

"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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Yarmouth, - - - N. S.

FREE COURSE OF STUDY

In an endeavour to encourage more Bible study among our young people a skeleton outline has been worked out on the missionary journeys of St. Paul, giving Scripture references and map briefs. This course should be very interesting for young people of all age levels.

If you are interested in trying this course in your society I would be more than pleased to hear from you. Drop me a line stating the number of young people that are attending so that I may send the correct amount of material. I will send more particulars as regards to instructions with the material.

Why not begin the New Year in the missionary spirit? The material is free for the asking.

God bless you all and give you a Merry Christmas and a very prosperous New Year in the things of God.

WILLIAM MORGAN,
President Y. P. A.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF MEDITATION

"Do you think that Christ came down and died just to tell you to do the best you can?"

"God will not give the supreme things to those who are not looking after the little things."

"Have you ever seen a Christian who said, 'I'm sorry for what I have sacrificed for Christ'?"

"Love ever gives and forgives."

"You can't boast about a gift, but you can rejoice in it."

"There is nothing better that God can do; and there is nothing better that God can give, than He has already done, and has already given."

A RECIPE FOR CHRISTMAS PUDDING

"Take some human nature—as you find it,

The commonest variety will do—

Put a little graciousness behind it,

A lump of charity—or two.

Squeeze in just a drop of moderation:

Half as much frugality—or less,

Add some very fine consideration,

Strain off all poverty's distress.

Pour some milk of human kindness in it,

Put in all the happiness you can,

Stir it up with laughter every minute,

Season with good-will toward every man,

Set it on fire of hearts affection,

Leave it with kisses,—for confection,

Sweeten with a look from loving eyes.

Flavour it with children's merry chatter,

Frost it with the snow of wintry dills,

Place it on a holly-garnished platter,

Serve it with the song of Christmas bells."

—Missionary Gospel Herald



KEEPING CHRISTMAS

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death, and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem so many years ago is the image and brightness of Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always? Remember, you can never keep it alone.

H. VAN DYKE

TO YOU PERSONALLY

Your Y. P. Editor takes this opportunity to wish you the Merriest Christmas you have ever experienced. May your soul be greatly enriched as the rays of light from the giver of every good and perfect gift penetrate into the depths of your heart as never before filling it with love and all spiritual blessings.

H. R. I.

DAVID HAS A CHRISTMAS

David stood aghast! His eyes sparkled and he seemed to "devour" the tree with his eyes. The tinsel, the lights—and the gifts were so lovely. Harry's toys were scattered everywhere. A gleaming tricycle stood near the tree—and there was a train, and cars, trucks and airplanes.

"What did you get for Christmas, Davie?" asked Mrs. Fuller kindly.

"Nothin'," he replied.

"Didn't you have a new sled?"

"Yup, but daddy gave that to me last week."

Little Harry not quite realizing the situation, but always willing to share, started offering toys to Davie to play with.

Davie scarcely had the ability to appreciate the big things, as the trike and train, but he contented himself for a long time, with a tiny tractor.

It was late Christmas afternoon, and although everyone had eaten bountifully at noon—they were ready to do their duty by a "lunch."

Davie was asked to stay. He didn't have to go ask his mother, for his mother never did know where he was. It was necessary, however, to scrub his hands and face—and the place showed where Mrs. Fuller stopped.

He sat at the table, holding his fork awkwardly. It was common neighborhood knowledge that the children (yes, Davie was six, and had two older and four younger brothers and sisters) in his home never used silverware. Hands were for the purpose of picking up what you wanted—so why not food.

David ate and ate. There had been little food in that home. Most of the money had been spent on liquor and cigarettes.

Davie experienced a new joy that night, too. He went to the Christmas program with the Fullers. Davie was only six, but keen.

He silently watched the manger scene acted by the younger children. He heard the recitations about Jesus.

On the way home that night he said to Mrs. Fuller: "I've had a good time today, but you know, I've never heard about Jesus before. Will you take me with you again so I can hear more about Him?"

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BOYS AND GIRLS—This story is based on fact. There was a boy who we shall call Davie—and he had no Christmas. He may have lived right in your neighborhood in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Maine. You see, we don't have to wait to grow up to go to Africa to be missionaries. We have lots of neighbors in our own town who don't know about Jesus. You told them about that new doll, or electric train you got for Christmas, didn't you? Then, why not tell them about Jesus? Jesus is God's greatest gift to us, and he gave it that we might go to Heaven if we love Him while we live here on earth. Now that is wonderful, so shouldn't we just want to tell others about Him?

What can I give Him,

Poor as I am?

If I were a shepherd

I would give a lamb.

If I were a wise man

I would do my part.

What can I give Him?

I'll give Him my heart.

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