

"I WOULD FINISH HOEING MY GARDEN"

Saint Francis of Assisi, hoeing his garden, was asked what he would do if suddenly he were to learn that he was to die at sunset. His reply was: "I would finish hoeing my garden."

This seems to me an answer to many of us today in this troubled world and perplexing age. To many, the world appears to hold no security for them or anyone else. Why should we bother about preparing for life when the atom bomb war seems just around the corner? Why should I paint a picture, write a song, begin a book? We cannot be sure of anything they say. Why should we try to make a life? Next year, or perhaps too frighteningly near, it may all go, the life we began. We have lost the promise of tomorrow.

But as we think of it and over it, Saint Francis put the best answer for it by saying simply, "Go on hoeing your garden." The task is still here; the house to build, the book to write, the victory to win.

If the future looks dark, it has looked that way many times before, and however dark it seems today, however dark it is, we shall meet life better if we have fulfilled the present to the best of our ability.

Today is still ours along with the obligation to live it to the full, and as Saint Francis said, we must go on hoeing our garden.

—Canadian Baptist.

QUIET TIMES WITH GOD

I want to bear my testimony to the ineffable sweetness and sacredness of the early hours of communion with the Lord. How they detach the soul from the grip and pull of mere earthly things! How they maintain in the soul the supremacy of the spiritual, and how they enrich the secret springs of the soul's life; those quiet hours spent unhurriedly in the presence of our Father and our Lord!

Dr. Charles Inwood.

LET'S BE THANKFUL

"For beauty of the blossom-laden spring,
The promise shrined in every budding thing;
For sunshine, song of birds, and summer rain,
For autumn's fruitage, and for garnered grain,
And of the harvest, we give thanks.

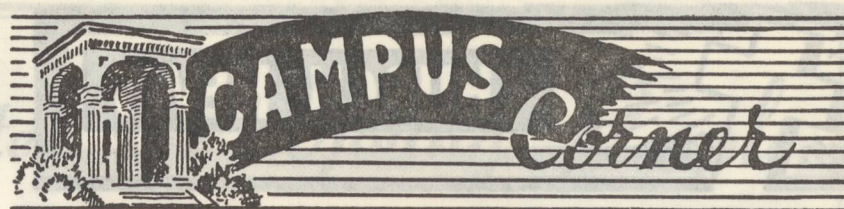
"For latest days whose wealth we fain would hold,
Those radiant days of glory and of gold;
Each one a tender benediction rare,
With something mystic trembling in the air,
Author of beauty, we give thanks.

"The memory of such days will linger still
Round lonely firesides, when in cold and chill
The wintry shadows gather, and the light
Fades swiftly and more swiftly into night.
O pitying Christ, help us give thanks.

"For happier homes where firelights brightly burn,
And love awaits the wanderer's return.
For song and laughter, and for household cheer,
For brotherhood of man, and human ties so dear,
Our dear Redeemer, we give thanks.

"For loyal hearts which still beat true and strong,
For victory over self, and triumph over wrong,
For hope of years to come, for trials past,
For infinite love that takes us Home at last.
Our Heavenly Father, we give thanks."

—The S. S. Banner



NEWS FROM BETHANY BIBLE COLLEGE

Greetings in Jesus' name from the Yarmouth Church! Having just completed a week of revival services, we wish to praise God for that which He has done. Rev. Stewart Steeves, pastor of our Woods Harbour Church, was our evangelist. He ministered under the anointing of the Spirit and were richly blessed under his ministry. We appreciated his fine messages and the spirit in which they were delivered. Bethany is proud to claim this young minister of the Gospel as one of her graduates.

The results of the campaign were very gratifying. A number were saved, some reclaimed, and several sanctified. Praise God, the blood still cleanses! I am sure that the students are better equipped spiritually for the future and that this school year will be better because of these meetings.

We carried on regular services during the summer months. We were pleasantly surprised at the attendance. God was with us and blessed. Youth Camp was held the first of August. Support was given to the campaign in Digby during the latter part of August and the first of September.

At the beginning of the school year the large number of students bolstered our Church. It was wonderful to hear the testimonies and prayers of former and new students. Now with the impetus our revival services has given us, we believe God is going to give us a great year of blessing.

Bert M. Hicks, Pastor.

★ ★ THAT PREACHER SACRIFICE

O. G. Wilson

A young man turned from the mourners bench with despair in his face saying, "I can't make the sacrifice." A superannuate minister with heaven in his face and grace on his tongue said, "Son, if God condescends to call you to preach do not consider it a sacrifice to obey. It is a high and holy privilege, and were that privilege offered to angels heaven would be empty of them within thirty minutes."

The young man fell on his knees, surrendered his life to the will of God and has now had forty glorious years of proclaiming a gospel big enough to save a world.

The preacher is a champion of righteousness, a herald of a promise, a reformer, a social worker, a link between God and man whose work must be done, a work so great that if left undone would leave the world a wreck along the shores of the universe.

Sacrifice? Would you consider it a sacrifice to be mender of souls rather than a mender of pots and pans? Would you consider it a sacrifice to tell the story of redeeming love rather than tell the story of sordid selfishness as it appears in the daily papers? Would you consider it a sacrifice to direct men's lives to the eternal city of God rather than direct traffic at the corner of some busy intersection? Would you consider it a sacrifice to announce the unsearchable riches of Christ rather than to advertise real estate for which the title given can only be temporary?

No! It is no sacrifice to preach the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a glorious privilege, a high honor, and he who is thus chosen of God should for joy sell all that he has and buy that field.

—"Wesleyan Methodist."