"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.

A LASTING DOG BITE!

Two doors down and across the street from our house lived a German lady who made wonderful taffy candy. All around her house was a high hedge. She kept her hedge trimmed well, but high. This lady not only had a hedge, but she also had a black shepherd dog. This dog was never very friendly, but he stayed away from us children of the neighborhood and we were not too much afraid of him.

My mother gave me a nickel and told me I could go buy some of the beautiful pink taffy candy.

I walked ever so carefully across the street, holding tight to my nickel. As I came up to the hedge and to the entrance to the yard, suddenly a great black dog seemed to fly out at me and before I knew what he was about, I was down on the ground and he was biting my arm very hard.

I cried and cried, but held tight to my nickel, although I did not return for the candy.

It seems that would be the end of the story, but it isn't. The tooth marks of the dog soon disappeared. The dog was always kept chained in the back yard, but never have I been able to get over the fear that dog created in my heart. Even when I see a wee little dog, I am afraid. Now how a wee little dog could throw me down, especially since I'm a big woman, is more than I can understand. Sometimes like last night I'll see a dog coming up to me and I'll start saying to myself, "That dog isn't going to bite you. He isn't even going to pay any attention to you." I kept saying those same words over and over until I was safely past the dog. But all these years I have been fighting imaginary fears. I imagine all dogs are waiting to bite me.

Sometimes we imagine other things than just dog bites. We imagine someone doesn't like us, so we fear going near him. We imagine we are not wanted some place, so we stay away even though we want to go. We imagine we cannot do big things for the Lord, so we do not try.

THE REASONS FOR REVERENCE

We should keep in mind that reverence is an attitude which should normally arise out of our inner minds and hearts. We should not worship things in a sort of "fetish" or stand in awe before them because of an undefinable "mysticism." We should rather see reverence as the outgrowth of basic Christian character and a basic respect for God, for others, and for ourselves.

A Respect for God

Irreverence is a bold admission that we have no respect for God. The root of the concept of reverence and irreverence is in the individual's attitude toward God. Reverence is defined as an "honor or respect felt or manifested." As related to sacred things, reverence is "honor and respect" directed toward God, and irreverence is the lack of it.

Irreverence in church is an admission either that we do not consider it is the house of God or that we do not consider God worthy of our respect. For this reason, there is a close tie-up between Christian experience and conduct in church. There is no excuse for professed Christians being irreverent or disrespectful in worship services. This ought to be the first place in which the new-found love for Christ of a child of God is manifested.

Some have felt that because God did not strike them dead the first time they "cut-up" in church services He is not concerned, and that irreverence has no penalty. But God is not in that business. If the love of a father and mother reaches out in long-suffering when the laws of the home are disregarded, why should we expect God to show any less of an attitude of tolerance?

However, we should not allow ourselves to become presumptuous or careless. Just because God is unseen does not mean that our decorum should be any the less exact. Let us all be conscious that we are constantly under the watchful eye of God and that our love and respect for Him demand utmost respect and reverence.

The church is the place where God meets with His people. We should act in the congregation of worship in a better way than we would act in any other meeting. We should honor the Holy Spirit as He moves in the midst of worshiping people. Particularly is this true during parts of the service as prayer, the invitation, and the altar service. We should feel a sense of the holy atmosphere and the presence of God and act accordingly. Our high respect for God should reflect itself in our conduct.—Herald of Holiness. Rev. W. L. Fernley Black's Harbour - - N. B.

SELF-EXAMINATION

C. W. Buel

Should Christ my Saviour come today Could I go home with Him to stay, And haste to meet Him without shame Because I so revere His name?

Each morning is my day begun And lived to merit His "well done"? Is life's best purpose but to find For all, an answer sweet and kind?

Are those, my intimates who see Sometimes the very worst of me, Assured when all has been assessed By God's good grace I stand the test?

Do I allow vain toil or care Beguile me from the hour of prayer? Or worldly pleasure's cheap reward Detract from Christ my blessed Lord?

God grant that it shall always be

- I bear my trials patiently,
- And may no enemy proclaim
- I ever cause my Saviour shame.

No, nothing I can ever do

- Of works suffice to take me through
- If God this trembling life shall take
- 'Twill only be for Jesus' sake.

THE ALPHABET IN SERMON

Aim high.

Being is even more important than doing. Cultivate cheerfulness.

Do it now.on sold taut stow ered man ad

Every thought, word, and deed leaves some impression behind.

Fear nothing but your own wickedness. Good intentions alone are worthless. Hold fast the right; reject the wrong.

Indolence means failure.

Judiciousness is required in choosing associates. Keeping at it wins success.

Very few dogs ever bite folks! But my fear of dogs has bitten me many times!

-Selected.

REQUEST

Rev. William Kinsbury

- Great Lord of all thy churches, hear Thy minister's and people's prayer; Perfumed by thee, O may it rise Like fragrant incense to the skies.
- Revive thy churches with thy grace; Unite our souls, and grant us peace; Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame With ardent Zeal, for Jesus' Name.
- May young and old thy Word receive; Dead sinners hear thy voice and live; The wounded conscience healing find, And joy afresh each drooping mind.
- May aged saints, matured with grace, Abound in fruits of holiness; And, when transplanted to the skies, May younger in their stead arise.

MISSIONARY THOUGHT

When Livingstone went to Africa, there was a Scotch woman named Mrs. MacRoberts, quite advanced in life, who had saved up thirty pounds, which she gave to the great missionary, saying: "When you go to Africa, I want you to spare yourself exposure and needless toil by hiring some competent body servant, who will go with you wherever you go, and share your sacrifices and exposures."

With that money he hired his faithful servant, known as Sebalwe. When the lion had thrown Livingstone down and crushed the bones of his left arm, and was about to destroy him, this man, seeing his critical condition, drew off the attention of the lion to himself, thinking that he would save his master at the cost of his own life. The Live only one day at a time.

Make each day worth while; something accomplished, something done.

Nothing good comes without striving.

One in the right is equal to one hundred in the

wrong.

Put not off till tomorrow what you should do today.

Quietness in public places is a mark of refinement. Rule yourself before you attempt to rule others. Silence usually accompanies strength.

Truth must be welcomed as such, or we lose sight of her.

Union is power.

Vice is best vanquished with virtue. Wishbone never takes the place of backbone. Xercise is the prime essential of growth. Youth is the time when habits are fixed. Zeal should be preceded by definite knowledge.

-Youth's Instructor.

lion sprang at him, but just at that moment the guns of other companions brought him down and Livingstone's life was prolonged for thirty years. Surely, the noble Scotch woman, as well as the servant, should be credited with some, at least, of the results of the noble devotion of that great missionary.—F. B. Meyer.