



Where a man is, is not so important as why he is there. John, in setting down the Revelation, says, "I John . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos" (Revelation 1:9). That rocky island was a place of exile and imprisonment, but John was there for a good reason. He tells us himself that he had been sent there "for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." It is better to be in jail because one has done right than to do wrong and stay out of jail. John is not the only great man who realized this. His friends, some of the other disciples, were sent to prison for the same reason that John was dispatched to Patmos. Paul lay in the stocks with bloody back. He knew the dampness and fetid air of the inmost dungeon. Joseph spent months in jail because he would not yield to evil.

The blessed thing about the state of men like this is that they are not affected by their surroundings. The

poet has written: "Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage; Minds innocent and quiet take That for a hermitage." That John, though a prisoner on Patmos, was free in spirit is plainly evident; for in the very next verse after the one in which he mentions his residence on Patmos, he tells us, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." The body was in Patmos, but the spirit was fellowshiping with his Lord. From Bedford jail came the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," and from the Isle of Patmos came the grandeur and the splendor of the Revelation. Happy the man who is willing to suffer imprisonment for his Lord. Such men find themselves, even in prison, in the spirit; and though the body is confined, the soul soars on wings of fellowship, and countless generations are blessed by the words written from the place of confinement.

—Released by the Gospel Fellowship Association

Mother's Day, May 11

MOTHER

Mother! Dear, sacred name, and sweet!

How slow we are to prove,
The height and depth and deathless-ness of perfect mother love.

We take her tender daily care,
Then we must learn to live without her presence and her prayer.

'Tis then the name of mother is to us a holy thing;

And, hovering low, we seem to feel the shelter of a wing.

—Selected.

WHAT IS HOME?

A roof to keep out the rain. Four walls to keep out the wind. Floors to keep out the cold. Yes, but home is more than that. It is the laugh of a baby, the song of a mother, the strength of a father. Warmth of loving hearts, light from happy eyes, kindness, loyalty, comradeship. Home is first school and first church for young ones, where they learn what is right, what is good and what is kind. Where they go for comfort when they are hurt or sick. Where joy is shared and sorrow eased. Where fathers and

mothers are respected and loved. Where children are wanted. Where the simplest food is good enough for kings because it is earned. Where money is not so important as loving kindness. Where even the teakettle sings from happiness. That is home. God bless it! Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

"MOTHERS IN ISRAEL"

Mother's ministry in life is one of love, tenderness, compassion, sympathy and courage. It is that love that makes the name so sweet. Her spirit is the soul of the family, the tenderness of education, the refinement of society, and the saint of the Church.

Mother knows how to whisper in sorrow, how to touch weakness without burdening it, and how to refresh the weary. In the home, she is the watchman of the living fountains to make the streams sweet, placid, useful, bringing their children to well-rounded manhood and womanhood. Without a doubt, all God-fearing mothers will, sooner or later, know that their children will thus bless them.—Selected.



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