

CUP OFFERINGS IN THE HOME.

And now what shall we say of these cup offerings in the *home*? That they are of more importance there for true house-furnishing than either money or good taste, or both combined. What are they there at home? Pleasant smiles, gentle tones, cheery greetings, tempers sweet under a headache or a business care or the children's noise, the ready bubbling over of thoughtfulness for one another, and habits of smiling, greeting, forbearing, thinking, in these ways. It is these above all else which makes one's home "a building of God, a house not made with hands." These that we hear in the song of "Home, Sweet Home." Into a five hundred dollar shanty put strangers who begin to practice the habit of anticipative thoughtfulness for each other and we have a "home." Put husband and wife and the three children into a fifty thousand dollar home, and let them omit this interchange of gentleness, and we have only family-bar-tacks.

Perhaps the best single test to the question what is he where he is most at home? At home one should be his best, his most graceful, most entertaining, most agreeable. Yet strange to think how many persons save their difference for this one place that should be all tenderness: how many take pains with their courtesy and geniality abroad, but at home glide into the habit of letting geniality be taken for granted instead of being granted. That tells in the course of years; for the cold moods, the silent ways, the seeming harmless banterings, are the ways and moods that increase with the years. By-and-by, when the children are growing old, and we would like kind words and looks a little more ourselves, we shall wish for our own sakes and for theirs that we had done differently.

Men often think "They love us, and we know it; we love them, and they know it." Nay, but it is *not* enough to have the love and to do the duty in *silence*. We live not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of those we love. Out of the mouth it is the *spoken* love that feeds. It is the kindness *offered* that furnishes the house.

How is it with *ourselves*? Each one had better ask himself the question in the quiet, now and then. Are our homes more tender than they were a year ago, or has love grown dimmer in them? Are we closer to

each other's hearts, or more wrapt up in silent selves? It is not bread you chiefly owe your family, father; it is not mended clothes, mother; it is not errands done and lessons learnt, children; that makes your part. It is the way in which the part, whatever it be, is done that makes the part.

There comes when we would almost give our right hand could we recall some harsh word, some indifferent, cutting manner, some needless selfish opposition. Happy we, if the one gone out from our homes into the unseen home has left us no such ache to bring the bitter tears. — *From "The Faith that Makes Faithful."*

SPIRITUAL PERCEPTION.

While philosophers and scientists have been disputing and treading over and over again the dreary paths of pantheism and materialism, trying to put God in a crucible or under a microscope, millions of souls in the ages past, and thousands in the daily present, have been and are finding God and Christ and salvation, to the joy and rejoicing of their souls; living in the power of an endless life even here, some meeting death triumphantly even at the stake, and others peacefully passing into the presence of Him whom, having not seen on earth, they have yet known by faith and the power of His presence in them.

The engineer who directed the work of the Hoosac Tunnel started two gangs of men from opposite sides of the mountain. So accurate was their survey, that when they met mid-way in the mountain, the wall or the excavations approaching from the different starting points joined within less than an inch. The practical working of the lore proved the scientific accuracy of the survey. Man, starting from the side of his human spiritual need, reaching out and upward toward God, is met by the revelation in Christ coming out and downward from God, a revelation which exactly fits and covers his need. This perfect match between the human need and the heavenly supply is the perfect proof of the divine origin of the Bible. Just as color is intuitive to sight, harmony to the musical sense, beauty to the sense of the beautiful so is God's Word intuitive to the spiritual consciousness. Coleridge was wont to say "I know the Bible is true, because it finds me." — *The Christian.*