

"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.

Editor: Lic. Ralph Ingersoll
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LIFE'S JOURNEY

INSIDE OUT

By Randolph Nicholson
(Continued)

Dear Young People:

Greetings in the name of our risen Lord from all of us here at E. N. C. We should like to report a note of victory and say that God has been extremely good to each of us during this school year. It's true we have our trials, temptations and perplexing problems, just the same as the youth in other schools, but God has promised us a way of escape with each temptation, so we press on with our faith strong in Him.

We have recently experienced a mighty visitation of God's spirit during the revival with Rev. C. B. Cox as evangelist. We sometimes wondered how those unprepared to meet God could stay in their seats as this mighty messenger gave forth God's messages and consecrated men and women prayed. God came on the scene many times, and there was definite victory around the altar. Some of the students settled questions that had been uppermost in their minds for weeks, and today many faces carry that bright, happy look that only comes when Christ is dwelling on the inside. Some of those after services were such a blessing to us as we watched souls here and there pray through to victory. Praise His name

We often think of you in the home churches and especially those of you at the Bible School, and our prayers include each of you. During the past two months each of us have been receiving a copy of The King's Highway as a gift from our young people back home, and none of you will ever realize how much that paper means to each of us. There is one copy always comes to our college library, and we could go there and read it, but to have one for our own and be able to keep it and read it in our lonely, discouraging moments helps so much. We wish to thank each one of you for your thoughtfulness in sending us The Highway and we want you to know that we appreciate it from the bottom of our hearts.

You may be interested to know just how many of us are out here, so I'll tell you that as the roll is called, thirteen will answer. They are Rev. and Mrs. Wilbur Mullen, Lic. and Mrs. Kenneth Sullivan and Arthur, Ada Brown, Connie Bruce, Ruth Harding, Lawson Saunders, Floyd Flemming, Laurence Mullen, Conrad Stairs and Kenneth Alcorn.

As the Christmas Season approaches, and our thoughts are continually turning to the angels' chous, "Peace on earth, good will to men," we would like to wish each of you a very Merry Christmas and a Joyous New Year. May the peace that only Christ can give dwell in your hearts continually, and the very God of peace sanctify you wholly. Pray for us.

In His care,

YOUR GROUP AT E. N. C.

NOTICE

We plan (D. V.) to have a great Young People's Rally next spring. We would like invitations from any of our churches desiring to have the same. Please write me at Westchester, N. S.

B. M. HICKS, (Y. P. President).

Each man is Captain of his Soul,
And each man his own Crew,
But the Pilot knows the Unknown Seas,
And He will bring us through.

We break new seas today—
Our eager keel quests unaccustomed waters,
And from the vast uncharted waste in front,
The mystic circles leap
To greet our prow with mightiest possibilities;
Bringing us—what?

Dread shoals and shifting banks?
And calms and storms
And clouds and biting gales?
And wreck and loss?
And valiant fighting times?
And maybe death—and so, the Larger Life!

For should the Pilot deem it best
To cut the voyage short,
He sees beyond the skyline, and
He'll bring us into Port.
And maybe Life—Life on a bounding tide,
And chance of glorious deeds;—
And help swift-borne to drowning mariners;
Of cheer to ships dismantled by the gale;
Of succours given unasked and joyfully;
Of mighty service to all needy souls.

So—Ho for the Pilot's orders,
Whatever course He makes!
For He sees beyond the skyline,
And He never makes mistakes.
For each man captains his own Soul
And chooses his own Crew,
But the Pilot knows the Unknown Seas,
And He will bring you through.

—Selected

HOW TO GROW

GROW TALL—

Tall enough to look over the mountains of difficulty right into the realm of victory.

GROW BROAD

Broad enough to bear with people who differ from you in disposition, education, thought and interest.

GROW DEEP—

Sending your roots down into the place of perpetual springs.

GROW STRAIGHT—

Measuring up every day to the line of duty.

GROW STRONG—

Ready to bear your own burdens cheerfully, and to help carry the burdens of others.

—Selected

IT IS NOT TOO EARLY—

To begin planning for this summer's Youth Camp. The date is set—July 15th-27th. The workers have been engaged, and the Camp programme is being outlined. Further information will be published through the Young People's Page, but may we suggest that you begin to make definite plans now to be at this year's Youth Camp. We are expecting a great time!

It was one of those sublime days that only October can boast about. The trio feasted on the beauties that nature had put out in full display, on that Saturday afternoon. Their youthful laughter continued to drift forth on the salubrious autumn air—everything seemed to be planned for Belinda's happiness. But finally, their jocular run of conversation rippled off into more quiet pools of thought. They had found a secluded nook by a lake shore for lunch. Lloyd had bowed his head and thanked God for the beautiful day, the food, and the fellowship of young people.

For a few minutes no one seemed to feel like talking, then they began to discuss books, authors, and people in general.

"I think Prof. Mellstorm is a fine appearing man," Belinda ventured lightly.

"Do you judge people by appearances?" There was a trickle of a smile on the corners of Lloyd's lips as he raised his brows interrogatively.

"Well—I guess so—" Belinda faltered. His words seemed to prick her. However, she covered her feelings with a smile, and asked: "How do you judge?"

"By what people are". His eyes seemed to be looking straight through her.

"Yes—I see that could be quite easy, in some cases—" she hesitated, slightly embarrassed. "But suppose two people were on the same level—filling the same position — How could you tell then what people are?"

"Oh—" He looked up at the sky thoughtfully, and chuckled.

"Come on now Professor Smart," put in Dorothy.

"Who would you like to present for analysis?"

"Why—take Dorothy and me," Belinda colored, she had hastily put the question too close to her own thoughts.

"Who is going to judge if you are right or not?" Asked Dorothy laughingly.

"Well, I'll have to leave that to your own honesty."

Dorothy moved over and put her arm around Belinda's waist, while both girls began to laugh with mock excitement.

Lloyd regarded them soberly until they stopped laughing, then a twinkle crept into his eyes. "You are—" he paused looking straight at Belinda. "You are 'outside in' — and Dorothy is 'inside out'."

There was a burst of laughter and a continued appeal for a clearer explanation, which was not given, and somehow Belinda was glad it wasn't.

"I told you I'd leave that to your own honesty." There was a note of sincere finality in his voice.

All the way back to the college his words kept stealing into her mind. She stood in her own room and told the girl in the cracked mirror: "You are 'outside in,' and Dorothy is 'inside out.'" She allowed herself to be a third party for the sake of finding what made Dorothy more attractive to Lloyd, than she. Somehow she felt the secret was in those words, if she could discover their meaning.

(To be continued)