



The Testing

Lord, should refining fires with burning glow,
And precious things amidst the hungry flames consume—

Perchance 'twere some fond hope we cherished so
Whose burning fills our inner hearts with gloom;
For man is wont each cherished hope to hold,
Nor yields he willingly, but clutches fast
That which he loveth most, intent to fold
It closer to his breast, and to the last
Reserve it, the rather his own useless, empty life in
ransom give,
For he would not without that dearest prize in hopeless
darkness live;

But failing thus the sacrifice to make—
For oft it is impossible our course to guide
As we desire—our crushed hearts would break
With sorrow unexpressed, for help denied;
And in dismay we turn us from the scene,
No longer able to behold the sight,
But craving help, upon a stronger arm to lean
While passing through the portals of the night,
We seek, we eager grope, but gaining not the hand
outstretched to save,
Our hearts despair, we lose our way, while but awaits
the yawning grave;

And when before that awful presence, Death,
We inward tremble and in terror quail, the while
With nerveless grip he holds our labored breath
And blinds our eyes, outpours our choicest vial
Of hope upon the common earth; nor yet
Is satisfied, but haunts our passing hours
With nameless dread, nor will for one brief moment let
Us have respite, but gloating as his visage lowers,
While with a fiendish, cruel snarl awakes our passing
mortal sense,
Reminding us that he would take from all his wanted
recompense—

E'en then, O God, in mercy view our hapless state!
The strengthless succor with Thy loving aid, and send
Thy strongest angel, ere it is too late
To save with strength omnipotent. Defend
Thy helpless ones, and lead them gently through
To see Thy way within consuming fires,
Employed by Thee to keep them true,
Refining all their gross and base desires,
Till in that flame reflected we may see in clearer, truer
line
Recasted each fond hope within that wondrous crucible
divine.

J. E. SHULTZ

The Men with the Books

"Printing is the latest and greatest gift by which
God enables us to advance the things of the gospel."—
Martin Luther.

"And in a large degree through our publishing
houses is to be accomplished the work of that other
angel who comes down from heaven with great power
and who lightens the earth with his glory."—*Mrs. E.
G. White.*

"To my mind the colporteurs, the men who are
traveling by every sort of conveyance, carrying with
them books containing the word of God, seem like
shuttles in a great loom that is weaving the spirits of
men together."—*President Wilson, in a speech deliv-
ered in Washington, May 7, 1916.*

The above are striking statements as to the in-
fluence of literature as an evangelizing agency, and
yet we need only to look at this great movement with
which we are connected to see how true the utterances
are. From every corner of the globe come testimonials
as to the power of our literature in making known to
men the message of God for this time. The books,
magazines, pamphlets, and tracts, are the great pio-
neers in this movement. When we think of pioneers in
any movement, we involuntarily think of hardships,
privations, sacrifices, romance, and many other like
experiences. The great colportage department of this
work has not been built up without its share of these.

Since the day that Elder James White went into the field, a cripple though he was, to mow hay in order that he might obtain a little means with which to start this work, to the present day it has been a constant record of self-sacrificing effort, and yet through it all has come that great satisfaction that comes through the blessing of heaven resting upon the work that we attempt to do. Wars, strikes, financial panics, fire and flood, and all the agencies of evil combined, have not been able to thwart God's purpose in this work. Many times has the wrath of man been turned to praise Him. The following is an example:—

"A timid girl was selling *The Watchman* on the streets in one of our large cities. She approached an Irish policeman and asked him to buy a *Watchman*. He looked at it a moment, recognized the magazine, and cursing the girl angrily, threw it into the gutter. She went away crying and almost discouraged. When the policeman returned over the same beat, the magazine was lying open. He stopped and looked at it. He picked it up, brushed off the dirt, and read enough to become interested. He put it in his pocket, and after returning home read it from cover to cover twice, and was so stirred over what he had read that he did not go to bed that night. The next day he went to our church and stood up in the meeting and asked forgiveness from the girl for swearing, and since that time has been a regular, interested attendant at the Sabbath meetings."

The above experience is one illustration as to why literature is so effective, while we so often find ourselves defeated in our purpose. Had we received such a rebuff as the above, we would doubtless have excused ourselves from further efforts for the individual on the ground that it was casting pearls before swine. We would probably have "closed up" as far as future attempts for him were concerned. But when this wrathful policeman came back over the beat "the magazine was lying open," waiting to be read or still further trampled in the dirt. Is this not a rebuke to many of us for our ofttimes indifference?

Growth

While the past two years have been filled with war and trouble of every description, our literature work has gone forward with ever-increasing success. Brother W. W. Eastman, publishing department secretary for North America, writes: "By the way, Brother Town and I made up the summary of 1915 sales a couple of days ago. The figures may have to be adjusted a little before their final publication, as the reports are not yet in from the British and Australian fields. Taking their previous year's figures the total sales for 1915 stand at \$2,132,000, a gain of about \$23,000 over 1914." For the North American Division alone, the sales for the first six months of 1916 show a gain of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, so the present year will doubtless pass all previous records.

A New Record

Elder F. D. Gauterau, a minister of California, has recently taken a vacation and gone into the field with his prospectus. He writes under July 16 as follows: "But with it all for the week ending last Friday, I sold with the Lord's help over \$600 worth of books. My best day was \$136." Later he writes: "Another record week—\$640." Not a bad way to spend a vacation, is it? Brother Gauterau sent the stub of an indelible pencil to the Pacific Press with the following note attached: "I took \$1,500 worth of orders with this pencil, but have now bought another which must be good for \$2,000 worth."

The Philippines

Though we had the larger part of the colporteurs of the Philippines in institute work during the first ten days of July, the reports for that month totaled 1,926 hours, value of orders, 4,330 pesos (peso, 50 cents gold). The August report is 2,848 hours, value of orders, 4,470 pesos. It has been but a short time since the general impression was that the native boys in the Philippines would never be able to make a success of selling religious books to the Roman Catholics of that land. The above was largely done by our native boys, and the subscribers were nearly all Roman Catholics. Such examples overthrow all theories to the contrary, and establish the fact that this work is not dependent for success upon outward conditions and particular territory.

China

The press at Shanghai is working early and late to turn out the books and papers to supply the demand. The last issue of the *Signs of the Times* was 60,000. The plates had to be put on the presses twice in order that all orders could be filled. The first edition of 3,000 of the new health book by Doctor Selmon that came from the press in June has been sold off, and another edition of 8,000 will be ready for the colporteurs in a few days. While for years it was thought that our books must be kept very low in price, the colporteurs this summer have overthrown our arguments by making the majority of sales in the highest price binding, which sells at \$1.25, Mexican.

India

Just a word from Brother James, who has been leading out in the work in India since the death of Professor Salisbury: "When I had the Tamil 'Bible Readings' printed, I figured only on a small number of cloth bindings, more of board, and a large number in paper. It turns out that we can hardly sell the two cheaper bindings, and we have a heavy demand for the cloth bound books . . . With the Telugu edition I am having almost all bound in cloth. We are able to clear our money on every book sold."

Who can limit the possibilities before us in this department of service in the Asiatic Division? We

believe that great things can be accomplished. May the Lord help our unbelief in failing to see the work in its real greatness as God sees it.

C. E. WEAKS.

More Fruit from Shantung Province

We are pleased to report another baptism here at Chefoo. Three were taken into church fellowship yesterday by baptism.

Two of the candidates were a man and his wife in their sixties. They have been members of the Baptist Church for about twenty-five years, using tobacco all that time. The other candidate also came out of the Baptist Mission. He has two brothers who are ministers in that denomination.

All of these dear souls, as soon as the truth was presented to them, saw the fitness for re-baptism. The occasion was a joyous one to them as well as to us. We are of good courage in the Lord.

C. P. AND MRS. LILLIE.

Coming Back to China

It has been a long time since I wrote to the NEWS, but I have not forgotten the NEWS or China. I am glad to say that Mrs. Anderson has regained her normal weight once more and is quite herself again. Truly the Lord has been good to us. She has not had any reoccurrence of the sprue symptoms for some little time, and we both feel that she has the best of the sprue.

I have just returned from visiting Missouri, Nebraska, and Kansas camp meetings. At all these places I found our people deeply interested in foreign missions, especially China. I think at those meetings something like \$15,000 was raised for missions, and our brethren have set their hearts on securing \$5.00 each for each member in the Central Union during the Harvest Ingathering. This will make \$42,000 for the Central Union alone. It will mean much to us in the mission fields to get an increase.

I am planning on leaving the United States some time in October, providing Mrs. Anderson does not have any relapse. I have longed to be back in China. I feel something like this:—

“You need not look for me down in America’s land, For I have pitched my tents far up in China’s land.”

I shall be glad when all the work and these sad partings and leaving our loved ones far away will be over, and we be gathered home. Mrs. Anderson will stay in the United States for some time, probably a year.

J. P. ANDERSON.

A Fourteenth Sabbath Service in Shanghai

The third quarter of 1916 has been unique in that it gave us fourteen Sabbaths. The offering on the fourteenth Sabbath was considered the special offering.

With a neat map drawn on the board, showing the different countries of the world, the lines colored red picturing the travels of the 1916 recruits sent to foreign countries by the General Conference, the ship drawn up to the dock with many hurrying to get on board, and with the splendid device for increasing our offerings, this service held in Shanghai was one of the most profitable ever held in the East China Mission.

Brother Doolittle, the superintendent, has been holding regular teachers’ meetings with his corps of teachers each Sabbath during the quarter, and a deep interest has been aroused, and the cooperation, so needful, is being manifested.

The goal, which was set for \$100 was reached several weeks ago, and at the close of this splendid service the liberal sum of \$166 was announced as the whole amount of the offerings given for the third quarter of 1916. This liberality was partly due to the generosity of the 1916 recruits sent to China, who resided for a time in Shanghai, but we would not forget the “fruitful tree” which served as an extra aid in bringing in many dimes and dollars at each service during the quarter.

NANNIE L. WOODWARD.

Midsummer Offering

As we are about six weeks behind the States in all our work, our midsummer offering was not taken until September 2. We had the readings prepared by the General Conference, in which different ones took part. At the close of the meeting a young man who had attended the service said he would like to give something, but had nothing with him at that time.

On the Wednesday night preceding this Sabbath service this young man had come to my house in a very troubled state of mind; in fact he had been tempted to end his life.

I bowed in prayer with him and earnestly prayed that the Lord would drive back the powers of darkness. I asked the young man to pray for himself. He answered, “I do not know what to say.” I can not tell you how I felt. Well, he went home, and on the Sabbath came to meeting again. I invited him to attend the Sunday night service, which he did. After this service he went to the office and wrote a check for \$200, and stated that it was to be for the midsummer offering. Surely the Lord is sending His Spirit into the world touching the hearts of men.

We are hoping and praying that this young man may see the truth in its fullness and be numbered with the faithful. We ask the prayers of our brethren and sisters.

J. WILSON ROWLAND.

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NOTES

Brother B. A. Roberts has just returned from a business trip to Peking, Tientsin, and Hankow.

Sister B. A. Roberts is visiting in Hankow and Yencheng.

Brother N. Z. Town left Washington, D. C., for Australia, September 15, en route to the Asiatic Division.

Brother and Sister Allum and family have arrived in Shanghai where Brother Allum will be principal of the China Missions Training School. We welcome them into our midst. We believe that because of Brother Allum's long service in the field, he will be able to inspire in these young people a love for God and His truth, and a steadfast purpose to labor in His cause until the Master's return.

Brother and Sister Rowland write thus from Singapore: "We were very glad to welcome the new recruits to our needy mission field, and know they will be a great help. We are also especially glad to welcome the little missionary who arrived at our home September fifteen. Her name is Gretta Jean Rowland, and her weight is five pounds and six ounces."

Late in July there came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Chalker (nee Eunice Lemaster), a dear baby boy. We did not learn the little man's name. Mrs. Chalker is well known to the News readers in the Asiatic Division, having been an able stenographer in Pastor I. H. Evans' office and also R. C. Porter's. Congratulations to the proud parents.

A delayed report from Pastor R. C. Wangerin tells of their pleasant voyage across the Pacific. He says the deep blue salt sea air was very invigorating. He is hoping for a speedy recovery so that he may return to his endeared people and needy field. Pastor Wangerin was about his Master's work on board the ship, and found some who gladly listened to the message and were glad for the literature handed out. May the prayers of those who read these lines ascend to God in behalf of Brother Wangerin's health. So far as human vision goes his work is not yet finished in Korea.

Splendid news has been received from Wuhu, in East China. In a recent letter Sister Hall says:—

"I can give you a little advance news in regard to the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. The company at Wuhu, a school which was added to our list about a

year ago, took their collection on the Thirteenth Sabbath, receiving a donation amounting to \$15.00. The evangelist wrote me that he was surprised when he saw how much they had given out of their poverty, and without any urging. Offerings in Nanking, September 30, amounted to \$18.90."

Wednesday evening, the fourth of October, the friends of Brother Woodward and family, located at Shanghai, gathered in the Mandarin Training School chapel for a farewell service. A musical program was rendered, after which Elder Porter made some appropriate remarks relative to his personal connection with Brother Woodward in the work, and of the continued interest we would all have in them as they go to their new field of labor in the Philippine Islands. Then, in behalf of the company assembled, he presented them with a little gift (two thermos bottles), as a token of our esteem and friendship. Following this Brother and Sister Woodward both expressed their regret in leaving this field, and their hope that their labors in their new field would be blessed of God to the good of His work. Miss Wilson then read the poem that follows this article, and Brother Shultz sang a farewell solo, the words of which were written by himself for the occasion. After we had united in prayer for their safe journey and success in their new endeavors, we spent some time in a social hour. The day following a large company of both Chinese brethren and foreigners went to the wharf to say the last farewell and to wish them Godspeed.

Good-bye, good-bye—it is the sweetest blessing
That falls from mortal lips on mortal ear,
The weakness of our human love confessing,
The promise that a love more strong is near—
May God be with you!

Why do we say it when the tears are starting?
Why must a word so sweet bring only pain?
Our love seems all-sufficient till the parting,
And then we feel it impotent and vain—
May God be with you!

O may He guide and bless and keep you ever,
He who is strong to battle with your foes;
Whoever fails, His love can fail you never,
And all your needs He in His wisdom knows—
May God be with you!

Better than earthly presence, e'en the dearest
Is the great blessing that our partings bring;
For in the loneliest moments, God is nearest,
And from our sorrows heavenly comforts spring,
If God be with us!

Good-bye, good-bye—with latest breath we say it,
A legacy of hope, and faith and love.
Parting must come; we can not long delay it;
But, one in Him, we hope to meet above,
If God be with us!

Good-bye—'tis all we have for one another;
Our love, more strong than death, is helpless still;
For none can take the burden from his brother,
Or shield, except by prayer, from any ill.
May God be with you!

Selected.