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Evangelical Visitor- March 15, 1907. Vol. XXI. No. 6.

George Detwiler

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Evangelical Visitor.

John A. Keifer
R. R. No. 2
October 1907

The Earth Shall Be Full of the Knowledge of the Lord as the Seas Cover the Sea.—Isa. xi. 9.

"Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."—Psa. xx. 7.

VOL. XXI.

HARRISBURG, PA., MARCH 15, 1907.

NO. 6.

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How Enson Robbed God.

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

A minister of the gospel in the State of Maine found, in one of his charges, a man who professed conversion, but was extremely penurious. He wanted all the blessings that pertained to the gospel, but had never seemed to realize that the command, "Freely ye have received, freely give," was for him. The minister felt a concern to help the man; but, whenever he said anything to him about contributing for the spread of the gospel at home or abroad, he was met with the excuse that, with a family to support, he had no money to give away.

One day, as the minister was driving along he saw the man, Enson, in his field and stopped to have a talk with him. He proposed to him that he should stake off a certain portion

of that field, and cultivate it the best he could, and give the proceeds to the Lord. Enson at last acceded to the proposition, and the minister, well pleased, went his way. The man planted the portion set apart to corn, and it grew wonderfully. When the minister saw him, he said he never saw anything like the way the corn grew; and the strangest part of it was, it was the poorest part of the field. The minister was aware of the latter fact before the man inadvertently made the disclosure.

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

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

The minister expostulated, but could get no satisfaction from the "close-fisted" farmer and with a kindly warning, he left him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why, you know that fine horse of his, worth \$250 if it was worth a cent? Well, the other night that horse tried to jump out of the enclosure—never known to jump before—but this jump was too much for the poor creature, for he ran a stake into his side, and they had to kill him at once. The doctor said he'd die anyway. What luck that man has had the last year or two!"

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

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

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

"I'm not living anywhere in particular."

(Continued on page 10.)

Evangelical Visitor

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EDITORIAL.

The Church Hymnal Fund.

Previously reported,	\$1,996 60
Ezra Gish, Elizabethtown, Pa.,	25 00
Amos H. Heisey, Cleona, Pa.,	100 00
Total,	\$2,120 60

There is yet \$378.40 needed to make up the \$2,500 contribution towards the Hymnal Fund before the Committee is warranted to go ahead with the work. Conference time is drawing near and an effort should be made to raise the balance. No doubt the readers of the VISITOR remember that this money will be refunded again only without interest.

A. B. MUSSER,

Treasurer of Committee as per Art. xxi. and xxii, Conference, 1906.

Pennsylvania State Council.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the consent of all the districts in the State of Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania State Council will this year be held in Harrisburg, April 17th instead of first Wednesday in May as heretofore. The cause of this meeting being earlier than heretofore is on account of making provision for General Conference.

S. R. SMITH,
Conference Secretary.

A love feast will be held at Valley Chapel, Ohio, May 25 and 26. A general invitation is extended.

Under the Bread-Fruit Tree.

The above is the title of a new song with music of which Herbert Buffum, Evangelist, is the author and composer, written in memory of Sister Sara Cress, whose form sleeps under the wide-spreading branches of the bread-fruit tree at Matoppo Mission, South Africa. The author listened to an account of the call, going forth, sickness and death, as experienced by Sister Cress and her husband, as related to him by Sister Abbie Cress, mother of Bro. Cress. It touched his heart and the beautiful words of the song came to him as a result. The music came later. The song is published in sheet music form and can be ordered from Sister Abbie Cress, Abilene, Kan., R. R. No. 4. The proceeds go towards the support of mission work.

We learn through Bro. Jacob Bowers, of Trappe, Pa., that Bro. Jacob Martin, of Lancaster county, Pa., closed a ten days' meeting at Graters' Ford, on February 27. One came out to follow the Master and others were deeply convicted. After the meetings two more came out in the prayer-meeting. The number of members in that part of the Montgomery and Bucks county district is getting smaller continually. A revival is needed. May God send it.

The article on pages 1 and 9 of last VISITOR, entitled "Perilous Times are at Hand," published by request of D. E. Weigle, appears to have struck several of our readers quite unfavorably. Our opinion is that they must have misunderstood the article, which is an account of what is known as "Washington's Vision," in which the course of the United States as a Republic with its ultimate triumph is forecasted. The good sister who has written to us from Ohio read into the article that it encourages war. We think if she reads carefully she will find that it only states what Jesus himself says would come in the last days, wars and rumors of war, famine, pestilence, etc. A Kansas brother felt it his duty to express his disapproval of such "trash" being published, even to the extent of refusing the VISITOR a place in his house should we make another mistake of the same nature. What insult to good Americans, past, present, and future, he sees in the article, we fail to see. It all goes to prove that it is still true that there are "Many men of many minds," and what one regards as sound doctrine the other looks upon as heresy. We

do not wish to make any mistake on the lines indicated in this note, but our readers are well aware that it is a difficult undertaking to please everybody. Our desire is to please God and work for his honor and the good of his cause. We trust our friends will still pray for the editor.

"Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. We who died to sin, how shall we any longer live therein?" The very plain teaching of the New Testament is that God's children quit sinning. The members which had been presented to sin and whose activity was in unrighteousness, are not to be so used any more, but are to be presented unto God, and be instruments of righteousness. The life of the true believer becomes transformed, because of being identified with Christ in his death and resurrection. "For the death that he died, he died unto sin once; but the life that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Even so reckon ye also your selves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus." This death-reckoning to sin can have but one effect, namely, to quit the practice of, or engagement in, sin, and, on the contrary part, the alive-reckoning must issue in a holy God service. The world is quick to detect any inconsistency in the lives of those who profess to be the children of God, and it behoves us all to *walk circumspectly*; and *worthy* of the calling, wherewith we are called.

The *light* of heaven is the FACE of Jesus.

The *joy* of heaven is the PRESENCE of Jesus.

The *melody* of heaven is the NAME of Jesus.

The *theme* of heaven is the WORK of Jesus.

The *employment* of heaven is the SERVICE of Jesus.

The *fulness* of heaven is JESUS HIMSELF.—Anon.

The results of revival efforts in the various districts have been encouraging—in some, less—in some, more. The fact that Christ's estimate of the value of one soul is so high, makes the rescuing and saving of just one soul a matter of supreme importance. There is indeed a great work entrusted to the church. But while the first is of equal importance, namely, is important, the subsequent work which follows as a sequence of the first is of equal importance, namely, that of shepherding those who have been rescued from the enemy's grasp

and power. The church has an important concern committed to its charge, and its pastors need much of the Spirit of wisdom to deal wisely with the new converts, bringing them into the church's fold in such a way that they become part of the flock.

We venture to suggest to our correspondents that they take pains in constructing their sentences. Every sentence has several essential parts, and, if correct, will be a statement of some fact intelligible to the reader. Sometimes this is lacking. For instance, the first sentence in Bro. Carl Baker's article in this issue entitled, "A Free and Full Salvation," fails to make sense unless you read, as it were, between the lines, or supply what is seemingly left out. If it would connect the title with the sentence and read something like this—A full and free salvation is provided as recorded in the New Testament, etc., it would be a proper sentence, but as it is, it is not a statement that can be easily understood in itself. We are not censuring, only suggesting that much that is lacking on this line can be overcome by a little study of the rules of correspondence.

We are glad to learn that in several districts of Pennsylvania the elders have publicly urged the members under their charge to pay up their VISITOR dues. While, as a rule, our list shows up well on this line for its constituency, yet among so many there are a few here and there who need a little prodding. The largest number of delinquents are found among the isolated ones who are out of reach of districts, and very probably are not members of the church to a large extent. We are looking forward to having a favorable showing at Conference. In order that this may be so to its fullest extent, we would appeal to every one of our subscribers whose credit on the label is not in the future now, to make it so before the end of April.

On February 17, Brother and Sister J. R. and Anna Zoook commenced meetings at Clarence Center, N. Y. We learn that the meetings have continued with increasing interest. Believers were being sanctified and made to enjoy the deeper things of God, and a number of sinners have turned to God. There is room at that place for much enlargement of the borders of Zion, and we would rejoice much should that enlargement come now. We hope the small band of believers

there may be much encouraged, and be better equipped to push the work along. They need the sympathy and prayers of believers everywhere.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day" (Rev. 1:10). It is poor economy both of time and strength to let the evening before our day of holy rest be one which runs us far into the night and leaves us exhausted the next day. When we do such things, let us be done blaming our daily work; it is our Sabbath night pleasure instead that wears us out, and requires that we sleep away the Sabbath hours, so that it is such a hardship to keep the day. Sir William Cecil, throwing aside his official robe at night, said, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer." So we throw aside the week, "Lie there, world, business, temporalities; lie there." And in the morning we wake just sons of God to meet the Father afresh.—CLELAND B. MCAFEE.

Peace at Home.

HOW TO HAVE IT.

1. We may be sure our will is likely to be crossed during the day, and so prepare for it by prayer and resolution.
2. Everybody in the house may have an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much of them.
3. We should learn the different temper of each individual.
4. Look upon each member of the family as one for whose soul we are bound to watch, as those that must give account.
5. When any good happens to anyone, rejoice at it.
6. When inclined to give an angry answer, lift up the heart in prayer to God for patience.
7. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, try to keep a strict watch over ourselves, and our words.
8. Observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their condition.
9. Watch for opportunities of pleasing, and try to put little annoyances out of the way of others.
10. Take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.
11. Speak kindly to the servants, and praise them for little things, whenever it can properly be done.
12. In all little pleasures which may occur, put self last.
13. Ever give the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

14. When we are pained by an unkind word or deed, ask ourselves, "Have I not often done the same and been forgiven?"

15. In conversation be retiring, but bring others forward.

16. Be very gentle with the younger ones, and treat them with respect and sympathy.

17. Never judge one another harshly, but attribute a good motive whenever we can.

18. Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.

19. Invite the heavenly Father to be the head of the family.

20. Pray to Christ, as did his disciples, "Abide with us."—Selected.

We do not know what will be the lot of the heathen in the other world, except that we are told that those who are without the law of God shall be judged without the law. One thing we do know, however, and that is that our Master told us to take them the law.

February Credits.

J. M. Kuhns, Aaron H. Heisey, Landis L. Miller, Lizzie Miller, Mrs. Sarah Akens, Franklin Smith, Jno. Heise, D. W. Heise, L. B. Shell, Mrs. N. Sheffer, Jno. Baker, S. Stover, P. Shirk, D. Lehman, Jno. Beach, Jos. Steckley, A. Hunt, H. R. Heise, F. Atkinson, Mrs. D. W. Eyer, R. E. Wideman, Jacob Zercher, Mrs. Emma E. Sollenberger, Mrs. A. Williams, Emma L. Leshner, E. H. Zercher, Mrs. Leah Hollinger, Frances A. Long, Jacob G. Brandt, Susan Kettering, David G. Hoover, Amos Hurst, David Neisley, Jno. Demmy, Anna Hursh, B. F. Long, Jno. Haagen, Daniel Bowers, David Bowers, Anna Eisenhower, A. H. Martin, Abm. Hershey, Mary E. Engle, Mrs. Frank Jones, Moses Gipe, David Roland, J. C. Ohl, Wm. Stauffer, Sol. Baum, David Baum, J. W. Kohler, H. Xandes, Ida Griffith, Harry Hursh, Lydia Mumma, M. Wolgemuth, M. L. Brandt, S. Sellers, Anthony Winger, Geo. Kitely, Jos. Free, Lydia Nigh, Mrs. J. W. Neptune, Mrs. Lydia Mast, W. H. Wenger, David Wenger, L. J. Wenger, Mrs. S. Benner, Mrs. Anna Felkes, Edgar M. Hoffer, J. Eyster, D. L. Book, Clara Shugart, W. Romberger, S. W. Strauser, J. M. Engle, D. S. Engle, Simon Snyder, E. Witmer, E. Graybill, H. Haase, H. Schaefer, Wm. Boehler, Eri Srigly, Jno. Shaefer, H. Timm, Fred. Gedke, Alice Linebach, G. Fetrow, H. B. Brubaker, I. Krupp, J. N. Hershey, Cath. Noxel, D. L. Graybill, J. M. Eshelman, E. W. Heise, A. C. Burkholder, W. C. Deemy, Elizabeth Brumbaugh, A. Kensinger, Albert Carper, Philip Carper, Sue Umbower, Wm. Zimmerman, Emma Whisler, Jacob Russel, Mary Shriver, E. L. Eyer, Mrs. Lizzie Ott, Sarah Sprankle, Nancy Hawbaker, Mrs. E. B. Kendrick, S. P. Kauffman, Jos. L. Gingrich, Jennie E. Horst, Cath. Brenneman, P. G. Hoffman, Elizabeth Hoffman, H. S. Engle, Reuben Hershey, Mrs. J. B. Funk, Jos. K. Landis, Anna Ziegler, S. O. Wenger, Jno. Hile, Maria Sollenberger, Ed. Sollenberger, Jos. L. Musser, Amos Sleighter, D. H. Wingert, Ella B. Wenger, Amos Sollenberger, M. H. Oberholser, A. O. Wenger, H. B. Burkholder, Jacob Shelley, Barbara Meckley, Katie W. Musser, Hettie Witmer, H. L. Brubaker, Isaac Eyer, Frances Buckwalter, S. B. Longenaker, A. Fishburn, Jno. Bock, Jno. D. Winger, Jno. Brown, Mrs. D. Brougher, Jno. Shank, J. W. Kreider, Eph. Hershey, Jno. Funk, S. W. Heisey, Mrs. W. H. Erb, Sallie Nye, A. Sider, Lizzie Lenhart, W. R. Shank, A. Johnson, Levi Sider, A. Saylor, L. Barnhart, Josiah Winger, S. D. Barnhart, Bert. Sherk, Samuel Winger, Sarah L. Winger, Jno. Wilhelm, Jos. Greiner, Eli B. Wolgemuth, D. B. Brubaker, J. Snavelly, J. D. Mumma, Mrs. A. Mumma, Susan Divit, Katie Moore, E. M. Engle, F. L. Wagner, Barbara Book, A. B. Lauver, Mrs. M. E. Lauver, A. N. Engle, H. F. Light, H. G. Wingard, S. Ketterman, B. Hoffman, Viola Guyer, Mrs. Annie Oller, I. C. Baker, H. Lebeck, Mrs. Mary Hench, Christina Beam, Susan Urich, H. A. Sheets, Mrs. Jno. Ehlers, Elizabeth Klink, Jno. Teal, I. Hunsperger, J. Musser, L. L. Engle, Jere. Engle, J. H. Bicksler, W. L. Kreider, J. P. Keefer, A. B. Leaman, Ida Garman, H. Garman, Cath. Kissling, W. Kiner, Elizabeth Mater, Mrs. Harry Hocker, Jno. S. Engle, E. Schlagensweit, J. D. Powell, Frank Kohl, J. C. Brandt, H. H. Menough, Jas. Conner, G. T. Hiltz, Delila Linebaugh, Jacob Fulmer, Sarah Ebersole, S. Z. Bert, Abner Martin, Christina Wenger, S. P. Kern, Mrs. Ella Beeson, David Hits, Allen Brubaker, Mattie B. Heisey, J. L. Heisey, Hiram Wenger, H. K. Kreider, Menno A. Light, E. Yeager.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The Model Church.

Well, wife, I've found the model church,
And worshiped there to-day;
It made me think of good old times,
Before my hair was gray;
The meeting house was finer built
Than they were years ago:
But then I found when I went in
It was not built for show.

The sexton did not sit me down
Away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor:
He must have been a Christian man—
He led me boldly through
The crowded aisle of that grand church,
To find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singing, wife;
It had the old time ring:
The preacher said, with trumpet voice,
"Let all the people sing."
"All hail the power" was the hymn,
The music upward rolled,
Until I thought the angel-choir,
Struck all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner,
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
For ever from the storm.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth,
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth.
To win immortal souls to Christ
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run:
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair:
Thank God, we'll never sin again;
"There'll be no sorrow there!"
—Selected by Sarah McTaggart, Stayner,
Ont.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Experience of Salvation.

"That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." (I. Cor. 2:5.) I am of the opinion that anything that the Word of God does not teach is wisdom of men. With the help of God and his Holy Spirit, I will give my experience and faith of the above, giving Scripture for what I say. This all to the praise of God and his holy Word, and to a serious consideration. I was baptized (sprinkled) as a child which thing I would not know if it were not told me by others. (I. Cor. 2:14.) I could not receive spiritual or natural gifts. I was sent to school from six years of age till thirteen years of age; then I had to

learn the catechism, where there are many good scripture lessons. More than one hundred questions and answers to learn, all by heart. Having passed through this catechism, ceremonial, rules of faith of men, I was then confirmed, proclaimed a Christian, but without salvation through Jesus Christ, made believe I was all right for eternity.

Under the delusion of "only believe," I engaged in the lust of the flesh and pride of life as the others did; was a stranger "from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." (Eph. 2:12.) If death would have cut off this life where would my soul be?

Experience of the power of God and a living faith which is wonderful. To God be all the power and glory for ever. Amen. My soul does praise the Lord for his love and mercy and long forbearance towards me, a sinner, in the blindness of my heart I wandered so far that I almost disbelieved that there is a God, and trusted in my own strength and little wisdom to help myself to do as it pleased myself. I joined myself with unbelievers, although some professed a faith only in God; but read I. John 2:22, 23. They were far off from true faith, for every one believed and did as it suited the carnal self-will, and lust of the flesh and pride of life, thinking we were something great. But no man who truly believes God could or would make promises or vows which are against the Word of God and the laws of the government. (Matt. 12:36.) Praise the Lord, who in his grace and power led me out of my worldly associations, and into others that were living witnesses of the grace of God and the salvation through Jesus Christ. Of this I was ignorant, regarding it

more of an imagination than the truth to me. But the Lord wrought such a strong desire in my soul to know if those testimonies were the truth, or of men. John 6:44, 45, made an impression on me that I could not shake off. To know the truth I went on my knees and said, "Lord, if those testimonies are the truth, then I am wrong; please let me know."

The Lord heard this little prayer and sent his blessing (Heb. 12:11)—not a blessing to the flesh. The Lord knew which was best for me, and I thank him for it. It was love to my soul. He put me in the crucible of repentance where I could see all my sins and every one did cost a tear and godly sorrow. I had sinned against such a merciful God, yea, many times, against better knowledge. No one

knows what it is to pass through this crucible except those who passed through it. See Psalm 6:1-6; Acts 9:9-11. There I learned that there is a God who knows and sees all, and who has all power to kill soul and body, and to save to the uttermost. There the grace of God wrought in me a living faith in God. I prayed God to have mercy on me a sinner. If he would cast me away it would be what I deserved. But by his grace, and a living faith, I surrendered to him and I said, "For Christ's sake make it with me as it pleases thee, only give me grace to do thy will." This was death to self-will, and the burden of my heart rolled away. Unspeakable joy filled my soul. Under this blessing the Holy Spirit reminded me that I am not able to serve two masters. I could plainly see that I was joined with unbelievers and things in which I trusted so much. With grace and love to God I said, "I will love Thee only. Be thou my strength and helper." There I submitted my all, soul and body, and all I have, to his will and care. (John 1:13.) A wonderful blessing followed, and I know a new man was born in grace and spirit, will and desire to his will, and to his name's praise. My soul does praise the Lord, and all that is within me, does praise his holy name; and for his keeping power. Amen.

*"There is a school on earth begun,
Instructed by the holy one;
Here may we learn the happy art,
Of loving God with all our heart."*

CHRISTIAN SCHAEFFER.

Louisville, Ohio.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
A Lesson from Abram.

While studying the Sunday-school lesson about Abram and Lot, it seemed to me I could hear old Abram say to Lot, Lot you can have the world but give me Jesus. Lot made his choice seemingly the best; the beautiful plains along the Jordan. He probably had the best flock. Abram was satisfied to believe God, knowing and trusting that God would bless him. Lot pitched toward Sodom, where so much sin was going on and where God's wrath was going to be poured out. The destruction came and Lot was told to flee for his life. What a lesson I can learn of Abram. No doubt the thunder was loud, for Lot's wife looked back. She had been told not to look back. So we are told not to look back.

I think of the hymn, *...*

"Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing."

Thank God, I am pitching my tent toward heaven, the New Jerusalem. I had to flee from Sodom, for it meant destruction. I can truly say to any one, with old Abram, take your choice; I don't care to have the best in this world, but rather live on the mountain side or in a rocky dale, or away from town, or city, and believe God than in a palace in Sodom.

I just heard that dear Sister Martha Kauffman, of Souderton, went home to glory, realizing she has it far better. The last she told me was to love God and the brethren.

AMANDA SNYDER.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Crumbs.

The happiest Christians are not those who have the smoothest sailing.

The soul who launches out to trust God with the whole heart, get, at once, an increase of trials but a decrease of troubles.

Struggling ends when rest in God commences.

The best we can do for God is just to let him work through us of his own good will and pleasure.

The writer would rather die in the fight warring against Satan than to live a life of spiritual ease and die with the honors of his kindred.

Our wealth in the world to come will be according to our yielding, sacrificing, and faithfulness in this life.

The man or woman who feels comfortable or tickled when praised or well spoken of, but irritated and uncomfortable when evil spoken of, with or without a cause, needs God's medicine for the cleansing of the carnal mind very much.

To know God is more than conversion and sanctification.

Rough roads in God's service are not so pleasant to us, but they are good for the toughening of our feet; therefore, we rejoice in them also.

When tired by battles and victories won, we will enjoy more sweetly our final rest.

Our greatest foe to conquer is ourselves.

Better have no friend but Jesus if it requires disloyalty to him to have any other.

Should God have left us alone we all would have hell for our doom.

Cold love does things merely for the sake of duty, and the majority of the once converted people have fallen into this cold love condition.

The devil always wants to be left alone and undisturbed.

Unless we are spoiled for the world the world will spoil us.

Stevensville, Ont. D. L. GISH.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

A Free and Full Salvation.

Recorded in the New Testament by simple faith in the all atoning blood of Christ, shed on Calvary to atone or make satisfaction for the whole world that was lost, and is lost.

I feel it is my duty to try and encourage others who have accepted of this great salvation as I also have been encouraged by reading different articles in the VISITOR. Although I am young I love the old way, I love the humble people, chosen out from among the world; a separate people, transformed by the Holy Ghost, or Spirit of God; where old things have passed away and all things have become new (not only half new). Only such are in Christ and have received the Holy Ghost without any exemptions.

"These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God" (John 5:13).

By reading and hearing people tell their opinions along different lines, I have been made to feel that it is time we were putting our opinions or faith along side of the word of God and see how they agree. For we know that many spirits have gone out into the world and they are not all of God. But we who have been chosen, have received of one spirit, have been quickened, anointed, and received power by that Spirit, have been made partakers of the divine nature, also the abundant life, and a deeper life, whether we think so or not.

I believe there is more abundant life for every child of God; a more deep or higher life which no one can get beyond. It is not by a leap and a bound we reach it, as some people call it, the more abundant life or the deeper life. I might say it is not an *it* at all, but is a gradual going forward toward the mark for the prize of our high calling, not as though we had already obtained.

I am surprised sometimes to hear of the faith of some. Yet not so much because we are told that perilous times shall come and deceivers shall wax worse an worse, deceiving and being deceived. Some people in the time of the apostles believed the resurrection was past already; and

overthrew the faith of some, but "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal. The Lord knoweth them that are his." So we need not to be surprised to see many overthrown in this our day, even the very elect if possible. Some people in this our day believe they will live forever here; others dress in pure white and call it the robe of righteousness, for the righteous' garments shall be of pure white; other some wail for the gift of languages, of cloven tongues, and call it the baptism of the Holy Ghost—see Acts 2:3, 4. And the new Theology as Bro. Elliott stated, people will be looking "To the the or it they know not what, the how, the when, the where." And only find out what they are standing on perhaps when it is too late. All these, with many other, such as trying to separate justification from sanctification, and produce a child of God, simply saying have faith and you have got or are the it or the that or the other thing. Certainly some will follow them.

I believe if the solid Rock foundation was preached, and not what others think, or do, there would be plenty get upon the sand anyway, without preaching them there first, and then try and get the rock under them to stand on. It looks like grafting a branch that has never been pruned into the vine there to await the dresser. Is God so unwise as to do that? The wound has been made and God asks us to repent, turn from our sins, consecrate ourselves to him and he will engraft us into the vine without the sound of a hammer.

I can see no place for still born, or deformed, among the new born babes in Christ.

Yet some will preach to receive honor and a reward in this life, reporting a great many converted under their preaching, before they look for fruit; not telling them to count the cost first, to deny themselves and take up the cross before they can be a disciple. "But we have received an unction from the Holy One and the anointing which we have received teacheth us and we need not that any man teach us." No reserve left for a Bible Training School according to my knowledge. I love the old way too much, the old hymns with their humble tunes, the common people with common ways. I love them all too much to change them for the new. I enjoyed reading (as far as I understood them) the articles of

Bro. F. Elliott, Bro. J. S. Lehman and Bro. Musser.

From one waiting for our redemption.
CARL BAKER.

Duntroon, Ont.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

The Importance of Testimony.

Dear readers of the VISITOR: I feel to write a little on the above subject, trusting you will bear with me if you may see it differently. I shall also take the liberty of quoting that eminent saint and (to my mind) most practical and trenchant American writer, the late H. L. Hastings. Where quotation marks appear they are his words. "The divinely appointed instrumentality for saving men is testimony. It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe, not by controversy, nor oratory, not by metaphysics, but by plain, simple, honest witness-bearing for God. The apostles were witnesses, testifying to Jews and Greeks the power of God to raise Jesus, and to save mankind.—They were not asked what they *thought* but what they *knew*.—They were not alone, their testimony was united and then an unseen witness was present, working conviction on the hearers' minds." God needs witnesses to-day as well as then. Though unlike them we have never seen Jesus in the flesh, yet we can testify of his saving, soul-healing power, and his pardoning grace. We can tell of how he sought us, how we spurned his loving advances, how in love he still followed us until conviction pierced our souls, and we cried "Lord save or I perish." We can tell how in that darkest hour when all Satan's powers seemed concentrated on our ruin; we came to an utter end of ourselves, and looking to Jesus in faith believing we were "saved from wrath through him;" and we can tell how he filled our souls with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

O is not this a grand and glorious testimony? How empty is all the theorizing of the unsaved theologians, or the profession of the unconverted church member; it is all mist and fog, uncertainty and conjecture. O give us the man or woman who has been *there*. How can you tell us anything of that awfulness of hell if you have not tasted the "Wormwood and the gall." How can you describe the sweetness and joy of heaven if it has not begun *here* in your soul? I am not eloquent, says one, but eloquence is not what is wanted. The dying

man wants to see *not* the greatest talkers in town, but the man who has been sick *just as he is* and who can tell *just what cured him*, and sinners longing for salvation want some sinner who is saved to testify the fact, can *you* do it?" There is nothing counts like testimony, argument is useless, debate only hardens, but a direct personal testimony to Christ's power to save will silence the bold scoffer or sceptic, and he will "fold his tent like the Arabs, and silently steal away." A brother and myself once seated ourselves in a restaurant in Toronto for dinner; opposite us sat two men of middle age conversing as they ate. They were evidently desirous of attention and we pretended to ignore it at first, but as they denounced religion as a sham, and its votaries as hypocrites, and the whole Christian economy a myth, I felt I must bear testimony for my Master. So simply saying, "Gentlemen, excuse me intruding myself; *some* of what you say is sadly true but far from *all* of it." I quietly told them of my former life, of God's leadings in my conviction and conversion, of my unworthiness and his wondrous grace and keeping power thus far, and of the bright hope of eternal happiness, and remarking that even if it would come out as *they* said, we were as well off as they, but if, as *we* believed, it would be an awful time for them to be lost forever. They were visibly affected, and respectfully bidding us good afternoon, they left the table. O the power of a living testimony! We might have disputed all day to no purpose, but the simple story of a sinner saved by grace gave them their quietus.

No wonder Paul "determined to know nothing else but Christ and him crucified and risen." When brought before kings and rulers he did not, like Tertullus, put his learning and eloquence on exhibition, but told with striking vividness of his memorable journey to Damascus and its marvelous and unexpected results. No wonder in the presence of a man with such an experience, Felix trembled and Agrippa was "almost persuaded to become a Christian." When Martin Luther, the poor, despised monk of Wittenburg, at the Diet of Worms, stood before the assembled power, wisdom, and deadly hatred of an apostate church, he planted his feet on the "sure word of testimony," saying, "Here I stand, God help me." It was an awful moment. Angels and devils looked, spellbound, on the solemn scene, but the marvelous testimony of

the intrepid man to the doctrine of "justification by faith alone" had swept away their "refuge of lies" and achieved a victory greater than all the combined triumphs of carnal warfare.

When the Methodists began their noble work in England, many of their converts were poor and illiterate, rough laborers, and drunken miners, whose hearts were transformed by the wondrous grace and power of God. They testified with startling and convicting power to their conversion, and their changed lives *proved it* and led others to "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." At one place the preachers were haled before the magistrates as disturbers of the peace. "What is your charge," says the magistrate? "Well," said the complainants, "There is Mrs. ———, she had such an awful tongue, she made life a hell for her husband and neighbors; since hearing *them* preach she is completely changed, praising God, and living in peace and quietness." "If *that* is your charge," says the magistrate (turning to the prisoners) "Go and convert all the scolding women in town." In "Stevens' History of the M. E. Church," at a camp-meeting in Pennsylvania a rough, unlettered man got soundly converted and tried to tell of his wonderful change "till the pent-up torrent of joy and praise burst all bounds, swinging his cap in the air, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he shouted "Hurrah for Jesus, hurrah for Jesus." That man's testimony swept the meeting like a storm, sinners cried for mercy, believers were filled with joy, and

"Heaven came down their souls to greet,
"While glory crowned the mercy seat."

We might multiply such incidents "ad infinitum," but let these suffice. When I first belonged to the church quite a few of the old pioneer brethren were still at the helm. Our fellowship meetings were times of refreshing. We were expected to let the Spirit direct each one's testimony as he saw fit, for our personal and collective benefit. Thus if one was passing through trials and conflicts, they said so; if some were pressed with " manifold temptations," you knew it; if some had had marked deliverance and victory, they gave God praise for it; and if some were led to speak of their conversion, and the convictions that led to it, it was all right as long as they did not monopolize the time.

We thus understood each other, and could intelligently sympathize, pray for, and help each other along on the heavenly way.

I quote again, "The religious experiences" as they are called, "which we sometimes hear related, are among the greatest deceptions of modern times. Not because they are not genuine, but because they are not a *fair average*. If a man has known some two or three days of triumphant joy in God during his whole life, he selects *these*, describes the emotions he *then* felt, passes lightly over his previous and subsequent trials and conflicts, and calls *that* his "experience." And then every poor Zion-bound pilgrim stuck in the slough of despond or galled by the arrows of Satan, trembling in "Doubting Castle" or quaking in the valley and shadow of death, says straightway, well, if *that* is Christian experience, I am sure I am not a Christian and I fear I never shall be. Such experience of joy and rapture are thus as deceptive as it would be to pick out a plateful of plums and say, "This is plum pudding." After these were eaten the following plateful would be a sober reality and those coming next would fare likewise."

The Bible testimony of ancient worthies gives things as they really were, or happened and with the plums properly distributed. We are shown both sides of the shield, so that while we desire and aim to emulate their good qualities, we remember they like we were frail and human and so profit by their mistakes. It takes the power of the Holy Spirit to speak the whole truth in testimony or write it in history. Try it once, write some one's history, your own for instance, give the facts as they transpired, your defeats as well as your victories, your faults as fully as your virtues, your sourness as well as your sweetness and your storms and joys as well as your sunshine. You would soon groan in spirit and cry, "O God help me, I cannot do this alone," and yet this is what the Apostle means when he says, "Confess your faults one to another and pray for one another (only after confession do we know what to pray for) that ye may be healed." Thus it required divine inspiration to record Noah's inebriety, meek Moses angry, David in adultery, Jonah contrary and disobedient, Peter lying and swearing, and Paul and Barnabas jangling. How different are the biographies of the great ones of the world as given by their biographers, such as our late beloved

Queen or your own illustrious George Washington. No doubt Victoria had her share of human weakness, and Washington was not *always* as good as when he spoiled the fruitful future of the historical cherry tree.

Take the history of the lives of eminent Christian men written by their friends, their virtues are magnified and extolled to the skies, their faults are suppressed and hidden from view, their Christian graces stand out in bold relief in the picture, while their defects are concealed by convenient bushes in the background. To a poor penitent who, like Job, abhors himself in dust and ashes, or acknowledges his sin like David, or who cries with Isaiah, "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips;" such white-washed saints may receive his *veneration*, but they are beyond his *imitation*. It is much so in much of the testimony one hears today. One would get the impression that the Christian life was no longer a battlefield with wily foes and forced marches and hard tack and hand to hand encounters, but a lovely picnic grove with shady trees and singing birds, and tables loaded with all the delicacies of the season. I ask,

*"Can we be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
When others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?"*

O no indeed, then let us give humble, transparent testimony, that agrees with every day facts, for those in a position to do so, will compare the *facts and the testimony together* and draw conclusions. People are often astounded at testimonies of people who claim victory in their souls, and yet on some lines the "unsaved" living around them might pertinently ask, "What do ye more then others?" Do not let the devil persuade you to *quit* testifying for Jesus. "Tell the truth and shame the devil" is a blunt saying, but correct. Poor, harrassed, tempest-tossed soul, "tell it out in meetin'!" some one *needs* that story.

Brother, Sister, saved by grace divine, some poor sinner present needs the story of your rescue from eternal death; you veterans of many a battle, tell how the Captain of our salvation upheld you in the trying hour, and kept you thus far on life's journey. There are young soldiers eagerly drinking in your message of encouragement and will go home strengthened. You who for the time being are on the Mount of Transfiguration let us hear too, your happy vision of glory and bliss; too soon,

alas, it will vanish and you will see "Jesus only." May we never lose sight of him in all the different phases of our experience, but, "overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of (their) our Testimony."

F. ELLIOTT.

Richmond Hill, Ont.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
Some Impressions.

It was my privilege recently to spend several weeks in a journey back to the scenes of my childhood, in the State of Pennsylvania. Nearly seventeen years had slipped by since I had left my old home with my face turned westward. The last seven years of this period were spent in Central America in the Lord's work, concerning which occasional reports have appeared in the columns of the VISITOR. In the Spring of last year we returned to this country for rest and physical recuperation and the Summer was spent pleasantly in Kansas in the home of my wife's parents. Later in the season, as stated above, I made a visit to the east, my family in the meantime remaining in Kansas.

Naturally, after so long an absence, many changes were to be noted. It is true the landscapes were the same as in years gone by and many of the old landmarks remained, but yet it scarcely seemed like home anymore. The reason is not far to seek, for it is not the locality that makes the home, but the family circle with father and mother in the centre. When this is broken up home ceases to be. But thank God there is a home that is eternal and a family circle that shall never be broken up.

I enjoyed my sojourn with the dear brethren and sisters in various localities and recall with special pleasure the visits to the Philadelphia Mission, in Lancaster County, Pa., in Harrisburg and in Ohio. I found many loving hearts, and we could have blessed fellowship together in the things of our Lord. It would be pleasant to have personal correspondence with these, but much letter-writing is heavy work and the friends will understand that we cannot write to all. And yet letters from them will always be welcomed, especially when we are on our field of labor.

For the fellowship which so many had with me in a practical way, I am truly grateful to them and to my Lord. May I be pardoned for writing a few of my impressions concerning things as I see them among the brethren.

First of all, I believe I am safe in saying that among them is to be found as much, and perhaps more, practical piety than among any other body of Christians, in proportion to their numbers.

Great changes are taking place. These I trust are for the better and not for the worse. The fact that clearer light is shining on our pathway casts no reflection upon our fathers. They lived as clean lives as we do, perhaps cleaner, although they did not grapple with the same doctrinal questions as we do now, or at least not in the same way. Each generation has its own problems to solve.

There is marked progress in the understanding of the doctrine of salvation by grace through faith. Christ's work is getting a larger place in sermon and testimony. And yet, on the other hand, it must be admitted with all frankness that there is a lamentable confusion of ideas in the minds of many, and man's works rather than Christ's are too often exalted. Even with some who believe that salvation is a gift from God, there seems to be a lurking fear that "grace" and "faith" might be made too much of at the expense of "works," or as it is often put "our part."

Another very great change that has come is the increased interest in missionary work, and the spirit of liberality in giving. Doubtless there is very much room for growth in these two respects, but there is abundant reason for praise for what God has wrought.

Still another hopeful sign, at least so I regard it, is the more intelligent recognition of the unity of the body of Christ, and hence a more charitable feeling and attitude towards those who may differ from us in some things.

Then there is the very remarkable change that has come in regard to the teaching of holiness or the deeper life. Everywhere there is to be noticed a very real hunger and thirst for all the fulness that is to be found in Christ. This is certainly a blessed sign. It is felt that we have not been living on the high plane of victorious life that is our privilege in Christ, and many are stepping out by faith from the desert life into the true Canaan where milk and honey flow. However, when touching upon this, our rejoicing is with some trembling, for there seems to be such a confusion of teaching. To the correctness of this statement the columns of the VISITOR bear ample testimony. I have the impression that it would take a pretty well

advanced Christian to pick out the truth from among so much that is plainly contradictory. The testimony of the church on this vital Scriptural doctrine is certainly far from being of one accord; and herein lies a real dangerto the future harmonious progress in church and missionary activities. One almost hesitates to write or speak on this subject lest it might be regarded as another discordant note. The one hopeful thing about it is the fact that all are aiming at the same thing, and though the statement of truth or doctrine may be different, yet where the heart is really hungering and thirsting God meets the need and souls are blessed. And yet there ought to be more unity and harmony in the testimony. This I humbly believe might be brought about by seeking a little more diligently to learn what the Scriptures really teach and not reading quite so many of our own thoughts into them. I think then we would find that those who take the two extreme views would both have room to revise considerably their creeds. We might see then that in our very desire to be definite we had overstrained some points and undervalued others, and failed to see that Christ himself rather than his gifts is the true goal of the soul and the ample supply of all our need, and that the Holy Spirit is the true Executive and the Dispenser of the manifold grace of God. If we desire to get together on all vital questions, let us build upon Scripture statements, and center all our teaching in Christ and the Holy Spirit, and not in things or feelings or experiences.

Doubtless we all have many things to learn. None of us can claim to have all the truth. Our knowledge is fragmentary. "We know in part, and prophesy in part." Others may see things that we do not see, for truth is many-sided; and if we would have them appreciate truth from our view-point, we should be willing to make an honest endeavor to look at it from their view-point. If we could only all do this with unprejudiced minds, it would doubtless have the happy effect of bringing us to an even balance, "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

J. G. CASSEL.

R. F. D. No. 2, Hope, Kans.

Let us look at the good life a little apart from our own particular sorrow.—George Eliot.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

A Western Canada Letter.

Dear readers of the VISITOR,—Greeting in Jesus' Name. Naturally enough, with the near approach of Spring, we of the northwest are looking forward to another great inrush of humanity into this part of the world. Indications point already to the breaking of all previous immigration records. The Salvation Army alone intends to send more than 25,000 men and women from England; while from the eastern parts of Canada, from the States to the south, and from the countries of Europe, the tide has already begun to move. One railway official is authority for the statement that more than 100 villages will arise this year along the projected G. T. P. railway, and that new sections heretofore unknown will be thrown open to the habitation of man.

Materially speaking, the outlook is promising. Morally, too, there is not much to fear from perhaps a majority of the settlers. But from two other view-points the matter is not so reassuring. Many of the settlers are men of questionable habits, bad principles, low ideals. They come from the shiftless masses, the vile haunts of large cities, and constitute, so soon as they come, the rotten timbers in the very foundation of the new nation rising in the west. Our hearts bleed to see Satan so busy laying his foundations of unrighteousness. Speculation, gambling, drink, dissoluteness are everywhere manifest. Canada's fair name as a temperance nation is at stake. Indeed, I believe I can truthfully say that in no large city have I seen so much drunkenness as in the city of Winnipeg. Regina is perhaps as bad; Prince Albert too. Nor is the standard of the province much higher. Indeed, the rate of convictions for drunkenness for the whole province per 1,000 is 8.19, while the average for all Canada is only 3.39. Ontario, Quebec, and Prince Edward Island are below the average; and Quebec, that Roman Catholic province, the lowest of all, certainly a creditable showing for our Catholic friends. Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia average about 5.00—also much above the average. This excessive drunkenness may be partially explained by the fact that the majority of the settlers are young men, who have no homes, who, therefore, congregate in hotels and large boarding-houses. In Winnipeg alone, a city of 100,000, there are over sixty hotels, each with a bar. Of these hotels, two

at least, take in over the bar daily from \$500 to \$600; the others average no less than \$160 per day. For a young city, this is appalling. The soul almost sinks beneath the thought. Could this drink money from this young city alone, aye, even for one day, be turned into missionary channels! No vile, death-dealing stuff then for the fathers and elder brothers, but life and purity for the multitude and family. I pray that each one who reads these lines may renew his consecration of total abstinence and, by his life and words, show to all the world that the blood of Jesus Christ alone can save from all sin, be it in the cup, the gambling-room or brothel, aye, in the very heart.

The second great danger is the growing spirit of materialism. Money and real estate are on every tongue. The smallest towns at once become the centers of a real estate boom. And sad to say, the church is suffering not only from temptations without, but its very constitution is being blasted from within by the spirit of greed. How needful, therefore, that all those of our church who contemplate settling in the west this year, come in the name and fear of God, that they come not so much for lands and wealth, but with a real, definite purpose in their heart to set up the altar of worship in their homes, and to consecrate themselves and their lands to the laying of a nation's foundations in righteousness and to the glory of God.

Right here I might suggest that something definite should be done by some one, voluntarily or by appointment, in the way of securing some commission from the real estate agents for sending to them prospective buyers. Usually they are willing to give fifty cents per acre to the one sending them an actual purchaser. Now, in one season this would amount to a considerable sum and could be applied, minus expenses and suitable remuneration, to missionary purposes. It could be used either for home or foreign mission work. My own idea was to use it for the benefit of the Girls' Mission Home in Africa, for which our African missionaries are praying. I believe it is feasible, if undertaken by the right person. Moreover, why should the real estate man grow rich by our inrush as a church? Can the church not say that its very entrance into the west must be for the uplift not only of their own community, but for the redemption of the heathen in far-away Africa? This would be one

way of answering the importunate prayers and tears of our dear black sisters of Matoppo.

In closing, I may say, that one more missionary has gone out from our midst. I refer to Sister Hostetter, of Berlin, Ont., who has been laboring here for two years in city mission work. She has proven herself an able, consecrated woman of God, and goes forth to the dark Soudan backed by the prayers of God's people. Her last charge to the believers here will be remembered by all and will doubtless yet bear fruitage in many parts of the earth. The text was Romans 15:30-33. Words, which should sink deep into the heart of every member of the Christian church. May we be as true in prayer before the throne as the missionary upon the foreign field. Then will I. Sam. 30:24 be verified in our experience. To God be all the praise.

Your brother in Christ,

ALBERT BAKER.

It is easy to criticise those who are giving their time and talents to the Lord. But it is not a useful or profitable way in which to spend one's days. It would be much better to go on the field with them and learn just what the trials and hindrances are. You would be benefited, you would cease to speak unkindly of faithful workers; they would have one less critic and one more friend at home, and would not be annoyed by unkind words which never should be spoken.

If you have not helped some soul to a knowledge of the Savior, you are yet without one of the most blessed experiences this life can give. And the joy because of this will only be increased in the world to come.

God's Care.

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me;
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me:
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim!
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path of life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

—Selected by Nellie McTaggart, Stayner, Ont.

Jack and His Shipmates.

A young sailor being strongly solicited by his shipmates to join them in drinking a "cheerful glass," gave the following account of his early life. "My story is a very short one and I can tell it in a few words. From the time of my earliest childhood, I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good man and a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood. I can remember how cold and cheerless was our home. We had no fire, no food, no clothes, no joy, nothing but misery and woe! My poor mother used to clasp me to her bosom to keep me warm; and—once, I remember, when her very tears froze on my cheeks! Oh! how my mother prayed for her husband! and I, who could but just prattle, learned to pray, too. When I grew older, I had to go out to beg for bread. All cold and shivering, I waded through the deep snow, with my clothes in tatters and my freezing feet almost bare. I saw other children dressed warmly and comfortable, and I knew they were happy, for they laughed and sang as they bounded along to school. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once, and would be again, if rum were not in his way. But its strong power was upon him, and though he often promised, and often tried, he did not escape. Time passed on until I was eight years old, and those eight years had brought such sorrow and suffering as I hope I may never experience again.

"At length, one cold morning in the dead of Winter, my father was not at home. He had not been there through the night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it, and turned the head over, and brushed the snow from his face. It was my father and he was stiff and cold! I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead. I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body of my father home. O, shipmates, I cannot tell you how my mother wept and groaned. The two men went away and left the body still on the floor; and then my mother wished me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. 'My child,' she said to me, and the big tears were rolling

down her cheeks, 'you know what has caused all this; this man was once as noble, and happy and true as man can be; but oh, see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, my child, oh, promise here, before God and your dead father, and your broken-hearted mother, that you will never, never touch a single drop of fatal poison that has wrought for us all this misery.' "O, shipmates, I did promise, then and there, all that my mother asked, and to this moment that promise has never been broken."

"My father was buried and some good, kind neighbors helped us through the Winter. When the next Spring came I could work and earn something for my mother. At length I found a chance to ship, and did so; and every time I go home I have some money for her. Not for the wealth of the world would I break my pledge I gave my mother and my God on that dark, cold morning. Perhaps you have no mothers; and if you have they may not look to you for support, for I know you too well to believe that either of you would bring down a loving mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. That is all shipmates. Let me go now, for I do not believe that you will again urge the wine cup upon me."

His shipmates, deeply affected by their comrade's stirring recital of evils resulting from indulging in strong drink, resolved to abstain in future from the intoxicating cup, and, persevering in their good resolutions, became respectable and useful men.

—Selected by Amanda Snyder.

Unselfishness.

All good which I this day have won
Is good which I've to others done,
My happiness through theirs is bought;
My gain is what through love I've
wrought.

God keep self-loving from my soul,
As far as north from southern pole,
And help me more and more to dress
My life in sweet unselfishness.

Selected by a Sister.

Additional Sunday-School Matter.

(Concluded from page 10.)

violating the current teaching that no man could see God and live.

Then follows the beautiful story of the reconciliation of the brothers so long estranged and the incident is closed.

TO BE REMEMBERED.

1. God promises us 'a new name.'
2. Our pride must be wounded fatally; then God can bless.
3. But, "Prayer is not a teasing and a coaxing of an unwilling God."—Cuyler.
4. Suppose God were to name you according to your true character, would you willingly bear the name?
5. "Tricksters are likely to get tricked in their turn."

Would Not Drink.

There is nothing which the enslaved drunkard will not do to get his liquor. Sometimes, however, the spectacle of one who has lost all his will and his fine feelings, and who has degraded himself below the level of the brutes, makes other men who are on the road to the same degradation pause and reflect.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking; I have sworn off."

He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up; tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, though I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a hard drinking man all my life, ever since I was married, as you all know. I love whisky; it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar, and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done."

"Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawn-shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby's shoes—little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My—wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em; I want a drink.'

"You had better take those back to your wife. The baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, she won't, because she's dead."

She's lying at home now—died last night.'

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase, and cried like a child.

"Boys," continued the drummer, "you can laugh, if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop." Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence. No one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself, reading a newspaper.—Selected by S. Markley.

There is a natural unwillingness to submit to God, especially when the terms are humiliating; to do nothing but simply believe, when one is carnally anxious to do some acceptable work; and to be compelled to give God all the glory, and have no share in it ourselves. There was no cleansing even in six dippings in the stream, but only after the seventh ablution. To stop short of a complete conformity to God is to stop short of a complete blessing.—A. T. Pierson.

How Ensor Robbed God.

(Concluded from page 1.)

"Where is your wife?"

"She's dead."

"What has become of your farm?"

"My farm? I haven't got anything. Everything is gone."

"Ensor," said the minister, "do you remember when you began to rob God by stealing the corn out of his corn-field?"

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

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

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

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

Let the reader take the lesson home to his heart. We are only his stewards. Let us not rob God.—Selected by Anna Myers.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

This page is edited by Bro. J. H. Engle.

Lesson 1. April 7.—Jacob's vision and God's promise. Gen. 28:1-5, 10-22. Golden Text: Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. Gen. 28:15.

1 And Isaac called Jacob and blessed him, and charged him, and said unto him, Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan. 2 Arise, go to Paddan-aram, to the house of Bethuel, thy mother's father; and take thee a wife from thence, of the daughters of Laban thy mother's brother. 3 And God Almighty bless thee, and make thee fruitful, and multiply thee, that thou mayest be a company of peoples; 4 and give thee the blessing of Abraham, to thee, and to thy seed with thee; that thou mayest inherit the land of thy sojournings, which God gave unto Abraham. 5 And Isaac sent away Jacob: and he went to Paddan-aram unto Laban son of Bethuel the Syrian, the brother of Rebecca, Jacob's and Esau's mother. 10 And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. 11 And he lighted on a certain place, and tarried there, because the sun was set; and he took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head, and lay down in that place to sleep. 12 And he dreamed; and, behold, a ladder set upon the earth, the top of it reached to heaven; and, behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it. 13 And, behold, Jehovah stood above it, and said, I am Jehovah, the God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed; 14 and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. 15 And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee whosoever thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. 16 And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely Jehovah is in this place; and I knew it not. 17 And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

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Commit to memory verses 13 and 14.

Daily Food: M. Gen. 28:1-22. T. Gen. 27:1-9. W. Psa. 85:1-9. T. Heb. 1:1-14. F. Deut. 26:16-19. S. Rev. 4:1-17. S. Gen. 35:1-15.

When? Probably about 1780 B. C. Isaac was 117 years old. Jacob and Esau must have been about 57.

Where? Beersheba is on the southern border of Palestine. Bethel is about twelve miles north of Jerusalem.

Introduction. The Second Quarter comprises studies from Jacob to the Exodus. We were introduced to the twin sons of Isaac in the lesson of March 17. The plotting brother is obliged to flee for his life. With the life of an exile he pays the price for his willing part in the intrigue to secure his brother's birthright. The mother, who advises him to leave home and go to the home of his ancestors, and who, in the first place designed the plot against Esau, suffers for her own wrongdoing. She never again beheld the face of her favorite son.

COMMENT.

1. Isaac...blessed Jacob. More than a mere "God bless you." A somewhat elaborate formality in anticipation of his own approaching death. A wife...Canaan. Wholesome advice though originally contrived by Rebekah to protect Jacob from Esau's rage.

2. Paddan-aram, "the field of Aaram," in Mesopotamia.

4. Blessing of Abraham. Enjoying the favor of Jehovah as he did.

6-9. Esau impressed with the sorrow of his parents over his improper marriage to heathen women, "stupidly tries to repair the fault by a third marriage."

10. Beer-sheba. Here Abraham had lived and here Isaac, after his return from the Philistine country, lived and reared his family. Nearly due north lay his course to Horam where Abraham first settled after leaving Ur, and where his father, Terah, died.

11. A certain place. Hebrew, "the place." The place well known to Jacob's family—Bethel, the house of the Lord. Here Abraham first settled upon coming to Canaan and again after returning from Egypt.

One of the stones. They are numerous. Put it under his head. Made a pillow of it instead of complaining.

12. Dreamed. The associations, his state of exile, his probable homesickness, his irregular food, his exposure in the night, his reverent spirit and the irregular layers of native rock, resembling a "staircase"—all combined to make a dream like this probable. Angels, messengers.

13-15. Four promises: (1) The land... to thy seed. (2) Seed shall be as the dust of the earth. (3) All families of the earth to be blessed. (4) I am with thee. Count them over: (1) An own country. (2) Descendants, preserving the family name and traditions. (3) Influence. (4) The favor of God. Did not all of these reach fulfillment? What good man does not cherish the hope of all these?

16-22. Jacob takes the promises of Jehovah at par. Believing in their fulfillment he responds with a full heart. This place...the house of God...the gate of heaven, to a reverent soul such as Jacob was. The stone...for a pillar. From pillow to pillar. Study the significance and value of memorials.

"Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise."

A vow. If God will, rather with the sense "since God will." Not a commercial bargain but grateful response. The tenth. The customary standard of religious giving. "The man who calls himself a Christian and gives less than one-tenth of his income to the Lord, is a meaner man than Jacob."—Trumbull.

TO THINK ABOUT.

1. Marriage of Christians with unbelievers.

2. The blessing of a godly father a noble patrimony.

3. The value of dreams. Not authority, but suggestive. Even if due to indigestion they may be turned to good account.

4. Would you be a Christian to-day had your father not been one? So your influence upon your own children.

5. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." God seems to let us run our wayward course for a time in order to "bring us to our senses."

6. Let us seek to leave to our children the best possible town, community, State, nation. Don't blame all disorder on "the officers of the law." We cannot escape responsibility in a republican form of government. God will hold us responsible for the power in our hands.

7. Some early risers: Abraham, Isaac, Joshua, Gideon, Samuel, David, Mary, the Apostles and Jesus himself.

8. The value of memorials—Gravestones, monuments, religious and political holidays, the holy Communion.

9. Do not "argue" about tithing to escape responsibility. Sabbath observance and tithing are equally binding.

Lesson 2. April 14.—God gives Jacob a New Name. Gen. 32:9-12; 22-30. Golden Text: Rejoice that your names are written in heaven. Luke 10:20.

9 And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, O Jehovah, who saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will do thee good: 10 I am not worthy of the least of all the lovingkindness, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two companies. 11 Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he come and smite me, the mother with the children. 12 And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude.

22 And he rose up that night, and took his two wives, and his two handmaids, and his eleven children, and passed over the ford of the Jabbok. 23 And he took them, and sent them over the stream, and sent over that which he had. 24 And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. 25 And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was strained, as he wrestled with him. 26 And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. 27 And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. 28 And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for thou hast striven with God and with men, and hast prevailed. 29 And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there. 30. And Jacob called the name of the

place Peniel: for, said he, I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

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Commit to memory verses 26-28.

Read Genesis 29-35. Also, "With Christ in the School of Prayer," by Murray.

Daily Food: M. Gen. 32:9-12, 22-30. T. Gen. 27:6-29. W. Psa. 59:1-17. T. Luke 19:18-28. F. Luke 18:1-8. S. Hosea 12:3-6. S. Judges 13:15-25.

When? Jacob left home for Paddan-aram about 1780 B. C., aged about 57, and served Laban either 20 or 40 years.

Where? The Jabbok brook, an eastern tributary of the Jordan. Peniel, near the Jabbok.

Introduction. Study carefully the record of Jacob's experiences while with Laban. It was upon his return journey, fearful of the approach of his brother Esau, that the incidents of the lesson occur.

Dr. Peloubet suggests some most interesting comparisons: "Compare Jacob's meeting with Rachael with Abraham's servants' meeting with Rebekah (Gen. 24:10-27), and with Moses' meeting with Zipporah (Ex. 2:15-21). Compare the substitution of Leah for Rachael with Jacob's deceiving of Isaac (Gen. 27). Compare the results of polygamy in Jacob's household with the case of Hagar (Gen. 16). Compare the tricks of Jacob and Laban with those of Samson (Judges 14-16). Compare Laban's dream in his pursuit with Abimelech's (Gen. 20:3-7). Compare the Mizpah pillar with that of Bethel (Gen. 28:18). Compare the Mahanaim vision with that at Bethel (Gen. 28:12, 13). Compare v. 29 with Judges 13:17, 18. Compare Jacob's boldness in the presence of Laban, who had wronged him (Gen. 31:36-42) with his terror at the approach of Esau, whom he had wronged."

Jacob's trip, twice the length of Pennsylvania, brought him at last to his uncle Laban's. Study the incident at the well, the love at first sight, the voluntary service for seven years. Laban's base deception at the wedding time in order to "marry off" an unattractive daughter, but so like the trick Jacob had played upon Isaac, paid in his own coin. Then follows the betrothal to the woman he loved, the large family, the sorrows of a polygamous life, the strange contract to serve for brown sheep and speckled goats, the marvelous increase in these, the ruin of Laban and growing wealth of Jacob, the quarrels, the runaway, the "irate father" in pursuit, the truce at Mizpah, the news of Esau's approach with armed men, the peace offerings to Esau, the division of the company into two sections, the special precaution for the safety of Rachael and Joseph, and the night in prayer alone on the north side of the Jabbok.

9. Jacob pleads for the same favor shown his father and grandfather.

10. He humbly admits his unworthiness of all the mercies, comparing the day when with a mere staff, walking-stick, and without wealth or retinue, he had passed northward with his present prosperity shown in his two companies.

11. Deliver me. "After adoration, humiliation and thanksgiving, Jacob now comes to petition—the wise order of prayer."

24. Left alone with God and with his aroused conscience.

25. Hollow of his thigh, where passes the chief muscle, was strained. Typical of man's insufficiency as against God.

26. I will not let thee go except thou bless me. He will not rest short of the feeling of God's assurance.

27. What is thy name? In a time and a country where a name signified so much, and in the presence of God, with his soul and his record laid bare, it must have been somewhat hard for him to admit that his name was Jacob, "supplanter."

28. Israel, prince of God, a name honored for all time.

29. Blessed him there, thus revealing himself—none other than the Blessor!

30. Peniel, "the face of God." Face to face and still alive, only lamed? Thus

(Continued on page 10.)

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CHURCH WORK.

Buffalo Mission.

Report for month of February.

Balance on hand, \$8.35.

DONATIONS.

Elmer Robert, \$1; Geo. Galloway, \$1; Lottie Brunner, \$1; Jesse Brechbill, \$1; Joseph Lehman, \$1; J. G. Engle, \$5; Roxanna Anger, \$1; Levi Sider, \$1; Eliza Herr, \$1; Henry Landis, \$3.25; C. S. Brenner, \$1.25.

EXPENSES.

One ton of coal, \$6.25; gasoline and oil, \$2.05; groceries, care-fare, etc., \$10.15; Balance on hand, \$7.40.

To the readers of the VISITOR greeting in Jesus' name. We are thankful to the brethren and friends of the Mission for allowing the Lord to use of their means to supply our need. It is so blessed to realize when we give ourselves or of our substance that we are just returning to him of whom, and through whom, and to whom, are all things. Praise the Lord!

We have been very conscious that the Spirit of God has been in our midst. So many times our efforts are seemingly in great weakness and it certainly greatly encourages our hearts to see the Holy Ghost faithful to His office work. This is manifest in our midst in convicting and converting power.

The large churches of Buffalo are making arrangements for special evangelistic labors under the leadership of Evangelist R. A. Torrey. Meetings will be held during the month of March in Convention Hall.

We are praying that God may be honored and that great good may be done in this great but sinful city. Dear ones who love the Lord, let us ask him what place he would have us to fill in this most important of all work. Pray for us.

Your unworthy servants for Jesus' sake,
GEO. AND EFFIE WHISLER.

Philadelphia Mission.

Report for February.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand, \$140.49; Philadelphia, Pa., \$9; Abilene, Kan., \$5; Mansfield, Ohio, \$1; Abilene, Kans., \$4; Calidona, Mich., \$1; Bainbridge, Pa., \$5.

EXPENSES.

For Mission, \$44.12.

Truly God is alone worthy to be praised because he supplies all our needs, heals all our diseases, and is our coming king. Glory to his name for ever. The Christian puts on the Lord Jesus Christ as his righteousness, holiness and redemption. He needs no more, yet he constantly works for more, and he wishes that every member of Christ's body were now saved from sin. Well, we praise God that some are seeking for a deeper life, and some who are deep in sin are getting saved, had their sins wiped out and are now ready to follow our Lord's example into the rolling stream. Praise his name.

We have a school averaging about eighty scholars. Our meetings are well attended. Our room is getting to small for Sunday-school. Some of our girls who came to our school when the Mission started, are now nice sisters in the church, and are teaching classes. We give God the glory.

Brethren and sisters, do not think that your labor of giving to the good cause was in vain, for it was not. Surely you are laying up treasures in heaven. O, let us gather in the sheaves, for truly the fields are ripe; sheaves are going to waste, and so few laborers. I thank God there are still some few who are willing to consecrate their lives to the Master's cause. Let us push the battle harder than ever, for truly, I believe, Jesus will soon come, and then, how glad we will be if we have

fed the hungry; if we have visited the prisoner; if we have comforted the mourner; if we have visited the sick room; or if we have talked to the sinner. O let us take heed to things which are so weighty, and forget the things which will amount to nothing.

And now, may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ rest and abide with all of God's children, is my wish and prayer. Pray for us.

Yours,
PETER STOVER AND WIFE.

Des Moines Mission.

Report for the month of February, 1907.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand, February 1, \$23.17; J. M. Sheets, Moonlight, Kan., \$5.00; J. G. Engle, Hope, Kan., \$5.00; J. B. Knupp, Garrison, Iowa, \$5.00; F. W. LaGrange, Des Moines, \$5.00; Sister Dirr, Des Moines, 25c.; collection at the Mission for the poor, \$2.21; R. Lynn, Des Moines, 25c. for the poor. Total, \$45.88.

EXPENSES.

Groceries, \$9.82; coal, gas, incidentals, \$12.60; for the poor, \$6.40. Total, 28.82. Balance on hand March 1, \$17.06.

We are thankful for the kindness of God's people. Some have sent of their means, others have been here and helped in the work, and many, we believe, have assisted us by their prayers.

Bro. and Sr. Noah Zook and Sr. Alma La Grange have gone east to hold meetings, and as we are left few in numbers we ask a special interest in your prayers.

MAX AND ELLA MAHLER.

Sisters' Missionary "Prayer Circle," Gormley, Ont.

Report for year from March 9, 1906, to March, 1907.

This prayer circle commenced two years ago. We did not report last year, but thought it advisable to do so this year. The object of this meeting is to increase the interest in missionary work. At present we hold the meetings semi-monthly in the several homes of thirteen sisters. We read a portion of God's word, have special prayer for the missionaries, take up a free-will offering at every meeting, and send the offering quarterly to such places as we think most needful.

We ask all the readers of the VISITOR to join us in prayer that this work may still prosper and the interest be increased.

Financial Report.

Money was distributed during the work of the circle as follows:

First quarter, Bro. Levi Doner,	
Mapane Mission,	\$16 30
Second quarter, Bro. I. J. Ransom,	
Toronto,	18 30
Third quarter, Rescue Home,	
Africa,	15 81
Fourth quarter, Bro. Norman	
Richard, India,	9 62
Total,	\$60 03

SISTER ELIZABETH BAKER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Bethesda, Ont.

Notes from the Mountain Work.

Dear readers of the VISITOR, Greeting: I am happy to tell you God is prospering the effort put forth to save the poor Mountain Whites. A missionary, called of God to the mountain work, who started the work at Cleveland, Tennessee, alone, has now five more workers—men of faith and the Holy Ghost. The last worker added to the number was a Baptist preacher who when he heard a full gospel preached came out and accepted Jesus in his fulness and is now going out as an evangelist to lead others into the

light of God. The workers there are very earnest and are working hard. We must do our part, and stand by the workers.

Spring is upon us again: they will go out into the mountains and will need many more Bibles and Testaments. Are we all clear before God? I thank all that have stood by me in this good and great work: the books are kept in heaven.

"Jesus will your sacrifice remember,
Will your loving deeds repay."

The workers are very grateful for all we send, and write beautiful letters of thanks and say that only eternity will tell the blessing the help has been to them. Another large box has been sent since I last wrote you consisting of very valuable clothing for men, women and children. Keep praying for me and for this work and let us all be ready for the coming Christ.

Your sister in Jesus,
MRS. ABBIE CRESS.

RECEIPTS.

A Superintendent, St. Deroin, Neb., \$4; a brother, Pa., \$2; members of Zion church, \$6; members of Abilene church, \$2.50; a brother, Abilene, \$1; a brother, Abilene, \$1; a sister, Talmage, Kans., \$2; a brother, Pa., \$1; a sister, Abilene, Kans., \$1.

Garret, Ind.

Our revival here at the Union church, conducted by Bro. J. B. Leaman, of Upland, Cal., was a grand success. It was in truth and reality a revival long to be remembered, both in this life and eternity.

Bro. Leaman came filled with the Spirit, and the Holy Ghost, through him, uncovered sin in such a way as we have never seen before at this place. There was not a stone left unturned. Our prayer is that God will raise up many more servants who will not be afraid or ashamed to uncover sin, no matter what kind or where found.

There were several souls born into the kingdom, and judging by the ring of their testimonies, the confessing and straightening up of their former lives, we are made to believe that they are healthy children. There was a general awakening among Christian professors and an intense hungering on the part of some after the deeper things of God.

On Sunday, afternoon, March 3, there were seventeen souls who followed our Savior into the Jordan. Three of them were baptized by our sister church, the Dunkard brethren. We believe that there are others who will follow. Truly we have had the privilege of reaping so bountiful a harvest and our hearts leap for joy.

O. M. FOOTE.

Our feelings are like the waves which dance and sparkle, but are ever fluctuating, changing, and when the breeze subsides are wholly gone. God's truth and faithfulness are a "great deep." They resemble the ocean itself; always there—vast, fathomless, sublime, the same in its majesty, its inexhaustible fulness, yesterday, to-day, and forever; the same in calm and in storm, by day and by night; changeless while generations come and pass; everlasting while ages are rolling away.

Richard Fuller.

MISSIONARY.

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.

H. P. and Grace Steigerwald, Sallie Kreider, Levi Doner, Maria Werkman, Abbie Bert, Matoppo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

H. Frances Davidson, Adda Engle, Macha Mission, Kalomo, N. W. Rhodesia, care Dist. Commissioner, South Africa.

Harvey J. and Emma Frey Mtshabezi Mission Gwanda, Rhodesia, South Africa. Care Blanket Mine.

Jesse R. and Malinda Eyster, Moderfontein P. O. (Intokozo Training School), via Zuurfontein, Transvaal, South Africa.

Isaac O. and A. Alice Lehman, Box 116, Fordsburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

India.

A. L., Mrs. A. L. and Ezra Musser, Maggie Landis, Ghaseeri Mundi, Lucknow, India.

N. H. and Mrs. N. H. Reichard, Raj. Nandgoan C. P. B. & N. Ry., India.

D. W. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Sripat, Purunia, Bankura district, Bengal, India.

Josiah and Rhoda Z. Martin, Raghunathpur P. O. Manbhoom district, India.

Central America.

Mrs. William Keech, nee Hoffman, San Salvador, Salvador, Central America.

From the Mission Field.

MAPANE MISSION, S. A.,

Jan. 25, 1907.

Dear readers of the VISITOR: I greet you once more in the precious name of Jesus who is our strength. Truly I can say with the Psalmist, "In God is my salvation and my glory: the Rock of my strength and my refuge is in God." Yes, if it were not for such a sure refuge where could we go? Especially those of us in this dark land, for we are truly surrounded with gross darkness. We cannot know how dark some homes are till we enter into them and see with our natural eyes and hear with our own ears. Some tell us right out that they do not want to learn. Why? Because their deeds are evil, and they choose darkness rather than light. Our hearts are made very sad to see these dear people going down to ruin. Yes, and how strong they are in their ways, for they think worshipping their amadhloze will bring rain. Some nights we would hear them worship all night long.

O how many of us as Christians are in such close touch with our God that we worship him all night? If we did we would truly receive an answer, for we worship a true and a living God. Let us compare these two kinds of worship and then choose the right one, for there are only two ways; and only one Father and we are truly the work of his hands, as you will find in Isaiah 64:8: "But now, O Lord, thou art our father; we are the clay, and thou the potter; and we all are the work of thine hand."

How true this is, and if we are entirely given up into his hands he can use us to the honor and glory of his great name. Amen.

Last Saturday evening, January 19, we were having our workers' prayer-meeting. There were only four present, Bro. Doner, Sister Kreider, myself and the dear Lord. As we were engaged in prayer we heard the sound of hoofs approaching our door,

but we did not allow ourselves to be disturbed. When we arose from prayer one of our boys came to the door and said there was a man in their hut who wished to see Bro. Doner. We were not slow in asking if it was a white man. He answered, Yes. Then we all went and found our dear Bro. Steigerwald and one of the native brethren with him. It surprised us very much, but we were all glad to meet once more, as it is so seldom that we see a white person out here. He remained with us over Sunday and we were all very much benefitted by his visit.

This time of the year we do not get out kraal visiting very much, as it is the rainy season, and the natives also are very busy in their gardens. Often when we get to their kraals they have gone to their gardens which may be a mile or two from their homes, and to go to their gardens and see them there makes our trips long and tiresome. But several weeks ago we ventured out to see a family who takes quite an interest in us. We found them with others in their garden busy at digging. After talking with them a while we went and sat in the shade of a tree. They kept on working a while longer and then also came and sat around us. After a short chat they all engaged in drinking beer with the exception of two, the man and wife who seem to be interested in us. They were too reserved to drink in our presence. Before we left them we had services; some seemed to be interested while others were not. We then left them and returned home, having traveled about ten miles. We all felt quite tired when we reached home.

Truly, the Lord is very good to us. We find him a present help in time of need. He knows our needs and kindly supplies them. I desire to glorify him by telling you how he heard and answered prayer concerning food for the children. Several weeks ago the sacks were empty; their food was all, and we knew not where it should come from for the next meal. We told our heavenly Father whose storehouse is full. He supplied our needs, for just shortly before meal time a native woman came with a nice basket of grain. Thus we see that God answers our prayers even through these dark heathen.

I must also tell you of another incident that happened to me some days ago. As I was through with my work in the evening I felt impressed to go out and have a talk with the dear Lord, which I obeyed, and going down by the river garden I knelt by a clump of rocks and called upon God, not knowing any one was near, but to my surprise when I arose I found a little boy about 11 years of age that is also staying here at the Mission, had found his way to my side and was also listening. Praise God for ever.

The spiritual part of the work is encouraging. A number manifested a desire to follow the Lord; some are in earnest and ready to testify for him, others understand but very little of the way of the Lord. They all need our prayers. I am not discouraged in the work, but desire to help lift up the banner of Christ as long as the dear Lord sees fit to spare my life. Will you all pray for me that the Lord will use me to his honor and glory. Amen.

MARIA WERKMAN.

Testimony.

"Oh how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust his cleansing blood;
Just in simple faith to plunge me
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood."

I have for some time been impressed to write a few thoughts to the dear readers of the VISITOR. I often am encouraged on the way by reading what others have to say. I thought if I could just drop a word or two that would be of some encouragement to someone else. I hope and trust that God will direct my pen that I may just be in line with his holy will. My health is not so good at times, but I trust it is for my good, for whatsoever is sent of God we should receive as a blessing.

I feel to praise God for the way of salvation. He has opened such a blessed way to save sinners; but oh, my heart's desire is for so many dear ones that are yet out on the broad road, that they will come to Christ with their whole heart before it is too late. My prayer to God is that I may be a right light and just be where God will have me to be, that I may not be in the way of anyone else coming to Christ. I praise the way; it is a good way if we are only right willing to obey. I have learned to know that there is no other way to be happy in Jesus but to trust and obey. "The wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Rom. 6:23.)

"Oh the good we all may do,
While the days are going by."

Your sister in Christ,
Paramount, Md. ESTHER HYKES.

* * *

I have felt for some time to write for the VISITOR, and I do want to obey the Lord in all things. I want the Lord to have his way within my heart at all times. I want to keep very low at his feet, and that I may ever know his voice. I love to read the VISITOR. It is a welcome visitor at our house and we would not do without it. It encourages my heart and makes me go on my knees and pray to God to give me still deeper things. O, I long to be as the hymn says, "Nearer, still nearer, purer, yet purer," I long to be. I do not want to be selfish, but I want to pass it on. I cannot allow the VISITOR or God's Revivalist to be torn up. I bundle them up and pass them on. In that way they do good even where they are not taken. Contrition may come to their hearts. Well, I can say like the hymn, "Bless God, I'm going on," and do what I can for the other ones who are yet out of Christ.

Pray for me and my family.

Your sister,
Hope, Kans. MRS. A. L. HOSTETTER.

* * *

Dear readers of the VISITOR: I have this long time felt like writing a few lines for the VISITOR to help along the work of the Lord, but often feel my weakness and my short coming very much. But to sit still folding my hands and letting others work and I look on is not doing my part. God is no respecter of persons; we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ. I often think it is but little I can do to win souls to Christ, but we do not know

how much a few lines may do for him, if no more than obeying his will. I feel very willing to do what he wants me to do, and follow in his steps from day to day as near as I can; for he has done much for me. We can thank God that he has spared our lives thus far, as the poet says:

"Thus far my God has led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs."

Therefore we can thank God that he ever had compassion upon us and picked us out of that horrible pit and set our feet upon the solid rock, Christ Jesus.

I thank God for blessings that he bestows upon us from day to day; and for the love that he has given us. Again, I can say with the poet:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,"

for love and charity go together as John says (I. John 3:15): "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Therefore let us love one another; let us do what little things we can to encourage one another on the good old way.

"Oh good old way, how dear thou art,
May none of us from thee depart."

God knows our every thought, whether vain or true. My desire is to have my eyes fixed on Jesus, and my mind on things above. That our minds may not be entangled with the affairs of this life so we choke out the word of God. There are too many in this day that never think of bowing the knee to thank God for health and strength, for daily bread and for blessings that they many times get showered upon them unawares.

"How careful, then, ought we to live,
With such religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For our behavior here."

Remember me in your prayers as one that is trying to live so I may meet you all in heaven. God bless us all.

JOHN B. TEAL.

Springvale P. O., Ont.

* * *

I feel this evening like writing a few lines for the VISITOR. Two weeks ago today, I laid a dear daughter under the ground. I feel so lonely and so sinful. It seems to me the Lord is drawing me, and telling me I must do better or I will be eternally lost, that my children are still so far away from God, and that I must at that great day give account for not leading them aright; and I see I can't lead them right if I am not right myself. Now, I ask the prayers of God's people that I may be made willing to humble myself and do as the Lord wants me to do, which Satan tries to make me feel I never can; that I am too sinful to ever find mercy. Pray for me.

DELILA LINEBAUGH.

There is something infinitely better than doing a great thing for God, and the infinitely better thing is to be where God wants us to be, to do what God wants us to do, and to have no will apart from his.—
G. Campbell Morgan.

"Folks who are anxious to find fault need not travel far."

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

From Bro. and Sister Myers.

Phil. 2:1.—"If there be therefore any consolation in Christ; if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit: if any bowels and mercies."

Dear readers, the above Scripture was fulfilled in the very persons to whom Paul was writing in his day, and are our comfort as the saints administer to us as we are in need of consolation and comfort.

We last wrote when we were at Thomas, Okla., with the brethren of that place. We did not have our full desires gratified when there in holding meetings. The weather was against us, and still more, the sickness in a number of families. Yet we thank God for the fellowship in the Spirit of God. While there we learned that wolves had been there to devour the flock. May our loved ones have learned to prove the spirits, for they are not all of God. We had comfort through the Holy Spirit, and learned that there are there those who have not consented to the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which thing God hates. May much wisdom be given to those who are preaching the word. Oh, the bowels of love and mercy! How they hold us up to God.

We were let go in peace after a sojourn at Thomas, Okla., for three weeks. We had a very slow journey from Thomas to Glendale, Arizona. Arrived at Phoenix, February 10, I had taken a chill on the night before, and by Sunday afternoon, when we had arrived at Phoenix I could talk only in a whisper. We put up at the Commercial House for the night. The next morning we went by train to Glendale, Ariz. Our dear Bro. Isaac Eyer met us at the station and soon we were at their comfortable home. I was trying to keep up, but could not, and the next day, Tuesday afternoon, I thought my end had come. There were three sisters present; I asked them to pray God to rebuke the disease—Lagrippe and other bodily weakness—and, if it was his will, to raise me up again. God did hear and answer prayer in his own good time, though I was sick the two weeks we were at Glendale. After we were with the dear brethren and sisters at Glendale a few days, mother, my dear wife and companion in life, was taken down also with Lagrippe and cold. We both coughed so hard, but she kept up so much that she could wait on us both. Praise God. The above text was fulfilled by our dear Brother and Sister Eyer. When we

got a little better so we could take a drive, we went to see Brother and Sister Stauffer and shared their hospitality. We also visited Sister Hadsel and Brother Lehman's and a few others. We preached on last Sunday forenoon and on Wednesday night, 27, we gave a mission talk on South Africa and received a liberal offering. We also received offerings from individuals. Praise God for the consolation in Christ. The bowels and mercies—how they are touched, even toward the heathen in far-off Africa. Yes, the religion of the Christian church has bowels of compassion toward humanity that is far-reaching. Surely charity begins at home, but it goes farther when it has in it salvation. Yes, when we are saved and made to enjoy the blessed consolation in Christ how our bowels yearn with compassion, and how we love to help one another. Yes, money could not pay our dear brother and sister, for they would not take any, for the time we were with them, but our dear Father will make it all right, for we are all his children. We pray God to bless Brother and Sister Eyer and their dear children, who were so kind to us. We pray that the dear children may early be saved and brought into the church.

We left Glendale at 1.40 a. m., February 28, and arrived at Upland, Cal., March 1, at 8.30. Our dear Bro. C. C. Burkholder met us and soon we were at their pleasant home. We have nearly regained our usual health. I feel quite weak and soon give out. Will the dear readers of the VISITOR continue to pray for us that we may fill our mission and be ready for the coming of the Lord. The climate here is lovely; the orange season is in its height. Oranges plenty and foliage on the trees fine yet. The high mountains near here on their lofty peaks are covered with snow.

We close by again referring to our text above. Oh, the comfort of love, we have received in our church work with those who are of like precious faith. May this text be verified more and more as the coming of our Lord draweth nigh. Love to all saints.

Your Brother and Sister in the Lord,

JOHN H. MYERS,

CATIE A. MYERS.

Upland, Cal., March 2, 1907.

Our permanent address, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

"Gentleness is the softness of love, it is love acting the part of a nurse or mother."

The Awful End of a Backslider.

The following is a short account of the life and death of William Pope, of Bolton, in Lancashire. He was at one time a member of the Methodist Society and was a saved and happy man. His wife a devoted saint died triumphantly. After her death his zeal for religion declined, and by associating with backslidden professors he entered the path of ruin. His companions even professed to believe in the redemption of devils. William became an admirer of this scheme, a frequenter with them of the public house and in time a common drunkard. He finally became a disciple of Thomas Paine and associated himself with a number of deistical persons at Bolton, who assembled together on Sundays to confirm each other in their infidelity. They amused themselves with throwing the word of God on the floor kicking it around the room and treading it under their feet. God laid his hand on this man's body and he was seized with consumption. Mr. Rhodes was requested to visit William Pope. He says: When I first saw him he said to me, last night I believe I was in hell and and felt the horrors and torment of the damned; but God has brought me back again, and given me a little longer respite. The gloom of guilty terror does not sit so heavy upon me as it did, and I have something like a faint hope that after all I have done, God may yet save me. After exhorting him to repentance and confidence in the Almighty Savior, I prayed with him and left him. In the evening he sent for me again. I found him in the utmost distress, overwhelmed with bitter anguish and despair. I endeavored to encourage him. I spoke of the infinite merit of the great Redeemer and mentioned several cases in which God had saved the greatest sinners, but he answered, no case of any that have been mentioned is comparable to mine; I have no contrition; I cannot repent. God will damn me! I know the day of grace is lost. God has said of such as are in my case, I will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh. I said, "Have you ever known any thing of the love and mercy of God?" O, yes, he replied, many years ago I truly repented and sought the Lord and found peace and happiness. I prayed with him after exhorting him to seek the Lord, and had great hopes of his salvation. He appeared much affected and begged I would represent his case in our Society and pray for him. I did so that

evening and many hearty petitions were put for him.

Mr. Barraclough gives the following account of what he witnessed; he says: I went to see William Pope, and as soon as he saw me he exclaimed, you are come to see one who is damned forever. I answered, I hope not. Christ can save the chief of sinners. He replied, I have denied him; I have denied him! therefore hast he cast me off forever. I know the day of grace is past, gone, gone, never more to return! I entreated him not to be too hasty and to pray. He answered, I cannot pray, my heart is quite hardened. I have no desire to receive any blessing at the hand of God, and then cried out, oh, the hell, the torment, the fire that I feel within me. O, eternity, eternity, to dwell forever with devils and damned spirits in the burning lake must be my portion and that justly.

On Thursday I found him groaning under the weight of the displeasure of God. His eyes rolled to and fro, he lifted up his hands and with vehemance cried out, oh the burning flame, the hell, the pain I feel; I have done, done. The deed, the horrible, damnable deed. I prayed with him, and while I was praying he said with inexpressible rage, I will not have salvation at the hand of God. No, no; I will not ask it of him. After a short pause he cried out, Oh, how I long to be in the bottomless pit—in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone!

The day following, I saw him again. I said, William, your pain is inexpressible. He groaned, and with a loud voice cried out, Eternity will explain my torments. I tell you again, I am damned, I will not have salvation. He called me to him as if to speak to me, but as soon as I came within reach he struck me on the head with all his might and gnashing his teeth, cried out, God will not hear your prayers. At another time he said I have crucified the Son of God afresh, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing. Oh, that wicked and horrible deed of blaspheming against the Holy Ghost which I have committed. He was often heard to exclaim, I want nothing but hell. Come, devil and take me. At another time he said, Oh, what a terrible thing it is; once I might and could not. Now I would and must not. He declared he was best satisfied when cursing. The day he died, when Mr. Rhodes visited him and asked the privilege to pray once more with him, he cried out with

great strength, considering his weakness, No, and passed away in the evening without God.

Backslider, do you know you are in danger of the fires of hell? Do you know you are fast approaching the

*"—line by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
That marks the boundary between
God's mercy and his wrath?"*

—Selected by H. Rodes, Ramona, Kan.

Drink and Its Danger.

I have heard the wail of children crying for bread, and their mothers had none to give them. I have seen the babe pulling breasts as dry as if the starved mother had been dead. I have known a father to turn a step-daughter into the street at night, bidding the sobbing girl who bloomed into womanhood earn her own bread there as others were doing. I have bent over the foul pallet of a dying lad to hear him whisper, and his father and mother, who were sitting half drunk by the fireside, had pulled the blankets off his body to sell them for drink. I have seen the children blanched like plants growing in a cellar—for weeks they never breathed a mouthful of fresh air for want of rags to cover their nakedness; and they lived in continual terror of a drunken father or mother coming home to beat them. I do not recollect ever seeing a mother in these wretched dwellings dandling her infant, or hearing the little creature crow or laugh. These are some of drink's doings; but nobody can know the misery I suffered amid those scenes of wretchedness, woe, want and sin.—Dr. Guthrie.

—Selected.

The land of love cannot be ruled by the laws of death.—Selected.

OBITUARIES.

HEISEY.—John E. Heisey was born in Lancaster county, Pa., November 28, 1827, died, February 23, 1907, aged 79 years, 2 months and 25 days. The deceased was united in marriage to Elizabeth Herr, September 14, 1852. To this union were born ten children, five sons and five daughters. One son died when quite young. Forty-six grandchildren and six great-grandchildren also survive. Deceased died at the home of his youngest son, near Covington, O. He departed this life unexpectedly and without much suffering, being sick but a few hours.

WRIGHT.—Eliza Wright was born July 18, 1818, and died at the home of her son-in-law, Bro. Joel Harley, February 5, 1907, aged 88 years, 6 months and 22 days. Sister Wright was in early life united with the Baptist church. She was a perfect example of a Christian. Although she was blind the few last years, she never murmured or complained, but waited patiently

for the Lord. Almost her last words were: "Lord Jesus, come quickly." Funeral service was held by Elder Joseph Detweiler and Jacob Conner. Text, Rev. 14:13. Interment in Evangelical cemetery, Trappe, Pa.

HOFFMAN.—Died, at Milton Grove, Lancaster county, Pa., February 21, 1907, Bro. Samuel K. Hoffman, aged 71 years, 10 months and 23 days. Brother Hoffman was sick less than two weeks, death being due to pneumonia. He was converted, and united with the brethren probably forty years ago. He was of a very quiet disposition and led an exemplary Christian life. He leaves a sorrowing wife, two sons, one daughter and a large number of friends and neighbors to mourn their loss which we believe was his eternal gain. Funeral services held at Green Tree church, conducted by Bishop Henry B. Hoffer, Henry O. Musser and Rev. D. M. Eshleman. Interment made in cemetery adjoining. Text, Rev. 7:13-14-15.

NOLL.—Mrs. Elizabeth Pauline Noll, wife of Dr. P. A. Noll, and daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Roth, of Manheim, Pa., died at her home at Dallastown, York county, Pa., February 11, 1907, aged 25 years, 10 months and 19 days. Her death resulted from brain fever, induced by a cold contracted while removing from York to Dallastown, four weeks ago. Deceased had been in poor health for several years from tubercular infection, which, however, was not yet seriously threatening. She is survived by her husband and three children—Richard, Willie and Minnie, her parents, two brothers and three sisters. Deceased was a granddaughter of the late Dr. Isaac Detwiler, of Manheim, Pa. The funeral and burial occurred February 14, 1907, at the Roman Catholic cemetery at Dallastown, Pa.

HARLEY.—Bro. Joel Harley died at his home, February 26, 1907. He was born December 18, 1850, and was aged 56 years, 2 months and 8 days. Bro. Harley was elected to the ministry about eleven years ago. He claimed to have a special calling to do missionary work. He labored fearlessly among sinners till about four months ago, when he began to fail rapidly, ending in his death. He leaves a wife and one son. The neighbors sympathize deeply with Sister Harley, having just buried her mother three weeks previous. Funeral services were held at the house, conducted by Elders Joseph Detweiler and Jacob Conner, a German Baptist minister. Text, Rev. 22:12, "Behold, I come quickly." He was buried in the Evangelical cemetery near Trappe to await the sound of the trump of God on the day of the Lord when the dead in Christ shall rise to meet him in the air.

GOOD.—Died, at Elizabethtown, Pa., February 25, 1907, Sister Alice Good, wife of Bro. Amos R. Good, and daughter of Bro. Henry Brandt, of near Florin, Pa., aged 40 years, 5 months and 21 days. She is survived by her husband, three children, Edna, Leah and Ruth, four sisters, Lizzie, wife of Albert Gingrich; Ella, wife of Bro. Joseph Good; Annie, wife of Bro. Albert Walters, and Miss Susan Brandt, all of near Florin, Pa. Sister Good was converted thirteen years ago. She was an earnest, consistent member of the Brethren in Christ church, in Donegal district, Lancaster county, Pa. Funeral services were held February 28 in the German Baptist church, conducted by the home Brethren. Text, selected by the bereaved husband, Mark 12:11, and II. Tim. 4:6-8. Buried in the Mount Tunnel cemetery near Elizabethtown, Pa.

KAUFMAN.—Died at Souderton, Montgomery county, Pa., Sister Martha M., wife of Bro. Harry A. Kaufman, and a daughter of the late Rev. Henry N. Graybill. She was born in Cumberland county, December 20, 1848, and died February 25, 1907, of consumption. She had patiently suffered with the disease for a number of

years. She was aged 58 years, 2 months and 5 days. She was converted and united with the church over thirty-three years ago, and was a devoted Christian and always tried to uphold the golden rule to do unto others as you wished to be done by. She was a good and kind neighbor, an affectionate wife and mother, and a faithful sister in the church, and highly esteemed by all in the neighborhood. We hope our loss will be her eternal gain. She leaves a sorrowful husband and four sons. One daughter preceded her in death. Two brothers and two sisters also remain to mourn their loss. Funeral services were held on the 28th, at the Silverdale M. H., by the brethren Fred. K. Bowers, Samuel H. Rosenberger and Bishop Joseph B. Detweiler. Text, II. Timothy 4:7-8. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

KOHL.—Bro. Garret Kohl was born in Providence, Montgomery county, Pa., October 12, 1821, died, February 20, 1907, at Graters Ford, Pa., aged 85 years, 4 months and 8 days. He lived a retired farmer. He was a member of the Brethren in Christ church for fifty-one years. He was married to Catherine Gotwals. To this union were born four children, two sons and two daughters. One daughter preceded him in death. The oldest son lives near home on the old homestead. The only living daughter lives at home. The youngest son is a missionary in China. Three grandchildren are living. Bro. Kohl took sick the day following Christmas. He was sick eight weeks with heart failure and old age. He never murmured or complained, being wholly resigned to the will of God. Funeral services were held at the Brethren church at Graters' Ford, conducted by brother Jacob Martin and assisted by Bro. Woodring. Text, Job 5:26, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Hymn, "Some glad day." Interment in cemetery near by. In kind and loving remembrance of our grandfather, Garret Kohl:

"Dearest father, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that has bereft us,
He can all our sorrow heal."

"Father, we miss you when the morning dawns,
We miss you when the night returns;
We miss you here, we miss you there,
Dear father, we miss you everywhere."

HEISEY.—Bro. Henry S. Heisey was a native of Lancaster county, Pa., and died of heart trouble at his Cumberland county, Pa., home near Williams' Grove, where he lived for the last twenty-five or more years, on March 1, 1907, aged 75 years, 3 months and 18 days. His religious experience and life, and membership in the Brethren in Christ church, had their beginning in the early part of his active life, and he abided faithful to the end, greatly desiring to be present with the Lord. He was twice married, being left a widower the second time about three years ago. He bore his sufferings patiently. Of the first family two children, a son, Ephraim, and a daughter, Sister Lizzie Byers, survive. Of the second family five sons and two daughters survive. One son, Reuben, passed away several years ago. Of those who survive, Henry lives on the home farm, and Isaac at D. and M. Junction. Noah and Levi live in Harrisburg, Pa. Only Daniel has left the State. Of the daughters, Sister Anna, wife of H. B. Brubaker, lives near Hogestown, Cumberland county, Pa., and Sister Emma was her aged father's companion and nurse since her mother's death. Fourteen grandchildren also survive. The funeral took place at his late residence on March 5, and was largely attended by relatives and neighbors. Elder Jonathan Wert spoke appreciatively of the excellent life and character of the deceased, using for his text, Psalm, 58:11. Interment in Chestnut Hill cemetery.