

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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HOW THREE PUGILISTS FOUND CHRIST

In a comfortable apartment in the City of Rome lived three young men. They were boxers who earned for themselves big sums of money by participating in boxing bouts in Mussolini's huge stadium.

These young men, with keen minds as well as strong bodies, spent much of their spare time reading aloud and discussing together the writings of the great scholars and philosophers—Socrates, Plato, Confucius, and others.

One windy day, as one of these three athletes, George Antonietta, was walking along the street, a sudden gust of wind tossed in front of him a sheet of parchment. Immediately the young man noticed that there were words on the page and a border of richly colored design.

That evening, as the three sat in their apartment, he remembered the paper that had been blown toward him in the morning, and drawing it from his pocket, he began to read it aloud. The words were new and strange to the young men, but the thoughts were altogether noble. Whose words could they be?

The next day the young man visited the city's book stores in search of a volume containing the words on the page he had found. But nowhere could he find such a book. From time to time he continued the search until at last, at the entrance to a little mission hall, he saw a bookstand. It was a Protestant mission hall, and the young man in charge was able to produce the long-sought book—the Bible. Turning to the fifth chapter of Matthew the missionary showed the athlete the very words that were on his page of parchment. With joy the young boxer bought the book, and promised to come to a meeting in the hall.

Eagerly he and his two pals listened to the preaching of the gospel. Night after night they returned. Over and over again they read the gospel narratives. And soon all three accepted Christ as their Saviour, and gave their splendid strength and manhood to Him.

Today Georgio Antonietta is the faithful pastor of a Protestant Church in Meana, Susa Valley, Italy. One of his two companions is a Christian missionary in Brazil. The third is bearing faithful testimony as a Christian layman in Rome.—Nan F. Weeks, in Intermediate Counselor.

BOOKS THAT TALK

Simon Smith

One of the greatest boons for the entertainment and education of unfortunate people is books that talk. If you should see one of them, you probably would not call it a book, because it does not look like one.

There are 80,000 blind people in this country who for one reason or another cannot read Braille writing. Some of them become blind when too old to learn to read; others did not have the opportunity until they became too old. It is for them that the talking book is a blessing.

Braille, you know, is a system of printing in raised letters so the blind can read by just running their fingers over the printing. It was perfected about a hundred years ago by a blind Frenchman named Louis Braille. Since he perfected the system, the Bible and all the

most important books have been printed in this type. Due to the bulkiness and amount of paper in them, though, the cost is high. The Bible, printed in twenty-one volumes cost a dollar a volume which makes it pretty expensive for the entire book. Readers Digest has started putting out a Braille edition in three parts which costs ten dollars a year.

The talking book is a combination phonograph and radio set on which records can be played which give instruction and entertainment to the listeners. The records are twelve inches in diameter and play on each side for about twenty minutes. Devices for the regulation of the speed of the machine enable the listener to adjust it so he can grasp the message easily. An ordinary novel requires about a dozen records.

There are twenty-four libraries for the blind, throughout the United States, which send books written in Braille all over the country. These libraries are supported by funds from the Government and from the Foundation for the Blind. Funds from the same source are used in providing talking books for all who need them. Braille and talking book records are carried through the mail without postage.

Talking books are important in teaching as supplements to Braille books as well as for entertainment. And they are not as new as you may think. In 1879 Edison referred to them as "phonographic books which will speak to the blind without any effort on their part."—Selected.

GOD AND THE ATHEIST

An Atheist once said to a preacher, "I can prove to you that there is no God." The preacher inquired how he could do this. The atheist said, "Go with me to the top of this mountain, and I will show you how they ascended the mountain. Upon reaching the summit the atheist stood and, looking upward, turned loose into the heavens a volley of the vilest, most ungodly, most blasphemous curses that ever escaped the lips of man.

He cursed God to everything he could think of. When he emptied his vocabulary of all its vile curses he then called upon God to kill him, and dared Him to do it, saying, "If there be a God, I defy you to send a bolt of lightning now and strike me dead in a moment." He then hushed and waited.

All was quiet. No response came from heaven, taking vengeance upon him for his blasphemous curses and defiance. He then turned to the preacher and said, "Now, I have proved that there is no God; for you know that if there is a God, He would never have taken the cursing that I gave Him. He would have sent a bolt of lightning and have stricken me dead in a moment."

The two walked down the mountain together, the atheist with an egotistical air of triumph. When they reached the level at the base of the mountain a very tiny insect stung the atheist on the wrist. His wrist and arm began to swell and all efforts to arrest the poison proved vain. It went to his body, and to his heart, and in a few hours this atheist lay cold in death.

God proved to this egotist before he died and to all who heard of the incident that it

was not necessary for Him to marshal the artillery of heaven to destroy the life of such a blasphemer, but that He could take the tiniest insect and with it cut off his life in a few moments. Let all sinners and hypocrites know that he who defies almighty God and blasphemes His holy name is simply courting death. He is a fool. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."—Ex.

SHE DID NOT TRY

It was in Chicago years ago. A terrible fire raged. The Iroquois Theater had burned. Many people were trampled to death as the maddened crowd fought for the exit.

One of those who got out was a young lady. She was borne along in the crush, passing over many who had fallen. When on her way home she was nervous and agitated. To such an extent was this evidenced, that a fellow traveller at length spoke to her, desiring to be of help, if it were possible. The story of the disaster and of her escape from the terrible fire was told.

"Certainly you ought to be thankful that you escaped such a frightful death."

"Yes, I know I ought to be thankful, but oh, I didn't save anyone!"

"Yes, dear, but you were perfectly excusable in acting for yourself under such intense excitement."

"Yes, but I didn't even try to help anyone!"

A bitter lament! Probably the girl could not have helped any if she had tried. But she had not tried—this was her source of sorrow.

Are we seeking to help souls? The perishing are all about us on every side. Shall we be satisfied with being saved ourselves, and not care for those around us?—Exchange.

I KNOW NOT

I know not what of trial or of joy
May lie before me in the untrod way;
But yet I know sufficient grace is mine
For each succeeding day.

I know not whether there may partings be,
The rending of earth's ties that are so sweet;
But this I know, that rest for breaking hearts
Is found at Jesus' feet.

I know not whether I shall serve Him
where
The praise of man sheds glamor over toil,
Or in the lonely field of faith and prayer,
Wait for the share of spoil.

I know not—yet I know that He plans all,
All that God chooseth is for ever best,
And this He gives to these who only seek
His will, and in Him rest.

—Selected

"I firmly believe," said a prominent physician, "that the cigarette is an invention of the devil to kill off young America. This year I have treated twelve boys under sixteen years of age for heart disease brought on by the use of cigarettes."