

"Let no man despise thy youth,  
but be thou an example . . ."  
I Timothy 4:12

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

Voice of the Reformed Baptist Y. P. A.

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### EDITORIAL

#### ARE YOU IN GOD'S WILL?

That is a significant question. Upon it hinges your success and happiness, and often upon it hinges the salvation of others.

After Jesus' death and resurrection, Peter and the other disciples made the decision to go back fishing. Why they returned to fishing and how long they planned to continue are matters of speculation. But personally I do not think they were in the divine will when they returned to their former occupation: they had an unfulfilled commission and they had an unsuccessful fishing trip ("that night they caught nothing," John 21:3).

I venture to say that God was in that failure. The evidence revealed minutes later indicated that there were fish practically under the boat, but for some reason the disciples did not catch them. Maybe the point of the incident was that the disciples would not succeed at fishing if they neglected the work to which they were called. On the other hand, they would succeed if they were in the divine will, because the miraculous draught showed that it was within God's power to grant success.

Young people, following God and serving men may involve the abandonment of your own plans for life. But remember there is no assurance of success outside the divine will, but within the divine will there are success and happiness. If you work for God, when the Morning of Eternity comes you will not feel the deep disappointment of accomplishing nothing and of labouring in vain.

Young people, oh young people, hear the question again, "Are you in God's will?" Hear it; heed it; and you shall be happy.

C. E. S.

#### FORT FAIRFIELD SOCIETY

Just a brief report from our society at this time may be in order.

New officers were elected, namely:

President—Vesta Cogswell.

Vice Pres.—Georgia Duncan.

Sec. Treas.—Gilda Emery.

Highway Reporter—Helen Smith.

Pianist—Janet DeLong.

Our services are being held during the winter months on Sunday at 6.00 p. m. Some of our young people have gone to Bethany and E. N. C. to further train for God's services, and we also miss Carolyn Cogswell, who is working in Gospel Trumpet Bible House in Indiana.

Nevertheless, God is blessing our services, and many younger ones are coming in to fill up the gap in our ranks.

We trust that as young people we shall all be soul winners and help pray down a real old-fashioned revival.

Helen Smith, Reporter

"Pious wishing and religious talk will not fill the empty wood box, but a sharp ax, applied energetically to the woodpile will turn the trick every time."—O. G. Wilson.

#### Your Inescapable Self

"Be clothed with humility."—I Peter 5:5

Beverly F. Wilson

Are you conscious? Then you are in danger every minute. When Jeremiah said that the "heart is deceitful above all things," he referred to this problem of self-consciousness. There has been a lot of fuzzy thinking among Christian people that has led to misconceptions and ultimately to confusion.

Often we read that God resists the proud; so we shut the door in pride's face only to find that he has come in the back door, put on the garb of humility, and is helping us to close the front door on himself.

When the minister begins to preach on carnal pride that manifests itself in boasting, in bragging on one's spiritual achievements, in publishing the number of hours one spends in prayer, we sit back and say that's great preaching. We pray that God will deliver all these people from carnality. But we fail to realize that our own carnal pride has come in the back door dressed in humility's clothing and is urging us on in our prayers.

Carnal humility is prompted by the same spirit as carnal pride. One is just as evil as the other. When you declare war on one of these enemies you will be in great peril of falling victim to the other. Scriptural humility is the straight and narrow path between these two enemies of the soul. Truly it is so straight and so narrow that few there be that find it.

Humility is not to be confused with an inferiority complex. A feeling of inferiority may make one domineering and quarrelsome. Sometimes it leads one to bluffing and bragging. As strange as it sounds, our brags usually express our weaknesses and our fears. Inferiority often causes a man to be a tyrant in his own home. In society he declares his views with tremendous zeal and is very intolerant of those who disagree with him. He seeks to bolster his own estimation of himself by criticizing others. He has lost confidence in himself.

On the other hand inferiority may express itself by extreme self-debasement. It reduces itself to a rug on which everyone wipes their feet. It causes the individual to feel that everyone can do the task better than he can. Such an individual is not humble but is suffering from an inferiority complex. He will accomplish little or nothing in the kingdom of God.

True humility can never be produced by altering our conduct. The repeating of certain phrases that designate humility and the humble conduct that we determine to exhibit are all outward and can be assumed like the actor on the stage assumes the conversation and conduct of the person he is trying to portray.

True humility is possible only as one becomes God-conscious instead of self-conscious. There is no solution from the self-conscious problem except God-consciousness. As one begins to measure his life by God's standard it brings abasement. When we have done all that the Lord commands us we are still unprofitable servants. As we consistently measure our lives

by God's standards we will not feel either humiliation or pride in the presence of men. In it we shall feel neither superior nor inferior.

"True humility involves an awareness of one's achievements and one's failures . . . one's capacities and one's limitations."

#### THE GIRDLED TREE

Dr. John W. Holland in Sunny Days

For three hundred years an oak had grown. It had witnessed the entire development of the United States. Winter had wrestled with its strength, and summer storms had twisted its boughs. It seemed to thrive on the difficulties that had laid low all the other trees of the forest. One day some mischievous boys took an axe and hacked a circle around the tree. The next spring the tree tried to leaf out, but the little leaves yellowed, and dropped off.

A young man came to a university. Back of him were generations of sober, serious-minded ancestors. This lad looked like a Greek god walking among men. Prizes came to him on the athletic field almost without effort. Samson-like, he pushed his burly way through the various college sports. His breast was not large enough to carry the letters he won.

After twenty years, in a discussion among his former classmates, the question was asked as to why he had so signally failed in life. There was but one answer. Social dissipation girdled him. In a thoughtless hour he had hacked away the strength of ten generations.

Abraham Lincoln is being better understood with each decade. Once when he was surrounded by a lot of drinking companions, he lifted a barrel of whiskey on a wager that he could not. He put his mouth to the bung, but let the whiskey spill to the ground. Then he said to the group, whose mouths were watering for the liquor, "If I were to drink this stuff, I would not have the strength to lift this barrel. You would do well to pour this liquor on the ground, as I started to do, if you wish to remain healthy and strong."

In Chicago one day I walked along Madison Street from Halstead to Canal. Hundreds of idle men thronged the street. A sick feeling came over me as I studied their faces. Bleared of eye, desultory and broken in purpose, some of them were the victims of their own weakness, others were hurt by the sins of their fathers. At the end of the mile walk I could but think, "How beautiful a thing life may become if young men and women will not girdle their lives; how unspeakably hopeless existence will become when it drops into the sag of the lower senses."

Most of our hopeless creatures did not intend to become walking wrecks along the streets of the city's abandoned men and women. Somewhere back along the track, in a weak moment they girdled their strength.

"We may be beaten, but it is never the end until we quit. Races are won in the last lap. Keep your conscience clear, your head up and your chin out and soon the distant goal will be reached."—O. G. Wilson.

The King's Highway