"Whensoever I take my journey into Spain, I will come to you. But now I go unto Jerusalem".
Romans 15:24-25

"CASTLES IN SPAIN"

Translators have difficulty with letters of Paul. Reason; grammar not his strong point. His words and thoughts come tumbling down like water at Lodore. His mind and heart are so filled with wonder and sheer glory of things he feels - and the message he must proclaim, that his words fly out like sparks from a blacksmith's anvil. Thus one is reminded of Peter MacKenzie. Impetuous and bubbling over with desire to glorify God through preaching. Taken to task - "Brother McKenzie you must learn to clothe your thoughts a little". To which he replied, "My thoughts come so fast that I haven't time to put even a shirt on them". Left him alone after that.

But meaning of this verse is fairly clear. Paul writing to Christian group in Rome. He longs to see them. Furthermore, he has great desire to visit Eternal City - Rome. That was strategic pulpit - a sounding board for whole world. Here was the whispering gallery of the empire. All roads led to Rome. From that focus officials, soldiers, students and merchants, travelled literally to the ends of the world.

But his desire was to go beyond Rome. Spain was upon his mind. So he writes, "On my way to Spain I will call to see you at Rome also". Paul's eyes were in the ends of the earth. Has passionate longing to proclaim gospel even in distant Spain. His deep desire is to declare unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ to all the world. Thus he builds his "Castles in Spain". "When I take my journey".

"CASTLES IN SPAIN" We all have them! Chesterton suggests the bravest lines of English language are, "Over the hills and far away". They speak of longing and adventure. They remind us of our dreams and hopes. Yes, we all have our Castles in Spain. It is this ability to build castles of hope and audacious imagination that marks us from the
"Ever bounteous let me be,
make me more daring than devout,
from sheer contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a bounteous doubt.
From compromise and things half-done,
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride;
And when, at last, the fight is won,
Christ, keep me still unsatisfied."

-Louis Untermeyer
all the possibilities of the world were tumbled in your lap, upon what one thing would you place your finger, saying, "Give me that!" Trouble is that we recognize the highest but are not willing to pay the price.

And as we get older, believe me, there is more danger even yet of compromising. We grow weary of well-doing. We say "Let someone else have a try and carry the ball for a while. I'm through!" Or we see others surrendering ideals and apparently getting away with it. And we are tempted to surrender too. Thoreau "Youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon or purchase a palace or temple on the earth; and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them". That's the tragedy of middle age and old age - we started out so well; ideals were high. But we compromised. Became too easily satisfied. Reminded of Untermyer's "Prayer".

"But after all, this is a very realistic place and our problems are real problems. And a man has got to live". "A man must live. We justify low shift and trick to treason high; a little vote for a little gold; or a Whole senate bought and sold, with this self-evident reply - a man must live". When these words "A man must live" were spoken to Dr. Samuel Johnson; his reply was this: "Sir, I see no necessity!"

It is the idealistic that is most real. That is the meaning of those words commanding Moses to build the tabernacle "According to the pattern shown thee in the mount". That is, his vision and ideal had its counterpart in the realm of reality. Recall those lines:

"The world is a vapor, only the vision is real; Naught can stand against hell, save winged ideal". Can't kill a dream. Story of Judas Maccabeus and revolt of Maccabees in 198 B.C.. Jerusalem plundered; temple profaned; people enslaved. Climax came when altar to Jupiter was erected on place of sacred altar and people compelled to eat flesh of swine. From rock to rock. Judas addresses them - then comes the great and gripping phrase; "Arming them with a dream worthy to be believed." What armor. Can't kill a dream. May kill men. Hunt them in the hills and torture them - but a
dream has a habit of rising from the dead. Goes marching on. Modern stories of Bishop Berggrav of Norway and Archbishop Damaskinos of Greece. There is reality to a dream.

THE IMMEDIATE TASK  Let us get back to Paul now. "Whenevery I take my journey into Spain". Did Paul ever arrive in Spain? Scholars not sure. Probably not. But really doesn't matter whether Paul arrived there or not. The value of a Spain is not in the arriving so much as in the traveling. George Buttrick preaching on that great verse in Hebrews - "These all died in faith not having received the promises", Says; "All sought a city; but died in the wilderness. But as they died they caught on the horizon the gleam of towers and died as they had lived - adventurers still".

Reminds us of what is so true - we never gain our objective; we never arrive. We never see our Castle in Spain. But it is always great fun to live that way. We want to do so much; but attain so little. Our hopes and dreams never realized. Paul's ultimate goal was Spain; but notice that his immediate task was Jerusalem - Jerusalem stoner of the prophets; Jerusalem that had never been kind to dreamers and idealists - they crucified one on a cross. And Paul remembered that. But he must go to Jerusalem - duty had to be done. And from Jerusalem he went to Rome - but in chains.

But after all - it is by our intentions we are judged and not by our actual accomplishments. Thank God for that. Moses was not allowed to go into Promised Land. In Green Pastures as the warriors file past aged Moses to go down to capture city of Jericho, each one pats Moses on shoulder and says, "Good old Moses". Moses not allowed to enter Promised Land but Promised Land was in his heart. Paul probably never reached Spain but Spain was in Paul's heart. Amid the dust and pain of his pilgrimage, Paul had his dream - his castle.

Let us remember this; it is by these deep intentions and inner desires that we shall be judged, by the Lord of all things, who alone knoweth our hearts and our dreams.
Conrad Minds The Baby

IT is good to remember that authors do not only write on the subjects of their troubles, and not least among them their domestic problems. It was in 1899 that Joseph Conrad bought a new novel. He was not the only one on the subject of the sudden departure of a romantically minded maid and the assumption of his share of domestic responsibility. "Our girl's temperament of her own volition was too artistic. She would wander off and disappear for hours at a time. What she found to dream about on country roads, after the mud, after dark, I can't imagine. We aren't strait-laced ourselves; but dash my buttons—she was too unconventional! So we parted suddenly... Another is coming soon, of philistine aspect; meantime we stop at home and look after the baby." Thus Conrad himself, amid the man with the keen eye for the book of winter in his sad face as if all the sorrows of Poland were concealed behind. Conrad—the critical, the tedious, the aloof—putting on the kettle and minding the baby.

Such moments are illuminating in the story of great writers; for it is by way of the house and the garden most of them attain success.

Conrad's Own Masterpieces were
moments of loneliness and exile, of lonely boats. bitter winds, and the solitude and mystery of Eastern seas. He had rejected the grey fog of desiccation and despair like a creeping paralysis envelo-pe and chose the ideals and enterprise of youth; had seen derelict and moribund stations inhabited by equally derelict men; had seen those who lowered their flag, yielding to pressure of unmeaning touch the brooding mystery that lies at the heart of creation.

His tales, his very style, are tinged with the uneasiness and tortuosity of life. There is little here of calm and smooth sailing. He knows nothing of lotus lands and tropical sunshine, only the fog of great rivers, jungle darkness, and all the enigma of the East. And all the while the tissue of men against wild seas, against fate, against each other... "Do or die" was the motto of the Jutland, flounced bravely on its sea-bitten hull, appropriate slogan of a boat like an old candle box that had weathered a hundred gales and had wallowed across the seven seas. "Oh Youth! The strength of it, the faith of it, the imagina-tion!" And an old battle-trap carting about the world a lot of coal for a freight—to me she was the end of the world, I shall never forget her. The same high theme set against so dark a background as appears in Lord Jim: "I came here to set my back against the wall, and I'm going to stay here."

Thus sublimity is born of common-places, and the recalled Polish youth, true to his own text, while before the last sound away at English grammar, mastered a foreign tongue, and won his first spurs, crowning ambition in his life, to be a Master Mariner with his English certificate twice safely away in his locker; and to be captain of his own boat, with the rest of the world engaged upon how modest a commission.

SOMETHING of this is seen, in reverse, in T. E. Lawrence, who by way of the glamour of the desert and the exhilaration of high rank came to the humber tasks of polishing buttons and sweeping out barrack rooms. And as shall say he was less magnificent in the humbler, than in the higher pole. T. E. Shaw of Bevington—Private Shaw, to be precise—was still Lawrence of Arabia. No condescension or disguise could hide the quality of that finely tempered brain or dull the brilliance of that shining spirit. But orderly or shrewd—It made no difference. The task was immaterial, and rank for him had little meaning. It was enough to bear upon whatever duty lay to hand; and to tend a hut of living men, to keep it swept and garnished, as was important in its own way of military strategy and moving men like pawns to meet the exigencies of war.

But even more, and here lay his true genius, he could turn like Conrad from the task in hand to the creation of his dreams, from "minding the baby," as it were—as Conrad turned again to his decks and rover; and saw —from polishing the stove and swabbing the floor to the magic of the desert and the sweep and range of the epic story of it all. And though death seemed his servant on the road, in the obscurity of more tranquil tasks he achieved new greatness until death took him "apart into his quietness."

It is the fulfilment of that saying of Carlyle that our main business is not with what lies dimly at a distance but to do what lies clearly to our hand.

The great thing is balance, to achieve that evenness of mind and equanimity of life which foster insight and vision; and to combine modesty with greatness so that no task is too humble, no rôle too obscure, and yet no duty too high and no demand that life makes too exacting or impossible. Napoleon could win battles, but he could also be humble and was as intense in his pottering and digging as on the fields of Austerlitz and Waterloo.

The point is never to give in. Life demands determination, and to be always busy. "Do or die."

"She was tired," says Conrad, "that old ship. We didn't grumble at her. And there was all the East before me and all life. I thought of all who had gone that way before who didn't grumble. So she lumbered on, heavy with her age and her cargo and her fresh glands to flow, and in the sun. "Do or die."

And when last, with broken mast and blackened hull, she laboured across the Java Sea, he felt, Conrad continues, "the heat of life in a handful of dust, its hidden greatness and vitality, the glory concealed in just doing one's job, and the strength that is born of the storm. "The good strong sea, the salt bitter sea, that could whisper to you and roar at you and knock your breath out of you." And the sea that gives nothing but hard knocks, and sometimes a chance to feel your strength."

IT is doubtful if the life of the world will ever work out quite along the lines of the brand of Utopianism that was vogue at the moment. It is midsummer madness to imagine that in a shattered Europe and an impoverished world we can have shorter hours, extended holidays and easy living; and dreams of vistas of unending leisure and untroubled peace opening the way to a world so much sunshine. Life by its very nature is a bread-and-butter business: hard effort, hard rations, hard sacrifice—continues in sorrow, routinant in desires, sustained by goodness, animated by truth.

In Nostromo, that massive novel of an imaginary South American Republic, Conrad in his own way brings out also this emphasis. The silver mine of San Tome, with its fabulous wealth and dark treachery, became a cause and an obsession to its proprietor. It is a picture on a wide canvas of the en-forcement of materialism and of the corrupting processes that carry it. "He lost his peace," says Conrad, "the genuineness of all his qualities was destroyed."

So we come back by way of misplaced faith and distorted values to life's common duties and homelier virtues. There are no minds now to give noice and alas! fewer babies to mind, but the humble task still calls, and demands the exercise of utmost loyalty and character. Mr. Winston Churchill relates of his great ancestor, Marlborough, that after all life too! "he devoted to the conciliation of domestic bruits those resources of tact and patience which had so long held the confederacy of Europe united.

FREDERICK C. GILL.
The Book

It is a living Book you have in your hand—
Oh, hold it reverently!
Deep calling to deep, to the soul it speaks
In the tones of eternity.

A harp of a thousand strings, 'tis swept
By the Breath of Pentecost!
Nor in all the world's saddest, wildest strife
Was a single note e'er lost.

As none other book ever spoke before,
It speaks to you and to me,
With the solemnly earnest, searching voice
Of divine authority.

Out of a higher, holier realm,
Like a herald from the Throne,
My will it summons, my heart, my life,
With a majesty all its own.

It leads the soul to the cross of Christ,
It tells of sins forgiven—
It makes the path of duty plain,
And shows the way to heaven.

'Tis a living book you have in your hand—
Oh, hold it reverently!
'Tis the Word and Will of the Living God!
'Tis the Voice of Eternity!

BENJAMIN COPELAND
News Bulletin
ORGAN PRELUDE - "Toplady" an improvisation Seth Bingham
CALL TO WORSHIP - By the Minister
HYMN - "Come, Thou almighty King"  No. 2
(The people remain standing)

THE SURREM CORDA
Minister: The Lord be with you.
People: And with thy spirit.
Minister: Lift up your hearts.
People: We lift them up unto the Lord.
Minister: Let us give thanks unto the Lord.

THE DOXOLOGY

RESPONSIVE READING - 47th Sunday  Page 615
THE GLORIA PATRI - To be sung by all
THE APOSTLES' CREED

SCRIPTURE LESSON - John 1:1-18
ANTHEM - "Praise Ye Jehovah" Charles Gounod

PASTORAL PRAYER :: SILENT PRAYER :: THE LORD'S PRAYER

ORGAN OFFERTORY - "Adagio" Corelli
PRESENTATION OF TITHES AND OFFERINGS
OFFERTORY PRAYER - By the Minister
HYMN - "Spirit of God, descend upon my heart" No. 179

SERMON
"CASTLES IN SPAIN"

HYMN - "O Master of the waking world" No. 480

BENEDICTION

ORGAN POSTLUDE - "Prelude in B Minor" J. S. Bach

Flowers are given by Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dovey and Mrs. Robert Miller in memory of Ruth Dovey; by Mrs. Edna Wright in memory of Mrs. Nina Wille.

NOVEMBER 25, 1945 - CALENDAR FOR TODAY

10:30 Morning Worship and Sermon.
11:00 Church-time Nursery for small children.
11:00 Primary and Junior Church.
11:45 Church School. Classes for all ages.
6:00 Youth Fellowship. Topic, "The World is a Brotherhood". Phil Clarke, leader.
7:00 Union Evening Service at First Presbyterian Church. Speaker, Rev. Lawrence P. Byers, a mid­ danger at San Anselmo Theological Seminary in California. In the service the accent will be upon youth though everyone is cordially invited.

THROUGH THE WEEK

CRUSADE FOR CHRIST MEETINGS AT FREMONT

To-morrow - November 26th. Session at 2:00 o'clock. Seminars on the objectives of The Crusade. Method­ ists cordially invited. Dinner at 5:30 with speaker. Reservations must be made not later than this morning. Great mass meeting for everyone in the evening - 7:30 with Dr. Sherwood Eddy as the speaker. Plan to come. Bring your neighbors and friends.

WED. 2:30 Weekday School; grades 4, 5 and 6.
7:30 The Mid-week Service.
THURS. 3:40 Crusaders' Choir rehearsal.
7:15 Senior Choir rehearsal.
8:00 Werner Workers meet at the home of Mrs. William Van Lennam, 14 North St.. Letter "N".
FRI. 1:00 Weekday School; grades 7 and 8.
3:30 Chapel Girl's Choir rehearsal.

The Annual Christmas Bazaar and TURKEY DINNER under the auspices of the W.S.C.S. will be held on Friday. Ladies are asked to donate fancy articles, baked goods, canned fruitsets. Make your reservations for the dinner with the church office. No tickets will be sold at the door. Tickets, $1.50. Dinner, served by Mrs. Frank Berry.

SAT. 9:30 Carol Choir rehearsal.