

I can but refer them to God, who is fashioning me according to His glorious will.

Just how much stock our Lord takes in the old proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," I know not. One thing I do know, that He never works me in such a way that I feel like complaining. I know not what it is to have a weary or unsatisfactory hour in His service.

At times it may seem to those about me as though I had received my discharge, or had been given a liberal holiday. Well, praise the Lord, when the slack times come (I speak after the manner of men), I revel in them. Can't I afford to have slack times if the Lord can afford them? Most assuredly so. The Master never makes me feel uncomfortable by saying, "Come, now, you will have to do something soon." Bless Him, I do love Him, because He gives liberally and upbraids not. I do wish more people lived where they had no anxiety about whether they did a good day's work or not. Oh, the joy of being in the harvest field with the Master, without having to wipe the perspiration from your brow, as the result of trying to cut a wider swathe than your brother has cut!

Some of our dear brothers and sisters appear to work as though they were in hourly dread of being paid off. What a blessing I have not so found Christ! I have no great contract on hand that must be done within a certain time or I must pay a forfeit. I work according to order, and when the order is delayed I get paid for my time just the same. Waiting is serving equally as well as acting. Blessed is he who understandeth it. Waiting is such difficult work for some that they really cannot stand it, and go over to his satanic majesty, as "he has always plenty of mischief for idle hands to do," they can invariably get a job of "turning something up." Most of us know how that goes. God's way is "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him."

Said a lady to me, "If I had your experience I would not keep as quiet as you do; why, I'd simply rush up and down the streets and tackle people about

their souls; I'd button-hole them in the street-cars, and any way and every way compel them to be saved." Yes; this sister was sure she would be a "rusher;" perhaps she would be; I cannot tell how she would be employed. One thing is certain, if the Lord required that kind of life at her hands she would rush in just that way, or step into Egyptian darkness. But I protest in being driven in that way, except by Him who guides me with His eye.

And while I am at it, I may as well say that I have given the cold shoulder to my experience. Yes, beloved, I have sat up with it for the last time; will never walk the floor with it again. I have paid out my last-cent for soothing syrup. In fact it is dead and buried, and now it is no more my *experience* that liveth, but *Christ* liveth in me by the Holy Ghost given unto me. My! Oh, but it is a great relief! Such a time as I did have! Didn't I accumulate care lines and encourage gray hairs in a vain endeavor to bring up an experience in the way it should go? I have taken it into the country and down by the water's edge in order to recuperate it. I have lain awake nights, and tried to plan some special suit of clothes for it by way of encouragement. I have taken it to class-meeting regularly for years, and showed the brethren and sisters how sick my darling was. To my recollection my trouble didn't seem to surprise very many of the faithful, as many of them seemed to be similarly situated, and had become resigned, and wondered what I was making all the fuss about.

Well, now, I did make a fuss, I can assure you, and would likely have been doing so yet, if I had not, in the mercy of God, discovered that I had no more business to go about the country, lugging that old experience around, than I had to undertake to regulate the weather.

My freedom came about on this wise: I was one day taking a stroll around the thirty-seventh Psalm, and looking up I noticed a sign bearing this inscription, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." I dropped into the office, and asked if anything could be done with a