

"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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H. B. I.

The Holiness Bible Institute has an enrolment of 27 students this term. Of this number 11 belong to the Bible Department. The following are the testimonies of the consecrated young men and women of this department.

"The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want!" I am glad that Jesus has supplied all my spiritual wants by saving and sanctifying my soul and giving grace for every need. He reigns supreme, praise His name!"

LEOTA SEARS.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!" I am glad to testify that I am having victory in my life and that Christ abides within my heart.

OLIVE WILLIAMS.

During the past few weeks the Lord has been especially close to me and "His Spirit witnesses with my spirit that I am a child of God." May He continue to bless His work in this school that we may become living testimonies for Him.

BELVA INGALLS.

I praise God for the privilege of attending a Holiness Bible School and studying under holy men. I thank God for saving and sanctifying me. By the grace of God I am determined to go through with Him.

ARNOLD STAIRS.

I am privileged to greet you in Jesus' name, with a testimony and a corresponding presence of His Holy Spirit in my heart. Praise Him for full salvation and the privilege of serving and living for Him. I mean to serve Him with an earnest and sincere heart all the days of my earthly stay and glorify His precious name in Heaven above. Amen.

BRUCE BRIDGEO.

Thank the Lord for a full and free salvation, for the blood of Christ that cleanseth our hearts from all sin. I am glad that I have a testimony for my Master. I am not ashamed to be called a Christian or to be different from the world.

ENOS CANN.

I will soon be having my fourth spiritual birthday, and I find that, "Every day with Jesus is sweeter than the day before." I count it a great privilege to be here at H. B. I. studying His Holy Word. He saves, satisfies, sanctifies and keeps. Praise His Holy Name.

ROOSEVELT BENSON.

"Christ for me, Christ for me." I thank God for a testimony that thrills my soul, and above all works out in my everyday life and experience. I have Christ's abiding presence and my constant prayer is to be like Him.

WALTER FERNLEY.

Greetings in His dear name. I'm glad Jesus saves, keeps and satisfies. My desire is to press closer to Him as the days come and go.

HARVEY TRACY.

During the past two years it has been my privilege to attend our school, for which I praise God. At this moment He is my Saviour, Sanctifier and Keeper, and my heart is saying, "Not my will but Thine be done."

JOSEPH MOSES.

I believe in sin—which we must discard; in judgment—for which we must prepare; in Hell—which we must avoid; in Jesus, Son of God, as a personal Saviour; in Holiness—as the Way of Life; in Heaven—as the promised reward for faithful obedience here below.

JAMES MacARTHUR.

MOTTOES AND MOTIVES

"You may bring to your office and put in a frame

A motto as fine as its paint,

But if you're a crook when you're playing the game,

The motto won't make you a saint.

You can stick up the placards all over the wall,

But here is the word I announce—

It isn't the motto that hangs on the wall,

But the motto you live that counts.

"If the motto says 'Smile' and you carry a frown

'Do It Now' and you linger and wait;

If the motto says 'Help' and you trample men down,

If the motto says 'Love' and you hate,

You won't get away with the mottoes you stall,

For the truth will come forth with a bounce;

It isn't the motto that hangs on the wall.

But the motto you live that counts".

—Anon.

Where the going's smooth and pleasant

You will always find the throng,

For many, more's the pity,

Seem to like to drift along.

But the steeps that call for courage

And the task that's hard to do

In the end results in glory

For the never wavering few.

—Edgar A. Guest.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an aggressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

—Sel.

HARD TASKS...

Give me hard tasks, with strength that shall not fail;

Conflict, with courage that shall never die!
Better the hill-path, climbing toward the sky
Than languid air and smooth sward of the vale!

Better to dare the wrath of the gale

Than with furled sails in port forever lie!

Give me hard tasks, with strength that shall not fail;

Conflict, with courage that shall never die!

Not for a light load, fitting shoulders frail,

Nor for an unearned victory do I sigh;

Strong is the struggle that wins triumph high—

Not without loss the hero shall prevail;

Give me hard tasks, with strength that shall not fail!

—Author Unknown.

INSIDE OUT

By Randolph Nicholson
(Continued)

Although there had been quite a few accept the invitation to seek a clean heart the night before, still Dr. Steen felt in his spirit that others were hungry for this experience; so under what he felt was divine guidance, he directed the attention of his congregation to John 17:19. He pointed out in his discourse that sanctification was not the fruits of human efforts but a gift purchased for us through the suffering of Jesus Christ at Calvary. Therefore, the obtainment of such a gift was only the abandonment of self, and self efforts, and receiving by simple faith.

Belinda sat nearer the front of the church than she had the night before. Somewhere behind her were Dorothy and Lloyd. Burning eyes seemed to be directing their rays across the back of her person. As the exposition continued, every word that the preacher spoke was registered on her mind as bringing her just that much nearer to the time when she would have to act on the decision she had made, while yet in her own room.

When the altar call was at last given, it was only after a slight hesitation that she put all her determination behind her physical motivation, which forced her trembling limbs to carry her to the altar rail where she knelt, feeling that on her was the amused gaze of the whole congregation. She had heard some queer stories about how some people acted when they were sanctified, she hoped she wouldn't act like they did. Steeling herself to what might come over her, she forced her mind to produce a visionary likeness of Lloyd, and on this, she set her attention.

There was a commotion about her as other seekers came forward. Presently the workers gathered in to pray. She could hear Lloyd's voice above the earnest petitions of the others. Dorothy came and put her arm around her, sobbing with joy as she sought to direct her in her seeking. Although she was conscious of an icy something that was coming between her and this devoted worker, Belinda prayed falteringly as directed, and tried to convince herself that the electrical atmosphere that seemed to permeate the place was the answer to her prayer.

Almost in a daze, she gave her testimony along with the rest, and with a smile she received the kind words and embraces of the girls, the sincere handshakes of the boys, and the extra pressure of Lloyd's strong hand as his dark blue eyes searched down into hers.

After some difficulty, Belinda extracted herself from the group which lingered reluctantly at the dormitory entrance, and hastened to her room. Here, with a tired smile on her lips, she peered into the cracked mirror. "You're 'inside out'," she whispered. There was a slight flicker in her brown eyes. "No, you are still 'outside in'," the girl in the mirror seemed to whisper back.

(To be continued)

You be faithful, and God will take care that you are fruitful.