Within the recent past, it was our privilege to visit Gander, Newfoundland. It was snowing and very cold, but truly beautiful with a sense of remoteness and deep peace. Standing at the water's edge a rugged, plain boat pulled up with a man and his wife—rough and rugged as their craft and certainly over 60 years of age, greeting us with ruddy smiles of friendship. They live on an island several miles distant and manage to be happy and very near to God and very far from modern man and his vast troubles. I should have liked to trade places with them—but then it's very possible that we could never have made it in their circumstance and our mode of life could well bode ill for them.

As we crossed Canada from Halifax to Ottawa—to Winnipeg and on to Camrose, Alberta, Jasper, Fort St. John and Victoria, it became apparent that ours was a privilege accorded to few Canadians or Americans. The unbelievable vastness of the beauty of the "land given unto the Saints" is truly worthy of marvelous exaltation to God. In the remote regions of Canada there still remains a rugged vigor and an individualism along with a constant orientation toward God which becomes lost in the society of blue-striped business suits, polished shoes and starched collars. Would that the decisions in this day were being made by men and women who in the solitude of the wide reaches of forest and plain are able to hear God in contrast to those who listen only to one another in board rooms and country club bars.

Once not long ago, in St. John's, Newfoundland, I attended a Rotary club meeting. At the start of the meeting everyone stood, whereupon the deep bass, baritone voices of a hundred men sang with great vigor and conviction the inspiring words of the national anthem of Newfoundland. I thought of the Canadians who gave their lives in the Great War—and then in World War II. I thought of the nations of the aurora borealis—a nation of hope—a nation of the men of the "voice" of Newfoundland, the Mennonites of Kitchener, the oil fields of British Columbia, the wheat fields of Saskatchewan—looking again unto Jesus—calling upon His Holy Name to allow them—the called out ones to lead the distraught world unto the ways of Christ's anointed peace. Only those who in the quietness of soul given where man leaves the furor of modern life and listens to God can give answers in times of turmoil and confusion.
MARCH 15  SCARBOROUGH, ONTARIO

FGBMI Rally  Dr. Reed  6:30 p.m.
Contact: Michael Campbell (416) 755 1557

MARCH 16  TORONTO, ONTARIO

Queensway Cathedral  Dr. Reed speaking at morning and evening services.

APRIL 3 - 5  SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN

FGBMI  Prairie Regional Convention
Dr. speaking Thursday and Saturday and Kay speaking Friday at ladies luncheon.
Contact: Owen McCormick (306) 752 4419

OCTOBER 24 - 26  TORONTO, ONTARIO  at THE GUILD INN

CHRISTIAN MEDICAL FOUNDATION OF CANADA — ANNUAL DOCTOR'S CONFERENCE  "THE PHYSICIAN AND THE SANCTITY OF LIFE"
Dr. and Kay
Topics: Some of the subjects under discussion will be "Transplantation Ethics," "Advances in Fetalogy," "Current Concepts On In Vitro Fertilization," "The Place of U/S and Amnioscopy In Evaluation Of The Unborn," "Infanticide And Euthanasia—Visions Or Reality."
Contact: CMF of Canada (416) 431 2442

WANTED: to join me in a wholistic health center in shopping mall setting in Scarborough, Ontario as a partner or associate; the following Christian practitioners: Family Practice, Dentist, Chiropract and Optometrist.
Dr. John Virtue
2191 Warden Avenue
Scarborough, Ontario  M1T 3N9  (416) 499 5939

CITY OF GOLD

What a wonderful sight it will be to behold
The New Jerusalem, City of Gold;
With its gates of pearl and its gems so rare,
But Oh, most High God, can I hope to be there?

Just to think of no sickness, no death and no pain
No parting with loved ones again and again;
And no more crying in that city so fair,
But Oh, God Eternal, can I hope to be there?

Holy New Jerusalem; where can come NO SIN,
How can I, so sinful, ever enter therein?
I've tried to keep Thy law but failed. I'm in despair.
I know through my own works I'll never enter there.

My only hope is this that JESUS DIED FOR ME,
He took my sins upon HIMSELF on the Cross of Calvary;
Wonderful love of JESUS, LOVE beyond compare,
Because of this LOVE, my Father, I do hope to be there.

So Help me, Heavenly Father, Thy will to seek and DO
For Jesus said: "If you love me you will KEEP My Commandments too
Oh fill my heart with Thy great love and help me to share
And in that Holy City, please, grant that I'll be there

"Unto Him Who loved us and washed us from our sin"
I hope to sing with ALL the RANSOMED as we joyfully enter in;
To think that CHRIST has promised His ALL with us to share;
Oh God, my Father I thank Thee, surely I'll be there.

City of Gold; SO bright and SO fair;
Through JESUS, our SAVIOUR, we ALL may be there.

Eva J. Orr