

# Columbia Union Visitor

"THEY REHEARSED ALL THINGS THAT GOD HAD DONE WITH THEM"

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## The Last Gift of 1913

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor that ye through his poverty might become rich." 2 Cor. 8:9. God has given the year to us, it is our privilege, now the year is closing to give back of our best to him. "Christ receiveth sinful men." If he receives us with all our sin, surely he will, with pleasure, receive any gift we may bring to him.

The Lord has heaped our table high with good things. He has given us a glorious message, There is a Lazarus at our gates. None who can give, can be excused from giving, for we are debtors.

Let us all as brethren in the Columbia Union give ourselves to God as our last gift for 1913. Entreat him to implant in our hearts a great moral purpose; to live now not for possessions, but to save souls. Oh that the empty pews in some of our churches may become filled in 1914 with the happy faces of new believers in the truth! So many have asked for our prayers,—for a father, a wife, a husband, a sister or some one whose burden was on the soul. We pray that 1914 will witness many of these straying feet turned into the path of obedience to God.

The thirteenth Sabbath offering, December 27, will be our last chance to give unitedly of our means. We know all our brethren in the Columbia Union want to see the treasury full, and no cramped conditions anywhere. If you could have been with me last Friday morning and witnessed the turning to God on the part of all in the College chapel, you would have said, "Surely God is ready, am I?" If you could have witnessed last Sunday the thirty-three precious young people as they were buried with their Lord in baptism, you would have said that Mount Vernon College must be helped so that it yet can do a grander work. If you could have seen the big mass meeting in the new National Theater, Washington D. C., 2,200 people packing the house within and 1000 standing outside, just a few blocks away from the White House, to pro-

test against the inroads of Catholicism in the Capital, you would have said that the feast is ready. And if you could have been with me to hear the great words of the Church Federation and Lord Day Alliance Leagues, three weeks ago you would have said, that the image is ready. Are we ready?

Brethren, you have heard our varied appeals in behalf of our great needs for the obligations of 1913. Will you not help us carry out our program? We all, Union and local conference men, are working hard, and practicing the very best economy we know how to push forward. Are you with us? Our estimates from the returns so far lead us to believe that we shall need about \$2.00 per member in the thirteenth Sabbath donation to remove at the close of the year, the big mountain which you saw at the camp-meeting. We believe the hand of the dial is slowly moving up to success. Can you not form a committee in the region of your responsibility and plan to raise this amount? May God bless you. B. G. WILKINSON.

## The Week of Prayer in Mount Vernon College

For several weeks before the week of prayer was to begin, announcements had been made in chapel concerning a preparation for this week, so that when the time actually arrived, we were in readiness to receive great blessings from the Lord. It seemed to us that we must have a deep infilling of the Lord's Spirit.

The faculty met on Friday evening before the first Sabbath of the week of prayer and had an earnest devotional and prayer service to prepare ourselves, as far as we were able to, for the work that was before us. The leading students of the school, too, had been preparing for this work, so that on Friday night when we had our first meeting, the Spirit of the Lord came in immediately and manifested itself in our midst. At the close of the social service about a dozen or more raised their hands for prayers, and we noticed among them several who had manifested little interest in religious matters during the year.

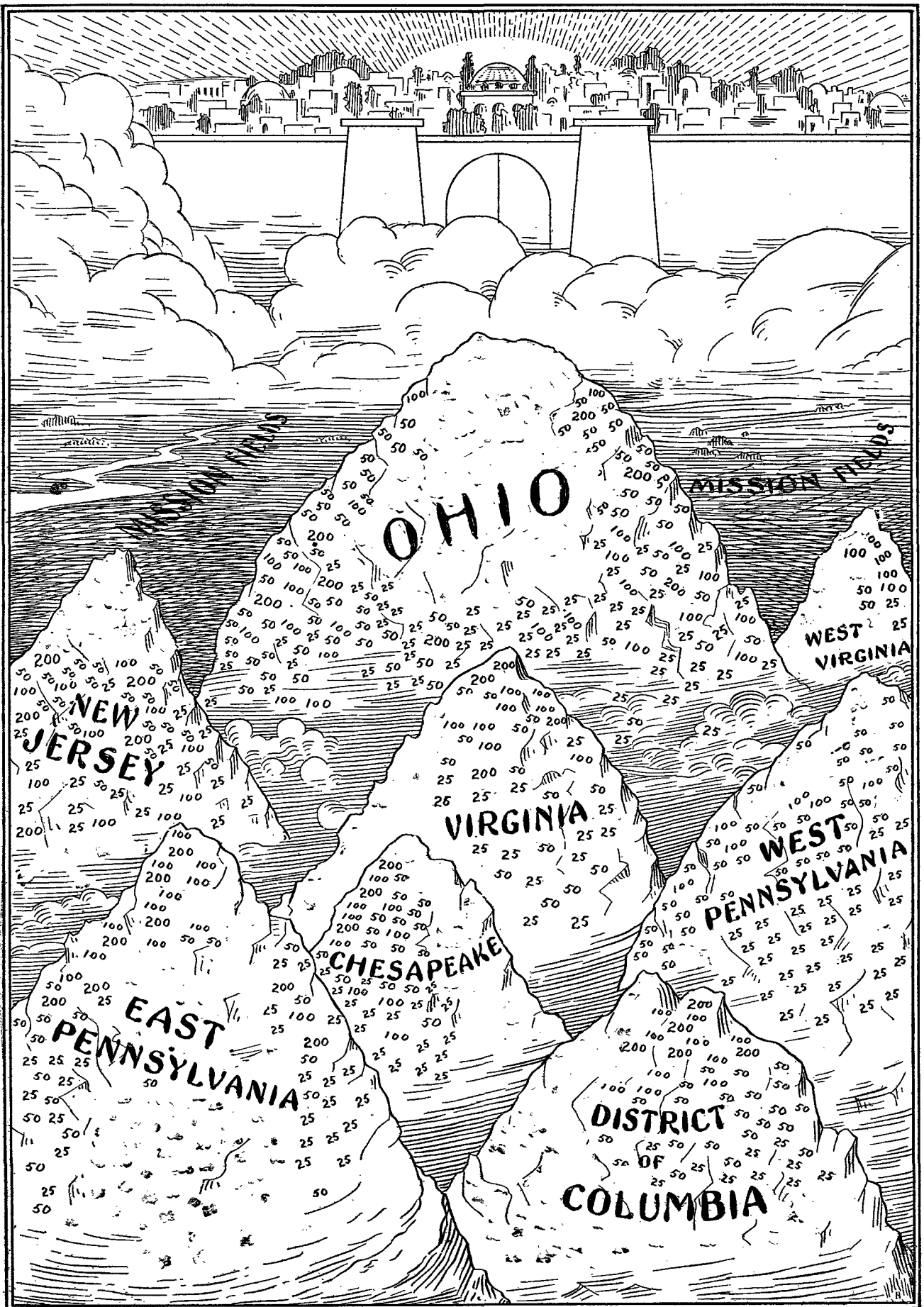
We were pleased with the result of the first night, but during the chapel services of the week, the Lord had greater blessings in store for us from morning to morning. As the readings were given, and an opportunity given for testimonies and consecration to the Lord's service, it seemed that the Spirit of the Lord came in in such measures that it was impossible for us to think of doing our regular school work, so it became necessary for us to practically suspend our classes for the week.

We found upon investigation that thirty-five students in our school were not members of the church and both teachers and students began to pray earnestly that all of the unconverted in our school should give their hearts to the Lord before the week of prayer closed, and we were overjoyed when the answer to our prayers was realized, for on Friday morning when the call was made for definite consecration to the Lord's service, every student of the school who was not already a member of the church and a professed Christian arose and came forward to dedicate his life permanently to the service of the Lord. This seems to us a remarkable manifestation of the Lord's presence, but when we think of his power and ability, of course, there is nothing to call forth amazement.

Professor Wilkinson, the president of the Columbia Union Conference and of our school board, was present with us the last two days of the week of prayer, and rendered material help to us, both in the school and in the church. From among those who re-consecrated their lives to Christ and those who were making a profession for the first time, we gleaned a list of thirty-three names for baptism.

The annual offering was taken Friday morning. When the envelopes were opened and the money counted, it was found that the faculty had contributed eighty-six dollars, and the school seventy-one dollars and forty-five cents. We are overjoyed with the success of this week in every way. We hope the blessings of the Lord may continue with us, so that we may be a greater blessing to his work.

E. G. SALISBURY.



**"If Ye Have Faith as a Grain of Mustard Seed, Ye Shall Say unto This Mountain, Remove Hence to Yonder Place; and It Shall Remove; and Nothing Shall Be Impossible unto You." Matt. 17:20.**

Size of Mountains December 1	
West Virginia	\$ 642.88
Virginia	2639.36
Chesapeake	2739.71
New Jersey	3079.19
West Pennsylvania	3112.90
East Pennsylvania	4300.61
Dist. of Col.	4302.57
Ohio	8494.27
COLUMBIA UNION	\$29311.49

## Story of Columbia Union and the Mountains

### Synopsis Chapters One and Two

General "Columbia Union" with eight noble Lieutenant Generals in command of a royal army of 6648 persons continue journey to the Holy City—New Jerusalem.

Before the city can be entered, the vast mission fields must be conquered. Valiant soldiers are already in these fields, reinforcements were recently sent, but the commissary department is short of means. So General "Columbia Union" and his men find themselves confronted with obstacles represented by a range of eight mountains. These can be removed by furnishing cash to buy the rocks. Each of the eight faithful warriors becomes sponsor for a mountain, so the warriors' names are placed on the mountains.

The resolutions passed by the leaders in council as given in special issue of the VISITOR closed first chapter.

Chapter two saw Ohio's men rolling the stones away from the center of their mountain. New Jersey's force leveled their mountain to a plateau. East Pennsylvania has tunneled his mountain in order to get a better view of the city. West Virginia, although small, has tumbled a goodly number of his rocks into the sea. Chesapeake with his Generals has tackled the shore line of his mount. Virginia with his Lieutenants has done some good work on the slope of his mountain. West Pennsylvania demolished all the \$200.00 rocks in his mount except one. The chapter closed with District of Columbia's men looking after the foot hills of their mountain.

### CHAPTER III

Since Chapter two appeared in the VISITOR, General "Columbia Union" and his men have had the privilege of again meeting face to face in council. They were called together for another

purpose, but it afforded an additional opportunity to "compare notes" on the "hows," the "means," and the "ways" of removing the range of mountains for 1913. But a few days remain in which to see them disappear. Courage is still in the camp. The largeness of the mountains is not looked at so much as how to get each individual in the army to do his or her part. The Lieutenant Generals advised that a letter be sent from "headquarters" to those whose addresses we had that it might bring courage and hope and also rouse one and all to greater courage and new activity. The Lieutenant Generals said that they would return to their field with greater determination to see the work succeed.

Lieutenant General "Ohio" during November has succeeded in completely demolishing the top of his mount. He has two ragged peaks to be taken care of, but it means the raising of nearly \$8,500.00 during the month of December in order to have all of the stones rolled away. But the Lieutenant says "there is no defeat in life save from within, and unless you are beaten there you are bound to win."

New Jersey's Lieutenant General and his men have been able to take off another slice from his mountain and it still leaves a plateau. There was \$25.00 left after taking care of the "slice" so one of the smaller rocks was tumbled into the sea. New Jersey has lost one of his good men from the field, but he has some noble fellows remaining and they are hard at work taking care of the remaining "slices". New Jersey believes that the brave soul always accomplishes much.

Lieutenant General "East Pennsylvania's" forces were not able during the month of November to accomplish all that they had hoped for, but they did succeed in chiseling a passage through the peak of their mountain. It leaves a dangerous pile of rock still on top, but the annual offering will take care of a goodly number of these stones and the General hopes that there will not be many remaining. East Pennsylvania endeavored to tell his men that "he that has nothing to do has the hardest work." If we are kept busy in lifting and working for souls at home and abroad we will find it easier in our travel to the Holy City.

West Virginia's men are of good courage. They see their mountain in

the very near future completely leveled. Several big rocks were cared for during November and with plans now in operation every stone from West Virginia's mount will be looked after. So West Virginia and his force are traveling on hopefully.

Lieutenant General "Chesapeake" did some very good work during November. They have been able to take away a number of mighty rocks from the top of their mount. Major-General Paap is right after the work in his division and with the \$100 rock which he alone is taking care of his corps of workers have pledged themselves to look after several more \$100 stones. Lieutenant General "Chesapeake" and his men believe there is some truth in the statement sent out by General Armstrong to his forces in time of battle, which was as follows:—"Doing what can be done is the glory of living." Enthusiasm still runs high in the Chesapeake field.

Virginia and his Lieutenants are still hard at work. They have been able to demolish a few rocks during the past month, but they hope December will mean the demolishing of a large share of their mount. The men in old Virginia believe there is good counsel in "keeping your fears to yourself, but sharing your courage with others."

Lieutenant General "West Pennsylvania" in commanding his forces believes it is better to say "Come on boys" rather than command to go. He has set the example in showing how it can be done by taking care of one big stone himself and he believes there are a number more within his territory who will do likewise. During the past few weeks the remaining \$200 stone has been crushed, and five additional \$100 rocks have disappeared as well as a \$50 rock. He is still hopeful that his mountain will be "completely crushed" during December.

Lieutenant General "District of Columbia's" field is always an interesting one, it embracing the territory of "headquarters," and it seems as though "His Majesty, the Devil" also has his headquarters within this territory. The battle goes hard at times, but there is glorious victory for the one who stands close to the side of him who leads in the battle against the enemy. There is much to absorb the attention, but concentration of effort is being placed upon the remaining stones of this mount and there is

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prospect that a good work will be accomplished, for all forces are at work. Not only have the foot hills been cleared away, but during November Lieutenant General "District of Columbia" has been able to ascend the side of his mount and one peak as well as the remaining side has been completely taken away. We shall expect to see some interesting work done during December.

We shall probably finish our story with Chapter IV. But the time of work will have passed when that chapter is written, but it will tell what has been accomplished during the month of December for the mission fields.

In closing we want to remind all that, *success comes in "cans"* while *failure comes in "can'ts."*

This issue will reach you in time to take advantage of another opportunity for helping to remove the remaining stones of the whole range of mountains. We refer to the Sabbath-school offering for the last Sabbath of 1913. No doubt all are aware of the good that will be accomplished by this offering. It gives each one the blessed opportunity of sharing the blessings of the souls saved through the efforts of the 150 missionaries recently sent out. If every officer having active part in the army, whichever Lieutenant General he is under, will endeavor to see that the thirteenth Sabbath offering amounts to a sum equal to an average of \$2.00 per member for the membership of the church it will undoubtedly mean the clearing away of every stone. Let us thank God we still have something to do; some mountains to remove, some burdens to lift, and some souls to save. Money will never accomplish more in God's

work than at the present time. Let us close the history of 1913 with a goodly offering to the Lord. God will bless the effort, many souls will be saved, and we will hasten our journey to the Holy City. R. T. DOWSETT.

### A Living Sacrifice

There is a simple story told that contains its truth in its very naturalness and simplicity. It reveals a bit of the real life ever going on all around and unnoticed. A minister in a certain small town in an eastern state received from the home mission board of his church a letter asking for a special offering for a needy field in the West. With the letter was literature setting forth the need. The call appealed to him and with good heart he prepared a special sermon, calling the attention of his people to the great need.

Sunday morning came and he preached the sermon, but somehow it did not just seem to hook in. That banker down there on the left looked listless and yawned several times behind his hand. And the merchant over on the right, who could give freely, examined his watch secretly more than once. And so it was with a little tinge of discouragement insistently creeping into his spirit that he finished, and sat down. And he remained with head bowed in prayer that the results might prove better than seemed likely, while the church officers passed down the aisles with the collection plates.

Meanwhile something unseen by human eye was going on in the very last pew. Back there, sitting alone, was a little girl of a poor family. She had met with a misfortune which left her crippled. And her whole life seemed so dark and hopeless. But some kind friends in the church, pitying her condition, had made up a small fund and bought her a pair of crutches. And these had seemed to transform her completely. She went about her rounds always as cheery and bright as a bit of sunshine.

She had listened to the sermon, and her heart had been strangely warmed by the preacher's story of need. And as he was finishing she was thinking, "How I wish I might give something. But I haven't anything to give, not even a copper left." And a very soft voice within seemed to say very softly, but very distinctly, "There are your crutches." "Oh," she gasped to herself as though it took away her very breath, "my crutches? I couldn't give my crutches; they're my life." And that strangely clear voice went on, so quietly, "Yes—you could

and then some one would know of Jesus—if you did—and that would mean so much to them—he's meant so much to you—give your crutches."

And her breath seemed to fail her at the thought. And so the little woman had her fight all unseen and unknown by those in the church. And by and by the victory came. And she sat with a beautiful light in her tearful eyes, and a smile coming to her lips, waiting for the plate to get to her pew.

And the man with the plate came down the aisle to the end. It seemed hardly worth while reaching it into the last pew. Just little Maggie sitting there alone, with her one foot dangling above the floor. But with fine courtesy he stopped and passed the plate in. And Maggie in her child-like simplicity lifted her crutches, and tried rather awkwardly to put them on the collection plate. Quick as a flash the man caught her thought, and with a queer lump in his throat reached out and steadied her strange gift on the plate.

Then he turned back and walked slowly up the aisle toward the pulpit, carrying the plate in one hand and steadying the crutches on it with the other. Everybody knew the crutches. Maggie—giving her crutches! And the banker over here blew his nose suddenly and reached for his pencil, and the merchant reached out to stop the man returning up the aisle.

As the pastor stood with his eyesight not very clear to receive the morning's offering, he said, "Surely our little crippled friend is giving us a wonderful example." Then the plates were called back toward the pews. And somebody paid fifty dollars for the crutches, and sent that back to that end pew. When the offering was counted up it contained several hundred dollars. And the little girl, crippled in body but not in any other way, hobbled out of the church the happiest little woman in the world.

She had recognized and obeyed the inner voice. That was the simple explanation of her giving. And her gift, small in itself, touched with sacrifice, became worth several hundred dollars in its earning power. And the original investment was returned for its usual service. And her gift has been increasing in its earning power as its recital has reached other hearts, and the end is not yet. I do not know where Maggie is now. But I do know that she will be a greatly surprised woman some day when she finds out what God has done with her sacrifice-hallowed gift.