

Why, you begin to feel nearly as comfortable as before.

Nearly, as comfortable? Perhaps *quite* as comfortable?

No, not *quite*; the fellow's queer ways have left a tiresome sort of feeling behind, but you hope some day that will wear off too.

My friend, you ought to thank God that you *don't* feel quite comfortable, for that would mean that you have so often tried to hush down your conscience that at last you have hushed it to death.

Light has been let in on your soul and shown you dark, dusty places there, and till you try in a real hearty way to clean out that dirt, those sins, it is good of God to let you feel uncomfortable. Do not wish to be comfortable, that only means that you are dead, insensible.

When that feeling of discomfort comes over you concerning your own conduct as compared with your neighbour's, pull up the blind and think. Is anything wrong in *my* life, however little, to cause it? What are the motives which I now see, though before I saw them not?

Don't change your house or your acquaintances; don't say that So-and-so is a hypocrite, or cracked, or over-particular; but be sure that if his better doings make your life seem sinful or selfish, or even only

disturbed and uncomfortable, it is you who had better alter your ways, not he.

The saddest thing of all is to see an old man pulling down the blinds, and refusing to see the moles in his life.

'I am too old to change,' he says, quite aware that a change is needed. 'I've always been honest and respectable. I don't go to church or chapel, it is true, and I don't want the parsons coming here, for they upset one, and I'm too old for that.'

And so he pulls down the blinds and dies in the darkness when he might have light, just that he may keep up a dead, dull sleepiness in his soul to the last. I do not like to think of that man. I would rather say one word more to you, who have only got your hand on the blind, and that word is, 'Don't pull it down.'

Find out what your moles are—your sins—and ask God's help to clear them out. Very few men in England will be able to give a good excuse at the Judgment Day for neglect of God and religion. They have the light, and if they will let it in on their lives they will be able to see their sins, and the next thing for them to do is to summon up their courage and drive them out.

What sin will you begin to drive out this very day, my friend?

Through the Forest.

A BANKER'S clerk in Austria was ordered to take a large sum of money to a neighbouring town. There was no line of railroad, and the nearest way led through a forest which was the refuge of thieves and vagabonds.

'Take a good horse,' said the bank manager, 'ride quickly, and you will get through the forest in daylight; you are armed, no one dare attack you save under cover of darkness.'

The young man was not altogether pleased with his commission, but he had no choice given him, so he summoned up

his courage, strapped the bank-notes up in his pocket-book, loaded his revolver, and started. He could not utter a 'God protect me on the way,' for he did not know God, so he chose to think or to say he thought that God did not exist.

The day, bright at first, soon clouded over. The wind rose and the way through the forest was encumbered with broken branches and fallen trees. In avoiding one of these last the young man lost his way completely.

Darkness came on; he could only move at a foot's pace, and when he saw a glimmering light in a wayside hut he thankfully made for it.