

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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RESOLUTIONS FOR DAILY USE

1. I will not worry.
2. I will not be afraid.
3. I will not give way to anger.
4. I will not yield to envy, jealousy or hatred.
5. I will be kind to every man, woman and child with whom I come in contact.
6. I will be cheerful and helpful.
7. I will trust in God and bravely face the future.

FISHING FOR MEN

A company of pleasure seekers went to a woodland stream to spend a day in fishing. They carried with them the most improved fishing outfits money could buy. The young men sat on the bank of the stream and waited long for results, but the hours passed and they had nothing to show for their pains.

Near by sat a ragged urchin who was catching fish after fish while the young swells were toiling in vain. Yet he had only a branch from a tree for a pole, a string for a line, worms and flies for bait, and a bent pin for a hook. When they jollied him over his success and asked his secret, he told it in a few words: "You fellers are fishin' for fun, but I am fishin' for fish!"

The fisher-boy's answer has its lesson for all who would be fishers of men. So long as we perform our religious service perfunctorily, or for the pleasure it gives us, we need **expect no results**. When we set about it with a passion for souls, results will follow.

—Christian Union Herald

GLEANINGS

Of all the work that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery.—Bishop of Exeter.

Cling to the whole Bible, not a part of it. A man is not going to do much with a broken sword.—D. L. Moody.

God cares not for the length of our prayers, or the number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers. It is the FAITH in them that tells.—Talmage.

There is nothing like an obedient today to reveal God's will tomorrow.—Mark Guy Pearse.

The arithmetic of salvation may be stated thus: (1) Sin subtracted. (2) Grade added. (3) Gifts divided. (4) Peace multiplied.—Gurnall.

The empire of Caesar is gone; the legions of Rome are mouldering in the dust; the avalanches that Napoleon hurled upon Europe have melted away; the pride of the Pharaohs is fallen; the Pyramids they raised to be their tombs are sinking every day in the desert sands; Tyre is a rock for bleaching fishermen's nets; Sidon has scarcely left a wreck behind; but the word of God still survives. All things that have threatened to extinguish it have only aided it; and it proves every day how transient is the noblest monument that man can build, how enduring is the least word that God has spoken. Tradition has dug for it a grave, intolerance has lighted for it many a fagot; many a Judas has betrayed it with a kiss; many a Peter has denied it with an oath; many a Demas has

forsaken it, but the word of God still endures.—Cumming.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

1. What woman was known as a seller of purple?
2. What woman was full of good works and almsdeeds?
3. Who was described as beautiful and well favoured?
4. What was the name of Timothy's grandmother?
5. Who was known as a mother in Israel?
6. What book in the Bible was addressed to "the elect lady?"

Answers next issue.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS LAST ISSUE

1. Abraham. James 2:23.
2. Jubal. Gen. 4:21.
3. Enoch. Gen. 5:24. Elijah. 2 Kings 2:11.
4. Nimrod. Gen. 10:9.
5. Daniel. Dan. 1:7.
6. James and John. Mark 3:17.

WHAT AM I GOOD FOR?

A gentleman, while speaking to some children, took out his watch, and asked what it was for.

"To tell the time," the children answered.

"Well, suppose it won't keep time, what is it good for?"

"It is good for nothing," they replied.

He then took out a lead pencil, and asked what it was for?

"It is to mark with," was the answer.

"But supposing the lead is out, and it won't mark, what is it good for?"

"It's good for nothing."

He then took out a pocket-knife, and asked what was its use.

"To sharpen the pencil with," said some—"To cut with," said others.

"Suppose it had no blade, then what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Then a watch, or a pencil, or a knife is good for nothing unless each can do the thing for which it is made?"

"Yes, sir," the children all answered.

"Well, what is a boy or a girl made for?" The children hesitated.

"The chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever," said the gentleman.

"Now, then, if a boy or a girl does not do what he or she is made for, and glorify God, what is he or she good for?"

And the children all answered without seeming to think how it would sound—"Good for nothing."—Apples of Gold.

A SHORT STORY

May I tell you a beautiful story, for which I am indebted to the Children's Newspaper? A certain chaplain at the front says that one Sunday, as it was getting dark, he had finished a service in a dug-out into which eighteen men of all ranks had squeezed themselves. He was going, very tired, through a wood behind the front line when four figures loomed up in the twilight

The chaplain hid behind a tree; but it was

only four of our own men, muddy and tired, having lost their way, trying to get to the service. They said how sorry they were. "We'll soon put that right," said the chaplain; "can you sing 'Faithful unto Death'?" They could—and there, in that dim wood, with the fog wreathed about them, and mud under their feet, they sang.

Then the chaplain repeated the 23rd Psalm, and one man, thinking it was to be a prayer, fell to his knees, among the mud and fallen leaves. So the rest knelt too. At that moment German shells burst over their heads.

The sound of the firing and falling shrapnel tore through the forlorn branches above them. Nobody moved. Afterwards, as they separated, one of the men said to the chaplain: "We couldn't take cover then, sir. You were just saying, 'Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil. For Thou art with me'."

THE FURNACE OF AFFLICTION

"He hath chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers—
God's breath upon the flame doth blow;

And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;

And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in the hottest fire hold still.

He comes, and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil minded so

Into His own fair shape to beat it
With His great hammer, blow on blow;

And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it—
The sparks fly off at every blow;

He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;

And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;

The end may come, and will tomorrow,
When God has done His work in me;

So I say, trusting, "As God will!"
And, trusting to the end, hold still.—Sel.

PRESCRIPTION FOR A REVIVAL

I can give a prescription that will bring a revival to any church or community or city on earth. The prescription is as follows:

First, let a few Christians (they need not be many) get thoroughly right with God themselves. This is the prime essential! If this is not done, the rest I aim to say will come to nothing.

Second, let them bind themselves together to pray for a revival until God opens the heavens and comes down.

Third, let them put themselves at the disposal of God, for Him to use as He sees fit in winning others to Christ.

That is all!

This is sure to bring a revival to any church or community. I have given this prescription around the world. It has been taken by many churches and many communities, and in no instance has it ever failed; and it cannot fail—A. R. Torrey.