

Summer 1980



HIGH ADVENTURE

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

THE ANCIENT TREASURE
DECISION ALONG THE OHNENATA
HIGH COUNTRY ADVENTURE
THE BISHOP AND THE MULE

HIGH ADVENTURE

SUMMER 1980

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ABOUT THE COVER

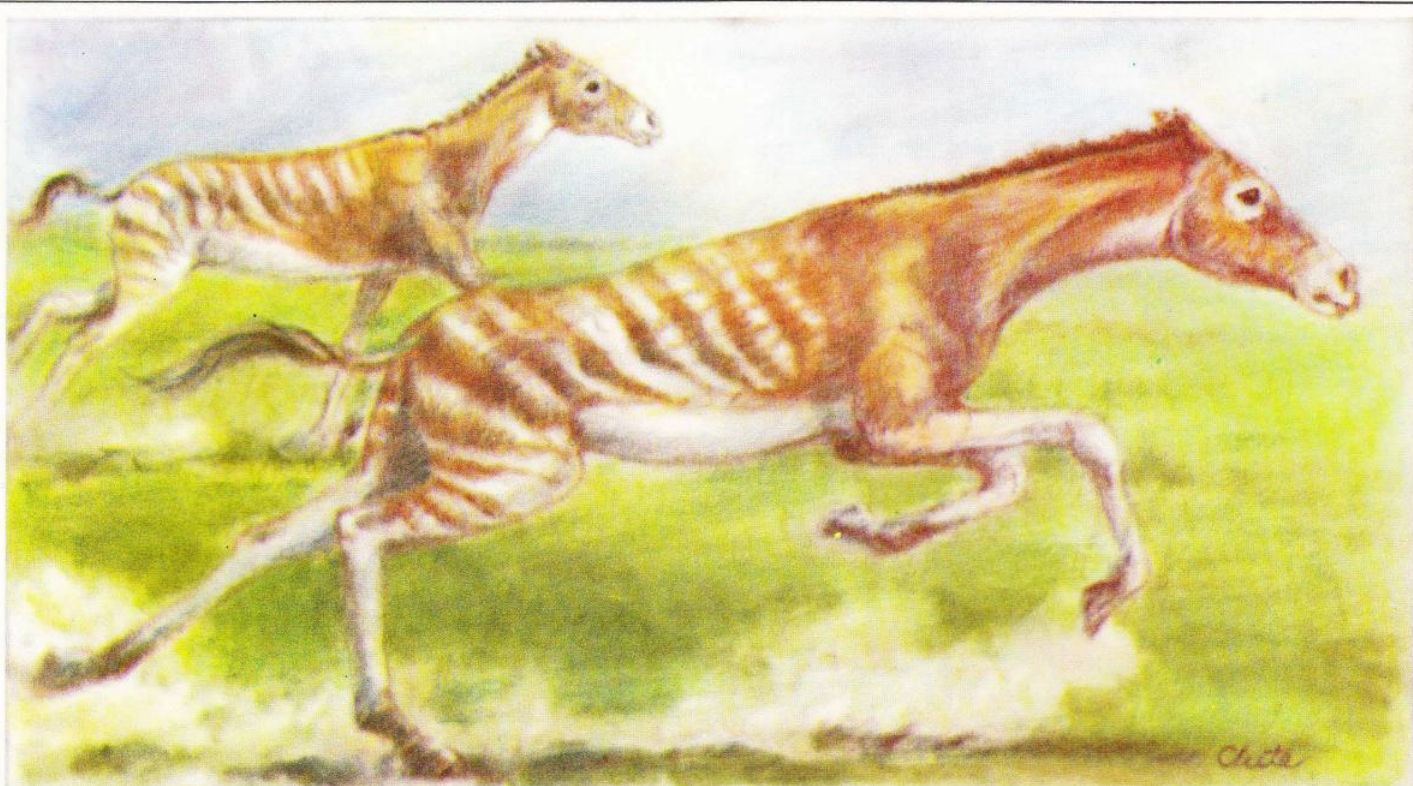
The cover features the latest bronze creation by artist Fred Deaver entitled "Frontier Preacher." Congratulations to Fred for another outstanding artistic achievement.

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HIGH ADVENTURE



The Ancient Treasure

By David Farmer

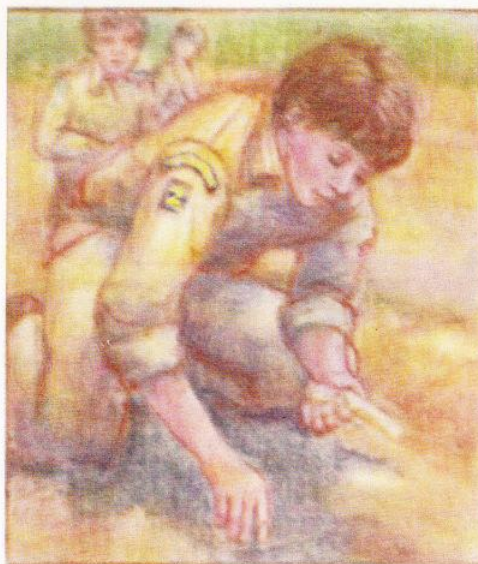
Nineteen hundred and seventy-nine was a banner year for Lincoln's Outpost #2 and Summer Pow Wow in Thedford was the icing on the cake. Boy after boy accepted trophies and awards on behalf of the outpost in that final Sunday assembly. Almost forgotten were the several "discoveries" that had been made during the three days before.

Free times during those bright, sunny afternoons afforded a chance to swim in the cold, swift Middle Loup River, or practice camp craft, or just go exploring.

It was this exploring by small groups of Pioneers and Buckaroos that resulted in the discoveries.

Our Pow Wow campground was located on the Ralf Harrel ranch in the heart of Nebraska's sandhills. Between the sand hill bluffs which overlooked the grassy valley, and the shallow snake-like Middle Loup, a long stand of whispering cottonwood trees made the choicest of campgrounds. It was in some powdery white layers of clay up in those bluffs, that an ancient treasure was to be uncovered.

Running into camp shouting excitedly, some very dusty, dirty, but beaming young faces exclaimed, "Look what we found!" The "find" appeared to be some broad, flat teeth, several inches across. Everyone was immediately excited about the discovery. Several offered possible answers as to what this creature



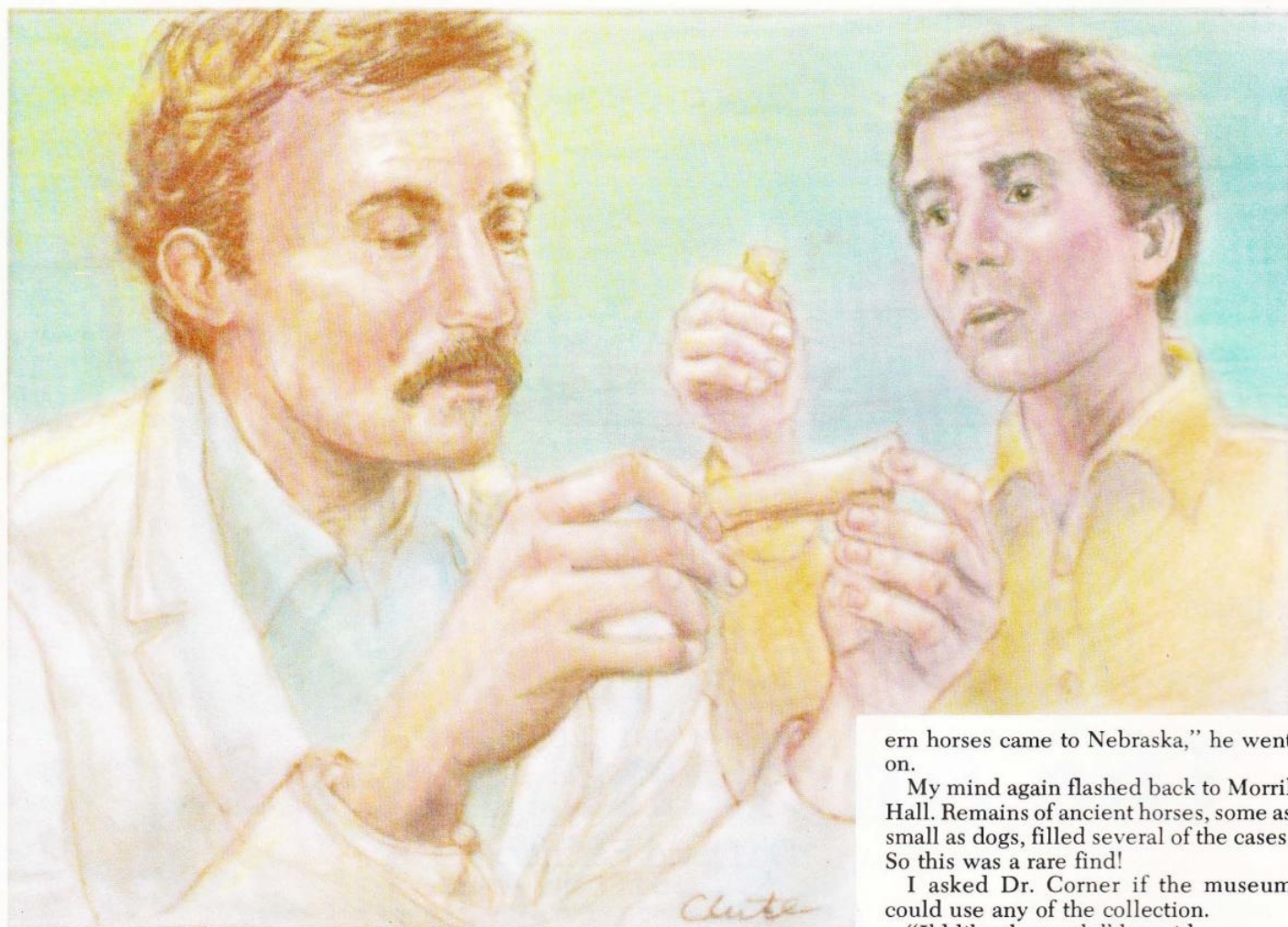
**Royal Rangers
at this
Nebraska Powwow
discover
skeletal remains
of prehistoric
animals.**

might have been. But the teeth had to be shelved into a tin can as everyone prepared for group activities.

Over the next two days several more discoveries were made. The can had to be exchanged for a large box, as bones of different sizes and more strange teeth were added to the collection.

In time, some arguments began: "I found that one, it's mine!" "You've got one of mine, be careful you'll break it!" "I helped, so it's part mine, too!" and on and on it went until the shadow of Senior Commander Garry Everett shaded the table; "You boys know it has always been our policy that discoveries made on outpost outings are the property of the entire outpost. You're all acting as if those things were worth a lot of money. Being greedy is not part of the Ranger Code. The fact is they only have value as a means of studying the past. We're going to take all the bones and teeth to the university to be identified. If they have any historical value, the state museum has the right to use them for study and display so that many people may profit from your find." With that, the arguments of ownership were settled and once again speculation resumed as to what this strange creature might have been.

Soon the campfires, outdoor cooking, swimming, etc. were reduced to
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



**"Immediately,
we went to work
sorting the discoveries."**

memories as the bus headed back home. What a time they had: a hot air balloon ride, a pancake cooking contest, the hilarious tricks played on the FCF candidates. But that box full of trophies was still real enough, and so were those bones!

In the week that followed, I met Dr. George Corner, a young, handsome, soft-spoken man with the rather impressive title of Paleontologist. He greeted me with a warm smile and handshake as I entered his office on the Nebraska University campus. Immediately, we went to work sorting the discoveries. The first group of white bones he identified as a form of a modern calf and he pointed out that they were still a little "green" as he put it, (referring to a lack of dryness in the marrow). The next group was yellowed, large, smooth bones which he immediately identified as belonging to a bison from 100 to 500 years old. (Think of

that. That buffalo may have been killed by an Indian living long ago who had never seen a white man!)

When Dr. Corner got those broad, flat teeth, he suddenly took on a look of thoughtful study. He began putting the pieces together and arranging them on the table before us. My mind flashed back to just weeks before the camp-out when I had visited the University's famous Morrill Hall. Such a fantastic collection of prehistoric pig, elk, deer, and elephant skeletons: all from right here in Nebraska!

Now in my excitement, I blurted out, "What is it?"

"Without even looking up he replied, "Horse."

"What?" I asked, not sure I had heard him.

"It's a horse," he calmly replied again.

"Oh," I said, disappointed.

"These were extinct long before mod-

ern horses came to Nebraska," he went on.

My mind again flashed back to Morrill Hall. Remains of ancient horses, some as small as dogs, filled several of the cases. So this was a rare find!

I asked Dr. Corner if the museum could use any of the collection.

"I'd like the teeth," he said.

We quickly dug out all the teeth we could find. Then the doctor gave me several publications to share with the boy's group about fossil remains in Nebraska.

"I'd like the names of each boy who found these horse teeth and also where they were found." With that, we shook hands and I left.

It was a thrill to report to the outpost the following night, all that had transpired. To our amazement, we found one tooth left in the bone collection which we decided we'd put on display in our trophy case at church.

The following week, Commander Gary met Dr. Corner and gave him the names of the boys involved and also pinpointed the location of the find on an aerial map. Dr. Corner extended his thanks again and informed Commander Gary that he intended to begin an excavation in that area the following year.

A couple months later, we received a letter from Dr. Corner telling us that our "horse" had been identified as an extinct North American zebra from the early Ice Age. Our find proved to be a new location for this animal.

There may be more "finds" to come in that layer of soil and Outpost #2 may lead the way.

Yes, indeed, this was a special year.

THE END. □

Make Ditty Bags For Your Summer RANGERCRAFT

BAGS, BAGS, AND MORE BAGS—all kinds and sizes! When camptime rolls around the serious camper begins to think about bags—bags below bags, bags above bags, bags within bags. It's the camping way of packing!

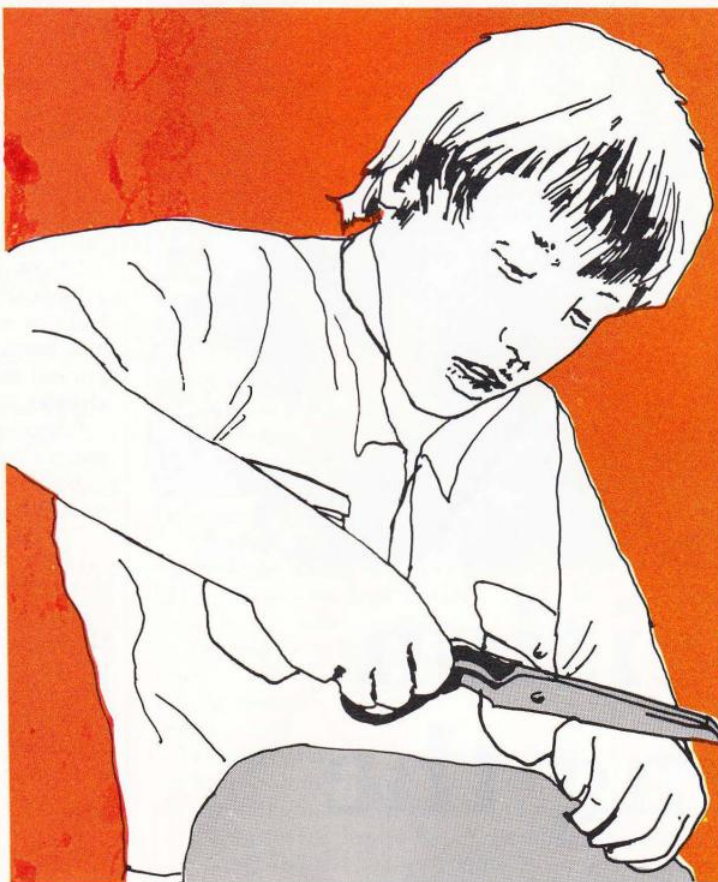
Inside the typical backpack should be many small bags of various sizes, each containing a certain kind of article.

The ditty bag is the answer! Why be annoyed with fumbling around in a pack for your toothpaste that shifted to the very bottom, or open a blanket roll to get your comb, only to find it was dropped somewhere on the trail?

Ditty bags are small containers to keep articles of a type together. Nothing should be put in the pack loose, not even clothing.

The best bags are made of unbleached cotton.

Toilet-article bags should be 8 by 10 inches in size,



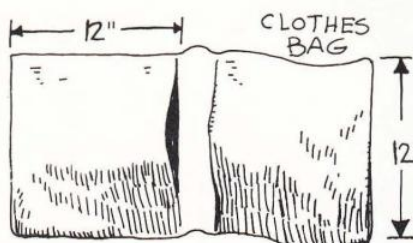
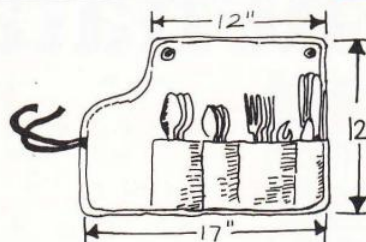
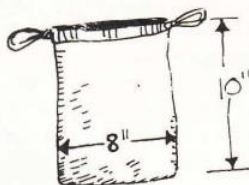
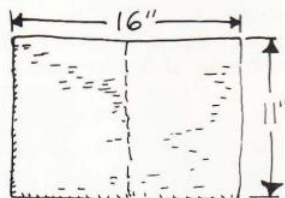
with a drawstring for closing. Leather cases should never be used. Three bags of this size will be needed: one for toilet articles, one for small personal items, and one for your first-aid kit.

The repair kit containing sewing articles should be smaller, about 5 by 8 inches in size.

Shoe bags are made the same way, 10 by 17 inches in size. You should put each pair of shoes in a separate bag, and socks should also be carried in a shoe bag.

Clothes bags are made a different way, as shown in the illustration. They are actually a folding case with two pockets.

Silverware cases are made with separate pockets for the various items, as shown in the illustration. The case should have two grommets so that it can be hung up when in use, and will roll up into a compact bundle for packing. Place all in backpack.



BY JOHN
ELLER

"Above the throbbing of his heart,
he could imagine the sudden blow
of a tomahawk
knifing into his back."



Decision Along the Ohnenata

BY ROBERT BEARCE

Closing his Bible Jason stood up. Each day at noon he went to the same place in the dense pine woods to pray and read the Bible.

As he headed for the clearing that led to his Uncle Seth's cabin, Jason thought about Psalm 96. He had chosen that Psalm because the number 17 added before it produced the year 1796.

"August 8, 1796," he said aloud. The date had a rugged sound, and he was looking forward to it. Within a week, he would be fifteen.

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound," he sang striding out of the wooded area. Compared to the damp earth underneath the pine trees, the pasture grass was hot beneath his bare feet. "That saved a wretch like—"

He swallowed hard and froze.

Five musket shots were followed by a scream and a terrible howling he had heard only once before.

"Ayee-gaha-gaha!"

Less than fifty yards away, dozens of Indians were running toward the cabin and barn. Aunt Phoebe lurched to the ground as two warriors threw their tomahawks at Uncle Seth.

"Ayee-gaha-gaha!" shrieked the war party. "Ayee-gaha-gaha!"

Uncle Seth collapsed near the cabin and remained motionless.

"Ayee-gaha-gaha!"

Jason shuddered and fought to put strength in his knees and legs.

Another war whoop brought action. He turned back to the pines just as three braves sprinted toward him. Eager for a chase, they had dropped their muskets.

Within a minute, Jason was deep in the woods running along the path that ended at Ohnenata Creek. *Lord, please help me! Help me reach the creek!*

The desperate prayer cleared his mind, making him aware that he still clutched the Bible.

"Ayee-gaha-gaha! Ayee-gaha-gaha!"
Above the throbbing of his heart, he

*"Gasping for air,
he leaped
from one boulder
to another."*

could imagine the sudden blow of a tomahawk knifing into this back.

"Ayee-gaha-gaha!"

For thirty minutes, Jason's bare feet thudded into the path. Sweat poured into his eyes, blurring his sight. His lungs ached with a heavy, relentless pain. Still, he refused to throw away the Bible.

Reaching Ohnenata Creek, he was exhausted. Before him was Big Rocks—the Indian name for the boulders that stretched across the stream.

Gasping for air, he leaped from one boulder to another. A prayer surged through his dazed mind, giving him renewed strength. *Thank you, Lord, for bringing me this far. All I need is—*

He looked upstream just as he leaped from the last boulder to the bank. What he saw choked the breath from him. A canoe was headed toward Big Rocks.

He had only a couple seconds to think about the Indians paddling the canoe. The same leap that brought him to the bank caused him to lose his balance. Stumbling forward, he saw the rock rushing up to meet him.

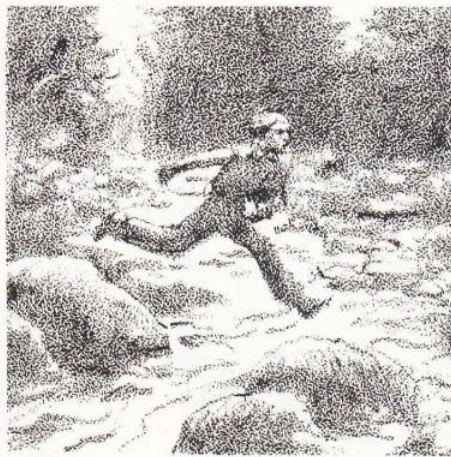
Blackness. No pain. No thoughts. Only blackness.

While his mind was at peace in unconscious solitude, the canoe traveled rapidly down Ohnenata Creek. The Indians had stopped at Big Rocks and carried their canoe past the line of boulders.

Now, they were again paddling downstream.

When he awoke, Jason moaned and glanced around. Kneeling in the canoe were four Indians, two in front of him and two behind. Weakly, he touched the wound on his forehead. His stomach was nauseated. His chest and legs ached as if they had been mercilessly flogged.

He tried to force back the fear that seized him. He would rather be dead than be a prisoner. The pain gripping his body would be nothing like the hideous torture he'd suffer at the hands of his



captors.

Throughout the afternoon and late into the evening, the swift Ohnenata current took the canoe southward. The Indians spoke to one another only briefly and always in their own language.

After sunset, the canoe arrived at an Indian village on the west bank of Ohnenata Creek. The next half hour passed quickly. Dejection and weary apprehension held Jason in mental captivity. He was only half-conscious of being marched through the village past cooking fires to a wigwam.

An Indian brave and an old squaw went into the lodge with him. Reclining on a bear rug, he was given a bowl of broth by a grim-faced Indian woman.

Minutes later, he was drifting off into a deep sleep which brought memories of his first years on the frontier . . . his parents dying from smallpox . . . moving away from Fort Dickson . . . Indian war cries . . . the death of Aunt Phoebe and Uncle Seth . . . pursuit through the woods. . . .

The next morning, he awoke to bright sunlight coming into the wigwam. The squaw looked at his forehead and mumbled approval. Admittedly, his headache had gone, but the squaw's ugly expression renewed the certainty of a cruel death.

I'm scared Lord, he prayed silently, but I'm ready to be with You. Amen.

The warrior who had been in the wigwam the night before entered along with two other Indians. Shortly, the dreadful ritual began.

Sitting cross-legged on the bear rug, Jason didn't resist as one of the warriors began slowly pulling the hair out of his head. This was a painful scalping he had never heard of before, and it ended only when he was nearly bald. A small patch of hair was left at the center of his head and braided into three locks.

After the hair-plucking, he was stripped of his clothes and given a breechcloth to wear. Step by step, he was headed toward being sacrificed to one of the tribe's war gods. He was painted up in black, red, brown, and blue, and then dressed up with arm bands and wampum.

As Jason was led out of the wigwam, a loud shout arose from the Indians outside. "Coo-wigh! Coo-wigh!"

Four young squaws ran up and took over from the male warriors. Whooping all along, they escorted him by force to Ohnenata.

Although he hated the prospect of being drowned, he knew it was hopeless to try escaping.

"Coo-wigh! Coo-wigh!"

Waist-deep out in the stream, the Indian women grasped his arms and shoulders. He fought back as long as he could, but one of the squaws finally pulled his feet out from under him.

He went under with a gulp for air and then came up sputtering. What followed was almost as bad as if he had been drowned. The females scrubbed the paint and a couple layers of flesh from his body.

Back in the village, he was given moccasins, leggings, and a new breech cloth to wear. Fear was replaced by thanks to God. His relief was soon confirmed by a

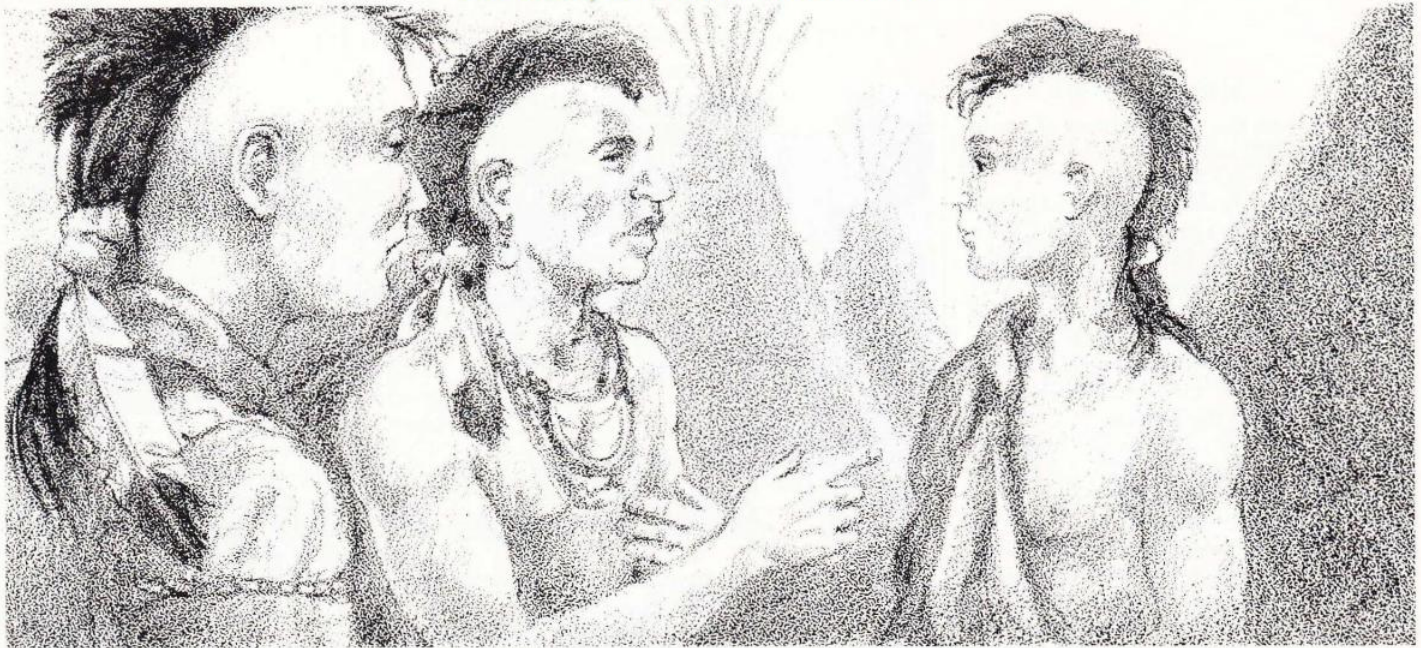
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*"Sitting cross-legged
on the bear rug,
Jason didn't resist
as one of the warriors
began slowly pulling
the hair
out of his head."*



"My son," he said, "you are now flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone."



short speech directed at him by a dignified looking Indian.

"My son," he said, "you are now flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed today, every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins."

The Indian paused and then spoke in a less solemn tone, "My name is Scoouwa. As you just heard, I speak English. I learned the white man's language years ago. Your name is now Tontileaugo. Be proud, for you are a member of the great Caughnawaga tribe. The war party that pursued you were Delawares. Caughnawagas, though, are not on the warpath. I will speak more with you at sunset."

Throughout the remainder of the day, Jason looked forward to talking again with Scoouwa. None of the other Caughnawagas knew English, and it was only by gestures that he was able to understand them. The whole village seemed determined to teach him Indian habits and customs all in one day.

Tired and confused, he sat alone with Scoouwa after a supper of boiled venison and corn.

"I have something for you," Scoouwa said, taking a book from a leather pack. "My Bible!"

"Yes, Tontileaugo, you are glad to have it back. I cannot read, but you will. Here, read this."

Jason took the Bible and began at the verse Scoouwa indicated in the Old Testament. "And Jokim, and the men of Chozeba, and Joash, and Sarapah, who had the dominion of Moab, and Jashubilehem. And there—"

"No, no!" interrupted Scoouwa, "that makes no sense." He reached out and flipped through the Bible.

"Begin here," he said, pointing at a verse in Romans.

"'But God commendeth His love toward us,'" quoted Jason, "'in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'"

Scoouwa grunted and took the Bible. "What does that mean, Tontileaugo?"

Jason thought a moment and then told him about Christ's birth at Bethlehem . . . His earthly ministry . . . His crucifixion and resurrection.

Scoouwa listened intently for several minutes. His sober expression became even more serious when he finally stopped Jason. "I will hear more of this later. Now, you should see Angry Beaver. He is our chief. Come with me."

Chief Angry Beaver's wigwam was dark and somber.

"He is dying," explained Scoouwa, motioning for Jason to sit down beside the chief's pallet. "Will he have the Christian life eternal?"

At first, Jason was ready to explain the Gospel further. A sudden idea, though, quickly took over. "Scoouwa, everyone needs to hear the gospel, but right now, or real soon, Angry Beaver needs a doctor. Rev. John McDonald can heal Angry Beaver and also show him the meaning of the Bible. I know that I am a Caughnawaga now, but let me go to Fort Dickson."

Scoouwa studied Jason for several moments before speaking.

"You think this Doctor McDonald will come?"

"Yes, I know he will return with me."

At dawn the following day Jason set out from the Indian village. Around his chest was strapped a pouch containing dried venison. Wearing only his breechcloth and moccasins, he felt free as he trotted up the trail that bordered the Ohnenata.

He had a sense of freedom in more ways than one. His easy gait soon be-

came a terrified run. For over a mile he forced his body forward while his mind rebelled.

"Oh L-Lord," he gasped, slowing to a halt, "w-what should . . . should I do?"

Breathing deeply, he lay down on the trail and looked up at the pine branches above. His tormented thinking hurt worse than the ache in his side and legs. He had lied to Scoouwa. He had deliberately deceived him, offering to go to Fort Dickson. Reverend McDonald had left the fort five months before.

"Lord, I—I—" he stammered, "I didn't ask to be adopted by Indians. They're really just savages. They saved me, but Lord, I—"

Twenty minutes later, Jason met Scoouwa just outside the Caughnawaga village.

"I thought you might return," Scoouwa said. Holding Jason's Bible in one hand, he was seated on a boulder beside the trail. "Explain Tontileaugo."

Jason obeyed, telling the whole truth and confessing his guilt. Scoouwa's response was severe.

"I knew you had lied last night," he said. "Your voice betrayed you. But now your heart is honest. You are free to leave us. Go back and live with white people if you wish."

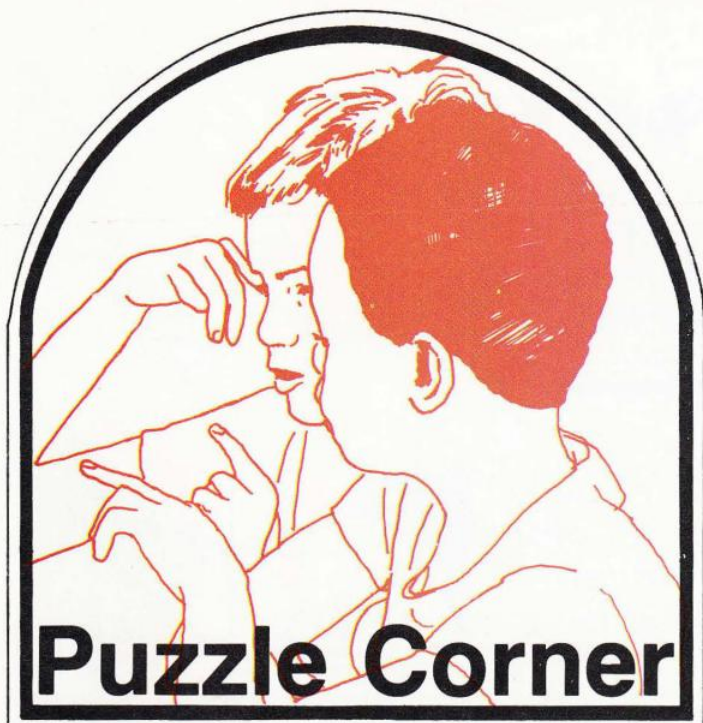
He stood up . . . handed Jason the Bible . . . and turned toward the village.

Jason watched him stride down the winding path until he disappeared behind the underbrush.

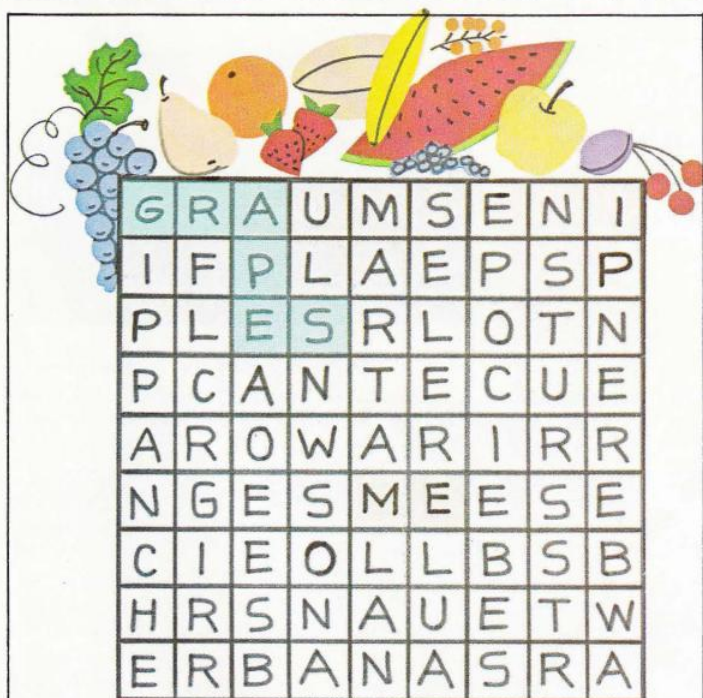
A minute passed. Two. Five. Ten. For ten minutes Jason thought and prayed. Then holding his Bible in one hand and tapping his food pouch with the other, he began to walk along the trail.

The dogs could have the dried venison. For supper, he'd be eating hominy and roast bear in Scoouwa's wigwam.

THE END.



Puzzle Corner



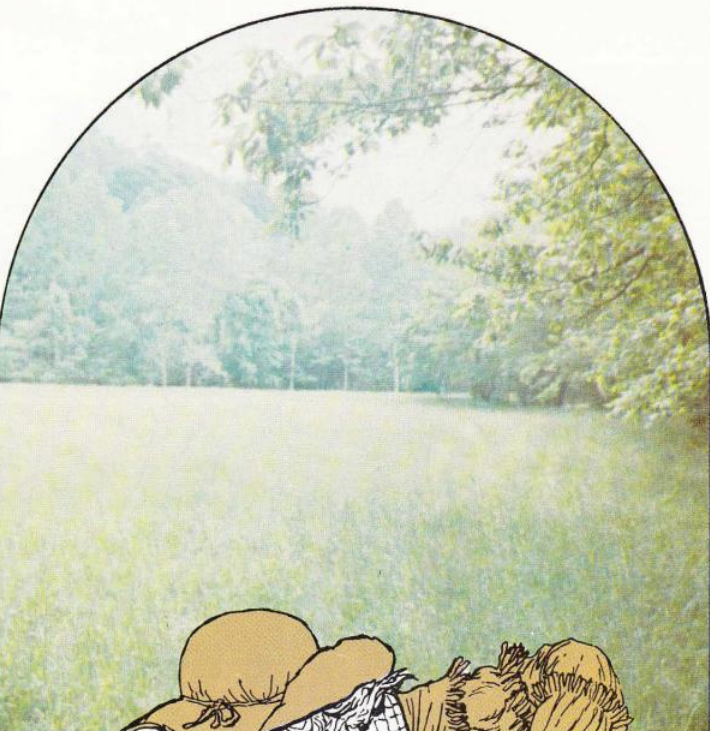
Favorite Fruits

By Evelyn Mitsch

What kind of fruit do you like best? See if you can find it in the puzzle. Printed in the squares of the puzzle are the letters for the names of fourteen different fruits. Starting with the top, left corner, there are six shaded squares that spell the word GRAPES. Use that as an example and find the letters for the other fruits listed below.

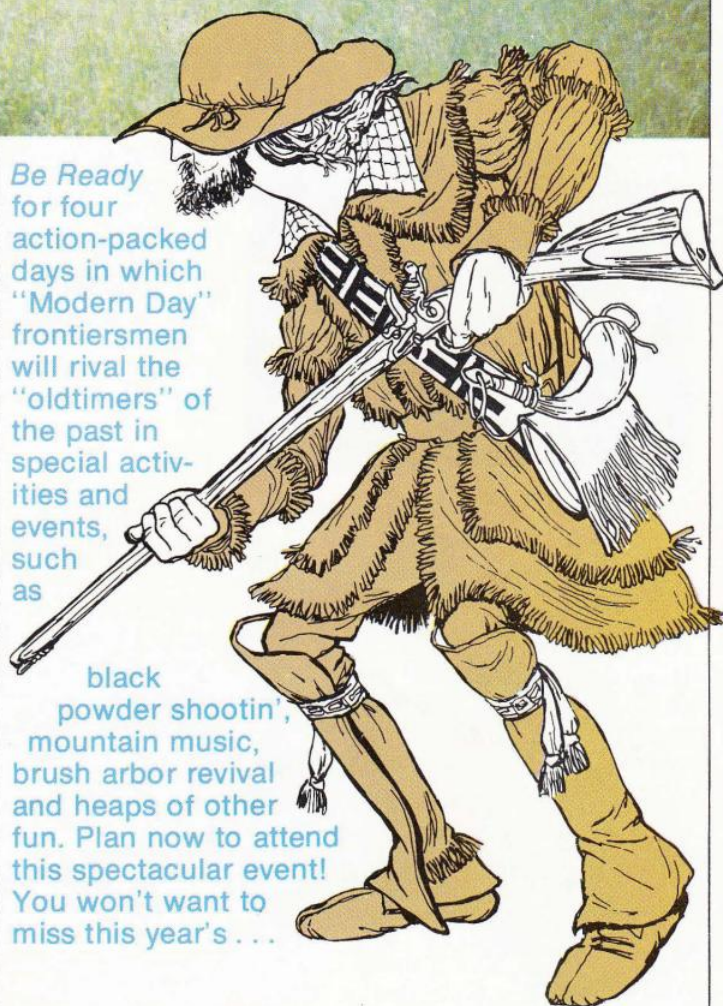
You may move to the left, to the right, and up and down, but not corner to corner. The same letter may be used for more than one word. With a colored pencil, lightly fill in the squares as you find the answers. You will have solved the puzzle when you have found all of the fruit names and every square is colored.

GRAPES, ORANGES, PLUMS, APPLES, PEARS, FIG, CHERRIES, BANANAS, CURRENTS, CANTELOPES, BLUEBERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, WATERMELONS, PIN CHERRIES.



Be Ready for four action-packed days in which "Modern Day" frontiersmen will rival the "oldtimers" of the past in special activities and events, such as

black powder shootin', mountain music, brush arbor revival and heaps of other fun. Plan now to attend this spectacular event! You won't want to miss this year's . . .



National FCF Rendezvous July 23-26, 1980

Cumberland Mountains
Crossville, Tennessee

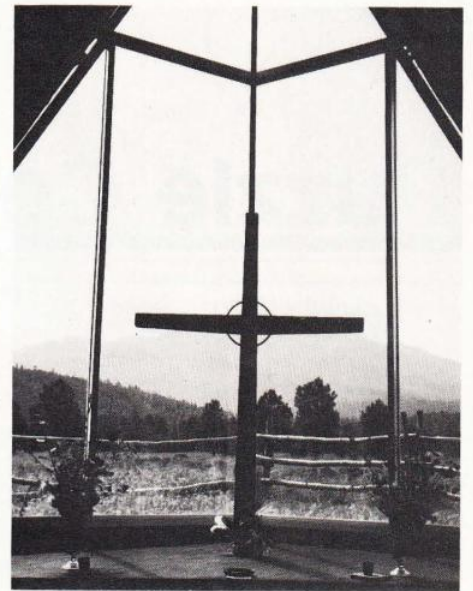
To See God

BY GROVER BRINKMAN



At left is an early morning and an old covered bridge. Perhaps God is a part of the scene!

At right is the Chapel of the Dove near Flagstaff, Arizona. It is a roadside shrine for quiet meditation.



One need not journey to the mountains to find peace with God. But if one does go, and observes the sheer majesty of the Rockies, the Grand Tetons, or the emerald green of the Great Smoky chain, without relaxation and peace of mind, something is vitally missing in his or her heart. For anyone with any appreciation of nature would realize that only in the greatness of God's own creation could such physical marvels come to pass. It didn't just happen! There was some great and glorious master plan, executed as accurately as any computer read-out today.

To see this physical beauty of our landscape is also to see God. The tranquility of all nature is another example of His handiwork. The plaintive voice of the wind in the high-country trees is God. And the soft murmur of joy on the lips of a child is another example of divinity.

God is everywhere—if only one seeks!

Perhaps one senses His presence in the patter of rain, breaking a serious drought, or in the blanketing stillness of a snowfall. Or perhaps you feel that He is walking at your side as you stroll through the quietness of the night, relaxing from the turmoil of a hectic day. Or if you are among the intrepid souls who arise early to see the majesty of the sunrise, He is there as well.

Which reminds me of a "happening" my grandfather told often to the children clustered about his rocking chair. The story concerned Jose, a boy who was not too happy doing his chores day after day on an isolated ranch, living rather a secluded life. Jose stood by, saw the cattle starving for want of grass during a drought; he saw his one close friend lose his life by a fall from a horse, and suddenly he was rebellious. At last he shouted his despair to his grandfather in one explosive sentence: "There isn't even a God. . . ."

Grandfather, serene with the wisdom of years, simply instructed Jose to rise early the next morning, and climb to the top of an escarpment called The Chimney, the highest spot in the area. There, he was assured, he would find God.

So Jose climbed the rocky uplift to the top of the escarpment, shivering in the chill of the predawn, a bit afraid, rather a forlorn figure in his loneliness.

At the crest he waited for a God who never came.

And suddenly Jose was more morose than ever, and his disbelief built into a bitter tirade against Grandpa, who for some reason had tricked him.

But as he hovered there in his misery, he saw the sunrise painting the serrated cliffs with pastel beauty; he saw the va-

pors in the valley rise like ectoplasmic ghosts before being burned off; he saw the dew, all silver on the sage; the spiral of blue smoke rising from the ranch-house chimney far below. And warming the scene was that gorgeous palette of changing color caused by the rising sun, flooding the valley.

And suddenly Jose had the realization that this was God, in the glory of life about him. He had been so blind!

He made his way down the escarpment, back to the ranchhouse, to Grandpa's side, lamenting the fact that he had been unable to see until this moment.

Whether one finds God in the glory of the land, in poetry, music, people, in the laughter of a child, or the song of a bird, rest assured that He is very much alive today, despite all of those who insist He is a myth.

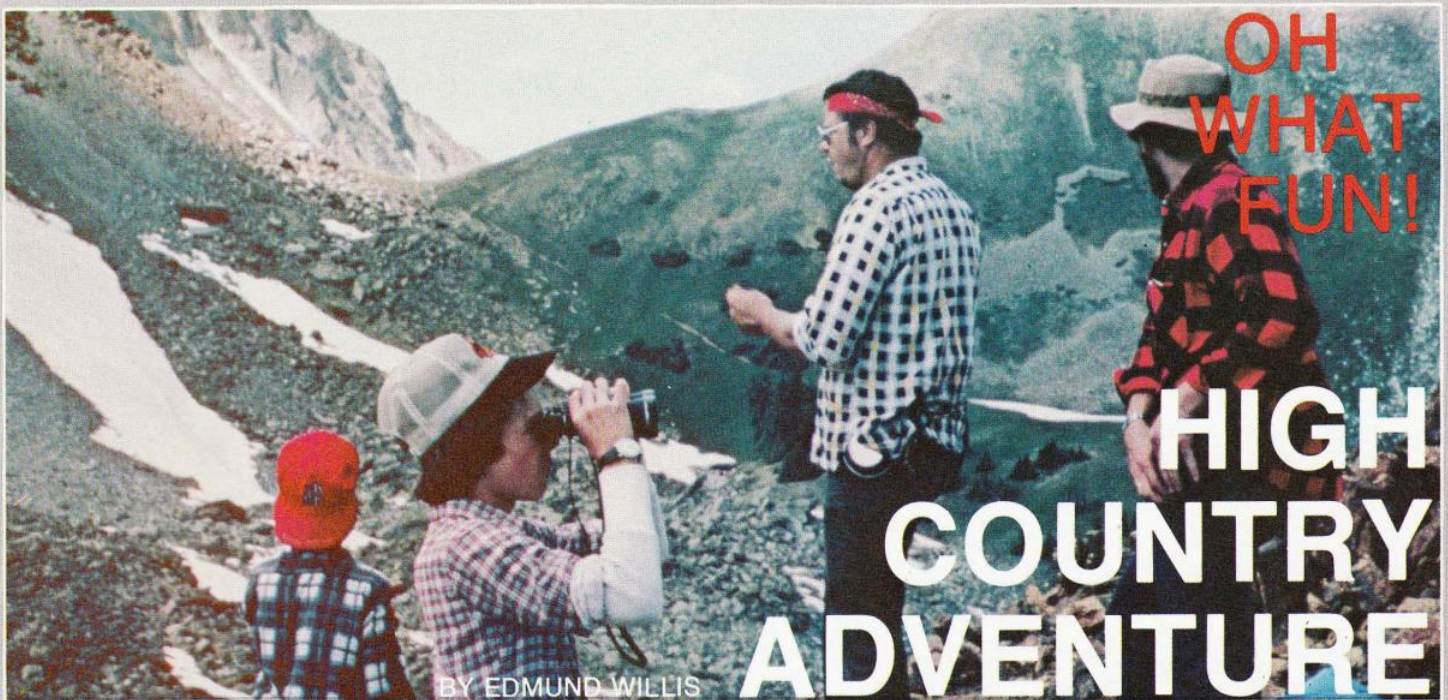
As the poet, Maltbie Babcock wrote: "In the rustling grass I can hear Him pass. He speaks to me everywhere."

And for further proof, that 19th Psalm, the favorite of so many conscientious souls, expresses it this way: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

If David felt this way about God, it should still hold true today.

PRAISE HIM.

HIGH ADVENTURE



HIGH COUNTRY ADVENTURE

BY EDMUND WILLIS

It was hard to believe! It was the middle of July, and there was ice on the lake—and it was a shivering 28 degrees, but the scenery was magnificent.

Our adventure started several days earlier when we

drove to the Maroon Bells Wilderness just west of Aspen, Colorado, to backpack into the high country.

Our group consisted of six Trailblazers and six leaders from Outpost 53, Trinity Tabernacle in St. Louis, Missouri.

We left the trail head Sunday afternoon and started our trek up Avalanche Creek Trail. Our destination was Avalanche Lake 14 miles away.

It took about two days for us flatland tourists to climb 5,000

HIKING IN THE COLORADO WILDERNESS.





feet of rugged uphill trail to the lake. We took many rest stops to enjoy the magnificent scenery and wildlife. The roar of Avalanche Creek was constantly in our ears, and the cool feeder streams provided plenty of good drinking water.

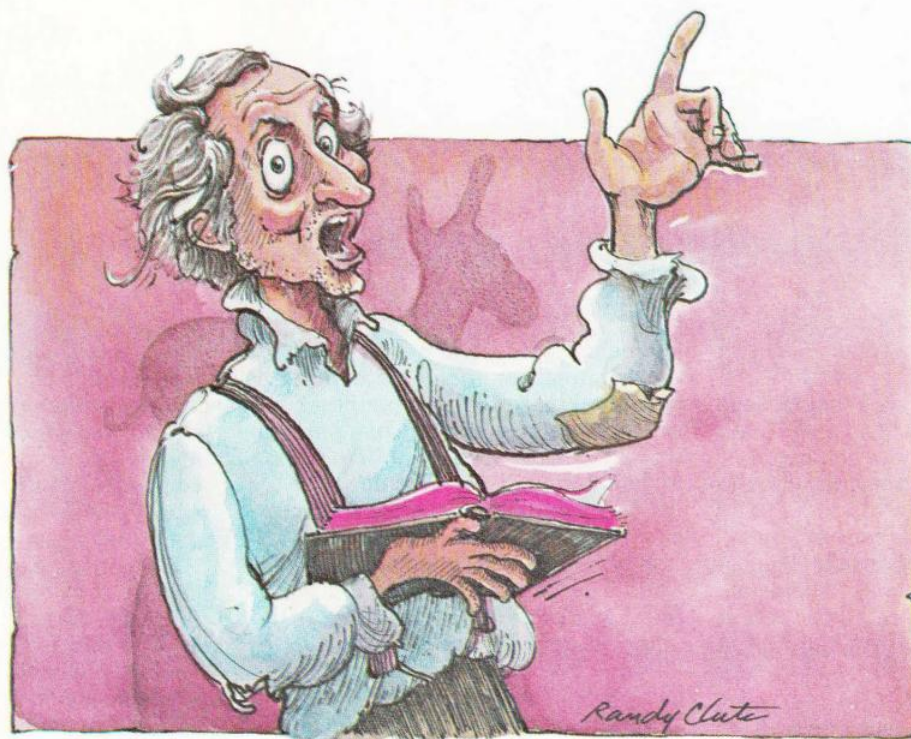
We were snowed on, sleeted, on rained on, and hailed on at different times along the trail; it was an experience we'll never forget.

Some of the boys fished, some explored, and some worked on kiking and sur-

vival advanced awards. However, most of the group thought the snow sliding was one of the highlights of the trip.

We had an outstanding Royal Rangers outdoor adventure in the great Colorado high country. ★





The Bishop And The Mule

By J. R. Lamont

My father was an austere and very religious man. He made his living by tilling the soil with much labor of himself and, indeed, of the whole family, plus the unwilling assistance of a pair of rather dilapidated old mules. But he organized a church among the more or less devout of his neighbors, and they met every Sunday in the small country schoolhouse a mile or two distant from our home.

Father also attended and assisted at many other religious meetings at various points within the radius of an hour or two of old Fanny's jog. Fanny was the one mule that could be induced to draw our family carriage, although she did so under considerable protest.

On one occasion, an itinerant preacher was holding a protracted meeting at our schoolhouse. These meetings occurred almost every autumn and often at other seasons of the year. On these occasions a

preaching service was held every night and was attended by nearly everyone in the neighborhood. Some came for the purpose of sincerely worshipping their Maker; others came for entertainment or out of curiosity; but nearly all came.

As usual, my father was host to the preacher. This meant that he gave the visiting "brother" free board and lodging, transportation to and from the meetings, free laundry service for both his shirts, and much moral support.

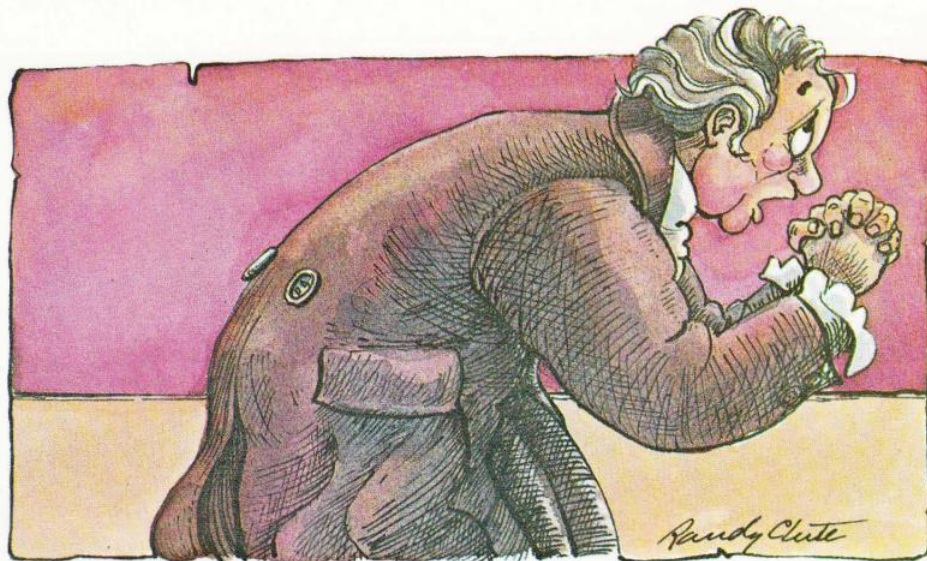
This particular guest preacher was a round-shouldered, insignificant looking, little old man who shaved himself recklessly once a week, wore baggy trousers, a blue shirt frayed at collar and cuffs, no tie, and very tousled greying hair. His speech was low and slow and often ungrammatical, but a fervor burned in his watery blue eyes that compelled the respect of unprejudiced observers.

One night during the course of these

meetings old Fanny fell seriously ill. Fanny was an essential unit in our lives. Without her that family carriage could no longer carry us to church, and with only one mule Father could scarcely till his barren little farm. Her death would be a major disaster. My father and the little grey preacher worked for hours over this sick mule. They dosed her with many concoctions. They rubbed her. They covered the trembling animal with old sacks to keep her warm, for the night was cold and the stable draughty. They did everything within their means to save Fanny's life.

I was too young to be of any assistance, so was spared the pain of leaving my warm blankets. But I was not too young to feel the gravity of the situation, and to thrill to the changes in Fanny's condition as the men returned to the house at intervals to warm themselves, to secure new

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



**“The
bishop
was on
his knees
sobbing.”**

medicines and supplies, and to consult with each other as to ways and means to cheat death of his victim. I would doze luxuriously and wake to find the two men stamping into the kitchen, beating their hands together to keep up the circulation, or find them huddled over the kitchen stove in earnest conversation.

All at once I was wide awake. It must have been nearly morning. The kerosene lamp burned low on the oilcloth covered table, as it had done all night, and the weary forms of the two men were on their knees. The voice of the little seedy-looking preacher, solemn, slow, low-pitched, came to my ears. “O kind God, spare the life of this mule. Restore her to health and strength, for Thou knowest, kind Lord, we have done our best. In Thy able hands we leave the issue and commit our tired bodies to rest—Amen.” I had a guilty feeling of eavesdropping on this soul as he bared his heart to his God. I fell asleep.

The next morning, the sick mule was as good as ever. She ate and drank and pursued her even and unwilling course. No one seemed surprised—only grateful.

That night the schoolhouse was more crowded than usual. Through some chance, I do not know what, a conspicuous stranger was in the congregation. But he was not crowded, though the room was packed. His cold self-sufficiency, high, proud, almost arrogant expression, no less than his clerical suit of deepest black, carefully pressed, silk-lined, set off with snow-white linen at neck and wrists, protected him from the too-near approach of these humble people. He was looked upon with awe and admiration. He did not need to tell us that he was the bishop of the church. He was very clearly one set apart. He was not as other men. His very evident superiority set him above criticism or envy. It was almost presumptuous for us to expect the great bishop to worship the God of our little rural community. But, there he sat,

and before his critical eyes the little untutored preacher attempted to bring the gospel message to these people. Young as I was, I sensed rather than knew the embarrassment of the whole roomful of folk, and my heart beat with real fear as the humble old preacher haltingly arose and turned to face the congregation.

How could this shabby-looking, unlettered man lift his eyes from the floor in the august presence of the mighty bishop of the church? I think our hearts bled as the little man lifted his eyes to meet the cold stare of the bishop.

But lift his eyes he did, and he told his simple story of Christ’s love for sinners and His sacrifices that all might have eternal life. His words came slowly, almost hesitatingly, but so honestly that all as usual forgot the man, his baggy trousers, and his soiled shirt. They remembered only his words. All except the bishop. The bishop’s expression remained cold. He made no move, he said no word in response to the spirit of the speaker, until the preacher at the close of his sermon illustrated the power of prayer and the presence of God in our daily lives with the story of the sick mule of last night, very evidently saved by the prayers of himself and my father.

The bishop seemed to have reached the limit of his endurance. He did not laugh out loud, but you felt that in his mind he was laughing us all to scorn. He did not ask for a chance to speak, yet he compelled an invitation to dispel such heresy. He rose in his place with great dignity, and in scorching words which I have long ago forgotten he held the pitiable, insignificant, ignorant little itinerant preacher up, and exposed him to the scorn of the world. He said the idea that the great God of the universe, the God of this holy bishop, could be interested in a mule, was absurd. Almost equally absurd was it that the great Jehovah would hear and answer any prayer of this poorly equipped, unordained little preacher who stood with bowed head and sagging

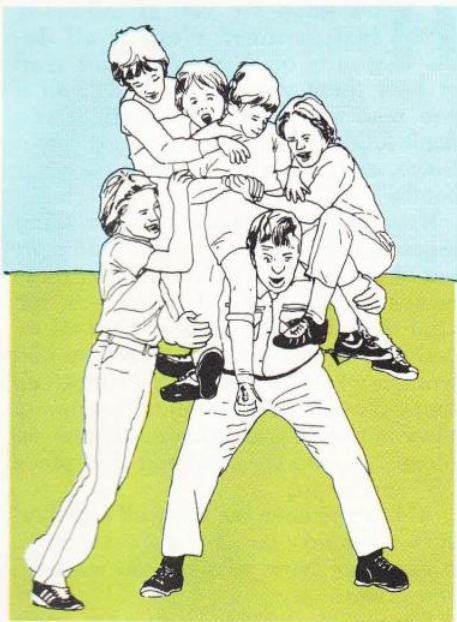
shoulders during the tirade.

The bishop concluded by sarcastically requesting the prayers of a man so close to God that he could cure a mule of a deadly sickness! He declared that he would like to have this powerful supplication on his own behalf. Then the bishop sat down.

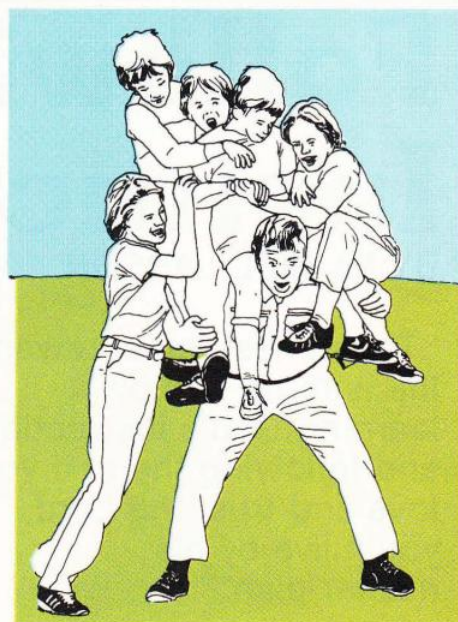
The little preacher, still standing, bowed yet lower his head, extended his right arm toward heaven, and there issued from his untrained lips the sweetest, calmest, most poignant prayer it has ever been my lot to hear. “O kind God, in Thy infinite wisdom and mercy, come down to us and be with this bishop. Make him a tower of strength for Thee. Fill his heart with mercy for the weak and erring ones. Show him daily Thy face of mercy. Fill his veins with the milk of human kindness. Pardon him of his errors of judgment. Lengthen his arm to strive mightily for Thee. Reward him with a peace and contentment in his heart that is not of this earth. God be merciful to me a sinner. Amen.”

The bishop was on his knees sobbing. His huge frame shook with the force of his emotion. Women all over the room were sobbing and praying audibly. Men turned their faces from their neighbors as they surreptitiously wiped their eyes with gnarled knuckles. Once more the minds and hearts of that assembly were centered upon the lowly Jesus and His love for erring man. The very doors of heaven seemed to open in that dingy schoolroom. Worldly differences of wealth, position, clothes, and education became as nothing. It was as though the little preacher had disappeared, and the great God of the universe, in his place, was pleading for the hearts of His people. Half a dozen Christian men and women nearest the bishop, no longer fearing him, grasped his hands, patted him lovingly on the back, and with shining faces, welcomed him into the brotherhood of God.

THE END.



COMEDY CORNER FENY COMEDY CORNER



This issue's jokes were submitted by Helen Lozanoff of Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

Six-year old Kevin was down in the dumps after being teased about losing 2 front teeth. He looked enviously at his 12-year-old cousin who wore braces on his teeth, and said:

"Well, you'll never lose any of your teeth, they're chained on."

A mother was very much annoyed because a written excuse explaining her little son's absence from school following a heavy snowfall was demanded by his teacher. Whereupon, she wrote:

"Dear teacher: My little Eddie's legs are 14 inches long. The snow is 18 inches deep. Now, maybe you understand why he didn't get to school yesterday."

Motorist: "How far is it to the next town?"

Farmer: "Two miles as the crow flies."

Motorist: How far is it if the crow has to walk and roll a flat tire?"



* BY TOMORROW WE SHOULD BE IN PIRANHA WATERS "

Uncle Ben, a very cautious and frugal old man, put on his best clothes one day and went down to have a look at the city.

As he was standing on a street corner, a ragged stranger approached, asking, "Will you give me a quarter for a sandwich?"

Uncle Ben gave him a good looking over, then said, "Lemme see the sandwich first."



* "THAT WEB THERE BY YOUR HAND... ISN'T THAT A BLACK WIDOW ? "

"Did you hear about the expert who plans to cross foxes with kangaroos?"

"What's his objective?"

"Fur coats with built-in pockets."

Two 12-year old boys were having a discussion. One remarked to the other: "I came from a 'broken home'... broke it myself."

Father (after a hard day at the office):

Did you children help your mother today?

First child: Yes, father. I washed the dishes.

Second child: I dried them.

Third child: I picked up the pieces.

Joe: "What animals can jump higher than a house?"

Tom: "I don't know."

Joe: "All kinds. Houses can't jump."

First Cowboy: "Why do you wear only one spur?"

Second Cowboy: "Well, I figure when one side of the horse starts running, the other side will, too."

Ed: "What did one snail say to the other when they saw a turtle go by?"

Ted: "I don't know, what?"

Ed: "Look at him go."

How do you keep your children out of the cookie jar?

I lock up the pantry and put the key under the soap in the bathroom.

Police Chief: "So, the burglar got away. Did you guard all the exits?"

Rookie: "Yes, sir, every one."

Police Chief: "Then how did the man escape?"

Rookie: "He used an entrance."

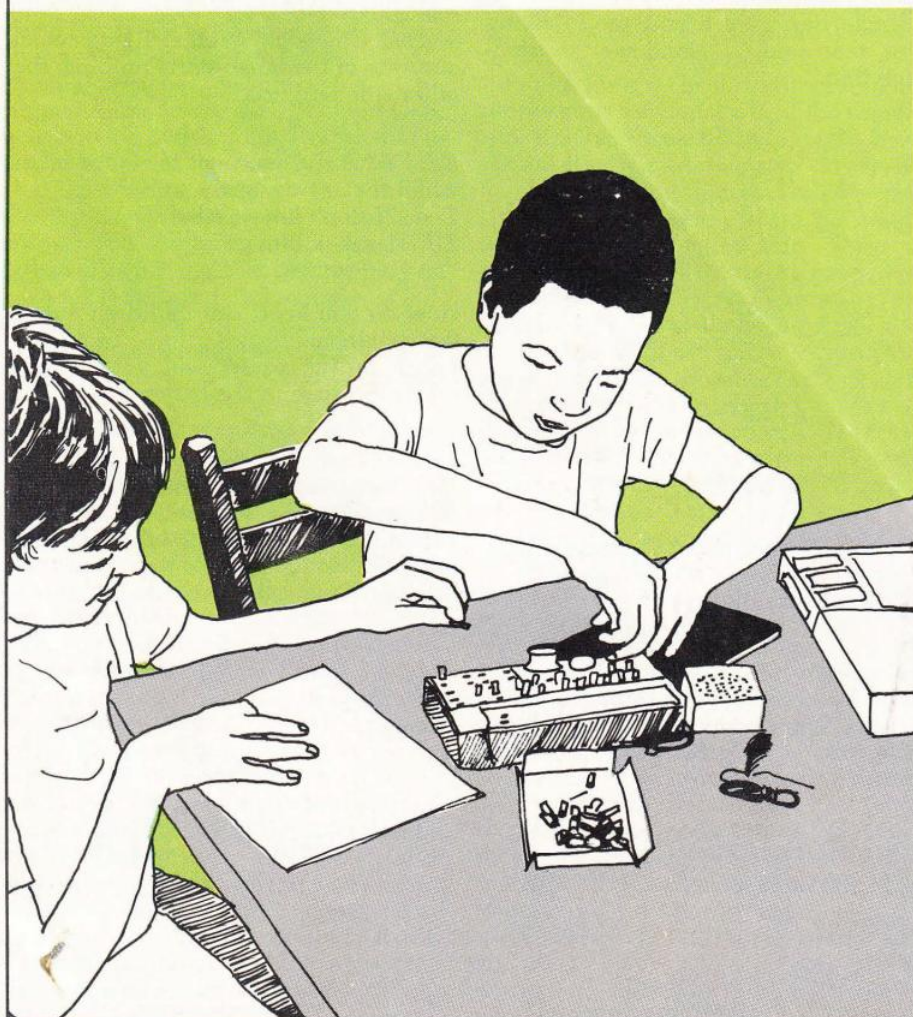


* "YOU'D THINK A NICE BEACH LIKE THIS WOULD BE MORE CROWDED "

Following Instructions

BY MURIEL LARSON

"The richest, most rewarding life is to be had by learning God's instructions and following them. If you love and trust the Lord, you'll live by his master plan!"



How good are you at following instructions? Well, it all depends on how well you read or hear them, doesn't it? And even if you read and hear them well, if you don't follow them precisely, you sometimes end up with a mess on your hands!"

Have you ever tried to put something together? Usually you slide all the parts out of the box and slithering after them comes a little piece of paper with the vital directions for putting them all together. You look over the directions and wonder what diabolical mind conceived them. As your brain circuits threaten to blow from overload, you timidly pick up piece "A" and try attaching it to piece "B" and so on.

At last you have the thing all together! Now it should work. But what's this? No, it doesn't! "Now what'd I do wrong?" you groan.

Then your bright-eyed sister spots something over on the floor. "Hey, what's this?" she asks innocently. It's a part you forgot to put in halfway through the job. Now you have to tear the apparatus apart and put it all together again!

Well, at least you can usually take an apparatus apart and put it together again. But how about your life? Once a thing is done in life, it can't be undone, can it? Oh, you might be able to rectify it somehow, if it was a mistake; but there are many times when nothing we can do can change our reaping the consequences of some action.

Those of us who know the Lord Jesus Christ as our personal Saviour know that the Lord has given us a reliable instruction book on how to live our lives wisely and in accordance with God's will. The richest, most rewarding life is to be had by learning God's instructions and following them. A life full of wrong turns and heartbreaking mistakes may be realized by those who do not seek to run their lives by God's directions. Jesus said:

He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me: and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him. (John 14:21).

So not only does one have a more worthwhile life if he patterns his life after the teachings of God's Word, but he is proving his love for his Saviour and will realize a blessed close relationship with Christ.

Are you studying God's instruction book and seeking to obey Him in every way? Do your actions prove that you are truly one of Christ's disciples? The Apostle James wrote, "Faith without works is dead" (James 2:20). But if you love and trust the Lord, you'll live by His master plan!