

## THE RALLY DAY ARMY



Down every street see the people come,  
Not at the call of the fife and drum,  
But at the call of the church bells sweet,  
With happy faces and eager feet.

For this is the time called Rally Day.  
"Come! Rally for Jesus!" the church bells say.  
Up to God's house let the army go,  
Honor and love for their King to show.

He needs us all—you and me—each one,  
If all of his army's work is done.  
Make this a glorious Rally Day.  
Hear the bells call and with joy obey.

## THE V. M. S.

It was Prue's teacher who thought of it first. When she and Prue appeared at Sunday school with little badges bearing the letters, "V. M. S.," of course everyone was curious and wanted to know what they meant. "I am going away on my vacation," explained the teacher, "but the church will be busy while I am away just as it is when I am here and it will need my money to help pay expenses. I shall miss the missionary offering, too, and the missionaries will be hard at work and their salaries must be paid. I do not want the people who stay at home to pay my share, so I am going to have a 'V. M. S.'—a Vacation Missionary Society."

Then she drew out of her purse a little silk bag. From the top to the bottom there was a row of stitching that divided the bag into two parts. "On one side I shall put my regular Sunday-school money each Sunday," she said, "and on the other side I shall put a missionary gift sometimes when I have had a happy time that has made me feel thankful for my friends and for my Christian home. I shall be glad to make a badge and a bag for any of you who want to belong."

"I want to!" "I want to!" they all cried, even two of the girls who were going to have only a picnic or two in the park for their vacation.

So the badges and the little silk bags were made, and perhaps you can guess why, in the fall, one church had a glorious Rally Day, and why the missionary offering was very much larger than usual.