

## Young People's Column

Hartland, Mis. Sta.

Dear Young Friends:

The Zulu children all want to be Christians, when they have been told the story of the Gospel. In our church they sit together just in front of the organ, on the floor. It would look strange to you, seeing them, sitting on goat skins, spread on the cement floor. But they feel quite at home, as they have never known tables or chairs. In all our outpost meetings the children sit together on the floor and listen well, very seldom making any disturbance.

You are aware of our custom to have all the children possible presented to the Lord. They are brought when a couple of weeks old or more, up to most any age. Their parents promise to teach these little ones and bring them up to know the Lord. I fail to recall a single instance where the father alone has brought a child. The mother is always the one; the father may or may not be present. As a rule, the father is still a heathen and does not attend church.

In the days of Jesus, we read that little children were brought to Him by whom? By their mothers. This, I take it, is the Divine plan; that all the little ones be brought to Jesus, while they are yet very young. I am sure that God wills that both parents pull together in training their children for God.

The influence of a God-fearing home is what saves the children. Recent statistics of crime in New York State reports: "Crime in America seems to be a specialty of youth. . . . Of 3,056 criminals, 96 per cent. were males under twenty-one years of age. While 80 per cent. were from broken homes."

Returning to the mothers and their "little children," it is important to notice exactly what Jesus said: "Suffer (let or permit) little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." This wording is not accidental but full of meaning. He might have said: "They are sure to come, unless hindered and forbidden."

I am quite sure that every person who has been blessed of God in leading the children to Jesus will agree that this is so. I recall an early experience of mine at Cedar Lake. God was saving the children and just one boy did not come. I asked him why, and what do you suppose he replied: "Father says I am not old enough to understand,"—and he was twelve years old, an intelligent boy—forbidden to come to Jesus. I think it is Mr. Spurgeon who spoke of the steadfastness of child conversions, saying he failed to find, in his large experience, any back-sliders from those who were saved when very young.

Of all the good men of the Bible, where is one better than Samuel? His name means asked of the Lord, and we remember how his mother kept her promise and gave him to the service of God. Each year she made him a new coat and brought it to him, not telling how awfully she missed him in the home, and how many times she stole away to cry from loneliness and to pray for him.

Our Bible is full of beautiful stories, many telling of godly parents whose children became great and useful. I am sure that God takes special delight in such homes and sends His angels to care for the little ones, guarding them from dangers.

I will close with a word to the young Christian workers: Do not fail to improve your God-given opportunities for service. Let

none you meet be able to say what this crime-man did: "Wu Ting Fang, Ambassador to United States, spent his last Sunday in New York City before leaving America. Huis Kin, a Chinese pastor, telephoned Mr. Wu and asked him to attend the church service. Mr. Wu replied: "When I was a boy in China I was acquainted with some Christian people and thought highly of Christianity. When I was appointed to America, I decided that I wanted to throw in my lot with Christian people there, and made up my mind that I would accept the first invitation that was given me to attend a Christian service. Then, after a moment's pause, he added: "This is the first invitation I have had."

We are commissioned to invite the unsaved. The love of Christ within will impell us to do so. "For the spirit and the Bible say, come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Yours, saying Come,

H. C. SAUNDERS.

## OBITUARY

Edith Whelpley Wilcox

On Wednesday, Feb. 8th, at Wood Island, N. B., in the fifty-second year of her age, Edith, beloved wife of Eugene Wilcox, departed from this life to be with Jesus after a long illness. She leaves to mourn, besides her husband, three daughters, all at home: Gladys, Maud and Annie; three sisters, Mrs. Ernest Dalzell, of North Head, N. B.; Mrs. David McDonald, of Amherst, and Mrs. Charles Milbury, of Spencers Island, N. S., and one brother, William Whelpley, of North Head, besides whom the whole community feels that it has sustained a great loss in her passing. She had enjoyed for years the experience of sanctification, and her loving, compassionate nature had endeared her to young and old alike, who had been privileged to form her acquaintance. She was always active in every phase of church activities, and in any project that tended to uplift humanity. Our small band of workers will feel her loss very keenly. Her home was always open to those who needed care, and the emissaries of the cross always felt sure of a cordial welcome with our brother and sister.

We feel sure that the whole denomination will sympathize with our dear brother and family in the present bereavement. Funeral services were conducted by the writer at the home, thence to the church which she loved so well, and interment took place in the local cemetery, where, amid falling snowflakes she was laid to rest beside the remains of a daughter who had died some years previously.

Calm is thy slumber, as an infant's sleep;  
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep.

Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep.

Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until we meet again before His throne,  
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,

Until we know, even as we are known.

Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

P. H. G.

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world.—  
Richter.

## OUR CONVERSATION

Mrs. Ray L. Kimbrough

It is often said that talk is cheap, and for those who talk by the hour it would be well if it were true, but in the light of the Scriptures no talk is cheap for "that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."—Matthew 12:36-37. When Peter failed his Lord in the crucial test and sought refuge with the enemies of Christ, they threw a universal truth in his face when they said, "Thy speech bewrayeth thee," that is, uncovers, reveals, makes manifest.

Our conversation does the same today. May we heed Col. 4.6 that our conversation tend to exemplify and recommend Christianity, and may it not only be holy, but wise, gracious and intelligent.

The Lord gave some implicit commands concerning our conversation. One direct command is, "Speak evil of no man." I am sure if this command were obeyed, holiness people would have much more time to spend in prayer. Mr. Wesley gives this definition to "What is evil speaking?" "It is not, as some suppose, the same with lying and slandering. All a man says may be as true as the Bible, and yet the saying of it is evil speaking. For evil speaking is nothing more or less than speaking evil of an absent person: relating something evil which was really done or said by one who is not present when it is related."

In most every congregation there seems to be some of the "tribe of Gad," and these "Gadites" must air to the world all the church and domestic affairs and at their special meeting places the pastor and his family are discussed: what they wear, eat, or do, where they go, the short sermons, the long sermons, the dry sermons and the spicy ones. If you want to know the latest scandal call up one of this tribe. They can give you the latest from the head lines in the daily to the exact length of good Sister So-and-So's dress. Prayer meeting night comes. These pious (?) ones pray and pound on the seat, entreating a return of the good old days when the Holy Spirit was outpoured and there was a perpetual revival spirit. These poor misfortunate ones often wonder why the pastor has no influence with their ungodly families when they have not only killed their pastor's influence with their long tongues, but their own also, and it will take years of holy living for their families to regain confidence in holiness. The true story of the farmer's wife illustrates this:

"A farmer's wife had spread a slanderous story about her pastor through the village and soon the whole countryside had heard it. After half a year the woman became sick and then confessed that the story was untrue and after her recovery came to the parsonage to ask for pardon. The old pastor said, 'Of course I will gladly pardon you if you will comply with a wish of mine.' 'Gladly,' replied the woman.

"Go home, kill a coal black hen; pluck the feathers and put them into a basket and bring them here.' In half an hour she was back. 'Now,' said the pastor, 'go through the village and at each street corner scatter a few of these feathers, the remaining ones take to the top of the bell-tower and scatter to the

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