
LIVING TEACHERS

the joy of seeing the light break over his face, and hear those words a teacher loves, "Oh, now I see." Then I can open his eyes to new mysteries and teach him again to "see." And so he grows.

Men and women, I have often wondered if life does not mean that I am being taught, little by little, step by step, until I shall reach the place where the Great Teacher can explain, and I can understand and cry out with my small boy, "Oh, now I see."

And when I have seen, He will show me a new mystery and teach me to understand. And so I grow.

But alas for me, if I shut out the light. Then the healthful, bracing, life-giving air goes too, and leaves me weak and anaemic, ready to receive the