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The Upward Look

Travel Series No. 41 — God's Riches

O LORD, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches.—Psaim 104: 24.

made them all: the earth is rull of Thy riches. Paalin 104; 24.

I was glad that I was to see the parlies near the end of the trip, as they seemed a consummation of it all. To me they expressed more of God's at they seemed a consummation of it all. To me they expressed more of God's mountains implied limitation and restriction; the priaries seemed endless and boundless. In the great distance there was often a transformation. The gold had become blue, so it was as if

there was often a transformation. The gold had become blue, so it was as if the ocean were spread out before me. The mind could not grasp what all those miles of waving grain meant, for our own Canada and for other lands our own Canada and for other lands stretches was trifling in comparison with God's power that brought the harvest. But trifling as it is, he must do his part.

with God's power that brought the harvest. But trifling as it is, he must do his part.

I had never before had such a realization of the greatness of God's resources. How could one ever doubt that man's physical needs would be supplied! As it is God's power underlying the abounding fertility of those plains, so it is His power underlying all the untold riches of the earth.

In years past, people wondered what would happen when forests failed. Then coal was discovered. Some were

In years past, people wondered what would happen when forests falled. Then coal was discovered. Some were attempting to estimate its continuance. The wonders of electricity were revealed. In our day, we realize that we with our finite minds cannot grasp His infinite power. We know not what wonderful ways He will have in the future to supply the needs of His children. But we must ever work to wrest and win these secrets for mankind. We must work too with all possible eteropic and might and faith that justice may reign, so that the wealth of the earth may be so distributed that the cry of hunger will not rise unheeded by the oppressore who have gained possession of that ween't should belong to all.—It were the strength of the

The Joy o' Comin' Hame

A' the joys that come tae man, In three score years and ten, There's ane that far ootshines

That Providence can sen'.

It's no the joy o' gatherin' gear

Nor reachin' Heights o' fame,

Deli ane o' these are equal tae

The Joy o' comin' hame.

Tae see aince mair my ain dear folk, And in the auld hoose stan', Tae see my mither's face again, Tae grup my faither's han'. Oh! there's naething under Heaven's

That human tongue can name, That gaes the hert sae gled a thrill, Like the joy o' comin' hame.

I've wandered East, I've wandered West,

I've gathered muckle treasure, But they tae ashes a' hae turned, An' gae me little pleasure. But thank the Lord that sell! I've left A joy that's never tame, For which I'd barter a' besides The joy o' comin' hame.

An' when for me the Silent Oar Shall pairt the Silent River, And my frail ship is launched upon The Ocean o' Forever. There's Ane I ken will pilot me,

There's Ane I ken will pilot me, And trustin' in His name, I'll sing on Heaven's brighter shore, The joy o' comin' hame.

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