

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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A MIRACLE IN THE PACIFIC

The Christian mother of a son in the armed forces of our nation had been regularly attending the Thursday morning Bible study class and prayer meeting held in our Haven of Rest Chapel. Recently she gave this remarkable testimony:

"My son, who is a real Christian boy, is now somewhere in the Pacific war zone. Many months before he left our shores, he and I memorized and repeated over and over again that wonderful Ninety-first Psalm. We agreed together that the promises it contained applied to us. We stood upon them in faith believing, and made a covenant with God.

"We agreed that, no matter where 'Son' might be, at prayer time we would repeat again those verses. It was a sort of tie, binding our hearts and minds no matter how many thousands of miles might lie between us. A few days ago I received a letter from my boy which to me is evidence beyond all possible doubt that God's promises are real and operative. An excerpt from the letter reads as follows:—

"Our convoy was under heavy attack from both air and submarines. Anti-aircraft guns chattered incessantly and the crash of heavy guns was deafening.

"Every battle station was manned and operating. One submarine was sighted off our starboard and within firing range. Momentarily we expected to see the wake of a torpedo headed our way, and it was not long in coming. It was a tense moment and I knew that many of the fellows on deck with me were praying.

"Suddenly I remembered our covenant with God and the Ninety-first Psalm. I began to say it over again. I know you too must have been praying, for before our very eyes God wrought a miracle. When the torpedo was a short distance from our vessel it seemed as though something went wrong with its mechanism, for it swerved sharply in its course and passed to our stern and disappeared.

"Shortly after that a second torpedo was fired by the sub and again its wake showed that it was aimed directly at us. I kept on reciting those verses. Somehow I was not afraid for I knew that God was able. This time, at about the same distance from our vessel, the torpedo seemed to go crazy. It spun in the water, took a sharp angle to its right and passed by the bow of the ship. That's the last we heard from the submarine. As for the attack from the air; we suffered not a hit nor a scratch."

This is a true story and the incident took place recently. What a remarkable testimony as to the keeping power of our God! One can almost picture that Christian soldier standing on deck reciting the wonderful words of promise.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High,
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the Lord, He is my Fortress,
My God, in Him will I trust.
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day.
A thousand shall fall at thy side

And ten thousand at thy right hand,
But it shall not come nigh thee."

"REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR" is the slogan of our nation. May we suggest another equally as significant?

"REMEMBER PRAY HARDER."

—Selected

I HAVE NOT PRAYED TODAY

Dear Master, I have failed today
To help my brother on his way,
My heart has been depressed;
The note of victory is lost,
But I can see what caused it most—
I have not prayed today.

My heart is dry and passionless,
My conversation meaningless;
My efforts fail to touch
The souls of men who need the care
Of one who knows the grip of prayer—
I have not prayed today.

A friend I met with bitter heart,
Her burden caused the tears to start,
I longed to meet her need.
I spoke some words for her support,
They seemed so trifling, fell so short—
I have not prayed today.

A brother in ambition's grasp,
Was slipping from his Master's clasp,
"My friend," said I, "you sin."
My harsh voice bitter feelings stirred,
He drifted further by my word—
I have not prayed today.

I've done no wrong that men call deep,
Yet how this guilt does o'er me creep,
A man of sin am I.
I may not measure all it cost,
If through my fault a soul is lost,
By praying not today.

Still scores around me I might win,
Lie weakened 'neath their load of sin,
They need the sacred touch.
Shall self consume my hours in turn,
And I not love and woo and burn,
And pray for them each day?

O Master, as my sin mounts high,
Forgive, and Thy rich grace supply
To start my days aright;
That I may never in Thy sight,
Defeated, say to Thee at night,
I have not prayed today.

—Frank J. Davis, in the Crisis

YOUTH'S PLACE IN REVIVAL

C. V. Fairbairn

"Let no man despise thy youth (youthfulness); but be thou an ensample to them that believe, in word, in manner of life, in love, in faith, in purity."—I. Timothy 4:12, A. R. That was Youth's Place Everywhere in Paul's day.

Youth's Place in Revival is, first of all, at the old-fashioned mourner's bench, wrestling through the old-fashioned Methodist "C's," Conviction, Contrition, Confession, Conversion, until it comes up in old-fashioned, sky-blue victory, the certification of the truth of "If any man (young or old) be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." In coming through, Youth will have "left the world behind after its Lord to go," until the

Master Himself can testify to the Heavenly Father, in Youth's behalf, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." Youth will then enjoy fellowship with its loving Elder Brother and follow on, led by the Holy Spirit, to the altar of Entire Consecration and the inwrought answer to its Elder Brother's prayer, "Father, sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy Word is truth."

Youth, born again, sanctified wholly, baptized with the Holy Spirit, will now find another place, a larger one, in revival. Thrilled by the reality of personal experience, inspired by a joy born of Heaven, compelled by the holy constraints of the Love Divine, Youth will add its burning testimony to that of all believers, of every age, and of all ages, "My life is not what it used to be." Youth's testimony, apostolic, in the Spirit, will prove an exhortation to youth still outside, which many will be unable to resist. And Youth, so blest, will hunt out its brother Simon, its friend Nathaniel, its hungry wayfarer of the Gaza Road, its joyous declaration to one and all, though possibly clothed in more modern phrase, the Old, Old Story, ever so up-to-date experientially, "We have found Him Jesus."

And outside the church building in which the special effort may locate, in between the several definite services, really prolonging and extending the spirit of the Godward surge from meeting to meeting, Youth, so saved and so heart-sanctified wholly, "in word, in manner of life, in love, in faith, in purity," will "be an ensample to them that believe," taking away the reproach of the too-unthinking ones, "Aw! He's just a young feller; that's about all you can expect off'n him!" Youth, you can go down with Christ and come up with Christ, walk forth with Christ and live for Christ, until, as Weymouth puts it, "No one" will "think slightly of you because you are a young man; but in speech, conduct, love, faith, and purity," you will "be an example to your fellow Christians."

Youth's place in Revival! When the climactic crisis comes, when under deep conviction, scores, and maybe hundreds, of souls look for help, direction and salvation. Youth, having been over this "trail which is nobody knows how old," will be able to get right in there and help heartily and intelligently, its testimony ringing, "This IS the way, walk ye in it;" its prayers to Heaven seconding those of the seeking ones and prevailing on high; finding the hungry ones convinced by Youth's daily conduct of the intrinsic worth of both its exhortations and its prayers.

And when some over-enthusiastic evangelist declares that "the revival has now come to its close," Youth will discover, to its intense delight, that he is very badly mistaken; for to the saint who walks with God, young or old, the challenge and the romance of soul-saving are never done. Revival is not an effort that dies, but a spirit which beyond the last service of the protracted effort, loves on and on, and on; which goes right on being "an ensample in word, in manner of life, in love, in purity," both to Youth's "fellow Christians" and to "those who are without," encouraging the former and convincing, convicting, and wooing and winning the latter.