

"Crown Him Lord of All."

Dark is the night!
Ah! it would be, were it not that He
Who is my Light
Shines on the way, and turns the night to day.

The path is bright.
The path is unknown!
Ah! yes, to me it is, and so I place my
hand in His—
I do not walk alone.
He is my Guide, and walking by His side
The path is shown.

The road so steep!
My Shepherd's tender care removes the
briers everywhere
While close to Him I keep.
Since He doth stay beside me all the rugged way,
Why should I weep?

The way is wild!
It was, and I afraid, and so I called my
Father—Jo!
He turned and smiled.
And now, while leaning on His arm, there
comes no harm
To me, His child.

I am so weak!
But He, my help, is strong, and I to Him
belong.
His aid I seek.
He is my Strength, I know; relying on
Him so
He keeps me meek.

Danger is near!
He is my Shield, with Him all dangers
yield.
And disappear.
My Fortress, my Strong Tower, my Refuge,
is His power,
What can I fear?

He will defend.
Jehovah, Holy One, Mighty to save alone,
Creator, Friend,
Saviour, Redeemer, He my Righteousness
shall be
"World without end.

What more need I?
His all-sufficient grace, my Rock, my
Hiding-place
Is ever nigh.
My Shelter from the blast, my blessed
First and Last,
My God, most High.

And so I sing.
Wonderful, Love divine, the Prince of
Peace is mine,
To Him I cling.
My Joy, my Song He is, my Life I find in
Him—
My Lord, my King
O, Advocate.

Jesus Christ the Heart's Guest.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

The advent of Jesus into an earth that
is darkened by trouble is a wonderful
source of joy. There is an "upper
room" of the soul, an inner sanctum
of which we give up the key only to our
nearest and dearest friends. It is
inside of that "court of the Gentiles"
which all our ordinary acquaintances
are treading every day. That inner
chamber sometimes becomes what the
room in Jerusalem was, on that night
after the Master's crucifixion—a place
of sore sorrow. A bereaved a forlorn
company indeed were the eleven dis-
ciples on that evening!

And we feel somewhat as they did.
But into our soul's private chamber—
when the lights are burning low and
the air is heavy with grief or disap-
pointment—there is One who enters!
He comes in through the closed doors,
and O, how sweetly sounds the voice
of His love, as He says "Peace be
unto you!" He shows us His hands
pierced, and His side riven with the
cruel spear for our sakes on His cross.
When we recognize our divine guest,
we are ready to sing in the language of
Ray Palmer's sweetest hymn,

"Earth has ne'er so dear a spot
As where we meet with Thee."

At such times of communion with
Jesus, we do not need to give to Him
the honeycomb; He gives it unto us.
Its effusive sweetness makes our lips
sing for joy. His consolations fill the
room with their choice perfume. Then
we can exultantly say "My beloved is
mine and I am His; His left hand is
under my head, and His right hand
doth embrace me." He spreads the
banner of His love over us; we enter
into a fellowship of His sufferings for
us, and He with our griefs or disap-
pointments. There is no sweeter,
stronger fellowship with Jesus than to
unfold all our troubles to Him. He
lifts off the load. Instead of the spirit
of heaviness He giveth the garment of
praise. Then like the disciples in the
Jerusalem chamber "we are glad when
we see our Lord."

It was in anticipation of all the
seasons of trial and perplexity and
bereavement that should come upon
His followers that our Lord gave this
precious assurance, "Ye now have
sorrow, but I will see you again, and
your heart shall rejoice and your joy
no man taketh from you." This joy—
let us remember—flows from the
actual, spiritual presence of the Master,
with us. Peace comes when He comes,
and power comes also. We become
strong with His strength and feel a
fresh vigor steal over our fainting

spirit. Dark hours bring no fears, for
Christ's voice is heard continually
saying unto us, "It is I; be not
afraid."

To a true believer who is in this
close heart fellowship with Jesus, the
largest fortune can add very little;
and the loss of earthly property can
take but little away. Nothing can
break down a soul that is firmly
established in this consciousness. It is
united to Him; it is up under
His wing, and all the clouds that over-
cast the sky of poor worldlings sail
far below it. The hailstorm of trials,
adversities and assaults, under which
evil men are cowed, cannot hail up-
ward, or reach the believer in his safe
place of refuge. His joy is above the
reach of the thunder-bolts. So Christ
Jesus entering into Paul's soul kept
him serene amid the Euroclydon tempest—and made Peter to sing in
the midnight dungeon; and Patmos was
no longer a lonely spot to the Beloved
Disciple when the Master was with
him there.

The more we have of Christ's pres-
ence, the more serenely and securely
happy we are. An empty heart is a
wretched heart. A worldling's treasures
never satisfy; the more fuel that is
heaped on the fire of covetousness the
fiercer is the flame. I don't believe
that Rothschild's millions can ever
impart such exquisite joy as the saving
of a soul gives to many a hard-toiling
pastor or Sunday school teacher. The
millionaire will count up his posses-
sions at last and say "Is this all?"
The true Christian inventories his
treasures and says "All things are
mine and I am Christ's and Christ is
God's." A believer's true joy is love
clinging Jesus, and faith looking for-
ward to the endless fellowship of
heaven. "A little while and ye shall
see me; and where I am ye shall be
also."

If we make Jesus the guest of our
hearts in this world, He will admit us
to be His guests in the celestial man-
sion. When we return home from a
long journey, it is not the house, the
furniture or the fireside that gives us
joy; it is the sight of the loved ones
there. So in our Father's House it
will not be the pearl gates or the
golden streets; we shall be glad when
we see our Lord! In the language of
Bonar's sweet hymn—which I heard
sung at his funeral—

"Christ will be the living splendor,
Christ the sunshine mild and tender.
Praises to the Lamb we render.
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!"

Broken death's read hands that bound
us.
Life and victory around us;
Christ the King himself hath crowned
us.
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!"

"Good Will Toward Men"

"Good will toward men!" What is
there in that old strain so sweet, so
broad, so resonant of good? We shall
know as we study its harmony. In
the verdant midst of the garden of
Eden there sprang, so says the record
of the holy oracle, a river, flowing forth
to water all the garden; and as it flowed
it parted and became four, spreading
abroad in splendid impartiality to fer-
tilize the whole countryside. Like the
current of that full, that opulent river,
breaking from itself for very plenitude,
to fill new channels, is the fullness of
the strain from that great song of old,
"Good will toward men." As it flows
toward us to-day it is a tide too full to
keep within the channel; it breaks into
four. Let us stand awhile to follow
with our thought the four channels of
that sparkling, fertilizing thought, that
river whose springs must surely be in
the midst of the paradise of God, where
all is love. When in a human heart
there truly lives the message of that
sweet old song, "Good will toward
men," what does it mean to him who
understands it? It means, I think,
these four things: To think the best of
others; to wish the best for others; to
do the best to others; to make allowance
for the incurably embittered.

"Good will toward men!" It is to
think the best of others. Unconscien-
tially, or consciously, our thought of life,
our measurement of ideas, our judg-
ment of persons are governed by our
point of view. And how strangely
blended are the forces that help to fix
and to assign to each his point of view.
Inheritance contributes its influence.
and temperament and early training
and local surroundings. But while I
note and acknowledge the presence of
these forces, beyond our control, in the
determination of our point of view,
far be it from me to grant that the
chief influences governing point of
view, in such lives as I now address,
are not under our own control. The
habits of thought and of conduct which
we permit ourselves to form, the com-
panionships we cultivate, the books we
read, the kinds of intercourse we seek
with our fellow-beings and with God,
control our thoughts of life, our
measurement of ideas, our judgment
of persons. Especially this last—our

judgment of persons. It is easy to put
the message of the sweet old song away,
and by the way we live to fix a view
point where we cannot think the best
of others. I had a friend whose capac-
ity for distrusting other men amount-
ed to genius. He could see double
motives where none else would suspect
them. His mind was like an X ray.
He turned it on the words you said
and the deeds you did, and lo! he found
a skeleton inside of every one of them.
As this friend lived on it ought not to
have surprised him, however much it
may have saddened him, that his uni-
versal distrust of other men forced his
best friends into a suspicion of himself,
as having a nature which may have
been constitutionally true, but, twisted
by long malpractice, had become a de-
formity. O, the sweet reasonableness
of that thought: Think the best of
others. Remember how many things
have helped to fix your view point,
and that it may be so with others.
Believe the singleness of motive in
each life you meet until the facts on the
other side force that belief away
from you, as you have given it forth to
the individual. And, as the great
Master said to his disciples, "When
they persecute you in one city, flee to
another" so, when the facts drive your
faith from one person, let your faith
take refuge in others; and still go on
your way thinking the best, acknowl-
edging the sincerity of convictions that
differ from your own, and broadly,
blessedly remembering how truly life
may seem to another the opposite of
that which it seems to you.

"Good will toward men!" It is to
wish the best for others. In the heart
of that sweet old song is love for people.
And if there be one thing for which an
earthly man may bless his heavenly
Father, it is that the music of that
far-off strain has still this echo in his
heart. Love for people—not the special-
ized, individualistic affinity of one life
for another, out of which come earth's
closest and most precious relationships;
but love for people in the broad, uni-
versal spirit of the angels' song! Good
will; the will of goodness toward men;
the interest in lives as lives; the passion
for humanity; the sensitiveness to the
sorrow and the joy of the race! For
one who is full of the music of this
thought, and behind whose living is
this perpetual impulse; to whom the
small failures and the small successes
of the average being are not contempti-
ble, but great and meaningful, it is
most difficult to realize how utterly
changed the earth is in the sight of
him who does not love people, but de-
spises them; who does not delight to
help people, but avoids them as insuffer-
able nuisances. He moves in a differ-
ent world, his thoughts are different
thoughts, his joys are different joys.
Let us not envy him who has outgrown
his love for people, his will of goodness
toward men; who has outlived his
satisfaction in the successes of others
and his sadness in their mistakes; to
whom it is no longer joy to wish the
best for the lives between which and
his own there may be no other bond
than the brotherhood of man.

Can the angels' song ever have meant
more in any age than it means in this
age? Can the people of any time or of
any land have heard a larger, lovelier
teaching than we hear in those great
words, "Good will toward men," as
they come down upon us on this Christ-
mas morning? How welcome is this
sweet old song to-day; so old and yet
so new; sung to so many generations,
yet seeming to be meant for this gener-
ation; heard under so many skies, be-
neath so many flags, yet speaking so
marvelously the thing we need to hear
in our homes, in our neighbourhood,
in our churches, in our country!—
Charles C. Hall, D. D.

Family Religion.

Family religion is a topic that is not
touched upon as it should be in the
press or in the pulpit. Nothing is more
important than that our homes, which
are as truly divine as is the church,
should be saturated with the mind of
Christ. What are the conditions of
family religion? First of all, the parents
must be sincere Christians. It is not
enough that one of them should have
faith. A godless husband may utterly
nullify all the efforts of a devout wife;
and a godless wife may destroy the
wholesome influence of a devout hus-
band. Co-operation is necessary—
unity of heart, of hope, of aim. As a
matter of course, if either husband or
wife neglects or refuses to take a due
share of responsibility in the premises,
the other must try to carry it all. But
if ever there was a case that called for
special help from God, that is one.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to
maintain the spirit of religion in the
household without regular daily wor-
ship, including the reading of the
Scriptures, song and prayer. One of
the most ominous signs of the times is
the discontinuance of these exercises
in so many nominally Christian families.
There are thousands of baptized chil-
dren who have never heard the voice

of father or mother lifted up in thanks-
giving and petition at the throne of
the heavenly grace. We are occasion-
ally the guests of Methodists who do
not seem to think of asking us to pray
about their firesides. In other instan-
ces the whole matter is gone through
with in a sort of rush, as if it were
something to be done and got out of
the way. Whatever else is neglected,
this sacred and blessed duty should
receive attention. Let it be performed
with reverence and thoughtfulness,
and without the least trace of hurry or
precipitation.

The beauty and the profit of family
worship are much increased when every
member of the circle shows some
interest and takes some part. As head
and high priest of the house, it is the
duty of the father to lead, but all the
rest should follow. It is well that
everyone should have an open Bible
and that the verses of the lesson should
be read alternately. This arrangement
will do much to secure attention. If
there is a gift of song in the family it
ought to be brought into service; and
even in the lack of such an endowment
it is well to read occasionally some up-
lifting hymn or poem. In concluding
the service let the Lord's prayer be
always used, every voice repeating its
brief but comprehensive pleas.

But family prayers however decently
conducted, are not the whole of family
religion. Many people are very punc-
tual in performing this duty who yet
fail to impress the value of religion
upon the minds of their children and
servants. What is needed, besides, is
the constant display of the Spirit of
the Master. Mutual love, mutual for-
bearance, mutual helpfulness—these
are the tempers that should be cultivat-
ed in the home. If they be lacking,
no regularity of religious service will
be of much avail. What Horace Bush-
nell calls "the atmosphere" of the
home is of prime importance. It should
be so distinctly sweet and heavenly
that no one might be able to breathe it
without becoming a Christian.—Nash-
ville Advocate.

The Christmas Spirit.

There is one way in which the
Christmas spirit should show its power.
It should reveal itself in our personal
lives. What Christ is to us, we ought,
in our little human measure, to be to
others. Christmas means love. Christ
came to our world to pour divine kind-
ness on weary, needy, perishing
human lives. The Christmas spirit
truly in our hearts should send us out
on the same mission. There is need
everywhere for love's ministry. Hearts
are breaking with sorrow, men are
bowing under burdens too heavy for
them, duty is too large, the battles are
too hard. One of the saddest
things about life is that, with so much
power to help others by kindness of
word and kindness of act, many of
us pass through the world in silence
or with folded hands.

"What silence we keep, year after
year,
With those who are most near to us
and dear!
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but
seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies, just in
our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common
speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they
go—
These close, familiar friends who
loved us so;
And sitting in the shadow they have
left,
Alone, with loneliness and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some
kind word
That once we might have said, and
they have heard."

Surely we should learn the true
Christmas lesson of gentle, thoughtful
kindness to those we love, and to all
we meet in life's busy ways; and we
should show the kindness while their
tired feet walk in life's toilsome ways,
not waiting to bring flowers for their
caskets, or to speak words of cheer
when their ears are closed and their
hearts are stilled, and it is too late to
give them comfort and joy.

"This is the cruel cross of life, to be
Full-voiced only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the
place
Of some dear presence is but empty
space."

Thus, the true Christmas spirit in
our hearts will work out in transfigured
life and in Christly ministry. It will
lead to the brightening of one little
spot at least on this big earth. There
are a few people whom God calls to
do great things for him; but the best
thing most of us can do in this world
is to live out a real, simple, consecrated
Christian life in our allotted place.
Thus in our little measure we shall
repeat the life of Christ himself,
showing men some feeble reflection
of his sweet and loving face, and doing,
in our poor way, a few of the beautiful
things he would do if he were here
himself.

"The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The gospel of a life
Is more than books or scrolls."

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Christ In The Home.

When you find people who have
come out of homes in which Chris-
tianity was represented through lives
that were patient, considerate, self-
denying, sweet and beautiful, you find
people who have deep-seated and
ineradicable impressions that Chris-
tianity is a true and divinely given
religion. The preaching of the Gospel
to such people is reinforced by the
memories which they have of dear
ones living and dead. But the meanest,
stubbornest, most malignant skepticism
which you can find anywhere is in
those who have been brought up in
nominally Christian homes, where the
lives of professing Christians contra-
dicted their professions.—Free Baptist.

Doing Duty, Whatever it Costs.

Simple duty doing is a high attain-
ment, and it calls for hard work. It
is not easy to do what we ought to do,
at the time and within the limits
assigned to us; yet that is simple duty.
It is no excuse for the non-performance
of duty, that it would have taken too
much strength or have cost one too
much, or that it would not have been
worth while to make the involved effort.
If it was duty, it should have been
done at any and every cost. It were
better to die in the effort at doing,
than to save one's life at the cost of a
shirked duty.

Arguing or Persuading.

Religious argument oftener awakes
prejudice, pride, and antagonism, than
it brings opponents over to our way
of thinking. Logic is combative; love
is persuasive. It has no hobnails in
its heels to bruise sensitive doubts.
When love goes wooing, it always puts
on its best attire, and uses its softest
tones. Just as the sunbeam is a more
powerful factor in nature than the
cyclone, so persuasion is mightier
than argument.—S. S. Times.

There is no such thing as waste in
God's economy. Futile efforts, dis-
appointed hopes, unrequited lives, un-
fulfilled ideas, unrealized ambitions,
unused powers, misguided enthusiasms,
misplaced trust—none of these are
really wasted. Remember, it was only
when the money had been spent, the
alabaster box broken, and the
spikenard spilled, that the home was
filled with the odor of the ointment.

Was Out of Sorts.

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