

our home church, and then have an occasional missionary meeting of our own. But above everything else, let us cultivate the spirit of sacrificing for the cause. Our real interest is measured by the amount of our sacrifice. God's work is very seldom, almost never, supported by those who can write checks without it pinching, but by those who sacrifice and give out of a heart that burns with passion for the cause. Here is where we all can take our place in the front ranks. In fact, it is God's call to the youth of our denomination and if we respond a new era will dawn, and then God will be able to call some more of our number to go to the field, for then there will be means for sending them.

—H. J. S. BLANEY, Y. P. Editor.

THE ROMANCE OF A CIRCUIT

I was beginning to get discouraged. The summer was gone, winter was fast approaching, and I was by no means prepared to face the months of snow and cold. A few reverses during the previous months had left me stranded high and dry financially. At best we had been getting along on the small Sunday collections, with the addition of the provisions the people brought in, and now it seemed they had forgotten all about any needs we might have. Among other things, my only suit had come to patches, my woollen mittens were all worn out, meat was a luxury we hoped to have some day, and the wood pile was down to three weeks' burning. Of course I prayed about the matter, but I hardly knew whether to pray for a new suit or for a bad cold so I couldn't go out of the house. I knew the Lord would take care of things, but I was concerned nevertheless, for it was up to me to provide for my family, and so I started out to help the Lord answer my prayers by finding a chance to cut some wood. How I longed right then to be in a pastorate with a regular salary. How glorious must be the feeling to be able to step out and buy what was needed for the home!

But I found that all this was preparing the scene for some romantic experiences which no one but a preacher on a country circuit could have. Somewhere on the circuit a woman began to talk, something like this: "Have you noticed how shabby the preacher's suit is getting?" And her friend replied, "I hadn't taken particular notice, but now that you mention it, I believe it is frayed out at the cuffs and button-holes". "Yes", said the first, "and they say he has another suit too". If I had heard the conversation, I might have felt badly, but I went on unmindful of the criticism. But was it criticism? Apparently not. For just when I had begun to develop sort of a martyr's feeling every time I put on my old blue serge, I found that the people of all three Churches had been working for several weeks to get money together, and soon I was presented with some money with instructions to go buy myself a new suit of clothes. And there was enough left over to buy something for my wife. But that wasn't the end, for when the suit came it was not just my suit but everybody's suit. Not that anybody else wanted to wear it, but everybody was interested in it. That new blue serge held the centre of the stage quite some time, and when I was preaching I would see someone looking me over from collar to cuff and back again, scarcely hearing a word of what I was saying.

Well, I had my suit, and now for some winter's wood. I went to one of my members to try to make some kind of a bargain to cut some, and was just about ready to get out my axe and

sharpen it, when a young fellow dropped a significant word unwittingly, and I lay low for a few days. The outcome was that a dozen or so men, several teams, a circular saw, and a tractor got together, and before I was fully aware of the extent of the proceedings, I was informed that my winter's wood was all cut and sawed, ready to be hauled. And now after several weeks have passed I am slowly burning away at about ten cords of real good hard wood that is out behind the house.

Did I thank the Lord? Yes, with praise overflowing. Did I thank the people? Yes, after I got so I could speak. And I have decided that just going to a store to buy some clothes and to a dealer to buy some wood must be a very meaningless and boresome business—even to a seeming waste of time and money. Who would want to do it, compared with having them come as I have had? My suit is bulging with sentiment, and my wood snaps and crackles with the good-will of my people. I can only guess at the enjoyment the people must have got out of doing it, but they certainly appear proud as they look me all over, and as they feel of the quality of that new blue serge. And the men piled wood into my yard as if they were working for themselves—and getting paid for it. Well, I believe they were paid. The Lord paid them.

A CIRCUIT PASTOR

SHALL WE SAVE OR SLANDER

He was at the head of one of the great Biblical institutions. A man of many parts and much sober, sensible and spiritual. On this particular morning, when the editor visited him, he was serious. He had cause to be. He was in the judgment. He was in more than a judgment—he was in the misjudgment and this is the hardest of all experiences. He had been misrepresented, he had been the object of lies born of Jealousy. Tales had been peddled which had not the slightest foundation of truth. He was really slandered and was suffering the pain of it. He was wondering why Christians held other Christians with so little regard—just what many of us have often thought. He was wondering why Christians are jealous of each other, rather than zealous for each other.

Why are Christians so hard and harsh?

Why are Christian workers so thoughtless of other Christian workers?

Why will Christians bear tales on others with such seeming indifference?

Why do Christians bear an evil report with not so much as seeking to ascertain the facts?

He was just where many a Christian worker has been, discouraged, distressed and heartsick. In this state of mind he said: "If deep down in my heart I did not know Christ for myself, I would be an infidel by the things I have known leading Christian workers to say and do." His voice showed deep heart emotion and he brushed a tear away.

Oh, the shame of it! The pity of it! If Christians will not be Christian, then who will be Christian? If one Christian will not speak kindly of another Christian, then what can we expect of the world? If Christians will not be Christian then who will be Christian? Suppose, a Christian falls into error and sin, what shall another Christian do? Shall he recover him or uncover him? Shall we pray for him or prey on him? Does the Bible have anything to say? Is it anywhere written: "Ye that are spiritual restore such an one?" Does it say anything about "considering yourself" lest ye be tempted also? What does the Bible say? Shall we save

or slander? But suppose you do hear something concerning a Christian brother which is not well-pleasing, shall you condemn till you know the facts? If Christians will not be Christian, then who will be Christian?

Never was there a time, it is so said by many, that Christians showed as little love for others as now! This seems too true. Jealousy is rampant. Criticism is ready to leap like a panther at its prey. It does not take much of a man to criticise but it takes a big man to sympathize and if Christians will not be Christian, then who will be Christian?

It has been the rule of our paper never to degrade any man and if it has been necessary to rebuke, we have sought always to do it with great reluctance for THE BOOK admonishes us to be careful about judging till the Lord comes, for judgment is not ours but His. Again and anew, we pledge ourselves to be jealous of no worker but to be zealous of the work. We will guard the good name of all Christian workers, and if a bad name should come to any, we shall labor and pray till that good name be restored. We shall not take any "hearsay" and report it. We shall keep a guard at our lips and a sentinel over our tongue. We shall believe that we are our brother's keeper. We shall keep his name and set a guard about his life. We will be quick to forgive and not only forgive but we shall seek to be as God—"when we forgive forget that we ever had anything to forgive."

How often we have failed and sinned. So often that there is no self-righteousness left in us as a hiding place. But how freely has God forgiven! How graciously and how generously! He has washed away sin stains! He has taken away sin pains! He abolishes sin's reign! He is a wonderful God! And with such need of grace on my own part shall I not be gracious and kind with others? Yea, I should and I will be. Count on me and my love to all the saints. If any need help call upon me, I will give myself to a new and deeper devotion. I shall hold my tongue and let my heart loose. I will save and not slander! I will rejoice in any opportunity to serve another. O God, my God, take my life and let it be, devoted wholly devoted to Thee! Make me beautiful in life and devoted in spirit. Let others see Christ Jesus in me and let others see me in Christ Jesus! O my God, make us Christians Christian and commence on me, for if Christians will not be Christian then who will be Christian?

Shame us for our "holier than thou" attitude. Show us how contemptible this spirit is in Thy sight. Instead of lifting up our hands in "holy horror", teach us to bend our knees in importunate prayer. O God, take the sinful self-righteousness out of us! It is so unlike Thee. Teach us Thy way. Let us know that we do not know the heart and therefore, let what we know nothing about, alone. This is our pledge and prayer, for we have seen so much wrong done under the name of spirituality and when analyzed was nothing more than legality.—Holiness Era.

Grant me today sufficient will
To clamber up the steepest hill,
The summit reached, sufficient strength
To sing my song of praise at length.
And ere I leave the windy crest,
Grant me, I pray sufficient rest.

Hope proves a man deathless. It is the struggle of the soul, breaking loose from what is perishable, and attending her eternity.—Henry Melville.