there and sleep on the floor there. So I said that was fine, and I thanked them for their advice, and I packed my stuff and started on down the road. And as I went the rain got heavier and it began to pour down, and then it got cold and it begna to change to snow and sleet. And I was hoping to get there soon and to get into shelter. And I got there, and it was getting down near freezing, too, and I got to the door of this place, and I looked at the door and I pushed and it didn't open. The f door of the woodshed, there by the side of the cabin. And I pushed and it didn't open, and I shoved and it didn't open, and I began to hit it and it didn't open, there was no sign of any knob that you turn, and nothing happened, and there was no sign of anything there on the door that you could trun and it would open, and I pushed and I shoved, and I put considerable effort into it, because that snow and rain and sleet waz pouring down x on me and I wnated to get inside, where it would be a little less most cold. And I pushed and pushed and pushed for some time I couldn't think of anything else to do. And then I thought that they had siad that it wamn't locked, but it seemed as if there was some big board in there holding it closed. Now let's top and think a nd maybe we could work a little more intelligently. There is no use in shoving your head against a stone wall, let's stop and see if there is a here Isaw better way to do it. And I looked we and up there was a little piece of cord hanging down from the top, there, by the door. And I said, I wonder what that is for? And I reached up and I pulled the cord and that pulled up the bar inside and lifted it up, and the result was that the door swung of the fact open and I went inside. And I thought it was a good illustration that hard work is not enough, we need intelligent work also.

There **t** are many time s when a hard **bee** is what is necessary, and if we don't shove hard enough we will not get what we need. But there are many, many times when a direct head on attack accomplished nothing, and there is a way around which reaches the goad. I mentioned Mr. Schaeffer in Grove City. He went there and there were eighteen people in a little separated

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