

"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 Woodstock, N. B.

EDITORIAL

"Just where you stand in the conflict There is your place. Just where you think you are useless, Hide not your face. God placed you there for a purpose What e'er it be. Think, He has chosen you for it— Work loyally."

During the war years that are so fresh in our memories, there were many people who appeared to be accomplishing very little for the desired victory of their country. However, when the day came that much that had been held secret was revealed, it came to light that these people, by their faithfulness to their apparently small task, had been instruments of great value. Their contribution of bits of information and essential data was doubtless the means of the successful completion of some of the large scale operations. What would have been the result had they become discouraged or careless with the job that appeared insignificant even to them? Yes, the results may have been drastic.

As young people, we may feel that our place in the service of the King of Kings doesn't amount to much, but let us not be discouraged or careless about our spiritual duties. Perhaps God has given us a task which no one else can do and even though it appears small to us, if we fail in this daily task the result may be drastic. Yes, some soul may be eternally lost.

The hymn writer has well put it, "We will understand it better by and by." God has a task for everyone of us. Let us find out what it is and devote our time and attention to it, forgetting some other person's task for the Master that looks larger than our own. Remember! We are not rewarded for the size of our task but for our faithfulness and obedience.

THE PENALTY OF SUCCESS

A remarkable instance of the penalty of success is reported by persons living near Jamestown, N. Y. For many years a colony of American eagles had made its home near the shores of Chautauqua Lake. They had not been molested and had grown bolder in their depredations.

Not long since one of them was noticed hovering over the lake, and its graceful flight was watched by several persons. Suddenly it darted with lightning rapidity toward the water, catching in its talons a muskellunge two feet or more in length, and weighing probably

ten pounds. There was a clash and splashing of fins and feathers, but slowly the bird rose in the air with its captive dangling and wriggling below. When at a height of about 1,000 feet the bird, still clinging to the fish, began to sink slowly toward the lake again gaining speed as it descended, and finally fell with a splash in the water. Later, the bird and fish were found together dead.

The eagle had evidently found the fish too heavy to carry it, but had been unable to drop it, owing to its claws being so firmly imbedded in the flesh that it could not release its hold, and as its strength gave way it sank into the water whence it had sought its prey and was drowned. The very tenacity with which the eagle grasped its prize prevented its losing it when it wished to do so.

It is often so with men who discover when too late that some eagerly coveted prize is proving fatal to them.

"Your heart shall live that seek God."

—Sel.

SELF DENIAL FUND

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Shirley Justason (\$5.20), Susie Beal (5.20), Rev. A. D. Cann (5.20), Mrs. A. D. Cann (5.20), and Mary Cann (2.60).

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THE END OF THE ROAD

What shall I find at the end of the road? For the curves and bends are receding fast, What shall I find when I come to the end And the journey of life is forever past? What shall I find? What shall I find?

What shall I see at the end of the road? When the beauties of earth are faded and gone. What shall I see when I come to the end? And the journey of life is forever done. What shall I see? What shall I see?

What shall I hear at the end of the road? When the plaudits of men are heard no more. What shall I hear when I come to the end, And this life's begun on another shore? What shall I hear? What shall I hear?

What shall it be at the end of the road? Will a Saviour be waiting with outstretched arms,

To pilot across to the river of death, To a place of safety and nothing harms? Shall it be so? Shall it be so?

Shall we see the city that lies foursquare?

Where the Lamb is the Light, and the streets pure gold, Shall we hear the voice of our Saviour say Welcome home my child, come into my fold? Shall it be so? Shall it be so?

Or shall it be at the end of the road That the journey of life is forever lost, In blackest despair, shut out from the Light Forever shut out, eternally lost. Answer thyself, which shall it be, Eternally saved, or eternally lost?

—AGNES P. B. STRAITH.

ONE WHO STUBBED HIS TOE

Did you ever meet a youngster who had been an' stubbed his toe, An' was sittin' by the roadside, just a-cryin' soft and low,

A-holdin' of his dusty foot, so hard and brown and bare,

Tryin' to keep from his eyes the tears a-gatherin' there?

You hear him sort o' sobbin' like, an' sniffin' of his nose;

You stop an' pat him on the head an' try to ease his woes,

You treat him sort o' kind like, an' first thing that you know,

He's up and off a-smilin' — clean forgot he's stubbed his toe.

Now, 'long the road of life you'll find a fellow goin' slow,

An' like as not he's some poor man who's been and stubbed his toe;

He was makin' swimmin' headway till he bumped into a stone,

An' his friends kept hurrying' onward an' left him there alone;

He's not sobbin', he's not sniffin', he's just to old for cries,

But he's grievin' just as earnest, if it only comes in sighs.

An' it does a lot of good sometimes to go a little slow,

An' speak a word of comfort to the man who's stubbed his toe.

To-day, you're bright and happy in the world's sunlight and glow,

An' to-morrow you're a freezin' and trudgin' through the snow.

The time you think you've got the world the tightest in your grip

Is the very time you'll find that you're the likeliest to slip.

So it does a lot o' good sometimes to go a little slow,

An' speak a word o' comfort to the man who's stubbed his toe.

—Unknown.

THE CHAINMAKER

During one of the early French wars, a man named Louis the Strong, used to make the bows for the French archers. They were of such fine workmanship that no man ever broke a bow made by Louis the Strong.

One day the French took a number of prisoners, and the governor of the prison sent for Louis.

"I want you to make me some strong chains," said he, "for the garrison prison will hold no more men, so I must keep my prisoners in the courtyard. Therefore the chains must be very strong, or they will break them and escape."

Louis had never made any chains, but he

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