

The Test.

It is easy to be good
When life's skies are clear and calm,
When the voice of gladness drifts
Unaware into a psalm:
When full fed we sit content
In our gardens fair and sweet,
When temptations pass us by,
And our lives grow full, complete.

When the harp of life is set
To rare strains of melody,
Pleasant now, and full of hope
For the time that is to be;
When our lessons are each day
Easy to be understood,
When life's skies are calm and clear,
Then 'tis easy to be good.

But the real test is when
Close we hear the battle blare,
When we wrestle face to face
With our foes, want and care;
When our happy gardens lie
Waste beneath the spoiler's tread,
When our toil has seemed for naught,
And our fairest hopes are dead.

When we feel within us rise
Passions that we thought were slain,
When we find the stalwart traits
Growing in our fields of grain;
Then, if patiently we toil,
If temptations we withstand,
If we stand and overcome,
Then may we be counted good.

—Lillian Grey.

An Opposer Conquered.

BY A. J. GORDON, D. D.

It is more than twenty-five years since the circumstances which I now record happened. Thus ample time has elapsed for verifying the genuineness of the miracle of grace here related, and for proving that sudden conversion need not necessarily be a superficial conversion.

A lady had called on me repeatedly to seek my counsel in regard to uniting with my church. She greatly desired to do so, and gave every evidence of having experienced that change of heart which we regard as the indispensable prerequisite to such a step. But—and here was an obstacle which she saw no way of overcoming.

Her husband, she declared, was not only opposed to her making a public confession of her faith, but he repeatedly threatened violence against her if she should attempt such a course. Her duty was so clear to her that she could not rest quiet about it, and so she came again and again during three or four years to consult with me as to taking the step.

At her request I made the acquaintance of her husband. He did not seem to be a violent man, and gave evidence of a sincere affection for his wife; but at every mention of her making a confession of her faith in Christ, he seemed to break into an uncontrollable rage, which no reason could quiet, and no patient waiting could soften. At last the timid wife came to tell me that, come what might, she had determined to delay no longer, but to follow the Lord, and openly confess him in baptism. She accordingly appeared before the church for examination, was heartily accepted, and was to receive the ordinance of baptism the following Sunday morning.

And now the battle began. On hearing what was proposed, the man not only renewed his threatenings, but on Saturday night he took his wife's clothing from her and locked it up, so that she might be unable to dress herself for church; and he fastened the doors intending to keep her in, as a prisoner under guard, till the Sunday should be passed; but the long suffering woman was now as resolute as her husband was tyrannical. She succeeded in getting out of the house in the early morning and fled to a neighbor's home, who provided her with the necessary clothing; and thus, according to her purpose, she appeared in church and took her place with the little company who stood ready to witness a good confession before many witnesses.

I had not been informed of the last chapter of the persecutor's violence; but when, as the baptism was about to be administered, I saw this Saul of Tarsus walk into church and take his seat in the rear of the house, I felt a little nervous as to what might happen; but the service went quietly on, the hymns were sung, the prayer for the seal of adoption to rest on the confessing disciples was made, and the candidates were led down into the water one by one, according to our custom, the solemn exposition of the rite as given by Paul in the sixth of Romans being repeated:

"Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Christ were baptized unto his death? Therefore, we were buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

The service, to my great relief, passed without any interruption, and the congregation was dismissed.

A few moments after the people had dispersed I passed from my retiring

K. D. C. Cures Dyspeptics and makes them cholera proof

room down the aisle to leave the church, when to my surprise I found the dreadful oppo or sitting in a back seat alone, not another soul being left in the house except him and myself. What did it mean? Had he stayed behind to assail the pastor for having defied his authority in baptizing his wife? I confess I feared this might be the case. However, I drew near to the man, and as gently as possible expressed my pleasure at seeing him in church. As I did so I found him under such agitation that he could scarcely speak. "What must I do to be saved?" was his first trembling utterance. Then with uncontrollable emotion he confessed his sin against his wife and against God. He bowed with the pastor alone in the pew and cried for mercy; he was pointed to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and then and there he accepted him as Savior and Lord; and at a prayer-meeting during the week the converted husband confessed Christ before the people to the astonishment of all.

To many it seemed impossible that such an opposer could be really in earnest; but his life very soon confirmed his sincerity, and in a few weeks he was united with his wife in the Church, and within a month she had the joy of partaking of Communion in company with her long opposing and godless husband. Did such a sudden change prove permanent? As long as I knew his life he walked in humble obedience to the Gospel. Then change of residence removed him from my watchcare. But five years ago I was sent for one day to attend his funeral, and then learned that he had died peacefully in that faith which he once professed.

In the twenty hurried, crowded years that had intervened I had almost forgotten the man. But as I looked upon his dead face as he lay in the coffin, the circumstances of his religious history came rushing back to me, and I instinctively asked myself, What but the Holy Spirit could have wrought such a sudden, unlooked for and enduring change?

The lesson of this conversion is obvious. "We ought to obey God rather than men." This "ought" carries a blessing as well as an obligation. This wife's domestic happiness for all her subsequent life, lay wrapped up in her surrender to this divine "ought." For nearly four years she heeded her husband and held back from confessing Christ before men. Then she resolutely put God first, and made his claim supreme, and from the very first day she did so the most ardent wish of her heart was fulfilled in the conversion of her husband to Christ and in the uniting of a long distracted and unhappy home in those bonds in the Lord which continued unbroken for twenty years.

An anxious wife once asked an experienced pastor what more she could do to bring her husband to Christ. "I have talked to him and warned him and urged him till I am worn out," she continued; "and still he remains unconvinced." "Talk less to your husband about God, and talk more to God about your husband," was the curt and wise reply of the pastor. The moral of the story of conversion here rehearsed seems plainly to be: "Less fear of an opposing husband in obeying the claims of Christ, and more faith in an approving God, in honoring those claims."—Independent.

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Conscience.

It would seem as though each night Paul had a conversation with his conscience, a talk with himself in the presence of God over the record of the past. It is a good thing, not only for us to use conscience for ourselves, but to use conscience for our dealings with our fellowmen. I say that dealing with men in regard to their highest interests, unless you deal with the conscience of men, your ministry will be ineffectual. Hence, in 2 Cor. iv 2, Paul gives us the clue to a successful ministry. When John the Baptist was led up from the dark dungeon and stood before the monarch himself, and there by his side the woman sat to whom he had no right, the Baptist, without mincing a syllable, cried: "It is not right for you to have your brother's wife." He did not say it was impolitic, though that was true; he did not say that it was inexpedient, though that was so; he did not say, "It will involve you in a war with the father of your divorcee's wife," though that was certain; but he said: "Thou hast no right to have thy brother's wife."

In John the Baptist's standing there in that court and speaking so we have an exact analogy of the influence of conscience upon a man's

Ward off spring Disease by taking K. D. C.

soul. Perhaps he does not admit it, but it is, nevertheless, always speaking there. The voice may not be so distinct as the tones of yonder bell, which have broken upon us. Just as upon the coast of France the sailors say there is a buried city, and on quiet nights as they are rocked upon the deep they say that they can hear the tones of the buried bells coming up from the steeples far down in the ocean depths, with muffled sound, so in the hearts of men of the world who have lived lives of self-indulgence and evil there are muffled tones from the depths of their nature, ringing in the steeples of conscience, that tell them what is right and what is wrong. That is conscience.

Do not think that conscience is only the knowledge of right and wrong. I want to lay my foundations very clearly and concisely. To give the distinction, conscience is not simply the knowledge of right and wrong; it is the judgment seat of God in miniature. Every man carries the judgment seat inside of him, and day after day stands before it, and the Son of Man, to whom all judgment is committed, sits upon the throne of this inner court, and he not only tells us that this or the other is right or wrong, but He goes further, and He pronounces sentence by a kiss of infinite delight or with a frown of infinite sorrow. He says to each of us: "Come, thou blessed soul, loved of My Father and Me; come into the joy that I have prepared for you;" or, "Depart into the darkness of unfellowship and broken communion, O thou hast disobeyed the dictates of thine inner conscience." O, brothers and sisters, we cannot doubt that the judgment will come, when we carry the judgment in miniature within. Now, you will notice further that in some conscience is more sensitive than in others. I do pray God that we may have a very sensitive conscience. I believe there is a great deal more in this than in a great deal of teaching which we have nowadays. There are no short cuts to a holy life; you must take time to be holy, and follow the dictates of your inner light. I believe that if men would only live up to that inner light, if they were sensitive to it, there is hardly anything in the knowledge of God that would not come to a sensitive conscience. I remember when I was quite young, having left school, I longed to go straight into the ministry, but I was told that I must go to college first, not the college of the university, but the great college of human life. I went into business. I went into a tea house and learned to taste tea. From the very first I could tell the difference between tea and coffee, but I could not tell the difference between the different qualities of tea; but after a year or two of experience I could tell to a nicety, by tasting the tea, the cost of the tea in the market. So conscience by use becomes sensitive and delicate, and though one can tell at the outset the difference between right and wrong judgment, it is only as we exercise our consciences according to the Scriptures and the teaching of God's Spirit, as we advance in Christian living, that we come to see that things are wrong which we once thought to be right, and so become great in the knowledge of good and evil.—The Rev. B. F. Meyer.

What Do We Live For?

The matter of supreme importance for every life is the discovery of its end. Men have always been conscious that it is impossible to live without having a goal. There have been many answers given to the question, What do we live for? Largely influenced by their own moral condition, men have variously replied self-realization, happiness and the pursuit of righteousness. The few especially was earnest. Life to him was not worth living unless he could feel sure of the smile of God. This, it seemed to him, could only be attained by keeping the divine law. The attainment of righteousness, therefore, became the end of his life. That conception has been finally endorsed by modern philosophy. Epicureanism and Utilitarianism have been thrown out of court. Modern philosophy, by the word of its most able exponents, declares that "the end of life is activity in accordance with the law." It thus appears that the human mind interpreting the law of its own being finds, after much investigation, that the final cause of life is that set forth in the Hebrew law and expounded by the fervent lips of Hebrew seers. Human philosophy and Hebrew Scriptures agree that man was created for moral ends. And this, too, is the verdict of Christianity as proclaimed by Christ. The golden rule is the end as well as the law of life.

But moral and political science makes the melancholy confession that

unaided human endeavor always falls short of perfection. Moral science recognizes the fact of failure. Were man only good, there would be no catalogue of sins corresponding to the catalogue of virtues. Political science proceeds upon the supposition that man is a selfish being. The economic man, without whom it would be impossible to formulate the doctrines of political economy, is confessedly a creature who desires, without reference to consideration of right or wrong, to secure for himself as many benefits as possible with the least expenditure of energy. Political science habitually calculates and allows for the prevailing sinfulness of human nature. It expects nothing else of man. This fact Christianity emphasizes; but whereas on the part of philosophy and science man's sinfulness is an incurable and hopeless blemish, on the part of Christianity a way is shown by which the attainment of righteousness is made possible. That way is the Christ. He calls himself the way of truth and life; truth freeing the soul from bondage to self and sin, and life communicated to it by his own indwelling—a vitality by which to live and perfect itself.

Christ is revealed in his book. The sacred page is a living word—the voice of God. The way of truth and life is found in it, and therefore the Bible differs from all other books. Other books delight the mind with the gambols of an agile imagination, or inspire it by lofty thoughts, or excite its admiration by the solidity and extent of their learning; but the Bible in its simplicity, its calm authoritativeness and its directness finds us at the centres of our being, enters into our life and makes of us a new creature. The Bible is therefore the source of light, sweetness and life. It brings us into direct relations with God and Christ, and therefore becomes to us the means whereby we may be holy as God is holy. Not the righteousness of man, but the righteousness of Christ, becomes ours. By Christ we are made partakers of the divine nature, and heirs of a perfection which would have been impossible had not Jesus Christ lived and died upon the earth.—Interior.

Dr. Duff's Appeal.

When Dr. Duff, the great Scotch missionary, came home after his life-work in India, a crowded meeting was held in Edinburgh, to hear him on the claims of India upon the Christian Church. For two hours and a half the old man went on, holding the audience by his eloquence. Then he fainting, and was carried out of the hall.

Presently he came to, and asked, "Where was I? What was I doing?" In a moment, memory returned, and he said, "Take me back, I must finish my speech."

"You will kill yourself if you do," said his friends. "I shall die if I don't," exclaimed the old man. They took him back. The whole meeting rose, many in tears. His strength failed, and he could not rise, but gathering himself up for one final effort, he said, "Fathers of Scotland! have you any more sons for India? I have spent my life there, and my health is gone, but if there are no more young men to go, I will go back myself, and lay my bones there, that the people may know that there is one man in Christian Britain ready to die for India."

The Christ-Life.

There are some truths which can be interpreted only by experience. The teacher cannot learn them in his study, nor expound them by philosophy; he must learn them in his own heart, and then utter as well as he can the secret of his own heart, in the confidence that other hearts which have felt the same secret will respond to his utterance. "For me to live is Christ," is one of these truths. One cannot enter into it by the door of philosophy, of argument, or even of imagination. If we have not known what this Christ-life is, no one can tell it to us. But a familiar figure may possibly help to indicate it.

At a dinner given by a Grand Army post recently, a gentleman was introduced as one who had lost his leg in the war, and it is easy to imagine the cheering with which he was greeted when he rose to speak. But he began by disavowing the introduction. "No!" he said, "that is a mistake; I did not lose anything in the war; for when we went into the war we gave our country all that we had, and whatever we brought out was so much clear gain. That is the spirit which says: For me to live is patriotism; if I can serve my country better with one leg than with two, if I can serve my country better buried under the soil of the South, un-

Drive out Dyspepsia or it drive out thee, Use K. D. C.

honored and unknown, than coming forth from the war glorified, that is what I want to do. For I have come into this combat for the nation, not for myself." "For me to live is Christ," means just that. In Christ's campaign I cannot lose anything, for I give all to begin with. This does not mean that everyone must become a missionary or a minister. Amos Lawrence carried this spirit into the counting room; William of Orange carried this spirit into statecraft; Havelock carried this spirit into the camp; Arnold carried this spirit into the school room; and there are thousands and tens of thousands of mothers who have carried this spirit into the nursery. It is the spirit of one who, whether he is in business, or in the teacher's chair, or in the camp, or in the household, or wherever he may be, is trying to do the work of Christ in the Spirit of Christ.—Sci.

Random Readings.

Sin is its own detective.
Bad habits are thistles in the heart.
Doing good is a better occupation than digging gold.

If you cannot pray you cannot preach.—Theo. L. Cuyler.

A very small amount of doing is better than a wagon-load of resolutions.

Until we know God with the heart we cannot praise with the lips.

God will not help the man who will not do what he can to help himself.

Man never deceives himself so much as when he attempts to deceive God.—Caryl.

Labor is man's great function. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can fulfill nothing, without labor.—Orville Dewey.

To obtain perfection it is not necessary to do singular things, but to do common things singularly well.—Francis de Sales.

There is no spiritual arithmetic by which you can bring together any number of half-Christians and make a whole one.

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