

"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.

THE LITTLE CANDLE

One night a man took a little candle out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to climb a long, winding stair. "Where are you going?" asked the little candle.

"Away high up," said the man; "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are we going to do up there?" said the candle.

"We are going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," said the man; "for we stand right here at the entrance of the harbor, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking for our light even now."

"Alas, no ship could ever see my light," said the candle, "for it is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning, and leave the rest to me."

When the man got to the light-house, he took the little candle and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready with their polished reflectors behind them.

"Oh, oh," said the little candle, "if I had not kept my light burning the big lamps would never have been lighted when we came up here, would they?"

The Light-keeper smiled and all he said was, "Little candles never know when they're going to be needed. That is why they must keep their lights bright and burning, and be ready to help when called upon."

This is only a simple story but what profound truth we are able to recognize. Oft-times the devil comes to us and attempts to get us wondering if there is any use in 'our' living a life of separation from the world and sin, of keeping 'our' lamps trimmed and burning. He has us thinking that it is all right for so-and-so, he is the Y. P. President, or she is a Sunday-School teacher, but I don't seem to have anything special to do. Let us not be weary in well-doing, perhaps a short ways down the road of life God has a plan to execute which can only be performed if we are whole-heartedly yielded to Him. Perhaps there is a single soul who will be attracted by our steady glow, and having received a spark of faith, hope or charity from our little candle will get on fire for God and be a tremendous blessing to the cause of God with their talents which we do not possess.

Yes, ours may be only a small corner and may not attract much glory to ourselves but if we faithfully shine in that corner it will bring glory to God here below and ourselves a reward in that home on high.

"I cannot do great things for Him
Who did so much for me,
But I should like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto Thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be."

HOLD ON

Hold on for your life!!
Hold on your Savlation!
Hold on to the Bible!
Hold on to prayer!
Hold on to personal virtue and all the principles of everlasting righteousness.—The Classmate.

MISS MARY CAMPBELL'S ITINERARY (TENTATIVE)

February 5, 6, 7—Hartland Circuit.

February 9—Ft. Fairfield, Presque Isle, Perth.

February 11, 12—Crawford and Calais.

February 13—Jonesport.

February 14—Beals.

February 16—Black's Harbour.

February 17, 18, 19, 20—Grand Manan.

February 23—Port Maitland, Brazil Lake, Sandford.

February 25—Woods Harbour.

February 26—Havelock.

February 28—Moncton.

March 1—Amherst.

March 2—Westchester.

We regret the complete itinerary did not reach us in time for publication. Previous to Feb. 16th Miss Campbell visited all churches of District No. 1. Killams Mills, Salem, Head of Millstream and Saint John of District No. 2; Calais, Crawford, Jonesport and Beals of District No. 3.

EDITOR

PURITY

The Rev. J. R. Miller gives a very striking and interesting illustration of what true purity really is.

A man of his acquaintance was going down a coal mine with a party of friends. On the side of the gangway grew a plant that was perfectly white. The visitors were all astonished that there, where the coal dust was continually flying, this little plant should be so pure and white.

One of the party took a handful of black coal dust and threw it over the flower, but not a particle adhered to it. The visitors themselves repeated it, but the dust would not cling. There was a wonderful covering of protection over the flower to which no specks would adhere. Living amid all this dirt and grime, nothing could stain its snowy whiteness.

This is a true picture of what every Christian should be. We are compelled to live in this world of sin and uncleanness, yet, with it all, God can keep us spotless in His sight.

If He can keep a flower as stainless and as white as snow in such circumstances, can He not also keep us?

CAPT. IVAN HALSEY

IF—

If the whole world copied you,
Copied to the letter—
Would it be a nobler world,
With deceit and meanness hurled
From it altogether?
Would selfishness and envy fade,
And in the room their absence made,
Would love come into view?
Tell me, if it followed you—
Would the world be better? —Sel.

There is no language in the world more eloquent than a Godly life. Men may doubt what you say, but they will believe what you do?

INSIDE OUT

By Randolph Nicholson
(Continued)

The late morning sun shining in her room finally roused her to the consciousness of a new day. For a time she gazed blankly about the room, trying to convince herself that memories were only dreams, but the disordered heap of clothes on a chair was a clear evidence of her unusual retirement. Footsteps were rhythmically tapping down the hallway outside her door. She glanced at her watch. It was church time. A feminine hand tapped on the door panel.

"Yes."

"Coming to church with me this morning, Belinda?" It was Dorothy's voice, low and kind in her inquiry.

"No. I-I'm not feeling well." Belinda squirmed under the covers uncomfortably. "Why did she have to bother."

"Oh, I'm sorry," came the sympathetic response. "Could I do something? May I come in?"

"Oh no—Dorothy—please. I'll be all right."

The girl in bed held her breath, color rising to her cheeks. There was a noticeable hesitation outside her door, and then the sound of footsteps, slowly at first, but faster as they approached the front entrance. Belinda slipped out of bed, and peered out the window. Her surmise was correct—Lloyd was coming down the path, but before she could withdraw, he had looked up and waved, almost eagerly. She jerked herself back, however she thought of herself and returned his wave, trying to appear nonchalant in her actions. Through the curtains she saw Dorothy join him, and her heart ached with jealousy and disappointment. But somehow the resentment of the night before had almost burned out. "Perhaps they were really interested in her spiritual life."

She went down to the dining room for dinner, for the purpose of avoiding a noticeable absence from that room, rather than from hunger. The desire for food seemed to have left her at the present. Dorothy and Lloyd were not there. She felt a jealous curiosity over their temporary withdrawal, but she also felt relieved.

All Sunday afternoon was spent in her room amidst a whirlwind of tumultuous thoughts. She had regained somewhat her usual egotistic mode of thinking, but in spite of her intentions to disregard her convictions of the night before, the truth of that message was continually before her. Until finally, she decided she was not only ignoring the thing that would bring more happiness to her own life, but it was likely the thing that would exalt her in the eyes of Lloyd. She had been seeking to find out for months what was the appeal in Dorothy's make-up, now why should she turn it down because of her pride. With these thoughts settled in her mind she began looking forward, somewhat nervously, to the evening service.

(To be continued)

DON'T LIE IN IT

If you are tempted to do wrong—fly from it! Remember, it is not falling into the water, but lying in it, that drowns.