

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

OUR STRENGTH

I sat one day on the edge of a cliff overlooking the open sea, and watched the restless waters below as they churned themselves into frenzied white foam in their attempt to escape from their rocky prison. Wave after wave would try to scale the side of a huge boulder, each one getting a little nearer the top, only in turn to fall helplessly back and be forever lost. Another would rush around that same rock as if to escape by an unguarded channel, only to suddenly meet a brother wave which had tried the same thing from the other side, and they were soon swallowed up in each other's arms. Then in a thoughtful mood, or perhaps to gain fresh courage, the water would remain quiet for a brief spell, only to start again. Out a hundred feet or so from shore the whole bosom of the sea would seem to swell up as if by the force of internal bellows, and then blow out line after line of white wattery steeds which would rush with ever-increasing strength and velocity against the face of the cliff, only to splash back into each other's faces, and be swiftly buried in the sea which gave them birth. Hour after hour I watched this ceaseless procedure, this never tiring swish, swish, boom, boom, of the sea water against the wall on which I sat.

But all the while I never felt so much as a tremor pass through that great rock. And then the thought came to me that for ages past the sea waters had been testing their almost limitless strength against that huge mass of stone, but to no avail. It just stood still. Never a move or an effort on its part, yet the mighty ocean was helpless before it. Its strength lay in its stability. The very fact of its not moving was the secret of its strength. Come wind, come wave, come storm, it met them all the same—and was greater than them all.

As I again sit by that sea shore in my imagination, I can hear a still small voice saying, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength". What was that? Is there a lesson here for me? Does God speak to my heart? What is it Lord? Yes, I see it now. I have been like the sea, restless, striving, wearing myself out, trying, trying, trying, when thou dost want me to be like that cliff. The stormy winds of life have been hard on me, while I have unnerved myself by my ceaseless struggles against them. I see now that I cannot quell the storms that needs must come, nor can I beat the forces of evil into submission, but I can be so rooted and grounded in the love of God that I will be able to withstand every onslaught set against me. That is it. Strength in being rooted! Strength in quietness! Strength in restfulness! Strength in confidence! Strength in trusting! Strength in Thee! Thy strength! Wonderful thought! Blessed truth! I can be strong—in Thee. Thou art my strength, and I am hiding in Thee.

"Hiding in Thee! Hiding in Thee!

Thou blest Rock of Ages,
I'm hiding in Thee."

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

JOE'S CALL

Dear Tom:—

I wish you could have been with me this evening. I just came in from a couple hours of skiing out on the ridge back of town. There have been very few such opportunities this winter since I work all day, and there aren't very many good moonlight nights. But today there

was a lull in the rough weather we have been having, and tonight's moon is almost full. For downright good sport it is hard to beat skiing in the crisp winter air under a brilliantly lighted evening sky. Skiing on powdered borax in an apartment store in New York City, or on pine needles in New Hampshire must be poor imitations of the real thing.

Before I spend all my time at something else, I must tell you about the Missionary Meeting we had a week ago. In many respects it was not what you might call an extraordinary meeting, but it proved almost that to me because it met a long-felt need of mine. Besides some readings, songs, the outline of a missionary book, a Bible lesson, and the special offering, our pastor gave a short talk, and this is what meant so much to me. For some reason or other he got talking about calls to the foreign field. I don't think you know it, for very few do, that several years ago I felt I had a call to Africa. I was only young, too young to be able to do anything about it, but it has been a secret ambition of my heart ever since. I have never been able to know for sure whether God wanted me to be a missionary or not. It has been quite a problem to me, and more so since father died and I have had to be the support of the home. It looks as if I will have to be here for quite a good many years to come. But what the pastor said just seemed to fit my case—and he does not know how I have been feeling either. I'll give you what he said as near as I can.

"Young people, God has a place for everyone of you in his program for missions, and He speaks to every Christian at some time or other to let them know what He expects of them. Sometimes He speaks and issues a call to the field, and when He does He always opens the way. Mind you, He always opens the way. He never goes back on his call if we are faithful. Sometimes when He speaks it is a call to an interest and a passion to be expended at home, and a mistake that is at times made by young people is to interpret a glowing heart passion for a call to special service, and then be defeated in their own souls when things do not work out as they expected. Then again, God may ask a person if he will go to the mission field just to help him complete his consecration, and to get that last YES from him. But one thing about a call is always sure: we never have to look back and say that at such and such a time God called us—the call is always with us in the present, even though at times bedimmed and overshadowed by doubts and fears. Any delay is either an opportunity for active preparation, or for preparation by service. Even delay itself is sometimes a means of preparation."

That is a gist of what he said. It means a great deal to me as I think about it. Maybe I made a mistake back there, and God was only awakening my interest and not calling me at all. Or maybe my present circumstance is one of God's ways of preparing me. Anyway, I am going to keep my interest in missions alive, work at it all I can, prove myself worth such a call if God wants me, keep true to Him, and let Him work out the future. Another thing I remember the pastor said: "Don't look always in the one direction for doors to open. God uses many ways and means. And don't forget that our understanding of a call always changes with the years, even though the call itself may not." So I am going to profit by what he said, and rest easy

from now on. I can always be in God's will whether it is stay, go, or come. When I am keeping myself in His will as it is revealed to me, the responsibility is God's. That means so much to me. I think I will sleep a little more easily tonight. I believe I will be able to grow faster in the things of God. Just to know that He does not call us and send us out, but that He leads day by day!

I trust things are going well with you. I am remembering to pray for you. Don't study too hard, and try to write a little sooner next time.

Your sincere friend,

JOE.

A NEW JUNIOR CRUSADER GROUP

A Junior Crusader Group has been formed in Gordonsville, which greets all the R. B. Junior Crusaders. An able leader has taken over the weekly children's meeting here, and the Lord is blessing her efforts. These services are held at her home, and in spite of the winter weather a few get out to the meetings. Encouraging interest is being shown by the children who seem hungry for the simple Gospel teachings. Mite boxes, made from card-board or small card-board boxes of any shape, with pretty paper pasted over them, having a slot cut in the top and a label with "God's Money" neatly printed on it, serve very well in which to keep the children's missionary money. They are convenient economical, and attractive looking to the child—the leader's own original idea. She also suggested that the children who cannot attend during the winter months be given these boxes as well, as they too would likely have pennies which they would be glad to give for the cause. Pray for us!

N. J. S.

NEW SOCIETY AT GORDONSVILLE

We are glad to be able to report that through the Lord's guidance and blessing we have organized a Young People's Society in Gordonsville. We started our meetings several weeks ago on December 15th. We hold weekly services in the homes, and everyone, old and young, are welcome. Some of our officers are proving to be a blessing to many. We are much encouraged by the interest that is being shown by both the saved and the unsaved. Twenty-six or more were present at our last meeting, including seven who came from Fielding, about three miles distant, on a double team sled. We are trusting that the Fielding people will continue to help us in these services, as we have no young people's meeting as yet in Fielding.

The Gordonsville Society sends greetings to the other Societies of the denomination, and is glad to join your ranks. May we be used of the Lord to be a great blessing to each other, the whole denomination, and many others, being a real help to God's work. We are looking forward to the next Y. P. Convention of District No. 1 at Marysville.

N. J. S.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY AT CALAIS

There has been a report written to the Highway about our Society since it has been organized, so we think it is about time to let people know what God is doing for us in this part of the vineyard. We do not carry on our meetings just like a usual prayer meeting, but we are studying the New Testament, taking one chapter for each service. We have taken seventeen chapters so far and expect to continue. We find