

ing," or as St. Paul calls it, "of blessing."

Do you hold such a cup as you make your offering to-day? What is in it? No one knows but yourself; no eye but your own can look into its depths; no hand but yours can weigh or measure it. Your neighbor's cup may be full but its contents are different. There is much in each that is a secret between God and the soul.

On the surface indeed, appear many things which are common to all; below the surface are the hidden things wherein God has blessed you. There are the prayers answered, anxieties removed, fears calmed, hopes fulfilled, faith strengthened, victories gained, yes, even defeats turned into triumphs.

Move your cup a little that more light from above may fall into it. Ah, do you not see new blessings there now which stir heart and hand to a new outpouring of thanksgiving? You had forgotten until the light revealed it, that time when you came so near losing through your own indifference, the opportunity of service which proved such a comfort and joy to you and to others. Look longer and you will find other unremembered mercies which were yours because God cared for you and led you in His own way.

But away down in its deepest depth as the best element of joy which your cup contains, is the loving face of the Master, sweetening every other blessing, and brightening even the dark places of your experience. When we take the cup of thanksgiving, is not CHRIST after all, the one to whom our thanks, and the gifts betokening them, are due? Is He not the motive, the object, the crown of all the glad service that we render, and the willing gifts which we bring?

To Him, then, let them all be offered with great joy and ever growing love.

Only Think Of It.

I confess the thought constantly fills me with astonishment that that great sacrifice already made, that the knowledge of that sacrifice by which it is to be applied to the life of all mankind, has not even yet reached the ears of all the inhabitants of the world. To think that the Lord has died for us on the cross, and intrusted us with His dying command so many centuries ago, and that the church has not yet so enlarged her borders as to include all those for whom Christ died—Archbishop of Canterbury.

Only a century ago foreign missions were the theme of orthodox ridicule. Gradually the ridicule grew to criticism, the criticism changed to indifference, indifference became interest, and now interest has reached the point of enthusiasm. The growing thought today is that the church has no purpose in existence except as it is found in carrying the gospel message to a lost world.

Miss Gollock of the C M S has truly indicated this when she says: "Last winter I spent in India, and I might tell you of that wondrous land and of its widespread needs; but since I have come home I have seldom been able to speak of it, because I feel much more strongly than ever before, that the inspiration for missionary service comes, not so much from the outstretched hands of the heathen, as from the personal claims of Jesus Christ upon the soul. . . . If every man and woman stood in their right place in regard to Christ, they would stand in their right place toward their future service, whether at home or abroad."