

THE FORCE OF A CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.

MAHOMED Rahem, a Persian, having been asked respecting the change that had taken place in his religious sentiments, gave the following account : "In the year 1223 of the Hegira, there came to this city an Englishman who taught the religion of Christ with a boldness hitherto unparalleled in Persia, in the midst of scorn and much ill-treatment from our mollahs as well as from the rabble. He was a beardless youth, and evidently enfeebled from disease. He dwelt amongst us for more than a year. I was then a decided enemy to infidels, as the Christians are termed by the followers of Mahomet, and I visited this teacher of the despised sect with the declared object of treating him with scorn and exposing his doctrines to contempt. Although I persevered for some time in this behaviour towards him, I found that every interview not only increased my respect for the individual, but diminished my confidence in the faith in which I was educated. His extreme forbearance towards the violence of his opponents, the calm and yet convincing manner in which he exposed the fallacies and sophistries by which he was assailed, for he spoke Persian perfectly, gradually inclined me to listen to his arguments, to enquire dispassionately into the subject of them, and finally to read a tract which he had written in reply to a defence of Islamism by our chief mollahs. Need I detain you longer? The result of my examination was a conviction that the young disputant was right. Shame, or rather fear, withheld me from avowing this change of opinion; I even avoided the society of the Christian teacher, though he remained in the city for a long while. Just before he quitted Shiraz, I could not refrain from paying him a farewell visit. Our conversation, the memory of it will never fade from my mind—sealed my conversion. He gave me a book—it has ever been my constant companion; the study of it has formed my most delightful occupation—its contents have often consoled me. The force of his example led me to him. The force of his arguments led me to see he was right. The force of his Master's love drew me to the light. Upon this he put into my hands a copy of the New Testament in Persian, and on the blank leaf was written : 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'"

A GENIUS FOR AFFECTION.

LADY relates how that one day speaking of another person she knew but slightly, she said : "She disappoints me utterly. How could her hus-

band have married her? She is both commonplace and stupid."

The friend she was addressing said reflectively : "Yes, it is strange. She is not a brilliant woman; she is not even an intellectual one, but there is such a thing as a genius for affection, and she has it. It has been good for her husband that he married her."

These words sank down into my heart like a spiritual plummet. They dropped into depths not often stirred, and from those depths came up some shining sands of truth worth keeping among treasures, having a phosphorescent light in them which can shine in dark places, and, making them light as day, reveal their beauty.

Yes, "a genius for affection;" there is such a thing, and no other genius is so great. It means something more than a capacity, or even a talent for loving, that is common to all human beings, more or less. A man or woman without it would be a monster. The souls who have what my friend meant by a "genius for affection" are in another atmosphere than that which common persons breathe. To such the world is as if it were not. Work, and pain, and loss are as if they were not. These are they to whom it is easy to die any death, if good can come that way to one they love. These are they who do die daily, unnoted on our right hand and on the left—fathers and mothers for children, husbands and wives for each other. These are they also who live—which is often far harder than to die—long lives into whose being never enters one thought of self from rising to going down of the sun. Year builds on year with unvarying steadfastness the divine temple of their beauty and their sacrifice. The universe which science sees, studies and explains is small, is pretty, beside the one which grows under their spiritual touch, for love begets love. The waves of eternity itself ripple out in immortal circles under the ceaseless dropping of their crystal deeds.

Men feel their influence, but only those of like spirit can understand the holiness and beauty which such human lives reveal. It is a Christlike life, into which God only can see clearly. God is their nearest of kin, for He is love.

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WORLDLY ENJOYMENT.—Often, when in the full enjoyment of all this world could bestow, my conscience told me that, in the true sense of the word, I was not a Christian. I laughed, I sang, I was apparently gay and happy; but the thought would steal across me, "what madness is all this, to continue easy in a state in which a sudden call out of the world would consign me to everlasting misery?"—*Wilberforce*.