

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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KEEPING AT IT!

There is a very old but very good story about a boy who was engaged one winter day in putting a ton of coal into a cellar. His only implement was a small fire shovel. Noticing this, a benevolent old gentleman expressed his surprise and commiseration. "My son," said the old gentleman, "you certainly do not expect to put in all that coal with that little shovel?"

"Yes, I do," replied the boy cheerfully, "all I have to do is to keep at it."

There is a lesson in this story for the young and old, and it is exemplified in the lives of great men of the world. It is a mistake to suppose that the best work of all the world is done by people with great strength and many opportunities. "Keeping at it" is the secret of success.

Never be in too great haste. Too many spoil a lifetime by not having patience. They work at a trade until they see about one-half of its mysteries, then strike for higher wages. Such men are looked upon as blotches and slouches. When learning a trade, my boy, don't move like a rusty watch. Act as if your interest and the interest of your employer were the same. Employers will not willingly lose good employees. Be honest and faithful. There is the secret of success.—The Friend.

TRUE SENSE OF YOUTH

I am not concerned about the year in which you were born, but I am concerned about how much the years of your life have counted for. Ripened maturity comes as the result of growth, if one is willing to learn. How much have you lived? What have you felt, and hoped, and aspired?

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. Youth means a predominance of courage over timidity. This somewhat exists in a man of fifty more than a boy of twenty. No one grows old merely by living a number of years; people grow old by deserting their ideals. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head.—Selected.

TRIFLES

Which would you consider the most dangerous thing to have in a garden, a cow or a tiny bug no larger than the head of a pin? Most gardeners would probably decide that the bug is more dangerous. A cow you can see and drive out. But the little bug can work on unseen and, perhaps, unsuspected until the first thing you know the plant is destroyed. Millions of dollars are spent by our Government yearly in attempting to get rid of the tiny pests that injure the crops, but no money is spent to devise ways of getting cows or hens or dogs out of the garden. The owner looks after that himself.

So in your life the most dangerous foes to your progress are not the big faults, but the trifles that seem too small to trouble about. It is the trifling things that prevent you from developing the perfect fruit of Christian character, the petty habits that keep you from making progress in growth.

The big things we can notice and take care

of ourselves. The more outstanding sins we can eliminate, for they are prominent and can easily be noticed. But the trifles we sometimes overlook are permitted to gnaw away unobserved, until the first thing we know they have threatened to destroy a character or a reputation. It is well to check over your life frequently as you would keep watch on the garden, to see that no tiny enemies are undermining you.—Young People.

Dear Crusaders and Friends:

Beulah is about four months away still, but already people are thinking of and beginning to plan to attend this year—God willing, I am anxious that this year we may have a good record of the Junior Crusade work—the best yet. And I believe we can have this, but we need to work for it and pray much about it also.

Perhaps there are still many churches where no Junior Crusade Group has yet been organized, or where the former group has disintegrated and needs reorganizing. There are also, I believe, those who have a talent for this kind of work—an interest in it, and to such I appeal: Will you not pray about this and undertake the neglected Junior Crusade work in your community.

Will not each Junior Crusade Group, already in existence, please write in to The Highway a full report of your society and activities, before Beulah? It will be a help and blessing to others, and much appreciated by your denominational president.

Yours in Jesus,

MIRIAM SANDERS

SELF DENIAL FUND

Port Maitland Y. P. S.....\$1.00
Mrs. G. A. Rogers—pledge..... 5.20
Miss Thelma Rose—pledge..... 5.20

Thank you for your co-operation.

LIC. D. W. MARSTEN, Treas.,

Centreville, N. B., R. R. No. 3

UP CALVARY'S ROAD

Up Calvary's road, I walked one day,
Weighed down with grief and sin,
But I walked in the steps of One,
Who o'er this road had been;
One, who was holy, meek and kind,
The Son of God was He,
Who bore the sins of all the world
To make a way for me.

Up Calvary's road, I walked one day,
Until a cross I spied,
And thereon hung God's bleeding Lamb,
Whom I had crucified;
I saw those loving nail-pierced hands,
Beheld His thorn-crowned brow.
And, oh, I saw His bleeding feet,
At which I humbly bowed.

O Blessed Jesus, Love Divine,
Who gave Thy life for me,
Forgive my sins and wickedness,
From bondage set me free;
Wash me within Thy cleansing blood
To make me white as snow,
Then give the cross thou hast for me
And bid me quickly go.

Quickly, the work of grace was done,
Then to the tomb I went,
To Olivet and the Upper Room,
Where the Holy Ghost was sent;
Now on the narrow road I walk
In the Light from Calvary,
Salvation's song my song shall be
Where'er He leadeth me. —Lillian Ward

"A MOTHER'S PRAYER"

(For her sons in the Service)

Dear God, my heart is heavy day and night.

So once again I pray for my dear sons:

At Duty's call they chose the Path of Right—

Yet if I could, I'd not change what they've done.

"Somewhere" this night they stand 'neath danger's pall,

Strong in their Faith and Love of You and me,

Offering, if need, their very life, their all—

Oh, God, "no greater love than this" can be.

Guard them, Dear God, wherever they may be,
Beneath Thine arms from danger keep them free.

In Thy good time, Lord, send them home to me,
If not—then Lord I give them back to Thee.

Selected by Mrs. Dwight Ebbett

THE PASTOR AND HIS PARISH

From an unknown writer we find the following thoughts addressed to the lay members of the Church on the question of their duties toward their pastors, and the contribution that they can make to the success of their work as churches by making the work of the pastorate more comfortable and successful. It is worthy of careful consideration and practice. It appears under the title, "What You Owe Your Pastor."

You owe him respect as the ambassador of God, sent to teach you a better way of living than the selfish, sordid existence you might be guilty of except for his guidance.

You owe him your trust and confidence that he may be free to serve the church unhampered by criticism and fault finding.

You owe him your prayers, that God may make his services a blessing to every one with whom he comes in contact.

You owe him the protection of kindly silence by refraining from repeating in his presence, or out of it, any unkind gossip that would in any way prevent him from doing his best for God.

You owe him enough of your time to consistently help him in his work whenever he may need you.

You owe him encouragement when vexations and annoyances make his work difficult.

You owe him consideration that his work may not be interrupted and hindered by financial worry.

You owe him your careful attention while in services that he may not be annoyed by any careless, inattentive actions.

You owe him your co-operation and counsel in his program for the furtherance of the gospel.

You owe him your loyal support and interest, remembering that you are "workers together" in the interest of never-dying souls.

How are you treating your pastor?—Wesleyan Methodist.