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J.N. Hostetter

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The Christian Builder

An old man going a lone
highway
Came at evening, cold
and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep
and wide.
The old man crossed in
the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no
fear for him:



But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here,
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again will pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"
The builder lifted his old gray head,
"Good friend, in the path I've come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way;
This chasm that has been naught to me,
To that fair youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I'm building this bridge for him."

—Unknown.

Sleep Season

Edwin Raymond Anderson

THE Apostle Paul was continually aroused over the tragedy of sleeping saints. He accused the children of the Lord more concerning that issue than any other, for it would seem to be the most tragic position and condition. In his letter to the Romans, he declared that, "now it is high time to awake out of sleep." (Romans 13:11) In his first letter to the Thessalonians, he passed along the word, "therefore let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." (I Thess. 5:6). The saints may be accused of sloth, and of a score of other things, but uppermost in the apostolic mind there was this thought of slumbering. And wherever he went, there was the clamouring need for the awakening work. One is left to wonder as to how much time Paul would have for the preaching of the Gospel in this day, if he were to go about upon a similar process of awakening sleeping saints! In many places, he would have to begin with the pulpit, and slumbering sermonisers often prove the most difficult. . . .

But the tragedy is there, and however one would desire to apply the gloss or pattern the pious pretense, the fact yet remains that the saints sleep. And in that sleep do they stagnate, and lose the right to be called servants. Their doctrinal labels will go for naught, and in the Courts of Heaven they might as well be accused of libel! With

everything round and about in a state of quivering awareness and awakedness, it ill behooves the man who has been to Calvary to so quickly and easily forget the marvel of divine grace, as to allow the whisperings of carnality to spin the web of dreams. But that is often the case when we have become so "fundamental," that the sound of the Gospel has lost its "first-love notes," and grace becomes the accepted matter-of-fact. The commonplace of Gospel and the slumbering sainthood go hand in hand. . . .

In both of these verses, the apostle is applying a military figure. The army is in the enemy's territory, and it is marching to attack and to victory. And it would appear the most incredible sight upon the face of the earth to see an army . . . any army . . . standing in position fast asleep. But what is in the military impossible, all too often becomes the spiritual possible, and the King's Army must make a bad showing in the battlefield of this world. It is a good thing that we can depend upon the power of God and the grace of the Lord!

But the whole business is drastically wrong, beloved. If there was ever a day in which to be awake and alert and active and aflame . . . this is it! We feel the ages crowding in upon us. We feel that the incredible tumbling in of latter-day events

carries the definite portent as to the soon coming of the Lord. We sense that the world senses the hopelessness of its once-bright panaceas and programmes. There are plenty of architects, but they have long ago run out of plans. There are plenty of religionists, but they have sought refuge upon the social avenues. The man in Christ with the message from the Man in Glory would find countless opportunities for sounding a word into the mess of this moral wilderness. But alas! that he has taken the wrong slant on the truth that, "the hour is late," and has thought it so late, that the only thing left would be to close Gospel-shop and retire to personal slumber!

Perhaps many of us are tired of the grind and feel the battle too much. But then, let us remember that the hours are in His hands, and that for whatever is to remain will be sufficiently clothed with His grace. And there is grace for the grind, and there comes the peculiar depth of blessing and beatitude in the heat of battle. There is the curse for the present in the midst of a condemned world, but the crown always follows, "nevertheless afterwards." And it is not for us to attempt the taking of the heavenly Time-table out of His sovereign hands. . . .

But when nothing seems especially real and pertinent, then it is always easy to slumber, for in the dream-world everything appears so popular and pleasant! Jesus once likened His generation to those sitting at play in the market-place, and grieved over the pious unreality which choked their ways. Perhaps we need to "tread the Damascus Road once again," and like the man of Tarsus to be smitten at noonday and be ground to the earth. The world rushes by . . . but shall we so slumber as to care naught for the ruin which follows?

But Paul was able to awaken many in his day . . . for had they all slept where would have been the progress of the Gospel through heathenism and barbarism? Who would have marked the holy trackage in the years long rolled away? But beloved, I can never refrain from pondering the question as to what success the apostle would meet with in this day! There are those who say, "all's right with the world," and feel that nothing needs to be done. There are those who say, "all's wrong with the world," and feel that nothing can be done. But men who have lost sight of the wounds of Calvary, and the wounds of the world are alas! men who come under heavenly admonition and apostolic concern; they are the slumberers and stumblers of the Gospel!—*Waterbury, Conn.*

Where God has undisputed sway is heaven, whether in the kingdom above or in the heart of a humble believer.

Evangelical Visitor

Nappanee, Indiana

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(U. S. A., Canada and Foreign Countries)

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Editorial

The Hour is Come!

IS THE midnight hour of judgment ready to strike in America? Many are now thinking that it is later than we think. Listen to the words of some of the leading statesmen of our country.

Gen. Dwight Eisenhower said, "Without a moral regeneration throughout the world there is no hope for us as we are going to disappear one day in the dust of an atomic explosion."

"The world is now facing unimaginable danger," so speaks the editor of the Christian Century, Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison.

The president of the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Raymond B. Fosdick, said recently, "To many ears comes the sound of the tramp of doom. The time is short."

Dr. Nicholas Murry Butler, ex-president of Columbia University, declared, "The end cannot be far distant." A similar statement is declared by H. G. Wells, "This world is at the end of the tether. The end of everything we call life is close at hand."

Dr. Oswald J. Smith states, "Judgment must come or the world will commit suicide and perish." Brigadier Harry Gordon, head of the suicide bureau of the Salvation Army, estimates that 5000 in Britain yearly contemplate suicide. In the United States there were 23,000 suicides in one year, and in Germany 18,000.

These shocking things are happening among University students. One said that he had sucked all the juice out of the orange. Another said that he had had all the thrills of life and he was now going to get the thrill of death.

A recent Los Angeles daily paper carried the following report—a twelve year old boy shot his nurse; and another boy of fourteen poisoned an old woman. A social worker in the same city asked a young boy what he wanted to be when he grew up, and he answered enthusiastically, "a sex maniac."

The blame for these hideous deeds was traced back to the movies and comic books.

"Every fourth person," says the Chicago Health Institution, "has a social disease. Social diseases kill 300,000 annually in the United States."

"The great outstanding menace in America is crime," states another authority. "Last year there were 10,000 murders and 300,000 robberies and holdups. There were 160 murders in New York City to 10 in London. There are at the present time 135,000 murderers at liberty in the United States."

One could add to this list the sins of adultery, immodesty, drink, immoral

movies, vile magazines. What can we say, other than, the cup of iniquity in America is full and the judgment of God is about to be poured out. "The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" May we be faithful in warning the people to flee from their sins and find shelter under the blood of Jesus Christ.

—J. F. L.

How Can I Know?

MANY TIMES the question "How can I be saved?" has been asked. Just recently a person said to me, "How can I know that I am sanctified?" Such queries set my thoughts in motion. Sometimes I can satisfy my thinking one way and sometimes in other ways. The only way to settle such important questions is by referring to the Word of God.

Solomon of old has been called the wisest of men. He can also be named one of the most perplexed of men. In his book "The Words of a Preacher" he asks "Who is as the wise man and who knoweth the interpretation of a thing? Almost the whole book shows that he did not. His closing words reveal true wisdom, "Fear God and keep his commandments for this is the whole duty of Man."

To the question "How can I know that I am sanctified?" there is but one answer. One preacher says, "If you are sanctified wholly you'll have a shouting blessing." The Bible, which is God's Word, does not say so. Another preacher preaches that the fullness of the blessing of complete sanctification is attested to by the speaking in an unknown tongue. God's Word makes no such declaration. A third preacher says that you'll have some physical manifestation (just what or how is not explained) when the Spirit comes in in its fullness. No such theories are found in the Holy Scriptures.

But how can I know? There is but one answer. Knowledge is known through but one medium and that is through the *mind*. Some knowledge is obtained through investigation such as scientific knowledge. Some knowledge is learned through the study of other people's experiments and meditation such as philosophical knowledge. Then there is the knowledge of literary and mathematical attainment. Regardless of the learning, the *mind* is the medium of all knowledge. When the things which are in Christ's mind are transmitted to my mind, then I have the Mind of Christ, which is the mind that I need. This is obtained through faith and faith alone.

Genuine theological knowledge, with its great branch of soteriology with all its various experiences is obtained by getting the

Contented

If the wren can cling
To a spray a-swing
In the mad May wind,
And sing and sing,
As if she'd burst for joy—
Why cannot I
Contented lie
In His quiet arms,
Beneath His sky,
Unmoved by life's annoy?

Mind of Christ. I am sanctified wholly by the transmitting of God's will into my will. "This is the will of God even your sanctification." Sanctification is the renewing of my mind to the whole will of God. God's will or plan is revealed in His Word.

Many years ago I said, Men may testify as they will, preachers may preach as they will, but as for me the Holy Scripture shall be my guide. This has been the one stabilizing influence in my life. People with wonderful experiences and preachers with outstanding manifestations have failed. But the Word of God abideth forever, and it is upon this Word that I stand.

The 4th chapter of First Thessalonians is the only chapter in the Bible which has to do almost wholly with the believer's sanctification. Note what it says. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification. That ye should *abstain* from fornication; . . . that ye should know how to possess your vessel (whole spirit, soul and body); . . . that ye *defraud* not; . . . that ye *love* one another; . . . that ye *increase* more and more; . . . that ye *study to be quiet*; . . . that ye *walk honestly*." Not once did the apostle Paul mention tongues, nor shouting, nor weeping, nor any other impulsive momentary experience. God is a Being of order not confusion. Do you have the *Mind of Christ*?—J. A. C.

Clouds

How can we have rain without clouds? Our troubles have always brought us blessings, and they always will. They are the dark chariots of bright grace. These clouds will empty themselves before long, and every tender herb will be gladder for the shower. Our God may drench us with grief, but He will refresh us with mercy. Our Lord's love-letters often come to us in black-edged envelopes. His wagons rumble, but they are loaded with benefits. His rod blossoms with sweet flowers and nourishing fruits. Let us not worry about the clouds, but sing because May flowers are brought to us through the April clouds and showers. . . . Faith sees the clouds emptying themselves and making the little hills rejoice on every side.—C. H. Spurgeon,

One Great Cause - One Great Power

Correspondence with Niemoller

Wiesbaden, December 27, 1948

Brentastraße 3

Rev. W. O. Winger

Box 22

Grantham, Pa., U.S.A.

Dear Brother Winger:

Your kind letter of October 15 arrived some four weeks ago; but I did not yet find an opportunity for answering. These last months and weeks of the year just have been overburdened with work of all sorts, until at last my secretary and I have come to the bottom of the desk.

I should like you to know that your kind remembrance really has meant a consolation for me; for we over here have to face so many discouraging facts and circumstances that we are badly in need of some fraternal word from time to time to become reminded of our not being left lonesome in all our distress.

The New Year is drawing near, but people are welcoming it without enthusiasm this time; too many hopes have been shattered, and no trust in man has been left after the experiences of this year which is coming to its end. Many of us do feel that this might be our chance for bringing people back to the only source of real faith and hope, and yet the power is lacking to do great things. Thus we pray that God's power may prove efficient in our very weakness, of body and of soul, as it has done once and again since St. Paul's times.

I have been strengthened by what you told me of your present time experiences; for the moment things look here more in the way of "the valley which was full of bones" and we have to fight the insensibility of the multitude which is thinking only of food and fuel, worn out as they are. And sometimes I think that this sort of suffering is much more oppressive than all we have gone through in the times of Hitler. But I am sure, that all is meant to work out for our best and to do away with all our hidden egoism, that we may put all our hope in the Lord himself who knows how to bring us home to our heavenly Father.

I thank you that you will pray for us, and I shall do the same for you, your work and your family as well and as often as I can. May God's blessing be with you always!

Most fraternally in the brotherhood of our Master yours.

Martin Niemoller

Wiesbaden

Eld. W. O. Winger is here sharing with readers of *Evangelical Visitor* some correspondence with Dr. Martin Niemoller of Germany. Bro. Winger was deeply moved by having read Leo Stein's book, "I Was in Hell With Niemoller," and wrote the great pastor personally in October 1948. (Copy of first letter not available as we go to press.)

Box 22, Grantham, Pa.

U. S. A.

March 28, 1949

Pastor D. Martin Niemoller

Berlin, Germany

Dear Brother Niemoller. Greetings.

I want to thank you for the letter of December 27, 1948, for I did, and do, very much appreciate hearing from you.

It might seem in a way that we are far, far, separated, but in spirit I feel that this is not the case, for your interests are our interests, and you are desiring to make the same Jesus known unto the people by all I can draw from your letter.

There was one thing that most struck me by your letter, and that was that you thought that the times of oppression you are suffering now, are worse than what you went through during Hitler's rule; you do have our prayers and sympathy.

Since hearing from you we have been permitted to make a trip of some 3000 miles among some of our churches, in the interest of the Foreign Mission work, but the people here are so contented; I fear, fat and flourishing, and feel that they have need of nothing. It is very hard to stir them to see that their only hope of future blessing is to be faithful in giving out the blessed Gospel of our risen Saviour, however, there are some, and there are also those who finance for the Lord, and they do give of their means for the spread of the Gospel.

We do wish for you that there will be many in Germany now who will make the best of their opportunities of seeking the Saviour, for whether there or here, or elsewhere in the world, Jesus is the only hope of this poor troubled world, and I do count it a real privilege to be able to be engaged in this kind of work for the Master.

Would you give me permission Pastor Niemoller to have this letter of December 27 published in our Church Paper? I think it would help the people here to see a bit better what you are suffering there, and help them to realize and appreciate their blessings more.

Shall inclose a tract from Mr. Sankey's experience; it may seem of little use to hungry people, but we also read in the Psalms, 'Delight thyself also in the Lord and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart.' And again the Bible tells us that he our God 'Meeteth him that rejoiceth.'

Wishing you God's best in every way, I shall close.

Yours in Jesus our Lord,
W. O. Winger

P.S. Expect to be engaged in Evangelistic work for the most of the year from now on, and shall be glad for your prayers also.

Wiesbaden, May 4, 1949

Brentastraße 3

Rev. W. O. Winger

Box 22

Grantham, Pa., U.S.A.

Dear Brother Winger:

Your letter of March 28 took just one month for its journey, but it did arrive and I thank you for it very much.

Unfortunately I am in such a hurry for the moment that I can only tell you how much I appreciated hearing from you and of your work during the first months of the year; I myself had a very busy time also and since our work means sowing we have to wait for growing and ripening. As co-workers of God we are left to His blessing and we trust that He will not fail us.

As to your question whether I agree with having the letter of December 27 published in your Church Paper, I feel, that it will do no harm and eventually might help a bit to a better understanding.

May God bless your work in His service and be with us always!

Yours in the Lord,
D. Martin Niemoller

O Taste and See

Three philosophers were deputed to pronounce upon the nature of a certain substance. The substance really was honey, but it was so disguised that they did not recognize it. The first philosopher said that, judging from its color, he believed it to be bitter. The second philosopher said that, judging from its odor, it surely was acid. But the third philosopher said that, judging from its softness, it must be salt. But there was a little girl there, no philosopher, and she said, "I know it is sweet, because I have tasted it."

There is a faculty, a spiritual faculty, of taste. "O taste and see that the Lord is good."—*Evan H. Hopkins.*

The Living Word - Messages for The Mind and The Heart

Don E. Smucker

"... yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." (I Cor. 9:16).

IT IS WELL to remind ourselves from time to time that the ultimate purpose for any Christian group is to preach the Gospel. "Woe is me," declares Paul, "if I preach not the Gospel." Consider a series of alliterative statements as a way of understanding the Gospel—a statement, I believe in line with the deepest thoughts of our church through the years.

I. The Mood of the Gospel

Ephesians 6:10-18 gives us the real mood of the Gospel as spiritual warfare in which we are to put on the whole armor of God. This includes six spiritual weapons: Truth, righteousness, the Gospel of peace, faith, salvation and the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God. To avoid any twisted interpretation Paul declares in II Corinthians 10:4, "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. Casting down imaginations and every high thing which exalteth itself against the knowledge of God and bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

Thus, the Gospel starts with the promise of conflict between good and evil, indeed, between God and the devil. Obviously, then, the basic problem is this: How does God want us to overcome evil? Further aspects of the Gospel will clarify this.

II. The Mould of the Gospel

The peculiar mould of the Gospel is given in the New Covenant. Alas, too often the word "testament" obscures the real word of Covenant. It is very significant that the new Revised Standard Version contains the following statement on the first page: *The New Covenant Commonly Called the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* To understand that one sentence correctly would be to clarify one of the biggest issues of Bible study!

The old Covenant started to end with the prophets as Jeremiah so gloriously foretold in 31:31. Mennonites do not yet agree as to the exact way God worked under the Old Covenant. But there is no reason why there cannot be 100 per cent agreement on the fact that *today we are under the New Covenant.* Until we see the Gospel in that particular mould we will have everything wrong in Bible study.

III. The Motive for the Gospel

John 3:16-17 give us motive for the Gospel—this is nothing less than the love of God for a lost world through His Son Jesus Christ. The Son of God came not to condemn but to save. And His saving work depends only on our believing on Him with mind, heart and soul.

The motive of love is also expressed in Romans 5:8 showing that God "commendeth his love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

Thus God's motive was love Divine, all love excelling. Everything in the Christian life eventually must be traced back to this original, primal expression of love.

IV. The Method of the Gospel

The method of the Gospel is the Cross of Jesus Christ. The broken body and shed blood of our Lord is the supreme revelation of God's love in direct action. I Peter 1:21 links the sacrifice of Christ on the Cross with the method of the Christian love. In the previous section we saw that God's love for us in our rebellion is the basis for loving our enemies; now we see that suffering for our neighbor is directly taught from the example of Christ on the Cross: "For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps."

Today one of the supreme theological tasks of the Mennonite church is to get the theology of the Cross (atonement for sin) linked together with the Cross as a pattern for Christian living. In other words, the atonement and non-resistance belong together. To deny non-resistance is to deny the very method our Lord used in saving us. To deny the atonement is to deny the only real basis for non-resistance. Clearly, the *method* of the Gospel is sacrificial love both for Christ and the Christian. His Cross is not our Cross. Never! But His Cross and our Cross both have the same method.

V. The Message of the Gospel

All this culminates then in the final message of the Gospel, namely, that God's love in Jesus Christ can deliver humanity from

the evils of sin and death. "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." (John 16:33.)

The Gospel is not given for its own sake. Rather, it is given for real triumph over the evils which plague mankind. Christianity is a Gospel of deliverance. It is the Good News of God. Sin is destroyed. The Christian life is beautifully revealed in Jesus. Death is overcome in the resurrection. Rejoice! I have overcome the world.

Is there deliverance from war? War, the fiendish scourge of the world. Yes, through inner peace. Through peace in the Christian brotherhood. Through harmony extended by Sons of God. And eventually through the total triumph of God in the New Heaven and the New earth.

This is the message of the Gospel.

VI. The Movement of the Gospel

Despite unbelief, despite wars and rumor of wars, despite the crafty wiles of the Devil, the Gospel moves forward. For the first time in 2,000 years there are Christian churches everywhere in the important areas of the earth.

In our own time perhaps the most remarkable is the preservation of faith among our brethren evacuated from Soviet Russia. Christian faith alive and pulsating after 30 years of atheistic propaganda and loss of all educational facilities.

The Gospel can be hindered and set back but never destroyed! Everywhere are living witnesses of Jesus Christ. Everywhere is the Living Word of God. Everywhere there is a small but solid remnant with the blessed vision of *nachfolge Christi*. Even so, come Lord Jesus!

—Mennonite Weekly Review.

The Bread of Life

Hess Brubaker

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labours for that which satisfieth not?" (Isa. 55:2.) The children of Israel seemed to think it was too hard a service to love God so they went lusting after other gods spending time, money and energy to bring an acceptable gift to each of their many gods. Not only did this separate them from God and His love but also God's hand of blessing was withheld and famine and pestilence began to destroy the life of the people.

Folks today don't really stop to think but are constantly rushing about trying to seek satisfaction for the suffering heart within. There are pleasures and desires that seem to satisfy for the moment. Then they assure themselves by saying that other folks

are madly racing down the broad road and, if they will make it, it is all right. Meanwhile the cry of their soul is still unsatisfied, and they don't realize that there is any thing they can do about it.

But the prophet cries out, "Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." He mentioned one of the hardest things for any individual to do. Most of us think we have the answers, but we find it difficult for any one to challenge us long enough to tell us to listen. I realize this is not true of the physical, but I speak of the spiritual. Man needs someone outside of himself to bring him true happiness.

—Grants Pass, Oregon.

Revival

T. P. Egling

YEARS AGO, when I was commissioned a Lieutenant from the S. A. T. C., I had very high ideas and thought I would be a great success. In my sessions there was a young man by the name of Steene who wished to be a social officer. When they sent him to the Jersey City Industrial Office to work among the poor, the down and outers, his joy was great. In a single year he had lead not less than 170 to the Lord.

Meanwhile I was sent to Africa as a missionary where, after three years, I was a great failure and returned home with the fever, whereas Steene, in the meantime, became an evangelist and went from church to church starting revivals. I went to Red Bank, New Jersey to attend one of them and to my great surprise it was conducted by the local leader. I asked where Steene was and was told that he was at another church starting a new revival. I said 'I don't understand. I thought that he was in charge of this one,' and was told that his usual procedure was to start special meetings among the members and the officer in charge; preaching powerfully, he would work till all were saved, till the fire of the Holy Ghost was burning brightly and then depart to a different place. He would say, "I was a carpenter. We used to build houses, but we never could start to work until all our tools were in order, our saws were sharp, our hammers would not fly off the handles and all tools were in tip-top condition, then we would go to work."

He also said, "If all the members of the church are wholly saved and sanctified, and the Pastor likewise, and God's Spirit is in full control, then and not until then, God will send a revival, and I am no longer necessary for the local force can handle it by themselves."

All must be full of the Holy Ghost and all must have that mustard seed faith and then a mighty power will come over the church. The Fire will fall and everybody in town will know that this movement is of God and not of man.

We, too, must be wholly sanctified and receive the baptism with the Holy Ghost, a love for souls, a hunger for God's meat, and there shall be a revival. But as long as there are dead Christians, as long as the church is asleep and as long as our heart is somewhere else, our church will remain dead. A revival is not brought by the evangelist, but is prayed down.

If our prayer room in the church is a sleeping place for lazy men and women, how can we expect spiritual life? We need more men and women who will pray. Our faith must soar mountain high then whatever we ask in Jesus' name shall be given.

How Can This Be Done?

Set a time aside in everyday, morning and evening, when you spend an hour with God in quiet prayer. Do not use a hit and run system, but systematically pray one week for twelve people in faith believing that it shall be done, then take twelve more and so on, and your prayers will be answered. When Daniel prayed to God steady for 100 days the angel told him that his prayer had reached God the first day and it would be answered.

We cannot tell God how or when He should answer prayers. God has His own time and will answer when He sees the right time. We cannot hurry Him. All we can do is to pray and believe. There is a silly story of a woman who prayed for a mountain in front of her bedroom window to be removed and upon discovering that her prayer had not moved the mountain she said, "Just as I thought." God does not mean mountains like Mt. Shasta or Mt.

Hamilton, or some eastern mountain of rock and soil. No, this might rob others of the mountain they love. But He does mean mountains of sin, mountains of sorrow, heartaches, sickness, mountains of difficulties which are so great that the case looks hopeless. Quite often our hearts faint, nevertheless, we should keep right on praying. Some parents pray for a lost son or daughter, year in and year out, and they are still far away from God. Maybe the poor father and mother dies in the meantime, but the prayer goes on to God. I heard testimonies of men who said that they knew that it was mother's prayers that God answered when he saved them, although she had gone home years before.

How Do We Pray?

By shouting and clapping of hands and jumping up and down? No, that is emotion in prayer. The Heathen prays to his gods in much that manner, but God hears the slightest groan of a troubled heart and the tears which fill a believer's eyes for a lost soul; remember that according to your faith so shall it be. A person of prayer gets so close to God that he can feel His

(Continued on page fifteen)

What Kind of a Christian?

Claude A. Ries

DEAN CHARLES BROWN tells of a youth who went out to preach a sermon on repentance and began his discourse: "My beloved hearers, if I may call you such, may I venture to suggest that you are under some obligation to repent, so to speak, and if you don't there is a remote possibility that you may be damned, as it were, to a certain extent."

We laugh at that but this student preacher is not the only one living in the drab gray because he lacks definite convictions on things white and black. At an international gathering of young people in New York City, we are told, a young American asked a cultured girl from Burma what was the religious belief of the majority of the Burmese. The young lady informed him that it was Buddhism. The American said quite casually, "oh well, that doesn't matter, all religions are the same, anyway."

The Burmese girl looking directly at the young man, said, "If you had lived in my country, you would not say that! I have seen what centuries of superstition, fear, and indifference to social problems have done for my people. We need the truth and uplift of Christianity. When I became a Christian it cost me something. If your religion had cost you more, you might be more aware of its superiority. My country needs Christ."

Has your religion cost you anything? The devout Jew of Old Testament days did

not think his religion cost him until he got beyond the giving of fifteen per cent of his earnings, ten per cent in tithe and five per cent in offerings.

Has your religion cost you in time taken in devotion or does God just get the "ragged edge of nothing?"

Has your religion cost you in honest Bible study so you "can give a reason for the hope that is in you," directly from God's word. On the great tenets of our faith are you in the gray as the preacher mentioned above was on repentance?

Do you know from God's Word—

Why you are a Protestant and not a Catholic?

Why you are evangelical and not a modernist?

Why you believe holiness of life as God's standard of normal Christian living?

Why God is not pleased with mediocrity in Christian living?

Why living to God's glory is the end of our creation and redemption rather than just being able to go to heaven?

As Christian witnesses we must, with John, "speak that we do know" and not just think or theorize. Until we "know," that is, "know experientially" the truth "as it is in Christ Jesus" we will be gray-drab Christian religionists lacking in spiritual discernment and in power of authoritative witnessng.

Do not be a mere "somehow" Christian!

—The Wesleyan Methodist.

A Clearing Shower - A Story of Personal Responsibility

Nellie L. Harrington

"I DON'T believe I'll go to prayer meeting tonight, Joe. I've had a hard day. I couldn't wash on Monday on account of the rain and that has put me behind on all of the week's work. I had that extra room to clean some time so I thought I might as well attend to it today. I'm just worn out," complained Myra Salisbury as her husband was making ready to attend the mid-week service.

He looked at her speculatively a moment and then said, "Well, I do not know as I'll go, either, then. I don't like to go alone. Everyone will ask why you didn't come and I hate to make apologies. We generally do go, so I guess that missing one time isn't going to hurt anything."

Myra felt conscience-stricken. It had not occurred to her that Joe would stay at home because she did, and she tried some half-hearted arguments in favor of his going, but he decisively brushed them aside and settled in his easy chair by the floor lamp and was soon absorbed in his paper.

His wife was really too weary to worry long about anything and went to sleep early. As he had said, they had been regular attendants at all of the services since his conversion more than two years before, and Myra's faithfulness to her profession had been a large factor in winning him to Christ. So now—if she could stay at home and keep her religion—why, so could he!

We never know what may result from one of our most careless acts! At the church that evening the absence of the Salisburys was commented on and next day Myra had a good many phone calls to inquire if illness was the cause. A number of the ladies privately thought, "I was just as tired as she was. If she can stay at home for that reason, so can I."

The immediate consequence was a gradual falling off of attendance at church as well as prayer meeting services, and a noticeable cooling of religious fervor.

The pastor, Rev. Abbott, sensed it but was unable to put his finger on the reason for it. It seemed vague, elusive, but real none the less. He and his wife gave themselves to more earnest prayer and effort, and yet there was no improvement. "Somebody is not minding the Lord," he groaned. "But who it is, or what is the trouble, or what I can do about it is more than I can see now."

As one after another of the staunch members sank into spiritual apathy, Rev. Abbott's concern deepened. He feared the contagion of it would enwrap his own soul, also. "I tell you, wife, I'll resign and leave here if something doesn't happen soon. I can't stand this lethargy. It is soul-killing. The only thing I can think of is

that poor Morrison boy that was found freezing last week. He kept saying, 'I'm all right. Let me alone. I'm sleepy.' These folks still testify that they are 'all right'—but we know better—just as we know about Frank. I can't stay here and be a party to the spiritual freezing of a church."

"You had to be pretty rough with Frank Morrison before you got him awake enough for the blood to circulate again. Maybe you have not been—well, rough enough with the members of the church, suggested his wife.

He buried his head in his hands. "What more can I do? I've preached the truth the Lord has laid on my heart. And I have not spared to 'declare * * the whole counsel of God.' But it has had no effect. I might as well talk to the wind. I heard an old minister say once that when your people refuse to follow your teachings it is time to move. Perhaps we are through here."

"How do you know that this isn't one of those 'desert places' where the enemy has a chance to test you—like he did the Master?" she questioned softly, "Jesus said, 'The servant is not greater than his Lord.' I've heard you tell others that temptations and tests come to everyone. This is a bit different from any we have ever faced before. Maybe Satan wants to drive us away from this church, just as he wanted to keep Jesus from going to the Cross. I think I will have to be sure we are obeying the Lord instead of the enemy of our souls."

"Yes, but the people—" he began, but she cut him short.

"For a preacher who knows so much of the Bible and so much of the workings of the Lord, you do get the queerest ideas." A smile took the sting from her words. "Do you realize that you sounded exactly like King Saul when Samuel accused him! He tried to put the blame on 'the people.' Samuel did not accept his excuse, and I doubt if the Lord will take it from you. You know, good and well, that Hugh Abbott is the only one you are absolutely responsible for! You have to be sure that you exert the right kind of influence over others, but it is up to them whether they follow your lead or refuse. How many times have I heard you say that?"

The minister sighed. "Right, as usual, my dear wife, but that doesn't lift the burden from my heart."

She was instantly contrite. "Sorry, but I don't like to see you defeated. I'm sure the Lord will clear up this condition some way."

And even as they talked together the Holy Spirit was doing His office work in the hearts of some of the members, and the first rays of the dawn of a better day were

already brightening the sky. Strangely enough, it was this same good sister, Myra Salisbury, who had unwittingly started the downward trend, spiritually, that heeded these promptings.

Myra had noted the continued absence of Nora Hayes from the services. Nora had been converted only a year, and not too well established. At first she had made it a point to attend every service and relished the spiritual food, but of late she, too, had succumbed to the lethargy of the older members. Myra Salisbury and Clara Garrison had led her to the Lord, and they had watched over her growth in spiritual things. They considered her a daughter 'in the Gospel,' and they had felt a growing concern over her absences.

On this very morning when the Abbotts discussed the condition of the church in general, Myra called Clara on the phone. "Do you know, I feel concerned for Nora Hayes. She hasn't been in church for weeks. Have you talked with her?"

"No, I haven't," admitted Clara. "It has worried me, too. She was so faithful. I wonder if Brother Abbott has called on her."

"I don't know, and what's more, I doubt if he could help her too much if he did," was Myra's answer. "I feel that she is our responsibility, anyway, and I think I'll have to go and see her myself."

"Come by, and I'll go with you," promptly offered Clara. "It's pretty early in the morning for a call, but I don't think that will make any difference."

"We may get there in time to eat breakfast with her and if we do that will be all the better," agreed Myra.

With that thought in mind Myra took a pan of pecan rolls, went in the car and picked up Clara and together they drove to the apartment building where Nora lived.

"Third floor, isn't it? We'll have to walk up. There's no elevator," said Myra. They climbed the stairs and—the door was locked!

"Now what? demanded Clara. Didn't you say you felt the leading of the Lord? Would He lead us to a place where there was nobody home?"

Myra's eyes grew thoughtful. "Is it possible that I've gotten so far away from the Lord that I don't recognize His leadings any more? Let me think. Nora has a friend on the next floor below, that she goes to see. Perhaps she is there."

She was. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she told them. "I've been thinking about you both, and wanted to see you."

Tossing the rolls on the table Myra said, "We thought we'd have breakfast with you."

(Continued on page fifteen)

CHURCH DIRECTORY

AS SLATED BY THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

Permanent Church Headquarters
Messiah Rescue and Benevolent Home
2001 Paxton St., Harrisburg, Pa., Tel. 3-9881
Attention of General Conference Secretary

Institutions

- The Christian Light Press**
The merchandising department of Brethren in Christ Publication Board, Inc. Nappanee, Ind., Chambersburg, Pa. Main office: Elizabethtown, Pa. Clair H. Hoffman, Manager
- Messiah Home**, 2001 Paxton Street, Harrisburg, Pa., Eld. and Sr. Irvin O. Musser, Steward and Matron. Telephone 2-7836.
- Messiah Orphanage**, Florin, Pa., Bro. Mervin Heisey, Steward, and Sr. Rhoda Heisey, Matron.
- Mt. Carmel Orphanage**, Coleta, Illinois, Supt. Eld. Albert Cober; Matron, Elizabeth Schradley.
- Beulah College**, Upland, California. Dr. Jesse F. Lady, President.
- Jabbok Bible School**, Thomas, Oklahoma. Eld. Ira H. Engle, President.
- Messiah Bible College**, Grantham, Pa. Dr. C. N. Hostetter, Jr., President.
- Ontario Bible School**, Fort Erie, North, Ont. Bishop Edward Gilmore, President.

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- Women's Missionary Prayer Circle:** Mrs. Carl J. Carlson, Secretary, 6039 Halstead, Chicago 21, Illinois; Mrs. Jacob Hock, Treasurer, Reservoir Street, Chambersburg, Pa.

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- General Superintendent:** Bishop and Sr. H. H. Brubaker, P. O. Box 711, Bulawayo, So. Rhodesia, South Africa.
- Matopo Mission:** P. B. 191T, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia, South Africa, Eld. and Sr. Elmer Eyer, Eld. and Sr. L. B. Sider, Sr. Elizabeth Engle, Sr. Mary C. Kreider, Sr. Fanny Longenecker, and Sr. Dorothy M. Martin.
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- General Superintendent:** Bishop A. D. M. Dick and Sister Dick, Madhipura, O. & T. Ry., Bhagalpur District, India.
- Saharsa Mission:** Saharsa, O. & T. Ry., Bhagalpur District, India, Eld. and Sr. Charles Engle, Sr. M. Effie Rohrer, Sr. Beulah Arnold, Sr. Leora Yoder, Sr. Shirley Bitner, Sr. Erma Hare.
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- Barjora Mission:** P. O. Tirbeniganj, via Murliganj, O. & T. Ry., North Bhagalpur District, India, Eld. and Sr. William R. Hoke, Sr. Anna Steckley, Sr. Emma Rosenberger.
- Monghyr Mission:** Mission House, Monghyr, E. I. Ry., District Monghyr, India, Eld. and Sr. George Paulus.

Missionaries on Furlough

- Eld. & Mrs. Charles Eshelman, Messiah Bible College, Grantham, Pa.
Sr. Anna M. Eyster, 637 Third Avenue, Upland, California.
Sr. F. Mabel Frey, 256 F. St., Upland, Calif.
Sr. B. Ella Gayman, 2001 Paxton St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Eld. & Sr. W. O. Winger, Grantham, Pa.
Eld. and Mrs. Allen Buckwalter, 338 N. 6th Ave., Upland, Calif.
Sr. Mary Brenaman, West Milton, Ohio, c.o. H. W. Hoke.
Elder & Mrs. J. Paul George, R. 1, Troy, Ohio, c.o. Harold Rohrer.
Sr. Edna E. Lehman, R. R. 3, York, Pa., c.o. O. D. Lehman.

HOME MISSIONS

City Missions

- Altoona Mission**, 613 Fourth Ave., Altoona, Penna. (Residence—1009 Rose Hill Drive) Herman G. and Laura Miller.
- Buffalo Mission**, 25 Hawley Street, Buffalo 13, N. Y., Phone GRant 7706, Arthur and Wilma Musser; Anna Henry; Anne Wyld.
- Chicago Mission**, 6039 Halstead, Chicago 21, Ill., Phone Wentworth 7122, C. J. Carlson, Supt. and Pastor; Avis Carlson; Alice K. Albright; Esther Kanode.
- Christian Fellowship Mission**, 370 First St. S. E., Massillon, Ohio; Phone 4169, Eli H. and Lydia Hostetler; Doris Rohrer; Edith Davidson.
- Dayton Mission**, 601 Taylor Street, Dayton, Ohio, William and Evelyn Engle, Mary Brandt.
- God's Love Mission**, 1524 Third Ave., Detroit, 26, Michigan, Residence 3986 Humboldt Detroit 8, Telephone, Tyler 5-1470, Harry Hock, Supt.; Catherine Hock; Mary Sentz; Leora Kanode; Ruth Heisey.
- Life Line Gospel Mission**, 224 Sixth St., San Francisco 3, Calif., Mission Home 311 Scott St. Zone 17, Telephone, UNDERhill 1-4820, Eli, Jr. and Leona Hostetler; Evelyn Fry-singer; Erma Hoke.
- Messiah Lighthouse Chapel**, 1175 Bailey St., Harrisburg, Penna. Joel E. and Faith Carlson; Anna Mary Rover; Anna F. Wolgemuth. Mildred Winger. Phone 26488.
- Orlando Mission**, 1712 Cook St., Orlando, Fla. Telephone 4312, Charles and Myrtle Nye; Docia Calhoun.
- Philadelphia Mission**, 3423 N. Second Street, Philadelphia, Penna. William and Anna Rosenberry; Anita Brechbill; Alice Romberger.

VACATION DELAYS PAPER

Since along with other industries of Nappanee, the E. V. Publishing House was closed for summer vacation from July 6-10, this issue of the Evangelical Visitor was mailed several days late.

The peace of him that has lived near to God is like the quiet, steady luster of the lighthouse lamp, startling no one, ever to be found when wanted, casting the same mild ray through the long night across the maddest billows that hurl their crests around the rock on which it stands.

—Robertson.

Stowe Mission, Stowe, Pa., Harold and Alice Wolgemuth.

Welland Mission, 36 Elizabeth Street, E. Welland, Ont., Pearl Jones; Pauline Hess. Phone 2192.

Rural Missions

- Cane Creek Mission**, Hollidaysburg, Penna. Hayden Walls, Pastor; Beulah Lehman, Florence Faus.
- Bloomfield, New Mexico**, c.o. Blanco Trading Post, Lynn and Elinor Nicholson; Rosa Eyster.
- Houghton Mission**, R. R. 1, Tillsonburg, Ont. Phone—Glenmeyer 22r14. Thomas and Marjorie Whiteside, Myrtle and Ruth Steckley, Luella Heise.
- Frogmore**—Alonzo Vannatter, pastor.
- Houghton Center and Walsingham** — T. Whiteside, pastor.
- Kentucky**—Bishop Wilbur Snider, Supt., Address, Office of the Superintendent, Brethren in Christ Work, Garlin, Ky.
- Fairview (Ella, Ky.)** Esther Ebersole; Esther Greenawalt.
- Knifley (Knifley, Ky.)** Irvin and Dorothy Kanode; Mary Heisey, Nurse.
- Garlin (Garlin, Ky.)** Robert and Edna Wengerd, Ida Lou Hane; Elizabeth Hess, Nurse.
- North Star Mission**, Meath Park Station, Saskatchewan, Earl and Ellen Brechbill.
- Carroll and Pulaski County, Allisonia, Virginia** Paul Wolgemuth, Supt., Ruth Wolgemuth;

RADIO BROADCASTS

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| CHVC, Niagara Falls, Ontario | 1600 Kcs. |
| "Call to Worship Hour" | |
| Each Sunday | 9:00-9:30 A.M. |
| CKPC, Brantford, Ontario | 1380 Kcs. |
| "Brethren in Christ Hour" | |
| Each Sunday 2:00—2:30 P. M. | |
| WMPC, Lapeer, Mich. | 1260 Kcs. |
| First Thursday of every month | 12:15-1:15 P. M. |
| Every Tuesday—transcription | 3:30 P. M.-3:45 P. M. |
| KOCS, Ontario, Calif. | 1510 Kcs. |
| "Morning Melodies" | |
| Each Sunday | 10:00 A. M.-10:15 A. M. |
| WCHA, Chambersburg, Pa. | 800 Kcs. |
| "The Gospel Tide Hour" | |
| Each Sunday | 7:30—8:00 A. M. |
| WCHA, Chambersburg, Pa. | 800 Kcs. |
| "Gospel Words and Music" | |
| Each Saturday 12:35—1:00 P. M. | |
| WNAR, Norristown, Pa. | 1110 Kcs. |
| "Gospel Words and Music" | |
| Each Sunday 2:30—3:00 P. M. | |
| WLBR, Lebanon, Pa. | 1270 Kcs. |
| "Gospel Words and Music" | |
| Each Saturday | 12:35—1:00 P. M. |
| WKJG, Fort Wayne, Indiana | 1380 Kcs. |
| "Gospel Words and Music" | |
| Each Sunday | 8:00—8:30 A.M. |
| WAND, Canton, Ohio | 900 Kcs. |
| "Christian Fellowship Mission" | |
| Each Sunday | 12:15-1:00 P. M. |
| WPF, Middletown, Ohio | 910 Kcs. |
| "Gospel Lighthouse Hour" | |
| Each Sunday 8:00 - 8:30 A. M. | |
| WRF, Worthington, Ohio | 880 Kcs. |
| "Brethren in Christ Radio Broadcast" | |
| Each Sunday | 7:30 - 8:00 A. M. |

Ninety per cent of all daily friction is caused by tone—mere tone of voice.

—Bennett.

ANNOUNCING OUR CAMPS

Holiness Camp Meetings

Bell Springs Church Grounds
Navarre, Kansas
August 14-21

Ontario Bible School, Fort Erie, Ontario
July 10-17

Roxbury, Pennsylvania
August 6-14

Dallas Center, Iowa
August 14-21

Memorial Holiness Camp, West Milton, Ohio
August 20-28

Young Married People's Conferences

Messiah College, Grantham, Pa.
August 21

O'dell Bible Camp
Lakeville, Ohio
July 29-31

Youth Conferences

Grantham Youth Conference
Messiah College, Grantham, Pa.
August 24-28

Indiana Youth Conference
Fetter's Grove, Wakarusa, Indiana
August 4-7

Kansas Youth Conference
Camp Wa-shun-ga
August 29, 30, 31

Oklahoma Youth Conference
Jabbok Bible School, Thomas, Oklahoma
September 2-4

Weddings

EWALD-STARR—On June 17 at 1:30 p.m., Sr. Shirley Winnifred, daughter of Eld. and Mrs. F. Kenneth Starr of Gladwin, Michigan, became the bride of Bro. Albert H. Ewald, son of Mrs. Phebe Hostetler also of Gladwin, Mich. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride at the home of the groom's sister in Detroit, Mich.

LONG-STERN—On June 25 at 4:00 p.m., Sr. Mary Kathryn Stern, daughter of Bro. and Sr. Earl K. Stern of Mill Hall, Pa., became the bride of Bro. Alden Monroe Long, son of Bro. and Sr. Jesse N. Long of Mill Hall, Pa. The wedding ceremony took place in the Cedar Springs Church in the presence of many relatives and friends. Bishop Henry S. Miller officiated.

May the blessings of the Lord rest upon this marriage as Bro. and Sr. Long engage in active service for Him.

MANN-BUCKWALTER—On June 4, at 2:30 P.M. in the Graterford Brethren in Christ Church, Bro. Ethan Mann, son of Bro. and Sr. Leighton Mann, Clayton, Ohio, and Sr. Mildred Buckwalter, daughter of Bro. and Sr. David Buckwalter of Trappe, Pa., were united in marriage in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends.

The ceremony was performed by Bishop Jacob H. Bowers.

May the blessing of God be theirs through a long useful life.

McILROY-BAKER—Marion Ruth Baker, eldest daughter of Bro. and Sr. Ralph Baker of Fordwich, Ontario, and Vernon McIlroy of Kurtzville, Ontario, were united in marriage at

MISSIONARY FAREWELL

The farewell service for Sisters Mabel Frey and Mary Brenaman was held at the Messiah Home, Harrisburg, Pa., on July 10, Sunday evening, at 7:00 o'clock. They will be sailing on a cargo ship (taking twelve passengers), the "City of Durham" of the Norton Lily Line, leaving from the Bush Docks, Brooklyn. The date for leaving is Friday, July 15. The passage is direct to Capetown.

OKLAHOMA YOUTH CONFERENCE

The 2nd annual Oklahoma Youth Conference will be held the week-end of September 2, 3, 4, on the campus of Jabbok Bible School, Thomas, Oklahoma.

Guest speakers will be: Bro. Alvin Burkholder of Upland, California, Bishop Henry A. Ginder of Manheim, Pa.

YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE

The Central Conference District Young Married People's Conference will be held at the O'dell Bible Camp near Lakeville, Ohio, July 29-31.

Speakers will include Bishop E. J. Swalm of Duntroon, Ontario, and Jacob G. Kuhns of Nappanee, Indiana.

To reach O'dell Bible Camp follow route 3 to the intersection of 3 and 179. Then follow 179 south to Lakeville. Signs will direct from Lakeville to the camp.

HOME COMING FOR ZION

On Sunday, July 24, Home Coming will be observed at the Zion Church near Abilene, Kansas. Services are planned for the whole day, including Sunday School at 9:45 a.m., 11:00 o'clock worship service and an afternoon program.

Special music and guest speakers are being provided. Noon refreshments will be served in the church dining room.

All are invited to these services, but especially those who in former years worshipped at this place.

the home of Eld. C. I. Cullen, officiating minister, on Saturday, June 18 at 2 P.M.

The bride and groom will reside on a farm near the Wallace United Missionary Church where Bro. McIlroy holds membership. May God's blessing prosper them with much usefulness in His service.

WITTER-MOYER—On Saturday, June 18, at 2 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Titus Moyer of Silverdale, Pa., Miss Gertrude Moyer, their only daughter, became the bride of Paul E. Witter, son of Bishop R. I. and Ruth Witter of Navarre, Kansas.

The groom's father officiated. They expect to reside at the bride's home for the present, the groom being employed in an accounting office at Souderton. May the Lord's richest blessing attend them through life.

Births

FOHRINGER—On July 4 a son, Gary Lynn, was born to Bro. Ray D. and Marian (Miller) Fohringer of Mill Hall, Pa.—a brother for Danny (Ray Daniel, Jr.). Bro. and Sr. Fohringer are members of the Cedar Springs congregation.

ALLEMAN—Bro. and Sr. Dean Alleman are the parents of a baby boy, Joel Myron, born May 28 at Dallas Center, Iowa.

ENGLE—Mr. and Mrs. LaMar Engle of Abilene, Kansas, are the parents of a son, Mil-lard Gale, born June 10.

HILSHER—Bro. and Sr. Clarence Hilsher are the proud parents of a daughter, Frances Marie,

GRANTHAM YOUTH CONFERENCE

The annual Grantham Youth Conference will convene on the campus of Messiah College from August 24 to 28. The Junior Conference will be in session from Wednesday morning to Friday morning. The Senior Conference will be in session from Friday afternoon through Sunday evening.

Plan to keep these dates open. Watch for further announcements in July.

K. B. Hoover, Director

YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE

A conference for young married people is being planned, for August 21 on the Messiah College campus. You will want to keep this date open and watch for further announcements later in the summer.

K. B. Hoover, Director

NEW BOOK AVAILABLE

We are happy to announce the completion of NONRESISTANCE UNDER TEST, a new book compiled by Bishop E. J. Swalm. This excellent study of both the basic principles and the practice of peace as a way of life is written by no less than twenty men and women, all of whom were actively engaged in relief, guidance, pastoral work or civilian public service in the late World War. E. V. Publishing House, Nappanee, Ind., \$2.00.

born May 19.

Bro. and Sr. Hilsher are members of the Conoy congregation.

PECKMAN—Bro. and Sr. Lester Peckman of St. Thomas, Pa., R. 1, are the happy parents of a son, Lowell Wingert Peckman, born June 27, at the Chambersburg Hospital. A brother for Gerald.

HERR—On May 9, a son, Harlan George, came to bless the home of Bro. and Sr. Harold Herr, New Carlisle, Ohio. A brother for Rowena Ruthann.

MAGGERT—Rose Freida was born May 27 to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Maggert, West Milton, Ohio.

GRABILL—To Bro. and Sr. David Grabill of Goshen, Indiana, a baby girl, Ruth Anne, on June 21.

Obituaries

BRECHBILL—Henrietta Elizabeth Brechbill, daughter of Bishop Henry and Fannie Rice Davidson, was born near Smithville, Ohio, March 13, 1865, and departed this life June 6, at the age of 84 years, 2 months and 23 days. She leaves to mourn her loss one brother, Albert Davidson, Chicago, Ill.; 7 children, Albert H., Grantham, Pa.; Mrs. Marcus Blosser, Goshen, Ind.; Mrs. Clarence Heise, Welland, Ont.; Mrs. H. M. Amstutz, Lancaster, Ohio; John J., Hammond, Ind.; Mrs. Jesse Coffing, Battle Creek, Mich.; and Mrs. Jesse F. Lady, Upland, Calif.; 21 grandchildren and 19 great grandchildren. Her husband John Brechbill, one son Frank D. and one daughter Elmo, preceded her in death.

At the age of 21 Sr. Brechbill was united in marriage to John Brechbill and soon after both she and her husband gave their lives to the Lord and united with the Brethren in Christ Church to which they were faithful through out life. They lived on the Brechbill homestead in the Garrett community for nearly fifty years after which they went to the Messiah Home in Harrisburg, Pa.

Funeral services were conducted at the Messiah Home Wednesday, June 8, with Rev. Henry Frey in charge after which the body was sent to Indiana for further services and burial under the direction of Rev. J. W. Hoover.

"A full shock of wheat has been laid in the hands of the Gleaner. Here in her well-loved home community her mortal remains will rest by the side of those of her husband until the glorious dawning of the resurrection morning, to be ever at Home with the Lord."

With the Church

On the Foreign Field

VILLAGE VISITING

Sunday morning dawned bright but not clear this time. There were many clouds—were they rain clouds or clouds of the impending cold? As we had hoped they did not bring rain.

Seven o'clock and all were supposed to be ready for our trek. Some were late—but the native would say, what is the difference of a matter of a few minutes when you have the whole day before you. Donna Faye ran out quickly to say good-by and wish us well. She was not going with us this time. Our group was made up of Sr. Graybill, myself, teacher Jonathan Muleya and seven of the standard six boys.

Our first stop was at Nacibanga's village. Many of the people were in their gardens, but as we went along, the boys were sent out to the huts and near by gardens where we passed to bring the people in to the headman's hut. Our group was not very large but the Lord met with us.

Ammon spoke here using John 14:1-7 as his text. A young Mother raised her hand for prayer, also the head man of the village. Nacibanga is very old and the father of four girls who have been Christians. The one is the wife of teacher Moses Munsaka; another the wife of one of the teachers at Jembo Mission; another is still in school just near the Mission here. The other one was just given back to her parents, and her husband Isaac has taken two other wives. If there are other children, I do not know them. The father has known of the way of Christ but has hardened his heart. Let us pray that yet he may find his way to God and leave a testimony of the saving grace of God to his people.

Our next village was that of Isaac, the one mentioned in the previous paragraph. At this village Jeremiah spoke using as his text these two verses: "No man can serve two masters" and "For the wages of sin is death." Very fitting words for this village. Isaac has been spoken to by the Missionaries about his sin but has closed his heart to the words of truth. He is another for whom we should pray. And not him only but the two young girls with whom he is living in sin.

The headman of the next village was a former school boy at Sikalongo, James Muddenda. He had an eye infection, so he heard our message from his hut. The rest gathered just outside. We had our largest crowd at this village and the most of them were children. Andrea spoke here using the parable of the ten virgins as the theme of his thoughts. Here the first wife of the headman asked for prayer, also several of the children.

After the service we gave the children some Sunday School cards that had been sent from home to Sr. Graybill. The children were very interested in them and also the adults. They finally got courage to ask if they could have some, too. They have so little in the line of pictures, but they do not last long on the walls of their huts, as they are not protected from ants.

This is a summary of one Sunday of village visiting. Groups of the Standard six boys have gone out visiting all of the villages within five miles of the Mission and some of the villages have been visited twice. We had hoped to visit all of them at least

two times, but there were not enough Sundays after the rains were over. We do pray that the word that has gone out will bring forth much fruit. The harvest truly is great. Pray for us as we continue to labor in this part of the harvest field.

Rhoda G. Lenhert
Sikalongo Mission

In The Homeland

Highland, West Milton, Ohio

In December a young couple left our midst for mission work at Grants Pass, Ore. They were Bro. and Sr. Hess Brubaker (Sr. Mildred Kniesly). We miss them in our Sunday School and Church services. We pray the Lord will bless and use them in the work of the Lord.

On April 20, Sr. Virginia Engle left our midst and went to the Mt. Carmel Home in Illinois. We miss her in the Sunday School and Church services. We pray God's blessing to be upon her. May she be made a blessing in her new field of labor.

On May 28-29, we enjoyed another Love Feast at Highland with Bishop Henry Schneider of Merrill, Michigan, as guest speaker. He came in our midst filled with the Holy Spirit and gave wonderful messages, which were an inspiration to the Saints and gave conviction to the unbeliever.

At the Sunday morning service Bishop Schneider gave an inspirational message, pointing out the value of living a consecrated life. A number knelt at the altar for prayer. We are glad for those who received help. We are praising the Lord for the way He manifested His presence in our midst. We appreciated the presence of Sr. Henry Schneider.

On Sunday evening, June 5, Eld. and Sr. Allen Buckwalter gave us a descriptive account of their work in India. May the Lord bless their consecrated lives and help them to win many souls for Christ.

Treva Engle

Granville, Pa.

After Sunday School on July 3 we all gathered on the bank of the Juniata River where Bishop Luke Keefer baptized twelve precious souls who were blessed by obeying the Lord. Elder Monroe Dourte of Mannheim was also with us; he had come to be our Evangelist for the tent meeting which had opened in Ferguson Saturday, July 2.

Brother Dourte has brought rich truth and heart touching sermons each night. Thus far much interest is shown and good attendance in spite of all the intense heat under the tent. But God saw that we needed rain and cooled the air with wonderful showers of blessing for which we are praising Him. We are also glad to have with us Sr. Naomi Wolgemuth to help along in the tent work. The meeting will continue till July 17. Come and help along as you can. The tent is near to where it was last year, across the road from where the new Ferguson Valley Church will be built on Brother Jesse Yoder's field.

Ruth M. Freed

I would that I had a thousand lives and a thousand bodies, that I might devote them all to no other employment than preaching the Gospel to those who have never heard the joyful sound.—Robert Moffat.

Praising God

E. Adams

Praise is a "soul in flower." It is the privilege of every plant of the Father's planting to offer the sacrifice of praise to God, giving thanks to His Name. Worship is joy in God expressed, and singing is our commonest vehicle of our praise to God and our joy in Him; it is one of the most natural and certainly the most popular accompaniment of the worship of the regenerated human spirit as it is stimulated by the Divine Spirit: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

Worship does not consist in forcing the mind into certain thought-forms, nor in the repetition of the customary phraseology of worship. A cramped mind usually means a cramped spirit. In our anxiety to keep a meeting on worship lines may we not be in danger of defeating our own object by hindering the free working of the Holy Spirit?

Worship is nothing without the spirit of worship; and the spirit of worship resides in the very nature of the new life which we received when we received Christ. The regenerated human spirit, when quickened by the Spirit of God, and made humble, pure, free, and active, cannot but worship its Redeemer and Father; and anything that stimulates the new life in the believer is an aid to worship.

Our heart is a spiritual temple in which it is our privilege and joy constantly to adore the Lord.

Able to Give Proof

A great artist was once wandering in the mountains of Switzerland when some officials demanded his passport, "I do not have it with me," he replied, "but my name is Dore."

"Prove it, if you are," replied the officers, knowing of Dore, but not believing that this was he.

Taking a piece of paper, the artist hastily sketched a group of peasants standing near—with such skill and grace that the officials exclaimed, "Enough! You are Dore."

The world about us cares little about what we say we are, but is certainly interested in seeing us prove it. If we are truly Christ's we ought to be able to manifest it by our lives. Our love, grace, beauty and holiness of life ought to prove our affection—not just on Sundays, but every day, at home, at work, anywhere.

—Youth Challenge.

As Thyself

Ray M. Zercher

WHILE THE ABILITY to think and to recall is human, it is also human to forget. We need to exert conscious effort "lest we forget" and thus neglect our Christian duties. We become indifferent to any stimulus after a period of repeated exposure to it. And so a neighbor's need may appear less and less demanding with a repeated appeal.

From the press and radio we still hear accounts of distress and need among the world's hungry and homeless. It is true we may not find these reports in the headlines. We may need to turn a page or two to find them. Newsmen have a way of playing upon the more spectacular, and the world has long ago come to take even human distress as commonplace. Measures are taken to ward off any occasion of jeopardy to our own welfare by existing conditions. And so, if the need is not right next door, we may soon be able to overlook these demands and turn our attention to more immediate pursuits where our own welfare is more directly concerned.

Perhaps we expect nothing more than this of the world in general, but what can we say of the church? Are we as sensitive to world needs as we were three, four or five years ago? The need for the repeated appeal by our Relief and Service Committee might be an indication that we need to check our sense of Christian duty and stewardship.

In so doing we need not look somewhere beyond our own sphere of living. We will be checking the mainspring of our intimate Christian lives. Stewardship is not a phase of life but a way of living. It is but an expression of the basic principle of love which should motivate every action.

We need look no further than to the Golden Rule for a measure whereby to check our position and course. Certainly no one has yet needed to look for a higher standard than to love as he is of himself loved. But do Christians love themselves? "No man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth it and cherisheth it even as the Lord the church," (Ephesians 5:29.) We carry with us then an accurate guide to our social responsibility. Christian love will constrain us to consider our neighbor's welfare with as much concern as our own.

Sometimes the challenge to share is met with a series of questions as to whom, how, where, and to what extent shall I give. Such questions may betray a desire for a pattern for giving which, if we follow, we may lay aside absolved of further obligation. Sharing, which is only one phase of Christian stewardship, is rather a form of spiritual exercise. To be genuine it cannot be directive or according to a legalistic formula. When we have come to recognize

this truth we shall be seeking opportunities to invest for God under His guidance. We need not fear that He will ask for more than He is able to supply. This attitude will then lead us to a keener sense of stewardship and of gratitude to God who has blessed us so that we might not only give of our surplus but share of our means.

Genuine Christian stewardship then is neither a matter of legalism nor is it self-conscious sentimentalism. Sentiment would prompt us to give to those who we know will respond with appreciation. Gratitude has its place and is certainly a recognized virtue. But a desire for gratitude is not the motive for Christian giving. Christian love transcends all cheap sentimentalism and looks to the welfare of our neighbor regardless of friendship or enmity, gratitude or ingratitude.

A careless and haphazard dispensing of our material resources cannot be considered true to Christian principle any more than are legalistic and sentimental giving. We need to exercise systematic care in making investments for God just as we do in caring for our own needs. Simply to have given may not be enough. We need to give with a desire that our gift may count for the most in the kingdom of God.

Finally, we need to give cheerfully for "God loveth a cheerful giver." As in our

exchange of gifts among friends, it is the spirit with which the gift is given that really counts. Who with his gift also gives himself, he has truly given. Such a giver will not be forgotten though he will likely have forgotten his giving.

—Goshen, Indiana.

Five Important Minutes

When I was a child we had a "five minute rule" in our house. What it meant was that we were all to be ready for school five minutes before we actually had to leave.

We were a large family and that extra five-minutes was prayer time for Mother and us children. The place was wherever Mother happened to be when we were all ready to leave. Sometimes it was the kitchen, other times the living room or bedroom, or even out on the porch. But we all kneeled while Mother asked a blessing on each of us individually and thanked the Lord for His provision for us. Often all of our names were spoken and some special blessing asked for each.

If a neighborhood child dropped in to walk to school with us (and neighbors often did), they were included in our prayer circle, too.

When the prayer was finished, there came a kiss for each, and we were off.

Those were Five Important Minutes to each of us.—Adelaide Blanton, in "Christian Digest."

The Lights of Home

Eleanor M. Tucker

Art thou weary and discouraged?

Loved ones gone; life's hopes all fled?

Look, Beloved, there before thee

Lights of Home shine just ahead!

As the Traveler journeying homeward

Sees afar the welcome light,

Like a beacon set to guide him

Through the darkness of the night.

Tho' the way thou now must journey,

Lonely is; the dearest gone;

Trust! The One who died to save thee

Through the desert leads thee on.

Though thine heart is oft times weary;

Tho' thy stumbling footsteps stray;

He who loves thee, lives to keep thee;

Guides thee onward toward the Day.

Soon the journey will be over,

His own voice will bid thee come!

Rest and welcome shall enfold thee

Once within the realms of Home!

Home! Where loved ones fast are gath'ring,

Home! Where all is joy and light!

Home! Where doors are barred forever

'Gainst Earth's sorrows, and its night!

Home! Where love that never ceaseth,

Hath for Thee "a place prepared."

There where angels wait to serve thee,

There shall joys with Him be shared!

Home! Where He, the Shepherd, gathers

His loved Sheep within the Fold.

Hark! E'en now we hear them singing,

"Lo, the half hath not been told."

See this Blessed Hope before thee,

Ever cheering through the gloom;

Shining with Celestial brightness,

See ahead, the Lights of Home!

Would I Do It Again?

Mrs. Charles E. Cowman

IT IS A tremendous moment in the life of a young Christian when he comes to the realization that he has only one life to live, and one day he will be called upon to render an account to *God* of how it was spent. Such a moment came to me in the year 1900.

On the sacred Lord's Day morning, while attending a service of worship, I heard the voice of *Jesus* calling, "Come with Me to the land afar, and together we will seek for the lost and dying." Six years before I had found *Him*, the One altogether lovely, and *He* had found me, a lost soul, and my name was written in the *Lamb's Book of life*. Later on, in a small room in the church where Scriptural holiness was preached, I saw that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord," and that "this is the will of God, even your sanctification." I yielded to *Him* my all, body, soul and spirit, to be *His* eternally. The offering was accepted, and the *Holy Spirit* entered *His* temple. He taught me how to watch and pray, to walk with *Him* in a life of obedience.

The sermon that morning was not upon missions, nor had I before this time given heathendom a particular place in my thoughts other than that it was my duty to make a contribution to missions once each year. How far away the lost heathen were from my life! Alas, how close were they to the great loving, throbbing heart of my *Lord* and *Saviour*! As I sat in my cushioned pew in beautiful Grace Methodist Church, Chicago, and looked at the stained glass windows, heard the singing of the sacred anthems, I somehow *knew* that no longer I belonged there. "Somewhere a voice was calling," calling for me. The Master seemed to be walking alone along the roadways in heathen lands. Yes, *He* was walking alone, all alone as if nobody cared. And into my heart came a deep longing to be out there with *Him*, sharing *His* burden. As I desperately needed *Him*, so I felt that *He* needed me, yes, even me—a vessel of fragile clay. *He* needed my hands, my feet, my voice; and right there on that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday morning another fresh altar was made, and I accepted *His* appointment to become a missionary of the Cross. Mine the ordination of *His* pierced hands.

Years of service in heathen lands followed this step of obedience. To thousands of souls who sat in the very shadow of death, life sprang up. Following my *Lord* on the missionary trail brought both pleasure and pain, gladness and sorrow, trials but triumphs, overweights of joy alongside depths of soul agony, and somehow they counterbalanced. There were privileges as well as perils. Some of earth's rarest saints,

men and women who, like Paul, had counted the cost and left all that they might win *Christ*, were among those I met on the "trail." *He* often permitted deep black clouds to become a canvas on which to reveal *His* glory. Shipwrecks became our portion, but with them we had the companionship of the *Storm King* who always arose at the precise moment and hushed the seas to quiet. A sacred fellowship with *Him* was often found, after reading John 7:53 and 8:1, "Every man went unto his own house. *Jesus* went unto the mount of Olives." When bombs laid our dwellings to ashes and our temporary abiding places were torn up by the roots, and we were led from one place to another, truly the earth seemed to have no resting place; but we could say in the midst of it,

"Fade, fade, each earthly joy, *Jesus* is mine."

"This world, this world is not my home."

Would I exchange my place with an earthly queen? No, not I for nothing is sweeter than to walk with the *Master* o'er moonless seas and through howling tempests! To those who go is the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the close of the age." Often through my missionary years there would be moments when I would stop to take an inventory. Such seasons always resulted in widening vision, seeing farther horizons, taking higher ground, possessing new possessions, going forward, onward, ever onward!

That "there is no discharge in this war" has often been driven home to my heart. Unexpectedly were we confronted with decisions that meant fresh altars, if we would continue in our walk with *Him* along the missionary trail. Every missionary *God* calls is confronted with such seasons, and a good motto to hang upon the walls of our hearts is the words of Scripture, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God." Remember, it is uphill all the way to the City-of-Rest, but *One* climbs beside us, and "the joy of the Lord is your strength." May I be permitted to pass on several experiences along the way?

Outside the gates of the ancient city Seoul, Korea, on a lone hilltop is an old cemetery. Here, alongside a row of elms, is the grassy mound where a woman, young in years, sleeps, awaiting the daybreak o'er

To carry on Foreign Missions—
Some one must go
Some one must give
Some one must pray.

the hills, the glorious Resurrection morning. While still in her teens she heard her *Saviour* calling her to follow *Him* out where the darkness lies deep. Joyfully she had left her home and loved ones, and with hand in *His* had walked the Korean roads with *Him* for fifteen years. One night *He* said to her, "You have walked far enough," and the gates of pearl swung open and she entered the City of rest to go no more out! Her beautiful *Christ-filled life* reflected a light never seen on sea or land. Hundreds of Korean women had caught its radiance and followed the gleam. Written in stone also was the testimony she left for those who would wend their way to the silent city. And these were the words engraved on the simple gray stone that marked her resting place:

"Had I a thousand lives to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine!"

My visit to that six foot of sacred earth in 1936 left an indelible impression upon me. Only one life. What if she had missed *His* plan! Her term of service was fifteen brief years. Mine had already been thirty-five years. The prayer of my heart was, "The next step, O *Lord*, reveal to *Thy* handmaiden," and the answer came soon thereafter, when the *Lord* of the harvest met me at another crossroad and, pointing to the unevangelized nations of the world, bade me away to the fields, saying, "Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the harvest of the earth is overripe!" The call was so insistent, *His* will so perfectly plain, the conviction so dominant, that it led me to wrench up the roots of half a lifetime and launch forth into hitherto untrodden pathways along new missionary trails. Until this time the Oriental Missionary Society, of which Charles E. Cowman was the founder, served only in the Orient. Now came the call to European nations. We began following the trail, and crusades were launched in twenty-eight nations for the purpose of getting the Gospel message to every creature in our generation.

One day in 1936, during the itinerary in Egypt, I visited the American and British cemetery just outside the city of Cairo. My beloved fellow missionary, Oswald Chambers author of "*My Utmost for His Highest*," while ministering as a chaplain to the Armed Forces, had fallen asleep and was buried here. My deeply loved young missionary friend, "Borden of Yale," answered the call of *Christ* to the Mohammedans in central China. That he might perfect his study of Arabic, he passed through Egypt, did a marvelous work of witnessing to *Christ's* saving power, and within sixteen weeks he had finished his course and gone into the presence of the Lord.

William Borden was the only son of a millionaire, but one day he met the *Master* face-to-face, his gold grew dim, and after distributing his vast fortune, he arose and

Christian Ethics Demand Service

Jane Eyer

THE MOST important discovery in life is to come to a realization of a God who rules over all the universe. I like the concept of Kant who thought that the universe demands God. When we consider the dynamic laws and forces which are present in the universe and the way in which they work together in harmony, how can we doubt the existence of an omnipotent being behind these forces. Not only does the universe demand God, but man, being a part of the universe, has within him a constant inner longing for something supernatural, and this is only satisfied when he finds God in a personal way.

When man comes to a personal realization of God, he should also be completely subject to His Will. As the Stoics believed that man was a part of the universal nature and should be subject to natural laws, the Christian, having within him a part of the universal nature of God, should be completely subject to the laws and Will of God. Instead of regarding occurrences as being expressions of the universal nature, we should regard them as expressions of the Will of God and bear them courageously just as the Stoics believed in doing.

left all to follow *Him*. Alone? Yes, alone for pure love's sake! A plain marble slab completely covers his mound, and these are the words engraven thereon, "*William Borden, aged twenty-five years.*"

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15.

"Why this waste?" do we exclaim? Nay, not wasted! For "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Hundreds of college youth have stepped into the gap and are in the various mission fields of the world.

Who sleeps in the mound at his right? An American missionary, a woman ninety-six years of age who had spent sixty years in Egypt. What a record! What a challenge! And she "being dead, yet speaketh." Yes, *He* is now speaking to me in this strange place and calling, calling, "To the nations, to the nations!"

Unexpected joys were mine as I followed my *Lord* alone. One day I could sing as a reality the sweet song. "I walked today where Jesus walked," for the trail led through old Jerusalem, the little town of Bethlehem, Nazareth, Mount Carmel. The days spent there were like Heaven upon earth, and a new service was mine with the Jews and Arabs and a mixed multitude of people. Many hours were spent in the Garden where my *Saviour* oft went to pray

Because all men have within them a part of the universal nature of God, we should regard them as brothers, and not esteem ourselves higher than anyone else. The Christian should spend his life in humble service to society in the way God thinks him best fitted to serve. Also, because all men should be held in equal esteem with ourselves and are ends in themselves, we should never use them as a means to attain our own ends as the Epicureans did in seeking their own selfish pleasure first.

Pleasure should never be the end in the life of the Christian. He need not continually seek for happiness, but if his life is spent in the service of Christ and society, happiness and true joy will unconsciously become realities in his life.

I am inclined to agree with Kant when he said that we should live as though our actions would be universal law. I think the Christian should be especially careful in this point. Our influence which we exert as being in accordance with the Will of God should be that which would help others rather than hinder them.

In order to make our lives worth living and successful, we should have an aim in life to give a motive and meaning. Only then will we have something that will enable us to keep climbing no matter how rough the road becomes. An aim will make life more vital and meaningful and give us a goal toward which we can strive with a will and purpose.

As far as my own personal aim is concerned, I would say that it is to make my life count for Christ and society, that I may in some way, though it may be small, make this world a better place because I have lived.—*Messiah College.*

'neath the old olive trees. One day, with an Arab as a guide, I climbed up *Calvary*. He said to me, when we had reached the summit, "This is the very spot where the cross was uplifted and where the *Messiah* gave us *His* life, crying, 'It is finished!'" What soul depths were stirred as I thought of *His* sacrifice. For whose sake did *He* climb *Calvary's* Hill, and for whom did *He* die? Was it alone for me? Nay, *He* thought of the black man, the brown, the yellow, every race and every color. *Calvary* included them all! Had they heard of *Calvary* even once?

Coming down from *Golgotha* we entered another garden where they had laid *Him* after that awful day of tragedy. The rock-hewn tomb was empty, and entering the small door we found the stone seat on which an angel clothed in white had sat on that morning when the women came "while it was yet dark." Their mourning was turn-

"Give God a chance:
We say we cannot do some heavy task,
Our faith is dim;
And so we vainly try, nor think to leave
The task with Him;
We pray to Him for help, with little faith,
We know we'll fail,
While He is simply waiting for our trust
That is so frail;
Give God a chance!"

ed into rejoicing, and in our own heart was a song of exaltation and we sang in that empty tomb:

"Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives forever with His saints to reign;
He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!"

Following our guide, we walked along another dusty roadway leading to Mount Olivet. Here *He* led *His* little flock to give them *His* parting message. During *His* three earthly years *He* had taught them words of truth, had admonished them; but now, *O* beloved, hearken, let us bend a listening ear to hear *His* last spoken words ere the heavens received *Him* out of sight and angelic hosts came to escort Him in triumph to His Father. It was a word of command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!" In their hands He left the bread that would feed the world's hunger and the cup that would quench their thirst, and yonder on the *Cross* the Blood that *He* had shed. *His* voice reached my ears on that memorable day, and an utter abandonment was made to follow *Him* e'en down to old age and to never retire. Little did I know at that time that *He* had reserved the best of the wine for the last of the feast, for a few months later the trail led to Cuba, Haiti, Mexico, and the land of the Southern Cross, the greatest challenge in our generation.

Jesus said, "other sheep I have, them also I must bring." He had a compelling "must" in His life. God baptize us with the same compulsion, and a "Woe is me," if I fail to obey His last commission.

After these awful years of world war and the storm of Satan's wrath lies spent for a time, God's missionary program still stands! To give the Gospel to the world is our supreme and inescapable obligation. I am eager for a share in world evangelization!

After forty-five years of experience as a missionary would I do it again, do you ask? *Yes, a thousand times Yes!*

"Think not of rest, though dreams be sweet,
Start up and ply your Heavenward feet,
Is not God's oath upon your head?
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed.
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die.
Till when the shadows thickest fall
Ye hear your Master's midnight call!"

God's Revivalist.

The Drop of Oil We Forget

Edgar L. Vincent

WHAT WAS that smell? The engine fireman stopped on his round of the train at a wayside station and lifted his head as that peculiar odor came to his nostrils. He had smelled that same thing many times before and knew it meant danger.

But the train was already a few minutes behind its schedule. It would only delay matters still more if he were to ferret that smell to its source. He leaped aboard the engine. The bell rang. The engineer pulled his throttle wide open, off for the next station. It would be all right till they reached another stopping place. Then he would find out where that smell of burning oil came from.

Not easy in his mind, the fireman kept leaning out of his window and looking back to see if everything were all right. Halfway between stations he caught a glimpse of a little tongue of flame coming from one of the trucks under the coal tender. Now he realized that something must be done and done quickly. He called to the engineer. The train was brought to a standstill. The smoking wheel had to be opened up and the blazing waste taken out, the axle cooled, for it was almost red hot, and new packing and oil put in before the train could proceed.

The work had been done hurriedly, however, and three or four times before the end of the run the cooling, the repacking and the oiling had to be done. Instead of being a few minutes late the train wheeled into the station more than half an hour late, a crippled, damaged engine, limping along to the roundhouse, all because the needed drop of oil had not been applied at the right time.

It was late when you woke this morning. The sun was shining in at your window. You bounded out of bed in a hurry, dressed as quickly as you could, snatched a bit of breakfast and away to the work of the day. But things have not gone at all well with you today. Work dragged. You have felt irritated, often without seeming cause. More than once you have tried to pull yourself together and get a new hold upon your work.

What was the matter? Ah, you knew all too well. You did not take the time when the day was at its springing to get down on your knees and whisper a word of prayer, committing yourself and your ways to the Lord. On the stand close by your bed lay the Book. You did not even glance toward it. It lies there now, a mute reminder of what you missed this morning—the one drop of oil that would have smoothed the wheels of life the whole day long. Did it pay?

How do you think the friend would feel about that to whom you spoke sharply a little while ago, and all for no other reason than that the machinery of your life was dragging for lack of that drop of oil, to be found only in God's Word? He might look at you in surprise, for this was not like you, and he would surely go away pained and perhaps, who knows? He may never feel toward you just as he did before.

And something has gone out of your life that it will be difficult to replace. The hurt engine may run into the shop and be made as good as new again. The process will be costly. Neglect and carelessness are always

expensive. But no one but God can heal the hurt of the soul.

Down on your knees then, not tonight, not tomorrow morning, but now. Cry for pardon! Get right with God! He for Christ's sake will forgive you and then, yes, then and forever afterward, remember the Source of your strength!

—*Christian Life Missionary.*

The most destructive criticism has not been able to dethrone Christ as the incarnation of perfect holiness. The waves of a tossing and restless sea of unbelief break at His feet, and He stands still the supreme model, the inspiration of great souls, the rest of the weary, the fragrance of all Christendom, the one divine flower in the Garden of God.—*Herrick Johnson.*

Little... But Wise!

Marjorie I. Eastman

HAVE YOU EVER watched an ant hill? I remember once I stumbled across one on a warm summer afternoon. It was right in the heart of a wood.

The first thing that attracted my attention was a dark line through the grass. I looked again. It was teeming with thousands of ants. Following the little trail, I soon noticed that there were others like it. They came from all directions, and seemed to be heading for the same spot.

On I went. At last, there it was. Under the sheltering branches of a fir tree was a huge ant hill. Really, it was a monster. It must have stood about three feet high, and was equally as wide. I stood very still and listened. Presently I could hear a faint hum. It was like the bustling noise of a large city heard from a great distance.

Leaning over, I closely watched the activity in these little highways that led from the heart of the hill. Ants were going and ants were coming. The outgoing ants traveled speedily, as if on important errands. However, the in-coming ants traveled slowly and with difficulty. There was not one that did not have a load.

There were six of them struggling with a dead grasshopper. Others had beetles, and dead insects of all sorts. These ants were doing just what the Bible says they do. If you look up Proverbs 6:6-8, this is what you will find:

"Go to the ant—consider her ways, and be wise: Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, Provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in harvest."

If God who created these little creatures cared enough about them to give them these wise instincts, how much more must He

care for you and me to whom He has given ever-living souls.

As I watched, I noticed that a large part of the activity had stopped. I moved a bit. The ants carried on again. I leaned over once more. The ants played dead. Then I saw that wherever my shadow fell, the ants became motionless. They sensed some possible danger coming between them and the sun.

This reminded me of a story I once heard.

A gentleman was watching an ant hill. He, too, noticed the alarm it caused when his shadow fell across the ants. He thought to himself, "Now, how could I let those little ants know that I will not harm them? How could I tell them that I am a friend and not an enemy?"

Finally he came to the conclusion that only by becoming an ant himself, yet keeping his own personality and human qualities, could he tell the ants what was in his mind.

Centuries ago God looked down upon this world. He saw many people busily rushing around not knowing or caring about Him. He loved them and wanted them to love Him. How could He tell them? How could He make them understand?

He found the way. It was sending His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, into the world with a message of love and salvation.

I would not want to leave this world to become a little ant, would you? Of course not. Is it not wonderful, then, that the Lord Jesus Christ was willing to leave the glorious beauty of Heaven to come into this sinful world to die for us, so that we may one day live with Him?

—*Evangelical Christian.*

Well Holes and Hell Holes

Editorial in The National Voice

The well hole which brought a tragic death to 3½-year-old Kathy Fiscus has been obliterated, but the nearly 500,000 hell holes in this country which are bringing an even more tragic death to other girls and boys and men and women are still left wide open.

The whole Nation—and even people in other nations around the world—followed the dramatic rescue attempt in San Marino, California, almost breathlessly, and sorrowed with the parents when Kathy was found—dead. But little or no heed is paid to the hundreds of thousands of children either killed, orphaned, or made drunkards by the wide-open licensed, legal hell holes of the liquor traffic.

Kathy's death—tragic as it was—cannot well be laid to anyone's criminal act or negligence. It was, probably as nearly as any such happening can be, purely an accident. Still, in order to make sure that no similar accident should take another innocent life, a great searching out of open well holes has been going on, and, wherever they have been found, they have been properly capped and rendered harmless. And all this is most proper, something that needed to be done.

But, while the well holes are being eliminated, the hell holes are being augmented. New ones are constantly being opened up for unsuspecting youth to fall into—and

Gentleness and Courtesy

We know many agreeable sinners, and we know of some disagreeable saints. A saint should never be disagreeable, for there is no virtue in having an ugly disposition or bad manners. Let us determine to wage unceasing warfare upon our own eccentricities, but let us determine to be patient with the eccentricities of others. Though we cannot get away from disagreeable people, we can do wonders toward reducing the number of disagreeable people in the world. The method is simple. Let us cultivate amiability. Let us learn to laugh. The muscles of our faces are growing stiff, and as these muscles grow stiff we grow homely. After awhile we shall make the wonderful discovery that we are not meeting so many disagreeable people as formerly. It is wonderful that we can change the world by changing ourselves, but it is true nevertheless. Jesus emphasized the gentler virtues, and He exemplified them in His life. Turn the other cheek, return good for evil, give love for hatred, and soon even your enemies will begin to love you. A winsome disposition can overcome many distempers.—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

few seem even the least concerned that this is so!

Only a short time ago little Larry Daniel Downing, practically the same age as Kathy, died in a Paducah, Kentucky hospital. He hadn't fallen into a well hole. He had been beaten to death by a drunken foster father. Such things have almost ceased to be unusual. They happen so often that we have come to regard them as commonplace and shrug them off as either inevitable or unimportant!

God help us to see that a 3-year-old boy's being beaten to death by a drunken maniac is just as tragic as a 3½-year-old girl's being suffocated in an abandoned well. Yes, even more so, for such deaths as Larry's are preventable. They are not accidents. They are the inevitable result of the licensing of over 466,000 booze selling places all over this country of ours!

—*Civic Bulletin.*

Revival

(Continued from page six)

presence. In India they use a prayer wheel with prayers written on it, which they place on a wire where the wind will turn it or in some stream where the waters turns it. Each time it turns around once, the prayers written on the wheel are prayed. If it were possible to pray by spinning a prayer wheel it would certainly be a lazy way of praying. Prayer is talking to God. And when you talk to Him you must exercise faith, and your faith must shut out all other thoughts so that you wholly concentrate your mind on prayer.

How Should We Pray?

In your prayer hour you should kneel or stand. The rest of the time you can also pray while doing your work or while walking the street. Many times I pray while I am massaging, or while riding the street car or taxi.

Should We Use Prayer Books?

If we should use prayer books, we could also use a phonograph record while we are reading the paper, the same as an India prayer wheel. No, we talk to God as we would talk to our earthly father. Should we use big words? No, just speak the way your sad heart tells you to.

Will Prayer Save People?

Jesus said to Simon Peter, "I have prayed for thee." He also said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." A praying church, a praying home is a place where God lives and there is peace.

—*Life Line Gospel Mission.*

A Clearing Shower

(Continued from page seven)

"Good! I ran into the neighbors while my coffee dripped. I'll make a couple of more cups and we'll be ready in a jiffy," and Nora bustled about setting more places in the breakfast nook.

When they were settled Myra began, "Nora, we didn't come just to eat breakfast with you. The Bible says to 'confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another,' and I want to confess that lately I've been living beneath my privileges as a Christian. I have prayed, but my prayers haven't gone through, like they used to. And I've missed church services more than I should have—" her voice broke.

Clara took up the confession line. She, too, had neglected prayer, and had felt lethargy creeping over her soul, and knew that she was distinctly less than her best for the Master. Her tears, too, were flowing.

Thus encouraged, Nora laid bare her faults and together the three women knelt and poured out their hearts to One whose ear is ever open to the cry of the penitent. Needless to say the lethargy disappeared; the coldness melted; and the joy of the Lord replaced the spirit of heaviness.

"Now, Nora, be sure to come to prayer meeting tonight and tell the folks all about this experience," admonished Myra and Clara as they left some hours later. Nora promised, but just before service time she called Myra to say that she was unavoidably detained. She was genuinely sorry.

At the service there seemed the same deadly apathy and listlessness that had characterized them in recent months until Myra could stand it no longer. The fire was burning in her soul and it must find expression.

So she rose to her feet and told the experience I have just narrated to you. The effect was electrical! As sparks fly from one point to another catching, flaming, as they go, so the fire of the Holy Spirit swept over the congregation. There were tears, prayers, confessions, and finally hallelujahs and rejoicings, such as had not been heard for many a day. Lethargy vanished; petty wrongs were made right; jealousies confessed—and the spiritual atmosphere was cleared of its doubts, its mists, and its fogs. Someone began to sing:

"There shall be showers of blessing,
Send them upon us, O Lord—"

"The clearing shower is here! Thank the Lord!" was Rev. Hugh Abbott's fervent ejaculation.—*The S. S. Banner.*

Esau filled his life with regret, for trifling a short half hour.

News Gleanings

Red Pawns' Move

To conquer the minds of men completely, Soviet Russia would, sooner or later, have to conquer men's churches. Last fortnight, from a report in Paris' weekly *Samedi-Soir*, came a clue to one strategic Soviet approach to this problem.

According to *Samedi-Soir*, six Russian theological seminaries now are training 3,000 students for infiltration into churches throughout the world.

Three of the seminaries were said to be training men for Catholic and Protestant countries. Two others are for Buddhists, Confucianists, Moslems and Brahmins; the sixth is for the heart of Judaism—Israel.

—Pathfinder.

Bible Story

Meeting in New York last fortnight, representatives of Bible Societies in 25 countries summed up a good year's work.

Distributed during 1948: 17.5 million copies of Scriptures, translated into 1,108 languages and dialects. Still awaiting shipment to Russia: 225,000 Testaments, 100,000 Bibles and 500,000 Scripture abstracts. No shipment to the USSR had been accepted since 1947 but, as one delegate put it, "we feel the need still exists."

—Pathfinder.

The Word Takes Wings

Banding birds with scripture texts was the idea originated by the late Jack Miner, who established the Miner Waterfowl sanctuary at Kingsville, Ontario.

Since Miner died, his sons have carried on his unique ministry. This year they were again busy banding thousands of migrating wild geese and ducks.

It is estimated that the sanctuary has banded 50,000 ducks and 45,000 geese with verses. More than 6,000 such bands have been recovered by Eskimos, Indians, Arctic trappers, ranch hands in the Southwest, and Mexican peons and sent back.

Aviation Good Investment

Missionary aviation has proved to be both practical and economically sound in lower Mexico, according to Missionary Aviation Fellowship officials.

A Piper Cruiser, purchased two years ago for 2725, was operated by the Fellowship in the Mexican area for two years without further funds from this country. Missions carried in the plane paid a moderate rate, in many cases less than surface transportation. When the plane was sold, funds on hand, were within three per cent of the original investment, fellowship leaders said. Now a new plane has been bought to carry on the work.

In several emergency evacuations, the plane saved much pain and possibly one or more lives, it was stated.

New Interest in the Scriptures

A total of 9,716,251 copies of the scriptures in 151 languages were distributed throughout the world in 1948 by the American Bible Society, Dr. Eric M. North, general secretary, told the group's 133rd annual meeting in New York City.

Olivier Beguin, of Geneva, Switzerland, associate secretary of the United Bible Societies, a guest speaker at the board meeting reported that Bibles again were being published in Germany, largely with material supplied by the American Bible Society.

"People are interested as never before in the scriptures," he said. "In Germany, groups of young people meet weekly in the colleges for discussion and study of the Bible, and this practice is prevalent throughout Europe."

Bible Reading Unconstitutional?

Reading the scriptures in schools does not advance any particular form of religion, the Hawthorne (New Jersey) Board of Education declared in filing an answer to a suit which would have the reading of the Old Testament in New Jersey public schools declared unconstitutional.

The suit was brought by Mrs. Anna E. Klein, mother of a 17-year-old girl, and Donald R. Doremus, who charged the reading of the Old Testament violates the U. S. Constitution.

The case was to be heard before the Superior Court of Passaic County.

Top Honors in Christian Radio

"Light and Life Hour," world-wide broadcast of the Free Methodist Church, took top honors in the annual awards made this spring by the National Religious Broadcasters. The Free Methodist program was granted the Churchill Award for producing the best all-around religious weekly broadcast on a national scale.

"Light and Life Hour," produced in Seattle Pacific College, Seattle, is directed by Dr. Myron F. Boyd. Lawrence R. Schoenhals is music director.

Second place was taken by the "Haven of Rest," produced in Hollywood by Paul Meyers, "First Mate Bob." Honorable mention was given to "Sermons in Song," produced in Springfield, Missouri, by the Assemblies of God.

Radio station WPTL walked off with three first prizes: "The Story Lady," best children's program; "Mountain Climbers," best youth program; "Musically Yours," best local religious program.

"Mother of the Year"

A Sunday School teacher and devout church worker has been named American Mother-of-the-Year by the Golden Rule Foundation of New York.

She is Mrs. E. A. Gillis, 60, of Fort Worth, Texas, who brought six children into the world and temporarily adopted eight others. Wife of a post office worker, Mrs. Gillis has been an active worker in the Polytechnic Baptist Church of Fort Worth. She has taught Sunday school classes in every department of the church and has been an industrious member of the Women's Missionary Union.

Her eldest son, Dr. Carroll O. Gillis, is in foreign mission work in Argentina. Another son is a college professor and author of two volumes of verse. One of the boys she reared is now director of a symphony orchestra.

Wanted: 1000 American Pastors

Robert A. Cook, president of Youth for Christ International, has issued a call for 1,000 American ministers to form 500 two-man evangelistic teams to travel to fifty-five countries with the gospel.

Unique Colportage Ministry

The Colportage Division of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago is providing many tons of paper for German colportage literature being printed in Germany on German presses. Since German Christian people pay the entire cost except that of the paper, the Institute now obtains tracts and booklets at one-tenth of what it paid to ship them overseas in printed form. Since this new type of colportage ministry was inaugurated eighteen months ago, more than a million four-page tracts have been printed and distributed by the Colportage Division.

Signs of the Times

A fifty-five-year-old woman in Cleveland, "her husband is a teetotaler and when she Ohio, recently was granted a divorce because gives an evening drinking party, he retired to his room to read the Scriptures and pray, refusing even to drink with her guests." And for this crime a Cleveland court gave her a divorce!

\$75,000 Station Opens

A \$75,000 Gospel Radio broadcasting station began operation on July 1 at Bob Jones University, Greenville, South Carolina. The schedule for the new station includes daily Bible studies, Gospel musical broadcasts and other religious, educational and cultural features. It does not carry advertising of movies, beer, tobacco or roadhouses.

Seeks Noah's Ark

Dr. A. J. Smith, dean of People's Bible School in Greensboro, North Carolina, is heading an expedition seeking to find Noah's Ark atop Mt. Ararat, in Turkey. Dr. Smith's twelve-member party hopes to uncover proof that remains of the Ark still lie beneath the ice and snow atop Mt. Ararat.

Every Day and Hour

Americans are spending an average of \$1,100,457.62 per hour for alcoholic beverages the year around, according to an analysis in the Federal Expenditure report. The hourly rate is obtained by dividing the 8,760 hours in a year into the \$9,640,000,000 reported by the United States Department of Commerce to have been spent by Americans last year for intoxicants.

\$181,000 Offering for Missions

An offering of \$181,000 in cash and pledges was received at the annual Missionary Convention of the People's Church in Toronto, Canada. This is the largest offering ever received at this great missionary-minded church and enables it to maintain the present staff of more than 200 missionaries and to send out a score or more of new workers.

Giving at All-Time Low

The Golden Rule Foundation reports that two thirds of a nickel is the daily offering of the American public to God. In 1932 the American people were giving 5.3 per cent of their total income to the church. In 1939 the income declined to 2.56 per cent. By 1945 it was down to 1.6 per cent and now it is at an all-time low of 1 per cent. As prosperity has increased we have given more and more to the government in taxes and less and less in tithes and offerings to God.

Chambersburg, Pa.
H. H. S
Carl Myers

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