did you?"

"No, what is it?" was the reply.

"Why, you know that fine horse of his, worth \$250 if it was worth a cent? Well, the other night that horse tried to jump out of the enclosure—never known to jump before—but this jump was too much for the

poor creature, for he ran a stake into his side, and they had to kill him at once. Doctor said he'd died anyway. What luck that man has had the last year or two!"

The minister only said, "I'm very sorry for him," but he thought a great deal more than he said.

One change after another took the minister to a different part of the state; but years afterwards he was again in the vicinity of the scene of our story. As he sat on the piazza reading in the cool of the day, a man, shabby enough as to his clothing, with a shambling gait and an old pipe in his mouth, drew near and seated himself on the stone step at the end of the piazza, rather remote from the place where the minister was sitting. He had evidently been on a tramp and wanted to rest. The minister, after a minute or so, began to pace the piazza. Drawing near, he spoke to the man. Something in his appearance seemed strangely familiar, and as he continued to study the face, a conviction flashed upon him that it was his old friend Ensor. To forestall any denial he accosted him at once by his name. The man rather unwillingly responded, but, knowing he was recognized, did not try to conceal his identity.

"Where are you living now?" asked the minister.

"I'm not living anywhere in particular."

"Where is your wife,"

"She's dead."

"What has become of your farm?"

"My farm? I haven't got any farm."

"I haven't got anything. Everything is gone."

"Ensor," said the minister, "do

you remember when you began to rob God by stealing the corn out of His cornfield?"

The man's jaw dropped as if he was struck with death, and his pipe was shivered into atoms on the stone step before him. He recovered himself partially, however, and turning upon the minister savagely, said:

"I'd like to know what that has to do with it?"

"It has all to do with it my brother," said the minister.

And he essayed to reach the hardened conscience of the man by words of kindly warning and entreaty, Ensor, angry at the loss of his pipe, angry at the minister, angry at God, rose up and shuffled off. The minister learned that subsequent to his own departure for a distant part of the state, as before mentioned, Ensor had turned his own son's family out of doors because that son was not able to pay him a debt he owed him.

Let the reader take the lesson home to his heart. We are only His stewards. Let us not rob God.—**Bright Words. Printed by request of a Kansas brother.**

OUR GROWTH IN GRACE.

(Continued from page 19.)

sels, His mind, lies open in your hand, and truth is truth just as far as it brings home to your soul Him who is Himself the truth. He is your Master. Sit in the presence at His feet and learn of Him. Do not say one syllable He utters is "no matter" or "of little profit" or "that cannot be understood." Do not be content with mere opinions or human authorities. Consult Himself. Let your faith not stand in the wisdom of men,

but in the power of God. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (II Tim. 3: 16, & 7).

Be you one of "God's men" in this evil day.

And now for the more strict inquiry! "What is 'growing in grace?' " It is explained as to its moral characteristics in those words which we have seen the apostle joins with it: "and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

A false idea is prevalent, to the great damage of souls.

Men have forgotten to distinguish between growth in **grace** and growth in **self-consciousness** of the grace we have. They imagine that along with their growth in grace, they are to be able more and more to find satisfaction in their practical state. They think they ought to be able to measure their growth and find out to their own satisfaction how much holier they are this year than last. That they ought to be practically holier I have already said. But this is a very different thing from being **conscious to myself** that I am so and in no wise needful to it. It is quite true that God says to us, "Be ye holy for I am holy;" and quite true, therefore, that we ought to "follow after holiness." But suppose I take another text; when the Lord says, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart," what am I to infer from this? That I am to be "lowly?" True. But what would you think of me if I said, "Well, I am getting to be quite lowly; I improve in lowliness

continually." Would you say that that was "lowliness" which spoke in me, or vanity?

Is it not right then to seek to be lowly? Clearly. But lowliness is self-forgetfulness and not self-consciousness, much less self-complacency.

And so with holiness.. "To me to live is Christ" is its principle, and "we ought to walk as He walked" is our measure. As we grow then in knowledge of Him do we come to think more highly of our devotedness to Him, and better satisfied with it, or the reverse? Comparing our walk with His, as we come to know better what that walk was shall we increase in satisfaction with our own imitation of it, or the reverse?

A plant is in my garden. By it stands a dead stick which was put in for its support. The other day the plant was just as high as the stick, and now it is two inches or more above. It is easy to measure the living and growing plant by the dead stick. And why? Just because it is dead. But if the stick itself were alive and growing too, I should be lost in the measurement. If my knowledge of Christ were but a dead and not a living thing, a fixed measure never to increase, I might more easily perhaps measure my own growth by it. But as He grows upon my soul I dwarf. That is the result in my experience. "He must increase and I must decrease": that is the daily law, and the daily song.

Yet the aim after holiness is a right and not a fruitless thing: but occupation with Christ is the essential requisite for holiness and for growth. "We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the

Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit" (II Cor. 3: 18, marg.). It is our privilege to have done with ourselves and to be occupied with Christ. It is impossible to be occupied with Christ and not be holy. It is very possible to be occupied with holiness and be neither holy nor happy. And happiness is a thing closely connected with holiness, for "the joy of the Lord is our strength."

A man may seek holiness in order to be better in his own eyes. Will God honor that or help him in it? He will not. "Living to Christ" is another matter. Nor have I got to better myself in any wise. All that came to an end where I died on the cross of Calvary in the person of my substitute. I am dead—"crucified with Christ." I have come thus (for faith) to the end of that self which terrifies and distresses me. God has put me as a sinner forever out of His sight in the death of His Son, and He has accepted me in that Son, risen from the dead—in His "Beloved." How that name tells of one upon whom His eye rests with infinite delight! There am I, "in Him," never separate. My mirror, as a Christian, reflects the glory of the well beloved. I am there in Him—"complete in Him"—"made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

Better myself, then, shall I? Can I better Him? There is my true self now. The other—I bear it about with me still, but it is no more I—the other died with Christ; and now if "I live" it is "yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." I died; Christ lives; I in Him. I may look at myself there

without vanity and with full satisfaction and rest of heart. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away behold all things are become new." If I look into myself I can say no such thing. With my eye on Christ it is all simple. I have not then to better myself; I have to walk as He walked, and that "because I am already before God identified with Him.

But I grow in grace as a man down here as I grow in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour. Saved—fitted for glory—a new man in Christ, the wants of my heart are all filled up in Him, and I am free to live for Him, who loved me and gave Himself for me. All that I see in Him, in whom daily I see more is power over me and in me, working out in me likeness to the one I love. I yield myself up to the enjoyment of love, which have answered every question, settled every doubt supplied every need. Joy in Him brings me with full surrender of heart to the God I see in Him. He lives in me. I know Him. Eternal life, full blessedness, rest, power, devotedness, are implied in that. As He shines more and more into my soul, even I myself, dark as midnight in myself, reflect back His glory, and am light in the Lord.—F. W. G. in **Our Hope.**

IN THE WORLD TRIBULATION

This happened in Chili, whose orators boast of liberty and culture. Four months ago, while I visited Serena, Alfredo Alfaro came to the altar and gave his heart to God. The first thing that happened to him when he came home was a thorough thrashing from his father.

Persecution arose and he lost his position. Members of our church employed him, but his family got him work in a hospital where they thought him safe from our pernicious influence.

But he had Christ with him, and so testified in the hospital, until the nuns, frightened lest he might contaminate the sick with the leprosy of evangelical truth, put him out.

This brought him another thrashing from his angry father, and his brothers cast him into the street.

I saw him today in Sunday School, and his testimony is that while he is very sorry for being a cause of disturbance to his household, he has peace in his soul and believes that God will give him, in answer to prayer, the souls of his whole family.—**Missionary News.**

"Twentieth century preachers" cannot get a hearing unless they possess personal experience of Christ and speak out of a full heart and compassionate conviction. The note of reality was never so much demanded in ministers as to-day. Men want today a religion of reality and not of sham, that is to say, well-balanced men do. There are now, as in John's day, people in plenty who follow fads and fancies. "Christian Science" is a modification of Buddhism and Gnosticism, and gets the scum at the top while "Russelism" gets the dregs at the bottom of the cup. Jesus is merciless in John's gospel toward the blind Pharisees who will not open their eyes to the light and try to keep all their followers in darkness.—A. T. Robertson.