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"Joy Cometh in the Morning."

"One calleth unto me out of Seir, 'Watchman, what of the night?' Watchman, what of the night.' The watchman said, 'The morning cometh.'" Isaiah 21, 11:22. "Weeping may tarry for a night. But joy cometh in the morning," Psalms 30:5.

Seir was a mountain belonging to Edom, as was Dama. The inhabitants of these regions were enemies to Israel, and often taunted God's people when they were in distress. The enquirey here is one of taunt and reproach; Such as the Psalmist felt when the enemy reproached him daily saying, "where is thy God." But the prophet replies with faith in God, that the morning cometh; and the Psalmist describes the coming morning to the tried and weeping believer as one of joy. For He says again, "my soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that wait for the morning." The joy of salvation is always preceded by nights of sadness, made so by dispensations of affliction and adversity. But no matter how dark the night may be, the morning clears away the darkness and reveals the light. Ah God's creation needs darkness in order to appreciate the light. It was Gods order from the beginning "The evening, and the morning were the first day." Oh! what strength of soul faith in God gives to the believer. It is the foundation, and medicine of all other graces. Faith inspires hope; and hope maketh not ashamed. So that however dark and gloomy the night of affliction may be faith with telescopic power discovers the morning star of hope in the sky of providence, the precursor of the Sun of righteousness that riseth with healing in His wings. It is thy privilege, oh believing soul, to rejoice in hope amid the darkest scenes; for your sorrow shall be turned into joy; therefore anticipate it.

In Pandora's box, whence countless ills had escaped to plague mankind, hope remained. All was not lost if the world still possessed hope. The old myth is full of meaning. It is the expectation of "joy in the morning" that makes our nights of sorrow and pain endurable.

It is the peculiar mission of the gospel to inspire hope, because the gospel is the revelation and pledge of God's good purpose towards humanity. This truth has often been obscured by narrow interpretations and faintheartedness, but it is the great, sweet, divine truth which Jesus Christ embodied, and which the true preacher must perpetually utter that weary, heavy laden, and discouraged men and women may have courage and strength "to live another week,"—to fight another battle, to bear another load, to endure another grief.

But hope is not alone for the sad and despondent; it is also for the aspiring, for those who strive to do tasks worth doing, and make plans that reach far into the future, and who for the sake of these ends are willing to spend themselves without stint. The "morning joy" is the fruition of their dream and endeavor, and it is hope that keeps their purpose steady and tenacious.

It was said of Jesus, that, "for the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame." In this He is not singular, save in the heaviness of His cross and in the breadth and depth of the joy that He coveted—a joy that was to be His own, because it was to be also the possession of all whom He loved. How true to life and fact is this note of comment on the life of the Master! Of every brave and potent soul it is true that for the joy set before him he endures the cross.

We have a right to hope. Why? Because labor is meant to have result; aspiration is meant to have fulfillment, and patient endurance is meant to have reward. This is God's evident purpose. We have a right to hope also because evil and pain and weariness and disappointment are not finalities; they are not ends, but incidents

and means. Nothing has a guaranty of perpetuity but that which is good. The good is the only really lasting thing, because that has in itself a divine reason of being.

But, more than this: we have a duty to hope. We often make false moral distinctions. We say: One *must* do right, and, One *may* hope. Not there is an obligation to hope if we believe in God. For, after all, hope springs out of trust. Faith in God is the basis of rational and enduring optimism.

Hope on, weary soul; toil is not in vain. Hope on, sorrowing one; grief is fleeting. Hope on, aspiring one, the dream foreshadows the divine and imperishable fact.

How often the morning brings to us, not merely a new lease of life, but new life itself. We sink down on a troubled pillow with dark cares brooding over us and with vague fears, magnifying dangers and ills; but at last sleep comes with its blessed unconsciousness, and then morning with its new vision, and gladness dawns with the rising sun. This experience is a parable of life. The night of sorrow will pass though it be dark and long. The night of ignorance with its tormenting alarm will vanish. Even the night of sin with its misery and shame will depart; and, with the morning, joy will flood our souls with the sweet, new meanings of God-given triumphant life.

Godliness Profitable.

"Godliness is profitable for all things." That is a sentence well worth looking at steadily and pondering until it is photographed on the memory and the heart. It is a gracious fact that many things are profitable for a little while and in narrower spheres, and they are therefore to be received with thanksgiving. Even bodily exercise has its beneficent uses, for the body is to be kept healthy and vigorous, that it may be a prompt and effective instrument for the soul. Let us not fall into the monkish notion of supposing that an emaciated body is especially attractive to God, nor into the Epicurean notion that a pampered and riotous body is any more acceptable. We shall easily shun all such extremes by remembering that Godliness is always profitable, having promise of the best in this life and the best in the life to come. This applies not only to Sunday worship and private devotions, but in equal measure to the business of the urgent week-day, the domestic cares of the home, and the recreations of vacation time. Godliness is God-likeness, and God-likeness is profitable for all times and all persons and all pursuits. In this assurance there is something very inspiring and joyous. God is the most glorious and blessed Being in the universe, and next to him in these happy attributes is the being who is most like him.

Earth to be as Heaven.

The Lord's Prayer, it is to be noticed, emphasizes the conquest and transformation of the earth by the disciples of Christ. Our Father's name is to be revered, his kingdom established, and his will accomplished. Each and all on earth as in heaven. This prayer, like all prayer, is a pledge that we who offer it will do everything in our power to bring about and hasten its fulfillment. What an ideal to be kept before our mind and heart as we daily pray, morning, noon, and night,—that earth may be like heaven! The goal seems to be a great way off, and yet it is not as far as it was. Since Christ came and taught the world this prayer, slowly and steadily through the centuries the world has been learning to listen and to respond. At first a few, then more, and ever more; and the circle still

widens, and shall widen, until earth's remotest bound is reached and every creature hears and heeds Christ's summons,—"After this manner, pray." Earth is not like heaven, not even one spot on it, nor one man in it; but there are striking resemblances and approximations. There are many hearts in which Christ reigns, many homes where he is honored, many communities where he is sincerely worshipped. He is being lifted up, and is drawing all men to himself. And this is the great work of his disciples to-day,—not so much to desire the release and rest of heaven as to enter wholly into the prayer and service that shall make earth like heaven.

Patched or Whole

WM. W. BARKER.

Yes, my friends, the Saviour was right. He said no sensible person would put a patch on an old garment. A new suit is better than an old one any day providing it fits.

We know what Jesus was referring to when he spoke of patches and bottles. The rent veil of the temple at His death was a commentary on his words. The old garment of the Jewish religion was done away with and he furnished us with a new one. John's baptism also gave way to Christ's. And if he would not patch up a religious system, he would not patch up a man.

When by the pool of Bethesda, Jesus saw an impotent man and went to him. What a picture: Omnipotence and impotence! Said he to a poor man, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Ah! just like our Lord. It wasn't, "Wilt thou be patched up?" The man took him at his word and was made whole.

Our Saviour does the same to our needy souls. He does not patch them up. The devil is the one that patches people and denominations up. He's a great student of human nature and knows the willingness of men to be patched. Let's see—there's the morality patch to begin with, then the pleasure patch—theatrical and so forth (as though God did not know how to make a man happy), then the appetite patch, the passion patch, the patch of hypocrisy, oh, and so many more. Yes, and all these "make the rent worse." A sinner after Satan gets through with him is a patched up lot, I tell you.

There's a difference between a wax flower and a natural one. The wax one is made piece upon piece, but there is no life in it because man made it. The real flower has life, and fragrance too, because God made it. Give me God's work every time. A whole life means a whole heart the issues from which are whole; and as the result of their wholeness (let us say holiness), a man's life is a happy one. Yes, even the sorrows of a Christian are to be turned into joy.

Then let us permit Jesus to make us whole and let us dispense with the devil's patching. There won't be a patch on the white robes that you and I, fellow Christian, will wear some sweet day.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.

In a recent novel, says *The British Weekly*, where great power is on the whole misdirected, there is one sentence that cannot easily be forgotten. A stern old mother has a daughter given to writing. The mother disapproves, but when the daughter dies we are told that what her mother used to speak of as verses she always afterwards called poems. That is what death does for our loved ones. It changes their verses into poems.

The world needs the ideal family as well as the ideal individual. We may make a fair showing as Christian units, but a very poor showing as members of a Christian organization.