

# YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

## DISTRICT NO. 1 CONVENTION

The fall Convention of the Young People of District No. 1 is going to be held on Thanksgiving Day, October 21, at Meductic. A one-day Convention is being held this time on a holiday so that everybody will be able to be there. It will be a full day, starting at 9:30 in the morning followed by services all day, closing with a great evangelistic meeting in the evening. It is early enough now for you to begin to make plans to attend. There will be a special speaker, and lots of other attractive things on the program. More detailed plans will be published later.

## "BUT WHEN HE WAS STRONG"

King Uzziah became king of Judah when he was sixteen years old, and reigned fifty-two years. As a young man it was said of him: "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. —He sought God in the days of Zechariah (the priest). As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper. God helped him against the Philistines, and against the Arabians. He strengthened himself exceedingly and his name spread abroad, for he was marvelously helped till he was strong". "But when he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction", and "He died a leper."

King Saul was "a choice young man, and a goddly. God gave him another heart, and he prophesied among the prophets". When he was little in his own eyes, God made him king over Israel, but when he knew the authority of his kingship, and felt his own strength, he disobeyed God and walked in his own ways—and died a suicide.

Sacred history is full of men who went down because they thought they were strong enough within themselves. Self-sufficiency is spiritual suicide. Strength of purpose and determination is no guarantee against the enemy of our souls; neither is a record of past victories won in the strength of the Lord. Spiritual strength is assured by a willingness to be weak in ourselves that we may be strong in the Lord. Christ became weak, "was made a little lower than the angels" that He might be made "perfect through sufferings", made a perfect Redeemer, "able also to save them to the uttermost that come to God by Him".

Paul the Apostle was naturally a strong character, but we see him going through afflictions and persecutions for Christ's sake, until he cried to God for deliverance. But God answered, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." God is strongest when man is weakest. God's strength is made perfect in human weakness. Paul caught the meaning of it all, realized the source of his real strength, and left us this testimony, "For when I am weak, then am I strong".

Gideon was willing for God to weaken his army down to a mere three hundred, and we must be willing to become weak, yea, be made weak, by affliction, humiliation and self-crucifixion, that God may be able to show through us his marvelous wonder-working power. When we have gone down in submission to God's will, have lost our own strength, have died out, then we can rise in newness of strength and say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me".

H. J. S. BLANEY,

Y. P. Editor.

## GETTING SETTLED

Dear Joe:

I have been here almost a week. I arrived in Boston O. K., but I sure had a time finding my way out here on the trolley. I got lost three times, help up a whole station full of people the first time I tried to get through one of those turnstiles, had a head-on collision with a lady when the street car started while I was groping for a seat, and arrived at the college feeling that I had already begun to pay dearly for an education. On inquiry I found everyone in the rush of registration, so along with a lot of other greenies I got my card and sat in line. After I got that fixed up, a fellow showed me to one of the few rooms left, and loaned me some bedding for the night. I'll never forget that first evening. I was tired and lonesome, and must have presented a forlorn picture as I sat there on the edge of my cot, in a bare, dusty room, with only another cot, a chair and a dresser for company. There was a lot of talking and laughing out in the hall and in some other rooms, but I was too tired and spiritless to even try to get acquainted. I soon rolled into bed, and finally went to sleep to the strains of an old phonograph in the next room playing the two sides of its lone record in never ending succession. I think all I shall ever have to do is to close my eyes to hear the none too lovely rendering of "Happy Day" being completely ruined by the immediate, creaking, repetition of "Love Took It Away." I only knew that something seemed right then to have taken something away from the happiness of the day for me.

But my trunk has come, I have more furniture in my room, have got acquainted with some of the fellows, been to class a few times, and like it all fine now. I haven't a room-mate yet, but will probably have one in a day or two. It is great in the dining hall where we all eat together. There was a big reception the other evening when everyone met in the recreation hall to get acquainted. The old students were very friendly, and just wouldn't let a fellow sit back by himself. There was a short program, a few speeches, lots of singing, some games, and then everybody walked around and were introduced to the Professors. I felt lots more at home after that, for they were very pleasant and friendly. There isn't a dry, crabbed old man in the bunch.

I am taking Rhetoric, European History, Introduction to Theology, New Testament History, Psychology and Greek. I haven't been at it long enough to know what I like best. This morning (Saturday) I got a job beating some rugs. They started off pretty good, but at the end of three hours my back was lame, I had blisters on both hands, and I was so full of dust that I would only have had to take a drink of water to have mud pie for dinner. But it is a dollar on my next months' expenses, and every little helps.

I must stop and take this over to the box along with a letter for mother, and then go to bed. Will be looking for one from you next week.

Always your friend,

TOM.

## BEHIND EACH FAILURE

I sat in the office of a high school principal. He pointed to a stack of cards, saying, "Each card bears the name of a boy who has failed in his studies. My duty is to call each one in and

reprimand him." Then he added, "But if you knew the history behind each card you wouldn't wonder. Most of these cases come from wrecked homes, divorced parents. Back of each failure scribbled on these cards is a failure in life on the part of parents."

The words fell like molten iron in the heart of the writer. How well do I know what it means for a boy to come from a broken home! O God, Thou knowest the bitterness that throttled my young life, when I was too young to understand life—all because of no home worth the name. The blade of divorce that separated my father and mother sheared my soul apart from every pure ideal! Dear God, Thou knowest, that even though I have found a wonderful philosophy of life through Thy grace, still oftentimes the darkness swoops down, and I find myself glaring at life with glowering brows! Thou knowest that no child can come out of the hell of a broken home and ever be completely happy on earth. In that soul shall be a void that Thou Thyself cannot fill!

"Behind each failure scribbled on the cards, a failure in life on the part of the parents!"—Herald of Holiness.

## WHAT CHRIST SAID

Geo. MacDonald

I said, "Let me walk in the fields,"

He said, "No; walk in the town."

I said, "There are no flowers there."

He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black,

There is nothing but noise and din."

And He wept as he sent me back;

"There is more", He said, "There is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,

And fogs are veiling the sun."

He answered, "Yet souls are sick,

And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,

And friends will miss me, they say"

He answered, "Choose thou tonight

If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.

He said, "Is it hard to decide?

It will not seem hard in Heaven

To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the fields,

Then set my face to the town.

He said, "My child, do you yield?

Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"

Then into his hand went mine,

And into my heart came He;

And I walk in a light divine,

The path I had feared to see.

To truth's house there is a single door, which is experience. He teaches best who feels the heart of all men in his breast, and knows their strength or weakness through his own. —Bayard Taylor.

It takes two wills to make one shall—one's own will plus God's will.