

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

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

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THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE

This morning as I write I have before me a clipping from a newspaper which says Paganism is now German religion. The article dated from Berlin Dec. 1st, 1941. The writer, a press correspondent, gives a short outline of a book "Gott & Volk" (God and Nation) now being widely circulated in Germany. In this book such statements as "We Germans have been called by fate to be the first to break with Christianity; it is an honor." In another place the writer, a young Nazi, writes: "A thousand ties bind us to the Christian belief. But one blow will make us free." I have handy another clipping from a paper published in Great Britain, the heading of which is "Thank God for the Bible." These words find an echo in my own heart. But I can go further and say, Thank God for what the Bible means to me. Few young people of today can say like we older ones that they have read the Bible from cover to cover and learned many parts by heart. When we were young Bible study was more usual than today. Today we have more books about the Bible but we fear less reading of the Word itself. As a girl in school our first half hour's study every morning was the Bible. No comments from the teacher. We studied, memorized and wrote exams the same as our other studies. Then it seemed a waste of time and energy to me, but how glad I am today for the time thus spent. I have heard and read of contests to see who could read the most chapters in the Bible in the shortest time. This may be all right for a story book but for God's Word, never, for if read in a hurry we fail to get the message and meaning of the word. A few years ago it was my pleasure to work with the young people at Riverside Camp, and part of the service each day was to hear the verses of scripture different ones had memorized on a given subject, even the unsaved ones would bring in a verse and read it if they could not repeat it. At the last service we planned that we would try and learn a verse every day during the year. At Beulah the next year several young people came and told me they had memorized over two hundred verses. This was cheering news to me. While today I could not repeat all the scripture I learned, I can remember enough to bring blessing to my heart in times I have not been able to read some favoured passage in times of crisis, disappointment or sorrow. Read the Bible. It is a well of living water that will never go dry. But mere knowledge of the Bible is not enough. The Bible holds the secret of successful living. And success in life does not mean making money, having a good time, being comfortable. The Bible teaches us the way of salvation, how to live and how to die. So many things are denied us, so many treasures that will never come our way. But the Bible is ours, its treasures are ours for the seeking, its message comes direct if we will but learn and listen. These words I have written may not be a Christmas message, but take the Bible from us and what would Christmas with its beautiful thoughts, its cheering message, its beautiful carols, "Come all ye faithful," Holy Night, Silent Night (written and sung by a German) and many others, would be as a "Sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." So again we say, "Thank God for the Bible."

MRS. F. A. WATSON

READING THE BIBLE THROUGH

A strange impulse seized me some time ago. It was to read the Bible from cover to cover, and to allow no other reading whatsoever to interfere. Whether the impulse was of the Holy Spirit I know not. God knoweth. Anyway, I did it. I averaged four and one-half hours each day in His Holy Word. I began with "In the beginning," Genesis 1:1, and closed with, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." Revelation 22:21.

It was a marvelous enriching and strengthening spiritual experience. My heart can never escape the power and glory of it.

It was a feast of good things to eat. I ate locusts and wild honey with the Baptist in the wilderness, and heaven-sent manna with the wandering Israelites in the desert. I tasted the grapes of Eschol, and sat at the tables of King David and King Solomon. I drank of the brook Cherith and was fed by the ravens. I feasted with the disciples in the upper room, and sat down at the table with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

It was a triumphant tour of summer trips. I crossed the desert sands with Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees. I journeyed with Joseph in the land of the Pharaohs and followed Moses for forty years. I went abroad in the ships of Tarshish, and glided in fishing smacks on the placid bosom of Galilee.

It was a university course. I studied what I believe to be the most accurate science of all centuries concerning the origin of things. I delved into the world's profoundest philosophy, read classic literature, followed the divine outlines of history, and was thrilled by the tenderest and sweetest poetry of all time.

It was a Bible conference. Doctors Moses, Isaiah, and Paul were the principal speakers. I sat at their feet in rapt attention. There were classes in theology and ecclesiology and eschatology and prophecy. There were many discussions, conferences and even debates on practical and doctrinal subjects. It was the greatest Bible conference I ever attended. King David with his harp of gold and choir of a thousand voices led the music.

Such a blessing as this, reading the Bible through without unnecessary delay! I think I shall re-read it at least once a year the rest of my life.—M. E. Dodd, in Bible Society Record.

We shall be made truly wise if we be made content; content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which theologians call, and rightly, faith in God.—Charles Kingsley.

WHILE THE YEAR IS NEW

We go this way but once, O heart of mine,
So why not make the journey well worth
while,
Giving to those who travel on with us
A helping hand, a word of cheer, a smile?
We go this way but once. Ah! never more
Can we go back along the selfsame way.
To get more out of life, undo the wrongs.
Or speak love's words we knew, but did
not say.

We go this way but once. Then let us make
The road we travel blossomy and sweet
With helpful, kindly deeds and tender words,
Smoothing the path of bruised and stumbling
feet.

—British Weekly

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

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"Be not anxious about tomorrow. Do today's duty, fight today's temptations, and do not weaken nor distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them."—Chas. Kingsley.

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"The block of granite which is an obstacle to the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong."—Thos. Carlyle.

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"Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowed future without fear and with a manly heart."—Jean Paul Richter.

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"Let us go on!"

VENNACHER!

The woods and the rocks and the hills,
God's handiwork my spirit thrills;
From morning till night I see this great sight,
The woods and the rocks and the hills.

In autumn the foliage display
Enraptures my soul every day,
Of colors so bright like rainbow light,
Which circle and crown each way.

I travel these winding roads,
That lead to the humble abodes
Of people like you, hearts loyal and true,
Who help me to carry my load.

The way at times might seem long,
But then I can cheer it with song,
And melody sweet helps others I meet,
And so we together press on.

I would not exchange with the rest,
Who seem through less trials to press,
These people are mine and so all the time,
I am happy, contented and blest.

—D. P.

The Archbishops of Canterbury, York and Wales have united with the leaders of Free Churches in issuing a five-point program designed to secure adequate Christian teaching in day schools. The petition asks that religious instruction be given all pupils on consent of their parents, that it be held during school hours, and that full credit be given. It is significant that this movement has spread so widely among Christian nations. They realize that the deplorable condition of the world today comes from the lack of Christian teaching in our schools.—United Presbyterian.

A man may be a blot or a blessing, but a blank he cannot be.