

## THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT

darkness he displayed some of the self-assurance and stoutness of heart of the man with whom things are going well. He was remembering—questioning—doubting.

“I had come to the end of the end . . . and I prayed . . . yes, I *prayed*. . . . I asked for a miracle. . . . and the next day it seemed to have been worked. . . . Was it the prayer that did it? . . . Was it any one’s prayer? . . . Was it any one’s faith? . . . Was it—God? . . . Had faith and prayer and God anything to do with it? . . . Do things happen by coincidence and chance? . . . or is there a Mind that directs them? . . . I wonder! . . . I wonder! . . .”

THE END