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Angel and Brute.

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"Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship"—Gen. 22:5.

Thus early in the world's history worship was looked upon as the special privilege of a good man, in pursuance of which he had to leave many things behind, whatever would tend to distract his thoughts, or interfere with his purpose; the ass is left at the bottom of the hill, and even the young men are left there, doubtless for very good reasons on the part of the patriarch. Abraham was the servant of God, and the eyes of such a servant will always be upward and towards his Master; Abraham was the friend of God, and there is no true friendship without communion. If you go into the narrative further, there were some that Abraham must leave behind him; the son may be privileged, Isaac might go, but the rest of the company must stay behind. If they had been fit, if they had been worthy, or ever, possibly, if they had been desirous, it might have been otherwise, for there is always a reason for these separations and choices and privileges in life. When Christ went into Gethsemane, He took with Him three of His disciples, the rest of them He left at the garden gate. And even with these three there was a further separation. "Sit ye here," He said, "while I go yonder and pray," and "He was parted from them about a stone's cast." Into the inner chamber the priest must go alone; of the more solemn side of Gethsemane, it is true, that men were apart, and the disciples slept; and so, on a lower level, Abraham, the friend of God, climbing the mountain to worship, must leave these his companions behind him for awhile. Inevitable as a law of God, going up to the higher things, we leave the lower things of necessity behind.

Men differ in constitution and in habits. What is appropriate for one man is not always so for another; the frame of mind in which we live decides this, although sometimes we are hardly conscious of it, and accept the separations and decisions and positions without a thought. The brute beast cannot worship, cannot pray; at least so far as we see, it is so. And there are men like this, they have no desire, to yearnings, no aspirations, no longings after the eternal, none that are apparent, none that show themselves upon the surface. There is no response to the sound of church-going bells, no answer to the call to prayer; and they are satisfied that it should be so. When the man of God is climbing the hill to worship, they tarry with the ass below; and they are content to tarry. If it were only an accident of the situation it would be sad, it is sad. Worship is so exalted a privilege that it places men by the side of angels and the intelligences of heaven; to miss so noble a prerogative, from any reason, may well be called a calamity; but when it proceeds from a fixed attitude of mind, or from gross and habitual carelessness, it is a denial and a casting away of our highest heritage. The ass cannot worship, why should we place ourselves upon the level of the ass? More than that, faculties through long disuse become atrophied, and the neglect is fatal. There are birds which have wings, but for long generations they have not attempted to fly, and now it is impossible for them to fly. And if we live like the brute, if we never bend the knee or lift up the heart to God, we have taken our side with the brute. It is a very solemn thought, but men are divided here, and in this way. There are those who tarry with the ass, and there are those who climb with the saint; there are those who are satisfied with the valley, and there are those who are forever seeking the mountain-top. The soul either aspires or else it expires. The man is either more and more one with the angels, or he is one with the brutes; by the very law of his nature he must either be going upward or downward, improving or degenerating, standing with the asses, or mounting heavenward with the friends of God.

In daily life this is very much a matter of choice, and not of compulsion. True, our circumstances may stand between us and our privileges, our duties themselves may keep us at

time apart from the place of prayer. It may have been so here, some one must care for the asses, some one must sacrifice himself to the common and lowlier necessities of life. The more need, however, that we should seek for the place of our privileges when the opportunity occurs. We are so much with the brute possibly, and necessarily; we have to give so much to that side of our nature, to sleep, to business, to providing for our daily wants, we should be all the more anxious for those hours when we escape from this, when we leave the valley and climb the mountain. Abraham is the type of the spiritually minded man, he *must* go and worship yonder. Nor more certain is that mysterious instinct, which birds feel in the autumn, so that they fly away to sunnier lands, not more definite in its calls and movements than is the instinct to worship in the heart of a right-minded man. Daniel must draw aside from the affairs of state, and leave the world behind, and go into the little chamber, and open the window that looks toward Jerusalem and the temple of his God. His very enemies know this. The soul has its demands as well as the body; "man cannot live by bread alone;" and these claims are imperative with the good man—"I and the lad will go yonder and worship;" "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

And though this thought separates men, and must separate them, it is natural and inevitable. We believe in God, and if we are honest we must act as those who believe in Him. It is not a case of those who know Him not, even as the dumb beast at the foot of the mountain knew Him not, but of spirits that are intelligent and act, or ought to act, according to intelligence. The fatal want is with men who are with the saint in what they know, and with the brute in what they do. So strangely are we made that it is possible to have the knowledge of a man, high aspirations and noble longings, even as Lord Byron had, and yet live a merely animal life, sensuous, sensual, and in this lower down in the scale than the brute. "What a fool I have been!" said the brilliant Churchill, as he ended his days in disgrace and ignominy. If the Christian cannot live without the living bread, in contrast with that there are thousands of men who do live without it; abide at the foot of the mountain, stand in these matters where the brutes are. They are immersed in other affairs; they are given over to other duties; they are left behind in the progress upwards; their ambitions are of the earth earthy; they tarry with the asses; you do not find them on the mount of sacrifice; you do not see them in the Mount of God.

And these principles go onward to the future, the angel in the man, and the brute in the man struggling for the mastery, until either the one or the other becomes supreme. What is it we are listening for in life, the voice which bids us climb upward, or the voice which bids us tarry below? One or the other we must obey, and the final outcome is either here with this or there with that. It is a law of life that progress means separation—the nearer the angel the farther we must be from the brute; and what is the hope of Eternal Life to any one of us but in responding to this call? Heaven is only the goal where worship is perfected; if we climb it is that we may be nearer God and with God. The incentive, the motive, the struggle, the climbing, the progress higher and yet higher is for this. And therefore we leave much behind, we can but leave it behind, the brute nature, the deadness, the apathy of men who live only for themselves, and for this present life. Do they tarry? Let them tarry! Then we must say, though we say it in sorrow, "Abide ye here. I and the lad will go yonder and worship."

A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer, without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden. It is the joyous day of the whole week.

You can find men who are more ready to sacrifice their money than their prejudices for the sake of advancing Christ's kingdom.

Greatness.

We sometimes wonder why God did not make us great as he has others, and are inclined to charge God with being partial. We think it unfair that he has so much more richly endowed others than us. We forget, however, that God makes no one great only in embryonic possibility. Greatness is not conferred, but acquired. The greatest man that ever lived would not have been great, could not have been great, had he not striven to be great.

The simplest, most obscure man is truly great if his life, his purposes, his plans are linked with God. This is the real test of greatness. Men long to do something great, but who knows what is great? No act, no life is truly great which does not fall in with God's sublime purposes. No act can be small which finds a place in that which helps humanity forward. It may not look great, men may not call it great, but God does.

The highest aim in life, then, is to find out when our activities will best fit into God's purpose, and then do perfectly the work given us. A tiny cog in a great machine may not be seen. It may not make much noise, it may seem to be doing nothing, but it is absolutely necessary to the working of the machine. If it stops the machine stops. It produces the work of the machine as truly as any other part. We are not parts of a great machine, but we are participants in a great providence. All are needed to make up the complete product of human life, and the smallest, most unseen and insignificant life becomes great as it truly enters into and helps to produce the completed result of all great true human life.—*Christian Work*.

If Christians Would Only Learn.

It is hard to believe that money would be lacking for missionary work if some of the facts of that work were realized by persons of means. For example, with an appeal to the Christian heart to know of villages in India relapsing into heathenism, and of others craving for Christian teachers to lead them out of its darkness, and of heathen chieftains in the South Seas losing their faith in a noble missionary's word that a missionary would be sent to them, and he had not come because funds at home were insufficient, and of a school in China where the missionary had to send away forty applicants for places. Truly, "the harvest is great," but the laborers are few, because, for one thing, the income is not forthcoming.—*The Christian*.

Rules for Conquering the Worry Habit.

Consider what must be involved in the truth, that God is infinite and that you are a part of his plan.

Memorize some of the scripture promises and recall them when the temptation to worry returns. Cultivate a spirit of gratitude for daily mercies. Realize worrying as an enemy which destroys your happiness.

Realize that it can be cured by persistent effort. Attack it definitely as something to be overcome.

Realize that it has never done and never can do the least good.

It wastes vitality and impairs the mental faculties. Help and comfort your neighbor.

Forgive your enemies and conquer your aversions.

The world is what we make it. Forward, then! Forward in the power of faith, forward in the power of truth, forward in the power of friendship, forward in the power of freedom, forward in the power of hope, forward in the power of God!—Henry Vincent.

The Sermon on the Mount is practicable in the sense that the ideal is practicable. It sets forth the celestial conception of the ideal life on earth.