THE WORLD'S YOUNG PEOPLE

How we envy them! They are strong and lithe of limb, eager and tireless of mind, deft of hand and nimble of foot. They are able to climb high hills or cross broad valleys and then quickly to rest and climb or cross again. They have appetites that enjoy all good food, and digestive organs that never complain; brains
that tackle all problems with confidence and joy and souls that sense with eager wonder the world of wonderful things around them. They have spirits that hold a whole universe of possibility for weal or for woe.

And what a host of them! See them marching by! Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, of their eager feet. What a vast company of them! Probably ten millions in Britain, thirty millions in continental Europe, twenty millions more in North America, twenty-five millions in Africa, fifty millions in China, fifty millions more in India, and still another eighty millions in lands and races of other parts of our great world.

Eagerly they play, or study or toil or suffer today. Where and what will they be tomorrow? One must tremble when one thinks of the awful gauntlet that most of them must run before they leave the years of youth. No one who loves the young can look with indifference upon the terrible dangers which surround them. Vast numbers of them will yield to the surrounding darkness and be destroyed by it. With feet unwary and unwarned they will walk into the evils of a lost world and learn to do evil as their predecessors have done. Great numbers of them will be destroyed through lack of knowledge, while
other great numbers will be taught by men who know not God, things which will lead them straight into the snares of Satan and over the precipices of death. Too late they will learn that they have been deceived. Too late they will learn that the illimitable void of their restless souls cannot be filled by venturing into what godless modernism calls "self-expression" or by any of the gains or pleasures of a Christless life.

What they need is God—God expressed fully and perfectly in His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. And if the Church of Christ will be true to Him what a great company of the world's young people will be led, while young, to the feet of the Lord Jesus. Those who come to Him He will in no wise cast out.

Oh, for an army of friends of the young people who know and love our Lord Jesus—love Him enough to forsake all and tread in His blood-stained foot-prints which will lead them over rough and thorny paths, "Through peril, toil and pain," to the world's young people, to lead them back to God!

Jaiwant
By HARRIET BEARDSLEE

Speaking of young people, India is teeming with them. But so few of them, comparatively speaking, love our Lord Jesus. A vast multitude of them have never even heard of Him. Others have heard and their hearts have been touched by Calvary's story, but they are not willing to pay the price of becoming His disciples. From babyhood India's boys and girls are taught to worship and fear idols. In these later years as more stress is laid on education, as contacts are being made with the outside world and horizons are widening, the younger generation is losing its faith in these idols. Not long ago a young man said to the writer, "Yes, I know in my heart that Jesus Christ is the true Saviour, I would like to become a Christian, but I never can as long as my parents live." There are many young people in India today who are "almost persuaded" to accept Christ, but they are not able to meet the opposition which is brought to bear upon them by their parents and caste people. Of one such young man I want to tell you.
Jaiwant, as a young lad, attended a Christian school. Week by week he sat in the Bible classes. When special meetings were held in the school he was present. As opportunity was given to seek the Lord, Jaiwant was one of the first to ask the Lord Jesus to forgive his sins and make him His child. He was very desirous of becoming a Christian. His parents were friendly toward the missionary and welcomed her to their home. As a boy the father had attended the same Christian school. He owned a Bible and believed, according to his testimony, that the "Jesus' way" was the right way. But the father's widowed mother lived in that home. She was an orthodox Hindu and had placed an idol in a little enclosure in the front of the house. She saw to it that the whole family bowed down daily before the idol. There was no escape for Jaiwant.

A short time ago the old grandmother died, as she had lived, in unbelief. Jaiwant's parents have no faith in that idol today, but it still stands there. They pray to the God of heaven, so they say, but they do not have the courage to accept Christ. One day Jaiwant's father lay at the point of death. Hope was all but gone. The family were in despair. The relations had done all they knew to do. Jaiwant, remembering the many times he had seen God answer prayer in the Christian school, went out into the field, got down on his face...
before God, and pled for his father's life. God heard that prayer and raised up the father, but still the father would not yield to Christ. God is dealing with this family. Jaiwant's sister calls herself a Christian but her parents do not permit her openly to confess her faith. Some of our Christian young people are praying that God will give Jaiwant the courage to take his stand for Christ in spite of the opposition which he will have to face. Will you add your prayers to theirs?

We are earnestly praying that God will gather out a band of soul-winners from among our Indian young people. Can we count on your prayers to this end? A little Hindu boy, who was attending the school, was taken very ill. He sent his grandmother to tell the missionary about it. When the missionary asked the old grandmother what the little lad wanted her to do about it, the grandmother replied, "Oh Missy, Govind said if you would just kindly tell God about it, He would know what to do?" So we say to you, dear reader, if you will just kindly tell God about the needs of our young people He will know what to do. He knows how the church of to-morrow depends upon our young people of today. We must win them for God! Pray for us!

Bubbly

BY BLANCHE B. CONGER

The day started just like any other of the many days. We visited the villages, but on this day Bubbly made the difference. We were seated on the verandah of the leading Christian home in the village and the women, mostly Hindus, had crowded round and wanted us to tell a story. As I went on with the message from God's word I felt strangely attracted to a girl who sat at my side. Not that she was physically attractive—she was quite the contrary. It was as if we had met before. There were tears in her eyes, but a glad answering look met my every glance in her direction.

Bubbly had never even been thought worthy of a name—that being just a baby name. Her parents had died some time before, leaving her and her little sister in the care of an older married sister who let the children shift for themselves and apparently did nothing
but keep them from everything that was good. Though Bubbly was only twelve years old she was married to a worthless man, much older than herself, and her older sister's one concern was the money which was to be paid her by this husband. What could she do if the child refused to go to him! Bubbly didn't care! She was interested in the way of God. Often she had secretly given her bit of hard-earned money to some Christian woman to put in the church collection, since she was not allowed to go to the service. And now, she wanted to go to our Boarding School, and, strange to say, the Hindu neighbours encouraged it. It seemed impossible to accomplish, but when I promised to pay her fees the rest seemed simple—and proved otherwise.

One day she came tripping along gaily with the Christian school teacher to get the required letter from me. After a serious talk and prayer with her she left. As she went she kept looking back and waving her hand. For some unaccountable reason her going seemed sad. I understood this only when I later heard that instead of going to the Boarding School the poor child had been severely beaten and sent to live with her husband. No hope for Bubbly! So we thought, but she wasn't made of the stuff that gives up, and as we prayed God gave her courage. She ran away and begged the Christians to send her to the Boarding School. They were afraid, but eventually their courage rose and Bubbly arrived in Dholka.

The relations, who had been quite content to let her starve, were now tremendously interested and came to take her away. She refused to go. They have persecuted the Christians of both towns and have come again and again to take the child. Bubbly blissfully sticks!
From the first she has proved a willing worker in her small tasks, obedient and a seeker for God. Recently, during some special meetings, she definitely gave her heart to Jesus. While she cannot read much she carefully picks out the words and reads from her own Bible. She is no longer Bubbly but Grace—one of our young people that we are anxious to keep and train for God’s glory.

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**News and Notes**

Many of our missionaries had the memorable privilege of hearing over the radio the impressive ceremony of the Coronation of the British Empire’s new King and Emperor. Those of us who had been in Westminster Abbey could easily imagine ourselves in the great throng who were eye-witnesses. We prayed with the Archbishop of Canterbury in all of his noble petitions and added a fervent *Amen* to every one of them. But the most thrilling part of it all was that it made our minds leap forward to that great, glad day when our Lord Jesus, King of kings and Lord of lords, will have *His* Coronation Day. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Our Father’s goodness to His children is seen in the fact that nearly all of our missionaries have been able this year to have a few weeks in the cool of India’s high hills or mountains, while the worst of the heat on the plains passed. This means rest for body, soul and spirit, and prolongs the lives and increases the efficiency of the Lord’s servants. When our Lord made these lovely mountains He thought of us, “though unworthy” we are.

In this connection, will you not rejoice with us that our brethren of the Home Board are making it possible for us to purchase a splendid property at the very top of the Palni Hills, in South India? Part of the purchase price of this Rest Home came from the sale of one of our mission compounds, no longer needed, and the rest of it will be provided through the gifts of God’s children in America. You can help by praying that the balance due on the property, about $4,500, may be provided soon by the Lord’s faithful stewards. The name of this place of rest is Kodaikanal.

Congratulations are due to our friends and comrades, Mr. and Mrs. August Helfers, in that the name of Mrs. Helfers, a British
subject, has been placed among those worthy of a Kaiser-i-Hind medal, for splendid service rendered in the welfare of India. Thus our mission shares in the honours of the Coronation of the Emperor, George VI.

We rejoice with our Brother and Sister Brabazon in the fact that the Lord has used them to bring to Himself a fine young man of the Grassia caste. This is a rare victory over the power of darkness. We heard this young man give a true and humble testimony in the annual mela (convention) at Mehmadabad and since that time he has stepped out for Christ in baptism. Look at his picture in this issue of the BULLETIN and pray for him and for his friends and relations who are under conviction and facing toward the light. In the next issue of the BULLETIN we hope to publish a fuller account of this young man's conversion, by Mr. Brabazon, with more pictures. Watch for that article and for other interesting articles concerning God's grace to hearts in India.

Remember in intercessory prayer some of our Christian parents whose hearts have been made to sorrow by the death of children dear to them, in the past hot season.

God graciously used our brother, Rev. A. I. Garrison, in the conventions in Ootacamund, Coonoor and Kotagari, in the hot season. We thank God for men like Brother Garrison, who know the Word of the Lord, and have God's grace upon them to utter it with no uncertain sound.

In the rainy season, now on, we are holding short-term Bible schools with our Indian workers. Stand with us in prayer that these
weeks of study of the wonderful Word of God may bear eternal fruit.

A Workers' Retreat will be held both in Berar and in Gujarat in the time of the Summer Schools. These occasions are proving to be very helpful. Pray that they may be better than ever this year.

Pray also for the Pastors' Retreat to be held early in the fall. Do make our Indian pastors a subject of faithful prayer. Ask God to give us a Finney or a Moody or a Billy Sunday or an F. B. Meyer or an altogether new-mould spiritual giant from among the sons of India, for our churches. Can He do it? Then ask Him for it.

Concerning the Pictures

This number of the Bulletin is intended to stress the importance of work among young people. Our limited space makes it impossible to treat this great subject adequately. We can only call attention to it. We invite all our friends to read the articles and to study the pictures, and to think of the millions of India's fine boys and girls and youths, most of them without the gospel.
Child-Buyers of the Scriptures belongs to Mr. Lauren R. Carner’s extended tour of which he wrote in our last number. Nearly all the pictures in that issue of the BULLETIN were taken by Mr. Carner in his tour, but by some oversight we failed to credit them to him. Mr. Brabazon with Young Men of the Grassia Caste is especially interesting because the young man on the left of the line is a newly-baptized Christian. Further word about him from Mr. Brabazon’s pen will appear in our next number. A Young Man Holding a Buffalo to be Sacrificed to Idols gives you a glimpse of the sad condition of heathen hearts. Man knows inherently that sin must be punished. Oh, that all might know of the “Once-for-All” Sacrifice that has been made! Young Women Dancing in Frenzied Trance shows how heathen hearts seek for the superhuman and blindly think that any spirit that comes to them is a “god.” A Young Man Worshipping an Idol of Siva represents millions more like himself, whose ideas of God (?) are too obscene to mention. A Class of Christian Children Singing a Motion-Song comes like a gleam of sunlight after the darkness of these heathen pictures. Let us hasten into the darkness with the light and life and love of Jesus, the Lord.

The Beautiful Feet of Jesus

By Edward J. Russell

Baby feet in the Manger they lay,            Quick to respond to Sorrow’s cry,
Peeping out from the yellow hay,            Never passing the sufferer by,
Rosy and pink as the dawn of day—            Marking the way to the home on high—
    The beautiful feet of Jesus.            The beautiful feet of Jesus.

Eager and swift with the children at play,  Nailed to the Cross on Calvary,
On Mary’s errands without delay,            Fastened there to the cruel tree,
Busy and happy all through the day—         Maimed and marred for you and for me—
    The beautiful feet of Jesus.            The beautiful feet of Jesus.

O may my feet my Master’s be,                . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Yielding Him service perfectly               . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Until at last in eternity                    . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
I sit at the feet which were pierced for me— . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
    The beautiful feet of Jesus.            . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

    —S. S. Times.