

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

EDITORIAL BRIEFS

There is one place where our Societies are falling down, and that is in the matter of letting our people know what we are doing. We need to advertise. We need the help that more publicity will give us. No one, not even the Editor, has a monopoly on the Young People's Page. It is at your service. We never lack for material with which to fill it, but perhaps it could be used to better advantage if more Societies would report their progress. We have the list of Associate Editors who could write and ask for your reports every so often, but this seems to be a needless waste of their money. We are not asking for a specified number of letters for every issue, but we do want all the worthwhile news from your Society, and the account of all wide-awake happenings. Every good report is sure to be of inspiration to someone. Start now to be more prompt with your letters—and then try to do something more than just give notices of your coming Rallies; tell us what you plan to do. Be boosters for your Societies, your Rallies, and for every part of our work through your page in the Highway.

Speaking of Rallies, doubtless plans are even now under way for a great get-together on each of the four Districts some time this spring. There is nothing that can quite take the place of getting away to a good start. And then of course the next thing of importance is to have a program that is both interesting and helpful. I believe that every program committee should strive to arrange a program that will so meet with the approval of everyone present, that it will immediately assure its re-election to the position which is merely one way of describing success. But do not forget that a Holiness Young People's Convention cannot be properly carried on without the special blessing of God. Someone suggested organizing prayer bands before hand, which ought to be done in spirit if not in actuality. We want not only religious meetings, and Holiness meetings, but meetings with a spiritual emphasis that will grip hearts. But even this is not all that is required. No Rally or service of any kind can be held without people, which makes us ask the oft-repeated question, "Why do not more young people come to our Rallies?" I do not know. We will only know when someone has solved the problem. Whoever does, please write immediately all about how it was done. Everyone will be interested. Anyway, by all the means at our disposal, let us plan to have the best Rallies this spring that we have ever had.

There are a few things which every Society should begin now to check up on. One is the matter of Self-Denial pledges. Let the President or Secretary bring it to the minds of those who pledged so that no one will come up to June with two or three dollars to make up all at once. Remember too that some of the older folk made pledges. Perhaps you could get your pastor to mention it from the pulpit some time so that everybody would hear about it. Our Missionary situation demands all we can do in this way. Then there is the General Fund of our organization. Every Society is expected to make a liberal contribution to this fund. Almost before we know it, June and the end of our Church year will be here. Now is the time

to begin to get things in shape so as to have the best report possible to give at Beulah Camp. Get those prospective members enrolled, and wherever it is practical, organize a Junior Crusade group. And above all, keep blessed. That is what distinguishes us from all other organizations of young people, both inside and outside of the Church.

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

"LITTLE IS MUCH WHEN GOD IS IN IT"

To talk with God no breath is lost; talk on, talk on!

To walk with God no strength is lost; walk on, walk on!

To wait on God no time is lost; wait on, wait on!

To grind the axe, no work is lost; grind on, grind on!

The work is quicker, better done,
Not needing half the strength laid on; grind on!

Martha stood—but Mary sat—
Martha murmured much at that;
Martha cared—but Mary heard,
Listening to the Master's Word,
And the Lord her choice preferred; sit on—
hear on!

Work without God is labor lost; work on—
work on.

For soon you'll learn it to your cost; toil on,
toil on.

Little is much when God is in it;
Man's busiest day's not worth God's minute.
Much is little everywhere
If God the labor do not share;
So work with God, and nothing's lost,
Who works with Him does best and most—
work on, work on!

—A Selection.

TIM KING

Queer as you can imagine was the subject of this sketch. He may have been twenty and he may have been more, for the only way to get at it was by guessing. He had been born small and had never gotten over it. There was nothing large about him but his feet and his mouth. His hair was straight and his nose was crooked. He had lots of good points in the shape of bones, and they stuck out in all directions. His eyes were not bad-looking, only there was a scared look about them, as if he had been driven out a good deal more than he had been invited in. If he had ever had a good meal he had nothing to show for it, and there are good reasons for believing that his diet had largely consisted of fresh air and water. Both are good in their ways, but not always nourishing. His ragged coat fitted him too much, and his abbreviated trousers fitted him too little. He was of the earth earthly, and no one would have mistaken him for an angel. Bath-tubs and kindness had never been his portion, while hard knocks and hunger had been his daily companions. He probably had parents once, but who they were, or what, he never knew. He was the only evidence that they had ever existed, and his appearance and their disappearance seemed to have occurred at the same time.

From his own account he belonged everywhere, lived anywhere, and his home was nowhere. He began life with nothing, and had held his own. He was proud of the fact that whereas there was a time when he had not a

rag on his back, now it was covered with them. He was as well up in spelling and reading as as he was in Greek, and of the latter he had never heard. He had an old look, but a young way—in fact, he was a little child well along in years. Add to this the marks of drink, and you have his picture, and under it you may write Tim. That was his name—no prefixes or affixes—just plain Tim. Don't throw this picture away, for you will like it better as you study it more.

He came in at the mission door one night, and then stopped abruptly. It was all strange to him, and ere he proceeded farther he wanted first to learn if he had not gone too far. He gladly accepted the offer of a seat up near the front. The one thing that had drawn him in there now held him spellbound, and that was the singing. He listened—oh, how he listened!—and as he did so the scared look went out of his eyes and his dirty face shone with rapture. Unconsciously his large feet beat perfect time, and then suddenly from his large mouth came a sweet voice that all could distinguish. He had caught the melody and was on fire. He had made a discovery—he could sing! Rags, hunger, dirt, friendlessness—all were forgotten. He could sing!

The mission song had gone down into his very soul, unlocked the door, and let loose a songster that moved all hearts, melted all eyes, and stirred all natures. He could sing! Who is he? Where did he come from? What is his name? Where does he live? Be still with your questioning; time enough for that. Ah! he can cry as well as sing. His own voice in song has made him feel the need of God who gave him the voice. He found both almost at the same time, for it doesn't take long for a waif to become a King's son when God opens that door singing! He belonged to some one now! He had a home now! He was somebody now. He made them repeat the words of the song until he had them by heart:

"I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth,
A sinner by practice, an alien by birth;
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
I'm a child of the King, a child of the King,
With Jesus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King."

No poetic fancy about that to Tim, but a glorious reality. Hear him sing! And the voice of the song has made him feel the need of God and none but the "child of a King" ever looked like that. He had found his Father, and henceforth he called himself Tim King.

A bath-tub soon absorbed his dirt, and a new suit of clothes covered his bony points, and a good meal soon filled his stomach, and a real bed the first time took him in that night. All these he needed, but only for a little while. He could sing and the King wanted that voice in His heavenly choir. His friends tried to keep him, but the cold and hunger and the bedless nights had been too much for the little fellow's strength, and he couldn't stay. He didn't want to, for he said he wanted to see his Father and sing in His choir. So one day just as the sun was going down in the west, "the gates ajar" were swung wide open, and through our tears we saw him, his face all aglow enter the Eter-