A HOME IN HEAVEN.

Selected by Annie M. Newcomer.

A home in heaven! What a joyful thought
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart oppressed and with anguish driven,
From his labor below to his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! As the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When our pleasures fade
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given,
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror stroke,
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

Our home in heaven! Oh, the glorious home!
And the Spirit, joined when the bride says, Come.
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

Dayton, O.

DISAPPOINTMENT—HIS APPOINTMENT

Not long since I was at a meeting
And had gone eight miles on the cars to get there, and the speaker
who was announced failed to appear,
being detained elsewhere. The speaker announced was of some renown
and we were all anxious to hear him, and were not a little disappointed
at the failure. As his substitute took the stand he said he would spell
the disappointment with an H. It would then become His appointment,
and what God appointed could not but be for our good. I took
the lesson then and there and have since found it so good that I feel like
passing it on and telling you what I have found that you too may find
the joys that are in it.

Disappointments will come, and they come real often. Sometimes
they are large, and at other times they are small; but still our plans,
purposes or wishes have been crossed. And then we are apt to chafe
and to complain, and we feel just miserable. I have experienced this
many a time, and so have you. Now let us just think: Well, I am God's
child and according to the Scriptures if we love him all things will
work, etc. (Rom. 8:28), and this disappointment has been by him appointed
for my good. It at once takes away all the chafing and brings
instead a sweet, calm peace and enjoyment. Perchance we will before
the day is over see why we were disappointed, perhaps we may not see
it; but we can afford to trust Him. Sometimes long after we will see the reason.

Sometimes we only want to look
at matters referring to our spiritual welfare, but I firmly believe we
should look to him in everything.

—Philipp. 4:6. I have more than once found my little every day disappointments coming out for my
good and thanked God for them before the day is over. And while
there are many I cannot see the reason for, “I will trust him though
he slay me.”—Job 13:15.

AMOS Z. MYERS.

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Matt. 5:8.

Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.—Heb. 12:14.

Praise the Lord for heart purity!

Without which, according to the above text, no man shall see the Lord. A great many people think
it is impossible to have a pure heart or live a holy life while here in this world. And they think, too, that it
takes a whole life to get rid of the old man, and that they will be delivered only when they come down
to die. Many we find are going about preaching this kind of doctrine today, which no doubt is an error,
because it is not in accordance with the Word. And how well pleased the enemy of the soul is
with them as long as they do not seek for this heart-purity or holiness; because he knows that as long as they are in that condition they cannot enter that place that is "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven."

We, however, should obey the command of God: "Ye shall therefore sanctify yourselves, and ye shall be holy."—1 Thess. 4:3,4,7. How full of wickedness the heart is in its unholy or impure state! "Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, malice; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity."—Rom. 1:29. Is it any wonder that God says, "Sanctify yourselves."

Dear reader, do you know that when these things are in the heart it is just the same as if you had committed the deed, in the eyes of God, for "the Lord looketh upon the heart." Jesus said: "I say unto you that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his own heart."—Matt. 5:28. Will God take up his abode in a heart that is full of lust?

We notice, by looking into the Word, that there is no sin that is so much spoken against as is the sin of adultery and fornication. It is the prevailing sin of the world; not only of the world, but of those that profess to be followers of Christ. If the curtain was to be lifted and we could see how much of this sin there is in this Christian (?) world today our souls would be vexed. Notice what the Apostle Paul says: "Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonor their own bodies between themselves; who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator who is blessed forever. Amen. For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections; for even their women did change the natural use into that which is against nature; and likewise the men, leaving the natural use of the women burned in their lust one toward another; men with men working that which is unseemly, and receiving in themselves that recompense of their error which was meet."—Rom. 1:24-27.

A great many people imagine today the cause of parents' having so few children is due to the purity of their lives. It is just the opposite. "For even their women (wives) did change the natural use into that which is against nature; and likewise the men (husbands), leaving the natural use (procreation) of the woman burned in their lust one toward another." So many put all the blame upon the man; but we notice the Apostle puts the blame first upon the woman. Women are to blame a great deal for the impurity that exists in the world today. The manner in which they dress themselves, when they appear before the world, is enough to cause the passions to rise in the opposite sex. Dame Fashion knows how to dress her subjects so that the lustful eye may be well fed.

Go to the party or ball and you will see them dressed in their low-necked and sleeveless dresses. If you go to the theater you will see living pictures of the forms of women. If you go to the church you will see them corseted and padded so that they might have a goodly form in the sight of men. Women professing godliness are engaged in these things, which are of the devil and good food for the lustful eye.

"In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety."—1 Tim. 2:15. The men also receive the blame for the condition of the purity of the social life. Impurity is increased among them by their corrupt conversation more than any other way. Even the boys of our land are full of such corruption. Neither do we need to wonder why the boys are so unmannerly, because "evil communications corrupt good manners." The exhortation of the Apostle is: "That ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts."—Eph. 4:22.

"But fornication and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not be once named among you as becometh saints: neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient."—Eph. 5:3,4. "Be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."—1 Tim. 4:12.

Some, again, will lay the blame all on one side or the other. Some men expect the women to keep them and their own selves pure; and the women likewise. "Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence; and likewise also the wife unto the husband. The husband hath not power of his own body, but the husband; and likewise also the husband hath not power of his body, but the wife."—1 Cor. 7:34. "But this I say, brethren, the time is short; it remaineth, that they that have wives be as though they had none."—1 Cor. 7:29.

And now, dear reader, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Thess. 5:23.

"Now unto him that is able to do
GLIMPSES OF CITY MISSION WORK.

Dear readers of the Visitor: I have long been impressed to write an article on city missionary work, as I myself am engaged in this great work.

At this moment I hear the sound of a grind organ, which some man (there are hundreds) is grinding in hopes of stirring some heart in his behalf by the music it produces.

Here, too, comes a banana cart, its owner trying to catch the attention of the people by calling aloud its owner, trying to catch the attention of the people by calling aloud his bananas, and prices.

Then at most any time if you happen to look through an alley or byplace you can see men, boys and often women and children with baskets peeping in the waste boxes to see if by chance they might find something that would help to sustain them till the morrow.

Then there are any number of little dirty bootblacks, and ragged newsboys, flower boys, and many more lower and vile than these. Do we realize that one soul, no matter how black, is worth the whole world?

This question presented itself to me some time ago, and indeed I had to stop and think some time before I could answer as I knew I ought to.

I found myself very willing to help those who I knew would appreciate my help, or perhaps those who begged a few pennies; indeed I found myself willing to part with a fortune if it wasn't a sacrifice and wouldn't deprive me of any worldly fancy.

But al! was that the way Christ felt? I fear if he had thought as much of his life and comfort as we do, we wouldn't be the ransomed today.

Nowhere to lay his head when stricken with sorrow, no sympathy, no earthly comfort to calm his troubled spirit or minister the oil of consolation, and yet without murmur he bore it all till he could say, "It is finished."

Oh, when I think of what He has done for me, I feel as though a life devoted to his service would not reward him.

But He doesn't ask more of us than we are able to do; so with this assurance I feel to put my trust in him and follow the path he has marked out for my feet.

I find as a great many people suppose, that it isn't always money that will satisfy these creatures of sorrow and abuse. One smile will do more sometimes than gold, and if you succeed in bringing one of these downcast creatures to Christ, showing with kindness and love that they are not hated and abused by every one as they have reason to suppose, but that Christ died for them and is willing to help and comfort those who trust in him—that soul picked up out of the street and placed in the Savior's keeping is often more faithful than those raised in Christian homes.

Of course this work has its hardships, like everything else. Some will mistrust you, and perhaps be rude in manners toward you, on account of their hardened natures and the continual abuse they are subjected to, but this must not daunt you in your purpose. Once won they are ever faithful.

I crave your prayers as a poor weak one trying to do her Master's will. FANNIE B. STEINBERG.

Chicago, Ill.
we came with a heart burdened for their salvation, and imploring the blessing of God to accompany our feeble efforts. After continuing our meeting three or four days it was evident that the Holy Spirit was moving the hearts of the people. We extended an invitation for the penitent to come to the altar. Lydia Cox led the way, weeping like Mary of old at the feet of Jesus, and by her side the wife of one of the landowners, and others, and before the close of the week quite a reformation was effected in that neighborhood and God gathered to himself a people. We organized a church and called it Mars Hill. Thus we continued to serve them the second year by preaching Christ and the resurrection, without asking any remuneration; fearing in that case it might militate against our usefulness, as some of them had been raised under Quaker influence.

In the month of September, 1867, we told the people that our work in the west was done and we were impressed to return East to our native state, Pennsylvania, to labor and die, and that at our next appointment we would deliver our last sermon, and take our departure in commending them to God and the word of his grace. Many wept, and to us the scene shall never be forgotten. After the benediction, Lydia Cox came forward and said: “Minister, will you go home and dine with me today?” We had no lack of invitations, and knew that she was very poor, but should we refuse she might accuse us of being a respecter of persons and it might be a temptation to her; and as “Christ sought not to please himself,” we readily consented to go. Being on horseback, Lydia and her barefooted grandson led the way by a winding path through a forest. Finally we came to an open place of probably half an acre. There stood the hut in which this humble widow and her grandson lived. In dimensions, we suppose the hut to have been about 12 by 15 feet. The joists were very low, and her minister being 6 feet 2 inches tall, he necessarily had to stoop. The chimney was built with sticks and mud and was about six feet high. On our entrance some four or five hungry chickens clustered around us. Our kind hostess was in the act of catching one to prepare for her minister, but we told her not to as it was then about noon and we had but little time to tarry. An effort was made to kindle a fire, although the wind was blowing furiously and the chimney was so low. The hut was soon filled with dense smoke, so that we were compelled to seek fresh air to avoid suffocation. But finally our kind hostess announced dinner ready, and we sat down after asking a blessing upon the food. We undertook to eat. All told, we had the darkest and hardest bread we ever saw, a saucer of molasses and cup of either coffee or tea, not remembering distinctly which of the two.

After eating as best we could we told our kind hostess we would kneel down and give thanks. Knowing it was our last interview on earth, we implored the blessing of God to abide with us until we should meet in our Father’s kingdom, and we both wept freely. After rising from prayer our kind hostess said: “Bro. Fohl, you have been my minister for two years and I never gave you anything, and I have nothing to give you now but my cat. She is a very good cat of four colors.” To gratify her wishes we readily consented. A little poke of about fifteen inches was procured, well smoked, in which she had some medical roots which she had gathered to sell to doctors to obtain a little change. She gave us a root saying: “Chew it, as it is healthy.” The cat was caught and forced into the poke, with a small space to breathe and a cord affixed to it to hang over the horn of our saddle. Our hungry horse carried the rider and the cat to our home as the equivalent for our labors of two years among that dear people.

Yet we are consoled with the blessed assurance that a record is kept in an upper court, and in that day when the books shall be opened and the accounts adjusted, and those disappointed who labored alone for the sake of honor and filthy lucre, the true ambassadors of Christ who had his glory and the salvation of souls alone in view have been rewarded. Praise the Lord. Yours in favor of suffering for Christ and his cause.

Chambersburg, Pa.

JOHN FOHL.

A LETTER FROM AFRICA.

Samuel Zook, Abilene, Kansas.

Dear Brother in the Lord:

Your welcome letter was joyfully received. I am sure the Holy Spirit guided your pen and thoughts while writing because it was so full of encouragement. I am sure I would have enjoyed being at the love-feast, but that was impossible.

If the Lord tarries I expect to be at some love-feasts again, although it may be some years.

I praise the Lord for the step the Brethren are taking in mission work. Let us always remember to pray for the members of the Foreign Mission Board. “Foreign Mission Board” —how glorious that does sound! Oh how long has this scale been over our eyes. O that it may not be long until the church is supporting a missionary in some foreign country. I pray God that a great number may hear the Macedonian cry, and not only hear it but obey it. Why is it that God’s children are so slow about obeying the Savior’s last and glorious command. What could he have said more plainly than that we...
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

who love the Lord should carry the glad tidings to those who have never heard the Gospel, than what the Savior himself has said to his disciples and which is recorded in Matt. 28:19 and Mark 16:15. And he also commands us to lift up our eyes and look. Look where? On the fields for they are ripe already to the harvest.—John 4:35. The first part of this verse reads: “Say ye not there is yet four months and then cometh harvest.” If Jesus himself when he was upon earth wanted his disciples to be up and doing the work of the Lord, how much more he wants us to do now. I often wonder how men and women who profess to love the Lord can sit at ease and comfort at home while so many are going to ruin. Just think of the number of places where the Gospel should be carried and no one to do it. May the Lord raise up holy men and women to go to those who have never heard of a Savior and make known to them the way of salvation.

I have often had to wonder, since I have been here, if the misery and bondage of the poor people could be put in print and set before the professed children of God if they would really be awakened and become anxious about the souls of the heathen. It is indeed very heart-rending to see so much misery. The women of the poor class have nothing to enjoy but drudgery. They go to and from market with great loads on their backs. It looks as if they have as much to carry as a packhorse, often carrying a child in addition; and going perhaps twenty miles a day, travelling barefooted through the burning sand. It is indeed a pitiful sight to see them bent under their heavy loads, with faces full of despair and no hope for the future. They are taught from infancy that women know nothing. When missionaries come to them they say to go to the men. There is no heaven for them. It seems to me the women who have wealthy husbands are the most pitiful. They are not allowed to go from their homes from the time they are taken there as brides until they are carried out to their graves. They are not allowed to look at or speak to a man except their own husbands. They are hardly ever allowed to go on the housetop. A Moslem in Letman had several wives, and among them was one that was very fair and beautiful, whom he called his favorite. But one day a short time ago the women were on the housetop, and someone told her husband that this woman spoke to a man. Her husband became very angry and to punish her he had her hair cut off and sent her out to be whipped, and worse than all, instead of having her as his favorite he put her among his slaves, and she is now one of his slaves. This is only one of many such cruelties. O when will the time be when they may be set free. Their religion is Mohammedan, which has nothing in it to save the soul. They have been so deluded by Mohammed, the false prophet, and the religion of Mohammed has been growing so long that it is not very easy to work amongst them; but is not the Lord able for everything? Is there anything too great for him to do? I am sure He can just as easily save a Mohammedan from hell as any other sinner. Another thing which makes it very difficult to work with these people is that only a very few can read—only about one man out of ten can read, and I don’t think they ever find a woman that can read. They have very strange ideas about getting to heaven. They have a time of fasting for a month once a year. It is called the fast of Rhadahamed. It is a time when they are not allowed to eat or drink anything from 4 o’clock in the morning until 6 o’clock in the evening. They can eat at night between 6 p.m. and 4 a.m. Before the month is over they commence to look very sickly and also get very cross with one another. The Moorish feast has just passed. At this feast each man kills a sheep. His wife cooks it and they have quite a time. This feast lasts three days. On the first day of the feast they go out a short distance from the town and take a sheep and cut its throat, and some men run with it to the mosque, and if they can get there before it is dead they expect a prosperous year. If not, a very bad year is expected. Mr. Nathan received some presents from some of his Moorish friends the time of the feast. One brought a leg of mutton, another a dish of chusher (a native dish), another some Moorish bread and a dish of meat made into little balls with eggs and very strong butter. They came from some who seem interested in the Word of God. The Moors are generally very good to listen when spoken to from the Word but not so ready to accept the truth.

Moorish doctors are great frauds. It is dreadful how they do sometimes to cure diseases. For instance, the boy who runs errands for Mr. Nathan had been having much trouble with his teeth. He went to a Moorish doctor, and to cure his tooth-ache the doctor cut six small gashes on the back of his head, three on each side. To be sure, his teeth did not hurt him for a day or more, because his head was so sore he did not feel his teeth. There are much worse things than this done. It is very hard for the missionary doctors to cure anyone for the Moors think if a man can cure them he should do it immediately.

O how ignorant the people are! May the Lord open the eyes of the people that they may see the work
which is to be done. If anyone should read this who does not believe in going to the lost, turn to your Bible and see if you find any place in it where you are told not to go, and also see how often you find the word Go. This is the way I became interested in mission work, proving it by the Word of God. I heard a word Go. This is the way I became interested in it where you are told not to go, and also see how often you find the word Go. If you wish to know if the Bible and see if you find any place in going to the lost, turn to your Bible and see if you find any place in going to the lost, turn to your Bible and see if you find any place where you are told not to go, and also see how often you find the word Go. This is the way I became interested in mission work, proving it by the Word of God. I heard a word Go. This is the way I became interested in it where you are told not to go, and also see how often you find the word Go.

Now the peace of God be with you. Your Sister in Christ,

HETTIE L. FERNBAUGH.

Post Restanta, Tangier, Morocco, N. Africa.

TYPES OF HEAVENLY EXPERIENCE.

"They shall mount up with wings of eagles."

To ascribe praise to our Lord Jesus, to glorify the Father and to honor the ever-blessed Spirit, the promised abiding Comforter, in order that all other believers may be induced to trust fully in the triune God, I give public testimony. There is, in the estimation of some persons, the feeling that such a testimony shows a lack of good taste, an absence of that refinement and delicacy of sensibility which instinctively shrinks from exposing to public views the inmost chamber of the soul where Christ reveals his unutterable name. I have always had sympathy with this feeling; but I have learned with the great apostle to "count all things but loss to the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus." Was St. Paul immodest in the frequent narration of this experience? Then let us, for Jesus' glory, share in such shamelessness.

During twenty-eight years I plodded wearily along the up-hill path of spiritual life; but four years ago, this memorable seventeenth of November, the Holy Spirit endowed my soul with wings, and bade me mount upward with mine eyes fixed upon the open gate of heaven. But even a bird of paradise may become weary with her long flight toward her native home, and fold her pinions and rest on some lofty mountain peak. In the "higher life" there is danger of dropping down from the wing to the foot again, unless the strength is constantly renewed by waiting upon the Lord. Faith is the atmosphere which bears up the soul. If the atmosphere become rare, the eagle naturally sinks earthward. My soul has neither sought nor found an earthly object to rest upon. There is no weariness nor faintness. The air of the regions through which I pass is very bracing—it buoyed me up. Nor have gusts of adversity beaten me from my course, for God has permitted the headwinds of persecution to test the strength of my wings.

Socrates, in the Georgias of Plato, is represented as saying: "If I happen to have a golden soul, do you not suppose that I would be glad to find the very best touchstone which men use in the testing of gold which I might apply to my soul to be assured that it was well cared for, and that no other ordeal was necessary?" If the soul is golden the touchstone to demonstrate its genuineness is indispensable. God, in his wisdom and goodness, very soon provides everyone of his golden-souled children with an infallible touchstone. Perfect love will not go long untested. In my year with the Comforter I had not been called to suffer distinctly for Christ from the opposition of that hostile spirit which nailed him to the cross and slew his apostles. The lion was not dead, but asleep. He awoke and stared upon me with fiery eyes, and grasped upon me with his cruel teeth. My soul was as calm as a summer's evening. But when it pleased the blessed Master that I should be numbered among "the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and for the Word of God" —to suffer reproach and vilification for the advance of an earnest Christian against a proud and worldly pleasing formalism—then it was that the blessed Holy Ghost, that blessed river of joy that flows from the throne of God and the Lamb, clear as crystal, flowed through my heart as never before. It was a new experience—the quintessence of delight. My soul bathed in an ocean of balm, which not only removed every pain but made each wound the avenue of positive and ineffable joy, new in kind and in degree. The shouts of burning martyrs are no longer a mystery. I stagger no more at the account of the saints, "who took joyfully the spoiling of their goods." It does not now require an extra effort of faith to receive the promise of Jesus, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." I will no more question the possibility of obeying his command to the persecuted, "Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." The jubilant song from the Philippian jail is a phenomena as natural as the warbling of the bobolink on a June morning. The wonder, how the apostles could go forth from the council "rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name," is all dispelled. No surprise to me are the words of Father:

The headstrong world, it presseth hard
Upon the Church full oft;
Oh, then how easily thou turn'st
The hard words into soft.

How Jesus, the adorable Savior,
has grown in my soul's estimation during those four cloudless years! What glories has his heart of love unfolded to me! What raptures fill my heart when I see Him reflected in the four-fold mirror of the Gospels, and follow his ascent in the highest heaven carrying a human heart to the mediatorial throne. Almost every week, and sometimes every day, the pressure of His great love comes down upon my heart in such measure as to make my brain throb, and my whole being, soul and body, grow beneath the strain of the almost intolerable plethora of joy. And yet, amid this fulness, there is hunger for more, and amid the consuming flame of love, the paradoxical cry is ever on my lips: 

"Burn, burn, O love, within my heart, 
Burn fiercely night and day, 
Till all the dross of earthly loves 
Is burned, and burned away."

It is not strange that those great formulas of the Prayer Book, the Te Deum Laudamus, the Gloria in Excelsis and the Veni Creator Spiritus, which once seemed extravagant in their cumulation of titles, ascribed to Christ and the Comforter, and tedious in their repetitions, have become the natural language of my soul in the constant glow of devotion, as they have been the canticles through which the Bride for fifteen centuries has poured out her love into the willing ear of her Heavenly Bridegroom.

How has my theology of the Holy Ghost lost its vagueness and taken on clearness and distinctness? His personality and His offices in transfiguring believing souls are no longer dry dogmas to be accepted on the authority of revelation, but are experimental verities without which, I now clearly see, the Gospel would fail to transform a sinful soul. I begin to see a little way into the fathomless mystery of the Trinity, far enough to see that it is not revealed as a puzzle to confound reason and test faith; but that it was of experimental and practical importance in the glorious Gospel of the Son of God. It has become as evident as the midday sun that he who would realize the most perfect transformation of the Divine love, must through faith receive its outpouring from the Holy Spirit through Jesus, the appointed channel from the Father's heart, a shoreless sea of love.

"O blessed Trinity! 
Holy, unfathomable, infinite, 
Thou art all life, and love, and light. 
Holy Trinity! 
Blessed, equal Three, 
One God we praise thee."

As I have gazed down into this fathomless ocean of truth and love, my soul has exulted in the fulfillment of the promise of Jesus to the loving and obedient heart that receives the comforter: "My Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

Yet in this exultation of soul I have had one intense, all-consuming, and sometimes distressing, desire for spiritual power in such measure as shall break hard hearts all around me. As a preacher, my daily and hourly prayer has been the cry of St. Paul, that "utterance may be given unto me" commensurate with the greatness of that salvation with which I have been personally saved. I have seemed to be plunged into the mid-ocean of the sweet waters of Divine love with a voice too feeble to reach the ears of my thirsty fellowmen wandering with parched tongues in distant Saharas, and to draw them to this shoreless, boundless, fathomless, immensity of living waters.

The great wonder and grief of my life during these four years have been the stolid unbelief of impenitent sinners, and the manifest skepticism of multitudes in the church, where the richness and fulness of the Gospel are presented for their acceptance. Yet I find that I am not alone. Some sinners were hardened under the appeals of the great apostle to the Gentiles, who had been caught up into the third Heaven, and heard things not lawful for him to utter; and some believers were so "beguiled with the enticing words of man's wisdom," as to loathe the preaching of God's Word "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." I have made this observation in order to guard against an error into which many are falling, who confound purity with power, and expect every fully-saved soul to become, in Christian efficiency, a Wesley, a Whitefield, or a Finney. Both purity and power are attainable by faith in Christ, but the degree of the latter seems, like various kinds of intellectual power, to be dispensed in a sovereign manner by the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will. In no marked degree has the endowment of power to convert sinners been divided unto the writer, though he has coveted it with intense desire, with strong cries and tears. Yet the withholding of this gift has not for a moment interrupted the repose of his soul in the blood of Christ, or shaken his tranquillity and peace, or diminished the "joy unspeakable and full of glory." In his power to edify believers and "to perfect the saints," and especially in the impulse to constant, delightful toil for Christ in proclaiming distasteful truths, he gratefully acknowledges a wonderful increase.

"Thou broadest out with every year 
Each breath of life to meet; 
I scarce can think Thou art the same 
Thou art so much more sweet. 
With gentle swiftness lead me on, 
Dear God! to see Thy face; 
And meantime in my narrow heart 
Oh make Thyself more space."

You can't "love your neighbor as yourself," and beat him in a deal.
Abilene, Kansas, August 1, 1895.

**BENEVOLENT FUND.**

B. Hoffman, $2.00

Rev. J. F. Eisenbom left on Monday evening, the 22nd, on the Santa Fe, for an extended visit in Pennsylvania. His objective point was Harrisburg, which he intends to make his headquarters while in Pennsylvania. We trust he may have a pleasant and blessed visit, and may do much good in the cause of the Lord.

**CHICAGO MISSION.**

Well did the apostle say that our life is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and we know that it is very changeable, sometimes high and sometimes very low. In our last report we said we expected it to be our last report. But such is life. Brother Hoover could not come as soon as expected so we had to stay longer. When the time came to leave the Chicago Mission we found sorrows with bitter tears. Brethren and sisters, don't forget them, for the work is a noble one.

This is what the neighbors say, and especially those who were made to see themselves in the light of God as they never did before say they are glad the little mission was opened here.

It is true there are expenses connected with the Mission, but "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and it is our duty to render unto the Lord that which belongs unto him to carry out his own glorious work in the salvation of souls.

On June 13, 1894, we went to Chicago to open the Mission, God's grace sustaining us, and on the 12th of July, 1895, it was our privilege to leave it and give it under the blessing of God to Bro. J. W. Hoover. In this short time we passed through many changes, had many a sorrow and trying hour, and oftentimes
felt so discouraged we scarcely knew what to do. Anyone may well imagine that it is no trifling work to go into a city like Chicago and advocate a doctrine we believe the Bible teaches. But by the power and Spirit of God and the kind assistance of Brother and Sister Brubaker and Sisters Sarah Bert and Lydia Davidson, who cheered and comforted and assisted us so faithfully; and Brother and Sister Minick, and Brother and Sister Dampker, who were faithful attendants and earnest helpers in the work, being present always. They did not miss one service to my knowledge when they were well enough to go, Brother and Sister Dodson with Maud and Eugene were quite a help to us. Other friends came in and helped and began to seek, among whom was Sister Bartlett, one of the first ones in the Mission when we opened. She was then unsaved, but soon was brought to see herself in the light of God and today she is happy in the Lord, and as she says we believe she is becoming willing to follow the Lord where he leads. And so we might go on and tell of others, but with this we will say we are very thankful to our dear friends for their assistance in the Mission work and for their earnest prayers. May God bless you and finally bring us together in his blessed kingdom, is my prayer.

We will herewith make our last report for the period from June 15 to July 12, as follows:

**EXPENSES.**

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As we are now at home anyone wishing to write to me address me at Freeport, Ill., Box 331.

**A. L. MYERS.**

**CHRISTIANS KEPT FROM FALLING.**

"Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me," was the last recorded prayer of our Lord before He went forth to the struggle in Gethsemane. And then He adds: "I pray not that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil." This sinful world needs the salt, but the salt will lose its savor if God withdraws His preserving grace. Christians are not put into a conservatory; they must engage in worldly business and be exposed to trials and temptations like everybody else; but the business must be conducted on Christian principle, and amid temptations the true Christian may be kept from falling. Is the prayer of the Master for His followers ever answered?

Yes; the veteran Paul tells his Thessalonian brethren that the "Lord is faithful, who shall establish you and keep you from evil." Peter—who had once been tripped up by his own presumption into a terrible fall—exclaims long afterwards, "we are kept, by the power of God through faith, unto salvation." Wherefore he exhorts all his brethren to commit the keeping of their souls to Christ in well-doing; that is, trust in Christ is to be accompanied by Christian practice.

How does Jesus Christ keep His followers from falling? Does He exert a perpetual miracle, overriding all the laws of the mind? Is it a divine compulsion that is wrought upon us, putting our souls under lock and key? Not at all. We are as much free agents in serving Christ as we were in accepting him at the time of our conversion. Then the regenerating spirit moved us to turn from sin to the Savior, but we had to do the turning. Divine grace nullifies free agency. No man can be called honest who does not conduct his business from a controlling principle of integrity. Why did the youthful Israelite in Potiphar's house resist a sinful solicitation? Simply because Joseph's heart was chaste, and the fear of a holy God dwelt there; that kept him from falling. Walking uprightly, he walked surely. Why did Paul stand with an unblanched cheek before Nero's tribunal? He tells us that the Lord "stood with him and strengthened him." There was a consciousness of inward grace. Christ had told him that "My grace is sufficient for thee." Here, then, is the solution of the problem. Jesus Christ imparts the grace, and that grace sustains the true Christian under the stress of temptation; it is a supernatural process.

Observe, however, that if Christ keeps us from falling, that grace will come "through faith" on our part. Unbelief, presumption, self-confidence forfeit that divine protection. How can we expect to be kept from falling when we throw ourselves off a precipice? How can a churchmember expect Christ to keep him from drunkenness when he tampers with the wine glass? or keep him from the spirit of the gambler when his business is as much a "game of chance" every day as if he handled a dice box? How can a Christian woman keep her heart pure when she witnesses lascivious plays, or devours the average works of fiction, whose plot is usually connected with sexual immorality? So on through the whole category of temptations.

The Christian who desires and expects to be kept from falling must pray for Christ's preserving grace and must live in obedience to Christ's...
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

authority. Disobedience to Christ is what works the mischief; that is, after all, the destructive and damming sin. We must be watchful if we expect the Master to watch over us.

Miss Fletcher, of Glasgow, tells us that in Gibraltar she found a man with match in hand, standing at the entrance to the tunnel that leads to the neutral ground. If an insurrection should break out he could, in an instant, light the train and blow the tunnel up; and to insure alertness, this sentinel is relieved every two hours. Oh, if we were only as watchful in spiritual things!

That is a glorious assurance, that Jesus Christ is not only able to keep us from falling, but also to "present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." That Greek word signifies both without blemish and without blame. What a transcendent, soul-thrilling prospect! And if we shall be asked whence the victory came, "Well with united breath Ascribe our conquest to the Lamb, Our triumph to His death."

Paul's song shall be unto Him who made a "chief of saints out of the chief of sinners." Luther shall shout, None but Christ! And Wesley shall re-echo, None but Christ! What a magnificent Oratorio that will be when the mighty host of the redeemed shall join in the one universal acclaim—"Unto Him who kept us from falling and presents us before His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, for ever and ever!"—T. L. Cuyler, D. D., in N. Y. Evangelist.

The heart is the center of all physical life; so the soul or mind is called the heart, denoting the affection and will, the fountain and seat of the thoughts, passions, desires, affections, purposes, endeavors.

"Talents, as sails, need humility as a ballast."

Christ built no church, wrote no book, left no money, erected no monument. Yet show me ten square miles anywhere on earth, without Christianity, where the life of man and the purity of woman is respected and I will give up Christianity.—Drummond.

Do not shrivel your soul by looking at everything from a money standpoint, but let it grow by looking at everything from Jesus' standpoint.—H.

Poverty is a blessing, not a curse. It affords one a grand opportunity to prove to the world that "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the almighty giveth them understanding."—S.

Not the professions but the practices of men are the index to their character.

THE START AND RACE.

Life is a race and one in which we have all entered. In every race, there is always the start and the finish. A person in training for short-distance running will spend a great deal of time in learning how to start well, because the finish depends largely upon the start. There are several things necessary in order to run well in any race. Proper clothing must be worn, so as not to interfere with the free movement of the body. The shoes must be light, flexible and made to keep the feet from slipping. The body must be trained in order to stand the extra strain put upon it.

There is a great variety of races, both as to kind and distance. The race of life may be compared to an obstacle race, in which the contestants are all handicapped. The obstacles and handicapping are different in every case. Some people have great obstacles to overcome; some are handicapped by bodily ailments, disposition and environments, and have not the same chance as others. But most of us are handicapped by loading ourselves down with the things that hinder our running; instead of following the advice of Paul to "lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us," "running with patience the race that is before us, looking to Jesus."

We cannot tell how long the race will be; we cannot see the end. The goal is not in sight, so we must run patiently; and in order to run well, we must look to Jesus for help.

Every runner in the race of life needs to be "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," and to take Christ as his trainer and adviser. We may be sure that if we take Christ as our trainer for the race of life we will win the prize.

What kind of a start have you made in the race? Have you taken Christ as your friend and adviser? Are you seeking "First the kingdom of God and his righteousness," that all the necessary things of life may be added unto you? If you have not there is no better time than now. Make the start in the Christian life and keep in the course, and you may be sure of victory and the victor's crown.—J. O. D.

Ask yourself, What would Jesus do if he were in my place just now. He who always does this when about to engage in anything that is doubtful, then earnestly and prayerfully seeks the help of God to go aright, may often be required to go contrary to his wishes but will always go in right.—Sel.

CHARITY.

[This address delivered to a large body of students at Northfield, Mass., has found its way into several
founded in English as corrected from the original stenographer's report and selected by D. B. Brubaker, of Shaefferstown, Pa., for publication in the Visitor.

Though I speak with tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Of angels, and have not love, I am become the greatest of these is love [charity].” It is not an oversight. Paul was speaking of faith just a moment before. He says: “If I have all faith so that I can remove mountains, and have not love [charity], I am nothing.” So far from forgetting he deliberately contrasts them: “Now abideth faith, hope and love.” And without a moment’s hesitation the decision falls, “And the greatest of these is love.” And it is not prejudice. A man is apt to recommend to others his strong point. Love was Paul’s strong point. The observing student can detect a beautiful tender point. The observing student can detect a beautiful tender point. Love was Paul’s strongest point. The observing student can detect a beautiful tender point growing and ripening all through his character as Paul gets old; but the band that wrote “the greatest of these is love,” when we first meet it is stained with blood.

Nor is this to the Corinthians peculiar in singling out love as the summum bonum. The masterpieces of Christianity are agreed about it. Peter says, “Above all things have fervent love among yourselves,”—love, you will unconsciously fulfill the law. “Take not his name in vain.”

If a man love his neighbor, he will not be required to tell you ever thinking about them. If you do one thing you will do these things. "Tnou shalt have no other gods before me." If a man love God, you will not be required to tell him that love is the fulfilling of that law. “Take not his name in vain.” Would he ever dream of taking his name in vain if he loved him? “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.” Would he not be too glad to have one day in seven to dedicate more exclusively to the object of his affection? Love would fulfill all these laws regarding God, and so telling if he loved you would never think of telling him to honor his father and mother; he could not do anything else. It would be preposterous to tell him not to kill. You could only insult him if you suggested that he should not steal; how could he steal from those he loved? It would be superfluous to beg him not to bear false witness against his neighbor; if he loved him it would be the last thing he would do. And you would never dream of urging him not to covet what his neighbor had; he would rather they possessed it than himself. In this way “love is the fulfilling of the law.” It is the rule for fulfilling all rules, the new commandment for keeping all the old commandments, Christ’s one secret of the Christian life.

Now, Paul learned that; and in this noble eulogy he has given us the most wonderful and original account extant of the summum bonum. We may divide it into three parts. In the beginning of the short chapter we have love contrasted; in the heart of it, we have love analyzed; towards the end, we have love defended as the supreme gift. Paul begins contrasting love with other things that men in those days thought much of. I shall not attempt to go over those things in detail; their inferiority is already obvious.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

OUR REASONABLE SERVICE.

I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a
living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service,—Rom. 12:1.

The pleading manifested in the above quotation by the Apostle Paul is the result of a consideration about the mercies of God in his dealings toward mankind. In the previous chapter it is evident that Paul was instructing the Gentiles about a mystery that they were not aware of, and that would be of great benefit to them to know; for, said he, “I would not, brethren, that ye be ignorant of this mystery (lest ye should be blinds:ed in part)”: Acts 13:18. That mystery consists in the way that God ruled mankind, according to his own will and purpose, so that both Jews and Gentiles would be partakers of his divine mercy and grace.

Evidently the Apostle was anxious that the Gentiles should be instructed in regard to this mystery, as he said: “I speak to you, Gentiles, inasmuch as I am the apostle of the Gentiles.” But even Paul himself could not reach to the full extent to know all the purposes of God as to his dealings toward the human family; for he says: “The depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out.”—Rom. 11:33. However, the leading tendency of these considerations that the Apostle was declaring was to lead those Gentile believers in Christ to consecrate themselves a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which would be their reasonable service.

The tendency and leading of the instructions given by the Apostle Paul in his day, to all who were in “Rome beloved of God, called to be saints,” are of an equal force and benefit to us who are Christians in these latter times. All the dealings and “mercies of God” should lead us to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service”—to consecrate ourselves unto Him who doeth all things well, and who will guide, save and protect us from all evil, in and through our consecration unto Him. Yes, all the mercies and care of God, which are great, should lead us to give ourselves wholly up to Him, and this would be only a reasonable service for us to do. Nothing could be more reasonable, more upright, and more to our own happiness, and in consistency with the glory of God, than giving ourselves without reserve unto Him, whose “counsel standeth forever.”

Beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord, let us in all humility and love commit our all unto Him who loved us; so that we shall be able, in truth, to say, in unison with Paul: “I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.”—Gal. 2:20.

Corresponding with our consecration to God shall be our feelings and happiness; when we deny fully the desires of the flesh and cast all our care upon God, then we are happy and feel so, and find it our highest aspiration to devote our all to God—yes, even to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service.

A. B.
Stayer, Ont.

A QUEEN'S DECISION. A LEGEND.

Once upon a time, long ago, the queen of languages sent forth a proclamation that on such a day there would be a convention of all classes of people who might take her trusty servants, the alphabet, consisting of twenty-six letters, and the one who should form the sweetest word should be seated next to the queen and receive a crown of gold.

Far and wide the proclamation went, and multitudes began to study what word they would form; but lest someone else should select his chosen word, everyone kept silent and only looked wise, as much as to say, “I know something, if I only chose to tell.”

At length the day arrived, and there was the queen, and there the crown and alphabet, and all the multitude. The question now was, who should first spell what he considered the most beautiful word in the world. So the queen told them all carefully to write their word and fold it up and cast it into a box she had prepared; she would then draw them out by lot, read the word aloud, call upon the writer to stand up, and she would then decide upon each. So she drew all the multitude close around her, and all were hushed and silent when she put in her hand and drew out a paper. Upon opening it she read, “Money.” “Whose is this?” asked the queen. “It is mine,” said an old and hardfaced miser.

“And why do you think this is the sweetest word in the language?” she said. “Because, madame, money is what all want, all toil for and all rejoice over; it will buy anything, be it open the door of heaven to the dying man? Will it heal a wounded conscience? Will it restore the dead babe to its mother's arms? Will it raise a sick man from a bed of pain? Will it cheer and save the dying man? Will it heal a wounded conscience? Will it restore the dead babe to its mother's arms? Will it open the door of heaven to the soul or make immortality blessed? No; it is a slippery servant to minister to the wants of the body, or
the pride, or to pamper the appetite; 
or a hard master to grind the poor. 
It is anything but the sweetest 
word."

She then put her hand again into 
the box, and drew out a paper on 
which was written the word "honor."

"Who claims this?" "I do?" said 
a fine-looking young man, dressed 
in splendid military clothes. "And 
what is your plea for your favorite 
word?" said the queen. "Why, 
madam, it seems to me too plain for 
argument. The child at school, the 
boy on the playground, the parent 
in planning for his child, the scholar 
in wasting life over his books, the 
sailor in risking his life on the 
stormy ocean, the politician in 
risking his life in the 
domestic affections, tramples on the 
most sacred rights of others, seeks 
its place through fields of blood, and 
of course, never fills nations with 
wailing. I cannot allow you the premium, sir."

Again the fair hand of the queen 
drew a paper from the box, and on it 
was written the word "love." "Whose 
may this be?" asked the queen in a 
softened tone. "Mine, madam," said 
a young man, whose face was glowing 
with excitement, while a thousand 
youth around him, and as many bright-eyed maidens seemed ready to shout. "And your reason, sir?"

"It is not a matter of reason, madam, but is the verdict of the mother over her babe, of that babe as soon as it can return her smile, of the child longing for home, of the widow in her desolation, of youth seeking the dearest friend the earth knows, of age leaning upon the child for support; it is sung in the songs of the birds, echoed in the notes of the mourning dove, and it thrills in the language of every living thing. We believe that it reaches the angels of heaven." "A strong plea, certainly," said the queen; "but I must have time to think further upon it before I decide." Once more she 
drew from the box, and the word "world?" "No; I only feel so." "Truly, little one, you feel right. There is no attribute of humanity, no beauty of character, no greatness in our ideal, nothing exalted, refined, gentle, loving or good which is not found in Him. There is no language on earth into which Jesus cannot be introduced or translated. The Jew, the Greek, the Hottentot and the refined na­tions of the earth all sing the same name. It is the sweetest name on earth, and probably the sweetest in heaven. Come, little child, and sit by my side and receive this golden crown, faint emblem of the crown which Jesus will one day place upon thy head."—Rev. John Todd.

We that have fled to Jesus as our 
refuge can truly say Jesus is the 
sweetest word. We need not be dis­couraged along the path leading to 
eternal life as He has promised to 
sustain us in time of need.—John 
14:1. Let not your heart be trou­bled of the cares which belong to 
this life, but have your hearts and 
minds more hid with Christ in God. 
Seek those things above. Our con­versation should be in heaven, feast­ing on the goodness of God. As the 
poet says,—

"Haste me when the storms are raging, 
On life's troubled sea, 
Like a dove on ocean's billows, 
0 may I fly to thee."

How many so-called Christian 
professors have we today that think 
it not necessary to have missionaries 
sent out to heathen lands. They do 
not think of that sweet word, "Je­sus," but "money" first.

My desire is to become Christ­like and lose all self. Are we doing 
all we can for Jesus? How often 
have we let opportunities pass by 
where we might have spoken some 
comforting word. Let us hold out 
faithfully that we may receive the 
crown of life which shall be placed 
on our heads if obedient.

MARY K. LANDIS.


For the Evangelical Visitor.

WONDERFUL

To an afflicted Sister:—

Any glimpse of Jesus, from any 
point of view, is wonderful. And 
the most wonderful of all is, that 
the more intently and constantly we 
gaze upon him the more we become 
like him. See 2 Cor. 3:18. God in 
Christ is the believer's pledge of the 
eternal fulfillment of 1 John 3:2, and 
Philipp. 3:21. All your sufferings 
and sorrows contribute to this glori­ous consummation.—2 Cor. 4:17.

There is a nerve of infinite sensibil­ity running through the entire mys­tical body. You are not an isolated 
sufferer though you are in a back 
corner of the vineyard, and seldom 
see any of God's select. "The bond 
of perfection" unites all the members 
of God's family, no matter in what 
latitude or longitude they may be. 
In his wonderful prayer for the 
Ephesians, Paul clearly intimates 
that heaven and earth constitute a 
household.—Eph. 3:15. There is 
one infallible token that we belong 
to that Holy Commonwealth.—1 
John 4:7,16, and John 13:35. It 
was love that prompted you to write 
to me, and it is love that moves me
to respond. Love constrains us to pray and labor for the salvation of the lost. If we want to know what love will do for sinners, let us ponder, in all its implications, 2 Cor. 8:9 and Philipp. 2:5-8. If we desire to know how much we resemble our Redeemer we have simply to consider how ready we are to make sacrifices for the salvation of our fellow-beings. We can be members of the church, and observe all the ordinances, and comply with all the church requirements, and yet be utterly destitute of the Holy Ghost. Religion must have its symbols, but the reality is in Christ himself dwelling in the heart by faith. When this great mystery of Godliness has transpired then are we Christians and ready for all forms of Christian work. Here the modern church has yet much to learn. In how many ways souls may be won to Christ we have not yet found. And many do not want to know, content to move in the old ruts, no matter how ill adapted to present necessities. Paul gives us a hint in 1 Cor. 9:22, which is sufficient for all succeeding centuries. We are too shy of the “all means” that inhere in the incarnation of God. We are too conservative lest some good custom of the past should lose its authority, and some perilous substitute be established. It is well to watch, but no less necessary to learn. God does not work with centripetal force alone; he needs the centrifugal as well. The balance of these two preserves the universe. So with the church and the individual.

Those who know history and human nature are painfully aware how prone the Church has ever been to lose sight of the essential in religion and unduly exalt the incidental. To shut our eyes to this fact is neither wise nor safe. Thank God for his perfect ideal of life in “the man Christ Jesus,” and the gift of the Holy Ghost to conform us to his image. The ordinances are still “the patterns of the things in the heavens,” but “the heavenly things themselves” “exceed in glory.”—Heb. 9:23. The life of God will necessarily take corresponding form. Man cannot develop into an ape, or ox, nor vice versa, however evolutionists may contend. The Spirit of Jesus in man will invariably unfold into holiness, and love and humility, and renunciation. The ordinances are object lessons of these sublime facts. Blessed are they whose baptism and feet-washing and eucharist are reproduced in every act and word of daily life. When Paul wrote that amazing autobiographic photograph in Gal. 2:20, he simply said, This is what my baptism means. Church-life and Col. 3:1,2,3 must be synonymous. So far as essential quality of life and conduct of life is concerned, Acts 4:33 is as true today as when first recorded. All skepticism in the world and in the church should be abashed before this fundamental fact. No matter how diversified or how mighty are the laws of nature, before the all-dominating truth of the resurrection, and our participation in it, they all categorize in Matt. 21:21. The irreversibility of natural law is sheer nonsense in view of Rom. 6:3,4,8,9,10,11. When people refer to the immutability of natural law as an argument against the perpetuity of the miraculous, they utterly fail to admit the first principles of the oracles of God.—Heb. 5:12. Law is God’s servant, not his master. We have yet to learn the vast compass of the “prayer of faith.” To have faith in Christ as he has faith in himself—that is the culmination of his indwelling in us. That little monosyllable “of” in Galatians 2:20 means no less than 5 Cor. 3:5. Such faith is equal to Mark 9:23. The supreme test is our absolute identification with Christ crucified. O that we knew how to make our own the words of Acts 2:24 and Rom. 6:5. Let the determination of Paul in 1 Cor. 2:2 be ours, and we will see wonders. When our eyes and hearts are fully open to John 14:20, the world will have no excuse for unbelief. See John 17:21,23.

Your trials are many and grievous. But your Savior is not only almighty but “a very present help in trouble.”—Psa. 46:1 and Heb. 4:14:16. No matter how prolonged and crushing your afflictions, you have the closest friendship with your High Priest. The All-dispensing Holy Ghost is not only with you but in you.—John 14:17. An interceding God-man on a mediatorial throne, and an Omnipotent Comforter in the heart, and a reconciled Father in glory, working all things for his praise and your eternal weal; ought you not to realize in overflowing measure 1 Pet. 1:8? “Behold, what manner of love.” “He is just the same today.” “With him there is neither variableness or shadow of turning.” “Open your mouth wide” and see what marvels will follow.—Psa.8:10 and Eph. 1:17-20. You cannot weary Him with your familiarity and unceasing supplications. Be bold; be humbly bold.—Heb. 4:16.

HUMBILITY.

I will try and write a few lines on this subject for I feel it is of great importance. In looking around the world in this our day it seems that pride and fashion are keeping people from the simplicity of Jesus. How sad to think that so many people are so taken up with this great evil that they will do all in their power to
keep up with the fashions of the world. How different it must have been in the time of our Savior and the apostles, when "as we read" they had all things common; and how much better it would be for us today if we would have all things common.

But many think they can be good Christians and still go on with the vain things of the world just as they always did. But, my dear friends, we cannot serve two masters. We cannot be true Christians and still cling to the vain things of the world. We should show that we have something better than this world can give.

Sometimes we see some that seem to be truly converted and come out from the world but after a while they take up those things they once laid down. They think they can be just as good Christians by going a little with the world, and think that by so doing they make the way a little easier and less self-denying. But this Scripture is being fulfilled, that "in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits."—1 Tim. 4:1.

But Jesus is the same yesterday, to­day and forever, and what was necessary for us in our beginning is just as necessary now, and what was wrong then is wrong now.

No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path
That leads to life and day.

"If that which ye have heard in
the beginning shall remain in you,
ye shall also continue in the Son and
in the Father."—1 John 2:24.
I think we cannot be too humble, and if we are laughed at or made fun of—what is that? Can we not deny ourselves and bear a little for Christ when he has done so much for us? We need not care what the world says of us as long as we feel that Je­sus is pleased with us.

How careful we should be that we do not desire those vain things, and that we dress our little children as it becometh Christians. It grieves me when I see sisters dress their lit­tle ones after the fashions of the world, and it seems to me Jesus is not pleased with it. May God grant grace that we may bring up our children in the right way, and may we ever be kept humble at the feet of Jesus and obey him in all things, and when our work on earth is end­ed may we meet in heaven, is my prayer.

Bethesda, Ont.

LEAH STECKLEY.

FOR the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

I refer the reader to the book of Hebrews 11:25: "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the children of God." These afflictions come through God's providence, and of these every one must suffer more or less, in some way, if we want to be obedient. But there is a reward promised to the faithful.

There are, however, other afflict­ions which come through violating God's laws and some must suffer the penalty, which has no promise. But it does sometimes bring repentance and sorrow of heart and contrition for sin which may lead the penitents to seek and obtain pardon for sin through the grace of God. There are afflictions that come through old age or the diseases that the human family is subject to. There are les­sons of warning that we are mortal and that death may soon come and claim us as his victim. Paul says, "Here we have no continuing city," and may we not add how important it is that we should "seek one to come."

In the affliction which has come over me since my right side has been paralyzed and I am so helpless, I have learned many things that I did not know before. I thought the af­liction would bring death before this, which would have been a welcome message to me as a relief from suffering which was sometimes almost unendurable. But this was not my lot. When I saw that it was God's will to prolong my life in this helpless condition I commenced to reason with God that if I should live in the world any longer he would be able to restore me again that I might not be a burden to others. Here was unbelief, and the adversary tried to take advantage of me. He was on one side and God and his Word were on the other. It cost faith, but trusting in God I have been kept day by day; and though I am not restored yet, he can, and I believe will give me the needed help. Although to restore me is not possi­ble with man, yet all things are possible with God, and the day of mirac­les is not passed. Let me say to the afflicted that if we believe, and God sees fit, he can and will restore the afflicted. His promises stand open to us. If we cannot comprehend all we will hereafter understand why these afflictions have befallen us.

May we lean on the strong arm of the Lord through the journey of this life.

JOSEPH HERSHEY.

Fair Hope, Ohio.

SUNSHINE AND ROSES

Remind us of balmy June and June stands for out-of-door recreation and its attendant health. When sick, seek sunshine and roses. They are nowhere so plentiful as in Califor­nia where it is always June and the season of flowers.

In getting there quick time and comfortable equipment are desirable. The Santa Fe route furnishes all accom­modations to be desired for a transcontinental journey. For time tables and descriptive literature, ad­dress G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., Monadnock Bldg., Chicago.
IT IS NOT PARADISE, BUT—
If you have some cash to spare and are willing to work, financial independence cannot be more surely secured than by buying a few acres of irrigated land in Salt River valley.

The valley is in Southern Arizona and is noted for its semi-tropical fruits and superior climate. Horticulturists say that greater profits can be realized here from oranges and grapes than in Florida and California. Physicians assert that the warm, dry, bracing climate excels in healing qualities Italy’s balmiest airs. The great blizzard of 1865 did not blight the tenderest leaf in this protected spot.

To get there, take the Santa Fe route to Phoenix, A. T., via Prescott and the new line, S. F. P. & P. Ry. Address G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., Monadhock Bldg., Chicago, for illustrated folders. They tersely tell the story of a remarkable country. Actual results are given—no guesswork or hearsay.

It is the Salt River valley.

Did you ever know a man who was your ideal of nobility who was not a Christian?

JOINT COUNCIL.


HARVEST MEETINGS.

August 3 and 4, Paradise church, Wayne county, Ohio.
August 10 and 11, Sippo church, Stark county, Ohio.

LOVE-FEASTS.

September 7 and 8, near Dallas Center, Dallas county, Iowa. Railroad station, Dallas Center, Iowa.
September 14, at Bro. Isaac Whitmer’s, Waterloo, Ont.
September 21, Walpole, Ont.
September 21, St. Clair county, Mich. Greenwood, P. O.
September 28, Black Creek, Ont.
October 5, Markham, Ont.

October 12, Noottawa, Ont.
October 12, Clarence Center, New York.

OBER.—Died, at the residence of her daughter north of Garrett, Ind., June 23, 1886, Elizabeth Ober, aged 69 years, 1 month and 13 days. The subject of this notice was the wife of Henry Ober. Her maiden name was Deihl. She was born in Germany, May 8, 1826. At the age of four she with her parents moved to the state of Pennsylvania. In the year 1846 she was married to Henry Ober. From there she with her husband moved to Stark county, Ohio, and in 1861 removed to DeKalb county, Ind. This union was blessed with five children. The youngest at the age of seven years and the father preceded her to the spirits world. Sister Ober has been a member of the church for over forty years. Interment in the Union cemetery. Services were conducted by Elder John Stump, of Nappanee, Ind., June 23d, from Revelation 14:13, to a large concourse of friends and relatives. Thus another one has gone to her long home. H. B. D.

WENGER.—Died, near Galva, McPherson county, Kan., June 27, 1896, Sister Rebecca L., wife of Bro. L. C. Wenger, of typhoid fever, aged 56 years, 7 months and 15 days. Funeral services were held at the residence by Elder Jesse Ragle and Bro. S. B. Wenger. Numbers 23:10 was taken as the sermon text. Interment in Empire cemetery. The deceased was born in Lebanon county, Pa., November 12, 1836, and was married to Levi C. Wenger November 10, 1859. She was converted to God in 1876 and the same year was baptized by trine immersion and united with the Zion’s children, of which she remained a faithful member until death. She was the mother of three children, two daughters and one son. She emigrated with her husband to Kansas in the year 1865. In the year 1886 her son Edwin died at the age of about 23. A daughter, Sarah, died in 1887, at 22 years of age. Thus passed away a dear wife and mother to a long eternity, leaving her husband and only one daughter, Mrs. Emma Young, with other numerous friends to mourn her departure. But oh, may her departure be as Paul says, "For me to live is Christ but to die is gain."

HALLER.—Died, on July 14, 1895, at Walpole, Ont., Sister Abigail, wife of Bro. Andrew Haller and oldest daughter of Elder Abraham Winger, of Springville, Ont., aged 52 years, 8 months and 4 days. Sister Haller was afflicted many years with lingering consumption, but by great care and assisted by a kind husband and children it pleased the Lord to prolong her days until the above date when death relieved her of all anxieties and suffering in this life. Sister Haller kept sinking for the past year or more, yet bore up in great weakness with a cheerful heart in the bright hope of a better place, beyond.

She kept her bed only about three weeks and left by her Christian life all the evidence that she has passed peacefully to the long-sought rest beyond. She was a member of the Brethren church for many years, having started out in the spiritual life quite young, and lived a happy, consistent life to the end. Funeral on the 16th. Obsequies in the Methodist church at Springville to a very large concourse of sympathizing friends and relatives. She leaves a kind husband, two sons and one daughter to mourn their loss. May the Lord sustain them in the hour of sad bereavement.

A. BEARDS.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES AT ABILENE.

UNION PACIFIC.

WEST BOUND.
No. 7.—Night Express 12:45 p. m.
No. 1.—Limited Express 2:10 p. m.
No. 13.—Freight 4:50 a. m.
No. 11.—Freight 5:17 a. m.

EAST BOUND.
No. 2.—Kansas City Fast Mail 3:35 a. m.
No. 8.—Limited Express 11:40 a. m.
No. 14.—Freight 5:20 a. m.
No. 12.—Stock Freight 7:15 p. m.
*Daily except Sunday.

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE.

NORTH BOUND.
No. 5.—5:30 a. m.
Accommodation 1:45 p. m.

SOUTHERN.
No. 328, leaving Abilene at 2:25 p. m. connects at Evans station with fast train for California, New Mexico and Colorado.

ROCK ISLAND.

WEST BOUND.
No. 65.—4:14 p. m.
No. 27.—Mail and Express 3:22 p. m.

EAST BOUND.
No. 26.—Mail and Express 10:43 a. m.
No. 56.—Freight and Accent 5:32 a. m.
Passenger trains run daily. Freight trains daily except Sunday.