



# News and Notes for Young People

Editor: Rev. L. K. Mullen, Box 723 Woodstock, N. B.

## THANKSGIVING

Thanks be to Thee, O God, for the message of Thy redeeming Love preserved for us in the Holy Scripture.

Thanks be to Thee, O God, for all who have given us Thy Word in the common speech of men;

Thanks be to Thee, O God, for all who have taken the Bible to the ends of the earth;

Thanks be to Thee, O God, for all that Thy Word has meant in the life of our nation and of the world.

—British and Foreign Bible Society

## WEALTH, BUT NO PATCHES!

They somehow caught the idea, too, these sons of the parsonage, that their status was questioned by the wealthier children of the neighborhood. One boy had called them the five-and-ten kids, because he noticed that their toys were of the inexpensive sort. So they promptly formed a club, and our backyard was transformed into a young boy's paradise. Tents, dens, caves, shacks and huts appeared, and each day something new was added. Each day, too, strange youngsters came home from school with ours, tough little Irish and Italian lads who fought and wrestled and had a glorious time with shouts galore, while poor little rich boys abandoned their expensive toys and hung around outside the parsonage fence.

One such asked our youngest boy, Myron, then but four, if he could please join the club. "Turn around," Myron ordered. The Morse boy did, very promptly. "No," said our four-year-old decisively. "Go on home. No boy can belong to this club unless he has patches on his pants," and the Rich Young Man turned away, sorrowing, for he had great possessions, but no patches on his pants.

—Charles Francis Potter, *The Preacher and I*

## CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD

For thirteen successive years the Cambridge (England) boat crew beat the Oxford crew in the annual race between these two great colleges.

For these thirteen years the Oxford Crew did everything except one thing to win over their rivals. During this time, while the Oxford team used beer, the Cambridge crew trained without beer; the Cambridge captain regularly recommended brown sugar as a stimulant together with good food and it worked!

But the sequel of this story is worth telling. The next two years the Oxford team cut out the beer, and for those two years the Oxford team won the race! The commentator who asserts that "Science is chasing alcohol off the map of human affairs," seems to be speaking from a common sense as well as a scientific point of view. —Cobbers.

## CORRECTION

PLEASE note that all "Self-Denial" money is to be sent to the following address:

Mr. Gerald Inman,

19 Beacon Street, Yarmouth, N. S.

The King's Highway

## THE POWER OF PRAYER

Nobody knows the power of prayer

But somebody must be listening there

With a friendly ear for the heart that calls . . .

Someone who knows when a sparrow falls.

Miracles lie in the power of prayer,

Faith that can banish the soul's despair.

Hope that can shine like a holy light

And brighten the spirit's darkest night.

When earthly help is of no avail

There is always one who will never fail;

Just lift your eyes—for the answer is there . . .

Nobody knows the power of prayer.

—Author Unknown

## LET THEM SPEAK!

"Let the children speak—the wronged children, the crippled children, the abused children, the starved children, the deserted children, the beaten children—let their weak voices faint with oppression, cold with hunger, be heard; let their writing upon the wall of the nation be correctly interpreted and read, that the awful robbery of the lawful heritage of their little bodies, minds and souls may be laid at the brazen gate of ALCOHOL."—Evangeline Booth.

## I WONDER

They say that Jesus was a boy,

A little boy like me,

Once long ago in Nazareth town

In far-off Galilee.

I wonder if He liked to play

And run, and climb up trees,

I wonder if He had a dog

That he could love and squeeze?

I wonder if he flew a kite

Up in the bright blue sky;

And if He liked to watch the birds,

As they went flying by?

I wonder if in Joseph's shop

He liked to whittle toys,

And hammer nails, and saw up boards

Just like the other boys?

I'm glad that Jesus was a boy,

A little boy like me,

So long ago in Nazareth town,

In far-off Galilee.

For now I know He understands

All little boys like me;

And He will help me grow into

The man I ought to be.

—The Young Soldier