

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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## WHICH LOVED THE BEST

"I love you, mother," said little John;  
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden swing,  
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;  
"I love you better than tongue can tell."  
But she teased and pouted half the day,  
Till mother was glad when she went away.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;  
"Today I'll help you all I can.  
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"  
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she got the broom,  
And swept the floor and tidied the room—  
Busy and happy all day was she,  
Helpful and happy as a child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—  
Three little children going to bed;  
How do you think that mother guessed  
Which one of them really loved her best?  
—Selected

Lorne Park College,  
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Dear Young People:

Greetings through Jesus Christ our Lord. No doubt it is very much in order that we write a little report of ourselves. Although we have been away from our own people for some time yet we have not forgotten and have many pleasant memories and "though sundered far, by faith we meet, around one common mercy seat." However we have been privileged to associate and fellowship with some dear saints of like precious faith.

We have just had a week of special services here with the Rev. H. A. Marlott as speaker. He is a wonderful man, not because of what he is himself, but because of his close communion with God. What was said of Barnabas could well be said of him, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Many for whom we had been praying found pardon and purity in these services. We are glad to be serving a God who hears and answers prayer.

We feel encouraged to press the battle for God and for Holiness, knowing that He will never fail us and that we can be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." We would like very much to see you this summer and to get to Beulah but we doubt if we will be able to do so. However, we have committed our all to God and his way is always best whatever it may be.

Yours in Christ Jesus,  
BERTRAM & STERLING HICKS

Kingston, N. B.

Dear Brother Cochrane

Please find enclosed M. O. for \$3.00—\$2.00 to be used on the renewal of the King's Highway and \$1.00 for the Supplementary Fund. We enjoy the clean soul food that we receive in the King's Highway and other like holiness papers, and we never want to slacken our interest in the support and spread of clean gospel literature. We have a strong enemy to combat today in the worldly, ungodly literature that is filling our homes and book-stands, but our God is able to give His people victory over all the enemies of the Truth. He will continue

to supply grace sufficient to them that believe and trust in Him, until the last enemy (death) is destroyed and the resurrection life will continue forever with Jesus our Redeemer, Lord and King, the Captain of so great salvation, praise His name now and forever.

Yours in His service,  
J. W. COSMAN

## SHORT HYMN STORIES

The minister had just called at a home where the little child had died. The father was a man who, because of some past circumstance, had lost his faith in God. He refused to believe in any religion, even stating that he hated the thought of spiritual things and was most pronounced in his hatred toward clergymen.

The good pastor did all that was in his power to comfort the grief-stricken hearts of the parents and to call them to rest in Christ by repenting and forsaking their sins. But the man was sullen and hateful and there seemed to be no hope for the poor man who had given himself over to infidelity.

The pastor continued his visits after the funeral was over, but found no change in the poor man without faith. In a later visit, during the conversation, the poor man happened to tell the minister that his favorite hymn used to be, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and that he, even though he had no faith, could not but still love the grand old hymn. This gave the minister hope for his unbelieving friend. The days passed but the man clung to his skepticism.

One day he was injured while at work. His arm became caught in the machinery and had to be amputated. First there seemed to be no hope for saving his life; he became steadily weaker. The minister had called and the poor dying man was seen to move his lips. The good clergyman bent over him and listened, and faintly he heard these words:

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

The poor infidel's face lighted up with the light of the eternal city. He raised his hand as best he could and said, "Praise the Lord, I have found the Saviour again." The infidelity and skepticism vanished into the pit from whence they had come and the poor man was freed from it forever.

From that day he became better and better until he was entirely well and lived to praise the Saviour for many years.

During the great revival in Ireland many years ago, the minister of a little parish church visited one of the great factories in which about two hundred girls were employed. When he entered the door of the building in company with the manager of the mill, a young lady working near the door noticed her pastor enter and began to sing sweetly in her clear soprano voice.

There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The girl working next to her took up the refrain and began to sing and on through the factory until every girl was singing the hymn. The noise of the looms was drowned by the singing of the great chorus of working girls.

The manager, a man who had always watched for a chance to ridicule religion and make fun of Christians, started his usual bit of scornful remarks but was stricken dumb. He tried to speak again but could not say a word and finally ran out of the mill in terror.

When he met the minister later he said, "I was never so hard put in all my life. That song has broken me down. I will find the Saviour."

After that incident there was singing and praying in the factory every day. The manager, now happy in his new-found joy, led the service each morning before work began.

In the Union army, a lieutenant was mortally wounded as he led his regiment in a charge against the enemy. He was visited by the chaplain of the army, who asked him how he felt. He said that he felt that he was ready to die and meet God. He was becoming fainter each moment but he told the chaplain this story: "Chaplain, I was walking down the streets of New York one Sunday evening when I suddenly heard singing. It was the most beautiful music I have ever heard. Soon I came to a mission and went in. There was a very small group of people singing, and singing, it seemed to me, from their hearts. They sang:

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

"I listened in rapture as they sang. They come to that verse which says:

Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

"And, Chaplain, I could stand it no longer. I then and there gave my heart to Christ and from that night I have loved the Lord. I love Him now, Chaplain." With those words the dying man could say no more for some time.

The kind chaplain took his hand and said to him, "Trust Jesus, Lieutenant." The last words of the dying man were, "I do trust Him, Chaplain." And with a smile he was in the presence of his Redeemer.

"What have you done that makes you hate religion and your own life? What is it that makes you so sinful?" asked the preacher of a young lady who claimed to be moralist.

"I hate God and I know it. I hate Christians and Christianity and I know that, too. I hate myself. I wish I had never been born," and the young lady left the room in haste.

She was filled with anger and walked the floor of her room in a rage. Lying upon her dresser was a hymn-book. She wondered how it came to be there. The words on the cover took her attention. She stopped and read, "Gospel Hymns." Taking the book, intending to throw it out the window, she opened it first. It opened to the words of this hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood—

She read the entire hymn and when she had finished the last verse she dropped the book and began to shout: "I have found the Saviour."