

"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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Woodstock, N. B.

THREE SCENES

By Dr. Simpson,
the Inventor of Chloroform

When I was a boy at school I saw a sight I can never forget—a man tied to a cart and dragged before the people's eyes through the streets of my native town, his back torn and bleeding from the lash. It was a shameful punishment. For many offenses? No; for one offense. Did any of the townsmen offer to divide the lashes with him? No; he who committed the offense bore the penalty all alone. It was the penalty of a changing human law, for it was the last instance of its infliction.

When I was a student at the university, I saw another sight I can never forget—a man brought out to die. His arms pinioned, his face was already pale as death—thousands of eager eyes were on him as he came up from the jail in sight. Did any man ask to die in his room? Did any friend come and loose the rope and say, "Put it around my neck, I die instead?" No; he underwent the sentence of the law. For many offenses? No, for one offense. He had stolen a money parcel from a stage-coach. He broke the law at one point, and died for it.

I saw another sight I shall never forget—myself a sinner, standing on the brink of ruin, condemned to eternal punishment in the lake of fire. For one sin? No; for many, many sins committed against the unchanging laws of God. I looked again, and behold Jesus Christ became my Substitute. He bore in his own body on the tree all the punishment of my sin. He died on the cross that I might live in the glory. He suffered the just for the unjust that He might bring me to God. He redeemed me from the curse of the law. I sinned and was condemned to eternal punishment; He bore the punishment and I am free. And I found in him not only my Substitute, but the full supply of every need of life.

I long to tell of this Saviour for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. (Acts 4:12).

"For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5:7).

I AM A CHRISTIAN BECAUSE:

It is the best way to live.
It pays the greatest dividends.
It is the happiest life.
It is the most satisfying life.
It gives peace and joy.
It is the way to heaven.

FOR YOUNG CANADIANS

"Keep Looking to Jesus," He never can fail
And walk in His footsteps in every detail:
The world's main allurements will vanish from
sight

By "looking to Jesus," your Saviour and Light.

"Read Daily Your Bible," if you would be
strong

To witness for Jesus and overcome wrong;
"The Author," "the Book" and "the doer"
abide,

But they who neglect it will surely backslide.

"Pray Without Ceasing." This will bring you
to Him

Who cleanses and keeps you a victor o'er sin;
There's nothing so great that our God cannot
do,

And nothing so small but He'll undertake too.

"Confess Him to Others," be bold for your
King

To those who are lying in darkness and sin;
What help can you better to all recommend,
Than this blessed Jesus—the needy one's
Friend?

"Do Something for Jesus," he did all for you,
Your joy find in willing his sweet will to do;
So seeking to please him through life day by
day
His presence shall gladden each step of your
way.

—J. McIntosh, in Joy Bells.

HOW SHALL WE ANSWER?

"How long is it," asked an old Mohammedan woman in Bengal, "since Jesus died for sinful people? Look at me. I am old. I have prayed, given alms, gone to the holy shrines, become as dust from fasting, and all this is useless. Where have you been all this time?"

The cry was echoed from the icy shores of the farthest Northwest Territory. "You have been many moons in this land," said an old Eskimo to the Bishop of Selkirk. "Did you know this good news then? Since you were a boy? And your father knew? Then why did you not come sooner?"

It was heard in the snowy heights of the Andes. "How is it," asked a Peruvian, "that during all the years of my life I have never before heard that Jesus spoke these precious words?"

It was repeated in the white streets of Casablanca, North Africa. "Why," cried a Moor to a Bible seller, "have you not run everywhere

with this Book? Why do so many of my people not know of the Jesus whom it proclaims? Why have you hoarded it to yourselves? Shame on you!"

It is the cry from the four winds. How shall we answer it?
—Sel.

EASTER

Since Christ arose
All nature wears a changed face,
Each opening bud proclaims His grace,
And morning stars to Him give praise—
Since Christ arose.

Since Christ arose
Are banished every doubt and fear,
And life and death are not so drear;
The towers of Paradise appear—
Since Christ arose.

Since Christ arose
A wondrous prospect meets our view,
For all the sons of God rise, too,
And heaven and earth shall be made new
Since Christ arose.

—Lida E. Voight.

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CHRISTIANS GROW COLD

I saw once lying side by side in a great workshop two heads made of metal. The one was perfect. All the features of a noble, manly face came out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty; in the other scarcely a feature could be recognized; it was all marred and spoiled. "The metal had been allowed to grow a little too cool, sir," said the man who was showing it to me. I could not help thinking how true that was of many a form more precious than metal. Many a young soul that might be stamped with the image and superscription of the King, while warm with the love and glow of early youth, is allowed to grow too cold, and the writing is blurred and the image is marred.

—Canon Shore.

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