

they were afraid. And He took again the twelve, and began to tell them what things should happen unto Him." He was laboring under deep emotion, and He pressed on before them with eager step. Knowing the perils which confronted Him daily, this eager pressing forward along the path of danger struck the disciples with fear. There was something about Him they could not at all understand. The enthusiasm of humanity beamed in His face and found expression in His gait.

Jesus is revealed to us in this incident as standing apart from the whole family of fallen man. What an incredible thing rationalism asks us to believe when it would persuade us that He was the product of His age, or that His disciples had the loftiness of aim and the generous unselfishness to invent His character! Any miracle attributed to such a person as Jesus was, is almost infinitely easier of belief than such a supposition.

No title given to the Saviour should be so dear to us as this. When touched by it, and we perceive its glory, we are in truest sympathy with Him. It is hard to say in which aspect it should call forth our deepest thankfulness. Very affecting is it to be assured that the Son of God has so completely identified Himself with us that in every sinless infirmity, in every liability to trouble and sorrow under which we labor, He also was a Son of man, and knows by experience the pressure and hindrance of these ills upon the aspirations and energies of our souls; more than this, with a sympathy which went as far as righteous sympathy could, He made the burden of our guilt His own, took to heart our shame, and voluntarily "tasted death for every man." This, indeed, first of all, should move our deepest gratitude. because, without it, the other aspect of His gracious humanity would have inspired no hope.

But when once we have found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and have obtained in some degree the new heart and right spirit, and can look up to God with the cry of Abba, Father; when once

the thirst for holiness and yearning after the vision of God has been excited within us, then the assurance that Jesus, in the perfection of His godliness, in the amazing disinterestedness, purity and compassion of His character, in all that lifts Him so far above apostles, martyrs and saints; did not exceed the possibilities and promise of human nature, but was still the Son of Mary, "the first-born among many brethren," should also move our deepest hope and profoundest joy. The hope of being one day like our Lord through seeing Him as He is, of tasting the blessedness of His human perfection, and entering into eternal communion with Him, stirs unutterable longings in the Christian soul, and raises a vision of bliss beside which every other grows pale and dim.

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The Choice of Hercules

In ancient days, among the Greeks and Romans, there was a very favorite parable called The Choice of Hercules. It told how Hercules . . . went forth one day alone to commune with his own heart, just as he had arrived at that period, when youth is most wilful and most liable to fall into danger and temptation.

On that day, and in that place he made the great choice that he would eschew that which is evil and do that which is good.

As he sat on a green bank in silent thought, he saw two female figures approaching him; the one draped and veiled, and with stately and modest steps, the other loud and flaunting, and painted, swimming toward him with bold face and impudent mien.

And this one, thrusting herself before the other, claimed him for her votary, promised him every earthly delight of sense and luxury—the sparkling wine-cup, the voluptuous banquet, the life of ease and pleasure and wealth.

And when she had done, the other calmly bade him live, not for base pleasures, but for noble deeds, and instead of devoting himself to the vile indulgence which ends in