

# Darkened or Shining

By Claude A. Ries

The matter of family worship has been one of delicacy. It was hard for me to have to take the lead (my father had always done that). Then one night I saw my husband smile an apology when an unsaved friend was an overnight guest in our home. I was so heartsick then, and have been many times since, that I finally decided to have my devotions alone, and to allow John to decide on his own relationship with the Lord. I would not mention anything about religion again.

This I tried, and found there was no balm to heal, when the tests came. I could not keep my own nerves under control, and his temper became cruel. We both acknowledged that we had to have help from the Lord to make our home-life run smoothly. While I have to take the responsibility for it, there now never seems to be a resentment to the family worship or to grace at meals.

But I know of no words to express how I long to feel that my husband and I are one, in our hopes and our aspirations.

There are times when he seems actually to enjoy seeing me accomplish things in the service of the Lord, but it is a matter of being proud of me, rather than being thankful with me, for the opportunity of serving the Savior.

Yes, I can turn on the radio to any program I want, but when I choose a religious program of really spiritual tone, John tries to find occupation to take him out of the room. If I am not there, his choices are those of which he does not think I would approve. Often, when I enter the room, he will turn off one of those programs. I frequently turn off the things I want to hear, for the home is for both of us.

I am grateful that grace has enabled us to love one another enough to adjust ourselves, but I do not congratulate myself on being a blessing to my husband except as infinite mercy may reach his heart and draw him to the Lord.

Yes, he has had occasion to know many times that I feel a hunger for spiritual companionship, but he feels he is so far ahead of many husbands whom we know that I should be thankful.

I am sure that the hurt of parting even after our engagement would have been small compared to the hurt of trying to adjust two divergent souls to a common interest, each one hiding his deepest longings lest the expression of them should bring up discussion uncovering wounds that are trying to heal.

Indeed, I know there is grace to take me through to the Eternal City, but my influence has been hindered greatly by my example in disobeying God. And my opportunity to serve the Lord is limited continually by the need of being fair to my husband's right to have his share of happiness and choices. There is continually the problem of how I am to be consistent in my loyalty to my husband and to my Lord!

Before you marry, stop and think!

—Christian Life.

## GETTING OUT OF A TRIAL

There are two ways of getting out of a trial. One is simply to try to get rid of the trial and be thankful when it is over. The other is to recognize the trial as a challenge from God to claim a larger blessing than we have ever had, and to hail it with delight as an opportunity of obtaining a larger measure of divine grace. Thus even the adversary becomes an auxiliary, and the things that seem to be against us turn out to be for the furtherance of our way. Surely, this is to be more than conquerors through Him who loved us.—A. B. Simpson.

The most wonderful of all visible things is light. Milton calls it the "offspring of heaven."

"God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." God has shined into our darkened hearts that we might shine out that light He has put there.

A little girl was shivering her way along a main street of a large city one cold winter day. Enticed by the beautiful lights and joyous music from a large church, she went in. As she warmed herself, she listened. The text was "I am the light of the world." At the close of the service the child approached the minister with, "Did you say that you are the light of the world, mister?" "No," he replied, "Christ is the light of the world. I'm just one of the little lights." The girl looked at him wistfully for a moment. "Well, even that would help. I wish you'd come down and hang out in our alley. It's awfully dark down there."

Yes, Jesus did say, "I am the light of the world." He also said, "Ye are the light of the world," using the same strong Greek word for light that He used of Himself.

"Ye are the light of the world." Let your light so shine before men," said Jesus, "that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven." The light of the Christian does not shine when he is angry or gloomy or discourteous or revengeful. The light does not shine when he speaks unkind and irritable words. God's light does not shine when little inconsistencies mar the Christian testimony.

Christian, remember, "you are the light of the world." Everything that light is to vegetation and life Jesus is to the Christian. And everything that light is to vegetation and life, the God-enlightened Christian is to be darkened, benighted men and women.

"His lamp am I, to shine where He shall say  
And lamps are not for sunny rooms Nor for the  
light of day.

But for the darker places of earth  
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth  
Or for the murky twilight gray  
Where wandering sheep have gone astray  
Or where the lamp of faith grows dim  
And souls are groping after Him.  
And as sometimes a flame we find  
Clear shining through the night,  
So dark we cannot see the lamp  
But only see the light,  
So may I shine, His love the flame,  
That man may glorify His name."

—Wesleyan Methodist.

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A man who has become very prominent was recently given a dinner. In the course of a speech which he made, he said there had been a time in his life when he would have been overwhelmed with joy if someone had invited him to a dinner like this, but no one thought of it then. Now, when he didn't need such things, he had more of them than he could attend. PLAIN TALK—Gospel Truth

## RADIO PROGRAMME

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CFBC St. John, N. B., Sundays at 10:30 a.m.