

"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. W. L. Fernley
Black's Harbour - N. B.

YOUTH RALLY

A splendid Youth Rally took place at Black's Harbour the week-end of May 17-20. Over 20 churches were represented, and more than 120 visitors were in attendance during the meetings.

Rev. H. R. Parks was the special speaker. Especially interesting were the moving films which he showed of his tour of our South African Mission Field.

Most of the services were in the Black's Harbour High School as the church could not accommodate the people. The meeting was conducted by Robert MacCallum, the vice-president of the Young People's Society. The special singing was of the highest order. It was an inspiration to see so many young people present who testified to Full-Salvation. We were forced to confess that we are not so insignificant as we might sometimes imagine. I doubt whether another Denomination the size of ours has as many young people who definitely know the joy of Salvation. God can use us mightily in the future if we stand true to Him.

It is the duty of the Preacher not only to comfort the distressed but to distress the comfortable.

Wesley said to his preachers, "You may be eloquent, you may be winsome, you may be a good financier, you may be in great demand, but if you do not win souls you are a failure. You are called not to do this or that but to win souls.

LORD, BEND ME! BEND ME!

The Spirit ever bears witness to Calvary. In the Welsh revival, testimony and song bore witness to Calvary. Evan Roberts tells of the great conflict in his soul when he prayed, "Lord bend me! Lord bend me!" He said the thing that alarmed him was that he was unmoved by the story of Calvary. Saved by it, but his sensibilities unmoved by the sufferings of the Saviour. When he cried out, "Lord bend me! bend me!" this was what bent him, that the Lord by the Spirit showed him, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," and that love did not commend itself enough to us to make us sacrifice the world for it, position, or the traditions of the Church. . . . Out of this breaking and bending of Evan Roberts flowed the Fount of the Welsh Revival.

WE NEED A NEW EXPERIENCE

By Vance Havner

I have no fancy name for it but the one thing needful is a brand-new experience of God among His people. I do not care what your favorite name for it may be. We have named it aplenty, but most of us have never known it. The filling of the Spirit, full surrender, consecration, the victorious life, perfect love, revival—whatever you call it—most of us don't have it.

Too much of our orthodoxy is correct and sound but it is like words without tune, statues without songs. It does not stir the wells of the heart. It has lost its hallelujah, it is too much like a catechism, not enough like a camp meeting. We may smile at our spiritual

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forbears, call some of them primitive and antiquated, but they had a vividness and vitality, a fervor and fire, that makes us look like fireflies beside their flaming torches.

A Fresh Work of God

I do not mean that we are to copy their experiences. For one it may be as cyclonic and tempestuous as Finney's dramatic meeting with the Lord. For another it may be as serene as an autumn sunset, as with A. B. Earle when a sweet heavenly peace filled his soul and a calm, childlike trust took possession of his whole being. We may rise from our knees singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" like a camp-meeting Methodist; or we may feel so subdued that we can only whisper "Abide with Me." But whatever form it takes, we need a fresh meeting with God.

For one it may mean nights of prayer, not because God is slow but because we are stubborn. It may mean tears of repentance, for our spiritual eyesight is bad these days and we see better after our eyes are cleared by the saltiness of Godly sorrow. It may mean giving up something that displeases God or undertaking something that pleases God. But whatever may be necessary, one man with a glowing experience of the Lord is worth a library full of arguments.

We are God's witnesses, not His lawyers, and we have been apologetic when we should be apostolic. People do not usually find God at the end of an argument; Simon Peter usually comes to Jesus because Andrew went after him with heavenly compassion and holy compulsion.

Call it what you will, we need a brand-new meeting with God!

Y. P. S. RALLY AT BLACK'S HARBOUR

Another Young People's Rally has come and gone, leaving all those who attended with pleasant memories of a wonderful time and an abundance of spiritual blessing.

Perhaps some of the things that will be remembered most will be the trip through the sardine factory, the odor in the fertilizer room, the boat ride and the few minutes spent on the waves at the entrance to the harbor, plus the Sunday afternoon service at St. George. All this, together with the uplifting

messages by our evangelist, Rev. Ray Parke, and the wonderful hospitality of the Black's Harbour people made up a young people's rally that can be well termed a success from start to finish.

The special musical numbers presented in the services were of the best, and each one seemed to carry its own special message. Those bringing special numbers in songs were: Mrs. Woodard from Beals; Art Woodard, trumpet solo; Stillman Cameron and Belva Ingalls, duet; Stillman Cameron, solo; and the Frederickson Trio. In the service on Sunday afternoon at St. George we were privileged to hear five young people from Beals present an instrumental number which was very much appreciated by all those attending. The Frederickson trio sang also at this afternoon service.

The fact that the Church at Black's Harbour would not hold the crowds of people that came as a tribute to the interest of the people in the Lord's work, we were very grateful that the High School Auditorium was available for the services.

Although there were no souls at the altar the Lord was present in the meetings and the evangelist presented messages that were inspiring and challenging. Everyone seemed to benefit from the Rally and left, more determined and with a greater zeal to serve the Lord.

BOB MacCALLUM,
Vice-President

"GOD'S BANK AIN'T BUSTED YET"

The bank had closed; my earthly store had vanished from my hand,
I felt there was no sadder one than I in all the land.

My washerwoman, too, had lost her little mite with mine,

And she was singing as she hung the clothes upon the line;

"How can you be so gay?" I asked. "Your loss, don't you regret?"

"Yes, ma'am, but what's the use to fret?
"God's bank ain't busted yet."

I felt my burden lighter grow, her faith I seemed to share;

In prayer I went to God's great throne and laid my troubles there.

The sun burst from behind the clouds, in golden splendor set;

I thanked God for her simple words:
"God's bank ain't busted yet."

And now I draw rich dividends, more than my hand can hold,

Of faith, and love and hope and trust and peace of mind untold,

I thank the Giver of it all, but still I can't forget

My washerwoman's simple words:
"God's bank ain't busted yet."

Oh weary one upon life's road, when everything seems drear,

And losses loom on every hand, and skies seem not too clear,

Throw back your shoulders, lift your head and cease to chafe and fret.

Your dividends will be declared:

"GOD'S BANK AIN'T BUSTED YET."

—Mrs. Alice P. Moss