

keep ever looking to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of their faith.

In that strange passage of Paul's concerning propriety in the dressing of the hair by women, lest the disapproval of angels should indicate a departure from the true and the holy, light is thrown upon the question of a circumspect walk with God lest the term "fools" should settle down upon the frivolous and the daring who fail to redeem the time because the days are evil. Even the angels, those "ministering spirits," look with deep disfavor upon that style of adorning which suggests ancient Babylon, the city of doom, rather than a preparation for residence in the city which shall descend from God out of heaven, the New Jerusalem. What does our boasted civilization amount to if those heavenly messengers who excel in strength, hearkening in the voice of God's Word, have to view with disgust the modes of the hour? The angels are holy. So must men and women be, or the flare of the present will change to the darkness of the future.

The Scripture depicts the future in a description so sublime for all those who follow their Lord in His temptations that the soul already begins to feel a foretaste of the coming glory superadded to the rich experience of sanctification.

Correspondences there must be in the future life. Nothing that defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, shall come within the resplendent walls of the city of God. God is holy, and the redeemed will be lastingly holy. The angels are holy, and redemption will place men on a par with the angels, "old in the years of heaven." Eternally holy will the "spirits of just men made perfect" be. The normal life will at last be reached when the eternal and triune God, the angels that kept their "first estate" and the redeemed of earth shall be equally holy in a society whose most glorious recollection and abiding thought will be the cross of Christ and its eternal redemption.—Free Methodist.

DO WE REALLY CARE

By J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

An old Christian was asked by one who wished to write the life of Murray McCheyne, "What do you know about him?" "I don't remember anything I can tell you about him," he replied, "except that he is the man who cried over my soul's damnation until he cried me into the kingdom."

In these days, we are apt to think that tears are a sign of weakness; but if we knew sin as Jeremiah knew it, if we understood wandering from God as the Psalmist understood it. I do not think we ministers could preach with dry eyes. I heard an unbeliever say a man could not sweat drops of blood. "Therefore," he said, "the story is not only impossible, but it is untrue, and if it is untrue, then all the story of the Lord Jesus may be false," yet I have in my hand the hand of a man standing on the streets of Boston, who told me about an aged friend of his. This friend received word that his boy, supposed to be doing well in our Western country, had been found guilty of the crime of murder and that he had that day been executed upon the gallows. They kept it from the old father until the last, but my friend told me that when the telegram was placed in the old man's hand, and he read the message, he stood for a moment as if stunned. Then his face became deadly white, then it became purple, then through the pores of the skin of his face the blood drops began to push their way, rolling down his cheeks on to his coat; and I know that if a man with concern for his boy

can sweat drops of blood, if a father in an agony because his boy had wandered in sin, could fall, as he did at my friend's feet, I know that the Lord Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane could sweat, for this world's sin, great drops of blood.

I went to hear D. L. Moody preach, when I was a country minister, and he so fired my heart, that I went back to my country church and tried to preach as he preached and we really had a great work of grace. It did not start immediately and I was so discouraged, because things did not go as I thought they ought, that I called my church officers together and said, "You will have to help me." They promised to do so, and finally an old farmer arose and said, "I have not done much work in the church, but I will help you." One of the officers said to me afterwards, "Do not ask him to pray in public, for he cannot pray," and another said, "Do not ask him to speak for he cannot speak to the edification of the people." Next morning we had one of those sudden snow storms for which that part of the country is famous, and this old farmer rose and put his horse to his sleigh, and started across country, four miles to a blacksmith's shop. He hitched his horse on the outside and went into the shop all covered with snow and found the blacksmith alone. The blacksmith said, "Mr. Cranmer, whatever brings you out today?"

The old farmer walked to the blacksmith's bench, and putting his hand upon the man's shoulder, said, "Tom," and the tears started to roll down his cheeks. Then with sobs choking his utterance, he said, "Tom, when your old father died, he gave you and your brother into my guardianship, and I have let you both grow to manhood and never asked you to be a Christian." That was all. He did not ask him then; he could not. He got back into his sleigh and drove back home. He did not go out again for months; he almost died of pneumonia. But that night at the meeting, the blacksmith stood up before my church officers and said, "Friends, I have never been moved by a sermon in my life, but when my old friend stood before me this morning with tears and sobs, having come all the way through that storm, I thought it was time I considered the matter."

Preaching fails, singing fails, but individual concern does not fail!

How are we going to get it? I do not think you can just will to have it. You cannot bow your head in your hands and say, "I am determined to be concerned from today." I will tell you how. Take your New Testament and go quietly alone and read a sentence like this, "He that believeth not is condemned already!" Then sit down and think about it for ten minutes.

Preaching and singing are not enough; organization is not enough, what we need is the spirit of the text.

One of our greatest missionaries we ever had in America, Charles G. Finney, was a College president, and very highly educated; but he was a man on fire for God and filled with the Holy Ghost. Whole cities were transformed by his preaching. What was the secret of Finney's success? He had an old man who travelled with him, but rarely appeared on the platform. The moment Mr. Finney would leave the service, he would go to his room, turn the key in the door, and get down on his knees. His name was Father Nash and Mr. Finney says, "When I got home from any meeting I would find Father Nash still in prayer. Putting my ear to the door, I would hear him say this, 'O, God, bless him tonight, give him victory tonight; give him many souls tonight.'"—The Dawn.

FACE LIFTING

There is a "lift" in some faces that is lacking in others. When the lift is of the right sort, it goes deeper than the face—it is in the heart. A missionary tells of gospel meetings and Bible teaching in Gobo, under the Japan Evangelistic Band, when the message "seemed to go deeply into many hearts." And with what result? "The prevailing phrase of comment concerning certain frequenters of 'The House of Prayer' is, 'So and so's face is completely changed.'" A changed heart means a changed face.

There is a vast business today, conducted by "beauticians" and others, which undertakes to beautify faces and exteriors while paying no attention to the inner man. "Plastic surgery" will lift the sagging muscles of one's face, for a price! How much better to have our face-lifting the result of heart-feeling! This is the real thing, and it is "without money and without price." Here are some divine recipes for heart and face-lifting: "Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul". (Psalm 25:1). "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. Thou hast put gladness in my heart." (Psalm 4:6, 7). "The Lord lifteth up the meek". (Psalm 147:6). God can change the saddest of faces into the gladdest—for "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creation" (2 Cor. 5:17).—Sunday School Times.

IN VAIN

Hold on! Hold on!" cried a gentleman, as he rushed along the quay.

A steamer had just loosed from her moorings and was steaming on her way.

The captain shook his head and cried, "It is too late." The would-be passenger had lost the boat. He was a minute or so late. He might just as well have been an hour or two behind. He lost his ship, he stamped his feet. But of course his anger was in vain.

Beware lest you be too late. Not for a steamer's sailing but for your soul's salvation.

The Lord warns us, "When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are." (Luke 13:25).

—Scattered Seed.

JOHN WORKED NO MIRACLE

Some of the people who came to Jesus remarked, "John did no miracle: but all things that John spake of this man were true." How wonderful is miracle-working power, and how spectacular! Yet John, of whom the Lord Himself said, "Among them that are born of woman there is none greater," was denied this high gift. Yet his witness was true.

It may seem a small thing to bear a correct testimony concerning Jesus, but this is greater than miracle-working — this correct witness-bearing—and more needful.

If you are denied the lesser power, as John, suppose you do the greater thing. By John's testimony some become followers of Jesus. Some might by yours.

The rest which does us all good, and enables us to do our work well, is the rest of the heart.—James Freeman Clarke.

Adversity is not the worst thing in life. Adversity is the turn in the road. It is not the end of the trail unless—unless you give up.—Van Amburgh.