

"The Way of High Desires"

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;

I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift.

Harold Arnold Wallers.

You are probably familiar with these lines, but have you ever thought of each line as a prayer? If you really mean it, hard, there it is, for "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed."

Read Matt. 5:6 and 7:7-11.

Any loitering student can pray to be learned; any idler in the market place can pray to be rich; any irresolute dodger of duty can pray for a vigorous character. But such praying is not really prayer.

—Fosdick.

Prayer:—God, help me not only to see the highest but to love the highest that I see. May I walk with Jesus every moment of this day, in the Way of High Desires. In His name, I pray. Amen."

"The Way of Widening Friendships"

The world stands out on either side

No wider than the heart is wide;

Above the world is stretched the sky

No higher than the soul is high.

The heart can push the sea and land

Farther away on either hand,

The soul can split the sky in two,

And let the face of God shine through.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Read Mark 2:13-17; Matt. 5:43-48.

Do we approach Jesus' standard of friendship? Do we care for the unlovely? Do we care for those who do not care for us? How wide is our world?

Let us think gratefully of our home circle, and pray God's blessing on them. Let us give thanks for the friendships that have enriched our lives and pray to be made worthy

of our friends. Let us rejoice just now in the new fellowships of camp, trusting that these bonds may be strengthened in future days. Let us plead for hearts big enough to care about the whole wide world. Thus may we walk the way of widening Friendships with the Master Friend."

IN SEARCH OF A HEAVENLY FATHER

Esther A. Ryan, Toyama, Japan

"Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!"

The yearning cry of the ages is the cry of many thousands of Japan's young people today. Often the cry is inarticulate because of the natural reserve of youth; often the thinking is confused by the labyrinth of reasoning into which many enter as they search for an answer to their questioning in the realm of philosophy; often the longing is obscured by a restless reaching out after freedom of action, or temporarily hushed by the louder voices of the world around. Not a few, despairing of finding a solution to their problem, give up the struggle, and throw away the precious gift of life.

One such tired young brother came into the English Bible class in Toyama. He was a Normal School student—one could tell that by his school uniform. But he seemed rather listless, hardly on a par with the bright intelligence of the others who were present. As the lesson drew to a close and an opportunity was given for asking questions, this young man surprised us by saying:

"I want to find the Heavenly Father!"

What more welcome expression could be heard by the missionary teacher? But it was time to close our class in order that we might not interfere with the regular morning service.

"If you can call on me this afternoon I will be glad to help you," I said.

"Will I find the Heavenly Father?" he asked, and having received an encouraging answer accepted the invitation to stay for church.

Before dinner was over in our little home he was there, looking for the promised direction. I questioned him a little in order that I might know how to help. He told a tale