

*Robert W. Wright*

One day as I wandered about upon the face of the earth, I came upon the brink of a great chasm, a gorge thousands of feet deep, so many miles long that the eye lost itself upon the rims as it sought the one end or the other, and it was many miles wide. But its depth brought its sides close to each other and the eye was deceived into thinking the gorge narrow.

Seeing a trail leading down from the brink I started down the cliffs, after many periods I found myself over 6000 feet below the brink. Passing by me, roaring and surging like fury, ran a large river. The roar was that of a thousand storms and the fury. Casting my eyes to Heaven I beheld the sun, the moon and the stars. Then it was that my finite mind grasped a speck of the infinite and from the deep my soul mounted upon the wings of the morning and I came into the presence of God.

Life is in the midst of a gorge with surging currents. There are cliffs upon cliffs, heights upon heights, steep upon steep for man to climb.

Mount upward, O man, and never falter. Climb higher and higher, leaving the sultry air of the gorge below and ever climb to brighter heights and purer air until finally you climb to the height He intended for you to reach. There you will find HIM.