

to breakfast, where the Lord blessed us together round the family altar. When our season of prayer was over, I told my friend I must go, when he replied, "Well, John, if thou must go, we will have to say the Lord's will be done, but thou can't go without thy shawl, which thou left at New Bedford, and that can't reach here before night." But the shawl was nothing to me, and then I said, "Well, thou can't see that it is right for me to go, and I feel willing to give thee this sign from the Lord: If it is right for me to go, the shawl will be at the express office when we get there; and if it is not, I will remain until it comes." But it was fully settled in my mind as I spoke that I would go. And when we called at the office we found it had got in almost ten minutes ahead of us. J. E. said, in a very impressive manner, "John, I am convinced it is right for thee to return," and putting his hand in his pocket he handed me fifty dollars, saying, "The Lord go with thee and bless thee in the journey." When I reached home I found my oldest daughter sinking very rapidly to the grave, and our family physician had advised First-day morning, about 9 a.m., that a telegram should be sent at once to me to return, but my dear faithful wife replied to him, "If it is right for her father to come, he will know it without a telegram from me, and if it is not, I would not hinder him in his work for our Heavenly Father." Thus the Lord our God has sweetly led us along the pathway of life.

"He gently leads us by the hand,
And this is Heaven's border land."

I write these sketches from my life-work, hoping they may encourage God's children to look wholly to Him for their leadings.

IN HIS NAME.

A wretched filthy looking tramp called upon a woman in Iowa some time after the war, and asked for her hospitality.

The refined woman was turning from him in disgust, when he held out a letter to her from her dying boy on the field of battle. In this letter her boy told her how this man had been his comrade. Had nursed him in sickness till the hour of death, and besought the mother to receive and care for him as for himself.

The mother read the letter and threw her arms around the neck of the wretched wanderer and made him her son. So says the suffering dying Son of God: "If ye ask the Father anything in My name, He will

give it you, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

"Father we ask in Jesus' name,
In Jesus' power and spirit pray,
Divert Thy vengeful thunder's aim,
Oh, turn Thy threatening wrath away
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks 'Thy rebels up to Heaven.'"

—*Fire and Hammer.*

CHRIST'S TEST.

F. W. FARRAR.

Men are always testing their own religiousness and that of their neighbors by agreement about small points of disputed belief or variant ceremony; but Christ's test treats such things as supremely insignificant, and He says: "By their fruits ye shall know them." The real question to ask about any form of religious belief is. Does it kindle the fire of love? Does it make the life stronger, sweeter, purer, nobler? Does it run through the whole society like a cleansing flame, burning up all that is mean, and base, and selfish, and impure? "If it stands this test, it is no heresy. There is but one Church of the true children of God, and unfaithfulness is the only infidelity. I am so convinced that there is no error more fatal than the notion that correct belief or church membership are of any value whatever in comparison with that righteousness of life which is the be-all and end-all of true religion, that I say plainly, and if I could find words to say it yet more plainly, I would say it yet more plainly, I would rather that any man should be a Romanist, or a Dissenter, or a Buddhist, or a Mohammedan, so that he were a holy and godly man, than ten times over a member of the most Catholic Church that ever existed, and be a sly intriguer, or a rancorous slanderer, or an unclean liver, or a professed liar, or in any one form of conscious wickedness, a hypocrite and a bad man.

"God espouses the cause of the simple soul; she has no need to study the intrigues of her enemies to meet their activity with equal alertness, watching all their movements; her Lord relieves her of all this; she confides all to Him, and then rests on His bosom in peace and security. The divine will inspires her with measures so just that they who sought to surprise her are themselves surprised."—*Sel.*