

September 30, 1912.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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Missionary.

THE MISSIONARY CALL

Paul, the great missionary, was a self-supporting missionary. William Carey, the cobbler, served the Lord by cobbling shoes to pay his own expenses. Teachers, ministers, doctors, nurses, industrial workers, farmers and many others are sorely needed on the mission field today. A Christian home in those lands is like an oasis in the desert; like a lighthouse on the coast of a dark sea, a center of light for those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. The need of workers and the great variety of work offer an opportunity and room for any who can go. Sunday-school teachers, personal workers, ministers, teachers for day schools, matrons in hospitals and schools, business men, stenographers, mechanical workers, and other forms of work are needed.

A few years ago, the writer met a missionary from Borneo. He said that several years before Bishop Thoburn of India had sent out a call for thirty young men who were willing to find their support without any guarantee, to go to the mission fields. The thirty young men were found. This missionary had made his support by teaching, had married the daughter of a missionary, and he and his wife were working on the Island of Borneo, in Sarawak, where are found many of the Dyaks, the savage head-hunters.

A few years ago a refined Christian woman left her home, and went at her own charges to Korea. She has had a very useful and blessed service in teaching God's Word to many poor, ignorant heathen women. Her home is visited almost daily by numbers of these women, who meet to study the Bible. She is their friend and helper, and writes she never knew what true joy was until she entered upon this life of service.

A young lady in Virginia said to her parents that as they could support her on the mission field for the same amount they spent at home, "then why not have me for your missionary?" A sister writes that her mother is sending her son, a young business man, to one of the most difficult places in our African mission. Some years ago a Kentucky business man sold out his business and today he is one of our most useful and honored missionaries in China. A retired minister and his wife recently went to spend their time in Korea and do what they could for the furtherance of the Gospel. A mother went out with her daughter and, aside from being a help and blessing, has found time to teach the younger children of the missionaries, and teach a class in English.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." Psalm 110:3. "Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me." Isa. 6:8.—*Christian Herald*.

FATHER'S RETURN.

Father's return from his trip should be a gala day, whether he has been gone one week or six. When a man has been looking forward through the round of busy days to the time when he shall see his dear ones again, it is a disappointment to find, when he reaches home, that Mary is to take supper with one of her young friends, and that Katherine has gone for a walk in the park. It is not strange if he feels that he counts very little in the lives of those he loves best.—*Selected*.

HARRY'S MISSIONARY POTATO.

"I cannot afford it," said John Hale, the rich farmer, when asked to give to the cause of missions.

Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied. "Is it not too bad they cannot have churches and school houses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man, testily. "Do you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it."

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and day after day puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in a good humor over the election news, he said: "Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?"

"A potato?" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the unsuspecting grandparent, settling his glasses on his calculating nose in such a way that showed he was glad to escape on such cheap terms from the lad's persecution.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing nine; these, the following season, became a peck; the next, seven and a half bushels, and when the fourth harvest came, the potato had increased to seventy bushels. And, when sold, the amount realized was put with a glad heart into the treasury of the Lord.

Even the aged farmer exclaimed: "Why, I did not feel that donation in the least! And Harry, I've been thinking that if there were a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered."—*Selected*.

WAYS OF GIVING.

"A penny a week and a shilling a quarter" from every member was John Wesley's heaven-taught method in his time. But centuries before him Paul had hit upon the same general scheme. All at it, and always at it, will work wonders everywhere. The colored congregation that passed three resolutions—first, pledging all present to give something; second, pledging themselves to give cheerfully; and third, to give as they were able—hit upon a simple and sure method of meeting the financial needs of the Church of Christ.—*Missionary Review*.

A PICTURE OF HEATHENISM.

Paint a starless sky; hang your picture with night; drape the mountains with long, far-reaching vistas of darkness; hang the curtains deep along every shore and landscape; darken all the past; let the future be draped in deeper and yet deeper night; fill the awful gloom with hungry, sad-faced men and sorrow-driven women and children;—it is the heathen world, the people seen in vision by the prophet, who sit in the region and shadow of death, to whom no light has come, sitting there still, through the long, long night, waiting and watching for the morning.—*Bishop Foster*.

A BOY WHO WAS WANTED.

(Continued from Page 3).

One Saturday evening soon after, Jack lingered in Mr. Hill's office after the other errand boys had been paid and gone away.

"My three years are up tonight, sir," he said.

"Yes, they are," said Mr. Hill, looking as if he remembered it.

"Will you give me a recommendation to someone else, sir?"

"Well, I will, if you are sure you want to leave me."

"I didn't know you wanted me to stay, but"—he hesitated and then went on—"my mother is a widow, and I feel as though I ought to do the best I can for her, and Mr. Lang told me to call on him."

"Has Mr. Lang ever made you an offer?"

Jack told him of what Mr. Lang had said to him nearly two years ago.

"Why didn't you go to him then?" said Mr. Hill.

"Because I had promised to stay with you; but you mustn't blame me for trying to better myself now?"

"Not a bit of it. Are you tired of running errands?"

"I'd rather ride than walk," said Jack with a smile.

"I think it is about time you were doing better than either. Perhaps you think you have been doing this faithful work for me through these years for next to nothing, but, if so, you are mistaken. You have been doing better work than merely running errands. You have been serving an apprenticeship to trust and honesty. I know you now to be a straightforward, reliable boy, and it takes time to learn that. It is your capital and you ought to begin to realize on it. You may talk to Mr. Lang if you wish, but I will give you a place in the office, with a salary of six hundred dollars for the first year, with a prospect of a raise after that."

Jack did not go to Mr. Lang, but straight to his mother with a shout and a bound.

"You're right, you're right, mother!" he cried. "No more hard work for you, mother. I'm wanted, you see! Wanted enough to get good pay, and all the hardest part over."—In *"The Ram's Horn."*

The Home.

RULE OF THREE.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to fight for—honor, country and home.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.—*Selected*.

Honest folks dread not the law. The heavily minded dread not hell.