



The Young Highway

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"Let No Man Despise Thy Youth, But Be Thou An Example..."

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is a quality of character which should be cherished. The more we cherish this virtue, the more we will practice its art.

Few people there are who have nothing to be thankful for. Most of us have so much to thank God for. Sometimes we sing, "Count your blessings . . . And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done." We all have more blessings than we think.

I remember as a lad in school, I was asked to write an essay on "The Making of Bread." After analyzing the process, I soon discovered that there were multitudes of agencies which contributed to the making of bread. In the same manner, when we count our blessings we soon discover that the number is huge. So vast are God's benefits to us that we might be surprised when we stop to number them. Let us on this Thanksgiving Day recline in solitude and think—Then let us rise and be thankful.

If we feel that we have nothing to be thankful for, we might benefit from the following fable as told by E. M. Johnson:

In a pleasant home near a great city dwelt a woman more fortunate than many, yet she ceaselessly complained—about her family, her home, her ailments, about her finances and about the times.

One night this woman died. When she reached the Great Divide, she beheld a ladder the highest she had ever seen—reaching far into the clouds. At its foot stood an angel, whose hands were filled with pieces of chalk.

"Whither leads this ladder?" inquired the woman.

"To happiness," the angel replied, "and to climb it you must write a blessing on each rung."

"Then this will suffice," the woman said, snatching from him a single piece of chalk. But into her hand the angel pressed six pieces more and, setting her feet upon the ladder, watched as she mounted.

Many minutes passed, and the woman came humbly down to stand again beside the angel.

"Tired of climbing so soon?" he asked. And his smile was sweet and wondrous kind.

But the woman hung her head, and her cheeks were wet with tears of shame. "I have returned," she sobbed, "for all your chalk."

MEET YOUR MISSIONARIES

Miss Uta Chase

1. When first felt called to the mission field:
She felt she would have to go to Africa when she was saved—definitely settled the call—May 1947
2. Parents—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chase
3. Home town—Plaster Rock
Home Church—Plaster Rock Primitive Baptist Membership—Fredericton Reformed Baptist
4. Education and Training beyond High School
Teachers Training at Fredericton Provincial Normal School R.N.—Yarmouth, N. S. Hospital
5. When she came to Africa
1st term—1951, 2nd term—1958
6. What she does—Matron, Bethesda Hospital, supervising the activities of all nurses' aids employed, all kitchen, workers and housekeeping staff
7. Points of interest—Since coming to Rhodesia Uta has learned to drive which has helped greatly in bringing sick patients to the hospital for treatment.

ANCIENT WISDOM

To talk with God no breath is lost;

Talk on!

To walk with God no strength is lost;

Walk on!

To toil with God no time is lost;

Toil on!

Little is much if God is in it.

Man's busiest day not worth

God's minute.

Much is little everywhere

If God the business doth not share.

So work with God, then nothing's lost;

Who works with Him doth best and most.

—Unknown

PURPOSE

The world loves a man who is on his way

And who knows where he is going;

Yet unless he may know what the harvest shall be

Then what is the need of his sowing?

And a man who is driving straight for his goal

Need never have fear of retreating;

But unless he has a goal in view

He has little to save from defeating.

So a man to achieve should be fortified

With both the going and knowing;

For he'll not go far if he does not know

The place to which he is going.

—Harry Halbisch

S. S. Banner

THE CONQUEROR

No matter how the storms may rage

Upon the sea of life,

No matter how the waves may beat—

No matter what the strife,

The Lord is just the same today

As when He walked the sea,

And he can conquer every storm

That life may bring to thee.

The waves are raging everywhere,

And men are sore distressed;

But all they need is found in Him

Who giveth perfect rest;

So cast your care upon the Lord,

Whose strength shall never fail;

He calms the waves for your frail bark,

His power shall e'er prevail. —Sel.

BEAUTY IN MODESTY

All the cultivation of flowers, all the inventions of science, are in the last analysis but man's co-operation with God, issuing in new form of beauty and fresh forces of utility.

A very simple illustration in floral culture is that of the chrysanthemum. But a few years ago it was looked upon as an old-fashioned garden flower, very sweet but very simple. Today it is one of the most gorgeous and marvelous of decorative blossoms, beautiful in the length and delicacy of its petals, poetic in its restless weariness of beauty, and so splendid in its possibility of color that it has been well described (by Dr. Joseph Parker) as "a rose gone wild with joy." The possibility of this beauty lay within the modest garden flower; and the development thereof has been wholly due to man's discovery of certain laws of nature, which laws are ever the thoughts of God.

—G. Campbell Morgan