

"The Bread That Comes From Heaven Needs Finest Breaking"

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

"The bread that comes from heaven needs finest breaking."

Remember this,
All ye who offer for the children's taking,
Nor give amiss.
The desert m'na, like to coriander,
With honey taste,
Was gathered at the word of the Commander,
With cautious haste;
"A small round thing," and not in loaves for eating,
The manna fell,
Each day the wondrous miracle repeating,
As records tell.

So make it small, the bread of God, life giving,
The child is small,
Unskilled in all the strange great art of living
That baffles all.
Be mindful of the little ones, and feed them
With living bread;
But break it for them as you gently lead them
To Christ, the Head.
With skill and pains and loving forethought tender,
Provide the fare;
Remember that their powers at best are slender
For whom you care.

Young souls immortal claim your constant tending;
To these be true.
Be sure to give the bread from heaven descending—
Naught else will do.
Mix not with earthly things, that cause distraction,
The bread divine;
The Word itself has infinite attraction,
Yet—break it fine.
Nor let them lose, for any selfish reason,
The measure due;
Remember, for their portion in due season,
They look to you.

—In Primary Plans.

The Missionary Society's Best Friend

When war is on the tendency is to concentrate attention on the men at the front. "The man behind the gun" is the hero of the hour. But what about the man behind "the man behind the gun." The grimy covered mechanic who works in the arsenals, and the skilled chemist who labors in the laboratories never win medals; but without their services the war cannot go on. An army is helpless without arms and ammunition; and arms and ammunition are prepared by men who never smell the enemy's powder. The quiet routine at Woolwich is not described in special despatches; but without that quiet routine the empire-making victories on land, on sea, are impossible.

What the arsenal at Woolwich is to the British army, the Bible Society is to the missionary force, both at home and in the foreign field. Without it, missionary operations would cease, or else the different missionary boards would be put to such heavy expense that their work would be seriously impaired if not paralyzed. The sword of the spirit—the missionary's weapon—is the word of God. That word, to be effective, must reach the non-Christian inquirer in his native tongue. Without any profit to itself the Bible Society supplies translations to all missionary boards that apply for them. So far, not one request for a new translation has been refused.

Are the young Methodists, who so enthusiastically support the Forward Movement for Missions, fully seized of the obligation they owe to the Bible Society? We fear not, and for evidence point to the meagre few that usually greets the Bible Society's agent at the annual meeting. It is not to the credit of our Epworth Leaguers when the audience on such occasions consists almost entirely of middle aged persons or old people.

We offer two suggestions:

1st. Let every League find a place on its programme for an

evening with the Bible Society. It might be a good thing for the official topic card to make provision for this.

2nd. Let the Missionary Vice-President learn, as soon as possible, when the Bible Society meeting will be held, and arrange that the League shall attend the meeting in a body, under the auspices of his department.

Humility

The world's greatest men have ever been the humblest men. Humility as a virtue was born with Christianity. The first real picture of it was portrayed by Christ when He washed the disciples' feet. This act, which expresses the very genius of religion, was performed when our Saviour was most conscious of His divinity, showing us that a consciousness of power should only tend to produce a meek and gentle spirit. All true greatness manifests itself in sympathy and service, not in isolation and lofty self-assertiveness. Men like Lincoln, Gladstone, and Ruskin were bright examples of simplicity. Such men did not need to advertise their excellencies, for their lives manifested them as the sun its radiance. Egotism is most displeasing to the world, and is a most pronounced evidence of weakness. Goodness is inherent to character and discloses itself as the rose its perfume or the picture its color. All false pride and boasting should be avoided, because they defeat the very purpose that inspires them, viz., a desire to be admired and respected. It is a lesson that is worth while beginning early in life that the way to exaltation and favor is along the lowlands of self-surrender and service. The men who have reached the heights have been the men who tried the path of duty—struggling to be faithful without thought of being coronated.

The Polite Chinese

The Chinese are great sticklers for politeness. They have a whole vocabulary of words which are indispensable to one who wishes to pose as a "polite" person, words in which whatever belongs to the speaker is treated with scorn and contempt, and whatever relates to the person addressed is honorable. This trait of Chinese etiquette is not inaptly presented in one of their own tales, in which a visitor is represented as calling, clad in his best robes, and seated in the reception room awaiting the arrival of his host. A rat which had been disporting itself upon the beams above, insinuating its nose into a jar of oil which was put there for safe-keeping, frightened at the sudden intrusion of the caller, ran away, and in so doing upset the oil jar, which fell directly on the caller, striking him a severe blow, and ruining his elegant garments with the saturation of the oil.

Just as the guest's face was purple with rage at this disaster, the host entered, when the proper salutations were performed, after which the guest proceeded to explain the situation. "As I entered your honorable apartment and seated myself under your honorable beam, I inadvertently terrified your honorable rat which fled and upset your honorable jar upon my mean and insignificant clothing, which is the reason for my contemptible appearance in your honorable presence."

Between the Plough Handles

While driving with a country pastor, not long ago, the conversation turned on direct evangelistic work, and the brother gave some most interesting illustrations of the methods he had most successfully followed in bringing men to Christ. He said that he had accomplished more by coming into personal contact with unconverted people than by sermons and exhortations. In conversation it was easy to discover their difficulties, and thus learn how to lead them into the light. He had spoken individually with many people during the past year, and in almost every case had been kindly received. One man he had found out in the field ploughing, and while the horses rested, had talked to him about his soul. Right there, between the plough handles, the farmer surrendered himself to God. What a joy an experience of this kind must be to a pastor! The results of this personal method of garnering are so satisfactory, it is a wonder that Christian workers do not give greater attention, to it.