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Foreign Mission Day

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Bible Study

God's Power Limited by the Attitude of His People

CHRIST JESUS came into the world to save sinners and *all* of them. 1 Tim. 1:15 2:6.

But only to those who *received* Him gave He power to become the sons of God. John 1:12. Compare Heb. 9:28.

God's power to save was thus limited by the unwillingness of the Jews. John 5:40.

When Christ sent out the twelve He endued them with His own power. Matt. 10:1.

But they failed to exercise that power in full because of their lack of faith. Matt. 17:14-21.

God's last message to the world will close in great power. Rev. 18:1.

And he will cut short his work in righteousness. Rom. 9:28.

But the gospel must be carried by human agents, and God is waiting and calling for volunteers. Isa. 6:8.

Thus God's power is limited by the unwillingness of His people to enlist in His service.

When God's people become *willing* His power will be manifested to close the work. Ps. 110:3.

Making Progress in Africa

BY PASTOR W. H. BRANSON

MANY years ago there lived in the southern part of the Belgian Congo, Central Africa, a powerful native chief by the name of Kasonga-Nyemba. He was ruler over a large number of people and reigned as a powerful autocrat. As his sons grew up to manhood, he feared lest they should kill him in order that they might get the chieftainship, and therefore he followed the common practice of selling them into slavery in order that his throne might not be endangered. One of these boys, Sumalia by name, was thus exchanged for a young woman, others for more minor considerations, and they were taken far away from home to the great Portuguese west country. For many weary years they toiled as slaves. Slave wives were given them and children were born to them.

Finally, however, the situation changed, for Christian missionaries entered that part of the country, mission stations were established, and through their influence the practise of slavery was largely abolished. These people, with others, were set free.

After receiving their liberty, they at once began to investigate the principles of Christianity, and became affiliated with one of the Protestant mission stations. Here they were educated, and later began to act as evangelists and teachers for the mission.

There lingered in their hearts, however, a desire to return to their own home country, and now more than ever they longed to go back to teach the gospel message to their people. So one day (only a few months ago) one of them, Kasili, and his wife Illunga, set out on foot with all their earthly possessions on their backs and heads to return to the home and friends of their childhood. They went armed with a letter of introduction from the mission station to any other mission which they might find en route, and after many days of travel safely reached their destination.

But things had changed at home also since the days when they, like Joseph, had been sold into slavery. They found that almost within sight of their old home a Seventh-day Adventist mission station had been established, and there also the gospel was being preached by the white man. Their letters of introduction were presented, and they were received into the mission gladly. At once studies were begun on the principles of present truth and in a short time they decided to cast in their lot with this people and join in an effort to carry the truth to the native tribes of the Southern Congo.

One day Kasili saw Brother C. Robinson, the superintendent of the Songa mission station, and begged the privilege of returning to West Africa that he might call his friends and relatives, saying that they too, should come and help preach the truth to his people. This permission was readily granted, and only last week I received the glad news that he had again returned to the mission bringing the others with him, and that they are all now earnestly studying the principles of the third angel's message. They expect soon to begin active evangelistic work for the Songa mission station. Kasili is already doing evangelistic work, and is making his influence felt in the land of his childhood. When one considers that this mission station has been established only about two years and that as yet no native workers have been developed through their training school, it is possible to understand better the great joy that has been brought to the hearts of our European workers of the Songa mission station by the providential way in which these native evangelists have been led to the mission station, and by their acceptance of the truth. How strange it seems that they should have been sold into slavery so many years ago, carried away from their own country, and then that they should return just at the right time to assist in helping the third angel's message to gain a foothold in that field. No doubt in the

providence of God they were sent to Portuguese West Africa and brought into contact with a Protestant mission of that country that they might thus receive an education and a fitting up for the work that they are now called to do. Pastor Robinson writes that they seem to be a very consecrated company, and they no doubt will develop into strong workers.

In a letter just received from Pastor F. R. Stockil, superintendent of the South Rhodesian mission field, we learn of many providential openings being made in that field for the preaching of the message, and also of wonderful progress that is being made in connection with our work. From his letter I will quote the following: "Pastor Jim Mayinza became friendly recently with a native named Baleni. This man is known by the native commissioners and missionaries as the first native person to accept Christianity in Central Africa. During the Matabele rebellion, Baleni proved his loyalty to the government, and in recognition of this he was granted a plot of land comprising two hundred acres for his use during his lifetime. This man has been instrumental in starting a school and church on his place. His two boys are educated teachers. After Bible studies were held with him by Evangelist Jim, Baleni accepted the truth and soon his wife and two married sons followed his example. Still later about twenty members of his church also took their stand definitely for the message. A nice church building is to be erected near this place in the immediate future and we expect to see a strong work established there, as this man is a very influential man among the native people."

As most of our people know, Pastor W. H. Anderson has for two or three years been pioneering the work in British Bechuanaland. This is the country of King Kama, the most powerful native African chief on the continent. Pastor Anderson has found it impossible thus far to do any work in the large native cities comprising King Kama's country and has had to confine his efforts to the railway centres which are under control of the British authorities. Here thousands of natives come to find employment and it is among these that the work has been started. King Kama has been favourable to the idea of our opening up work in the interior of his country, but some years ago he made a promise to another mission society that he would allow no one else to enter his territory provided they would establish certain schools, etc. To this promise he has thus far been strictly adhering. However, a very interesting experience has just been reported which may place a different aspect upon the situation in the future. King Kama's brother, who has a son about thirteen years of age, was recently en route to Salisbury, South Rhodesia, to place his son in a native training school there,

Before he reached Salisbury, however, he was brought into contact with one of our native evangelists, and became so much interested in the work this evangelist was doing that he decided to follow him back to our mission station and thus become acquainted with our work. Accordingly, the evangelist conducted him to our Solusi mission and the brethren there at once began to study the principles of the message with him. After remaining for ten days, he decided to leave his son in the Solusi training school and to return to King Kama's country at once and endeavour to prevail upon the king to open his territory immediately to the proclamation of the Advent message. Just as this was all happening in Rhodesia, Dr. Kretchmar and his companion were landing in Capetown with the idea of going to King Kama's country to build a dispensary and open medical missionary work. This was the state of things when we sailed from South Africa to attend the General Conference. We do not know what the final outcome will be but feel certain that influences are working that will in the very near future open up the entire Bechuanaland field to the proclamation of the message.

Recently, Pastor H. M. Sparrow, the superintendent of the Solusi mission, wrote: "Otis (a native evangelist) has just come in from a tour through his territory and reports a new interest there. He found a company of fifteen people keeping the Sabbath that we knew nothing about. This interest was started by a man who had backslidden but has now been reconverted. He and these people have been keeping the Sabbath for some time." This, I may say, is not an isolated case. Constantly our missionaries are writing in, telling of companies here and there who have been found keeping the Sabbath and praying for teachers to come and instruct them more fully. It is evident that God's time for the evangelization of Africa has come. We trust that our brethren and sisters in the homeland will not fail us in this day of opportunity, but that the necessary sinews of war may be sent forward in order that the providential openings all about us may be properly filled.

On Livingstone's Trail in Central Africa

ALTHOUGH Pastor Branson has mentioned in a general way the work in Bechuanaland, telling us some of the very latest developments, the following letter from Pastor W. H. Anderson gives us further interesting experiences concerning his pioneering work in the very heart of Africa where Livingstone first blazed the way for Christ's missionaries:

"On returning to Africa this time I pioneered our work in Bechuanaland. As a result of our labour, there are now native Sabbath-keepers in Kimberley, where this message first took root in Africa. We have a company of baptized believers in Boetsap, about forty miles north-west of Kimberley. I recently conducted a tent effort in Taungs where a number took their stand with us. Last week I received a letter from our worker in Pretoria requesting me to go there and baptize eighteen new believers in the capital city of the Transvaal. Here in Mafeking we have erected a nice church building, and have a company of Sabbath-keepers as a result of our tent effort last April and May. Our day school closed

the year with an enrolment of seventy-six pupils. From present prospects we shall be compelled to turn the pupils from our school next year because of lack of accommodation.

"When I was in America, I wrote a book called 'On the Trail of Livingstone.' Somehow, as Jeremiah said, this message is burning in my bones like a consuming fire. I recently purchased a map of South and Central Africa, and looked over the vast unentered fields, so far as our work is concerned. I have been planning as to how to put this message on the map in those territories where it has not yet gone. The African Division Conference Committee has given me the service of general field secretary, thus leaving me free to go into territory where none of our workers have ever gone before. I have just received a letter from what used to be German Southwest Africa. A man there has accepted this message, taken it to his neighbours, instructed the natives in his vicinity, and has developed quite a company of Sabbath-keepers in a field which has never been entered by any of our workers. He assures me of a hearty welcome, and every assistance which he can render in establishing our work in that territory. I want to go over there, select one or two mission sites, give this man the help for which he asks, and start something going in Southwest Africa.

"The Governor of Portuguese East Africa has just assured us that the door is wide open in that field for missionaries, and they will accord us a hearty welcome. He has promised to help us in every way possible, and give us ample scope for all of our energies. Next dry season I hope to make a trip through that country and select mission sites in the south, central, and northern portions of Portuguese East Africa. This, with the exploring work in the Southwest, will probably keep me on the missionary trail for about seven months of the year.

"Our courage is good, and we are long-ing again to hit the trail of Livingstone farther into the interior of Africa."

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme
First Week

Walk Softly in the Sanctuary

Song Service.

Scripture Reading: Ex. 19: 1-6, 16-21.

Prayer for more reverence in heart and life.

Talk: "The Meaning of Reverence."

Talk: "In the Sanctuary." (See "Testimonies," Vol. 5, pp. 491-494).

Recitation: "Has it Happened to You?"

Talk: "Reverence for the Book."

Reading: "The Modern Sin of Irreverence."

Notes and Suggestions

THIS is a subject very much needed by every one today. Irreverence, instead of being frowned upon, is becoming popular—is popular. Here is a suggestion: Why not start a campaign in your church for greater reverence for religious things? Let

the young people lead out. It will be appreciated by every true Christian.

There are certain forms that promote reverence. These do not make the heart reverent, but they will help to put the mind in a proper attitude. The old English custom of kneeling at the time of first entering the seat previous to or during the service, is helpful in bringing the mind out to a higher level. Young people in your church could well bow their heads in their hands for a moment or two as they take their seats at the church service. Then there is the discountenancing of light and foolish talk in or about the church; a respectful attitude during the service; the abolition of whispering, and many other such details. If the young people in your church would take this lesson to heart, they would be able to do an effective work in bringing in a deeper appreciation of the things of heaven. Why not do it?

The Meaning of Reverence

WHAT is reverence? Dr. James G. M'Clure defines reverence as "the feeling which accompanies the recognition of worth, wherever or whatever that worth may be." There must be recognition of worth before there can be the feeling of reverence.

Reverence is also defined as kindness, deep respect, veneration. It stands to reason, then, that before a man can be truly reverent he must respect, he must be kind at heart, he must recognise the worth before he can venerate.

It is plain, then, is it not, that reverence is a thing of the heart. It cannot be forced. If it were, it would not be reverence; it would be awe or something akin to awe.

Charles Lamb once said that if the great characters of history were to come into a room where he and others were gathered, he and they would all rise as they entered. "But," said he, "If Christ were to come in, we would all kneel."

Reverence reveals fineness of character. To reverence the pure and the beautiful and the good, is a mark of highmindedness. It is a showing of the inner man, of the thoughts and intents of the heart, to indicate true reverence in the presence of sacred and holy things and representatives of the great church of Christ.

Dr. M'Clure writes:—

"In a general way reverence may be designated as the mother of all virtues. For it is reverence for the truth that nourishes honesty; reverence for purity that nourishes chastity; reverence for love that nourishes kindness; reverence for compassion that nourishes sympathy. To the degree that reverence exists, other virtues exist. To the degree that reverence is absent, other virtues are absent."

Oliver Wendell Holmes said:—

"There is a little plant called 'reverence' in a corner of my soul's garden which I like to have watered once a week."

People used to think they could manufacture reverence by darkening a room with stained glass, by austere architecture, by long faces and solemn tones. The church ought to help to cultivate reverence, and does help, but it is through the making of real Christians, and not by the excessive use of the artificial.

This lesson (see Scripture Lesson) of the smoking mount needs strong emphasis, because our organization and wealth will be meaningless, our institutions and our world-flung mission lines will be of little value, except as we cultivate distinctions between the sordid and the sublime, and retain those moral emotions with which men must ever honour the sublime and the sacred. Business obligations will have force only as men reverence truth and honour; our children will be precious to us only as we reverence purity and unselfishness.

The loss of reverence, that cheapens truth and purity, is more dangerous to a nation or a people than the dynamite bomb of the anarchist. And, in fact, the dynamite bomb of the anarchist is only the legitimate fruit of the loss of reverence for human life, for the divine image in man, and for the divine Father of men. U. V. W.

Has It Happened to You?

AFTER being in church and hearing a good sermon,

"We tried to come straight out, as Christians should,
And bring away all of the programme that we could;
But there were certain persons there today,
Who, after church was over, clogged the way,
And standing 'round, with worldly nods and smiles,
Held a week-day reception in the aisles,
Now, when one's mind falls in celestial frame,
He wants to get home safely with the same;
And hates through jostling gossipers to walk,
And stumble 'gainst the smallest kind of talk,
Intended, by some power, his mind to bring
Down out of heaven to every worldly thing—
From office and good methods to insure it,
To rheumatism and the proper means to cure it."

Reverence for the Book

THE Holy Bible! The Book of all books! In it are given, not our own words, not even the words of eminent Bible students, but the words of the living God to the children of men. Its history antedates every other authentic history. Its prophecies mark the way of the world from the beginning to the end, and like gigantic signboards along life's way, each in its turn is fulfilled to the last jot and tittle.

The Bible is given us to be studied and loved. The only way to learn to love it is to study it. If it is not loved, its truths will never enter into the life to the extent of moulding the actions. Careful, earnest, daily Bible study will beget a love which will permit the influence of that Book to leaven the whole life. Half-hearted, careless, intermittent study of its sacred pages does not develop this love.

We must each manifest the reverence for

the Book which we would have others show. The material Book should be handled carefully. All references to it should be made reverently. We may well carry the Bible openly, proudly; quote from it with exact precision; refer to it lovingly and enthusiastically, never critically. It is only as our own love is reverent, strong, frank, and open, that our influence will lead others to become sincere and reverent in their attitude toward the sacred Volume.

Beware of a word spoken in an unguarded moment, for its effect upon one who hears may undo in a moment the most careful, painstaking teaching of years. A story is told of an English peer who called on the famous Josiah Wedgwood, and desired to see his great pottery factories.

Mr. Wedgwood was an earnest, religious man. In his tour of the factories, he was accompanied by a lad of about fifteen years. The visitor was a reckless man, proud of his skepticism, witty and brilliant in conversation. After a few minutes he began to indulge in expressions of "polite" profanity and in occasional jests on sacred subjects. The boy with Mr. Wedgwood was at first shocked by the nobleman's irreverence, but soon became fascinated by the flow of his skeptical wit, and laughed heartily at the jokes and slighting allusions.

When the round of the factories had been made, the boy was dismissed, and Mr. Wedgwood, who had been seriously disturbed by the conversation, gave his visitor a lesson. He selected a vase of beautiful colouring and unique design, and reminded the visitor of the long and careful process of its making, as they had just seen in their inspection of the factory. The nobleman reached out his hand to take it, but Mr. Wedgwood let it fall on the floor, and it broke into atoms.

The visitor uttered an angry oath. "I wanted that for my collection," he said. "Nothing can restore what has been ruined by your carelessness."

"There are other ruined things, more precious than this, which can never be restored," replied Mr. Wedgwood. "You can never give back to the soul of that boy who has just left us, the reverent feeling and simple faith which you have destroyed by making light of the religion which has been his most sacred memory and inheritance. For years his parents have endeavoured to teach him reverence for all sacred things, and so to influence his mind that his life and conduct should be governed by religious principles. You have undone their labour in less than half an hour."

The nobleman was astonished at these words, but admitted the justice of the reproof, and expressed his regret for his thoughtless words.

How careful we should be that neither by word nor act we show any lack of reverence for the Book which is the Word of God. We are certain to do this, in an unconscious manner, unless that Book is to us personally all that it ought to be. He who daily studies the thoughts of God toward him has entered into a calm and holy place from which no evil influence can emanate. Here only is a safe retreat. Here only is power to influence for good.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

The Modern Sin of Irreverence

THERE is a growing evil that is really both sinful and shameful, and that is the sin and shame of irreverence. It is shown in many ways, most commonly, perhaps, in speech. A dash of profanity is supposed to strengthen, but really weakens and salfies many a public address.

Even if the name of God is not used lightly, words of eternal and awful import are used as commonly as though they were of no more consequence than a ragman's street cry.

A prominent business man who has until recently been considered worthy of a Cabinet position in the new Administration, while testifying before a Congressional commission, "swore like a mule driver," as one paper said. His profanity has been reported abroad, though in many cities if a poor gamin had sworn thus upon the street he would have been arrested and fined. This man even glories in his profanity, and has been applauded for his "nervous English," by certain papers. I am glad that other papers seem to think it has spoiled his chance for the Cabinet. At a recent college alumni meeting, a college that was founded to train men for the ministry, the exercises were introduced by a profane and roisterous song, immediately before the divine blessing was invoked upon the supper.

Irreverence in the house of God, and in religious meetings, I fear, is a contagious evil. I have seen more than once a lad distract with his grimaces, whispering, laughing, and audible remarks, a large Christian Endeavour meeting. Such a boy, if he will not reform after kindly admonition, ought to be expelled and never allowed to come again until he behaves with decency and reverence. It is mistaken kindness and an injury to the whole society, to treat him with leniency.

There is no sin which young people of today need to guard against more than that of irreverence; no virtue they need to cultivate more sedulously than reverence for God, His house, and His word.

—Pilgrim.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

In His Service

Song Service.

Opening Exercises.

Short Study on Isaiah 6: 8.

Talk: "The Passion to Serve."

Incident: "No Time to Die."

Story: "Borrowed Time or Offered Time."

Scripture Reading: Psalm 100.

Recitation: "Watch the Corners."

Reading: "The Lord's Way."

Talk: "How Jack Made a Bright Day."

Recitation: "The Happy Way."

Close by repeating Psalms 19: 14.

Study on Isaiah 6: 8.

PAUL, in writing to the Christians of his day, urges them to be good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ. If every Christian is a soldier, we might call the church the "Christian Army." And this makes plainer to us what it means to join the church.

If a man in a city should say that he wanted to fight fire, but instead of joining

a fire company, he would snatch up his pail and run alone to put out the fire every time there was an alarm, we would laugh at him. He could do much better work if he were to work with others. So when any one wants to make his life count in the Christian life, we ask him to join one of the companies of the Christian army. That is, we ask him to join the church.

More than that, Christ said, "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." By joining the church we confess Christ.

Our first part in answering God's call is to give Him our hearts and join the church. If you are trying honestly day by day to be like Christ and to do His will then you are ready to join the church.

Your next part in answering God's call is to prepare yourself through study, through work, through right living, to do just what Christ wants you to do to help Him tell others of His love until the whole world shall be filled with the knowledge of Jesus Christ, as the waters cover the sea.

There are many ways in which we can do our part in answering God's call. Perhaps it may be by carrying a flower to some sick friend who is shut in from the world and has grown lonely. I am sure that Jesus would say: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

We all have many opportunities on the street, in the schoolroom, or at play to show that Jesus can help us to be good and agreeable. Did you ever find yourself doing things for other people with a smile, but grumbling when mother asked you to do things for her? Some of your brothers and sisters may not yet be Christians. Your part, then, is to so live that your Christian life will be a most attractive life to them.

But God says in the Bible that He wants us to use our lives for Him, not only in our own homes and in our own towns, but in all the world. His commission is, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations." Maybe some day God will ask you to go and carry the message over the sea yourself,—to carry the message to the land which lies in darkness waiting to hear the story of Jesus. We may not all go ourselves, but we may all help those who do go. We must give all that we can to the missionary offering, and in that way do our part.

Let us all do our best to do our part, whatever it may be. MIRIAM BROWN.

The Passion to Serve

VERY often today the youth is challenged to make the most of his life. It is a worthy end and aim that each life should give its best to humanity. If you ever visit Arlington, the National Cemetery near Washington, U. S. A., pause for a few moments at the monument erected in memory of Walter Reed, of yellow-fever fame. No more inspiring life is left on record in army circles than that of this modest, unassuming physician who discovered that yellow fever is spread

solely by the bite of the *Stegomyia* mosquito.

Born in a humble Methodist minister's home in Gloucester County, Virginia, September 13, 1851, throughout his life Dr. Reed had a reverence for sacred things, most of all for human life itself. His biographer, Dr. Howard A. Kelly, says of him:—

"The inspiration of Reed's life lies to me in the fact that though a man of war, he ravaged no distant lands, he destroyed no tens of thousands to make his reputation, but by quiet methods, when there was no strife, he saved countless lives, and swept away a hideous plague, which from time immemorial had periodically visited our shores, devastated our fair land, and too often snatched from the years of peace and plenty all their blessings."

On his monument, on a beautiful little knoll overlooking Washington, are inscribed these words: "He gave to man control over that most dreadful scourge, yellow fever." When Dr. Reed realized that his experiments were successful, he wrote to his wife that he could shout for very joy that Heaven had permitted him to make the discovery. Later he wrote: "The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate suffering, has been granted."

In his memory, the government hospital, Walter Reed, at Washington was named. Here hundreds of wounded soldiers and officers are being cared for and nursed back to health. It is a fitting memorial to a life that offers inspiration and hope for any man or woman who has to struggle against obstacles and overcome difficulties in his life's work. And who does not encounter obstacles and difficulties in his life work, whatever it may be? There are still many evils, both physical and moral, that threaten life, evils that await some life, or lives, to eradicate them. Who is willing to dedicate his life or her life to the betterment of humanity and the glory of God? Let him who would serve well have the passion to do so. W. F. HARKEY.

No Time to Die

"HERE'S what I consider a little gem," said Tom, turning to another part of his collection. "It's a story specimen; might have happened in almost any big town."

"A country boy was in the hospital, desperately sick. He was out of his head, too, but one day he was free from his delirium long enough to realize that he might be pretty far gone, and that he had been in the hospital a long time."

"He said to the nurse, 'What month is it?' and she said, 'It's May.' 'O,' said the boy, half slipping back into delirious babbling, 'if it's May, I can't die now; it's plowing time!'"

"Don't you see? This isn't May, but it's plowing time just the same for every Christian. We can't die now; we daren't be heedless now; we musn't be idle now; we have too much to do now to quit or run away or take things easy or let the other fellow do it. It's plowing time, brother!"—Selected.

"Borrowed Time" or Offered Time

IN our city there is a unique organization known as the Borrowed-Time Club. It is composed of men who are seventy years of age and upward, or, in other words, those who are living on "borrowed time." They are very alert in carrying on their business, and much interested in all the problems and progress of our day. There is no organization before which I speak which gives keener attention or discusses the subject afterward more intelligently.

The organization holds its meetings in one of our churches. Recently I spoke for them, and then about three weeks afterward spoke in the same room to a group of young people on "The Call to the Colours." The contrast between the two groups came very vividly to my consciousness. These young people were not living on "borrowed time," in which they could express their consecration in service. But they had their lives before them. In a large measure they could determine where they would invest their energy. It makes a vast difference whether one is looking back on the major portion of life, or looking ahead to the longer portion. It is one thing to bring to God time which cannot be devoted elsewhere because our physical energy is not sufficient, and another thing to devote to Him the larger years packed with vital energy and potential in service.

Which years are you going to give to God? Shall you bring Him the best years while you have opportunity to do so, or only the remnant, the rag-end of life?—Selected.

"Watch the Corners"

WHEN you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day,
And feel inclined to grumble, pout, or frown,

Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see

It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.

Then take this simple rhyme,
Remember it in time;

It's always dreary weather in countryside or town,

When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts,

And begin to count the blessings in your cup,

Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see

It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.

Then take this little rhyme,
Remember all the time;

There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's cup,

If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.—Selected.

The Lord's Way

A WOMAN once planted a beautiful rose bush in her garden next to the tight board fence which separated her rear yard from that of her neighbour on the back street. She had had nothing to do with this Irish

washerwoman whose back yard joined hers --of course not. The tight board fence was an impassable barrier. She cared for her rose tenderly. She dugged about it, she fertilized it, she watered it, she pruned it, she sprayed it, but all she could do did not so much as cause a blossom from the rare exotic. One morning she had gone out and was bending over her rosebush, parting its glossy leaves in the hope that she might discover at least a bud of promise, when she heard a voice from the other side of the tight board fence. It said, "Come around, leddy." Her curiosity was excited, and for the first time in her life she set foot in her neighbour's yard, and there, behold, miracle of wondrous beauty! Unfolding its beautiful petals was a wonderful rose. A growing shoot had found a tiny crevice in the tight board fence and had crept through, and there in her neighbour's yard was unfolding its petals of beauty, and distilling its fragrance.

May God help that the spirit of helpful neighbourliness may enter all our hearts. Let the sweet perfume of your own life of Christian helpfulness, helpful neighbourliness, distil its fragrance in your own neighbour's back yard. Bring out your flowers now, don't wait to lay them upon the casket. Break your alabaster boxes filled with the sweet perfume of love and tenderness, of appreciation or sympathy, today. It may be too late tomorrow.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto me." C. A. RUSSELL.

How Jack Made a Bright Day

I RECALL an incident which occurred some time ago that will never be forgotten by me. While stopping with a family it rained for three or four days in succession. On the morning of the third day everything seemed to be gloomy. The fire smoked, the dining room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, the father looked grim, and the mother tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He took off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, father," he said in so cheerful a tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, quite pleasantly, "Ah, Jack, thank you!"

His mother, smiling, looked up at him, and he just touched her cheek as he passed.

"The top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister, and he delivered the rolls to Bridget with a, "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful morning?"

He gave the damper of the stove a poke which opened it. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in, we had gathered around the table, and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never thought he had done anything at all, but he had in fact changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five persons.

"He is always so," said his mother when I spoke to her afterwards; "just so sunny, and kind, and ready all the time.

I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper, I am sure of that."—*Selected.*

The Happy Way

It is better to whistle than whine,
It is better to sing than sigh,
Better to smile, though a heart repine,
Than to scowl as the world goes by.

For you'll find, if you whistle a tune,
Or go singing your way along,
Many there'll be who will join you soon,
And a chorus will swell your song.

—*Francesca di Maria.*

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

The Old, Old Story

Suggestive Hymns for Song Service:
"Christ in Song," Nos. 40, 582, 63, 446,
247, 305.

Opening Exercises.

Topic: "The Old, Old Story."

NOTE.—Plan this programme early, so that the verses may be learned and recited. This piece may be divided into seven divisions, and we would suggest that wherever possible seven different members be asked to learn and recite these parts. Helpful readings on this subject may be culled from "Desire of Ages," chapters 4 and 6, also the chapter in "Steps to Christ," entitled "Consecration."

The Story Wanted

TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and deified.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.

Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

Yes, and when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

The Story Told

You ask me for the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

You want the old, old story,
And nothing else will do!
Indeed I cannot wonder,
It always seems so new.

I often wish that some one
Would tell it me, each day;
I never should get tired
Of what they had to say.

But I am wasting moments!
Oh! how shall I begin
To tell the old, old story,
How Jesus saves from sin.

Listen, and I will tell you;
God help both you and me,
And make the old, old story,
His message unto thee.

Once, in a pleasant garden,
God placed a happy pair;
And all within was peaceful,
And a/l around was fair.

But oh! they disobeyed Him,
The one thing He denied
They longed for, took, and tasted;
They ate it, and—they died!

Yet, in His love and pity,
At once the Lord declared
How man, though lost and ruined,
Might after all be spared.

For one of Eve's descendants,
Not sinful, like the rest,
Should spoil the work of Satan,
And men be saved and blest.

He should be son of Adam,
And son of God as well,
And bring a full salvation,
From sin, and death, and hell.

* * * * *
Hundreds of years were over;
Adam and Eve had died,
The following generation,
And many more beside.

At last, some shepherds watching
Beside their flocks, at night,
Were startled in the darkness
By strange and heavenly light.

One of the holy angels
Had come from heaven above,
To tell the true, true story,
Of Jesus and His love.

He came to bring glad tidings:
"You need not, must not, fear,
For Christ your new-born Saviour,
Lies in the village near."

And many other angels
Took up the story then;
"To God on high be glory,
Good-will, and peace, to men."

And was it true—that story?
They went at once to see,
And found Him in a manger,
And knew that it was He.

He, whom the Father promised,
So many ages past,
Had come to save poor sinners;
Yes, He had come at last.

He was content to do it,
To seek and save the lost,
Although He knew beforehand—
Knew all that it would cost.

He lived a life most holy;
His every thought was love,
And every action showed it,
To man, and God above.

His path in life was lowly;
He was a working man.
Who knows the poor man's trials
So well as Jesus can?

* * * * *
His last three years were lovely!
He could no more be hid;
And time and strength would fail me
To tell the good He did.

He gave away no money,
For He had none to give;
But He had the power of healing,
And made dead people live.

He did kind things so kindly,
It seemed His heart's delight
To make poor people happy,
From morning until night.

He always seemed at leisure
For every one who came:
However tired or busy,
They found Him just the same.

He heard each tale of sorrow
With an attentive ear,
And took away each burden
Of suffering, sin, or fear.

He was "a man of sorrows,"
And when He gave relief,
He gave it like a brother,
Acquainted with the grief.

Such was "the man Christ Jesus!"
The friend of sinful man;
But hush! the tale grows sadder,
I'll tell it—if I can.

This gentle, holy Jesus,
Without a spot or stain,
By wicked hands was taken,
And crucified and slain.

Look! look!—if you can bear it—
Look at your dying Lord!
Stand near the cross and watch Him—
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

His feet and hands are pierced,
He cannot hide His face;
And cruel men stand staring,
In crowds, about the place.

They laugh at Him;
They tell Him to "come down,"
And leave that cross of suffering,
And change it for a crown.

Why did He bear their mockings?
Was He the mighty God?
And could He have destroyed them
With one almighty word?

Yes, Jesus could have done it:
But let me tell you why
He would not use His power,
But chose to stay and die.

He had become our surety;
And what we could not pay
He paid instead, and for us,
On that one dreadful day.

For our sins He suffered;
For our sins He died;
And not for ours only,
But all the world's beside.

* * * * *
And now the work is finished!
The sinner's debt is paid;
Because on Christ, the righteous,
The sin of all was laid.

O wonderful redemption!
God's remedy for sin,
The door of heaven is open,
And you may enter in.

For God released our surety,
To show the work was done!
And Jesus' resurrection
Declared the victory won!

And now He has ascended,
And sits upon the throne,
To be a Prince and Saviour,
And claim us for His own.

* * * * *
But when He left His people
He promised them to send
The Comforter, to teach them,
And guide them, to the end.

And that same Holy Spirit,
Is with us to this day;
And ready now to teach us
The new and living way.

* * * * *
This is the old, old story;
Say, do you take it in—
This wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin?

Do you at heart believe it?
Do you believe it's true?
And meant for every sinner,
And therefore meant for you?

Then take this great salvation;
For Jesus loves to give.
Believe! and you receive it,
Believe! and you shall live.

And if this simple message
Has now brought peace to you,
Make known the old, old story,
For others need it too.

Let everybody see it,
That Christ has made you free;
And if it sets them longing,
Say, "Jesus died for thee!"

Soon, soon, our eyes shall see Him!
And, in our home above,
We'll sing the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love!

—Selected.

Fourth Week

Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us

Song Service.

Opening Exercises.

Story: "The Clock That Ran Things
Wrong."

Symposium on the Topic: (a) "The
Friend," (b) "As Others See Us," (c)
"Leading Straight."

"Responses."

* Recitation: "Wishing."

The Clock That Ran Things Wrong

"THAT no man put a stumblingblock or
an occasion to fall in his brother's way."
Rom. 14: 13.

A little clock in a jeweller's window in a
certain western town stopped one day for
half an hour at fifteen minutes of nine.
School children, noticing the time, stopped
to play; people hurrying to the train,
looking at the clock, began to walk leisu-
rely; professional men, rushing to meet
appointments, saw the time, and walked
slower; business men, after a look at the
clock, stopped to chat a minute with one
another; working men and women noted
the time and lingered a little longer in the
sunshine,—and all were half an hour late
because one small clock had stopped.
Never had these people known how much
they had depended upon that clock till it
led them astray. Many are thus uncon-
sciously dependent upon the influence of
Christians; you may think you have no in-
fluence, but you cannot go wrong in one
little act without leading others astray.—
W. T. Clark, in the Ram's Horn.

The Friend

DID you ever wish you could stand off
and get a view of yourself from an imper-
sonal angle? What do our fellow travel-
ers think of the things we do and say?
Of our general bearing? What sort of in-
fluence do we exert unconsciously, as we go
and come in this busy, workaday world?
Is it Christian?

"Whose preaching led you to accept
Christ?" asked some one of a successful
business man whose life was a wonderful
tribute to his faith.

"Nobody's preaching; it was Aunt
Mary's practising," he replied, and then
went on to explain how this good friend
had so simply and sincerely lived her religion
that he had been led to make her Sav-
iour his own.

Does your influence draw those whose
lives touch yours, closer to the great Pat-
tern which you profess to follow? Does
mine?

This question brings to mind a very per-
sonal experience, for during one of the
most careless of my happy-go-lucky school
years I was privileged to find a friend whose
influence did just that very thing for me.
In the classroom, on the street, at social
gatherings, yes, and at home—for she
roomed with me—I watched her as she
went her unobtrusive way, living every day
such a quiet, beautiful, unselfish life that
somehow it drew others, like a magnet, to-
ward the Great Ideal. She never particu-
larly mentioned to me the things which
meant so much to her, and for which I had
no care; but as our casual acquaintance
mellowed into friendship, I could somehow
feel her interest.

During the years that have come and
gone, our ways have often crossed, but
long and close association has not dimmed
the lustre of this charming Christian char-
acter. Like a perfectly cut diamond it
shines with new brilliancy in every experi-
ence of life—and the way has many times
been far from pleasant.

Hundreds of other young people could
bear eloquent tribute to the helpful in-
fluence of this same friend, for her ministry
has not been circumscribed. She has
proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that
it is possible to live the common life and

meet the everyday experiences in a way that is entirely consistent with the profession of Christianity.

No matter how many times we fail, there is always an ideal toward which to strive. Every act exerts an influence on some one, whether or not we stop at the time to think of it. It is profitable food for thought to question just what would be the effect upon ourselves if we could stand aside and watch our own comings and goings, and listen with detached interest to the words we speak.

LORA E. CLEMENT.

As Others See Us

Do you realize what you are doing when you stand before the mirror and scrutinize your attire, the part in your hair, the angle of your tie, and then, after you have brushed your coat, give another glance before you go out? You are trying to see yourself as others see you. And because we do endeavour to see ourselves as others see us, we often correct many defects which would detract from our appearance. The mirror is a true reflector and tells no lies. We can tell at a glance what others will see.

But where is the mirror to reflect our conduct, to tell how our actions, our habits, and our little peculiarities appear to others? Would that we might see ourselves go passing by, that our eyes might be opened to see ourselves as others see us. Yet there are always ways in which we can see, if we will look closely. Oftentimes we may see some trait, some habit of ours, in an associate. A young man often sees his actions copied by his small brother. The little fellow will endeavour to deport himself exactly like his hero in manner, acts, and words. Let him hear a new slang phrase dropped by big brother, and he picks it up immediately. Do we like the reflection that we see in the little ones? Let us be careful then.

How quickly a baby will reflect our temperament! Smile and laugh with a child, and you will receive the same in return, even as the mirror faithfully reflected your physical appearance. But become impatient and angry with the baby, and you are immediately rewarded with like impatience and anger.

A strong personality stamps its mark upon every one with whom it comes in contact, and is reflected in the lives of others. We all know of persons who spread sunshine and happiness wherever they go. No matter what the state of mind of a group may be, when such a one comes in, everything is bright and cheerful. Even so, the converse is true—when our own souls are gloomy, we often cast the gloom on every one around us. One needs only to look upon those around him to see himself.

Is not the same true in its spiritual application? Is the spiritual tone of your associates losing its genuine ring, is it becoming lax? Look to your own condition. Very likely you are but seeing a reflection of yourself. Yes, we are continually seeing ourselves go passing by, modified somewhat, to be sure; yet our every manner, deed, and word has its influence, and we must guard ourselves carefully if we wish to look upon a pleasing reflection when we see ourselves as others see us.

LINTON G. SEVRENS.

Leading Straight

"DID I not lead them straight?" He did, and died.

A British force was crossing the desert in Egypt. They were provisioned for five days. Somebody had miscalculated. Camels and men were dying, marches could only be made by night to avoid the terrible heat. They were aiming for the enemy and had lost their way as completely as if on the ocean. The commander turned to a young engineer of twenty-one, saying, "I place the command in your hands. Can you lead us straight to town tonight? We can last but one more march."

Then that well-trained student engineer took his observations as in mid-ocean, found the latitude and longitude and direction as surely as a captain locates his ship on the ocean or a surveyor the corner stake in the Western plains. As night shut in, he took command and followed his compass. All night they marched. Toward morning they were greeted by a mighty fusillade—and they welcomed it, for it told them that they were at their goal and were to fight for it.

Quickly spreading out and digging in, they fought and won. While the battle was on, an officer reported to the commander, "Sir, Lieutenant Douglas is mortally wounded." Quickly going to his side, the commander knelt over the youthful engineer, took the highest British cross of honour from his own breast, pinned it upon the boy, and kissed him. Thanking him, Douglas said, "Did I not lead them straight?" I think the inner satisfaction that came to Douglas in knowing that he had led his companions "straight" must have been worth more to him than the pinning of the British honour cross on his breast.

And what about my leadership? Am I a good pathfinder for those who follow human trail makers? Am I leading human feet in a straight course? God help me to follow His compass, His chart, so that my leadership may take men and women out of the desert of doubt and despair to the place of hope and light and victory.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Wishing

Do you wish the world were better?

Let me tell you what to do:
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high.
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?

Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrapbook of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly;
Live to learn, and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge,
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?

Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasures of the many
May be oftentimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

—Selected

Responses

1. "FRANK BEARD, the cartoonist, used to draw before an audience a dreary winter landscape with a house in it. Suddenly with a dash of crimson chalk he lighted up one window of the house, and instantly the dreary picture became full of cheer. Thus just one happy life will light up a home, a church, a whole community."

2. "Because Christ is the light of the world, Christians are to be lights in the world."

3. "Light must go forth, outward, on and on, endlessly. It is not light if it is not outgoing. And so no one can be a Christian without the missionary spirit."

4. No light ever dies, but it is pulsing on through the universe somewhere. And no true Christian influence ever dies."

5. "'Walk on the sunny side of the street,' is good advice even for summer. Keep in spiritual sunshine, too. Go where the people radiate Christian cheer."

6. "Some folk carry Christian cheer, but as dark lanterns."

7. "The light that is easiest on the eyes is not direct light, but reflected light. This is a hint for modest Christian living."

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

NOTE TO THE SUPERINTENDENT:—All the missionary exercises for this month are on the Educational Work in the Far East, the object of our Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. Please make this plain to the school. Also notice that for September 30, the day on which the special offering is made, a dialogue is to be rendered. This could be planned for early in order that the parts may be well learned and rehearsed.

(September 2)

Shanghai Missionary College

BY S. L. FROST.

THE new school year has begun and there are gathered in the Shanghai Missionary College a company of two hundred and twenty boys and girls, men and women. They come from twelve provinces in China as well as from Manchuria and Korea.

The teachers feel that we have a very fine company of students. With but few exceptions, all have entered heartily into their work and are making good progress. We feel that God has been with us from the opening of school, and trust that as the days go by we may experience more of His presence and help. Our prayer bands on Wednesday mornings are seasons of blessing for both teachers and students. Our Friday evening prayer and testimony meetings and our young people's meetings are well attended.

"The Shanghai Missionary College has been established for the purpose of giving our Chinese young men and women a Christian education. At the present time, the school is the advanced training school for all China. When we understand that the students from this school will to a large degree mould the work of this denomination throughout this great field, surely the teachers here have a most heavy responsibility. Let your mind take time to grasp the figure. Four hundred million people, about one-fourth of the world's population, in the bondage of sin waiting to hear this message. Truly there

is need of a large company of qualified, Christian workers, women as well as men, being sent out from this school year by year.

"We have been greatly perplexed to know how to plan for the education of our girls and women. We find it necessary to put from four to six girls in a room, the largest room being about 11 x 12 feet, thus crowding thirty girls into a building suitable for about sixteen. In order to make it possible that this number be accommodated we had bed frames made with an upper and lower berth. When three of these are placed in a room, there is but little space left.

"We knew if we sent some of these girls home, they perhaps would never get another opportunity to come, would continue in ignorance of the truth, and thus the work of God would languish when it ought to be making mighty strides.

"While we have many needs, yet that which we are most concerned about at present is a dormitory for girls. We have caught a vision of many of the women of China entering the gates of the Celestial City, and we want to work and pray with all the faith, ability, and strength that God has given to see the realization of this vision. Will you help to bring it to pass with your money and prayers?"

(September 9)

The Philippine Academy

IRVING A. STEINEL

WE are nearing the close of the fifth year of our school work in the Philippines. Each year has marked progress in the work, but this fifth one is by far the best in every way. Our enrollment this year has been two hundred and twenty-eight. Because of our limited dormitory accommodations, we have had to turn away a number of students this year. We are just beginning work on a small addition to our main building, and hope that funds can be provided next year for an addition to our other building, the girls' dormitory.

This year we have had a Normal Department with an enrollment of twenty. In this department we are endeavouring to train church school teachers. There is already a demand for church schools, but we have lacked properly trained teachers in the past. This year three of these schools have been in operation in the Visayan field. We hope to have several more next year in other provinces.

Among the most interesting pupils that come to our school are the boys who come from the Mountain Provinces. The mountain people have not had the advantages of good schools or other cultural advantages that the people in the lowlands have had since the United States has controlled the islands. However, we have found that they make rapid progress in their studies when they begin to learn. It is very interesting to watch their minds expand.

One of these boys is the son of a former headhunter. He says his father was a fierce headhunter. In his home is a large jar which is worshipped as a god. In this jar are the bones of some of the father's victims. This boy was a very bad boy when he came to us. At least, he says he was very bad. He used to gamble, drink, and indulge in many other vices. He knew nothing about God. But this year he has been fairly drinking

in Bible stories and teachings. A short time ago, in conversation with Mrs. Steinel, he told her about some of the bad things he used to do. He said, "Do you think Jesus can ever forgive me?" When he was assured that Jesus would forgive him, he said, "But can he ever forget all those bad things I have done?" What a joy it was to be able to tell him that our God forgives and forgets! Truly there is no more beautiful work on earth than that of leading poor benighted souls to our Saviour.

Since the opening of our school in 1917, we have had the great joy of seeing fifty of our students baptized. At present there is another baptismal class preparing for this step. We are humbly grateful to the Lord for the wonderful privilege he has given us of having a part in this work which is so dear to our hearts.

(September 16)

Korea's Awakening

BY JACOB E. RIFFEL

NEVER before in the history of Korea has there been such a desire for an education among the young people as there is today. The government schools are filled to their very limit and all the denominational schools are so crowded that they cannot do justice to every one.

Our only training school for Korea, located at Soonan, is facing the same difficulty. At the opening of this school last spring more students than could be accommodated made applications. After the entrance examination, only those of higher grades for whom we had room were permitted to attend; the others had to return. The students of a lower grade might in the sight of the Lord be better prepared to attend school and make better workers for Him than those who are naturally more brilliant. "Shall we to men benighted, the lamp of life deny?"

This autumn we are adding a larger class room to our school building, which will be used for the beginners' class. We have a room 18 x 18 feet which we intend to use for a library, but as yet there are no tables, chairs, or books to put into it—only boys and girls who are eager to learn.

The boys' dormitory and dining room are by far too small. There is room for only about fifty. The other eighty are scattered all over the village. Those who can board with our people do so, the others are obliged to stay in their homes, away from evening and morning worship and all Christian influences. The girls' dormitory is also too small.

Under many disadvantages our school is making progress. Prayer meetings are well attended and a good spirit is prevailing. A number of the boys and girls who have been studying this truth for several months, followed their Lord in baptism about six weeks ago. We are looking forward with great enthusiasm to the time when our educational work will stand in the foreground. The welfare of our work in the future depends upon the training of our youth today.

Today the doors of opportunity are open which sooner or later may forever be closed. The money prayerfully given toward our educational work today will be the means of bringing this truth to many homes. Brethren, we solicit your prayers for this work and also for us, that we may faithfully do the work the Master has intrusted to us among these Far Eastern people.

(September 23)

A Plea for Our Thirteenth Sabbath Offering

No Money

No money! yet brothers and sisters are dying.

No money! yet millions in darkness are lying.

O Christians, arise from your wealth and your ease,

And seek, while you may, these cries to appease.

No money! to teach them that Jesus waits pleading.

No money! to send them the joy they are needing.

Your brothers, my brother, are grappling with death;

Your sisters, my sister, with fast-failing breath,

Are asking for help which your hands are withholding,

While you, in your comfort, your arms are now folding.

In gloom they await, but for answer they gain,

"No money!"—that bitter and solemn refrain.

No money! yet teachers and preachers are waiting,

Impatient with standing, while men are debating

How much they can "spare" from their treasures of gold;

How much they will "miss" if they do not withhold.

What we like we must have, though the cost may be dear,

Though the money we spend might be used to quench fear

From the breasts of the saddened and sorrowful mothers,

From the hearts of our suffering sisters and brothers.

O daughters of Zion, the Father is calling! He needeth your help; for your sisters are falling.

O women who rest in the shelter of ease, Come, offer your part of the load to release!

Must we call back the men from the vineyard of God?

Shall we fail to trace footsteps the martyrs have trod?

Shall we rest in our luxury, heedless of cries

From agonized heathen—of heart-broken sighs?

Must we cry the word "Halt!" to the soldiers awaiting?

Must we tell them to stop, in measured tones stating

That money is wanting, that heathen must die,

That still in their misery our brothers must lie?

—Minnie L. Haskins

(September 30)

FOR the missionary exercise on this Thirteenth Sabbath we would suggest that you use the dialogue found in the little "Mission Quarterly" for the Third Quarter, 1922. A copy of this will be received by each Sabbath school from your Conference Sabbath School Secretary. The parts should be given out early that the dialogue may be rendered effectively.