

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

## THE HOLY CITY

Thirty men, red eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened. Others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong clear voice began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,  
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare of a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,  
Beside the temple there."

The song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees; one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms and sobbed, "O mother, mother!" The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush. At last one man protested. "Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—"He too began to sob. It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court. Yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after an effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing for the night  
is o'er.

Hosannah in the highest! Hosannah forever more!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out and then there was silence. The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song—not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the work house that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could possibly have accomplished.

## THE EVANGELICAL FRIEND

## EDITORIAL BRIEFS

When the annual report of our Young People's work was read at Beulah, nearly \$350.00 had come in from last year's pledges to the Self-Denial Fund. Of course others have doubtless paid since then, and others will be paying within the next few weeks, but we have made a real good showing. Ten cents a week is not very much, but it soon counts up. We took pledges at Beulah for next year, amounting to about \$250.00, which is only the beginning. We are expecting many of those who had to stay home to send us their pledges, and we will be making another strong appeal at Riverside.

Speaking of Riverside reminds me of the good Young People's services we had there last year, and the big afternoon rally when Rev. P. J. Trafton spoke to us on having a vision. It makes me want to see a great many more of our young people at Camp this year. While some of us get to both Beulah and Riverside, the latter is especially for those who would be deprived entirely of getting to Camp Meeting if there were not one in this District. It is a downright pity for anyone to be unable to get to even one Camp Meeting during the year. So we are expecting a large crowd of young people there, and we promise you some real spiritual help.

A new phase of our young people's work is the Junior Crusaders. This has been talked some previous to this time, but was brought up at Beulah in our business meetings, and later sanctioned by the Alliance. The purpose is to group the children who are too small for our regular young people's services, under competent leaders, similar to the very familiar Mission Band. The work as a whole is under the direction of a committee, with Lic. Bennett Cochrane at its head, who will give all the information any might want.

We wish each Society President would check up on Highway subscriptions in his society. Perhaps there are some renewals due; and a goodly number of new subscriptions should be forthcoming. Brother Dow, the Editor of the Highway, is letting all members of our societies have the Highway for \$1.00 a year. We have some very good material for our Young People's Page for the coming year, and among the contributors will be Dr. Owen, the evangelist whom we so much enjoyed at Beulah. Remember, "Every Society Member a Reader of the King's Highway."

H. J. S. BLANEY,

Ed. Y. P. Page

## LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

If you know the Lord and His saving power,  
Go serve Him with gladness and joy each hour,

And let your light shine! O let your light shine!

So many in darkness are groping today;  
Those precious young people are drifting away.

O let your light shine! Do let your light shine!

Go tell them of Jesus who loves them so true;  
Then trust Him to guide you in all that you do.

And let your light shine! O let your light shine!

Let it shine through the darkness, a beacon of truth,

Let it shine o'er the pathway of negligent youth.

O let your light shine! Yes, let your light shine!

Be ready to tell of His wonderful love,  
While He is preparing your mansions above;

And let your light shine! O let your light shine!

Have oil in your lamps and an extra supply.  
Be ready to live and you're ready to die;

Then let your light shine! O let your light shine!

BESSIE M. BLANEY

## JOE SOLVES THE SUMMER SLUMP

Dear Tom:

The air is so cool and balmy tonight, after a real hot day, and the moon is looking down so pleasantly, that I dislike to go to bed and miss any of it. So I'll write you a few lines while I am here at the window. This evening was one of those times when a fellow feels like leaving the streets and sidewalks and getting out into the country—one of those moving kind of evenings. I half planned to go out to my uncle's; and then some of the fellows wanted me to go to the lake for a swim, but I decided to stay home and go to Young People's Meeting. (They always expect the President to be there). Not many others came—I guess the spell of the evening was too much for them. It has been that way almost all summer. Some of us have talked over some things that we might do, and we have tried one sort of an inducement and another, but nothing seems to do any good. It is discouraging, and tonight two or three suggested that we close up altogether for the summer. But we can't do that; we won't do it, even if I am the only one who goes. We are certainly in need of some kind of remedy for what our pastor calls the "summer slump."

In thinking about it since coming home, I went at it this way. I asked myself what there was that would best win and hold me, and finally decided that any scheme or attraction that would be legitimate in a Holiness Church could not possibly compete for very long with the sheer pleasure of a good cool swim or a ride into the country. But then I found that there was something that could and does hold me, and it is something I have within myself. Since I was saved two years ago, I find that I not only need to go where I can pray and testify, but there is an attraction there besides. And I can't think of another single thing that could attract me to a Young People's Meeting on an evening such as this has been. Maybe others do not see it as I do, but that is how it works with me, and I think I get my share of all the other good times besides.

I hardly know why I am writing all this to you. I guess it is because I seem to have something in common with the clear quietness of the night. We did have a wonderful service this evening—just the few of us. You asked about my vacation. It comes the middle two weeks in August, and my present plans are to return your visit of last summer. I'll have to spend the first few days fixing up around home. How we do miss dad! He always kept things in such good shape. I try to make things as easy for mother as I can. I'll let you know the day I am coming. Until then—Good Night!

Your chum,

JOE

Brave men can't die, whose candid actions  
are  
Writ in the poet's endless calendar;  
Whose vellum and whose volume is the sky,  
And the pure stars the praising poetry.

—Robert Henck