

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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GOD COMES TO THE RESCUE

For a quarter of a century the name of Edward Rickenbacker has been a household word in the United States. "Captain Eddie," as he was affectionately known by thousands, first gained national fame as a daring racing driver of automobiles. In 1917 he enlisted with the A. E. F., and, being assigned to Air Service, became American Airman No. 1. He brought down 26 enemy planes, received the Distinguished Service Cross, the Croix de Guerre, and other decorations. His courage and daring won him the respect and admiration of the nation.

During the present war, "Captain Eddie" has been giving special service to the U. S. Government, and on Nov. 20, 1942, he, with seven others, left Hawaii by plane on a secret military mission. While on the flight, the compass failed them, their radio refused to work properly, and as a consequence they got off their course. Their gas supply was gradually depleted, and finally they were forced to desperate measures for their personal safety. As Paul and his companions did when their ship seemed in danger of foundering, Rickenbacker and his companions, "lightened the ship." Of this action Captain Eddie says: "If you ever think that material things are worth anything, ladies and gentlemen, have an experience like this and you will find out how useless they are, no matter how you may have cherished them." The gas supply was finally exhausted, and the plane's pilot was forced to make a landing in the sea. So eager were the men to get away from the plane before it sank that they failed to take water and food rations. Their total food supply consisted of four scrawny oranges. They had three rubber boats. Three men were in the first boat, three in the second, and two in the third. They tied these boats together. One of the group had a Bible, and the second day out they organized a prayer meeting for morning and evening, each man taking his turn at Bible reading. Rickenbacker says: "I know things about these men's lives that probably no other living soul knows; and any sins of commission or omission were confessed. Frankly and humbly we prayed for deliverance. After the oranges were gone, we prayed for food." He goes on to say: "If it weren't for the fact that I had seven witnesses, I wouldn't dare tell this story because it seems so fantastic. Within an hour after prayer meeting, a sea gull came and landed on my head and you can imagine my nervousness in trying to turn around and get him, which I did. We carved up his carcass and distributed, and used his innards for bait."

With this bait they caught two fish. Running into rain storms they caught water in their clothing, and wrung it out. For twenty days they drifted and prayed, and on the twenty-first day the answer came when an American plane sighted Rickenbacker and his companions.

Commenting on this remarkable rescue the New York Herald-Tribune says: "The materialists may tell us that the gull might have landed on Rickenbacker's shoulder, anyway—there are plenty of sea-gulls out there—they are sometimes inquisitive, and what is more natural than that one should decide to look into the case of these poor men bobbing

about in a rubber contraption? Very well. Perhaps it could have happened without prayer. But we venture to say that neither Capt. Rickenbacker nor his mates would be willing to agree to any such cold explanation. For they were there—and they saw this thing at a time when they were very close to the unknown frontier of the great darkness. The durable Captain has given us a story which is the very stuff of which the old-time religion was made. It will, we hopefully and confidently suspect, be made the text in ten thousand pulpits—the text for the sermons of the sort we need." And to this we say a hearty Amen!

WHERE ARE THEY?

We add to the list in the last Highway the names of more of our young people that are away from their homes and home churches that you may know of their whereabouts and the duties to which they are assigned. Serving with the C. A. S. F. overseas: Hartley Spencer, of Saint John; with the Royal Canadian Navy on the high seas, Petty Officer Norman Sanders; with the C. A. S. F. in Canada, Bernard and John Smith, of Port Maitland, N. S.; stationed at Petewawa, Ontario; Captain H. W. Freeze, of Moncton, stationed at Camp Borden, Ont.; Louise Trites, of Moncton, with the C. W. A. C., stationed at Saint John; Miss Myra Crowell, R. N., is engaged as Night Supervisor at the Yarmouth, N. S., hospital; Miss Theda and Lois Ingalls, of Seal Cove, N. B.; are in training in the Chipman Memorial Hospital, St. Stephen, N. B.; Miss Faith Seely, of Victoria, N. B., is employed in Civil Service work at Saint John; Grant MacCallum is a pre-medical student at Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.

Note.—If there are names that have not appeared that should be in this column, please co-operate by sending them in.

THE LEANING ATTITUDE

There are many leaners in the world today. They are all the while leaning on someone else. When the prop fails, for some cause or another, they are helpless and miserable. It may be that the person on whom they may be leaning moves away or tires of being robbed or suffocated by a clinging vine.

There is a story of a sturdy Scotchman who was a great admirer of Andrew Bonar. under whose ministry he had been converted and often edified. Indeed, his whole spiritual life seemed to depend upon the great preacher.

When Bonar died, this man was dazed with grief and wandered in a stunned and helpless manner through the park. It so happened that as he was walking through the park he met a nurse wheeling two children in a little carriage. One of them happened to be lolling against the other and so the nurse said:

"Sit up! Don't you lean on Andrew Bonar"—meaning one of the children in the carriage, named for the distinguished minister.

But the wanderer through the park, hearing those words, received them as a message from God. He had been leaning upon the preacher and his prop was now gone. Let him lean upon God, and he would have a support which will never give way in time or eternity.—Selected.

PAUL'S ANTICIPATION

The race was nearly run, and the conflict was well-nigh ended; it now only remained that the crown should be bestowed. The crown was to be one of righteousness; not that the apostle felt he could claim it, for he who styled himself less than the least of all saints would be the first to cast his crown at the feet of the Redeemer, exclaiming, "Thou alone art worthy!" But it was a "crown of righteousness" because won in the cause of righteousness, and conferred upon him by One who is "not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have showed toward his name."

In every age the attainment of a crown has been the summit of human ambition. For it, usurpers have dethroned monarchs—warriors have stood in the breach, navigators have defied the fury of the deep, philosophers have strained intellect, night as well as day; for it the racer, and the bower, and the charioteer have endured severest bodily discipline—all trying to outdistance their competitors, all dissatisfied with the present, and reaching to that which is before.

Now Christianity addresses such aspirants, and points them to something better, to crowns purer, brighter and more enduring. But what may be the crowns which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall bestow? The conqueror there will not be crowned with olives, or any such fading leaves. It will not consist in the praises of men, or in worldly elevation above the millions of our fellow-creatures. It will not be awarded for human merit, nor will the wearer be conscious of any feeling of claim; the weight of his glory will rather weigh him down. The crown will consist in nothing that will divert the mind from the Eternal All and cause it to seek satisfaction in self. The real joy will be that it has been awarded by God's own Son, placed upon the brow by His hand—that it will reflect higher prostrated at His feet. In a word, glory on the Giver—that it will be the honor will consist in the presence and favor and likeness of God. But we pause and tremble, lest we should darken counsel by words without knowledge. We must wait until we wear it, before we shall fully understand the words—"a crown of life," "a crown of glory," "a crown that fadeth not away," "a crown of righteousness."—Sel.

A LOVE FOR SOULS

It is a marvel to me how men continue at ease in preaching year after year without conversions. Have they no bowels of compassion for others? No sense of responsibility upon themselves? Dare they, by a vain misrepresentation of divine sovereignty, cast the blame on their Master? Or, is it their belief that Paul plants and Apollos waters, and that God gives no increase? Vain are their talents, their philosophy, their rhetoric, and even their orthodoxy without the signs following. How are they sent of God who bring no men to God? Prophets whose words are powerless, sowers whose seed all withers, fishers who take no fish, soldiers who give no wounds.—Spurgeon.

Trials, temptations, disappointments, all these—are helps instead of hindrances, if one uses them rightly.