

"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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### STOP AND LISTEN!

Take a moment, friend or neighbor—  
Passing stranger may it be—  
To consider, at your leisure  
Things that shortly are to be;  
War on every hand arising,  
Earthquakes of tremendous force,  
Ocean wrecks, with fear and blood-shed  
Now seem scarcely out of course.

Are we growing harder-hearted  
As we hear the awful sound  
Of dissolving nations crumbling  
Under judgment, to the ground?  
On the earth is tribulation—  
Every heart cast down with fear;  
Doubting friend, I beg you, "Hasten!  
For the Bridegroom draweth near!"

If we knew that soon the conflict  
Would be raging in this land—  
Men and women, little children  
Sacrificed on every hand,  
Homes burned down and gardens ruined,  
Things of value thrown away,  
Broken bones, and bandaged members  
Be the order of the day . . .

Would we stop, and look to JESUS?  
Would we raise a cry to Heaven,  
Asking God through His great mercy,  
To accept us as forgiven?  
He, alone, can save the sinner,  
He, alone, can shield your soul;  
And in times of tribulation  
He must have complete control.

All He wants is your surrender—  
Full allegiance to the King,  
Who will shortly come to govern  
Things on earth, and comfort bring.  
Drop your business! Drop your pleasure  
Till you make your peace with God—  
Till you find the path your fathers,  
Following Jesus Christ, have trod!

If you will but look to Jesus,  
Nothing, then, can harm your soul;  
He will hold, protect, and shield you  
While the judgment-thunders roll!  
More than that—He'll take you with Him,  
When He cometh in the air,  
That His everlasting glory  
You, with all His saints, shall share.  
—Author Unknown

### OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD

The little cares that fretted me,  
I lost them yesterday,  
Among the fields above the sea,  
Among the winds at play,  
Among the lowing of the herds,  
The rustling of the trees,  
Among the singing of the birds,  
The humming of the bees.  
The foolish fears of what might happen,  
I cast them all away  
Among the clover-scented grass,  
Among the new-mown hay,  
Among the rustling of the corn  
Where drowsy poppies nod,  
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—  
Out in the fields with God!

### ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM "MYOPIA?"

Pathologists have informed us that myopia is a condition of the eye which hinders an individual from seeing things at a distance. We call it near-sightedness.

In a spiritual sense many suffer from "myopia." They can only see the present, and their plans go little beyond it. They only recognize that which glaringly confronts them. They have not the keenness of vision to see things at a distance—even though they are large.

Some things require greater vision than others, but much of Christian endeavour demands the long-range vision. The type of work determines the kind of vision needed. It seems, however, that the long-range vision is required in the biggest projects.

In particular, we need such a vision for Bethany Bible College.

Perhaps some—may they be few—have not given our college their strongest support because they have not seen its greatness. I am not thinking of the number of students enrolled, nor the number of buildings erected. I am thinking of "Bethany" as an asset to the advance of the kingdom of God. Have you seen "Bethany's" greatness in that sense?

Sitting on the platform of the "Bethany" chapel I have looked into the faces of the students and have been inspired. Yes, I have seen visions. I have seen new churches in the Maritimes. I have seen new advances in old churches. I have seen new converts in Africa, new churches and new native workers. I have seen preachers made better, and lives made richer. All this I have seen at "Bethany."

Is this not the vision God desires us all to have? May we see that when we give to "Bethany" we give to home missions; we give to foreign missions; we give to evangelism; we give to every local church.

"Bethany" is basic to every phase of our future work. It will tremendously influence our success or failure. Let us see that we properly evaluate it.

### AN INTERESTING NOTE

A year has passed since the Reformed Baptist Alliance presented the City of Saint John with a number of young evergreen trees for planting in King Square. Fears for the future of the trees were many, as similar efforts in the past had proved futile.

But these cedar, fir, pine and spruce seedlings are thriving.

The trees came from the Beulah Camp grounds at Brown's Flat and were brought to the city in boxes, planted in their native soil. The city's sanitation department agreed to have the trees, boxes and all set in the earth and the boxes were let down flush with the sod.

So far the trees have all flourished, and they are attracting quite a bit of attention from folks who know of past unsuccessful attempts in transplanting similar trees.

The Beulah Camp trees are on the north side of King Square, at the north-eastern corner. —From the Saint John Times-Globe.

### THE CALL TO BE A MISSIONARY

For my own part I have never ceased to rejoice that God has appointed me to such an

office. People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own best reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter?

Away with such a word, with such a view, and with such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say rather it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness, suffering or danger now and then with a foregoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life, may make us pause, and cause the spirit to waver and sink; but let this only be for a moment. All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in and for us. I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left His Father's throne on high, to give Himself for us.—David Livingstone.

### BUSY

When you get too busy to help a friend;  
When you get too deaf to hear a cry;  
When you get so blind you can look at pain  
With never a tear in your thoughtless eye;  
When your heart gets hard so it doesn't ache,  
And your feet stick firmly to the sod;  
Then you'll make the hearts around you break,  
For you've got so busy you've left out God.  
—Mary R. Lindke.

Under the direction of Rev. H. S. Dow, the pastor, a young people's society was organized at the Head of Millstream Reformed Baptist parsonage, Sept. 30, 1949. The name of the society is "Workers" and the slogan is "I'll Try." The young people are to meet at the homes in the community every Friday night at 7.30. We expect to take some Bible study during the fall and winter.

LEONA McMILLAN,  
Reporter.

### THE BIBLE

A book that exposes me to myself, that tells me all that is in my heart, that lays bare the very deepest moral springs of my nature, that judges me thoroughly, and at the same time reveals to me One who meets my every need—such a Book carries its own credentials with it. It craves not, and needs not, letters of commendation from man. It stands in no need of his favor, in no dread of his wrath.—The British Evangelist.

### NO FUNERALS

I remember when a young man in Chicago I was suddenly called to officiate at a funeral where many of them were unconverted men. I wanted to give something that was perfectly Scriptural and I said, "I will take one of Christ's funeral sermons." So I began to look through the Bible, and I found that Christ never preached a funeral sermon. He broke up every funeral He ever attended; the dead would live whenever they heard Christ's voice. Death could not exist where Christ was.—D. L. Moody.