

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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A NEW YEAR'S WISH

(By the Editor)

Our sincere wish in behalf of every reader of the Young People's Page—that 1938 may be the happiest, most successful year you have ever enjoyed. May your life be daily loaded with benefits, and throughout the changing seasons crowned with the tender mercies of a wise and providential heavenly Father, while your service to Him is ever holy and acceptable. May you be protected from sickness and accident, and preserved in Christ Jesus by the almighty power of His unflinching grace. This is our heart wish for all our readers.

But we not only have a New Year's wish for the readers of our Y. P. Page; we also have high hopes for the Page itself. We trust that during the future months, it will be to all its readers more acceptable, more enjoyable, and more beneficial than it has hitherto. And these aspirations bear relation to each other, for we pray that this printed messenger may convey to you, reading substance that will contribute to the enrichment of your life, and thus it will play a part in fulfilling our wish for your personal welfare.

If our ambitions for the Page are to be realized, we must have the co-operation of our readers. Some may have the impression that the success or failure of this part of our work lies wholly with the editors, but if there are any so misled, their mistake is a handicap to us. Entrusted with this important branch of our young people's work, feeling an increasing sense of responsibility, we determine to labour more ardently, more faithfully, at our task than ever before. But we are keenly conscious that, if the Page is to be beneficial in the proportion which we hope for it, we must have your assistance.

Being fully persuaded that all our readers will promptly and gladly join hands with us in this good work, we advance to make the following suggestions and appeals.

First, we want a number of articles from our own young people. We have received and published several fine writings from those of our own Groups, and are sure that they are greatly enjoyed by our readers. We have included the name and Society membership of the writers so that those who read might be enlightened concerning their location, and write a note of appreciation if they so desired. We plan, during the coming months, to appeal for more contributions from our young people. When you are called upon, do not fail us, but gladly give your contribution to make the Page more enjoyable.

Second, we need more Society letters. Several have spoken to us of their appreciation of messages from other Groups, and have expressed their desire to see them more often. When your Society is having victory, enjoying good services, or doing something for the cause of God, write us, so that by your report others may be encouraged and inspired. And if the battle is hard, and the outlook dark, numbers small, etc., let the other Groups know about your problems and burdens, and shall we not fulfill the law of Christ in bear-

ing one another's burdens? Don't neglect your Society letters.

Third, we invite your suggestions. A personal letter from you to the editor would doubtless be helpful. If you enjoy some article, or particular contribution, or if the Page as a whole is a help to you, let us know. And then, if you have suggestions which you believe will improve the Page, we will welcome them. We are not referring to "official" letters for publication, but personal communications of appreciation and suggestion.

A good response to this appeal will insure a better Y. P. Page. Will you help?

THE TWO ROADS

It was New Year's night. An aged man standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb.

Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, here poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled. He looked toward the sky and cried out in his agony: "O youth return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance of life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear. These were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in the darkness. This was an emblem of himself, and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and labour, were now honored and happy on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him, the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud: "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return, for all this was but a dream which had visited his slumbers on a New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he

GLEANINGS

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."—Isaiah 41:10.

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"What is done is done, it has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working Universe, and will also work there for good, or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time."—Thos. Carlyle.

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"Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly, until he knows that every day is Doomsday."—Emerson.

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"Our safety is in having lofty ideals, and in constant labour to secure their realization. Let the getting of money be a man's ideal, and he will of necessity grow towards the dust; let a man hunger and thirst after the Kingdom of God, and he will grow into strength and enjoy unspeakable peace."—Dr. Parker.

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"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

—Tennyson.

BUILDERS

We are building every day,
In a good or evil way:
And the structure as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose.

Till in every arch and line
All our faults and failings shine;
It will grow a castle grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo, its name is Character!

Build it well whate'er you do;
Build it straight, and strong, and true;
Build it clean, and high, and broad;
Build it for the eye of God!

had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where the sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember, that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "O YOUTH, RETURN! O GIVE ME BACK MY EARLY DAYS!"

—JEAN PAUL RICHTER,
(Translated from German)

The old Indian whose profile adorns the "buffalo" nickel was converted and joined the Methodist Church in Browning, Montana. His name was Chief Two-Guns Whitecalf.—Zion's Herald.