

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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### STRANGE MEN

A young man entered a hotel, just another patron. He emerged four days later a distinguished figure. The cost of this distinction to him was forty cents.

Stopping to pay his bill on departure, he found it didn't match his figures.

"See, here, this statement isn't right," he said to the cashier.

"If it isn't, we'll make it right, sir. Have we overcharged you?"

"No. But you haven't entered all the items against me. I made some telephone calls not listed here."

The clerk checked back on the telephone records. Nothing could be found.

Undaunted, the guest insisted another search be made. The entry was finally discovered on the account of another man with the same last name. The guest paid it and thanked the clerk. It was a small sum but the hotel was doubly grateful, because it prevented a blow-up by the other man—one of the best customers but one with a hair-trigger disposition.

A year later the young man paid another visit to the hotel. The manager called on him and extended to him the hospitality of the place. Today his credit is unlimited there.

That was more than common honesty—it was honesty with a whole conscience, sometimes called scrupulousness. It was also immensely more clever than simply calling attention to the mistake and letting it go when the clerk couldn't find it. And it won the good will of the entire establishment.

There are innumerable ways to cheat—which means there are just as many ways of being rigidly honest. I talked the other day with a dealer in roofing supplies. He told me some builders in his community put tile roof on with iron nails. They save a few dollars, **but shorten the life of the roof.** However, one man, who takes pride in his work, never uses anything but copper nails, whether the contract requires it or not. Word has passed around about this man being absolutely honest in little things and he is getting the big things—the choicest contracts.

It was the first J. Pierpont Morgan, I think, who used to say, "I know one man I wouldn't lend a cent if he offered me a million dollars in security, simply because he's a crook. But there's another one to whom I'd lend a million on his word alone, because he never cheats."

During the war a manufacturer with a government contract cheated on shoes, putting on paper soles instead of leather. One doughboy, whose feet were cut and bleeding because of that crookedness, remembered. Years later he passed on a million-dollar contract. One bidder was unceremoniously ruled out of competition—the paper-sole racketeer.

Have you noticed how seldom we hear the expressions, "He's a man of honor," and "His word is as good as his bond" nowadays? The "smart" thing may be to get by with a sharp deal, but the really clever thing in the long run is an untouchable integrity.

A broker told me not long ago of the in-

involved procedure connected with the transfer of real estate. Then he wistfully recalled the practice of his boyhood days in Sweden.

"When my father sold his farm, he and the buyer went arm in arm out to a corner of the field. The money was paid over; then my father reached down, picked up a handful of dirt, and placed it in the hands of the other man. They shook hands. The deal was completed and the title was never questioned."

Could such a thing be done if absolute honesty didn't inhere in the persons involved—even in the very customs and character of the entire community?

Probably no man ever had a longer or more distinguished career in the world of sports than the veteran coach, A. A. Stagg. For forty-two years he was idol of students and graduates of the University of Chicago. Yet he is more admired for his rugged character and uncompromising honesty, no matter what the cost.

An eminently successful business man told recently how his whole life had been changed forty years ago by a little incident on the baseball diamond. Stagg's champion baseball team was defending its college title. The batter had singled, and one of Stagg's men was racing home with the winning run.

Stagg came rushing up to meet him, "Get back to third base!" he shouted. "You cut it by a yard."

"But the umpire didn't see it," the runner protested.

"That doesn't make any difference!" roared Stagg. "Get back!"

It cost a game, but a character battle was won.

"When I saw that," said the business man, "I determined always to play square. I've done it to the best of my ability, and my life has been immeasurably happier for it."

It can be made a game—this matter of abiding integrity. And the cleverest player is not the one with the greatest talent, but the one who gives his conscience the freest rein.—Selected.

### FOLLOWING JESUS

What can little eyes do?  
Read the sacred story.  
What can little feet do?  
Tread the path to Glory.  
What can little hands do?  
Work, however lowly.  
What can little hearts do?  
Love the Lord most holy.

Little eyes in Glory see  
Jesus on His throne;  
Little hearts, from sorrow free,  
Claim Him for their own.  
Little feet in Glory take  
Steps by Jesus trod;  
Little hands sweet music make  
From the harps of God.

Oh, when life's short day is past,  
Unto me be given  
Happy place to find at last,  
In the children's Heaven.

—Publisher Unknown

### A PRAYER

I want a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near:  
I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, for fond desire,  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.  
That I from thee no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience, give.  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make!  
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.  
If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove;  
And let me weep my life away,  
For having grieved thy love:  
O may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul,  
And drive me to the blood again  
Which makes the wounded whole!

### A CONTINENT OF FEARS

There is room in Africa for the United States, all Europe, India and China. The continent is 6,000 miles long and 4,000 miles from east to west.

When David Livingstone entered Africa over fifty years ago little else was known but its coast line. Today it is being gridironed with railroads, and its commerce is reaching the world.

Africa is a continent of fears. Her people are bowed down by generations of witchcraft, cannibalism, poverty, vice, disease, superstitions, theft, polygamy and murder.

If a man should preach every day to 10,000 Africans, not one of whom has heard of Christ, it would take him sixty-five years to tell the gospel to all the inhabitants who are in darkness.—Publisher Unknown.

### ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL

Visitors to the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City have increased so much that it has been necessary to increase the guide service, according to an announcement at the cathedral. "The visitors are members of all churches and of none," an announcement said. "There are literally thousands of them on an ordinary weekday and among them a large proportion of young people. After the services on Sunday great numbers remain to inspect the building and to enjoy the beauty and majesty of the great nave, in which the services are being held. Many of the visitors feel that they are enjoying a unique privilege in seeing one of the greatest world's cathedrals in course of construction. St. John the Divine is now fully two-thirds built. It will be the largest of all the Gothic cathedrals, and among all the world's cathedrals it will be second in size to St. Peter's in Rome."—Selected.