

GOSPEL MERALD



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The New Year

To the Christian who is trusting
In the leading of his Lord,
And is walking out in faith upon
The promise of His Word,
Each new day is fresh with blessings
Like the grass with sparkling dew;
For we're ever in the present,
And the year is always new.

Stretching out and reaching onward
Are the few remaining years,
To be filled with heaven's blessings,
Or our doubtings and our fears.
Whatso'er we sow we gather,
And the harvest will be true;
Yet we live but in the present,
And the year is always new.

Dream not of the distant future,
Mourn not over what may be;
All that God will guarantee you
Is a *present* victory.

How we use the present moment
Shows us false or shows us true;
We are living in the present,
And the year is always new.

Every hour we're drawing nearer
To that great and dreadful day
When the earth shall melt with fire,
And the heavens pass away.
Every new year brings us closer
To this judgment, awful, true,
Let us live as though 'twere present
In this coming year so new.

Each new day that God may give us
Drops like manna from the skies,
And the burdens that it brings us
Are God's blessings in disguise.
Courage, brother! do not falter
At the task God sends to you;
For His grace is ever present,
And the year is always new.

C. M. SNOW.

A Happy New Year

THE old year has gone. The words, "I wish you a Happy New Year," are repeated far and near, by parents and children, brothers and sisters, acquaintances and friends. In a world like ours, this New Year's greeting seems more appropriate than the "Merry Christmas," so lately echoed from lip to lip. On every hand are pale faces, brows furrowed from pain and care, or forms bowed with age. Wherever we turn may be seen the garb of mourning. The suffering, the careworn, and the aged can no longer be merry. In many a household there is a vacant chair; a beloved child or a husband or a father, whose presence gladdened the last Christmas and New Year's festivity, is gone from the circle. To that bereaved family a merry Christmas seems a mockery. But whatever the cares and sorrows of life, whatever its mistakes and errors, the words, "A Happy New Year," uttered as an expression of love and respect, fall pleasantly upon the ear.

And yet are not these kindly wishes often forgotten with the utterance? How often we fail of carrying their import into the daily life, and thus aid in their fulfilment! How often the New Year's greeting is uttered by insincere lips, from hearts that would not forego one selfish gratification in order to make others happy!

Fathers and mothers, while you wish your children a happy New Year, will you not strive in the fear of the Lord to make it a happy year? Will you not lead your dear ones to the true source of peace and joy? Will you not consecrate your own hearts to God, that you may exert a sanctifying influence upon your children? Will you not separate them from sin, and by living faith connect them with God?

A mother may bestow upon her daughters an education that will be invaluable, by training them to bear their share of the family burdens. A father may give his sons a capital worth more than gold or silver, by teaching them to love useful employment. Parents, now is the time to form in your children habits of industry, self-reliance, and self-control; to culti-

vate economy and business tact. Now is the time to teach them to show courtesy and benevolence toward their fellow-men, and love and reverence for God.

By a faithful discharge of duty you may make this a happy year for your children. Home should be to them the most attractive place on earth; and it may be made such by kind words and deeds, and, underlying all, a steadfast adherence to the right. Fathers and mothers, teach your children that the only way to be truly happy is to love and fear God; and emphasize this lesson by your example. Let the children see that the peace of Christ rules in your hearts, and that His love controls your lives.

Children who greet your fathers and mothers with "A Happy New Year," will you make this a happy year to them? It is in your power to make it happy or unhappy. You may lighten their burdens and give them courage and hope, or you may fill their hearts with anxiety and distress. You cannot make their new year happy if you live for self-gratification.

Begin this year with right purposes and pure motives. Bear in mind that day by day your words and acts are recorded in the books of heaven. You must meet them when the judgment shall sit and the books shall be opened.

How often your lips utter the kindly greeting, "I wish you a Happy New Year," and then in a few moments speak impatient, fretful words! How many children are always ready to dispute about trifles, unwilling to make the smallest sacrifice for others! To such the new year will bring no real happiness. They may indulge in boisterous mirth, but their hearts know no peace or joy. Will you not come to Jesus with penitence and humility, that He may cleanse you from sin, and prepare you for His kingdom? As you do this, you will have the happiest year that you have ever known. It will bring joy in heaven and joy on earth.

Many are the gifts and greetings exchanged on New Year's Day, by parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, friends and acquaintances. When the day is over, many feel a sense of relief. They have done their duty in

bestowing presents, and smiles, and compliments for the occasion, and there the matter is supposed to end. The next day, and the next, and onward to the end of the year, bring fretful passionate words, fault-finding, recrimination, and careless neglect of the dear ones of the household. Oh, the record of such a year is one that angels are grieved and ashamed to register. It brings to friends and kindred a gift of sorrow, a burden of unkindness, that crushes hope and makes the grave look desirable.

Do we truly wish our loved ones a happy new year? Then let us make it such to them by kindness, by sympathy, by cheerfulness, by unselfish devotion. If we connect with God, the source of peace, and light, and truth, His Spirit will flow through us, to refresh and bless all around us.

This year may be our last year of life. Shall we not enter upon it with thoughtful consideration? Shall not sincerity, respect, benevolence mark our deportment toward all? May this year be a time that shall never be forgotten,—a time when Christ shall abide with us, saying, "Peace be unto you."

Mrs. E. G. White, in Signs of the Times, January 1, 1907.

Week of Prayer at Oakwood

WHO can utter the mighty acts of God? Who can shew forth all His praise?" "Praise God in His sanctuary, Praise Him for His mighty acts," "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

We cannot understand why God loves us, we cannot comprehend how great, how merciful, how wonderful, how marvelous our God is, but we know He loves us. We wish all our people could have been here at Oakwood during the week of prayer. They would have been compelled to say, "Surely the Lord is in this place." The students were divided into prayer bands with a member of the Faculty as leader. These bands met from thirty to fifty minutes each day; singing, praying for the unconverted in their bands, testifying and studying the word of the Lord. The Sabbath school teachers met every

morning at an early hour to pray for the unconverted in their classes, and for themselves.

Every evening at six-thirty our souls were stirred as we listened to the week of prayer readings. We know that these sermons were inspired by God. Many and varied were the lessons we received. In the very first reading we began to ask ourselves the following questions, "Has the third angel's message made us better men and better women? Is the coming of the Lord the inspiration of our lives? Is this hope lifting us above the plane of worldly standards? Does it show itself in our practical, every-day experiences?" We were awakened to the fact that if we could not answer "yes" to these questions we were receiving the grace of God in vain, and the truth would condemn us.

Sabbath morning at five o'clock we met in the chapel to thank God for the many blessings received, and we prayed for the outpouring of the Spirit; our prayers were answered. When the invitation was given to those who were not Christians to come forward and take their stand for the truth, fifteen came forward and gave themselves to the Lord.

All those who were present that were members of the church, spoke of the victory they had won individually and renewed their consecration to the service of God.

We are determined by God's help that we will ever keep in mind that we are not our own; that the work of God shall be first, and that the cry of the lost and perishing will move us to untold service and sacrifice.

J. FRANCIS BAUGH.

Harvest Ingathering At Oakwood

THE crowding of our school and industrial work made us late entering the Harvest Ingathering campaign. We set our goal for \$500.00, dismissed school for one day, assigned companies of students and teachers to definite districts, and sent others to nearby towns, with the result that \$303.00 was raised. About that time Brother Staines, the Home Missionary Secretary of the Southern Union, made us a flying visit, and with his encouragement and plans we dismissed school two more days.

It was New Year's eve when we reported results, and then two companies were not yet in from their trips. Those present made an interesting evening with their spicy reports of varying successes, and the service that was planned for one hour, stretched out to more than two, at the close of which we knew we had passed our goal, but the work was not completed until the absent companies reported New Year's morning, making a total of \$758.23.

We made use of the little boxes as we were very short of magazines, and we found them to succeed even better than the magazines. Frequently individuals would be solicited by more than one person, which was taken in good part. The writer solicited one firm, where were five magazines lying about the office, but the manager gladly let him have four and a check for ten dollars. Some of our young people were invited to speak in churches and schools, receiving in each case a contribution. Two of our young women, who embraced these opportunities, came with nearly \$45.00 each as their portion of the goal. One teacher with her company brought in \$63.00; two others \$90.00 and \$166.00 each. In addition to the financial returns we made many friends, some of whom asked for literature on our belief or Oakwood. For all these blessings we thank the Giver of all good gifts.

J. I. BEARDSLEY

My Summer's Experience

"GOD expects personal service from every one to whom He has entrusted a knowledge of the truth for this time. Not all can go as missionaries to foreign lands, but all can be home missionaries in their families and neighborhoods. In the closing controversy now waging between the forces for good and the hosts of evil, God expects all, laymen as well as ministers, to take part. All who have enlisted as His soldiers are to render faithful service as minutemen, with a keen sense of the responsibility resting upon them individually." *Manual for Canvassers, page 77.*

Realizing the importance and seriousness of the times in which we are living, I determined last spring

to spend my summer in the canvassing field thereby helping to speed on the message and also to earn a scholarship for the coming school year.

While out in the field helping others I was myself being helped. I canvassed in the state of Alabama. As I went among the people and presented my book to them, a clearer and deeper realization of my work dawned upon me. I was led to see sin in more vivid light than I had hitherto, and to fathom to some extent the depths of sin into which man has fallen. I had an opportunity to explain God's great gift, and our Saviour's sacrifice. I was drawn closer to my Saviour and quite often I felt His presence at my side and always had a conscious experience of the sweet indwelling of the Holy Spirit. It is my hope to see some souls in the Kingdom as a result of my labors and the books circulated.

I would not change my experiences in the field for anything the world may offer. The canvassing field is as much a place of training as could be desired. Here we learn to trust God and take Him at His word.

RICHARD THOMSON.

Victory

"FORGETTING those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. 3: 13, 14. It appears from Paul's own words, that this epistle was written while he was a prisoner at Rome. A victorious life is a life of prayer. Paul was a man of prayer, his writings show this to be true.

We have come up to a season of the year, when it is natural for us to take a retrospective view of the past. And lo! we behold so many broken resolutions, and unfinished plans, that we are tempted to become discouraged.

"Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will,
nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear
up and steer
Right onward."

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true victory is won,

but it is by making the best use of today. It is not by complaining that circumstances are against us, that victory is won; but it is by using the circumstances as stepping stones for advancement. What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement. The manly and wise way is to look our disadvantages in the face, and see what can be made out of them. Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest of them. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the finding of his mistakes and correcting them.

*"Come Thou into my life, and
live in me
Thine own sweet life of pu-
rity, and thus
Assure to me a happy year, with
deeds
Which I may contemplate
with joy."*

Surrender all, and let Christ triumph over self through the Spirit. This is perfect victory. "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" 1 John 5: 4,5.

H. T. MITCHELL PALMER.

Now Is The Time

Note to the reader: If you do not desire to come to Oakwood you need not read this article.

VERY rarely we receive anything in this old world that has not cost some effort. For any young person to get a training for life demands that he plan accordingly. Each year the Faculty of Oakwood is beset with applications long after school has opened and classes have begun. Such students are welcome; many of them could not possibly get there sooner, but the sum-total of their year's success in school is considerably reduced.

Our hardest classes to plan for are those, which, for financial reasons, desire to work a large part or all of their school expenses, and yet are entering after classes have been in session for weeks, and the rush of industrial work is over, for the

students already here have been assigned the regular work about the premises. To come in at this time is not practical for at least two reasons. First; it is not possible for a student to take full work, do it justice, and work any considerable portion of his current expenses. Second, the school does not have the work to offer. For the past two months it has been necessary to reject a large number of applicants where the student desired work. Three months from now there will be an abundance of work, and several more work students can be accommodated. Then these students that have been with us during these seasons of greatest need, helping the school with its labor projects, have very decided advantages. First, of being present to take up their school work at the beginning of school. Second, experience tells us that these students have a higher average of financial success than those who spend time away from the school, undertaking to lay up finances for themselves, for usually the money gets away from them, and then they return to work at Oakwood, take but part class work, or do not come at all. Further, the students who spend their vacations at the school, prove themselves, and if worthy of being retained, are given first consideration for employment when arrangements are being made for the school term. They also gain spiritually and educationally by their constant contact with the school routine.

By beginning now prospective students may arrange to enter early next spring, and by diligent application and strict economy insure their financial arrangement for the next school year, and longer if they wish to continue their studies. It is absolutely against the policy of the institution to allow students to overdraw their accounts. When finances are exhausted school work stops, and the student gives his whole time to working on his expenses.

In addition to the above, this last summer those students who so desired, were given the free use of a plot of land, teams and tools, with full ownership of the proceeds. This is a splendid practical training in agriculture, which the Lord has told us is the A B C of educa-

tion, and develops volitional undertakings on the part of the students, as well as giving them spending money.

It is not too early to begin to plan on this course if you so desire. A card will bring you a catalog, and any information you may wish. The intervening weeks will give opportunity to make preparations, and plan home affairs, for an extended stay at school. Next summer a number of our present school body will enter the field, leaving their places for those who are fortunate enough to be here to take them. Now is the time to act upon this plan. Address The President, Box 803, Huntsville, Ala.

Symposium by Students

ON DECEMBER 13 closed the most memorable week of prayer that it has been my privilege to attend. God came very near the assembly, and we felt the workings of His Spirit within. We also saw the results of earnest consecration and prayer. Fifteen dear young people of our number took their stand for Christ and His truth. The readings were timely and appealed to our hearts. My personal blessings have been many, and my determination is to let the good work begun in my life continue as the days go by, and finally develop that perfection of character that will insure me a heavenly home. I desire also to do all I can to help in the speedy finishing of the work of giving the third angel's message to the world. RICHARD THOMSON.

I esteem it a privilege to be at Oakwood to get a Christian education. I have been in the truth for four years, but have never seen the manifestation of the Holy Spirit so plainly as I saw it at Oakwood during the week of prayer. Truly God was with us. It reminded me of the sermon that Peter preached on the day of Pentecost. I want to ever be found working for my Master. NANCY THOMAS.

I deem it a special privilege to have been able to be at Oakwood during the week of prayer. The Holy Spirit was present, and many blessings were received. Surely the Holy Spirit does await our demand and reception. I am thankful to

God for the manifestation of His power in my own life, and I realize that all the blessings He has for me are mine by faith. It is my aim to make every week, a week of prayer.

JOHN L. MATTHEWS.

The week December 6-13 was truly a week of blessings and victories for me. I received more blessings during this week than in any week of my life. Knowing that the Lord gave up all for me, I have been led to give myself wholly without reserve to Him. Seeing that the Lord is counting on me, and knowing that He desires me to obtain all the preparation possible with the object in view of helping others, I am determined to do my best that I may become "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

W. L. CHEATHAM.

During our week of prayer many souls were drawn closer to God. The Lord invited us to "come unto Him," and we could not scorn the invitation. Some of the students took their stand to be God's servants for the first time. During the consecration services nearly all testified to the glory of God, and rededicated their lives to His service.

CAROLYN COOPER.

"The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him." This was my experience, and it was the experience of Oakwood's family. We acknowledged our faults, and confessed our sins. We watched and prayed, and Jehovah came graciously near unto us, and blessed our waiting souls. As a result fifteen persons acknowledged Jesus as their personal Saviour.

"Oh that men would praise Jehovah for His lovingkindness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

H. T. MITCHELL PALMER.

Having seen the manifestation of the Spirit of God at the close of the week of prayer, I have resolved to let every week be a week of prayer. The power in prayer can only be sensed by those who have lived a prayerful life, for what can be more valuable than to have a time to draw from the living

fountain the spiritual material needed to sustain a spiritual life. Since we have this privilege let us make the most of it, for it is only the prayer life that can open to us the boundless resources of the Omnipotent.

L. H. CONNOLLY.

For the past four years I have asked the Lord night and day that in some way He would bring my people to a knowledge of His truth, and that they would take their stand. God has answered my prayer, for my sister has taken her stand to keep God's perfect law. I also asked the Lord to give me strength for my work, and He has heard and answered, for my load is lighter. In Him do I put my trust.

J. B. E. WILLIAMS.

The Sowing Time

THE object of sowing is the harvest. To produce an abundant harvest, there must be an abundant sowing.

Jesus at the age of twelve said, "I must be about my Father's business." "He pointed upward." "Jesus was engaged in the work that He had come into the world to do." *D. A. p. 81.* In the answer to His mother, Jesus showed for the first time that He understood His relation to God. Many do not understand this, or there would be more activity manifested among the laymen of the church. As it takes power to move the electric cars, so it will take the anointing of the Holy Spirit to arouse every member of the church. God anointed Jesus with the Holy Ghost and with power. It will take this same power to sow the seed of truth and to reap the abundant harvest. "The work will be similar to that of the day of Pentecost. The great work of the gospel is not to close with less manifestation of the power of God than marked its opening. The prophecies which were fulfilled in the outpouring of the former rain at the opening of the gospel, are again to be fulfilled in the latter rain at its close." *G. C. p. 611*

"Servants of God, with their faces lighted up and shining with holy consecration, will hasten from place to place to proclaim the message from heaven. By thousands of voices all over the earth the warning will be given. The message will

be carried not so much by argument as by the deep conviction of the Spirit of God." *G. C. p. 612.*

When each member believes God's Word, and is filled with the Holy Spirit, whether he be educated or uneducated, the love of Christ will constrain him, and will arouse him to action. All other employment will be secondary.

Jesus cries, "Go work today in My vineyard." Conviction strikes to the heart of the washerwoman. Says she, "I cannot wash; I cannot stay; I must go." And voices from other vocations repeat the same words. When that time comes the tract societies will be kept busy; more publishing houses will be needed; and God, our Heavenly Father, who has planted these supply houses, will be glorified.

The publishing houses are to supply the church, and the church is to supply the workers. The church is composed of many members. It matters not how feeble; God can use them all. All that is needed is power. Power can move anything.

W. H. SEBASTIAN.

Stretching Things

"I'M 'MOST dead! It's as hot as fire, and I've been more than a dozen miles after that colt!"

Andrew threw himself at full length on the lounge, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Where did you go?" inquired his father.

"I went over to Briggs' corner and back by the bridge."

"That is a little less than a mile and a half. Is it so very warm, Andy? It seems quite cool here."

"No, not so dreadful, I suppose, if I'd take it moderately; but I ran like lightning, and got heated up."

"You started about five o'clock, my son, and now it lacks a quarter of six," said the father, consulting his watch.

"Yes sir, just three quarters of an hour," answered Andrew, innocently.

"Does it take lightning forty-five minutes to go a mile and a half?"

"I didn't mean exactly that, father, but I ran all the way, because I expected the whole town would be here tonight to see my

new bicycle," explained Andrew, reluctantly.

"Whom did you expect, Andy? I wasn't aware that such a crowd was to be here. What will you do with them all?"

"Jim, Eddy, and Tim told me they'd be round after school; and I wouldn't wonder if Ike came, too; that's all."

"The population of the town is five thousand, and you expect three persons; well, as you are very sick, I am glad no more are coming. You couldn't play with them at all."

"Sick!" cried Andrew, springing to his feet; "Who says I'm sick?"

"Why, Andrew, you said that you were almost dead; doesn't that mean very sick?"

"You are so particular, father, about my talking. I don't mean exactly what I say, of course. I wasn't nearly dead, to be sure, but I did some tall running, you bet. There were more than fifty dogs after me, and I don't go much on dogs."

"Quite a band of them! Where did they all come from?"

"There was Mr. Wheeler's sheep-dog, and Rush's store-dog, and two or three more, and they made for me, and so I ran as fast as I could."

"Five at the most are not fifty, Andy."

"They looked to be fifty, anyway," answered Andrew, somewhat impatiently. Carter's ten-acre lot was full of dogs just making for me; and I guess you'd thought they were fifty if it had been you."

"Ten acres of dogs would be a great many thousand; have you any idea how many?"

Andrew did not like to calculate, for it occurred to him what a small space ten or fifteen thousand sheep would occupy when camping, and ten acres of dogs would be past calculation.

"But," his father continued, "I know of no better way to break you of the foolish habit of exaggeration, than to tell the children of the trouble you had in going after the colt. You ran like lightning, encountered ten acres of dogs, which would be hundreds of thousands, traveled more than a dozen miles to get one and a half miles in a straight line, expected to find five

thousand people here to examine your new bicycle, and when you reached home, you were nearly dead."

"Please don't, father; the boys and girls will all laugh themselves to death; and I won't exaggerate again if I live to be as old as Methuselah!"

"Laugh themselves to death at a simple story like this? I hope not; but hope, rather, that it will set them to watching their own manner of telling stories, so as to be sure they do not greatly overstate things. Habit, my son, grows with years, and becomes in time so deeply rooted that it will be impossible for you, when you become a man, to relate plain, unvarnished facts, unless you check the foolish habit in which you indulge every day, of stretching simple incidents into most marvelous tales."

—Selected.

The Beginning of a Revival

THE pastor at Goshen Corners had preached a close, practical sermon on the sins that do so easily beset us. Uncle Peter Twitchell and Deacon Holden came out of the meeting-house, and started on their homeward way together. Uncle Peter's cane went down upon the stony road with strong emphasis, as he began:

"Tell ye now, that was a powerful searchin' discourse Brother Jenks give us this mornin'—eh, deacon?"

"Wall, tollerably so, to some folks, I expect; but he did n't bear down on some pints as he'd orter, and left out a good many as had orter been fetched in. Ef I'd been preachin' on that air subjick, with Squair Bowles a-settin' right afore me, I should 'a' been moved to say suthin' about drinkin' and takin' onlawful intrust; but ministers is nothin' but airthen vessels, the best on 'em, and a big pew rent hides a good many besetments."

"Sho now, deacon, I would n't say that ef I was you don't appear to sound like the charity that thinketh no evil. There was one or two pints I took pertikular notice on: One was that a man's besettin' sins ain't apt to be marked sins, so plain that everybody calls 'em by their

right name,—we talk about 'em as only our ways, as ef that made 'em all right,—whereas, Scriptor says it's the 'leetle foxes that spile the vines.' 'Nd then agin, it's a sight easier to see other folks' besetments than our own, es the Good Book says—a mote in our neighbor's eye, and a beam in our own."

The deacon's thoughts having been led into a personal channel by Uncle Peter's last remark, ran on somewhat in this wise:

"'Cordin' to Brother Jenks, the' is some pertickelar sin that besets every one of us. Now I can't call to mind anything in my walk or coversation that ain't sarcum-spect." Here a dim suggestion of the Pharisee in the temple crossed his mind. "I ain't by no means perfect, and don't purtend to be—but I contribbit to all the causes, and remember the widder and the fatherless, and don't never suffer sin in my neighbor without rebuke. What's unbeknown can't be cured; ef I've got 'em the Lord 'll hev to make 'er known."

Dinner was smoking on the table when the deacon reached home. After his customeary acknowledgment of the divine bounty, he surveyed the table with a look of disapproval.

"Mary Ann," he sharply ordered, "you go down sullar and fetch up some pickles. How anybody kin git baked beans, and leave off the pickles, beats all."

"But, father," his wife timidly ventured, "you said last Sunday pickles made your tooth ache, so I got cider apple sass to-day."

"'Spouse'n I did say so; that's no reason why I should n't hev pickles on the table; that cider apple sass ain't biled down half enough. Here, Ezry, you take this 'ere coffee-pot, and set it back onto the coals; I wish it could be kept in mind that that coffee orter be hot," with a masterful look at his wife.

By way of creating a diversion, 'Siah Stearns, the hired man, remarked to Mrs. Holden:

"I thought we had fust rate singin' to-day."

Before she could reply, the deacon took up the word.

"Singin'! Wall, ef screeching is good singin', I should say we had—but 'tain't nowise befitin' the

sanctuary, as a part o' worship. What Phineas Gatchell is sot up there in the gallery for is more than I can tell hain't no voice for sing-in', and what he has needs ilin' as bad as Amos's old bass viol."

"Mother," asked Mary Ann, "did you notice Jim Pettingill's got home? How glad his folks must be!"

"Specially his mother--I'm glad for her," said Mrs. Holden. "They say Jim's done well out there in lowy."

"Ef he has, he's the fust Pettin-gill as ever did do well," pronounced the deacon.

By this time nobody cared to encounter the cross-current of contradiction any further, so the meal was finished in silence.

"Plow the south medder today, 'Siah," directed the deacon Monday morning, "and try your hand at a straight furrer for once."

Now if there was one thing upon which 'Siah prided himself it was his skill in plowing. He knew he had a neighborhood reputation for that.

"Some folks can't see when things air straight," he said half to himself, as he went out.

The same morning Brother Pike prepared to go out on his round of church collecting. It was late in the afternoon when his "hullo" brought the deacon to the roadside. Leaning on his hoe handle beside the stone wall, he remarked interrogatively:

"I expect you've had a purty tough time on't? Folks in general ain't over anxious to pay up the Lord's dues."

"Well I'm glad to say I have n't found them backward today. Just look there now," pointing to a laboriously scrawled line which proved, on careful examination, to read: "Liddy Peters, five dollars." "Some self-denial it's taken to get that five dollars, and some faith, too, as to how she can get along without it."

"Self-denial's a good thing ef it's practised where it's most needed, and es to faith, we're commanded to add to it virtoo. Ef widder Peter's 'd just bridle that onruly tongue o' hern it would help the cause more'n twice five dollars."

As 'Siah drove up to the bars just then, Brother Pike willingly departed.

"Wall," said 'Siah, looking back over the level stretch of straight brown furrows, lying fresh and mellow in the setting sun, I call that a purty fair piece o' work."

"Hem, tain't so bad as it might be--nor so good, nuther; there's a consider'ble of a crook over there to'ards Martin's," replied the deacon.

"Naterally," said 'Siah, dryly, "I did n't hev no plow that would cut straight through that big rock," and gathering up his reins, he started homeward, wondering to himself what "the old man," as he mentally termed him, could have found to say if there had been no rock there.

By prayer-meeting time that night the deacon felt himself prepared to reprove and rebuke with more than ordinary fervor. It was the burden of his prayer that the watchmen upon the walls of Zion might be no longer dumb dogs that did not bark, that they might cry aloud and spare not, showing the people their transgressions, and the house of Israel their sins. He warned the brethren against covetousness, which is idolatry; expressed his conviction that a good many had a form of godliness without its power; and exhorted each and all to put away their easily besetting sins, winding up with the declaration: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Walking homeward in the darkness of a clouded night, the deacon could not help overhearing a conversation going on just before him. It was Uncle Peter's voice that was saying:

"You've got a good place this year, 'Siah, a fust-rate good place; you'd orter git a good deal o' speritooal good, whilst you're under that ruff."

"I git good vittles, and good pay enuff, but as to speritooal good, anybody as gits that livin' with the deacon will hev to take it by the rule o' contraries, now I tell ye!"

"Why, why, 'Siah!--what on airth posses ye to talk that way? Deacon's one of the pillars o' the church! 'Taint many hes his gift o' speech! Brother Jenks hisself

could n't 'a' spoke more powerful than he did ter-night."

"Ef church pillars is set up for folks to stumble aginst, I grant ye, he's one to all intents 'nd purposes. Uncle Peter, I ain't give to talkin' agin' the folks I live with, but seein' you've started it, I'm jest goin' on to tell ye, of all the contrary, contradictory, faultfindin' men I ever see, he's the beatin'est!"

Yis, sir, and all the time settin' hisself up that he's a better judge o' what's right than all the rest of creation."

"Aint' ye a leetle ha'sh now, 'Siah? I expect he hes his faults, like all the rest on us,--poor fail-able critters we be,--but I b'lieve the deacon's got the root of the matter in him. Pint out somebody, ef ye kin, thet's more 'onest and fair in dealin's than he is!"

"I say 'taint honest to pile on blame where 'tain't due, and keep back every single word o' praise that folks deserves and orter hev. Ef I wuz testifyin' before a jury, I should say jest as I'm telling you,--I hain't never hearn that man own up that anybody, minister or wife or childurn, or neighbors or church or gov'nment or what not, had done one thing that wuz jest right! All he hes ter say is pickin' flaws. As to the root o' the matter, as ye call it, mebbe I ain't no judge; but I do know there's an awful heavy topgrowth o' thorns and briars."

"Wall, 'Siah, I dunno what ter say. I'm dretful sorry ter hear ye say sich t'ings about the deacon,--sich a nice fambly as he's a-bringin' up, too!"

"What do ye s'pose I hearn them childurn say one day up overhead in the barn? Ezry wuz a-tellin' Mandy he'd ruther not go to heaven ef pa was going to be there; but Mandy she says: 'I guess pa 'll hev to stay in the front room all the time up there, 'cause he's a deacon, and he won't dare to be cross amongst the angels!' Now I jest want ter know, Uncle Peter, what religion is good for, ef it don't make a man pleasanter to live with every day?"

Never in all his life before had Samuel Holden been made to see himself as others saw him. At first he was stunned and bewildered, feeling as tho his hearing were playing

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him false. He, to be spoken of as a stumbling-block! Anger, resentment, and mortified pride struggled for the mastery, but presently all these gave way before an overwhelming conviction of sin. The Spirit of God sent home the truth like a search-light upon his conscience, bringing out his ways and words in their true colors, till he was ready to cry out; "I abhor myself!"

The deacon was in his accustomed seat at the next prayer-meeting, but evidently not in his usual state of mind. Through prayers and exhortations and singing he sat silent, with bent head, evidently, unconscious of the wondering glances turned toward him. When the meeting drew toward a close, he rose unsteadily, leaning heavily upon the desk before him. His face was working with emotion in the struggle for utterance.

"Brethren and friends," he said, "I've been led to see myself a sinner before God and man. It's an awful thing to know that you've been a stumblin'-block! A stumblin'-block! That's what I've been all these years, 'nd now my besettin' sin has found me out. It's my faultfindin' manner o' speech that's been a reproach to the cause, and made religion an offense and a byword! I've gone contrary to Scripter. I've provoked my children to wrath, 'nd ef their souls is lost, their blood 'll be on my head. I hain't exercised charity. I've spoke evil of my fellow men. I hain't studied to please my neighbor for his good to edification. I ask your prayers, that God be merciful to me a sinner."

The deacon's manner, no less than his words, made a deep impression. The light in which he saw himself so clearly seemed to be

reflected into every heart, bringing into view a multitude of besetting sins, unsuspected hitherto. After a solemn silence, Uncle Peter's tremulous voice said: "Let us pray," and all, with one accord, fell on their knees—a company of sinners before a holy God. As the good old man poured out his whole soul in the words of self-abasing contrition, sobs and audible responses came from all parts of the room. The influence of that meeting made itself felt in "great searchings of heart," in mutual confession and forgiveness, and walking softly before God. This was the beginning of the great revival at Goshen Corners.—*E. M. Morse in New York Observer. Reprint from Advent Review and Sabbath Herald of 1897.*

SPECIAL NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Constituency of Oakwood Junior College is called for February 5, 1920, at 8 p. m., in the College Chapel on the Oakwood Campus, Huntsville, Ala.

This Constituency consists of the Executive Committees of the Southern and Southeastern Union Conferences, the Mission Committees of these Union Conferences, and the Faculty of Oakwood Junior College.

S. E. WIGHT, Chairman,
J. I. BEARDSLEY, Secretary.

FIELD NOTES

Lynchburg, Va.

NOVEMBER thirty I attended a Baptist church at Johnstown about five miles from Lynchburg. This was my first visit. I spoke to the Sunday school, and before leaving the church gave me an appointment for December 14. I left ten *Life and Health* with them.

December 7, I filled my appointment at Pleasant Valley. The Pastor and congregation gave me a hearty welcome and an invitation to return. The Pastor asked me to visit his church at Jacksontown again.

On returning home I met one brother who walking along the road with me, said:—"I believe all that you preach. I have a book containing all these prophecies."

I hope to meet the Baptist church at Jacksontown the third Sunday.

W. H. SEBASTIAN.

Sunday December fourteen, I visited the Baptist church at Johnstown. The Sabbath question was presented to about thirty-five or forty members. I heard only one objection. I also received one dollar for Harvest Ingathering. Pray for these souls. W. H. SEBASTIAN.

NOTICE

Dear reader:

Many subscribing to the "Gospel Herald" on sending in their money for renewal want to know if they owe "Gospel Herald" for back numbers.

You will find on the wrapper opposite your name the date when your subscription expired. It is stamped thus: Aug. '19, or Sept. '17, showing that your subscription expired on that date. The last part only of the year date ('19) being given.

Please be prompt with your renewal thus saving unnecessary correspondence.

Sincerely yours,
Editor.

OAKWOOD NEWS

Recently more equipment has been purchased for our printing plant. This will greatly facilitate our work, making possible more regularity in getting GOSPEL HERALD into the mail. Besides the job work that we obtain from Huntsville has been greatly reduced owing to poor equipment.

We hope to see this important industry making more marked progress during the year that is before us.

We have had another visit from our nearby brethren. President L. H. Wood of Southern Junior College, Ooltewah, Tennessee; Elder S. E. Wight, president of the Southern Union Conference; Brother G. H. Curtis also of the Southern Union Conference; Brother R. L. Pierce manager of the Southern Publishing Association, and Elder J. H. Lawrence of the Southern Union Conference.

Professor Wood tells us our spring, which is located north of the Campus, is sixty-nine and one half feet above us. The present plans are to pipe this sparkling water to our tank so as to have more water.