

in receipt of evidences of the bodily harm which results from the use of this foul stuff. A correspondent writes: "The native Canadians are not a handsome race, and the traces of Indian blood are often discovered in their physiognomy. But the dwarfing effect of the constant use of tobacco for many generations, early and late, is clearly to be seen. No excessively smoking and drinking race can get or keep ascendancy."

It matters not so much what public sentiment may be, for that is sometimes wrong; but that the prevalent and indiscriminate use of tobacco is an evil to be regretted, there can be no doubt. Then let us get rid of it as fast as possible.

THE STRENGTH OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.—How often Christian men and women deplore the weakness of their character! This, in many cases, does not arise from any real weakness in the believer, but from failure to impart the strength, knowledge, sympathy, and love which he possesses. The possession either of strength, love, or knowledge, is best ascertained by willing and ready diffusion. Faith in and loyalty to Christ are not ascertained by introspection, but by a ready and joyful obedience. The grace of the Holy Spirit increases in proportion to our impartation and use of that which we already possess. That faith may grow exceedingly, there is nothing more important than its exercise. Watering and blessing others, we ourselves also are watered and blessed.—*Ex.*

"IS NOT PUFFED UP."—But this is charity, you see, my brother, not those who often get the best seats in the synagogue. The world counts these well-dressed individuals tolerably good Christians, at any rate eminently respectable ones, and although they are somewhat proud and covet high places one cannot help admiring people who have a bit of spirit in them. And then they give good dinners and never bore their guests with religious talk. Altogether, continues Mr. Worldly, there's no great fault to be found with them.—*Christian Commonwealth.*

If you make it the rule of your life to escape from what is disagreeable, calamity may come just the same, and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it.—*George Eliot.*

For My Sake.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

"For my sake." These three little words are the touchstone of love. The application of this touchstone begins with infancy and ends only with the end of life. If that baby in the mother's arms could speak intelligibly it would say: "It is for my sake that a mother's eye watches unsleeping through the midnight hours, and her arms hold me until they are ready to drop off for weariness." "For my sake" many a successful man acknowledges gratefully that his parents toiled and economized in order to buy books and pay college bills. "For my sake" provides the sheltering roof and the arm-chair for dear old grandma at the fireside. Take these three words out of our language and you would rob home of its sweetness and human life of some of its noblest inspirations.

Our Divine Master made these words the text of several of his most impressive injunctions. "Who-soever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." To newly converted Saul of Tarsus the first message is: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." Again and again the early disciples were exhorted to bear crosses bravely for Jesus's sake. Christ came into this world to save us from our sins; and chiefly to save us from the abominable and damning sin of selfishness. The one motive that has the power to lift us out of self and to exalt life to its highest and holiest phase is heart-love for a crucified Savior. "Love me more than houses or lands, or wife or children," is the first condition of discipleship. No soul is truly converted until it cuts loose from self-righteousness and accepts Jesus Christ as the only ground of salvation. Conversion signifies that self has grounded its arms in its very citadel, and has surrendered the keys of the heart to the conquering Savior. Henceforth it inscribes "for Christ's sake" on its banner. The shortest and most comprehensive confession of faith that any Christian can phrase is about in these words: "It is Christ's business to save me; it is my business to serve Christ."

"Savior teach me day by day
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me."

The Master never allowed the supreme test of loyalty to himself

to be a mere emotion, however fervid. It was a practical test. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Write these decisive words upon the walls of every prayer-room, to rebuke the rant and the rhapsodies in which too many professors indulge, while their honest debts remain unpaid and their own children sneer at the pious sham. It is not how many promises we make, but how many commandments we obey; it is not how many tears we shed, but how many sins we renounce; it is not how many sacraments we observe, but how many deeds we do for the Master's sake that decides the genuineness of our Christianity. Evermore is the eye of our loving Savior upon us, and evermore is that voice saying unto us: "Live for Me. Take up this cross for my sake." When we are sore tempted to an act of retaliation, or to some sharp scheme that selfishness has varnished over with falsehood, that rebuking voice accosts us: "Wound me not in the house of my friends." Sometimes a suffering servant of Jesus comes to us for a proof of sympathy that costs more than smooth words. Selfishness begins to mutter about "impostors" and "no end to these calls of charity." But he who died for both of us whispers gently: "Do it unto me. He is one of my suffering children. Help him for my sake." There is not a Negro freedman who solicits aid for his struggling church, or a hungry stranger who knocks at our door for bread; there is not a poor widow that asks for a dollar to pay her rent, or a neglected child running in rags and recklessness to ruin for want of a friend, but ever the same voice is saying to us: "Give to them for My sake. Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto Me."

One of the little orphan boys in John Falk's German Charity-School repeated at the supper table their usual grace: "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest and bless the food thou hast provided." A lad looked up and said: "Tell us, teacher, why the Lord Jesus never comes." "Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure that he will come to us some of these times; for he always hears us." "Then," replied the bright lad, "I'll set a chair for him;" and he put one by the table. By and by a knock was heard at the door. A poor traveling apprentice was admitted, and asked for food and lodging. The

little fellow looked at the stranger a few moments, and then piped out: "Ah, I see! Jesus could not come to night and so he sent this poor young man in his place. Is that the way, teacher?" "Yes, my boy; that is just it. Every cup of water or bit of bread we give to the poor and hungry for Jesus' sake, we give to him. Inasmuch as we do it to the least of our brethren, we do it unto our Savior."

There are a thousand applications of this principle of self-denial for Christ's sake. Grand old Paul had it in his mind when he wrote: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is made weak."—It is not easy for a true Christian to keep this text in his Bible and to keep a bottle on his table. They do not harmonize. The bottle means temptation. The text means that things which are not always sinful, *per se*, should be cheerfully given up for the sake of others; and the legal liberty of the man or woman whose heart is in the right place will never be exercised when a moral evil may flow from such exercise. We have no right to put a stumbling-block in the path of others. As a Christian I am bound to surrender every self-indulgence which works directly against the best interests of my fellow men, especially if it endangers precious souls for whom Jesus died. This principle gives to the doctrine of total abstinence from intoxicants a broad Bible basis as solid as the Hudson "Palisades" on which I am now writing.

The two unanswerable arguments against the drinking usages are these: An alcoholic beverage endangers me if I tamper with it; it endangers my fellow man if I offer it to him. My Bible teaches me to let it alone for the sake of the "weak" and those who stumble. Ah, those stumblers! How many wrecks it opens, whose charitable turf hides out of sight what surviving kindred would love to hide from memory! For Jesus' sake, and for the sake of the easily tempted, who will hide behind our example, let us who call ourselves Christians put away this bottled devil, which conceals damnation under its ruby glow. This subject of self-surrender for Jesus' sake is as wide as the domain of Christian duty. To live for Christ is the sweetest and holiest life we can live; to live for self is the most wretched. Every cross is turned