



## HOW TO BE A MISSIONARY

Theda Lee Olson

"And what do you want to be when you grow up?" asked Miss Carlson of her Sunday School class.

"I want to be a nurse," said Jeanie.

"I want to be a piano teacher," said Mary.

"When I grow up," said Jimmy, "I think I would like to be a fireman."

"Well," said Danny, "I know a lot about farming already, so when I grow up I am going to be a farmer and have cows and chickens by the hundreds."

"What do you want to be, Edna?" asked Miss Carlson.

"I guess I want to be a teacher, because I can't think of anything else I'd rather be, right now."

"And you, Timothy?" asked Miss Carlson.

Timothy took a long time deciding. At last he said, "I'm going to be a missionary when I grow up. I'll go to China, or Africa, maybe."

"These are all very good ideas," Miss Carlson said. "We need more Christian nurses, firemen, farmers, teachers, and so on. We also need men and women to go to other countries to tell the people about Jesus."

"But did you notice what Timothy said? He said, 'When I grow up.' I'm going to tell you something you maybe haven't thought about. It's good news for all of us, because it's something important we can be while we're growing up."

"Is it monitors at school?" asked Jimmy, who was in the first grade and liked being a monitor.

"No, it's something even more important than that," Miss Carlson went on. "It's being missionaries right now!"

"You mean to preach and everything" asked Timothy, much surprised.

"No, I mean to live for Jesus," Miss Carlson explained. "To let everyone know by what we do and say that we love Him. We can be missionaries by bringing friends to Sunday School and church, and by bringing our Sunday School paper to someone who was sick and couldn't go to Sunday School."

"By helping mother with the dishes?" Jeanie interrupted eagerly.

"And by sitting still in church," Jimmy added quickly.

Miss Carlson smiled. "I see you have the right idea. Let's close now by praying that God will help us to be missionaries for Him right now, every day."

—The Little Folks.

## DeVERNE MULLEN'S SLATE

March 6 - 20—Marysville, N. B.

March 23 - April 3 — Nazarene Church, Plattsburg, N. Y.

April 5 - 17—Home Missions

## ELIJAH'S MANTLE

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water that was in the trench. Yonder was the altar of Baal, but here was a trench, ringing about a place of scorched earth, not even stones or dust remaining. Oh, it was good to be here; food and drink were forgotten. He lifted his eyes, and high up yonder was a lone eagle, slowly circling in a sky of cloudless blue. He arose and walked over to the place where the servant stood to view the ocean seven times, and saw at last a cloud rising from the sea, the size of a man's hand. The sea was as cloudless, and the sky as clear as that day. Then he returned to the place where the fire fell, and mused on the mighty importunate prayer Elijah made, bowed down with his head between his knees. The sun reddened, and slowly sank behind the distant horizon. Daylight faded and the stars came out, but that lone and shadowy figure remained, sometimes sitting, sometimes walking to and fro. There was no sleep for him that night, nor any loneliness, just a great gladness, that there was no human presence or voice near to disturb the wonderful sense of the indwelling presence of the Spirit that had been upon Elijah. He was glad he had seen him go. Nothing could have pried him loose from that insatiable determination to remain close by Elijah's side those last hours. "Stay here while I go yonder," Elijah had said. "No, I will not leave thee; what I want I must have. I must have a power more than human to be prophet in thy room."

The Christ who was to come, was to say to His followers in that last talk, "I must go unto My Father, but I will not leave you comfortless. I will send the Comforter unto you." They each were to receive their worthy portion.

The hours passed, the great stars wheeled in the sky, a little breeze stirred, and Elisha drew the mantle a little closer about him in the warm night. It was the prophet's mantle. Every moment of this night was a thrill of ecstasy, every hour was full to the brim. God was thinking His thoughts through Elisha's mind, impressing His feelings upon his heart, deep peace, great joy, the glory of His throne, His anger against sin, and His mighty, throbbing compassion for the suffering, sorrowing, and oppressed. The shades of night paled into dawn, a wind awoke, the birds carolled around, the stars faded, and a long low streak of cloud changed from purple to red, then to glowing gold. Then the sun lifted the splendour of his countenance, and with a reluctant sigh Elisha arose, descended the mountain, and set his journey toward Samaria; upon him Elijah's mantle, and the double portion of the Spirit that was on Elijah. In his ministry Elisha performed two miracles for every one of Elijah's, and so full of a prophet's virtue were his very bones, that a fresh corpse came to life when it touched Elisha's bones in the sepulchre long after his death.

## HE HAD TRIED THE PRODUCT

Judge Ben B. Lindsey was lunching one very hot day when a politician paused beside his table.

"Judge," said he, "I see you are drinking coffee. That is a heating drink. In this weather, you want to drink iced drinks—sharp iced, drinks. Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the judge, smiling, "but I have tried several fellows who have!"—War Cry.

## OBITUARY

Mrs. Celia Helen Madden, age 52, wife of Carl Madden, Sr., died suddenly Thursday morning, Feb. 10th, at her home on County Road, Milford.

Funeral service was held at Craig's funeral home, 24 High St., Old Town, the writer officiating.

May God bless the sorrowing hearts.

H. O. McGeorge

The funeral service of the late Horace Greeley Hillman, of Union Corner, N. B., was held at the Hartland Reformed Baptist Church. Music was supplied by Mr. Lorne Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Elias Crabbe, and Mrs. Bert Glendenning. The sermon was preached by the pastor. Mr. Hillman leaves to mourn, two brothers, Moses and Judson, of Hartland, N. B.; and two sisters, Mrs. Sylvia Cameron and Mrs. Cora Miller, of Fredericton, N. B.; besides more distant relatives and a host of friends. Interment was in the Union Corner Cemetery. We extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved.

F. A. Anderson

On Thursday, Feb. 17, Miss Georgie Thompson, age 18, of Moncton, N. B., went to be with the Lord. Georgie was a godly girl, consistent in life, clear in testimony, and devoted to her Saviour and her church. She was loved and appreciated by us all. The funeral service was conducted in the Moncton Church by her pastor. Miss Rhoda Milton sang "The Last Mile of the Way," and "The Eastern Gate" was sung by the choir. Interment was at Bass River, N. B. Our sympathy goes to her parents and loved ones who mourn her passing.

E. W. Tokley

## HEAVEN

One night a girl walking with her father was looking intently at the skies. Her father asked her what she was thinking about, and this is what she said: "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?" We cannot tell what a glorious place Jesus is preparing for us, but we know it will be a beautiful place. And, best of all, He will be there!—Unknown.

## HOME MISSION FUND RECEIPTS

Wood Island Church	\$ 12.00
Lower Brighton	10.25
North Head	24.00
Woodstock	150.00
Head of Millstream	10.00
Presque Isle	10.00
Havelock N. S.	25.00
Millville	50.00
Perth	25.00
Bloomfield	7.00
Beals	104.12
Crawford	25.00
Gordonsville	5.00
Lansdowne	15.00
Calais	20.00
St. John	60.00
Fredericton	100.00
Marysville	100.00

Some churches have not as yet sent in any payment on their budget allotments. We cannot possibly continue to support our Home Mission Work without the aid and co-operation of all our churches and sacrificial giving of our members. Trusting we shall receive during this month the greatest amount from our churches as yet.

W. L. Fernley (treas.)

The King's Highway