

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

—ECCLES. 12:1

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

Voice of the Reformed Baptist Y. P. A.

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Y P. RALLY AT ST. JOHN

The combined rally of Districts No. 2 and 3 was held in Saint John October 5-7 inclusive. We were somewhat disappointed in the number of delegates, but as one remarked, the amount of blessing made up for it.

Mrs. Laura Walker, of Waltham, Mass., was the special speaker. Everyone found her messages very inspiring, and her use of the flannel-graph was especially interesting to all.

The business meeting was held on Saturday afternoon. The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—Mr. DeVerne Mullen.

Vice-Pres.—Lic. Ralph Ingersoll.

Secretary—Miss Jean McMillan.

Treasurer—Miss Eileen Hayes.

A telegram received from our group at E. N. C. was read during the meeting. We appreciated their prayers for the success of our rally.

Saturday night Mrs. Walker spoke for a short time, using the topic, "The Ninety and Nine," illustrating with the flannel graph, after which Rev. S. G. Hilyard brought the evening message.

Sunday morning, Lic. Ralph Ingersoll led the love feast. Mrs. Walker had a very full day with three services. Sunday evening she used as her text, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Again she used the flannel graph, vividly illustrating the Way of the Cross.

Mr. DeVerne Mullen, Saint John, added greatly to the services with his singing.

The rally approached its close with three seekers at the altar, and came to a final climax with inspiring testimonies. Yes, it was a good rally!

JEAN McMILLAN,
Secretary

YOUTH IN ACTION

Never in the history of the world, particularly in the far East, has there been such opportunity for preaching the gospel. Japan's doors are now wide open for missionaries, But God needs workers. The following from **Protestant Voice** is an interesting account of one young man who caught the vision. May others follow:

S/Sgt. Jacob D. Deshazer, 32-year-old Doolittle flier, once told his mother that if he were saved, he would preach.

The mother, Mrs. Hulda Andrus, learned in a letter from her rescued boy that he plans to return to Japan as a missionary because "God spoke to me in solitary confinement."

Quoting the Biblical words of Christ, "Love your enemies; bless them that persecute you; do good unto them that hate you and pray for them that spitefully use and persecute you," Deshazer informed his mother that he would return to Japan as soon as he could complete a four-year course at a religious college.

Deshazer has been recuperating in the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington.

"Jay has no revenge or spite in his heart," Mrs. Andrus said. "He said in fact that there was so much to be done in Japan for the

little man. He says 'the Japs haven't had a chance spiritually.'"

The family is Free Methodists.

The "Youth for Christ" movement is wide awake according to this item from Chicago, also in the **Protestant Voice**:

Plans to "invade Europe with the Gospel" were made at a meeting here of the executive committee of Youth for Christ International. Dr. Torrey Johnson, president, said teams of speakers would be organized to launch a campaign on the Continent next March.

The malignant disease of race prejudice is not limited to Germany, nor to the more radical politicians in America. Even the youth of our land have become infected with the poison as evidenced by a recent news item which told of 500 white high school students going on strike and refusing to go back to school until 850 Negro students were dismissed. And this is a so-called Christian city in America.

W. H. M.

Note: Maybe in the following poem is revealed one of the causes for so much juvenile delinquency. Y. P. Editor prints it because it gives a tug at the heart, and carries a message for us all.

NO PLACE FOR THE BOYS

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay,
If he is always told to get out of the way?

He cannot sit here, and he must not stand
there,

The cushions that cover that fine rocking
chair

Were put there, of course, to be seen and
admired;

A boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate
room,

Are made not to walk on—at least, not by
boys;

The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what
if their feet,

Sent out of our homes, sent into the street
Should step around the corner and pause at
the door,

Where other boys' feet have paused often
before;

Should pass through the gateway of glitter-
ing light,

Where jokes that are merry and songs that
are bright

Ring out a warm welcome with flattering
voice,

And tempting say, "Here's a place for the
boys."

Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or
mine

Should cross o'er the threshold which marks
out the line

'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and
sin,

And leave all his innocent boyhood within?

Oh, what if they should, because you and I,
While the days and the months and the years
hurry by,

Are too busy with cares and with life's fleet-
ing joys

To make around our hearthstone a place for
the boys?

There's a place for the boys. They'll find it
somewhere;

And if our own homes are too dainty and fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of
their feet,

They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street,
'Mid the glitterings of sin and the glitter of
vice;

And with heartaches and longings we pay a
dear price

For the getting of gain that our lifetime em-
ploys,

If we fail to provide a good place for the
boys.

—Boston Transcript

'GREAT THOUGHTS

Dead opportunities do not rise again.

If you sow not how can you reap?

The sail pulls only when the wind blows.

Is it possible for any man to be a true
Christian himself, and yet be doing nothing
to make other men Christians, too?—Dr. T. L.
Cuyler.

* * * *

Break one thread in the border of virtue
and you don't know how much you may un-
ravel.—Cunningham Geikie.

* * * *

Love one human being purely and warmly,
and you will love all. The heart in this heaven,
like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from
the dew-drops to the ocean, but a mirror
which it warms and fills.—Jean Paul Richter.

* * * *

Jesus heartens His followers by an assur-
ance that not one hour of labor, not one grain
of attainment, not one honest effort on to the
moment when the tools of earth drop from
their hands, but will tell on the after life.—
Ian Maclaren.

* * * *

Whether any particular day shall bring to
you more of happiness or of suffering is
largely beyond your power to determine.
Whether each day of your life shall give
happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—
G. S. Merriam.

* * * *

You will find it less easy to uproot faults
than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not
think of your faults; still less of others' faults;
in every person who comes near you, look for
that which is good and strong; honor that;
rejoice in it; and, as you can try to imitate
it; and your faults will drop off, like dead
leaves, when the time comes.—J. Ruskin.

ALMIGHTY STRENGTH

How the whole earth and the strength of
it—that is, almightiness—is beneath every
tired creature to give it rest, holding us al-
ways! No thought of God is closer than that.
No human tenderness of patience is greater
than that which gathers in its arms a little
child, and holds it, heedless of weariness. And
He fills the great earth, and all upon it, with
this unseen force of His love.—A. D. T. Whit-
ney.