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Regeneration is that act by which a new principle, or nature, even the nature of God, is implanted in the heart, and by which the unholy will in man and the enmity to God and his law are subdued."

Contrasting regeneration with justification, we observe that "regeneration is inward; justification outward. Regeneration is a creative act; justification a declarative act. Regeneration has to do with a man's state or condition; justification with his standing before God. Regeneration is no part of justification, though they always occur together."

If God were to end his work of grace at justification, man would be left powerless, and as a consequence would fall right back into the old course of sin. But God does not do things by halves when he justifies a man, he also regenerates him. The same act of faith which brings the one will bring the other also, and at the same time. Justification gives a man a perfect standing before God; regeneration goes forth and gives a new life within which manifests itself in the change of the entire course of his life.

NECESSITY OF REGENERATION.

Regeneration is necessary because of man's total depravity. If Jesus had believed, as some theologians do now, that there is a "divine spark" in every man which only needs to be cultivated and developed in order to fit him for Heaven, He would certainly not have made the necessity of the new birth so absolute. But He knew what was in man, and it would be well for those who have such an exalted opinion of the natural man if they would sit awhile at the feet of Jesus and learn from him how depraved is the human heart. Men like to have photographs of their faces, and they are pleased when the artist makes a beautiful picture; but Jesus, the Divine Photographer, by the aid of rays of light a thousand times more penetrating than those of man's latest discovery, is able to give us a true picture of the heart. His camera does not deceive, nor does He add any false finishing touches to hide the ugliness of the picture. Read Mark 7:20-23, and see. "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness." There is no mention of any goodness here. Everything is bad.


His mind is defiled.—Titus 1:15.
His thoughts are evil continually.—Gen 6:5; 8:21. His understanding is darkened.—Eph. 4:18. His eyes cannot cease from sin.—2 Pet. 2:14. His hands are defiled with blood.—Isa. 59:3. His feet are swift to shed blood.—Rom. 3:15. His lips are full of poison.—Psa. 140:3. His throat is an open sepulchre.—Rom. 3:14. He is corrupt.—Psa. 144:1. He is full of evil.—Eccl. 9:3. There is no soundness in him from head to foot.—Isa. 1:6. He is a child of wrath.—Eph. 2:3. He is guilty before God.—Rom. 3:19. He is without God and without hope.—Eph. 2:12. The natural man is corrupt and totally depraved. He is abominable.—Job 15:16. He is filthy.—Psa. 14:3. His mouth is full of bitterness.—Rom. 3:13. His mouth is full of evil.—Eccl. 9:3. He is a wretched, miserable, poor, blind, naked.—Rev. 3:17.

With such an array of Scripture testimony proving man’s depravity, need we wonder that Jesus said so emphatically, “Ye must be born again”? Surely, this is the very strongest argument for the necessity of regeneration. “Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.”—1 Cor. 15:50. There must be a new, a spiritual birth.

Glendale, Ariz.

J. G. Cassel.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

“Rescue the Perishing.”

One day as a sailing vessel was speeding along over the ocean waves, the captain saw a signal of distress some distance away. He turned his glass to the spot and discovered that it was a man on a piece of floating wreck. To go and rescue him, the ship would have to be brought about in her course, and thus valuable time would be lost.

“No,” said the captain. “I will not do it, some other vessel will pick him up, I have no time to lose.”

And he sailed on, leaving the poor wrecked seaman to his deplorable fate; and on his arrival at port was commended for his quick voyage.

But day and night he could not cast out of his mind that awful scene on the wild ocean, of a distressed fellow-creature appealing for his help and sympathy. How sad the thought, to be thus left to perish and sink beneath the stormy billows, when rescue and safety was so near at hand. No wonder that the memory of that picture of a brother-man clinging to the floating wreck haunted the captain for many a long and weary day.

How is it with us in these busy years of toil as we sail the broad sea of life, are there no signals of distress in sight from sin wrecked souls adrift on times’ vast ocean, that calls to us for help and deliverance? Alone and unaided, without chart or compass to guide them over the storm tossed waves, they cannot hope to reach the other shore in safety and enter the haven of eternal rest.

Blinded by the present alluring pleasures of this world, they see not the bright light on the silver strand, sending forth its friendly beams across the wild stormy deep to direct them home. Drifting onward and further away, clinging to some broken fragment of this world’s wreckage, Without an object or purpose in view, hopeless as to the present, as well as for the life beyond this vale of shadows.

Are we ourselves so busily engaged in the pursuits for earthly pleasures, wealth and honors that we cannot take the time to turn aside and rescue these imperiled and perishing ones? Are there no signals of distress from drifting ones on life’s wide sea that appeals so earnestly for our help, no tears of sorrow to wipe away, or do we hurry on after our own pleasures and worldly objects, saying we have no time for these things and will let others attend to them?

Are the trifling baubles of earth, that please only for a day, of more value than the sin-wrecked souls of our brother-man, that were created for an eternal destiny of happiness or sorrow. If we turn away now from helping these needy ones, may not our deepest anguish hereafter be the memory of their unheeded calls that once came to us, and may not the vision of these perishing ones whom we left to their terrible fate haunt us forever?

May the Lord arouse us all to life and renewed action that we extend a friendly hand, while help and a good word is needed.

Our opportunities will not always last in which we can render a loving service in behalf of others for our blessed Master.

We are passing rapidly on over the sea of time, and those whom we might once have helped will soon be beyond our grasp forever.

Truly “the King’s business requires haste” if we would be successful.

May the worth of precious souls, our interest in adding to the population of heaven, and the glory of God prove incentives that will help each of us to cast out a life-line, that will be the means of rescuing some perishing one that is adrift on the stormy waves of life.

Coyville, Kansas.

W. B. Smith.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Divine Guidance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shouldest go; I will guide thee with mine eye.—32:8.
IN the thirteenth year of my age, prior to my having been baptized, I made a vow before God and man that I would love and serve my Creator in adversity or prosperity, and have never recalled it, nor do I ever intend to.

Making a vow to such an extent at this early period of my life, meant a consecrated life to God through my youthful age; but I am very sorry to say I have not found it such.

Perhaps the most trying period of my life that I shall ever pass through was during the epoch between the age of sixteen and twenty-four. During this lapse of time it was that I intended to make a mark from a worldly standpoint. This was also the period in which my greatest yearning was done for society. Oh, the inexpressible desire which I had for society and the cultivating of my elocutionary powers. But by some abstruse means or “Divine guidance” I was sidetracked from that line. Praise the Lord for it.

No doubt if the Lord had left me to pursue my own way I would today be in pursuit of some worldly possession, or laying up treasure upon earth and seeking honor and fame by trying to hold some lofty position through life.

Would to God that many more would be side-tracked with me before Satan has bound them with fetters and chains, and having the focus turned in the wrong direction behold themselves in the mirror of self-conceit as being the sage of their community or a great benefactor in some church organization, but have no more power than the devil gives them to bewitch the people by their crafty schemes in saying things contrary to the doctrine of the Bible. These are the ones whom I wish would be sidetracked with me and then to seek nothing but the honor and glory of God by a consecrated life and to follow wherever he leads.

Oh, I have wished many a time that I could give my experience to others as I can see it; but it seems too abstruse for comprehension, especially to others.

Having witnessed a great many difficulties arising in the church where I formerly lived, some having been settled and others not as they should have been, and also being strictly observant, while I was permitted to become familiar with various families, I am glad to say that I studied, pondered and learned many lessons which will cling to me as long as life is not extinct. By observing this, and being afflicted all this time with a sprained limb, I cultivated principles in my early life which perhaps otherwise would not have been placed before me till in after life and then at that late period felt myself too bigoted to submit to learn such humble lessons.

Right here is a point I want to make as to how the Lord turns people. The Lord knows the ones who have a spark of honesty in their heart or those who stand for the right. These are the persons that He tries to turn in their early youth by various circumstances, and if He can’t turn them in this period He will lead them through a life which is a great disappointment to them.

“For if we would judge ourselves we should not be judged. But when we are judged we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world.”—1 Cor. 11:31,32. This was the very predicament in which I found myself. After not judging myself I was judged and then chastened of the Lord, that I should not be condemned with the world.

Oh, I am so glad that God did not condemn me but chastened me so that I could behold myself and see how depraved I was according to nature.

There were not a few sad days passed at this early age by having my eyes blinded with the cataract of the allurements of the opposite sex. I cannot praise God enough for guiding me through this enticing age. After God had afflicted me with a tumor, which was removed, and a sprained limb of the lower extremities not healed, I decided to educate myself by taking a course in the C. V. S. normal school of Shippensburg, Pa. This was not a small undertaking, as I had no encouragement whatever. On the contrary I was opposed by my parents, the church and relatives. The most trying thing was my parents opposing my going to school. Here is where God knew best, for if God had put it in their hearts to encourage me and give me all the money I desired I would have been wrapped up in the enticing societies and vain enjoyments of the school. Unless a person takes part in these literary societies it is almost impossible to stand at the head of the class. As I was very ambitious, and being aware of all this I tagged and toiled against this tide of affairs until I finished a course in said school.

Now this was not the greatest force that besieged me; but all this time there was a higher power that convicted me by saying that I was not created to grapple with these foolish things. Instead I was to be about my Father’s (Heavenly) business. Notwithstanding all this, I concluded to take a course in the School of Commerce of Harrisburg, Pa. during the present year. Here, the devil said, I could make a mark. But I could not go with ease, as God showed me how others made shipwreck in pursuing a course similar to mine. Oh, I would still watch the people going up and down the street so eagerly engaged in a life of their own. A question would arise within me, such as this: Is this the

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design of God? Then I would look at myself and see that I was in the same channel. I was confident that God had called me to a nobler work than this; but I was not willing. Oh, it makes me feel sad to think that on account of my stubbornness God had to bring me three or four times to the verge of eternity, there to consider my existence. Still with all this I was not submissive to God till I purchased a six-months course in said commercial school. After pursuing a month and a half's study the Lord plainly showed me that this was the last call for the present age. As I considered this as such, and with many fiery darts of Satan hurled at me, I abandoned going to school at God's command, and did as Paul said, "Put on the whole armor of God." Since that, I have fought a goodly number of battles in my favor; but sad to say I lost some by not wielding the armor successfully.

Oh, I cannot express my gratitude to God since my obedience to Him by consecrating my whole life to Him. My whole being is by times praising its Creator, and I praise God He verified His Word more than once since, and because He healed my limb so that I can walk without any assistance. I still thought it would not become as long as the other, but, praise the Lord, it is just as long as the other, and that is long enough to do God's will. I just feel like singing the doxology all the time. I hope the reader will bear with this lengthy article. I remain,

Your Brother in the battle of the Lord,

J. O. LEHMAN.

Harrisburg, Pa.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

PAPER NO. I.

GATHERING FRUIT.

This life is full of lessons, if we open our eyes and are willing
of the past, and is supremely happy. From infancy she's been reared in tenderness, and she has arrived at the age of ten, to be compared to nothing less immaculate than the lily. We refrain from intruding upon that home circle, so as she enters the doorway we bid her good night.  

* * * * * * *  

Once more we eagerly sunder the massive curtains of time and gaze upon the life of Helen Marston, ten years have drifted by since last we bade her good night; we see no longer the maid of ten, she stands before us in all the stateliness of womanhood, her queenly form enveloped in silk, whose luminous folds display symmetrical lines unsurpassed, hair like strands of gold, arranged in a graceful coronet upon a well poised head; her dimpled hand as though chiseled from marble clasping a handsome bouquet of forgetmenots, the gift of her girlhood lover. 'Tis the night of her debut, and as she advances he sways forward, his breast heaves, his eyes sparkle, he's oblivious of all but her, his first and only love. 'Tis over, and pronounced one grand success. She's led forth to the ballroom, there to be courted and admired by all. Among her admirers is the donor of the bouquet, and he resolves that this night shall determine his fate, he will ask for that priceless boon, her love; he pauses and ponders, am I worthy, then answers, I'll live for her and her only. As he stands with these thoughts like billows surging through his mind, a laugh like the rippling of waves falls upon his ear, she approaches and he hastens to her side. Why those blushes which suffuse cheek and brow, when he softly whispers, "Helen, come with me, I wish to speak to you alone." He gallantly leads her from the gay throng to a favorite rendezvous to pour into her ear his passionate pleadings. How eloquent those words, how tender and love like, and how noble he looks as he stands awaiting her reply; she cannot resist, so in childlike simplicity she answers, I can but say yes, for I love you. They return to the ballroom just in time to hasten to the banquet hall. Mirth alone reigns their. They propose drinking to the health of the fair debut, and Clarence declines, he sees the deadly poison lurking there and fain would not indulge. Helen seeing he declines, as with the smiles of a siren proffers the cup and sweetly murmurs, "will you not drink to the health of your Helen?" He cannot decline, he's as one charmed, he tips the glass again and again.  

The banquet terminates, they return home, she retires to her couch, not to slumber, but to devise her future. Never once does she think of that social glass she offered to the one she loved; life to her is one grand song, so rapt in thought. We once more bid her adieu.  

* * * * * * *  

'Tis bright October again, just twenty years later than when we first gazed upon Helen Marston. Can this spectre like object be her, she stands in a small carpetless room before a rude couch, on which reclines the emaciated form of her once lover, whom she now calls husband, he is muttering and she bends low that she may catch what he says. List to those words, "Helen, I'm dying, I've been a cruel husband, but, oh forgive me, it was not I, it was rum. You remember those words you uttered that memorable night, "drink to the health of your Helen."

Little you thought they'd be my ruin, if you had only said so. Roy did in our boyish contentions, "stand firm Clarence, never yield," all might have been different. Might not have been in the deadly clutches of rum to-day. Oh, tell to the world my last and dying words, shun the social glass.

They laid him at rest in a pauper's grave, and standing there like a crushed lily she begged to be sent to the home of her childhood. They did as she requested, at the door she was met by a stranger, who offered her a chair, into which she sank; for a moment, she sits as though dazed, she sees herself in silk and sparkling jewels. Advance with the sparkling glass, then realization rushes upon her, her husband fills a drunkard's grave, she a lonely outcast. It is too much for that bruised heart, her hands falls gently upon her breast, a sigh and her soul like a wave upon the ocean passes away and stands before His Majesty, to whom she must account for the passing of that social glass, and the utterance of those fatal words, "drink to the health of your Helen."

From a Brother in Christ,  
Carland, Mich.  
Ezra M. Smith.  

For the Evangelical Visitor.  
LEADINGS OF GOD.  

"The mercy of God is an ocean divine, 
A boundless and fathomless sea; 
Launch out, launch out, cut away the shore line, 
And be lost in the fulness of God."

If we can only comprehend it, there is a great deal of truth in the above verse. The first two lines would remind us of the greatness, as well as fulness of God's mercy. It is compared to a sea, whose area can not be bounded, nor its depths fathomed. How true it is, that God's great mercy or compassion for the whole human race, has no limits or bounds.
We can praise His name, that this mercy is not for one, or two, or a chosen part of the human race, but for all. Praise the Lord. "Whosoever will come, and take of the water of life freely, without money, and without price."

God's love to us is great, and why dear Brethren and Sisters, should not our love be great towards one another, and not only to one another, but everyone.

How many difficulties, disappointments and discouragements of life, would be easily overcome, forgiven and forgotten, had we always the true love of God in our hearts. The expression is sometimes used, "I can forgive, but not forget."

Oh, Brethren, where are we, if that is our condition. It seems to me if we have truly forgiven a person, the part or act, which needed forgiveness, should it not also be forgotten? If it is not forgotten, is it truly forgiven?

The song invites us to launch out, and cut away the shore lines. Do we launch out to partake of God's fulness, or are we too well satisfied with our present conditions? I fear many times we may be too well satisfied with our present enjoyments or attainments. The enemy will try to satisfy us with the thought, if we allow him, that by being baptized, and following the requirements of our respective churches, is all that is needed, we might say, to gain a home in heaven. While the above mentioned requirements are necessary in our Christian life, yet are they not some of the least important? What we need is an every day, and not only that, but an hourly and momentary religion. Not a religion that allows us to misuse our fellowman one day and commit some great wrong another day. Some one might say, how can we keep from doing these things. How many evils will be committed, if we always have the Lord before us?

I have not yet attained to that, but Brethren, I am growing, not of my self, but by the Lord's help. I am confident that if we launch out and enjoy what the Lord has in store for us, the reports about our misdeeds, and not being what we pretend to be, will be few. Let us get to the place where the Lord can use us, and the results produced in our lives will be remarkable. The Lord will wonderfully lead us if we allow Him to do so, I know it is true, because He has wonderfully led me.

I have been led to guard against many things, which others seemingly can do, without thinking that it is wrong. At times I wonder why it is, but I will only leave that with the Lord.

Some seemingly are not thankful for temporal, as well as spiritual blessings; unless they are the greatest that can be given or produced. It seems to me that I can be thankful for the small blessings as well as the large ones, in whatever line they may be given.

It was said about cutting away the shore lines. Have we any shore lines? I would consider a shore line to be anything which we might have that would hinder our Christian work. There are many if only we look at it aright. Covetousness might be one, a wish for rain, a home like my brother, or friend lives in, a desire or wish to speak as some speak, all of these should be guarded against. Let us be satisfied with what we have, and use the instruments which God gives us, however feeble they may seem, to His honor and glory, and I am certain the blessing will be ours.

Many other shore lines could be named, but doubtless all of us have a knowledge of at least some of them. But a knowledge of the hindrances is not all that is necessary. After knowing them, let us, by God's help get them under our control. Many times the desire must first be removed, if the desire is kept, how can the temptation or hindrance be overcome? I find for myself, that if the desire has been removed, the enemy does not get very far. But on the other hand, if the desire of whatever nature it may be, is in the heart, and the enemy comes, he is nearly always successful.

Praise the Lord that He is stronger than the enemy. Whenever we trust Him fully the enemy has to flee.

If any one can get any help or encouragement out of this article, give God all the honor and glory, and not the writer. How Christ's cause is hindered many times by our wanting the honor. Lord help us to ever keep self out of the way. All that we can accomplish must be accomplished through God's help, and where can we claim any glory.

Remember me, a weak one,
J. EMERY BOWERS.

Hope, Kansas.

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

A NUMBER of years ago, in a village of Southern New York, there lived a minister whose name is yet well known and loved in that region. He was a man of deep and tender piety, and was peculiarly successful in meeting a class of men then common in that country, who prided themselves upon their fancied elevation of thought and character which enabled them to look down, as they supposed, upon Christians, and particularly Christian teachers, with the condescension of unquestionable superiority.

One of these men was found by this minister, his pastor, laboring in his hayfield; for it was the minister's habit to seek out the people, and talk with them, without ceremony, wherever he might find them. The minister followed his parishioner for a time in the field. The farmer busily swung his scythe, stoping...
ily was taken very ill. She had sorrowed that day.

The minister spoke of the church and its services. "Oh," was the ready reply, "I have not time to bother myself about religion." And then, after a little, "If there is a God I think I will keep out of his way until he explains some things to me a little more clearly and doesn't threaten so much."

The minister did not answer this fling. Presently the farmer called to his little girl, who was busily playing with the new mown grass: "Emily."

At once the little girl came to him. "Take care or I shall cut you," said the Father, as the child ran perilously near the scythe. "Go to the end of the lane. Be sure not to open the west gate, and wait for me."

As the child turned to obey her father, the minister spoke to her: "Emily, why did your father warn you away from his scythe?"

She looked surprised, but answered, "So that I would not be hurt."

"Why did he tell you not to open the west gate?" continued the minister.

"I don't know," said the child, now somewhat alarmed by his questioning; and she darted away.

Again the minister called after her. "Emily, are you not too busy to bother yourself—" but Emily was already on the way and did not look back to answer. Then turning to his parishioner the minister said slowly, and again repeated the words, "As a little child! As a little child!"

A few weeks later, in the village church, the now stricken father stood by the side of his Christian wife to be received into membership; and with broken accents which sent a tide of deep emotion through the congregation of worshippers, he said, "I came as a little child."—Christian Work.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

W e find in the beginning man was created in the image and likeness of God, and undoubtedly enjoyed God's very presence, but alas, sin entered into him and he partook of the forbidden fruit, and instead of welcoming God's presence, he hid in the garden, and under the penalty of death was driven out of the garden and thus driven from the presence of God forever, unless some way of salvation were provided, which was already planned, (see 2 Tim. 1:9,10; 1 Pet. 1:20), and the promise was already given to our first parents that a redeemer should come, (Gen. 3:15) and thus by faith in Him who should come, and obedience to God, they and their seed had the glorious consolation that they will again be permitted to see God.

But as ages passed the world drifted away from God.

Finally He separated Abram (who afterwards was called Abraham) as the father of a nation in which the whole earth should be blessed and gave them a law which was largely typical of our Savior, especially the priesthood.

We find that the High Priest only could come before the Lord in the holiest of holies, and that only once a year as an intercessor for the sins of the people, and before he could do this he had to offer for his own sins. So here he came before the Lord but did not see Him as He is, for no man shall see the Lord and live.—Ex. 33:20.

Now we see that the levitical priesthood was not perfect, for a remembrance of sin was made every year, therefore we must have a greater High Priest than was Aaron. In Heb. 6:20, we find that Jesus who was made a high-priest forever after the order of Melchisedec is entered into that within the veil. Now that Melchisedec was greater than the levitical priesthood is evident, for Abram gave him titles of all (Gen. 14:20), and Christ, "neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place having obtained eternal redemption for us." Now if Christ has entered "heaven itself to appear in the presence of God for us."—Heb. 9:24. Let us reverence Him as our Saviour, Priest and King, and not forget that it is only through Him that our prayers reach the Father's ear.

For good religious reading take the Visitor.
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A man stood up in an experience meeting, and said, "I have been for

Reader, what has been your life? What have you made out of it? Have you improved your opportunity to the glory of God? What have you done for your fellow-men? Has your time, your talents, your wealth been given to benefit others, or have you lived a selfish life, hoarded your gains, tried to draw to yourself the comforts of life and turned the cold shoulder to the needy? Remember God sees to the inmost recesses of your heart, you are not hid, you may wrap your mantle of indifference around you and try to stifle the conviction, that your life has not been what it should be, but God sees you, and when you come before him every vestige of your tinsel disguise will be brushed away, and you will stand before Him as you are. Your profession will be a hollow mockery. Remember, God says, "be not deceived," let the spirit of God arrest your steps before it is too late. Turn now if you have been living away from God break the fetters of sin, tear off the garb of hypocrisy and retrace your steps. Come to Jesus before it is too late. Remember He died to save you, but your salvation depends on your willingness to turn, "Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

We are very anxious to get the names and addresses of our people as soon as possible as it is necessary to go to press with the work as early as we can. Other churches have already published their almanac, and unless we get a return at an early day we will not get ours out in time. The time set was August 1 and quite a number have completed their list and made return.

We are sorry to see so small a number of almanacs or directories ordered. We fear unless the orders are much enlarged, it will not cover the expense of printing and binding. We hope each district will reconsider their order and make it much larger. It certainly will be a convenience that every family, every office and every individual will want. If they desire to find the name and address of any member, and if they want to use it as an almanac they will have at hand always the date of the week or month. We expect also to add as much useful reading matter as possible to fill up vacant space. We hope all will take a special interest in making this directory and almanac a very useful and handy year book.

A CORRECTION.

In the first column of our report in Visitor of June 15, there is a mistake. It reads on Friday nearly fifteen in company with Bro. Samuel Whistler and some of his family, etc., it should read "on Friday the fifteenth in company with Bro. Samuel Whistler, etc."

NOAH ZOOK.

THE ANSWER.

THIS beautiful incident is told of the great-hearted Spurgeon who loved little children as he loved his own life. In his last sickness he left the great city of London, and went over to Mentone, France. But his heart was with the children, and so sick as he was, he returned to make them a visit.

The first thing he did upon his return was to inquire about the treasury of the Orphanage at a meeting of the deacons. He was laughingly told that he would have to "work another miracle" for there was but a small balance left. "Let us ask our Heavenly Father for what we want."

They knelt and prayed. Returning to his home and crossing the hall to his study, he heard the servant say, "No one can see the master to-night," and a voice in reply remonstrating, "What is the matter there?" said Spurgeon. "Oh! Mr. Spurgeon," the gentleman said, "I have come a long way to see you. I promised when in India to give $3,500 to your Orphanage, and I have brought you the money." It was the answer to their prayers.—Selected.

BETTER COME DOWN.

A man stood up in an experience meeting, and said, "I have been for
five years on the Mount of Transfiguration."

"How many souls have you led to Christ in that time?" inquired the pastor.

"Well, I don't know," he replied.

"Have you brought a single one?"

"I don't know that I have."

"Well, then, you had better come down."

When a man gets too high for service, there is something wrong.—Selected.

Moody, in his last sermon in Philadelphia, said: "The only religion that men are ashamed of is the religion of Jesus Christ." I have often said that if there was a back door for men to get into heaven they would get there, but the trouble is the confession. It don't take long to save a man. You can't get into the kingdom of God without believing and without confessing, and your confession don't amount to anything if you are ashamed of it. This is God's way of offering eternal life to us. There are three ways to confess: First, by the mouth; secondly, by the heart; and thirdly, by the manner of life.—Sel.

THE ARIZONA MISSION.

By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tents with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise; for he looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.—Heb. 11:8-10.

This afternoon, seated in our little tent in the hills of Arizona, my mind goes back to the days of the old patriarchs, and reading the Scriptures which tell of their tent life and their earthly pilgrimages, the thought comes that the walk of faith is still the same. God calls us to go forth for him, and if we have faith we cannot but obey, though we may not know where He will lead. This we do know: His way is always best, and where He leads it is safe to follow. To confess that we are pilgrims and strangers here should bring real happiness to us. We are exiled from home for a little while to glorify our Father. The city which hath foundations is not here, but over yonder. A tent here is enough; 'twill be a palace over there. O glory to God for the bright prospect of the future.

Our course on this trip was northward. We travelled over what is called the Black Canyon road, which leads us right into and through the mountains. Much of the road is very rough and hilly. Our first stopping place was Bumble Bee, a small mining camp sixty-five miles north of Phoenix. We camped there three days and had four meetings. We did not have any building to go into, so we sat in front of our small tent and began to sing and our little congregations sat on the ground in front of us. The miners paid good attention to what was said. Aside from this the only evidence of interest we had was that one man who professed to be a Christian asked us to pray for him.

Leaving Bumble Bee, we came to this place, a distance of eighteen miles. We had a meeting last evening on the porch of the saloon. Quite a number of men were seated around us, and also a few women. The Lord being our helper, we expect to hold forth at the same place while we remain here.

Dear Brethren, the condition of the people here may be expressed in one word: darkness! Oh, how great is the darkness! We know God is able to save even those people, for his promise is, "I will make darkness light before them." But it takes faith and the power of the Holy Ghost to labor among them. The cry of our hearts is for a real baptism of power. Fellow pilgrims, pray for us.

Yours till we meet in the air,

Glendale, Ariz.

J. G. Cassel.

CHICAGO MISSION.

We arrived at Chicago on Friday the 17th, and found the Mission and workers in good condition. We met Bro. Musser there; he left for Ohio on Saturday. The first Lord's-day in the Mission was a busy as well as blessed day. Sunday-school was well attended. Morning and evening services were very encouraging. In the afternoon we had prayer-meeting with an afflicted one. She was much benefited, praying us to come again. May God wonderfully bless the Mission for good, not only for salvation to wicked men and women, but also to the sick and afflicted and suffering humanity, that they may learn to take Jesus for their healer as well as their Savior.

Sisters Sarah and Anna Bert are faithful workers. God bless them.

Dear workers in Christ's kingdom, pray earnestly to God for the Mission and its workers that they may be humble and faithful in their calling. All donations will be thankfully received.

Following is our report:—

DONATIONS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A Sister</th>
<th>$12.00</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rosebank (Kansas) S. S.</td>
<td>$5.67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel Bert</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Benjamin Bert</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sister Hoover, South Cayuga, Ont.</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. S. collection</td>
<td>$6.75</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total | $26.70 |
EXPENSES.

Bro. Joseph Shirk's expenses to Chicago and return, $4.00
H. L. Shirk, expenses to Chicago and return, $4.00
S. S. supplies, $5.00
Rents for June, $12.00
Rents for July, $12.00

Total, $61.00
Deficiency, $34.30

H. L. & N.A. SHIRK.
6928 Peoria St., Englewood, Ill.

ON OUR MISSION.

To the dear readers of the Visitor, greeting: "Elected according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ: grace unto you and peace be multiplied."

Since our last writing we have had very blessed seasons in the Master's service. After the love-feast at Mechanicsburg, we continued the meetings with a fair interest and good attendance for nearly two weeks. To many it was a time of refreshing, and some professed to have received new light on some lines. Praise the Lord that when our hearts are open to conviction then the Holy Ghost can teach us and lead us into new experiences and joy in the Master's service. Bless the Lord! How sad it is that we must believe that there are many professors of religion who are not open to conviction, and some even become offended at the truth. In connection with the meeting at Mechanicsburg we filled appointments at Boiling Springs and Good Hope, which were also blessed seasons to our souls.

On the 16th of June, in company with Bro. and Sister J. H. Myers, we went to Franklintown, York county, where we found open doors in the Radical U. B. church. The attendance here was large most of the time when the weather was favorable. Here we found quite a number of old people who still believe in the plain old way in which the old fathers and founders of the U. B. church walked. Many of them rejoiced greatly over the plain preaching of the Word, and frequently lamented that they do not get the truth as they did in days of yore. But here as in other places, while some rejoice over the plain truth there are some that became offended. We endeavored to hold forth the unadulterated Word of God as the criterion for God's children to live by, and we knew that good impressions were made. We hope, too, that much of the seed sown will bear fruit unto eternal life. As a result of these meetings two were baptized by the Brethren on Sunday the 5th instant. The Lord wonderfully helped our out-going missionaries, Bro. Long and Sister Hoffman, to deliver their souls of the blood of the people of that place. Praise the Lord for Holy Ghost workers who are not afraid to deliver the message the Lord gives them.

Bro. Long left our company on the 23d to make arrangements soon to return to Tabor, Iowa. We closed the meetings on the evening of the 24th ult., and went to Boiling Springs, expecting to hold meetings there over Sunday, but as no arrangements were made to that effect, it being harvest time, we concluded to go to Franklin county and visit some relatives and friends until the throng is over before we hold any continued meetings. Our Sister Hoffman has in the meantime been visiting some of her relatives in Lancaster and Dauphin counties. Today, July 10, we expect to go to Harrisburg to attend a meeting there of ten days. We are looking forward with prayerful hearts for a blessed time in the Holy Ghost. From Harrisburg we expect, the Lord willing, to go down the country through different counties, and as we go we expect to preach the Word, notwithstanding we find Paul's prediction to be true today as found in 2 Tim. 4: "Many will not endure sound doctrine but have turned their ears away from the truth and are turned unto fables."

Sad but true condition of the church today. Our prayer is that the Lord may awake Zion, and especially the watchmen on Zion's walls. May they all lift up their voices as of a mighty trumpet, as the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

We have enjoyed the best of health and the Lord has very graciously supplied all our needs. To him be all the praise. Amen.

Yours for the coming kingdom,
NOAH ZOOK.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

REAL religion is not merely intellectual and emotional, but practical. There is something to be done, not merely discussed and professed. At market, men are not content with considering what they hear and see, but what business they shall do. Merely to listen, talk and purpose, day by day, is loss and may lead to ruin. Christ is brought before us with special emphasis, and we are called upon to decide what to do with him. Something we must—either accept or reject him; which shall it be?

When Jesus was brought before Pilate charged with treason, the judge, convinced of the prisoner's innocence, offered to set him free; but the priests demanded Barrabas. The procurator replied: "What then shall we do with Jesus?" They shouted, "Crucify him!" Pilate ought not to have hesitated, but at once discharge and protect him. But the Jews would represent to Caesar that Pilate could not be a loyal friend if he suffered Caesar's rival to escape punishment. Pilate was ambitious, and preferred his hope of court favor and promotion to justice and conscience.

What, then, shall we do with Je-
sus? If not acquit—condemn and punish. But this would be so flagrantly contrary to truth that he could not, especially after his wife's impressive dream, frame his lips to pronounce a sentence so outrageous.

What, then, should he do? Compromise! "I will chastise him and release him." Chastise—and so satisfy the cruel enmity of the Jews and prevent any suspicion of unfriendliness to Caesar and avoid the crime of murder. This ended as most compromises do. To halt in battle often preludes defeat. Refusing to do right is the beginning to do wrong. Scourging leads to crucifixion. I seem to see Pilate in the regions of the lost wandering about, scorned and shunned by others of the damned, muttering to himself his own question—"What shall I do with Jesus?"

Jesus is often brought before every reader of this paper, and the question is, "What shall I do with him?" Not what do I think of him, what shall I say of him, but what shall be my conduct toward him? Not what assent shall I give to his doctrines, or what shall be my profession as to his church, but what response of heart and life shall I make to himself? He comes to me as Savior of men. This I believe.

- Shall I act on the belief? Yes! I confess my sins to him, I entreat his forgiveness, I trust in his salvation. He comes as my Teacher and Example. I will become his disciple, I will walk in his steps. He comes as my King! I acknowledge his claims, obey his laws, uphold and extend his kingdom. This is my reply to the question.

But some hesitate. There is some Caesar in the way. If I become a true Christian and avow it, I may offend some rich relative, some influential employer, some dear friend. I shall have to break off some wicked companionship, to renounce some pleasant sin, to crucify the flesh, to come out from the world of ungodliness and folly, to yield my own wishes and pleasures to the will of Christ, and to make his service my chief aim and delight. I am not prepared to make such sacrifice and effort. What, then, shall I do with Jesus?

If not accept, reject him. This many do. They openly deny his claims. They say, "We will not have this man to reign over us." Others say it in effect though not in words. They put Christ to death by acting as if there were no Christ.

If it were told them that Christ was a fable and not a fact it would make no difference in their character and conduct. They put him to death by ignoring his life and authority; and yet he comes to life. Pilate soon heard of his resurrection—living still! And so to those who try to live without him and practically condemn him to die, the thought of him comes sometimes in the bustle of the day or the visions of night, they see his name on the placards of the streets or the notices in the papers, and in every letter or business paper, as they write the date A. D. And as they approach the great unknown, though names and faces and forms of this world's great ones fade from view, they will see the King they crucified seated on the throne before which they must stand in judgment. This is too terrible to realize.

No, I cannot crucify him. What, then, must I do with him? Compromise! I will scourge and release him. Scourge him by persevering in evil habits, gratifying my own carnal and selfish propensities, not confessing him so as to risk any worldly loss, not "crucifying the flesh." But I will release him, by confessing, "I believe in Jesus Christ who was crucified under Pontius Pilate;" by singing "Crown him Lord of all;" by attending some church and contributing a little to religious objects, and promising that at some future time I will become one of his disciples. So have I seen the driver of a carriage take off his hat to a crucifix on the roadside, and give his horse an extra blow, driving on more quickly than before.

Such compromisers think they are doing nothing against Christ. A young man passing by saw the danger, and how easily he might save the child; but—he might soil his boots, or dampen his feet and take cold, or be a few minutes behind time; so he walked on, resolving to send the first policeman. The child was drowned. The young man pled that he did nothing! Because he did nothing to save he was guilty of manslaughter. Another was attracted by a group of people in earnest converse. He heard them maligning a very dear and honored friend; but he said nothing; and when he passed away they remarked; "That man is an acquaintance of his—his silence means assent."

So Christ is maligned, and many souls are injured and imperiled by ungodliness, and the question for us is, "What shall we do with Jesus?"

If we pass by and think we do nothing, do we not practically take part with his enemies? Are we not responsible for the scourging against which we do not protest, and for the perishing of those to save whom we put forth no effort?

If we resolve that after a year, or a month, or even a day we will crown Christ, does not this imply that meanwhile we reject him? Christ does not ask our allegiance a week hence, but now. Christ or the world must occupy and rule our hearts each day. To say we will crown him next week is practically to say we will obey self, the world, the devil, meanwhile. Is it thus we reply for this day? Possibly we have often thus tried to quiet conscience by a deferred allegiance,
which means an immediate rejection meanwhile. Suppose I die meanwhile, still deferring and therefore still rejecting? What shall I do with Jesus, meeting him face to face? How at the judgment? Will my retribution in the dark future resemble Pilate’s, whose knowledge was far less, still repeating the question, “What shall I do with Jesus?”

Let us ask him the question: “Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?” He replies: “Accept me as Savior! Obey me as King!” If we have done this already we will do it again, we will do it forever. If never before, we will do this now! We accept thee as our only Savior! We trust in thee as our Sacrifice, our Intercessor, our great High Priest. We hail thee our King! We will obey thy laws, imitate thy example, confess thy name, extend thy kingdom, prepare for thy coming—let this be our response to this important question—“What shall I do with Jesus?”—Newman Hall.

CHARACTER.

We all with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord are transformed into the same image from glory to glory even as from the Lord the Spirit.—2 Cor. 3:18.

The most radiant, the most beautiful, the most divine thing is character. On earth, in heaven, there is nothing so great, so glorious as this. The word has many meanings; in ethics it can have but one. Glory is character and nothing less, and nothing so great, so glorious as this.

With this explanation read over the sentence once more in paraphrase; we all reflecting as a mirror the character of Christ are transformed into the same image from character to character—from poor character to a better one, from a better one to a little better still, from that to one still more complete until by slow degrees the perfect image is attained. There the solution of the problem of sanctification is compressed into a sentence; reflect the character of Christ and you will become like Christ. The image of Christ that is forming within us—that is life’s one charge. Let every project stand aside for that. “Till Christ be formed,” no man’s work is finished, no religion crowned, no life has fulfilled its end. Is the infinite task begun? When, how, are we to be different? Time cannot change man, death cannot change man. Christ can; wherefore put on Christ.

“I think when I read the story of old. How when Jesus was here among men, He took little children like lambs to the fold; I should liked to have been with him then.

“I wish that his hand had been laid on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me And that I had seen his kind look when he said, “Let the little ones come unto me.”

—Henry Drummond. Selected by Anna Myers, Upton, Pa.

FORGIVENESS.

A STREET boy was run over several weeks ago by a heavy wagon in New York city. He was in the gutter, in the act of stooping, and did not see the approaching team. Another gamin, who had been taunting him, ran away when the accident happened. The injured boy was taken to the nearest hospital, where he was found to be fatally hurt.

After he had been in the hospital a few days a small boy, as ragged and friendless as himself, called to ask about him and leave an orange for the injured lad. The visitor was shy and embarrassed, and would answer no questions.

He soon came again with an apple, to be used for the same purpose. After that almost every day he appeared at the hospital, bringing some small gift.

One day the nurse told the little visitor that his friend could not get well. The boy lingered in the receiving-room, and then with great hesitation asked if he could see John. He had been invited before, but had refused.

The little patient was lying on his cot, very pale and weak. His eyes opened in dull surprise when he was told he had a visitor. Before he knew it two little arms were about his neck, and a familiar, grinning face bent over his and sobbed:

“I say, Johnny, can yer forgive a feller? We was always fightin', an' I know I hurt yer, an' I am sorry. Won't ye tell me, Johnny, that ye hasn't got no grudge agin me?"

The boy reached up his thin arms and locked them around his little mate's neck, and said: “Don't cry, Bobby. Don't feel bad. I was firin' a rock at yer when the wagon hit me. You forgive me? Yes, you forgive me—an' I'll forgive you, an' then we'll be square. The folks here learned me a prayer. How does it go, nurse?”

“Forgive us our trespasses,” said the white-robed nurse, softly.

The next morning Bob was a little late. The kind nurse met him with a grave face, Johnny, she said, has just died. She led the lit-
ties of anti-Christian books, periodicals and pamphlets that are continually sent out from the great cities of Christendom would be incredible were the fact not indisputably attested. Wherever Christian missionaries have gone they find that this sort of literature has preceded them; and these publications in various languages are gladly welcomed by the heathen priests who use them to destroy the effect of Christian teachings upon the people.

The success which infidels meet with in propagating their ideas should teach us a lesson, and make us willing to learn from them the best methods to secure the attention of the people. Infidels usually print pamphlets instead of books, so that their arguments can circulate more widely; and in this particular Christians would do well to imitate them. It is pleasing to note that one Christian man has tried the plan of circulating pamphlets, and his efforts have been highly detrimental to infidelity. I refer to H. L. Hastings of Boston, one of whose five-cent pamphlets, a lecture on "The Inspiration of the Bible," has circulated by millions, and used up over seventy tons of paper in its production. An infidel editor stated to the writer that he found this tractate everywhere where he went, and he confessed that the harm it did his cause was incalculable. About 100 tons of Anti-infidel Literature have already gone out from H. L. Hastings' Scriptural Tract Repository, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. One man, however, cannot do everything, but if Christians would assist Mr. Hastings to publish and circulate larger quantities of his tracts and pamphlets on Infidelity as well as his tracts on Spiritualism and the "Higher Criticism," who could tell the result? No greater evil confronts the church to-day than infidelity, the remedy for which, however, is the wide circulation of good Anti-infidel Literature, and in this work it is the duty of every Christian to assist. T. DARLEY ALLEN.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

EXPERIENCE.

DEAR Brethren and Sisters I felt it my duty for some time to write for the Visitor, and now by the help of the Lord I will do so. I was about 14 years old when I gave my heart to the Lord, but as I was not willing to follow him I laid the work aside. But as the Lord was not satisfied with me the thought came to me, are you not willing to give your heart to the Lord. He died on the cross to save me from all evil, but the devil made me believe if I would make a start that I would not have a good time any more, and what would my companions say when we had revival meetings and as they were inviting sinners to turn to God? The thought came back to me, tonight is my night as they were praying I promised the Lord I would try and do his holy will if he would help me. O, how strong I felt, and when I came home I prayed earnestly to God that he should take all from me that was not pleasing in his sight. I had many trials and temptations. The Lord has called me so often away to have secret prayers the few last weeks I have two little brothers in heaven, and my desire is I may meet them in heaven. I often come short of doing my duty. I don't testify for the Lord as I should. I often think that he has done so much for me but I wanted to become willing to do just what the Lord has for me to do, and I ask an interest in the prayers of all God's children in my behalf as a weak Sister.

Hope, Kansas.

L. B. HOSTELLER.

Cheap Farms.

Low priced farms and grazing lands in Virginia, West Virginia, and Maryland, located along the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and convenient to Eastern markets, can be purchased on easy terms.

EXPERIENCE IN VERSE.

With shame and sorrow I look back
To where I tread yon sinful track;
When Jesus called me most lovingly—
Come, sinner; give thy heart to me.
In sin I spent my youthful days,
Unthoughtful of my Maker's praise;
Yet conscience gave me many a check.
The spirit drove my heart to break.

But still I could not willingly get
To leave my companions yet,
Who I supposed would ridicule
The ways of God and call me fool.
For giving myself up so young,
Because I was so well and strong;
Therefore I was at a great loss,
Not willing yet to bear the cross.

Yet this I also knew full well,
My sins would lead me into hell;
My conscience did oft me reprove,
And bid me seek a Saviour's love.
At length I as it were was awoke
In time to escape the dreadful stroke
Which God in justice doth fulfill.
To him who lives against his will.

No peace I had, turn where I wilt,
To think that I so long had strove
With works of righteousness.
Yet conscience gave me many a check.
In vanity and sinful plays.
Whose spirit oft did me convince
That I should timely warning take
To think that I so long had strove
Against the Lord of life and love.
Whose spirit oft did me convince
That I should now forsake my sins,
That I should timely warning take
And try with God my peace to make.

I wept and prayed both day and night
In sin I took no more delight;
It grieved me that I spent my days
In vanity and sinful plays.
I now was in a woeful state,
I saw my sins were very great—
Alas, too great to be forgiven,
And I could have no hopes of heaven.

The tempter also did suggest,
Which added more to my distress;
He said it was no use to try—
God's grace was not for such as I.
I thought I was forever lost,
All my faint hopes of help were crossed,
And nigh overwhelmed with grief,
Which were the fruits of unbelief.
I once more thought to try in faith,
And see what holy scripture saith;
And there to my great joy I found
God's word with promises abound.

O, gracious words where Christ did say
I am the life, the truth, the way;
Those who sincere in me believe,
Shall everlasting life receive.

I thought poor sinners one and all
Should not obey the Gospel call;
O, that they would, O, that they would
See that the ways of God are good.
Religion did my thoughts engaged
When I was 18 years of age—
Now 18 more has run their round,
Since I first pardoning grace had found.
I meant to travel with great speed
And tried a holy life to lead—
I thought the work was partly done,
The battle fought the victory won.

Alas I knew not that my flesh
Was such an enemy to grace—
That is what Satan would combine
For to deceive this heart of mine.
Yet soon I by experience learned
That all their subjects must be spurned:
Or if I should to them give way
They'd win the field and bear the sway.

Wherefore I saw there was great need
The previous warning to take heed;
Lord Jesus help me watch and pray,
For I am prone to go astray.
O how I did my time improve
Since I first tasted heavenly love—
I must to my own shame confess
That I'm unworthy of his grace.
I oftentimes feel so destroyed
With worldly things my mind's employed,
That were it not for grace, free grace
I never should see Jesus' face.

O, what would yet become of me
If to the Lord I could not flee;
And there my faults with tears confess
And claim him for my righteousness.

Herewith will I my writing end
And to God's care my soul commend;
O, guide me through this wilderness.
To where there's perfect joy and peace.

ELIZABETH HYKE.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

I thought disposed this morning to
Write my experience on sanctification.
For the two last years I had been seeking sanctification, and it seemed
a mystery to me; that point was
tome as dark as night, and although
continually searching and seeking
in the word of God, reading the different writers’ experience on sanctification, it seemed as though I received a little light on it, but still I was not satisfied with that, and glory be to God that I did not stop there. I feel so glad that my blessed Master ever gave me that longing desire for a higher purpose.

I would hear different people speak on that point. I could feel it. They had something I did not have; I felt there was something far ahead. My connection with it was the thickness of a thread; what a longing desire that was to receive that, but I was not permitted to grasp it at the time.

At last I came to this conclusion. I felt confident if this was anything that should benefit me for my eternal happiness, I felt sure that he would not withhold it from me. Some time ago the thought came to me. If I long to come nearer, I should appoint a time when I would come before the Lord to receive. I felt confident if this was anything that should benefit me for my eternal happiness, I felt sure that he would not withhold it from me.

Some time ago the thought came to me. If I long to come nearer, I should appoint a time when I would come before the Lord to receive. I felt confident if this was anything that should benefit me for my eternal happiness, I felt sure that he would not withhold it from me.

Oh the blessing and the power that the Lord gave me then, I never shall forget, I never shall forget; Even now it is stealing o'er me again and again, And lingers with me yet.

How true! When I think of the blessing I received I feel it stealing over me. I received such a power and this wonderful peace I would not exchange for anything in this world. Dear reader, do not give up till you receive this blessing. We can have these sensible helps Sanctified to higher purposes.

When we receive this blessing, it will make us belong to Christ. We will delight to talk about it; this is my greatest pleasure. Let us not be afraid and just stay as it were along the shore, but launch out in the deep, and when we have done so we will want others there to. Hoping God will help us plunge deeper in the ocean of Divine love, I am lovingly yours, a Sister in the household of Faith.

MARY K. LANDIS.
Silverdale, Bucks Co., Pa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

GOD WILL PROVIDE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

Here Christ gives to his followers a rule that they shall not avenge themselves nor resist evil, but overcome and endure it in patience and love. If for Christ's sake, we should come to want the necessities of life, God knows how to provide for His people; for He fed Israel in the wilderness. Elijah by a raven (1 Kings 17:6), Daniel was preserved in the lions' den (Dan. 6), and the three children in the fiery furnace (Dan. 3), the Lord also knew how to deliver those who trust in Him (2 Pet. 2:9), if they suffer for righteousness sake, happy are they (1 Pet. 3:4), but many reason that if a person were to do this, he could not get through the world; he would in a short time lose all he had, a person cannot live so strict, and similar objections are urged. But whence come these objections dear reader.

It is said of Christ that he who was rich became poor, that thou through his poverty might be rich. Oh, should you not then be willing to suffer in your temporal affairs for His sake, if it should be the will of God? Christ had not where to lay his head (Luke 9:58), should you also not then keep your heart free from the things of times as one who is a pilgrim here (1 Pet. 2:11), and whose conversation is in heaven (Phil. 3:20).

Should you not consider these words of Jesus; there is no man that hath left house, parents, brethren, wife, children for the Kingdom of God. Who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting. Yes, my dear reader, if you rightly consider these things in faith, and subject your will unto God, you will bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ, and with Moses and Paul, you will esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of earth, but, oh, how few such Christians are to be found at this day. How few that are not engaged in contention and law suits. How few that do not defend their coat, to say nothing of giving their cloak also. How few that follow Christ and observe this command, of him that taketh away thy goods...
ask them not again. The holy and amiable apostle John says, hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments. But since the so-called Christians do not keep nor do the commandments of Christ, it is easily proven that they do not know him; and while they say they know him and keep not his commandments they speak but lies, and the truth is not in them, because they do not keep His Words, the love of God is not in them; for this is the love of God that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous (1 John 5:3).

Therefore Christ also says, if ye abide in me, and my word abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Oh, dear people, trust in God; then you have the assurance that God will help you. J. K. LANDES.

Palmyra, Pa.

OUR DEAD.

HODDY.—Susanna Hoddy died four miles east of Mansfield, Ohio, June 29, 1896. Sister Hoddy was born June 7, 1812, aged 84 years and 22 days. She was buried on the 1st of July 1896, in the Pleasant Grove cemetery. Funeral services were held in the church near there by the home Brethren. Sister Hoddy had united with the church a great many years ago and had been a faithful Sister, always contented in her suffering. Her disease was dyspepsia. We hope that she has gone to receive the reward of a saint.

SAMUEL WHISTLER.

SINK.—Died, June 21, 1896, near Sporting Hill, Lancaster county, Pa., Bro. Jacob Sink, aged 71 years, 8 months and 17 days. Bro. Sink had been a member of the church many years. A few years ago he was paralyzed, from which he never recovered altogether. Sometimes he became able to move about and go out of doors, but he would relapse and become weaker every time, until finally death relieved him of his helpless and suffering condition. He leaves three sons to mourn his loss. His wife and three daughters preceded him to the spirit world. Funeral and interment were at Crossroad meeting house on June 24, by the home Brethren.

COBER.—Died June 26, 1896, in Fulsinch, Wellington county, Ontario, Henry Cober, son of Bro. Solomon and Sister Elizabeth Cober, aged 5 years, 5 months and 5 days, of inflammation of the bowels. Little Henry suffered much during his sickness, and bore it very patiently for a child so young. Funeral services were conducted by Bro. Samuel Doner of Nottaway, from Rev. 14:13, in English, and Bro. John Reichard of Howick, in German, from Mark 10:14, 15, on the 28th of June. Interment in the Union Church cemetery. Thus a child is taken from our midst, reminding us that we too, must prepare for that great change, if we wish to meet those loved ones gone before, and see Jesus as He is. We can say with the poet,

Thy gentle spirit passed away,
'Mid pain the most severe;
So great we could not wish thy stay,
A moment longer here.

O, who could wish thy longer stay,
In such a world as this;
Since thou hast gained the realms of day,
And pure, undying bliss?

LYDIA GIMBERICH.

MUSser.—Died, on Sunday, July 12, 1896, Sister Elizabeth Musser, aged 93 years, 2 months and 24 days. Sister Musser was born in Donegal township, Lancaster county, Pa., April 18, 1803, and was a sister of the late Elder John Gish. She resided at the place of her birth until her marriage, Jan. 6, 1825, when she and her husband moved to the farm near Rowenna, on which farm her family was reared. The husband, Bro. Henry Musser, died November 21, 1871. Since then she made her home with her son, Bro. John Musser. She was always a consistent and devoted Sister in the church. Sister Musser belonged to a long-lived family. Her father, John Gish, died at the age of 97, and other members of the Gish family died in the nineties. A cousin died aged 96 years. Sister Musser had three children who reached maturity: John, Mary and Elizabeth. John is the only one now living. She left six grandchildren and six great-grandchildren to mourn the loss of a kind and devoted mother. The funeral took place at Reich's on Wednesday and was largely attended. Interment was made in Reich's cemetery.

EVA NGELI CAL VIS I TO R.

Biennial Encampment, K. of P.

The Biennial Encampment, uniformed rank, K. of P., will be held at Cleveland August 23 to 30.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines, west of Ohio river, at one single fare, for all trains of August 22 to 24 inclusive, valid for return passage until August 31 inclusive. The round trip rate from Chicago will be $8.50, and correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will also be placed on sale at ticket offices of all connecting lines throughout the West and North-west.

The B. & O. operates the only sleeping car lines between Chicago and Cleveland. No matter where you start from, ask for tickets via “Picturesque B. & O.”

HARVEST MEETINGS.

August 8, Sippo, Stark county, O.
August 16, Valley Chapel, Stark county, O.

Running On Time.

As illustrating the degree of efficiency to which the present management of the B. & O. R. R. has brought its motive power equipment and espirit de corps of the operating staff, we call attention to the fact that during the month of April, May, and June the passenger trains and fast freight trains have almost invariably arrived at their respective destinations on schedule time.

The very few exceptions to the general rule were due to causes inseparable from railway operation, and against which no forethought can wholly guard. It may be safely said that during the period named no road in America, comparable in magnitude to the B. & O., can surpass its record for punctuality in train movement.

No family in the Brotherhood should be without the Visatron.