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## TO THE GLORY OF GOD

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION IN THE  
DAILY AFFAIRS OF LIFE.

IN ALL THINGS CONFESS HIM.

Religion as a Living Guide of Life Makes  
the Heart Glad—How to Put Religion  
Into Practice—The Work Nearest at  
Hand—The Religion of Everyday Life  
—God's Common Blessings.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada,  
in the year 1902, by William Bailey, of Toronto,  
at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Washington, Feb. 16.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage advises us to do our best in the spheres where we are placed and not wait to serve God in a remote position. Next, I. Corinthians. X. 31. "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

When the apostle in this text sets forth the idea that so common an action as the taking of food and drink is to be conducted to the glory of God, he proclaims the importance of religion in the ordinary affairs of our life. In all ages of the world there has been a tendency to set apart certain days, places and occasions for worship, and to think those were the chief realms in which religion was to act. Now, holy days and holy places have their importance. They give opportunity for special performance of Christian duty and for regaling of the religious appetite, but they cannot take the place of continuous exercise of faith and prayer. In other words, a man cannot be so much of a Christian on Sunday that he can afford to be a worldling all the rest of the week.

If a steamer put out for Southampton and go one day in that direction and the other six days in other directions, how long before the steamer will get to Southampton? It will never get there. And, though a man may seem to be voyaging heavenward during the holy Sabbath day, if during the following six days of the week he is going toward the world and toward the flesh and toward the devil how long will it take him to reach the peaceful harbor of heaven? You cannot eat so many of the Sabbath banquet that you can afford religious abstinence the other six days. Heroism and princely behavior on great occasions are no apology for lack of right demeanor in circumstances insignificant and inconspicuous. The genuine Christian life is not spasmodic; does not go by fits and starts. It toils on through heat and cold, up steep mountains and along dangerous declivities, like the everlastingly hills crowned with the castles of the blessed. I propose to plead for everyday religion.

In the first place we want to bring the religion of Christ into our conversation. When a dam breaks and two or three villages are overwhelmed or an earthquake in South America swallows a whole city, then people begin to talk about the uncertainty of life, and they imagine that they are engaged in positively religious conversation. No, You may talk about these things and have no grace of God at all in your heart. We ought every day to be talking religion. If there is anything beautiful about it, anything important about it, we ought to be courteously discussing. I have noticed that men just in proportion as their Christian experience is shallow talk about funerals and graveyards and tombstones and deathbeds. The real, genuine Christian man talks chiefly about this life and the great eternity beyond and not so much about the insignificant pass between these two residences. And yet how few circles there are where the religion of Jesus Christ is welcome. Go into a circle even of Christian people, where they are full of joy and hilarity, and talk about Christ or heaven and everything is immediately silenced. As on a summer day when the forests are alive with life, chatter, chirrup and hum—a mighty chorus of bird harmony, every tree branch an orchestra—if a hawk appear in the sky, every voice stops and the forests are still. Just so I have seen a lively religious circle silence the appearance of anything like religious conversation. No one had anything to say save perhaps some old patriarch in the corner of the room, who really thinks that something ought to be said now and then. He says, "The Lord bless you." "The Lord have mercy on you," their conversation interlarded with such expressions, which mean nothing but canting, and canting is the worst form of hypocrisy. If we have really felt the religion of Christ in our hearts, let us talk it; and talk it with an illuminated countenance, remembering that when two Christian people talk God gives special attention and writes down what they say. Malachi III, 16. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written."

Again, I remark we must bring the religion of Christ into our employments. "Oh," you say, "that is very well if a man handle large sums of money or if he have an extensive traffic, but in the humble world in life that I am called to the sphere is too small for the action of such grand, heavenly principles." Who told you so? Do you not know that God watches the faded leaf on the brook's surface as certainly as he does the path of a blazing sun? And the moss that creeps up the side of the rock makes as much impression upon God's mind as the waving tops of Oregon pine and Lebanon cedar. And the alder, crackling under the cow's hoof, sounds as loud in God's ear as the snap of a world's conflagration. When you have anything to do in life, however humble it may seem to be, God is always there to help you to do it. If your work is that of a fishman, then God will help you, as he helped Simon when he dragged Gennesaret. If your work is drawing water, then he will help you, as when he talked at the well with the Samaritan woman. If you are engaged in the custom house, he will lead you, as he led Matthew sitting at the receipt of customs. A religion that is not good in one place is not worth anything in another place. The man who has only a day's wages in his pocket as certainly needs the guidance of religion as he who rattles the keys of a bank and could abscond with a hundred thousand dollars.

There are those prominent in the churches who seem to be on public occasions very devout who do not put the principles of Christ's religion into practice. They are the most insecure of creditors. They are the most grasping of dealers. They are known as sharpers on the street. They fleece every sheep they can catch. A country merchant comes in to buy spring or fall goods, and he gets into the store of one of those professed Christian-men who have really no grace in their hearts, and he is completely swindled. He is so overcome that he cannot get out of town during the week he stays in town over Sunday, goes into some church to get Christian consolation, when what is his amazement to find that the very man who hands him the poor box in the church is the one who relieved him of his money! But never mind, the deacon has his black coat on now. He looks solemn and goes home, talking about "the blessed sermon." If the wheat in the churches should be put into a hopper, the first turn of the crank would make the chaff fly. I tell you. Some of these men are great sticklers for gospel preaching. They say: "You stand there in bands and surplice and gown and preach like an angel—and we stand out here and attend to business. Don't mix things. Don't get religion and business in the same bucket. You attend to your matters and we will attend to ours." They do not know that God sees every cheat that have practiced in the last six years; that he can look through the iron wall of their fireproof safe; that he has counted every dishonest dollar they have in their pocket, and that a day of judgment will come.

There are many Christians who say: "We are willing to serve God, but we do not want to do it in these spheres about which we are talking." They do not want to be conspicuous. If we had some great occasion, if we had lived in the time of Luther, or if we had been Paul's traveling companion, if we could serve God on a great scale, we would not mind that we can't in this everyday life. I admit that a great deal of the romance and knight errantry of life have disappeared before the advance of this practical age. There is, however, a field of endeavor and great achievement, but it is in everyday life. There are Alps to scale, there are Hellesponts to swim, there are fires to brave, but they are all kind of martyrdom to bear.

Do not think that any work God gives you to do in the world is on too small a scale for you to do. The whole universe is not ashamed to take care of one little flower. I had a fable which I have never nearly forgotten, but it ran something like this: He said spirits of the other world came back to this world to find a body and find a sphere of activity. One of the spirits was a king and did his work, another spirit came and took the body of a poet and did his work, after awhile Ulysses came, and he said: "Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied, "Ah, the best one has been left for you." Ulysses said, "What's that?" And the reply was, "The body of a common man, doing a common work and for a common reward." A good fable for the world and just as good a fable for the church. Whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do, let us do it to the glory of God.

Again, we need to bring the religion of Christ into our commonest trials. For severe losses, for bereavement, for trouble that shocks like an earthquake and that blasts like storm, we prescribe religious consolation; but, business men, for the small annoyances of last week how much of the grace of God did you apply? "Oh," you say, "these trials are too small for such application." My brother, they are shaping your character, they are souring your temper, they are wearing out your patience and they are making you less and less of a man. I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God is your soul under process of development, and it is little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click, my brother, they are some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for

Heaven. Ah, no, God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little annoyances, little sorrows, little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarranged. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any perplexity or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Again, we must bring the religion of Christ into our commonest blessings. When the autumn comes and the harvests are in and the governors make proclamations, we assemble in churches and we are very thankful. But every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. We do not recognize the common mercies of life. We have to see a blind man led by his dog before we begin to bethink ourselves of what a grand thing it is to have undimmed eyesight. We have to see some wounded man hobbling on his crutch or with his empty coat sleeve pinned up before we learn to think what a grand thing God did for us when he gave us healthy use of our limbs. We are so stupid that nothing but the misfortunes of others can rouse us up to our blessings. As the ox grazes in the pasture up to its eye in clover, yet never thinking who makes the clover, and as the bird picks up the worm from the furrow not thinking that it is God who makes everything, from the animalcule in the soil to the seraph on the throne, so we go on eating, drinking and enjoying, but never thinking, or seldom thanking, or, if thinking at all, with only half a heart.

I compared our indifference to the brute, but perhaps I was wrong. The brute, I do not know but that, among its other instincts, it may have an instinct by which it recognizes the divine hand that feeds it. I do not know that God is through it, holding communication with what we call "irrational creation." Who thanks God for the air, the fountain of life, the bridge of sunbeams, the path of sound, the first fan on a hot summer's day? Who thanks God for this wonderful physical organism, this sweep of the vision, this chime of harmony struck into the ear, this soft tread of a myriad delights over the nervous tissue, this rolling of the crimson tide through artery and vein, this drumming of the heart on our march to immortality? We take all these things as a matter of course. But suppose God should withdraw these common blessings! Your body would become an inquisition of torture, the cloud would refuse rain, every green thing would crumple up, and the earth would crack open under your feet. The air would cease its healthful circulation, pestilence would swoop, and every house would become a place of skulls. Streams would first swim with vermin, and then dry up, and thirst and hunger and anguish and despair would lift their scepters. Oh, compare such a life as that with the life you live with your families! Is it not time that with every word of our lips and with every action of our life we began to acknowledge these everyday mercies? "Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Do I address a man or a woman who has not rendered to God one single offering of thanks?

I was preaching one Thanksgiving Day and announced my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever." I do not know whether there was any blessing on the sermon or not, but the text went straight to a young man's heart. He said to himself, "I read the text. 'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good.' Why, I have never rendered him any thanks! Oh, what an ingratitude! He has been the best, my brother, that you have been fed by the good hand of God all these days, that you have had clothing and shelter and all the beneficent surroundings, and yet have never offered your heart to God! Oh, let a sense of the divine goodness show you in everyday blessings melt your heart, and if you have never before uttered one earnest note of thanksgiving let this be the day when you shall bear your song! What I say to one I say to all. Take this practical religion I have recommended to your everyday life. Make every day a Sabbath, and every meal a sacrament and every room you enter a house of holies. We all have work to do, let us be willing to do it. We all have sorrows to bear; let us cheerfully bear them. We all have battles to fight; let us courageously fight them. If you want to do right, you must live right. Negligence and indolence will win the hiss of everlasting scorn, while faithfulness will gather its garlands and wave its scepter and sit upon its throne long after this earth has put on ashes and eternal ages have begun their march. You go home to-day and attend to your little sphere of duties. I will go home and attend to my little sphere of duties. Every one in his own place. So our every step in life shall be a triumphal march, and the humblest footstool on which we are called to sit will be a conqueror's throne.

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Vermont, Jan. Feb. 1901, 03, 02, 02, 02. Average of 23 tests	03
Cornell N. Y., Jan. March, 1901, trace, 02, trace, 02. Average of 27 tests	031
Massachusetts, Jan. Feb. 1901, 02, 02, 02, 01. Average of 11 tests	024
New Hampshire, Jan. Feb. 1901, 02, 01, 02, 02. Average of 11 tests	027
Kansas, Jan. March, 1901, 02, 02, 01, 02. Average of 8 tests	02
Wisconsin, January, 1901, 01, 01, trace, 01. Average of 5 tests	026
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Jan. Feb. 1901, 01, 02, 02, 02. Average of 5 tests	017
Average of 106 tests of skim milk	024 of 1 per cent

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