

Young People's Column

Dear Highway Young People:

I have wondered, during the past months, if every one of you enjoy reading the Highway, and especially the beautiful writings to this column, from time to time as much as I do. No doubt you all do, and it is with a guilty feeling that I try to fill this valuable space at this time.

I could not add anything to the timely advice, admonition and words of encouragement given us by our sister in the last issue, but I esteem it a privilege we have, as Holiness Young People, of greeting each other in this way.

Remembering too, that when I consecrated my life to God a few years ago, and He sanctified my soul, I promised never to refuse, when asked to do anything in His service. So in a few words of testimony, I am so happy to be able to say from the depths of my heart, that Christ not only satisfies every longing these days, but He gives me a peace and joy that words fail to express.

Since Beulah last year, God has taught me wonderful lessons in faith, and not only the great blessing, but the necessity of secret prayer.

Hebrews 2:18 has been so uplifting to me when I think of the way Dr. Butler explained the term "to succour" as meaning—if we trust God, He will ever be at our side, to bear us safely over the place where we are most apt to fall and go down.

My work has for several weeks been leading me into homes where the "love of the world" is so great that if it were not for my Christian training and the grace of God in my heart, I would have been forced to let down in my own principles before this, but because God has given me blessed victory, I am so proud to be able to explain to "society folk" just what the "standard of holiness" requires of us as young people, and furthermore that we can prove by our lives, Salvation is "real."

Oh! I'm so glad, dear ones, that one day I got a vision of Christ and His loveliness. Praise His precious Name forever!

In closing I'd like to add these lines taken from a War Cry that speak what I feel in my soul:

A GLIMPSE OF GOD'S GLORY

I saw the majesty of God! No, it was not a dream;
I was awake, and not asleep, when came this glory-beam,
When into my dark heart it shone, it lightened up the whole—
Then filled me to the overflow, and satisfied my soul!
I saw the splendor of His face; I glimpsed His love and might—
But neither tongue nor men can tell the glory of that sight!
Now I have peace, yes, perfect peace; my mind is stayed on God;
And I have love, abundant love, to tread the path Christ trod.
The light of God now floods my mind;
My eyes can farther see—
The fever of anxiety no longer worries me!
Praise God! for He has sanctified and made my dark heart white,
And granted unto such as me the spirit of the fight!

May each one of us take this last line as a challenge to "fight for Holiness," and be ever

found in the place which God would have us fill, thereby making this the best year of our Christian experience thus far.

Your sister in Christ,

BLANCHE YOUNGE, R. N.

TRUE HUMILITY

"For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." (Isaiah 57:15.)

When reading these words one night my soul became wonderfully blessed as the beauty of them fastened itself upon my heart. Consider the words "with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit". Consider further the words "humble spirit". What does it mean? Meekness, lowliness. There is something beautiful, grand, yes even divine about humility; a quality wonderfully exemplified in the birth, life, and death, of Jesus.

He was of lowly birth. Born in a manger, yet how the angels rejoiced over the humble birth of our Savior. I love the story as it is told in St. Luke's Gospel (Read Luke 2:7-20). Note the beauty, the grandeur, that pervades the scene; and holiness, for Jesus is holy. Yet was ever a scene more humble?

Though we hear little about his childhood, I believe Jesus was a humble boy for God's word says "the grace of God was upon him" (Luke 2:40) and "God giveth grace unto the humble" (James 4:6). He was a humble man. Think of the miracles He performed. Turned the water into wine; fed miraculously, five thousand men; calmed the tempest at sea. But these are only minor things. See how He dealt with man. Casting out devils; healing the sick; restoring the sight of the blind; making the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak; yes even robbing the grave of its prey and bringing forth Lazarus from the dead. Yet Jesus never boasted of these deeds. In John 14:10 we learn the secret of His power revealed through His humility. "the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works".

Picture Him in the garden with His disciples when Judas entered. Judas, previously, closely associated with Jesus being "one of the twelve" (Luke 22:47), knew that this was a favorite resort of the Christ and led the multitude hither.

"Jesus therefore, knowing all things should come upon Him went forth, and said unto them, Whom seek ye?

They answered Him, Jesus of Nazareth" (John 18:4-5). Note these things: How when they had made known their mission unto Him, Jesus quietly answered "I am He" (John 18:5). How He spoke unto Peter when Peter smote the servant of the high priest, "Put up thy sword into the sheath; the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink?" (John 18:11). How He answered when questioned concerning His doctrine "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing.

Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them: behold they know what I said.

And when He had thus spoken, one of the officers which stood by struck Jesus with the palm of His hand, saying, Answerest thou the high priest so?

Jesus answered Him, If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" (John 18:20-23).

Were these not all wonderful answers? Can

we anywhere detect an atom of pride in Jesus' attitude? No! I believe Jesus was firm, stern-faced perhaps, as he passed through the ordeal but humble withal.

Next we view the climax of His earthly career (I say climax because here was His purpose fulfilled, here was shed the precious blood to purchase your salvation and mine, here He cried. "It is finished: and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost." (John 19:30). His crucifixion, thoroughly symbolic of humility. Crucified with thieves. Nor did He hold Himself above them for we hear Him saying to them as friend to friends "Today thou shalt be with me in paradise" (Luke 23:43).

What followed? His triumphant and glorious resurrection. Young people, are you not inspired by the word of God? Is not this sufficient to make us long to humble ourselves at the feet of Jesus that we might be lifted up? Does it not encourage us to live and die humble in spirit, that we might have a glorious resurrection to be forever with our Lord?

PANSY CHAPMAN

COUNT THAT DAY LOST

Count that day lost,

Which views with setting sun,
No worthy battles fought
With life, no victories won;
That holds no lesson learned
Along the course we run.

Count that day lost,

Which gives no glowing pain;
That counts no friends to love,
No good among the gain,
No deeds of honour shown,
No joy amid the strain.

Count that day lost,

Which, passing leaves no trace,
No joy, no heart-felt praise;
No thought to fill the space,
No cheer, no lasting happiness
To mark the passing race.

Count that life lost

Whose closing moments hold
No hope of Heaven's glory.
No triumph o'er death's cold,
No smile to mark the passing,
No comfort to enfold.

—R. T. Small

PRAYER'S COMMANDED ACCOMPANIMENT.

"With thanksgiving" (Phil. 4:6). Rev. Henry W. Frost, director for North America of the China Inland Mission, wrote some time ago: "Nothing so pleases God in connection with our prayer as our praise . . . and nothing so blesses the man who prays as the praise which he offers. I got a great blessing once in China in this connection. I received bad and sad news from home, and deep shadows had covered my soul. I prayed, but the darkness did not vanish. I summoned myself to endure, but the darkness only deepened. Just then I went to an island station and saw on the wall of the mission house these words: 'Try Thanksgiving.' I did, and the Psalmist was right. 'It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.'"

In all the towns and countries I have seen, I never saw a city or a village yet whose miseries were not in proportion to its public-houses.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*