

fervor, and so he pressed the subject still further by saying, 'If report says truly, some of the books on your long list would not bear the searchlight of Paul's injunction: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure—think on these things." Am I right in this conclusion, my young friend?'

Only a long-drawn sigh filled the pause, and then the man of years and discretion clinched what he had been saying by this direct question, 'Is that giving God a chance?'

'No! no!' was the decisive answer. 'I plainly see that I have not given him the shadow of a chance to mould my life; and yet, only a few hours ago, I wondered why I seemed so far removed from him, and why my life was so bare and barren. But tell me, my faithful friend, how to put myself where God can use me, for I am weary of the useless life I have been leading.'

'I will endeavor to do so most gladly, my dear boy,' was the tremulous answer, 'for I have both hoped and prayed for this glad hour. First, you must again consecrate yourself fully to your Saviour, as you did when you gave your heart to him years ago. Then I would suggest the years before you went to college as worthy of imitation in many ways. For you will bear me out in saying that the boy Harold was always in his proper place on the Lord's Day, and that he could be counted upon as faithfully performing his part in the various branches of church work; while the boy grown tall rarely gives God a chance to speak to him through his pastor's sermons, and I would not be surprised to learn that he has been a stranger to the blessed influence of prayer meetings for many a year.'

Here the speaker paused for a possible reply, but the one addressed kept his eyes fixed upon the floor and was silent.

'The trouble is, Harold, worldliness, in various ways, has so sapped your strength as to leave no room for Christian development,' continued the man, who was bent on doing his best to answer his own prayers, 'consequently, at this sudden awakening, you are amazed at the barrenness of your life. But do you not see that you alone are responsible for what so depresses you, as well as what has brought grief to the hearts of those who, knowing of your God-given gifts, expected you to make rapid strides in the Christian life?'

'Yes, yes, it is all as light as day,' exclaimed Harold, springing to his feet and pacing the floor with a look of determination on his face, and then, as when a boy, he threw an arm about the neck of his old pastor, and pleadingly said, 'Pray for me!'

It was late into the night when that memorable interview ended, but the one who once more faced the blinding storm heeded it not, for his heart was attuned to the last words which he had spoken as he pressed the hand of this saintly friend.

'I will no longer strive for the plaudits of the world, but give God a chance to use me.'

A few weeks later the new pastor remarked to the old one, 'I can count on Harold White every time now. He said to me only yesterday, "Send me anywhere, or ask me to do anything, for I have been a drone in the church-hive so long that I have no disposition to select the easy places." I tell you he is doing his best to brush up his buried talents.'

The kindly face of Dr. Roberts was

aglow with joy, but he did not attempt to voice his thoughts beyond saying, as if thinking aloud, 'He is giving God a chance.'

How We Owned a Missionary

(V. F. Penrose, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'Why do they give so little?' I asked my last guest at a parlor conference on missions.

'They feel no sense of responsibility,' he replied.

Could this sense of responsibility be aroused? At last the foreign board told us we could own a missionary when we could support one. This was the first step.

More than fourteen hundred Christian Endeavor members in our circuit, and only \$117 for foreign missions as their offerings! So many letters were sent out saying we could have our own missionary if—

Many visits were paid to the societies, and missionary talks were given. After much investigation we procured the photograph of the man we were pledged to support in connection with another larger group of young people. This was duplicated, and was sent out broadcast and paid for. The money rose to five hundred dollars.

Then we felt we might call him ours. But no; the other group had greater claims, because he used to be one of them.

'If you would only take another,' said the secretary of the board. 'We do so want one in South America fully supported. His salary is \$1,100.'

'It would do the societies good to make an advance. They could. They can. They will,' was the reply.

Finding that \$21.15 represented one week's salary, we asked in an August circular letter how many weeks each society would be responsible for. It was surprising how many very small societies at once began to increase their offerings.

We had a four months' outline study of South America planned. We collected from very many wide-spread sources, from Canada, California, St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, leaflets and cuttings about South America. We secured a number of copies of 'An Evening in South America,' published at ten cents a copy by the South American Evangelical Mission, 66 Yonge street, Arcade, Toronto, Canada.

We found out what few books on South America were obtainable, that the missionary libraries some were forming might be re-enforced. We got a number to buy the little classic, 'South America, the Neglected Continent,' by Millard and Guinness. Fortunately there is a paper edition. The very weakest societies could secure a copy. While not up to date, it is the only compendium, and its graphic pages stir all who read them.

The study outlines were so arranged that after every subdivision of ten or fifteen minutes there would be sentence prayers for the land or continent or the vast possibilities suggested. After the four months were over, one society sent word, 'We are now going to review it all, praying more than ever.'

Prayer has been the one 'secret of success.' No letter went forth unprayed for. No single step was taken unprayed for. Everywhere prayer was asked for 'our own missionary,' at home and in the society.

His letters began to come. They were

full of faith and works. He seemed to live with his master. His desires for them were so large. 'Have you faith to ask for so much?' he wrote in his first letter to us. These letters, duplicated, were sent to all. Many wrote personal letters to him, perhaps each one in a society sending a message signed with his or her own name. One missionary committee of eighteen young boys and girls did this, and 'they never once forgot to pray for him,' their leader said. Replies came. We were all kept close to the thought of God, to the 'practice of the presence of God.'

We wrote to him for a photograph, and the duplicated copies were sold, several hundreds of them. This covered the expenses, and even left a little balance to be used for some of the work he loved.

Many visits were paid. Small conferences of the missionary committees in various centres were arranged for. We loved him very much. He drew us all closer and closer to God.

Perhaps this was because, like Enoch, he 'walked with God; and he was not; for God took him.'

One beautiful autumn day the news came. 'I know he has done a work here (Santiago, Chile) that few others have done, and a work that will live after him for years.'

On all sides sorrow was expressed. 'Every one loved him; it was remarkable,' said the secretary of the board.

'I think we have all learned through him to really love God more, to feel the work is his,' said one young worker.

The money had reached nine hundred dollars under the impetus of his co-laborer of ours. We felt that we had made a start. We felt that in spite of our sorrow and loss the year together had been such a blessing that we could but give thanks for it.

Together with the letter announcing his death went this note:—

'Dear Christian Endeavor Friends: God's work must go on, despite his removal of workers. Pray for the work in Chile; pray for the wife and children.'

'Do not let us stop our gifts a few weeks even. We have been giving better. Have we made sacrifices in order to give? Can we this year, because we have been privileged to be co-laborers with such a missionary for one year? Can we also make sacrifices for Christ's work in other lands?'

'Pray more than ever. I hope soon to send you a letter telling of our new missionary.'

'Yours in his name,

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The new missionary has been given us, a noble man in the same great, wicked city. We have sent him the assurances of our faithfulness and appreciation. We look forward to larger things, more prayer, 'more love to thee, O Christ,' more faithfulness, more money. Making these things precede the money, secures it.

Oh, money is needed sorely in the mission work; sorely it is needed. But far more is needed to 'love the Lord more deep,' as the Chinese translate the hymn just quoted.

Are you doubtful of the results in your work? Just stop a while and pray. 'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.' 'Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.' 'Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks.'