



News and Notes for Young People

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YOUR PLACE

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place.

Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.

God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;

Think He has chosen you for it;
Work loyally.

Gird on your armour! Be faithful
At toil or rest!

Whate'er it be, never doubting,

God's way is best.

Out in the fight or on picket,

Stand firm and true,

This is the work which your Master

Gives you to do.

—Selected

DON'T BARK

Fault finding is not difficult. Isaac McCurry illustrates this: A dog hitched to a lawn mower stopped to bark at a passerby. The boy who was guiding the mower said, "Don't mind the dog; he is just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than to pull this machine." It is easier to be critical than correct. It is easier to hinder than to help. Easier to destroy reputation than to construct character. Fault-finding is as dangerous as easy. Anybody can grumble, criticise or censure like the Pharisees, but it takes a soul to go on working faithfully and lovingly, and rise superior to all, as the Lord Jesus did.—Sel.

PROMISES UNCLAIMED

Years ago an aged and ragged Indian wandered into one of our Western settlements, begging for food to keep him from starving. A bright-colored ribbon, from which was suspended a small dirty pouch, was seen around his neck. On being questioned he said it was a charm given him in his younger days, and opening it, displayed a faded greasy paper, which he handed to the interrogator for inspection.

It proved to be a regular discharge from the Federal Army, entitling him to a pension for life, and signed by General Washington himself. Here was a name which would be honored almost anywhere, and which, if presented in the right place, would have insured him support and plenty for the remainder of his days, and yet, he wandered about hungry, helpless and forlorn, begging of the charitable bread to keep him from starving.

What a picture of men with all the promises of Jesus in their hands, and of Christians, too, with the charter of their inheritance in full possession—yet starving in the wilderness!—Anonymous—Wesleyan Methodist.

FIVE INVESTED LIVES

A businessman in Wales spoke to his office boy about his soul, and from that word a work began which won his entire office force to Christ.

A merchant in England determined that no day should pass without his speaking to someone about Christ; in

one year he had led scores to the Master.

An invalid Christian woman in Australia, for thirty years unable to put her foot to the floor by means of her pen and prayer led forty people to Christ in a single year.

A Christian gentleman spoke to his servant while they were walking together; the boy became a Christian and later a minister of the gospel.

A Sunday-school teacher took one of her class of boys for a walk on Sunday afternoon when the session of the school was over; she told him of her concern that he should become a Christian, and had the joy of seeing him take his stand for Christ. —Selected.

HERE I STAND

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world" (Gal. 6:14).

I suppose I am something like Mr. Cecil when he was a boy. His father once told him to wait in a gateway till he came back, and the father, being very busy, went about the city, and amid his numerous cases and engagements forgot the boy. Night came on, and at last, when the father reached home, there was a great inquiry as to where Richard was. The father said, "Dear me! I left him in the morning standing under such and such a gateway, and I told him to stay there till I came for him. I should not wonder but that he is there now." So they went, and there they found him. Such an example of simple, childish faithfulness is no disgrace to emulate.

I received, some years ago, orders from my Master to stand at the foot of the cross till He came. He has not come yet, but I mean to stand there till He does. If I should disobey His orders, and leave those simple truths which have been the means of the conversion of souls, I know not how I could expect a blessing. Here, then, I stand at the foot of the cross, and tell out the old, old story still, stale though it sounds to itching ears, and worn thread-bare as critics may deem it. It is of Christ I love to speak—of Christ who loved, and lived, and died, the substitute for sinners, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. —Charles H. Spurgeon.

SHINE BOY

There is a story of a certain man who was one day having his shoes shined. He was in a bit of a hurry. When he thought it was about time for the task to be finished, he looked down only to find his shoes in a worse condition than they were at the beginning. He spoke sharply to the bootblack. Then the little fellow looked up and showed a face that was wet with tears. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but my mother died this morning, and I am trying to make a little money to buy some flowers to put on her coffin."

We do not know the load our neighbor may be carrying. We see a heroic soul wearing a smile but we do not know the crown of thorns he may be wearing on his heart or the burdens he has to bear.

If your light is under a bushel, God did not put it there—you put it there yourself. —Dwight L. Moody