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The Halo of Life.

I mean the halo conferred by our God, when He called us His children and created us in His own image. I mean the halo of heavenly sonship to be seen even when we have wandered into the far country. "I will arise and go to my father!" There the halo is shining and terrible circumstances, when its wearer has been deserted by his friend and "no man came near unto him." It is a tremendous moment when the soul awakes to see the mystic halo resting upon its own being, and it is still more momentous when the soul rises up to claim the inheritance of which the halo is the symbol and the clue. "My God, I am thine; what a glory divine!" That man has seen the halo and has entered upon his inheritance.

And then I think we are designed by the Lord to see the halo on common human experiences. For instance, we have partially lost our sight unless we can see the mystic significance of common labor. Many a man can see the sacred symbol of a crosier, who is blind to the similar significance in a spade. We attach the title "Reverend" to a minister, but we have no such conception of a grocer. We see the glory resting upon the Church, but we do not see the mystic flame in the workshop and the office. I am always impressed by a suggestion that comes to me in "The Angelus," the familiar picture where two peasants are standing in the field resting for a moment from their labor. There is a Church upon the horizon, and from the tower there has come the summons which makes the toilers stand in the attitude of homage and intercession. But the painter has brought a ray of light and flung it upon the barrow and the spade, the implements of labor. And that is what we ought to see when we go to our daily toil. There must not only be a light on the sanctuary, but there must be a sign of the divine thought and care upon the commonest implements and ministries with which we earn our daily bread. "Only a laboring man!" Yes, only a carpenter of Nazareth.---J. H. Jowett, in Continent.