

the destruction of the social spirit cultivated by the common cup. That Church will be most blessed of God which seeks to actualize human brotherhood, and rescue fallen humanity to the exalted plane of Christian manhood.

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UNWORTHILY.

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HOW many Christians are unhappy at the reading of I Cor. xi. 27-29:

The word "unworthily" and its consequences—"eating and drinking condemnation"—put a pang in their hearts and a shadow on the Lord's table. What does it mean? "Unworthily" is an adverb, not an adjective. It applies to the manner of the communing, not the person who communes.

The Corinthians celebrated the Lord's Supper as a part of a meal to which they came hungry and thirsty. Social lines, best seats, and best helpings, or overeating and drinking, dishonored, destroyed, and buried the sacrament. They did not discern nor discriminate the Lord's body. They ate and drank "unworthily" of their host and the heavenly food. We can hardly do that to-day. The separation of the sacrament from the daily meal makes it impossible.

We eat "unworthily" when we eat thoughtlessly or heartlessly. If we do not think of Jesus, if we do not remember his love and mercy and meditate upon His goodness, thank Him, adore Him, dedicate ourselves anew to Him, then we do not "discern the Lord's body," and we eat unworthily. It is self-deception.

It is even worse if we eat heartlessly, thinking superstitiously that it counts with God. The cross means death to sin. Can we say to our sins: "Stay out here for a little, while I go to communion. I will not be gone long, and it will make no difference in our friendship" and not eat and drink condemnation? This is the worst kind of hypocrisy. If we show the Lord's death at the communion, we must show the Lord's life afterwards—a life that says: "I am crucified with Christ to sin, that sin may be destroyed. I am buried with Christ, dead to the old life, that I may rise with him to the new life."

But if, unworthy though we are, we come because we are His, because we want to obey Him, because we need the strength He gives us through the holy communion, resolved to do our best to please Him, to conquer sin, to help His kingdom to come, we are welcome beyond words. Unworthiness is no bar to coming, our sins are no hindrance, if, so far as we know our heart, we repent and determine to destroy them.—*Forwood.*

BELIEVING IN YOURSELF.

THERE are few better protections against unworthy conduct than the faculty of believing in yourself, and taking a high estimate of what the future has in store for you. When men are discouraged and "down on their luck," and come to think that there is no future

for them, they are peculiarly liable to temptation. "What is the use," they think, "of trying? I do not amount to anything. I might as well take pleasure as it flies, and let the future take care of itself."

Perhaps there are comparatively few of us that do not occasionally have these low-toned moments. We lose sight of our ideals, or become sceptical about them. You do not know what you are doing for a fellow man when you teach him to believe in himself by believing in him. You are bestowing a choicer gift than money or position. A good deal of the power of the Gospel lodges itself in its capacity to invigorate self-respect by showing men that God cares for them, and revealing to them the dignity of their own nature and immortal destiny.

It has been verified a thousand times that when a great responsibility or dignity is imposed upon a man, his best energies are enlisted in becoming worthy of it. A man who believes in his worth and future has always the inspiration of that motive. More sins than we often think for can be traced to discouragement or the clouding of ideals.—*Hitchman.*

FOLLOW THE CHART.

IT was many years ago, when a class of boys were studying in a country Sunday School the account of Paul's shipwreck. There was not a great number in the school, just the boys and girls in the neighborhood, with a few of the parents. The church was plain, even crude; the benches were hard and stiff; the pulpit high and awkward in appearance; and no carpet was to be seen even on the platform floor. But those boys did not care, they had never seen anything better. Being satisfied, they were as well off as those who had the richest of cushioned pews.

Comments on the lesson were being made by the teacher, who at length came to the words: "We let her drive." Not a single boy knew what that meant; not one had seen the ocean or knew aught about sailing. The teacher was an old California gold hunter, and had had experience on the sea, so stopped to tell the boys a story:

"A party of us were out at sea and a great storm came. The vessel could not be managed, and so the captain turned her stern to the wind and held her steady before the gale; that is what they call 'letting the vessel drive.'"

"The next day, however, the storm had died down, and we were able to turn again towards our port. One morning as I arose and went on deck I noticed directly in front of us, yet at a far distance, a great rocky foreland. Others noticed it, and wondered that the captain held the vessel directly towards it. The wind was high and it seemed dangerous; and as the captain was in the habit of drinking we concluded that he must be drunk, and in his senseless carelessness would wreck the vessel. A consultation of the passengers was held, and we decided to remonstrate with the captain. He listened patiently to us, and then said: 'If this chart is correct, there is a fine harbor yonder'; and he pointed to the chart. So we sailed on right up

almost against a great wall of rock, and presently we saw the opening, the vessel turned and entered, and we passed through the 'Golden Gate,' and were in a safe and placid harbor.

"Boys, the Bible is the chart for you. Follow the chart, and you will pass the Golden Gates and enter the haven of God's rest."—*J. W. Cleeveger.*

KID GLOVE AND COAL OIL MEN.

MR. FRANK THOMSON, the President of the Pennsylvania railroad, who died a few months ago, was known as one of the foremost of living railway managers. There was no part of the business with which he was not familiar, from the control of its great moneyed interests to the fitting of a screw into an engine.

A wealthy man once brought his son to him, saying: "My son has gone through college. Can you make a place for him where he will succeed?"

Mr. Thomson was silent a moment, and then said: "That depends on whether he wants to take a kid glove course or a coal oil course."

"What do you mean?"

"If he takes a kid glove course, he goes in as a clerk, to perform a certain amount daily of writing, for which he will be paid a salary. In the other course he goes into the shops and learns the whole business, from the lowest drudgery up. When he has finished, he will know his trade, a valuable one, but his hands will be stained with coal oil."

Mr. Thomson himself, when a boy, chose the "coal-oil course." He worked for years in the car shops of Altoona, barely earning his living, but learning the mechanical details of the business.

Thomas A. Scott, the famous railway manager, was a friend of the young man, but gave him no help, leaving him to work his own way. At the end of the four years he sent for him and gave him a responsible position in the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Civil war broke out that year. Colonel Scott was appointed assistant secretary of war, the government believing that his experience in the railway work would have taught him how to handle in transportation great bodies of troops. A problem of peculiar difficulty of this kind arose.

"I know of but one man who can manage this business," said Colonel Scott to the Cabinet. "He is not here."

"Send for him, then," said Mr. Stanton.

The next morning Frank Thomson, then only twenty years of age, appeared.

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Mr. Stanton, somewhat sneeringly, "that we have waited twenty-four hours for this red-headed stripling?"

"He will do the work," replied Scott, quietly. And he did it.

Mr. Thomson was probably peculiarly qualified by nature for his special business, but there is a strong prejudice among American boys against work which involves manual labor, and a preference for clerical duties as being more refined.

It is a fatal mistake. Great prizes