POOR CIRCULATION ONE CAUSE OF RED NOSE EPIDEMIC DURING WINTER SEASON

Exercise, Cold Baths and Plenty of Fresh Air Recommended as Cure—Indigestion From Too Rich Food and Long Sessions by Fireplace Declared Another Trouble.

BY ANTONNETTE DONNELLY.

A LITTLE red nose or a big red nose or any kind of a red nose is about the least decorative touch of color for your face. Not even the proverbial enchantment of distance gets an inning if a red light protrudes from the middle of your physiognomy.

Therefore, a red nose not being a thing of beauty, what you all 'gwine to do about yours?

First, since you are not intemperate, you probably wonder why is a red nose? The mercury descent is not the answer. A perfectly healthy body hangs out no such lantern. A red nose is a danger signal that something is wrong with your machinery somewhere. And of course the stiff and biting breezes are the S. O. S. signals.

Circulation Root of Trouble.

The first thing you may make up your mind to is that your circulation is wrong—perhaps not all wrong but in need of repair. Defective digestion and impoverished condition of the system, due to the sluggish blood circulation, are other causes.

Indigestion is the root of the trouble more often than not, because it affects the circulation. It is a fact that people suffer more from indigestion during cold weather for the simple reason that they stay indoors more and lead a much more sedentary existence when the crackly logs in the fireplace are so tempting.

The cure obviously rests with more outdoor life in cold weather. The same attention must be given to keeping the bowels in regular action as in the summer time. Drinking water and eating vegetables are two valuable winter pastimes that most people shirk to the detriment of the beauty of their whole systems and especially their noses. The temptation to take hot drinks and heavy ones and to eat hot, rich foods exclusively is strong when the mercury is low. The impoverished condition of your blood and your sluggish circulation will be improved by exercise and fresh air, proper food, and baths.

So regard the daily walk of two miles as part of your red nose cure. Breathe deeply before you go to bed and the first thing in the morning before an open window. And, above all things, keep your sleeping rooms well ventilated. It seems incredible in this enlightened age that any one could think of sleeping in an airtight bedroom, but I know of a number of people, old enough and educated enough to know better, who close their windows tight at night.

If you can stand the morning plunge your mirror probably does not reveal a red nose. Nothing is so good for the circulation as the cold plunge or cold sponge, followed by a vigorous rub. Cold feet and a red nose are nothing if not affinities. What causes one causes the other. What cures one cures both.

The circulation is bad when you suffer from cold feet. Outdoor exercise, the morning plunge, and the improved circulation through improved digestion all have the same happy effect on both feet and nose, so that when you work to cure one you work to cure all.

Exercises Are Good.

There are a couple of exercises that the cold-footed may do for immediate relief. The tiptoeing exercise—which is nothing more than walking on tiptoes around your room, gradually increasing the speed as you go—should be done just before hopping into bed. The stationary running may either precede or follow the tiptoe exercise. The former exercise is tiring, and I should advise you to do it not more than two minutes at first. The movement is the same as an ordinary running movement, except that you stand in one spot instead of covering any ground.

Chapped hands are helped also when the circulation is improved. The less oil there is in the skin, the more one will be troubled with this most painful affliction. Heavy gloves or a muff will do much to prevent it in cold weather. Another aid is the use of a good cold cream at night, just before retiring. Rub the cream well into the skin, especially about the finger nails—and after this dust with talcum powder, to form a thick covering for the hands and prevent the cream from being rubbed off on the bedclothes. In the morning the skin will be soft and pliant. In case the hands are badly chapped, old gloves should be worn at night, and a quantity of cream left on the hands to be absorbed.

Treatment Is Advised.

The cold cream treatment for the lips and face should consist in rubbing the cream well into the face before going out into the cold. Dust over with powder and be careful, above all, to dry the hands and face thoroughly after washing. Women at home suffer much from chapped hands because of rushing outdoors while the hands are still damp from dishwashing.

A little bran or oatmeal in the water has a softening effect. It makes the skin velvety. Almond meal is also excellent for this purpose. Equal parts of camphor and glycerine for skins that can stand the glycerin is a good remedy for chapped hands, face and lips.

Beauty Answers.

Wrinkles—Massage from the base of the neck upward toward the chin and outward toward the ears. Cleanse the neck thoroughly first; scrub it with a camelshair brush, warm water and soap; rinse in warm water. Then massage skin food into the neck for a couple of minutes, giving extra movements in care directly under the chin. Wipe off carefully and go over the throat with ice, which is an excellent astringent and will prevent wattles from forming under the chin.

Aunt Kate—Surprising how many people have the habit of biting their finger nails and don't seem to be able to use will power to stop it. Here's something that will. It is a nail varnish: Alcohol, 1¾ ounces; chinoidin, ¼ ounce; gum mastic, ¾ ounce; gum myrr, 1½ ounces. Mix. Let stand 48 hours, shaking bottle occasionally. Apply with camelshair brush. Can be removed with alcohol or hot water.

Matron—Man is himself plus what he reads. So saith the adage. Read good magazines, newspaper editorials, good books. Train yourself into the good reading habit, if you can only stick for ten minutes a day at start. After all, a good mind is the beauty of age. So better begin now getting the wrinkles of discontent out of yours, because it adds to the beauty of youth as well. Ridiculous to say, men don't want or appreciate brains in a girl. Haven't you heard brother criticise a girl for being "dead from the chin up?"

Facial—Yes, I think the mud baths on the face now and then are good—not too frequently, though. They have a certain astringent power. However, unless one has a passion for "fawncy" baths one can keep her face and skin in nice condition with the usual cleansing followed by an ice rub. The ice is a fine astringent, and tones the skin. A good cleansing cream used first to get into the pores and remove the dirt, and then washing with water and soap, is the best way. Some skins do thrive quite beautifully on cleansing cream and no soap—but they are fine-grained with the pores so tight as to be unnoticeable.

Matron—Persons unaccustomed to exercise find their abdomen very weak. In such cases this exercise is recommended until the abdomen is strengthened: Lie at full length on the floor with the hands under the hips. Bend the knees, bring them up on the abdomen, return to starting position and repeat. Do this movement ten times, then bring the knees alternately up on the abdomen 15 or 20 times. For constipation and fat and flabby abdomen this is a fine exercise.

Helen D.—Your backaches may be caused from flat foot or broken arches resulting from ill-fitting shoes or strain from wearing heels that are too high. If you will send me a stamped addressed envelope I will be glad to send you exercise for flat foot.

Mrs. K. A.—Silver-gray hair should never be dried before a hot fire, as this tends to turn it yellow. It is best, whenever possible, to dry it in the sunshine, or fan or rub it dry. Put a few drops of blueing in the last rinse water to keep it silver white.

For and By BUSINESS GIRLS

BY LORETTA KING.

THERE was an air of excitement about Dorothy as she joined us at lunch yesterday. She greeted us hurriedly, and literally flopped into her place at the table. Marion was in the midst of a funny story about one of her brothers, and Dorothy had a hard time to keep from interrupting her. She hadn't heard the beginning of it, and wasn't as interested as the rest of us.

When Marion finally finished I turned to Dorothy, and, to give her an opening, asked what had kept her from joining us at the usual time—we were half way through with our lunch when she'd come in.

"Oh, you'd never guess!" she exclaimed. Then she went on breathlessly: "Miss Rend, the girl who relieves me for lunch, went out as usual for her lunch today at 11:30, and when she came back, only a minute or two after 12:30, she announced to the office in general that she had just been married. Well, you can imagine the excitement that caused. Of course I had to wait to hear all about it. That's why I'm late."

"Do you mean to say she was married while she was out for lunch?" Ann asked.

Dorothy nodded.

"Well, that was exciting," Ann agreed. "Is she going to stay on working or will she give up her job to keep house for her husband?"

"She intends to keep right on with her job," Dorothy replied. "That is, if the firm will keep her. Otherwise, she'll have to look for a new one, as she must work for awhile."

"There isn't any doubt that the firm will let her stay on, is there?" Marion wanted to know.

"Yes, there is," Dorothy told her. "I'm not sure just what the objection is, but you know there aren't any married women in our office. This is the first time since I've been there that one of the girls has been married without giving up the job on her own account. They may keep her after she's married, but our office manager never hires a married woman."

"That doesn't seem quite fair to me," said Marion. "I know several married women who simply have to work in order to get along at all, and I have three or four friends who married within the last couple of years and stayed right on at their jobs, because if they didn't they would have had to stay unmarried."

"Miss Rend told me that she had to keep her job," said Dorothy. "She's the sole support of her mother, and as her new husband is only earning about $40 a week she couldn't put that extra burden on him. Her mother wanted them to wait until the boy was earning more money, but they decided otherwise. Business conditions right now are so bad that they could see no prospect of a better job for the boy. So they decided to take a chance on matrimony as they were."

"I don't like the idea of women keeping their jobs after they're married," said Ann. "As far as a woman is concerned, marriage and business are two distinct careers, and you can't live both successfully."

"That's right, Ann," said Marion. "While I think it's unreasonable for a business house to bar married women from their force, I do think it's a mistake for a married woman whose husband is able to support her comfortably to go in definitely for a business career. I'm not speaking of women who continue to use after marriage some natural artistic gift or a talent that's been carefully cultivated—that's a different proposition. But there are a lot of married women who simply stay on in ordinary commercial jobs simply to shirk the obligations and responsibilities of their marriage. And, incidentally, they keep deserving people out of good jobs."

"I know," said Dorothy, "that there are a number of married women holding good jobs, whose husbands are well able to provide for them and their families, and they are simply too selfish to give up the extra income they've established. But that isn't Miss Rend's case, I'm sure. She intends to work only long enough to save a little nest egg for her mother. I think she's perfectly right, and I'd do the same thing myself, if I were in her position."

As Ann got up from the table she walked over and patted Dorothy on the shoulder. "If you told me tomorrow that you were about to be married under similar circumstances, I think I'd be tempted to say, 'Go ahead, dear,' for it's better to be married, even if you have to work, than never to be married at all."

As we left the table Marion and I couldn't help exchanging a glance of amusement at Ann's turn-about-face. Her fine ideas and principles, always will crumple up when applied to

He needs it—
"The Iron Food for Vitality."

Stewed Raisins

Serve for breakfast every morning and get your daily iron this way.

Raisin Pie

Men are quickly refreshed at night by a dessert like this.

2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
2 cups water
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon corn starch
1 teaspoon sugar

Wash the raisins, put in saucepan with 1 cup cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Add sugar, salt and corn starch, which has been mixed with 1 cup cold water. Boil 3 minutes; add lemon juice. Pour in pie tin which has been lined with crust, while hot cover; brush top with cold milk and bake in moderate oven until brown.

Let Children Vote

Offer them plain bread or raisin bread. See which they select, and why

Some day, soon, do this:

Offer raisin bread and plain bread, side by side, to *your* boy or girl.

Note how the little hand at once selects the bread *with raisins.*

The flavor first attracts them—they know the deliciousness of raisins.

Unconsciously they know too that these raisins are *good for* them.

Every normal child craves sweets naturally, and should *have* them. Here are *Nature's own* sweets, the kind they *should* have—*practically pre-digested* and rich in *vital iron.*

The iron builds up healthy blood—lasting vitality for play or study.

Children need but a small lot of iron daily, yet that *need is vital.*

Healthful foods sometimes must be *forced* on children.

Not so raisin bread. They choose it for themselves. Just try and see.

Delicious raisin bread and raisin pie are sold by bake shops and groceries everywhere. Buy of them to save baking at home. Real Raisin Bread is made with *lots of raisins.* Insist on it. First-class bakers do not stint.

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Use Sun-Maid Raisins, made from California's finest table grapes—American raisins, processed and packed immaculately in a great modern California plant.

Seeded (seeds removed); Seedless (grown without seeds); Clusters (on the stem). Also a fine, *ever-ready* dessert.

Raisins are cheaper by 30 per cent than formerly — see that you get plenty in your foods.

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Real Love Stories

DID you ever hear a fragment of some sweet song and yearn to hear the rest? Did you ever read a snatch of some story and never have the opportunity to finish it? Did you ever catch a glimpse of a lovely scene and long to see it again at closer range? Perhaps when you hummed over that fragment of a song you added a bit of tune all your own, just to fill out; perhaps when wondering about the unfinished story you planned an ending to suit yourself; perhaps the lovely scene which you but glimpsed became, later, a complete picture in your imagination.

And so if I give you just a sketch of a true love story—for all that was given me was scarcely more than a faint outline—can I hope, dear reader, that you will read between the lines and make the story sweeter, more complete?

A brilliant young fellow, former American ace, came to our city on business this summer. He had been a college mate of a friend of mine and brought a letter of introduction to me from my old pal. He remained several days and I grew to know him fairly well. One day when we were out in the woods together he drew from his coat pocket a little case.

"Would you care to see the picture of my wife?" he asked.

"Indeed, I should," was my reply.

The face that looked smiling up at me was a beautiful, girlish one, and when he handed me a second picture with the words, "and these are my two kiddies," I was not surprised to see two charming, happy-faced little girls.

I gazed at the pictures for several moments, during which time my friend was extremely quiet. Then he said, in a slightly strained voice: "My wife, dear little Janie, died of flu while I was in France."

A man seldom knows what to say to another man at times like that, and I was no exception. I only gave him a firm handclasp and said: "Old man, I'm mighty sorry."

We walked on further, and he stopped again, took another picture from his pocket, and handed it to me.

"This is the picture of my wife now," he said slowly.

A bit nonplused, I took the picture, and as I did so he asked, "Do you think she resembles my first wife?"

She did, indeed. The face was a trifle younger, I thought, but a little more serious—a face that told of sadness as well as joy. However, in general outline, in beauty, and character, it was strikingly similar to Janie's.

"You see, Mary Lou was the only sister of my wife, and her husband fell in the trenches over there," my friend ventured after a pause. "He and I had been pals, and when I came back—well, my Janie was gone and her Dick. I guess I don't need to tell you any more. This spring Mary Lou and I were married. She has a small son and I my two little girls. We are happy and I'm sure that Dick and Janie, wherever they are, would not have it otherwise." E. C. B.

Housekeeping Due by Electricity.

NEW YORK.—Electrical housekeeping was demonstrated in a most convincing way at the electrical show by a display of appliances for every phase of housework. There is the electric clothes washer operating on the reversing cylinder, the electric ironer with ruffler and convenient double control, the combined electric dishwasher and kitchen table, electric range, the electrical sewing machine, the vacuum sweeper with its slow speed motor-driven brush which so effectively whisks up the threads and loose lint without injury to rugs, appliances of all kinds, such as fans, irons, toasters, grills, all contributing to ease and comfort.

PRAYER BASED UPON FAITH IS ANSWERED IN GOD'S OWN WAY

"Ask and Ye Shall Receive, Seek and Ye Shall Find, Knock and It Shall Be Opened Unto You," Cited as Christ's Promise Never Unfulfilled Nor Broken.

BY DR. W. B. HINSON,
Of the East Side Baptist Church.

What profit have we if we pray?—Job, xxi:15.

AND defiantly in reply to that question some would say, "No profit at all." And they who would thus reply are not to be sought in the islands of the sea, up the Congo river or the Ganges or the Nile; but they are here on both sides of the Willamette river in Portland. And the majority of the people in this city would this morning, in reply to the question, "Does God answer prayer?" answer "No." So you see our subject is timely.

A great scientist has said, "A kiss, a bubble and a prayer hath like effect and satisfaction." That even as the soap bubble which the child blows appears for a moment and then is gone forever, thus purposeless is the cry of man's heart in prayer. And a notorious American once said, "We cry aloud and we get back nothing but the echo of our cry."

But I think there are others who would quite tragically say, "We have no profit by prayer," and they would say it tragically because of contrast between their present and their past. For there are hundreds in this city who prayed once, but pray not now. And I doubt not there are some in this house who prayed more 20 years ago than they pray now. That old prayer list of yours is your accuser today, for you have no such thing now. Those places where you used to always pray as you passed them—ah, you had forgotten them until my chalkee word brought them back into your imagination. And you this morning say, "There is no profit in prayer," but you say it tragically and I believe you say it half-regretfully.

* * *

And some of you, I think, musingly say, "There is no profit in prayer," for you are thinking, "If prayer fails to profit, then what recourse will be mine in the day of trial, of exigency and of crisis?" For you know, my hearer, there are millions of people who place no value on prayer and yet death knells would sound in their hearts if they knew they would never have the privilege of praying. For a man likes to hold as a last resort, if the tempest gets too fierce, this possibility of crying out to his God. And I thought this morning while I pondered this message of an Old Testament character who has always charmed me more than I think he should—Saul, Israel's first king. Do you remember how, at the close of his life, that man uttered one of the saddest wails that ever went up into the ear of God?

Forsaken, deserted, defeated, he said: "God hath departed from me and he answers me no more." And he turned away to a witch in Endor's cave. Oh, my heart went heavy for that man this morning; and my heart goes heavy for the numbers of people who once prayed—once worshiped and once prayed—but they have trodden the trail of Saul and have gotten away now so far that when the challenging text comes, "What profit have we if we pray?" they, saddened and I think heart-broken, say, "None at all."

* * *

But if there were no profit in prayer—O the multitudinous pictures that rise up before me! What is that mother going to do who wants to pray for her boy; and what is that child going to do who wants to pray for his sick mother; and what is the soul going to do who is caught in a place where two seas meet; and what of all those sick and sad and discouraged and despairing lives the whole world over? Why, soul of mine, it looks as though a deadlier than German gas would settle down on the whole world if what some say is true and there should be no more profit to us if we prayed.

But when I ask this question of the Bible, the Bible has a plain answer. For after careful reading and thought I cannot but utter my conviction that the Bible teaches that every true prayer is answered. I think about that evangelical psalm, the 32d, that I read this morning. "I confessed my iniquity unto thee," says the psalmist, "and thou forgavest my sin. And because of this everyone that is godly pray unto thee in the time when thou may'st be found."

Oh, the teaching of that old testament in many a hundred passages is to the effect that God hears and answers prayer. And there rises up before me that marvelous prayer of the friend of God—in some respects the most wonderful prayer ever uttered by human lips—when Abraham said, "God, you will not destroy the city if I can find you 50 people who are good?" And God said, "I will not." And Abraham, with a holy daring, said, "Suppose I lack five of my 50, will you spare it?" And God said, "I will." And Abraham said, "Suffer me to speak again; if I only find 40, will you save Sodom?" And God said, "Yes." And Abraham, impelled by what motives I may not say, said, "If there should be only 30, will you spare it?" And God answered that prayer, too. And Abraham dropped to 20, and then to ten; and then, I suppose, sure that he could find ten, he ceased his prayer. But, mark you, it was Abraham who ceased praying, and it was no God who ceased answering. And I see in solemn procession the innumerable multitude of those old testament saints who prayed, and who have left on record the statement that God did hear their prayers, and gave them answers full of satisfaction and glory and peace.

* * *

And yet this morning there came to me out of that old testament another prayer which cheered me more. Do you remember Hagar, the cast-out woman who went with her child and her bread loaf and some water out into this world. And the water was soon gone, and the mother put her child under the shade of a bush and moved away lest she hear it cry and see it die. And the great God who saw Hagar when she was thrust out of Abraham's house and heard the mocking taunt of Sarah, Abraham's wife, the great God, I am told, heard Hagar's cry. Oh, we may not be fitted to pray with Abraham, the father of the faithful, but get out there under the bush with Hagar and your prayer shall be heard just as certainly as was Abraham's.

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And when you come into this new testament there is one sentence there to which I always cling. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Tautological becomes God in his effort to show us how surely prayer is answered, and he says, "If you ask you shall receive." Now that might be enough, but he repeats, "Seek and ye shall find." And as though saying the same thing twice might not suffice, he goes on to add, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." And in that prayer that we prayed together this morning, did you ever notice how Jesus puts the whole horizon of human life into it as he says, "You may pray for all, from your breakfast this morning clean along to the coming of the kingdom of God, including a pardon of your sin and your deliverance from the evil one; you may pray for it all," says Jesus, "and you may pray with a strong heart full of confident faith." And yet I thought again of a woman, and I believe she heartened me more this morning than any man never did. A poor woman with her sick child, and sick of soul, and she drew near to Jesus and asked for help.

Ah, I did not understand the attitude of the Master for many a year, but I understand it now. For he knew what he was going to do at last, as he said, "Woman, you are a Gentile, and you know Gentiles are regarded by Jews as dogs, and I am a Jew, and you are a Gentile. And quick as thought she said, "Lord, I am willing to be a dog; I will take the dog's place; but a dog eats the crumbs that fall off the table, where children have abundance and to spare, so I will take the dog's place; and now give me the dog's portion." And he said, "Woman, your faith might surprise even Christ. Your request is granted." And her prayer was answered.

* * *

And I come down to the story of the church in the Acts of the Apostles and I notice how on every single page it is prayer and answer, prayer and answer. And yet there was one man there whom I had overlooked in all my previous studies, and he came to do me more good in my present mood than did Peter. Cornelius—a man who knew little about Jesus, but he prayed. And God to Simon Peter said, "There is a man over yonder in the adjoining town and he prays, and I want you to go to him." And you remember with what difficulty God persuaded him to go. For the Jew rose up in Peter, and when God gave him the vision of the sheet and the animals in it, and bade him eat, Peter said, "I have never partaken of anything unclean, and Cornelius is a Gentile dog, and he is unclean." And the gentle Christ said, "What God hath cleansed, call not you unclean." And Cornelius knew so little about God he was ready to worship Peter when he entered the house. And yet the God who listened to Paul and Peter and John and James listened to the prayer of Cornelius, and made Simon Peter convey to the Gentile an answer of peace. Yes, God does answer prayer, so the Scripture affirms.

* * *

And as I close, I want to give you an illustration or two about prayer taken out of the Bible. Do you remember how, when Peter was in prison, the church met in prayer meeting and prayed for Peter's deliverance? Now Peter was asleep in the jail, and an angel touched him and awakened him and took the handcuffs off his wrists and the fetters off his feet, and bade him rise and prepare for his exit. And I always laugh when I read "The iron gates of the prison opened of their own accord." They opened of God's accord! And Peter went out. Well, now David had said a thousand years ago, "The Lord delivered me out of all my troubles," and surely Peter and the early church will sing that song in that early morning. But what about James? For James a few days before went into that same jail and slept in that same cell in which Peter slept, and I know the church prayer for James, and I know James prayed for himself. But what becomes of David's psalm now? For the Lord did not deliver James, but Herod killed him. What about that prayer being answered?

* * *

Well, do not be in a hurry. There was a man being stoned outside a city, and as the stones struck him, that man, the deacon who has made the diaconate immortal, looked upward, and in spite of stones and accompanying pain he said, "I see heaven open and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." Shout it again, David, it is all right! "The Lord delivered me out of all my trouble." I tell you Stephen can sing it, and so can James, just as lustily as did Simon Peter. For God's method is two-fold: He does without doubt deliver some people out of all their troubles, but he does without doubt deliver some people in all their trouble. He has given the wings of a dove by which many a soul has flown away to be at rest; but he oftener gives the strength of an ox whereby the soul steadies itself under the burden and bears it gloriously for God.

I know it was said to Daniel, "At the beginning of your supplication the answer went forth." And sometimes the answer treads on the heels of the prayer, but not always. For my Lord one day said, "Let me teach you the lesson of importunity in prayer." There was an unjust judge, and a widow went to get justice from him and he would not give it. But the woman kept on going and going, until he said, "That woman will have me mad, or have me dead if I do not grant her request." And so he granted it.

* * *

Sometimes when God's children are praying he shuts the mouth, and there is no more prayer required then. And sometimes the soul prays 30, 40 or 50 years, and goes into heaven before that prayer is answered, but it is answered some time. So says the Bible.

And I want to help you by another illustration as I helped myself. I know three men who came near to drowning. You know them, too. There was Jonah. He came very near to drowning and he did not drown because God prepared a strange house to hold Jonah. And there was Peter who came near drowning. For he was walking on the water, and I think he looked at his feet instead of at the Lord's face, and he said, "Lord save me or I perish;" and the Lord picked him up and he did not drown. And there was Paul, who stood on the storm-driven deck of a quivering ship one morning, and said, "Now do not get fussed up, for nobody is going to die." And so I read how some were on boards and some on broken pieces of the vessel, but they all escaped safely to land. I think Paul hugged a plank! But Jonah and Peter and Paul alike were saved from drowning, though they were variedly delivered. And God has his own ways of answering prayer, but he answers it. I cannot help believing that from the nature of God.

Journeying to Des Moines the other day I watched a father in the car as he tended his little child. I noticed how that man made frantic efforts to do the impossible to help that child endure the heat and the discomfort of the journey. The father actually attempted things that human power could never perform, that he might help that child. And I sat there with tears in my heart, and I said, "I have a father and he loves me more than that father loves that child. And my father can do all things." And I do not know that ever in my life there came to me such a realization of God the Father's love as in that car. O, we have a great God, and he is as good as he is great, and his love is as great as his power. And if I call to him for anything that is for my real good, he can give it. And when I come like the leper of old and say, "If thou wilt thou canst make me clean," he always says, "I can and I will," and he does it.

* * *

Let me tell you the story of the Black Prince. When the battle was raging, the Black Prince sent word to his father, the king, "Give me reinforcements." And the father from a hill was watching that battle with intentness. And he said, "You go back to my son and you tell him not to worry, for I am too wise a king not to know, and I am too good a father not to send reinforcements when they are needed." And the word went back to the Black Prince, "There are no reinforcements coming now, but your father says, "I will watch and when you need them I can send them." I wonder if God does not talk to us somewhat along that line. Oh, I clamor for reinforcements. I say not always under the highest constraint, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly and wind it up." And the answer comes back, "It will be wound up, but it will be wound up in my time and in my way and in accordance with my purpose."

* * *

And when I remember the nature of prayer, I know it necessarily is answered. For—

Prayer is the breath of God in man
Returning whence it came.

O let me get that into my life. When I pray what do I do? I express that which God has breathed into my life. Now God's breathing is effectual, and that God-given prayer will be answered. I never could pray so well alone as I can in company. When two or three kneel down, or stand up, or sit down—it does not matter what the posture is—when they pray I find I can pray a great deal longer with them than I can pray by myself. So will you think as we close about two people who pray with you whenever you pray, Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost. Jesus ever liveth to make intercession for you. And the spirit himself maketh intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered. Now then, get your prayer and put it alongside those two, will it not be answered? And Jude says, "Pray in the Holy Ghost." Now then suppose Jesus is praying, and the Holy Spirit is praying, and I in the Holy Ghost pray, there are the three, Christ, the spirit and myself. And Christ asks what the spirit asks, and I being in the spirit ask what Christ asks and the three-fold cord cannot be broken. Is prayer answered? Yes, prayer is answered, it cannot but be answered for here I touch the height of my poor meditation, as I say God cannot deny himself. And when a man prays in the Holy Ghost, he prays a prayer begotten by God Almighty, and for God to refuse to answer his own prayer is unthinkable. And it is God's prayer you voice when you pray in the Holy Ghost.

* * *

A strange thing happened to me this
Unanswered yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded.
In agony of heart these many years;
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing?
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet, though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,
The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet, nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your task is not yet wholly done,
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what he has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet; faith cannot be unanswered.
Her feet were firmly planted on the rock,
Amid the wildest storm she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

* * *

A woman is sitting here who said to me in an agony of soul not long ago, "I prayed for my boy" (I forget how many years she said; I believe it was 20) "and my prayer has never been answered. Is the answer coming?" What am I to say to that woman? Why, I will not say anything. I will just quote from God's own word. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." And we will stop as we emphasize the one word in that sentence that ought to be emphasized. "Ask and ye **shall** receive, seek and ye **shall** find, knock and it **shall** be opened unto you. And never a single **shall** of Christ's will fall to the ground unfulfilled or broken. Amen.