

# Dan E. L. Patch

## The Moon over Willow Run



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# Moon Over Willow Run

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# Moon Over Willow Run

By Dan E.L. Patch  
CHIEF OF POLICE, YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN

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# Dedication

Prayerfully dedicated  
to my beloved daughter,  
Mary Jane,  
faith believing that her  
talent and wealth of  
wisdom were ordained  
of God that she might  
follow in the footsteps  
of her father as a writer.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

— PSALM 31:19

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# Preface by Lutheran Librarian

In republishing this book, we seek to introduce this author to a new generation of those seeking spiritual truth.

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Dan E. L. Patch began his public service as a patrolman in the Police Department of the City of Highland Park. Within fifteen years, personal qualifications brought him through the various ranks to the position of Chief of Police. A quarter of a century of faithful service gave a feeling of joy and explicit confidence to all citizens who respected the law and who liked to see it administered without fear or favor. Professional competence was attested by the honor conferred by the Michigan Association of Chiefs of Police when he was made their President for the years 1941-42. In later years he served as Chief of Police of Ypsilanti, Michigan.

By J. McGill Reynar, *Secretary of The Christian Business Men's Committee of Detroit.*

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# Foreword

CHARACTER in a man is revealed by the outpouring of his heart. Knowing the author as a man of prayer, the Executive Council of the Christian Business Men's Committee of Detroit expresses its sentiments in this foreword.

Dan E. L. Patch began his public service as a patrolman in the Police Department of the City of Highland Park. Within fifteen years, personal qualifications brought him through the various ranks to the position of Chief of Police. A quarter of a century of faithful service gave a feeling of joy and explicit confidence to all citizens who respected the law and who liked to see it administered without fear or favor. Professional competence was attested by the honor conferred by the Michigan Association of Chiefs of Police when he was made their President for the years 1941-42.

Subsequent to retirement from active service in a city that had reached its majority, Mr. Patch accepted the position as Chief of the Division of Police of the City of Ypsilanti, Michigan, which even now is undergoing the pangs that accompany the metamorphosis of a quiet college town into an aileron of the defense effort of our nation.

In spite of advancing years, civic responsibility and the demands of home, church and country, Chief Patch still finds time to write books exalting the Lord Jesus Christ. He has followed the advice of a layman who mounted the summit of service to God and man. It was King David who said, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so," and Christians throughout the world recognize as a fundamental of their faith the necessity of testimony that Jesus Christ is Lord. "Whosoever there fore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven" is a statement of Jesus that St. Paul links with his gospel: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

The author of *Moon Over Willow Run* is not ashamed of his Lord, and takes his pen to illustrate his testimony. As the soul of the reader is moved, as emotions rise and fall with the tides of literary expression, let all remember that the Master is greater than the masterpiece.

This Council, of which Dan E. L. Patch is an honored member, wishes all readers the fullness of joy that comes with obedience to the will of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

J. MCGILL REYNAR,

*SECRETARY OF THE CHRISTIAN BUSINESS MEN'S COMMITTEE OF DETROIT.*

# 1. An Open Door

“AMERICA? The home of the brave and land of the free? The land of opportunity — and she was not a citizen?” Thryilla MacIntyre debated the questions that perplexed her.

She was standing on the bridge of a tramp steamer which had borne her to this strange, new country. Japan’s undeclared war on China had compelled her to travel in obscurity. It had been a long, monotonous, uneventful trip until now. The tremor of her lower lip was the only outward evidence of the inward struggle to master her emotions and the first pangs of homesickness which seized her. Thoughts of doubt, anticipation, the uncertainty of the future persisted in creeping in to trouble her. She fought them off with the brave determination to win. Turning, she viewed the shoreline in a first glimpse of the Golden Gate. The California sun in all its glory was just rising over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Flickering rays of sunshine introduced another morning, casting their shadows across the Oakland Foothills, and spreading out in a sheen of colors as the rays played upon the rising fog, blanketed over San Francisco Bay.

America! The land of her forefathers! A land which she had heard and read much about — but which she had never seen. What opportunity did this new land offer her? This was the land where her father and mother were born. By listening to stories which her parents had related, Thryilla had formed a vague idea of what it would be like. How vivid the picture of the little white church at Willow Run stood out in her mind — the church where her mother and father had stood before the marriage altar to be pronounced man and wife. It was a cherished place, sacred in the memory of the family. Here her mother had found Christ and dedicated her life to the cause of missions in India. Her parents had gone out from this mediocre farming community to serve Him.

The church still stood, but their lives were as ships on the human sea of fate that had never returned to port. Perhaps they were forgotten in the transition that affected the community. Most of the farms had been

purchased by a great industrialist. Old settlers had passed on or moved away. What would this quiet farming community of Willow Run be like? When she reached her destination near Detroit, she would have an opportunity to visit the little church and find out.

Her thought returned to the present and the ship radiogram which she clutched in her hand. It was an omen of bad news, notifying her of the necessity of changing plans — plans which left her a victim of circumstances over which she had no control; plans which clearly emphasized the uncertainty of the future; plans which others had made for her — charting a future course which she must meet. It was too late to waver and turn aside; she must go on in faith, believing.

Since leaving the missionary outpost of her people on the Burma-Chinese border in far-off India, manythings had happened. Nearly six months had passed, during which her aged great-grandmother — whom she was to visit in the States — had died. She had traveled alone halfway around the world unaware of this fact. Mail intended to inform her of the death of this relative was still pursuing her on another boat. The radiogram from a distant cousin gave the first inkling of the heartache, trouble and disappointment which the letter from her mother would more fully convey.

Obviously her plans of going immediately through to Michigan were to be interrupted. She was to meet this unknown cousin at the pier when the boat docked and place herself at his or her disposal. Jean was a name that did not definitely identify sex. She hoped Jean Thrillby would be a girl of her own age. Then the auto trip to Seattle for which the new plans called would be welcome. Girls, she understood — as well as men — drove cars in America.

Four thousand miles from home, she was hungry for companionship and a real friend in whom she could confide. Everything in America was to be a new experience. She had never ridden in an automobile. The nearest approach to the experience was a lumbering trip part way across China in an overloaded, time-worn truck. Otherwise, when she did not walk, she had traveled by jinrikisha, or in an ancient Chinese train; she had journeyed by boat to reach her present destination.

In all these many miles of travel she had had but one friend whom she could trust. The Lord Jesus Christ had ever proved her friend in need. Thryilla MacIntyre knew Him. She had trusted Him since early childhood. He had never failed her or her people. As a faith missionary, she knew the

value of trusting Him in all things. Therefore, she had ventured on this trip to America in full confidence that His watchful and loving care was sufficient to meet all her needs.

Thryilla clung to the rail on the port side, and as they entered the harbor she tried to decipher the shoreline through the rising fog. She felt reluctant to leave the friendly atmosphere of the ship. The congenial attitude of the passengers seemed to offer a haven of protection that she knew would immediately be severed when they parted at the gangplank.

Indifferent to the mob of passengers that rushed about the ship making last minute plans to get all their possessions together and bid traveling companions goodbye, Thryilla remained aloof, toying with the radiogram that revealed so little of what the prospects for her future might be. She, of course, would eventually go East and prepare to enter college, where her tuition had been arranged. It would be a relief to forget her troubles in study. Four years would be required to finish the course of training which was to prepare her to return to the mission field as a Bible teacher and nurse.

The first mate discovered her standing on the second deck of the virtually deserted ship.

“Well, you don’t seem to be as anxious to leave us as the majority of passengers,” he smiled inquiringly, guarding against the possibility of his broken Swedish accent giving offense.

“One does not ordinarily care to leave home when uncertain about the prospects of another,” she answered with a forced smile.

“Certainly, it cannot be that bad — you have friends?”

“An unknown cousin out there trying to locate me, I hope,” she interrupted, waving the radiogram in the general direction of the waiting crowd.

“I perceive that you are gifted with the good judgment of being the last passenger to leave the ship. The difficulty of locating an unknown cousin should not be so great now,” the first mate replied, emphasizing the question of identification. “Perhaps it would be well to go down with me and stand on the gangplank where we can search the crowd.”

“For a cousin that I never saw?” she smiled humorously.

Permitting him to lead the way, she followed and stood by his side, facing the sea of faces along the wharf.

Almost immediately a young man crowded his way through the seething throng and approached her. "Pardon me, please; but is it possible that I have the honor of addressing Miss Thryilla MacIntyre?" he asked gallantly.

Thryilla blushed beautifully and nodded in recognition of her name while she waited for him to explain his position more fully.

"Evidently your cousin finds a family resemblance which enabled him to locate the right party," the Swedish officer ventured.

With a puzzled expression of embarrassment, the young man waited for an explanation that would clarify the awkward situation. In the meantime he let his eyes drink in Thryilla's loveliness, until they were both hopelessly confused.

"My name is Bob Chandler," he finally blurted impulsively, addressing the first mate; my mission here is to locate Miss Thryilla MacIntyre, a missionary from India. I am supposed to take her to the home of a cousin in Seattle."

"At any rate this is not a man with a girl's name," and Thryilla let the thought filter through her mind, deciding that she liked the name "Bob" better than "Jean." Such a fine specimen of manhood deserved a really masculine name.

Suddenly she felt sorry for him. He seemed to be in a greater state of confusion than she. She did not understand why, but she was drawn to him in sympathy. What the connection might be between her unknown cousin Jean, and Bob Chandler, she did not know; but something assured her that he deserved sympathy. Perhaps it was because he appeared to have a duty that he did not relish. Meeting her at the dock was a job that had been thrust upon him. She was a burden upon his time, a responsibility that he could not avoid. Obviously, she had no choice but to depend upon him. Likewise, his choice in the matter was not his own; he was acting for another. She studied his face; it was open and frank. He was to be depended upon; she could trust him.

"I am Miss MacIntyre," she said, resuming her composure.

"Miss Thryilla MacIntyre, I believe?"

"I am called Trilla for short, at home."

"Readily understood; no one ever calls me Robert any more. I've been abbreviated since childhood," he laughed, "if you're called Trilla in India, America will follow suit. The only other identifying feature is: the name must fit a missionary."



“I can also qualify there; I am a missionary all the way from India, and I am searching, too, for an unknown cousin who is supposed to meet me here at the boat.”

“So I understand. It is my forte to pinch-hit for your cousin, Jean. She was unavoidably detained at the last minute. Here is the telegram which explains my presence and, with your kind permission, drafts me as an escort to transport you to your cousin’s home,” he explained readily. “It is indeed a pleasure to welcome you to America.”

For the first time one of Trilla’s wholesome, carefree smiles gave the assurance that she was perfectly at ease and equal to the situation at hand.

“It was very thoughtful of my cousin, I am sure,” she said. “I have considerable baggage and shall welcome assistance in arranging to have it routed through to a final destination. Perhaps it may become necessary to check most of it here until I have completed definite arrangements at the university. Grandmother’s death complicates matters; I scarcely know now what I shall have to do.”

“I am sure you will find that your cousin has taken care of all the details for you. Any of your trunks or baggage not necessary to serve immediate needs may be left in storage at the Mission Headquarters,” Bob explained. “I have my car; we will drive over there to see that everything is arranged satisfactorily. Then we will be on our way to Seattle. It’s a drive of several hundred miles which I am sure you are going to enjoy.”

“I have been reading about the many points of interest and the scenic advantages that America offers,” Trilla enthusiastically replied. “I hope to have the privilege of seeing many of them before returning to the Orient. The giant redwoods are here in California, are they not?”

“They sure are! Come, we must be off!” Bob exclaimed, impatient to leave. We hope to be entering the tall timber of the Redwood Empire in an hour. Then Crater Lake awaits us tomorrow; we can hardly attempt the five-hundred-mile trip in a day’s drive with this late start. However, you are not to worry; Jean has arranged accommodations for you with missionary friends enroute. Some of them were former missionaries in China, I believe, whom you will be glad to meet.”

The following hour was spent in making final arrangements at Mission Headquarters for the two travelers to proceed northward. Trilla and the superintendent had many things in common to discuss, and in the course of a few minutes they were chatting like old friends.

“Anyone would think that you two had known each other all your life,” Bob remarked. “Instead, you meet for the first time, coming from opposite sides of the earth, and yet seem to have a perfect understanding. I can’t fathom it.”

“It’s the common touch of Christianity, my boy,” the sage of many years of missionary experience replied. “You see, while we do not know each other, we do know Jesus Christ. He introduced us here in your presence. We find that even though we have never met previously, in reality we are old friends.”

After a word of prayer for a safe and pleasant journey, the superintendent saw them to the waiting car in which they were to wend their way across the Golden Gate bridge to the main highway and points north along the coast. It was a beautiful morning and gave promise of a pleasant day’s travel. Bob Chandler proved to be a congenial companion, and as the speedometer clicked off the miles, he commented upon the various interesting views along the countryside. Thus her first ride in an automobile was to be an experience upon which Trilla’s memory would never close.

## 2. Among The Giants

By the time the California sun had reached its zenith, they had found their way deep within the shady lanes of the giant cedars. Trilla had thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the trip. Traveling in America was vastly different from anything she had ever experienced in India or China. There was no comparison between the undulating sedan chair borne by two trotting coolies in China and the automobile that Bob Chandler piloted along the endless stretch of paved highway in California. It was a revelation that fairly numbed the senses with the thrill it offered. At first the speed with which approaching automobiles bore down upon them frightened her, but as time wore on and her chauffeur proved to be the master of every occasion at the wheel, she permitted herself to become at ease. Her faith in the Lord was sufficient to give her confidence in the new experience of traveling at what seemed to her a dangerous breathtaking speed.

Soon after crossing the bridge they passed Muir Woods and Mt. Tamalpais on the left, the gateway to the Redwood Empire. But time would not permit them to feast upon the scenic wonders which this domain offered. Likewise, The Valley of the Moon, the Petrified Forests of Sonoma and the geysers within a day's tour of Burbank's home at Santa Rosa were passed on their right. Bob's description of these points of interest only incited Trilla's curiosity; some day she hoped to return and visit them all.

"I have an appetite proportionate in size to one of these redwoods!" he exclaimed, wheeling the roadster up to a way side refreshment stand bearing the caption "The Red Cedar Lodge." "This place doesn't look like the Waldorf Astoria, I'll admit; but Mother MacDay knows how to work wonders in vanquishing that demon hunger that persistently pursues the California traveler."

"I have been debating the question for an hour, hating to admit it," Trilla replied. "The truth is: I have been trying to make myself believe that it was merely a holdover from my ocean voyage. I am really famished, yet ashamed to claim ownership to such a craving for something to eat."

“Let’s tackle the job then with the mutual satisfaction that we have nothing for which we need apologize. The bigger the steak the better; although I know that it is a dangerous policy to eat heavily at the noon hour when traveling,” Bob explained, “I find that I often get sleepy while driving, after a big meal. I’ll get around that today, however, by taking a nap. I’ll curl up in the car for twenty minutes following lunch, while you look around the curio shop; then I’ll be all set. Come on, let’s celebrate your first attempt at sampling American cooking!”

They left the car together like old friends and found their way to a neatly arranged table for two in a screened-in alcove at the rear of a spacious log cabin lodge. While Trilla was being seated, Mother MacDay appeared personally to wait upon them.

“I’ve driven a total of two hundred twenty-three and six-tenths miles since breakfast for the sole pleasure of introducing you to another Scotchman this morning — Scotch woman, I suppose I should say, to be strictly ‘Emily Post,’ Bob said jocularly.” Mother MacDay, I want you to meet Miss MacIntyre, a missionary from India; and, incidentally, this is her first day in America. Knowing how the Scotch stick together, I brought her all the way out here for you to find out what could be done for our appetites.”

“With particular emphasis on that little word ‘our,’ I take it,” said Mother MacDay with a sly wink at Trilla; then she added, “We have the perfect remedy for any appetite, including the one with which Bob is always sympathizing.”

“No family secrets now, Mother, meet Miss Trilla MacIntyre a missionary —”

“I beg your pardon,” the good matron interrupted, stepping over to take Trilla by the hand and acknowledging the introduction with tears in her eyes. “Bob is an awful tease, but I can forgive him this time; I have a daughter in China who has dedicated her life to the service of the Lord. Her mission station is located in the western part of Yunnan Province.”

“Charlotte MacDay? Can it be possible!”

“Charlotte — then you have heard of her?” Mother MacDay exclaimed, with a longing look of inquiry.

“Not alone heard of her; I’ve met her; I know her. Why, she’s located at the nearest station across the Burma Border. We used to meet often before

the war. And you're Charlotte's mother! What a small world after all," Trilla added, clinging to Mrs. MacDay in a happy embrace.

"Whe-e-e-e!" whistled Bob, "now try and tell me that the Scotch don't stick together."

Mother MacDay wiped the tears of joy from her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Come with me," she said, taking Trilla by the hand. "You young folks are my special guests today. We will have lunch in my own private dining room. I am anxious to know how you met Charlotte."

"Menu!" Bob punned, "if that's where they keep the fatted calf, it's good enough for me. I'm hungry enough to eat a whole cow, more or less."

"You will have to satisfy your appetite with a special prime steer T-bone today, young man," she replied, leading the way to an upper room where they could enjoy the privacy of a modest, well-kept home.

Mother MacDay took particular pride in the preparations made to welcome her guests. They were to be served from a menu of her own select choice. She was an apt scholar in learning the likes and dislikes of people through the ordinary channel of conversation. While Bob protested that time would not permit such an elaborate luncheon as a steak dinner, she was careful to note that each objection came in a weakening half-hearted gesture that he could not conceal. He knew the reputation of Mother MacDay's steak dinners, and to be served as her guest was too good an opportunity to turn down. The statements he had made about being famished with hunger were more than mere jest; they portrayed reality. With a wishful look at Trilla hoping to gain favor for the delay he knew would result from one of Mother MacDay's special dinners, he finally gave consent.

"There's no use of a hungry man arguing with a good cook," he said mischievously.

"Not when he's in his right mind," the motherly matron replied, leaving her two guests to entertain themselves with the family album while she left to give final instructions to the chef.

Half an hour later, Bob's face glowed with the pride of an overjoyed schoolboy inviting a chum to an after school sample from his grandmother's cookie jar. He knew the merits of Mother MacDay's cooking, and he wanted Trilla's first impression of America to be founded upon the memory of it. After seating the ladies, he took the place prepared for him at the head of the table. Before them was a veritable banquet — all that one might ask to delight the eye or appetite.

Again placing her hand on Trilla's arm, Mrs. MacDay entreated that her new friend express thanks to the Lord in praise to Him for the many blessings and bounties of life.

Trilla's heart overflowed with Christian joy — a joy unknown and unexperienced by those not having fellowship with the Lord, Her own knowledge and experience was so real that her voice broke in expressing thanksgiving; there was so much for which she was thankful. Her welcome to America was a revelation surpassing her highest expectations. God certainly had been good to her, and this privilege of saying grace was her opportunity to testify of her love for Him. All of the necessities of life so bountifully supplied came from His hand. Her newfound friends were a divine gift rewarding her for her faith and simple trust in Him. Truly she had been permitted to break bread and enjoy fellowship with them because of some divine purpose planned for her life. What it might be she did not know, but her faith was sufficient to assure her that His reward would suffice.

The prayer that she offered lifted them into the very presence of God. There was no mistaking the fact of her sincerity, and, at the conclusion, Mrs. MacDay's smile of appreciation assured her that they, at least, were of one accord in the common understanding of divine principles.

"You will never know just how grateful I am to Mr. Chandler for stopping here," Trilla said earnestly. "It seems just like coming home."

Mrs. MacDay smiled approvingly, and started to reply; but something in the stoical expression on Bob's face stopped her. Trilla felt its significance too. Its apparent connection with the sudden interruption in the conversation made her uneasy. She did not understand what had occurred to occasion such obvious coldness.

Resuming her composure, Mrs. MacDay proceeded. "Please tell me more about Charlotte. I am sure Mr. Chandler will forgive me if I get just a little sentimental. That is a right that no one should deny us missionary mothers."

"Certainly, Mother, go right ahead with your sentimental-ism; you have my approval with a prerequisite encore," Bob replied jocularly with a show of his usual congenial attitude, helping Trilla to a choice selection of relishes from a dainty centerpiece.

During the remainder of the meal, conversation flowed freely. Trilla gave a historical account of her first meeting with Charlotte in China in a

Kunming outpost near the Burma Border, while Mrs. MacDay drank in every word hungrily.

“They met on the Road to Mandalay,” Bob elaborated, interrupting the narrative.

“None other than the Burma Road,” Trilla smiled. “I’ve traveled its winding course many times, twice accompanied by your charming daughter, Charlotte; we traveled together for miles and miles in a jinrikisha. We became great friends. Certainly, she must have mentioned ‘Trilla’ in her letters home. That’s my nickname over there.”

“Trilla? Why, how stupid of me. Charlotte mentioned in her last letter that Trilla MacIntyre was returning to the States on a missionary furlough to enter college,” Mrs. MacDay replied. “Can you forgive me — shall I say for being so dumb — for not connecting your name with Charlotte’s letter when Mr. Chandler introduced you?”

Trilla ignored the apology. “The remarkable thing about it is that God directed that our paths should cross. I am sure that He must have a purpose in it,” she said almost reverently.

The faint trace of a frown marred the high, handsome forehead of Bob Chandler, as he feigned a congenial attitude in helping Trilla to a second piece of steak. “Here, I must insist that you share a portion of this last T-bone with me,” he said.

“Yes, do,” Mrs. MacDay urged. “You have a long drive ahead — unless I can prevail upon you to remain here for the night as my guest. I would so dearly love to have you.”

Bob would not permit a change of subjects. “There’s nothing like one of Mrs. MacDay’s steaks to help you enjoy the scenery. Talking from experience, I can guarantee the fact. Is there any question of my being an authority in that respect?” he interjected, with a sly wink of amusement meant to express appreciation to his hostess.

“I can well believe it,” Trilla replied gratefully. “The luncheon has been wonderful. I have enjoyed every bit of it. I never ate anything quite equaling this dessert. I suppose it is prepared from one of the numerous California fruits I have been reading about.”

“The nectarine — a sweet, smooth-skinned peach. I believe we are indebted to Mr. Luther Burbank for the delicacy,” Mrs. MacDay explained. “We at least will give him credit for this particular variety. You no doubt

noticed his experimental farms and gardens as you passed through Santa Rosa.”

“Yes, Mr. Chandler has proven himself an encyclopedia of touring information. I think he has covered every detail between San Francisco and the Red Cedar Lodge. I have already become inoculated with the spirit of the gypsy. I want to see all of this great country you call America,” Trilla confessed earnestly.

“Then we had best be off,” Bob suggested, “I’ll get the car; it is quite important that we leave as many miles behind us as possible between now and sundown.”

“No!” Mrs. MacDay’s very emphatic interjection commanded their attention. “Not at this late hour. The accommodations for the night are too uncertain. I would not permit my own daughter to risk its possibilities under a set of circumstances of like nature. May I insist that you remain here as my guests where you are sure of safe quarters? An early start in the morning will prove far more satisfactory and permit a view of all the scenery. I am sure that Bob will approve of the wisdom of my choice; casting no reflections upon his honor.”

A flush of color rose to Bob’s temples. “I have guaranteed Miss MacIntyre’s safe arrival in Seattle and every courtesy that could be accorded a sister en route,” he replied, with a slight touch of resentment.

Consequently, Trilla had the opportunity to become better acquainted with her hostess and to enjoy the privilege of intimate confidences and motherly advice which she never forgot. Her first day in America was marked with lasting impressions that meant much in molding her course for the future.



### 3. Conflicting Emotions

THE sun was just outlining the peaks of the Cascade Range the next morning when Bob Chandler, with Trilla at his side, wheeled his new roadster out upon the highway and headed north. Mother MacDay, with tears in her eyes, stood in the doorway of the Red Cedar Lodge, waving them goodbye. “What an ideal couple they would make,” she sighed, “but alas it must not be. Bob, with his congenial good nature but indifference to the things of God, is not the type of husband for such a wholesome, warmhearted Christian girl. It cannot be — God and mammon unequally yoked. What am I saying?” She caught herself and stood for some time, pondering deeply. “Why should such thoughts enter my head? Here they just met for the first time yesterday, and I am already daydreaming about marriage.”

Ignorant of the trend of thought which was passing through the mind of her newfound friend, Trilla had waved a cheerful goodbye and entered upon the new adventure of the day. The road before her was new; every face that she was to meet would be new; every experience which she chanced to encounter would be something new. Consequently, she faced the second day in America with keen anticipation, and gave herself over wholeheartedly to the spirit of a pleasure-loving tourist. She was feeding a soul parched with visionary thirst, and hungrily let her eyes drink in every enchanting scene. Her ears were attuned to the faintest echo of a new songbird’s morning call. The glory of God filled the eastern sky as the sun brought forth the new day in the heart of the Redwood Empire through which they were passing.

“I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all thy work,” Trilla mused in meditation, breaking into a song of praise.

Bob indifferently crowded the accelerator nearer the floorboard, keeping his eyes glued to the road ahead.

“Isn’t it all wonderful, Mr. Chandler, the works of God and all His handiwork? He made these *sequoia* giants. The Psalms tell us that He

established the fruitful trees and all cedars.”

“*Sequoia sempervirens*,” he abruptly volunteered. “The *sequoia giganteas* are the real ‘big trees’ of California. They are rarely found in an elevation of less than five thousand feet, and are reproduced only from seed. The *sempervirens*, or redwood, that you see here, sprouts from the stump. You will notice that this species seldom exceeds twenty feet in diameter, while the ‘big trees’ approach nearly forty feet at the base.”

“Nevertheless, we must give God the glory —”

“For what?” came the cold interruption.

“The marvelous foresight of God for the glory of all His creation,” she replied sweetly.

“Let’s not discuss the subject; it’s too big a question to settle on a trip like this.” Bob’s emphatic reply was interjected with a view to dropping the matter.

Trilla, however, was not disposed to be thwarted by ignoring God’s rightful place in the conversation. “Look at the road leading directly through the base of that large tree,” she said, pointing to a division in the highway. “Let’s stop; possibly the heart of this very tree was but a small seedling when Christ was on earth.”

Bob drove the roadster into the opening leading through the great tree, and stopped. “Well here we are, right in the heart of things,” he said. “Whether Christ was here or not doesn’t matter; the important part is that we are here in America A. D. nineteen hundred and—”

“Mr. Chandler! How can you be so sacrilegious? You should be ashamed of yourself. I am ashamed for you. You — you —” Trilla gasped, blushing with righteous embarrassment.

“Whew!” Bob whistled in his characteristic way, in reply to the rebuke he secretly would not admit that he deserved.

“Please forgive me, Mr. Chandler; I do not mean to appear domineering, but will you not give my Christ the place in your life that He so richly merits?” she asked meekly.

For a moment, he did not reply: strange thoughts kept crowding his mind — thoughts that he did not understand. He was not used to having someone question his opinion without being eager to defend his position. There was a thrill of pride in the fact that he did not want to offend the charming companion whom Providence had so strangely brought into his life. Little had he dreamed two days previous that he would be called upon to escort

such a pleasing personality on a tour of good will, in order that she might be united with those who had a common interest in her welfare. Why should he be chosen as the ambassador to fulfill such a mission? Certainly nothing was further from his mind when he had planned his two weeks' vacation. The trip that he had contemplated was to have taken him to a mountain retreat where he could retire from civilization, fish and enjoy the haunts of nature that were so dear to his heart. Now events had taken another course, and he was engaged in a mission that afforded equal pleasure except for the irritating fact that his companion was off center religiously. She was too narrow and precise in her views concerning the all-sufficiency of Christ.

Yes, Trilla MacIntyre in every other respect was his ideal. While he did not admit it, his heart told him that he would find no difficulty in falling in love with her. Her radiant smile captivated him; her sweet, sincere voice had a power of influence that overwhelmed him; her depth of personality set her so noticeably apart from the average young woman of his acquaintance that it enchanted him. He could not understand the hypnotic spell that had set his heart aflame with a desire to feast upon her beauty. Yet, it all irritated him because of the challenge of her Christian influence.

It is remarkable the train of thought that flashes through the mind in a moment of time. Bob Chandler's mind seemed to be on fire with conflicting thoughts when he forced himself to reply to the challenge that Trilla's question entailed. "My dear Miss MacIntyre," he answered in a strange voice, "there are so many phases to the question of religious beliefs that there are scarcely any two persons who entirely agree upon the subject. It is so controversial I would much prefer not to discuss it. Do you mind if we await a more favorable opportunity?"

"Christ always waits the favorable opportunity. He never forces Himself upon anyone's life," she replied tactfully, in sympathetic Christian appeal.

Rebellious indignation surged to the very depths of Bob's soul but he refrained from making a reply. Only a haunted look betrayed his feelings.

Trilla sensed the situation and diplomatically avoided pressing the issue. She was not one to harass a troubled conscience and crowd its victim to the point of angry rebellion. She never permitted herself to run ahead of the Lord in this respect. Pointing to the mass of carved figures and initials that decorated the entire interior of the tunnel through the tree, she directed the attention of her moody companion to a group of letters near the ceiling of

the opening. "T. J. M., my initials, and C. H. W. I wonder who the unlucky individual can be whom I'm supposed to marry," she jested happily.

"No significance whatever; the man's initials always come first," came the irritable reply with a ring of jealous reproach. Bob unconsciously attempted to dismiss the possibility of any one's initials becoming linked with those of his companion.

"C. H. W.," Trilla repeated aloud, "Charles Harding Westover; how strange I should happen to know a missionary by that name. How romantic —"

"I suppose he is responsible for all the foolishness of whittling these initials here," he grumbled. "I can't understand why he wasn't a sculptor instead of a missionary."

She laughed merrily at Bob's impulsive mood. Why should this stranger of two days' acquaintance concern himself over the coincidence of her initials being linked with those belonging to someone of her acquaintance? Such childishness amused her. She did not understand the psychology back of such strange behavior. Could it be that his soul was troubled because of his unrighteous attitude towards the things of Christ? Perhaps Christ was dealing with him, reminding him of his shortcomings. She hoped that such was the case.

"O Lord Jesus," she prayed earnestly, as she took her place in the car and watched Bob struggle desperately to start the motor and then dash recklessly out upon the highway, "thy way has been perfect in all generations! Speak, Lord, to the troubled mind of this impulsive young man. Give him wisdom sufficient to meet the conflicting thoughts that move him to such erratic judgment. Grant us journeying mercies; and, O Lord, supply thy servant with the tact and diplomacy of meeting the opportunity presented to effectively exalt thy name in Christian testimony."

After a race of ten miles he resumed a sane, safe and moderate rate of speed. Trilla watched the speedometer needle fall back to forty-five miles per hour, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

"What were you saying?" Bob asked, with his usual good nature. "Perhaps I was driving a little too fast and missed out in the conversation. Please forgive me; I am sorry."

"I was just asking the Lord to protect you in your state of recklessness," she replied. "I cannot drive, you know; therefore I must depend solely upon you and divine guidance for my safety."

Again her statement was food for thought. He did not reply. Somehow, any explanation he desired to make placed him at a disadvantage. All his thoughts seemed to be clothed in the form of an alibi. He did not want to make excuses for his judgment. That only belittled him, made him appear weak. He did not want to be judged in that light; therefore, it was better that he say nothing. He drove for several miles until the silenced conversation grew upon his nerves. The purr of the motor mocked him. The situation was more than uncomfortable; it was aggravating. He could not remember when any one person's company had placed him at such a disadvantage and left him tongue-tied. He wondered if Trilla noticed it. He imagined that she might be secretly laughing at him — making fun of him.

“Say, you are the most beautiful girl I ever met.” His subconscious thoughts found expression only to throw him into a further state of embarrassed confusion. “I mean you come from India — you're a missionary. I — I did not realize it could be possible such beauty in the wilderness. You — you don't belong over there. You — you're too refined; I mean it isn't right —”

“But you forget, Mr. Chandler, that India is my home. I was born over there; my people live there, and most important of all I am a missionary by choice. I have given my life to the cause of Christ and the service of humanity,” Trilla explained, coming to his rescue.

He dare not trust himself to further conversation. He could not think straight. Any effort to express himself only made him appear more ridiculous than ever. His face burned with humiliating embarrassment. He had never made such a fool of himself in all his life. How could he redeem the prestige that he had lost? What had possessed him anyway to become involved in such a complicated situation? The barbed thoughts tormented him, made him miserable, weak; moreover, he was actually sick. Yes, the self-sufficient Bob Chandler, who prided himself upon being equal to any occasion, was lighting a new and strange malady — a malady which he would not acknowledge and which he could not understand.

## 4. The Devil's Backbone

“BEHOLD THE battleground of the gods!” Bob exclaimed as enthusiastically as a child. “Before us lies Crater Lake, one of the nation’s most scenic wonderlands. There is nothing like it in all the world! Fortunate indeed is the world traveler who finds his or her way to this majestic lake on the crest of the Cascade Range. The geological story of Crater Lake will fascinate you as it has others. Literally, it is a volcano cone filled with water two thousand feet deep, an accumulation from the annual rainfall and snowfall over the crater, together with the tons and tons of snow that is blown into the depression during the winter season.” Well, came the first pause as he gasped for breath, “it’s humanly impossible to relate all the beauty and grandeur of Crater Lake National Park at a single sitting. It simply has to be seen to be appreciated. Tomorrow we will take the thirty-five-mile drive around the rim of the crater and look down upon its enthralling beauty from an altitude which varies from five hundred to two thousand feet. There, presented to you from as many observation points, you will find Wizard Island, the Phantom Ship, the Cloudcap, the Pinnacles and many other views and places of interest.”

“How wonderfully interesting you are, Mr. Chandler,” Trilla broke in, only to be interrupted by a continuation of Bob’s realistic account of other attractions of the park.

“Perhaps we may find time to ascend Mount Scott by trail from the rim road to the fire tower, which looks down upon the devil’s backbone and the battleground of the gods from an altitude of nine thousand feet,” he said. “In any event we shall have to take the launch trip around the lake; that will be much easier than mountain climbing. You see, Miss MacIntyre, I want you to carry a favorable impression of America back to India with you; should circumstances prove that you insist upon returning. Let us hope, however, that attractions here may change your mind in that respect,” he added sheepishly.

“I must confess, Mr. Chandler, my one weakness is a desire to travel. I often wonder if it is not a sin that stands between me and a greater opportunity to serve God,” she acknowledged with childlike simplicity. “Since my earliest recollections I have been obsessed with a mania to travel. The wonders of nature appeal to me as no other attraction in the world. I love everything about God’s creation. This mountain scenery is marvelous. Words cannot express the glory of it. It seems sometimes that I could go on and on forever exploring the wonders of the universe. God speaks to me from every mountain, every stream, every templed hill, every woodlot, from every flower. O the glory of it all; if I could only sing His praises in poetic phrases I could somehow find expression of the joy that is within my heart!”

His spirits rose as he followed her in ecstasy. His eyes drank in her loveliness until he was again captivated by an uncontrollable urge to befriend her, to be a big brother, to be of greater service in satisfying her wishes.

“Can’t you see God in everything, Mr. Chandler?”

The question tortured his soul. The answer stood as a barrier between them.

Her voice trailed in the distance. His ears were stopped to all except his own thoughts.

He hated God, envied Him, remonstrated with Him in a challenge of defiance. “God shall not rob me!” he muttered *sotto voce*. “I will make her see that God is not everything. The cold fact of reason denies it. There is nothing in science to support such a myth; yet, I must use logic. I cannot afford to challenge her simple faith without conclusive proof sufficient to outweigh all argument. I will find the answer. Until then she must not suspect that there is no God.”

Satisfied with himself for having won his point, he turned to his companion with the suave air of a pious gentleman.

“The person with a comprehensive mind can approach God on any plane. It is so comforting to believe that He is everywhere. Everywhere the world is at war, and all sides claim Him. In Japan, in China, on the battle front of the warring nations everywhere. It is great to have a God like that — a God who goes before you in battle and sticks with you in defeat. Truly, right must prevail, and the world must get better and better as He leads man to conquer in the fight.” Bob chose his words thoughtfully, in order that he

might succeed in raising a question in her mind which would lie dormant without further debate.

“God’s law of compensation is not to be trifled with. ‘As ye sow, so shall ye reap.’”

“Look!” he interrupted with determination, in an effort to draw her mind away from the subject. “One of the moods of Crater Lake; see the reflection of the opposite shore? What deep blue? What extraordinary beauty? What a study of scenic and scientific values? There are no words to describe such grandeur.”

“The grandeur of God! Infinite grandeur! He does not expect us to equal His descriptions!”

Bob was beaten. How could he match wits with such simple psychology? The idea of anyone being so childish as to give God credit for everything. It was not reasonable. Were all missionaries like that? He allowed his mind to wander, recalling past occasions and contacts with those who were serving the Lord in faith. It seemed that most of them possessed the same characteristics as the young lady standing at his side.

“There is Watchman Park nearly opposite Wizard Island on the west side of the lake. Hillman Peak lies to the north; we will go around them both before we reach the checking station on our way out tomorrow,” he said bluntly, with depressed indifference.

Until now, Trilla had taken no notice of the Rim Campgrounds, she had been so engrossed in the wonders of Crater Lake itself. It was one of those occasions when things happen that one does not recall. Recollections of how they happened to be standing side by side at the rim of the great crater were vague. She remembered the Annie Spring Checking Station where they entered the park, and also Park Headquarters and the service station as they drove in from the south, but when they approached the rim and actually parked the car she could not recall.

It was rather startling to discover that a loss of memory had carried her thus far. It seemed hours since that had happened; yet it had been only a matter of minutes since she and Bob had stood there like two lovers on their honeymoon, drinking in the beauty of Crater Lake. Her face shone with the reflected loveliness of a devoted love for God, while Bob, fighting a new experience in the depths of his soul, was captivated with the loveliness which he had discovered in his companion. They stood side by side for a time, crowding close to the edge of the rim. There was satisfaction in the



mutual protection of each other's company as the hypnotic spell of the grandeur of the lake drew them to drink in the beauty of nature revealed in God's enchantment.

Bob stepped out fearlessly to the very edge, which encouraged Trilla to follow with caution. A piece of rock rolled under her foot, causing her ankle to turn. Clutching wildly for support, she seized Bob's hand and drew back to regain her balance. For a moment they stood holding hands while he assured her that there was no cause for alarm.

Suddenly, from subconscious thought, the fact registered that they were conspicuous. Blushing like a schoolgirl, she withdrew her hand. Her companion was a stranger whom she scarcely knew. Certainly they had nothing in common. He was not a Christian — not in the sense that she understood Christianity. It was quite evident that his conception of God was vastly different from hers. Inwardly, she recoiled from the fact that she had permitted herself to become so apparently friendly as to unconsciously hold his hand. True, the circumstances might be explained, but had she not become so engrossed in the wonders of newly discovered scenic beauty, these complications would not have arisen. How could she ever forgive herself for such thoughtlessness?

Likewise, Bob was in a quandary, debating with himself concerning the status of his mental reaction to Trilla. He had never felt that way before in the presence of company of the opposite sex. Prior to this one exceptional occasion he had never had time to become interested in any particular girl. What was the attraction that Trilla possessed that other girls lacked? Certainly it was not her religious stand; he condemned her for that, but dismissed it with the excuse that she had not had opportunity to become wise in the way of the world. He felt certain that college would change her ideas in this respect, as it had his own. Moreover, he was determined that they must change. He recalled his own college life: how green he was in trying to defend his mother's religion; the ridicule that he had endured. The caption "Reverend" with which he had been labeled because his father had served in the ministry until the time of his death — how he loathed it.

Yet, the meager life savings of his mother had been used to further his college education because she wanted him to enter the ministry and keep the tradition of the family. His grandfather had been a minister; his father and two uncles had worn the cloth of the profession with credit to the gospel. They were all known and respected as tried and true servants who

were not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. Not so with Bob; he had returned from college versed in a new school of thought. He had superseded his forefathers in the fundamentals of religious thought; he was determined that the world should honor him.

There was but one obstacle to interfere with his plans: a praying mother. Bob knew his saintly mother's wishes; but he failed to respect them. She, likewise, knew the wayward stand which her boy had taken; but she never gave up hope. She prayed daily that he would not be lost from the fold. His life had been dedicated to Christ at birth. God was faithful; His word never failed. Had not He said: "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee?" Surely the idol of her mother's love was the Lord's; therefore, she prayed in faith, believing, and awaiting the day of God's answer to her prayers.

From the human standpoint, the possibilities that this morally modern exponent of new thought would ever again humble himself and return to the simple faith of his fore fathers appeared doubtful; yet his aged mother continued praying, confident in the face of all obstacles that all things were possible with God.

## 5. An Imperceptible Conquest

BOB AND TRILLA turned from the observatory rim of Crater Lake to confront a sophisticated matron of fifty years who eyed them with an air of inquisitive curiosity before she spoke.

“Marvelous view for newlyweds, isn’t it?” she ventured.

Trilla, blushing profusely, stammered in her haste to remove any misconstrued ideas from the mind of the inquisitive stranger. “We-we-we’re not married,” she said weakly.

“Well, I declare, I would have sworn that Bob was preparing to surprise us with a bride. I saw you holding hands, and you’ll have to admit that Bob looks like a bewildered bride groom.” She smiled with self-satisfied assurance.

A flush of anger spread across Bob’s features.

“Why, Aunt Harriet, I must confess I did not recognize you; how do you jump at such conclusions? I assure you that your conjectures are entirely without foundation.” Then with a self-composed air he said, turning to Trilla, “Excuse me please, Aunt Harriet; I would like to have you meet Miss MacIntyre, a missionary from India.”

“How wonderful; I might have known. I’m such an old blunderer. Please forgive me, Miss MacIntyre. I am Bob’s Aunt Harriet Newcomb; I assure you that I meant no offense. So you’re a missionary; I did not understand that our guest was a traveler from foreign parts. This really is a surprise!

Trilla acknowledged the introduction and then paused trying to determine the possibility of finding a way to personally form a liking for Bob’s Aunt Harriet. From the human standpoint it seemed doubtful. Her nosy way of fishing for information would never be forgotten. Association with the embarrassment of unconsciously clinging to Bob’s hand at the observatory rim was sufficient to forever fix this meeting upon her memory. Then to find that the unfortunate circumstance had been observed by one who from all appearances might be a talebearer of any and all forms of gossip was humiliating. Aunt Harriet was a woman who doted upon any

conclusion that betrayed foundation for gossip. Trilla would never feel at ease in her presence, never feel confident that she was to be trusted. Therefore, she chose her words wisely and well before allowing herself to be drawn into conversation.

“So you’re a missionary,” Aunt Harriet repeated. “I can’t understand why Martha did not inform me when she wrote and asked me to meet Bob and a lady friend here. Well, excuse me, I must apologize again; my sister Martha is Bob’s mother. I don’t suppose that he thought to tell you. This young generation doesn’t do much thinking — all the time chasing around looking for pleasure and a good time and hoping to do as little work as possible. Bob here is even more fortunate; he doesn’t have to work.”

“Now that you have told all the family secrets, perhaps Miss MacIntyre is entitled to know if mother really said in writing to you that she was to accompany me here as a lady friend,” Bob said with irony.

“No, not exactly in so many words, but she implied as much, if I know anything about the English language,” snapped Aunt Harriet.

“Mother probably informed you that I was meeting the boat to escort a young lady passenger to her friends in Seattle and suggested that it would be very gracious of you to meet us here at Crater Lake to act as chaperon for Miss MacIntyre —”

“She didn’t mention any names of any of the young ladies you might be traveling with,” she interrupted sharply.

“Perhaps not, Aunt Harriet; nor did she mention lady friend.” Bob smiled inquisitively.

“Well, no, if you insist on being technical, but I am—”

“Yes, Aunt Harriet, I know how easy it is to jump at conclusions,” he interrupted suavely, in order to bring the altercation to some sort of peaceful termination.

“Here comes Perry,” Aunt Harriet said. “I want you to meet him, Miss MacIntyre; you will like him, everybody does.”

“Definitely,” Bob jibed *sotto voce*.

“Miss MacIntyre, my son Perry; I am sure you two ought to be great friends. Perry has such an easy way of getting acquainted. He is quite a student of the mission fields of the Orient. His experience as secretary of our church missions has given him a very broad vision. He will be interested in the fact that you are a returned missionary. Our church has several missionaries who were forced to return on account of the serious

threat of war,” Aunt Harriet rattled on in a lengthy introduction as a tall, rather handsome young man approached and stood waiting for his mother to catch her breath.

“I am so happy to meet you, Miss MacIntyre; since the arrival of Aunt Martha’s letter informing us that you were expected to arrive here today I have been eagerly awaiting the pleasure of meeting you and learning of some of your experiences in the mission fields.” Perry smiled, extending a friendly hand of welcome as though greeting an old friend.

Aunt Harriet’s face beamed. She was in the height of glory when her darling Perry carried away the honors of chivalry, as he had in this instance.

Trilla expressed acknowledgment of the introduction with a smile of alleviation. The tension of embarrassment that had been created through Aunt Harriet’s impertinent manner was broken. Her eyes fled to Perry’s happy, carefree face in relief as she accepted his hand and clung to it momentarily.

A cloud of disapproval cast a shadow across Bob’s face. The situation was anything but pleasant. The pang of jealousy that seemed to be growing in his desire to claim Trilla’s sole favor overwhelmed him. Out of courtesy for family ties, he had always endured Aunt Harriet. She was just a disillusioned old sophistic, and Bob’s emphasis on the word “cat” could not be overstressed when discussing his personal opinion within the confines of the immediate family circle.

As far as Perry was concerned, he was just another cousin: he had been kept at a distance because in his mother’s opinion his plane of social standing was far superior to that of his relatives. Consequently, it had not been Bob’s privilege to have intimate contact with Perry during his adolescent years. Since they had grown to manhood, he had met him and accepted him as a friend until today. Now he was Aunt Harriet’s son, who shared the disfavor of his mother. Bob rebelliously classified Perry as a rival for Trilla’s attention. He did not like his carefree smile; his easygoing manner was repulsive; in fact there was nothing about him of which he approved.

But regardless of the personal feelings of others present, Perry and Trilla were chatting like long lost friends, while Aunt Harriet for once in her life held her peace and permitted someone other than herself to take the lead in conversation. It was an opportunity to which Trilla fled for relief. Perry was accepted at face value as one in whom she could place confidence. While

she, of course, did not know him, his personality was not repulsive like his mother's. She knew something of human nature gleaned from her experience on the mission field. Perry was not to be condemned for his mother's faults. And even in this respect, Trilla was generous enough to forgive his mother for her misgivings in personality. Perhaps she was suffering physical pain, economic maladjustments, or some disappointment in life that made her irritable. Trilla knew people like that — people who wanted others to suffer with them and experience the misery that they were forced to endure. Perhaps Aunt Harriet was more to be pitied than censured. It was at least the Christian attitude to give her the benefit of the doubt and try to bring her to the knowledge of the Lord as a place of refuge in time of trouble.

“Come, children.” Aunt Harriet finally broke into the conversation which by this time had become general. “I have arranged to have a table reserved at the lodge where it will be more comfortable. Perhaps Miss MacIntyre would like to see her room and dress for dinner. Perry, if you will please show Bob to his quarters we will all meet in the reception room at the lodge in half an hour and have dinner. I know you two travelers must be nearly famished; I anticipated as much any way, and instructed the management to serve one of their famous Oregon trout dinners tonight. You understand, of course, that you are to accompany me as my very, very special guests.”

Bob's jaw dropped noticeably; he had anticipated a quiet dinner hour with Trilla where he could explain and apologize for Aunt Harriet's faults. He did not want her to draw conclusions from her meeting with his aunt that all of his relatives were of like disposition. How thankful he was that his own mother — God bless her — possessed none of the traits of character attributed to Aunt Harriet. He wanted the privilege of a quiet conversation with Trilla to explain and to draw comparisons in extolling the good qualities of his mother.

Aunt Harriet, as was her custom in matters of this kind, did not propose to step aside and let anyone take a place in the limelight who might in any way interfere with or reflect upon what she personally wanted to do. On this occasion she had but one desire — that of creating a situation which would throw Perry and Trilla together. How she manipulated plans to serve her desire was more or less a mystery. From outward appearance she did not

seem to put forth a great deal of extra effort; she did not have to; everyone, apparently, was at her beck and call, eager to render her a service.

When dinner was announced she was at Bob's side with extended arm, waiting to be escorted to a specially reserved table where place cards welcomed her guests. There was no escape for her nephew without making a scene. Aunt Harriet was sufficiently acquainted with psychology to realize that this would not happen. Nor did it happen, even though Bob had the secret desire at the moment to duck this illustrious relative in Crater Lake. Anything that would remove the starch from her demeanor without embarrassment to himself would be welcome.

"How does God permit such people to live and occupy space to the annoyance of everybody?" he breathed in bated breath. "And she calls herself a Christian. Miss MacIntyre is a Christian; Mother MacDay is a Christian. My mother, her own sister, is a Christian, and yet not one of them acts, believes, or approves of the things she does. Well, I am not a Christian and proud of it."

While they were being seated at the table the battle of defiance which raged in his heart turned to strategy. The desire to partake of food had vanished. He was not hungry. Nothing but the passionate urge for revenge seemed to have any attraction. He could well understand why the fact that there was a murder every few minutes throughout the nation, troubled the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Thank God that under any set of circumstances, he was not a murderer at heart! But it was easy now to understand how one with a weak will power might be provoked to commit a crime. No, he did not want to seek revenge in that manner, but he did want to make things as uncomfortable for Aunt Harriet and her sugar-coated son Perry as they had for him. If she could pose as a Christian with her unreasonable disposition, he also would put on the outward garments of a pious gentleman, in order to embarrass her. It galled him to lower himself to the point of hiding behind a false front; but if one could play the game as she did, certainly two could. He decided that it might be the very thing she needed; a dose of her own medicine would do her good.

"Now, children, I want you to enjoy yourself. It isn't often that I have this opportunity of spending a pleasant evening with you. I was just thinking how nice it is to have Bob and Perry together again. It must recall many childhood memories. And you, too, Miss MacIntyre, we do so want you to feel that you are one of us — that you are welcome. We want you to

feel thankful for America, thankful that you have met friends who have a common interest in your welfare. I am sure that you will not find this true everywhere you go,” said Aunt Harriet with her usual self-satisfied air of importance, as she seated herself and made a fastidious display of effort in preparation to partake of the meal.

Bob, watching from the corner of his eye, saw an opportunity to embarrass her at the expense of having Trilla say grace before a lodge full of onlooking guests. Aunt Harriet would never think of permitting such an open display of reverence. Turning to Trilla he smiled and said, “Miss MacIntyre, you have occasion to be grateful for so many blessings at God’s hand; will you express thanksgiving in a word of grace?”

The psychological effect was just as he had planned in his sacrilegious scheme to humiliate his aunt. She was just reaching for a plate of cocktail crackers when the sudden and unexpected interruption came. For a moment she was stunned with surprise. The thought of thanking God publicly and under such circumstances never entered her mind. Her religion did not permit such practices. Had she, however, been in the solitude of her own home or at a social church gathering, the ethics of such reverence would have been permissible. Here, to her mind, it was a public display of ignorance. That her nephew should be guilty of such a breach of etiquette was unpardonable, but she was at a disadvantage and forced to endure the humiliation. She could not cancel the request; to do so would attract even more attention. She would not permit herself to violate such a rule.

With bowed head, and unconscious that a battle of wits was being waged between her traveling escort and his aunt, Trilla graciously offered up a testimony of thanksgiving to her Lord. Her Christian principles were not something of which to be ashamed in public. Her brand of religion was not to be hid under a bushel and displayed only in the house of the Lord or on some pious occasion approved by worldly Christians.

“We thank Thee, Lord, for the bounties of life which Thou hast so graciously set before us. We thank Thee severally as subjects of the mercy of God which has been extended to us through His grace. Thou hast been merciful and gracious; grant that we may not be ashamed of the gospel of Christ nor deceitful in handling Thy word, but shall ever honor Thee in testimony and praise. May Thy blessings rest upon each of us as we partake of these Thy gifts as sustenance for spiritual and physical life, Amen.”



Aunt Harriet caught Bob's eye with a cold look of disapproval. Perry read his mother's mind and hastened to open up a topic of conversation which would disrupt her present trend of thought. He knew his mother's failings when it came to domineering a situation. She had been defeated, and from the unwary shift of her eyes he sensed trouble. That Trilla was to be taken to task was certain. If attempted here it would be in a diplomatic speech, but even that might result in a very unpleasant scene. He wanted to avoid even the possibility of a scene of any kind, however mild it might prove.

"Mother, I am going back to college!" he exclaimed with startling emphasis.

"College!"

"Yes, back to college for a postgraduate course. Miss MacIntyre informs me that she came over here from India to attend college. That just gave me the idea that I need to brush up on some subjects. I know you'll think I'm crazy, that I ought to settle down and begin the foundation of building a career. Well, that's what I aim to do. What could be better for a foundation than a master's degree? It's all settled," Perry emphatically declared. "We'll go East; perhaps you may find it convenient to help Miss MacIntyre locate in suitable quarters now that she finds circumstance has altered former plans."

Needless to say, Perry's announcement was like a thunder bolt from a clear sky. Aunt Harriet was speechless for a moment. Trilla was amazed, and Bob, who was quicker than any of the others to get the significance of Perry's suddenly conceived plans, flushed with jealous anger before he could trust himself to speak.

"What do you say we all go to college, Aunt Harriet?" he ventured insidiously.

"It's obvious that an education is very much in order and in more ways than one," she replied with an equal degree of subtlety.

"We can at least partake of this fine dinner first," Perry interjected, helping Trilla to a selection of relishes.

## 6. A Willfully Starved Soul

A GOOD MEAL is most thoroughly enjoyed when the surroundings create a state of happiness. The physical make-up of human nature in this respect is very peculiar. It is not always the abundance or quality of food that satisfies. There are occasions in nearly everyone's life when a meager meal is more outstanding in memory than a great banquet. When the heart is satisfied, the appetite responds in like manner. Childish memories often bring us back to those occasions — some occasion at grandmother's farm perhaps, some childhood party, or, in later life, some occasion where the soul is hilarious and overjoyed because peace and anticipated satisfaction dwells within.

There were numerous guests seated about the dining tables at Crater Lake Lodge. They came from all walks of life, most of them to fade from view, to be remembered no more. They were a group which would never congregate in each other's presence in any form of assembly again. Such is true of life. Most of this group were thoroughly enjoying the well-prepared meals that had been their choice on the menu.

Of this number there were only three, in fact, who might be termed unhappy. Aunt Harriet Newcomb, her playboy son Perry and Bob Chandler; and the only reason for this was that they were out of the will of the Lord. Aunt Harriet knew for a certainty and was definitely resigned to the fact that she was to experience another spell of indigestion. Warning pangs of heartburn already assured her that there was no escape. Consequently she was very unhappy and sour towards her surroundings and associates. She blamed her nephew, Bob, of course. He was responsible for creating a set of circumstances which had humiliated her. Perry was unhappy because he feared the tirade of complaint that he knew was forthcoming: he would have to listen to his mother lament over the mistakes of others and the injustice of which she was the intended victim. Any set of circumstances which caused her unhappiness were in all instances created specially for her. There was no feasible explanation to the contrary. Bob was unhappy because the flames of jealousy had suddenly enveloped him and left his

inner-self blazing with an unexplainable rage. Coupled with this was a new fear that he did not understand — a fear that he was not equal to the occasion that created the facts which he was fighting.

At this table of four, Trilla was the only one who thoroughly enjoyed the meal. She was unaware of the fact that an undeclared feud was smoldering within the hearts of her companions. That she was the bone of contention would have stunned her with surprise. In outward appearance they appeared to be congenial. The cold reserve that existed, which the three understood among themselves, was not meant for her. Consequently, she did not perceive the true state of affairs. She did not understand Aunt Harriet, to be sure; but then, she had only just met her. Had she known what later she was to learn, she would have understood that when Aunt Harriet permitted anyone to take the lead in conversation as she had been doing this evening, harmony was outside the camp.

Seated at an adjoining table, next to Aunt Harriet and her party, was a middle-aged couple who were noticeably devoted to each other. Casual observation was sufficient to acquaint one with the fact that they were husband and wife. That they were people of means was evident. From all appearances they were preoccupied entirely with their own affairs. The husband was seated diagonally in a manner that brought Trilla within his range of vision on occasions when he glanced up to address his wife, who was seated with her back to Aunt Harriet's table. Trilla's words of grace had fallen directly upon their ears, and in solemn reverence they had listened to her with bowed heads.

"What a refined, attractive and unusual young lady," remarked Mr. Holmes, leaning across the table to converse with his wife.

"Yes, Truman, I noticed her when she came in. Whom does she recall to your memory?"

"Alice?"

"I was rather startled at first. She does resemble daughter. I would very much like to meet her — such sweet Christian character," said Mrs. Holmes, casting a longing glance over her left shoulder.

"She must be with her husband, mother-in-law and brother. The young man at her right is her husband. Mother sits across the table and brother at her left. How's that for a good guess," ventured Mr. Holmes with a twinkle in his eyes. "Shall I ask?"

"Truman!"

“I’ll bet you a candy-kiss that I can find out.”

“Don’t you dare.”

“But you said you wanted to meet her!”

“I would love to; but not here. I would not want a scene; besides, I think your guess is wrong. I don’t believe she is related to the people she is with. She is evidently a missionary, from the tone of conversation. We must not be nosy; perhaps we can inquire casually at the lodge,” said Mrs. Holmes, dismissing the matter.

Several times during the evening Trilla noticed the distinguished-looking gentleman sitting at the opposite table. Their eyes met on a number of occasions. She could not help but admire the wealth of well-groomed, snow-white hair that adorned his head. It made him look like a king — a man whom one could respect and trust. She could read love in his eyes; there was no secret of his love for his wife. They were an ideal couple — the motherly and fatherly type. The thought brought a poignant feeling of homesickness. They did not directly remind her of her own father and mother, but they did betray a kindness that was attractive. Consequently, she found it difficult to keep her eyes from shifting to their table with a look of admiration.

Just as Mr. Holmes finished his dessert and sat waiting for his wife, he glanced over, to find Trilla earnestly studying his features. His face shone with a welcome smile of introduction as he held her gaze for a moment. She looked away, but found her eyes drawn back to return his smile with the innocence of childhood. Neither of them could have told why, but seemingly they were drawn together in a common understanding.

Both groups finished their evening meal and arose from the table at the same time.

Very informally Mr. Holmes stepped over and took Trilla by the hand. “Do I understand that you are a missionary?” he said. “You will pardon me from eavesdropping to a dinner conversation, but the fact is I am guilty and want to apologize for not having cotton in my ears. I am deeply interested in missions and could not forego this opportunity to wish you God’s richest blessing while you are in America. Please don’t tell me that I am getting so old that my hearing has betrayed me into making myself ridiculous,” he laughed, with such genuine fatherly interest that everyone accepted his approach without offense.

Even Aunt Harriet was forced to smile in spite of her attitude of reserve.

“I hope you will pardon my husband,” said Mrs. Holmes with a nervous smile. “He embarrasses me almost to tears. I don’t believe he will ever grow up. He is always forcing an introduction in this way. I do hope you will pardon him for taking such liberty.”

“Certainly,” said Aunt Harriet, with the precise decorum becoming to such an occasion.

“He seems to have an eye for missionaries,” Bob interjected, pleased to have something that elevated the spirits of those in his particular group. Miss MacIntyre only recently arrived from India —”

“And is getting somewhat accustomed to our forward American ways, I take it,” Mr. Holmes interrupted, smiling at Trilla mischievously.

“Yes,” she replied returning the smile, “I have found in the few days that I have been here that the Americans thrive on speed and action. I have scarcely recovered loss of breath from my first automobile ride.”

“Well then, I shall not detain you further. Here is my card. I can assure you it will be a pleasure to have you drop into our home in Michigan if you ever get that far east. The latchstring is on the outside, and the word ‘welcome’ over the door for all missionaries,” said Mr. Holmes humbly pressing his card and a bill into Trilla’s hand.

“Come, dear,” said Mrs. Holmes. “We must not detain these good people,” following which they turned and apologized to the others present and then bowed themselves graciously from the presence of Trilla’s group.

“That’s gratitude and real American hospitality for you,” Bob whistled with his eye on the corner of a twenty-dollar bill protruding from beneath the card which Trilla held in her hand.

Trilla’s first impulse when she noticed the bill was to pursue her unknown benefactor and return the money, but some writing on the back of the card made her hesitate.

“The world needs more witnesses who are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. You are to take this gift as His messenger in the furtherance of extending the precious good news,” were the finely penned lines written above a printed message from the fifth chapter of First John.

“Who is the philanthropist who seeks your good will and favor, if I may inquire? And just what is his mission?” Aunt Harriet could not refrain from asking.

““Truman C. Holmes, Detroit, Michigan. Profession: Doctor of Medicine. Business: saving souls’,” she read from the face of the card.

“Omphf!” Aunt Harriet exclaimed in a tone of dejection.

Trilla ignored her and turned to the reverse side and read:

“Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is begotten of God!”

“He must be a preacher, to hand out a card like that,” Perry offered.

“The old snowbird did look like a Sky Pilot all right; but you don’t find preachers running around handing out money to strangers; they are on the receiving end if you ask me,” was Bob’s comment.

“Those who are sincere offer the one and only important gift to this world,” Trilla replied meekly. “The remarkable thing about it is that anyone may have it.”

“If you pay the price; the age of getting something for nothing is past. You won’t find it here in America,” came Aunt Harriet’s sarcastic reply as she endeavored to terminate the controversy.

“You have forgotten the bill Trilla now holds in her hand, Auntie. Perhaps Miss MacIntyre can enlighten us in the age of miracles,” Bob deliberately ventured in order to embarrass his Aunt who was watching the spectators gathering around them.

“It is a miracle,” Trilla said earnestly. “The price has been payed for the free gift of God which is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.”

“When I want to hear a sermon I prefer to go to church rather than make a public demonstration in a restaurant,” said Aunt Harriet, gathering up her wraps and leading the way to the door.

“It may be a restaurant, Auntie; but you will admit you’re still getting food for thought,” Bob tantalized.

“Well, I’m not hungry.” The cold reply belied the fact that she was fighting the longing passion of a willfully starved soul.

## 7. At Cross Purposes

WHEN they were comfortably situated in the quarters that had previously been arranged for the night, Aunt Harriet in an indirect way came to disclose that which she had in mind for her newly-acquired charge.

“Miss MacIntyre,” she said coyly, “I am much older than you are. I have had many, many years of experience in meeting the public. My interest in your behalf, speaking frankly, can be interpreted only in one way. Already I have learned to love and respect you as one of my own daughters. You are ignorant of the ways of America. You will need advice which will shield you from heartache, lonesomeness and embarrassment. I want to be a mother to you, to help you every way I can. To do this I must have your cooperation.”

“You are very kind I am sure,” Trilla replied, at a loss to understand the sudden change in her demeanor.

“Yes; advice to which I hope you take no offense. As I have already intimated, you are ignorant of the ways of the world in a civilized land. You cannot do here that which might go unchallenged in a heathen country like India or China,” she elaborated, trying to be as diplomatic as her manner of approach would permit.

Trilla gracefully refrained from making comment upon the lecture she felt she was about to receive.

“To be very frank — and I hope you will pardon me if I seem to be rude — one cannot talk religious shop in America. It isn’t ethical in polite society. The controversy in the dining room at the lodge this evening for instance — I hope that it will not occur again,” said Aunt Harriet, smiling with all the warmth and feeling that the limits of her personality could allow.

“Mrs. Newcomb, may I also be very frank?”

“Call me Aunt Harriet, please.”

“Aunt-Aunt Harriet,” Trilla struggled with the term trying to be agreeable, “I don’t believe that I understand the phrase ‘religious shop.’ I

never heard it used before; but if you mean that I should refrain from exalting my Lord and Saviour, I assure you that I cannot comply with your wishes.”

“All we Christians glory in honoring the Lord, my dear; please don’t misunderstand me; but — but we must do it graciously with polite reverence,” she tried to explain. “Can’t you see? — not brazenly in a way that attracts undue attention. For — for instance, the scene at the lodge — it was unnecessary.”

“I cannot deny my Lord either in private or publicly, Mrs. Newcomb —”

“Please call me Aunt Harriet,” and again she smiled subtly.

“Aunt Harriet! ‘God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.’ That’s my message to the world,” Trilla replied with reverent determination.

“We all know that—”

“We may know it; but the world doesn’t. The world does not believe it. The world fights it, denies it and refuses to accept it as a fact. The world does not know, care nor believe that Jesus Christ paid the debt for my sins by His death and that I am trusting in His finished work for my salvation. My story is for the world to hear. I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; it set me free from the curse of sin that binds us to this world. I cannot hide my light under a bushel.” This response was accompanied by an eloquence and a light of love in Trilla’s eyes that left Aunt Harriet speechless.

A tense quietness filled the room, and for several moments neither of them attempted to speak.

“What do you think one should do to get to heaven?” Aunt Harriet whispered in a monotone, as though talking to herself about an entirely new subject.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. There is nothing left to be done; only believe. It has all been done for me by Jesus Christ, my Saviour on Calvary’s Cross; and for you, if you trust in His finished work.”

“Not as simple as that.” Aunt Harriet stared into distant space.

Trilla continued to break her sentences off with emphasis and a noticeable pause between each one.

“You can’t buy it; for it is without money and without price.”



“You cannot merit nor inherit it; ‘for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.’”

“You cannot work for it; ‘But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.’”

“You cannot attain to it; ‘for not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saves us.’”

“You cannot get it through human approach from man; for there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.”

“You cannot get it from the church; for ‘who can forgive sin but God only?’”

“But you *can* have it! The gift of God is eternal life.”

Still Aunt Harriet sat like a statue as though weighing Trilla’s words with great care:

“No!” she finally said, and grasped the front of her dress over her heart in agitation. “My smelling salts. I feel ill. Why did you do it? You make me feel like a sinner — the common trash. I-I-I cannot bear to think of it.” She mourned under a conviction of soul that she did not understand.

Trilla assisted her in opening the enormous purse which she carried, and, when she did so, a package of cigarettes slid out into her lap and onto the floor. Aunt Harriet stamped them under her foot and continued to make a great fuss over her bottle of smelling salts; at the same time she hitched forward in her chair to conceal the cigarettes under her foot. “I-I should not have permitted it. My heart will not stand the shock of such emotion. Please-please; let me think,” she complained.

There was something about the demonstration that gave it a false color. It seemed to Trilla that Aunt Harriet’s emotion was greatly overemphasized; still her heart went out to her in Christian sympathy.

“What can I do for you? Is there something you would like, Aunt Harriet?” Trilla asked with real concern, ready to apply her practical training as a nurse.

“Ice water!” her stricken patient gasped.

“Do you think I should leave? Shall I call your son?” she asked.

“No! Ice water! Leave me!” she urged emphatically.

Trilla hurried out, and as she drew the door shut after her, she stood for a moment with her hand on the doorknob debating whether or not it was wise to leave her charge alone. Through a tiny crack in the door she saw Aunt Harriet retrieve her cigarettes and bury them in the depths of her bag.

“God have mercy on her sin-sick soul,” Trilla breathed in prayer, as she leisurely proceeded after a glass of ice water.

Going down the hall, she found Perry in conversation with a group of guests who were also staying at the lodge. Calling him to one side, she explained the condition of his mother and asked his advice as to the course she had best pursue.

“Perhaps you had better go back, and I will get the ice water for you,” he suggested.

“I think you can do more for your mother for the moment,” she replied wisely. “You understand your mother better than I. She would appreciate having you with her. I’ll wait and bring the cold drink. You perhaps will want to call a doctor.”

“All right; find out if Dr. Holmes is registered here; then if I think it is necessary to send for him we can have him come up to mother’s room,” Perry replied as he sauntered off down the hall.

Reaching the dining room, Trilla was delayed for a little time before a waiter appeared with a pitcher of cracked ice and a number of glasses in response to her order for a single glass of ice water.

“What room, lady?” he asked, as she attempted to take the tray from him. “I will deliver it for you. Just show me the way if you’re going back.”

Perry was returning down the hall as they approached the room.

“Right in there,” Perry pointed, directing the waiter where he was to leave the tray and at the same time dropping a coin into his hand. Then turning to Trilla he said, “Mother is all right, just a little upset is all. She will be better off if we leave her alone for awhile. Come on down to the reception room and enjoy the fire. It is a little chilly tonight. You will find the open hearth very inviting.”

Taking her by the arm he escorted her to a large room where numerous guests were assembled. A great open fireplace was aglow with a cheery fire, and people were either seated or wandering about the room looking at the curios on display. Later in the evening a lecture was to be given to which all guests were invited. Such was the custom of all national parks, particularly in the West, Perry explained as they wandered into the room and found a place before the fire.

“We may as well enjoy ourselves here a little while,” he continued, turning his back to the inviting blaze and teetering up and down on his tiptoes with his hands behind him.

“I feel guilty leaving your mother this way,” Trilla confessed, standing beside her companion. “Perhaps her illness is more serious than you believe.”

“No, I understand mother’s moods perfectly; she needs rest and quiet for a time. I am sure she will be all right by the time the lecture is over. She understands; I told her when I left not to expect you back soon — that I would have the ice water sent up.”

Trilla had no way of knowing that Aunt Harriet was merely putting on an act for her benefit and that she had a double purpose in mind. First, she felt that Trilla had taken advantage of an opportunity to preach to her, which had convicted her of personal sin. This had caused her great annoyance. Second, she was very much interested in throwing Perry and Trilla together as much as possible, and when her son suggested taking Trilla down to hear the lecture she was heartily in accord with the idea. Such was her nature; and had she been privileged to witness her nephew’s displeasure as he slipped into the doorway and discovered the two together, she would have been thrilled with satisfaction.

Bob stopped and stiffened with surprise, scarcely able to believe his eyes. He had not expected to find Trilla there. How had Perry managed to entice her away from Aunt Harriet? What were they doing together? Where was Aunt Harriet? Was she at the bottom of this? Was everybody — like himself — at cross purposes? He watched them for a full minute, his eyes green with envy.

He watched them intently for another sixty seconds. Trilla was laughing at some remark that Perry was making. Bob took a step forward with his gaze fixed upon her face. Perry looked past him indifferently and laughed heartily. Bob was furious; he accepted the challenge, he was laughing at him. Finally Trilla turned and smiled directly at him in recognition. Momentarily his passion of hate was subdued.

When Trilla and Perry resumed their conversation, indifferent to his presence, he could not control himself. He strode over directly in front of his cousin and stretched himself to his full height without saying a word. He could not trust himself to speak but stood teetering on his tiptoes with his hands behind his back in exactly the same manner as he had seen Perry do a few moments before. The situation was embarrassing. Perry laughed good-naturedly, accepting the challenge as the gesture of a mimic playing a joke.

He did not want a scene if the psychology of keeping silent would prevent it.

To keep from striking his unsuspecting antagonist, Bob clinched his hands — still behind his back — desperately. The muscles of his whole body were rigid. Trilla, watching his face, discovered the flash of anger in his eyes and wondered what had occasioned it.

“You seem to be upset, Mr. Chandler,” she said quietly. “Has something happened?”

A flush of shame spread across Bob’s face. She had discovered his weakness. Had Perry been the one who had spoken Bob would have struck him for no reason at all. Trilla had saved him from making a fool of himself. Her quiet answer was a soothing balm to the festering wound of his hate, and slowly the burning throb of wrath ceased. He felt ridiculously ashamed — so much so that he turned on his heel and strode from the room without uttering a word.

## 8. Not In The Will Of The Lord

WHEN Bob Chandler returned from an early morning drive, Perry met him as he parked his car and presented a folded note with the short explanation that it contained an urgent request.

Bob took the proffered message, placed it in his vest pocket and with an air of indifference proceeded to carry on an inspection of his car. Perry stood waiting until it was quite apparent that his cousin did not intend to read the note in his presence.

“It’s very unfortunate, Bob; but that note I gave you contains a long distance message from your employer in San Francisco, requesting that you return there immediately,” Perry took the liberty to explain. “When he learned that you were not available and the message seemed urgent, he consented to relay the information to you through me, having first been informed that I was a member of the family.”

“And now you stand around gloating over the fact. If you and Aunt Harriet had the sense of decency to keep your noses out of my affairs I might thank you for it,” Bob snapped in reply. “This may be, for all I know, just one of your smart tricks to get rid of me up here. You and Miss MacIntyre.” He turned and started to walk away.

“Don’t bring Miss MacIntyre into this! She has nothing to do with the fact that you are wanted at San Francisco,” Perry emphasized, as he stepped forward and placed his hand on his cousin’s shoulder.

“Keep your hands off me, you dirty, double-crossing cur!” Bob’s fiery temper flared as he struck out with a staggering blow which caught Perry squarely upon the jaw.

“I don’t want to fight you,” Perry whimpered. “You can stay here for all I care; maybe your job doesn’t mean anything.”

“I ought to thrash you within an inch of your life. A good licking might make a man out of you; but instead I am going to apologize for losing my temper. After all, you are not to blame if I am really wanted back at ’Frisco —”

“It’s the gospel truth. I don’t want to make you angry, but I wrote the message exactly as it was given to me just as a favor.” Perry interrupted, rubbing his jaw awkwardly.

Bob took the note from his pocket and read it over carefully; then he extended his hand with a look of honest shame.

“Forgive me, Perry, if you can. There certainly is no limit to my ability for making a fool of myself. This note explains everything. Had I read it, I would have known that it was genuine. Otherwise you could not have named the parties mentioned here.”

Perry stood in meek submission, powerless to release Bob’s vice-like grip that expressed his sincere apology for his hasty action and unguarded words of a few moments before.

As the two men approached the lodge, Trilla was just returning from watching the sunrise over the rim of Crater Lake.

“I was looking for you when I went out to watch God spread His glory over this old world in another spectacular sunrise. Did you see it? Wasn’t it marvelous?” she asked joyously.

Bob recoiled with a tinge of resentment, thinking that her remark had been intended more for Perry’s benefit than his own.

“I think maybe it’s going to swell —”

A look of contempt from his cousin made Perry turn and walk away, rubbing his jaw.

Trilla stood perplexed, watching him; she was at a loss to understand what had occasioned the remark.

“Don’t trouble yourself with worrying over him; he isn’t going to die soon,” Bob said sheepishly, “Perry and I have been settling our differences. Might as well make a fool of one’s self I find.”

“I am frank to admit that I don’t understand what you two are getting at this morning. The obscure American viewpoint I suppose, as you would explain it.” Trilla’s eyes inquired as she studied his face.

“We will let the explanation go for the present. What is worrying me is whether you are going to return with me to Mother MacDay’s place while I drive back to San Francisco. I could pick you up there within a week and take you through to Seattle, I am quite sure —”

The puzzled expression on Trilla’s face was amusing. Bob broke out in a hearty laugh as he studied the facial changes wrought by perplexity.

“This will explain it all,” he continued, stepping over to her side and presenting the note that Perry had given him. “Here, read this; I have been ordered to report back to the office. If I don’t go it means an application for welfare. I am not ready for that yet. Will you return with me?”

“I shall have to pray about it. Perhaps there is some other way. It does not seem logical that I should return only to make the trip over again in a few days,” she answered with unhesitating sincerity.

“It is necessary that I return today; I would like to know immediately,” he urged.

“It is not wise to run ahead of the Lord. I will let you know after lunch. You have been very kind; however, I would like to get to Seattle as soon as possible. They are expecting me there you know,” she explained, thoughtfully walking back toward the lake.

Bob followed, pleading his cause, until they stood side by side at the rim overlooking the enchanted body of water below. Neither of them spoke for several minutes, each silently occupied with his thoughts.

“Doesn’t it remind you of a great basin of blue ink? I can think of nothing else that it resembles so much as a lake of indigo writing fluid,” she mused. “Enough if it were ink, to write God’s record of mankind in the ‘Book of Life.’”

“Come,” he pleaded impatiently. “Let’s take a ride around the rim and talk the trip over. Then we’ll start back to ’Frisco.”

“No, I cannot go with you. I shall have to make other plans some way. I don’t know how yet; but there must be a way to avoid covering the ground so many times, don’t you think?” She searched his face as though she expected him to suggest the answer she desired.

“Where there is a will, there is a way, of course; that’s always true here in America. We Americans never admit defeat when it comes to a matter of travel.” The reply came without effort yet as soon as he had spoken he wished that he could retract the words.

“Thanks for the encouragement. You seem to be able to face obstacles bravely. Let’s go back to the lodge; perhaps the answer to our problem awaits us there,” she smiled. “It may be that you will not have to return to the coast after all.”

“No such luck. It would be more like it if I have to stay a month after I arrive,” he grumbled, kicking a piece of volcanic rock into the mirror-like surface of the lake below.

“Then you could hardly expect me to return with you—”

“No,” he interrupted, “I never expect anything decent from life — can’t expect to!”

“That’s very unfortunate—”

“I don’t suppose that I can even expect a letter from you — as much as I would appreciate that small a favor,” he said sullenly.

“Would you expect it, in that mood?” she queried. “I have no reason to write. You have my personal thanks and appreciation for the kindness you have rendered me so far. I could not express more in a letter.”

“As you will, I suppose; but if you do not feel like obligating yourself to exchange correspondence, I have no right to expect it. Just wanted you to know, that were you so disposed, I would appreciate it; that is all.” His independence was very uninviting.

“Should the Lord so direct, I will write. Perhaps a word of testimony will encourage you to face the difficulties of life in a more reverent spirit. The Lord has been very gracious to me, and I cannot thank Him enough for all He has meant to my life. Your trouble, I’m afraid, Mr. Chandler, is that you do not know Him,” she replied with a sympathetic plea which denoted her sincerity.

“Otherwise, you do not care to write?”

“Why should I?”

“Very well then; I told you that I never expected anything decent from life—”

“Did it ever occur to you,” she interrupted, “that it all might be your fault? God is the gracious Giver of every good and perfect gift. If you are in the will of the Lord, you have but to ask in order to receive.”

“Then you mean to imply that the reason you will not promise to exchange correspondence with me is that I am out of the will of the Lord.” His sharp reply was self-evident.

“Exactly!”

“I am glad that we understand each other. I don’t want to impose upon you. Here is the lodge. What do you wish to do now?” The brave attempt he made to smile revealed how deep her reply had cut him.

It was useless for Trilla to try to believe that she should return to the Red Cedar Lodge with Bob Chandler. It was entirely out of harmony with consistent thinking. She was averse to it because of several reasons: it would cause considerable delay. It was not in keeping with her plans,



meager as they were; and, moreover, she had the intuition it was not in the will of the Lord. This fact, more than anything, was enough to make her cautious. She did not know what plans the future held for her, but she was confident the Lord would provide; He always had; He always would. Why should she doubt Him now? Then, in the face of all other reasons, Bob was not a Christian. That in itself was sufficient reason for not going; she could not afford to become further obligated to him, having discovered that fact.

Consequently, she permitted her erstwhile friend to leave in his car on his return trip to 'Frisco without knowing what the difficulties were which she might be called upon to face. Aunt Harriet discovered her shortly afterwards discussing the bus service with the attendant at the lodge office. Perry had told her of the change in Bob's plans, and she had immediately sought to capitalize upon the circumstances that would place Trilla at her mercy.

"My dear child" — her suave manner of approach caught Trilla unawares — "Perry tells me that it is quite urgent that Bob return to the coast. How very, very unfortunate! Are you planning to stay here until his return?"

"No, I was just inquiring about bus service; but I find that all reservations are taken. I don't know what I shall do yet." Trilla's reply revealed her anxiety.

"That is unfortunate. Were you going through to Yellowstone we could accommodate you. Perry would not object, I am sure. Could you change your plans and accompany us?" she asked coyly.

"Thank you, Mrs. Newcomb; you are very kind but I am afraid I shall have to find some way to get to Seattle —"

"Call me Aunt Harriet, please. It isn't so formal and cold. You need a friend, and I want to help if possible." The interruption had a touching appeal as the speaker hesitated for effect. "I could never forgive myself if I left you stranded here, alone in America. Perry would disown me as his mother if I did."

"What's that?" Perry suddenly inquired at his mother's elbow. "Who is going to disown who?"

"How you startled me, son," and Aunt Harriet's eyebrows raised in a perfect demonstration of surprise. "I was just telling Miss MacIntyre that you would disown me if I deserted her here. Your cousin has gone back to 'Frisco you know. Now she has no way to get to Seattle."

“No way, with our car at her service? What do you mean?”

“Perry is such a dear, always thinking of others. I just expected he would say that,” his mother interjected, her face glowing with pride.

“I thought that was understood. Of course we are going to Seattle, and when we go back East I can see no reason why Miss MacIntyre should not accompany us on the trip,” he replied with a self-satisfied air.

## 9. Geological Wonders

PLANS CONCEIVED in subtlety often serve as instruments to be used of the Lord. Such was Aunt Harriet's return trip to Seattle. She had only recently visited her sister there and had no reason for returning except to satisfy her own caprice. Obviously this trip served the purpose of forcing Trilla and Perry together. Not that Aunt Harriet's object was that of a matchmaker. Her thoughts had not carried her that far. Her object was to cater to Perry's wishes only. Trilla, as far as Aunt Harriet was concerned, was merely another social plaything that had attracted her son's attention. She would amuse him until the glamor of the occasion wore off and then she would be discarded for some other attraction. It had always been that way; girls were only a passing fancy with him. Therefore as his mother it was her moral duty — according to her code of ethics — to see that nothing interfered with his plans. Deep down in her heart she did not want him to marry for many years to come, but she did want her son to be the courted favor of not one girl but all beautiful girls to whom he took a fancy. Trilla was the latest addition to this class and Aunt Harriet was leaving no stone unturned which might prove to be an obstacle in his pathway to success. Such is life; the ulterior plans of one person often serve to accomplish a definite purpose for another.

Thus Trilla reached her destination in Seattle safely, and on scheduled time. Her distant cousin Jean Thrillby received her with open arms and prepared to make her happy and contented during the time she would be permitted to stay. Welcomed to a home that overlooked beautiful Lake Washington, Trilla jealously counted the days when she would have to prepare to enter college. Perry with his car proved to be a welcome companion to the girls. There was no trip too long nor none too inconvenient for him to serve their needs. When it seemed that they might be imposing upon him and were reluctant to suggest plans, he managed through his mother to manipulate circumstances which would bring him into the social setting in which the girls were. On all occasions he was a

ready volunteer when the slightest hint came his way that a car and chauffeur would be welcome in making some tour of the countryside.

The last week-end that Trilla was at Seattle, a ninety-mile trip to visit Paradise Valley and view the wonders of Mount Rainier came at his suggestion. For a full day, beginning before sunrise and lasting until they drove back into the city after nightfall, they enjoyed another never-to-be-forgotten adventure. Like Crater Lake, the scenic wonder of the park held Trilla spellbound. To her it was another one of God's natural attractions. It was another volcano cone, but different in that it did not serve as a vast reservoir of water but, instead, was capped with snow. The glaciers, which are a natural phenomenon of attraction to world tourists, were too numerous for her to remember by name. To be told that Mount Rainier's glacial mantle totals more than forty square miles made her wonder at the magnitude of God's mighty arm in creating the wonders of the universe. There were glaciers all around Mount Rainier which were being fed from this great cap of snow, yet, this long extinct volcano was only one anthill of attraction when it was compared to the rest of God's creation.

When the question arose, in a casual conversation, as to how Trilla was to make the trip East to enter college, plans had already been made for her to enjoy the hospitality of the Newcomb's in a cross-country trip — which could only be enjoyed when traveling by automobile. Naturally, Trilla wanted to see the fascinating sights she had so enthusiastically heard described. Few there are who do not thrill at the mention of the Rockies, and Trilla was no exception.

Consequently, Aunt Harriet let it be known that she was seeking a traveling companion to accompany her in a contemplated trip East in the family car. It was so monotonous to be alone nights in a hotel. True, Perry would do the chauffeuring, but she wanted someone to act as boudoir attendant and to help pass the time away on the trip. To compensate for this service she would expect to pay all expenses and a nominal fee in addition, if required. In first mentioning this to Jean, she was careful to have it understood that this person would have to pass rigid personal requirements, of which she alone was to be the judge.

Jean inadvertently mentioned Trilla as a possible prospect, just as Aunt Harriet hoped she would. In a counter action she elaborated upon the fact that it was too much to expect; but Trilla was just the type of companion she had hoped to secure. Jean, of course, was certain that her cousin would

be interested. She was so sure of it that she would be willing to approach her and sell her on the idea that it would be her best interest to favorably consider such a proposition.

With a smile of satisfaction, Aunt Harriet watched the plans materialize which resulted in the selection of an early date for the three of them to leave together. It was an ideal plan for all concerned. Perry enthusiastically declared that he was going to teach Trilla how to drive when they reached the wide open prairie where it would be safe to give her instructions. It would relieve him at the wheel. They had plenty of time and if his mother did not relish the idea they could take the car and leave her at the hotel while he was instructing his student. Aunt Harriet's protests were carefully veiled sanctions of approval, meant to convey objections in name only. It was another opportunity to throw Perry and Trilla together; she caught the significance of that fact. Obviously, that was also Perry's purpose; otherwise he would not inconvenience himself to the extent of trying to teach her how to drive.

An innocent victim of all of the circumstances involved, Trilla entered into the spirit of the trip with a prayer upon her lips, thanking God for the opportunity. Any plan that would permit her to earn even a portion of the expense was something for which to praise Him. She would need every penny at her command to complete her schooling. She had prayed for a chance to secure employment after entering college. Truly, America was all that it was reported to be: a land abounding in opportunities that could not be found else where. She thought of the twenty-dollar bill that Dr. Holmes had given her. The generous spirit in which Mother MacDay had received and welcomed her was a revelation. Bob Chandler's uncalled for service as a volunteer was indeed generous. And now this trip with expenses paid — surely God's gracious hand was back of it.

When the final day arrived and Trilla bade those whom she had met at Seattle the last farewell, she settled down in the luxurious cushions of the Newcomb automobile and gave herself over to the utmost enjoyment of the trip. She was indeed fortunate to have this opportunity. There were hundreds of citizens still residing within the border of their native states who had never had this privilege to travel. As the travelers drove past those engaged in their vocations in life, Trilla wondered what their state of mind might be. Were they contented, disheartened, or envious of the multitude of tourists more fortunate than they? She had already traveled more miles

during her short time in America than many of them had in a lifetime. The desire to explore the unknown was growing upon her. She studied each map of the road religiously. The high lights of every advertising circular describing the scenic wonders along the route were carefully noted and pointed out as they approached them. She was like a child in her enthusiasm, asking questions and commenting upon the possibilities of what was to follow. Perry and Aunt Harriet entered into the spirit of the adventure and catered to her whims because of the thrill it offered. For this reason they took many side trips, visiting points of interest that other wise might have escaped their attention.

Leaving Seattle they passed through Wanatchee, the Apple Capital of the World, and explored the valley of endless miles of apple orchards where — the natives maintain — the world's finest fruit is grown. Stopping at one of the shipping centers to make a purchase of an early variety, Trilla learned that the aged lady attendant had never been out of the valley. She had no conception of the beauties of her own state beyond what came within her range of vision. Trilla's description of her own picturesque stately capitol building at Olympia, over looking Puget Sound, which Trilla described to her left her longing to travel as others had. It grieved her to have to admit that she had never seen the capital of her native state. The ocean, the coastal cities, Mount Rainier which she had heard about — all stood out as a more vivid attraction because of a passing tourist whose enthusiasm left her with an inspiration.

Another memorable experience was the visit at the Dry Falls of the Columbia State Park. A place of geological wonders where centuries ago an immeasurable volume of water thundered over a mammoth fall equal to forty Niagaras — such are the bare, five-hundred-foot cliffs of the Grand Coulee, the silent testimony of a battle of centuries, recording a clash between glacial ice sheets, hissing lava flows and the torrential river Columbia which had been forced to change its course.

Aunt Harriet, Perry, other tourists and the majority of natives encountered saw only the outward evidence of scenic natural wonder; but, back of it all, Trilla saw the dim outline of the hand of God. He alone was responsible for the material evidence that amazes thousands of tourists who annually stand before them, gripped by the fascinating power of the forces of nature in their ancient struggle.

Grand Coulee Dam, of course, did not escape the curious eyes of these three travelers. Watching the marvelous fete in construction and listening to lectures by employees of the United States Bureau of Reclamation detained them another half day. This project on the Columbia River, three times the length of Boulder Dam, is the greatest power development on the North American continent. It is man's mighty effort to curb and control the forces of nature. Over four thousand feet from cliff to cliff, this massive mass of concrete and steel is to make possible a lake more than one hundred and fifty miles in length. The mind can scarcely grasp the magnitude of this vast irrigation project that will reclaim twelve million fertile acres and provide farms for forty thousand American families.

Every facility possible for tourists awaited their convenience. After dinner Trilla and Perry ventured to the very edge of the scene of construction, while Aunt Harriet took a more comfortable position on the observation platform, where she could listen to the special lecture given from the promontory, explaining how two and one-half million horsepower would be created and utilized.

Fascinating as the four-hundred-million-dollar project was, they could not linger. Trilla's college training would be completed and she would have returned to India before the great dam could be finished. Perhaps she would have visited America on her first furlough ere the mighty reservoir was filled to its full capacity. Marvelous indeed is the foresight of God which creates possibilities providing for the existence of mankind.

## 10. A Testimony Of God's Handiwork

UPON LEAVING the state of Washington, the party of tourists found their way through neighboring states en route to Yellowstone National Park. Perry and his mother had visited the park before but were always lured back by its many attractions. Even on this occasion, the fifth time, there was still something spectacular about it, something that drew their attention and made them wonder why they had not been attracted to its significance before. Then, there was the specific thrill of enjoying the enthusiasm of their guest. Her interest in the scenes and wonders of God's great universe was inspiring.

During the trip from Grand Coulee Dam to the west entrance of the park, Aunt Harriet became very confidential with Trilla. The family skeleton was brought out into the open and discussed with a view to placing Perry's ancestral background in the best possible light. Aunt Harriet had this sly way of bragging. She came from a good family stock of pioneer Americans who traced their lineage as far back as the Mayflower. She had married well, and therefore Perry bore a name of which he could rightfully feel proud. His father had been a successful lumberman until the time of his death three years previous. When the estate was settled, Perry and an only sister, ten years his senior, found themselves financially independent. They, as well as their mother, could easily live off the income of their endowment. Therefore they had chosen to leave the business in a partnership and retain the same man aging director who had served their father so faithfully. Consequently, Aunt Harriet and Perry spent considerable time in travel. They had been to Europe and sailed the seven seas, still there always remained that attraction which invited their return to Yellowstone Park.

"Here's where Mr. Newcomb and I spent our honeymoon," Aunt Harriet whispered in Trilla's ear, as they stood before Old Faithful awaiting the next



eruption. "I shall never forget it; now he has passed on to the other side. I wonder—" and her voice broke.

Since the altercation at Crater Lake Lodge, Trilla had refrained from discussing religion with Aunt Harriet, but she could not forego this opportunity to again remind her that the Lord places eternal values upon all things.

"My God is faithful and just, for giving all who come to Him in repentance. 'And they shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. And, behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last.'" Trilla quoted certain portions of Scripture with a literal application, thus hoping to arouse Aunt Harriet to thoughtful consideration.

"I — I could not bear the thought of — of Arthur not being there. He was such a perfect husband," she sobbed, clinging to Trilla's arm.

"God records the value of each life in respect to its relation to the free gift of His Son Jesus Christ. There is no other purchase price. 'Ye must be born again!'" Trilla informed her with reverent consolation. "We cannot undo the past. All things are possible with God, but God does not create possibilities to conform to our individual personal way of thinking; yet, He is just as faithful to His promises as the eruption of this geyser for which we are waiting."

"If I only understood God like you do—"

The eruption of Old Faithful interrupted their discourse in a spectacular phenomenon that was shrouded in mystery. They, like thousands who view it annually, were at a loss to explain its secrets.

"God does not expect you to understand all His mysteries. This is a demonstration of the mystery of His creation. Faith believing, we came here to witness His faithfulness," Trilla added thoughtfully, after watching the display. "Can man determine the number of these particular eruptions or the day when the first one began?"

Aunt Harriet turned away with a sigh.

"If I only understood; but no, Arthur isn't there; I can't, I can't believe without him," came the broken voice of a despondent soul.

Trilla did not press her, realizing that she was in deep distress. God, she felt, was talking to Aunt Harriet's soul, and that was sufficient. He would make the way plain when the battle of self-will had been fought. Aunt Harriet's rebellious nature expected opposition as an excuse to further defy

God. She would not accommodate her nor become Satan's tool by furthering an opposing cause.

The remainder of the day was spent in visiting the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, the Tower Falls and other points of interest. That night Trilla lay awake for some time listening to the wild life that made its presence felt throughout the Park. But her greatest concern was the attitude which Aunt Harriet had taken. Her changing moods and temperamental fits of uncertainty were extremely hard to understand. At times she appeared to be under conviction of soul; then in a moment's notice she assumed an attitude of rebellious defiance, seeming to despise all those with whom she came in contact. Even Perry was puzzled by his mother's attitude. She did not appear like herself. On occasions she wanted to be left entirely alone while she brooded over the loss of her husband. There was a great gulf fixed that she could not cross even in thought. Death had defied her. She did not understand it, and because of the fact, she continuously remonstrated with God.

The following day, just off the main road between Tower Junction and Mammoth Hot Springs, they visited the site of the petrified tree, a standing statue of stone created by silica from the volcanic ash which had in ages past buried the forest. Water seeping through this dust had replaced cell for cell, and the slowly dissolved woody structure had left a testimony of God's handiwork in a monument of stone.

Leaving the park through Sylvian Pass, one of the scenic features of the Yellowstone, they followed the road down through a red-walled canyon so vividly colored and so remarkably carved by the erosion of ages that its passage imprints itself indelibly upon memory. Such was Trilla's experience in following the Red Canyon of the Shoshone until they found their way to Cody, Wyoming, where they secured accommodations for the night. Here a statue of Buffalo Bill on his faithful horse guards this gateway to the park. Names of national heroes did not mean much to Trilla, but there was something awe-inspiring about the towering Rockies which they were leaving behind. They — like the Himalayan range between Nepal and Tibet — spoke of God's foundation for the eternal ages. They were massive, shrouded in mystery that invited man's attention to something beyond the limit of the finite mind.

In the succeeding days the party of tourists made their way to the Black Hills to view the National Patriotic Shrine of Democracy, where the busts of

Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt slowly take shape in the ageless granite of Mt. Rushmore. Everywhere they went there was some point of interest that demanded their attention. But time is a factor with which we all have to reckon. Trilla, particularly, found this to be true; there was never time enough to visit the places of attraction which she wished to see. In respect to time, God's limitations are steadfast; we cannot change its cycle nor defeat its purpose.

Because it was Sunday and Trilla felt the need of holding the day in reverence, she accompanied Perry and Aunt Harriet to Spearfish to witness the Luenen Passion Players reenact the final days in the life of Christ. The scene touched her heart; Christ was represented in a re-enactment of the Crucifixion, hanging in mid-heaven on a cross between two thieves. The repetition of a scene that happened two thousand years ago was well portrayed, yet, there was something sacrilegious about it that left her wondering if it was not a form of idol worship that robbed Christ of glory rightfully His.

At Deadwood, a contrast in idol worship eulogized men and women famous for their ungodly reputation. Here, where gold history was made, "Poker Alice," "Wild Bill Hickock," "Calamity Jane," "Deadwood Dick" and many others of unsavory character who "died with their boots on," were commemorated as famous characters of the historic past.

A herd of buffalo which she saw leisurely grazing as they did sixty years ago when they numbered millions, was more of an attraction to Trilla. They were part of God's creation. The thrilling revival of the deeds of the past in frontier mining days eulogizing sin in the hearts of men, had no appeal. It was a glory which belonged to Satan alone, and as they journeyed on through the Bad Lands, the thought lingered in the sober mind of a missionary traveler that God's curse on the community had been predestined to mock the folly of sin.

# 11. A Human Conundrum

AFTER A TRIP of nearly three weeks of sightseeing, the travel-worn tourists arrived in Chicago to spend a day, at Trilla's request, visiting the Bible Institute and the church that supported her parents as missionaries. Here she had her first opportunity to broadcast in a testimony that carried her voice around the world. Oh, that her parents could have been listening; but she knew they were not. There was no radio where they would receive such a message. In America, yes, there were stations everywhere, and on nearly all of them by a mere turning of the dial one could receive a testimony in song and the expounded Word. She saw the value of radio and was interested in its possibilities. She wanted India, China, Africa and all the world to be able to receive the "good tidings" as they did in America.

The following day they stopped at the seminary which her grandfather attended and then visited the college near Chicago from which her mother had graduated. It had been her desire to attend this college, but funds provided through the settlement of her great-grandmother's estate stipulated that she attend a college in Michigan; consequently, they journeyed on to the state of her forefathers, where she prepared to adjust herself to the surroundings.

She was received at Grandmother Thrillby's old homestead with open arms by distant cousins who had long awaited her arrival. They were truly Christian cousins who were interested in her welfare, in missions, the spoken Word and the spread of the gospel. Pictures of the place had prepared her for the inviting scenes that fascinated her. She loved its simplicity. How she longed to stay there! But that was not possible because of the distance separating this city and that of the college where she was to receive her training.

Consequently, her visit was to be limited. In four weeks she would have to leave and begin the laborious duties of preparing for four years of college training. In the meantime, she would have to secure a room, and the obligations required of a student would have to be met; obviously she could

not leave such matters until the last moment. She wanted to live near the college in a Christian home, if possible. She was a stranger in a foreign land and should proceed cautiously. New friends would have to be chosen wisely.

Perry and Aunt Harriet bade her goodbye and left her at the old homestead to work out these problems. True, they had insisted upon being of further service in helping with her plans. However, Trilla refused this offer, feeling that she had already become indebted to them through obligations which could never be repaid. She did not want to become a burden of responsibility to anyone. They had been exceptionally kind and she appreciated the favors they had extended, but she could not permit them to add more. Free transportation from the west coast was no small item and when they had refused to accept reimbursement for at least a part of it, Trilla decided that future obligations must cease.

Failing to understand her position, Perry felt slighted and personally hurt. He had never had to economize. His every wish had always been granted. If he chose to spend money lavishly upon Trilla, she should accept it. Why she should refuse to accept additional favors at his expense was an offense that trampled upon his dignity. Someone would have to act as her chauffeur on trips made to the college center; why should he suddenly be given the cold shoulder?

At this point Aunt Harriet had tried to intercede in her son's behalf. She felt that she had earned a place of authority in advising Trilla, and moved by a mother's weakness to cater to the wishes of a pampered boy, she became dictatorial in her demands. Her efforts were in vain; Trilla was determined not to become further indebted to them.

"You mentioned a visit to Willow Run," she tempted Trilla. "Let us take you over there before we part. You may find difficulty in arranging a better opportunity."

"No, I want to attend church services there if possible. I am sure that the trip can be planned some Sunday after I reach college," Trilla assured her.

"All right then; if that is the way you feel about it I'll respect your wishes," Perry remarked in parting. "I'll see you in college; you are not going to blackball me there I hope."

"You may find that you are in need of friends even in college," Aunt Harriet chided in a dejected tone. "If Perry wants to further his studies at college, I'll stand by him — whether you do or not. He is all that I have to

live for now; his life is my life. But,” she hesitated hopefully, “I would even take the place of a mother to you, if you would permit it.”

“Please, Aunt Harriet, don’t misunderstand me — it’s not that. Certainly, all you have done for me is appreciated. I do—”

“When we are settled in a home and in a position to receive guests, will you promise to visit us?” she interrupted hurriedly. “Will you promise?”

“I can never repay you as it is. You have done too much for me already,” Trilla explained laboriously. “I already feel guilty. How can I permit you to shower me with greater favors?”

“Then you won’t promise?”

“Well, —” Trilla meditated in thoughtful debate weighing her position.

“Remember, I’ll see you in college. I’ll get your answer then about the trip to Willow Run,” Perry called over his shoulder as he let the car coast down the drive until it intersected the highway that led to the city where Trilla was to meet and plan her future.

“You will appreciate a mother —”

The echo of Aunt Harriet’s parting words rang in Trilla’s ears as the car containing two new acquaintances gained momentum and disappeared in a stream of traffic. Had she been wise in refusing their kind offer? Had they not meant well? Yes, she was sure of that. Could there be an ulterior motive in view? Sometimes she wondered. Trilla debated these questions over and over in her mind. They troubled her. Somehow a subconscious feeling seemed to tell her that she had chosen for the best. Certainly she did not understand Aunt Harriet. Who did? Perry even admitted that much, and he was her own flesh and blood. Her moods and motives were peculiar — very peculiar. At times her manner elevated one to the heights of ecstatic religious rapture. She was so apparently real that many were captivated by her manner of superiority. Then suddenly a personal transformation occurred that one could not explain. The inferior complex of mystery, deceitfulness, unreality appeared to engulf her. Then, the very next moment perhaps, she was kindness personified. There was no mistaking the fact that Aunt Harriet was a human conundrum.

“God have mercy on her sinful soul,” the prayer came to Trilla’s lips unconsciously. “She has seen the light, yet chooses to walk in darkness. She can’t be a Christian,” she found her self debating. Yet sometimes she had one almost persuaded that her knowledge of the Lord carried the evidence of salvation. Again the subconscious thought came, “She knows the way of

salvation, but denies the power thereof.” God had spoken; the thoughts were not her own. The fact gripped Trilla. She was overcome with humiliation. Dropping to her knees she poured out her heart in prayer for Aunt Harriet. God had placed the responsibility of her salvation upon Trilla’s soul. She visualized the lost opportunities that had been hers to bring comfort to this one in distress. Perhaps she should have been more patient. She could have been more tactful in dealing with her. Sins of omission were often greater than those of commission; she had failed her Lord in an hour of opportunity.

Turning, she retraced her steps within the solitude of the old homestead and stood before Grandmother Thrillby’s picture hanging in the hall. Tears of repentance streamed down her cheeks. A reflection of light cast upon the portrait assured her that there was a smile of sympathy there to comfort her in her human failings.

## 12. A Misunderstood Love

LIFE AT COLLEGE began with the usual routine preliminaries of registration and getting acquainted with new surroundings. Naturally, coming from far-off India, there were acquaintances for Trilla to make. As a foreigner, she was an attraction; nearly everyone wanted to meet her. They were interested in what she might say about the strange land of her people. Consequently, many curious eyes cast an inquiring glance in her direction.

Although Trilla's human faculties corresponded to those of their own, one would think that something queer and different was to be found in her make-up. She was on exhibition like an animal at the circus — and was almost as great a curiosity. Some gazed at her in wonder, afraid to take the first step toward friendship. Others, inquisitive and overanxious to meet her and make her acquaintance, kept her in the center of a newly formed circle, hoping to be the first to gain her as a friend and learn what they could about her.

She made friends easily, and in a short space of time felt perfectly at home in the new environment. Even though considered the chief attraction in the group, the distinction did not seem to bother her. It was a new opportunity to testify for her Lord. Her knowledge of missions always afforded a topic for conversation. What her Lord was doing in India had its human appeal, as it always does when one is sincere. It matters not the port from which His servant hales; it is always the same; His message is timely to sin-sick souls.

At college there were many hearts hungry for a word of comfort which would quench the smoldering fire of dissatisfaction that raged within. There were many with no peace of mind, many with secret troubles, many with hungry ears who, though not admitting it openly, sought Trilla's company because there was comfort there. Like steel drawn to a magnet, they could not help themselves; they secretly admired her; they wanted to be like her — yet different. If they could be like her and still cling to the things of the world that made them different, they would have approved. But to be like



her and accept the sacrifices that she chose to accept — that was something which they refused to consider. They could not understand how she could be so carefree and happy and forego the privileges that they enjoyed — privileges that they thought furnished enjoyment yet which mocked them as the tinkling bells and clanging symbols of dissatisfaction. Disapproval of their own acts rang in their ears, and in their misery they sensed that in this girl from India there was something in her personality that they lacked. “Christ in her, the hope of glory” was a witness unto them; yet, for sin in their hearts they understood not. Their rebellion against God was soon to bring her into a place of disfavor.

At the close of the second week, while taking a stroll about the campus alone for the first time, she came face to face with Perry carrying a number of books under his arm.

“Well, here I am as good as my promise. I have been seeking this opportunity — did not want to embarrass you. Have been waiting for a formal introduction, you know,” he explained with a dry smile. “No one here is aware that we have met as far as I know; thought perhaps you might not relish the idea.”

“Mr. Newcomb, I am sure that I don’t understand —”

“I would appreciate it if you called me Perry; after all that is my name; but we won’t quibble about that, Miss MacIntyre,” he interrupted. “Who is there here that can introduce us? We can at least be friends provided I can earn your good will and friendship.”

“We *are* friends, Mr. Newcomb! I certainly hope that you do not think otherwise, after all the kindness you and your mother have shown me. Forgive me; how is your mother? I should have asked before.” Her earnest petition evidenced sincerity.

“Thank you, she is quite well. You don’t know how much I appreciate your interest, but I shall have to go; here comes a group of my classmates. They’ll expect an introduction. Good-bye — Au revoir.”

Four young men passed, wondering at the puzzled expression on Trilla’s face.

“That’s the missionary student from India, isn’t it?” one of them asked.

“Yes, I’ve been wondering how to meet her officially; wonder if Newcomb could help out. He seems to be the only one with nerve enough to approach her without an introduction. Let’s ask him!” a voice trailed in the distance.

Trilla hurried on at a loss to understand the mystery. Why should Perry need another introduction? Was he ashamed to have people know that he had met her? Was he ashamed of her Christian stand? Ashamed of her Lord? The perplexing thoughts kept troubling her all afternoon.

Following this, Trilla realized the fact that a number of the girls whom she had met were acting as the medium to make her acquainted with various young men at college. Perry was not one of them. He purposely chose to remain aloof, evidently. It was not the fact that she particularly wanted to renew his acquaintance that perplexed her, but the fact that his actions were queer. She had passed him several times in the hall, but on every occasion when she was with others he appeared to pass her by unnoticed. When she was alone, he always had a smile of welcome for her, and if the opportunity permitted, stopped a moment to chat. His attitude troubled her, kept her wondering what she had done to give offense or otherwise bring her into disfavor.

The following day, Horace Dunkirk, one of the young men that passed her on the campus after her conversation with Perry, was presented by a classmate for an introduction. While Trilla felt that the occasion had been timely planned, she held her composure and gracefully acknowledged the formality. However, the young man read her mind.

“Frankly, Miss MacIntyre, I asked Miss Hart to arrange this meeting,” he sang out jovially. “After all, it’s no sin I hope. Who is there here that does not want that privilege?”

“Horace!” exclaimed Miss Hart, blushing to the very roots of her red hair.

“Well, isn’t it so? The fact that Miss MacIntyre is a missionary and comes from India, invites it, don’t you think?” he answered with a twinkle of amusement in his eyes. “I am admitting that I am more than interested. What’s the verdict? Am I to be shot at sunrise for being honest?” Contortions of imaginary fear warped his face into a look of solemn dejection.

“Don’t pay any attention to him, Miss MacIntyre; he’s always that way. I can hardly breathe for embarrassment sometimes. He does not mean half that he says,” she apologized for him.

“I like that, I am sure. Some opinion Miss MacIntyre will have of me.”

“Not half of all that you deserve,” Miss Hart interrupted.

The barrier of resentment that had first formed in Trilla's mind was immediately broken down. Here was a young man who was frank, honest and perfectly at ease without actually becoming a bore. With his pleasing personality and captivating smile, he promised to become the life of any party. Like most girls whom he met, Trilla found that she was going to like him.

"Really, Mr. Dunkirk, I am afraid that someone has overestimated my ability as a missionary. However, I am not ashamed to be found in the service of the Lord in that respect. I consider it a compliment to serve Him —"

"Very commendable!"

They both laughed at the sudden interruption and emphasis placed upon the exclamation.

"Tell me," he said seriously, "I want to know more about the duties of a missionary. How were you first attracted to India? I understand that you are going back."

"I was born there. It's my home — the place where the Lord wants me to serve — the place I feel I can best serve Him—"

"Oh!" Horace's face registered genuine surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Dunkirk; we're living in a sin-sick world," she continued, her face glowing with sincerity. "There are millions in India who have never heard the gospel. They need Christ. I have dedicated my life to proclaim the good news that they might find Him whom to know aright is life eternal."

"Forgive me, Miss MacIntyre; maybe I don't understand, but it seems like wasted effort. Why not let those living there take the responsibility — those — well, those who do not have the advantages of college as you do? It strikes me as unfair to throw away a college training on a bunch of heathens —"

"It is quite evident that you do not understand," Trilla interrupted.

"After all, we will always have them with us. Why not take advantage of opportunities here for building a career?"

Again she interrupted.

"I love them." Her humble Christian spirit emphasized the term.

"Love them?" he echoed. "Love them?" A cloud of reproach spread across his features.

"Yes, love them — with a devotion that only my Christ can give. With a love — a misunderstood love — which I am sure you do not understand,"

she answered pathetically with a depth of feeling beyond his comprehension.

## 13. An Unusual Request

AS THE FIRST year at college drew to a close, Trilla was thoroughly acclimated to the problems of an American student. There had been many things to learn in addition to the lessons taught in class. She had to learn the customs and ways of the American public. Things here were entirely different from those which she had experienced at home. Fortunately, she had been apt as a student, as well as a new citizen. She learned easily and had no difficulty in retaining the principle of that which she had been taught. This was a great advantage and aided materially in making her a popular student both with the faculty and her classmates. When various students started to talk about the approaching summer vacation, Trilla found herself on congenial terms with everybody. Corine Hart, to whom she had taken a particular fancy, wanted her to spend the summer at her home in Virginia. The invitation was very attractive, but Trilla hesitated to accept because of a feeling that she owed the responsibility to her people in India to try to procure some kind of employment which would help with expenses. Any saving which would protect Grandmother Thrillby's college endowment fund would help to educate another member of the family.

"Let's both find a job for the summer," Miss Hart invited. "I am sure that if you go home with me we can find employment. I will write father; if he writes that there is a possibility, will you accompany me home?"

"You know that I would dearly love to go, Corine; but would it be fair? The dean of women here is sure that she will find employment for me if I remain —"

"All right, Trilla; but permit me to write anyway," she interrupted. "Then we will talk about future plans."

"Your letter home will be welcome I'm sure; but I don't know about the invitation to include me. It's really an imposition —"

"It's plain that you don't understand Southern hospitality. Mother will welcome you as a daughter." Corine emphasized the word "mother" affectionately.

“What’s this about you girls wanting a job for the summer?” The dean of women met them in the hall and broke into the conversation with the question.

The two girls explained the discussion they had been having and then asked what had prompted the interest which she had shown.

“I think that I have just the kind of a position that you girls would like. You have a car, have you not, Corine?” Mrs. Thompson’s question invited curiosity.

“Yes, I have a car. Would the position occasion my — our using it? It sounds too good to be true. Tell us about it, please!” Corine’s enthusiasm ran rampant.

“Meet me in my office in half an hour and I will explain,” Mrs. Thompson instructed as she hurried down the hall.

“Isn’t she a dear?” Corine’s voice of affection trailed down the corridor after the dean to register with satisfaction upon her ears.

“The strange thing about this letter of request is that it mentions specifically that the position is open to Miss Trilla MacIntyre and any other young woman companion whom the faculty recommends as reliable,” Mrs. Thompson debated, as she hurried back to the office. “Rather a peculiar request, yet specific in the fact that the writer’s interest shall in no case be revealed. I wonder who Bob Chandler is? Some official in the Automobile Association who is missionary minded, I suppose. Evidently he had heard of Miss MacIntyre and is interested in the fact that she is from India. Well, I know of no better mission for a philanthropist to invest his money than that of a missionary student. Nor any recipient more worthy and dependable than Miss MacIntyre. I shall have to have the request thoroughly checked, of course, before permitting the girls to accept the offer,” she assured herself, reading the letter over carefully for at least the tenth time.

“Please be seated,” she invited with a smile as the girls filed happily into her office some twenty minutes later.

“We were so curious that we could hardly wait the half hour,” Corine replied, drawing a chair alongside of the dean’s desk. “Trilla and I have been multiplying our suppositions about what kind of employment you might have to recommend for us. Particularly since you mentioned my car, we cannot even guess what it might be.”

The dean weighed her thoughts carefully before she replied. She could not reveal the name of the writer. Miss MacIntyre was not to be told that she had been specifically mentioned in the letter. There was no mystery or suspicion to be reflected. It was her duty to recommend two dependable and trustworthy girls for employment, and one of them must be Miss Trilla MacIntyre.

“I have a very confidential request here for two dependable girls,” she began. “One of the requisites is that they have a practically new car which can be used in connection with the position. They are to travel together.”

“Travel!” Trilla gasped in excitement.

“Yes, it will require two months of your time — in fact, all this summer vacation. You are to get weekly assignments from the Automobile Club outlining your duties.”

“Ooo-e!” Corine clapped her hands and leaned forward until she sat on the very edge of her chair. “Travel! Assignments from the Auto Club! Where do we go? What do we do?”

“The assignment calls for visiting new hotels, tourists homes, camps and newly constructed highways in the South which you are to classify in their importance and concerning which you must render a weekly report to the Club,” Mrs. Thompson replied. “I can well appreciate your enthusiasm. I have been trying to read into the request some way in which I might take advantage of the position myself, but there isn’t a chance; the offer is open to — to girl students only — a very unusual request,” she hesitated, fearing that she might have invited too much curiosity concerning the writer and the real source of the letter.

“When do we start? Where do we go first? Whom do we interview? How? I — I — we mean how do we get the position? Whom do we see? It — it’s all possible, isn’t it?” The questions came so fast from both girls talking at once that the dean threw up her hands and laughed with them when they realized how childish they were in their enthusiasm.

“What about pay? That’s a very important question; neither of you thought to ask about it,” she added soberly.

“It is very important,” Trilla said meekly. “Everything depends upon it; that’s certain.”

Corine sobered with the thought, too. Was Mrs. Thompson tantalizing them with the remote possibilities? The proposition did seem too good to be

true; that was sure. Her heart sank in disappointment. The sudden change in her demeanor was so pronounced that the situation became awkward.

“What is your personal opinion of the offer? After all, we shall be guided by your advice.” Trilla was at once alert to the business side of the question. However promising the offer sounded, she, of course, would be guided by the counsel of the dean and the facts involved.

“That is the sensible way to look at it,” the dean replied. You may rest assured that every precaution will be taken to check the offer. The request is so unusual that it invites extra care in investigating the sponsors. The pay is to be twenty-five dollars per week each, with a commission on mileage and the number of contacts made. In addition to this you will be allowed expenses and five cents per mile for the use of the car. I called the local office of the Auto Club to check on the authenticity of the letter of request. I am to meet their representative personally tomorrow and thoroughly cover all details.”

“Are we to be included in this interview?” Trilla asked.

“Yes, I believe so; however, I am not certain. I am to make the appointment for you if the faculty is satisfied. It may not be tomorrow; I will let you know later if the position has merit and you think that you would be interested.” The dean enjoyed the rising spirit of enthusiasm that the girls manifested.

“It still sounds too good to be true. I cannot make myself believe that such a grand opportunity can be possible,” Corine said skeptically.

“God is faithful and just. All things are possible if it be in His will. I shall pray hopefully that it is of His will.” Trilla’s confidence seemed to give assurance that whatever happened was to be for the best.



## 14. A Strange Coincidence

THE FOLLOWING week was a busy one. The closing days of college before the summer vacation was to begin, involved students and faculty alike. For Mrs. Thompson as dean, there was a double burden of responsibility because of her desire to safeguard the interest of each student who wanted employment and recommendations through her office. Added to this was a special interest in Corine's and Trilla's welfare, which resulted from the strange letter of request that she was called upon to investigate.

A personal trip to the Automobile Club office, where she contacted the manager and had the pleasure of meeting their field representative, Bob Chandler, assured her that the position offered was a promising opportunity for any dependable student. She was impressed with Bob's sincerity in offering this position to Trilla and Corine. He told her something of his first contact with the young missionary and his desire to be able to help her with her education by offering this position through his company. The venture was something new — an experiment that had never been tried before. His reputation and that of the company was at stake, and being a new employee himself, he wanted the assurance of the college faculty that the girls whom they recommended were dependable. He, of course, did not want Trilla to know that he had a personal interest in her welfare or that he was in any way connected with the offer.

Consequently, when the dean informed the girls of her favorable impression of the sponsors of the position offered, Trilla and Corine were overjoyed. If the busy week meant anything to others, it was tripled in importance for them. They scarcely slept during the weekend before the Monday on which they were to begin the trip in the service of the Auto Club. There were so many things to do, so many friends in whom to confide their good fortune, so many farewells that must be said. Mrs. Thompson, sharing their plans, their confidences and their enthusiasm, was like a mother in her personal interest. It was a trip in which everyone connected with the college would be interested. The girls promised to write regularly

and keep Mrs. Thompson informed of their experiences, the places which they visited and everything connected with the new position which would interest her.

When they rolled away from the campus at sunrise on Monday, Mrs. Thompson, with a prayer upon her lips, was there to bid them Godspeed. She had taken an unusual liking to Corine because of her traditional status as a Southerner. They both came from colonial families in Virginia. This tie had been a strong one from the first day that Corine arrived at college when they met for the first time. They agreed religiously upon the standards of their faith as good Episcopalians, and understood each other perfectly.

Mrs. Thompson also respected Trilla and admired her stand as a Christian, but she always felt slightly uneasy in the girl's presence. She considered her as underprivileged — and too narrow in her religious belief to be congenial. Allowances were made for this because she came from a missionary-minded colony in India that had denied her the right of liberal thought. College life, she hoped, would change this. This trip with Corine — visiting the traditional centers of her home state, meeting the people of the South and enjoying the hospitality that awaited her there could not but enlarge her vision upon life. Secretly she was jealous of Trilla, and had not the request from the Auto Club named her personally, she would have preferred to select a companion of her own choice for Corine on this trip.

The two happy girls left her standing on the walk leading to the dormitory, unconscious of all that had occurred concerning the origin of the opportunity to travel which was theirs to enjoy. Words of caution to be careful rang in their ears as they, waving the last goodbye, rolled from sight.

“Well, we're on our way at last,” Corine sang out happily. “I have been expecting all week that something would happen to destroy our plans. Can you believe it's true?”

“I have left it all — my whole life — in God's hands; this is only a part of it. While this trip does seem too good to be true, as you keep reminding me, I am reconciled to the thought that it is a fact. Surely God must have a purpose in it,” Trilla replied thoughtfully. “We must continually pray for His daily guidance and wisdom.”

“I only wish that I could have the confidence that you do, Trilla; somehow you are different than most girls. You make life seem so much easier — less complicated; I don't know any other way to explain it.”

“Don’t try to explain. Trust in God, and His daily blessings will be added unto you. I have always found it that way,” came the reverent interruption.

The first stop of any importance was made at Washington. Here they visited numerous public buildings which grace the National Capitol. Most of these tours were made under Corine’s tutelage. She had often been in Washington and had no difficulty in finding her way around. As a guide she was not to be surpassed. All the places of interest attractive to a companion like Trilla were covered in record time. She also knew the shopping centers where purchases could best be made. Shopping, however, was not a problem; most of their purchases had been made prior to their arrival in Washington.

“Life is not complete until one has visited the National Capitol,” Corine remarked after an ordeal of milling around through a crowd of sightseers who were all trying to get the best view possible from the observatory of the Washington Monument. “Look at all these people — tourists, most of them — people we serve.”

“People—”

“Yes, people whom we serve through our connection with the Auto Club. You haven’t forgotten that, have you?” Corine interrupted, amused at the curious expression that clouded Trilla’s face. “If it weren’t for all the tourists that continually want to see some other part of the country, we would not have a job.”

“Thinking of it in that light we are servants of the people,” Trilla replied. “Don’t you think that we had better start rendering a service instead of joining the curious throng?”

“Indeed, you are quite right; from now on it is business before pleasure. See the Potomac over there? When we cross this river we will be in my home state. There is just one other place to visit before crossing the bridge, the National Shrine of President Abraham Lincoln at our right,” Corine explained, “as a Southerner this should not be as important as the tomb of General Robert E. Lee, but we will not get into the controversial question of the War of the Rebellion. That, perhaps, can best be expounded in our daily travels. We will visit many points of interest which were developed as a result of this conquest. We will always have something to talk about while touring the South.”

“We are not tourists,” Trilla reminded her.

“Business women only gaping,” Corine mimicked.

“Yes, I want to feel that I am a business woman, that I render a service to the company which we represent. Then, next year perhaps, we can continue as representatives of the Auto Club. I am looking —”

“With an eye upon the future,” Corine finished the thought.

“Exactly! Do you realize what this means to us — this opportunity to earn, to travel, to make money towards expenses at college?”

“So you have really caught on; you really see the point,” Corine bubbled in her enthusiasm. “Haven’t I been telling you that it’s too good to be true? One would think that you did not understand English. But, not another word. We’re going to work. We’re quitting tourists, sightseers and Washington right now!”

Suddenly they came face to face with Bob Chandler. With his eyes fixed in the distance, he turned abruptly and disappeared in the milling throng.

“What are you gaping at? You’re white as a ghost! One would think that you had met one — your dead granduncle or something.” Corine stood perplexed trying to follow Trilla’s eyes as they searched the crowd.

“I know that man,” came the weak reply.

“Evidently he doesn’t know you — nearly ran us down. He’s lost his mother, I think, the way he bobs around in the crowd. See him go; no, he’s stopping in the shadow of the shrubbery looking for someone. He must be lost. Shall we go ask him?” Corine laughed with a twinkle in her eyes. “Come on, let’s buy him a candy sucker.”

“I am serious, Corine; he startled me — such a strange coincidence — but I guess I must be mistaken; he’s disappeared,” Trilla explained.

“Must have been a ghost all right.” A ripple of laughter revealed the mood Corine was enjoying. “There’s a cop; shall we ask him?”

Arm in arm the two girls filed past the officer directing traffic at the intersection. Bob Chandler for the moment was forgotten — forgotten by Corine because she did not know of his existence; he was a strange man in a strange crowd — forgotten by Trilla because she realized how ridiculous it was to associate him with some stranger who bore his resemblance. She purposely meant to say no more about it.

## 15. A Man Of Mystery

LOOKING DOWN through the clouds from the Sky Line Drive upon the peaceful Shenandoah in the valley below, Trilla and Corine had no thoughts of impending difficulties. No haunting memories were in evidence recalling the struggle that had gone before during the Rebellion. Peace and quiet reigned everywhere. The valley of rotating crops resembled a checker board of variegated colors. It told its own story of the prolific endeavor of neighboring farmers. A new generation following in the footsteps of their thrifty forefathers, carrying on agriculturally, tilling the soil that once ran red with human blood; former battlefields of contending forces in a conquest of brother against brother.

Remote evidence, scars of battle of yesteryears only remained to be pointed out to passing tourists. Corine knew the many points of interest and was apt as a guide in directing Trilla from one to another. She knew her history, loved it and reveled in the traditions of the South. However, she was not ambiguous about it; she knew both sides of the question — the good points and those rightfully debatable. Her grandmother had married a Union soldier after the war; consequently she traced her lineage to a perfect amalgamation of the Blue and the Grey.

Stopping at one of the many observation lookout points along the drive, the two girls parked their car and strolled to the guard rail where they might have a better view of the inviting scene below. Twenty minutes later they returned to discover a flat tire.

“That’s the same tire we found flat this morning. Strange the mechanic should say that there was nothing wrong with it; now we find it flat again,” Corine protested.

“Something funny about it — must be a slow leak —”

“Couldn’t be any slower than the mechanic who fooled with it for an hour only to find out there was nothing wrong. Well, we’ll try the pump and see. Some of this foggy ozone that drops out of the clouds up here on Sky Line Drive should be thick enough to get us to a gas station,” Corine

prophesied humorously as she procured the tire pump and vigorously tackled the job of inflating the tire.

“There, that seems to hold all right,” she replied after ten minutes of strenuous effort. “Hop in and we’ll go places; we’ll soon see whether it’s the air, weather, or a hoodoo that’s following us.”

The pressure held perfectly. They stopped several times during the forenoon but found no occasion for alarm. It was nearly two o’clock before they found a satisfactory place to have lunch. This was due to the fact that they were scheduled to inspect a new tourist camp in the interest of the Auto Club. Posing as two ordinary tourists, they dropped into the dining room and secured a table where they would have the best possible opportunity to watch the kitchen. One of their important duties was to report on the cleanliness of the places they inspected. To do this they would have to find an excuse to go over the quarters thoroughly before informing the management of the purpose of their presence there. Seated as they were, they could sit in judgment of the place and take note of the waitresses as they passed to and from the kitchen. The girls made it a point to talk to each one of them, inquiring about accommodations, the number of cabins available, and the best arrangements for the night should they desire to stay.

It was all in a day’s work; but it was work that the girls were learning to enjoy. The psychology of gaining people’s confidence soon became an art with them. They found that becoming interested in things that most interested those with whom they were talking was usually a successful policy. Everyone working at this new tourist camp was enthusiastic about its possibilities. It was a matter of salesmanship to try to induce Corine and Trilla to stay overnight. The girls were well aware of this, and although they were purposely planning to remain, they did not propose to let it be known. By employing the method of having to be sold on the merits of the camp, they were securing information upon which to make their report. By supper time they had been invited to the kitchen to meet the chef, they had been shown through every unoccupied cabin, the adjoining tourist home had been inspected and they had gained a thorough knowledge of the routine management of the place.

Following breakfast the next morning, they were ready to state their purpose at the camp and “talk business.” They were familiar with every inch of the ground, and they knew the general reputation of the management, as well as the kind of help employed. Consequently, they

were able to give the new camp an excellent rating and placed it on the preferred list for recommendations. The good will of the Auto Club was adding daily to the excellent reputation which the club enjoyed throughout the nation. Tourists everywhere looked with favor upon the sign showing that the approval of the club had been authorized. There was no better guarantee of welcome, fair dealing, and clean and sanitary quarters. It always assured the traveler of the best accommodations to be had in the locality.

“Well, there’s another satisfied customer assured of having the best advertising medium possible,” Corine said, proudly glancing at the new club emblem in the window as they passed through the front door to go to her car.

“And another flat tire awaiting our morning blessing,” Trilla added humorously. “The day would not start right if we did not have to settle our breakfast with some kind of reducing exercises. It’s my turn to use the pump this morning.

“No, there’s a likely looking young man looking for a tip; we’ll let him earn his breakfast instead,” Corine interjected, beckoning to a smiling grandson of a former slave.

“Yes-s ma-am, I’s at yo’ service,” came the obedient reply in answer to her call.

“You surely know how to find help, Corine. They must follow you around down here. This looks like the same fellow that fixed our tire yesterday morning.”

“— think so? I did not pay too much attention. How about it, Sam? You got any twin brothers?” Corine queried.

“I sure haz, mam; I done susp’ct I has quintuplets; when you all want yo’ tire fixed —”

A ripple of laughter interrupted Sam for a moment; however, the girls’ amusement did not seem to disturb him. For twenty minutes he entertained them with a running line of banter, asking questions, commenting on their presence in the community and suggesting information while he removed and made an inspection of the tire, made a pretense of repairing it, pumped it up and replaced it on the car.

“Dat’s jus’ as good as nu’ now, I susp’ct — ‘till tomorrow mornin’,” he finally assured them.

“That’s fine, Sam,” Corine laughed. “You’re certain that you can guarantee it that long, are you? You better be sure and have one of your quintuplets handy when we get another flat.”

“I done promis’, ma’am, to do my very best, if yo’ go de right way. I done susp’ct Master — I — I done susp’ct I’z got to help yo’ out,” he tried to explain agreeably as he pocketed the generous tip that Corine handed to him.

There were too many things to be done for the girls to spend time trying to figure out the psychology of some lad’s line of reasoning. He was one of the better educated; but in all other respects a typical native of Southern soil — polite, courteous and very obliging. When the girls left, they carried with them the impression that he was wise to the ways of the world, well-versed in current topics and a thorough student of human nature.

“Well, what do you make of it? I can’t get away from the thought that we have met our young friend before. There is something familiar about his personality and actions; yet, I don’t know what it is. He seems to know more than he would have it appear.”

“That is exactly the way I feel about it, too. I first thought that I recognized him, then realized how impossible,” Trilla added.

“No, we’re not interested in him; it’s one of his quintuplets that we want to find when we have another flat.” Corine’s merry laugh echoed in the wooded ravine.

For an hour enthusiasm ran high. The mountain scenery was beautiful in the morning sunlight. The colored lad and his psychology were forgotten while the two travelers entered into the enjoyment of discovering something new in nature’s revelation. The spirit of an unseen power was calling out to them. They both felt it — each in a different sense. Trilla was listening to the voice of God as He brought a comforting message to her soul through the beauties of His creation. Through spiritual eyes, she saw, through physical sense she heard, felt and experienced His unseen presence. God was a reality.

Corine, likewise, was moved to a state of ecstasy, but not in a spiritual sense. She was motivated by things which would contribute to her own material welfare and happiness. She was nearing home where her mother’s open arms and happy smile awaited her. All nature was in tune with her thoughts. The vibrating note of a distant songbird rejoiced with her; the nodding array of wild flowers along the highway festooned a welcome that



thrilled her with expectation. The memories of childhood, of loved ones, of friends, of that inner complacency and self-satisfaction that come with thoughts of home.

There were only a few miles to go; but so much can happen in a few miles! Corine estimated that they were forty miles from their destination. In an hour and a half they would be home! Only one more stop remained for them to make that day. That would take less than half an hour. She knew Mr. and Mrs. Shephard who operated the tourist camp there; consequently there would be no difficulty in securing the information that the Auto Club desired. Then seven miles on a comparatively straight highway was all that separated them from a grand and glorious welcome!

The inspection of the tourist camp was a matter of only a few minutes. Fortunately, there was no one present who recognized Corine. The attendant for the day was a visiting brother of Mrs. Shephard. His business was to try and use his influence as a salesman to secure two more overnight guests, which Trilla and Corine potentially represented. Failing to do this, he was more than congenial in pointing out the merits of the camp when he found out their real mission there. Thanking him very graciously for his courteous reception, they gave the necessary instructions to be conveyed to his sister and her husband concerning application for an Auto Club listing, should they desire to avail themselves of the opportunity. Then, leaving the required forms to be signed and mailed later, they hurried out the rear entrance to return to their car parked in a side drive.

“Do you see what I see?” Isn’t that a man? — Does this mean another flat tire?” Corine’s voice rose questioningly.

“The same tire flat you mean! There’s something funny about all these flat tires. Yes, some man just walked around our car. He’s standing at the back of that blue coupe. Look! That’s the same coupe we saw this morning. I’m going to find out—”

Trilla did not finish the sentence before the two girls separated and made a dash around the blue coupe to find a man doubled up like a jackknife with his head and shoulders buried in the luggage compartment of the car trunk.

From all appearances he was trying to conceal his presence as much as possible. Without thought of analyzing the situation, Corine grabbed him by the coat tail and hauled him out where it was possible to get a better view.

“Bob Chandler!” Trilla exclaimed in curious amazement.

A broad grin spread across his handsome features.

“What — what — what are you doing here?” queried Corine.

“Waiting for you girls.”

“Waiting! — Trilla, do you know this man?” Corine’s fiery temper blazed. “Waiting? What do you mean? We got a flat tire!”

“So I noticed. I was just going to fix it —”

“Fix it! Fix it! I’ll fix you, you low-down, contemptible —” Corine stormed, her snapping brown eyes emitting sparks of fire.

“Be patient, madam; you’ll undoubtedly lose your temper if you do not calm yourself,” Bob enunciated calmly but clearly.

“What’s the meaning of all this, Mr. Chandler?” Trilla finally found time to ask.

“I don’t know, Trilla. It certainly does not seem that I am welcome,” he replied, trying to conceal the smile of amusement that his eyes betrayed.

“I’m interested in finding out what this means from both of you. You seem to be very well acquainted. This flat tire business evidently has a mutual connection which either one of you perhaps might explain if you so desired. I don’t get the connection. I’m wondering how you two became so well acquainted to permit the endearing use of given names.” Corine haughtily threw her chin in the air, awaiting an explanation.

“Well, Miss Hart — ‘Corine’ would be more informal, I suppose — I’ll introduce myself if you’ll come down off your high-horse long enough to talk to your employer. Yes, you happen to be working for me as a representative of the Auto Club. Where I happened to meet Miss MacIntyre, possibly would not even interest you, but my name is Bob Chandler; and I can assure you that I have had the honor of making your friend’s acquaintance. We met under a very pleasant set of circumstances, I assure you. The only questionable fact is that I have had the misfortune of having to sever associations with her as an acquaintance through an unwelcome call to duty. May I be of service to you by repairing the flat tire that has had such a bad effect in upsetting you?”

Corine melted with humiliation. For once in her life she was at a loss for words to express herself. Bob Chandler! Trilla? The flat tire mystified her.

Bob was enjoying the drama. The look of surprise that spread across the features of the two girls was positively amusing. They were stunned beyond the point of expression. The fact that he had some connection with them as an employer exceeded their powers of comprehension. Suddenly he placed

his little fingers at either corner of his mouth and ejected a long, shrill whistle.

The result was electrifying. Both girls — shuddering with surprise — stared at him in wide-eyed amazement.

A grinning lad stuck his head around the corner of the house at the far end of the veranda.

“Thaddius-Abraham-Washington-Lee!” Bob enunciated in a comical Southern drawl. “Come here and lend a hand at fixing this tire.”

Thaddius came forth sheepishly with bowed head, trying to keep the car between himself and the two girls.

“Get the repair kit; bring it around here and take care of the left front flat on the girls’ car. Come, get a move on,” Bob ordered impatiently.

“That’s Sam?” Corine voiced a question of surprise.

“Or one of his quintuplets.” Trilla’s merry laugh rang out, putting everybody in a more congenial mood.

A lengthy explanation followed, outlining the trouble the girls had been having with flat tires and the part this certain colored lad had played in helping to repair them.

Bob listened with a smile of amusement playing at the corner of his eyes.

“You girls will have to forgive me. It’s all my fault. I can see it now. Thaddius is as loyal to me as the day is long. We have been checking on you girls ever since you left Washington, I always made it a point to keep out of sight, knowing that Trilla would immediately recognize me. Thad here, had the job of checking on you to get what information he could concerning your future plans. I must admit he has proved to be a pretty good detective, but I did not know that he had been fixing your flat tires for you,” Bob explained at length.

The light dawned for Trilla in a quick solution of the mystery. “He was fixing our tires all right — fixing them to go flat by letting the air out, and then making a pretense of repairing them. All that has ever been necessary is to pump them up. I can see it all now; we never did have a real puncture.”

“Is that right, Thaddius? Is that the way you arranged to get the girls in conversation in order to get information?” Bob queried, still with a twinkle of admiration in his eyes.

“Dat’s about it, Mr. Bob. I duz hope yo’ are not sore; I sure dun my best. I nev’r meant no harm nohow. But dats one sho’ fire way to get dem girls

talkin'. Dats all yo' tol' me to do," Thaddius explained, dragging the jack around to put under the front axle.

"You don't need the jack, if all you've done is let the air out. Get the pump —"

"Yassah, Master Bob, I'ze done confuzzed —"

"You have been pretty successful in keeping us all in a state of confusion, it seems to me," Bob replied laughing. "You owe the girls a real apology."

"Yassah, Master Bob; I done feel dat way too. I doz — 'pologize — de best way — I knows how," said the puffing Thaddius as he vigorously labored to get his breath and at the same time build up air pressure in the deflated tire.

"Perhaps it's a case of mutual apologies all the way around, Mr. Ch —"

"Chandler." Bob came to the rescue with a radiant smile and repeated his name for the benefit of Corine, who was struggling to hide her embarrassment by trying to remember his name and thus make amends for the predicament in which she now found herself.

"I — I hope you can forgive me, Mr. Chandler, for hauling you out of the trunk of your car, the way I did," Corine said meekly. "Really it humiliates me almost to tears."

"I know I shall cry with you if you shed tears. Will you forgive me, too, if I do?" The mischievous grin that played around Bob's mouth and took shape in the crow's-feet that identified the tiny wrinkles at the corner of each eye was too amusing for words.

Thaddius, with his back turned upon them, muttered, "I done 'spect I could cry, too, if Master Bob say so; he am de boss."

## 16. It Is Appointed Unto Man Once To Die

PLANS MADE for the next week were suddenly altered. Bob Chandler's arrival was an advent which called for a changed program, a different program than that which Corine and Trilla had outlined. The outlook was altogether different. Their position and its responsibilities had a different aspect. Bob's appearance in their midst was like a Japanese bombshell. It met with resentment and stirred up animosity. Certainly his entry upon the scene brought nothing but discord; there was no point of view from which it could be appreciated.

After telephoning her mother, Corine had parted company with the newly discovered agent of the association through which she and Trilla were employed, with the sullen determination that she, for one, would resign. What Trilla might care to do was her own affair; she would not try to influence her one way or another. She evidently knew more about this adventurous young upstart than she had cared to tell.

The pleasant homecoming that she had anticipated was anything but a happy one. She met her mother with a storm of protest concerning her latest misfortune. Duty bound, her mother listened to an irate account of the troubles that had befallen her daughter, trying to discover what it was all about.

"Listen, Mumsy," she stormed, realizing that she had failed to greet her with the usual affectionate welcome. "I almost forgot to kiss you. This is Trilla MacIntyre. We're in a mess with this young upstart — I can think of nothing else to call him. Anyway, it's the same one I told you about when I telephoned an hour ago. Can you imagine it, he insists on an appointment tomorrow afternoon to talk over future plans. I'm not going to see him. If he wants to come he can come, but I won't see him! I simply won't see him, and that's all there is to it!"

“I can well imagine, daughter, that he would not want to see you in that mood. Suppose we sleep on our troubles tonight. They won’t look half so dark and threatening tomorrow. Let’s make our guest welcome. Trilla is such a pretty name. I don’t believe I ever heard it before, but I am captivated by it already. Won’t you please come in and make yourself at home?” Mrs. Hart’s smile of greeting was sincere.

“All right, mother, but when he arrives for the interview I know you will agree with me,” she argued resentfully.

Mrs. Hart purposely ignored her daughter’s final remark and directed her attention to making Trilla feel at ease. She had grasped the situation thoroughly. Corine’s pride had been hurt. Something had happened to humiliate her, and this was her way of seeking sympathy. She had had considerable difficulty with her as a child in attempting to correct this habit of trying to justify her own acts or opinion when something interfered with her plans. Things would look different in the morning. Corine’s hot Southern blood would cool down and leave her more reasonable and less resentful. She would view the whole matter in a different light then. The fact that the young man had not been fair to her by not making himself known to her before, would weaken the personal application that she had tried to make.

When Bob arrived at the Hart homestead the following afternoon, Corine was still in a temper. Her mother’s efforts to console her and to bring her to the point of talking the matter over amiably before making hasty decisions, had a disastrous effect. Her mother made the mistake of considering the adventure in the light of a huge joke. It was anything but a joke to Corine. She flatly refused to even talk with him. She considered it a personal affront to obligate herself to that extent. Previous plans left her on the outside; she would remain there. Trilla should have told her more about it. She, at least, should have had a suspicion of his connection with the Auto Club. He evidently meant something to her — more than she cared to admit. Therefore, she blamed her, suspected her and questioned her loyalty as a friend.

“It’s all right for you, Trilla; keep this rendezvous that has been so carefully planned with your friend. I’m not needed nor wanted. You can talk things over and make your future plans,” she advised bitterly. “I’m not going.”

“Miss MacIntyre is not going to continue in the service either if you desert her in this way,” Bob argued, prevailing upon her to listen to reason. “I shall simply leave her in your care or place her on a train and pay her expenses back to college. Miss MacIntyre may do as she prefers, but I’m not going to desert her or leave her at the mercy of strangers. I shall certainly not permit her to travel with me and subject her reputation and character to the possibility of being questioned. If you girls can agree, and I am sure you can, I would like to have you continue in the service of the Club. Think it over, Miss Hart. I assure you that I shall drop out of the picture completely. I shall not bother you further unless you request assistance in handling some problem that may confront you. Do you know of any way that I can be fairer than this?”

“You and Trilla can talk it over if you care to; I’ll decide later,” Corine replied petulantly, trying to keep her position of independence.

“I don’t want her to accompany me alone after what has occurred this afternoon. I wouldn’t even think of it, let alone permit it.”

“Then let Thaddius chaperon the party. You’ll need a chauffeur anyway,” she interrupted caustically.

“Since I have known Mr. Chandler, he has always proved himself to be a gentleman.” Trilla tried to establish herself as peacemaker in bringing the altercation to a close.

“Thank you, Trilla,” Bob said meekly.

“I am not questioning Mr. Chandler’s moral status. I don’t know him; therefore I have no right to criticize. Suppose the three of you make the inspection of the new camp that we were scheduled to cover on the recently constructed addition to Sky Line Drive. You will be back by sundown; by that time you can have my decision concerning the future, but I don’t think that I care to accompany you today.”

Mrs. Hart followed them out to the car while they were debating what they should do.

Leave Corine to me," she said. "All that troubles her is her pride. We will talk things over after you have gone. When you return we will have supper ready. I think by that time you will find that everything is all right. Corine is a good girl but like her father — pretty determined in her ways. I think it is a wonderful opportunity for two girls to travel together, see the country and get paid for it. Run along now and call on the people at the new

camp, but hurry back for hot biscuits and syrup; and a good old-fashion chicken dinner, cooked Southern style.”

“I shall see that Miss MacIntyre is back for her dinner date,” Bob replied, with a pleasant bow.

“You are to return also, Mr. Chandler. You are included in the invitation. Don’t let daughter’s little show of disposition disturb you.”

With Thaddius at the wheel and Bob and Trilla in the roomy seat beside him, the coupe pulled out of the driveway of the Hart homestead and wound its way through the foothills to the crest of Sky Line Drive. It was scarcely an hour’s drive to the camp which they were to inspect. When they arrived, the proprietor was just driving out the front gate on his way to pick up his daughter and a group of neighbor children at school.

“If you care to wait or return and meet me here in half to three-quarters of an hour, I shall be glad to go over the matter with you,” he assured Bob, after listening to a brief outline giving his reason for requesting an interview.

“All right, we will go put along the new drive, snap a few pictures and return in an hour, if that will be soon enough.”

“Plenty,” the reply came from his moving car, as he hurried away on the mission of a dutiful father who believes that the welfare of his children comes first.

Thaddius followed the car at a reasonable distance while Bob and Trilla made plans as to how they would spend the intervening time. Choosing a scenic lookout point constructed for the benefit of tourists, they stopped and waited until Bob took out his camera and took a series of pictures. Tiring of this, they seated themselves on a large rock near a historic marker which gave an account of a certain engagement between contending forces in the Civil War.

“You will find these markers in a great number of places here in the South. All the noted battlefields are marked. There are monuments everywhere recording deeds of valor of the heroic dead — a perpetual memento of their faithfulness to the cause which they died to serve,” Bob explained with reverence in honor of their memory.

Trilla was touched by the pathos that recollections of war brought. She could not bring herself to speak until Bob added:

“It is appointed unto man once to die —”



“‘And after that — the judgment.’ We should never forget this portion of Scripture, Mr. Chandler. That’s what makes it so sad. Death isn’t the saddest part in some respects, it’s the state of death. Those who are born must die, of course, but those who are born but once must die twice. Those who are born twice die but once. ‘It is appointed unto man once to die’; which you quoted, is not the complete thought in Scripture, after that — ‘after that the judgment.’ The first part of the verse is for those twice born, those who have experienced the new birth and received Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. The second part of the verse concerns those who must die twice — the death that follows the judgment following the resurrection of the just and the unjust,” Trilla explained with tactful reverence.

“So you are one of those who believes in a bodily resurrection —?”

“Certainly; the Bible clearly teaches this doctrine, and I believe the Bible is God’s Word from cover to cover,” she interrupted with a smile.

“I see, I see — the resurrection of the human body — the Bible teaches this, does it?”

“Yes, the bodily resurrection of Jesus Christ is unquestioned by Biblical authorities. It is a fact that even fair-minded skeptics cannot deny when confronted with the proof. They are confounded by the mystery of His resurrection, yes; likewise, they are confounded by the grain of wheat which we see planted in the field, yet, when corrupted by death, the mystery of resurrection brings forth a new kernel. Man has never been able to explain the process of this wonderful change. It is a manifestation of God’s matchless power which we do not understand and cannot explain. The whole scope of God’s wisdom in this respect is beyond our comprehension.” Trilla faced him with an earnest appeal, seeking his approval of the point she was endeavoring to make.

Bob skeptically inquired, “Why is it then that we are left in ignorance of God’s divine intentions for our bodies if it is His purpose to continue them beyond the grave?”

“Ignorance does not exist where one inquires into the fact of God’s Word with faith to believe,” she replied meekly. “Did not Christ after His resurrection say to His disciples, ‘Handle me and see’? Did He not say to doubting Thomas in particular, ‘Reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing’? His body was something substantial which could be touched. It was not a ghost like, phantom form, but a real body of ‘flesh and bones’ with which He ate fish and conversed

with His disciples at the seaside saying, ‘Handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.’ Jesus made it very plain. Our present natural body of flesh and blood is corruptible; the new resurrected body of flesh and bones is incorruptible. This mysterious change at the resurrection must and will come, according to God’s Word, to every born-again child of God.”

“I am not very well versed in the Bible,” was Bob’s rejoinder, “but I believe it says something about flesh and blood not inheriting the kingdom of God.”

“‘Cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.’ This we have by authority of Apostle Paul who boldly declares:

“‘Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.’”

“Incorruptible? Changed?”

“Yes,” she hastened to reply, and taking a small Testament from her handbag, she opened it at the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians and placed her finger on verse fifty-three.

“‘For this incorruptible —’” Bob began.

“Paul here refers to the bodies of the saints which have died, been buried and have become corrupt. Do you follow the thought? ‘For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal —’”

“Mortal,” Bob repeated when she held her finger on the verse to command his attention.

“Here Paul refers to the bodies of the saints that do not die, but are alive at the second coming of Christ. Get the significance:” This mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.”

“‘Death is swallowed up in victory,’ he repeated.

“There is no better authority for bodily resurrection than God’s own Word.” Her earnestness carried conviction.

“I wish that I could see it as you do, Trilla. I don’t mean to be a skeptic, but I can’t make it seem reasonable. I have tried ever since I first met you. I’ll have to admit that you have something that I haven’t; what it is, I don’t

know.” It was the nearest to a state of humility that Bob Chandler had ever permitted himself to come.

Trilla caught its significance. It pleased her to see his attitude of resistance to God change to admission that he was not satisfied with self-sufficiency. “All that I have which you lack is the indwelling spirit of Christ.” Her meek reply was evidenced by a passion for lost souls.

“You must hate me for the disposition that I have, but I cannot wear a false front of disguised Christianity when I don’t believe as you do. I can’t —”

“The love of Christ constraineth me to hate no one. Perhaps, I don’t like your ways, but I can love your lost soul,” she interrupted hastily. “That is a Christian’s first commission.”

“Love my lost soul?” His reply emphasized hopelessness. “The bridge between us is impassable. I had hoped to ask you to be my wife. You are the only woman I ever thought I could love. I don’t know why I am telling you this. Trilla, you are different from other girls. Why should Christianity stand as a barrier between us as it does? Why? I can feel it. You make it sound so utterly hopeless.”

She sat with bowed head, offering a prayer for his salvation. God was talking to him. How could she reply? Christian love had challenged the physical. She could not encourage him. She did not love him physically. Her expression of love was only one of Christian sympathy. She let doubt creep in; her lips were sealed.

“Is it possible there can be hope?” He reached for her hand with a hopeful look of anticipation.

“No!” she said, rising.

“Very well, Miss MacIntyre. I shall always respect you as a friend, if nothing more. Perhaps we had best return.” His tone was one of utmost respect. Her judgment was not to be challenged. Her God was not his God. Satan had won another victory over his soul. There was no hope. Pride would not permit him to accept her Christian challenge.

Trilla permitted him to escort her to the car. Conversation suddenly seemed to be impossible. Her mind was a blank. An impregnable barrier of thought had risen between them. Thaddius, too, sensed the tenseness of the situation as the three of them listened to the purr of the motor while the speedometer clicked off the miles on the return trip to the Hart homestead.

## 17. The Importance Of A Soul

“WE ARE mutually agreed, I believe, upon the fact that I am a hopeless failure as a congenial boss,” Bob sang out gaily as he confronted Mrs. Hart in the doorway upon returning from the Sky Line Drive with Trilla. “I shall return to Chicago tomorrow and leave the girls to their own resources in conducting the affairs of the Club. Miss MacIntyre has thoroughly convinced me that she and your daughter can very well do without my assistance.”

Trilla found herself at a disadvantage. Bob had previously said nothing about leaving the field to her and Corine. No doubt her attitude towards him had resulted in this sudden decision. To deny that they had not talked about the matter would call for some explanation. Their actual conversation could not very well be revealed; its nature was too personal to be repeated for all ears. She tried to convince herself that it was not her concern whether he stayed or went back to Chicago. She did not care; it made no difference to her either way. It certainly was no fault of hers that he was leaving.

“Is it possible there can be hope?” She would never forget that question, the reflection of hurt pride that had registered on his features. To what had he actually referred? Was it hopelessness — no hope for his lost soul? Had she rebuked him in the name of Christ, forced him to feel that Christ would and could not save his troubled soul? How cruel the thought! She had permitted herself to become a stumbling block in his pathway of spiritual progress. He had been somewhat receptive until she had emphatically assured him that there was no hope. No hope for his soul. O God, she did not mean that!

During the evening meal Bob, from all outward appearances was congenial, carefree and happy. He was exceptionally courteous to Trilla and Corine, and his compliments to Mrs. Hart as a gifted cook were very well chosen and liberal. His whole attitude was one of sincere appreciation. By the time the meal was finished and dessert served, he had completely won Mrs. Hart’s confidence. She approved of him as an ideal young man; Corine

could do much worse in choosing her friends. When the question of his leaving was again mentioned, Mrs. Hart insisted that he change his plans. Wouldn't he consent to remain for a few days? Trilla caught his glance as he considered the matter of planning to leave. That glance spoke volumes. He was going because she offered no encouragement for him to stay. Her lips were sealed: she was sending him away.

Trilla looked at her plate. Persistent thoughts made her unhappy. Her opportunity for testimony had crumpled like a broken reed. She could not talk to him about Christ now. He was going back to a life of indifference towards God, and she was to blame. The thought crushed her. She had never felt so miserable in her whole life. What was the matter? The soul of no one she had ever met seemed so important as Bob Chandler's. She did not love him, no. She could not love his God-rejecting personality. There was no question about that fact; but his soul was precious; it must be won for Jesus Christ. Christ was the measure of importance for every soul. A prayer for his salvation was upon her lips, the only comforting thought that permitted a peaceful mind.

She hurriedly excused herself and left the table. The atmosphere was stifling. She needed air — had to get away from the feeling that all eyes were upon her. Her face burned crimson as she groped her way to the front porch.

"I shall have to be going if I make Chicago by tomorrow night," Bob said as he saw Mrs. Hart rise and follow Trilla out into the night air.

"I am sure mother expects you to remain as our guest." Corine mentioned the fact casually with no trace of the temper she had shown that afternoon. "She would never forgive me if I let you go feeling that you were not welcome. Please discount anything that I may have said which would lead you to believe that it might be necessary for you to leave." A coquettish smile played around her mouth.

"Thank you; I appreciate your hospitality. It appears best, however, that I leave tonight. With two driving, we can easily reach Chicago by midnight tomorrow. I will leave you girls to carry on, confident that the welfare of the Club will be in safe hands." Bob bowed his way out, stopping only long enough to express a word of thanks to Mrs. Hart, who met him on her return from the front porch.

"No," he insisted, repeating expressions of appreciation for the hospitality that had been accorded him. "Your daughter has made the fact of

my welcome very clear. It remains, however, that I must leave tonight.”

“A very unusual young man who has the pride and determination of Lucifer,” said Mrs. Hart, letting her words drift to waiting ears outside the front door.

“I — I will be praying for you,” Trilla found herself saying from the end of the porch as he passed by.

“Don’t bother your pretty head about me.” He laughed with an awkward attempt to be jovial. “I am a hopeless case, unworthy of your time in prayer. Don’t waste it. Keep your chin up. I am depending on you to take care of the affairs of the Club. I am sure that it will bring you a lot more satisfaction.” Motioning to Thaddius to swing the car around to the front drive, he stepped on the running-board and was gone.

Trilla remained on the porch looking away into the star-templed heavens. The purr of a laboring motor grew fainter and fainter in the distance. Still she lingered, keeping the lonesome vigil until the last remaining echo had disappeared into the night. She felt reluctant to return to the homey atmosphere inside. She wanted to be alone — to think, but the ultimate goal of her thoughts did not satisfy. There was something beyond the pale of thought that her mind could not reach. The soulful note of a retiring morning dove made her shudder with a sense of despair. She had never experienced such feelings, such thoughts, such hopelessness, such a longing for India and home.

## 18. A Threatened Event

THE REMAINDER of the summer vacation passed like fleeting clouds. Corine and Trilla found enough variety in traveling and in meeting new people in their daily inspection trips to keep them wondering. Truly the summer vacation had been like fleeting clouds, sunshine, rain and an occasional thunderstorm. That was a good way to describe their experiences — not always pleasant, not always sad. On the whole, however, the vacation was a profitable and enjoyable one.

They arrived back at college seasoned travelers, brown as Indians. The income they had earned would see them well through the expenses of another year's schooling. True to his promise, Bob had not interfered with their schedule since returning to Chicago. He had not written to them personally; but correspondence from headquarters seemed to indicate that he might be keeping a close check upon their activities. Trilla read between the lines and sensed the fact that he had evidently dictated the letters addressed to them. The note of interest that they contained was too inquiring for the casual office secretary to express in handling ordinary executive correspondence. She wondered about him, prayed for him and rebuked herself because she could neither find satisfaction nor forget.

Almost the first person to meet her, on returning to the campus, was Perry Newcomb. He greeted her like a long-lost brother. The attitude of reserve that he had maintained since arriving at college had disappeared. She was mystified by the sudden change and return to the old spirit of friendliness. She never had understood the cold indifference that motivated his actions upon many occasions. Now the past seemed to be forgotten. He wanted an early dinner date. There was a matter of the gravest importance which he would like to discuss with her. He was insistent, and would not take "no" for an answer.

"What has happened that's so important?" Trilla demanded.

"I cannot tell you here; time will not permit. For the sake of old-time friendship you wouldn't turn a fellow down, would you?" he pleaded.

“I am not turning you down, Mr. Newcomb. Before I left on my vacation you seemed to have the peculiar obsession that I might be poison or something to that effect,” she taunted in reply.

“Don’t make it so hard. Call me ‘Perry’ as you formed the habit of doing when you came through with mother on our trip from the West —”

“Yet, you scarcely wanted me to speak to you in anyone’s presence after entering college,” she interrupted, laughing at his state of embarrassment.

“Please don’t laugh, Trilla, I’m serious; I want to take you to dinner tonight — to explain all. I have so much to say, you — you don’t understand. I — I was never more serious in my life. I — I made such a fool of myself, I’ll admit. I want to explain. Please be serious with me.” Perry’s emotion left him helpless.

Trilla watched with a suppressed smile, enjoying the opportunity to torment him. “Why a big dinner? Why not be satisfied with a hot dog? You can unburden your soul just as well. You’ll get the thing over much quicker; besides it’s cheaper,” she added with amusement.

“Don’t be so unreasonable, Trilla. You were never that way before. I’ll call at eight. You’ll enjoy a dinner at Pemberton’s.”

“Next week Friday the thirteenth, that should be lucky.”

“Can’t you make it sooner?”

Trilla shook her head vigorously to keep from laughing at his misery.

“Well then, Friday; if you’ll only promise definitely.”

“Saturday,” she sallied.

“Please, Trilla, is that definite?”

“Saturday at eight?”

“This week?” His plea brought her to a sense of seriousness.

“Well, yes, if you insist; this week, Saturday at eight at Pemberton’s.

“Thank you; I shall not forget. You’ll understand when I have had a chance to explain,” he said, a light of real appreciation coming into his eyes, “I have thought about you so much while you were away.”

They parted as Aunt Harriet drove up and beckoned to her son.

“Saturday at eight,” he whispered as he dashed for the car.

Aunt Harriet tried to attract Trilla’s attention, but neither she nor Perry were particularly interested in having Aunt Harriet step into the picture at this juncture.

“The young lady’s vacation evidently gave her the disposition to high-hat her friends,” Aunt Harriet grumbled. “That’s the way with some folks;



as soon as they secure a position of recognized importance, they want to lord it over all they survey. I never thought that Trilla, of all people, would be one to desert her friends.”

“Trilla isn’t that type, mother. I am ashamed to have you even suggest it —”

“Ashamed of your mother, are you?” Aunt Harriet’s jaw snapped shut with sudden determination.

For three days Perry, like a dutiful son, catered to the wishes of his mother. He could not allow her to entertain thoughts of ill will concerning Trilla. Nor could he explain his sudden interest in the young missionary. Nevertheless, Aunt Harriet was not deceived by her son’s actions. She watched skeptically, wondering if Trilla was pleased with his attitude. It might lead to complicating things — things that she was not sure would meet with her wholehearted approval. It would, of course, depend upon future events. She decided to bide her time and be influenced by what happened. Beneath it all was the fact that the guiding influence to direct her course was Perry’s wishes. Her fight was always on his side; his wishes, in the ultimate sense, were her own.

When Perry dressed for his dinner date on Saturday night, Aunt Harriet watched with a veiled display of envy. She saw her son at the parting of the ways. Trilla was a nice girl but not Perry’s equal. That was an understood fact, but did he appreciate it? Sometimes she wondered. What was Trilla’s real interest in the male heir to the Newcomb fortune? Was she to be trusted? Surely she would fall at his feet if opportunity afforded. Any thought to the contrary was unthinkable.

Aunt Harriet did not retire as usual that evening, but awaited her son’s return. Her curiosity was aroused. She wanted to satisfy herself concerning Perry’s peculiar behavior for the past three days. He was guarding some secret — a secret which she feared as a threatened event. Her intuition promised some ill omen concerning his future.

She met him at the door at 2:00 A. M. One look told her that he was troubled in spirit. His face revealed disappointment which he tried to conceal by bidding her a hurried “goodnight” in an attempt to pass to his room. She stepped in front of him, placed her hands on his shoulders and stood for a moment looking into his eyes. Taking her hands in his own, he drew her forward and placed a kiss on her brow; then, releasing her, he again attempted to crowd past.

“No, son, you are troubled. You cannot deceive your mother. You have evidently discovered that Miss MacIntyre is a type that does not appreciate her friends?” She framed the question effectively in order to draw him out.

“Please, mother —”

“She is not worthy of you, Perry —”

“Mother, please, not tonight —” His despondency made him almost cruel; he did not want to talk; he wanted to think; his agony of soul was the greatest he had ever known; he wanted to be alone.

In his face Aunt Harriet read the answer for which she had been looking. He had been disappointed in love. Her heart rose in rebellion against Trilla. However, she guarded her words carefully and, clothing them in disguised deceit of which she alone was capable, she said artfully: “She is not your type, son. You would never be happy with her; her one and only desire is missions. I thought perhaps she might change, but you can’t change a leopard’s spots. You could forsake all and follow her to India, but you would never be happy.”

“Mother, I can forgive her, but I can’t go to India. I love her. I have fought against it. I have been most miserable for the past year. I tried to hide it. Tonight she rejected me as a suitor for her hand in marriage. She challenged my Christian faith — painted me as a sinner on an equal with the heathen Indians. I pleaded with her, accused her of being in love with Bob, promised her everything that money could buy if she would consent to be my wife and remain in America. You are right, mother; she is obsessed with the idea of the mission field.” Perry dropped into a chair holding his head in his hands.

Aunt Harriet’s eyes flashed with determination; yet she guarded her words well. Trilla had dared to trifle with the love of her pampered son. That called for a day of reckoning. She meant to settle this score, but Perry must never know. What she needed now was more information.

“After she has a chance to consider the opportunity of enjoying the Newcomb millions as the wife of one of the heirs, she will think differently, son,” Aunt Harriet consoled coyly. “No woman wants to make a sudden decision when it comes to marriage. Give her a few days to consider your proposal. No girl in her right mind would dare reject such an opportunity.”

Perry did not notice the resentful independence that his mother artfully concealed. That Trilla would think of rejecting his love was a crushing blow. He never dreamed that it would happen. But she had left no room for

doubt; Christ came first in her life. She had made that plain. This was a problem for which he had no answer. Money was his only inducement; she had spurned that.

“Unequally yoked. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.” What does it mean, mother? She made so much of it. One would think that I was a devil. She said that she could never love me until I experienced the new birth; that I must be born again. She intimated that she had rejected Bob for the same reason. I don’t understand it. Here I have been fighting a jealous passion of fear because I thought she might be in love with my handsome cousin. I was mistaken; she quoted the Scripture as her authority. Unequally yoked, God and mammon, regeneration of the soul — how can I take Christ as my Saviour when I don’t understand?”

“You proposed and she preached, evidently.” Aunt Harriet could not refrain from toying with his misery.

“I never knew what love was until tonight. I never dreamed that there were somethings that money cannot buy. I love her. I must have her for my wife. I cannot give her up,” he wailed in hopeless despair, turning his eyes upon his mother’s face wishfully.

“Where there is a will, son, there’s always a way,” Aunt Harriet consoled.

## 19. Perplexing Problems

TRILLA, in a trance, sought the solitude of her new dormitory room. Another burden had been added to her soul. For the second time within the year she had rejected an opportunity of a lifetime, an opportunity to marry well and enjoy every possible luxury of life. She sighed remorsefully when she considered the opportunity of travel that she had chosen to reject. She loved to travel, yearned to see the world, to meet new people and learn their ways; yet, she had unflinchingly turned her back on it all because it meant rejecting Christ. She could not marry Perry and be faithful to her Lord; she had rejected his cousin Bob for the same reason. Both of them were admirable young men, worthy of her respect but not of her love. Why had she been tempted thus? There were scores of girls on the campus who coveted the opportunity that had been hers. She knew what many of them would think, what they would say, were they to be informed of her decision. Her act would brand her as being mentally deficient. What could any sane and sensible girl be thinking about, who deliberately passed up such an opportunity? Her future would be assured. She would not only be marrying wealth but a good name. Greater success could not come in striving for a career; she would be marrying one. Virtually all of her friends in college would consider it that way.

“A bird in the hand is always better than one in the bush.” Corine only yesterday had referred to this age-old philosophy while she and a group of girl friends were analyzing Perry Newcomb as the best possible matrimonial prospect of the season.

She knew what Corine would say to a proposal from Perry Newcomb. Well, the field was open to her. It would be nice if Perry became interested in this charming girlfriend from Virginia. They would make an ideal young couple. Corine would prove to be a wife of whom he could always feel proud. Stately, aristocratic like her mother, she would be a real queen in the home. She was independent, of course, and had a temper that would not permit being imposed upon, but Perry needed that kind of a wife.

Although troubled in spirit, Trilla kept her own counsel. She became a slave to study and the duty of completing her education. She resolved that when the final examinations were written, she would not be among the number found wanting. Consequently, her social life became very limited. She had little time for anything but study. Horace Dunkirk was one of the first to notice this. He also knew enough concerning human nature to sense that this unusual and sudden change has been brought about by some perplexing problem. Associating the fact with the unhappy state of mind in which he had discovered his friend Perry Newcomb, he concluded that there might be a connection. In the spirit of adventure he resolved to find out, and he immediately made plans to court Trilla's company.

She tried to stand aloof and keep the place of reserve in which she had established herself, but good-natured Horace was not one to consider discouragement. "You don't expect me to die of homesickness, do you? Here I am suffering with a broken heart, and you don't seem to care a thing about it," he said. "We both need to get out and enjoy ourselves. I've been hibernating in my shell long enough. I have resolved to ask you for a date every time I meet you. Someday you will break down and consent to get rid of me; that's my tactics; I'm warning you," was Horace's unique way of approach. He treated the whole matter as a joke by sympathizing with himself. In this manner his sentiments became Trilla's also, but she did not discover the fact until too late. Horace filled the void in her life that circumstance had created. At first it was an occasional dinner date, but as time wore on, they were often seen together at various social functions.

With a watchful eye upon the situation, Aunt Harriet became interested also. Trilla had been trifling with Perry's affections. She had cast him aside for someone like Horace Dunkirk — a young man who had to work his way through college. There was some mystery back of it that Aunt Harriet did not understand. Throwing caution to the wind, she swooped down upon the unsuspecting missionary student like a hen hawk in a poultry yard.

"What reason do you have for casting my son aside in favor of that Dunkirk pauper?" she demanded. "Why isn't Perry good enough for you to marry, I would like to know."

"Did Perry solicit your aid in pleading his cause?" Trilla asked sweetly.

"No, he did not. He did not have to, but it's my right as his mother to ask. I should think that you would be ashamed after all that we have done for you. What have you got to say for yourself? Too good to become Perry's

wife — preaching religion — calling him a sinner. A fine example you are. What does the Bible say about casting the first stone?” Aunt Harriet shook her finger belligerently as she gasped for breath.

“Calm yourself, Aunt Harriet,” came the quiet reply. “You are laboring under misinterpreted facts. In the first place, I am not too good to become Perry’s wife; rather, let us consider that I am not good enough. As for preaching to him, I have no defense if quoting Scripture to explain my position is preaching. Lastly, if you will permit me to correct your quotation, the Bible says: ‘He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.’ It behooves us all, therefore, to be careful. ‘All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.’”

“Stop it! I’ll have you understand that you cannot preach to me. I won’t permit it. The idea of a young hussy like you lecturing me,” Aunt Harriet stormed furiously. “You! You should respect your elders.”

“Then you admit I am not good enough to become Perry’s wife—”

“What?”

“You would not want your son to marry a hussy.”

“Forgive me, Trilla. I did not mean to call names. Can you forgive me? I did not mean it that way.” The sudden change in her demeanor was pathetic.

“Yes, Aunt Harriet, I can forgive you. I can forgive anyone whose conscience convicts them of sin.”

“O-oh!”

“Just a moment; let me finish before you fly into another tirade,” Trilla continued. “You have been freely forgiven, and I shall forgive you yet seventy times more. What you really need is God’s forgiveness. ‘For if our heart condemns us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.’”

“If I could only believe as you do —”

“It is more than the question of believing. It is the knowledge of the fact that ‘He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.’”

Aunt Harriet attempted to frame a reply which Trilla would not grant. To do so would permit her to free herself from the spirit of conviction under which she was laboring.

“Can’t you see?” the young missionary continued. “It is not only believing, but the act of receiving also. You need Jesus Christ as the

personal Saviour of your soul. Your heart is hungry for His love. Why reject Him? He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life! Surely, these simple words of truth cannot be misunderstood.”

“God have mercy on me a sinner. How I have fought it, denied it, tried to disbelieve, tried to forget; but I couldn’t. I have been under conviction from the moment of our first conversation at Crater Lake Lodge. God has been talking to me ever since.” Words of repentance poured from the depths of a troubled heart.

“‘Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God.’ This is His message to you, will you accept Him as your Saviour?”

“I have tried. I don’t know how.”

“Believe, accept and receive. The simple act of faith — taking God at His Word.” Trilla hummed the tune of the old familiar song and sang the first verse softly.

“Trust and obey, for there’s no other way to be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.”

“Yes, Lord.” Full surrender was released in these words — two words that Aunt Harriet’s pride had continually fought — two words which opened the door of faith to the new birth and released her from a troubled conscience — a freedom which she had never known until now.

## 20. The Triangle

ETERNAL SALVATION of the soul is the most important adjunct to human existence. It completes the cycle in which man in his lost estate finds his way back to God. To be an instrument in leading a person to the knowledge of this need is the God-given duty of every Christian. To lead an erring soul to Christ is a joy surpassed by no other. Only the annals of Heaven can record the satisfaction of such a reward.

Words were inadequate to express the depth of humility that Trilla felt upon finding herself His servant responsible for Aunt Harriet's conversion. She looked back upon the question of doubt that often had persistently crowded in upon her mind. There were times when the easiest thing to do was to doubt. From their first meeting, Aunt Harriet had been a source of misunderstanding and doubt. To overcome her complacent self-sufficiency looked like a hopeless undertaking; yet, God had given the increase; Aunt Harriet was truly born again.

The conversion of one soul is oftentimes the stepping stone by which another finds Christ. Trilla had enjoyed such experiences and therefore held herself in readiness with a word of testimony, awaiting such an opportunity. How far-reaching Aunt Harriet's influence might be was beyond her power to comprehend. Her duty was to serve Him.

Perry was the first one to mention the fact of his mother's conversion. He tried to appear congenial and accept it as a matter of fact, but Trilla discovered that underneath the surface he was not entirely sympathetic. He made the mistake of trying to capitalize upon it to press his own suit. There was nothing he could have done so disastrous as this in her sight. It cheapened him in her estimation, causing her to doubt his sincerity. She was more determined than ever that he should receive no encouragement.

"There is no reason for you to be so obstinate," he argued. "Now that you and mother have settled your differences, I am perfectly willing to join the church if you'll forget the foolish idea of returning to India."



“You would expect me to forget my people and all that is near and dear to me? India is my home. I shall return there—”

“As my wife I would expect you to visit your people. That part is understood. Such a trip is merely a matter of a honeymoon; I object to the idea of entering missionary service as a life’s vocation.” Perry discussed his proposal like a business proposition.

Trilla shuddered at such lack of human understanding. Was this the same Perry Newcomb that a few hours before had asked her hand in marriage? It gave her the feeling of a chattel on the auction block in a slave market.

“I expect my wife to be established in the best of society. Her obligations to social work will be taken care of through financial contributions,” he remarked, making an attempt at explanation.

“I have given you my final answer. I could never be happy as your wife —”

“Your every wish would be granted. I don’t understand,” he protested vigorously.

“My first duty is to serve Christ I cannot become the wife of an unsaved man —”

“I’ll join the church, any church that you suggest.” In his eagerness to interrupt he appeared childish.

“Nevertheless, you have my answer.” Trilla left him standing on the steps leading to the dormitory.

She returned to her room wondering why she had been so sorely tried. Perry had estimated her love in dollars and cents. He did not understand it only as something having commercial value; something to be bought with the material trinkets that only money could provide. She could not marry him with all his wealth. If he did not respect her Christian faith now, how could she marry him and hope to reform him afterward?

Horace Dunkirk in his happy-go-lucky way met Trilla the following morning after she had spent a sleepless night praying for Aunt Harriet and Perry. God had placed them in her Christian charge. Trying as the problem was, she could not desert the cause. Aunt Harriet’s salvation was assured, but the fact only complicated Trilla’s problem with Perry. A mother’s interest in a pampered son’s matrimonial welfare had made her cross that much harder to bear. She could not marry an unsaved son to appease a Christian mother. Consequently, Horace’s company proved to be a place of refuge in which Trilla found consolation.

“Come, be yourself. I don’t expect to propose for a month. You have all that time to figure out why you should say ‘yes.’” His uncanny appreciation of her mental state made a joke of his serious intentions.

“I’m getting to be a confirmed man-hater,” she chided in return.

“Suits me; the more men you hate, the better chance I’ll have.” His reply voiced more truth than poetry.

“Seriously, I hold no ill will toward anyone,” she said. “God constrains us to love one another. ‘And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love,’”

“‘Little children, love one another.’” Horace’s attempt at repartee received a cold response.

That night Trilla’s soul was troubled with another burden. She bade Horace goodnight with cold reserve. It hurt her to have someone trifle with her affection for Christ. She knew that Horace’s attitude toward Christ was one of indifference. To have him ridicule the Scripture grieved her. She could find no way in which she could excuse it. It betrayed the innermost thoughts of the heart.

To further aggravate Trilla’s troubles and cause them to take shape in triangular form, Bob Chandler reappeared upon the scene in the dashing attire of a U. S. Army Lieutenant. He had enlisted in the Aviation Corps, volunteering his services with the flying forces of the Marines, and was expected to sail to a foreign shore as soon as he had completed a course of training. It would be a year perhaps before that event, but he would not have another opportunity to visit the East. Therefore, he had taken the liberty to call upon her and seek a reconciliation.

“Aunt Harriet wrote me concerning her recent Christian stand, soliciting my forgiveness and good will,” he explained as he met Trilla in the hall. “I have just had a long talk with her. She is very grateful to you for bringing her to a place of understanding of the Scriptures. Personally, I want to congratulate you for your persistent effort in striving with her. She is so much different. It is hard to realize that she is one and the same person.”

“Prayer changes things,” was Trilla’s response.

“It is true in her case indeed. I have often wished that it might be so in mine,” he said earnestly. “You remember when I told you not to bother your pretty head about praying for me?”

“I have never forgotten it nor ceased to pray.”

“I came to thank you because I know it’s true. God has been dealing with me ever since. I understand now why I am not worthy of your love.” His voice was sincere and earnest. “I have but one request: that you continue to pray for me.”

She could not trust herself to speak.

“It is not because I am going to the army and am afraid to face the consequences. God has convinced me that you were right and that I am wrong,” he confessed eagerly. “Still I don’t understand; perhaps I never shall. Some day I hope to return and have you and Aunt Harriet clear up some of the doubts that persist in troubling me.”

“His Holy Word is a better teacher than I could ever hope to be,” she replied. “Will you accept my Testament and promise to read it? It is marked in many important places.”

“I would treasure it with all my heart.”

She went to her room and returned with a small leather-bound volume. There were tears of sympathy in her eyes as she handed it to him.

“I feel guilty for robbing you of such a priceless possession,” he said with an attempt to be brave.

“I am only offering a small token. The real gift is His priceless gift of eternal life — the way to a far greater reward is to be found inside the two covers if you only believe.”

“I can only promise to try.”

“Will you make Him that promise?”

“If you will grant me another request. I told you a moment ago that I had but one to make. I have another — difficult to ask, perhaps too much to grant.” His smile was open and frank.

“I can only promise to try,” she mimicked.

Bob became gravely serious.

“Aunt Harriet,” he began with an effort, “told me about Perry’s interest in you. Don’t — don’t treat it too lightly. Pray for him first. I did him a great injustice. I coveted his affection for you. God has convinced me that he is more worthy than I. He has much more to offer than I. God willing, will you exert every effort to convert him — and — and —”

“I shall let the Lord lead,” she said prayerfully.

“You have taught me that true happiness comes only by being reconciled to the will of the Lord.” The light of sincerity in his eyes was a revelation.

With a heavy heart she permitted him to turn on his heel and step to the door. How manly he looked in his new uniform, the perfect specimen for a soldier, his six feet outlined in silhouette in the doorway. In the mind's flash of thought, she found herself measuring his qualities with those of Perry and Horace. In every comparison — personality, appearance, demeanor and bearing — he was superior. One thing he lacked — the most important standard of measurement: he was not a Christian. In fact, none of them were Christians — a fault that she could not overlook. The question of wealth arose; she dismissed it as of little consequence. There were other factors far more important in governing her life. It would not buy true love and happiness. There was but one standard of measurement to assure these possibilities: the Spirit must bear witness of the love of God.

He came over and took her by the hand.

“I am going now,” he said. “Pray for Perry; he needs your prayers and your love.”

Wiping the mist from her tear-stained eyes, she discovered that he was gone.

## 21. Positive And Negative Force

A DEEP SENSE of longing for India and home engulfed Trilla, a feeling that had been prevalent of late. It was particularly disturbing when complications and troubles arose. She fought the idea of homesickness, determined that she would not submit to this weakness. She had another year and a half in college and any thought of going home was out of the question. Satan was only tempting her, using his artful wiles to entice her away from her objective of serving Christ in Christian work.

The thought that she could return to India without her college degree and enter missionary work was not an impossible one. There was logic in the fact that the majority of missionaries were not college trained. She knew that from actual experience. She also knew that a college training was not the vital requisite. There were other factors far more essential, but civilization was advancing in the field of knowledge. Disciples of the devil were advancing in the field of education, college-trained men and women who ridiculed God's simple philosophy of faith in the atoning blood of Christ as the Saviour of mankind. It was necessary that Christians equipped with all the fundamentals of education should prove to the unregenerated world that man does not live unto himself alone, that he owes his existence to a supreme Power originating in God — the Author of eternal life.

She realized that she must face times of testing, that there were occasions when she must struggle alone through troubled waters. Some of them were easily recognized. The difficulty lay in the temptations which came in things which on the surface appeared to be harmless. She was now being tempted through the enticement of love. Three men had sought her hand in marriage; she had not permitted herself to seriously consider any one of them. All had been tried by the Spirit and found wanting. She was determined that this standard of measurement was the one by which she was to be guided. She had been almost persuaded to offer Bob further encouragement last night. He had seemed inclined to be more receptive to the ideas which composed a Christian's belief than ever before. She felt

condemned for not inviting him to accept Christ. Doubt had warned her against it; she feared that she might become obligated to his love. Trilla was beginning to fear the consequences of her own heart.

She considered the complicating entanglements that confronted her. Bob apparently had abandoned any chance of winning her love. He had asked her to pray for Perry and to consider his attentions. What had caused him to assume this humiliating attitude? Could Aunt Harriet's conversion have that much influence upon him? Could it be possible that he was seeking the Saviour himself? Her heart throbbed with a thought of hope, thrilled her with a joy of anticipation. She uttered a fervent prayer in his behalf. She tried to pray with equal zeal for Perry and Horace, but her mind became blank, wandering in thought. She chastised herself and prayed aloud for Perry's conversion; it was Bob's last wish. A sense of pride encouraged her to continue. It was a challenge to her Christian faith; she would follow through to a final conclusion!

What attitude should she assume toward Horace now? Should she continue as she had in the past, permitting him to call, accepting his attentions and his love? True, his proposal of marriage had been treated as a joke. That was Horace's way. He made a joke of everything. One never knew when he was in earnest. Underneath it all, however, there was a vein of seriousness that frightened her. She never understood just how to take him. There was such a thing as carrying a joke too far. It might lead to rumors of their engagement. How would she deny them?

The more she analyzed the problem, the more complicated it became. Fear seized her. The habit of dodging Perry and Horace became an obsession. She retired to the seclusion of her room and kept to herself as much as possible. For a time she was comforted with the excuse that it was for the sole purpose that she might be alone in prayer; but her conscience condemned her.

Horace deliberately planned a meeting in the hall which she could not avoid.

"Why all the melancholy?" he greeted jovially. "One would think that you were really disappointed in love. Brace up; you can always lean on me. I'll see you through to the bitter end. You can set the wedding day any time you want to now. Don't ever say that I let you die of a broken heart."

"Please!"

“All right. I have the patience of Job. I’ll wait until next week, but beware, no more melancholy moods,” he chided. “They need a good elopement around this place to add a little life. You and I would clap the climax.”

She crowded past him only to run into Perry at the lunch counter in the cafeteria. She did not see him until he brought his tray and sought her permission to lunch together. Her first thought was to refuse, but Bob’s last request flashed before her mind, “He needs your prayers and your love.” The thought rebuked her. She would not spurn his attention; she could still pray for him. She could love him also as a Christian loves a wayward brother; she could love him with compassion for his lost soul.

“I suppose you saw Bob?” His question, while apparently casual, had double significance.

“Yes, he looks like a true soldier in his new uniform. It was quite a surprise —”

“Think I’ll have to join the army and captivate all the girls,” he interrupted. “It takes gold braid and brass buttons to charm the weaker sex. They fall for it in a big way. Which branch of the service should I serve in?”

“I am sure I wouldn’t know. Men usually follow a desire of the heart in that respect, do they not?” she answered sweetly.

“Your choice would be the Salvation Army, I suppose,” he said bitterly.

“There is no enlistment more honorable than a Christian service for the King.”

“Brigadier General Perry Tecumseh Newcomb. How does that rate for a title? All Salvationists have one, don’t they?” His tone was sullen.

“The rank would be perfect if you were in the will of the Lord.” Her pleasant rebuke only irked him.

“Onward, Christian Soldier,” he retorted, “meaning that you’re piously giving me the air.”

“You are not a Christian, are you?”

“No, and that isn’t all. I don’t want any part of it,” he said vehemently. “I’m not hiding behind the cloak of hypocrisy the way Bob is, in order to gain favor. You no doubt have discovered that.”

“I have discovered many things to my sorrow, of late.”

“Meaning?”

“We’ll not discuss them further. Prayer is more effective than argument.” Her smile left her master of the situation.

Perry arose and picked up her lunch check over her protest.

“I can at least be a gentleman even though we don’t agree on the question of religion,” he said with his old spirit of cheerfulness.

They parted on the walk leading to the dormitory. The positive and negative force that caused their differences in opinion still held them at odds. Each sensed the other’s thoughts and purposely refrained from referring to the topic of the evening. Trilla’s purpose of heart was to pray the matter through to a final solution. Perry was in a quandary. He was still fighting defeat. The pride in the monetary foundation upon which he felt life had been stabilized had betrayed him. An obstacle had arisen — and the way around could not be purchased. Consequently, self-satisfaction for either of them was impossible.



## 22. The Fury Of Hell

REALIZATION that contending forces at college had massed for the definite purpose of breaking down her faith, struck Trilla suddenly. Following her last altercation with Perry, she was confronted with opposition on every hand. Every antagonist on the campus sought an opportunity to engage her in debate concerning the demerits of religion. She was at a loss to understand why she was the object of such satanic power. Why should she be suddenly singled out to defend the living Christ? She was not equal to the occasion. She felt weak before the onslaught of fiery darts of persecution which were directed toward her. She had no weapon of defense but the Holy Bible. She was not a master of His Word. There was so much that she needed to learn, so much she did not understand, so much that she could not explain.

A still, small voice whispered, "Be humble; endure the ordeal pleasantly; turn the other cheek; you are My witness." Tears of humility came to her eyes, tears of unspeakable joy of which the world knows not. She breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving. Consolation came to her heart. There was no use in fighting in her own strength. Her opponents expected rebellion, expected that she would take offense; and they were disappointed when she offered no opposition to their arguments.

Her silence was His witness to many of them. Her attitude puzzled them, made them wonder why she chose to endure such religious persecution. Others were more determined than ever to break her down. They were possessed with but a single idea: they did not believe in God; therefore no one should enjoy that privilege. The living Christ was a myth which no one had a right to defend. To them Christ was the dead Christ, a Christ who had been crucified, buried and should be forgotten because wishful thinking demanded that it be so.

They were bitterly antagonistic toward anything that bore evidence of the deity of Christ. He was a great man, yes. They knew His genealogy. His earthly beginning had been insignificant. He was born of an unknown

woman in an ordinary peasant village. He accomplished great things as a statesman in His day. He had the mettle of a man who fought the limitations of poverty and lack of opportunity to establish Himself on the pages of Hebrew history as a man who had accomplished great things for his people. A great Man, yes, but nothing more. Other great men had suffered for their convictions, had been despised, forsaken, falsely accused, arrested, scourged, even crucified; but what of it? They were all dead.

In contrast Trilla saw Him in His triumphant resurrection: the Living Christ — wonderful in His birth — wonderful in His life — wonderful in His words — wonderful in His deeds — wonderful in the crisis — Conqueror of death, sin and the grave. He was alive forevermore.

A new vision came to her, a better understanding of the cross she had to bear as His witness. She was tested, trained, schooled in the precepts of His Word. In it she found consolation for the trials and tribulations which she had been called upon to endure. God had permitted her to be called to a hard task, to be scourged with the cutting remarks and the sarcastic tongue of the ungodly. She was being aged in experience before her time, in order to temper her mettle for the great ordeal of life, which she was to face as a Christian.

There were times when she wondered about the chastisement. It appeared often so unfair. What had she done to merit such treatment from a group of students who until recently were her friends? Nothing but proclaim the living Christ as the Author of the soul. They had resented it, fought it with a passion of hate. There was no personal motive on the part of the majority. They were unconsciously fighting the cause of an unbelieving brother, who had been disappointed in love. They were fighting with a diabolical passion for revenge against this unknown force — belief in the living Christ.

The fury of hell, so suddenly unleashed, drove Trilla to the fortifications of prayer. There was no other relief. It was beyond the power of human endurance to face it in her own strength. Her room became the haven of refuge. She clung to the silent, dreary quarters until she could no longer endure the shelter that circumstances had created — circumstances that made her an outcast. She could not explain them, but there they were — a host of haunting demons.

To be suddenly shunned by friends is a shock to the nervous system. Trilla found herself breaking under the strain. She was forced to venture

from her room and find consolation in taking long walks. She avoided all contacts with those who lay in wait to harass her with their religious arguments. When she walked, she walked alone, usually under the shadow of nightfall.

She was returning from a late-evening stroll when a strange figure confronted her as she stood with key in hand about to enter the dormitory.

“Good evening, Miss MacIntyre. I presume that you have been enjoying God’s many blessings; I find His abundant gift of fresh air very invigorating. He has fixed the moon and a million stars in their orbits to brighten my pathway and guide me in my travels, and when I call I find you sharing them also. Truly our God is sufficient.” The greeting filled her heart with wonder and surprise.

“Don’t tell me that you have forgotten our former meeting,” he said, “or that you fail to recognize a Christian brother.”

“Oh, Mr. Holmes, I scarcely recognized you; will you come in?” she invited happily.

“You do have a good memory, I see. Our meeting at Crater Lake Lodge left its impression evidently. Not having heard from you, I wondered.” His face was radiant under the porch light as he stood toying with his hat, studying her features.

“I am guilty of neglect, Mr. Holmes, but I have never forgotten,” she said, “and I do so need your Christian sympathy and advice.”

“That is why I came —”

Her gesture of surprise interrupted him.

“God does not let the persecution of his saints go unchallenged,” he continued. “Bad news travels, you see. Those who would condemn God cannot hide the fact. I heard of the persecution with which you are confronted here, while conducting revival meetings in Georgia. Your witness to the faith rose above the satanic thrusts of persecution meant to silence you.”

Trilla’s lips moved in prayer.

“God moves in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform. Your testimony in the face of persecution constrained me to call tonight and ask you to accompany Mrs. Holmes and me on a tour of revival meetings during your summer vacation.” His voice had a plea equal to that of her own father in war-torn India.

“Oh, Mr. Holmes, I am so unworthy. I have so utterly failed Him here,” she confessed seriously. “I am almost afraid of my own shadow. I have done nothing but pray and study God’s Word for weeks. Unbelief here at college challenged me. I have prayed for courage and an answer to meet it, but it is so overwhelming. If I were to leave now it would be like running away from God.”

“No, my dear; you will only be running into His arms. He wants to comfort you — ‘See that ye fall not out by the way.’”

“I want to be obedient to His will —”

“When God calls us to the battle of life, we have been ordained to succeed,” Dr. Holmes assured her. “Will you pray definitely concerning this? It is a real opportunity to serve Him on the evangelistic field. You will be a coworker with Mrs. Holmes in leading young people to the knowledge of Christ as a personal Saviour. God has been training you here for that very purpose.”

“Where He leads me, I will follow,” came the willing response.

“I am sure then that it is settled, but I would not ask you to run ahead of the Lord. You have two weeks to decide the matter in prayer before vacation starts. Mrs. Holmes will be praying with me, and we will await your decision hopefully.” He smiled as he bade her a happy goodnight.

Trilla retired to her room with a song in her heart. It was the first moments of real peace that she had enjoyed in weeks. The horizon of life seemed to clear for her. There was sun shine behind the dark clouds of persecution that had been darkening about her. This would be an opportunity to get away from the threatening storm for the summer. Perhaps when she returned for her last semester at college, things would not be so difficult.

## 23. Marching Orders

TRILLA ENTERED her room reluctantly. Memories of the past weeks struck her forcibly as she crossed the threshold. The cheerfulness of Dr. Holmes's visit left her with a longing in her heart. It reminded her of the environment at home — consoling and comforting. The atmosphere of her room was in direct contrast. There was something repelling about it, something that limited the freedom of thought and confined her mind to the limits of college life. Her heart cried out against this invisible something that chained her to the present. She wanted freedom to get away, to forget it; she wanted to go home. India was calling her. There, hungry souls were crying out for the knowledge of God.

“Today is the day of salvation; lend yourself to the opportunity of the hour,” was the thought which rang out clearly in her mind. What was the application? How did it apply to her? What was she to do? Vaguely the questions revolved in her mind. She stepped in front of the mirror and stood toying with a lock of hair that had strayed from a neatly-arranged coiffure.

“Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.” His Word stood out vividly. These were her marching orders! Her lips moved and held her attention in the mirror as she watched, repeating His command. Her father and mother in a little white church at Willow Run had accepted a like call in real seriousness. She longed to visit this spot where they had set themselves to the task of Christian service as a life-work. She also had come to America to improve her opportunity to heed this call. The invitation had been given. Dr. and Mrs. Holmes were waiting for her to accompany them in an evangelistic campaign. She did not have to return to India to seek an opportunity. It was already here — even at the door. All that was needed was her consent.

“Yes, Lord.” Her lips moved again. The atmosphere of the room became free from the mysterious intensity which had been troubling her. She immediately became aware of His will; it was clear, concise. There was no longer any doubt concerning the course she was to pursue. Like a babe

learning to walk, she would take one step at a time. “Today was the acceptable time.” Dr. Holmes’s call had been ordained of the Lord. Henceforth she would go forth trusting from day to day. His sufficiency would meet all her needs.

The joy of her salvation had returned. She no longer dreaded to meet her classmates. She could greet them now with a smile. She would drop a word of testimony and pass on. The vindictive attitude expressed in her trying to fight God’s battle, had left her. She was only a burden-bearer carrying His weapons of war. Her duty was to wield the sword of the Spirit in His defense. His Word was her defense — to be used only in the spirit of humility.

When ridicule pursued her, she did not retaliate, as she had done formerly, by trying to defend God. She was in the evangelistic service of her King. The first meeting was to be held the next Saturday night in a small mission church less than ten blocks from the campus. Those who questioned her motives received a pleasant invitation to attend. Perry was one of the number who faced her, pointing out the ridiculousness of the situation, and again pleading his cause.

“You don’t have to stoop to such foolishness if you need money to complete your college training,” he argued hopelessly. “Your every wish will be granted if you will only forget such folderol and marry me,” he said. “I have told you how much I love you. Won’t you let me prove it?”

“Prove to me that you really love God, and I will consider your proposal,” she replied thoughtfully. “Until then I can only accept your attention as an escort to the revival Saturday night.”

“Trilla, I love you; but why ask anything so unreasonable? Really you don’t mean it.” His tone had a frightening appeal.

“I do mean it! I was never more serious in my life —”

“You want me to become the laughing stock of the town,” he interrupted. “Why mock me with such foolishness?”

“What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

Perry turned abruptly and left her. He had no answer to the question. It rebuked him and drove him to recklessness. He could not meet God on such terms. It would mean the sacrifice of all the pleasures that his money provided. No just God could expect that. He wanted to enjoy life. He had always lived decently and respectably. Did it pay? Some times he really wondered. Most men let their money provide that which their heart desired.

He had been liberal in that respect. He wanted Trilla for his wife — wanted her above anything else in the world. His money had failed him. There were values which it would not touch. If there were only some way to force her to respect his love!

The night of the revival, Trilla searched the gathering crowd with care for some trace of Perry. She had not been able to dismiss him from her mind all week. A prayer for his salvation was continually upon her lips. The fact that he could turn his back upon God haunted her. To hopefully desire his presence and then to discover that he was not with his mother when she came in, was a great disappointment. Trilla passed down the aisle and spoke to Aunt Harriet as she chose a seat near a side exit.

“I am still hoping that Perry may be induced to come,” she said with a motherly smile as she took Trilla’s hand. “It would mean so much to have him with me here. He said that he would only be playing a hypocrite if he came. He urged me to come — said that he thought that I should — that I owed it to you as a friend. He promised to pick me up at the close of the meeting. That much is encouraging, don’t you think?”

Other friends came up, and Trilla had to hurry away; but her patience in listening to Aunt Harriet unburden a heavy heart was not without its reward. The hearty hand clasp and the smile of encouragement she received left a feeling of mutual understanding in each heart. Horace Dunkirk approached her in the aisle and was led to a seat beside Aunt Harriet.

“Perry and Mr. Dunkirk have been such friends that I felt I should take the liberty to bring him down,” Trilla said.

“Thank you,” Aunt Harriet replied. “Perry’s friends are always welcome. Perhaps Mr. Dunkirk may have some influence in getting my son interested in spiritual matters.”

“I am trusting that the Lord will encourage him to that extent,” Trilla smiled.

“Leave it to me and I will shame Perry into coming, if nothing more.” Horace’s eyes twinkled in amusement. “I can always resort to the lasso and drag him in by main force. I’ll wager odds that I can get him into camp meeting some way.”

The song service started, and Trilla took her place on the platform. Dr. Holmes was an enthusiastic song leader and soon had the crowd entering into the spirit of the meeting. Trilla watched the sea of faces as they followed him, unconscious of the fact that many curious eyes were

fixed upon her. There were a number of her college classmates there, but the feeling of uneasiness that she had worried about did not materialize. It was much easier to stand before them in a crowd than in small groups. The spirit of the Lord was there to comfort and protect her. There were many Christians whom she could lean upon in Christian understanding. They encouraged her to boldness for the Lord.

During the testimony meeting she found her place among the number with a ringing word of praise for all the Lord had done for her since leaving India. In it was a heartrending appeal for the mission cause in the war-torn land across the sea where her father and mother were facing the threatened invasion of the godless Japanese soldiers on the Burma Road. The physical life line to China was sorely threatened. Her people who were in India near the border were in grave danger.

When she finished the simple story of the faithfulness of God to her people, there was scarcely a dry eye in the place.



## 24. Void Of Romance

AN ACTIVE summer campaign had preceded the closing week of revival meetings in a small community church in Illinois. Dr. Holmes and his party had held successful services in a circuit of seven states during the two months that Trilla was absent from the college campus. It had been an exceptionally heavy schedule, covering numerous religious conferences. The purpose had been to follow enlistees and recruits inducted into the army. Since Pearl Harbor there had been a great need for opening the door of religious opportunity for the vast numbers flocking to the army training camps. Many of the boys were away from home for the first time. They came from all walks of life, new contacts had to be made; the new life — entirely different from civilian life — required many adjustments. Temptation lurked at every corner to entice them to recklessness. Sound spiritual advice was not available to the great majority. Opportunities were lacking. Dr. Holmes, a veteran of World War I, foresaw this need and immediately conceived the idea of bringing a religious conference as near to various army centers as possible.

The venture proved to be a great success. The inevitable social contacts sought by boys and girls alike around the army camp were provided and chaperoned by those wise in the spiritual way of life. The pitfalls of temptation into which the world would have many stray were avoided. The attainment of success and liberty is possible only by honoring God, Successful forces cannot defy His laws of compensation and achieve ultimate victory. A day of reckoning comes to all those who would defy Him. “Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.” These truths were forcibly brought home to the thousands of soldiers who had the opportunity of meeting Dr. Holmes and his party. These soldiers were facing the supreme test in life. Many were going forth in the service of their country never to return.

The experiences of the summer meant much to Trilla. It gave her a new vision of the need of humanity. During the many meetings she had looked

into a million different faces. A million faces marked with the cares of a war-mad world. There were few that were indifferent and unconcerned, few that were not carrying a burden of some kind, few that enjoyed the confidence of perfect peace. For each one, life was an individual battle of the conscience, a battle that they could not avoid, a battle which they feared. The soul of each cried out for victory, but the warriors of doubt harassed them at every turn. The way of perfect peace was a mythical illusion at the foot of the rainbow of God's eternal wisdom. Sin — an obstacle which they could not remove — stood in the way of comprehension. Struggling in self-sufficiency, they were without hope.

It was inspiring to have soldiers in great number attend a service. This had been true every night during the week. In order to accommodate the crowd, it had been necessary for Dr. Holmes to arrange for an early evening meeting. The little church was full at six o'clock on Saturday night. The overflow meeting was to follow at eight. Dr. Holmes was relying upon Trilla to give the evening message. She had never faced so many soldiers. It was an opportunity that would never occur again. The same group would never again congregate at a revival meeting. On the morrow they were to be moved to an unnamed seaport to await shipment by transport to the scene of action across the sea. Hearts were heavy with responsibility. No one knew when they would return. Providence made its own laws. The secrets of God were unknown.

"I am coming to you in the weakness of a woman," Trilla began her evening message. "What can I say to a group of soldiers, who have taken on the responsibility of defending their country? My advice does not take on the military aspect. I am not acquainted with military strategy. From that standpoint my advice is of minor consequence. You have courage. You have strength. You have the manly virtues of good citizenship. You have been chosen because you represent the nation's best. Your government has but one question to ask: 'Are you sufficient for your country?' The answer is in the positive statement. You are sufficient for your country! Otherwise you would not be in the army.

"My topic for tonight deals with a positive statement — a positive statement that you have created in your own hearts. I am talking to you as those who do not believe in the spiritual sufficiency of God for your own life. There are a lot of unbelievers here. My text fits your requirements as you see them. It is, therefore, your text. The text that fits your life. It is a

brain child of your own creation. This text is: ‘I am sufficient for God.’” She hesitated until she had the attention of everyone present, and then asked, “Has each of you taken mental note of the text?”

There was another pause, and everyone eagerly waited for her to continue.

‘The Lord is not your shield! You don’t need God! You don’t need to share in His plan!’ Her exclamations were dramatic. "There is no point of dire necessity in your life. You are agreed: you are sufficient for God! It is your faith, your belief, your hope. But ‘hope’ is not the word. We must be certain. Assurance is the unit of positive speech. I want to make this point clear. Can you say, ‘My faith, my belief, my assurance is in this fact: I am sufficient for God’? You do not need Him. He has no contribution to offer your life. You are going to war; you shall have all the weapons of modern warfare at your command. You have unfaltering faith in your own sufficiency to take care of yourself. You don’t need God.

"Don’t wonder! Don’t let your thoughts get tangled! You can’t serve God and mammon! ‘I am sufficient’ is your way of escape. Do you realize that? Do you rejoice in this certainty? Is it a fact in your life? I don’t see a single face light up with joy. Why? There is not a look of satisfaction anywhere in the crowd. What is wrong? Where has this — your text — failed? Does this question suggest itself: ‘What must I do to be saved?’ Oh, take this question to heart! It is the all-important question in this life. You cannot ask it in the hereafter!

“‘What must I do to be saved?’ It is the question everyone here should ask. You need Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. You need Him as a shield to go before you in battle. God is sufficient for you! But not one single soul here is sufficient for God. All have sinned and come short of His glory. Take thought for tomorrow. Let God see to it that your way of escape is made secure. Not one of you is sufficient for God in the hereafter unless you accept Him as your Saviour for the present. Now is the acceptable time: ‘If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shall believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.’ Could salvation have been made easier? ‘Be not deceived, God is not mocked.’”

Three soldiers sitting on a bench at the far end of the church near the exit, arose. Two of them, with their backs to the platform, stood pleading with the third. He started down the aisle, stopped, shook his head, turned on

his heel and went out. Trilla's heart sank. The soldier was Perry Newcomb. He was running away from God.

Dr. Holmes stepped to the front of the platform and gave the altar call in a touching appeal that stirred every heart present. The meeting proceeded to a successful close. The aisles and space in front of the platform were filled with soldiers eager for a further word of consolation. Trilla was on her knees in prayer.

“Come. I want to shake the hand of every one present who in a confession of faith can say ‘I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation.’ Take Christ with you as your Saviour when you leave for the front tomorrow. No one knows the consequences of war, but there is certainty in the Rock of Salvation. Let your sufficiency be in God! Take Him with you into the battle!”

The congregation burst into song. The spirit of God had touched every heart.

“Where He leads me I will follow —”

Trilla prayed that the words might reach Perry's ears, prayed reverently that he might be induced to return and accept Christ. She did not know that he was in the army. Certainly God must have had a purpose in bringing him to this particular meeting. Why had he left so suddenly? Oh, that the message in song might touch his rebellious heart!

Following the after-meeting, Horace Dunkirk met her at the front of the church with his happy-go-lucky smile. She took the extended hand of the smiling soldier without recognizing him.

“Well, you see I never forget a promise,” he grinned. “You saw Perry get up and walk out. I told you that I would get him into a camp meeting. He came by my invitation. I did my best to get him to stay. I am not to blame because he ran out on me.”

Something in Horace's manner made his presence repulsive. It did not fit into the spiritual atmosphere which she had just experienced.

Still clinging to her hand he stepped to her side and whispered, “I want you to know that I am still in the race. Perry has run away. Bob is only interested in getting his cousin to see the error of his ways, and here I am — still willing to get married. How about becoming a soldier's bride and making this the end of a perfect day?”

“Horace Dunkirk,” she exclaimed piteously, drawing her hand free, “how can you —?”

“How can I ask you to be my wife?” he asked jovially. “Easiest thing in the world. You’re just one sweet girl that I love. I warned you that I would never stop asking for your hand in marriage as long as you are footloose and single.”

“And I must never stop refusing you as long as you remain indifferent to God.”

“You might do worse, if I’m any judge of human nature, soldiers and army life,” he rejoined knowingly.

“When you become a soldier of the cross of Jesus Christ you will understand fully.” Her earnest appeal left no room for doubt.

“I’m ready for the promotion when you say the word.” The reply did not evidence unity of thought.

“‘If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness,’ she quoted.” The sword of the Spirit is more effective than argument. ‘God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.’ ”

“Oh, this weary world; and I must fight for my country without a wife,” Horace sighed. “Well, where there’s love there’s hope. Remember, I’m still loving and hoping you’ll be prepared to say”yes" when it’s all over and I return to repeat the question.”

Trilla found it difficult to conduct herself as a Christian diplomat under such circumstances. It irked her to be approached in this way. Horace’s love-making had always been a joke. Underneath the surface, perhaps, he might be serious, but his attitude did not show it. There was a pleasant manner about him that would not permit one to take offense; still his personality was void of romance. Trilla would not permit herself to confess that she did not like Horace. He did have likable qualities, but they were not such as to produce emotions of love.

## 25. A Passport Home

GRIM REALIZATION that World War II had taken on major proportions, followed the Japanese thrust at Pearl Harbor. It was the unexpected stab in the back that awoke the American public to the fact that a common foe had to be met and conquered. Total war effort was the only means by which it could be done effectively and well. Trilla, although out on the evangelistic field during the summer vacation following the declaration of war, watched the progress made with an aching heart. The conflict threatened to engulf the whole world. Slowly but surely it drew closer to India. Mail from her people did not arrive; months passed without a letter from home. Situated in a mission station as they were on the Burma Road, her people were sure to face the consequences of actual war. Their village, no doubt, would be bombed. News reports looked anything but promising. Japan was determined to cut the life line to China, and close, as it were, the back door by which supplies reached this stricken nation.

It grieved her to see so many fine young men join the fighting ranks in defense of their country, but underneath it all was a glow of pride. They were fighting for her! America was the hope of the Allied forces.

There was little chance of success without their support. Her brothers in India would undoubtedly join them on the field of battle. They would meet in a common cause. How was she going to be able to help?

The war was more serious to Trilla than to the average American. She was stranded in a foreign land. Doors were closed to the mission field in India. There was no way for her to return home. Trilla faced the consequences deliberately. She would make the most of the opportunity to complete her college education. Perhaps by the time she received her diploma the door would be reopened. She determined to be ready when that time came.

Therefore, she returned for the final year in college with a greater zeal than ever. For two reasons, she buried herself in her studies. First, it helped her to keep her mind off the trials of her people in India. Second, she was

determined to graduate with highest honors possible and be ready to take advantage of any opportunity permitting her to serve her God and country.

The days multiplied into weeks, the weeks into months, and finally the eventful hour came when she was handed the coveted sheepskin certifying to the world that she was a college graduate. The seriousness of the war did not permit unnecessary ceremony. The President's address to the class left everyone convinced that there had never been a time in the history of the college when so great a responsibility rested upon the shoulders of its graduates. He went over the honor roll, and with tears in his eyes paid tribute to those of the alumni who had already given their all to their country. Familiar names and faces in previous graduating classes stood out in Trilla's mind — classmates with whom she had associated the past four years. Their record of life complete, the hand of death had closed the ledger of their achievements. Others were being called to step into the breach and carry on. New names were appearing in the service rolls daily. Many of those in the present graduating class were awaiting the call to defend their country.

During the following weeks, Trilla watched the prophetic message of the President's address materialize into fact. Fully one-half of the male graduates of her class were enlisted or drafted for military service. Many of the young women volunteered with the corps of Red Cross nurses. Others enlisted in the branches of naval and military service open to women — the first time in the history of America that such opportunities were possible. Within a month the campus was deserted. The last graduating class had scattered like fledglings from the nest, never again to return.

Trilla was one of the few left. Attempts to secure passage home were unsuccessful. The only avenue open was to enlist in the service and hope eventually to reach her destination. She spent the whole month debating and praying over the matter. Her first concern was to be found in the will of the Lord.

She was just returning from a three-hour conference with the local commander of the Salvation Army when she was intercepted on the street by Bob Chandler.

His smile of welcome was radiant. "I have been searching for you for hours," he said.

"How lovely. You are not by any chance bringing me a passport home?" she smiled in reply.

“Just a souvenir. I have flown half way around the world to bring you a graduating present,” he said, holding his hand over the breast pocket of his uniform.

“You see where my thoughts are,” she said, waiting for him to reveal his mission. “I have just enlisted in the Salvation Army. There is no other way open to secure passage home.”

“They may well praise God for such a soldier of the cross. I am sure that you have been led of the Lord.” He withdrew an envelope and stood nervously toying with it in his hand. “Where shall we go to talk the matter over? I have something for you here that you would not miss for the world. Will you accompany me so we may lunch together?”

“Certainly, Lieutenant; you have aroused my curiosity. Then I want to know something of your experiences in the war.” Her smile of approval was sincere.

“I have much to tell that you’ll never regret, I can assure you. Come, I have the loan of a car. Where shall we go?” His face lighted up with pleasure as he caressed the letter in his hand.

She studied his handsome features. How seriously in earnest he was. Evidently the letter he had was for her. She was tempted to ask but thought better of it. Who could it be from? What did it contain that could be of such importance to her?

She permitted him to escort her to a new coupe parked at the curb.

“I’ll not take time to explain how I happened to have this car,” he said, as he opened the door for her to be seated, and walked around and took his place at the wheel.

“I shall assume it to be rationed,” she laughed. That’s the only way one gets a car these days.”

“It will take us as far as Willow Run if I may suggest it.” His eyes had a curious twinkle.

“Could we? Her face was radiant.

“I promised—” For some reason he changed the subject in mind. “You don’t mind if we run out that way for a couple of hours?”

“I have awaited the opportunity for months and months and months.”

“Then we’ll reduce the time right down to A. D. nineteen hundred and now,” he said with boyish pleasure.

Bob selected a winding auto trail that led to the open country through an arch of overhanging trees. Trilla had never seen him in such high spirits.



That he had something of pleasing importance on his mind was quite evident. His every attention betrayed it; the light in his eyes betrayed it; his happy, jovial attitude had a secret background that he could scarcely conceal. His attempt to hide it in a flow of conversation only added to her curiosity.

Finally he could contain himself no longer.

“You will never forgive me for denying you this letter so long,” he said mischievously, taking the envelope from his pocket and laying it in her lap with the address underneath.

When she attempted to pick it up he stopped her.

“Wait,” he said, “until I park here under this sycamore where we can look over the river, I want to enjoy the thrill with you, that I know this letter is going to bring.”

He parked the car in the deep shade and waited for her to pick up the letter and turn it over. She hesitated for a moment in shocked surprise, then glanced up searching his face questionably.

“Do you recognize the handwriting?” he asked eagerly.

Her hand trembled. “Mother.” Her voice was scarcely audible. “It cannot be,” she whispered.

“Yes—”

“Mother. How —” she did not trust herself to believe it possible.

“Yes, your mother gave it to me last week,” he said seriously.

“Bob, please. Don’t aggravate me.” She began to cry. How could he torment her so? Such a jest was heartbreaking.

“Trilla, you certainly do not doubt me,” he said. “The letter is from your mother. I was with your family in India two weeks ago. You forget that I am in the army and that America’s new bombers are flying to all parts of the world now.”

She took his hand that caressed her arm and clasped it firmly within her own, the tears still streaming down her cheeks.

“You — you saw mother?” Her lips trembled. Unable to comprehend, she searched his face with childish anxiety.

“Please read the letter.” He took the envelope, drew his penknife through the sealed flap and handed it back to her.

She removed the letter and read its finely-written pages eagerly. It was the first news from home she had received in six months. Ten days ago her people were safe, happy and enjoying the best of health. Bob had seen

them! The fact seemed incredible! But here was the proof: her mother's own handwriting. She would know it anywhere.

She reread parts of the letter. The part telling of the happy surprise of Bob's visit, was one of them. Her mother was open and frank. They had been overjoyed to have someone bring news of a daughter in America, whom they had not seen for four years. She had kissed this stranger with a mother's affection. Trilla visualized the scene; it was just like her mother. Her snap judgment of Bob had been one of approval. He had been welcomed in the home as a Christian. Her own heart leaped for joy when she realized the significance. Was Bob really a Christian? Few people fooled her mother.

This letter contained facts about him that she had never discovered. Wishfully, she looked up into his eyes. "Tell me more. You have made me so happy," she said, "Mother — tell me about her first."

"There has never been an occasion in my life when I was as happy. I wish that you could have been with me. Your mother was as stunned with surprise as you were. Words will not express her state of ecstasy." He hesitated, apparently reviewing the scene.

"Mother mentioned that you were carrying my Testament that I gave you."

"I still have it here over my heart."

"I can scarcely make myself believe it. It seems like a dream. You were with my people in India two weeks ago — tell me all about it." Her eagerness was pathetic.

For nearly an hour he held her spellbound while he related the details of the visit to her people. It came about as a natural course of events. He was an American, and when he reached the village where there were a number of missionaries stationed, he made inquiry and almost immediately was introduced to her father. It had been like a reunion to be taken to their home and welcomed like a son. For two days, her father had acted as his interpreter. The natives of the little mission station gave him a royal welcome. He talked for two hours at an evening prayer meeting, telling them of America.

Trilla listened, enchanted. She visioned the curiosity and interest shown by the natives. It had been a happy occasion for her people — as happy for them as it was for her. God had answered their prayers and had chosen this

means of supplying news which ears on either side of the world were eager to hear. Her eyes searched his face with a glow of pride.

“Mother mentioned your testimony giving me credit for your conversion,” she said.

“You have a wonderful mother.”

“I did not know of your conversion.” A question in her mind was evident.

He started the motor. “This will never get us to Willow Run,” he said, avoiding the issue.

She permitted him to drive for an hour while they conversed about matters that originated thorough his army experience and his trip to India.

When they approached the little white church of their destination, the moon was just rising over the roof and hung like a great red ball, hovering over a huge industrial plant which spread along the highway for a mile to the east.

“The Willow Run Ford Bomber Plant has an answer for Hitler, Mussolini and the ungodly Shinto worshiper who rules Japan,” Bob said decisively.

“It is too bad that bombs must be the answer before there can be sane reasoning,” Trilla sighed.

“When the moon is down in their countries, they can well cringe in fear and trembling at the answer which was prepared over here.” His reply was terse. “Since Sherman said that ‘war is hell,’ there isn’t a diabolical term strong enough to define the modern war of a dictator.”

“It is too horrible to think about—”

“Anyway, we are not supposed to discuss military secrets,” Bob interrupted. “Your people could not believe that a plant the size of Willow Run was possible. This was a quiet farming community when they last saw it; now it has the largest factory under one roof in the whole world.”

“I wish father and mother could see it.” “A beehive of bombers. Just one of the many here in America that swarm with activity carrying the sting of death,” Bob was thinking aloud.

A strange silence followed.

“Will you be returning to India?” Trilla asked.

“I am serving my country under sealed orders,” he replied. “I wish that I could take you with me.”

“I wish that it were possible.”

“If I but dare hope—”

“Tell me about your conversion. Mother’s letter mentioned it. I have prayed so earnestly for—”

“Do you remember when Horace, Perry and I left the revival meeting in Illinois where you spoke a year ago?” he asked.

“I saw Perry and — Horace.” The memory was unpleasant.

“But you did not see me?”

“You were not there, surely.” Horace’s proposal troubled her. Could it be possible that Bob had been there and knew something of her experience?

“I was converted that night,” he said simply. “You made it so plain. I tried to get Perry to go down to the altar with me. He refused. We left together. I pleaded with him that he should return for your sake. He scorned the idea of religion. Not being a Christian then, I had no answer for him. I went to my tent and got your Testament and turned to Romans 10:9. That settled it.”

“If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” Trilla quoted the verse reverently.

“Yes, it was so easy. I believed you; I had to believe Him. I took God at His Word and found salvation.” He looked into the distance, studying the face reflected in the moon.

“Then God sent you to India for me. I am so happy for you — mother’s letter.” Her voice was low.

“Trilla, can I take your words literally: ‘God sent me to India for you’? I told your parents of my love for their daughter in America. They dared permit me to hope in the light of God’s will. Can it be possible that He permits you to return my love?” He steeled himself reconciled to the divine will that might be revealed in her answer.

She permitted him to place his arm about her shoulder and draw her head to a place of rest above his heart.

“Don’t let the obligation of bringing your mother’s letter influence your decision. I want to earn your love,” he said tenderly.

“I have loved with doubt in my heart so long.” The fact of his conversion overwhelmed her.

“You have a right to doubt until God gives you the assurance that my love is acceptable. I have waited for Perry until—”

“Oh, Robert, there has been but one thing that troubled me. You — you didn’t respect my Lord.” There was no reproach in her reply.

“I was living an unregenerated life. I did not know our Lord and Saviour then,” he said sadly. “I shall never be worthy of your love.”

““We all have sinned and come short of the glory of God—””

“But you are not in my class—”

“God is no respecter of persons; we were both born creatures of sin. ‘He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain: for he saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have succored thee,’” she quoted in all humility.

The Spirit gave them a common understanding.

“Trilla, we are then creatures of God’s love. It is my prayer that He shall ordain that we love one another,” he whispered.

“My prayer is to be reconciled to His will.” The answer he sought was in her eyes. “I love you, Thryilla — from the depths of my soul.” He repeated her full given name tenderly, and lifted her face until their eyes met.

“I can only give you my love and a Christian heart for a passport home as your wife.” Her smile of approval invited the embrace that sealed their hearts as one.

A great four-motored bomber, *The Spirit of Ypsilanti*, took the air from an airport runway beyond the mammoth mother plant, and for a split second hid the moon from the happy pair.

“God grant that her mission may bring the goal of success necessary for the preservation of democracy and our future happiness,” Robert breathed in prayer.

“May His eternal justice reign.” Her petition was one of accord.

The two lovers watched the great ship disappear in the night with a longing in their hearts that the world conflict might cease. There were dark days ahead. But God gave them courage to hope that when the mighty bomber had finished her mission in the reestablishment of peace, she would return, and as a transport plane take them to the mission fields of India, joined heart and hand as servants of the living Christ — servants of destiny looking for His return and a new world to rise out of the chaos of sin that now reigns.

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# How Can You Find Peace With God?

The most important thing to grasp is that no one is made right with God by the good things he or she might do. Justification is by faith only, and that faith resting on what Jesus Christ did. It is by believing and trusting in His one-time *substitutionary* death for your sins.

Read your Bible steadily. God works His power in human beings through His Word. Where the Word is, God the Holy Spirit is always present.

Suggested Reading: [New Testament Conversions](#) by Pastor George Gerberding

## Benediction

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, To the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen. (Jude 1:24-25)

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