

PROEM

career somehow even a larger good for Japan might some day result than if he had been allowed to continue.

Nervously, physically wrecked, yet ever hopeful, he was making preparation for home-going when one morning he found himself unable to rise. An eminently competent German medical professor was called in from the University compound near by. After diagnosing the case the honest German said:

"Probably typhoid. Cannot tell positively for twenty-four hours. Will know to-morrow morning."

A malignant type of typhoid was prevalent; many strong men had succumbed. The patient knew that, in his utterly devitalized condition, an attack of typhoid meant a death sentence, without appeal. The "probable" sentence was merely "suspended" for twenty-four hours.

Those twenty-four hours! Vivid as yesterday. Was it a fever-dream, or a touch with the unseen holy? Silence reigned, only hushed voices whispered near. Love and sympathy were on the faces of the brother missionary and his young wife with whom he was now a lone guest—his family being beyond the Pacific. But the life lived that twenty-four hours would take a volume to describe. Faces soon vanished, windows and walls were gone. Space, infinite space, everywhere—face to face with eternal conditions!

"If only my family were not so far away. Perhaps I can reach them through the air and save the Board the 'passage money.' How free in this infinite expanse—if one could only live here and work there—there! Japan! What a precious part of God's infinite whole—what possibilities there! See! see! a light arises from the far-off horizon, rising—forming! It brightens and shapes