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TRUST IN THE LORD

*A lovely and moving story of Aunt Mina
and her miracle*

By GERTRUDE LINNELL

Illustrated by John Thomas Ward



AUNT MINA stood in her lonely cabin doorway looking up critically at the western sky. A storm was coming.

"Shoh nuff," she told herself in ringing accents, as though she were slightly deaf and wished to hear herself well, "dat ol' stohm, he's comin' right hyeah. He's a-comin' shoh as de jedgmen' ob de Lohd. He's jedgin' de Yankees up to Ol' Hyouse. Come in, you ol' clo'es, come in, come in. Don' wan' you all rain spotted an' streaky, have to wash over again. Soap's dyeah to buy, an' Ol' Missus is daid an' cain' gib me no moh. Come in, you. Got to finish yoh dryin' in de hyouse whar you don' git a-a-all strea-ea-eaky-yy-y. Come in, take shelter fum de wrath ob de Lohd whut He is aimin' at de Yankees, an' deir mon-onkey-ey wa-ays."

What had started on a conversational note was continuing as song. Aunt Mina enjoyed the sound of her voice in the still, hushed air. She went on, letting the notes roll full-throatedly, "De glo-ory ob de Lohd is in de Hebben, an' His anger is grea-eat 'gains' de debbil and de Yankee-ees."

The words floated out through the woods and across the field to the left. They floated as far as a very blond young man lying disconsolately under a pine tree with an unopened novel beside him while he stared unseeingly at the blue sky in the east. He heard the voice fitfully, without listening. It stopped as Aunt Mina bent to lay a drying cloth across a low cord stretched from the stove to a nail in the wall, and began again with a new and fuller cadence as she rose to carry another armful into the house.

"De glo-ory ob de Lohd is in de clouds," she sang, "an' in de rain, an' in de stoh-ohm. De glo-ory ob de Loh-ohd is in all de tings rou-ou-ound u-u-us, an' in His anger 'gains' de unrighteousness ob de Yankees. Oh, hit's de glo-o-ory, de glo-o-ory, de glo-o-ory ob de Loh-oh-ohd!"

The clothes were in, but Aunt Mina did not stop her preparations. She selected pots and pans and placed them carefully about the floor and on the two worn old tables. One went at the head of her meager bed, and another in the far corner by the stove. There

was a rumble of distant thunder, followed quickly by a nearer one.

"De thunder ob de Lohd is a grea-eat thunder," sang Aunt Mina lustily, with a lordly contralto resonance. "Hit come to min' de sinners ob dey sins, an' to comfort de righteous 'cause dey is a Lohd in Hebben dat remembers dey in trou-ouble. In trou-ou-oubull. Dey is a great thunder in de air, an' de Lohd is a grea-eat Loh-oh-ohd. Halle-eluji-ia-aa-a!"

A few large drops fell and with them came a sudden startling burst of lightning and a long rumble of thunder overhead. Aunt Mina, her shoulders bent by the years of her life, went back to sit in the doorway of her cabin, her arms folded across her withered breast, her red kerchief tight around her greying head, and raised her voice in praise and prayer.

"An' de Lohd in His wi-isdom, de Loh-oh-ohd in His wi-is-d-o-om, He sen' de rain wid de thunder, an' hit come down through de roof, an' hit come down through de roo-oof, through de roo-oo-oof, and hit come down throu-ough de roo-oof an' make Aun' Mina wet. An'

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