

some of the highly-endowed and fashionable present-day universities turns out as stalwart a type of intellectual manhood as was produced in the plain uncarpeted rooms of the old-fashioned primitive looking collages. Silver spoons and soft raiment are not the regimen of heroes. Smooth seas and gentle breezes never make a sailor.

This same truth applies to the spiritual experiences of God's people. The great purpose of our Heavenly Father in this school-life is to develop a vigorous godly character. "Count it all joy my brethren," said the Apostle James, "when ye fall into manifold trials, knowing that the trial of your faith worketh patience."

Afflictions often come upon bad people for their sins; but God sometimes sends afflictions upon good people to make them still better. That hard rowing in the night-storm on Galilee proved the disciples' pluck and gave new fibre to their sinews. They were learning to "endure hardness," and were rehearsing their subsequent experiences in the teeth of persecuting Sanhedrins and blood-thirsty Herods.

Adversity brings out the graces and the beauties of the noblest Christian character. As a fine mansion is often concealed in rich summer foliage, but stands out in its architectural beauty when wintry waves have stripped the trees bare, so we find that many Christians show their graces to better advantage when God has let loose the tempests on them. The furnace of affliction is heated up for gold—not for gravel stones. Then, too, the seasons of trial make us more watchful. In smooth weather the sailor may swing in his hammock; but a piping gale brings all hands on deck, and sharpens the eye of the "look out" at the bow. David never fell during his seasons of severe trouble; it was the warm sunny days of prosperity that brought out the adders. Noah weathered through the deluge of water nobly; it was the deluge of wine that drowned him! Ah, brethren, I suspect that when in another world we examine the chart of our voyagings, we shall discover that the head winds—trying at the time—gave us the most headway toward Heaven.

The coming blessings of all such adverse experience is that they teach us our utter dependence on God. The poor prodigal forgot his father when he was among the harlots; but he began to think of him when he got down to the hush. Danger sends us to our knees. The hour of our extremity is the hour of God's opportunity. When the disciples were at the very crisis of the storm, lo! the form of Jesus appears on the waves, and the welcome voice of Jesus is heard through the tempest. "It is I; be of good cheer; be not afraid!" As soon as he sets foot in the boat, the tornado hushes into calm. Dear friends you may find that it is a blessed wind that brings Christ to you. Welcome him into your vessel. No craft ever foundered with Christ on board. No struggling soul no afflicted Christian, no sorely tried church has ever gone down when once the son of God has come to their relief. The fiercest head winds and the angriest waves obey his voice; and so will he bring you at last into your desired haven.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous winds obey Thy will
When thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
Wonderous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

Christian Intelligencer.

The Open Book.

BY HELEN GOLDTHWAITE.

The admonition to a child to keep his face pleasant lest it should grow into permanently ugly lines, may have been thoughtlessly uttered, yet it contained the germ of unquestioned scientific fact, namely, that thought externalizes upon the body.

One has only to recall instances half forgotten in the mind in order to verify for himself this truth. Who has not noted the striking similarity in feature and voice and even the unconscious tricks of gesture and facial expression of husbands and wives who have long shared the same thoughts and aspirations, yet who on beginning their wedded life bore no resemblance to each other.

Quite as illustrative are those instances of persons who have borne hardships each face expressing in unmistakable lineaments the thoughts that have been governing it. Two men of nearly the same age, personal friends of the writer, furnish examples which will apply indiscriminately to one's acquaintance.

One of them had care and responsibility of a kind that was for him hardest to bear. There was not only incessant toil and disappointment in connection with a dependent relative, but shame and disgrace. He grew to hate the cause of his sorrow and to distrust not only him, but others. He considered himself ill-used in the common struggle for existence. His face grew narrow and pinched; the features retreated, as if in an attempt to lose each separate identity in a general depression. The body became shrunken, the attire ill-fitting, the voice tremulous and metallic, the gait stiff and ungainly.

The other lost nearly everything that he had looked forward to as the joy of living. He was forced to practice self-denial in ways most ditterly humiliating and grievous to endure. Meeting him after a separation of a few years, I was deeply impressed with the nobility of his bearing.

The features had expanded, each expressing a separate dignity and beauty of its own. The eyes were kind, the voice full and gentle, the body vibrant with energy and majesty. Even his clothing bore evidence to the high thinking which had transformed the man, and his step, as he went about the daily duties of his station, had in it the elasticity and grace of a conqueror. For he had welcomed self-abnegation as his friend. He had been looking kindly upon his fellows, and no murmur of blame or criticism had crossed his lips or corroded his thought.

The faces of elderly people disclose in unquivocal statement the reigning beliefs and prejudices which, as we heard in childhood, was likely to happen, have actually "frozen" into their features! The tracing of shrewd, suspicious, distrustful thoughts is quickly discernible in the face, the pose of figure, the hands, the walk. Jealousy, revenge, avarice, indeed all the evil throng that troop before the unwatchful mind, transfix themselves upon the countenance and the body, as well as in the unconscious movements, the tones of voice and the eye-glance. With what relief does one turn away to look upon the face of a child or youth, where gladness has registered itself!

A kind thought is a beautifier. As evil thoughts express themselves in ugliness of countenance and bearing, the quality of one's thoughts becomes of utmost importance; for it is not only true that hard, unkind, grasping thoughts make the body repulsive, but it is also true that kind, generous forgiving and cheerful ones, on the other hand, make it beautiful. Yet it is not the occasional right thought that is necessary; but every thought to be beautifying, must be a character-thought, since every thought is indelibly registered in open view. For the special training is imperative—the training and discipline of habitual, unvarying kindness of speech, with persistent kind thinking and acting.

Sincere loving, true and generous thoughts quickly transform the physical features into outlines of attractiveness and loveliness, and they form the only recipe for good looks that will stand the test of circumstances and years. Nothing more surely reveals the governing thoughts of men and women than the lines about the mouth and eyes—those little tell-tale outlines of character. Truly, faces may be read of an open book.—Watchman.

The Three Cords of Love.

BY DR. GEORGE MATHESON.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."—Matt. 22:37.

There are three kinds of love—perhaps rather I should say, three instruments on which love plays. It may manifest itself through the heart, through the soul, or through the mind. My love for you may be either practical, admiring or communing. The love of the heart is practical; it ministers in common things. The love of the soul is admiring; it looks upon a far-off glory and longs to be near it. The love of the mind is communion; it has touched a point of equality with its object; it can listen and respond. A mother's love for her child is that of the heart; it is helpful. A poet's love for nature is that of the soul; it is wondering, admiring. A friend's love for a friend is that of the mind; it is intellectual sympathy—communion. I think our love for God plays successively each of these tunes. We begin with the heart; we say, "Our Father;" we try to work for our Father. By-and-by the vision of wonder breaks upon us—the love of the soul; we bow with admiration before the mysteries of the universe. At last comes the glad morning—the love of the mind; we begin to know God—to commune with him, to speak with him face to face as a man speaketh with his friend. That is the manhood of our love.

My God, I long to reach this third stage—this summer of my pilgrimage! I have seen thee as a child sees his father; it is a sweet feeling, yet it was a feeling of dependence—it did not bring me quite near thee. I have seen thee again as the poet sees his promised land of beauty; it was a grand vision, yet it was a vision which dwarfed the passing day, which overshadowed the common hour. I want more than that! I want to feel thee by my side, to walk with thee, to talk with thee. I may love with the heart where I have no communion of mind; I may love with that soul where I have imperfect communion of mind; but to love with the mind is to understand. Not my sense of dependence is Thy deepest joy; not my gaze of wonder is Thy brightest sunshine. The love that lights Thee most is the love that can understand Thee—the love of the mind. I would be called no more servant, but friend. Hitherto I have been content to receive Thy protection; but that will not break Thy solitude. If I am always to be a child, there will be no companionship for Thee. Shalt thou tread the winepress alone—with none to understand Thee! Shall Thy Gethsemane hour have only my pity, only my wonder; I have seen a child weep for its father's pain without knowing why its father grieved; it was the love of the heart, but not yet the love of the mind. Not so would I come into thy Garden, O God! I would come to comprehend thee, to know thee, to appreciate thee. I would forget my independence. I would rise into thy fellowship, thy communion. I would cease to follow; I would walk side by side; I would share thy burden; I would adopt thy name; I would assimilate

thine accent; I would appropriate thy cause. Give me this final love, this mental love, O Lord; for he that loves thee with the mind loves thee also with the heart and with the soul!—Christian World.

Sunday in London.

In the Christian Advocate, the Rev. Albert S. Todd gives an account of a Sunday in London, which is crisp and worth some meditation:

The Nonconformist chapels include quite as many sects as are in the United States, among which one may recognize recent American contributions in the way of two or three churches of Christian Science and Latter Day Saints, and one church bearing the name of John Alexander Dowie. Wesleys are showing remarkable zeal, especially in the erection of imposing buildings for the prosecution of mission work among the masses. Baptists are well represented by churches of all ranks, and Congregationalists are particularly prominent. The pulpit of the City Temple, for so long a time occupied by Dr. Parker, is now held by Mr. Campbell with equal popularity. The difference between the two men reminds one of the difference between Henry Ward Beecher and his successor, Dr. Lyman Abbott. In each case one missed the orator, but there remained such clearness of conception and richness of thought and, in the case of Mr. Campbell, such warmth of diction that one became easily reconciled to the loss. As a whole the Nonconformist churches seem to be more practical and wise in adjusting their methods to meet the needs of the people than the churches of the United States. How many well-equipped churches in the United States would risk their reputation and the fear of driving away the fastidious by announcing at the close of the evening service that tea would immediately be served in the lecture room, and this with a view to keep scores of young people who had a home in cheerless boarding houses off the street, and so out of temptation, till time of retiring? "If the people do not come to our chapels," said one of these practical Wesleys, "it is our business to find out why they do not and to find a remedy." In some of the Established churches there has come an awakening to the necessity of more practical methods, but for the most part they go on in the same solemn old path.—Wesleyan.

Christianity's Power.

An unfaithful church will always make an infidel world, and if the church itself be filled with gay revellers is it any wonder if it loses its grip? The church, so-called, may lose its grip, but Christianity never shall.

Is not the pulpit losing its power? some sneering skeptics ask. We have only to answer that many a pulpit never had any power, simply because the preachers have toyed with a lute instead of blowing the trumpet of the Gospel. Spurgeon's pulpit never lost its power, nor Moody's. Jesus, our Master, said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." This is the mightiest magnet that this world has ever known, and it will never lose its power to the latest syllable of recorded time. I have faith in the Gospel, and faith in God and faith in the future, in spite of all the sad omens in the trend of the times. I do not say that all the world will ever be converted, for I find no warrant for such an optimistic declaration in the Book of books. But I do say that Jesus shall reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet, and that they who follow all conquering banner shall reign with him in glory. I do say that the fight is on and that we are in it, and that the last grand epoch of human history shall witness such shock of battle between the power of light and darkness as has never made earth tremble or sounded up to heaven. And, instructed by the Word of God, I do believe that in that last tremendous fight there shall stand forth such monsters of depravity as never before disgraced the world, and such heroes of faith as never before won the plaudits of a watching universe. But the issue of the conflict is not doubtful. The sacramental host of God's elect, with the banner of the cross floating over it and the Captain of salvation riding at its head, shall triumph over the powers of darkness, and all around the globe and up to the gates of glory shall ring the loud acclaim "Alleluia! Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"—Dr. P. S. Henson.

Childlikeness, in its Scriptural sense, is a perfectness of trust, a resting in a Father's love, a being borne on in its power, living in it—it means a simplicity which resolves all into the one idea of lowly submissiveness to one in whom it lives; a buoyancy of spirit which is a fountain of joy in itself, always ready to spring forth afresh brightly and happily to meet the claims of the present hour; a resting contented in one's lot, whatever that lot may be; a singleness of intention; a pliancy, a yielding of the will, a forgetfulness of self in another's claims.—T. T. Carter.

I very often think, with sweetens and longings and pantings of soul, of being a little child, taking hold of Christ, to be led by him through the wilderness of this world.—Jonathan Edwards.