

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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"I AM SO GLAD THAT JESUS LOVES ME"

A young woman in England went to one of Mr. Moody's meetings where she heard Mr. Sankey sing this old hymn, with the chorus:

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me," and while the hymn was being sung, began for the first time in her life to feel that she was a sinner. All her sins came up in array before her, and so numerous and aggravated did her sins appear, that she imagined she could never be saved. She said in her heart, "Jesus cannot love me. He could not love such a sinner as I." She went home in a state of extreme mental anguish, and did not sleep that night. Every opportunity of obtaining more light was seized eagerly. She took her place in the inquiry room one night, and there she found to her astonishment and joy that Jesus could, and did, love sinners. She saw in God's Word that it was for sinners Jesus died, and for none others. When the realization of this broke upon her, she too began to sing,

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me."

Mr. Sankey relates that soon after he began teaching some children's singing classes in Chicago, a lady called on him one day and said, "There is a little girl, who belongs to one of your singing classes, who is dying, and she wants you to come and see her." Mr. Sankey says, "I went to her home, a little frame cottage, and there I found the little maid dying, one whom I had known so well in the Thursday evening meetings. I said, 'My dear child, how is it with you?'"

"Will you pray for my father and mother as you prayed for us?" was the reply.

"But how is it with yourself?" I asked again.

"Oh, sir, they tell me I am to die, but I have found the Lord Jesus Christ," she answered.

"When did you become a Christian?" I inquired.

"Don't you remember one Thursday when you were teaching me to sing:

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,"

and don't you remember how you told us that if we only gave our hearts to Him, He would love us?—and I gave mine to Him."

WHAT IS LIFE?

Time's a hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a short-lived, fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow in a shower;
'Tis a momentary ray
Smiling on a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;
Be prepared, O man, to die!

—Quarles

Some Christians are satisfied with crumbs of comfort when feasting from the table of the Lord, but there is an invitation to a bounteous banquet to whosoever will.

THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

'Twas battered, scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste his time on the old violin
But he held it up with a smile.

"What am I bidden, good people," he cried,
A dollar, a dollar! now two, only two;
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?
Three dollars once, three dollars twice;
Going for three? But no!
From the room far back a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bows
Then wiping the dust from the old violin
And tightening up the strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet,
As sweet as an angel sings.

The music ceased and the auctioneer
With a voice that was quiet and low
Said, "What am I bidden for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.

"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two,
Two thousand, and who'll make it three?
Three thousand once, three thousand twice;
And going and gone," said he.
The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We don't quite understand
What changed its worth?" Swift came the reply,
"The touch of the master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune
And battered and torn with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd
Much like the old violin.

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game, and he travels on.
He is going once, and going twice;
He's going and almost gone.
But the Master comes and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand—
The worth of a soul, and the change that's
wrought

By the touch of the Master's hand.

—Selected.

VIEWED IN THE TWILIGHT

A great art critic has said that a picture should be judged in the evening twilight. At noontime there may be too much splendor and a false judgment.

So a man's life may be full of show and good clothes, fine houses and automobiles, honors, newspaper reports—this in the splendor of his day. But what of the evening light? How does the life seem when one is compelled to look back upon it? No doubt there has been vigorous seeking, but after all were the things worth the struggle?

So many crowns are fading. So many edifices are crumbling. So many honors are passing away. So many pleasures are vanishing. So much praise is insincere. So many gardens have grown weeds. So much of the material and the social have brought only the aching void.

The great apostle was coming to the end of a career which has been filled with hardship and burden-bearing. Most men would say that his was to be a disappointing end for a man whose early life held so much of promise.

But listen to his estimate: "I have fought a

GLEANINGS

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Isaiah 43:2.

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"The men and women who willingly and joyfully share the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, are vividly conscious of the reality of their own personal redemption."—J. H. Jowett.

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"Man is his own star, and that soul that can be honest is the only perfect man."—Fletcher.

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"The men that live nobly are men of faith. It is faith in God and the outcome of our efforts that enables us to face anything courageously."—Anon.

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"Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving, and serving others."—Henry Drummond.

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"Here hath been dawning another blue day;
Think—will you let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day was born;
Into eternity, at night will return."

—Selected.

BE STRONG

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle, face it; 'Tis God's gift!
Be strong.

Say not, "The days are evil," who's to blame?
And fold the hands, and acquiesce, O shame!
Stand up! Speak out! And bravely in God's
Name,

Be strong.

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Toil on! Faint not! Tomorrow comes the song,
Be strong."

good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing."

It must be that this man saw things which most men do not see. At least he was well satisfied to have devoted his life to "these things."

It is wonderful so to live that one is satisfied with his life when he looks back over it from his last days! How will your life look from the twilight?—Free Methodist.

He who teaches not his son a trade teaches him to be a thief.—Jewish Proverb.

The greatest fault, I should say, is to be conscious of none but other people's.—Carlyle.

I have known a man nurse the tiny cockatrice egg of unforgiveness till it has burst into the fiery serpent of crime.—Farrar.