

THE UPWARD LOOK

The Power of Prayer

"On one occasion we arrived at the town of Ho Trun late in the afternoon, expecting to stay there over night and probably longer; but when we arrived we found the Christian whom we had sent to arrange for our visit, had failed to get a place for us to stay in. We were in serious difficulty, as it would be almost impossible to make the journey to the next place that night. While the ministers were feeding and we were trying to eat our dinner in the midst of the crowd, Mr. Goforth said, 'Let us just ask the Lord silently to give us a place if He scarcely finished eating.' We had Christian came up, saying, 'Praise the Lord! a wealthy man has offered you a fine empty place which has just been fixed over and he says you can have it as long as you like, free of rent.' Here was surely one of the Lord's ex-ceeding abundants. For three days we preached the Gospel to many hundreds of men and women and a work was begun which has continued ever since.

"On one of the early visits a woman came with a little child whose foot was terribly burned. The whole foot was badly swollen, the inflammation reaching some distance up the leg. The child was feverish and seemed in a serious condition. It happened on that trip I had forgotten to bring the little remedies which I was accustomed to take with me, so I told the woman I could do nothing for the child. But again she begged so piteously that I could not turn away; and lifting up my heart in prayer, I asked the Lord to guide me if there was anything I could do. Even while I prayed the thought of a bread poultice came to mind. This remedy seemed an almost absurd one; I had never heard of such a thing being used before under like circumstances; but I resolved to try it. Twice a day the foot was cleansed and put in the poultice and it was really wonderful how that foot healed. We were there 10 days and when we left the foot was almost completely well. The mother, father, child herself and indeed, the whole family, became Christians.

"I give the following instance to show how impossible it was to know when one would run into danger. Going to a certain village for a day's preaching I took little Mary with me, then three years of age. We were waited on by a Christian woman who was most kind and attentive, bringing water and food for both Mary and myself. Being much taken up with preaching to the woman, it did not occur to me to ask this woman why she kept her baby's face covered, for the child was always in her arms. She uncovered the child's face and to my horror I saw the child was covered with smallpox! For weeks I watched Mary's temperature, but nothing developed. It was through repeated instances of this kind that I came to see that Mr. Goforth was right when he said, 'The safest place for yourself and the children is in the path of duty.'

"As we began to prepare once more for our return to China after furlough, one serious difficulty faced us. Our eldest son could be left to face the world alone, but not so our daughter of 16. It was necessary that a suitable guardian would be found for her. I called upon three different ladies whom I thought would be most likely to realize some responsibility towards

the missionary's daughter, but all three declined to accept the responsibility. I then saw that it was not for me to try to open my own door, but that I must look to the Lord for this to return to China and to leave my dear child. To send me one to whom I could trust her. But a short time passed when one day I received a visit from a lady whose life had been devoted to the training of young women. She was one whose beautiful Christian character and ideal womanhood, made her the one above all others in whose care I could gladly leave my daughter. This lady told me how in her early years she had hoped to give her life to China, but the way Lord had laid it upon her heart to offer to take charge of my child. Years have passed since then and she has fulfilled my highest expectations of her. Rarely has an answer come more definitely from a loving Father than did the offer of this friend, nor indeed one that brought greater relief and help; her offer was an unmistakable proof that the Lord would keep my child as I gave her up."

Note.—The above incidents are a continuation from last week of the experiences of Mrs. Goforth, and the power of prayer as published in recent issues of The Sunday School Times.

"Knee Deep in June."

WE are now well into June, the first month of summer, and it is certainly one of the grandest months of the year. The other day we picked up James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "Knee Deep in June," and while the majority of us are too busy along about June to "jes' git out and rest and not work at nothin' else," there is something restful in the sentiment of this poem. Our space is limited so we cannot publish the poem in full, but here it is in part:

Tell you what I like the best—
"Long about knee-deep in June,
"Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine—some afternoon
Like to 'jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!"

Orebard's where I'd rather be—
Needn't fence it in for me,
Jes the whole sky overhead,
And the whole air underneath—
Sort o' so's a man kin breathe—
Like he ort and kind o' has
Ebbow room to bow down,
Sprawl out lenthways on the grass
Where the shadders thick and soft
As the kiver on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Alas, when they's company!

Jes a-sort o' lasin' there—
S' lasy at you peak and peer
Through the waver' leaves above,
Like a feller 'ats in love
And don't know it, he don't keer!
Everything you hear and see
Got some sort o' interest—
Maybe find a bluebird's nest
Tucked up there conveniently
For the boy 'ats up to be
Up some other apple tree!
Watch the swains' skootin' past
"Bout as peart as you could get
Er the Bob-white raise and whis
Where some other's whistle is!

Name! If they ain't sompin' in
Work at kind o' good for you
'U' convolutions—long about
Jes in June especially!
Under some old apple tree,
Jes a-restin' through and through
I could sit about whistlin'—
Nothin' else at all to do
Only jes a-whistlin' you
Wuz a' gittin' there like me,
And June wuz eternity!

Lay out there and try to see
Jes how lazy you kin be!
Tumble round and souse yer head
In the clover-bloom, er pull
Yer straw hat across yer eyes,
And peer through it at the sky,
Thinkin' of old chums 'ats dead,
Maybe 'smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold and white and blue!
Month a man can really love
June, you know, I'm talkin' o'!



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