

"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.

Rev. H. R. Ingersoll

Yarmouth, - - - N. S.

FORGIVE US OUR CHRISTMASSES

As the snow blows swiftly by the window and the wind howls noisily around the corners, our minds are drawn to the approaching Christmas season.

Many thoughts run to and fro in our thinking when we ponder such a joyous season. We see snow laden trees, brightly shining lights, neatly wrapped parcels, golden brown roast turkeys surrounded by plates of well cooked vegetables — we hear the chime of bells, the strain of sweet carols and the happy laughter of children—yes, there comes a stream of memories and expectations too numerous to mention.

Along with all this we recall incidents which took place during former seasons of festivity. The one which catches my attention at the moment is the one where a small boy was saying his prayers at the end of Christmas Day. He had awakened early and played all day with the many toys which he found around the tree. When night came how he hated to go to bed and leave all the play things. As he got down by his bed side his little mind was full of the day's activities and he mixed up his prayer so that in place of the usual, "Forgive us our trespasses" he prayed, "Forgive us our Christmases."

It was a child like mistake but not so childish as it at first appears. As we think of the Christmas seasons which go by without the proper commemoration by us as Christians I feel that countless numbers of adults would be justified in praying the same simple prayer. We are swept away by the commercial spread. We are engulfed by the giving and receiving of gifts, a thing in itself quite proper when kept in its rightful place. Our hustle in the activities of the festive season takes our attention from the central theme, the Christ-child, and His glorious mission.

May it not be necessary for us to pray, after this year's festivities have gone by, as did the little one whose mind was filled with material things, but may we worship Him, who gave His all for us, with a sincere heart.

We trust that we shall keep the emphasis rightly placed, and I feel sure that if we do it will be the most joyous and blessed Christmas that we have ever experienced. As editor, we take this opportunity to wish you one and all the merriest Christmas ever and may its spirit linger with you throughout the New Year.

My gladdest thought for Christmas tide,
Is that the love of God so wide,
Taking the whole world in its thought
And giving all that Christ has brought,
Can enter, fill, and use each heart,
That wishes thus to have a part
In ministry of love to bring
The world to God through Christ our King.
—Sel.

"This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual
peace."
—Milton.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To all our young people, and all readers of the Y. P. Page the Editor extends best wishes for a happy Christmas.—H. R. I.

CHRISTMAS

The birth of our Christ was like the rising of the sun after a long, dark stormy night. So loud was the voice of the thunder, so vivid were the lightnings' flashes, and so furious were the winds, that every heart feared and trembled, and longed and prayed for the dawning of the day. It looked as if it would never come. That awful night seemed to be an everlasting night. But it did come; and the little child, sobbing in its mother's arms, ceased to sob; the anxious mother became herself again, and strong men, unused to fear, looked toward the sun-glinted hills of the east, and rejoiced at the end of that fearful night. Even so, when men were wrapped in a moral and spiritual gloom, darker than nature ever knew, the "Sun of righteousness" came with healing in His wings, and gave us light and life, hope and heaven, and well may we celebrate that great event.

—Rev. M. M. Davis.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

An old legend says that Joseph of Arimathea established a church at Glastonbury, England, and that from his staff which he stuck in the ground there sprang up a miraculous hawthorn bush, which ever afterward blossomed on Christmas in memory of his sanctity and labours. Our homes have Christmas trees laden for the pleasure of our children, but should not we, as "trees of righteousness," produce at this season blossoms of praise, thanksgiving, benevolence and love of adoration of our blessed Saviour who loved us and gave himself for us? Blossoms which will produce "fruits of righteousness" to His glory.

—John Gordon.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS

"Lift up yourselves to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of your husband that it is worthy of being an offering to God. Count it a privilege to make that offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life, having been born anew into his divinity, as he was born into our humanity on Christmas Day.

—Phillips Brooks.

To get the most out of Christmas, give the most to Christmas.

The Christmas star has five points; love, happiness, thoughtfulness, generosity, gratitude.

There is no historical mention of a Christmas tree before 1605 and the first Christmas card was printed as recently as 1843.

CHRIST'S REAL MESSAGE

A great American Indian chief told us this story: "There once came a preacher who wished to show us that there is a God. We answered: 'Do you think we don't know that? Go back where you came from.' Another came and said: 'You must not steal, you must not get drunk, you must not lie.' We answered: 'You fool! Do you think we don't know that? Teach that first to the people you belong to.' After that came Christian Henry Fauch to my hut and said: 'The Lord of heaven bids me say he will make you blessed, and deliver you from your misery; for this purpose he became man and shed his blood.' As soon as he had done speaking, he lay down quietly by my bow and tomahawk and slept as sweetly as a child. Ah! I thought, what a man is that! I could strike him dead, but he has not a fear. I could not forget his words. I dreamed in my sleep of the blood of Christ shed for me. Thus through grace the awakening among us began. Therefore, I say, preach Christ our Saviour and his sufferings if you would find an entrance among the heathen."

—Epworth Herald.

BETHLEHEM

As shepherds watched their browsing flocks by night

And talked together in the moon's pale light
Of all the wondrous stories they had heard,
Sanctioned by the law—the Holy Word—
That for the world and such poor men as
them

A Saviour would be born in Bethlehem,—
In mute bewilderment they gazed afar
And in the distant east they saw a star
Whose radiance seemed to them more bright
Than all the other watchstars of the night;
Astonishment was marked on every face
As dumb with fear each shepherd held his
place.

They look again—but now, not now the star,
They seem to see the gates of heaven ajar
And from the gilded portals comes a train
Of herald angels, who sing forth the strain
That Satan to the depths of hell is hurled,
There's peace on earth and good-will rules
the world.

—D. C. Caldwell.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

GIVE

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that he himself said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts 20:35).

"But this I say, He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

Let each man do according as he hath purposed in his heart: not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver.

And God is able to make all grace abound unto you; that ye, having always all sufficiency in everything, may abound unto every good work." (2 Cor. 9:6-8 R. V.)