

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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### 7 MEN WENT SINGING INTO HEAVEN

"One of the strangest experiences in my life is connected with war," says Nordenburg, an eminent engineer in Finland.

"I offered my services to the Government and was appointed an officer in General Mannerheim's army. It was a terrible time. We besieged the town. It had been taken by the Red Army and we re-took it. A number of Red prisoners were under my guard. Seven of them were to be shot at dawn on Monday. I shall never forget the preceding Sunday. The seven doomed men were kept in the basement of the town hall. In the passage my men stood at attention with their rifles.

"The atmosphere was filled with hatred. My soldiers were drunk with victory and taunted their prisoners, who swore as much as they could and beat the walls with their bleeding fists. Others called for their wives and children who were far away. At dawn they were all to die.

"We had the victory, that was true enough; but the value of this seemed to diminish as the night advanced. I began to wonder whether there did not rest a curse on the arms whichever side used them.

"Then something happened: one of the men doomed to death began to sing! 'He is mad!' was everybody's first thought. But I had noticed this man, Koskinen, had not raved and cursed like the others. Quietly he had sat on his bench, a picture of utter despair. Nobody said anything to him—each was carrying his burden in his own way and Koskinen sang, rather waveringly at first, then his voice grew stronger and filled out, and became natural and free. All the prisoners turned and looked at the singer who now seemed to be in his element:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o'er-shaded,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
Hark, 'tis the voice of angels,  
Borne in a song to me  
Over the fields of glory,  
Over the jasper sea.

"Over and over again Koskinen sang that verse and when he finished everyone was quiet for a few minutes until a wild-looking individual broke out with 'Where did you get that, you fool? Are you trying to make us religious?'

"Koskinen looked at his comrades and his eyes filled with tears. Then he asked quietly: 'Comrades, will you listen to me for a minute? You asked me where I got this song: it was from the Salvation Army. I heard it there three weeks ago. At first I also laughed at this song but it got me. It is cowardly to hide your beliefs: the God my mother believed in has now become my God also. I cannot tell you how it happened. I lay awake last night and suddenly I felt that I had to find the Saviour and to hide in Him. Then I prayed—like the thief on the Cross—that Christ would forgive me and cleanse my sinful soul, and make me ready to stand before Him whom I should meet soon.

"It was a strange night,' continued Koskinen. 'There were times when everything seemed to shine around me. Verses from the Bible and from the Song Book came to my mind. They brought a message of the cruci-

fied Saviour and the Blood that cleanses from sin and of the Home He has prepared for us. I thanked Him, accepted it, and since then this verse has been sounding inside me. It was God's answer to my prayer. I could no longer keep it to myself! Within a few hours I shall be with the Lord, saved by His grace.'

"Koskinen's face shone as by an inward light. His comrades sat there quietly. He himself stood there transfixed. My soldiers were listening to what this Red revolutionary had to say.

"You are right, Koskinen,' said one of his comrades at last. 'If only I knew that there is mercy for me, too! But these hands of mine have shed blood and I have reviled God and trampled on all that is holy. Now I realize that there is a hell and that it is the proper place for me.

"He sank to the ground with despair depicted on his face. 'Pray for me, Koskinen,' he groaned, 'tomorrow I shall die and my soul will be in the hands of the devil!'

"And these two Red soldiers went down on their knees and prayed for each other. It was no long prayer, but it opened Heaven for both, and we who listened to it forgot our hatred. It melted in the light of Heaven, for here two men who were soon to die sought reconciliation with God. A door leading into the invisible stood ajar and we were entranced by the sight.

"Let me tell you shortly that by the time it was four o'clock all Koskinen's comrades had followed his example and began to pray. The change in the atmosphere was indescribable. Some of them sat on the floor, others talked of spiritual things.

"The night had almost gone and day was dawning. No one had had a moment's sleep. 'Sing the song once more for us, Koskinen,' said one of them. And you should have heard them sing! Not only that song but verses and choruses long forgotten came forth from their memories as buds in the sunshine. The soldiers on guard united their voices with them.

"The town clock struck six. How I wished I could have begged for grace for these men, but I knew that this was impossible.

"Between two rows of soldiers they marched out to execution. One of them asked to be allowed once more to sing Koskinen's song. Permission was granted. Then they asked to die with uncovered faces—and with hands raised to Heaven they sang with might and main:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast.

When the last lines had died out the lieutenant gave the word 'Fire!' and the seven Red soldiers had fought their last fight. We inclined our heads in silent prayer.

"What had happened in the hearts of the others I do not know; but so far as I was concerned I was a new man from that hour. I had met Christ in one of His lowliest and youngest disciples and I had seen enough to realize that I, too, could be His. 'The Lord looketh from Heaven; He beholdeth all the sons of men.'" (Psalm 33:13).

Jesus said: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on Me though he were to die, yet shall he live." (John 11:25, R. V.)

—(Translated for "All the World" by Major Clara Becker.)—The War Cry.

Mildred Fawcett  
1916 - 1943

### MY DUTY

Just to be faithful in things that are small,  
Just to walk steady where others may fall,  
Just to be willing if Jesus should call;  
This is my duty to Him.

Just to be friendly to those I dislike,  
Just to act kindly when others would strike,  
Just to keep busy with things that are right;  
This is my duty to Him.

Just to let Jesus have perfect control,  
Just to know daily His grace makes me whole,  
Just to have heavenly grace in my soul;  
This is my duty to Him.

—Selected

### CONSTITUTION RECOMMENDED TO Y. P. SOCIETIES

Article I.—This branch of the Reformed Baptist Young People's Association shall be known as..... and shall be under the jurisdiction of the pastor and the church.

Article II.—The object of this Society shall be to promote the cause of true Holiness among the young people of our church and community.

Article III (a)—The membership of this Society shall be open to all Christians, namely, active and associate.

(b) Active members, having the right to hold office and to vote, shall be those who belong to the Reformed Baptist denomination. Christians not belonging to our denomination shall be called Associate members.

Article IV.—The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Secretary-Treasurer of the Self-Denial Fund, and reporter-agent for the Young People's Page in The Highway.

Article V.—The meeting of this society shall be held weekly on a night appointed by the Society.

Article VI.—This constitution may be altered or amended at any business meeting of the society, subject to approval of the pastor and the church.

Article VI. of the by-laws of the Y. P. Association reads: "Each society shall have the privilege of drawing up its own by-laws, which shall be ratified by the local pastor and church."

Note.—We have received, at various times, requests for information covering the rules of Y. P. Societies, and we print the above in response to such requests. If any of our groups have not already a copy of this Constitution, please clip this and keep it in Secretary's book for future reference.

Citizens of Stuttgart, Arkansas, under proclamation of the mayor, stopped work at 10.00 a. m. for fifteen consecutive days for prayers to God "that we live in America." Church bells of the city tolled the hour to remind citizens of the time to pray.—Gospel Messenger.

*Tell us I would rather see him in his overall than in uniform.*