

PASS IT ON.

BY REV. HENRY BURTON, M. A.

Have you had a kindness shown?
 Pass it on!
 'Twas not given for thee alone,
 Pass it on!
 Let it travel down the years,
 Let it wipe another's tears,
 Till in heaven the deed appears—
 Pass it on!

Did you hear the loving word?
 Pass it on!
 Like the singing of a bird?
 Pass it on!
 Let its music live and grow,
 Let it cheer another's woe;
 You have reaped what others sow—
 Pass it on!

'Twas the sunshine of a smile—
 Pass it on!
 Staying but a little while?
 Pass it on!
 April beam, the little thing,
 Still it wakes the flowers of spring—
 Makes the silent birds to sing—
 Pass it on!

Have you found the heavenly light?
 Pass it on!
 Souls are groping in the night,
 Daylight gone!
 Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
 Be a star in some one's sky,
 He may live who else would die—
 Pass it on!

Be not selfish in thy greed,
 Pass it on!
 Look upon thy brother's need,
 Pass it on!
 Live for self, you live in vain;
 Live for Christ, you live again;
 Live for Him, with Him you reign—
 Pass it on!

—Selected.

PRINCIPLES.

As the foundation of every house that stands firmly is laid deep in the earth, far out of sight, so the foundation of an upright life is generally laid in the forgotten past, during the years of childhood—in earlier childhood, perhaps, than many are willing to believe; for the wisest mother I have ever known once said in my presence, that she believed that a child's character for truthfulness and honesty was generally formed by the time it was five years old, and my own observation has confirmed her views of the subject.

Some time ago, as I walked up the street behind a handsomely-dressed child, about four years old, who was led by a colored "mammy," I saw the little fellow, as he passed a fruit store, reach out his hand, and seize an apple, and with a quick motion drop it into the pocket of his overcoat.

A moment afterward, I heard the woman soliloquize aloud, as is the habit of her race.

"Laws a me! I do believe the 'e's done gone an' stole an apple," that was all the notice taken of the offence.

I looked sorrowfully after the pretty boy, but felt no liberty to interfere. I have often thought of him since, however, and the thought has troubled me.

Do you smile and say that a child so young was not accountable? I well remember the one theft of my life, committed when I was perhaps even younger than he. Left by myself in a room, I stole one strawberry from a plate of the luscious fruit. I had been well taught, and the deed was no sooner done than the most overwhelming sense of guilt overpowered me, and it was not difficult for my watchful mother, who read the trouble in my face, to draw from me the confession of my fault. She did not dismiss it, as many another mother might have done, with a "Well, I see you are very sorry, and mother will forgive you this time," but she talked to me gravely and kindly.

"My darling," she said, "how much you blamed Eve, the other day, when I told you how she disobeyed God, who had placed her in the beautiful garden, and now your sin has been the same as hers;" and then she said that she could no longer trust me, as she had been in the habit of doing, and that it must be a long time before her confidence in me could be restored.

I can remember still the shame and mortification with which that thought filled me. You will say, perhaps, that it was cruel to thus burden a baby's conscience, but surely it was the truest kindness; never again was I tempted to appropriate, or even to meddle with the property of another.

A bright boy, the child of a friend of mine, laughingly told in his mother's presence of what he called a good trick: "Ned Brown and I," he said, "went into Mr. B.'s grocery store, and Ned asked him to give him some samples of sugar for his grandmother. We did not tell a story about it, for he did not say that his grandmother sent him, but the man thought so, and wrapped him up several parcels, and when we came out we ate the sugar." Some mothers would have smiled at the boyish prank; others might have administered a reprimand, and told him he had been "a very naughty boy," and there the matter would have ended. This mother adopted a different course.

Gently and affectionately, she explained to her little son the sin of getting goods on false pretences, and that the unauthorized use of the grandmother's name was *forger*, a crime for which many a promising young man was languishing in prison.

The boy listened with a sober face. His judgment was convinced; moreover, he saw that his mother was genuinely distressed that his own sense of honor and right had not withheld him from such a course of conduct. The lesson proved a salutary one, and as boy and man he was distinguished ever afterward by his perfectly upright walk.

Dear mothers, watch your babies. When your little lisping child, unable to distinguish right from wrong, makes a false statement, never let it pass unnoticed. Say, "No, darling, it did not happen in that way. This was what happened. Try and remember."

Of many a man upon whom the shadow of disgrace has fallen, it may be said:

"The want of his life, was the great want, in fact, of a principle. Rather than *power* to act upon principle."

Remember, as I said above, if the superstructure is to stand firm, the foundation must be carefully laid, and never forget that they are laid in your nurseries, and you are building upon them now.—Parish Visitor.

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

If a believer has a right to all the privileges of a child of God, why should he not enjoy them? If "Christ liveth in me," then ought I to be a live, cheerful, athletic, and happy Christian. I ought to enjoy the open vision of Christ as my teaching Prophet, my atoning Priest, and my conquering King. Surely I ought to be strengthened with all might in the inner man—to be filled with the Spirit, and to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

How many of all the members of Christian churches are thus seeking the things that are above, and living in the purer atmosphere of a constant fellowship with Jesus? Too many, we fear, are content with the very least and lowest form of piety. They are barely alive. Their names are on the church register, but they make but few entries in that "record on high," which contains the "well done" of good and faithful servants. Their spiritual pulse is feeble; their appetite for the bread of life is poor; their joys are meagre; their assurance has dwindled down to about this—"Well, I hope that I am a Christian, for I think I was converted several years ago."

This is about like referring to the list of "Births" in our old family Bible to prove that we are alive. Such professors have no muscle in their faith; no power in their prayers, no ring in their experiences, no inspiration in their example, no sunshine in their souls. Their barometer, like that of a steamer on the banks of Newfoundland, indicates "falling weather," and plenty of floating ice not far off. They hope that some time or other they will make the harbor of heaven after a chilly, uncomfortable voyage through the fogs. All this is better than smashing into the wreck on the lee shore of perdition, but it is no more like Paul's "log book" in the eighth chapter of Romans than the snail's pace of a canal scow is like the splendid speed of a White Star steamer.

Such dead and alive Christians need a new resurrection. They want something more than Easter music and flowers and religious entertainment; they must have an Easter in the soul. A new baptism of the Holy Ghost would make them new beings. Gasping for breath is not living; it is not pressing towards the goal of a high calling; it is not joy in the Holy Ghost, nor is it a glorifying God in the bearing of much fruit. No little crude nonsense has been said and sung about the "higher life." But the word of God does describe such a life, and it is the form of Christianity that the Apostles preached and practiced. Jonathan Edwards got a fresh instalment of it when he said, "From that time I began to have a new idea of Christ, and of the work of redemption." John Wesley had such a spiritual Easter when he began to realize that "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made him free from the law of sin and death."

Such a higher life in the hearts of all our church members would be a revival that would echo in heaven, and put a new face on our Christianity, and introduce a new and tremendous power for the conversion of a dead world to God. Not for one festival Sabbath would it last, but for years to come. Risen with Christ, the church would put on the beautiful array of holiness. As in Jerusalem on that memorable Lord's day, men would come out of their graves and be seen walking about the city. Why shall not every one of us seek this new quickening? It would be a fresh and unanswerable manifestation of Christ to all around us; no infidel could deny or deride if he actually saw "Christ living in us." The risen Christ would reappear in a risen church.

IS IT WASTE?

Our Lord expressly discourages and forbids waste. "Let nothing be lost." It is wicked to waste money, food, time, opportunity, life, influence. Hence, there might seem to be an appearance of piety and obedience in the vociferous indignation which Jesus expressed at the pouring forth of the ointment, and in his judicious and exact calculation, that "it might have been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor."

But was it waste? Not all consuming is waste. It is not waste when we use food in order to sustain life; the food has disappeared as food; but it lives again in our renewed vigor. It is not waste when we burn wood and coal to keep us warm, to cook our food, to carry our machinery. But it would be waste to burn this same fuel out of doors with no benefit to anybody.

It is a waste to consume anything without producing a corresponding benefit. It is not waste when he re-sult produced counterbalances the loss. And, further, not all value is material; not all are to be measured by the yard-stick or weighed on the scales.

Every invention has cost something in time, labor, brain-work. But it was not a waste, if the invention was worth what it cost. It cost something to discover America, to declare independence, and to make the declaration a reality, it cost something in blood and suffering, it cost the desolation of states, the loneliness of homes, the blighting of many a hope. But were all these waste? It cost something to establish religious liberty, and the knowledge of the truth of the gospel. But was the life of Latimer, the life of Huss waste?

A young man with fine prospects in business, or in law, or in politics, gives up all these and devotes himself to the labors of the ministry, renouncing the hope of distinction, and consenting to a life obscure, scantily paid. Is it a waste? Still more, the same young man forsakes his home that he may seek the yet more complete self-renunciation of a missionary life, spending his days among savages, employing his fine mental powers in teaching barbarians the simple truths of morals and religion. Is it a waste? Perhaps the brilliant young man who has given up all hope of a career, is not permitted even to spend a long life in his chosen toils; he dies when he has but begun. Was his life wasted?

The intiment, if sold for three hundred pence, might indeed have bought (if Judas, who was a great financier, and who would have been a railroad king if he had lived in our times, had let it go through his hands)—might have bought perhaps six hundred or perhaps a thousand loaves of bread; next day, the loaves would all have been eaten and gone. But the ointment poured on the feet of the Lord refreshed his soul that had so often longed and hungered for some expression of affection and gratitude; it set for all time an example of uncalculating womanly tenderness; it made heaven and earth richer for ever.

But there is a waste most deplorable and wicked. When a human being, made for immortality, made for the service of God and of man, devotes himself and his powers to mere selfishness, to self-indulgence, to pleasure, to money-getting, to ambition, or even to a culture that ends in himself, that is a waste against which heaven and earth cry aloud. The most completely wasted life is the life that is spent for self alone.—National Baptist.

WON BY KINDNESS.

The old saying that "the bravest are the tenderest," is well illustrated in the following anecdote of General Gordon, the English hero, whose deeds of kindness, especially to poor boys, are as well known as his brilliant military deeds:

A boy in the employ of a tradesman in the town had robbed his master, who was very angry, and loudly declared that he would send him to prison. The poor mother was broken-hearted, but she had heard of Colonel Gordon, and knew that he was ever ready to help the distressed. So she went to him, and tearfully told her story.

"I cannot understand it, sir," she said. "He has always been an honest boy, and I do believe this has been the first and last time. If he could only have another chance. But if he is sent to prison I am afraid it will end in his ruin."

"I am afraid it will," replied the sympathetic soldier. "I will do what I can for him. What would you like me to do?"

"Oh, sir, if you would intercede with his master, and persuade him not to send my boy to jail, I will be grateful to you all my life."

So the colonel went to the master, who was still very angry, and

the boy should be punished. "What will become of the boy?" demanded the master; "I cannot keep him here now."

"Oh, no, of course you cannot; but if you promise not to prosecute him I will take charge of him, and, perhaps, we can make a man out of the rascal yet. At least, I should like to try, if you will let me."

"Very well, colonel, I will not punish him, and I hope he may repay your kindness."

"Thank you very much." The boy was then spoken to earnestly, gravely, and kindly. It was pointed out to him that he narrowly escaped being sent to prison, and that he had broken the laws of God as well as the laws of man.

"But," said his benefactor, "you shall have a chance; your master has forgiven you, and if you ask God he will forgive you also. And I will help you if you behave well in the future and try to do your best. Will you?" "Yes, sir, indeed I will," replied the boy; and he did. The colonel sent him to school for a year, and then got him a berth on board a ship. He is now a man, and bears a good character, while he and his mother bless the name of Gordon.

LATE AGAIN.

"Half a minute more, ma'am, and you'd have missed the train!" Yes, and very probably she would have deserved to miss it. It does sometimes happen that one cannot help it; but, in nine cases out of ten, the cause of being too late is just—a habit of trifling, and putting off everything to the last. Very likely this lady had plenty of time—but she trifled with her packing, and trifled with her dressing, and trifled in getting to the station; and now with her trifling she teases the porter, who manages to get her pushed into the train just as it begins to move, at the risk of being knocked down and crushed under the wheels!

Which of you is it, young readers, who is always making that noise by coming in late in the morning to school? Which of you is it that opens the door, and comes creaking to your place in the Sabbath-school after perhaps the hymn has been sung, or the prayer has been begun? Who is it? Never do it again. Be punctual—that is, be in time in all your engagements. You have no right to keep people, and especially older people, waiting upon you. To be careless in keeping an appointment shows a want of real conscientiousness; and yet some of those who are the very worst in this respect will never admit they are in the wrong. Their watch misled them, or "they did not think it was so far on," or some excuse or other is always ready. Boys, if you go on thus, you will never get on in business. The great General Washington, of America, once had a secretary who was often late at his desk, and was always laying the blame on his watch. "You must get another watch," said the General, at last, "or I must get another secretary."—At Home and Abroad.

RANDOM READINGS.

Keep the home near heaven. Let it face toward the Father's house.

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal, as to idealize the real.

The measure of our success is in proportion as we satisfy God.—Dr. Krummuacher.

The utterance between the man that hates and the man that kills, may be nowhere but in the courage.

O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day, if I forget thee, do not thou forget me!—Sir Jacob Ashley.

If thou art wise, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—Luther.

What God wants is not "services" but service. A Christian life is the best argument for Christ.—Rev. J. E. Johnson.

Do not talk about disgrace from a thing being known, when the disgrace is, that the thing should exist.—Robt. Falconer.

No church can live long on her own history—no, not even if every page of that history were written with the blood of her own martyrs.

It is greed and laziness and selfishness, not hunger or weariness or cold, that takes the dignity out of a man, and makes him look mean.

Beautiful souls often get put into plain bodies; but they cannot be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness of the humility which gives it grace.—Louisa M. Alcott.

We cannot skip the seasons of our education. We cannot hasten the ripeness and sweetness by a single day, nor dispense with one night's nipping frost, nor one week's blighting east

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