

"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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EDITORIAL

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

As the season of joyous festivity comes upon us once again, our minds are drawn backward to the miraculous scene of centuries ago when the multitude of the heavenly host appeared, praising God and singing that first Christmas carol, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Why all this rejoicing and shouting? God had presented the first Christmas gift to a lost and dying world. Among the many attributes that can be associated with Christmas gifts may be included the spirit in which the gift was bestowed, the value of the gift and its usefulness to the recipient. John 3:16 tells us that the spirit which prompted the great gift of God was that of love. What better motive could impel the giving of a present? Sometimes our giving is prompted by courtesy and very often by selfish gain but "God so loved that He gave. . . ." How we appreciate and prize the Christmas gift that has been presented from a heart of love. Do we appreciate and cherish the gift of God?

Have you ever received a gift that proved to be the only one of its kind in your circle of friends? That fact alone added tremendously to its value. God's love for the human race was so great that he was willing to give the only Son. For the true father this is his most valued possession, yet God, to redeem your soul and mine was willing to give that precious gift. How we ought to shout from the depths of our soul, "Glory to God in the highest." "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

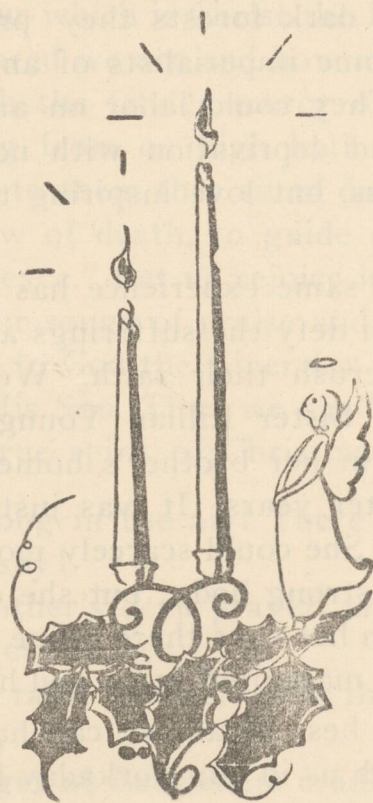
Of all the fine attributes connected with the gift of God, that which should give us the greatest cause to rejoice, is the usefulness of that gift to us as individuals. Our acceptance of the gift saves our soul from the terrors of an endless Hell and guarantees us life eternal, a home in the heavens. Praise His Name forever!

This priceless gift of God was not only presented to the world on that memorable day but the presentation is ever being made anew. After we have unwrapped all of our tangible gifts on this Christmas morn may we not forget the most precious, priceless gift—the Son of God. As we ponder the goodness of God as demonstrated by this act, may we, like the magi of old, seek Him and present our little gift with the same spirit that prompted His gift. And what would be more acceptable in the sight of God than the gift that was suggested by Paul, ". . . present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

CHRISTMAS ON YOUR FACE

The story is told of a little street girl who was taken sick on Christmas and carried to the hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. One day she whispered to the nurse, "I am having real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I'll have to go 'way from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know about Jesus being born?" "Yes," replied the nurse, "I knew. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any

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more." "You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you." "Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own order in her curiosity. "Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum, if you know about Jesus bein' born."—Sel.

COME TO BETHLEHEM

Come up the road to Bethlehem,
A heavenly herald calls,
Serene upon a slumbering world
A starry splendor falls.
Come with love's fragrant frankincense,
Its myrrh and aloes rare—
More costly than the gift you bring
Is the one that waits you there!

Come up the road to Bethlehem.
The heart's long hunger ends
Where by the little Son of God
Your knees in worship bend.
Here the poor mantle care has wrought,
Forever from you lay—
There waits more peace in Bethlehem
Than the world can take away!

—Ruby Weyburn Tobias

SOCIETY LETTER

Lower Hainesville, N. B.

Dear Young People:

We feel that a report from our society is in order at this time.

Our Young People's Society was organized and the various officers chosen in August of this year. The attendance has been fair and we feel that the meetings, which are held Friday evenings, have been a great blessing to us. The pastor brings us messages from God's Word when he is able to meet with us, but in his absence we carry on Bible studies which are both helpful and instructive.

It seems to me that our greatest need as young people is prayer. May we all as Societies pray much one for the other.

Yours in Him,

ARTHUR WHITE

INSIDE OUT

Dorothy Smith was no glamor girl; she stood facing Belinda clad in the simplest grey dress. She wore no conspicuous trinkets, or jewelry, and her light brown hair fell caressingly on her shoulders, forming a frame for the oval face which would not have been so very attractive had the large blue eyes lacked the power of producing such rays of friendliness from that inner somewhere beneath the surface.

"Lloyd Slater and I are going for a spin in the country, we should like to have you come along—if you could manage it." There was no persuasive power in the invitation, other than a note of sincerity.

Belinda hesitated before she answered. "Yes, you hypocritical cat," she thought, "you would like to see me run after my desires so you could reach out and snatch me back with those claws that are hidden under your fluffy front." But in spite of her thoughts, she heard herself saying with gust of apparent joy: "Oh, I should just love to go; I am just enraptured by nature this time of year. I could be ready most any time."

While she dressed for the outing, with a bit more care than usual, Belinda vowed within herself that she was not going to fall a victim to any scheming girl; but if there was any secret to Dorothy's hold on Lloyd, she would find it.

She had only been at the "Pines" a month. Aunt Annette, who had taken her under her wing since she entered school, had insisted that she attend this Christian college, for at least a year before deciding definitely on her life's work. And since she had no special ambitions of her own, only that she wanted to enter some college in order that another jewel might be added to her crown of prestige, she consented. Of course it was wise—Aunt Annette was obstinate, and Aunt Annette held the bank account.

The first clash with the student body seemed almost unbearable. They seemed to so wear their religion on the coat lapels that she dubbed them ascetic, once and for all. However, Lloyd Slater was handsome, and he disregarded her feminine attraction to the degree it hurt—hurt until she vowed his indifference would be broken, and broken by her. But Dorothy Smith—

She was to be ready in fifteen minutes. The girl in the cracked mirror wore an orange check jacket and short brown skirt. The reddish brown pumps studded with sparkling nail heads, matched her jacket belt, while the whole attire held a compatible likeness to the face crowned with auburn hair. The vis-a-vis scrutiny was pleasing to Belinda, she rushed out of the dorm, and tripped across the campus to where Dorothy and Lloyd waited by the side of his battered roadster.

"Brush your clothes off well, girls, so you won't soil the cushions," Lloyd chuckled to himself, seemingly more amused than his satire implied.

Belinda was puzzled slightly when she was conscious that Dorothy had met and held Lloyd's gaze momentarily. However, at the other girl's suggestion she hopped in beside the driver, after only a slight hesitation. She had gained the positional advantage over her rival anyway.