

Christ Our Life

For several weeks I lived in a boarding house kept by a little woman who weighed only eighty-five pounds. She was kept from falling into a heap by a brace worn at her back. She had lived on the third floor for two years with no outlook but the blue sky above and a patch of green grass a few feet square below. But her eyes shone like stars, upon her face was a smile that the affliction and adversity she suffered could not remove, and mirrored in her countenance was a radiance that one never sees on land or sea except where the Light of the world dwells in undimmed brightness. Christ was the Life of her life.

A Christian business man lay dying of cancer. Friends called to comfort him and they left feeling that they had been taken to the very door of heaven and had seen the King in His beauty. Christ was the Life of his life in sickness as He had been in health.

A young Chinese man who had been converted from a very godless, wicked life, and had been a Christian less than two years, came to call on me one day. After he left a gentleman who saw him for only a brief moment said, "Who was that young man? I never met any one who so instantly compelled me to think of Christ as did he." Christ had become the Life of his life.