

and some from strangers. "He was good to me when I needed a friend" . . . "He helped me to regain my self-respect" . . . "It did me good just to see him" . . . "a nod from Jack brightened my day" . . . "He was filled with the joy of living, and had a way of imparting it" " " " "I never knew anyone who had so many friends" . . . "Man and boy he served his country well" . . . "He will be long remembered for his compassionate heart."

As the days went on I found myself holding on to that simple sentence: "They knew Him in the breaking of bread." It throws a gleam of light across the desolation of this troubled world, where the whole creation is groaning under intolerable burdens. The breaking of bread suggests something we can all do; something we all must do. Work is more than mere activity—there is healing in it!

From this sheltered spot I see people working on the land; there are girls in bright overalls and sweaters, with gay handkerchiefs on their heads, picking flowers; there are men putting fertilizer on the cabbages which are being raised for seed. I wonder if it sweetens their labor to know they are contributing to the needs of their fellow men? Who knows how far this seed may travel? Or what bit of scorched earth it may restore? I like to think that the men who were spreading on the fertilizer have this in mind.

On the other side of Mount Douglas there lives a Manitoba friend of ours who has now arrived at the age when people usually develop high blood pressure and cease from their labors. But this man did nothing of the kind. He came out here, bought some raw land, put it under cultivation and began to raise vegetable seeds. He went at it scientifically, with the help and blessing of our Agricultural Department, and has achieved success. Last winter, when his farm duties were