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Morning Hours.

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ONCE in every twenty-four hours we take a fresh start in our life-journey. After the refreshment of sleep, we set out with a supply of bodily and mental vigor that is "new every morning." God kindly grants us a new probation, an opportunity to repair past mistakes; he gives us a chance to save the new-born day and to devote it to life's highest purposes. One hour at the sun-rise is commonly worth two at the sun-set. The best hours for laying plans, determining decisions and achieving any effective labor are the first clear fresh hours after we have risen from our slumbers. Sir Walter Scott was at work on his Waverley romances before his guests were out of their beds. President John Quincy Adams took an early swim in the Potomac while half of Washington was yet asleep. During the dark winter mornings the night-watchmen of Philadelphia often met Albert Barnes on his way to his study in his church—lantern in hand—to lay hold of his commentaries. By that systematic method he was able to prepare his score or more of valuable volumes without trenching on his sermon-making and his pastoral labors.

When the golden morning hours, fresh and bright from the mint of time, come into a minister's hands, let him be off to his books and his sermon. After a Monday's mental rest (for a busy pastor must have one day off as much as a hod-carrier), Tuesday morning is the best time to choose his text, and lay the keel of his sermon. Then he will escape the sin and the suicide of scrambling through his discourse on Saturday. Daylight is the best time to get an insight into God's Word, and into the great themes for the pulpit; "mid-night oil" was invented to burn out brains and consume human lives. My own rule always was to post up a card on my study door, "Very Busy" during the forenoon; and the afternoons were given to the study of my flock in their own houses. I never found that the hint on the door excluded any really important caller; and it saved to me what was more precious than "much fine gold."

In the next place new opportunities to serve our Master, and to bless our fellow-men, come every morning. If the opportunities of yesterday were not improved they will never return unless they rise up to bannt us at the Day of Judgment. Yonder morning glories that opened so beautifully yesterday are all withered away. But fresh ones opened at the kiss of today's rising sun; even so doth our patient Master give us new opportunities to do His will and His work, and to make somebody the better and the happier. The secret of usefulness is—seize every chance to do good by the forelock! Our days are very much what we make them; the fruitful days and the happy days are those in which we seized opportunities and made the most of golden occasions. The torments of hell will be lost opportunities; the joys of heaven will be—the hours on this earth that were spent to please Christ, and not ourselves.

One more important thought for us is that if new duties come every morning, there is a promise of fresh supplies of grace, and of strength equal to the day. We cannot live on yesterday's meals. As the children of Israel gathered the manna fresh and sweet every morning, so we must look upward for the stock of "rations" that are to supply us through the day's march. The early hour is the hour for prayer and the Bible. Start the day with God! We know not what the day may bring—in either trial or temptat on. The most dangerous temptations are the unforeseen and unexpected. A shattered ship was towed past the window of the room in which I am writing, a few days ago; she had been run into during a thick fog, and narrowly escaped destruction. Some of Christ's professed followers have been "stoven in" by sudden, and strong

temptations; conscience had gone to sleep in the pilot-house. Upon the youthful Joseph and the royal David came the same sudden temptation. The one was ready to meet it with an eye that saw God alone; the other was overcome because he let an attractive object of lust hide God entirely.

The Master teaches us to pray for our daily bread. Yesterday's supply will not avail; neither will yesterday's supply of grace. We must live by the day and draw on our loving, inexhaustible Father in heaven every morning for strength equal to the day. I have often said, and repeat it here again, that no Christian is strong enough to carry to-day's duties with tomorrow's anxieties and worries piled on the top of them. New every morning comes opportunity; new every morning comes duty; new every morning comes the sweet promise "my grace is sufficient for thee"; new every morning comes the Master offering to lead us; and ere long, if we are faithful, another morning will break on us with unclouded splendor where there will be no need of the sun, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and there shall be no night there.

The Moral Effect of Pretty Gowns.

BY MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

I HAVE chosen the adjective "pretty" rather than "elegant," "costly," or even "tasteful," because "pretty" is exactly what I mean. The other day at sunset I was on my way home, after hours of absence, and, with the pressure of desire to be beside my own hearth, felt little inclined to stop anywhere; but, as I passed a neighbor's a girl I knew tapped on the window, and then ran to the door, throwing it open so that the light in the hall streamed out on the shadowy street.

"Come in, dear," cried my girl friend, coaxingly; "I have something to show you." So in I went, and with real interest examined the lovely water-color, framed in carved white wood and gold-leaf, which Fanny's friend, a young artist, had sent her for a birthday present. As I said, I know Fanny, who is one of my girls, and I know her John, and they both occupy a warm corner in my heart. One of these days they are to be married, and I think they will be very happy, so congenial are their tastes, and so generous are their sympathies.

What has all this to do with the moral effect of a pretty gown? More than you imagine.

Fanny's mother died five years ago, and Fanny has been mother as well as sister to three brothers, bright, sturdy little fellows, rapidly shooting up to tall, aggressive adolescence. Fanny has a great deal to do, far too much for one so young, if Providence had not ordained it as her duty, and some time ago she began to feel that she had no time to spend on her dress.

"It is as much as I can do," she told me, "to slip into an old gown in the morning, and stay in it all day. I haven't time to put pretty dresses on, much less to make them, and then John never gets here before nine o'clock. When I expect him I dress on purpose."

Meanwhile, the boys were growing unmanageable. They were bright, loving fellows, but the street was growing increasingly attractive to them. Of their father, a lawyer, absorbed in his profession, and a recluse in his library when at home, they saw little. It depended on Fanny to tide her brothers over the critical time when boy-hood's barque slips over the bar into the open sea of manhood.

Fanny and I put our heads together and I urged upon her the trial of personal charm as a home missionary effort. I begged her to discard her old gowns. "Let your brothers see you simply but prettily dressed every day, looking bright and neat and sweet, with little touches of adornment about your costume, and observe

whether the effect will be for good or not."

The effect was at once visible in the line of a certain toning-up of the whole house. It is not for nothing that the soldier in service is required to keep his uniform and accoutrements in perfect repair and in shining cleanliness. A profound truth lies under the strict requirements of military discipline, for he who is negligent of the less will inevitably slur the greater.

Fanny's bright simple dresses made her more careful that her table should be attractively appointed as well as generously provided with viands; it made her intolerant of dust in the parlor; it sent her on a tour of inspection to the boys' rooms. She found, she could not explain how, that she had time enough for everything, time to go walking with her brother, time to talk with them over school affairs, and over the matches and games in which they took delight. The boys realized that they counted for a good deal in their sister's eyes, that she even thought it worth while to dress for them, and they were, therefore, on their best behavior.

You can fill out the story for yourself. Perhaps some of you are at work in Sabbath schools and working girls' clubs and young people's societies. Do not make the mistake of supposing that there is any merit in going into these benevolent works in a dowdy gown or an unbecoming hat. Try the effect of a pretty toilette; you will discover it to have a far-reaching influence on the side of good morals.

Who is It?

HERE is a laughable illustration of how anger causes a man to make himself ridiculous.

Banker Rosenthal directed his book-keeper to address a sharp letter to Baron Y—, who had promised several times to pay what he owed, and had as often neglected to do so.

When the letter was written, it did not please Banker Rosenthal, who is very excitable, and he angrily penned the following:—

"DEAR BARON Y—. Who was it that promised to pay up on the first of January? You, my dear Baron, you are the man. Who was it that promised them to settle on the first of March? You, my dear Baron. Who was it that didn't settle on the first of March? You my dear Baron. Who is it then, who has broken his word twice, and is an unmitigated scoundrel?"

"Your obedient servant,

"MOSES ROSENTHAL."

OWNS BOTH.—A United States paper says "the liquor traffic doesn't have to start a new party. It already own two.

WHAT IT WILL DO.—Prohibition might not make angels of men, but it would keep many of them from making Brutes of themselves and worse than slaves of their families.

QUARANTINE AND LICENSE.—Within ten years there have been in the United States 21,384 deaths from yellow fever, 650,000 deaths from alcohol; still yellow fever is quarantined, alcohol licensed. The same fool business is done in this country.

AN ACRE A YEAR.—"I figured out, years ago," said a prosperous farmer, "that with very moderate drinking, I'd drink an acre of good land every year. So I quit." Here is a temperance lecture, done up in a small parcel, convenient for handling.

It is better to see clearly one or two things in life than to move confused and blinded in the dust an impotent activity.