

The King's Highway.

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness.—Isa. 35-8

VOL. XXXVII.

MONCTON, N. B., AUG. 15, 1930

NO. 29

Making Our Homes Christian

Rev. Leon M. Biggs

What a beautiful place is a Christian home; where Christ is really the head of the house, the Unseen Guest at every meal, the Silent Listener to every conversation."

The words "Christian home" mean a great deal in this day of sin and indifference, and such homes are few and far between. Let us notice some of the important characteristics of this kind of a home.

It is one where family worship is the order of the day, every day. What a benediction rests on those who gather the family about them at least once every day and read from the Old Book, and perhaps sing a hymn and lovingly commit themselves in prayer to the Heavenly Father. But how few are doing that these days. How much easier to get down to breakfast just in time, hurry through the meal and make a "grand rush" for the car lest we be late for work or business. In our hurry and flurry, let us remember that "we cannot do more than pray until after we have prayed." This thought may cause us to take time for a family prayer each day.

Then it is a home where thanks is rendered to God, the Giver of all good gifts, before partaking of our meals, instead of feeding in God-forgetfulness as the swine and men "whose god is their belly" are prone to do.

"It is a home where the "Devil's Siamese Twins," tobacco and liquor, are conspicuous by their absence. I will not say much about liquor, for all moral people have banished it from their homes, and, of course, we do not find it in any Christian homes these days. But I do want to voice my disapproval of "The Brown God and his White Imps." What right have we as Christians to allow our homes to be littered up with ash-trays, stinking pipes and the offensive "makings" of the deadly cigarette? How can we command the respect of our children or ever succeed in winning them to our Christ when we allow them to flout every standard of common decency right in their own home? What a sad commentary on the apostacy of the age when we are forced to admit that many of the worst offenders are children of the leading members of our churches.

A Christian home is one where the songs of Zion are sung and where the fronts of our pianos are not plastered over with the latest jazz and rag-time of a pleasure-mad world. How sad when we realize that many, if not most of our trained (?) musicians of today, (many of them children of Christian parents) are utterly at a

loss in the presence of a hymnal, and when we express our amazement they answer with a toss of the head, "I never learned to play church music." There are so many good hymns and so much real elevating sacred music to be had that we will have a hard time explaining to Him in that Day why we ever allowed our homes to be contaminated with the other kind of music so-called.

Then we would not overlook the phonograph and the radio. These are both potent factors for good or evil, depending entirely on the use to which they are put. If we would keep our homes Christian we cannot use too much discretion in the selection of the records we buy, since what is played in the privacy of the home must have such a wide influence on us and on our children for weal or for woe. Yet how difficult I have sometimes found it to locate in some homes a real elevating record for the phonograph. Then how few of our homes are kept free from the jazz and nonsense, barn-dances and modernistic chatter that is flowing in torrents "over the air" these days. What right have we to allow syncopating atmosphere of the modern ball-room or the raucous strains of the barn-dance to penetrate the sacred precincts of the home we once dedicated to God, where our children have been born and where we are trying to mould them into Christian citizens of tomorrow?

We cannot help much that our children hear on the streets, in the school-room and elsewhere, but it is our responsibility to make and keep our homes free from degrading influence, and under the dominion and authority of Jesus Christ, so that our children may see the contrast, and be divinely led to choose the better part. God blessed Abraham and gave him great responsibilities because He knew "he would command his children after him," namely, he made God's authority and presence felt in the home circle. Dare we do less in this day of grace and call ourselves Christians?

A Christian home, then, is one in which Christ is the dominant personality, where family worship and grace at table are the order of the day, where "old man nicotine" and his bosom pal, John Barleycorn, are never allowed to enter, and where Christ dictates the music played on our pianos, radios and phonographs. These are a few of the distinctive marks of a Christian home. Is your home like this? If you are now failing along this line, will you not now re-dedicate yourself with all that you have to

Him, and rise up in the glory and power of your manhood and womanhood and make your home Christian?—Rev. J. W. Campbell in *Holiness Era*.

TEN YEARS IN CANAAN

Rev. Daniel Steele

A decade in the land which floweth with milk and honey is completed this day. Greater indeed than my spiritual birthday is this anniversary of my emancipation from the triple despotism of doubt, and fear, and sin, when, in the words of Frances Ridley Havergal, "My whole life was lifted into the sunshine, of which all I had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams compared with the fulness of summer glory."

My adorable Saviour and King, this morning, gives my long-unused pen the power to put on record the testimony that this glory has not been done away. It is not the transient glory of Moses' countenance, but rather the perpetually abiding, and hence, rather glorious ministration of the Spirit. "My summer does last all the year." My joy in Christ has waxed, not waned, during these ten blissful years.

As if to prove that this is not mere animal feeling, the result of favorable bodily conditions and an agreeable environment, God has been pleased to put forth His hand and touch my body, taking away my strength.

While He has given to me no exemption from what men call troubles, crosses and disappointments, yet none of these things move me. The storms which rudely sweep the earth's surface produce not even a ripple on the face of the water in the deep well. "And your joy no man taketh from you; nor do life's changes and reverses."

While abroad in foreign lands in quest of health, a week amid the thick fogs of the Atlantic and the thicker fogs and social desolation of a stranger in the streets of London, there was a constant sunshine in my soul. Amid the glaciers of the high Alps, how my heart did glow like a furnace, with love divine.

"No changes of season or place

Could make any change in my mind."

I find it more and more in my power to do what Gavazzi, the Italian, once said in my pulpit that he was enabled to do amid the multitude; "to create a little solitude around me, and hold delightful communion with my Heavenly Father."—*Heart and Life*.

Mrs. Hartshorn Mullen,
Jan 30