



BETHANY BIBLE COLLEGE GRADUATION

Beautiful weather dominated the annual graduation week-end of June 15 at Bethany Bible College, Yarmouth, N. S. Parents, relatives and friends from many parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were welcomed to the "Gateway of Nova Scotia" to watch their graduates receive their diplomas launching them out on the sea of life.

The people of the Sandford Reformed Baptist Church spread before the staff, graduates, and guests, a deliciously prepared banquet Saturday evening held in the Y.M.C.A. "Triangle Room". Following the banquet greetings were heard from the President, Rev. W. E. Green, B.A., B.E.D., Rev. B. C. Cochrane, guest speaker from Fredericton, and Rev. H. U. Hutchinson, Yarmouth, N. S. The Class Will was presented by Miss Iris Porter and the Class Prophecy was presented by Mr. Gene MacDonald. These humorous readings added much to the pleasure of the banquet.

The Baccalaureate Service was held Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. The guest speaker, Rev. B. C. Cochrane, addressed the graduates, challenging them to be pure, noble, young people, serving their present age. Monday evening, at the graduation, Mr. Cochrane emphasized the importance of having faith, not only in God, but in themselves and in their fellow man.

The graduation exercises were held in the Zion United Baptist Church. As Miss Moore, B.A., high school instructor, played "The War March of the Priests," the staff and the graduates marched up the aisle making a very impressive sight. The Salutatory was given by Mr. Elwyn Adams followed by the Valedictory given by Mr. Gene Hudson. The diplomas were presented by Rev. W. E. Green, President, and by Mr. D. Mitchell, High School Principal. Many prizes and scholarships were won which were presented by Mr. Floyd Johnson, B.A., B.D., theological professor and Mr. D. MacCallum, High School instructor.

A formal tea held in honour of the graduates, prepared by the wives of the faculty members made a lovely climax to the graduation exercises.

Bible Department Graduates — Kenneth Gorveatte, Moncton, N. B.; Gene Hudson, Kilburn, N. B.; and John McElhinney, Hartland, N. B.

Graduates, Grade Twelve—Elwyn Adams, Lakeville, Car. Co., N. B.; Miss Grace Carter, Bedford, N. S.; John Carter, Bedford, N. S.; Charles Grant, Digby, N. S.; Hugh McKnight, Yarmouth, N. S.; Miss Iris Porter, Hebron, N. S.

Graduates, Grade Eleven—Charles Bain, Sandford, N. S.; Willis Brown, Woodstock, N. B.; Laurel Buckingham, Woodstock, N. B.; Philip Cann, Seal Cove, N. B.; Miss Edith Crabbe, Hartland, N. B.; Ronald Gaunce, Doaktown, N. B.; Miss Miriam Grant, Digby, N. S.; Kenneth Kierstead, Vryheid, South Africa; Wendell Landers, Sandford, N. S.; Eugene MacDonald, Moncton, N. B.; Miss Sandra McGeorge, Halifax, N. S.; Miss Isabel McMann, Newcastle Creek, N. B.; Miss Lois Saunders, Fredericton, N. B.; David Sellick, Oxford, N. S.; John Shaw, Hartland, N. B.; and Miss Lynette Woodworth, Fredericton, N. B.

Prizes and scholarships were obtained by—Gerald Inman, Kilburn, N. B.; Wendell Shepherd, North Head, Grand Manan, N. B.; Charles Grant, Kenneth Gorveatte, Kenneth Kierstead, John McElhinney, Hugh McKnight, Laurel Buckingham, David Sellick, Miss Edith Crabbe, John Carter and Ross Campbell.

We thank God for his divine presence throughout the graduation week-end. We give Him the praise for the

The King's Highway

A TRIBUTE TO REV. H. S. MULLEN

By Judson A. Sanders

Another sweet singer has passed on to his reward. Lonesome beyond words at the parting from his wife, the world seemed to him empty and drear. But tonight as twilight falls, and things of earth grow dim, just yonder in the more radiant day they walk down the golden streets of heaven together. All dark questions have been answered, all tears wiped away, all broken threads have been mended.

They see Him face to face, whom having not seen they loved. They now occupy their mansion just over the hilltop, of which here below they used to sing so sweetly together. How sweet is that sure hope. We know Whom we have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day.

The sweetness of their singing has in our hearts echoes that can never die. We think of the times they sang of the glories of that City yonder, till their reflection glowed in our hearts again. We think of the sweet story of love, and the heavy price of the Cross, that purchased our Redemption, and know that they stand singing yonder a more perfect song, in tones of sweetness transcending anything ever heard on earth, except those angelic strains that fell on shepherds ears, as they watched their flocks by night so long ago.

YOU CANNOT COME

I waited so long in the gloaming—
In the dusk of the twilight shore;
I strained my ears for the boatman,
For the sound of his muffled oar.

Sometimes in the gathering shadows,
As I watched and waited so long,
There seemed to waft with the breezes,
A drift of sweet angel song.

They speak to me from the foothills—
The ones that walk in the sun—
They bid me slacken my grieving,
Nor wish that my life were done.

The stroke that removed you was sudden;
Things never can be the same.
It seems that the swift teardrops gather,
Each time that I whisper your name.

You cannot come at my yearning,
But I can arise and go,
Go to rejoin you in glory;
Leaving the shadows below.

Swing low and take me sweet chariot,
And lift me the dark waters o'er;
To pass through the bright pearly portals,
And walk on that beautiful shore.

I'll meet you up there in the morning,
Together we'll worship the Lord—
We'll rest from our toils and our labors,
And wait for the day of reward.

THE DANCE . . . From Page 4

a drunkenness, a frenzy that takes her back nearer to the beast.

Do brother and sister dance like that? Father and mother? Mother and son? Why is the long married husband wearied soon of dancing with his wife?

I tell you the basic spell of the dance is the spell of illicit physical contact.

A man who has learned what true love really is does not willingly watch his wife dance with others.

We doctors know there are mysterious currents, affinities that seem almost chemical. I am no prig, or prude, and so I tell you frankly, it is not safe to subject even the strongest men and women to the subtle temptations of the dance.

The Herald of Truth
goodness towards us and for the success achieved by the graduates. Our best wishes follow them.

D. MacCallum