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How Ensor 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, Ensor, in his field and stopped to have a talk with him. He proposed to him that he should stake out a certain portion of that field, and cultivate it the best he could, and give the proceeds to the Lord. Ensor 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 Ensor. "I didn't expect to raise more than one bushel of corn on it, and there will be at least five. 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 parishioner, 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. 'Whosoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' Take heed how you sow.

The minister went soon to another place. Months after, being in the neighborhood of his friend Ensor, he stepped into a store to make a needed purchase, and inquire 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 Ensor'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, Ensor. 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.)
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 Bowser, 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 number, 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 Visorox 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 imporance, namely, that of shepherding those who have been rescued from the enemy's grasp...
EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

March 15, 1907.

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. It if 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 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 Zook 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. MCPAEE.

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 pain ed by an unk i nd 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 in.

February Credits.

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 I was born, 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 harmony. 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, Instructed by the holy one; To sing that hymn once more; And anchor in the blessed port, To find a pleasant pew.

"Twas not a flowery sermon, wife, But simple gospel truth; That 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 toll will soon be o'er; The victory soon be won; The shining land is just ahead; Once is nearly run; We're nearing Canaan's happy shore. Our home so bright and fair: Our race is nearly run; The victory soon be won; To sing that hymn once more; To find a pleasant pew.

"Let angels prostrate fall; For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR. With that melodious choir; To sing that hymn once more; "Let all the people sing." And crown Him Lord of all!"

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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. 2:4.) 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, and the other religious lessons, 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 other did; was a stranger "from the covenant 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 pleased itself. I was then confirmed, proclaimed a Christian, but without 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 one did cost a tear and godly sorrow. I had sinned against such a merciful God; yes, many times, against better knowledge. No one knows what it is to pass through this crucible except those who passed through it. See Psalm 61:6; 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 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 SCHAFFER.
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 as it please you, for there is nothing left to me. 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, 

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CHRISTIAN SCHAFFER.
Louisville, Ohio.
"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 fell 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. GIS.

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 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 for 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 engraff 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...
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 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 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 discredited all their talkers in town, but the marvelous testimony of some lettered 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 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 complaint, “There is Mrs. who 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.’”

When Martin Luther preached to the Diet of Worms, “For I am persuaded that this doctrine is the saving doctrine of the Gospel.” It pleased God by the striking vividness of his memorable speech meetings were times of refreshing. We were expected to let the Spirit direct each ones 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 straightforward, 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 puddling." 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 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 source 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 the 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 of much in 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 hard 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 perhaps say, "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."

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 EVANGELICAL 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 danger to 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 viewpoint, we should be willing to make an honest endeavor to look at it from their viewpoint. 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. CASKEL.

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

Let us look at the good life a little apart from our own particular sorrow.—George Eliot.
at least, take in over the bar daily from $500 to $600; the others average no less than $100 per day. For a young city, this is appalling. The soul almost sinks beneath the thought. Can this mean 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, our African missionaries are praying. If you have not helped some soul to find its 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 mission 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,
My heart is never dim;
His sight is never dim;
And can I be dismayed?

He knows the way he taketh,
And safe is such confiding,
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.

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 others 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 calmly 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 ablation. 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 cornfield?"

The man's jaw dropped as if he was struck with death, and his pipe was shivered 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.
12. Dreamed. The associations, his state of exile, his probable homesickness, his irregular food, his exposure in the night, his reversals, 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) Thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth. (3) All families of the earth shall 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. Not all of these reach fulfillment? What good man does not cherish 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 gate of heaven, to a reverent soul such as Jacob was. From pillow to pillar. Study the significance and value of memorials.

"Out of my stone grieves Bethel I'll raise."

A vow. If God will, rather with the sense "since God will." Not a commercial bargain but judged to be a sacred trust. The tenth. The customary standard of religious giving. The man who calls himself a Christian and gives only a 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 children. 5. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." God can use our wayward course for a time in order to bring us to our senses.
6. Some early risers: Abraham, Isaac, Joshua, Gideon, Samuel, David, Mary, the Apostles and Jesus himself.
7. The value of memorials—Grave stones, memorials of military and political holidays, the holy Communion.
8. Do not "argue" about tithing to escape religious observance and tithing are equally binding.


And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and of the God of Isaac, O Jehovah, who art with me unto this day, Restor unto thy servant thy blessing, according to all thy kindness, and to all thy truth, for thou hast increased my wealth and the wealth of both Esau and I. 10 And Jacob said, Whosoever wills the power of life in the intrigue to secure his brother's birthright. The mother terrifies him to leave homes and go to the home of his ancestors, and who, in the first place designed the plot against him, and for her own doing. She never again beheld the face of her favorite sons.

COMMENT.

1. Isaac... blessed Jacob. More than a mere "God bless you." A somewhat elaborate formula 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. Padan-aram, "the field of Aram," in the northern part of the Syrian plateau.
4. Blessing of Abraham. Enjoying the fruit of his labors. 5-9. Would you have been afraid by 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 for years. Here Jacob lived for fourteen years in the Philistine country, lived and reared his family. Near the north lay his countrymen, the east was his home. He was delivered from pillage after leaving Ur, and where his father, Terah, had settled.
11. A certain place, Hebrew, "the place." The place well known to Jacob's family—Bethel, Jacob's name for it. 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 a stone.

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EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

[March 15, 1907]

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To Subscribers:—1. Our terms are cash in advance.

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3. The date on the printed label will show to subscribers when their subscription expires.

4. If you do not receive the Visi­tor within ten days from date of issue, write us at once and we will send the number called for.

5. Trust Poo is—who are unable to pay, we send the paper free on the recommendation of others or upon their individual request. Personal requests must be renewed every six months as a matter of good faith.

6. To Correspondents:—1. Articles for publication should be written on one side of the paper only. Write all business letters in separate sheets.

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Harrisburg, Pa., March 15, 1907.

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We have been very conscious that the work is most needful and that the 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, $200.95; Philadelphia, Pa., $9; Ahlbein, Kan., $5; Mansfield, Ohio, $7; Ahlbein, Kansas City, Calif., $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 mission 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 ask God that some are seeking for a deeper life, and soon, we who are deep in sin are getting saved, had their sins wiped out, and are ready now 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 too small for Sunday-school work.

Our City Missions.


Chicago Mission, 9502 Peoria street. In charge of Brother Sarah Berl, W. L. Brubaker and Sister Nancy Shirk.


Jubbok, Ohio, in charge of Bro. and Sister A. L. Mahler.

CHURCH WORK.

Buffalo Mission.

Report for month of February.

Balance on hand, $8.35.

Donations.

Elmer Robert, $1; Geo. Galloway, $1; Lottie Brunner, $2; Jesse Brechbill, $1; Joseph Lehman, $1; J. G. Engle, $5; R. Anna Anger, $1; Levi Sider, $1; Eliza Herr, $1; Henry Landis, $2.25; C. S. Bren­ner, $1.25.

Expenses.

One ton of coal, $6.25; gasoline and oil, $2.50; groceries, care-fare, etc., $60.15; 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 their means to supply our needs. 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 of the conviction that the Spirit of God has been with us in our midst. So many times our efforts are seemingly in great weakness, but our faith is greatly en­courages our hearts to see the Holy Ghost faithful to his Office work. This is manifest in our utmost 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, $200.95; Philadelphia, Pa., $9; Ahlbein, Kan., $5; Mansfield, Ohio, $7; Ahlbein, Kansas City, Calif., $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 mission 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 ask God that some are seeking for a deeper life, and soon, we who are deep in sin are getting saved, had their sins wiped out, and are ready now 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 too small for Sunday-school work.

 NOTES FROM THE MOUNTAIN WORK.

MY MOUNTAIN MISSION, March 9, 1907.

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, has com­pleted 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 faithfully not 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; members of New York church, $1; a brother, Pa., $1; a sister, Abilene, $2; a brother, Abilene, $1; a sister, Abilene, Kans., $1.

Garret, Ind.

Our revival here at the Union church, conducted by Bro. J. B. Leaman, of Up- land, 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. Foori.

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 fullness, yesterday, today, and forever; the same in calm and in storm, by day and by night; changeless while generally it changes, everlasting, lasting while ages are rolling away.—Richard Fuller.
Testimony.

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

I have found this time to write to the dear readers of the Evangelical 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 wants 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 except Jesus, but God will direct us in the way, for we must 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.)

I have felt for some time to write for the Evangelical 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 be where God wants me to be, to do what God wants me to do, and to have no will apart from his. Who such a strict account must give to 

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The Worst 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 backsliders, 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 and 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 heavily 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 past, gone, gone, forever with devils and damned spirits forever with devils and damned spirits. 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, Eternal! He exclaimed, I want nothing but hell. Come, come, and with a loud voice cried, Eternal! He exclaimed, I want nothing but hell. Come, come, and with a loud voice cried, Eternal! He exclaimed, I want nothing but hell. Come, come, and with a loud voice cried, Eternal! He exclaimed, I want nothing but hell. Come, come, and with a loud voice cried, Eternal! He exclaimed, I want nothing but hell. Come, come, and with a loud voice cried, Eternal! He exclaimed, I want nothing but hell. Come, come, and with a loud voice cried, Eternal! He exclaimed, I want nothing but hell. Come, come, and with a loud voice cried, Eternal! He exclaimed, I want nothing but hell. Come, come,
great strength, considering his weakness. He, 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
drain 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 they had none to give them. 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 cry or laugh. These are some of drink's doings; but nobody can know the misery I suffered amidst those scenes of wretchedness, woe, want and sin.—Dr. Guthrie.

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, 1829, died February 24, 1907, aged 78 years, 2 months and 29 days. 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; in my esteem and likeness shall all men know that I come." 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, near Florian, Pa., aged 40 years, 5 months and 21 days. She is survived by her husband, three children, Eldu, Leah and Ruth, four sisters, Lizzie, wife of Albert Troup; Sallie, wife of Joseph Good; Minnie, wife of Bro. Albert Walters, and Miss Susan Brandt, all of near Florian, Pa. Mrs. Good was converted thirteen years ago. She was an earnest, consistent member of the Brethren church, in Donegal district, Lancaster county, Pa. Funeral services were held February 26, at the German Baptist church, Graters Ford, Pa., by Dr. Isaac Detwiler, of Manheim, Pa. The body was brought to and interred 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.

KOHLS.—Bro. Garret Kohl was born in Providence, Montgomery county, Pa., October 12, 1821, died February 20, 1907, at Bakers 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 son died at the age of fourteen years. The oldest son lives near home on the farm, and Isaac at D. and M. Junction. Only Daniel has left the State. Of the two girls, two, sisters also remain to mourn their loss. Funeral services were held on the 28th, at the Silverdale M. E. church, conducted by H. H. Rosenberger and Bishop Joseph B. Detweiler, and interred in Chestnut Hill cemetery.

EVANGELICAL VISITOR. [March 15, 1907.}