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A Gracious Invitation

Earnest Alton

Matt. 11:28

Oh, poor, weary sinner, so deep down in
 sin,
 No joy and no comfort, no peace felt
 within,
 Plodding on in life's pathway in sorrow
 and woe,
 No thought of the future as deeper you go,
 No glory nor brightness ahead can there
 be,
 Unless you let Christ from your sins set
 you free.
 There is nothing in churches or Christians,
 you say?
 Of course you can't see it, for in darkness
 you stay.

Dear lost one, I, too, was a sinner like you,
 Despondent, discouraged, knowing not
 what to do.
 I was filled with misgivings, forebodings
 and doubt,
 Was unsatisfied as I wandered about.

But I went to a meeting one cold winter's
 night.
 The preacher was faithful, and I saw my
 plight.

As I heeded the message, 'twas all very
 plain
 That Jesus, the Lamb, for sinners was
 slain.

I saw that salvation was free and for me;
 I accepted, praise Jesus, and now I am
 free.
 My sins are all pardoned and under the
 blood.
 Oh! how I do love Him for that precious
 flood.

What more can He do than already He's
 done?
 Won't you plunge in the blood of the Cru-
 cified One?
 'Tis simple, 'tis easy, He's waiting for thee.
 I beg you, come to Him, oh, do taste and
 see.

He's longing to save you, His hand doth
 extend,
 He loves the lost sheep, He's the sinner's
 best friend.

Come try as I did, the way is all paved.
 Though the chiefest of sinners, praise God
 I am saved.

—God's Revivalist.

Food for Thought

Seed Time and Harvest

THE shrieks of a hunger-maddened woman suddenly broke upon the dead and leadened stillness of the air in one of the poverty-smitten streets of Paris. That was something over one hundred years ago, but to this day the world has not been allowed to forget her act. To her screams she soon added the long and piteous roll of the drum. As she paraded the streets attracting attention to her lonesome dirge, there gathered about her a crowd of boys who were perhaps as hungry and without doubt more noisy than she. Adding to these there soon appeared a score of "female furies," then a deluge of desperate men flooded the street, and history was in the making.

The woman's unexpected success acted as an intoxicant to her spirit. The mob was surrendered to her sway. Her leadership thus established, is it surprising that it went to her head? But it is a much more simple matter to start history-making events at a time like this than it is to stop them once started. Out in the principal streets of the city the motley crowd followed the whim of the bedraggled drummer and the cry for bread was changed and the vociferous demand of the mob was "On to the palace" and the French Revolution was born.

But be not deceived, it was not the cry of a lone woman nor the beating of a single drum that started that great political upheaval that was to shake the thrones and institutions of autocratic Europe to their foundations. Back of the simple act, which in itself was but the match to ignite the magazines of smoldering hatred, were the abuses of privilege through the ages. Man had put upon the backs of his fellow-man those burdens that made revolt a certainty. Having planted the seed of the Revolution and the Reign of Terror, there was nothing to do but gather the results when the harvest time came.

And what is true in this respect, speaking nationally, is equally true of us individually. Paul's famous statement, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," is in the process of constant demonstration throughout the life of humankind.

If the men standing in the place of power in France could only have read the signs of the times and taken warning concerning the rapid on-rushing of events that were soon to spell their doom, much might have been saved from the chaos that closed in so quickly about them, bringing to a terrible consummation their consternating creed of cruelty. But such was not the

case. The blare of the banquet bugler made them oblivious to the mad roar of the approaching revolution. The bright lights of palace and pomp and princely parade blinded them to the vision of vengeance at hand.

Such, too, is the situation often surrounding the individual. His sins are so all-absorbing that as long as his indulgence continues unabated his eyes are blinded to the possibilities of a sudden convulsion that will sooner or later seize him in its clutches of deadly despair, demanding recompense for the devilish debauch in which he has defiantly indulged. Then he will learn, as he has never learned before, the truthfulness of the ancient proverb. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

And so it was with France. The noisy drum, the screams of the hungry woman, the fuming of the female furies, the mad cries of the parading boys, the desperate demand of death-defying men—all these and much more were but the results of past deeds perpetrated against God and man. The hounds of war were howling. The day for balancing the scales of justice had come. The blood of the prince was to be matched against the blood of the peasant to bring the balance of judgment to the point of equity. But this has not been true of France alone, but of other nations as well. May God show us the better way that the chagrin of soul that has come to others may be evaded by us.

—Unknown.

"Not Willing That Any Should Perish"

Ted Stubbs

A lady known to the writer tells the following story about her own father. He was a confirmed and hardened atheist, and persisted in his unbelief of the Gospel message although persistent prayer was made for him continually by the members of his family. One day, while still "up against" the claims of Christ, he was taken seriously ill, and before long it became clear to those who watched beside him that he was on his deathbed. Earnest prayer was made for him that he might yet be saved, but still in unbelief he sank into unconsciousness. He remained in a state of coma for several days, and then suddenly, to the surprise of the doctors, he rallied slightly, and presently regained consciousness. The first words he uttered were words of praise to God, and to the wondering joy of his relatives, it became increasingly clear that he was now a saved man!

In what way God had met with this man's soul is unknown, but a saved man he certainly was, and after living a life of consistent Christian witness, he died sweetly believing and rejoicing in his Saviour. How often we grieve over loved ones who die in apparent unbelief, in spite of our earnest prayers for their conversion. Let us take heart as we read of this one snatched from the very brink of hell, and remember that the Lord can meet with those we pray for believingly, even when they are beyond our reach. "While there is life, there is hope"; and although we may never know on this side of Heaven that they are saved, we can trust the Lord who is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

—Selected.

Spiders' Webs

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!"

It was in a Japanese town, and a telephone message was being sent from an English merchant's office to Osaka, a few miles off. The call was responded to clearly.

"I want a telegram sent to Tokyo," said Mr. Moore.

"Something has gone wrong with the wires," replied a speaker at the other end, "we can get no message through. We are dispatching a man to find out the cause."

"Hurry up, then," said Mr. Moore; "I have urgent business on hand."

A short time elapsed. Then the principal man rang from Osaka.

"Workmen have discovered that the wires to Tokyo are practically useless at present. It will probably be a couple of days before your telegram can get through."

And so it was. On inspection it was found that numbers of large spiders had attached their webs to the telegraph poles, and spun them right away down to the ground. There had been a heavy rainfall the night before, and when these huge gossamer curtains got wet, they acted as conductors for the electric current, directing it into the ground instead of along the regular wire. Numbers of men were at once dispatched to clear the lines, but it took some days thoroughly to deal with the accumulation, and then, so fast did these spiders work that an army of men, armed with wire brooms, had to be employed regularly to destroy their work.

Beware lest any sinful habit should hinder the communication between you and your heavenly Father, choking the channels through which His blessing may come to you, and, through you, to others.

"Cleanse thou me from secret faults" (Ps. 19:12). "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God" (II Cor. 7:1).—*Our Own Magazine.*

Editorial

Stewardship

"It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." I Cor. 4:2.

THE great majority of Christians usually associate the thought of stewardship with the tithe. And it certainly is implied in stewardship that we bring all the tithes into the storehouse. This is a theme which has all too little emphasis in modern preaching and teaching. We seemingly have to relearn again and again the truth that God's way is the best way. If all the interest on God's property were kept paid up on God's most liberal terms we would be amazed at the uncontainable blessing. The financial part of the program would be amply cared for. And without question it would make for much better housekeeping.

But the financial side of stewardship is only a very small part of the whole. The most priceless possession of any person is time. How do we use our time? Do we employ it to the best advantage? Is it directed most effectively? And remember, that God claims one day out of seven just as He claims one dollar out of every ten earned. Will a man rob God? We are living in a day of grievous neglect for the sanctity of the seventh day—or in other words the one day in seven. Suffice it here to point out that no nation has ever continued to prosper long after they began to disregard the day set aside particularly for His worship and service in a more direct and specific way. History could be cited but we refrain.

The disturbing thing is the extent to which Christian people are forgetting to keep the Sabbath holy. A great wave of carelessness along this line has swept over the nations. And we are guilty along with the unbelieving world. Nor is it only the more "worldly" churches. It is too sadly true also of our own Brotherhood. Sunday work is becoming all too common. We are aware that our more highly industrialized modern world is becoming more complicated and more intricately involving and demanding of all. Undoubtedly it will become increasingly difficult in the years ahead of us to maintain a consistent, clear standard of Godliness. But such faithful stewardship will pay.

The thought of stewardship goes much farther than all this, however. The thought of stewardship implies the handling of the property of another for his best interest. Monarchs and rich men in the past had servants, or virtually slaves, whose responsibility it was to handle certain properties for their lord. Usually there was one chief steward who was appointed as

supervisor of all the other stewards, and who was ultimately responsible for all. But even he was only a slave and not an owner of the properties entrusted to his care.

Let every person remember, first of all, that he is a steward and not a possessor. We own nothing. We only have a life-time lease. And we do not know when the lease will expire—when life will cease. But we do know that we must all give an account of our stewardship. May none of us be like that wicked servant, of whom Jesus told, who said, "My lord delayeth his coming." Tonight He might say, "Thou fool!"

Every cent we have belongs to Him. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Every moment of every day belongs to Him. We are stewards, accountable to Him for the use of what He has entrusted to us, whether of physical property, time or talents.

And faithfulness is a requisite. Ultimately the test of stewardship is not the amount entrusted, but the degree of faithfulness. And faithfulness will demand the fullest devotion of all we have and are, knowing that all belongs to God.

There is an all-too-common attitude among us that if we give a tithe of our income and go to church once or twice on Sunday, we can use the rest of our time and resources pretty much as we choose, to our own gratification. This is not true stewardship. It is not devotion to our Master. It is rather a pilfering of His property, burying His talent in the earthly things.

On the other hand, there are those who make much of the fact that "all belongs to God" and therefore feel no obligation to observe the formalities of His accounting. "Why observe the legalism of the tithe when all is His?" This sounds very good, but on closer examination one usually finds a carelessness in observing the obligations of real stewardship. Certainly one-tenth of the *increase* is a most reasonable interest rate for the use of His resources. No one should raise even the slightest objection to this. But the deeper truth is that such systematic business methods in our relationship with God have a most salutary effect on other aspects of our stewardship. Tithing makes one more directly conscious of his obligations to God. The systematic payment of the rate of interest which He asks of us makes us more directly aware of His ownership of all we have. It makes one more meticulous of his relationships in every aspect of his life.

Similarly, the consistent observance of one day out of seven enhances the sense of stewardship of all our time. It is most emphatically true that we are under oblig-

ation to Him at all times. But it is just as certain that the faithful giving to God the time specifically designated by Him for the special purpose of worship and fellowship with Him, will create in us a renewed sense of our dependence upon Him and our obligation to Him twenty-four hours of every day.

The context of the Scripture reference above is the stewardship of more directly spiritual things, "the mysteries of God." But whatever the nature of that which is committed to our trust may God grant that each will faithfully discharge his obligations of stewardship. "It is required."

J. W. H.

Sparks from Different Anvils

Your best success in life does not consist in being a Jack of all trades.

The highest ideal of a minister should not be to be called a preacher, but a teacher.

There are two reasons for doing things—a good one, and a real one.

Pride is falling in love with yourself. Pride is a supposed excellence of yourself.

Pride is the shadow of ability. (It may be someone else's).

Memory is our depository of past acts.

Real fellowship with the Lord, is to make common cause with Him. His friends our friends. His enemies our enemies, even though it condemns ourselves.

When selfishness grows, love is decaying.

Love is self-sacrificing, is not painful and seldom conscious.

Virtue consoles us in our pain, Vice stings us in our pleasure chambers.

Virtue wears best, lives longer, than vice no matter where placed or practiced.

Morality is not grace, because it does not change nature.

Nature cannot change itself, it takes the New Birth to do that.

The Evangelical Visitor teaches all the above truths (subscribe for it).

—S. G. Engle.

Holiness Unto the Lord

The Provoked Spirit

"They angered him also at the Waters of Strife, so that it went ill with Moses for their sakes; because they PROVOKED HIS SPIRIT, so that he spake unadvisedly with his lips." (Psalm 106:32, 33).

WHAT is a provoked spirit? A wrong spirit about wrong things. Perhaps there is no greater hindrance than this to the Holy Spirit being poured out abundantly.

These verses sum up Numbers 20:1-13. The people were thirsty and uttered rebellious words against God and against Moses. God came in and wrought deliverance, but the spirit of Moses and Aaron was provoked. See the comment: "It went ill with Moses." Who was Moses? Few men had such privileges. See this aged servant of God, who was faithful in all his house, yet in this fortieth year of the Wilderness journey this great disaster came on that man.

Are we not liable to disaster from the same cause? It went ill with Moses, and the crowning honor of his life was withheld. But the people were wicked? Yes, atrociously wrong; "they provoked his spirit." But Moses was wrong, and who can tell the loss it brought into his own life.

Good people (children of God) often talk of "righteous indignation"; they feel wrong things so keenly, and the devil takes advantage to provoke the spirit, and the child of God does not see that this is a hateful thing to God, the greatest hindrance in Communion and Service.

Turning to the narrative, in Exodus 17, of the smitten Rock, we have the record of an event which took place forty years before. The people wanted water—were thirsty; there was a wicked, murmuring spirit, much wrong-doing; they were aggravating and ungrateful to the last degree. But the wrong did not get into the spirit of Moses. He puts the case into God's hands, and God comes into it and works salvation. An unprovoked spirit always calls God to the scene. The provoked spirit shuts God out. This is why the devil works to get us provoked. He knows if he gets us wrong, his triumph will be complete. If God keeps our spirit, we can hold to Him to deal with the wrong-doer. In Numbers 20, the scene is very similar. All goes well at first (verses 6, 7, 8); Moses and Aaron get to God; but (verse 10) the wrong spirit gets into Moses. He smites the Rock instead of speaking to it, and calls the people "rebels", etc. He "spake unadvisedly with his lips."

God is infinitely patient with wrong-doing. He is never provoked. He meant His servants to represent Him, and those men by their provoked spirit put a cloud over God's character. Sin on the Prophet's spirit hides from the wrong-doer God's character of patience.

In the New Testament we have similar scenes recorded. In Luke 9:51-55, is the narrative of the Samaritan villagers refusing to give Jesus and His disciples shelter. The wrong spirit gets into James and John. It was not the spirit of the Samaritans that grieved the Lord, but the spirit of His own children. God's greatest sorrow now is over our wrong spirits. What damage this has wrought! We do need this grace—NEVER to be provoked in spirit.

Last summer a servant of God gave an illustration of this very thing. He was visiting his sister. She was in a great state about her husband—wanted her brother to pray for him. He neglected family worship, and all the home-life was wrong. The brother said it was never God's will that any one should do wrong, but that we, His children, should take wrong in the right spirit. She did not see it. All the fault lay at her husband's door. The brother came back again in three weeks. "God has been dealing with me; I see it now," she said. Directly she was in the right, the Spirit of God wrought in her husband, and the home-life was adjusted. A provoked spirit keeps His hands off the very circumstances we want Him to touch. There may be wrong in our own work; we see it, fret, struggle; no good is done. We never get things mended when we touch them with a provoked spirit. God hears our cry, and will show us His Salvation if we surrender that wrong spirit.

Turn to Matthew 26:47, and onward. Look at the Lord Jesus under circumstances of the most intense provocation.

Look at Peter (verse 51), manifesting the "provoked spirit." Peter could not stand it—his spirit was up; it was not the Spirit of Christ; Jesus could not pass it by. Peter altogether missed the duty of that hour. "If I had wanted retaliation on the evil-doers, ten thousand angels are at my bidding; I do not need your tiny sword, Peter!" Jesus Christ has too much to do now—healing the ears we cut off. He wants us be filled with His Spirit. See how He treated Judas. "Friend . . ." (Matt. 26:50). Wonderful, the unprovoked Spirit of the Lamb of God!—in presence of such depths of meanness and baseness, as if Judas was an angel sent from the Father's throne. The Lamb of God—and WE followers of the Lamb of God! Oh, brothers and sisters!

But here an objection may be raised!—"Would you have people without backbone?" The answer to this is: "Look at Peter on the day of Pentecost." This exhibition of his conduct in attacking the band sent to take Jesus, was strength of a kind. But can you fancy Peter bringing Malchus to the feet of Jesus? James and John certainly acted with spirit, but you could not fancy them going and preaching the Gospel to those Samaritans. Look at all the group "filled with the Spirit." Were they men without character on the day of Pentecost? Which kind of strength do you choose? The weak things of God overthrow the things that are mighty. If the Spirit of Christ is in us, we shall rebuke evil, but tenderly love the evil-doer. I believe this provoked spirit is one of the greatest hindrances to the mighty outpouring of God's Spirit. God has to put up with all the wicked and wrong doings in the universe. Have you learned to take things as God takes them? Heaven is a very easy, blessed place! Thank God that we are not there yet, that we may learn the mind of Christ and live like Him. What a glorious opportunity our God is giving us for this lesson!

Did you ever think that God uses the evil in men around us to excavate our souls to make room for the Holy Spirit? I do not think we have taken it to heart how much our God counts on the unprovoked spirit in His people. He works always through this channel.

Look at Jesus on the Cross—read again and again that wondrous story. What wrong done to you or me compares to the insults heaped on Jesus Christ the beloved Son of God! What did HE say? "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Behold the Lamb of God, wronged by evil-doers, yet untouched by it! Our whole Redemption is rooted in the unprovoked spirit of the Lamb of God. The Lord God of heaven and earth came down to our utmost need in that unprovoked spirit. When God wants to reach atrocious wrong-doers He seems to say again: "I will let them do their evil will, that they may see My Spirit in my child"; and when our spirit is provoked, it hides His glory and stays His hand. We must make way for God, make way for the Spirit of His Son to possess our spirits. Have you suffered sorely? Do you feel you have a perfect right to feel so wronged? Let the Lord Jesus possess your spirit, beloved, and you will have all God's power on your side to overwhelm the evil-doer. Amen.—Anon.

"The heathen jungle of the interior of South America is a field nearly 3,000 miles long and 2,500 miles wide, with scarcely a ray of civilization."

To be dedicated to the Lord before birth is a wonderful heritage from the Lord.

Prayer Corner

A Child's Prayer

I want to tell you a beautiful story which was told to me, a few years ago, by an eminent minister and temperance lecturer, who assured me that it was strictly true. As nearly as I can, I will give it to you in his own words. Said he:

"I was invited to a certain western town to deliver a series of prohibition lectures, and upon my arrival I was taken to the Methodist parsonage, which was to be my home during my stay. The minister's family consisted of himself, wife, and one child, a busy little maiden of four summers.

"She was a merry, fun-loving child, as one could wish to see, but withal possessed of a piety and love for God, which was well worthy of emulation, and I learned many precious lessons from this dear little one, during the few days of my stay in her home. Her simplicity of faith was beautiful. She really believed that she had only to ask and receive, and would go to God with all her childish requests with the confidence and freedom with which she approached her mother.

"One night, near the close of my stay with them, the fire bells rang out an alarm, and we sprang from our beds to find one whole end of the town in flames. A terrible wind was blowing, and the fire was rapidly traveling in the direction of the church and parsonage, devouring everything in its way as it came. The air was full of flying cinders, and new flames could be seen springing up in different places and in an incredibly short space of time, a large part of the town lay in ashes.

"Across the street from the church property was a vacant block and we began to carry articles from the parsonage out to the center of it, hoping thus to save some of the household treasures. Thinking the little one would be safer there than elsewhere, I caught her up in one arm, and with the other laden with clothing, I hurried across the lot, and placed her upon the ground beside the pile of loose articles, telling her to remain there till her mother came to her.

"Instantly she dropped upon her knees and clasped her hands, and with her sweet face upturned, and gleaming white in the flame's lurid glare, she cried out, in her broken baby way,

"Oh, Dod, save our house! Oh, Dod, save our house! Oh, Dod, save our house!"

"Over and over she repeated the same words, and as she did so, something which some might deem strange, and almost past believing occurred. Quick as a flash the wind whipped round to a point of the compass just opposite to that from which it

had been blowing, and increasing to a perfect gale, forced hungry flames before it over the burnt district, and not only our house was saved, but all the other end of the town, in answer to that effectual, fervent prayer, which 'availed much,' even though offered by a little child."

"Remarkable!" I almost fancy I can hear someone exclaim. Yes, it was remarkable, but only so, I verily believe, because God does not more often find that implicit faith, which gives Him the opportunity to display His power in behalf of His children. "He is just the same today as when in the power of His Son, He stilled the Galilean tempest 'He holdeth the winds in His fist,' and is as tenderly concerned as ever, even for the temporal well-being of His own.

Oh, that His children would really believe God, and take everything to Him in prayer! He that noteth the sparrow's fall cannot fail to be interested in the smallest detail of that which concerns them. No matter what your trouble or want or sorrow, dear ones, take it all to Jesus in faith, and He will surely help and save.—*Sel.*

A Prayer

M. Alice Keefer

*Lord, I would ever stay
Close by Thy side,
And from Thee never stray;
But still abide
Where I can hear Thy voice
Speaking, amid Earth's noise,
Telling me to rejoice,
Whate'er betide.*

*Though sorrow come my way,
Though gloom descend,
Thy promise is, always
Thou wilt befriend.
Ills many may beset
Me, Thou wilt not forget.
Comfort and solace yet
Thy love will send.*

*Thou art my Father dear,
I am Thy child.
What then, have I to fear
When Thou hast smiled?
I find a sweet soul rest
Close to Thy sheltering breast
That storms cannot molest
However wild.*

*Father, hold my frail hand
All the way home.
For to Thy glory land
I'll surely come.
Some day I know ere long
I shall join in that song
Raised by the blood washed throng
Beyond the tomb.*

—Millersburg, Pa.

Prayer . . .

Mrs. W. S. Hitchcock

Prayer is the preface to the book of Christian living.

As the Christian life is a constant need, so should it be a constant prayer.

In the morning, prayer is the key that opens to the soul the treasury of God's mercies and blessings.

Like the morning sacrifice of old, our morning prayer should ascend to the throne of God through Christ our Mediator.

God hears no more than the heart speaks; if the heart be dumb, God will certainly be deaf.

The Roman Ediles had their doors always standing open, that all who had petitions might have free access to them. The door of Heaven always stands open for the prayers of God's people.

May it not be wise to keep account of our prayers, that we may not unsay them in our practise?

Holy, humble, penitent, persevering prayer is never lost. It always prevails to the accomplishment of the thing sought.

How blessed! No man can hinder our private addresses to God. Everyone may build a chapel in his own breast; himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice, and the earth he treads upon the altar.

In the calm, tranquil evening hour the Christian kneels at the altar of prayer—as did the high priest of Israel before the Altar of Incense—and comes forth suffused with the heavenly fragrance of that communion.—*Selected*

Our Selfish Prayers

"You do not know what you are asking. Are you able to drink the cup that I am to drink? We are able." Matt. 20:22.

Look out for number one seems to be the characteristic bit of selfishness of live folks in all ages. I fear that many of our prayers are as far from meeting our Lord's will for us as the petition of James and John, backed by their mother in the story from which our text is taken.

In the first place they did not understand their Master, or His purpose or work. They believed in Him. They knew that he was the Messiah—the promised one. There was no question about their faith in Him, but they were a long, long way from understanding Him. They thought, as all the Jews did, of a kingdom, of power, of establishing the Jews as a great nation and deliverance from the hated yoke of Roman rule and all that went with it.

They had been disciples quite a while.
(Continued on page fourteen)

Doctrine

The Dynamic of the Gospel

Eva Stuart-Watt, F. R. G. S.

"But for the Gospel of Jesus Christ your father would not be alive today."

IT WAS my father who spoke, and the fervour of his words, as he took my hand in his own, tingled through me like electricity. I understood little of what it meant, nor did I ask, for I was still in my early 'teens, but the impression it made was so strong that twenty years have failed to rob me of its thrill. There was awakened in me the consciousness of an Eternal Power, stronger than death itself. It was the power that had in one brief moment cut short a career of infidelity that was heading for destruction—spiritual, mental and physical. And that power, (father told me) was the Gospel of Christ.

No wonder the Lord Jesus said: "Go, preach the gospel to every creature." St. Paul gloried in it, crying, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth": and, from a prison island in the Mediterranean, the league-long rollers called to the hills of Asia, "I, John, was in the isle that is called Patmos for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.

It is a mighty evangel, yet mysterious as it is great. Mortal lips can never tell it, nor pen define it. It comes into a life softly as a shadow and works its majestic cataclysm on the soul, dispelling mountains of sorrow and sin. Down the alley of an eastern city, one day, a poor, outcast woman staggered blindly along through a blizzard of despair to the open door of a gay banquet hall. The guests were already seated in the pharisee's house, and the hum of lively conversation probably made her feel less conspicuous, as by some hidden impulse she was driven to the feet of Jesus, the Nazarene. She had something special to say to Him, which at that moment she was powerless to express. Perhaps that was the reason she had brought an alabaster cruse of ointment, that it should speak for itself. Yet, louder than all spoke her hot tears, as noiselessly they dropped on His dusty feet: and she "wiped them with the hairs of her head and kissed his feet and anointed them with the ointment." It was a secret language that He understood. And, when He answered, everyone at the table heard—"Wherefore I say unto you her sins which are many are forgiven, for she loved much." A transformation had taken place over which the angels in heaven were exulting. See the simple, silent grandeur of it all. We shall

only fathom it when "this mortal" shall have "put on immortality."

But is it not this very dynamic that the world needs in its present crisis? We are sitting on a volcano of spiritual apostasy and political unrest, which at any moment may burst into eruption and fling the nations into a chaos of smoke unparalleled in the history of the globe. Pick up a daily paper and let it be your barometer. The air of the East grows daily more electric. See the Jew and the Arab in Palestine; hear the din of China, followed by the cry of "Swaraj" in India. Their voice is one; congested Asia seeks overseas a way for expansion, but she knocks unheeded, for across the door of Australia and America is written in black capitals "Private—No Admission!" Glance once more at the headlines—"Serious Rioting in Egypt"; "Africans, Indians and the White Settler in Kenya." The waves of unrest in the Orient have begun to lap on the shores of Africa.

The *Inde'pendance Belge* warns the nations that "were British authority in India undermined, in a few weeks revolution would spread over Asia and Africa, and there would be a terrible war between the white races on the one hand and the black and yellow on the other."

Yet more disastrous to the entire fabric of humanity is the failing faith of a Church that once was loyal to its principles, for "when a faith ends a revolution begins." No printed page could ever have convinced me that Christendom had slipped so far into the mire of unbelief as did my personal contact with some thirty to forty visitors, in a Missionary Rest Home on the shores of the Mediterranean. Amongst them were clergy, ministers and missionaries—English, American and Continental. It happened in the drawing-room, one night, that the general topic of conversation drifted into the inspiration of the Bible. But how many, think you, stood four-square for the veracity of the Old Testament Scriptures? I could count them—would you believe it?—on the fingers of one hand. I was at the time on my way home from dark, savage Africa, where I had never yet found a native who discredited the story of Jonah's adventure with the whale. Yet a venerable Dutch minister, with long white beard, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "My dear Shild, it doz not matter zo much verder Shona was svaallowed by de fish or not." And our own people supported his view. Matter! Why, it matters everything whether we can trust our Maker or not, whether or not we believe His Holy Word. The apostles based their gospel appeal on the promises of the Old Testament fulfilled in

the Messiah, and they found that message to be "the power of God unto salvation" to those who believed it.

Unbelief — questioning God's Word—was the sin that drove Adam and Eve from their beautiful heritage, that kept the Israelites out of the land of promise, that finally scattered the Jewish people to be trodden as dust under the feet of the nations. This is the sin that, like a handful of gunpowder, will cause the final explosion of the present world upheaval, because it affects our relationship with a jealous God, "whose Spirit will not always strive with man."

We are a back-sliding Church: we have "left our first love." A 'protestant' missionary from the East Coast of Africa was visiting Nairobi. On her dressing table lay a prayer-book, in which was pasted a written vow, signed with her own signature—"That she would pray daily until the Church of England returns to the True Church" (of Rome). They tell us that the Roman Catholics and Anglo-Catholics will never unite. If by God's grace they do not, it will not be because they did not seek the union. Hundreds in the homeland are secretly praying the same prayer. The candle lighted at the Reformation is flickering almost to extinguishment. Is it not time for us to repent and come back to "the faith once delivered to the saints"?

"Soldiers of Christ, arise

*And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His Eternal Son."*

One tropical Sunday morning on the slopes of Kilimanjaro I sat at the edge of a rustling banana plantation beside a young Bantu, whom I had long wished to meet. We talked of mundane things awhile and then struck deeper. "And how is it with your soul?" I asked. With characteristic frankness, and a slight stutter he replied, "Memsahib, I was educated and baptized at the mission. I taught in their schools, and was married from the church, but I did not know Jesus. One day a German missionary came to see me and sat where you are sitting now. He spoke about my soul and prayed with me, and that day all the world was changed. I could have walked round Kilimanjaro, I was so happy. My sins had been forgiven: I knew Jesus for the first time. But afterwards another friend came between me and my True Friend. I took Meriales (the chief's) daughter as my second wife, was dismissed from the church and entered Government service. I was not happy. Every day I heard a voice calling, 'Nathaniel, come back! Nathaniel, come back!' The voice got louder and louder till I couldn't sleep.

(To be continued)

Devotional

Variations of the Golden Psalm

Anna J. Lindgren

"My heart is glad" (Ps. 16:9)

What cadences of triumphant love! What vistas of jubilant hope! What serenity of trust in this prayer hymn!

How David's soul must have soared as he sang it—as his own heart became an Aeolian harp, vibrating to the zephyrs from the timeless shores!

Could he interpret the music? Was he conscious of the depth of meaning in each Spirit-breathed phrase? Did there come to him an overwhelming realization that the words formulated by his yielded lips would be repeated by his Greater Son on some lonely mountainside—in the gray dawn of a morning a thousand years hence? Or did he sing as I sing, only conscious of the gladness of truth experienced in my own limited sphere?

He sings of the golden secrets of the Lord hidden in a heart of trust. His song dips down to the fathomless depths of God's grace and climbs to the dizzying heights of His glory.

My heart, too, sings this "golden song," for it is learning the meaning of trust, which is the secret of the glad heart.

Somehow, I believe the song originated in the silent night watches, when the physical vitality was at a low ebb, when possibly pain was present—as well as danger and the consciousness of haunting fear; for does it not begin with the cry, "Preserve me, O God"; and then looking around for an argument of persuasion it falls back on the simplest and strongest of all reasons: "for in Thee do I put my trust".

Immediately relief appears and the singer, at rest, turning his gaze inward, reminds his own soul of its wealth. Thus trust in God calls forth "songs in the night", and the heart that has never sung in the gray dawn of a morning of pain has never known the abandonment of trust.

A voice over the radio said that a person depending on another never amounts to anything. That is not so. Only he who depends wholly — unconditionally — on God, ever amounts to something. He becomes an agent for the unlimited possibilities, the exhaustless power of the Eternal. He is not moved in the eddy of changing fortunes and the multiplied sorrow of those who hasten after another god, for he is resting on the Rock of Ages. Deep down at the very foundation of his rest lies the consciousness of security through grace alone. "My goodness extendeth not to Thee". It is too short. I have left off try-

ing. I have accepted the Lord as my portion. I was born into the Household of God and now He is my Inheritance. Oh, blessed, blessed heritage! The Lord is my Cup! Truly, O my soul, the lines are fallen unto thee in pleasant places! Morning after morning the dew of the freshness of the Lord is upon me, bathing me in its sweetness. Day after day the fatness of the marrow of the Lord is at my right hand. And even though I walk through the burning desert sands, is not the Cup of Living Water ever at my side—nay, better far—within! A bubbling fountain.

O my soul, why art thou fearful? Why art thou cast down? Why does to-morrow frighten you? Why are you afraid of the faces of men? Why do you dwell on your own insufficiency? Your heritage is to dwell in Him, to draw from Him, to be shown the pathway of life by Him, to be guided and instructed by Him even in the night seasons.

There is rest of hope even for your flesh in this life of trust. What of graying hair and dimming eyes and trembling hands! What of empty cupboards and empty purses! What even of a thorn in the flesh!

O God, Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, for in Thee do I put my trust. Though the path be briary, it leads Home, and Thou who planned it for me art ever at my side, and in Thy presence there is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore. Therefore my heart is glad.—*The Evangelical Beacon*.

Bestir Thyself

Charles R. Stump

*Bestir Thyself, Oh drooping soul!
Why languish and repine?
Are evil days and part, or whole,
Of all God holds sublime?*

*Bestir thyself, Oh feeble heart!
Hath faith no stay on Him?
Yields not the day a goodly part
We see reflected of Him?*

*Bestir thyself, Oh fearful child!
Wherein doth lie thy fear?
Doth fear assume to mock the wild
When Faith and Hope are near?*

*Bestir thyself, Oh erring one!
Doubt takes a staggering toll.
This battle may be lost, Tomorrow's won
With firm faith and steady soul.*

—Marion, Ind.

True Believing

Gipsy Smith was holding a meeting in Glasgow. He noticed a man who frequently attended the meetings. One night the man stayed until almost all the people had left. Gipsy Smith went to speak to him, and in his own words gives this story of what he learned that night:

"You are concerned about your soul?" I asked.

"I am," he replied, and promptly I said, "You know what you have to do."

"Yes, I do." This he said with conviction. I urged him to make the surrender. While talking with him I discovered a gentleman near us who was listening. He came forward and asked, "Will you let me speak to this brother?" I answered, "Yes," and he continued.

"I have heard part of the conversation, and I want to read you (turning to my friend in the pew) a text," and he read John 3:16. "Do you believe that?" he asked. "Yes, of course, a Scotchman believes that." The newcomer then read Romans 10:9: 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved,' and asked again, "Do you believe that?" "Of course, I believe it." Next he read from John's Epistle. 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness,' and asked, "You believe that, too?" "Yes, I believe that."

"Then you are a Christian," said the man. My friend straightened himself up, and looking at the man with the Bible, said, "You are wrong, my friend."

"Well, but you believe Christ died for you?" "Yes." "You believe He rose from the dead for your justification?" "Yes." "You believe He is able to save you?" "Yes, right on the spot." "Then you are saved."

"No, I am not."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, you have read three passages, now read Isaiah 55:7." The man with the Bible turned to the passage and read, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord." "Now stop," said my friend, "I am the wicked man; I am the unrighteous man; and I have to forsake the sin and the wicked thought, and I must come back from my own way to God's way. In my heart is a great sin. I am hugging it and am not willing to give it up. My own common sense tells me I cannot be saved until I surrender."—*Sel.*

Without His protection we are safe nowhere; with it we are safe anywhere, and everywhere.

The Evangelical Visitor

A Religious Journal
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JESSE W. HOOVER, Editor
To whom all communications
should be addressed.

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Announcements

LOVE FEASTS

Pennsylvania

Graterford2:00 P. M., Oct. 26-27
Fairland (Cleona)Oct. 27
WoodburyOct. 13
SaxtonOct. 26

Michigan

GladwinOct. 26, 27
Carland — District Council and love-feast
Nov. 1, 2, 3

Ohio

Beulah ChapelSat. & Sun., Oct. 26 & 27
Chestnut GroveSat. & Sun., Nov. 2 & 3
Valley ChapelNov. 16-17
Sippo ValleyThanksgiving Day
Meeting on Thanksgiving Day

Kentucky

Grassy Springs Communion Service
Sat. night Nov. 9

Oklahoma

ThomasSat. afternoon and night Nov. 2

EVANGELISTIC SLATE

Fairland (Cleona) Pa.Nov. 3
Evangelist, Walter Bohlen
Thomas, Okla.Nov. 3
Evangelist, William Lewis
Horatio, OhioOct. 13
Evangelist, Edgar Giles
Mt. Carmel, Gladwin, Mich.Oct. 27
Evangelist, Henry Heisey
Woodbury, Pa.Oct. 13
Evangelist, P. B. Friesen
Saxton, Pa.Oct. 17
Evangelist, E. J. Rohrer
Houghton Mission, Ont.Oct. 27-Nov. 10
Evangelist, Charles W. Rife
Mechanicsburg, Pa.Nov. 17
Evangelist, Earl Sider

Chestnut Grove, Ashland, Ohio....Nov. 24-Dec. 8
Evangelist, Jesse R. Steckley
Riddlesburg, Pa.Nov. 11
Evangelist, John Byers
Dallas Center, IowaDec. 3
Evangelist, Henry Schneider
Valley Chapel, Canton, OhioNov. 17
Evangelist, E. C. Flewelling
Fairview (Englewood) OhioNov. 24-Dec. 15
Evangelist, John Martin
Manheim, Penna.Oct. 27-Nov. 10
Evangelist, Henry Ginder
Canoe Creek Mission, Pa.Oct. 27
Evangelist, Paul Goodling
Free Grace, Millersburg, Pa.Nov. 3-17
Evangelist, Monroe Dourte

HARVEST MEETING

Dallas Center, IowaNovember 30

Births

CASSEL—To Bro. & Sister Harvey W. Cas-
sel of Preston, Ontario, on Sept. 25, 1946, was
born a daughter Blanche Emmalene.

Weddings

BRIGHT-MOORE—In the Wainfleet church,
on Sat. Sept. 7 Sr. Dorothy Moore, youngest
daughter of Bro. and Sr. Jesse Moore, Wain-
fleet was united in marriage to Bro. Frank
Bright also of Wainfleet by Bish. Edward Gil-
more, in the presence of many relatives and
friends. A reception was held later at the
home of the bride's parents. May God's bless-
ing accompany them.

Obituaries

RHODES—John Raymond Rhodes was born
Nov. 16, 1891 and died July 18, 1946, aged 54
years, 8 months and 2 days.

He was the son of John C. & Alice Wolfkill
Rhodes and was united in marriage with Viola
Benner Jan. 17, 1919, who survives.

In a recent revival meeting he knelt at an
altar of prayer at the Eight Square Chapel
and publicly confessed his acceptance of
Christ.

Funeral service was held on Sunday, July
21, with Eld. Joel E. Carlson and Eld. Isaac
S. Kanode in charge. Interment in Royer
Cemetery.

The Bible

The Bible gives hope, and is a source
of comfort. How many derive their chief
enjoyment, under God, from the institu-
tions of the gospel! Here they find sup-
port and consolation in the hours of trial.
When the earthly fountains are dried up,
here they find a living fountain, ever open
and ever full. As they sit under the drop-
pings of the sanctuary, they exclaim,
"Whom have I in heaven but thee. My
flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the
strength of my heart and my portion for-
ever."

* * *

To give a man a full knowledge of true
morality, I should need to send him to
no other book.—Coleridge.

* * *

A noble book! All men's book. It is our
first statement of the never-ending problem
of man's destiny, and God's way with men
on earth.—Carlyle.

* * *

There is not a boy or girl in all Chris-
tendom, but his or her lot is made better
by this book.—Theodore Parker.

Special Appeal for Medical Education Fund

About eight years ago the Foreign Mis-
sion Board, after considering the need for
better qualified medical workers on the mis-
sion fields, recommended to General Con-
ference that a fund be started to help fi-
nance the education of those of our own
number who wished to take up this work.
General Conference accordingly approved
the recommendation and a fund was start-
ed.

In June 1941 action was again taken and
General Conference set up the rules under
which this fund should be loaned to prop-
erly qualified persons to be used for their
medical education. The primary purpose of
all this was to make it financially possible
for consecrated young people to fully pre-
pare themselves for the medical work on
the mission field.

The five years of post graduate work nec-
essary to prepare for the practise of medi-
cine entail an expense of approximately fif-
teen hundred dollars a year. Our appli-
cants are expected to be frugal and require
a loan of only about one thousand dollars a
year. This loan is later considered can-
celled by the applicant's service on the mis-
sion field.

Our last General Conference has approved
the application of Bro. Robert Worman for
this loan. He is at present attending classes
at Jefferson Medical College at Philadel-
phia, where his expenses for the first sem-
ester have been met by a loan from this
fund. There is an insufficient amount left
to meet his expenses for the next semester.
And in addition to Bro. Worman's needs for
the following year there are good prospects
for several other applicants to qualify for
aid, possibly by next September or later.

In accordance with the action of General
Conference and in view of this need we
are now appealing for aid in this cause. We
as a church owe our missionaries this sup-
port. They are willing to go forth and
serve and some of them expect to spend
five years of additional work to prepare
for this service. When they go to Africa
or India they are going for us. They are
doing work that is our responsibility as
much as it is theirs. And we want them
to be well prepared for this task.

We would entreat you, each one, to pray
for this phase of the Master's work and for
the young people who will undertake this
difficult task of further education and serv-
ice. Those who wish to support the cause
financially may send their contributions,
marked Medical Education Fund, to Bro.
Graybill Wolgemuth, Treas. Mount Joy, Pa.
Also notice General Conference Minutes of
1946 Page 47 Article XIX.

R. I. Witter

Paul Lenhart

The reason why we find so many dark
places in the Bible is, for the most part,
because there are so many dark places in
our hearts. It belongs to the nature of this
book that it was written for all men of
every time, and for all the experiences of
each single heart.—Tholuck.

With the Church In The Homeland

Air Hill, Pa.

We were very much pleased to have the Messiah Orphanage Board with the workers and children come to Air Hill on Sept 22nd and render a program. We all enjoyed the day very much and our hearts were stirred a new to do our best to help in this needy work, to those who are not so fortunate as to have their own parents to care for them. The speakers of the day were Eld. Allen Brubaker and Eld Harvey Light, who brought us very stirring messages. The children also gave a very good program, and their eyes beamed with joy as they did their part.

Bertha Crider

Boyle, Canada

Our tent meetings continued the first week of September with a fair attendance. Bro. Landis faithfully brought the Word but few took the opportunity to accept it. We rejoiced the last night of the meeting to see Sr. David Byer being brought in the car after being a shut-in for eighteen months or more. We are believing that God will yet heal her to His honor and glory.

Some of our number attended the Ontario Joint Council at Waterloo, Ont., also the Love-feast at Nottawa, Ont.

On Tuesday morning Sept. 11 Bro. and Sr. Osborne Beamer, and the writer left for Detroit, Mich. with Bro. & Sr Landis. We enjoyed a few hours at the Mission Home with Bro. & Sr. Hock and workers. In the evening we attended a service in the mission where Bro. Landis spoke. We were impressed very much with the work there.

Our new member Sr. Audrey Pollard was taken into church fellowship by Bish. Gilmore on Sunday eve. Sept. 15 and was baptized the following evening.

A cottage prayer meeting was enjoyed at the home of Bro. & Sr. Andrew McNiven on Thurs. Sept. 26. A goodly number came and the presence of God was felt in our midst.

On Saturday afternoon about 4:30 p. m. we said farewell to Bro. & Sr. Charlie Cook and family as they pulled out for Delisle, Saskatchewan driving their car. May God abundantly bless them as they go forth in His service in new fields of labour. Bro. Clifford Horton went along with them to help with the driving.

Sunday evening Sept. 29 Bro. & Sr. Roy Mann returned missionaries from Africa gave an interesting account of their work there.

M. Horton

Chestnut Grove, Ashland, Ohio

The work of our missionaries abroad was vividly portrayed for us in two meetings this summer. On Sunday evening, July 14, Bro. and Sr. Roy Mann very ably spoke of their activities in Africa, and on Sunday, Sept 15, in the morning service Srs. Leora Yoder and Elizabeth Engle from India and Africa respectively, presented their phase of mission work in those countries.

We were pleasantly surprised to have Bro. Samuel Lady and a carload of young people on their way to Grantham stop over with us one Sunday. Bro. Lady led in invocation and spoke a few words in reminiscence of a revival he once held at this place. There has been a wonderful spirit of giv-

ing among the Sunday School children and older classes, too, as we prepared Goodwill Christmas Bundles for the M. C. C. Individual classes and the sewing circle took this up as a project, and fourteen bundles were assembled. They were all brought in and placed on the altar one Sunday evening and dedicated to the Lord.

Mrs. Ernest Dohner

Fairview, Englewood, Ohio.

On Sunday evening Sept 1, Samuel Herr and Ernest Boyer gave an interesting account of their trips on cattleboats, Samuel going to Italy, Ernest going to Poland.

Sept. 5 being the first Thursday evening of the month was our missionary prayer meeting. We had the happy privilege of having Eld and Sr. Roy Mann with us. They both gave very interesting talks.

Saturday evening Sept. 14 was our fall communion. Eld. & Sr. H. G. Brubaker were with us. On Sunday morning Eld. Brubaker gave the morning message. We appreciated having them with us.

On Sunday evening Sept. 22 our congregation had the rare privilege of having with us Mrs. Emerson Smith (formerly Ida Hittle). When she was but a child 6 years of age with her brothers and sisters she had the sacred privilege of an angel visit in their home, while the parents were gone to revival meeting. This was a very touching and interesting talk.

Thursday evening, Sept. 26, Sr. Elizabeth Engle from Africa and Sr. Leora Yoder from India were with us. We enjoyed having them very much.

There were 17 Christmas packages sent from our congregation to the war-torn countries. We pray that they will not only comfort the physical, but will also be the means of bringing many to Christ.

Our Tri-County Young People's group visited the London Prison Farm Sunday afternoon Sept. 29.

Dorothy Kniesly

Free Grace (Millersburg)

The Lykens Valley-Juniata-Mifflin District experienced a new blessing when they conducted a Youth Conference in the Free Grace Church near Millersburg, Pa., September 7 and 8, 1946.

The speakers who served us were Bishop Henry Hostetter, Elder Albert Engle, and Elder Paul McBeth. Special music was rendered by the Manheim male quartet and the Lykens Valley mixed quartet.

Among the interesting messages of the Conference the themes, "Christian Living" and "Church Doctrine" were especially stressed.

In the closing session of the Conference our hearts were made glad when about 20 young people raised their hands for prayer and one bowed at an altar of prayer.

Though it was this district's first experience in this type of work the approximately 88 registered members parted with the general opinion that we should have this as an annual event.

J. Edgar Keefer

Graterford, Pa.

Memories of our Young People's Conference continue with us. The speakers were

Eld. Albert Engle and Eld. P. W. McBeth. The latter with the Ambassadors' Quartette, featured illustrated hymn sketches.

* On Oct. 6 we enjoyed the farewell service for Sr. Lula Asper and Sr. Florence Hensel. These services have been the means of new inspiration to us.

Mildred Buckwalter

Mt. Rock, Penna.

We had the pleasure of having with us Sunday evening, October 6, the Gospel Team from Messiah Bible College. They presented a program in our Young People's Hour, consisting of group singing, mixed Quartette, Reading and Three topics: "Christ is Able", "Christ is Available", and "Christ is Willing". Bro. Eli Hostetler, one of the group, brought the evening sermon. One member of the Team is from our District, Bro. Clyde Sollenberger. May God bless these young people as they witness for Christ.

John L. Oberholser

Nottawa, Ontario

Love Feast Services were held at the Sixth Line Church on Sept. 7th and 8th.

We were pleased to have with us two ministering brethren from other districts. Eld. Arthur Musser of Buffalo, N. Y., and Eld. Percy Cassel of Blair, Ont. We were thankful for another season of refreshing and fellowship.

Sunday, Sept. 15th we were privileged to have speak to us at both services. Bish. Jacob Janzen of the Mennonite Church, Waterloo, Ontario. Bish. Janzen lived in Russia through the day of the Revolution. His messages helped us to appreciate the privileges God has permitted us to enjoy in this country of ours.

Sept. 22nd, 23rd and 24th Eld Roy Mann and Sr. Mann visited our district. Their vivid messages of the mission work in Africa were greatly appreciated and we feel more keenly our share in that great work.

M. Swalm

Wainfleet, Ontario

Baptismal services were held on the shores of Lake Erie at which time several young people followed the Lord in baptism. Before long a young married couple expect to be baptised.

A vacation Bible school was again held for two weeks during the summer months. One hundred and twenty-two was the enrollment. The children came for several miles and their ability in memorizing Bible passages was gratifying as well as their interest in Bible School projects. At the close of the school several knelt at the altar and we have this confidence that there were those who were really saved.

Bro. & Sr. Lewis Sider gave their farewell message one Sunday evening. Their visit with us was especially appreciated because of this being his boyhood home congregation.

Eld. & Mrs. David Climenhaga, accompanied by their parents Eld. & Mrs. J. A. Climenhaga also gave us a splendid talk on a Sunday evening.

Harold Sider has recently returned from a trip to Poland, having helped care for approximately eight hundred horses on the voyage. He reports having had a very interesting trip.

On the Foreign Field

Philippine Islands

During the past month Dale Nebel and Dr. James Brenneman has been working toward the establishment of a 50-bed hospital in the town of Vigan. Bro. Nebel writes: "The past ten days have been very busy. We are unpacking and installing the hospital equipment. There are many bottlenecks and slowdowns. We cannot do the plumbing ourselves so we have to wait until a plumber is ready to come. We cannot do it ourselves because we do not have the tools—neither does the plumber, but he gets the job done anyway. I have never seen such improvising. Dr. Brenneman and I are doing the paper work and supervising the crew and also helping out with the work ourselves. Most of the equipment is installed; the drugs are unpacked and arranged. The surgical instruments are unpacked and are ready to go into the operating room. Things which we do not have are being made or improvised. We are thankful for good health and we really do enjoy working with these people. There is so much work to be done."

Child Feeding

The British Military Government has approved the setting up of an M. C. C. child feeding project in the British Zone of Germany. The project calls for 10 workers and it is believed that the feeding project can begin operations about November 1.

Bibles for Russia

The Bible is not only being read in Russia but copies of the Bible are found in the pews of the churches, according to a report given by the American Bible Society by Dr. Louie D. Newton, president of the Southern Baptist Convention, who has just returned from a visit to that country. Dr. Newton was one of a seven-member delegation visiting Russia at the invitation of the Soviet Government.

Printing German Bibles

Plans for the production of a million German Bibles, to be printed in Germany, with material supplied largely by the American Bible Society, are under consideration.

The Society has furnished 86,000 Bibles, 429,000 Testaments and 549,000 Gospels in the last year and will shortly be able to ship to Germany over 250,000 Bibles and a very large quantity of New Testaments. In addition 65,000 Testaments are to be produced in Finland for distribution in Germany.

A study by the American, British and Continental Bible Societies, at a recent meeting in London, of conditions in Europe, showed Germany as the greatest area of need. It is hoped the books which the Society is able to furnish will tide over the immediate shortage until production can be started in Germany.

Evangelists to Holland

Because a baker in South Chicago couldn't sleep nights due to a burden for the spiritual welfare of the young people in his native Holland, a Youth for Christ International Gospel team of three young men will take to the air on Monday, September 16, to fly to Holland to spend two months preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to Dutch young people.

This Holland team is the first of five Youth for Christ teams which will girdle

the globe within the coming months in response to invitations from all parts of the world.

RIOTS IN INDIA

Scenes like these of the riots are utterly undecipherable, though descriptions may convey some idea of the thing. The awful, terrible roar of a mob out to kill, utterly different from any other human sound that I have ever heard, has been forever graven in my memory. The fury of the avengers, the lusts of men with passions gone mad, the blood-curdling cries in the night, the screams of women, the pathetic entreaties of those who sought shelter—who could forget! One medical corps veteran who worked with the Red Cross during this time said, "War was never like this."

On the 16th and 17th (August) some of the fighting was right underneath our eyes on and about the intersection of Prinsep Street and Wellington. It raged in and around the Square, up and down Wellesley and College and Dhurumtallah Streets and in the nooks and alleys off them. It would die down for a bit one spot and flare up in another and so it went on all around us for most of three days and nights, until the military had established a fairly firm control and were able to enforce the curfew and the ban against all assemblies and the carrying of weapons. Sporadic assaults continued until a few days ago but seem to have ceased now within the city.

Helen Moser and I were the only ones of our unit in the city during this time, the other girls having gone up to Chittagong just before the trouble started. Knowing that newspaper and radio reports would be reaching the folk at home and perhaps making them uneasy about the welfare of your India unit, we decided that we should cable home as soon as it would be possible to get a message out, which I did on the 22nd. We had received word from the Chittagong girls that morning so know that everybody was well and were happy to send that message home.

J. Harold Sherk.

Are You Watching

*O brother, are you watching,
Should Jesus come to-day,
At morning, noon or evening,
To bear your soul away?
For only those who're watching
Shall see Him in the skies
Or hear His voice that awakes the dead,
And bids the sleepers rise.*

*O brother, I am waiting
And longing now to go,
To rise and be with Jesus,
And leave all things below;
To join with the immortals
Who served the Master here,
And then with all the ransomed
Sing praises over there.*

*Rejoice, ye weeping mortals
Who sorrow here below!
Your toils will all be over
When Jesus comes for you;
You'll reign with Him forever,
Your tears be wiped away,
Your cries all forgotten
When Jesus comes some day.*

—Selected.

The Word of Hope

T. Fred Williams

Our day is a needy one. So many are weary with the journey. The color has gone from their faces. A gleam no longer brightens their eye. They neither run nor walk rapidly. They just shuffle along. Like men in the early morning darkness, there is no hurry in their feet. They sing not, neither do they smile with any enthusiasm. They are frequently lashed with irritation, and their spirits are hard to soothe. There is sorrow, fear, doubt, hatred, infidelity. Life with millions is a losing battle on almost every front.

Evangelism is a word that ever has carried the spirit of hope. There is a sheen about its very letters. It has the music of a great poem. It carries the promise of exhilarating springtime. But do we mean the evangelism of yesterday? The president of the board of trustees of a Hoosier university, a man of no church affiliation, who has been accused of atheism, who has never gone to church save when some Christian professor died, but one ever engaged in good, civic, and social enterprises, mentally against the wall, recently said, "We are in sore need of preaching like that of Moody and Sankey." One of my city's leading business men, prominent in its life for more than a quarter of a century, not of an emotional nature, has expressed himself as follows: "Parson, the old-fashioned preaching of hell fire and damnation is the only thing that will get us back on the right track." A saint of maturity, a missionary who spent his life in China, now waiting for the setting sun at home, after his minister had preached with a little more vigor and pointedness than usual, said: "Brother, keep on boring. Some of these mornings you will strike a gusher."

The message will be the record of what God's book, through study and the Holy Spirit, speaks to the messenger. It will be one that will make an audience aware of God, produce the sense of holy awe, and make sin stand out ugly and offensive. It will contain not alone "thou art the man," but "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." *Christ will be at the center.*

The function of the message of evangelism of our day is the impartation of creative spiritual energy for everyday living, here and now, to produce results. It will create a new ministry where such has been stale, cold, musty. It will bring into life a new people—buoyant, worshipful, hopeful, purposeful.—*Christian Advocate.*

—
We are purified every day as we walk in Him.

—
One of the greatest mistakes Moses made was when he looked this way and that way, and failed to look up.

Preacher's Page

The Seven Basic Appeals of Scriptural Preaching

Charles W. Koller

In every legitimate appeal, the preacher addresses himself to the conscience of the hearer. The voice of conscience is the voice of God speaking to the soul through the Holy Spirit—instructing, commanding, approving, warning, correcting, rebuking! To preach without the assurance of such confirmation of the message by the Holy Spirit would be rank presumption.

But appeals to the conscience may vary widely. The preacher with only one appeal is like a fiddle with only one string: however sweet the tone, when it loses its freshness it loses its charm. Sometimes we fail to realize how monotonous we become in our evangelistic appeal, and how trite and threadbare as to our pulpit vocabulary. An eminent theologian declared that once in every generation there should be a new coinage of theological terminology to express the old established truths. Like a worn dime that smoothly slips between the fingers, he pointed out, our over-used words and expressions may slip through the mind without taking hold.

The preacher who attains to perennial freshness in the pulpit has thereby immeasurably strengthened his ministry. He broadens with the years, and broadens his congregation likewise, instead of gravitating into a rut and pulling his congregation after him. He builds a symmetrical church, by so varying his appeals as to win both children and adults, men and women, rich and poor, high and low. And he does not often find it necessary to move, or to bring outside speakers to build up his church attendance.

The preacher who seeks to broaden his pulpit appeal may well begin by broadening the Scriptural base of his preaching. If he was "born in the dark of the moon," and is constitutionally disposed to draw all his preaching material from the Book of Lamentations, he would do well to preach a series on the Psalms of Praise—and vice versa. Thus, let him proceed through the whole Bible; for "all Scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable . . ." (II Tim. 3:16). This is true, equally, of its history and its prophecy, its theology and its ethics, the Sermon on the Mount and Calvary on the Mount.

His presentation of theological truth must be so comprehensive as to illumine the mind, stir the emotions, move the will, and bring the whole man over to the side of Christ, with heart and soul and strength and mind. His approach must be adapted to the man in the pew. To every man and every mood there is an effectual and an ineffectual approach; and to every ap-

proach there are varying degrees of attractiveness and persuasiveness. His appeals must be as diverse as the souls in his congregation, and as comprehensive as the appeals of Jesus and the Apostles. How richly they have demonstrated the seven basic appeals in Scriptural preaching—the appeals to altruism, aspiration, curiosity, duty, fear, gratitude, and reason!—*The Northern*.

A Preacher's Advice to Preachers

H. C. Morrison

"This generation of rollicking, dancing, card-playing, theater-going, God-forgetting, Christ-rejecting sinners needs to hear some earnest preaching, preaching that deals with sin and the punishment that sin will inevitably bring; faithful, earnest, fearless preaching on God and His attributes, His creation of the world and His rights in it. His creation of man, His love for him, and His right to rule over him and guide him,—ought to be faithfully urged upon this generation. There is a great need for preachers who have no desire for ecclesiastical office, for the applause of men, for the wealth of the world, for ease of body, for an escape from the reproach of the cross; but whose universe is filled with the presence of the infinitely holy God, who walk in awe of Him in the beauty of holiness."—*Selected*.

A Layman's View

H. R. Pierson

It may seem like presumption for a layman to try to tell a bishop what to do, but as laymen we are very much interested in the church, and in this conference on evangelism. We are very anxious to do everything possible to accomplish what is, to the layman's way of thinking, the real scriptural objectives of the church—"Winning Souls." Peter had a personal experience and was also filled with the Spirit. A personal Pentecost exactly is the need of our church today.

The laymen say: "What we want to know is, do the leaders of the church really mean business? Are we in it to save salaries or to have souls? Will the objective of the leaders continue to be preaching, or will it really be the winning of souls for Christ?"

The mark of a real farmer is not farms or fences; the mark of a real farmer is

crops. The mark of a real salesman is sales, and the mark of a real Christian is souls. The laymen say: "We will never be satisfied with just a social program, important as that is. We must have a program which includes the new birth, growth in grace, and scriptural holiness." The laymen would like to see the adoption of a slogan, "Read the Word, believe the Word, live the Word." There is power in the Word—no other source of real power.

A program is all right; so is a promise, but what the laymen are wanting is performance. Evangelism is action.—*Christian Advocate*.

Life and Death

C. H. Spurgeon

"A living dog is better than a dead lion" (Eccl. 9:4).

Life is a precious thing, and in its humblest form it is superior to death. This truth is eminently certain in spiritual things. It is better to be the least in the Kingdom of Heaven, than the greatest out of it. The lowest degree of grace is superior to the noblest development of unregenerate nature. Where the Holy Ghost implants Divine life in the soul, there is a precious deposit which none of the refinements of education can equal. The thief on the cross excels Caesar on his throne; Lazarus among the dogs is better than Cicero among the senators; and the most unlettered Christian in the sight of God superior to Plato. Life is the badge of nobility in the realm of spiritual things, and men without it are only coarser or finer specimens of the same lifeless material, needing to be quickened, for they are dead in trespasses and sins.

A living, loving, Gospel sermon, however unlearned in matter, and uncouth in style, is better than the finest discourse devoid of unction and power. A living dog keeps better watch than a dead lion, and is of more service to his master; and so the poorest spiritual preacher is infinitely to be preferred to the exquisite orator who has no wisdom but that of words, no energy but that of sound. The like holds good of our prayers and other religious exercises if we are quickened in them by the Holy Spirit, they are acceptable to God through Jesus Christ, though we may think them to be worthless things; while our grand performances in which our hearts were absent, like dead lions, are mere carrion in the sight of the living God. —*The Harvester*.

I am afraid some of the things in our homes are just a little too fine for the Lord to associate with.

Our Church Schools

Three College Ship-Wrecks

Bob Jones

I. THE ONLY DAUGHTER

Some time ago I spoke to a great Southern audience. I pictured the atheistic drift in the educational life of America. A man sat on the front seat and followed my every word with an expression of agony I have rarely seen on a human face.

When the service was over his pastor said to me, "Did you see that man who looked like the incarnation of agony? He sat in the front seat today. He is a member of my church. He is one of the truest Christians I have ever known. He is on my board. He had one daughter. She was a beautiful child. She grew up in the Sunday School and Church. She finished high school.

"He sent her off to a certain college. At the end of nine months she came home with her faith shattered. She laughed at God and the old-time religion. She broke the hearts of her father and mother. They wept over her. They prayed over her. It availed nothing. At last they chided her. She rushed upstairs, stood in front of a mirror, took a gun and blew out her brains."

II. THE PRIDE OF HIS MOTHER

Let me tell you another story, and I could tell you numbers of them, for my work has taken me into forty states, and for over twenty-five years I have had to deal with the souls of men and women, and I know what is going on. A few years ago I was conducting a revival campaign in the shadow of one of the great universities in a Northern city. One night I dismissed the crowd and started down town. A young fellow followed me down the street, out of the shadow into the light, out of the light into the shadow. I didn't like to have him stay behind me like that, so I turned around and said, "Jones is my name. Do you want to speak to me?" I noticed that the young man was crying, so I put my arm around him, and took him up to my room in the hotel. We sat down.

I shall not tell you about the preliminaries of our conversation, but at last he told me this story: "My father died three months before I was born. All he left me was his good name, and all he left my mother was the memory of his love. My father had been well-to-do. He lost all he had just before he died. The home where I was born was sold under mortgage. My mother was a plucky little woman. She got a little house on a back street and got a job to support herself and take care of me.

"I grew up in Sunday School and

Church. I am not bragging about it, but I had the reputation of being the brightest boy that ever graduated from the high school in our town. I shall never forget the day I finished. The little auditorium was full. My mother was sitting back there. Her face was beaming. I received every honor that it was possible for a boy to get. I won the medal for being the best athlete. I got the scholarship medal. I got a medal for being the most popular boy in school. It was a great day. They gave me honor after honor, and my mother sat back there and smiled at me through her tears.

"The exercises were over, and I made a break to get to my mother, but the crowd flocked around me to congratulate me. Mother is a timid woman and she slipped out so people wouldn't see her crying. I ran down the street to the little cottage, and mother was sitting there with tears flowing down her face. She was smiling through her tears. I put my diploma and the medals in her lap. I leaned down and kissed the tears away.

"What are you going to do now, son?" mother asked me. "I am going to go to work and support you, mother, and you are never going to do another thing. You are such a sweet mother to me."

"Mother smiled and said, 'You are going to college this fall.'

"Why, how am I going to college?" I asked.

"I am going to send you," mother replied. "All your life I have saved a little money each week, sometimes two dollars, sometimes three dollars, but always one dollar. I have the money in the saving bank. I have enough to send you to the leading university in this country!" My heart leaped for joy.

"Last fall my precious mother packed my trunk and she put her own Bible in the tray of the trunk, the Bible she had marked, the Bible she had prayed over, and over which she had wept. Mr. Jones, I am a boy, but when I came to this school I was as pure as the purest girl who ever lived. I entered the dormitory and took my mother's Bible out of the tray of the trunk and laid it on the table.

"The students flocked around me, calling to the other students to come see my Bible. 'We have a country boy come to town and he brought a Bible with him!'

"He will get over that," someone said.

"Just give him time. Let him get in biology. The biology prof will fix him. The Bible is all right for country people and for ignorant folks, but we have outgrown that." I paid no attention to them. I read my Bible. I said my prayers. I went to Sunday School and Church.

"At last I got in the biology class. You

have got to hand it to that teacher. He was a better psychologist than he was a biologist. He dropped doubts in my mind every time I went to class. Little by little he broke down my religious resistance. After a while I lost my faith. I didn't believe in my Bible. I didn't believe there is a God. I was miserable, but I tried to be decent for my mother's sake. I do love my mother.

"But I couldn't be decent. I had lost the inward urge. I had lost the power to be good. Oh, God, I hate to tell you this, Mr. Jones, but one night I went out with the boys. I have lived in awful sin. I have been drunk for six weeks. I have gambled away the money that mother saved. I have gone with wicked women and my faith is all ruined.

"Today I had a letter from my mother. She will be here tomorrow. Oh, God, I can't see her. I couldn't look at her. She thinks I am pure. She thinks I am the same boy that I was when I left her a few months ago. I couldn't stand to look into her eyes. If I did look at her I couldn't kiss her, for I have an unspeakable disease. I am going down town in the morning before mother gets here and buy a gun and blow out my brains. If there is a hell, as my mother's Bible says, it isn't any worse than the hell I am in."

If we don't bring back to the schools of this nation the Word of God and the old-time religion, this nation is gone. The educational institutions in America are sleeping over atheistic volcanoes.

III. THE SON OF THE AGED MINISTER

Some time ago in a city in the great Northwest, we were conducting a revival campaign in a large tabernacle. One night I dismissed the crowd and started out of the building. A feeble old man came down the aisle and took me by the hand. "I would like to speak to you a minute, Brother Bob," said the old man, with a trembling voice.

"All right," I replied, "I will be glad to talk with you."

He looked at me a minute and then said, "Let me get where I can prop against the wall, for I am feeble and old and tremble in the knees." We walked down the aisle toward the door, and he leaned his old stooped shoulders against the wall.

"Brother Bob," he began, "I am an old superannuated minister of the Gospel. I came to the great Northwest as a missionary. It has been nearly sixty years now since I arrived in this country. When I came here I brought my bride. Oh, how happy we were! We were young and everything was beautiful. We were happy in God's work.

"After I began my ministry here in the Northwest it occurred to us that my denomination had no school anywhere in this section of the country. We preachers had a conference. We said, 'We must

build us a church school so we can educate our own children.' We perfected the plan. I subscribed a hundred dollars a year. You know I never made over a thousand dollars a year preaching. My dear sweet wife made her pledge, and though she wasn't strong physically, she did her own washing and saved the money to give to the school. We never had but one child. He was a boy."

The old man's face lighted as he continued, "He was a great boy, bright, clean, obedient, Christian. He graduated from high school with honors. We were proud of him. He was president of the young people's society in my church. He prayed in public. Everybody said he was an ideal preacher.

"The day came when he was to go to college. It was the happiest day of my life. Wife and I stood on the front step and kissed our darling boy good-by. We both cried. We didn't cry because we were sad. We cried because we were proud of our boy. He looked so manly and clean as he went out the gate, and his shoulders were so broad and he was so erect. That night wife and I got ready to retire. We knelt together by the bed to say our prayers. I put my arm around her, and she put her little frail arm around me, and I prayed a prayer something like this: 'Our Father, we thank Thee that we have a safe place to educate our boy. We don't have to worry about him. He is all right. He is in a Christian school, and we know he will come back to us as good as he was when he left us.'"

Then the old man straightened up, threw his shoulders back like a soldier on parade, his eyes flashed fire, and he set his jaw. "Brother Bob, while I had been preaching to my country churches, the devil had been sowing tares in that college. A skeptic had got in the Science Department. At the end of four years my boy came home with his degree, but he came home an atheist, laughing at my religion, at the Gospel I preach, and at the faith of his mother. My son is a middle-aged man now, but he is a drunken, atheistic bum. Brilliantly educated, he writes letters to the papers and signs these letters 'Atheist,' and laughs at the Gospel I have preached for sixty years and makes fun of his old mother's faith.

"Brother Bob, wife and I are old. You are a young man. Go up and down this country and tell this story, and warn the people that the educational drift of this nation is atheistic. Tell the people to awake or this nation is gone."—*Tract.*

Those who stand foursquare for God give evidence that God is true.

What God says, we must do. If you want to be happy, obey God.

"Why I Am a Church School Teacher"

C. O. Wittlinger:

Answering this question first from the negative approach, I am not a Church School teacher (1) because of the money that is in it, and (2) because it is an easy job. From the positive side, I am a Church School teacher (1) because I believe that religion is a fundamental factor in the development of youth. It seems to me that education can never be at its best unless permeated by evangelical religion. I am a Church School teacher (2) because I believe it is the will of God for me now. And furthermore, I count it a privilege to work with Christian colleagues.

Albert Engle:

It is not for honor that I am teaching in a Church School, for I really think the missionary has more honor than the teacher. I am teaching because I feel it is God's will. I spent seventeen of the best years of my life in mission work. If I can not challenge other people to mission work, I would rather go back into mission work again. If I can feel that I am doing something to challenge young people to consecrate their lives to the Lord's work, I feel that I am doing a great work. If I can do this, I am happy although the world might call being a church school teacher a sacrifice.

H. G. Brubaker:

I am very much at home in the classroom and I am very happy to stimulate young people intellectually and spiritually. But those are not my main reasons for being a church school teacher. First, I am in love with Christ and I take my commission seriously. In the church college, I have a great opportunity of making known Christ in the various aspects of life—in the area of foreign missions, home missions, Christian teaching, both public and private, as Christian business men, as Sunday School workers, as evangelists, as ministers, in all the legitimate vocations of life—to prepare young people to go out as Christians as witnesses. If I have the opportunity to stimulate these young people to do this, I experience in them a great missionary service. It is this that has led me into the teaching field of our church schools.

My second reason is, I am a lover of the Brethren in Christ Church. I wish that wherever that church is found, there will also be found competence, training and ability, as good as can be found anywhere else.

Thirdly, there is no education complete except as proper emphasis is given Christianity and the spiritual side of education. I am definitely in favor of a well-rounded education and to me there is no well-

rounded education except Christian education.

* These reasons give impetus, these give drive to teach in a Christian school.

John N. Hostetter:

We have a ministry that we need not apologize for. The privilege of dealing with plastic youth, I feel one of the greatest opportunities in life. I felt to share in the church school work to bridge a crisis, to help until the Lord directs otherwise. Miss Books:

I am a church school teacher because I feel it is the will of God. Education in these days is shaping lives and Christian education has a very wonderful opportunity. I think that education is a great challenge to the church today. I want to do what I can to promote that cause.—*General Conference 1946.*

Foreign Students

Four Waldensian students who come from the valley of northern Italy arrived in New York on September 3. They spent two days visiting with the M. C. C. headquarters and spoke briefly to the group on Thursday, September 5, at the devotional hour. They brought greetings from the Waldensian churches and spoke of their interest in coming to this country for the purpose of studying in Mennonite colleges. C. N. Hostetter, President of Messiah Bible College, extended greetings and an official word of welcome in speaking for the Mennonite and Affiliated Colleges. Their names and the college which they will attend are as follows: Alessandro Sarti, Bethel College; Aldo Vigliano, Tabor College; Paolo Comba, Bluffton College; Adolfo Comba, Goshen College.

Seventeen foreign students, 11 young men and 6 young women, arrived in New York on September 16. With the exception of one, who comes from Belgium, they are all members of the Doopsegsinde (Mennonite) Church in Holland, and have come to study in Mennonite Colleges. The students spent two days at the M. C. C. headquarters and were officially greeted by C. N. Hostetter, President of Messiah Bible College, in speaking for the Mennonite and Affiliated Colleges at a reception on September 19. Their names and respective colleges which they will attend are as follows: Peter Verhulst, Rene de Monchy, Annetta de Graaf, Bluffton College; Johannes Matthijssen, Lenze Meinsma, Willy Piron, Immetje Terwey, Johanna Kuitse, Goshen College; Johannes Hilverda, Peter Doves, Leo Beck, Elizabeth Craandijk, Alida Ferf, Bethel College; Reinder Mesdag, Freeman College; Henk Wittevsen, Alvert Hijmans van den Bergh, Messiah Bible College; Eeke van der Schaaf, Hesston College.

The first trait of character in a child of God is obedience.

If you fully obey and fear the Lord, you have a perfect right to fully trust Him.

Missions

"Only a Boy"

Encouragement for every preacher and Christian Worker. "Cast thy bread upon the waters." (Ecc. 11:1). "Forasmuch as . . . your labour is not in vain in the Lord." (I Cor. 15:58.)

Over seventy years ago, a faithful minister coming early to the kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said, 'I have something on my conscience to say to you, Pastor. There must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy.'

'I feel it all,' he said, 'I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for results.'

'Yes, yes,' said the deacon, 'but by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done my duty in speaking plainly.'

'True,' said the old man; 'but "charity suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things, hopeth all things." I have great hopes of that boy—Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all.'

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the old kirkyard. He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone, the place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed.

No one remained. No one? 'Only a boy.'

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

'Well Robert,' said the minister.

'Do you think, if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?'

'A preacher?'

'Perhaps a missionary.'

There was a pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said,

"This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the Divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy. Yes I think you will become a preacher."

Some years ago there returned to London from Africa, an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly, the people rose; when he spoke in public there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

Robert Moffat had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth, and brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, had given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvest of right intentions is sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labours, but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy, and what that one boy was to the world.

'Only a boy!'—Selected.

Sin and Its Cure

The worst of all diseases is light compared with sin;

On every part it seizes, but rages most within.

'Tis palsy, plague and fever and madness all combined;

And none but a believer the least relief can find.

From men great skill professing I thought a cure to gain,

But this proved more distressing, and added to my pain.

Some said that nothing ailed me, some gave me up for lost;

Thus every refuge failed me, and all my hopes were crossed.

At length the Great Physician, how matchless is His grace!

Accepted my petition and undertook my case.

First gave me sight to view Him—for sin my eyes had sealed—

Then bid me look unto Him.

I looked, and I was healed!

—From a tract.

—Sent by J. M. Robinson.

The Eternal Cross

Rev. Wesley H. Bransford

The function of evangelism is the complete liberation of life; the release of the individual and society from every crippling handicap. Jesus came to change defeated and depressed individuals into victorious soldiers of the cross, and to link these soldiers in an army for action.

The message of evangelism today is the message of the eternal cross. Jesus Christ is the adequate Saviour of men and society from every sin and from every defeat and despair of life. At the same time He saves men and women and society to the highest and holiest experiences of which the sons and daughters of God are capable. The Bishop of Croydon in his book, *What Is This Christianity?* says: "Jesus Christ, Himself—the Jesus of history, but the Jesus alive today—our great Contemporary, freshly understood, freshly obeyed, can and will, if we will have Him, bring humanity out of bondage, give light to those who sit in darkness and in the land of the shadow of death."

The message of evangelism today is as of old. The good news of God is ours. Tell it! All power is given in heaven and earth. Demonstrate it! Move out from talk to traveling with Him; from debate to demonstration; from argument to action; from behind closed doors and stained-glass windows to a soldier marching to make the Master meaningful in the modern world; from smug self-satisfaction with our own salvation to a passionate dedication with all we have and are for the salvation of the whole world. The message of Jesus is that God remakes men. He takes remade men and welds them into a living fellowship for a new order of society.—*Christian Advocate.*

Prayer Corner

(Continued from page five)

Somehow they felt that a crisis was coming. So we see them taking time by the forelock and asking for the best place as they thought of it in the coming kingdom. Somehow, I admire their self-conceit, if I may name it so bluntly. The idea that they, fishermen with no political training could have first place in a kingdom as they thought of it, seems almost preposterous. But they had faith enough in Jesus to believe that He could enable them to fill the place. Well, they had personality. One of the requirements of personality is to have faith in yourself. Do not ask for a job unless you believe yourself capable.

"Are you able—?" Confidently they answer "We are able." And by and by they proved their ability, but by a very dif-

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Contributions

Christian America

Theodore P. Egling

Many years ago David Livingstone, the great African missionary, was standing on one of the high mountains in Africa early in the morning. Smoke was rising from many a fire where the natives were preparing their early meal. The air was still crisp and the first rays of the sun spread colorfully across the dark sky.

Livingstone said to his native friend: "There are thousands of villages in which the name of Jesus has never been heard; thousands of villages in which men are still slaves of sin, hounded by witchcraft and darkness." What a field for labor; for to all these must the gospel of Jesus Christ be preached. Any person who has been in Africa knows how sin, witchcraft and demon fear has held these people in bondage for many a century. Millions of these poor, dark people were driven, chained together, as slaves to the slave markets of the coasts and were sold. There is sickness and pain; whole villages have died from sleeping sickness. Many suffer with leprosy. Insects cause large sores on their bodies; many are blind from eye diseases; some have their toes rotted away by ticks and children die by the thousands. In addition to which many lose their lives from wild animals. A real dark continent it is in the very strictest sense of the word.

But here and there the gospel light is glowing—doing away with fear and superstition and also with sickness. Men and women sacrifice their lives to bring the gospel to those held down by satan. We hear Americans say: "I am so glad that we have not these conditions here; this is a Christian nation."

Yes, America is a wonderful nation, but are we a Christian nation? What is a Christian nation? What is a Christian? A Christian is one who knows Christ, believes on Him, and lives like Him. A Christian nation is a nation which knows Christ; which believes in Christ; which lives like Christ. Are we a Christian nation? Let us go to some of our missions and investigate. Here we find just as dark elements as in Africa. Sin, fear, hate, sickness and filth abound. Men can sit through a soul-stirring meeting and sleep; sleep until the refreshments are passed out; men who have heard thousands of wonderful sermons; men who have heard so much scripture that one could write a whole Bible. And still they are without God. Drunkenness, vice, lust, hatred, murder, dope, etc., ruin them. They hold on to satan, although they know that he will send them to an eternal hell.

I stood on Mount Tamalpias and looked over a number of cities, just as Living-

stone looked over Africa; and the thought came to me: supposing God would come to me and would say: "I am going to destroy these cities" and I would answer like Abraham of old: "Lord if there are only one hundred saints in each city, will you save them?" And God would say: "Yes, I'll save them, for one hundred could do a lot of good." But could God find one hundred, or would it be like Sodom.

In this great country of ours, with a hundred and thirty million people, there are so many who never read the Bible; many who never pray to God. Love stories, detective stories and murder mysteries have taken the place of the Bible. Funny papers take the place of the Sunday morning family prayer. Movies take the place of the church, and card parties take the place of the family altar.

Sometimes mission workers make the silly remark: "If you wish to meet your mother you must get ready now." If some of these men want to meet their mothers, they are on the right road, the one which leads to hell. Mothers are painted like war-path Indians; cocktail sipping, smoking, half drunk women; women who lecture in their clubs how to take care of other people's children, while their own go to hell. Fathers have no time for their children; they are too busy with ball games, horse races, etc. Mothers and fathers take their children to night clubs, but never to church.

The gospel is preached in every church; on many street corners, in every mission hall hundreds of thousands of Bibles and Testaments are given away gratis. America, America, awake. The day of judgment is at hand, and those nations who have forgotten God shall be thrown in the lake of fire and brimstone. America has the light, but she is rebellious. She is pleasure-mad like Sodom. Are we really a Christian nation, or will dark Africa go to eternal glory before we will, because she has accepted the Word and we have neglected such a great salvation.—*San Francisco, Cal.*

Jesus Leads

Fred Tweed

Ev'ry minute Jesus leads me,

Ev'ry minute of the hour

Ev'ry minute life grows sweeter,

As I trust His cleansing power.

Though the storm clouds rage about me,

And the way seems dark and drear

In my Saviour I am trusting,

I have not a thing to fear.

For I know that He is with me,

Which is worth far more than gold

He my ev'ry burden shareth,

Gives me peace, 'tis wealth untold.

—Paddockwood, Sask.

How About It?

*Am I really and truly interested in my church—am I earnestly striving to help my church to the best of my ability to carry on its God-given work and reach its goal—or do I only think I am doing this?

What is the outsider's opinion of me? What impression am I making on him? Am I leading him to believe that I am a sincere Christian, or do I only think I am?

Am I a regular church-goer? If other people did not go to church more than I do, would there be need of services every Sunday? Can I truly say, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house," or do I only think I do?

What kind of example am I giving the members of my family? Do I practice Christian virtues also within the walls of my home, or do I live up to my Christian profession only before strangers? Am I a consistent Christian, or do I only think I am?

What encouragement am I giving my pastor? Am I helping him in his work, or am I hindering him? Am I a member of the church only to receive, or am I also trying to give? Is my church really better off because of me, or do I only think so? Am I an asset or a liability, which?

Am I giving to the Lord as He has prospered me? Do I give to his kingdom in proportion to my earnings? Honestly, now, would the Lord be able to call me a cheerful and liberal giver? Do I contribute to my home church and to missions as I ought, or do I only think I do? If I should have before me, in a heap all that I gave to the Lord in the past twelve months and in another heap all that I gave away for unnecessary things, would I be able to tell God without a blush that I had given Him all I could? In short, have I done my duty in giving, or do I only think I have?

Do I really care for my poor fellowmen who are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death? Am I ready to bring sacrifices that they may hear the gospel of Jesus, which has brought light and salvation to me, or do I only think I do? Am I actually telling the truth when I say that my heart is longing to see Christ's kingdom grow and expand, or do I only think I do?

Am I a worth-while church member, or do I only think I am? Am I a member whom my church can be proud of? Am I as good as I think I am, or do I only think so?—*Selected.*

The world usually pushes a man the way he makes up his mind to go. If going up, they push him up; if going down, they push him down—gravitation, however, making the speed greater on the decline.

Stewardship

Your Silent Partner

For more than twenty years," writes a man of business, "I was in business for myself with the Lord as a silent minority stockholder—a minority stockholder as far as the profits were concerned, though He had furnished all the capital. I was conscious of this partnership and I tried to be fair with my Partner. I had promised to give a certain per cent of the profits, if there were any, to Him. I kept that promise through the years. After a while I became ashamed of the small amount I had promised the Lord and gave more, and I also promised that I would give much of my time to the Lord's work."

How have you been treating your Silent Partner? Have you begun to realize that the Lord furnished you all the capital you have invested in your business? He furnished all the money and the materials with which you are carrying on your business. He gave you the brains with which you are able to direct your business to such profitable results. He gives you the health and strength with which to prosecute your business from day to day. There is nothing you call your own which you did not receive from the Lord. What recognition is He receiving out of the business which enables you to carry on? Is it conducted according to the principles that square with the teachings of His Word? Are you giving Him even that proportion of the profits which the members of His Church in the shadowy days of the Jewish dispensation were required to give according to the God-given Law, "The tenth is the Lord's?"

How much owest thou to my Lord in the way of back tithes which you have failed to return to Him in past years? How much more than the one-tenth of all your income do you owe to Him for all the superior advantages you have enjoyed in a business way as well as spiritually and socially? In a word, how are you treating the Silent Partner who furnished all your working capital, all your living energy, all your mental acuteness with which to direct your business from year to year, all the favoring conditions and circumstances and everything else that has contributed to the success of the undertaking in which you have been engaged?—*The C. U. Herald.*

She Believes It Works

Edgar L. Vincent

"Oh, that was for a different day than we live in. It wouldn't work now. Nobody expects it to. This is a business age,

and there is no place for such a sentiment nowadays."

And that was his opinion about the Golden Rule. He was honest in it, no doubt, for he was a hardheaded man of the world. But you go out to the little place in the country where the widow V. lives and see what she thinks about it. Her husband enlisted in the time of the civil war and never came back. There were six boys and girls in the family, all quite young, and not able to do much. The widow was advised to let the children be separated and go out to live with farmers of the neighborhood, but she always said, "No, I never can do that. As long as I can work, I will keep them together."

But it was winter and the widow was sick. The woodpile got lower and lower, but the widow did not worry; she knew that the One she trusted would take care of the woodpile. And He did.

On a cold, blustering day men and teams began to appear at the farm. They did not forget to hitch their horses to good stout bob-sleds and they brought their axes and cross-cut saws along. They turned in at the gate leading to the woods on the widow's farm, and while strong arms cut down the trees and sawed the logs into cuts the right length for the widow's stove, other arms just as stout and just as willing hauled the wood to the house and threw it into a pile that was well-nigh as high as the peak of the widow's house before night.

Tears were in the widow's eyes when she thanked those good men for their kindly deed, but they only smiled back at her and said: "You have always been doing good things for other folks. It is time somebody paid you back." What was this but saying over again:

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"?—*Gospel Herald.*

No Other Way to Heaven

Mrs. Caroline E. Hays

*There are no short cuts to heaven
There is only one way to that Home;
You must earnestly seek salvation
And no longer in the dark places roam.*

*Leave the wide road to damnation
And the loss of the Heavenly goal;
Take the "uphill" road to Jesus,
There anchor, in homage, your soul.*

*There's no other way to gain heaven
But the straight and narrow way home;
Put your faith in the shed blood of Jesus
That alone for your sins will atone.*

—Selected.

A Fearful Mistake

"We don't think it matters much what religion a man professes, so long as he is thoroughly sincere!"

This is a fearful mistake. No one acts on that principle in regard to earthly things. If he did, the greatest fool would tell him of his folly.

Just let us test your sincerity of such a notion. Your child is taken very ill, and you want to get the doctor. Every moment is of consequence; you can't stop to put on your coat, but snatch up your hat, and start off at a run.

You know the name of the street he lives in, but you have no idea where it is situated. Never mind that, make up for it by sincerity, run all the harder.

"Stop, friend, stop!" cries out a neighbor, who knows your errand, "You're going the wrong way."

"I can't stop," you reply, "I'm in too great a hurry."

"But your hurry is all lost time, you are getting further and further off."

"Never mind, I'm thoroughly sincere, look how hard I'm running."

But you never reach the doctor, and your child dies.

Friend, sincerity on the wrong road means traveling faster to eternal destruction.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (Jno. 3:3).

—*The Life Line.*

Prayer Corner

(Continued from page fourteen)

ferent route than they expected when they came asking.

This is suggestive of a great many prayers that are made by eager petitioners asking for place, for power, for gifts they are not prepared to use and often being denied even as James and John were, because they were not yet ready.

Some introspection here might be helpful, and humbly we ought to pray, as the disciples prayed "Lord teach us to pray." (Lk. 11. 1) And the answer: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done—"

And the Lord points out the way of service in His kingdom. This puts others first, service first. The way to place in his kingdom is not seeking place, not power, not possession, not even ease, but SERVICE. "Not so shall it be among you; but whoever would be first among you must be your slave; even as the Son of man came not to be served but to serve."

Lord teach us the way of obedient, joyful service, whether in things great or small!—*Azimuth.*

All the knowledge in the world can not bring about the new birth.