

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

us when we were young. My devoted wife was travelling upon this sweet trail when she overlooked my faults.

There were times in the forest when we depended too much on the trail marked by others to take us to our destination, and often have taken the wrong path as a result of this carelessness. The quiet of the night, with God watching over us, would give us time to reason out the direction we required to take to get to our tent. We also had learned how to use our compass and follow it. The trail that had been blazed by the early surveyors had become extinct. The marks on the trees had grown over. The trees that had been used for section corners had fallen. I often wonder if we of to-day are allowing the great trail blazed by God over two thousand years ago to be covered over. The young trees in the forest grow up alongside where the old tree died. The young tree still stands for God's love. We should at least keep the section corners plain. Many times have I paced forty or fifty miles into the primeval forest, kept count of my paces all the way and followed