

Pass it On.

Suppose a case. It was at the Lord's Supper, there was a good churchful of disciples, and the deacons came along with the cup. The rule was for the man at the end of the pew to partake himself, and then pass it along to the next and he to the next, and so on till the last one was reached.

One man, right in the middle of the pew, got hold of it and partook and then held on to the cup.

"Pass it on," said the man next to him, who had it, but he would not do it.

"Pass it on," said the man beyond, who wanted it, but he would not do it.

"Pass it on," said the deacon in a low but earnest voice, but he would not do it.

The pastor saw there was some trouble in that pew. He slipped down on tiptoe, and, seeing how it stood, he said, "Pass it on; the cup is intended for all; 'drink ye all of it.' It is not intended for you alone. Don't stop it; pass it along." But the man clutched all the harder and would not pass it on. He wanted to keep it for himself.

There is the Cup of Salvation. Christ filled it with his own hands. He gave it to His disciples to drink. Drink and pass it along. "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." "Go ye, therefore."

So the apostles partook and then passed it on. They of Jerusalem passed it on to Antioch; and they of Antioch passed it on to Ephesus and Corinth and Philippi and they of Ephesus, Corinth and Philippi passed it on to Britain, and they of Britain passed it on to us in America; and we of America are to pass it on to Japan and China and India and to the isles of the sea which have it not.

But now some there are who have got the Cup and hold on to it, and will not pass it on. There is more salvation in the Cup than they can ever use themselves, but they will not pass any of it along. When the brethren in other places conclude they must do something to hold forth the word and spread the blessing and come and ask them to join, saying, "We have found it so good ourselves, let us pass it over to those millions of poor Chinamen," they say "No." We do not believe in passing the cup along. So they never give anything to save the other people. Is that all right?—Baptist Missionary Union.

The Victorious Life.

BY REV. J. B. SILCOX.

One of the cheap, smart sayings of men is, "You cannot live on faith." My answer to that shallow sneer is you cannot live a true life in this world without faith. As Carlyle said, "For man's well-being faith is the one thing needful." When Paul said "I live by the faith of the Son of God" he revealed the secret of his strong, noble life. Man cannot live by bread alone, because he is not body alone. Man has a spiritual nature as truly as he has a physical nature. The great forces of the universe,—heat, gravitation, electricity, chemical affinity—are invisible. It should be easy, therefore, for us to believe in the existence of an unseen spiritual world. There are realities beyond the range of our physical senses. I as firmly believe that I have an immortal soul as I have a perishable body. My physical nature allies me to this material world. My spiritual nature allies me to God and to the invisible spiritual realities of God's universe.

The reality of faith as a transforming force on character no one can deny when he sees the results, the changed lives of men. The men who have faced and fought gigantic wrongs, who have tunneled the Alps of difficulty and achieved great reforms have been inspired and sustained by a mighty faith. Faith is ever and always the prime element of heroism. It is impossible to be a hero in anything great and good unless you are first a hero in faith. Every good man, like Paul, has lived his life by the faith of the Son of God.

There is a real antagonism between the life of faith and the worldly life. Demas became an apostle because he loved the present world. The worldly man makes much of the life that now is and little or nothing of the life to come. His hopes

reach to the grave only. Reason as well as religion declares that it is not wise to permit the present to shut out the future. It's a mistake and a blunder to barter ones heavenly birthright for a mess of earthly pottage.

This is the temptation that assails us all. We are so concerned with the affairs of this life that we have scarce a moment for serious thought and wise preparation for the life that awaits us beyond the grave. It is by a living faith that we overcome this temptation. Faith assures us that this life is only the vestibule of a nobler life in another sphere. To die is gain, because death is but a covered way that opens into life and light and love.—The Canadian Congregationalist.

Advice to Daughters.

I once heard a bowed down father talking to a careless daughter whom he loved.

"Lizzie," he said, looking in her deep blue eyes and stroking her golden hair, "Lizzie, I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a care worn look upon her face. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, but it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up tomorrow morning and get breakfast. When your mother comes and begins to express surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face."

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath, and swollen face. You were not attractive then as you are now. Through years of childish sunshine, and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in the first skirmishes with the rough old world.

"And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long years.

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked."

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours. And if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as she hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face."

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, which have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, which gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."—Eli Perkins.

Greater Than A President.

Sam was a farmer's son. A new railroad had just been made through his father's farm. One Sabbath morning Sam was surprised to see an engine drawing a car stop in front of his house. The president of the road stepped out and started to examine a new bridge. The little barefooted Sam trudged along behind the party. After a while the president turned to Sam and said, "See here, my little fellow, do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam, "I suppose you are the head man of this railroad."

"And what do you think I would be likely to want just now above anything else?"

Sam replied, "I should think, sir, you would want to get God to forgive you for taking His day to come and look at your new bridge."

The president looked at the boy a moment and then said: "who told you to say that?"

"No one," answered Sam; "I just thought it in my heart, sir."

"You think right, my boy, and I thank you for reminding me of my duty, and promise you that the reminder will not be forgotten. You have shown yourself a greater man than the railroad president."—Selected.

The highest ambition of love is to serve the one loved. It is the nature of love not to be waited on, but to wait on.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care,
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
That is all and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best,
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of his promised rest.
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

In The Beginning, God.

John Newton had a valued friend who ignored the Bible and said that all things came by chance.

They were both great students of astronomy, and so Newton devised a plan to make his friend feel ashamed of his "by chance" theory of creation. He had made for himself an astronomical globe by one of the best artists of London, under his specific direction, and had it placed in his library, where his friend was to meet him on a certain day to talk over astronomical facts.

The Globe arrested his attention at once, as a wonderful production of intellect and art, and he exclaimed:

"Why, Newton, where in the world did you get that magical work of art and star knowledge?"

"Oh," said Newton, "I came into my library yesterday and here it was. It came entirely by chance just to convince me of the truth of your theory of creation."

His friend saw the point at once—how impossible it was—and if so, how impossible that the heavens, which declare the glory of God, could have come by chance, if this human picture of them could only come by the design of a scholar and the expert work of the artist who made it. As a result he became an earnest Christian.—Expositor.

Turn Your Face to the Light.

It had been one of those days on which everything goes contrary, and I had come home tired and discouraged. As I sank into a chair, I groaned, "Everything looks dark, dark!"

"Why don't you turn your face to the light, auntie, dear?" asked my little niece, who was standing, unperceived, beside me.

"Turn your face to the light!" The words set me to thinking. That was just what I had been doing. I had persistently kept my face in the opposite direction, refusing to see the faintest glimmer! She did not know what healing she had brought. Years have gone by since then, but the simple words have never been forgotten.—Selected.

Foolish Economy

A lady in New Jersey, who had a fair income, restricted her living expenses to two dollars a week and saved the rest of her money. It made no difference how badly she wanted something for her enjoyment and comforts of life, and might have done a great deal of good as the years went by. As it was, she got little good out of life, and left the world none the better for having lived in it. The world would have been just as well off without her. There are thousands of others who are making the same mistake. They live, hoard up money, and finally leave it to someone who will make no better use of it than they have made. We do not mean to discourage economy and saving, but why do people not do some good with their means as they go along? It will make life more enjoyable for them, as well as a great deal more pleasant for others.—Gospel Messenger.

The total depravity of man and his utter helplessness, without Christ; the all-sufficiency of Christ and the virtue of His blood;—these are the doctrines that America requires, and that God will bless.—Tennent.

Stop.

A very distinguished evangelist said he saw this in one of our large cities:

A couple were to be married in a fashionable church; One passed up one aisle and one up the other, the two meeting at the altar where the minister awaited them. He had but fairly begun the ceremony, when the bride-elect said to him, "Stop."

"John, I will never marry you. You told me you had quit drinking and that you would never drink again if I'd promise to be your wife. But I smell liquor on your breath now, and I'll never marry you."

And she didn't. A narrow escape, but she did escape—being a drunkard's wife, with its unspeakable woes. Young woman, what about the young man who is so fond of your company? If he is in the least degree a "suspicious case," stop. Stop, before the fatal step is taken.

Another case: As a couple were passing up the aisle of a church, to be married at the altar the young lady stopped and sat down in one of the pews. She could not be induced to go forward.

Pressed for a reason she said: "As we walked arm in arm up the aisle, the place, the occasion, the crowd, the music,—all made me feel very serious. But James whispered to me, 'Mary do you know you are driving your pigs to a very bad market?'"

"I thought maybe he was right, if he could thus jest with me on a serious occasion. And I stopped. I'll not marry him."

Good. That was a wise stop. Young woman have you courage enough to stop when you suspect danger? A timely stop would often save a broken heart, a blasted life.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Alcohol Officially Condemned.

The first official act of Secretary of State Knox was to appoint twelve delegates from the United States to the International Congress on Alcohol, which was held last July in London. Twenty-five governments were represented, and these delegates signed a statement in effect that alcohol is not only unnecessary to human life and comfort but is injurious to both. The report recently given out from the twelve delegates from the United States says that greater interest than was ever known before was manifested in the Congress. The most urgent restrictions should be placed upon the sale of alcohol and children should be taught everywhere the evil effects of drinking even moderately. This is so near the position of the "temperance cranks" that we wonder the "liberal fellows" do not accuse some one of tampering with the report.

"Of His fullness have we received," said the beloved disciple, and John was not disappointed. Neither was Paul when he found himself "filled with might in the inner man." There is a fullness of grace and love and power and peace and comfort that His redeemed children have never been able to explore, much less to exhaust. I left some little brooks, nearly run dry, the other day, up in the mountains but I found yonder harbor, fed from the fathomless Atlantic, as full as ever. "Oh, how shallow a soul I have to take in Christ's love," said the holy Rutherford; "I have spilled more of His grace than I have brought with me. How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand; as little am I able to take away of my great Sea, my boundless and running over Christ Jesus!"—Selected.

A trader passing a converted cannibal in Africa, asked him what he was doing. "Oh, I am reading the Bible," was the reply; "That book is out of date in my country," said the foreigner. "If it had been out of date here," said the African to the European, "you'd have been eaten long ago."—Baptist Commonwealth.

The Spirit of God begins the work of holiness in the heart at regeneration and perfects in it the experience of entire sanctification. Leaving the rudiments of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection.—Sel.

The manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way toward the value of the thing itself.—Seneca.

A hedge between keeps friendship green.—German Proverb.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Rich Twins.

"Mother, I wish we could have bicycles and other things," and the twins managed to look quite unhappy.

"So do I wish you could have bicycles and other things that you would like," said mother; "but father and I can't seem to get them and get you what you really need."

The twins looked more and more miserable, and added:

"We can't have bicycles and we can't have nice clothes like other children, and—"

"Wouldn't you like to go and live with someone who could get you everything you could ask for?" said mother.

"Why, is there anyone who could?" asked the twins in the same breath.

"You know that rich Mr. Potter on the hill? They have no children, and I have heard they would like to adopt one. Perhaps they would take you both. At any rate I don't see how any one could help wanting both of you," said mother, with a little tremble in her voice. Let's go up and see if they want like you."

"Oh, no! Not just now. Let's wait until father comes, and see what he thinks," said Jamie; and Ruth said; "Let's see what he thinks," because she always said just what Jamie did.

"I think it would make father feel very bad to see you go," replied mother, "but you need not take one thing from home."

"Why, we must have our best clothes! Yes, our very best."

"Oh, no! They are not half fine enough for rich children."

"Well, we should want our tin dippers that you gave us."

"You would have silver mugs to drink from then."

"Well, I couldn't sleep in anything but my crib that father sat up nights to make. You know they are so much prettier than the shop crib; and Ruth we must take the birthday rosebush father brought us from the fair."

And you never knew that father went without his dinner to buy it, for he had not money enough to buy both," answered mother. "The roses are just like those his mother had when he was a boy. But they have a rose garden at Mr. Potter's so the gardener would not care for yours. Hadn't we better go up and see if they do want you?"

"Couldn't we have you and father and our home, too, just the same as we do now?" and Ruth chimed in, "Same as now?"

"Why, I think that if they took you to their home they wouldn't want you to come back to your old home."

"Oh, mother! we couldn't live away from you and home too!"

"And," mother replied, "we can't do half as much for you as we want to. Father said last night that God had given him such a dear home he wished he could do more for us. Poor father! he works so hard and—"

"Didn't you tell him that we had every thing we wanted? What did you say?"

"What did I say? Why I didn't know you cared more for bicycles and clothes than for us, and I told him we were the happiest family in the world, and that if we could have him and—"

"Oh, mother! we haven't got to go to Mr. Potter's, have we? Can't we stay with you?" and Jamie fell sobbing on one shoulder, while Ruth with real tears wept on the other, and mother had shining drops in her own eyes.

The tears washed away every trace of discontent, and when mother said, "Let's gather some of your lovely roses for the tea table to please father," the twins found contentment and joy in every rose petal.—Cilia M. Stone.

Finances are the real test of honour. The man conscientious in monetary obligations in all probability will be equally so in other things.

Never esteem anything of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect.—Marcus Aurelius.

I long to be a flame of fire, continually glowing in the Divine service and building up Christ's kingdom to my dying moments.—David Brainerd.