



SOUTHERN UNION WORKER

"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work."

Vol. XI

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, JANUARY 11, 1917

No. 2

Making Headway

How about the voyage, sailor,
On life's high seas broad and vast?
Is thy bark still making headway?
Is it weathering the blast?
How's the cargo thou didst load with —
High aims and courage bold—
At the New Year port so recent?
For the year not yet is old.

Are thy sails still furled for sailing?
Is thy heart still full of cheer
And of hope for glad arrival?
Or have storms been too severe?
Listen! let not storm affray thee,
Keep in mind the wondrous goal;
Keep the helm still headed ever
T'ward the homeland of the soul.

Or, if calmer currents bear thee,
Still lose not the goal from sight
Nor content thyself with *drifting*
On the gleaming billows bright.
For their gleaming is deceptive;
Suns may set, and tempests blow,
And the bark without a rudder
Go down in the undertow.

Say, then, art thou making headway,
Fellow-voyager in life?
Be assured, the Port of Safety
Well is worth what'er the strife.
Past the heaving tide and billows,
Past the rapids and the foam,
Piercing even now the darkness
Are the beacon lights of home.

Making headway? Yes, thank heaven,
It is possible for all;
There is naught our course can hinder
Whatsoever may befall,
If the needful Chart, the Compass,
Given to us by our Lord,
Is our prayerful, constant study,
And life's Pilot is on board!

—Pearl Waggoner-Howard.

When It Was Done

Did you ever think how many are the instances where the most lasting remembrance, the incident or thing standing out the most prominently in the life of some man of perhaps world renown, some woman who lives in the hearts of others, is not the deeds the doer counts as greatest? Often, very often, it is some little incident or act almost unthought of at the time by the doer, that is considered the distinguishing thing the individual did.

While striving to do some great thing, apparently almost by chance one opens his heart door in the doing of some little deed; and it is this little service that passes out into the farthest circle of influence. We know Mary Magdelene by the broken alabaster box; the widow at the treasury by her two mites; the widow of Zarepta by her baking two little cakes; Naaman by his washing in Jordan,—things indeed counted very small by the doers.

Writers and poets often are known by some production counted by them, perhaps, as some little effort, rather than by their larger and deeper topics. "Pilgrim's Progress," for example, was written by John Bunyan while in prison, with no thought at the time that the manuscript would be accounted of any particular worth. He did it mainly to take up his time. But that very book has had a larger circulation than all his other writings combined.

"I once knew a woman," writes Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., "who wrote stories. Her stories were eagerly sought after, for they were well written and charming, and yet she was not entirely satisfied with them.

" 'Some day,' she used to tell us, 'I'll do something really fine.'

" 'You are always doing good work,' we invariably answered; but she would laugh and say: 'It will be better — some day.'

"And then one afternoon . . . she came in smilingly, happily, and cried out as she saw us: 'I've written my big story — my great big beautiful story. I'm tired, and I'm sleepy, but I'm glad; for I've done the best thing that I ever hoped to do.'

"Was it this masterpiece of hers that others counted as such? — Ah, no! After she died — she died suddenly — a close friend received a letter from a farmer woman out in the Middle West. It ran: 'I think you might like to know about a little experience that I once had with a famous authoress. Maybe you knew her.

" 'My son and my husband were both killed on the same day in a terrible accident, and I was just about crushed when the news came to me. My heart and my soul and my body seemed all one empty ache for them. And after the funeral, to take my mind away from the terrible thoughts, I sat down and wrote a letter. I wrote the letter to *her*. She was my favorite writer. I wrote it because it was necessary to confide in some one, but I never expected an answer.

" 'And yet, she did answer! And her letter to me was the first thing that showed me that I could still go on living my life without my husband and my son. She enclosed a little poem in the letter.'

"We discovered the authoress was our friend who had died suddenly. She had done so many kind little deeds! And, a group of us together, we read the tiny little poem that she had sent to the grief-stricken farmer woman, the stranger woman she had never seen. It was brimming over with tenderness and sympathy and love — that little poem; so full of her spirit that we were very silent for a moment after we had finished reading it; and then some one said: 'It is her masterpiece.' And we all knew that it was."

Exactly! and why?— O, she put sympathy into it; she put

tenderness into it, and she filled it with *love!* This is what makes life worth while. It is when these beautiful qualities shine forth in our lives, manifested wheresoever, whensoever, and to whomsoever it may be, that we are doing our masterpiece work for our God. We may not count it such, but the Master, beholding, will say: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*T. E. Bowen.*

Story of an Artist's Studio

Years ago a painter stood in his studio, his right thumb to the belt of his blouse, and his left hand holding the pipe he had withdrawn from his lips in honor of his visitor, Father Hugo, the vicar of the rich church of St. Jerome. The artist had not yet reached middle age. He was famous in Düsseldorf, and some said that his name would some day be known world-wide. When that day came, Stenburg ruefully thought that he would be past the enjoyment of riches which tarried so long. Still he managed to enjoy life in the present. He loved his art. Now and again he became so absorbed in his work that he forgot all else than the picture upon his easel.

Still, though good work he had done, he had as yet never satisfied himself, nor reached his own ideal. His was good work, but he desired something more. Thus Stenburg was not a satisfied man. There was a restlessness in his handsome eyes, and a sharp tone in his voice, which, to a close observer, proclaimed a spirit not at peace. Otherwise, to the world, he appeared a jolly, prosperous man, who displayed, on occasion, a shrewd business capacity, and was one who knew his own interests well. He was speaking now.

"No, Reverend Father; the sum you offer would but ill repay me for the labor of so large an altar-piece as you honor me by naming. It must have many figures, all carefully studied. The crucifixion is not an easy subject, and it has been so often taken, that it would be difficult to compose a picture different — as I should wish it to be — from others."

"I will not limit you to the price. You are an honest man, Sir Painter, and the Church of St. Jerome will not pay for the altar-piece. It is to be the gift of a penitent."

"So! That makes a difference. Return, Reverend Father, a month from today, and studies for the work shall be ready."

So they parted, both well pleased, and during the following weeks Stenburg studied the composition of the altar-piece, and penetrated into the Jewish Strasse for models for his figures.

Father Hugo was satisfied. He desired the central point of the picture to be the Cross of the Redeemer, and left the grouping of the accessories to the artist. From time to time the Vicar dropped in, often accompanied by another priest, to inspect the progress of the work. It was to be placed in the church upon the feast of St. Nicomede, the patron saint of the donor, and which fell upon the first of June.

With the bursting of the young green leaves, and the upspringing of the first flowers, a hunger had seized upon the artist's soul to leave Düsseldorf, and with his sketch-book wander over the surrounding country. On the border of the forest he came one day upon a gipsy girl plaiting straw baskets. Her face was wonderful; her coal-black hair fell in ripples to her waist; and her poor, tattered red dress, faded and sunburnt to many hues, added to her picturesque appearance. But her eyes were the feature that caught the artist's regard, restless, limpid, black eyes, whose expression changed every moment; pain, joy, fun, and roguery were reflected in their depths as swiftly as the shadows chase each other across a lake.

"What a capital picture she would make!" thought Stenburg; "but then, who would buy a gipsy girl? No one!"

The gipsies were looked upon in Düsseldorf with hatred; and even to this day the fact of being a gipsy is, in the eyes of the law, a punishable offense.

The girl noticed the artist, and flinging the straw down,

sprang up, raising her hands above her head, and snapping her fingers to keep time, danced lightly and gracefully before him, showing her white teeth, and her glance sparkling with merriment.

"Stand!" cried Stenburg, and he rapidly sketched her. Quickly as he drew, it was a weary position for the girl to maintain; but she never flinched, though a sigh of relief, as the arm dropped and she stood at rest before him, attested to the artist the strain the attitude had been.

"She is not only beautiful, she is better — a capital model. I will paint her as a Spanish dancing girl."

So a bargain was struck. Pepita was to come thrice a week to Stenburg's house to be painted. Duly at the appointed hour she arrived. She was full of wonder. Her great eyes roved round the studio, glancing on the pieces of armor, pottery, and carving. Presently she began examining the pictures, and soon the great altar-piece, now nearing its completion, caught her attention. She gazed at it intently. In an awed voice, she asked, "Who is that?" pointing to the most prominent figure, that of the Redeemer on the cross.

"The Christ," answered Stenburg carelessly.

"What is being done to him?"

"Being crucified," ejaculated the artist. "Turn a little to the right. There, that will do."

Stenburg, with his brush in his fingers, was a man of few words.

"Who are these people about him — those with the bad faces?"

"Now look here," said the artist, "I cannot talk to you. You have nothing to do but stand as I tell you."

The girl dare not speak again, but she continued to gaze and speculate. Every time she came to the studio the fascination of the picture grew upon her. Sometimes she ventured an inquiry, for her curiosity consumed her.

"Why did they crucify Him? Was He bad, very bad?"

"No; very good."

That was all she learned at one interview, but she treasured every word, and every sentence was so much more known of the mystery.

"Then, if He was good, why did they do so? Was it for a short time only? Did they let him go?"

"It was because—"

The artist paused with his head on one side, stepped forward and arranged her sash.

"Because?" repeated Pepita breathlessly.

The artist went back to his easel; then looking at her, the eager questioning face moved his pity.

"Listen. I will tell you once for all, and then ask no further questions," and he told her the story of the Cross — new to Pepita, though so old to the artist that it had ceased to touch him. He could paint that dying agony, and not a nerve of his quivered; but the thought of it wrung her heart. Her great black eyes swam in tears, which her fiery gipsy pride forbade to fall.

The altar-piece and the Spanish dancing girl were finished simultaneously. Pepita's last visit to the studio had come. She looked upon the beautiful representation of herself without emotion, but turned, and stood before the altar-piece, unable to leave it.

"Come," said the artist, "here is your money, and a gold piece over and above, for you have brought me good luck. The 'Dancing Girl' is already sold; I shall want you some time again perhaps, but not just yet. We must not overstock the market even with your pretty face."

The girl turned slowly.

"Thanks, Signor," but her eyes, full of emotion, were solemn. "You must love Him very much, Signor, when he has done all that for you, do you not?"

The face into which she looked flushed crimson. The artist

was ashamed. The girl, in her poor, faded dress, passed from his studio, but her plaintive words rang in his heart. He tried to forget them, but impossible. He hastened to send the altar-piece to its destination. Still he could not forget, "*All that for you.*"

At last the pain was not to be borne. He would face it and conquer it. He went to confession. Father Hugo questioned Stenburg. He believed all the doctrines of the church. So the Vicar gave him absolution, and assured him that "all was well." The artist allowed a liberal discount on his altar-piece, and for a week or two felt at ease. But then up rose the old question, "You must love him very much, do you not?" and would be answered. He grew restless, and could not settle to his work. So wandering about he heard of things which had not come under his notice before. One day he saw a group of persons hastening to a house near the walls, a poor place, and then he noticed others coming in the opposite direction, and they, too, passed into its low doorway. He asked what was happening there, but the man he questioned could not satisfy him. This roused his curiosity.

A few days later he learned that a stranger, one of the "Reformed," lived there — one of those despised *men who appealed on every occasion to the Word of God*. It was hardly respectable, hardly safe, even to know them. Yet perhaps here he might find that which he sought. They might possess the secret of peace. So Stenburg went to observe, perhaps to inquire, certainly not to join them; but a man cannot approach fire and remain cold. This reformed preacher spoke and looked as one who walked the earth with Christ; yes, one to whom he was all. Stenburg found what he longed for — *a living faith*. His new friend lent him for a time a precious copy of the New Testament, but hunted from Düsseldorf after a few weeks, he left, and had to take the book with him; but its essence was left in Stenburg's heart.

Ah! no need to question now. He felt in his soul an ardent love. "Did all that for me! How can I ever tell men of that love, that boundless love, which can brighten their lives, as it has mine? It is for them too, but they do not see it, as I did not. How can I preach it? I cannot speak. I am a man of few words. If I were to try I could never speak it out. It burns in my heart, but I cannot express it — *the love of Christ!*" So thinking, the artist idly drew with a piece of charcoal in his fingers a rough sketch of a thorn-crowned head. His eyes grew moist as he did so. Suddenly the thought flashed through his soul. "I can paint! My brush must proclaim it. Ah! in that altar-piece his face was all agony. But that was not the truth. Love unutterable, infinite compassion, willing sacrifice!"

The artist fell on his knees, and prayed to paint worthily, and thus speak.

And then he wrought. The fire of genius blazed up — up to the highest fiber of his power; nay, beyond it. The picture of the crucifixion was a wonder — almost divine.

He would not sell it. He gave it a free-will offering to his native city. It was hung in the public gallery, and there the citizens flocked to see it, and voices were hushed and hearts melted as they stood before it, and the burghers returned to their homes knowing the love of God, and repeating to themselves the words written so distinctly beneath:

"All this I did for thee;
What has thou done for me?"

Stenburg also used to be there, and watching far back from the corner in the gallery the people who gathered about the picture, he prayed God to bless his painted sermon. One day he observed, when the rest of the visitors had left, a poor girl standing weeping bitterly before it. The artist approached her. "What grieves thee, child?" he asked.

The girl turned; she was Pepita. "Oh! Signor, if he had but loved me so," she said, pointing to the face of yearning love,

bending above them. "I am only a poor gipsy. For you is the love, but not for such as I," and her despairing tears fell unrestrained.

"*Pepita, it is also all for thee.*" And then the artist told her all. Until the late hour at which the gallery closed they sat and talked. The painter did not weary now of answering her questions, for the subject was the one he loved best. He told the girl the story of that wondrous life, magnificent death, and crowning glory of resurrection, and also explained to her the union that redeeming love effected. She listened, received and believed his words. "*All this I did for thee.*"

* * * * *

Two years had passed since the altar-piece had been ordered. Winter had come again. The cold was intense; the wind moaned down the narrow streets of Düsseldorf, and shook the casements of the artist's dwelling. His day's work was done, and by the blazing pine logs he was seated, reading a copy he had with difficulty obtained of his beloved Gospel. A knock sounded at the door and a man was admitted. He wore an old sheep-skin jacket, on which the snow had frozen; his hair hung in dark locks about his face. He glanced ravenously toward the bread and meat upon the table, even as he gave his message.

"Would the gentleman come with him on urgent business?"

"Wherefore do you wish me to come?"

"I cannot say," replied the man: "but one who is dying wants to see you."

"Eat," said the artist. "I will accompany you." The man murmured his thanks as he devoured the food.

"You are hungry?"

"Sir, we are all famished with hunger."

Stenburg brought a sack of food. "Can you carry this?"

"Ah! gladly, gladly. But come, there is not time to lose."

The artist followed. His guide led him quickly through the streets, and out into the country beyond. The branches were laden with snow, and the great crowded trunks were confusing. No path, but the man never hesitated. He silently and swiftly kept ahead of Stenburg. At last they came to a glade belted around with trees. Here a few tents were erected.

"Go in there," said the man, pointing to one of the tents, and then turned to a group of men, women and children, who thronged about him. He spoke to them in a wild tongue and lifted his bag from his shoulder.

The artist, crouching, crept into the tent. A brilliant ray of moonlight illuminated the poor interior. On a mass of dried leaves was the form of a young woman. Her face was pinched and hollow. "Why, Pepita!"

At the sound of the artist's voice the eyes opened. Those wonderful dark eyes still brilliant. A smile trembled on her lips, and she raised herself on her elbow.

"Yes," she said, "He has come for me! He holds out His hands! They are bleeding!" "For thee." "*All this I did for thee.*" And she bade him farewell.

* * * * *

Long years after both the painter and the gipsy girl had passed from this life, a gay young nobleman drove in his splendid equipage into Düsseldorf, and while his horses were being fed, wandered into that famous gallery. He was rich, young, intelligent — the world bright, and its treasures within his grasp. He stood before Stenburg's picture arrested. He read and re-read the legend on the frame. He could not tear himself away — it grew into his heart. The love of Christ laid its powerful grasp on his soul. Hours passed; the light faded; the curator touched the weeping nobleman, and told him it was time to close the gallery. Night had come — nay! rather for that young man, the dawn of eternal life. He was Zinzendorf. He returned to the inn and reentered his carriage, but to turn his back on Paris and seek again his home. From that moment, he threw life, fortune, fame at the feet of Him who had whispered to his heart:

"All this I did for thee;
What hast thou done for me?"

Zinzendorf, the father of Moravian missions, answered that question by his devoted life and his welcomed death.

Stenburg's picture no longer hangs in the gallery of Düsseldorf, for, when some years ago the gallery was destroyed by fire, it perished; but it preached, and God used it to tell of his gift—Calvary's substitute—of whom Paul said, "He loved me and gave himself for me."

Can you, reader, say "and for me"?—Selected.

For All the Year

What is one's best heart-possession
When the year is new?
What will give most cheer and gladness
All the long year through?
What is something that's in keeping
Both with new and old?—
Ah, it's just the Gospel Story,—
New, though often told.

Just the story of a Saviour
Only love could send;
Just the knowledge of his presence
As a constant friend:
This is what will light the pathway
As naught else can do,
E'en in sorrow giving gladness
And a song that's new.

—Pearl Waggoner Howard.

The Improved "Life and Health"

"The health interest behind this journal dates back to the very beginning of the house by which it is published. The founders of the Review and Herald Publishing Association were identified with a propaganda of health principles that was destined to become of world importance in its scope and meaning.

"Dating from the early fifties, this position has developed a health movement that is unique.

"Sensible reform measures advocated a half century ago, and generally indorsed by popular acceptance today, bear further witness to the value of the principles represented in the movement of which *Life and Health* in the leading exponent.

"The editorial staff of *Life and Health* is being formed with the view of making the magazine more definitely a medium of the organized health and temperance movement back of it. Dr. H. W. Miller, whose name will appear as editor, is a thorough student and an ardent advocate of rational and simple living. The present editors will remain on the staff.

"Beginning with the February issue, *Life and Health* will bear the subtitle, 'How to Live.' This is significant of a noteworthy change in the scope of the magazine, which it is trusted will receive the hearty approval of all our readers.

"During the remainder of 1917 each issue will be devoted largely to a symposium on one health topic, the following being already planned; The Cost of Living, The Daily Program, Home Treatment, Rational Diet, Rest and Sleep, Outdoors and Exercise, Gospel of Health, Temperance, Stimulants and Narcotics, Patent Medicines."

This improvement, we believe, will recommend itself to every Seventh-day Adventist. *Life and Health* will be distinctly a propaganda organ setting forth our health principles. As such it should be widely distributed.

It will be continued as a magazine selling for ten cents per copy. Agents who order fifty or more of any one issue can secure them at four cents each.

Kentucky Conference

Conference Directory

B. W. BROWN, President.

E. A. WILLIAMS, Secretary and Treasurer of Conference and Tract Society.

JAMES HICKMAN, Field Missionary Secretary.

MRS. R. L. LINDSEY, Sabbath School and Y. P. M. V. Secretary.

OFFICE ADDRESS, 1122 Park St., Bowling Green, Ky.

News Items

Pauline Grimes, the faithful treasurer of the Sand Hill church, made the office a pleasant call the past week and handed in her remittance for the month.

Mr. J. O. Wheeler, one of our canvassers, stopped at the office the past week on his way to Lawrenceburg, where he will take up work with "Bible Readings."

Elder W. H. White writes that the work is moving forward in Covington, and that the Tri City church was able to raise one hundred dollars with the Harvest Ingathering papers.

Elder O. A. Dow is visiting the believers in Hardin County at this writing.

Brother James Hickman has just left the office to assist Brethren Wagner and Wheeler in the canvassing field.

Brother H. E. and Charles Beck made the office a pleasant call the past week.

Brother Charles E. Allen writes from Louisville that the work is moving forward there and that there are good prospects for the coming year.

A letter just received from Anna Miller, of the Shelby Street church, in Louisville, speaks of the work going forward in that place.

Brother J. B. Reichenbach came down from Ohio and spent a few days with his family in Louisville during Christmas week.

Brother and Sister Wagner have moved from Henderson to Lexington, where they will labor in the future.

As you read the colporteur report of the work in the Kentucky Conference for the year 1916, you will see that the Lord has blessed us in our deliveries. This has been in answer to prayers that have gone up from different members of the conference.

The canvassers' institute will be held in the month of February. We hope and trust that not only those who are in the field today will attend this meeting, but that others will be impressed to leave their farms and trades and join this band of workers.

Those attending the ministerial institute at Huntsville from the Kentucky Conference are as follows: Elders J. H. Lawrence and A. C. Chatman and Brethren William Winston and F. S. Keitts.

Sister Schomburg, of the Louisville church, sent in a large remittance from that church for the month of December.

Brother David Eubank, of Wisdom, writes a very encouraging letter and states that they are expecting to send in some more mission funds before the close of the year.

Brother F. L. Harrison and wife are visiting relatives in Indiana.

Word has been received from the Grove church, announcing the death of Brother Shoemaker.

Brother James Hickman has returned from a trip in the eastern part of the State. He reports the canvassing work going forward.

Brother Andy Schroader and mother left Bowling Green December 24 to visit relatives at Hartford.

Miss Ora Hagarman, who has been attending church school in Bowling Green, has returned to her home at Hartford.

Sister M. A. Ewald, of Louisville, writes that the young people's work is progressing nicely in that city. They are expecting to reach their goal for mission offerings.

Capt. M. L. Howard, of Irvington, writes that they are of good courage in that place and are hoping to soon reap a harvest of souls as a result of the efforts being put forth to warn the people of that place.

Elder J. H. Lawrence reports the work moving forward in the Chestnut Street church in Louisville, and states that the annual offering amounted to nearly sixty dollars.

Brother William Winston, of Owensboro, writes that they are doing good work with the Harvest Ingathering papers.

Elder W. H. White writes from Covington that the Tri City church will reach their goal on the twenty-cent-a-week fund.

Brother Jesse Miller, one of our faithful canvassers, has gone to visit his aunt in Russellville.

Brother J. O. Wheeler made the office a pleasant call a few days ago.

Brother Hatton Ford, who has been away from home three months selling the printed page, has returned to Ford to spend his vacation.

The Kentucky Conference made the largest book delivery during the closing months of last year that has ever been known in the history of the conference.

Obituary

SHOEMAKER.—Morton Shoemaker was born Dec. 26, 1856, in Lee County. He moved his family to Casey County, where they learned present truth. After several months of suffering, Brother Shoemaker died Dec. 19, 1916. He leaves a wife and nine children to mourn their loss.

H. U. JACOBS.

Alabama Conference

Conference Directory

A. L. MILLER, President.

O. R. GODSMARK, Secretary and Treasurer of Conference and Tract Society.

M. L. WILSON, Field Missionary Secretary.

J. F. WRIGHT, Home Missionary, Y. P. M. V., and Educational Secretary.

HELEN M. KEATE, Sabbath School Secretary, 715 18th Street, Birmingham, Ala.

OFFICE ADDRESS, Room 316, Lyric Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.

News Items

Our office was favored recently with a visit from Elder S. E. Wight. Elder Wight stopped in Birmingham on his way to the southern part of the union and also on his return trip. He gave a splendid report of the progress of the work throughout the field.

A recent letter from Sister J. E. Cothran, of Sheffield, corrects a recent statement made through the columns of the WORKER, that not a single church was represented by all its officers taking the *Church Officers' Gazette*, inasmuch as both Sister Cothran and Sister J. W. Reynolds are subscribers. She also says, "I find it a great help in my work."

Brother L. H. Perley, who has recently taken up the colporteur work in Walker County, spent a short time in the office recently. Brother Perley has enthusiastically taken up the colporteur work, and the WORKER readers are expecting to see some good reports from him.

Many times the children show a greater devotion and willingness to sacrifice their personal comforts than those who are older. One of our church treasurers in a recent letter, in telling how her son saved his money to pay for the tent fund, says: "Did I tell you how he gave ——— to this fund instead of spending it for sweet chocolate for Christmas as he had planned to spend it? First he said, 'Mama, I will give one-half of this to Jesus, and spend one-half for chocolate'; then he thought a

little and said, 'No, mama, I will give it all to Jesus.'" Surely this should be an inspiration to others.

Many of the WORKER readers are acquainted with Brother R. T. Jacks, and they will regret to learn that his health has been very poor the past few months. In a recent letter from Sister Jacks, she writes that his courage is good and asks that we each remember him in our prayers. I trust that our WORKER family will remember this request. Pray that, if it is the Lord's will, Brother Jacks will be restored to health and then be able to again take part in the work which he so dearly loves.

Although the large fall deliveries are in the past, yet 100 per cent deliveries are not forgotten. Brother Tew, who is working in Cadiff, writes, "I had twelve books to deliver yesterday and delivered every one of them. I am praising the Lord for success. One lady who could not take her book got her brother-in-law to take it so as not to leave it on my hands. I have a few more to deliver today. Pray for me that I may work earnestly and win souls for the kingdom."

Brother H. G. Miller, who is temporarily located in the west, writes, "You sent me thirty Harvest Ingathering *Signs*, and I am glad to tell you that I have received nearly \$20. I enjoy the work and wish I could do more."

In a recent issue of the WORKER we told of receiving a check from the president of a large college as a result of Elder Buckner's efforts at that place. The president of the college made inquiry regarding our literature and has subscribed for the *Signs of the Times Weekly* and states that they will be glad to receive our periodicals. This is a splendid opportunity to place the truth before some of the most promising young people, and those who wish to have a part in supplying this literature may do so by sending funds to assist in purchasing subscriptions to our periodicals. These papers will be read from cover to cover. Why not send twenty-five or fifty cents in postage stamps to 316 Lyric Bldg., Birmingham, with the instruction that the money be used for this purpose? Answer quickly, for time is passing and these young people should have our literature.

Some have secured the vest pocket edition of the Psalms to use in connection with the Morning Watch this year. The American Bible Society manufactures a leather cover that will slip over the Psalms or any of the other Bible parts which they publish in this size. Some may wish this cover. It costs 10 cents. Order of your tract society, or the American Bible Society, Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

A neat edition of the German Morning Watch Calendar has been published by the Pacific Press at Brookfield, Ill. It is a translation of the English edition, containing the same scripture references, the individual report pages, the sunset features, etc. Let all our German people, old and young, secure it. The Morning Watch habit means success in Christian living. Doubtless many of our English people have German friends who are Christians who would appreciate a copy. This little devotional booklet might prove to be an opening wedge for other literature.

Editorial Change

The attention of our readers is called to the fact that Brethren A. O. Tait and L. E. Froom have been appointed editors of the *Signs of the Times Magazine*. This is one of several changes that were made to reduce the publishing cost, due to an abnormally high paper market. Judging from the January number, which is the first under the new management, we are led to believe that a prosperous future awaits this splendid evangelical magazine.

Louisiana Conference

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MRS. E. L. MORROW, Sabbath School Secretary.

OFFICE ADDRESS, 810 Jackson Ave., New Orleans, La.

The Result of Faithful Effort

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." Gal. 6: 9, 10.

"In due season we shall reap," is the principle, taken literally, which causes farmers to plow their ground, plant the seeds, and till the soil. It is not the pleasure derived from the labor put forth (for there is much "weariness" attached to the sowing and tilling), but the hopes of a "reaping" which is to follow.

And so it is in the work of the faithful colporteur. There is a great weariness of muscle, bone, and brain as he trudges down the dusty road on a July or August day in the Southland, or when the sticky mud is nearly shoe-mouth deep, showers incessant, and foot-logs across streams hard to find. But he has learned to "faint not; for in due season" he shall reap, if he faints not, and he looks to the future life to see results. He has but little opportunity to hear how the people like the good books which he delivers. But he rejoices in the promise that "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

I read of this in Vol. VI of the Testimonies, page 312, concerning the joy of the faithful worker at the time of "reaping," as follows:

"What rejoicing there will be as these redeemed ones meet and greet those who have had a burden in their behalf! And those who have lived, not to please themselves, but to be a blessing to the unfortunate who have so few blessings,—how their hearts will thrill with satisfaction! They will realize the promise, 'Thou shalt be blessed; for they can not recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.'"

I feel that those who see and hear of the good results following the labors of these faithful colporteurs have a duty to perform in cheering the workers by reporting these good experiences. So I wish to relate an experience which came my way this morning, showing that those "who sow in tears shall reap in joy." I was passing by a home where some men were digging a well, near where Brother Reba Perkins and I had delivered a book. One of the men looked at me very straight as I rode along, and said, "Is that a book like you delivered to me." (I had a "Bible Readings" under my arm, in the wrapper.) I turned and rode up to the fence and asked him how he liked his book. He expressed himself as highly delighted with it, and he was very friendly to me. I speak of this, because the man was much opposed to his wife's taking the book, saying that it was of no use as he could see, but we prevailed with him to pay for it, telling him that there was a vast difference between it and a concordance. He finally took the book, but with an air which plainly showed that he did it only for his wife's order. Today he confessed that this was the way he felt at the time. But now he says that he has used the book until he has nearly worn it out. It filled my heart with joy, for I see that men know not what they do in rejecting the good books, and I feel that we should not leave them until every effort has been made to deliver the book.

Stop for a moment, dear brother, sister, and think how you enjoyed reading these truth-filled books the first time they came to your hand! Others enjoy them, so will you not carry the thing to them which will make them happy here, and heirs of God's kingdom hereafter. God waits to bestow his power upon you for service; will you not enlist today? Probation is fast closing. Souls are dying without a knowledge of the message which we love. Is not your heart moved toward these people for whom Jesus gave his life in service, and in death? You have a pardon in your hand for these doomed prisoners of Satan; will you not deliver it before they perish?

The world is in great commotion, and God's signs and judgments are thickening all about us, telling us that the end of earth's history is near at hand. But God has sent great prosperity to our country this year; no doubt this is to give us another chance to do a great work in spreading the printed page "as the leaves of autumn." Shall we not try to meet the mind of God? Will you not send in your request for territory soon?

We are of good courage in the Lord. The men who are working in God's way and in his strength are having good success. Brother Hubbell, who is taking orders at the advanced prices, sent in a report a few days ago showing fifteen orders in twenty-five hours, value \$53.50, and eight hours' delivery with thirteen books, value \$45.50; or all together thirty-three hours, value \$99; averaging \$3 for each hour, and this in the middle of December. Surely God is with us! We are looking for great things for 1917. G. B. BOSWELL, *Field Missionary Secretary*.

Obituary

CAMPBELL.—C. J. Campbell was born in the city of New Orleans Jan. 1, 1870; and died at his home Friday night, Dec. 1, 1916, age 39 years and 11 months. He was married to Susie Toler in the year 1902, and they lived happily together for fourteen years, having no children.

Brother Campbell was sick for about six months. It was during his sickness that he took his stand for the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. Because of his sickness he was baptized in a bath-tub by the writer, thus testifying that he believed Jesus died for him and was buried and rose again for his justification. Brother Campbell was a strong believer in the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath. Though he did not keep the Sabbath before his sickness, he said, after he had taken his stand for Christ, that if it was the will of God for him to be restored to health, he would keep the Sabbath until the end. We thank God that he kept it until the end of his life and died in the faith.

Brother Campbell was a member of the Seventh-day Adventist church. It was his longing desire to meet and worship with his brethren, but he was not permitted to do so. He leaves his wife, his father, four sisters, brother, and many relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

Let us not sorrow as others who have no hope in the resurrection of the dead. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh; blessed be the man of the Lord. Words of comfort were spoken from Job. 14: 14 and 1 Thess. 4: 13-18.

C. G. MANNS.

In a recent letter from Brother J. T. Thompson, laboring in Uruguay, he tells of having found two families becoming interested in the truth, the fathers of whom spent their childhood in the Waldensian Valleys. The true missionary spirit still predominates their lives. One of these men heard Sister White speak in that land thirty-one years ago, and as a boy was greatly impressed with the truth. Now the seed bears fruitage, and with his family he is rejoicing in the third angel's message.

Colporteurs' Report, Week Ending Dec. 30, 1916

ALABAMA CONFERENCE

LOUISIANA CONFERENCE

| | Book | Hrs. | Ords. | Value | Helps | Total | Deliv. |
|-----------------------|------|------|-------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| U Bracy* | BF | 95 | 3 | \$ 3 50 | \$31 60 | \$35 10 | \$11 50 |
| H L Edwards | BR | 18 | 1 | 3 00 | | 3 00 | 63 00 |
| J E Foley | BR | 15 | 1 | 3 00 | | 3 00 | 34 00 |
| H A Lynd | BR | 3 | | | 70 | 70 | 6 00 |
| L H Perley* | D&R | 35 | 4 | 14 00 | | 14 00 | |
| F M Reiber | BR | 12 | | | 1 75 | 1 75 | 29 00 |
| Q Tew* | BR | 60 | 8 | 24 00 | | 24 00 | 64 00 |
| E C Widgery | D&R | 10 | | | | | 9 00 |
| Bibles | | | | 21 70 | | 21 70 | 8 00 |

| | | | | | |
|-----------------------|----|----|---------|---------|----------|
| M S Hubbell | 28 | \$ | | \$ | \$71 00 |
| T S Sligh | 2 | | | | 3 50 |
| L B Spear* | 45 | 22 | 77 00 | 77 00 | 29 00 |
| Bibles | | | 7 00 | 7 00 | |
| Totals (Agts. 3). | 77 | 22 | \$84 00 | \$84 00 | \$103 50 |

TENNESSEE RIVER CONFERENCE

| | | | | | | |
|-------------------------|-----|----|---------|---------|---------|----------|
| Jesse Allen | BR | 50 | \$ | \$ | \$ | \$174 00 |
| W A Gilbert | BR | 24 | | | | 89 00 |
| R H Hazelton* | BR | 74 | 16 | 56 00 | 2 70 | 58 70 |
| W J Keele | D&R | 28 | 6 | 10 00 | 17 25 | 27 25 |
| Totals (Agts. 4). | 176 | 22 | \$66 00 | \$19 95 | \$85 95 | \$377 00 |

KENTUCKY CONFERENCE

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------------------|----|----|----|-------|---------|---------|----------|
| F Pierce | BR | 59 | | \$ | \$33 60 | \$33 60 | \$156 00 |
| J Hickman | BR | 47 | 22 | 71 50 | 38 10 | 109 60 | 100 00 |
| J H Clark | BF | 77 | | | | | 194 50 |
| D E Lindsey | BR | 47 | 7 | 24 50 | 1 50 | 26 00 | 32 00 |
| R F Hickman | BR | | | | | | 167 88 |
| B E Wagner | BR | | | | | | 56 00 |
| J B Reichenbach | BR | | | | | | 94 20 |
| F L Harrison | BR | | | | | 4 38 | |
| Hatton Ford | BF | | | | | 20 31 | |
| J O Wheeler | BF | 22 | | | 52 50 | 52 50 | 147 00 |
| W H Martin | | | | | | | 14 60 |
| Lewis Ramey | BR | 41 | 2 | 6 00 | 2 40 | 8 40 | 77 00 |
| W P Ethington | BF | | | | | | 152 00 |
| Miscellaneous | | | | 72 76 | | 72 76 | 346 51 |
| Bibles | | | | 9 00 | | 9 00 | 36 25 |

G'd Totals (A. 37) 1101 100 \$433 46 \$211 15 \$560 61 \$2816 38

Summary to Date

| Conference | Orders | Helps | Deliveries |
|--------------------------|-------------|-----------|------------|
| Alabama Conference . . | \$ 10034 40 | \$ 473 95 | \$ 5491 20 |
| Kentucky Conference . . | 16692 80 | 877 90 | 12005 81 |
| Louisiana Conference . . | 9236 30 | 135 40 | 6453 87 |
| Mississippi Conference . | 21509 02 | 1150 95 | 9123 70 |
| Tenn. River Conference . | 10285 20 | 912 64 | 6147 44 |
| Totals | \$67757 72 | \$3550 84 | \$39222 02 |

Totals (Agts. 13) 293 31 \$183 76 \$128 10 \$311 86 \$1598 63

MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE*

| | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------|-----|----|---|---------|-------|---------|--------|
| Floyd Booth | BR | 5 | 4 | \$17 00 | \$ | \$17 00 | \$ |
| Elmer Chastain | | | | | 5 95 | 5 95 | |
| Perthia Hampton | PPF | 49 | | 5 50 | 2 50 | 8 00 | 6 00 |
| Mrs. Harrell Misc. | | | | | 8 05 | 8 05 | |
| Hattie Jacobs | HM | 11 | | | 1 05 | 1 05 | 22 00 |
| L J McElroyd & R. | PPF | 92 | 4 | 8 00 | 11 50 | 19 50 | 200 00 |
| Virgil Smith† | D&R | 30 | | | | | 44 00 |
| E A Taylor | BR | 40 | | | | | 96 00 |
| J L Waller | D&R | 80 | | | | | 115 00 |
| Bibles | | | | | | | 29 75 |

Totals (Agts. 9). 307 8 \$30 50 \$29 05 \$59 55 \$512 75

Magazine Agents' Report for Week Ending Dec. 30, 1916

KENTUCKY CONFERENCE

| Agent | No. | Value |
|-------------------------|-----|--------|
| Miscellaneous | 50 | \$5 00 |
| Jones | 175 | 17 50 |
| Allen | 50 | 5 00 |
| Hornung | 100 | 10 00 |

LOUISIANA CONFERENCE

| | | |
|-------------------------|-----|---------|
| Miscellaneous | 490 | 49 00 |
| Totals | 865 | \$86 50 |

An Extraordinary Idea

If the handing out of one copy of the Yiddish magazine to a passing Jew can give such a vision of possibilities as it did to one worker who did it, what would it mean to our work for the Jewish people if every one would begin?

This personal letter received by the publishers of the Yiddish magazine is too good to file without passing on:

"I do not suppose that you will see anything extraordinary about this nickel (five cent coin enclosed), but I can assure you that I feel it represents an idea in our future work for the foreign population of this country. Some of you good brethren sent me a sample copy of the new Yiddish magazine, and the other day when I was going to San Jose I noticed a man sitting across the aisle whom I thought could read that language, and so I pulled this copy out of my satchel and gave it to him. He assured me that he could read it and thanked me very politely three times for having handed it to him. After we had passed a few stations he got up to leave the train and while doing so said he noticed the price of the magazine was five cents, and

handed me this same nickel. This shows to me that a very earnest and energetic work can be carried on among our foreign population with even greater success perhaps than we have had in the American missionary work for a year or two past."

While we aren't so sure about the price, this experience shows how eagerly our Jewish magazines are accepted. We trust all who read it may determine to get a similar inspiration to work for the Jews within their reach. A suggestive outline for presenting the magazine is furnished with each supply. Thirty-five hundred copies of the Yiddish magazine have been sold since its announcement three weeks ago. Order of your tract society. Price, \$5.00 a hundred.

The following resolution was passed by the North American Division Conference Committee at its autumn session:

Whereas, The Morning Watch has been greatly used of God to deepen the spiritual life of our people, young and old,

WE RECOMMEND, That all our workers observe the Morning Watch and encourage all our people to do the same; and that our ministers endeavor to see that new converts and all church members are supplied with the Morning Watch Calendar.

* Two weeks. † Orders of J. L. Waller.

SOUTHERN UNION WORKER

Published weekly (fifty numbers) by
THE SOUTHERN UNION CONFERENCE

EMBRACING

Tennessee River, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana
Conferences

2014 23rd Ave. N., Nashville, Tenn.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE : : : FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

Printed by the Southern Publishing Association
of Seventh-day Adventists

Entered as second-class matter, May 19, 1910, at the post-office at
Nashville, Tenn., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Pertaining to the Union

Union Conference Directory

S. E. WIGHT, President.
G. H. CURTIS, Secretary-Treasurer and Auditor.
J. W. DAVIS, Union Missionary Secretary.
LYNN H. WOOD, Educational and Y. P. M. V. Secretary.
OFFICE ADDRESS, 2014 23rd Ave. N., Nashville, Tenn.

News Items

Elder S. E. Wight returned to the office Friday morning, January 5, from a visit to the Southern Junior College.

The Southern Junior College Board will meet at the school farm the eleventh. Elder Evans, president of the North American Division, will meet with them.

The Negro Ministerial Institute which has previously been advertised is now in session at Huntsville, Ala. Elders I. H. Evans and G. B. Thompson from Washington are in attendance. The Oakwood School Board will hold its meeting in connection with the ministerial institute Wednesday, the tenth.

Elder W. H. Anderson, of the Barotseland Mission, Africa, arrived at Ooltewah Tuesday evening, the second, to visit his daughter, who has been in this country four years attending school. Brother Anderson will visit several churches while in the South, among which will be Nashville, Tenn. He brings with him a cheering report of the progress of the message in the field he represents.

The Mississippi Colporteurs' Institute is now in session at Jackson. Brethren J. W. Davis and M. W. Schilder are assisting the field secretary, J. R. Staton.

The Bookmen's Convention of the Southern Publishing Association territory, which includes the three conferences, namely, Southeastern, Southern, and Southwestern, will begin in Nashville Friday, January 12. On Monday, the fifteenth, the Southern Publishing Association constituency will meet for its legal meeting, and at this time the reports will be given from the different departments, and officers will be elected. Elders I. H. Evans, G. B. Thompson, W. W. Eastman, and Meade MacGuire will be in attendance from Washington, D. C. There will be about ninety people present at this meeting, and it bids fair to be one of the most interesting and profitable meetings ever held.

The Elders' and Workers' Meeting held by the Tennessee River Conference in Hazel, Ky., during the holidays was much appreciated by those in attendance. Elder Haskell's long experience in this work made it not only interesting, but profitable beyond estimation. All returned to their homes feeling that the time in which we have to do our work is short, that there is nothing too hard to undertake, and that we can accomplish all things outlined for the remnant people.

The following names were received for the Honor Roll of the Kentucky Conference a little too late to appear in our issue last

week: Edith Johnson, of Tri City; Mary Lewis, of Owensboro; Mrs. C. E. Allen, of Louisville; Nora Schroader, of Hartford; and Ethel Hickman, of the conference church. We are very much pleased with the showing made by the conferences in the Harvest Ingathering work, and it is encouraging to see the number who have been able to raise \$5 and more as shown by these Honor Rolls.

FOR SALE: Fifty acres of land, with new house, barn, concrete cistern, good spring, concrete cave with potato house above; located twenty-five miles from Chattanooga, and six miles from Trenton, Ga., county seat and railroad town; within a quarter of a mile of Seventh-day Adventist church and school, and near rural mail route. Fifteen acres are under cultivation and the remainder is in woods pasture. There are two hundred fruit trees in bearing, including apple, peach, pear, plum, and cherry, also grape vineyard and various small fruits. Excellent fruit and truck farm. \$1,000 cash. Reason for selling is that I may go as a self-supporting missionary to a South American field. Address E. W. Graves, Long Island, Ala.

Fountain Head News Items

A few of the resolutions that were made at morning-worship the first morning of the new year were: To put forth renewed efforts in learning the Morning Watch verses; to pray at stated times each day; to read the Bible; to study the Sabbath school lesson, and to make each day the beginning of a new year. One said, "The year is a circle, and to complete its circuit we must not turn back."

Our sins are cords, holding us to the earth. It is easy to cut most of them, but most of us leave one — our besetting sin — still attached; and with this holding us down, we wobble around and are still held in its clutches. It is to sever this last cord that we shall work this new year.

Brother F. F. West goes to Knoxville this week where he will spend some time at the University Farm.

Professor Wood was a recent visitor and brought with him his usual good cheer and courage.

Gladys Bartholomew returned Monday from Huntsville, Ala., where she spent a week with her sister, Miss Bertha Bartholomew.

We have made a definite beginning in campaign work with papers. Two of our young ladies, in company with a teacher, went out Friday, and they report some good experiences in selling a number of papers. It is our plan to do this on a stated day each month.

Elder and Mrs. Haskell are planning to be with us soon for a week's Bible study.

For Exchange

Brother H. M. Walen, of Fountain Head, has an extra copy of "Testimonies for the Church" Vol. II in the cloth binding, which he desires to exchange for a copy of Volume III. Any one willing to make this transfer please communicate with Brother Walen at the above address.

The Cost of Living

Ten clear, snappy, right-to-the-point articles in the February number of *Life and Health* will help you to solve the cost of living problem in your family. What will benefit you will benefit every home in the Southern Union. Five to forty copies cost 5 cents each; fifty or more copies cost 4 cents each. Your conference tract society will be glad to handle your order.

"There will be no idler, no slothful one who neglects the work of the Lord, found inside the kingdom of heaven."