

"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.

ONLY A LITTLE WAY TO GO

At the supper table one evening a young woman told the rest of the family an experience she had on her way home from work. She had travelled on the street car at the peak of the rush hour. When almost home an elderly lady boarded the street car, burdened down with parcels.

"She sat down in the seat next to me," she said, "and tried to crowd into the space which was only large enough for her, a bird cage, a basket of groceries, a half dozen other large parcels. When I saw there was not room for her, for her many parcels, and for me, I got up and gave her the whole seat. Even then her umbrella kept jabbing me every time the car swayed a bit."

There was a twinkle in her large brown eyes and a smile on her face, as she thought of the many parcels, the umbrella jabs, and the burdened little lady.

Her brother wondered why she hadn't contended for her share of the seat and also why she didn't tell the little old lady that she should do her shopping before the evening rush hours.

"It wasn't worth while, Bill," she replied, "we had only a little way to go together."

What a wonderful motto for life's journey,—"only a little way to go together."

So many things that vex and try us are really not worth noticing if we think of the fact that we haven't long at best to travel together.

In the home there are little misunderstandings that start as trifles and grow to serious proportions. At best, husband and wife have such a short time together. Too short a time to be spent in bickering and quarreling, in unkindness and hatred.

The boys and girls grow up in such a short time and are gone from the home nest. It is such a short time to be together. When they are gone, we shall think of wasted opportunities, wrong examples, harshness, perhaps misunderstandings.

Our neighbours may be trying at times. They irritate us dreadfully. Their children, their pets, their chickens, their unusual ways disturb us. But we won't live beside them long.

So many unkind words and deeds might be passed by unnoticed if we keep in mind the thought that we have 'only a little way to go together.'

Not many of us can smile at the jabs from a fellow traveller. We want our share of the seat, our part of the road, even if we have to fight for it. We take pride in our ability to hold our own, to get what is coming to us. No one can take advantage of us. We just won't be walked on. Life will hold more for us and others if we remember that "we haven't long to be together."—Sel.

STEADY ME AMONG EVIL COMPANIONS

P. R. Hayward

A Young Person's Prayer

Lord of all hearts, wilt thou hold me steady when compelled to mingle among those whose ideals are lower than my own.

Save me from a false sense of being superior to these companions of mine.

Grant me a sympathetic understanding of

the forces that have made them what they are.

Let me move among them with patience, and reasonable humility, and good will.

But—grant that my own ideals shine with a clearer light and be set more firmly in my soul in the face of such a test.

Enable me to see with a new clearness the long roads of consequences that follow both right and wrong.

Show me the reasons for righteousness.

Grant me the joys that come with clean living.

Give me the long look that sees beyond a present pleasure to a larger good.

Thus, hold Thou me ready among evil companions. In the name of the Great and Unseen Companion. Amen.—Our Young People.

"You are living a gospel,
A chapter each day,
By deeds that you do,
By words that you say,
Men read what you live,
Whether faithless or true,
Say! What is the gospel
According to you?"—Anon.

GOD'S LUBRICATORS

Carry a Can of Kindness About With You
Always

A little old man, grey-haired and bent, used to carry a small can of oil everywhere he went, and if he passed through a door that squeaked, he poured a little oil on the hinges. If a gate was hard to open, he oiled the latch, and thus he passed through life lubricating all hard places and making it easier for those who came after him.

People called him eccentric, queer and cranky; but the old man went steadily on refilling his can of oil when it became empty, and oiled the hard places he found.

There are many lives that creak and grate harshly as they live day by day. Nothing goes right with them. They need lubricating with the oil of gladness, gentleness and thoughtfulness.

Speak It!

Have you your can of oil with you? Be ready with your oil of helpfulness in the early morning to the one nearest you. It may help lubricate the whole day for him. The oil of good cheer to the downhearted one — how much it may mean! The word of courage to the despairing—speak it.

Our lives touch others but once, perhaps, on the road of life; and then, maybe, our ways diverge, never to meet again. The oil of kindness has turned the sharp, keen edge of many a sin-hardened life, and left it soft and pliable and ready for the wooing of the Spirit of God.

Did you ever notice that walking is easier nearest the ocean as you walked along the beach? The tide has leveled and packed the sand. So it is easier walking nearest the ocean of God's love.

Rev. J. O. Babcock.

No great thing was ever accomplished by half-hearted work.

D. L. Moody.

INSIDE OUT

By Randolph Nicholson
(Continued)

Over three months had slipped by since that epochal trip to the country. It was again Saturday afternoon. The rays of the early February sun pierced the frosty air with a bit more effect than it had the previous month. The snow began to melt on the house tops, and on the south side of the great pines and maples. Icicles formed along the eaves, and on the rough bark on the shaded side of the trees; where at their bases blue shadows reached out across the wide campus, seeming to find hold for their grasping fingers where the snow heaped in orderly rows along the shoveled paths.

Belinda stood at her window dreamily taking in the scene below. Suddenly, her heart quickened a beat—Lloyd was swinging down the path from the young men's dorm, whistling as he came. At the intersection, where another path led to the girl's dorm, he stopped and began flailing his arms about him, more or less from habit, than from the cold. Soon Dorothy joined him, and the two turned toward the main street—Lloyd tall and athletic, and Dorothy slightly plump, with a maternal bearing.

Belinda turned to accustom her eyes to the darker interior of her room—she felt lonesome, hurt, and jealous. Pausing before the cracked mirror, she whispered: "You are still outside in!" Her sight dimmed, a tear slipped away from a brown eye, and trailed down over her cheek.

She had often cried in the past, usually in a fit of anger, but this was different, in fact Belinda was different. She had become a Christian in her early teens but her own popularity had robbed her of that spiritual life. Only spasmodically did she get enjoyment out of the things of God—she had lived most of the time with her mind centered on herself. These periods of revival had grown less, and less, until that heavenly light was all but smothered. However, the Christian atmosphere, at the college, had done much to repair the breach that her social life had caused. Even the things at the college she first had considered unbearable, were sometimes enjoyed. She brushed away her tears, she would be seeing Lloyd at the service that evening. Revival services had begun in the chapel that week, and for reasons that she had never stopped to analyze, she was looking forward to church time.

(To be continued)

THE JOB OF A MAN

It isn't the work we intended to do,
Nor the work we've just begun,
That puts us right on the ledger sheets:
It's the work we've really done.

Our credit is built on the things we do,
Our debit on things we shirk;
The man who totals the biggest score
Is the one who completes his work.

Good intentions do not pay bills,
It's easy enough to plan;
To wish is the play of an office-boy,
To do is the job of a man.—Sel.