

world has undergone a ploughing and a harrowing which no mortal mind can fully grasp. The skies of the world are darkened by the black wings of sorrow, and no country and very few homes have escaped their sinister shadow. Nationally we have had sore losses—the Archbishop of Canterbury, Wendell Wilkie, and now President Roosevelt. These great men have been taken from us, leaving us bewildered and lost. We think of Lincoln, who was taken before he had achieved his purpose, and of Wilson, who planned, but was not permitted to fulfil his mission. Is it possible that we depend too much on our leaders?

In our own family we suffered the first break in 1944. For forty-six years we had an unbroken family circle. Then came the reeling blow and our eldest son, our beloved Jack, was gone—gone like a great tree from the mountain top, leaving a lonesome place against the sky.

The first few days of shock bring a merciful anesthesia, when time stands still and the world seems to have ended. You know then why people stop the clock and draw the blinds, and you have a better understanding of why Miss Haversham ordered the wedding feast to be left on the table when her world broke down. It is a pathetically futile, but human, attempt to hold back the desolation which has come upon you.

But that passes, and you know that life goes on, and you must stand up to it. Besides, there is the family, drawn closer in the community of sorrow. Thank God for the family!

Wes and I were like the two sad disciples who travelled the road to Emmaus, sorrowing for the One whom they loved. They had seen Him die, and their hopes had died with Him. Suddenly they were joined by a third traveller, a stranger, whose sympathy brought out the whole story. It comforted them to tell him their sorrow, and