



The Young Highway

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"Let No Man Despise Thy Youth, But Be Thou An Example..."

— Editorial —

MISSIONARIES FACE THEIR CHALLENGE

Sending forth labourers into the harvest field is the task of the Christian church. Recently we were made aware of this fact again as we attended the farewell service of Dr. and Mrs. Emmett in our Saint John church. Our hearts were thrilled as this young couple spoke their farewell messages to people from various districts of our denominational work.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Emmett spoke tenderly of the call of their hearts to serve God among the people of Africa. One could not help but feel that their hearts were already entwined with those people whom they love so dearly.

In sharing their sentiments, which were associated with positive direction from God, Dr. and Mrs. Emmett emphasized that there is a place for each of us to fill in missionary work. Their call to us at home was one to responsibility in supporting the expanding work in Rhodesia.

Our missionary work in Africa, particularly in Rhodesia, will be greatly strengthened by Dr. and Mrs. Emmett's arrival on the field. The success of their work will depend much upon the cooperation of our Young people who have already done much in supporting our mission work. This work has been continuous. Hence, we join with the Emmetts in calling our Y.P. to prayer for greater work of Missions in Africa.

Dr. and Mrs. Emmett will have a long and weary sea journey before reaching Africa, the land they love for God. Soon the language barrier, climatic conditions and other barriers will face them. Then too, there is the political problem. Great crises confront the continent of Africa. Our missionaries are not removed from these troubled areas. Pray for their safety. Above all, pray for a successful spreading of the gospel, which is most essential.

The attitude of these missionaries of the cross is heroic. Their expression of willingness to die in the turmoil of Africa, if it is God's will, is a challenge to each one of us at home. This spirit of sacrifice is challenging. This kind of heroism and dedication demands our best cooperation and support. We are confident that it will have God's blessing.

Labouring together with our missionaries will enable us to present ourselves before the Father's throne with many "African Jewels" with us. May it be that our labouring together will result in us hearing the Saviour say, "Well done...thou hast been faithful."

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God pity the city whose factory chimneys rise higher than her church spires:—John Kelman.

There are three answers to prayer—Yes! No! Wait!
—Anonymous.

BIBLE QUIZ

The Denominational Y. P. "Bible Quiz" for 1960-61 will be on the book of Acts. Watch for further particulars in later issues of the Highway.

The King's Highway

HOW GOD ANSWERED A HUNTER'S PRAYER

by A. D. Cann

"Lord help me not to get frightened or panicky. Help me to find the way out of here and I will praise Thee. In Jesus Name, amen."

It was a dark, damp night, deep in the New Brunswick forest and I was all alone. A deer jumped in front of me, but a deer did not interest me now. I was lost. One, two, three, four different times I had given distress signals, but no response. My friends parted company with me only a few hours before. I had only one shell left. I may need it to protect myself from wildcats or bears, both of which were plentiful in the area.

That afternoon the local pastor, a young man and myself, visited the hospital. Having some spare time, we decided to do a little hunting in the adjacent woods. Having a compass I felt sure I could always find my way out. Somehow a compass manages to point to the thickest bush as the proper direction to take home. I had followed accordingly, but now it is too dark to read the compass, and I seemed to be going deeper into the woods. What shall I do?

On my way that afternoon I had noticed where former woodsmen had boiled the kettle. It was at a point where two trails met. The old black can was still hanging from a bush. If only I could find that can, I could take my directions from that.

At that point I felt an urge to pray. Removing my cap, and falling to my knees I did so as indicated. Rising to my feet I took my way in the dense darkness. Stroking my arms through the bushes, lo, my hand descended exactly on the top of the old black can. I was thrilled, my prayer was answered.

MY ADVOCATE

I sinned. And straightway, posthaste, Satan flew
Before the presence of the most High God,
And made a railing accusation there. He said
"This soul, this thing of clay and sod,
Has sinned. 'Tis true that he has named Thy name,
But I demand his death, for Thou hast said,
The soul that sinneth, it shall die? Shall not
Thy sentence be fulfilled? Is justice dead?
Send now the wretched sinner to his doom.
What other thing can a righteous ruler do?"
And thus he did accuse me day and night,
And every word he spoke, Oh God, was true!

Then quickly one rose up from God's right hand,
Before whose glory angels veiled their eyes.
He spoke, "Each jot and tittle of the law
Must be fulfilled; the guilty sinner die!
But wait—suppose his guilt were all transferred
To Me, and I should pay his penalty!
Behold My hands, My feet, My side! One day
I was made sin for him, and died that he
Might be presented faultless, at thy throne!"
And Satan fled away. Full well he knew
That he could not prevail against such love,
For every word my dear Lord spoke was true.

—Author Unknown