



News and Notes for Young People

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A TRIBUTE TO CHILDHOOD

by George W. Rideout

When God made the child be began early in the morning. He watched the golden hues of the rising day chasing away the darkness, and He chose the azure of the opening heavens for the color of childhood's eyes, the crimson of the clouds to paint its cheeks, and the gold of the morning for its flowing tresses. He listened to the song of the birds as they sang and warbled and whispered, and strung childhood's harp with notes now soft and low—now sweet and strong.

He saw little lambs among the flock romp and play and skip, and He put play into childhood's heart. He saw the silvery brook and listened to its music and He made the laughter of the child like the ripple of the brook. He saw angels of light as upon the wings of love they hastened to holy duty, and He formed the child's heart in purity and love.

And having made the child, He sent it out to bring joy into the home, laughter on the green and gladness everywhere. He sent it into the home and said to the parents, "Nourish and bring up this child for Me." He sent it to the church and said, "Teach it My love and My laws." He sent it to the state and said, "Deal tenderly with it and it will bless and not curse you." He sent it to the nation and said, "Be good to the child. It is they greatest asset and they hope."

THE CHILD'S APPEAL

I am the Child.

All the world waits for my coming.

All the earth watches with interest to see what I shall become.

Civilization hangs in the balance,

For what I am, the world of tomorrow will be.

I am the Child.

I have come into your world, about which I know nothing.

Why I came I know not;

How I came I know not.

I am curious; I am interested.

I am the Child.

You hold in your hand my destiny.

You determine, largely, whether I shall succeed or fail.

Give me, I pray you, those things that make for happiness.

Train me, I beg you, that I may be a blessing to the world.

—Mamie Gene Cole

NOT APPROPRIATE!

In a new and beautiful church building I noticed that a large picture of Jesus weeping over Jerusalem—a picture which had hung in a prominent position in the old structure—had been relegated to an out-of-the-way closet. I was told that it seemed inappropriate to the new setting. This seems to me to be a parable of our times, for has not Christ's great compassion and suffering been too frequently overshadowed in the teaching of our churches?

—Herschel T. Hamner

The King's Highway

MORE UNDERSTANDING

By Mary Hamlett Goodman

So many times we could avoid

The hurts that come our way

If we would strive to understand

What others do and say.

We suffer needless heartache, and

Deprive ourselves of good,

For just the simple reason that

We have not understood.

Now all of us want other folks

To understand our ways—

To overlook our failings, and

Be generous with praise.

Then let us not be critical,

Or thoughtless and demanding,

But may we do our very best

To be more understanding.

THE GRACE OF PATIENCE

There is nothing brilliant about patience, but there is no grace that fills a larger place in the real business of our practical and plodding life. Not only does it help us to bear the trials that come from God and the wrongs we suffer from our fellow men, but it is indispensable in the life of prayer, in the pursuit of godliness, and in the service of helping Christians and winning souls. It is the finishing touch of the great Artist in the portraiture of a completed life, and it generally comes to its perfection in the later chapters of our Christian life. It is the highest class in the school of Christ. Let us be proficient in it if we would graduate with honors and take the highest place in the coming kingdom. "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

—A. B. Simpson.

DAVID BRAINARD

David Brainard made his way through the virgin forests of America, following the Indian trails from village to village, preaching Christ and enduring untold hardships.

As he approached a hostile and savage tribe, three scouts lay in ambush. David put up his tent and entered to pray. The savages crept near and heard him talking to someone whom they did not see enter the tent. They were amazed to see a huge rattlesnake crawl under the tent toward the praying man and coil itself for a deadly strike, and then uncoil itself and crawl out the other side of the tent. The Indians quietly withdrew; and David, not knowing what was happening, went into the village. He was well received and a church was started. A converted brave told him of the event. The savages were convinced that "The Great Spirit" was with him. God is able—be faithful!

—Free Methodist.