

right; that he will not pardon the unrepentant sinner, but must punish him for his sins.

But would you see the other side of the shield? Here, in the house of Simon the Pharisee, Jesus sits at meat. It had been something of a condescension that he was even invited to the meal, and the usual courtesies toward the guest were omitted—the kiss of welcome, the water for the dusty feet (O, blessed feet, weary and travel-stained for us). And there entered that presence a woman that was a sinner, who, in utter abandon of repentance and love, her heart crying out after the holiness that she saw in him, knelt and washed his feet with her tears and kissed them and wiped them with the hairs of her head. And Jesus said to her, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," and revealed God's attitude toward the repentant sinner.

Nay, there is still more on that side of the shield. God loved, God loves the world. Here was a duty that had scorned the Christ, had despised his yearnings over them, that would soon vomit forth its black mobs to see him die, to shout "Crucify him, Crucify him." And as Jesus leaves that city, and looks back upon it, it is with longing eyes. He yearned over it. Yea, he wept over it, and said, "O, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" And then when that same Jerusalem mob stood at the foot of the cross with jeer and jibe and cruel exultation at his agony, he prayed, saying, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

So we see that great truth, that we must hold on to even though we may not be able to reconcile it with the other side of the shield, namely, that as Jesus Christ wept over rebellious and wicked Jerusalem and prayed for his enemies even on the cross itself, so God looks down upon this lost world, rolling to its appointed fate, and loves this race of sinful men to which we belong, and is not willing that any should perish, but rather that all should turn unto him and live.

It is not an impassive Being, this God whom Christ reveals in his own life among men. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth us. Jesus has made the world to feel that God is a Heavenly Father. In that pearl of all the parables, see God the Father, running forth to meet the prodigal, himself taking away his rags and giving him the best of everything at his command, and saying, "For this my son was dead and is alive again. He was lost and is found."

This, therefore, was the glory that John and the disciples beheld. Some have thought that the reference is here to the Mount of Transfiguration, where once the Divine glory burst through the veil of flesh. But there is deeper meaning here. It was in the daily walk among men, as he went about doing good; it was in the manifestation of Divine sympathy and compassion, for the sick and the suffering, the blind, the lame, the deaf, the leper; it was in his yearning over the lost world, in his patience with ignorance and stupidity and coarseness and unbelief, and his forgiveness of sin, especially sins against himself, that Jesus proved himself to be the very Word of God. He spake with authority, because he knew what God was. It was in the fact that he preached to the poor; it was in the fact that the publicans and sinners thronged to hear him; that the woman that was a sinner, and woman of Samaria, found in him the hope and the inspiration for a life of purity and peace; it

was in his gracious sympathy with the down-trodden and the oppressed, with the bereaved and desolate of earth, that the glory shone through and could not be hid. For there is no glory like the glory of character. Nay, it was in the hour of temptation and trial, of desertion and betrayal, of bitter agony in Gethsemane, but of unflinching resolve; it was in Pilate's Judgment Hall; it was in the scourging and the buffeting; it was on the cross itself, that he revealed the Divine that was within him, the Divine Being that he was. It was in the perfect life on earth that he revealed the fact of that life with God in the eternal ages and thus his right to reveal God to men.

May we also, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, be changed into the same image and from glory to glory—Presbyterian Standard.

Reading Steeped in Prayer.

The reading of the Bible is as necessary as the feeding of an engine with coal, or the imparting of strength to an invalid by food. And this reading must be steeped in the spirit of prayer. You must never let your work for Christ so engross you as to rob you of those quiet hours when he needs you to be alone with him, that he may declare to you his Father's name, and reveal himself, and charge you with the spiritual forces stored up in him. One hour spent in work after prolonged fellowship with Christ, will pay better than twelve hours spent in unbroken toil. Christ cares less for the amount of work done than for its quality. He is more anxious about the worker than the work. Help me to remember this, thou Lord of the harvest; and often may I leave even the whitening fields that in thee I may find rest and strength. And if I seem to tarry, I pray thee send some loving reminder to call me to thy side, as thou didst to Mary by the hand of her sister Martha.—*F. B. Meyer.*

The Fine Art of Living

BY REV. W. C. MARTIN.

I remember an old Negro in New Jersey who had the sunniest disposition I ever knew, a cheerful, hearty soul; and it was no more trouble for him to laugh than it was for a bird to sing. With a wish to draw him out, I used to express dark views of life, and he would respond with "Laws honey, you doan' know how to live."

There are a great many who "doan" know how to live. Life is the finest of the fine arts and can be mastered only with infinite patience and ceaseless applications to its lessons. Many graduates have been receiving diplomas recently, but all their learning is of small value if they have not learned this fine art. If they have not learned, besides classics and languages and mathematics, to be good and to do good, to be happy or content, they are worse off than that old Negro, for he was happy and good, and cheerful and tolerant, and in real sense learned how to live. The very noblest workers on earth often give the world nothing else so great or helpful as themselves. I desire no higher eulogium than one recently passed upon a retired pastor: "What he says is good; what he does is better; what he is is best."

Man is a bundle of habits. His life is almost wholly a following of habit. Habit is second nature. His virtues are habits as surely as his vices. Sobriety becomes a habit and, if he desired, it would be almost as hard to deviate from the wonted course as

it is for the drunkard to go contrary to his. The same is true of habit truthfulness. A man habituated to church attendance finds Sunday a tiresome day without it, even as the individual accustomed to pleasure seeking on that day finds the church service dull. A healthy state of mind and heart, a formation of right habits, is essential to the fine art of living.

But that is merely foundational. Being good is that we may do good. "Let me remember," said one, "that I must do all the good I can to those whom I meet in the journey of life, for I shall not pass this way again."

"Every man," said Marcus Aurelius, "is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself." So measured many lives are worth little, for there are those who are busier about bonnets and flounces, or novels and entertainments, or cards and dances, than anything else, and often the entire exclusion of the higher and more permanently valuable considerations.

But another important lesson in the learning of this fine art is self-denial. Dr. John Hall used to say that he found it a means of grace to stand before one of the great shop windows in Broadway and thank God for the large number of things in the window that he could do without.

And then, if we have learned well the fine art of living, we shall make our lives steadily more glorious until the heavenly sunset shall crown them. Just before the end came to the well-lived life of Stonewall Jackson, while a smile of ineffable sweetness rested on his pale face, he said quietly, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." and without pain or struggle, his spirit departed. We should all be able to pass the river of death bravely and tranquilly and leave a trail of glory behind us if we have learned as well as he the fine art of living.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

The Reviving Flower.

The day closed with heavy showers. The plants in my garden were beaten down before the pelting storm; and I saw one flower, that I had admired for its beauty and loved for its fragrance, exposed to the pitiless storm. The flower fell, shut up its petals, dropped its head, and I saw that all its glory was gone. "I must wait 'till next year," I said, "before I see that beautiful thing again."

But the night passed, and morning came; the sun shone again, and the morning brought strength to the flower. The light looked at it, and the flower looked at the light. There was contact and communion, and power passed into the flower. It held up its head, opened its petals, regained its glory, and seemed fairer than before.

I wonder how it took place—this feeble thing coming into contact with the strong thing, and gaining strength! By devout communion and contact a soul gains strength from Christ. I cannot tell how it is, that I should be able to receive into my being a power to do and to bear by this communion; but I know that it is a fact. Is there a peril from riches or from trial which you are afraid will endanger your Christian consistency? Seek this communion and you will receive strength and be able to conquer the peril.—*Charles Vince.*

We are persuaded that there is no book by the perusal of which the mind is so strengthened and so much enlarged as it is by the perusal of the Bible.—*Dr. Melville*