



# News and Notes for Young People

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## THE BEST TIME TO GET SANCTIFIED

John Wesley wrote to Thomas Rankin, first superintendent of American Methodism, "I have been thinking lately a good deal on one point, wherein, perhaps, we have been wanting. We have not made it a rule, as soon as ever persons are justified to remind them of going on to perfection." Whereas this is the very time preferable to all others. They have then the simplicity of little children; and they are fervent in spirit and ready to cut off a right hand or to pluck out a right eye. But if we once allow this fervor to subside, we shall find it hard enough to bring them again even to the point."

Mr. Wesley tells of Grace Paddy, an Irish lady, who was converted, and sanctified twelve hours afterward. It was just an eleven-day journey from Mt. Horeb to Kadesh-barnea, the southwestern extremity of the land of Canaan. Israel had forty years of wandering in the wilderness because they failed to enter Canaan of God's first appointed place. —Selected

## SILENT PARTNERS

"A camp missionary had incurred the enmity of the leader of a band of bandits, who boasted that they would 'get him.' A man was hurt by a falling tree, and the missionary was sent for. The path led through a lonely wood, and as he journeyed a great fear suddenly came over him. He dismounted and prayed, then proceeded on his way. The next day the leader was shot by one of the gang, and again the missionary was sent for. The dying man confessed that he had lain in wait to kill him the previous day, and asked, 'But who were those men who rode with you?' 'I was alone', the missionary replied. 'You were not', the man screamed. 'Two men rode with you one either side. In all my life I never saw such horses! Who were they?'—Gospel Herald.

## POWER IN THE BLOOD

Several years ago during the World's Fair at Chicago representatives of various religions were on the platform in the Hall of Religions. Joseph Cook represented the Christian religion. As he was called on to speak he related the incident in Shakespeare's Macbeth where Macbeth was attempting to wash away the stain of blood upon her hands, meeting with failure to do so. He then turned to the Buddhist priest and said, "Is there anything in your religion that can remove that stain?" Slowly the Buddhist priest shook his head and quietly slipped down from the platform. Joseph Cook then went to the representative of Confucius and repeated his question only to meet with the same negative reply. One by one the leaders and representatives of the various religions were interrogated in the same way and one by one quietly left the platform until only Joseph Cook was left then he with the light of heaven in his face, standing on tiptoe, shouted, "The blood of Jesus Christ can wash away that stain." So was won a great victory for the cause of Christ. Jesus never fails.—

The King's Highway

## FORGIVE ME WHEN I WHINE

To-day upon a bus, I saw  
A lovely maid with golden hair;  
I envied her—she seemed so gay—  
And Oh, I wished I were so fair,  
When suddenly she rose to leave,  
I saw her hobble down the aisle;  
She had one foot and wore a crutch,  
But as she passed, a smile.  
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;  
I have two feet—the world is mine.

And when I stopped to buy some sweets,  
The lad who served me had such charm.  
He seemed to radiate good cheer  
His manner was so kind and warm.  
I said, "It's nice to deal with you,  
Such courtesy I seldom find."  
He turned and said, "Oh, thank you, Sir!"  
And then I saw that he was blind.  
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;  
I have two eyes—the world is mine.

Then, when walking down the street  
I saw a child with eyes of blue,  
He stood and watched the others play;  
It seemed he knew not what to do.  
I stopped a moment, then I said:  
"Why don't you join the others, dear?"  
He looked ahead without a word,  
And then I knew; he could not hear.  
I have two ears—the world is mine.

With feet to take me where I'd go,  
With eyes to see the sunset's glow,  
With ears to hear what I would know;  
I'm blessed indeed. The world is mine;  
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine!

(Anonymous)

## BEYOND THE HORIZON

Robert Freeman

When men go down to the sea in ships,  
'Tis not to the sea they go;  
Some isle or pole the mariners' goal,  
And thither they sail through calm and gale,  
When down to the sea they go.

When souls go down to the sea by ship,  
And the dark ship's name is Death,  
Why mourn and wail at the vanishing sail?  
Though outward bound, God's world is round,  
And only a ship is Death.

When I go down to the sea by ship,  
And Death unfurls her sail,  
Weep not for me, for there will be  
A living host on another coast,  
To beckon and cry, "All hail!"