

"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.

RALLY TALK

- Tom: Say, Joe, did you see the Rally dates for this spring?
- Joe: Yes, and I guess that means no Rally for me this spring. Boy, I'd like to go though. Were you there last year?
- Tom: No, I couldn't get away last year; I was so busy—right in the midst of spring planting. I was rather glad to learn that the Rally was going to be earlier this year. But I wonder why they didn't have it over the 24th as usual.
- Joe: Seems like sort of a silly idea to me. Let's see, on what day does the 24th come on this year?
- Tom: Wait a minute, I've got a calendar in my wallet. Here we are—now let's see, March, April, May 1, 8, 15, 22, 24—Tuesday. Say, do you suppose there won't be any week-end holiday this year? Maybe that's the reason for the change.
- Joe: Perhaps but I still wish it were going to be over the 24th. It would suit me a lot better. They're quite liable to take the holiday Monday instead of Tuesday and that would give me a day away from school.
- Tom: I suppose you're right, but on the other hand, I bet there are a lot who will be benefited by the earlier dates. It will be better for me because we scarcely get started with the spring planting May 15. After that Rally's out for me.
- Joe: I hate to miss it but I guess I'll have to.
- Tom: I wish you could go. Perhaps if you and I went we could persuade Harry to go along. It would do him a world of good. He's a good boy and if he could just see what a good time Christian Young People really have it might do a lot toward getting him saved.
- Joe: Say, Tom, you're right! I never thought about Harry. I'm going to see what I can do. I might have to lose a day at school, but if I keep my work up, I'll be O.K., and it would be worth worlds if we could help Harry to get saved.
- Tom: I wonder what travelling connections are like to Millville.
- Joe: The best way would be to go by car if we could get one. Then we could all chip together and perhaps a whole car load go. Otherwise, I think there is a train meeting the train from Saint John at Fredericton every night and morning except Sunday besides a bus every day connecting with the S.M.T. lines at Fredericton, too. The bus goes up at night and down in the morning; the train runs the opposite way.
- Tom: Say, that sounds all right. Do you suppose George will be down from up-river? He hasn't any car.
- Joe: The train comes down every night and up every morning except Sunday so he's all right.
- Tom: Boy, I'm going to go if I can possibly get there. It will be worth a good deal of sacrifice.
- Joe: You know, I think maybe I can make

it, too. Let's see if we can't get some others enthused about this.

—W. M.

ARE YOU?

A stranger trod the road to Jericho,
That rugged, winding road where oft the thief
Waylaid and brought good citizens to grief.
The robbers beat, then stripped, and laid him low,
Bereft, beset, and marked by cruel blow.
A Priest went by, but offered no relief;
A Levite, too, then came and, past belief,
They left him there, and on their way did go.

The good Samaritan approached, and there
Beside the stricken man, in cruel need,
He demonstrated well the service creed.
He dressed those open wounds, an action rare,
And bound the grievous hurts with extreme care.
To render full measure of his deed,
Unto the wayside inn he turned with speed,
And to the landlord paid the stranger's fare.

Are you the Priest, or yet the Levite, who
Doth pass upon the rugged, winding road,
But offers not to share the stranger's load?
Do you pass by the man in trouble, too,
And turn your back as many folks oft do?
Are you the good Samaritan, whose code
Doth save the man in highway or abode,
To bring him back with strength and courage new?

—Harry Brokaw.

A CONQUEROR

It was up in one of those little fishing villages of the far north, where Dr. Grenfell ministers to the bodies and spirits of the men who "go down to the sea in ships."

There was a fisherman who had recently come to Christ, and he had a new fishing net which he had set out in the sea to catch fish. It was a brand new five hundred dollar net. It was that fisherman's little fortune.

On Sunday morning there came up a great wind with the promise of a storm. Dr. Grenfell, who has the welfare of his fisherfolk at heart, bethought him of that net. He knew that it would be torn to pieces before the day was over; he knew that the loss of it meant poverty for the fisherman and months of hunger and deprivation for his children.

So the doctor went out and found the fisherman and said to him, "Aren't you going to take in your net?" But the fisherman said, "It is Sunday." Dr. Grenfell, who is a wise and sensible man, remembering how the disciples plucked the ears of corn on the Sabbath, and how Christ said: "Who shall there be among you that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out?" pleaded with the fisherman saying: "I think, under the circumstances, it is right for you to bring in the net."

The fisherman answered him, "It might be right for you, doctor, but it wouldn't be right for me. I've been a Christian only a little while, and this is the first time I've had a chance to do anything for the Lord. If I go under at the first temptation, do you think the rest of the folks will ever believe in my kind of Christianity? I said I was ready to give up everything for Christ, and He took me at my

word when He raised this wind on a Sunday."

That afternoon in the little chapel the fisherman passed the collection plate serene and unconcerned; but there was not a man who dropped a penny in the plate who did not think of the net going to rack and ruin out in the wind blown sea. There was not a man but asked himself if he could have done as much.

At midnight the fisherman launched his boat, and in the dawn the doctor met him coming up the wharf. The ragged fragments of the net hung from his arm, but in his face was peace.—Youth's Companion.

LIVING SERMONS

There isn't a word that a preacher can say
No matter how lovely or true,
Nor is there a prayer that his eager lips pray
That can preach such a sermon as you.

You vowed to serve Christ, and men know
that you did,
They're watching the things that you do;
There isn't an action of yours that is hid,
Men are watching and studying you.

You say you're "no preacher"; yes, but you
preach
A wonderful sermon each day;
The acts of your life are the things that you
teach
It isn't the things that you say.

If Christians were Christians, as they do profess,
Men would notice their glorified mien;
And say, "What wondrous things they possess
Who follow the meek Nazarene!"

—Florence Belle Anderson.

WHERE HAVE YOU WRITTEN?

Babe Ruth, the famous baseball player, claims that although he is listed as a famous home-runner, and has written his name on thousands of baseballs, he never got to first base as compared to an obscure old minister whom he knew and loved. "The minister never became famous, and wrote his name on just a few simple hearts, yet how I envy him," Ruth says.—Holiness Journal.

Obstacles are those frightful things you see when you take your eyes off the goal.

You'll not want to miss

Y. P. RALLY

—at—

MILLVILLE, N. B.

May 5—8

Inspiring Music
Soul Stirring Preaching
Christian Fellowship

A man who walks with God always gets to his destination.