



News and Notes for Young People

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WANTED, SOME PAINT!

Between two nice apartment houses,
The ragged parsonage sits
Its shabby, sunburnt, paintless sides
Have given the neighbors fits;
To tell the truth, the sight it makes
Is really not so stunning;
It's very like the old schoolhouse,
"A ragged beggar sunning."

Of course the pastor isn't proud,
And neither is his family,
But he must represent the church
In all his doings, namely,
The clothes he wears, the way he acts
And what he says and gives;
But always folks will judge the church
By where the pastor lives.

Now don't you think it wise and just,
Since this is just the case,
That we should do our very best
To beautify the place?
And since the inside is quite nice,
And since the outside "ain't,"
We ought to raise a parsonage fund
And give the place some paint.

OUR UNIVERSE

Pacific distances are fabulous. The world's greatest ocean occupies more space than all the land on the globe. It would hold two Atlantics and still have room for a few Mediterraneans. Better than half of all the world's water is in the Pacific. Its greatest north-south dimension is 9,300 miles and its greatest width, 10,300. The sun takes ten hours to cross it, nearly half of its circle around the globe. No other ocean plumbs such depths. Its floor is a third deeper on the average than the Atlantic. But there are curious trenches or canyons that drop below sea level than the world's highest mountain rises above it. Off Guam the U. S. telegraph ship Nero found a depth of 31,000 feet. This was supposed to be the most profound of ocean depths until in 1927 the German cruiser Emden measured a chasm off the Philippine east coast and reached a depth of more than 35,000 feet. Everest is 29,000 feet high.

—Willard Price Japan's Islands of Mystery

ADVICE FROM SPURGEON

A young minister, trained in Spurgeon's own School of the Prophets, came to see the great preacher in much distress of mind. "I haven't had a conversion, as the result of my ministry, for months," he wailed. "But surely," remarked Spurgeon, "you don't expect conversions every time you preach." "Well, no," answered the young man hesitatingly. "Then that is why you don't get them," was the older man's swift reply.

—John Pitts in Religion in Life

The King's Highway

PESSIMISM

An old farmer said that while he always put several barrels of good apples in his cellar in the autumn yet he never saw a good apple. His wife was a frugal body and would pick the apples over every few days bringing up the partly decayed and spotted ones for the table, so that she just kept pace with the rot in the fruit. Some people seem to see only decay in everything. Indeed they live on the "rotteness of pessimism." They carry about continually the spirit of complaint. Nothing suits them. The weather is too hot or too cold; the church is too large or too small; the preacher is too young or too old; the sermon is too long or too short. These who have contracted this spirit of complaining can never know the victory of love.—John Wilmot Mahood, in the Nebraska District Digest.

ON THE QUESTION OF INTOLERANCE

"I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject, I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard."—Ralph Korngold.

NEVER BEEN ASKED!

Some time ago while visiting in one of our church homes—a home in which the mother was a member of our church, but in which the father was not—we talked about other things until little by little the conversation moved toward spiritual matters. Then rather suddenly, the young husband said, "While it is true that I have never accepted Christ as my Saviour, it is also true that I have never rejected him, because," he explained, "actually no one ever asked me to accept him." I waited a moment and then said, "I wonder if you will accept him now?" He said, "I certainly will."—Edward H. Pruden.

NOTICE

Send all General Fund money to the following address:

MR. NEIL STILES,
64 Enterprise St.,
Moncton, N. B.

"Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in His ways. For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands: Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee."—Psalms 128:1-2.