

**God the Home**

**MY MOTTO.**

"With good-will doing service,  
A simple little phrase,  
And yet I often find it  
A help in weary days.  
No work so dull and irksome  
But brightens at the word:  
"With good-will doing service,  
As unto Christ the Lord."

God loves a cheerful giver;  
Not one who grudgingly  
Yields up a scanty service  
For all his bounties free;  
Let heart and hand and brain, then,  
Each its best work afford;  
"With good-will doing service,  
As unto Christ the Lord."

—Selected.

**THE BOYHOOD OF CHRIST.**

There was once—as Luther tells us—a pious, goodly bishop, who had often earnestly prayed that God would show him what Jesus was like in His youth. Now once the bishop had a dream, and in his dream he saw a poor carpenter working at his trade, and beside him a little boy gathering up chips. Then came in a maiden clothed in green, who called them both to come to the meal, and set bread and milk before them. All this the bishop seemed to see in his dream, standing behind the door that he might not be seen. Then the little boy began and said, "Why does that man stand there? Will he not come in also, and eat with us?" And this so frightened the bishop that he awoke from the dream. But he need not have been frightened, for does not Jesus say, "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." And whether the dream be true or not, we know that Jesus in His childhood and youth looked and acted like other children, "in fashion like a man," "yet without sin." He grew from infancy to boyhood and manhood without a shadow of sin on His soul. Boys and girls, study this perfect character, and imitate it as much as lies in your power.—*Sel.*

**HINTS FOR A CHRISTIAN HOME.**

1. We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day, so let us prepare for it.
2. Every person in the house may have an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.
3. Look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.
4. When inclined to give an angry answer, let us lift up the heart in prayer.
5. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we are tempted to feel irritable, let us keep a very strict watch over ourselves.
6. Observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness.
7. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and put little annoyances out of the way.
8. Take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.
9. Speak kindly to dependents and servants, and praise them when you can.—*Ex.*

**HOW HE BECAME A MISSIONARY.**

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin has told in a five minute speech how it was he came to be a missionary. He said: "In the vast majority of cases, missionaries are made by the influence of the family. My widowed mother made me a missionary. She had me read every Sunday out of the *Panoplist* and then later out of the *Missionary Herald*. We had in

those days in our town a missionary contribution box—a cent box—and we were encouraged to earn some special cents for that box. I remember well one occasion which was, I think, a turning point in my experience. When the fall muster came, every boy had a pocket full of cents to spend. My mother gave me seven cents, saying, as she gave them, 'Perhaps you will put a cent or two into the contribution box in Mrs. Farrar's porch on the common.' 'Shall I put in one, or shall it be two?' Then I thought two cents was pretty small, and I came up to three—three cents for the heathen and four cents for gingerbread; but that did not sound right, did not satisfy me, so I turned it the other way, and said four cents shall go to the heathen. Then I thought, 'The boys will ask me how much I have to spend, and three cents is rather too small a sum to talk about. Hang it all!' I said, 'I'll put the whole in.' So in it all went. When I told my mother some years afterward that I was going to be a missionary, she broke down and said, 'I have always expected it.'—*Ex.*

**THE FIRST PRAYER.**

It is related of the celebrated preacher, Rev. Rowland Hill, that he was one day overtaken by a storm and compelled to remain for the night at a village inn. When it grew late the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed. Mr. Hill replied: "I have been waiting a long time expecting to be called to family prayers."

"Family prayers!" replied the waiter. "I don't know what you mean, sir; we never have such things here."

"Indeed, then tell your master I cannot go to bed until we have family prayers."

The waiter informed his master, who, in consternation, came hurriedly into the room and said:

"Sir, I wish you to go to bed; I cannot go until I have seen all the lights out, I am so afraid of fire."

"So am I," was the reply, "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayers."

"Ah well, sir, but it cannot be done here."

"Indeed! Then pray get my horse; I cannot sleep in a house where there is no prayer."

The host, however, preferred to dismiss his prejudice rather than his guest, and said:

"I have no objection to have a prayer, but I do not know how."

"Well, then," said Mr. Hill, "summon all your people, and let us see what can be done."

The landlord obeyed, and in a few minutes the astonished domestics were upon their knees, and the landlord was called upon to pray. "Sir," said the landlord, "I never prayed in my life; I don't know how to pray."

"Ask God to teach you," was the gentle reply.

The landlord said, folding his hands: "God, teach us how to pray."

"That is my prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill, joyfully, "go on."

"I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir."

"Yes, you do; God has taught you how to pray; now thank Him for it."

The man responded, "Thank you, God Almighty, for letting me pray to you."

"Amen! amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, who then prayed himself.

Twenty years afterwards he found in that village a place of worship and a school, as the result of that first prayer.—*Sel.*

One of the sublimest things in this world is plain truth.

**Temperance**

**AND OTHER TOPICS. Selected.**

**TOBACCO ON THE ALTAR.**

In talking with an old lady at the altar, I detected the odor of tobacco upon her person. I said: "My sister, will you give up tobacco?" She replied, "I have laid my old pipe upon the altar." "Thank the Lord," I said. "O," she quickly rejoined, "I don't mean I have given up smoking, but I have laid my pipe on the altar."

In other words she, like Spurgeon, was going to "smoke for the glory of God."

I told her that some things could not be laid on the altar. Whiskey and tobacco are to be dropped, while we lay ourselves on the altar. The idea of an old, stinking pipe, cigar, or plug of tobacco being laid on God's holy altar! The old lady spoke of the altar very much as one would a mantelpiece. And many others are making a similar mistake, and using the altar as a receptacle for things that are not clean and proper.

Let such people remember that fire sweeps the altar and consumes all upon it. So, according to that, granting that one can get his pipe, cigar or quid on the altar, yet can he never have another chew or smoke, for the fire consumes the sacrifice! Good-bye to pipe, cigar, tobacco quid, and tobacco crop and plantation, if they are on the altar.

Spurgeon vowed that he could smoke to the glory of God, but after several years he had to stop by command of his physicians. Don't the reader see that all this time he was deluded? Was God glorified in his doing a thing that injured his body, the temple of the Holy Ghost?

In all my wide acquaintanceship of sanctified men, I know of but three who persist in using tobacco since their sanctification. The result, as recognized by a number, is as follows: one is entirely without spiritual power; the second is strangely tongue-tied in altar work, and the third is subject to spells of great moodiness and depression.

Open the way there in the crowd for these nicotine brethren to come to the altar.—Dr. Carradine, in *The Methodist*.

**A SWEET EXPERIENCE.**

I was leaving a crowded city church, one Sabbath morning recently, after a very precious communion service, during which the Lord had been most wonderfully revealing himself to my soul. I had been in the city for thirty-six hours, and, though the people had all been very kind, yet I had been conscious all the while of a feeling of "aloneness," humanly speaking, that had a somewhat depressing influence upon me. Hundreds of miles away from every one that knew me, there was not in all the length and breadth of the city a single face, so far as I knew, upon which I had ever looked before. As I had looked out over the great congregation assembled that morning, I had realized most fully that multitudes do not, of necessity, constitute companionship, and as the service had progressed, in charge of the Presiding Elder, had felt myself more and more drawn apart from all around me, and shut up "alone with God." As I passed from the church, I was conscious of something bordering upon a desire (a very unusual one for me) to avoid the outstretched hands of the people, and hurry away to my room, where I might indeed be alone with HIM who was so fully absorbing my thought.

But suddenly I heard my name pronounced in a way somewhat differ-

ent from that in which I had been hearing it spoken in the rather formal greetings which I had received since my arrival in the city, and looking up I found myself facing a strange lady, who was coming toward me with both hands extended. She was accompanied by a gentleman and another lady, whom she afterward introduced as her husband and sister. Her face was shining, her eyes were full of happy tears. Instinctively I thought, "This is no stranger!" and yet I knew I had never seen her before.

Grasping my hands in hers, she drew me to her and exclaimed, "You do not know us, Sister Williams, but we know you, and love you, too! We have driven nine miles this morning, to get into this meeting, and see your face, and hear your voice. We belong to the STANDARD family!" With her arm folded closely around me, she introduced her husband and sister, who at once joined in her assurances of loving acquaintanceship, and—I was no longer alone, even in a human sense. The heavenly atmosphere which pervaded my own soul, spread out and enveloped these three also. What did it matter if I had never looked into their faces, never clasped their hands before? Were we not of the same household of faith—"blood relations" in Christ Jesus? Had we not been bathing in the same flood—drinking at the same fountain? Had we not sat together week after week in holy converse in our own Home Circle? Oh, beloved, I never realized so fully nor so sweetly how very dear every one of you had become to me as I did that hour! How the "ties of grace" which Mr. Wesley said were "stronger than the ties of nature" do bind us together! Surely, holiness is the most wonderful unifier the world ever saw, when rightly apprehended. Strangers in the flesh, but one in Him! Separated by miles, mountains and rivers, but bound up together in indissoluble oneness. Glory to God! Across the spaces that divide us today, beloved, let us clasp hands in the spirit, and sing together:

Blest be the tie that binds,  
Our hearts in Christian love:  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

Soon they left me, these three; but as I wended my way to my room, my soul was filled with holy emotion. Ah, those few sweet moments in each others' society may be all that shall ever be granted us on earth; but we shall meet again! In the "home of the soul," the "New Jerusalem," whither so many of the STANDARD family are already gone, we shall meet again. There, all weariness forever over, all loneliness forever at an end, we shall sing the "new song," together in holy unison with all the redeemed, "never to say farewell." Praise the Lord!—*Ch. Standard.*

**HOW TO PUT ON STRENGTH.**

How then shall we put on strength? We answer, on our knees! No man ever puts on spiritual strength except on his knees. It was there that Jacob found it when he had "power with God and prevailed;" it was there that the apostles found it. When Peter stood forth and preached to the multitudes, that day of Pentecost was the day of power, it was the spirit's power; but how did the apostles put it on? Upon their knees, in those days of prayer, in the upper chamber of Jerusalem. O, brethren! it is upon our knees that the church must put on its strength. "Awake, awake!" It is God's call. When we ourselves have risen to the consciousness of our need, we may then take hold upon God and cry, "Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord!"

Let us put on the strength of the word, as the apostle did when he shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God. Let us put on the strength of the ministry, as Paul did when he went forth in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. Let us put on the strength of the spirit, as the early church did when it was endued with power from on high. Then shall our work be "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." Then shall we return from the conflict as Israel did from the pursuit of Midianites, exclaiming, "The sword of the Lord, the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" Then shall the church be "a praise in all the earth," and men shall say, "Who is this that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"—*Selected.*

**TRIUMPH OF THE BIBLE.**

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,  
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;  
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor  
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had?" said I,  
"To wear and batter out these hammers so."  
"Just one," said he; then said, with twinkling eye,  
"That anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word,  
For ages, skeptic blows have beat upon;  
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,  
The anvil is unharmed—the hammers gone.

—Selected.

**DO YOU WANT IT?**

One of the most valuable books ever published on the doctrine and experience of holiness, entitled, "Half-hours with Paul," by Rev. Daniel Steele, S. T. D. The regular price is one dollar, but we propose to furnish it to our subscribers at fifty cents, as follows:

To new subscribers we will send the HIGHWAY for one year and the above book for \$1.50. To all our present subscribers to the KING'S HIGHWAY who have paid up to Dec., 1896, or who will do so immediately, for 50 cents.

The Christian is enjoined to "pray without ceasing"; to have what I call a holy aptitude of prayer. The bird is not always on the wing, but is ready to fly in an instant; so the believer has such a gracious aptitude for this service, that he is prepared, in an instant, when in danger or need, to fly for refuge to God.—*Salter.*

Do not feel troubled because you are in the minority. Noah was in the minority, but he came out of the flood all right. Lot was in a very small minority in Sodom, but he escaped the fire. Our Lord and His disciples were in a small minority in Palestine, but He started a flame of ever-increasing power that is destined to envelop the earth. Be sure you are right, and calmly stand alone if need be.

Wm. Penn, in giving a definite statement of the early Friend's doctrines, in what he calls "their natural and experimental order," says they taught a "second doctrine," which they called "perfection from sin." Penn certainly understood that a second doctrine, given in its experimental order, meant a second experience as well. The early Friends, then, taught a thorough cleansing from all the remains of sin as a second experience.—*Am. Friend.*