

The King's Highway.

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness: . The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. Isaiah 35:8.

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Matrimonial Insurance.

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Danger to things valuable has suggested insurance. Hence we have insurance against losses on the sea, by fire, burglars, dishonest treasurers, and perils to many other interests, and finally against the loss of income when the toiling hand is palsied by death. But no one, to my knowledge, has proposed insurance of domestic bliss against divorce—a calamity worse than death. The extent of this loss of happiness in our country, by a recent Federal census, is a million blasted homes in twenty years. This appalling evil calls for some scheme of alleviation, or, better still, of prevention. To the latter our inventive faculty addresses itself. Since marriage is based on love, and divorce results from the absence of this essential, it follows that the discovery of a prophylactic against its decay would be an infallible safeguard against divorce.

This brings us to a question about which there was once much pleasant discussion in my domestic circle—whether love is voluntary or involuntary, a principle or a passion. My contention was that love, being an emotion, is beyond the sphere of the will; her's was that love is a principle, chosen and maintained by volition, and, being a class-leader, her favorite hymn most often sung was that containing the stanza beginning thus: "I want a principle within." I argued that young people love, not of deliberate purpose, aforesaid, but they fall in love involuntarily, often at first sight. Her reply was: "This is predestinarianism, if not fatalism, in relation to our most important earthly interest—an interest which might determine eternal destinies." Then the Holy Scriptures were appealed to. The first and greatest command is addressed not to emotion, but to will: "Thou shalt love;" and the second is like it: "Thou shalt love." This seemed to conclude the argument against me. As a last resort I quoted the ditty: "My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky,"

"This 'upleap' is instinctive," said I. Her reply was: "Yes it is, but the beholding is voluntary." I surrendered. We had in our debate arrived at a truth which makes a man responsible for the act which gives rise to them. He can look, or refrain from looking. Thus Jesus locates the violation of the seventh commandment in a look.

How does this apply to married persons? Let each look constantly at the excellences of the other, and be blind to the defects revealed by the intimacy of wedlock, and love will abide and increase, and divorce will not come within a thousand leagues of their thoughts. This infallible receipt was attested by more than a half century of the married life of the parties to this pleasant polemic, a life characterized by an astronomical wonder—a harvest moon that did not wane during that period.

The superiority of love as a principle to love as an emotion is obvious to every thoughtful person. The emotion is ecstatic, but the principle is executive; the emotion is transient, the principle is permanent; the one finds relief in hallelujahs, the other grows strong in bearing burdens and in unflinchingly facing opposition; the one may be a breeze to fill the

sails for a short time, the other is a mountain peak to steer by. Neither of them can be defined, but love as a principle we describe as the taproot of obedience, the quintessence of moral obligation. Love as emotion is superficial, and is awakened by a beauty that is only skin deep; but love as a principle is penetrative, and is not captivated by a spiteful, but only by moral and intellectual qualities, solid rather than showy, so deeply rooted as to endure the tempests and even the cyclones of human life. Marriages of convenience, so called in European parlance, when a title is wedded to a purse, are a monstrosity which may exist without even the ephemeral emotion of love. Such a mesalliance can never consist with love as a principle, as some ambitious American heiresses have found out to their lifelong sorrow. That greed which Vigil aptly styles "the accursed hunger for gold," can no more dwell in harmony with true love than a hedgehog can be happily yoked with a lamb. But true love may exist in what in England is erroneously called a mesalliance—the union of persons in different strata of society. It was this prejudice that cheated John Wesley out of a felicitous marriage with Grace Murray, because he was a graduate of Oxford and she was not the daughter of a gentleman, but had been a servant who had risen no higher than the keeper of an orphan house. This disparity in social rank led Charles Wesley to prevent the marriage, to his brother's unspeakable sorrow, duplicated by a subsequent most unfortunate marriage in which no loves lighted their torches, and which proved to be a most preposterous union. Where either of the parties is supremely selfish, the risk is too great for us to ensure against divorce, for with such an element in matrimony unhappiness is certain. The hymeneal altar, if it opens into an earthly paradise, is an altar of mutual sacrifice.

The ancient pictured love as a beautiful winged boy, the son of Mercury and Venus, having one admirable defect, sightless eyes, betokening perpetual ignorance of the faults of its object. Many modern people are taking this mythical boy to the oculist's for the restoration of his sight and to the optician's for high magnifiers, thus tormenting him to death. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Let those who wish to keep divorce from entering their habitation keep two full-grown bears in their house—not the silly, stuffed "Teddy bears," but living, stalwart forces, Bear and Forbear, patience and abstinence, or self-denial, the fruits of the Spirit which can be had in abundance for the asking. These graces in both hearts, the offspring of love, will ensure domestic harmony.

The premium payable for matrimonial insurance is not annual, an interchange of Christmas gifts, but daily, an interchange of loving words of appreciation, emphasized by kindly deeds. Love is nourished by little attentions and courtesies, and above all by mutual respect. Both should regard themselves as on the same level. Hymeneal love cannot consist with a feeling of inferiority and superiority, the one looking down upon the other. They should consider each other as equal partners in the domestic firm, sharing equally the profits. The wife

is entitled to half the family wage, if not more, for her toil is as severe, if she is the wife of a laborer, and she works double his eight hours. If a man wishes to lose the respect and love of his wife, let him submit her to the humiliation of always begging him for money, as if she were a child. Let her have her own savings-bank book and bank account with which to pay her dues to the Woman's Club, her weekly offering to the church, and buy Christmas presents for her friends. It has been said that a Frenchman's wife never sees her husband except to have a dispute about money. No wonder that marriage is in ill-repute in France, and the population decreasing. It is not so in Germany, where the wife is the treasurer of the family, and marriage is more stable and far more fruitful. Let the husband have such confidence in his wife as to make this clause in the marriage ceremony a reality, and not a pretence and a mockery: "With my worldly goods I thee endow." This it was which contributed to the astronomical wonder to which we have borne testimony—a honeymoon which became a harvest moon "that stayed in the valley of Aijalon."—Zion's Herald.

Tighten up Your Hoops.

A revival started in a country community, and at the first service, while all the congregation seemed cold and indifferent, one faithful, honest old fellow seemed to be overflowing with joy. At the close of the service he walked along with his neighbors with tears of joy in his radiant face, shaking hands and rejoicing. His neighbor said: "John, how is it that you seem so full of religion, and all the rest of us seem so cold and empty?" He replied: "I learned a lesson from the rain. During a long dry spell some time ago the cisterns were all dry, and there was no water except at the big spring two miles away. We had to haul water. A fine shower of rain came, and I had barrels under all the gutters around my house to catch the water; but when the rain had ceased, I found my barrels empty. They had dried during the dry weather, the cracks had opened up, and not a barrel would hold a drop of water. I lost the rain, and it taught me a lesson. The next time I saw a sign of rain I took my barrels up to the big spring and soaked them until every hoop was tight. I set them under the dripping, and at the close of the rain every barrel was running over full of water. I heard this revival was coming. I took my old dried-up soul every day to the woods and got down under a big old tree, and prayed God to let the Spirit come down on me and tighten up the hoops; and this morning, bless the Lord, I was ready, and when the refreshing shower came it filled me to overflowing." Go to the fountain, brother, and "tighten up your hoops."—Stories and Parables.

He does not wait until we are at our fairest and best. He stoops to help us at our dearest and dullest, our poorest and worst, when our life is almost gone out and the first is at its last spark. He can help us and keep us in the most trying circumstances, however bleak winds blow, what ever biting frosts come. A most gracious, gentle, pitiful Saviour is He, and as mighty as He is gentle. Pray to Him; go on your way communing with Him. Cleave to Him, your Life; rest in Him your living Lord; exult in Him, your Almighty Saviour.—Mark Guy Pearce.

How to Differ as Christians.

As long as "we have this treasure in earthen vessels" there will be differences of light and consequent difference of opinion leading to difference in action. This being a necessary consequence of present conditions, the great question is, How can Christians disagree and yet agree, how can they disagree on many questions of more or less importance and yet be one in heart? If in our present state it is impossible to bring good people to see alike in regard to many questions of greater or lesser importance; and while there is such a vast difference of views as to the relative importance of the many questions upon which Christians differ, and yet God's people are required to be of one heart and one soul; how can this be under present environments? I answer only in perfect love. As there is perfection only in love, so there can only be oneness in love. Thank God his people can be one in heart in spite of their heads. God can bring his people where they love those as sincerely who differ with them as they do those who agree with them. I know the Bible says "How can two walk together except they be agreed," and they must be agreed upon the great fundamentals of salvation in order to be Christians. But being Christians and so envired that we must necessarily differ widely in our views, it becomes a weighty question as to how it is to be done. Shall there be warring and contention, or shall there be peace and harmony in spite of differences of opinion? Here is the glory of true religion—here is the supernatural. Worldly people get along smoothly while they agree, but it takes salvation to bring harmony and maintain it in the face of differences of opinion.

The oneness prayed for by our Lord in behalf of his disciples and those who should believe on him through their word certainly was not oneness of opinion or of creed, but oneness of spirit. Who has not felt more of fellowship and unity with a humble, Christ-like person who, owing, it may be to education, differed widely with you on many questions, than with another who happened to agree with you doctrinally and yet lacked the spirit of Christ?

The only basis of Christian unity is perfect love—"the mind that was in Christ." Here contention ceases. The soul "follows peace with all men." It passes through all vicissitudes—trials, contradictions, "without murmuring and disputing; that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the Word of life."—Christian Standard.

So Would You.

"Some one says that if we put the saloon out of this town, grass will grow in our streets. That is a lie, but if it wasn't I would rather walk on God's green grass than on the blood of my neighbor's wife and children."—Robert Yost, Joliet.

Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business, is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do.—Stevenson.

"Nickelodeons."

President Roosevelt, amid his numerous duties, has found time to stir up the Washington authorities in the matter of moving picture shows. It was found upon investigation that seventy-five per cent. of the pictures exhibited were unwholesome, and only a minor part belonged to the best class of entertainment described by Shakespeare, "where amusement doth instruction bring." This work of the Chief Executive should encourage the mayors of all our cities to have an eye kept on these cheap shows.

The moving picture show crept in on us almost before we were aware of it, and has in a way been deservedly popular. But pictures are shown sometimes that are largely suggestive of evil, and the more suggestive they are, the more do they seem to be advertised. A story of illicit love and its consequences is put in after a picture that is well worth seeing. A holdup by bandits, so arranged that the idle cut-throats appear as heroes, often does untold harm. Iniquity calls for no endorsement. It has glamour enough without any attempt being made to add to it. Such pictures may easily become schools for robbery to morbid and degenerate youth. It is a pity when wrongdoing is put before the young people in this way. The daily press, with its detailed accounts of wrong-doing, is bad enough, but to have these things seen as well as read is a double evil.

It is time that we had a censor of plays and shows and posters. There are few things that it is more important for the nation's welfare to guard than the chambers of imagery in the days of youth.—Selected.

A Noble Ambition.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Have we no young men here this morning who are ready to volunteer to go to heathen lands? I confess that when I think of myself I cannot go away; my calling is here. And yet I sometimes think what a lazy feather-bed life it is for one to lead to be preaching here when there are all these continents without the Gospel. Some people think it wonderfully hard to preach two or three sermons a week but I think preaching thirteen or fourteen times is a fearfully little thing; and I think sometimes, O if I were somewhere else where there are some toils, some hardships, to undergo. Here we cannot suffer, we cannot wear crowns of martyrdom, we cannot win great battles as we would wish. Yes, young man, I say again, if you are ambitious—if you are ambitious to serve Christ, the height of your ambition should lead you to say, I desire to preach the Gospel among the heathen.—From "The Gospel in Mexico."

A story is told of a Scottish minister who arrived at the kirk without the manuscript of his sermon. He could not preach without it, but it lay in his manse a mile away when the time had come for him to mount into the pulpit. Here was a poser, only to be solved by giving out the 119th Psalm. While the congregation were singing it, off to his manse for the sermon galloped the minister, and with equal celerity galloped back. When he returned the congregation were still at it, and he asked the clerk, with some trepidation, how they were getting on. "Oh, sir," was the answer, "they've got to the end of the eighty-fourth verse, and they're just cheerin' like wee mice."—Bellman.