

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

"Let no man despise thy youth"—I. Timothy 4-12

Editor: REV. B. COCHRANE, Seal Cove, G. M., N. B.

Associate Editor: MISS WYONETTA P. SARGESON

Please address all correspondence for Young People's Page to the Associate Editor, MISS WYONETTA P. SARGESON, 35 High Street, Moncton, N. B.

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS

The following narrative originated with Christmas Evans and has come down through the years as a classical illustration of the atonements provided on the Cross.

God's Justice and God's Mercy stood on Mount Zion looking out over the great cemetery of the world where man lay dead in trespasses and in sins. Justice scarcely looked at the awful scene but stood with feet firm and with a countenance which revealed a mind long since fully determined upon its course of action, while Mercy stood with tear-strained face and arms extended. They were silent, the topic previously under discussion apparently abandoned. Finally Mercy spoke again as if in a last futile effort to move Justice in his decision. "Must man be lost? Is there no hope for him? Must he die for his sins?" Justice answered shortly, "The wages of sin is death."

"But" said Mercy, "must he bear the penalty, must he die eternally?"

"Yes" replied Justice, "unless a fitting sacrifice can be secured, one which will satisfy me."

"Oh" said Mercy, her face lighting up with hope, "what requirements must this sacrifice fulfil?"

"It must be spotless, knowing no sin, and the last drop of its life's blood must be the price of man's redemption."

"Surely we can find one such", said Mercy. "Let me search the earth; just give me time and I am sure I shall be able to find a man who will satisfy your harsh demands."

"No hope" came the reply, "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. You must look elsewhere than among men."

Mercy was dumbfounded for a moment but quickly rallied. "Let me search the angelic world and I will bring you a fitting sacrifice. Will not the angel Gabriel do?"

"Useless again" he replied. "Angels have known sin. Did not Lucifer the arch-angel rebel against God and carry one-third of the heavenly host after him?"

Hope died in Mercy's breast. Her tears started afresh as she wept aloud over lost humanity. Must man forever lose his once bright estate? Must she watch man plunge headlong into a devil's hell with no effort made to save him? Must she stand by, helpless save for heart-breaking sympathy and yearning? Why must man die?

She could not plead successfully with Justice but nevertheless Mercy triumphed in the end. In a few moments the form of a third came slowly into their midst, whom they recognized as the Son of God. "I have heard your conversation", He said. "You are both right. Justice must be satisfied, but Mercy's prayers will be answered. I will offer myself as a sacrifice to atone for the sins of man."

A breathless silence followed, and Mercy's countenance changed from sadness to joy. She had thought of the Son of God, but dared not suggest nor ask—she dared not think of thus robbing Heaven. But with a look of triumph she turned to Justice and cried, "Will He do?"

"He alone can meet the requirements of God's Justice" was the reply.

Turning quickly to the Son of God Mercy ask-

ed eagerly, "When will you do this? When shall man be redeemed? Where and how shall it take place?"

"Four thousand years hence", He replied, "on Mount Calvary I will pour out my life's blood on the cruel cross, after having taken upon me the form of man and being tempted as he is."

Let us bridge those years and let history fill in the events, while we look again at Justice and Mercy standing together, this time on Mount Calvary. They are waiting for something. Mercy seems anxious. Presently a distant sound is heard as of dim thunder, which gradually grows louder. They rush to the brow of the hill, and what a spectacle meets their eyes! The whole country-side is swarming with people, in the midst of which is a group of Roman soldiers led by the chief Priests and Pharisees. They are all crying something which sound seems to roll as a huge billow back and forth over the throng. As they draw nearer the words are distinguishable. "The King of the Jews! The King of the Jews! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" Justice and Mercy look more closely and in the midst of the soldiers is the form of one bent low under the weight of his own cross. Jesus Christ is keeping His promise. He is coming to complete the price to redeem man from sin.

Mercy hid her face, then turned to Justice crying out, "Must this go on? Has He not gone far enough? Is there no way out even now? Cannot I offer you the matchless, spotless life of Jesus on earth as an atonement?"

"Nothing but the blood of Jesus" is the reply.

"Can I not offer you his prayers and agony in the garden of Gethsemane?"

"Nothing but the blood of Jesus".

"Will you not accept his bloody sweat, or his bleeding brow, or his bruised back?"

"Nothing but the blood of Jesus" is the firm reply as the procession comes on. The crowd jeers, and surges for a closer view. The Christ is all but trampled beneath their feet, yet not a word escapes his lips. He is brought to the peak of the hill, his garments are gambled away, while the spectators spit upon him, even coming near enough to slap him in the face. His cross is hastily prepared and he is thrown cruelly upon it. Only a few blows are necessary to drive the sharp spikes through his tender palms, and one suffices to hold his feet as the soldiers pull his knees up and place one foot upon the other.

Terrible to behold is this scene, while the only word coming from the cross to the angry mob is "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Then as the cruel hearted throng passes before the cross the sun becomes black, and the earth shakes with violent convulsions, in so much that the multitude in their effort to escape is thrown against each other and many of them perish beneath horses and carriages.

At the close of three long hours the last words come from the cross. "It is finished". Immediately Mercy starts forward. Her pleadings have been answered, but at such fearful cost. A soldier comes by and pierces the side of the already dead Christ and his life's blood flows out in a crimson stream at the foot of the cross. Justice too comes forward, brings out the scroll containing the conditions of man's redemption, and while Mercy looks on in tearful ecstasy, dips

his finger into the still fresh stream and signs man's pardon. At last man can go free. At last there is a full redemption and an adequate remedy for sin. The blood of Jesus avails for all.

"O precious is that flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know;
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

A Story Retold.

PRESENTED MANY GIFTS

The young people of the Reformed Baptist Church were entertained recently at the home of Miss Isa Macfarlane, Westmorland Street, in honor of Miss Gertrude Watson, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Watson, who expects to leave soon with her parents to reside in Beals, Maine. Miss Watson received suitable gifts, including a travelling case, the presentation being made by Miss Gertrude Mitchell. Miss Watson has had a prominent part in the young people's work and has been a valued member of the choir in the church of which her father has been the pastor for seven years, and her many friends regret that she is leaving.—Gleaner.

Jonesport, Me.

Dear Highway:—

We feel led to send in another report from our Young People's Society.

God is still blessing us, altho' some of our number have gone away for the summer we have a small attendance but God is still with us.

We have changed the order of our meeting. One of the members leads and then the president asks questions from a chapter of a book of the Old Testament we are studying. We also have home specials and readings. It is very interesting and we receive a blessing from it.

We are glad to report that a number of our young people have found the Lord since our last report. We pray that God will keep them true to him and use them in His service.

Yours in His service,

PHYLLIS M. BEAL,

Reporter.

Island Falls, Maine.

Dear Y. P. Editor:—

The Young People's Society of the Reformed Baptist Church at Belvidere salute you through Christ praying that thereby our mutual faith may be strengthened and our every work a force in building the Kingdom of God in the hearts of men.

Our society was organized late last February, and the love of Christ and the sustaining power of the Holy Ghost have dwelt unceasingly in our midst.

Brother Donald Main was elected president, the undersigned vice-president and Miss Irma Gould, secretary and treasurer. Our officers are all strong Christians determined that the organization shall not have been in vain.

Subsidiary to the spiritual gains made the society president appointed a committee of three to decorate the interior of the church and the task has just now been completed.

Prayer meetings for the sick have been held and a worship and praise service conducted ev-