

the heart. What an unutterable difference it makes when a man feels what he writes! May God forgive my barren and unworthy past!"

Ada Martin leaned forward a little, her face deeply flushed, and her trembling hand went forth and touched her husband's arm.

"Robert, in this trouble did God give you a nearer glimpse of Himself?" she asked in a voiceless whisper.

"The first glimpse of Himself I have ever experienced. Wife, my whole ministry hitherto has been a mockery and a self-deception. While preaching a form of Gospel truth to others, I was myself a castaway. Could any punishment be too great for such a one? and yet God in His unspeakable mercy has given pardon, peace, and joy, which encourage me to hope that I may yet do something for His glory. O Ada! when I look back, when I review the past two years, when I bring myself face to face with the self which has actuated every motive and aim, I am ready to sink with shame. I have made a god, an idol of myself; the marvel to me is that God should have borne with me so long."

Still Ada Martin spoke not, but sat with her face hidden, weeping tears of silent thankfulness and joy.

"It will be different now, my husband," she whispered at last. "Oh, thank God! it will be different now."