

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

"Let no man despise thy youth"—I. Timothy 4-12

TOM IS LIVING AND LEARNING

Dear Joe:—

You will have to forgive me, Joe, for delaying to write for so long. I guess I am about two weeks behind, but if you knew how busy I am you would wonder that I write at all. Studying in High School is play compared to what is expected of a fellow in college. We are supposed to study two hours in preparation for every hour in class, but I generally have to get it in about half that time. In fact there are so many other things, class meetings, society meetings, glee club practice and program rehearsals, that I have to almost fight for time to get my studying done at all. But I find that it is good discipline, and teaches me how to make good use of my time and how to get a lot done in a little while. This is no place for a person who will not work. I guess the world itself has very little room for such a person. Then of course I have my outside work too. I am very fortunate in having a janitor's job here on the campus, besides working in a market on Saturdays. That takes care of my room and board and some to spare. I love it all, though. I find that I am never so happy as when I am the busiest.

Don and I are having some great times together. Don is my room-mate, and is one of those neat fellows. His clothes aren't any better than mine are, but he keeps them looking so well that every one thinks he is rich. He never takes his coat off without either hanging it on a hanger or laying it out neatly on his bed. He presses his suit every few days, and fixes himself up every morning as if it were Sunday. I got sort of ashamed, for I have never been so careful along that line. So I borrowed an iron and made my first attempt at pressing yesterday afternoon. You might laugh if you saw me at it, but I am going to learn. I came here to learn something, and every little helps no matter where it comes from.

It seemed quite a coincidence, but there was a speaker in Chapel today who spoke something about wearing the garments of Holiness. He said that a person might have a very expensive suit of clothes, but if he were careless about keeping it looking well, and took no pains to wear it properly, he might just as well have a cheap suit. What he meant was that the experience of salvation which the Lord gives us is on display before the world in the lives that we live, and that if we do not live as becomes Holiness we might as well not be saved at all as far as influencing the lost about us is concerned. A lot depends on the appearance we make before the world. One way to insure wearing our garments of Holiness as we should is to get them in shape every morning before we start our day, by praying and waiting on God for guidance. I believe that is going to be a help to me. I know that God saves me and keeps me, but I want the world to know it too.

Now I have left out most of the things I had intended to say, about the activities around college, but that will have to wait till another time. I just must have my Rhetoric done for first period class in the morning. Don't wait as long to write as I have, and tell me all about yourself when you do write.

Yours as ever,

TOM.

OUR PRIVILEGED YOUNG PEOPLE

It is my very happy privilege to be seated in the Eastern Nazarene College library while I

write these lines. Two years have gone quickly, yet it seems a long while since I last sat here. All around me are seated dozens of young people, busily engaged with books, pen and paper. Among them, just in front of me, are Norman Trafton and Wilbur Mullen, while Glenna Briggs, Eula Wright, and Norman Craig are somewhere around, probably in their rooms studying. I have enjoyed talking with them, and learning how they are making out. Without exception they are overjoyed to be here, and are unanimous in saying that the longer they are here the better they like it. They are working hard to support themselves, are studying early and late, and are conducting themselves in a way which is a credit both to their friends and to their church. I am pleased with the showing they are making, and with the development which is already beginning to manifest itself. Charles Robinson has also been here, but is home now for a short time on account of the death of his grandfather.

Two years' time has wrought considerable change in E. N. C. The campus has been improved almost beyond the dreams of fancy. The student body has about doubled since I left, and the new ones who have come in are of a high class with nearly 100% of them Christians. There is an atmosphere of fellowship and a depth of spirituality among them which would be hard to surpass anywhere. I have mingled freely with the student body during the past few days and fail to find any friction or dissatisfaction, but rather a wholesome working out in every day life of that inward experience of salvation. Oh, the contrast between a group like this and the world. Why should young people choose to live in sin when God can so completely change the heart and satisfy its every desire? My heart has been blessed and my soul has been inspired to a more devoted Christian life than ever before by mingling with this choice group. The devil hasn't got all the best young people in the world, nor can he begin to offer as much in the way of pleasures and heart satisfaction as can be found in the service of the Lord. God's people are a chosen people. God gives the best. His pleasures last.

This is a good safe place to send our young people, and I am glad to see six of them here this year. Of course this is not the only safe place, but God forbid that any modernistic, worldly college shall have one of our young people from now on. "Ignorant godliness is to be pitied, but educated godlessness is to be feared".

HARVEY J. S. BLANEY,
Y. P. Editor

IS THE BIBLE PRECIOUS TO YOU?

In time of a great flood recently in the State of New York, a lady was swept out of her home and carried far down a river. When her body was found, clasped in her arms was a Bible. She might have saved something more costly in dollars and cents, but the most precious thing she had was her Bible.

Is your Bible precious to you? In these days almost every member of the family, young and old, has his or her Bible. Bibles come from the press in great floods, and we are told that it is difficult to print them fast enough to supply the demand. But what becomes of all these Bibles? Are they laid away on desk or table and left there till dust is deep on their covers, or are they so dear to you that you keep them near at hand so that you can pick them up and read them many

times a day?

It was David, Israel's greatest king, who said, "Thy word have I hid in my heart." That was a great place for it. Well for us all if we study the Bible until we know it by heart. Then if anything happens to us so that we lose our Bible, we still have its words stored in our minds.

Now David tells us just why he so highly treasured the Word of God. Read a little farther and you will get the reason. "Thy word have I hid in mine heart that I might not sin against thee." Soon the world will call you. Its paths will take you far from home and the scenes of your childhood. Many will be the temptations to do wrong. But if you have God's word hid deep in your heart, and if you live by its mandates, you will never sin against God.

What a precious thought that is! Men in olden times used to make armour for themselves and wear it in time of battle. Sometimes it was pierced and the warrior went down in death; but no shaft ever made can pierce to your heart if you have God's word as your shield. Have you a Bible? Is it precious to you?

A Selection

THE ROMANCE OF PRAYER

Having been defeated and tried to the breaking point, feeling the crying need for the benefit of prayer, craving a "closet" or little corner to which I could steal away for awhile to commune with the Christ in prayer, I cried unto the Lord in my distress, asking his help to make for me a time and place wherein I could be

Alone with God, the world forbidden,

Alone with God, O blest retreat;

Alone with God, and in Him hidden,

To hold with Him communion sweet.

An hour and a half of my every morning was spent in a small tile building devoted simply to the dairy business—the washing and filling of bottles, cans, buckets, strainers, separators, churn, etc. A slight rebellion at being compelled to use so much of my time in this way, even to the crowding out of morning prayer, when my soul longed so intensely for active service, became the weight of my soul.

Daily, hourly, I cried unto the Lord for a time to set apart to pray "with the world forbidden—its cares shut out." Then I seemed to hear a question, "Did I really want that time to pray?" In desperation I cried, "Yes, Lord, Thou knowest."

That morning I entered the milkroom and began washing cans and buckets, the falling tears splashing with the water. Soon I was praying aloud as I worked mechanically; prayed on and on until the cry of distress and need changed to one of joy and fulfillment. I found myself doing the familiar work mechanically the while my soul communed with God. As I opened my eyes after indulging in a hallelujah that just rolled from the depths of my soul, seemingly up my upraised arm and on heavenward, it seemed as though I was looking at new surroundings. No longer a prison to a soul shut in, who longed for freedom to seek a place of prayer, but a *house of prayer itself*. My opportunity! Here I could weep and pray as long or loud as I choose; here sing or shout and none interfere. Here in intercessory prayer go from station to station, from China to Africa, Japan, India, the isles of the sea—on, on to the Americas, naming our collaborators one by one, remembering the native workers, the children—