



MISSIONARY LEADER

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Home Missions Department

Suggestive Programme for the Fourth Sabbath Home Missionary Service

(To be held on December 24)

The Power of the Pen in Missionary Endeavour

Opening Song: "Speed on Thy Truth," "Christ in Song," No. 695.
 Scripture Lesson: Philippians 4.
 Prayer.
 Presentation of Theme: "The Power of the Pen in Missionary Endeavour." Missionary Experiences.
 Closing Song: "Make Me a Blessing to-day," "Christ in Song," No. 500.
 Benediction.

Note to the Leaders

The art of effective missionary correspondence should be developed and fostered to a greater extent than has been the case in recent years. In the early days of the message, missionary correspondence was a mighty lever to open the way for the progress of the third angel's message, and our present standing as a denomination is based upon the prayerful, faithful efforts of men and women who did what they could in sending forth the printed page accompanied by letters establishing personal interest in God's truth. It is hoped that this Sabbath service will result in a larger correspondence work than has ever been carried forward in our churches before.

The Power of the Pen in Missionary Endeavour

THE topic for consideration in this Home Missionary service—"The Power of the Pen in Missionary Endeavour"—deals with a fundamental principle of missionary work in our denomination, and carries us back to the days of the ancient prophets, who through inspiration, were many times instructed to "write" what was revealed to them, proving that the pen has ever been an instrument of divine recognition and use. Among the notable "scribes" of the Old Testament might be mentioned Seraiah (2 Sam. 8:17); Sheva, (2 Sam. 20:25); Shebna (2 Kings 18:18, Isa. 36:3); Jonathan, David's uncle (1 Chron. 27:32); Shimshai, who wrote an important letter to Artaxerxes (Ezra 4:8); Ezra, who was a ready scribe in the law of Moses (Ezra 7:6, 11); Baruch, the scribe whom the Lord hid from his enemies (Jer. 36:26); and a very familiar

character of New Testament times is Timothy, the faithful companion and amanuensis of the apostle Paul, who made possible the many inspiring letters of Paul to the early church, filled with instruction applicable to believers to the end of the Christian dispensation.

That the "pen is mightier than the sword" is demonstrated in the history of the reformation of the sixteenth century. It was the product of Luther's pen which stirred the world in that eventful period, and caused to emerge from the darkness of papal supremacy the star of light and freedom in Christ Jesus, and opened the way for the proclamation of the third angel's message to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

And ever since that time the noise of an increasingly large number of pens sending forth the written message of truth has been sounding louder and louder, and will not be abated until the probationary period is ended and the decree goes forth, "He that is unjust let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous let him be righteous still: and he that is holy let him be holy still." Rev. 22:11. In the providence of God, through modern printing facilities, the product of the pen is greatly accelerated; but the printed page cannot be sent forth without the assistance of the pen in the hands of men and women who stand in their lot and place as faithful scribes in the Lord's service.

The Vigilant Missionary Society

THE facts connected with the preparation and printing of the first periodical by the pioneers in the Advent Movement are too well known to demand repetition here. When the first edition of that little sheet entitled *Present Truth* was brought from the printing office to the home of Pastor James White, it was not left to remain there until by chance some disposition could be made of it. The Lord made it possible to secure the papers, and at the same time created the burden and desire in the hearts of His faithful children to send them on their mission of warning. With pen and ink, the little company of believers carefully wrote the chosen addresses on the wrappers, and when all papers were wrapped and addressed, the pile was placed in the middle of the floor, and the devoted believers bowed around and prayed that God's Spirit would accompany the papers and impress the truth upon honest hearts. This prayer was answered. Such prayer is always answered.

In a short time the message of truth spread into an extended area, and small companies of believers were established here and there who, in turn, were eager to hold up the light of truth and reach out after others in as wide a range as possible.

In the beautiful village of South Lancaster, Massachusetts, one such company existed in the year 1869; and it was from this point that the plan of sending out literature in an extensive way, closely followed by personal correspondence, originated. It was from this company of believers that there sprang into existence "The Vigilant Missionary Society"—a term duly significant, for it was no half-hearted, spasmodic effort which these workers put forth. As in other things, "eternal vigilance" was and is the price to be paid in the winning of souls from the deception of the enemy of all righteousness to the glorious enlightenment which pervades the pathway of the just.

Pastor S. N. Haskell, residing at South Lancaster, took particular interest in the efforts of the Vigilant Missionary Society, and to him belongs the full credit for organizing this line of work and fostering it for many years. Pastor Haskell is rightly called the "Father of the Tract and Missionary Idea," and is still one of the strongest advocates of missionary correspondence work that we have in our ranks. Pastor Haskell furnishes the following bit of history concerning the early days of the work:

"It was due to the earnest pleadings of Brother and Sister White that I conceived the idea of trying to do something by an organized effort. A few of the sisters in South Lancaster came together, and we organized them into what was called 'the Vigilant Missionary Society,' with Mrs Roxa Rice as president, and Mrs Mary L. Priest as secretary. It was not the expectation that the brethren should join this society—they could pay their money into the society, but it was thought that the brethren were too busy to engage in 'missionary work.' (This, of course, was a mistaken idea, which vanished in due time.)

"The meetings of the Vigilant Missionary Society were held each Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, at which time the members would report what they had done during the week. Their plan was for each to visit a portion of the neighbourhood during the week, carrying with them tracts on different subjects. As they visited the people, and found an interest in any particular subject, they were prepared to emphasize the truths stated by leaving a tract on the subject. All who engaged in this work were bound by ties of unity and sympathy, and when any of the members moved to other parts of the country they continued their work and reported to the Vigilant Missionary Society. This developed into extensive correspondence, which necessitated the appointment of a correspondence agent, who would report cases to the society, and the members would then write letters and send tracts to these individuals. These correspondence agents not only sent in names of

those who did not know the truth, but also of those connected with the church who were in need of help. They did not make known to the church with which they were connected their observations on the lists of names they formulated. Persons whose names were sent in would receive a letter from some unknown individual, possibly a thousand miles away, adapted to their condition as if a personal acquaintance existed; and this seemed to them something miraculous. Those who were backslidden, or discouraged, or bitterly opposed to the truth, would be made special subjects of prayer, and marvellous results were seen.

"This correspondence work broadened until it reached England, Scotland, and wherever the English language was spoken. Those engaged in the work became so enthusiastic over the possibilities they saw in it that one of the corresponding secretaries studied French, in order to carry on correspondence in that language, and another studied German for the same purpose. In a short time people of different nationalities began to embrace the truth, and they began to correspond with friends, many of whom were in the Old Country. In 1882, when I first visited Scandinavia, several companies had embraced the truth, and it was stated that every company had been raised up as a result of interest first awakened by correspondence with friends in America."

Concerning the Vigilant Missionary Society, it is further stated that during a period of six years, with but very few exceptions, every Wednesday at 3 p. m. found the company of workers assembled for their weekly missionary meeting and prayer service. These few omissions, we are assured, were due to sickness or other unavoidable circumstances, and not to lack of interest. How many of our prayer and missionary societies of the present day could produce a record of attendance equal to that of the early days? This question may never find a definite answer, but it may serve as an incentive to thoughtful reflection which will force home a new sense of conviction as to the truthfulness of the familiar statement.—

"Much prayer, much power;
Little prayer, little power;
No prayer, no power."

Experiences in the Early Days

One of the charter members of the Vigilant Missionary Society, in later years became an invalid. But she did not cease missionary activities. A steady stream of literature ebbed from her home. An acquaintance writes:

"I remember near the close of her life, when she was unable to leave her bed, she would have a young girl from the school come in to wrap and address the *Signs* and write missionary letters at her dictation. Shortly before she died, she was asked, 'Have you seen any results from your missionary efforts during all these years?' And it is reported that she replied, with a smile of joy, 'O yes, I know by actual count of one hundred souls now in the truth for whom I have prayed and laboured.'"

Another faithful worker of the early days writes of her experience as follows: "As a result of my efforts the first summer, one of the ten persons I had been corresponding with began the observance of the Sabbath. Encouraged by this result I increased my list by five names.

But a few months later I became somewhat discouraged, and concluded I had made a mistake in taking these papers, and that after all I was not the person to engage in this kind of work; and I tried to think of someone better fitted for the work, to whom I could give the papers. I had no more than decided on a certain person, when the word, 'Be not weary in well doing,' so impressed my mind that I deferred writing to the individual. Soon afterward I received a postal card from one of the individuals to whom I had been sending papers, asking for tracts on the Sabbath question. To be brief, as a result of that effort, forty persons accepted the truth. Some of the persons to whom I had been writing and sending papers, and who had manifested an interest in our publications I had entirely lost trace of until some minister or worker in our missions would inform me of their having accepted these truths.

"Another instance comes to mind. At one time I saw in a paper an article from a lady in Kansas, requesting religious reading. The article was signed 'P.' I felt that I must secure her address in some way, and after praying for guidance in the matter I finally decided to send a note to her. I promptly received a reply to my note, and began sending papers to her. The lady informed me of her deep interest in the papers, and inquired for further light on the subject of the soon coming of the Lord. I forwarded tracts on this subject, and inclosed one on the Sabbath question. Four weeks later she, with three others, was observing the Sabbath of the Lord. In the course of two or three years the number increased until there was quite a company of commandment-keepers, and a church building was erected."

Wonderful are the results which have attended the sending forth of truth-filled literature accompanied by personal correspondence. This work has never ceased, but there have been lulls in these activities at various times which have been far too extensive and prolonged.

A Correspondence Band in Every Church

The term "Correspondence Band," about which much is said to-day, is the same as the "Vigilant Missionary Society" of former days. The first step in church missionary organization should embrace the formation of a Correspondence Band, under the direction of a leader.

The leader of the correspondence band has a most interesting and fruitful field of service, and it is a great honour to be intrusted with so responsible a work in the cause of God.

No church is too small for the organization of a correspondence band. If there is only one member, he can constitute a correspondence band of one, and do a mighty work through the power of the pen and the truth-filled literature. Wherever there is a Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society, there exists a Prayer and Correspondence Band. Let young and old unite, and "consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works." Heb. 10:24.

Literature to Accompany Missionary Correspondence

Missionary correspondence without missionary literature is a misnomer. Missionary literature without missionary correspondence is greatly weakened in effectiveness. The two go hand in hand. It is preferable that the worker choose

the literature he wishes to send out. Possibly the pioneer missionary paper, the *Signs of the Times*, remains the standard publication for use in missionary correspondence work. The slogan of the publishers, "More *Signs* going out means more souls coming in," is coming to be recognized as a fact, and the wonderful experience of people accepting the truth through reading the *Signs of the Times* are numerous and constant.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

Good Health

Opening Exercises.

Bible Study.

Topic: "God's Masterpiece."

Reading: "A Work of Reform."

Reading: "The World in Bondage."

Reading: "The World's Scavenger."

Reading: "Living for God."

Experience: "Wesley on Tea-drinking."

Poem: "Good Health."

Bible Study

1. What blessing did God especially design His people should enjoy? III John 2.
2. What may Jehovah be called? Ex. 15:26.
3. What does God direct His people to do in respect to diet? Isa. 55:2.
4. What animal has God especially prohibited His people from using? Deut. 14:8
5. What finally overtakes those who disregard this prohibition? Isa. 66:17.
6. What three dangers face God's latter-day people? Luke 21:34.
7. Who first tempted man on the point of appetite? Gen. 3:3-5.
8. Then whose servant must the man conquered by appetite become? Rom. 6:16.
9. What is God's plan? I Cor. 10:31.
10. Can this be done with things that gain the mastery over man? Matt. 6:24.

God's Masterpiece

"FEARFULLY and wonderfully made," man stands as the masterpiece of the Creator. With an Eden for his home, a world for his dominion, and angelic companionships, man began his history—a being full of health and marvellous in beauty.

The greatest possible care was taken in the choice of his diet—"every tree that was good for food" being made to grow for the use of man. Jehovah also designed that man should retain his health and sinless condition for ever, but on the point of appetite God's masterpiece failed! And on that point, chiefly, he has been a failure ever since.

A Work of Reform

ISRAEL was called from the old Egypt-world to the land of Canaan. On the way God gave them the corn of heaven to eat. But they were not satisfied with the "corn of heaven." The reformation was undervalued and they longed again for

'he fleshpots of Egypt! Then they died—died at the rate of forty-five daily for forty years, and many of their graves were the "graves of lust."

Now again, God is leading His people. But it is from the old world to the Heavenly Canaan. Again He would have them leave the fleshpots of Egypt and eat the "corn of heaven."

The World in Bondage

It is estimated that there are 1,650,000,000 people in the world to-day. But the sad thought is that most of them are slaves—slaves to fashion, slaves to wrong habits, slaves to appetite, slaves to tobacco, alcohol and tea, morphine and opium! These are all destroyers of human beauty and health. The world is mastered by appetite and man is made a slave by its power.

The World's Scavenger

In the first notice of the swine that we have in history he is declared to be "unclean." Lev. 11: 7, 8. And the last notice in prophecy of this animal is that those who eat the unclean creature are destroyed. Isa. 66: 17. Yet this unclean beast is the very idol of the world's depraved appetite today. It forms the most dainty and expensive of modern fleshpots. Watson's Bible Dictionary says; "The hog delights more in the fetid mire than in the clear and running stream. The mud is the chosen place of his repose, and to wallow in it seems to constitute one of his greatest pleasures. To wash him is vain; for he is no sooner at liberty than he hastens to the puddle, and besmears himself anew." Then men delight in eating the hog that delights in wallowing in the mire.

Vernuil, of Paris, and Roux, of Lausanne, have recently announced that the use of pork is the cause of cancer. M. Vernuil, some time ago, stated that his observations had convinced him that the use of meat as a regular diet was the most probable cause of cancer, and the further study of the subject has led him to the conclusion that pork, if not the sole cause of cancer, is at least a very common factor in the etiology of this disease.

In 1914 deaths from cancer, in England, numbered nearly forty thousand. This is only a picture of the world, for this terrible disease is marching on and trampling down its millions. Yet men continue to eat the unclean and die!

Living for God

"No man can serve two masters," If any form of appetite binds you, you cannot give Christ the service that He requires. His servant must be cleansed from all "filthiness" of both flesh and spirit. 2 Cor. 7: 1. God has planned to give every servant freedom in Jesus Christ. The gospel is still the "power of God unto salvation" to all who believe. Sin must not rule and appetite must not dominate the mind that would work and live for the Master!

The world is sick today. More than twelve million people lie on beds of pain. In all probability most of this sickness has come through perverted appetite.

Wesley on Tea Drinking

"AFTER talking largely with both men and women leaders, we agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time and money, if the people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking tea. We resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expected some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six and twenty years' standing; and the first three days my head ached, more or less, all day long, and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day, on Wednesday, in the afternoon, my memory failed me almost entirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On Thursday morning my headache was gone, my memory was as strong as ever, and I found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in many respects, from that very day to this."

"We are consuming far too much meat," says Dr. Alexander Bryce of Birmingham, England. "Our daily food is of a gross and stimulating character, by no means calculated to make pure blood and strong muscles, and build up a sound nervous system. A larger proportion of well cooked cereal foods, fruits, nuts, and vegetables, would be a great improvement on the diet generally in vogue, and would have a most beneficial effect upon the people's health."

"Tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate—These four narcotics, essentially alike in character and effects, though obtained from widely different sources, are very largely used in all civilized as well as barbarous countries."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg says; "Theine and caffeine, the active principles of tea and coffee, are toxic elements which at first increase and then diminish vital action, thus occasioning debility of the digestive organs from long continued use."

The joy of living is lost to many because appetite or inactivity has barred the way to good health.

Good Health

Sweet gift, designed of Heaven for man below.

And yet how oft by thoughtless man refused;

Bearer of blessings to both small and great,

And yet how oft in carelessness abused!

Home charms are sweetened by its pleasing smile,

And toil is lightened by its joyous art,

While all our heavy burdens lighter seem,
When health and gladness share a part!

But man is thoughtless and his selfish will
Ruled by the whims of fashion and its sin

Finds many a deadly foe encamped with-
out,

And many a weakness lodged within!

A slave to appetite, he often sits
Beside the wine-cup, with its taunting smile,

And Egypt's flesh-pots ever hold him fast;
He drinks and eats and dies the while!

A thoughtless child, he digs an early
grave,

By habit deepened, for his aching head.
And there he seeks a hiding place from pain,

E'er manhood's brightest years have
fled!

O man, why not accept the gifts of
Heaven,

Bestowed in kindness for thy joy and
strength?

Refusing evil, ever find the good,
With rest and peace and home at
length!

R. HARE.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

Making Ready for Life

Opening Exercises.

Topic: "What is Life?"

Topic: "Realize Your Possibilities."

Reading: "Things Worth While."

Reading: "The Open Door."

An Incident: "Choosing an Education."

LEADER'S NOTE.—As this is the day appointed for the Young People when the morning service will be devoted to the interests of the youth, it would be fitting to spend some time in the young people's meeting of this day in considering the themes presented in the church service, and how the ideals set for the Missionary Volunteers can best be realized. This will harmonize with the other items chosen for this day's programme.

What Is Life?

WHAT is life? It is honesty, usefulness, truthfulness, cheerfulness, filial obedience, and loyalty to God—all these made alive and effective through human flesh. Those who do not possess these traits of character are dead so far as the original measure of man is concerned.

Youth is the formative period of life, the time when these characteristics, if fostered and cherished, take root, grow strong, and blossom forth into praiseworthy action. If these character seeds are not encouraged in their growth, the life of the boy or girl, of the man or woman, is dwarfed, almost helplessly so.

Just as the man whose body fails to develop properly is a dwarf, an object of general pity, so is he dwarfed in whose life these character seeds were stunted in youth; and the character-stunted man is no less an object of pity than the physical dwarf.

The Creator set a certain standard in physical height for man, and he set as definite a heart standard. The dishonest man, the untruthful man, fails to reach this spiritual standard; so is dwarfed, a runt in God's great kingdom of men; and he is counted so in the business and the social world. He is not a real man, and cannot be so regarded.

Under certain treatment the physically dwarfed body is sometimes stimulated to development; so through the Spirit of Christ, the spiritually dwarfed soul may be revived with the eternal character principles.

Seeds of truth and honesty grow best in an environment of strict loyalty to these high principles, an environment where parents, teachers, and church associates are all true to the heart's core.

They thrive best under an atmosphere of hardship and self-reliance. The much pampered boy or girl is quite likely to be too spineless to grow such sturdy habits as truthfulness and strict honesty.

Dr. J. L. Miller says: "Strength is the glory of manhood. Yet it is not easy to

be strong—it is easier to be weak and to drift. It is easier for the boy in school not to work hard to get his lessons, but to let them go, and then at the last depend on some other boy to help him through. It is easier, when something happens to make you irritable, just to fly into a temper and say bitter words, than it is to keep quiet and self-controlled. It is easier, when you are with other young people, and they are about to do something that you know to be unworthy, just to go with them, than it is to say, 'I cannot do this wickedness against God.' It is easier to be weak than to be strong."

But strength, not ease, is the glory of manhood. As was Samson when shorn of his physical strength, so are we without those strength-revealing characteristics which constitute the glory of man. F.D.C.

Realize Your Possibilities

MOTHER used to say, "Can't never did anything." How true it is. Around us every day are human and divine possibilities that are never realized because people think they "can't." Some say, "I can't sing," "I can't pray in public," "I can't make my way through school," "I can't sell things," "I can,—"

How do they know they can't? If human reason says a thing is possible, it is possible; if human reason says a thing is impossible, it may yet be done—by the exercise of a little faith.

This is an age of scientific miracles; but all this invention and progress is the result of some one here and some one there believing they could do things which others declared could not be done. Multitudes of scientific wonders are not yet discovered, multitudes of noble deeds have gone undone, much valuable talent has never been exercised, because man's faith and will are too weak for him to say, "I can do it," or "It can be done."

A little more faith, and a little more exercised will-power, and most of these waiting, wasting possibilities would become realities, and we would no longer need to overwork that little word, "if," which too well betrays our human limitations and weaknesses.

The fault of many who do not act when they should is merely that they do not believe. You cannot do much unless you believe you can. When a man tackles a job, who reasons like this: "What others can do, I can do," or, "It looks reasonable, and I'll try it," that man usually makes good. "According to your faith be it unto you," said Jesus, as He touched the blind eyes, and then faith opened the eyes. How many blind eyes would be opened if people had faith! How many people who never rise above the commonplace and the obscure would become burning and shining lights! To thousands of youth who feel themselves bound in fetters of circumstance, ungifted, unfortunate, without opportunity, who say to every call to service or even to preparation for service, "I cannot, I cannot," faith keeps repeating, "You can, you can!"

Multitudes of young men and women are stopping their ears to great and important calls because they are afraid. Christ walking toward them on the water

is to them a phantasm. "Let not God speak with us, lest we die!" exclaimed the foolish Israelites, as they backed away beyond the bounds appointed by the Lord. They might have said, "Lord, Thou knowest what we can stand; reveal to us Thy will." But they lacked the faith to do it.

Paul was given a startling revelation of God's purpose in his life. Afterward he was able to say, no doubt with a considerable degree of satisfaction, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." When God gives to the youth of to-day visions of responsibility, He appreciates the compliance of faith as much as He did in former days. Modern revelations may not parallel in vividness the experience of Paul on his way to Damascus, but when they come from a divine source, their good purpose should not go unheeded.

Faith takes people out of the world's ruts and puts them in training for the Lord's work. It removes ignorance and unbelief, and imparts a wisdom that is genuine. It replaces weakness with strength. It overcomes sinfulness and brings righteousness from the Sanctuary. It puts into the hands of the one who exercises it the keys of success. It opens doors of opportunity, and escorts us through, strong in the consciousness of divine aid and ability.

Remember that when God calls, it is always with hope. Optimism drips from the rainbow about His throne. He does not invite your help and then magnify your impotence. He does not ask you to accept a position and then tell you it is vain for you to hope to fill it. Spirits that are from above may caution, but they never discourage. The hypnotist tells his subject, "You have no feet; but must walk on your hands," and the poor dupe believes and tries to do so. Satan says, "You are inexperienced, you will blunder, you will be talked about and laughed at. You can do nothing, you are supine" (that is, flat on your back—see Standard Dictionary). If you believe it, then you might as well be. Thinking you are weak, you become weak. As you think in your heart, so you become. With faith in your heart you can resolutely think yourself divinely enabled to do God's work, and then go ahead and do it. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I can think myself a creature of circumstances and then become one, utterly unable to cope with the forces about me that order my inaptitude; or I can trust in God, the Creator of circumstances (incidentally creating a few myself, if need be), and be and do just what He would have me to be and do.

With the help of His Father, Christ was always what He wanted to be. We have the same Father that He had, and Christ's experience besides. If we want what God wants, we can become what we want to be, if we want it with enough intensity and seek it through that kind of faith that works. Our faith should be stronger than the arguments of Satan, our purposes greater than our handicaps, and our determination mightier than the petty things that would keep us down. With Christ as the Captain of our salvation, we, through faith, may each become the master of our own destiny.

E. F. COLLIER.

—Things Worth While

WHAT are the supreme things in life? What are the things that will give you joy when you reach the end of the road? Not power, not position, not wealth, not pleasure. O, no, these are not the supreme things. Whether they shall bless or curse life depends alone on the manner in which they are used. The beautiful clothes for which you sigh; the fascinating story which crowds out all thought of present troubles or neglected duties; that high salary that is leading you to sacrifice some principles of Christian manhood; those pleasures that it seems you cannot forego,—these, none of these, are the supreme things in life.

When you reach the end of life, it will not make you glad to be able to say, "Well, I owned the finest automobile in our part of the country; I dressed better than any of my friends; I read every really popular novel of my day; my musical accomplishments made others green with envy; we had more money, more land, more power, than any other family in our neighbourhood; I had a better education and a higher position than any of my associates; no one was more popular than I in social gatherings; no family in the community was as prominent as ours."

O, no, these and a hundred other things that many young people are seeking to win, are not the supreme things in life. These are not the things that will make you glad when you reach the other side. Some day these, too, will go the way of the mud pies that we used to make and guard with zealous care. Whether your money, your education, your influence, your ability, and all similar blessings will give you joy in the last great day, will depend altogether on the way you use them. —Selected.

The Open Door

"BEHOLD, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." The next time you feel blue and discouraged, and think that you have no chance to make good as others have; when you feel that there isn't much use in struggling because fate or destiny is against you, just recall this promise: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

The promise means literally what the words signify, or it means nothing. But we know it to be true that the door which our Creator has opened to us no man can shut. That is, no one outside of ourselves can shut it. The promise is not for a few favoured ones, but for all. You are the only one that can bar the door He holds open for you. And many a man is barring the door against himself while he is wondering why it is not open, wondering what is keeping it barred so tightly.

You know plenty of men and women whom no power on earth could permanently discourage or hold back. They would allow no man to bar the door ahead of them. Every day some brave soul whose faith and courage bear down all obstacles proves the promise true.

There is no one but yourself that can shut the door which leads to a larger life. There are no obstacles, no difficulties, no power on earth that can close your open door.

If you think you have no chance; if you are convinced that there is no opportunity

for you anywhere on this beautiful earth; if you do not try to enter the open door, but sit down and blame fate or luck or destiny for your plight, of course you will close the door; but no other human being can close it.

Faith and courage keep the door open, and they light the path that leads to it.

ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

Choosing an Education

A LITTLE girl's father, who was a brakeman on a Southern railroad, had been killed, and his fellow train-men were anxious to do something for his little daughter about eleven years old. So a committee called upon her to find out what her wish might be, with the promise that if possible it should be fulfilled. They had anticipated such an answer as "a big doll," "a trip to Asheville," the nearest city, or some such girlish longing. But without an instant's hesitation the child replied: "An education, if you please." The men were taken off their feet, but they were game, and today the mountaineer's daughter is a pupil in an Asheville school, kept there by the men who were too loyal to go back on their promise to grant her whatever she might wish. With an education she could make her way in life and the better do her life's work. She could become a more useful citizen, and more effectually serve her Saviour.—*Selected.*

Missionary Volunteer Programme Third Week

"Even So Send I You"

Opening Exercises.

Topic: "The Real Value of a Soul."

Reading: "Side Lights on Missionary Work."

Reading: "Obey When God Speaks."

The Real Value of a Soul

"THE value of a soul, who can estimate? Would you know its worth, go to Gethsemane, and there watch with Christ through those hours of anguish, when He sweat as it were great drops of blood. Look upon the Saviour uplifted on the cross. Hear that despairing cry, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' Look upon the wounded head, the pierced side, the marred feet. Remember that Christ risked all. For our redemption heaven itself was imperilled. At the foot of the cross, remembering that for one sinner Christ would have laid down His life, you may estimate the value of a soul."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 196.

Are we worth the sacrifice that has been made for us? Let us settle it today that we will at least by our unselfish service for the Master prove to Him that we appreciate His infinite love. "Live so that those who know you, but do not know Him, will want to know Him because they know you." By and by it will be our unspeakable, happy privilege to look into the face of our Saviour and express to Him in person our thanks for what He has done for us.

"I WONDER if we'll help Him, you and I; Or shall we look across His work with careless eye?"

Shall we not offer some dear service in His name?

Set burning in some heathen heart God's flame?

"Or better yet, our truest best lives give That He who died on Calvary, may live In some sad heart—perhaps not o'er the sea.—

That heart may wait *next door* to you and me."

"How sweet 'twill be at evening,
If you and I can say,
'Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The sheep that went astray;
Heartsick and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And now we come at evening
Bearing them safely home.'"

Side Lights on Missionary Work

IN the Arizona desert there is a well fifty-five miles from any other water. Scattered all around, within fifteen or twenty miles of it, are bones of men and their horses who might have reached it had it been possible to know, on that featureless plain, where to find it. As close as five miles stand two wagons, each with skeletons of its party huddled around it. And at the very gateway of the inclosure a prospector was found one morning, lost and dead. Finally an owner erected a lighthouse. He planted a tall cottonwood pole and strung a lantern upon it, and that has been kept always lighted. We shiver to think that former owners could have been willing to neglect this,—to rescue perishing fellow men by so simple a means. But are you and I doing worse than that? Are we leaving our fellows in a more dreadful danger, neglecting to hold out to them the light of salvation?—*Epworth Herald.*

A Chain of Missionaries

"Robert Moffat went to Africa in 1817. There he laboured untiringly until 1870. God did a wonderful work through him. Hundreds were converted. In 1840 he spent a short time in England lecturing on missions in Africa. David Livingstone, a young medical student, heard him relate that on a bright morning he could see the smoke of a thousand villages ascending, and not one of them had ever heard the name of Jesus. That was Livingstone's call. He went to Africa in 1840, and laboured strenuously until 1873, doing a mighty work for God. In 1871 the world thought Livingstone was lost or dead. Nothing had been heard from him for months. The New York *Herald* and London *Times* sent Stanley to find him. After eleven months' search, Stanley found the dear old gray-headed man of God, and tried to get him to return to civilization. But Livingstone felt his work was not yet completed. Stanley spent four months with Livingstone, and the newspaper skeptic became a converted man. God then used Stanley to call the attention of the world to Africa and especially to Uganda. Mackay responded to the need, and thousands were converted. Thus Moffat won Livingstone, Livingstone won Stanley, Stanley won Mackay, Mackay won Uganda."—*Selected.*

Obey When God Speaks

THERE came to my mind one day an impression that I should go to a certain man with the Word of Life. He was a most unpromising case. Others had laboured with him in vain. I tried to reason the impression away, but it would not go. I

said "Lord, you know how full this week is. There is only one evening in which it would be possible for me to see him, and the chances are he would not be at home." Thus I tried to escape the plain, clear call of God. Shame on us that we are so slow to do His bidding! I went reluctantly to the man's home. He responded to my ring, ushered me into the reception room, and closed the door. Without delay I told him of my interest in his spiritual welfare, and asked him to accept Christ. "I will," was the prompt reply. He was waiting for my invitation. God had prepared his heart. We knelt together, and a soul was born into the fold of grace. O friend, be quick to obey when God speaks!—"Passion for Souls," pp. 105, 106.

You Have What They Need

"Ah, my friends," wrote F. B. Meyer, "listen to the roar of the Niagara of human souls pouring moment after moment into the unseen without God and without hope. Remember that each one is as sensitive to joy and sorrow, to hope and fear, as you are yourself; remember that you have that which they need as urgently as the starving need bread, and then consider if you cannot sympathise in the vehemence of the apostle's passionate desire to carry them the gospel: 'Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel! For if I do this thing willingly, I have a reward.'"

No Single Admissions

A priest had a striking dream. He dreamed he had ascended the ladder that reached from earth to heaven. Expectantly he knocked upon the door. Some one responded, and demanded, "Who is there?" Proudly the priest called his name. "Who is with you?" came the reply. "No one," answered the priest; "I am alone." "Sorry," said the angel, "but we are instructed never to open these gates for a single individual." And crestfallen and disappointed, he descended to earth. —*The War Cry.*

Unprofitable Experience

It is related of Mr. Moody that a man rose in one of his meetings, and gave his experience. "I have been for five years on the Mount of Transfiguration." "How many souls did you lead to Christ last year?" was the sharp question that came from Mr. Moody in an instant. "Well, I don't know," was the astonished reply. "Have you led any?" persisted Mr. Moody. "I don't know that I have," answered the man. "Well," said Mr. Moody, "We don't want that kind of mountain-top experience."

There is no programme provided for the fourth week. The programme on the New Year should be presented on December 31, the last day of the old year.

Missionary Volunteer Programme Fifth Week

The New Year

Opening Exercises.

Topic: "Make It a Good Year."

Exercise: "A Hive of Bees for the New Year."

An Incident: "A New Year's Eve Reverie."

Recitation: "A New Year's Motto"

LEADER'S NOTE:—*The Leader's Blackboard Talk.* This should be brief as given below. *The Hive of Be's.* After the leader has announced the subject eight members to whom the texts have previously been assigned should get up in their order and repeat the verse, placing special emphasis on the *Be* in the text. *A New Year's Motto.* This poem could be rendered very effectively by two, the second one giving the answer in each verse only.

Blackboard Talk

[Draw on the blackboard two books—one open and one closed. On the closed one write, "Daily Record for 1921;" on the open one, "Daily Record for 1922." Write also these two sentences on the board: "The old book is closed;" "The new book is opened."]

WHEN the water jug breaks at your house do you stop drinking water? No, of course not! You buy a new jug and go on drinking. That is the way to do if you have broken the good resolutions you made last New Year. Get some more resolutions and go on doing your very best to please God. The book of the old year is closed forever. It will do no good to mourn over past mistakes. Like Paul, let us forget "those things which are behind," and "press toward the mark." A new book is opened for each one of us. The year 1922 is nearly here! Jesus will help us to live each day so that the record made by the recording angel will be clean and pure.

Make It a Good Year

HE had a long list of resolutions for he was determined to make the new year a good one. He wanted it to be the best he had ever lived. He had resolved to be kinder at home, more diligent in his work, more thoughtful of others, to get his lessons well at school, and to fill his spare moments with good reading. They were remarkably good resolutions for a boy of his years.

Commending him for his good list, his older friend asked: "Now shall I show you my New Year's resolution?" "Oh, yes, do," was the ready response. She then opened her Bible, and on the flyleaf he read:—

"Resolved: To Take Time to be Holy"

You wish to make 1922 a good year. Then shun the empty life that lives without a purpose. Do not indulge in harmful reading nor questionable amusements. Put away faultfinding; put away pretence; and put away self-pity. Be true to your convictions, and stand for right though you stand alone; but at the same time be charitable in your judgment of others. Have your life so securely poised that the annoyance—usual or unusual—shall not disturb your equilibrium.

But remember that while you may resolve to do these things, you cannot carry out your resolutions in your own strength. To act strongly, life must be rooted deeply in prayer, in quiet communion with God and His Word. Back of the strong outward life must be the strong inner life of prayer. The strong life that never loses its courage, its enthusiasm, its sweetness, its serenity, is not found on the bargain counter. It always costs just so much.

Then you who wish to make 1922 a good year, will you not resolve to take time to live the victorious life? Each day let God establish your heart. Let Him

fortify it and make it a calm, peaceful place beyond the reach of the storms that rage without. Then you and your Master will have a quiet place in which to commune. There He will give you strength for your work, wisdom for your decisions, peace from all threatening storms.

And to you who have decided to live the strong, victorious life during 1922, the Master gives these simple directions: "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." These directions contain at least five things for you to consider: time for prayer, place for prayer, alone in prayer, the Father's presence, and the blessing you may claim.

First of all, you must take time to pray. Your appointment with God must be given the precedence of every other duty on your daily programme. Gordon says that one must plan for this appointment with a bit of red iron in the will, for Satan will try desperately hard to crowd it out. He knows that the weakest child of God who really takes time to pray is too strong for him to overcome. Egerton Young, a missionary to the North American Indians, tells of a frail little Indian girl who was a great spiritual power. She had been the means of leading to Christ some almost hopeless savages. When asked about her work, she attributed her success to the two hours she spent every day alone with God, never allowing any other duty to crowd out this interview.

Second, comes the command to "enter into thy closet." To that quiet place where you may be alone with God you are to retreat for prayer. Third, "Shut thy door." God not only wants you to come but when you enter your place of secret communion, He wants you to shut out all duties that seem to forbid your taking time to pray. You are to shut out of your heart and mind all disturbing influences. If you cannot do this, ask Him to do it for you. Then when you tell Him about your needs, let Him talk to you through His Word.

When you have complied with these commands, you may claim the promises that follow. The Father will meet you in the chamber of secret prayer; and will reward you openly. When you come to Him with your sorrows, your longings, your fears, your trials, and your failures, He will sympathize. With Him you may leave all that oppresses your heart, and carry away His joy. With Him you may leave your want, and carry away His supply for "all your need according to His riches in glory." This is so wonderful; and the most wonderful thing about it is that it is all true.

One day a stranger visited the old cathedral in Freiburg. His interest was centered in the organ, which the old sexton took great pride in exhibiting. He asked for permission to play it, but was denied the privilege. He pleaded, but the sexton said that the instrument was so delicate that he could not let him play it. Finally, however, because of his importunity, the stranger was permitted to seat himself at the organ. The old sexton was awe-stricken as he listened. Never before had such music rolled out from his favourite organ. "Who are you?" he asked, as the stranger was leaving. "Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy,"

the stranger replied. After that, when the sexton exhibited the organ, he would say: "Ah, could you have heard it when Mendelssohn played! And think, I nearly forbade him to play upon it!"

My dear young friend, a greater than Mendelssohn wants permission to use your life during 1922, that He may draw out of it rare possibilities of which you have not even dreamed; that He may lift your life up to His own ideal for it, which is "higher than any human thought can reach." Then will you not let Him have your life, that He may make 1922 a good year for you?

MATILDA ERICKSON ANDROSS.

A Hive of Be's for the New Year

EPHESIANS 4:32; ROMANS 12:16; MATTHEW 5:48; JAMES 1:22; GALATIANS 6:7; PSALMS 31:34; MATTHEW 24:44 REVELATION 2:10, last clause only.

A New Year's Motto

"I ASKED the New Year for a motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet:

I asked and paused. It answered soft and low:

'God's will to know.'

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?' I cried,

But ere the question into silence died,
The answer came: 'Nay, this remember too—

God's will to do.'

"Once more I asked: 'Is there still more to tell?'

And once again the answer sweetly fell:
'Yes, this one thing all other things above—

God's will to love.'

—Selected.

A New Year's Eve Reverie

IT was New Year's Eve. The sun had gone down, and the twilight hours had deepened into midnight darkness. Still the old man sat at the window gazing into the sky.

By and by he buried his face in his hands, and a tear dropped on the window sill. The beautiful heavens into which he gazed was not the only picture he was studying. Stretched out before him like a canvas, hung a vision of the days of his youth; he saw the happy home where loving parents showered upon him every possible blessing and showed him the path of peace and happiness.

But that was long ago. How times have changed! What would those fond parents think could they see him now! "Thank God," he muttered half audibly, "they are asleep in Jesus." They had died before he reached his twenty third birthday. Almost forty years had intervened—years of a sadly checkered career. He had travelled a long way. There would not be many more milestones to pass. But what had he gathered on his journey that had made it really worth while? There was a bank account. But tonight that seemed so worthless in the face of the real problem before him!

His health was squandered; his mind held no sweet memories; and his poor

bankrupt heart was sad and broken. His life was strewn with errors, and there was nothing now to reap but remorse. Of that his "garners" were full!

Lifting his eyes again to the sky, he cried out from the depths of his agonized soul: "O Youth, return to me! O Father in heaven, place me once more at the entrance of life that I may choose the better way! Forgive me for wasting the years Thou hast so generously given me. Would that I had listened to the pleading voice of my parents when they begged of me to choose Heaven's plan for my life! O Father, my life is a failure!" Here his prayer ceased abruptly. Overwhelmed with grief too deep for utterance, he relapsed into painful meditation.

The clock on the City Hall struck twelve, but still he sat and gazed into the glorious heavens. A shooting star caught his eye just before it vanished in the darkness. "My life is like that star," he muttered to himself while the tears streamed down his sunken cheeks. "My youth was bright and promising; my parents desired me to become a minister; but I thought I knew best. The day came when I chafed under home restraints; I scorned religion; I chose the way of the world. At first my conscience condemned me. But that soon became seared, and I thought I was having a good time. I marvel now that I could be so blind."

The old man was oblivious to the passing of time till he heard again the city clock announce the hour. Still, why go to bed? He could not sleep. Two pictures hung before him and his eyes refused to turn aside. There stood the poor, wretched man he really was, and beside him the man he might have been. Never had he sensed his own failure so keenly. Never had he realised so fully the supreme importance of taking the right road early in life. From the background of one of the pictures he saw a group of familiar faces, and a voice seemed to say: "These are the friends your influence has led astray. They are plunging on to perdition. What will you do about it?"

That picture was too much for the old man. There was no way of escape. He fell on his knees and cried to God for mercy. He poured out a veritable torrent of confession. Finally he grew calm; gradually the sobs grew fainter and less frequent. A sweet peace came into the broken heart, and a new light shone in the dim eyes.

"Father," resumed the old man after victory came, "I do thank Thee for accepting me. I know I am utterly worthless and that I come to Thee only as a last resort, only when I saw no way of escape. Father, I know that there is no road that leads back to youth. I know that 'youth comes twice to none.' I had mine and gave it to the devil. O, that was a dreadful mistake—an irreparable loss to me and to those I might have saved by Thy grace! It will be a loss all through eternity. The sands of my life are running low. Soon my allotted years will have passed. How merciful and patient Thou hast been to ward me all these years! O, Father, it is sweet to be forgiven! But tonight I beg of Thee to grant me one more great favour: I beg of Thee to use my life as a warning to young people today. Ask them to profit by my sad mistake, and choose the right road before it is too late."

A. M. E.

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(December 3)

The Needs of Central and West China

CHINA is to many nothing but a name. But, according to reliable authorities, it is estimated that there are over four hundred and twenty-six million people in China. Of this immense multitude, over half live within the borders of the Central and West China Union Mission Fields. In Central China we have, according to the latest figures given by Customs authorities, more than one hundred and thirty-four million; and in the West China Mission we have ninety-nine million. And it is for the purpose of sending the last gospel message to these untold millions that God's people in the home lands are to give their gifts on the thirteenth Sabbath of this quarter.

In the millions of this empire, the merchant sees one of the largest and most promising markets of the world; the financier recognizes an almost limitless field for mining enterprises; the statesman and soldier perceive political and military problems of the most stupendous magnitude; while the Christian, though not unmindful of other aspects, thinks more of the countless millions of men and women who are living and dying without that knowledge which is alone able to make them wise unto salvation.

This is not mere sentiment, but actual fact. Could we but realize the misery, the hopelessness, the fear and dread, which encircle one death in the land where Christ is not known, we should surely be moved to greater efforts and to a supreme consecration and willing self-denial, that the light might shine upon those who are now sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

It should bring special pleasure to our brethren and sisters in the homeland to know that in Central China where a few short years ago there were none who rejoiced in the message of God's love, now there are hundreds of homes and thousands of hearts where wonderful changes have been wrought. Yet, while this is true, and we have cause for great rejoicing and gratitude, that which still remains to be done is so stupendous that we should all be stirred with holy zeal.

"Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray; Stir, till the blood-red banner be unfurled O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie, O'er desert where no cross is lifted high."

PASTOR F. A. ALLUM.

(December 10)

From Sorcerer to Christian Teacher

FOR many years Hoh Ai Gwang was the recognized leader among the farmers of the fertile valleys thirteen miles from the city of Liu Yang. He was known as an accomplished sorcerer, and was the authority on all questions relating to their worship. Far and wide he was famous for his ability as a sorcerer. It was be-

lieved that Mr Hoh could outwit the devils and select sites for graves that the devils could not disturb, and that he could open the earth in such a way as not only not to arouse the anger of the dragon (which is supposed to be living in the ground), but to win his admiration and secure his favour. Because of these abilities Mr Hoh was the most respected man in the valleys and his services and friendship were sought by all.

It was during the height of his career as a sorcerer that Mr Hoh heard the message borne by Seventh-day Adventists. He accepted the truth, and his talents have since been employed as leader of the company of twenty believers who received the faith at the same time. Though no longer a sorcerer, Brother Hoh is still highly regarded by his former friends. He has dedicated the largest and best room of his house to the worship of God, and frequently preaches to crowds of his heathen neighbours. Recently his son was married at home, and Brother Hoh invited his neighbours and friends from afar to witness a Christian marriage ceremony. For the first time, these heathen people saw a man and a woman united in marriage according to the Christian usage. After the ceremony was performed the native evangelist preached to the guests about the worship of the only true and living God.

PASTOR O. B. KUHN.

(December 17)

The Story of I-Bing-Heng

OLD I-Bing-Heng sat in his corner making firecrackers. It was his means of livelihood, and he bent intently over his work, laying in the powder and rolling up the covering around it. Then he bound the finished firecrackers into bundles and put them on a shelf.

"Early, early, Mr. I," called a customer.

"Not early, not early," answered Mr. I, politely. "Have you eaten rice this morning?"

"Eaten, eaten," replied the man, approaching his business with true Oriental politeness and caution. He laid down four coppers, took four bundles of crackers, and went off to prepare his breakfast.

"Those are for his god," said I-Bing-Heng, "and these," as he sold a dozen bunches to an old man, "are for a wedding. They are surely good ones, and will make noise enough to frighten away the very worst devils."

Presently the first customer came back. "Mr. I," he said, "have you heard the new foreign doctrine? A foreigner, an American, is preaching about one named Jesus who can make men's hearts better."

"They need to be bettered," replied I-Bing-Heng.

"This foreigner also says that this Jesus is coming again, and that we shall see Him."

"Well, I will hear what he says, although to my mind, O-mi-do-fu is good enough for me. My father worshipped at his shrine, and my old mother still worships her own gods, the god of wealth, the kitchen god, the god of thunder and lightning."

"Your mother is old, yet her god of wealth has never brought her riches, neither has the kitchen god brought her food," ruminated the customer.

"Surely, surely, but the kitchen god has

foreborne to make evil mention of our doings to the Old Man of the Sky."

"With good reason, Mr. I, for you had his mouth well sweetened with rice sugar," and laughingly he went away, leaving old Mr. I to think of the foreigner and his strange doctrine.

I-Bing-Heng became a Seventh-day Adventist Christian. As the years have gone by, he has proved himself consistent and faithful. From the humblest of despised callings in China, he has become a trusted helper and friend.

One day he said, "Ko si-mu, I must go home to see my old mother. She is ill, and my heart is burdened for her. My brother says she is about to die." So with his clothing and bedding on either end of a bamboo pole, he started to walk the thirty-three miles between Changsha and his old home.

After ten days he came back, his face shining with gladness, and said, "My old mother has put away her idols. She is praying to God, and she is better."

After two years he went home again. When he came back he said, "My mother did not go back to her idols; she is still living. Here is my brother. I wish him to be a Christian, too." And as I looked at the tall stalwart young man, with a clear countenance and honest eyes, I thought, "There is hope for you, too."

Not long ago, I-Bing-Heng walked one hundred miles itinerating, helping the pastor and doing good wherever he went.

What a comfort and joy he has been to us in this heathen country where dangers and trials are all about us!

May the knowledge that there are sincere, honest Christians in this land, bring courage to the hearts of those at home, who are doing their part in sending money and means for the salvation of those for whom Christ died. MAY C. KUHN.

(December 24)

Poor Girl Slaves and Starving Millions

THE people in the train about me began to discuss the price of something, and my attention was arrested. "I paid eighteen dollars for this one, and fifteen dollars for that one," a woman's voice was saying.

"Too much, you paid too much," some one replied.

"They can be bought for five or ten dollars," said another.

"Not a bad bargain, they are nice ones," said several; and so the conversation ran on.

What was it all about? What was it that was such a poor bargain? Was it two garments? Was it two Pekinese poodles? No. I looked at the group which was the centre of so much excitement. It consisted of a rather coarse looking woman and two dear little Chinese girls four or five years old.

Was this woman a loving grandmother who was taking these motherless children to the old homestead to care for them? Or was it some benevolent old lady, who, out of goodness of heart, had decided to adopt these two friendless little ones as her own? Nothing of the kind.

She is a business woman. She has invested money in these children.

Thousands of parents in Honan and Shensi are selling their daughters at a nominal price in order to get a little money with which to buy food. In some

cases it may be the only chance by which they can save the life of the child, and the sale enables the parents to live on a few weeks longer, or provide them means by which they can move out of the famine district. We pray that the Lord in some way will help His servants to reach some of these girls with the gospel of salvation.

Fifteen millions of people in the famine area of China are now utterly dependent on the Famine Relief Committee for food. In a recent appeal for haste in developing plans to relieve the awful situation, it was stated that the relief already arranged for is only sufficient to save the lives of three million. People are beginning to die by the thousands. Several million of these poor unfortunates are in the territory of the Central China Mission.

We hope that the reports are exaggerated, but just think of so many men, women, and children, each of them having a precious soul, going down to death without the comfort of the gospel! If only more of them were ready, if only the church of Christ had been a little more earnest and self-sacrificing, the picture would be much brighter than it is. Even in normal times the numbers of those who die daily in Central China is appalling. Shall we not "redeem the time" that is left to us in which to finish our allotted task? Shall we not "buy up the opportunity?"

In a few months will come the wheat harvest, and we hope that the famine will be a thing of the past. Millions will have died by that time, of starvation. It will be too late to preach the gospel to them, but millions will be left. And the millions that remain will be starving, too, starving for the Bread of Life. The end is certainly drawing very near, and does not the "King's business require haste?" Only a few can give themselves for service in China, but every one can give money, a little at least, to help speed on the work.

C. P. LILLIE.

(December 31)

To the Superintendent.—We would suggest that the first item in this missionary exercise be given by the superintendent; that the first poem be recited by a little girl, and the second by a little girl and boy. If these are well rendered they should make a strong appeal for a good offering on this day when the special offering for China is to be given.

Facts Which Appeal

"TAKE your Bibles and carefully count not the chapters or verses, but the letters from the beginning of Genesis to the amen of Revelation; and when you have accomplished this task, go over it again and again—ten times, twenty times, forty times, nay, you must read the very letters of your Bible eighty times over before you have reached the requisite sum. It would take something like the letters of eighty Bibles to represent the men, women and children of that old and wondrous empire of China. Fourteen hundred of them have sunk into Christless graves during the last hour. Thirty-three thousand will pass today forever beyond your reach. Despatch your missionary tomorrow, and a million and a quarter of souls for whom Christ died will have passed to their final account before he can reach their shores. Whether such facts touch us or not, I think they ought to move our hearts. It is enough to make an angel weep."

Suppose

SUPPOSE you were Chinese by birth,
And lived half-way around the earth—
A little maid, in Chinese clothes,
With shoes that sadly pinched your toes?

Suppose your father hated you,
No matter what you tried to do,
And said you were more pain than joy—
Because you couldn't be a boy?

Suppose you had to kneel and pray
To ugly idols every day,
Which could not hear, nor give you aid,
But only make you feel afraid?

Suppose, though little, you were sold
To some strange man, both cross and old,
And torn away from mother's side,
No matter how you coaxed and cried?

Suppose you knew that children here
Could turn to joy your blinding fear;
Could teach you how to kneel and pray
To One who hears and helps alway;
Could from all slavery set you free,
And help you live eternally,
By dropping in the mission cup
The pennies saved, by giving up
A few old things not worth a jot—

And—they—would—not!

What would you think?

MRS. JESSIE F. MOSER.

Two Pennies

"I once belonged to Jenny,"
Said a sorry little Penny,
"And she took me to the corner lolly store,
Where eleven others
Of my little Penny-brothers
Had travelled, one by one, in days before.

"Then on Thirteenth Sabbath Day,
She at home would gladly stay;
For she thought the other children all
would stare
At the little girl who bore
All her money to the store,
And gave it to the lolly idol there."

"I once belonged to Benny,"
Said a happy little Penny,
"And he put me in his little Penny bank,
Where eleven others
Of my little Penny-brothers
Rattled with a merry clink, clink, clank.

"Then on Thirteenth Sabbath Day,
Benny's heart was glad and gay;
For he had a shilling in his pocket hid,
Saved to send the gospel's joys
To far China's girls and boys,
And he put it in the offering,—yes, he
did."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

NOTICE

No Foreign Mission Day programme is provided for this month as the Missionary Volunteer Day falls on December 10, and a young people's programme, which will probably appear in the **RECORD**, will be presented on that day.