

"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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THE PRINT OF THE NAILS

There is a strange legend of old St. Martin. He sat one day in his monastery cell, busily engaged in his sacred studies, when there came a knock at the door. "Enter," said the monk. The door opened and there appeared a stranger of lordly look, in princely attire. "Who art thou?" asked St. Martin. "I am Christ," was the answer. The confident bearing and the commanding tone of the visitor would have overawed a less wise man. But the monk simply gave his visitor one deep, searching glance, and then quietly asked, "Where is the print of the nails?" He had noticed that this one indubitable mark of Christ's person was wanting. There were no nail-scars upon those jeweled hands. And the kingly mien and the brilliant dress of the pretender were not enough to prove his claim while the print of the nails was wanting. Confused by this searching test-question, and his base deception exposed, the prince of evil—for he it was—quickly fled from the sacred cell.

This is only a legend, but it suggests the one infallible test that should be applied to all truth and to all life. There is much in these days that claims to be of Christ. There be those who would have us lay aside the old faiths, and accept new beliefs and new interpretations. How shall we know whether or not to receive them? The only true test is that with which St. Martin exposed the false pretensions of his visitor: "Where is the print of the nails?" Nothing is truly Christ unless it bears this mark upon it. A gospel without a wounded, dying Christ is not a gospel. The atonement lies at the heart of Christianity. The cross is the luminous centre, from which streams all the light of joy, peace and hope. That which does not bear the marks of the Lord Jesus cannot be of Him.—J. R. Miller.

EASTER

Three days and nights the shadow of a cross
The Holy City held in dark embrace,
For earth could not forget its tragic loss,
Or from its memory erase a Face.
Forgotten were the two who with Him died,
And Him with wondrous words the people
praised;
But God remembered three were crucified,
That for the two the middle cross was
raised,
And heaven's highest court convened to view
The lower court's decision of His guilt;
Examination proved His witness true,
On false assumption had the case been
built,
And to prevent a world calamity,
On Easter day declared the Prisoner free.
—Ralph B. Davie.

PROOF ENOUGH

Two religious young men were discussing the resurrection, telling each other why it was impossible for them to accept the doctrine. Then Deacon Myers came passing by, and in a joking way one of the young fellows called to him: "Say, Deacon, tell us why you believe that Jesus rose again!" "Well," he replied, "one reason is that I was talking with Him for half an hour this very morning." We all may have experiential proof of His resurrection and presence.

HE DIED FOR ME

A man superintending the erection of a monument in a country graveyard was asked why he erected it. His reply was, "He died for me!" He had taken the place of his neighbor when he was drafted for service in the Civil War because he had no one dependent upon him while his neighbor friend had a wife and several small children looking to him for support. The substitute had lost his life in battle. Do we so remember the one who so freely gave His life a ransom for us all? Words chiseled in marble showed this man's appreciation of his sacrifice. We can show our gratitude by being living monuments for Him in the living of a life of consecration and loving service.—Sel.

SINCE CHRIST AROSE

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!
—L. E. Voight.

THOUGHTS WORTH REMEMBERING

There is nothing so powerful as example.
We put others straight by walking ourselves.

Heaven will be a lonesome place for those
who do not like common people.

No man has a poorer outlook than he who
is on the look out for himself only.

Christ can help us make the best use of the
few or many talents God has given us.

BIBLE BRINGS COMMUNITY GOOD

A young lawyer, an infidel, boasted that he was going out west to locate in some place where there were no churches, Sunday schools or Bibles. Before the year was out he wrote to a classmate, a young minister, begging him to come out where he was and start a Sunday school and preach, and "be sure to bring plenty of Bibles," closing with these words: "I have become convinced that a place without Christians and Sabbaths and churches and Bibles is too much like hell for any living man to stay in."—Record of Christian Work.

MY FAVORITE QUOTATION

This issue's quotation submitted by
Eileen Flanders

Give what thou hast
Thou shalt have the best
Who bless others is himself most blessed.
—R. F. Pechey.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

How about a little Bible study? You know we'd really ought to know a lot about our Bible—after all, it's our spiritual text-book.

THE LESSON OF SIX'S

Do you know how many books there are in the Bible? That's it, count them, then perhaps you'll remember. There are 66. Do you know, too, that there are about 36 authors that wrote the different books of the Bible? Then there's another 6 — and that's 16, the Bible covers approximately 16 centuries, or 1600 years.

THE EASTER LILY

Did you ever think very much about the Easter Lily, children? How lovely it is! And do you think that it just happens that this lovely flower is in bloom for Easter? I think perhaps God has it to remind us, how like the Lily, our Lord Jesus is! You know, our Saviour has been referred to in the Bible as the Lily of the Vallies.

First we notice that the lily is white—pure white. And cannot we say that about our Jesus? His life was pure and holy, without sin. And then, you know, the lily has a fragrance. Put one in a room, and soon the room is full of its delightful fragrance. Shouldn't we, as Christians be like that? Our lives should be so sweet, because of our love for Christ that others know that we are serving our Lord.

Now again, I want to notice something else that makes the lily remind us of our risen Saviour. In order to have a lily, you plant a bulb in the ground. That bulb is a homely little thing, and looks to be without life. However, up from the ground comes this beautiful flower. And so it was with our Christ. He was laid in the tomb, dead, after his crucifixion. For man, this would have been the end—but Jesus, the Son of God, triumphed over death. The third day He arose from the dead, and lived and walked and talked with His friends and disciples. How wonderful!

We might say with the hymn writer:
I serve a risen Saviour, He's in the world to-day,
I know that He is living, no matter what men say.

And again:
You ask me how I know He lives,
He lives within my heart!

Children, during this wonderful, victorious Eastertide, let us learn to know Jesus better. If we are already serving Him, let us determine to do so more carefully and prayerfully than before. And then, if there are those children who have not opened their heart's door to Him, let me say, it's a wonderful thing to be able to say: "I know what Easter means." I know, because He lives within my heart."

AH! THINK

"Ah, think! to step ashore, and that shore
Heaven;

To clasp a hand outstretched, and that hand
God's;

To breathe new air, and that Celestial air;
To feel refreshed—and know 'tis Immortality,

Ah, think! to pass from storm and stress
To one unbroken calm!

To wake—and find it glory."
—Selected.