The Christ of the Andes.

The Christ of the Andes is a magnificent statue erected on the boundary line between Chile and Argentina. This great peace monument cost over $100,000, which amount was raised almost entirely by popular subscription.

It stands amid snow-capped peaks, a beautiful witness to the truth that the victories of peace are grander far than those of war. Our costliest shrines should not be on battlefields, where man slays his brother man. The angel’s proclamation of “Peace on earth,” signifies that war should be no more. Yet the desire for military glory is the strongest force to stir many a youthful soul.

“What are you going to be when you are a man?” I asked a boy of nine.

“A soldier!” he replied, with flashing eyes.

“What kind of a soldier?” I insisted.

“But, what flag will you fight under?” I continued.

“The United States flag, of course,” he declared proudly.

“Would you not rather fight under the banner of the Cross?” I asked. “Don’t you think it is better to bring peace and happiness to others than to shed blood and make women and children weep?”

He shook his head and ran away, for the military ideal had taken hold of him and nothing I could say would alter his determination to be a soldier.

Ah! boys, you do not realize how terrible a thing war is. The great statesman, Bismarck, said:

“But for me great wars would not have been fought; eighty thousand men would not have perished; parents, brothers, sisters and widows would not have been plunged into mourning. I have had little or no joy from all my achievements; nothing but vexation, care and trouble.”

Compare the words of George Washington:

“My first wish is to see this plague (war) banished from the earth and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in preparing implements and exercising them for the destruction of mankind.”

A Word to My Little Lutheran Friends.

CHAS. S. ALBERT.

It was a great pleasure for me to visit South Carolina in June, that I might be present at the commencement exercises of Newberry College. In the splendid and thoughtful young men and women at the college I saw just what kind of men and women you will be after a few years. The South is raising the finest kind of boys and girls. The Southland, too, is a land where all may find a chance for their talents and do great things for our dear Lord. It seemed to me that everywhere I saw the South coming to her own. The South has wonderful resources which have hardly been touched.

I was much interested in the cotton fields, so strange to me, a man of the North. The South has a monopoly in the raising of cotton, which brings to her a vast sum of money. But cotton is but one of her treasures; she is also rich in coal, iron and the like. Her fruits are delicious. We in the North for weeks have been feasting on her luscious peaches; and earlier, when snow and ice were with us, she sent us strawberries to comfort us.

I noticed that the towns were growing—sure sign of prosperity. And because of her growing numbers, there is a call to us Lutherans to build churches, that the children may go to Sunday-school and church and be saved. It is said there are on the territory of the United Synod of the South forty cities of 10,000 and more where there are no Lutheran churches. What a chance that is for good! How it calls upon us for prayer and
gifts and giving of ourselves to the work of missions.

You have come into a good time and you may do much that will bless you and be a blessing to others. No one may tell what one consecrated life may do. Of course, years may pass before the results come. But, just as sure as Jesus reigns, they will come.

"In Ceylon, Eliza Agnew gave forty-three years to teaching the seminary for girls, and was called "the mother of a thousand daughters." When she laid down her work it was said that not one girl who had completed the course under this saintly teacher had gone out unconverted. Over six hundred whom she had taught were carrying the light of the Gospel into the darkness of heathen homes."

We may not all be home or foreign missionaries, but we can support them and pray for them. Then a mission may be built up, in which we shall have a share, that may bring Christ to hundreds and thousands.

Impressions of Mission Work in Africa.

BY RUTH GARRETT.

(Miss Garrett is one of the young ladies recently sent to Africa by the General Synod Mission Board.)

The E. V. Day Memorial School, established some ten years ago by the memory of Mrs. Emma V. Day, is a boarding school for native African girls. The mission home in the week, during the nine school months, in the schoolroom.

The children are clothed in neat civilized garb, and they are fed native food, the staple of which is their country rice. The African rice is considered more nourishing than imported rice, and is as essential to the native as bread and potatoes are to the American. The native also eats eddoes, cassada, bananas, plantains, a few tropical fruits, such as butter pears, guavas, plums, etc., and the products of the palm tree—palm oil, palm butter, palm wine, etc. Bread fruit and bread nut trees flourish here.

The climate is delightful summer weather the entire year, although it does get a bit chilly sometimes during the rainy season. It is always very damp in Liberia, and the heavy dews bring us cool nights. We are having heavy thunderstorms just now, as the rainy season is coming, and soon we will never dare leave the house without a raincoat and umbrella. During the rains the paths often turn to small creeks, where one has to wade with boots if they wish to travel. The St. Paul River swells until it is a mad, rushing river, with here and there the tops of the bushes on the islands protruding from the water, and it is quite difficult to pull the canoes back and forth across the river.

This country is so very beautiful that the very scenery makes up for the other hardships of life here. Then, too, this field is such a needy field, and the women live in such utter darkness, that one never stops to think of the comforts and luxuries of home that we must do without here. We only wish that we could do more to elevate poor down-trodden womanhood.

The Sunday-Schools to the Rescue.

A WORD TO SUPERINTENDENTS.

It is in the power of superintendents to save the day. Will they do it? Again we ask, Will they do it? The hope of the Church lies in the Sunday-school. Oh, that this conviction could get proper lodgment!

We must have $10,000 from the Sunday-schools in 1909 for Missions! This is just one-fourth of the amount asked of the churches of the United Synod.

Will the Sunday-schools not come up to this mark?

We have 90,000 souls enrolled in our Sunday-schools. One penny every Sunday from each will make $10,000.

Who says this cannot be done? Is there a superintendent who will risk saying, It can't be done? If he is interested he will promptly say, "We can, and we will!"

Is there a child that would not, if properly guided, come up gladly with this extra penny for the Lord? How happy each heart would grow in thus, Sunday after Sunday, bringing an offering to help save the world for Christ.

Dear superintendent, what a blessed opportunity you have to serve the Church and the Lord Christ!

Please let me hear from you. Let us talk over this matter.

Yours fraternally,

ROBERT C. HOLLAND.
**The Japanese Burial.**

If any of you were to go to Japan this month you would be just in time for the festival of the dead. On this great occasion, lasting three days, the spirits of the dead are welcomed back from the spirit-world. Families gather about the tombs, if the weather permits, otherwise in their homes, and offer food and drink to the guests from a spirit-world; and after the time of feasting and glad welcome is over, their invisible guests are accompanied to some point on their homeward journey and provided with food for sustenance on the way.

Go to the homes of those who celebrate the festival of the dead and you will notice in one of the rooms a god-shelf. Here are placed, among other objects of worship, the ancestral tablets, small tablets on which are written the names of departed forefathers entitled to divine honors. On the shelf are rice and tea and perhaps some green twigs, as a daily offering to the ever-present spirits.

Thus you see that the masses of Japan do not believe that death ends all. To them the spirit-world is a very real world. Not only do the inhabitants of this world hover about the homes of the living, but also brings with them blessings or curses. The popular idea of ancestor worship carries with it mutual advantage: the living receive the benediction of the dead, the dead obtain comfort from the devotion of the living.

Such being the popular ideal about the dead it is but natural that funeral ceremonies should thereby be affected. A general description of such a ceremony, as performed by a Buddhist priest, may be of some interest to my young readers.

Some two weeks before leaving Japan a relative of one of our Christians died and we were interested in the funeral. The body is placed upright in a sitting position. Over the jar is a light framework, topped by a roof, and around the jar is wound some green twigs, as a daily offering to the ever-present spirits.

The body is put into the stone jar containing the corpse and facing the big jar are burning candles, green branches, rice and tea. The incense is kept burning by devoted relatives. In this case two priests officiated, assisted by a boy of twelve years, who beat the drum and the cymbals. Now, I cannot tell you all that was prayed and said, nor the meaning of all that was done, for no one present understood well the words of the prayers. The priests pray in a language dead to the people, and it is said generally do not comprehend. The long prayers were principally offered to the spirit of the dead, beseeching his presence in the home and his constant blessing. After our priest had exhausted himself, the other would continue the prayers, and at stated intervals the little boy would beat his drum and strike the cymbals.

After an hour or more of praying and beating, each member of the family, in the order of age, and importance, moved forward and threw some sweet-smelling incense on the burning coals. This is an act of worship for those who believe, for others a mere polite formality.

The ceremony ended, attendants carry out the jar containing the corpse and proceed to the temple or the cemetery. Sometimes a part of the ceremony is in the house, a part in the temple; at other times, everything is done in the home.

After the body is put into the ground the light shelter over the jar is set above the grave. Lanterns and green branches and flowers are placed under the roof, and frequently incense is kept burning by devoted relatives.

In general appearance a Japanese graveyard is not so very different from the American. Graves are marked by flat slabs or square blocks of stone, varying in size, but seldom over three or four feet in height. The surface bears some inscription, including name and age. One will notice that nearly all stones are of the same general size, color and shape, and hence is impressed with the great lack of variety. The Japanese cemetery has little about it that is cheerful and bright, and cannot compare in beauty with the well-kept cemeteries of America.

In the early days of our mission it seemed advisable to have our own burying ground at Saga. Together with the Presbyterian Christians of the city we secured a small plot among the ricefields, some two miles out of town. Here we lay to rest those who fall asleep in Jesus. Our Christian dead are buried after the same manner as at home. The same service is used there as here. The greatest difficulty is experienced in securing the right to a Christian burial. Where the deceased is a subordinate member of a fam-
ily group, those in authority demand a heathen ceremony. Sometimes all that we can do is to secure the privilege of a Christian service at the home and then resign the body to waiting priests. Of course, where family relatives do not compel such procedure, no Buddhist or Shinto priest enters the home.

The accompanying picture illustrates the burying ground near Saga. The inclosed space marks the resting place of members of old Mr. Yamanouchi's family. He, too, will be placed beside them before many years are passed. His aged form cannot long endure the demands of life. And as the years come and go many more will join him there, till the little plat of ground among the ricefields of the Saga plains will become deeply and more deeply sacred as the sleeping ground of those who believed in Him and sacrificed their all for the sake of His name.

C. L. B.

What Changed Two Minds.
BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

"It is just what I've always said!" exclaimed Lucien, with an air of importance. But what it was that he had always said the school could not make out, for Lucien and Henry were sitting off by themselves on the old oak stump, having a private confab.

That was what we heard Lucien say, as the bell called us in from noon recess. "It is just what I've always said," and whatever it was, Lucien seemed to pride himself on having said it.

"Well, it's no good spreading it about," said Henry (much to our disappointment); "you consider this confidential, of course."

"Of course," answered Lucien, with the more emphasis, I think, as he saw the baffled curiosity in our faces.

But schoolboys are not as deep as wells, nor as dense as millstones. The school soon saw that Lucien and Henry bore themselves coldly toward Miller Ford; and forty-six young imaginations were busy inventing for themselves a reason for this coldness. What did Lucien and Henry know about Miller? It was evidently too bad to tell. It must be something horrible. And so, however bad the story, it would perhaps have been better to have told it out. As it was, Miller began to have a pretty lonesome time at old Alleghany school.

It did not have a very good effect on him, either. He was not a sweet-tempered chap to begin with, and under this persistent snubbing he got to be as cross as two sticks—as two crossed sticks; everything you said he answered with a snap.

Ford was easily the brightest boy in the school; he just walked over our heads all the time, and if we snubbed him for some obscure reason, he scowled us for reasons that were only too evident. He was going to take all the honors that one boy could be allowed to have; but I fancy that a boy doesn't care much for honors when they bring him no applause from his schoolfellows.

Before the session was over the mystery leaked out. Henry had told Lucien that Miller Ford's mother was a cook, and Lucien had boasted that all along he had said Miller was no gentleman. Lucien thought he knew a gentleman when he saw one.

I don't think Mrs. Ford's occupation would have troubled us much—the rest of us—if it hadn't been for Lucien and Henry; but as they seemed to feel aggrieved by it (they were very tony fellows, we thought), we resented it, too. And so commencement day dawned upon Alleghany.

It was a fair, fine day; sun and sky and breeze did their best to decorate our lawns for the festivities, and pretty girls in ribbons and flowers did the rest.

Miller Ford was the hero of the day. We could not help that, since he went up for diplomas and distinctions and medals galore, and the trustees patted him and the school and themselves on the back, figuratively, all the day.

The hall was crowded to suffocation, and we boys, being in the front seats, had very little idea of who was in the crowd; but presently a thrill stirred our ranks, as the whisper went around, "Miller Ford's mother has come to the commencement!"

Poor boy! Of course he would be awfully mortified. Little as we liked him we felt how hard this was, to come at the hour of his triumph, too, and put him to shame in the face of that great crowd. He did not know his mother was present; we could see that; he was flushed with pride and pleasure and sat among us with his head up. Hush!

Don't let him hear it; put off his fall if possible. Perhaps the old woman will have the grace to keep herself hid till the exercises are over. But no—it is too late! That silly Tom Spencer has told him. We wish somebody would club Tom. The fiery color rushes up to his face; he springs to his feet; is he going to run away?

Just then his name is called. The president of the Board of Trustees is beginning to say that Miller Ford, having passed all his examinations with distinction, when Ford himself interrupts Colonel Hampton and says something to him in a low tone.

The school is in a quiver of excitement. What is Ford saying? What is about to happen? The first thing that happens is that Colonel Hampton blows his nose and clears his throat and seems put to it to get his voice steady.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the colonel says, presently, "our first-honor man has asked me to pause; has asked me not to confer upon him this highest award of the year until he is sure that his mother is in a position to hear and see. He has just learned that she is in the house, and he says that as all the good that has ever come to him he owes to her, he wants her to have this gratification. If Miller Ford's mother is present, she will confer a favor upon us all by coming up to the front."

You could have heard a pin drop. But when a little, old, wrinkled, weather-beaten woman began to struggle forward, and our medalist, putting aside the beribboned marshals, took her on his own young arm and proudly led her to a front seat, our boys broke into such a cheer as I verily think Alleghany never heard before.

And although Lucien and Henry could not say out in words that they had changed their minds about Miller's being a gentleman, his old mother had two cavaliers at her command for the rest of the day.—Presbyterian Banner.

Christ a Missionary.

Christ was a foreign missionary, when the Greeks came to Him.

Christ was a city missionary, when He taught in Samaria.

Christ was a Sunday-school missionary, when He opened up the Scriptures and set men to studying the Word of God.
The Heathen Children's Song of Gratitude.

Little children of the Westland,
You the true God early knew—
Knew He made the trees and flowers—
We could only see they grew.

Now we know, of all earth's beauty,
Singing bird, or leafy bower,
That the living God creates them,
And dumb idols have no power.

You were taught of Christ, the Saviour,
Of a soul which each possessed,
And of life beyond, and heaven,
How He blessed the little children,
Sometimes to His home in heaven,
Dearer than sweet homes below.

Happy children of the Westland,
We are thankful every day
For the teachers who are sent us;
Both for you and them we pray.

Sometime we shall meet in heaven,
And God's praise together sing;
Welcome there as crowning jewels,
Which a Saviour's love can bring.

—Selected.

Written Applications.

This is what happened to seventy-five responses to an advertisement for an office boy. The man who advertised was a New York city banker. He thought he could select the boy needed in his office by examining the written applications and the references given. When the seventy-five answers came, he first tossed the twenty postal cards unread into the wastebasket. "This job," he said, "is worth more than a postal card to the boy who gets it."

Of the fifty-five remaining letters twelve had evidently been hurriedly scribbled in the office of the newspaper which printed the advertisement. All twelve followed the postals into the basket. There remained forty-three.

The first test to which these were put was that of penmanship. Eighteen were disqualified on that score.

The remarks of the banker as he rejected the eighteen were illuminating.

"An office boy must write a plain, easily readable hand. Only a genius can adopt bad penmanship as a mark of his individuality."

Faulty spelling barred ten more of the applicants. "Business men," said the banker, "must adhere to the kind of spelling found in dictionaries. They cannot countenance or promote reforms, much needed as they may be, in their business correspondence!"

Four letters were not considered because the writers had worded them like telegrams. One of them said, "Just saw your ad. Offer my services. Am eighteen. Can call tomorrow." He was not invited to call, for although economy is a virtue worth practising, it is misplaced when applied to words in an application for a position. Such a note is discourteous.

The advertisement called for two references from the only three letters, which passed the other tests, had this requirement been remembered, so the selection narrowed itself down to these.

Of the three writers, only one showed that he understood something of typewriting. He had been graduated from the grammar school, had taken up commercial work in an evening school and had rented a typewriting machine, so as to fit himself for office work. This boy received a notice to appear at the banker's office.—Youth's Companion.

The Deed of a Hero.

Not all the courage of war is expended on the battle-field. A man died lately in Calcutta who performed a deed which contributed greatly to save the Indian Empire. At that time, in 1857, he was a mere lad, employed as an assistant in the telegraph service. His name was W. Brendish, and he sent, at the risk of his life, a dispatch from Delhi to Umballa, which bore the first news of the outbreak. This message, repeated to every town which could be reached, proved of priceless value. Col. Edward Vibart, in his "Sepoy Mutiny," tells the story of how, to quote the judicial commissioner of the Punjab, "the electric telegraph saved India."

It was the custom to close the telegraph offices on Sunday between the hours of 9 and 4. On May 10, 1857, as the operator at Delhi was about to close his station, he received a message from the Meerut office announcing an uprising in that section. At 4 o'clock, when the office was reopened, connections with Meerut were found to be interrupted.

The telegraph force at Delhi consisted of the chief and two young assistants, Brendish and Pilkington. The office was situated outside of the city, about a mile from the gates.

On discovering the break in the connections, the chief sent the two lads to test the cable across the river. They found that they could signal to Delhi, but not to Meerut, and reported the fact on their return. It was too late to do anything that night, but the next morning Mr. Todd, the chief, went out himself to investigate the line. He never returned, and although his fate is unknown, there is little doubt that he was murdered.

The office was thus left in charge of the two lads. Signs of trouble began to be evident close at hand. Brendish, stepping from the door, met a wounded officer, who cried out to him, "For God's sake get inside and close your doors!"

The revolt crept closer and closer. The boys felt that their lives were in danger; soon they became sure of it. But before they fled to a place of comparative safety they waited to send out to the Indian world the news of the revolt.

Brendish ticked out the message which caused Sir Edwards to say: "Look at the courage and sense of that little boy! With shot falling all round him, he stayed to manipulate the message that was the means of saving the Punjab."

The government rewarded Brendish for his services by giving him a life pension, and the other day the old man died in the India he had helped to preserve.

The Letters I Have Not Sent.

Amos R. Wells.

I have written them, keen and sarcastic,
And long,
With righteousness wrathful intent,
Not a stroke undeserved nor a censure too strong;
And some, alas! some of them went!

I have written them, challenging, eager to fight,
All hot with a merited ire;
And some of them chanced to be kept over night,
And mailed, the next day,—in the fire.

Ah, blessed the letters that happily go!
On errands of kindliness bent;
But much of my peace and my fortune I own
To the letters I never have sent.

—The Christian Endeavor World.
A Missionary Appeal.
(Written for Helping Hands of St. James' congregation, Concord, N. C., by Ida M. Blume.)

Firm as yonder mount appearing
So stand we, the "Helping Hands,
Glorious news of Jesus bearing
To those in benighted lands.
Let us hasten
With God's help we'll loose their hands.

To the world we show our banner,
Is it not a glorious sight?
As the nations grope in darkness
May we lead them to the light.
Trusting in Him
We march forward to the fight.

Yes, we will fling out our banner,
Float it o'er seas dark and wide.
Show our glory in His cross,
Our one hope—the Crucified.
Praying that all
May believe on Him who died.

Captive one, has the night been long?
Have we so unfaithful proved;
And in God's holy sight done wrong
As we heard thy sighs unmoved?
Oh, ye nations,
 Thou art by our God beloved.

Christian friends, we now address you,
Speed, speed speedily on your way;
Hasten to the ones in darkness—
Tell them of Christ's love today.
They are waiting;
Wilt thou go without delay?

Let us pray and give and labor,
The Gospel send to every land,
Till all people of every nation
On Heaven's side shall safely stand.
All united
In praise to God and to the Lamb.

How Jim Filled the Meeting.
Mr. Robert E. Speer tells this incident of the Southern Appalachian Mountains: "A friend called my attention to a neighborhood of over seven hundred people without a church or a Sunday-school. I asked him if there were any Christians. He said, 'No—oh, yes. There is one man down there who makes enough profession for a whole township.'

"Looking around, I saw a boy on horseback. I asked, 'Who is that boy?' The man gave me his name, saying: 'He is the meanest boy in all this country.'

"By this time the boy rode up. I reached out my hand and said: 'Hello, Jim! Come up here; I want to shake hands with you.' I gave him a good, hearty shake, told him I was going to have a meeting at the schoolhouse, and asked him if he knew where I could get a boy to go around and tell the people. He said: 'Will I do?' 'First rate, if you will go,' 'All right, I am the boy you need.'"

"He looked up with a smile, and said: 'Fetched 'em.' After my address we organized the Sunday-school. We went to a house near by for dinner. When we were seated the lady began to laugh. She said she was thinking about Jim. I asked what about him. 'Well, he rode into our front yard, never looked to see if any one was around, and began to yell: 'Goin' to be a meeting down at the schoolhouse next Sunday morning at ten o'clock. The funniest fellow you ever see in your life will be there! If you don't come you'll miss the biggest thing ever come to this part of the country!'"—Selected.

Old Problems.

When King Alfred the Great was reigning over England, a thousand years ago, school children pondered over problems in arithmetic much as the boys and girls do now. Some of the questions do not sound unlike our own. Here are two taken word for word from the lesson book of that day: "The swallow once invited the snail to dinner. He lived just one league from the spot, and the snail traveled at the rate of an inch a day. How long would it be until he dined?"

"An old man met a child. 'Good day, my son!' said he. 'May you live as long as you have lived, and as much more, and thrive as much as all this; and if God gives you one year in addition, you will be a century old.' How old was the boy?'"—Selected.

TIDINGS

Prosperity, S. C.

Dear Tidings: I shall write you about our Children's Missionary Society of Grace Lutheran church and tell you how encouraged we feel in the work. We meet every second Sunday morning in the church, and the attendance is excellent. Why, just think, at our meeting we had about twenty members present and four visitors.

On the fourth Sunday evening we had a public meeting in the church. The songs played and sung alone by just our own members were pretty and well rendered. Several little girls had beautiful recitations. Miss Gertrude Simpson, our own worker, gave us an interesting chalk talk. We felt benefited, for she showed how even the children can help. Then Mrs. Kreps talked to us in her own cheerful, earnest way about the mission work we can do. She is such a help to us, for she lives for and loves the mission cause. The offering was very gratifying and the audience was appreciative. Thus we spent a pleasant evening for the Master.

JULIA SCHUMPERT,
Corresponding Secretary.

A spirit worthy of emulation is manifested in Tshing Tan, China, where it is reported that the people have been contributing their poor little bits of jewelry to the native pastors, praying them to open schools where the older women and girls who have not learned to read may go and learn, and then go home and help those in their homes who also do not know how to read. One native pastor received thirty-nine earrings, fourteen fenniggs, silver hairpins, and two pipes. There was almost a peck collected. It is all the poor women have, and they gave it for a purpose—The American Messenger.
Our Monthly Program for Children's Societies.

Meeting for September.
In Circles of Light.

CHAPTER IX.

A SUNSHINE TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

(This meeting may be made a public review of the study of foregoing chapters.)

Hymn—Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

Scripture Reading.

Leader—Missionaries and those who send them should feel that their work is to succeed. Does prophecy give this assurance?

Children—“And the Lord shall be King over all the earth. All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord.”

L.—What promise was given Christ by the prophet of the Psalms?

C.—“A voice crying in the desert—unto the wilderness saith the Lord, ‘Come ye unto me, ye that labor and that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’”

L.—What invitation did God give through Isaiah?

C.—“He shall gather the nations together, and number them, and shall stand to judge them; and they shall be brought on the horns of goats, and into the决不 of the wild asses.”

L.—Who goeth forth to the south or the north but shall call on me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance?

C.—“Who goeth forth to the sea and calleth it O, and turneth rivers into goads?”

L.—Who goeth forth to the sea and calleth it O, and turneth rivers into goads?

C.—“And what are the heathen for them?

L.—Heart of the earth?

C.—“Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me.”

L.—Who are the heathen?

C.—“Ask of me and I will give thee the nations.”

L.—What day will be a day ofows and gladness?

C.—“Ask of me, and I will give thee the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, and thou shalt shine, and thy land shall be called Jerusalem.”

L.—What promise did Jesus promise to His disciples?

C.—“I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me.”

L.—What did Jesus promise to protect those who go?

C.—“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Who soever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it.”

L.—Did Jesus promise to protect those who go?

C.—“This is the day of Jacob, and of the grace of the Lord.”

L.—How does this promise cover the earth?

C.—“And their words shall become a song of praise.”

L.—How did Jesus put the responsibility upon His disciples?

C.—“And he said, ‘As the Father sent me, I also do send you.’”

L.—Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

C.—“And how much better are the eyes of the deaf, and the ears of the blind.”

L.—Who are the heathen?

C.—“Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance.”

L.—Who are the heathen?

C.—“Ask of me and I will give thee the nations.”

L.—What promise did Jesus promise to His disciples?

C.—“I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me.”

L.—What promise was given Christ by the prophet of the Psalms?

C.—“A voice crying in the desert—unto the wilderness saith the Lord, ‘Come ye unto me, ye that labor and that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’”

TIDINGS

We are but little children, Working in little ways. Only ten little fingers! But little things may grow, And little hands now helpless Will not be always so; And if we do them early Unto His work alone, They will do greater service When they are stronger grown.

—in Circles of Light.

Recitation following Chapter V:

A GREAT GIFT.

The church people had not given As much as they ought, And they were not “interested”— So the missionary thought; And his heart was greatly burdened— “No one cares for my poor heathen Out beyond the ocean wide.” But that night he got a letter Written in a boy’s round hand, And a silver dime was in it. He began to understand As he slowly read: “Here’s ten cents; When you want more call on me!” And he saw the future with them And the cause we love will live. For if hearts are only willing, When the dimes to dollars grow, There will be the same glad spirit, And our wealthy men will show In their gifts to foreign missions The same generosity.

As this boy who says: “Here’s ten cents When you want more call on me!”

Hymn—Jesus Bids Us Shine.

(These missionary quotations on pages 63 and 64 may be given out in walnut shells or on cards, or may be read by members of hand.)

Offering.
Prayer.
Hymn—Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

Benediction.

[Note to Leaders—This is the last program which will be given from In Circles of Light. The Christmas program will use some of the suggestions from the Star and Song, Chapter X. Programs for October and November will be of a general character. For the year 1909 the plan which will be mapped out by the General Committee will be followed in Thimmes.]

The 50,686 members of the Protestant churches in Japan gave, during the year 1902, over one dollar a member for the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad.

In one Korean church it is common to have twelve hundred at the prayer meetings. There is great interest, too, in study of the Bible, and at one time one thousand men gave ten days to studying the Bible together and to holding meetings to bring others to Christ.

Christ was a home missionary, in the house of Lazarus.

Japan Day Reports.

ADDITIONAL.

Immanuel, New Market, Va., $6.75; Mt. Zion, New Market, Va., $3; Grace Sunday-school, Rowan county, N. C., $11.50. Total, $1,294.87.

June Home Mission Sunday.

The Sunday-schools, as far as reported to headquarters, are as follows: St. Mark’s, Roanoke, Va., $15; St. Mark’s, China Grove, N. C., $15; Augsburg Sunday-school, Winston, N. C., $8.36; St. John’s, Jacksonville, Fla., $11.10; St. Paul’s, Savannah, Ga., $14.91; Mt. Hebron, Delmar, S. C., $9.85; St. John’s, Cabarrus, N. C., $14.25; St. John’s, Walhalla, S. C., $25; Wittenberg, N. C., $4.08; St. Luke’s, S. C., $16.12; St. John’s, Statesville, N. C., $6; Zion Mission, Rev. Buck, $10; Providence Mission, Rev. Buck, $6; Providence, Rowan county, N. C., $3.85; New Hope Mission, Rev. Derrick, $5.50; Good- man Mission, Rev. Derrick, $6; St. Mark’s, Charlotte, N. C., $65; St. Paul’s, Columbia, S. C., $50; Eggleston, Va. (Mrs. Walker), $1; Blacksburg, Va., $10; St. James’, Concord, N. C., $70.

Our 7 Box.

Correct answers to questions in the June Question Box received from: Mamie Seay, Columbia, S. C. (22); Lena Moore, Mt. Pleasant, N. C. (22); Herman Booser, Concord, N. C. (21); Essie Ballentine, Chapin, S. C. (21). The answers are:

1. Absareus.
2. Belshazzar.
3. Caleb.
4. Deborah.
5. Engedi.
6. Festus.
7. Gethsemane.
8. Hebron.
9. Ishmael.
11. Kish.
12. Lucifer.
15. Onesimus.
17. Rhodes.
19. Treas.
20. Usah.
22. Zion.
Tidings

Mrs. E. C. Cronk, Editor.

ISSUED MONTHLY BY
United Synod Publishing Co.,
Columbia, S. C.

Terms: One copy per annum in advance, 25 cents; 100 copies 10 cent address, 82.10 or over at the 100 rate. No subscriptions for less than 2 months.

Address business matters and send all subscriptions to the United Synod Publishing Co. All contributions must be sent to Mrs. E. C. Cronk, P. O. Drawer 196, Columbia, S. C.

Entered as second-class matter April 6, 1868, at the post office at Columbia, S. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Columbia, S. C., August, 1908.

5,600 and Upwards.

The figures above represent the number of copies of TIDINGS which were printed for July. They have all been taken, and no more TIDINGS for July can be furnished. This will explain why the requests for sample copies will be filled with the August number. The growing circulation of TIDINGS is gratifying, but a still larger circulation of the paper is necessary that its mission may be better fulfilled.

What do the letters in the above heading represent? TIDINGS would say upwards to at least 10,000. Shall we not have them? We shall provide an extra number of TIDINGS this month for Sunday-schools which may desire to take TIDINGS right now.

Notes From the North Carolina Sunday-School Normal Convention.

A decided step forward in our Sunday-school work was taken by the joint conferences of the Tennessee and North Carolina Synods in the normal convention held at Concord on July 15th-17th.

It was hoped that this would be a gathering of the forces to prepare and plan for work in future meetings, but this initial meeting exceeded the expectation and saw the work well begun.

Fourteen pastors of the Tennessee Synod and eighteen pastors of the North Carolina Synod were present.

There were 140 delegates in all.

The Sunday-school and missionary exhibit was on display, and perhaps the largest orders for Sunday-school and missionary literature and helps ever sent in to our Publication House followed this convention.

One pastor said, "I am determined that my Sunday-school shall have all the equipment it needs to do effective work."

The music book used was "The Sunday-School Book" of the General Council. Several hundred copies were distributed, and the volume of praise that ascended proved that this fine collection of hymns affords a splendid medium through which to worship.

There was a tendency, and a good tendency it is, to substitute the name Bible School for Sunday School.

Rev. W. L. Hunton, D. D., of Philadelphia, literature secretary of the General Council, was the only speaker coming from outside the bounds of the United Synod. Dr. Hunton gave valuable work to the convention. He conducted several demonstration classes in the graded series, and explained clearly both the plan of the series and the way to introduce it.

The conviction of the convention was that an institute, doing regular normal work, with experienced workers in charge of the different departments, should be held annually. The final action rests with the General Council, was the only institute coming from outside the United Synod. Dr. Hunton gave valuable work to the convention. He conducted several demonstration classes in the graded series, and explained clearly both the plan of the series and the way to introduce it.

Rev. J. E. Shenk and St. James' congregation, Concord, furnished ideal entertainment this year. Their willingness to furnish everything that was needed in the work of the convention and their thoughtful care of the workers was a large element in the success of this first meeting.

Happenings at the Orphan Home at Salem, Va.

Things are going to be warm at the Orphan Home next winter. Sometimes they are right warm now, but the heating plant is to be installed at once, so said the Board of Directors at the annual meeting, and that will make possible the equal distribution of the heat according to the temperature.

It might be too warm for the treasurer if the bills for the heating apparatus reach him before our contributions do.

Those who want to keep the temperature properly regulated all around will hasten their contributions for this special fund to Mr. Paul S. Davis, Salem, Va.

There are at present 61 children in the Home. The highest number cared for at one time during the year was 69. Virginia has 25; North Carolina 17; Tennessee 9; West Virginia 7; Georgia 3. Total, 61. Number of boys, 29; girls, 32. The ages of the boys are from 3 to 16, and that of the girls from 7 to 19.

Seventeen of the boys and girls united with our Lutheran church at Salem, Va., during the year.

Improvements, costing $307, have been made on the building during the year.

The printing department has been furnishing 4,500 copies of the Messenger monthly, and, in addition, has done sufficient work to have a balance of $75 in the treasury.

The cost of caring for the children was $891 each, per month, for the last year.

The property of the Home, which is now practically free of debt, is valued at $40,000.

"Give us this day our daily bread" is the petition of our orphans each day. The petition is to the Lord, and the answer should come through His people. We must remember that the need is daily and it must be met by regular gifts.

Lutheran Delegates.

Lutheran delegates to the July Convention of the Young People's Missionary Movement held at Asheville, N. C., were: Miss Gertrude Simpson, Grace church, Prosperity, S. C.; Miss Mary Lou Bowers, Church of the Redeemer, Newberry, S. C.; Miss Kate Schaefcr, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. R. C. Ettick, president of our Board of Missions; Mrs. R. C. Holland, St. Mark's, Charlotte, N. C.; Rev. H. A. McCullough, Albemarle, N. C.; Mrs. H. A. McCullough, Albemarle, N. C.; Miss Marie Yeager, St. Mark's, Charlotte, N. C.; Miss Annie Voigt, Church of the Redeemer, Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Clara Risse, Church of the Redeemer, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Arthur G. Nickels, Church of the Redeemer, Atlanta, Ga.