

of the children knelt at the altar, for which we thank God. We are trusting that each one of our members will be saved as a result of these meetings.

We ask an interest in the prayers of other Crusade workers.

Yours in Christian love,

MRS. BURTON CROWELL,

Leader

### "CRUMB SWEEPED UP"

Watch this column for a series of articles from Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's book, "Crumbs Swept Up." We think you will find them both interesting and helpful. Dr. Talmage has written these articles in a way which makes them touch every phase of life, and we believe will be interesting to all the family. Let the preachers call the people's attention to these articles, and try to get a good number of new subscribers for the King's Highway now, as these articles begin. We have enough of them to continue a long time. The first one is entitled "Cut Behind."

EDITOR.

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### CUT BEHIND

Scene:—A crisp morning. Carriage with spinning wheels, whose spokes glisten like splinters of the sun. Roan horse, flecked with foam, bending into the bit, his polished feet drumming the pavement in challenge of any horse that thinks he can go as fast. Two boys running to get on the back of the carriage. One of them, with quick spring, succeeds. The other leaps, but fails, and falls on the part of the body where it is most appropriate to fall. No sooner has he struck the ground than he shouts to the driver of the carriage, "Cut behind!"

Human nature the same in boy as man. All running to gain the vehicle of success. Some are spry, and gain that for which they strive. Others are slow, and tumble down; they who fall crying out against those who mount, "Cut behind!"

A political office rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is in. Only one of all the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preference, than the disappointed candidates cry out: "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud! Now let the newspapers and platforms of the country 'cut behind!'"

There is a golden chariot of wealth rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run. They jostle. They tread on each other. Push, and pull, and tug! Those talk most against riches who cannot get them. Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousand reaches the golden prize, and mounts. Forthwith the air is full of cries: "Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum aristocracy! His father was a rag-picker! His mother was a washerwoman! I knew him when he blackened his own shoes! Pitch him off the back part of the golden chariot! Cut behind! Cut behind!"

It is strange that there should be any rivalries among ministers of religion, when there is so much room for all to work. But in some things they are much like other people. Like all other classes of men, they have one liver apiece, and here and there one of them a spleen. In all cases the epigastric region is higher up than the hypogastric, save in the act of turning somersets. Like others, they eat three times a day when they can get anything to eat. Besides this, it sometimes happens that we find them racing for some professional chair or pulpit. They run well—neck and neck—while churches look and wonder whether it will be "Dexter" or the "American Girl." Rowels plunge deep, and fierce is the

cry, "Go 'long! Go 'long!" The privilege of preaching the gospel to the poor on five thousand dollars a year is enough to make a tight race anywhere. But only one mounts the coveted place; and forthwith the cry goes up in consociations and synods: "Unfit for the place! Can't preach! Unsound in the faith! Now is your chance, O conferences and presbyteries, to cut behind!"

A fair woman passes. We all admire beauty. He that says he don't, lies. A canting man, who told me he had no admiration for anything earthly, used, instead of listening to the sermon, to keep squinting over toward the pew where sat Squire Brown's daughter. Whether God plants a rose in parterre or human cheek, we must admire it, whether we will or not. While we are deciding whether we had better take a dahlia, the dahlia takes us. A star does not ask the astronomer to admire it; but just winks at him, and he surrenders, with all his telescopes. This fair woman in society has many satellites. The boys all run for this prize. One of them, not having read enough novels to learn that ugliness is more desirable than beauty, wins her. The cry is up: "She paints! Looks well; but she knows it. Good shape; but I wonder what is the price of cotton! Won't she make him stand around! Practicality worth more than black eyes! Fool to marry a virago!"

In many eyes success is a crime. "I do not like you," said the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why?" said the snowbird. "Because," said the snowflake, "you are going up, and I am going down!"

We have to taste that the man in the carriage on the crisp morning, though he had a long lash-whip, with which he could have made the climbing boy yell most lustily, did not cut behind. He was an old man; in the corner of his mouth a smile, which was always as ready to play as a kitten that watches for some one with a sting to offer the slightest inducement. He heard the shout in the rear, and said: "Good morning, my son. That is right; climb over and sit by me. Here are the reins; take hold, and drive. Was a boy myself once and I know what tickles youngsters."

Thank God there are so many in the world that never "cut behind," but are ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he wants it. Here is a young man, clerk in a store. He has small wages, and a mother to take care of. For ten years he struggles to get into a higher place. The first of January comes, and the head of the commercial house looks round and says, "Trying to get up, are you?" And by the time three more years have passed the boy sits right beside the old man, who hands over the reins, and says, "Drive!" for the old merchant knew what would tickle the youngster. Jonathan Goodhue was a boy behind the counter; but his employer gave him a ride, and London, Canton, and Calcutta heard the scratch of his pen. Lenox, Grinnell, and the Aspinwalls carried many young men a mile on the high road of prosperity.

There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. May such a kind man always have a carriage to ride in and a horse not too skittish! As he goes down the hill of life, may the breeching-strap be strong enough to hold back the load!

When he has ridden to the end of the earthly road, he will have plenty of friends to help him unhitch and assist him out of the carriage. On that cool night it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a lifetime, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.

### STOREHOUSE TITHING

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fully and consistently carried out, and the money received were carefully and properly expended, the pastor would never be in poverty; the church property would never need be neglected; the great missionary work, home and foreign, would not be crippled as it is today; and every department, (perhaps I should say, every necessary department) and enterprise of the church, would flourish and prosper.

Have you accepted this obligation, and discovered the joy of having heaven's windows flung open to release upon your soul a measure of blessing that you could not contain? Do you give tithes of "all you possess?" Do you bring all "into the storehouse?" Read Malachi 3:10-12 again.

### QUARTERLY MEETING

The Quarterly Meeting of District No. 4 convened with the church at Sandford, N. S., March 14th to March 17th, inclusive.

Opening service was in charge of Rev. G. A. Rogers, who spoke from Nehemiah 6:3, after which there was a victorious prayer service.

Friday evening preaching by Rev. G. R. Symonds, Rom. 15:19.

Saturday evening preaching by Rev. G. R. Symonds, Mat. 8:18:34, using as text part of the 26th verse. "There was a great calm." One hand was lifted for prayer.

The business session was held on Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m. The meeting was opened by singing and prayer. Scripture reading was from Proverbs 4. The minutes were then read after which the roll call was given. Ministers present: Rev. G. A. Rogers and Rev. G. R. Symonds. Delegates present from Port Maitland, Woods Harbour and Sandford.

Election of Officers—President, Rev. G. A. Rogers. Vice President, Rev. G. R. Symonds. Secretary, Mr. John L. Smith, jr. Treasurer, Mr. John Smith, jr. Highway Agent, Rev. G. A. Rogers.

Reports from the following churches were heard: Port Maitland, Woods Harbour, Shag Harbour and Sandford.

A resolution was passed similar to that of District No. 2. This resolution requested the Government of Nova Scotia to close the liquor stores for the duration of war; also that other such drinks be banished from public centres. Resolved also that a copy of the resolution be sent to Halifax, and also to the newspapers.

Love feast at 9.30 a. m., led by Mrs. Alven Perry. Psalm 34.

A very stirring message was brought at 11 a. m. by Rev. G. A. Rogers from Jonah 1, parts of 6 and 8 verses.

Afternoon service was in charge of a visiting preacher, Rev. J. T. Gordon. He spoke from 91 Psalm and 13 verse. This was a stirring and convicting message.

The closing message was by Rev. G. R. Symonds from Mat. 7:13, using as a text the 21st verse. The theme was, "Cost of Christian Citizenship." This was certainly a practical and stirring message. Three hands were lifted for prayer and one seeker got through to definite victory.

To climax such a blessed and profitable quarterly, a testimony service was then enjoyed in which Christians expressed their thankfulness to the Lord for such a blessed quarterly meeting.

JOHN SMITH, Secretary