

# YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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## EDITORIAL

### MOTHER'S DAY

A little more than thirty years ago, Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, Pa., originated the idea of setting apart one day of the year in honour of Mothers. It seems that she had observed a special day in remembrance of her own mother and while so doing conceived the plan of dedicating a day to all mothers. In seeking to clarify the purpose of this special observance she became author of the phrase, "In honour of the best mother that ever lived—your Mother."

The State of Pennsylvania adopted the plan and other states followed their lead. On May 10th, 1913, exactly twenty-nine years before our Mother's Day of this year, the Senate and House of Representatives of the U. S. A., passed a resolution making the second Sunday in May a public holiday in honour of mothers. Later Canada adopted the same plan and thus, for us, was born this custom.

Perhaps there is no class or group on which the success of a Mother's Day rests than the Young People. Beautiful tributes may be written by the scribes, and touching sermons may be preached by the clergy, but the task of making the day the heart-warming event that all true mothers merit, that is the special assignment of the boys and girls, the young men and young women. All the words of praise and appreciation which eloquent men may pen or breathe, will not fill up the gap that the mother heart waits for the sons and daughters, the objects of her pure devotion, to bridge. You may not be able to express our sentiments as we would like, but be sure of this, she will never notice our awkwardness and the imperfection of our effort in her joy of knowing you care enough to try. Perhaps the means at our disposal will not allow us to give her what she deserves but just to realize you wanted to bring to her some token of affection. I shall never forget how delighted my mother was when I worked to earn a premium gift to present to her. It was cheap, inferior, and probably not very useful, but she didn't seem to think of that. All that mattered was that I thought enough of her to make such an effort. I suppose there is no person on earth who will give so unsparingly and then feel amply rewarded by so little in return as a true mother. In this she comes as near to the love of God as is humanly possible.

Young people, let's make this a real Mother's Day! If you're away from home, write a letter and tell that wonderful friend how much you appreciate all the sacrifice and labour of love she so freely expended for you. Send a gift. Even though it can only be a small one, it will seem big to her. If you are able to take that remembrance personally, do so, and give it to her with some word of love and gratitude. It will set her heart to singing and bring a flood of sunshine into her life. If perchance, Mother to you is nought but a memory, then join with this boy in vowing that, by Divine assistance, we will live the kind of life that would make her happy if she were with us, and seek the happy and eternal reunion of heaven's glorious abode! All honour to those mothers who live to bless us, and most reverent remembrance of those who being dead, yet speak to us.

### A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,  
Ye children, young and gay?  
Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,  
Will bleach as white as they.  
I had a mother once like you,  
Who o'er my pillow hung;  
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,  
And taught my faltering tongue.  
She, when the nightly couch was spread,  
Would bow my infant knee,  
And place her hand upon my head,  
And, kneeling, pray for me.  
But then there came a fearful day;  
I sought my mother's bed,  
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,  
And told me she was dead.

I plucked a fair white rose, and stole  
To lay it by her side;  
And thought strange sleep enchain'd her  
soul  
For no fond voice replied.  
That eve I knelt me down in woe,  
And said a lonely prayer;  
Yet still my temples seem to glow,  
As if that hand were there!

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,  
Gay sports, and pastimes dear;  
I rose a wild and wayward boy,  
Who scorned the curb of fear.  
Fierce passions shook me like a reed;  
Yet ere at night I slept,  
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,  
And down I fell and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled;  
But oft at day's decline  
A marble touch my brow congealed;  
Bless'd mother, was it thine?  
In foreign lands I travelled wide,  
My pulse was bounding high;  
Vice spread her meshes at my side,  
And pleasure lured my eye.

Yet still that hand, so soft and cold,  
Maintained its mystic sway,  
And when amid my locks of gold,  
With gentle force it lay;  
And with it breathed a voice of care,  
As from the lowly sod:  
"My son, my only son, beware!  
Nor sin against thy God."

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!  
And now, though time has set  
His frosty seal upon my brow,  
These temples feel it yet.  
And if I e'er in Heaven appear,  
A mother's holy prayer,  
A mother's hand and gentle tear,  
That pointed to a Saviour dear,  
Have led the wanderer there.

### UPWARD

A kindly neighbor called today;  
His thoughts were on the upward way,  
And this is what he had to say:  
"Strive constantly with all your might,  
To be what you believe is right,  
Nor fail to pray for gospel light;  
And always have a heart and mind  
To worship God and serve mankind."

F. P. Reno

### TRIBUTES TO MOTHERS

"There is no love on earth, except the love of Jesus Christ for the human race, that equals the love of a mother for her child."

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"All that I have ever accomplished in my life, I owe to my mother."—Abraham Lincoln.

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"After leading a vicious life in my early days, the voice of my mother came as it were from the dead, and led me gently back to virtue and goodness."—John Newton.

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"Men are what their mothers make them."

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"I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father Who art in heaven.'"—John Randolph, American statesman.

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"If you would reform the world from its errors begin by enlisting the mothers."

### Y. P. CONVENTION DISTRICT NO. 4

The Young People's Convention of District No. 4 will be held at Sandford on Monday, May 25th (D. V.), following the Quarterly Meeting.

Seeing that the Convention is just one day, it was thought inadvisable to have a special speaker come in but rather to use our local preachers.

We're expecting a good time in the Lord.

Yours in His service,

MARY CAMPBELL,  
(District Secretary)

### Y. P. RALLY DISTRICT NO. 2

A Young People's Rally for societies of No. 2 District will be held at Salem May 25th. Afternoon and evening services will be held and all societies of the district are urged to co-operate for a real day of blessing and victory!

### LIFE

Life is a "Journey"  
And fair may it be;  
A "Task" to accomplish  
Obediently.  
Life is a "Contest"  
Of brawn and of brain;  
A "Battle" to wage,  
And "Heaven" to gain.

—Grant Colfax Tullar

### FOUR "PRECIOUS" THINGS

1. We have a Precious Possession—Soul (1 Sam. 26:21; Psa. 49:8; Mark 8:36).
2. Redeemed by a Precious Person—Christ (I. Pet. 2:7-24).
3. Paid with a Precious Price—His Blood (I. Pet. 1:18-19).
4. To bring us to a Precious Place—Heaven (Deut. 33:13; John 14:1-3).

—By a Redeemed, in Philippine Evangelist.