

"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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LIVING WITNESSES

During a recent radio broadcast a well known preacher said, "We could well get along with 70% less preachers than we have; what we need is more living and less preaching." As we look about us we are made to realize that this statement contains much truth. In other words, it is saying that only 30% of the preachers are what they ought to be. What a sad picture of the conditions prevailing behind the sacred desk.

Let us cast our eyes, however, on the opposite side of the pulpit at the ones who make up the mass of witnesses of Christ and His power to justify and cleanse. Do we not behold a similar calamity? As I think of this appalling tragedy my heart cries out, "God grant it that I may always be found in the 30% group." Are we as holiness young people in the class of the oral witnesses or with the living witnesses? May God help us to ever covet the association of the latter group although it be a minority. I believe that we as young people are concerned about the great need of revival—a rekindling of a spiritual fervour among our oral witnesses that they may really possess the blessing and become true living witnesses. With a transfer of the members of the majority group to the present minority of spirit-filled witnesses, we would have a revival in our midst whose expanding borders we could not control.

Do we personally need to make the transfer? So often we class ourselves as Christians, as living witnesses, when, perhaps, if our lives were closely examined we would be embarrassed with the findings. The words of this little poem, "A Christian," should cause us to examine ourselves honestly before God and line up as He gives us the light that we may be brands usable in the kindling of a revival.

Could I be called a Christian
If everybody knew
My secret thoughts and feelings,
And everything I do?
Oh, could they see the likeness
Of Christ in me each day?
Oh, could they hear Him speaking
In every word I say?

Could I be called a Christian
If everybody could know
That I am found in places
Where Jesus could not go?
Oh, could they hear His echo
In every song I sing?
In eating, drinking, dressing,
Could they see Christ in me

Could I be called a Christian
If judged by what I read,
By all my recreations
And every thought and deed?
Could I be counted Christlike
As I now work and pray
Unselfish, kind, forgiving
To others every day?

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Give the world one-half of Sunday and you will soon find that religion has no stronghold on the other half.—Ramsey Macdonald.

INSIDE OUT

By Randolph Nicholson
(Continued)

Dr. Steen was plump, and well past forty, with piercing black eyes and a kindly face. His reputation as an evangelist was won by the lasting results which were obtained through his ministry. He was not satisfied to line his altars with penitent seekers, but ever sought to lead them on to complete consecration, and heart holiness. So it was on this Saturday night, early in the campaign, that he spoke from the text: "Ye fools, did not He that made that which is without make that which is within also?"

Belinda was sitting about midway up the aisle when the text was read. The words had no more effect on her than many others had of late. She was more or less conscious of how she looked, and chiefly of how she looked to the young man who was sitting with Dorothy, just two seats ahead of her.

The speaker applied his text to the moral living man first, and still that particular person just two seats ahead had not as much as looked back out of the corners of his eyes. But when the two types of Christians were pictured, Belinda, somehow, began to take notice.

On one side of the pulpit the minister pictured a person who was the exact image of herself. He explained why some Christians had made ideals out of the exterior things of life, was because their hearts were filled with selfishness, jealousy and pride: There was a heart pull for the outside things of life, but because of the hidden corruption, there was no overflow. Belinda hung her head, for the first time she saw what an octopus she was. She felt as if everyone must be looking at her.

However, the verbal artist had started to build up another portrait, of those who having their inner life washed clean by the blood of Christ, give up naturally to the world the flow from the purified heart—like the perfume from some fragrant flower. Bit by bit, this last character took on the likeness of Dorothy. She saw now how the other girl's beauty exceeded hers.

"Young People!" The preacher had raised his voice: "You are far more attractive when you have a pure heart than you are if you were the most beautiful person in the world!"

"Inside out," whispered Belinda. "I have found the secret to Dorothy's hold on Lloyd." A wave of happiness passed over her, replacing the humility of a few minutes before. She glanced toward that certain portion of the second seat ahead and detected a slight flicker of an eyelid, and a casual straightening of the head.

"He has told the evangelist about you," whispered a little voice, from apparently nowhere.

This suggestion caused her to stop breathing for a few seconds—the stimulant had suddenly become a depressant. She felt weak, ashamed. But the slight outward signs of her emotions were soon brushed aside; she regained her haughty poise, and with only the flashing sparks in her brown eyes to reveal the furious tumult in her breast, she gazed straight forward over the heads of the people. "What deceptive wretches humans can be!" she breathed behind her clenched teeth.

At the first opportunity, she slipped out of

the church and dashed for her room. "The brute!" she told the girl in the cracked mirror. For a full five minutes she glanced at her own visage, hating Dorothy, Lloyd, and everyone. Even hating herself. She had to depress the desire to tear at her clothes, at her face—that face that had caused her all the trouble—had made her the selfish wretch she was. At last she dropped on her knees beside the bed, and between sobs and vehement vows that she would never go to that church again, never stay at the college another week, she tried to pray. After struggling this way until after midnight, she finally managed to drag her weary body out of her clothes, and into bed, where she tossed restlessly until nearly morning, when at last she fell into an exhausted sleep.

(To be continued)

DON'T

Walter E. Isenhour

Don't think you're beautiful without,
If you are vile within;
Don't travel on the road of doubt
And hope in life to win;
Don't seek the pleasures of the earth
And hope to gain a crown;
Don't think you'll live a life of worth
If evil has you down.

Don't think you're noble and sublime
If you are full of pride;
Don't hope in life to rise and climb
By drifting with the tide;
Don't stop because the way seems closed
That leads to Heaven's height;
Don't go the way that's least opposed
And think you're going right.

Don't think you're making great success
Because you're getting rich;
Don't think because you're in distress
You're down in failure's ditch;
Don't go the way you know is wrong
And think you'll win the race;
Don't think because you're with the throng
You've found in life your place.

Don't think with habits that are vile
You'll climb the hill of fame;
Don't think because a wrong's in style
It cannot hurt your name;
Don't think with hatred in your heart
That you are heaven bound;
Don't stop for persecution's dart
If God and truth you've found.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE

Read the Bible, not as a newspaper, but as a home letter.

If a cluster of heavenly fruit hangs within reach, gather it.

If a promise lies upon the page as a blank check, cash it.

If a prayer is recorded appropriate it, and launch it as a feathered arrow from the bow of your desire.

If an example of holiness gleams before you, ask God to do, as much for you.

If the truth is revealed in all its intrinsic splendor, entreat that its brilliance may ever eradicate the hemisphere of your life.—F. B. Meyer.