

THE POWER OF CHRISTIAN LIVING.

'Ye dinna ken, mon, what a braw saramont ye preached til the stiff-necked judge on yester morn as ye ploddet awa' til the kirk. I was minded me aim sel o' the sin o' Sabbath-breakin', but wha would hae thot ye had sic a pooper in ye as to mak the haughty judge get doon be hind the wa' for the fear o' ye!

I canna think what gies ye sic a pooper unless it be the Christian leevin' o' ye, for ye hae nae mony words til yer releegiu, tho' I canna rightly say they are a-wantin' when they are ca'ed for. I couldna but think to mesel that a' the preachin' o' the kirk wouldna hae moved the proud judge to bend doon his proud back the like o' that; and when he creepet up and peeket over the wa' to see ye get clean gone out o' sight I was aye laughin' in me sleeve to think that plain David S—, wi'oot learnin' or siller or standin', could hae brot hame the truth wi sic a pooper just by comin' along the road wi a limpin' gait wi'oot geein' a look nor a word out o' his heid.'

It was thus that good David S— was accotied by his friend and fellow-countryman, McR—, on the day after the Sabbath on which McR— had been in consultation with Judge W—, a man of much mental culture and of high social as well as legal distinction, concerning the rebuilding of a wall along the Judge's property.

In the midst of an animated explanation of what he wished in the new wall the Judge caught sight of David S— coming along the country road on his way to church. He was a man well known in the neighborhood and high esteemed as a conscientious, God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping, stern-principled Scotchman.

The Judge stopped suddenly in his talk about the wall and in lowered tones said:

'Here comes David S—. It will never do to let him see us talking business on the Sabbath. We will just step behind this bit of wall until he passes, and together the Judge and the mason crouched down behind the wall until the plodding footsteps of David S— reached faintly in the distance and the good man passed from sight, all unconscious of the silent, but potent protest against Sabbath breaking his appearance had caused.

What a grand thing to lead a life that preaches the truth. One cannot escape

telling the truth about himself, whether he will or not, for his unconscious, undirected influence cannot disagree with his real character. The laws of human influence lie deeper than we think. As in the natural world the silent forces have the precedence in power, so doubtless is it in the moral world, so that man's outward endeavor possesses but a tittle of the power he exerts.

Good men carry about with them an influence in their persons which others feel, but of which they themselves have no suspicion, and bad men in their turn produce moral injury of which they never think. It is character that commands the world, for in the face of the utmost exertions of the active powers the world is more moved by what a man is than what he does or says. We constantly meet with those upon whom precept has only the effect to tease, while example will convince. Of what surpassing importance is it then that we be good, since we cannot go back of what we are, or make the stream of our influence better than the source from which it flows.

Truly, we are 'epistles known and read of all me.' It is ours to see that the page be fair.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

LIVING EPISTLES.

"I have read a great many books on the evidences of Christianity, and most of the arguments in them I can answer satisfactorily to my own mind. But the change I have seen in the life of my little daughter in the year or two past I cannot explain. There is evidence of some power working in her which I cannot understand." This was, in substance, the expression of a father concerning his daughter of fourteen and fifteen years of age, who had recently made a confession of her faith in Christ. The father was not a christian, and was, indeed, inclined to what is erroneously termed "free thought." A man of more than average mental ability, he could meet arguments addressed to the intellect, but he did not know how to resist the power of a child's life. May that child's life lead him to the Saviour? But let us all ask ourselves, What are men reading in our lives? We are "living epistles," whether we will or no. The important question is, What are men reading in us? Is it of the power of Christ working in us?—*Christian Weekly.*