

MISSIONARY PAGE

EMMA SETS AN EXAMPLE . . .

The members of the Sunshine Class in Miss Moore's room went about their homes seeking such things as she suggested might prove worthy to go into a barrel of gifts she was planning to send to a missionary on the field.

Mrs. Carr noticed her little daughter Emma inspecting her toys, and finally she asked her what she had in mind.

"I am trying to decide, Mother," said Emma thoughtfully, "whether to give my old rag doll or my—" Emma paused.

"You couldn't be thinking about Princess Patricia?" her mother questioned.

"Yes'm," Emma returned. "I was thinking about her. I am going to send Princess Patricia, or Judy, to China—but which one will go, I have not yet decided."

"You will be happier if you make this decision yourself, Emma," answered her mother. "I can see why you would hesitate to send Princess Patricia, because she is such a lovely doll; and you would hesitate to send old Judy, because you've had her so long—but they both are yours, and whichever one you send, we will ask God's blessing upon it."

Shortly afterward, Mrs. Carr saw Emma leaving the house with a bundle under her arm, and two hours later she saw her coming up the walk, her face wreathed in smiles, and a light of joy in her eyes.

"I don't have to ask you which doll you gave, Emma," said Mrs. Carr. "I know you gave Princess Patricia."

"Why—why—Mother?" stammered Emma, "how did you guess it?"

"By your beaming countenance," Mrs. Carr answered, "When we give till it hurts, we instantly find a strange, new joy in our own hearts."

"That's true, Mother," Emma answered, softly. "I did send Princess Patricia to China, and—Mother—when the members of the Sunshine Class saw the lovely gift I was sending to some little girl in China, each one changed her mind about the gift she was sending, and instead of adding a broken toy, they went back home and brought something they wanted very much to keep for themselves, and then—" suddenly Emma's lips began to tremble, "and then," she repeated, "Miss Moore asked us to kneel about the barrel while she prayed, and—and, Mother" (Emma's eyes were like shining little stars now, and her lips were smiling), "she asked God to bless me especially for the good example I had set before the class—and—and—somehow, I have a feeling in my heart that the gifts we packed today will bring a bit of happiness to the little folks that receive them from the mission in China."

And, sure enough, in due time, a letter came from the missionary, saying that the gift box from the Sunshine Class had been received, and the joy the lovely toys had brought to the hearts of the mission pupils was beyond his power to describe.

And Emma, hearing of this, felt a new joy in her soul because she had set a good example before the members of her Sunday school class.—Sunshine for Little People.

GOD'S WORK IS DONE AT THE THRONE

Several years ago a woman in India, a missionary, took into her heart five little orphan girls. They were very naughty. She prayed for them! she taught them and labored with them, but it seemed to no avail. Finally one day in her desperation she wrote to America to a blacksmith, and said: "I wish you would pray for my five little girls, that I have taken. Whatever I do makes no impression upon them; they remain as naughty as ever."

What do you think that blacksmith did? Do you think he said, "Bless Jennie over there, and bless the five little girls and bring them to Christ," and then forgot all about it? No, that is not what he did. When his day's work was finished and everything ready to close up, he took that letter and went back into his shop and he spent the night wrestling in prayer for the salvation of those children. In the morning he wrote a letter to the missionary. "Do not be discouraged. God has answered prayer for those five little girls, and they will be converted."

OUR MISSIONARIES' NEEDS

**Do you hear them pleading, pleading?
Not for money, comfort, power,
But that you, O Christian worker,
Will but set aside an hour**

**Wherein they will be remembered
Daily at the Throne of Grace,
That the work which they are doing
In your life may have a place.**

**Do you see them seeking, seeking,
For the gift of priceless worth
That they count of more importance
Than all other gifts on earth?**

**Not the gold from rich men's coffers,
Nor relief from any care;
'Tis a gift that you can give them —
'Tis the Christian's daily prayer.**

—Selected

Something happened the very next morning after he had prayed. The spirit of conviction came upon those five children over in India and they came to Mrs. Fuller and said, "We have been very naughty children, we have not listened to what you have told us to do; we have told lies and disobeyed you; we have stolen and we have done a great many wicked things. We want to be the Lord Jesus Christ's little children. Won't you pray for us?"

They turned to Jesus, and I had one of those girls as a Christian worker. I think four out of five became Christian workers; they were all converted. When Mrs. Fuller got the letter a month later and counted back she found the little girls turned to the Lord the day after the blacksmith had spent the night in prayer. Now, how did that blacksmith work in India? How did he win souls for Christ? By way of the Throne, and we may all work in India, in Africa, in China and Korea; in the South American countries and the Roman Catholic and Communist dominated lands, and for the

VILIS HAYES GOES TO O. M. S. HEADQUARTERS, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them." John 10:4.

As I am about to take a forward step in God's will, what a blessed assurance to know He is going before me (already have I proved it) yet near enough that I can rest in the arms of His love.

A few years ago I felt the still small voice of God calling me, making me to feel "that only what is done for Jesus will last." I sought to obey the voice of God as far as I knew, then came the time when I had to trust when I could not trace, but during that time I had this word of assurance from the Lord: "The programme of the pathway is His and He is the performer of it," and now He has wonderfully opened the door of service to the very thing I felt Him calling me to.

Tomorrow morning I leave by plane for Los Angeles, California, to work in the office of the Oriental Missionary Society.

It isn't easy for me to break away from loved ones and friends (and God has given me many whom I love and appreciate) but I am happy to be in the centre of God's will and feel it is going to be a delight to use my time and strength in His service.

I've found in Jesus such a wonderful Saviour, Friend and Guide and I want to serve Him because I love Him, so I go forth under His gentle leadings.

So gladly to the task assigned thee
Having my promise, needing nothing more
Than just to know where'er the future find
thee,

In all thy journeying I go before.

BURNING OUT FOR GOD

David Brainerd prayed, "O that I were a flaming fire in the hands of God!"

For fifty years after Wesley's death the average Methodist preacher died at the age of forty-two. They literally burned out for God.

Wesley thought in terms of flame and heavenly fire. As he rode through the country on his endless itinerancy he chanted:

"Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!"

He was himself a flame going up and down the land, lighting such candles as, by God's grace, would never be put out. As one reads his "Journal" one gets the impression of this flame, never waning, never smoky, darting from point to point, lighting up the whole kingdom, till at last in due course, it burnt up the body that contained it.

people of so-called Christian lands, and also in our homes, by way of the Throne.

"Unto the uttermost parts of the earth!" It is my privilege; it is your privilege! Whether you go or whether you stay, you can labour for those teeming millions in darkness and degradation.

—Herald of His Coming.

The King's Highway