

THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

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Through the Golden Gate by F. M. Lehman

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F. M. LEHMAN

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GOLDEN GATE**

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Compiled and Written

by

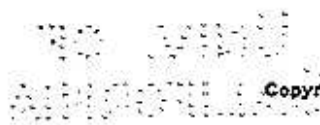
F. M. LEHMAN

HIS SUN SET AT EIGHT

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THE GOLDEN GATE AT SUNSET

INTRODUCTION

It gives me pleasure to introduce the subject of this sketch. In the providence of God I was twice entertained in the home of his parents, as I held revival services in Sioux City, Iowa. Although at that time he did not claim to be a Christian, yet he was so very dutiful and obedient to his parents—marks which are so much wanting in the lives of so many boys these days.

One thing that has lingered with me since my first acquaintance with Brenton is this: although he was a real boy, and enjoyed a romp and fun like other boys, yet he would never intrude himself on my time. The very moment of any indication that I was through having fun with him, that moment he would cease, and never hint that he wanted more, till he could see me advance in that direction. This was so uncommon with the general run of children that it made a lasting impression upon my mind.

I am now holding revival meetings (May 1920) for the third time with his father. Since I saw Brenton last he has been converted and sanctified, and has slipped away to be with Jesus forever. The home does not seem the same without him. While the home is poorer, heaven is richer.

I went out to the silent grave, in company with his father. What a beautiful place nature has provided on that lovely hillside overlooking the Golden Gate! It is one of the beauty spots of earth. Around the grave on the greensward we knelt and asked the Lord to help us to hold out faithful to the end.

Some glad day, when Jesus appears in the clouds, Brenton's body will arise from the dust and together with loved ones all shall be for ever with their Lord. Let us all so live that we may be ready to meet him on that bright morning.

W. E. SHEPARD.

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UNIV. OF
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CHAPTER I

A BIT OF SUNSHINE

IT WAS A gloomy day in January. In a small room, meagerly furnished, but immaculately clean, sat the physician with his hastily summoned village attendants. The husband, nervous yet prayerful, paced the floor. He went from one window to the other, looked out, but saw nothing—except the loved one now approaching the valley of death. For her he prayed as he walked and waited.

The telephone rang in quick questionings, but always the answer was, "No, not yet!" The women watchers had everything prepared, the tea-kettle singing, the swaddling laid in handy order, soaps and salves within easy reach. All was quiet, all was still—except the ticking of the mantel clock. In the distance could be heard the whistle and roar of a passenger train, and—the muffled moan of agony in the blind-drawn chamber.

Suddenly a cry—a baby's cry—rang through the house, and the crisis had passed. Wan and weak and utterly exhausted the little mother lay back on her pillows—the picture of helplessness and verging death. Her companion, his

THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

face as white as her own, kissed the pale cheek and fondly brushed the luxuriant hair back from the pallid brow, thankful that God had kept her from slipping into the Great Beyond.

We leave the bed-chamber now and turn our attention to the new arrival. See; the tiny bit of humanity lies lustily crying while deft fingers fuss and fix about it swaddling of the softest down. Love and forethought had left nothing wanting. Soon the little one lay cuddled in pillows with profusion of frills and love-fuss things ever utterly bewildering to mere man.

Outside, the skies were leaden, but into the parsonage had crept a bit of sunshine so glorious, so lovely, so enchanting that we feel to withdraw, lest we intrude. Like two birds nesting in a bough so these two must be left alone to enjoy what has come into their life. Sacred, holy relationship, this, where one is bound to the other and the two with the baby to make a family.

In the midst of this suspense and sudden relief we have the ludicrous. The husband is asked (O, artful women!) to "hold the baby a bit." See, now, the utter helplessness of poor man. He comes as a sheep led to the slaughter. There he sits, arms awkwardly extended, face crimsoning like a schoolgirl's, "holding" the tiny bit of heaven as though it might melt and run through his arms or explode, he does not know which. What a delectable bit of talk these women must have had when out of ear-shot and what shouts of laughter fell when trying to describe the "pastor's" pose "holding that baby." For their blessed love-