

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Harland P O.,
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To the Ministers and Workers in the
Homeland:

Beloved: What are you going to do with your children? Your boys and girls? Are they to follow in the footsteps of their parents and in their generation, preach the gospel?

There are a number of ministers' children at home, the age of mine, some older and some younger. Now this query has come to me this a. m. as I sat ripping up a coat to make over for one of the children. It was a soldier's invalid coat, long, of good quality and by remaking I can get a good warm one for one of my girls. I may color it if I so desire. While ripping this I was thinking of you at home, now the winter cold is upon you and we summer's heat. Thus I came to the above problem—What are the R. B. ministers going to make out of their children? If King George needs them we say I suppose you must go, so we with sighs and tears bravely let them go, but when King Jesus needs them to battle with the devil and snatch souls from an eternal death, what are we doing? What are we saying? Are we planning this for them? Are we training them for it? From infancy what, up to the present, have we done to impress upon them the importance of this "high calling in Christ Jesus?"

Once I was in a missionary home and the mother (there are seven children) was always complaining of straightened circumstances, of small salary and so hard to get this or that for the girls, whom she wished to dress as well as her neighbors' children whose circumstances were far different. The many times I called on this woman I cannot remember of her once speaking of any blessedness from being a Christian worker, nor of the joy of being a light bearer nor anything about the husband's work, only worry and care, shortness of means, etc. Needless to say not one of the seven children are missionaries as yet that I have heard of and I wonder if the atmosphere of the home did not influence them the other way. I cannot tell.

About twenty-five years ago and when my heart was stirred for Africa and we were bending every effort to be prepared for this dark corner of the earth, I was talking to a young girl about fourteen or a little older, daughter of two very earnest workers, the mother a foreign missionary in her young womanhood. This girl in answer to my question if she was going to be a missionary said, "No, I never intend to be one." When I wished to know why, she answered, "My father and mother have had too hard a time." I am glad to say when she was fully grown up she became, for a short time, a mission worker in the slums and then God took her home. But you can imagine the shock her answer was to me for I felt I never wanted to be anything else and my father's work and life even of most rigid self denial while we were growing up, only made me see worked out in a life, what Christ taught in his word.

Why am I writing all this—well I think you can see what I mean Do not we as

parents by our home conversion as much as our teaching, influence our children in choosing their life work. Perhaps I am too radical, but if we as workers, really, truly believe no other vocation is more valuable than that of "Ambassadors for Christ" had we not ought to so impress this upon the young people in our homes that it is so and worthy of our very best?

I can hear many different voices raising as many different opinions and discussing the difficulties and I too say yes to them all and agree that it is a very difficult problem. Trained in the things of God as all ministers' children should be, have they not a better foundation to build upon than even the ordinary Christian's children who have not that atmosphere of winning souls to such an extent in his home.

But the openings for the ministers' sons and daughters are numerous and varied. People of business want them, people in government positions see in them promising officers and they want them to qualify for this or that post. To say nothing of the opportunities in the many walks of life, these all are open to the ministers' boys and girls for everybody expects them to be honourable, trustworthy and dependable even above the average child. Well, so they should be, the world is not expecting too much when it looks for these things, but, what are we going to do about it? Because the positions are aluring, from a social or money point of view what shall we as parents do about it? Shall we hold steadily to our consecration when we dedicated these same children to God and show them they cannot lightly enter any position they have offered them, but should rather seek to know from God his will concerning them, his property? This is not an easy thing to do, and we as parents might be censured in the failure, etc., etc. As my boys and girls are not all grown up and there are yet many things to be seen I cannot positively say that each one of ours will be workers for God, but, Beloved, I am bending every effort to this end and God alone knows what the result will be, but, I believe, "as the twig is bent the tree inclined," and "Train up a child in the way in which it should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

This is our attitude but I am wondering what you folks are doing about your children. Never at home had I seen such openings for young men as there are here. Never did I meet so many young men who wanted wives as here so perhaps we have even greater problems to face on this line than you. The Lord help us not to withhold from him that which is his.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

THROWING OUT THE SAND.

Balloons, when they want to rise higher, throw out some sand ballast. Why so many people are earthly-minded and have so little of the spirit of heaven, is that they have too much ballast in the shape of love for earthly joys and gains; and what you want is to throw out some of the sand, and you will rise higher.—Moody.

"A beer ad. ran thus: "The beer that builds." Builds what? Poverty, crime, jails, dens of infamy, disease, death."

POWER OF INFLUENCE.

The stone flung from my careless hand into the lake splashed down into the depths of the flowing water; and that was all. No, it was not all. Look at those concentric rings, rolling their tiny ripples among the sedgy reeds, dipping the overhanging boughs of yonder willow, and producing an influence, slight but conscious, to the very shore of the lake itself.

That hasty word, that word of pride or scorn, flung from my lips in casual company, produces a momentary depression; and that is all. No, it is not all. It deepened that man's disgust at godliness; and it sharpened the edge of that man's sarcasm; and it shamed that half-converted one out of his penitent misgivings; and it produced an influence, slight but eternal, on the destiny of an immortal life.

Oh! it is a terrible power that I have—this power of influence, and it clings to me. I cannot shake it off. It is born with me; it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. It speaks, it walks, it moves; it is powerful in every look of my eye, in every word of my lips, in every act of my life. I cannot live to myself. I must either be an Abel, who by his immortal righteousness, being dead, yet speaketh; or an Achan, the saddest continuance of whose otherwise forgotten name is the fact that man perishes not alone in his iniquity.—Selected.

THE MAGNETIC BOOK.

"I rejoice at Thy Word, as one that findeth gerat spoil." (Ps. 119:162.)

He that has once got fairly into Scriptures can ever leave them. The Book holds you as a magnet holds a needle, or as a flower holds a bee. If you want great thoughts, read your Bible. If you want something simple, read your Bible: it suits plain people. If you want the deepest and highest truth that ever was, read your Bible. for it has in it the sublimest poetry. The Book talks to us in our own mother tongue both day and night. Why should I have to ask another what my Father says? Let me sit down with the Holy Scriptures open before me, and hear for myself what God the Lord will speak. This is common-sense, is it not? The Bible is to many a dull Book, as dry as an old well. But when you hear your name read out in a will you prick up your ears. . . . What if there should be something in the Testament of the Lord Jesus for you? When I found my name there my heart danced for joy. It was in these lines: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That means me; does it not mean you? If it does, believe it, and get your legacy at once.—Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

Do you want to know who are the meanest people in your town? They are the proselyters—people who argue Christians into doubts about the doctrines of their church, coax them to join the proselyter's church, and then sing the Doxology over the poor sinners' coming home.—Bishop Berry.