

What Aunt Sallie Saw in the Cup

Since the discovery of the germ, the bacteria, the bacilli, etc., the great grand-parents of all sickness, we are compelled to practice the most rigid sanitary laws. For the good Lord has filled the food we eat, the water we drink, and the very air we breathe, with these deadly infections; so that he who would live long enough to get his boots off, must boil the water he drinks, and thoroughly sterilize every mouthful of food he eats, and he should wear a sponge over his nose, to guard against these deadly germs. For death sits enthroned, scepter in hand; the edict has been sealed, the decree has gone forth, and all who do not bow to his image will be cast alive into a den of deadly germs.

Nor are the sacred vessels of the church exempt from him, for on the very brink of the cup has he established his throne. From Brother Job's lips came dyspepsia, Brother Adam added pneumonia, Brother Abraham contributed smallpox, and Judas put in tuberculosis, and so on all the way around. So when the cup came to me, it looked like death in its favorite robe.

Of course, I could not touch it; I just passed it along to old Aunt Sallie, and as sure as I live, she just took a great big gulp of it, (just like she wanted to take enough to cause instant death), and just sat there solemn-like, and seemed to be thinking of something else. And as true as I live, she is still alive, and that has been more than a year ago; and that is not all, she does it every Lord's Day. (It is a mystery to me.) I think she must have "**had**" all the germoparasitical diseases, and is immune, like when you have the measles. But my! I would not risk it for all the world.

There were men there with whiskers, great big fuzzy whiskers, which the good Lord has caused to grow on men's faces for the propagation and distribution of these germs, and they press this cup to their lips; and old Aunt Sallie just took a great big swallow, and just seemed to thinking of something else, and she still lives. (I just can't understand.)

Well, I just went to old Aunt Sallie, and asked her if she could not see anything in that cup; and if I ever got a surprise, it was then. She just said, "Yes, child, of course, I can. Why do you ask me such a question?"

"Why...er...; I thought maybe your eyes weren't good."

"Why, child," said she, "I can see in it the Lord's death, and I don't need my glasses to see that either."

Well, I thought I had seen all manner of death in it, but there was one I had not seen or thought of.

"As oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

"For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body."

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