

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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LIVING FOR CHRIST

My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.

What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

—Philip Doddridge

Hartland M. S.

Dear Young People:

Greetings in the name of our blessed Lord. Spring is developing rapidly: the trees are putting out their new leaves, the early blades of grass are to be found. The light rain we had yesterday and last night came as an encouragement to the world's spring efforts. But thank the Lord there is one place where we need never have the death bringing effects of the cold winter: it is in our souls. If we have the Holy Ghost experience then we shall find a life like that mentioned in Jeremiah 17:7-8. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought. neither shall cease from yielding fruit." This is the kind of life we all must have to be really satisfied and permanently happy and thank God it is for us, just as soon as we fully surrender to God and accept Him by faith.

I am copying today's reading from "Springs in the Valley," a book with daily readings compiled by Mrs. Chas. E. Cowman. It is not very long but it is good "His praise shall continually be in my mouth." Ps. 34:1.

"I heard a joyous strain—
A lark on a leafless bough
Sat singing in the rain."

"I heard him singing early in the morning. It was hardly light." I could not understand that song; it was fairly a lilt of joy. It had been a portentous night for me, full of dreams that did disturb me. Old things that I had hoped to forget, and new things that I prayed could never come, trooped through my dreams like grinning little bare-faced imps. Certainly I was in no humor to sing. What could possess that fellow out yonder to be telling the whole township how joyous he was? He was perched on the rail fence by the spring run. He was drenched. It had rained in the night and evidently he had been poorly housed. I pitied him

What comfort could he have had through that night bathed in the storm? He never thought of comfort. His song was not bought by any such duplicity. It was in his heart. Then I shook myself: the shame that a lark has finer poise than a man!

—Rev. G. A. Leichter, M. A., B. D.

"Nothing can break you as long as you sing."

We find in Romans 8:28 the secret for permanent contentment. If we can live up to the requirements and but have this Scripture continually being fulfilled in our lives then we shall have the "well of water springing up . . ." that Jesus told the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well about. If she but knew the gift of God and who it was speaking to her . . . and that is just the trouble, people do not KNOW. Yours and my life can picture it to them if we just let God control.

May God bless us as holiness Young People,
I feel I need more of His blessing.

Yours happy in Him,

CHARLES D. M. SANDERS

LIFE STORY OF ISAAC WATTS

By Mrs. Luciana Hutzelman, in the
Religious Telescope

His father was disappointed in him. He was sorry but he just couldn't seem to stop making rhymes. He thought in terms of poetry, but the schoolmaster father had other ambitions for him. So, when he continued his interest in poetry and music his father decided to punish him. Isaac seldom ever received a spanking but this time his father carried out his threat. Isaac was surprised and cried, "Father, do on me mercy take, and I will no more verses make."

Isaac Watts continued to think in terms of poetry in spite of his father's objections and became the "Father of English Hymn Writers." He was very studious as a child and perhaps the father wished him to be more like other boys. He did injure his health by his studious ways. He began to study Latin when only five years of age, and was never strong and healthy.

When he was only eighteen he began his real work of writing hymns. While attending church services, the music grated on his ears and he spoke of the lack of harmony to his father. The father was annoyed and said, "Then, give us something better, young man." "Very well, I will do so," and Isaac Watts went to his room and wrote that old hymn that has remained new after nearly two hundred and fifty years. The services that same evening were closed with the hymn he had written.

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for His name
And songs before unknown."

The congregation was pleased that one so young, one of their own number, had written so beautiful a hymn. From that day Isaac Watts wrote many sacred songs. Each Sunday he brought a new hymn to the chapel until soon a volume was written. His father ceased to be annoyed at his son but was proud of him.

The first edition of his new hymnal was sold in 1706 when he was twenty-two. He then

began preaching, but his health was poor and he had to give it up after a serious illness. He did some tutoring and preached occasionally. His messages were very scholarly and he gained some reputation as a preacher and writer. In 1712 he had to give up preaching entirely. He worked too hard and had another serious illness.

When recovering he went to Abney Park, the estate of Sir Thomas Abney at Theobalds for a week, but was prevailed upon to stay. He accepted the invitation to make his home there and remained until his death, thirty-four years later.

All these years he continued working as much as his health would permit. He wrote several theological books and kept at his first interest, that of hymn writing. He studied the Psalms and a great many of his hymns were taken from them. All his songs expressed love, fears, hope, faith and joy.

He wrote that beautiful hymn that has inspired so many to deeper consecration and reverence.

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died."

Another great hymn which Watts wrote was:

"Oh, God, our Help in Ages Past!"

Many think this his best hymn. It was based on the 90th Psalm. Since he has suffered so much himself, he must have felt his utter dependence on God.

"Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home."
"Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone
And our defense is sure."

Here he expressed the security of the child of God. Read Psalm 90:1, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." All the way through, the song parallels the 90th Psalm.

The last part of the song contains the line, "Be thou our guide while life shall last," a prayer we should pray and believe.

Isaac Watts wrote many children's songs. Some of them are: "How Doth the Busy Little Bee," and "Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite," also the lovely cradle hymn, "Hush, My Dear, Lie Still and Slumber."

At the time Isaac Watts lived, people were punished for their religion and when he was a baby his father was put in prison for six months for his belief. Every day the mother would carry her baby, Isaac, to the prison and sit on the steps and sing for hours to comfort her husband. Perhaps that is why he was such an unusual child and was able to write such beautiful, comforting hymns when he grew up.

Dr. Isaac Watts died at the age of seventy-five, in perfect peace. When dying he said: "I am just waiting to see what God will do with me; it is good to say, what, when and where God pleases. The business of a Christian is to do the will of God. If God should raise me up again and use me to save a soul, that will be