

## LEAVES FROM LANTERN LANE

no soured old people, or cynical young people.

They have something in this little church which causes them to walk in the light. If there are shadows, they fall behind them, not in front. The people have that priceless thing, which Lloyd Douglas, in his "White Banners" calls *personal peace*. In the old Methodist Church we used to call it an "experience of grace."

When one of the women of the congregation died this summer, after a long and terrible illness, her husband, whose love and devotion had never wavered during these long years, was in his place at the door the next Sunday; haggard and greatly shaken, but he told us, with a radiant face, that she was sustained to the last. Angels had ministered to her, and God in His mercy had dulled her pain, so she could speak words of comfort to him before she fell asleep. She had fought a good fight, he said, she had kept the faith!

"Have they any plan for bringing in the new social order?" a friend of mine asked me, when I was telling her of our pleasant associations in the little church, with these delightful people.

I could not say they had. Not a really definite, black and white plan, but they had a pattern—I know they have a pattern, for their own lives, which they try to follow. A pattern is a more individual and intimate thing than a plan, anyway; a warmer, closer experience; and, so far as I can judge, their pattern is the one left to us long ago by a man called Micah, and later confirmed, and demonstrated by One who gave His life for it.