



News and Notes for Young People

Editor: Rev. L. K. Mullen, 172 Pleasant St., Yarmouth, N. S.

Beulah Youth Camp

July 19 to 28th

EVANGELIST AND TEACHER



REV. N. E. TRAFTON, B.A.

Rev. N. E. Trafton is pastor of the Barker's Point Reformed Baptist Church. His extended experience in both preaching and teaching highly qualifies him for Youth Camp work. You will grow in grace under his spiritual Ministry.

REGISTRATION

Anyone between the ages of 12-20 can register. The registration fee is 50 cents.

\$10.00 covers the cost of your 10 day period at Camp.

Registration will be held on Friday afternoon, July 19, at 4 o'clock.



Camp Director

Rev. L. K. Mullen

The King's Highway

FOR THE SAKE OF THE HEATHEN

One day I sat with my Bible open at the Psalm 142 . . . when suddenly the last six words of the fourth verse spoke. They had spoken before on other occasions, but this time they had a new message; there was a strange note in their voice, a great sob. As I sat in my study, held by their message, line after line, verse after verse disappeared until it seemed as though all the Psalm was poured into the meaning of these six words, "No man cared for my soul."

As I listened, I saw the dark shadow of Africa, the thin wasted outstretched arms of India and China, the lonely, sad Isles of the sea. Then I realized that in these words, God was presenting to me the cry of 700 million heathen souls who have not yet heard. It seemed to come as a solemn indictment of the church at home. "No man cared for my soul." Do you care? Here is the measure of your love for God. In the measure I love and sacrifice for those benighted ones, just in that measure I love Jesus, the wonderful Son of God, and only in that measure.

REV. T. WILLIAM READ in
The Alliance Weekly

THE FATHER'S SACRIFICE

A faithful minister and his son were parting at the wharf in Boston. The son was going to be a missionary doctor in Turkey, and the father had come to the wharf to say "good-by" to him. When the *Romanic*, which was the ship in which the son was sailing, began to move, the father, his face wet with tears, bared his white head, and lifting his hand high above the throng, cried, "Good-by, my boy: first Corinthians sixteen, thirteen and fourteen." A hush fell upon the group as once again the father, lifting himself to his full height, shouted, "Stanley, first Corinthians sixteen, thirteen and fourteen. 'Quit you like men, be strong.' Make it your motto for life. God bless you, my boy." And the crowd, in solemn awe, watched what they knew was a great sacrifice. Afterwards the white-haired old minister, who had just given his son for love of God and men, said to one at his side as they walked away together, "Now I know what Moody meant. I heard him say once that before he was a father he preached much about the sacrifice of the Son; but after he became a father he learned to preach above all the sacrifice of the Father. Now I know what he meant."

—The Preacher's Magazine

SOILING THE ATMOSPHERE

The Pacific coast octopus or devilfish can hide itself by clouding the water about it. It has been found that an octopus only a few inches long can cloud fifty cubic feet of water in a few seconds. The power of this creature in surrounding itself with a cloud of inky water is well known.

A man of impure conversation is like one of these creatures. He can soil the atmosphere in the whole social circle. He may not really say anything vile, but he can suggest by a word what will fill the air with evil thoughts.