

The King's Highway.

And an Highway shall there be, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness:

The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. Isaiah 35:8.

VOL. XX. (New Series.)

WOODSTOCK, N. B., DECEMBER 15, 1909.

(Semi-Monthly.)

NO. 25

Living by the Day.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER

"My house was well built," said a farmer once to me, "for it was built by the day." That is the way in which the best, strongest and happiest lives are built; they are not constructed "by the job," but one attainment in grace is laid upon another like the blocks of granite in a solid house wall. Each day brings its duty to be done, its temptation to be met and conquered, its burden to be carried and its progress to be made heavenward. There are 365 days in every year, but really there is only one working day, and that is to-day. Sufficient to each day is the evil thereof.

This is just the sort of living that I commend to my readers. God means to shut you up to this style of thinking and planning and doing when He makes His gracious promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." The journey made up a mountain is simply a succession of steps. If the climber attempts to leap upward he exhausts his strength, if he looks down he grows dizzy, and if he looks too far forward he gets discouraged by the distance to be surmounted.

So in accomplishing each day's work you have simply to take one step at a time, and to take that wisely is all that you need to think about. Take no anxious thought for the morrow. God never made a Christian strong enough to stand the strain of to-day's duties and all the load of one's anxieties piled upon the top of them. Paul himself would have broken down if he had attempted the foolish experiment. We have a right to ask our Heavenly Father for strength equal to the day, but we have no right to ask Him for one extra ounce of strength beyond it.

My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough to-day for your daily wants, and something over for Christ's treasury, don't torment yourself with the idea that you will yet fetch up in the almshouse. If your children cluster around your table to-day, enjoy the music of their voices, train them for God and trust them to God, without racking yourself with a dread that the little ones may be carried off by scarlet fever, or the older ones may fall into bad marriages or some other disaster.

Faith carries present loads, meets present assaults, feeds on present promises, and commits the future to a faithful God. Its daily song is:—"Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me."

So we exhort you again most earnestly to take short views. Let us not climb the high wall till we get to it, or fight the battle till it opens, or shed tears over sorrows that may never come, or lose the joys and the blessings that we have by the sinful fear that God may take them away from us. We need all the grace that He can give us for to-day's battles. I would not penetrate into the secrets which to-morrow hides if I could. It is far better to know Whom we trust, and that He is able to keep all that we commit to Him until the last great day.

"Why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And look and watch for a brood of ills
That as yet have no existence?"

"Strength for to-day is all we need,

For we never will see to-morrow;
When it comes the morrow will be a
to-day.

With its measure of joy or sorrow."
The earnest Christian who lives by the day not only faces each duty or each trial as it comes, but he also is on the lookout for each day's opportunities in serving his Master. Almost every Christian promises himself that some time or other he will be very holy-minded and very useful. The growing productive Christian is he who is on the watch for opportunities and grasps them when they come. The beautiful morning-glories which opened in my little garden yesterday are all withered away.

So with some precious opportunities to serve my Saviour and to do good to my fellow-man—they will never bloom again. But there were fresh flowers that opened with this morning's sun; even so doth our Master give us a fresh chance to serve Him and to bless others every day we live. Here lies the generic difference between profitable and unprofitable Christians. The one class are always looking for opportunities to do a kind act, to gain an influence, to win a soul to Jesus.

The Earl of Shaftesbury in England and William E. Dodge in America were two men whose lives illustrated grandly the principle of grasping every day's opportunities to strike a blow for Jesus Christ. The holy and heroic Gen. Samuel C. Armstrong, of Hampton Institute—the noblest benefactor the negro had—next to Abraham Lincoln, left a remarkable paper, written just before his death, in which he says, "I have never made any sacrifices." It was joy and ecstasy, the very life of his life, to be doing good; the "sacrifice" would have been to miss the precious opportunity which each day brought him. Harlan Page made it a rule never to talk to any person even for fifteen minutes without saying something helpful to profit that person's soul. Our days are very much what we choose to make them.

The happy days are those in which we improve the golden occasions, and the most terrible spectre that can haunt us is the ghost of a lost opportunity. That is what will make hell so unendurable to those who fling away Christ's loving offers and their time for repentance.

With new duties come new supplies of grace every morning to those who seek it by earnest prayer. We cannot live on yesterday's meals. As the children of Israel gathered fresh manna every morning, so we must look upward for a fresh supply of heavenly "rations" for the day's march. The early hour is the best for prayer and for the feeding on God's Word.

That godly-minded Christian, Garrett Noel Bleecker of New York, used to go home at noonday, not only to take his meal with his family, but to have a few quiet moments with his Master. Arthur Tappan had a room up near the roof in his store for noontide devotions.

In these times of awful stress and strain on business men, would it not clear their heads and nerve their faith if they would stop, amid the heat of the day's toil and hurry, to have a few minutes face to face with God?

The secret of happy days is not in our outward circumstances, but in our

own heart life. A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the soul's windows to the precious promises to the Master, a few words of fervent prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the first person you meet, will brighten your countenance and make your feet "like hinds' feet" for the day's march.

If you want to get your aches and your trials out of sight bury them under your mercies. Begin every day with God, and then, keeping step with your Master, march on toward home over the roughest road, or in the face of the hardest winds that blow. Live for Jesus by the day, and on every day, until you come where "the Lamb is the light thereof" and there is no night there.—Presbyterian Record.

A Hard Question.

A young Brahman put this question to the Rev. E. Lewis, of Bellary: "Do the Christian people of England really believe that it would be a good thing for the people of India to become Christians?" "Why yes, to be sure they do," he replied. "What I mean is," continued the Brahman, "do they in their hearts believe that the Hindus would be better and happier if they were converted to Christianity?" "Certainly they do," said Mr. Lewis. "Why, then, do they act in such a strange way? Why do they send so few to preach their religion? When there are vacancies in the civil services, there are numerous applicants at once; when there is a military expedition, a hundred officers volunteer for it; in commercial enterprises also, you are full of activity. But with religion, it is different. I see one missionary here with his wife, and one hundred fifty miles distant there is another and one hundred miles farther on in a different direction there is another. How can Christians expect to convert the people from their hoary faith with so little effort?"—Youth Instructor.

The Happy Man.

The Happy Man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto life; he was educated in the school of obedience, and lives now in Perseverance; he works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the country of Christian Contentment, and many a time does jobs of self-denial; he wears the plain garments of Humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called the robe of righteousness; he often walks in the valley of self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountains of heavenly-mindedness; he breakfasts every morning on Spiritual Prayer, and sups every evening on the same; he has meat to eat which the world knows nothing of and his drink is the sincere work of the Work of God.

Thus happy he lives and happy he dies. Happy is he who has gospel submission in his will; due order in his affections; sound peace in his conscience; sanctifying grace in his soul; real divinity in his breast; the Redeemer's yoke on his neck; a vain world under his feet and a crown of glory over his head.

Happy is the life of such a man; to obtain which, believe firmly, work abundantly, live holy, die daily, watch your heart, guard your senses, redeem your time, love Christ and long for glory.—Selected.

Ten Ways of Giving.

Among our duties we put in the front rank a proper and scriptural standard of giving, based on the conception of a Divine stewardship in all property, which is the present inadequacy of our gifts. We have giving, but not of the right sort.

There are at least ten ways of giving:—

1. The careless way—giving something to any cause present, without inquiry into its merits or claims, or proportionate values as to other causes.

2. The impulsive way—giving as the feeling caprices of the moment dictates, as often and as much as love, pity, or awakened sensibility prompt.

3. The easy way—lazily to shrink all real self-denial by a resort to fairs, festivals, and other pandering to the flesh, to raise money for the Lord's cause.

4. The selfish way—giving because is promised some reward of praise prominence, or human glory.

5. The calculating way—giving with reference to some return in prosperity or material benefit.

6. The systematic way—laying aside as an offering to God a definite portion of income; one-tenth, or fifth, or third, or half, as conscience dictates. This is adapted to both rich and poor, and if largely practised would indefinitely increase our gifts.

7. The intelligent way—giving to each object after a personal investigation into its comparative claims on our beneficence, and without regard to the appeal of men.

8. The self-denying way—saving what would be spent in luxuries and needless expenditures, and sacredly applying to purpose of religion and charity.

9. The equal way—giving to God and the needy as much as is spent on self, balancing personal expenses and benevolent outlay. What a corrective to all extravagance.

10. The heroic way—limiting our expenditure to a certain sum, and giving away the entire remainder. This is stewardship actually in exercise. This was John Wesley's way. It makes of a disciple an habitual, conscientious, proportionate, prayerful, liberal unselfish, consecrated giver.—Selected.

A High Standard.

The following from a letter of James Chalmers of New Guinea, one of the world's many missionary heroes, shows the high estimate he sets on Foreign Mission Work, and the high type of men that he craves for it; a type of which he was a good illustration. But high as it is, it is all summed up in the command of Christ to every one who would name himself by Him, "Follow me." The extract from James Chalmers' letter is as follows:—

Is it impossible to find missionaries who will gladly dare all for Christ? Not the "life in hand" business, or the sacrifices I have made; but men and women who think preaching and living the Gospel to the heathen the grandest work on earth, and the greatest of heaven's commission. We want missionaries like General Corden defines. He says: "Find me the man, and I will take him as my help, who cares not for money, name, honor and glory; one who looks to God as the score of good and controller of evil; one who has a healthy body and energetic spirit."

Leave the waddle of sacrifices for those who do not appreciate the sacrifice of the Cross. Let the Church give her very best in heart, mind, and body for Christ's world work. The best and greatest of all work requires the best and greatest men. We want men who will thoroughly enjoy all kinds of roughing it, who will be glad when ease and comfort can be had, but who will look upon all that comes as only the pepper and salt, giving zest to work, and creating the appetite for more."

A Heart of A Friend.

"Broken friendship, like china, may be repaired, but the break will always show," is a bit of real truth and wisdom. Friendship is a precious thing—too precious a treasure to be carelessly broken or thrown away.

The world handles the word "Friend" lightly; its real, true, deeper meaning is forgotten, and the acquaintance of an hour or the chance comer is designated by the term which in itself bears a wealth of meaning.

Your friend is the one who appreciates you—your faults as well as your virtues—who understands and sympathizes with your defeats and victories, your aims and ideals, your joys and temptations, your hope and disappointments, as no one else does or can. It is your friend to whom you turn for counsel, for comfort, for praise; he may not be as learned as some or as wise as others, but it suffices that he understands you, and even his quiet listening give strength and renewed courage.

Blessed is the man or woman into whose life has come the beauty and power of such a friendship. Prize it well. Do all in your power to keep such a friendship unbroken. Avoid the break, for when it comes it can not be easily mended, and the jarring note mars the harmony of the whole glorious symphony. It is not alone a question of forgiveness; that may be full and complete. It is the hurt in the heart that will not readily heal and the confidence that will not fully come back!—The Pilgrim.

Where Jesus Reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there is no fear,
No restless doubt, no hopeless tear,
No base deceit nor faithless prayer,
No angry strife or weak despair,
No greed for gain nor selfish pride,
No bitterness for aught denied,
No evil tongue, no cruel arm,
No envy, hate, nor wish to harm,
No wicked lust, nor trace of stains,
But all is pure where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there is no night—
For He is Wisdom, Love and Light;
No raging sea nor tempest dread,
But quietness and calm instead;
No anxious care, no blind unrest,
No heavy heart by guilt oppressed,
No discontent, no gloomy days—
But highest hope and sweetest praise;
No stumbling oft nor galling chains,
No shame nor sin where Jesus reigns.

Where Jesus reigns there's joy untold,
There's wealth that's richer far than gold,
There's service glad and courage true,
There's power to be and strength 'to do,
There's sacrifice and sweet content,
There's grace divine and mercy sent,
There's triumph over self and sin,
And blessed peace abides within;
There's truest faith that never wanes—
There's love supreme where Jesus reigns.
—Sel.

Settle it in your heart that it is the sum of all your business and blessedness to live to God.—John Wesley.