



News and Notes for Young People

Editor' Rev. L. K. Mullen, Box 723 Woodstock, N. B.

BEULAH YOUTH CAMP 1957

Another Youth Camp has come and gone. Only left are the pleasant memories of spiritual blessings, new-found friends, and Camp associations. The total Camp registration of 100 made possible one of the best Youth Camps yet conducted at Beulah.

With few exceptions, there was strict obedience to the Camp rules. The Campers were co-operative, spiritual, and sincere. Early morning prayer meetings did not cease in the tabernacle with the close of the regular adult Camp. For entirely on their own, a number of Campers met in the early hours of the morning for prayer and devotion around the tabernacle altars. It was a sight worth remembering!

Rev. N. E. Trafton, Camp Evangelist, gave excellent spiritual leadership in both the morning classes and in the evening services. His evening messages were especially helpful to the Campers. Other members of the Camp staff worked in an untiring manner in order to keep the Camp program functioning smoothly and efficiently. Special thanks to Mrs. A. D. Cann who did a really great job as Camp Cook. Thanks also to Miss Uta Chase, Miss Cheryl MacMullin, Miss Vaunda Moore, Mr. Bill LaPointe, and Mr. Gerald Inman.

Mention must be made of the local residents at Beulah who attended the evening services regularly and who added much by way of spiritual and financial support. The fine offering of \$50. on the last Sunday morning made it possible to pay all Camp bills and leave a small balance for Beulah Youth Camp 1958. To those who made this possible, thanks!

Nearly forty Campers found definite spiritual help at the Camp altar. Some found Christ for the first time. Others sought to be sanctified.

There was no serious illness during the Camp and there were no major accidents (Miss Wanda Moore received a broken thumb!). For another wonderful time of worship and recreation we must say, "To God Be The Glory."

L. K. Mullen, Camp Director.

A WISE CHOICE

A very wealthy man called his servants together on his birthday to give them presents. He had a Bible and some twenty-dollar notes. The servants were to make a choice between the Bible and the notes.

First came the gardener, who said, "I would like to have the Bible, but my wife is very sick and I need the money. I will take the note."

The cook said, "I do very little reading, so the Bible would not do me much good. Give me the money."

The coachman said, "I would appreciate having the Bible, but I have some pressing obligations. I believe the money will help me more."

Finally the errand boy came for his gift. The old gentleman asked, "Son, which will you take?"

The boy replied, "I really need the money; but my mother, who has gone to heaven, used to read to me from the Bible. I will take that."

The old gentleman was very much pleased with this

The King's Highway

choice. As he handed the Book to the boy, he said, "God bless you, my son, for your wise choice. I present this Book to you with all its contents."

The servants were still sitting in the presence of their master. The boy slowly opened the pages of the Book. A shining gold piece dropped out. This the boy picked up and handed to the donor of the Book.

"No," said the old man. "Did I not give you the Book with all it contained?" The boy continued to turn the pages, and all along through the Book he found bank notes. When these were counted, there proved to be quite a fortune. The other servants sat back, quite ashamed in the presence of the boy whose choice had meant more than he had known.

So it is when one chooses Christ. It might appear that one is denying himself a great deal and making a sacrifice to become a Christian. One gets more in return when he rejects the world and chooses Christ, than can be seen on the surface. There are hidden treasures in the Christian life that the world does not know about.

BRINGING IN NIGHTINGALES

There was a wealthy gentleman whose travels had brought him to the forests where he was delighted with the song of the nightingale. He was so pleased with the beautiful music of the nightingale that he decided to bring some of these birds to the forests of his own estate, that he might enjoy their music. No nightingale had ever been seen or heard within his woods, but he set himself to woo their presence. He reasoned that, if he should make his grounds perfectly adapted to the comfort and happiness of nightingales, these birds would in some way get the news and they would come. He undertook to make a perfect home for them and trusted nature to do the rest. Accordingly he banished cats and hawks and screech-owls, for the nightingale nests low and sings long and is an easy prey to these enemies. He had many places in the woods scratched up and planted a kind of earthworm of which nightingales are fond. He searched literature on the subject, and every suggestion for making a paradise for these songbirds was at once put into practice.

He waited a whole year and not a note from a nightingale fell upon his ear. Another year passed by and, though the preparation for their comfort went on unceasingly, the invited guests did not appear. When the third springtime came, one evening as the shadows were darkening, his ear was delighted and his heart thrilled with the song of the nightingale. A single pair of birds had found their way to that choice retreat. But they were only the pioneers of multitudes that were to follow them. Before many springs had passed, his woods were so vocal with the songs of these famous birds that his estate was known far and wide as the "Garden of the Nightingales."

Shall we not learn the lesson? If nightingales of tenderness, larks of joy, and holy doves of peace are to sing in our hearts and fill our lives with heavenly music, it must be because every vicious lust, preying appetite, and lurking passion has been banished from the soul and the nature cleansed from all sin.