

songs
of the
nightingale

*devotional
poems
and
prose*

**A PERSONAL COLLECTION
OF POEMS AND PROSE COMPILED
BY RUBY DE VOUGE**

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In " Good Morning, America" , Carl Sandburg wrote, " A poet is a nightingale, who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds."

Poetry has always been appreciated for the beautiful manner in which it expresses thought. The Bible contains large amounts of poetic writings, the beauty and meter of which are lost in translation. The Psalms, for instance, were written as songs. The love poem that we know as The Song of Solomon is appreciated even today for its elegance of expression.

The poems and other devotional writings in this collection were gathered by Ruby De Vouge. Ruby was a sister in Christ, isolated from others by geography. She lived in a small coastal village on the shores of the Canadian providence of Quebec. While having little fellowship with others of like faith, one of her spiritual life-lines was the beauty of poetic praise to God. She painstakingly hand-copied her favorites into a book of praise. These poems certainly cheered her solitude with the sweet sounds of love and faith.

After her death, these poems found their way across the continent to the home of Sister Betty Bradberry of California where they were treasured and carefully preserved. When she, in turn, finished her course on earth, the book passed into other hands and now are being produced for the spiritual benefit of all Christians who love to hear God's praises through the poetic word.

The publishers of this volume trust that the readers will continue to enjoy the nightingale songs of their fellow Christians who have produced the poems herein.

" Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." - Philippians 4:8

p r a i s e

B R E A K F O R T H I N T O S I N G I N G
I S A I A H 4 9 : 1 3

There is a beautiful story which tells of song birds being brought over the sea. There were thirty-six thousand, mostly canaries.

The sea was very calm when the ship first sailed and the little birds were silent. They kept their little heads under their wings and not a note was heard. But the third day out at sea the ship struck a furious gale. The passengers were terrified. Children wept.

Then a strange thing happened. As the tempest reached its height the birds began to sing; first one, then another, until all thirty-six thousand were singing as if their little throats would burst.

When the storm rises in its fury,
do we then begin to sing?
Should not our song break forth in ten-fold joy
when the tempest begins?
I can hear the songbirds singing their refrain.

" It is morning in my heart!
And I know that life for me begins again.
It is morning in my heart!
It is morning, it is morning in my heart!

" Jesus made the gloomy shadows all depart.
Songs of gladness now I sing,
For since Jesus is my King,
It is morning, it is morning in my heart!"

Oh God, wilt thou teach us to begin the music of heaven!
Grant us grace to have many rehearsals of eternal Hallelujahs!
" Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me,
Bless his holy name!"

Try singing, singing in the storm!

S O M E D A Y

Some day, oh, some day soon
I will behold him,
In rapture gaze
upon his lovely face;
All sorrows will
forever be forgotten;
I'll sing the praises
of his matchless grace.

What joy, oh joy divine,
to then behold him,
The veil removed,
my vision ever clear;
This feeble tent exchanged
for life immortal,
I'll forever be
with my Saviour dear!

Some day, oh some day soon
I will behold him,
My loosened tongue
will stammer nevermore;
Redemption's song
will be my theme in glory,
I'll sing it with
the ransomed evermore.

Some day, oh some day soon,
I'll share His glory;
The clouds will break,
His voice break on my ear,
And then, caught up to be
with him forever
Through endless days
I'll praise my Saviour dear.

**B E C H E E R F U L , U N S E L F I S H ,
C A L M , P R A Y E R F U L**

Always rejoice in the Lord: I will repeat it, Rejoice. Let your forbearing spirit be known to everyone: the Lord is near. Do not be anxious about anything, but by prayer and earnest pleading together with thanksgiving let your requests be unreservedly made known before God. So will the peace of God, which surpasses all power of thought, be a garrison to guard your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus. Finally, brethren, whatever is true, whatever wins respect, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovable, whatever is of good report or repute— if there is any virtue or anything deemed worthy of praise, cherish the thought of these things. Let all that you have learned and received and heard and saw in me fashion your conduct. And the God of peace will be with you.— Philippians 4:4-9

Cherish beautiful thoughts, live noble lives. Rejoice in the Lord, and again I say, Rejoice. Rejoice in the Lord. Rejoice in his truth.

**S P E A K I N G T O Y O U R S E L V E S I N P S A L M S
A N D H Y M N S A N D S P I R I T U A L S O N G S ,
S I N G I N G A N D M A K I N G M E L O D Y I N Y O U R
H E A R T T O T H E L O R D . — E P H E S I A N S 5 : 1 9**

**L I K E S U N S H I N E
A F T E R T H E S N O W**

Like water on the parched earth, and like sunshine to vegetation after winter snows, so the message of divine truth comes to us and with it the blessed realization of divine favor. In the joy of our new found treasure we are apt to think at first that we have actually entered the Beulah Land of joy and peace where sorrow and trial can never come to us. But no, there are sorrows ahead and trials beyond, and you will need all the strength which the truth can give and all the blessed influences which grace can impart to enable you to endure faithfully to the end.

C. T. Russell

T H E V A L U E O F A S M I L E

A smile costs nothing, but gives much. It enriches those who receive it without making poor those who give it. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it, and none is so poor but that he can be made rich by it. A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters goodwill in business, and is the courtesy sign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and is nature's best antidote for trouble. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has no more to give.

C. T. Russell

I N T H E B E G I N N I N G

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." In these few words is enshrined the story of countless ages. Long before man came into being, long before the infinite variety of animal and vegetable life which now inhabits this planet was brought forth, the work of God was going steadily forward. In the mighty crucible of nature he was molding and fashioning a fitting home for humanity, compelling the tremendous forces of the universe to work together in slow but ceaseless motion until, after the lapse of ages upon ages, the angels looked down upon the solar system of ours with the parent sun majestic in its family of circling worlds.

The earth was one of those worlds. Long epochs had yet to pass before even the humblest form of life could appear on its troubled surface. Great eruptions of nature from within, avalanches and floods from above, all combined to keep this new world in a state of perpetual unrest. but eventually there came a time when it was stilled, when the boiling seas subsided and the land had some measure of peace from warring elements. And in that

eventful day life was born on earth. No man saw it come, no human history can go back to those first beginnings when lowly creatures of the seashores were lords of material creation.

Long years afterward, the chronicler wrote: " And God said, let the waters bring the moving creature that hath life . . . and it was so."

So passed the centuries, the millenniums, the epochs during which God worked silently in that orderly development which characterizes all his works, preparing a home for a new creation which he purposed. At length the watching angels saw a new wonder at which they shouted aloud for joy. Beings— intelligent, perfect, capable of love and gratitude, worship and service— made to be the crowning glory of that creation which had taken so long a time to bring to this climax. " The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." (Job 38:6) With what serene pleasure must the Father have gazed upon the first material beings and foreseen the wonders of a future age when the earth shall be fully perfected and when mankind shall have achieved the Divine ideal and attained to the image and likeness of God.

F E E D I N G I N T H E B A N Q U E T H A L L

As we draw nearer to the close of the Harvest, we shall not be surprised if the way become still narrower, still more difficult, and if the temptations to stumble and fall become still more frequent. Let us then, dear brethren, be more and more on our guard against the wiles of the great enemy of our souls, and against the deceptions of our own fallen nature. Let the perfect love of God rule in our hearts, driving out self-love and world-love with their pride, ambition, and folly. Let entire devotion to God bring into your hearts the promised fulness of joy and rest and peace. Be fruitful branches in the vine, abiding ever in him, responding to all the prunings of the great husbandman with more abundant fruitage.

If beguilement come to us, let us say with the Apostle of old, " Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." There is life nowhere else. And we wish to go nowhere else. We are feasting in the banquet hall of our Father's house. " And his banner over us is love." We have an abundant supply. Our table is richly laden. So we eat and go our way rejoicing. We are nearing home. We shall soon reach the last milestone in our journey. Then, with a song on our lips, let us press on.

S O M E Q U E S T I O N S

Are you happy, my brother,
 in Jesus today
 As you were when thou first started
 out in the way?

Is your confidence still
 just as strong in the Lord
 As it was when you first started
 to study his Word?

Many trials you've had
 as you've traveled along,
 Is your joy in the Lord
 still your strength and your song?

Can you say with assurance,
 " he leadeth me still"
 And find all your joy
 in doing his will?

Is your faith just as strong?
 Is your hope just as bright?
 Are you faithfully striving
 to walk in the light?
Are your eyes ever centered
 on Jesus your goal?
Is your whole life still
 under the Father's control?

Can you sing while you're
 passing through sorrow's dark vale,
When your prayers for relief
 do not seem to avail?

Can you still keep on trusting,
 right on to the end,
When it seems as though on earth
 you haven't a friend?

Is the sword of the spirit
 still clasped in your hand?
Are you ready to follow
 each word of command,
Pressing valiantly on
 in the strength of the Lord,
Till he says " `Tis enough,
 you have gained your reward?"

If to all of these questions
 your answer is, " Yes,"
And it fills you with joy
 his dear name to confess,
What a joy it will give
 to your Father above,
And your life will forever
 be filled with his love.

Stanley B. Bodle, England

I H A V E T H E B E S T
T H E R E I S

1. I have a guide book outlining the way of life.
(*Psalm 119:105; John 15:7*)

2. I have a director who supervises the journey,
making all things work together for good.
(*Psalm 32:8; Romans 8:28*)

3. I have the bread of life on which I feed along the
journey— the most satisfactory ever eaten. (*John 6:33,*
35)

4. I have the water of life to drink along the way—
fully satisfying my thirst at all times.
(*John 7:37*)

5. I have a companion in travel whose tender sympathy
and comforting words console me and reassure me while
he explains the glory of the journey. (*Matthew 28:20;*
Luke 24:32; John 14:18;
Ephesians 1:18-20)

6. I have all the entertainment enroute any one could
ask or wish, great joy in my heart (*John 14:11*),

Singing in my soul (*Philippians 4:4*),

Melody in my mind (*Ephesians 5:19*);

Peace unsurpassed, in my running
(*Philippians 2:16; 1 Corinthians 9:24-26*),

And victory as my goal. (*John 14:2;*
Philippians 3:13, 14)

7. I have many expectant watchers awaiting me at the
end of the way. (*1 John 3:2*)

I was lost in sin (*Ephesians 2:1*),

But am saved by grace (*Ephesians 2:8*).

My Father is expecting me, also his beloved Son
(*John 17:24*)

Who will confess me before the Father
(*Psalms 45:10-17*)

And before his angels
(*Revelation 3:5; Jude 2, 4*).

And my fellow runners in the race will greet me
and shout Hallelujah when I get home!
(*Psalms 65:1-4*)

S I N G I N G

The little birds trust
God for they go singing
From northern woods
when autumn winds have blown,
With joyous faith
their trackless pathway winging
To summer lands
of some far unknown.

Let us go singing, then,
and not go sighing;
Since we are sure
our times are in his hand.
Why should we weep
and fear and call it dying?
'Tis only flitting
to a summer land.

To the tune of

D A N N Y B O Y

Oh gracious Lord,
 the voice of love is calling
 From ages past
 it comes so sure and clear,
The truth unfolding
 in this night of darkness,
Shows us, dear Lord,
 thy Kingdom now is near.

Oh Kingdom come,
 that blessed reign of Jesus,
That blessed peace on earth
 we'll soon behold
When saints with thee
 will raise and bless the nations
And bring them back from death,
 O Lord, into thy fold.

Dear Lord, dear Lord,
 thy voice, thy voice is calling,
Come unto me
 and peace shall fill your heart,
O sorrow, not
 as darkness gathers round thee,
If faithful, thou from me
 shall never part.

And when the darkness deepens,
 ever deepens,
My love for thee
 shall ever clearly shine;
And in that glorious mansion
 in the heavens,
Dear child of earth, dear child of woe,
 you shall be mine.

F E L L O W S H I P W I T H G O D

Life is so pleasant when walking with God,
The fellowship marvelously sweet,
As we constantly dwell in his presence each day
And enjoy his blessings complete.

When the storms of life are raging without
And the enemy tries to get in,
God sends a calmness into your soul,
And his grace will help us to win.

Walking and talking with him every day,
There are joys and blessings untold.
'Tis only a taste of what is to come
When we reach that city of gold.

F. W. Davis

S T A N D I N G L O R D

I'm standing, Lord,
There is a mist that blinds my sight;
Steep jagged rocks— front, left and right—
Tower, dim, gigantic, in the night.
Where is the way?

I'm standing, Lord,
The black rock hems me in behind,
Above my head a moaning wind
Chills and oppresses heart and mind.
I am afraid!

I'm standing, Lord.
The rock is hard beneath my feet.
I nearly slipped, Lord, on the sleet;
So weary, Lord, and where a seat?
Still must I stand?

He answered me and on his face
A look ineffable of grace,
Of perfect, understanding love,
Which all my murmuring did remove.

I'm standing, Lord.
Since thou hast spoken, Lord, I see
Thou hast beset; these rocks are thee;
And since thy love encloses me,
I stand and sing!

Betty Stam, Martyred in China

H E L P M E T O M A K E
A L L M Y S O R R O W
M U S I C F O R T H E W O R L D

Turn your troubles into treasures,
Turn your sorrows into song;
Then all men will know the measure,
In which you to Christ belong.
When they see your bright behavior
Under provocation great,
They may ask what mighty Saviour
Can impart that happy state.

Paul and Silas in the prison.
With their feet fast in the stocks,
Praised their glorious Lord, arisen,
Till the earthquake rent the rocks.
There was none to join their singing,
So the earthquake roared, "Amen!"
And the glad chains fell down a-ringing,
As their voices rang again.

O, then sing with us his praises
When there seems least cause to praise;
Faith, the sweetest anthem raises
When the darkness hides God's ways.
He brings forth his "New Creation"
Only there where ends "the old."
Let us praise him for salvation
When all feels most dead and cold.

My soul keep up thy singing,
Turn thy sorrow into song.

Arthur B. Booth-Clibbon

Come, my sister, see the rainbow,
See its lovely colors blend.
Can we blend our life with Jesus,
Serve and love him to the end.

Sun and showers bring the rainbow,
Following Christ brings tears and pain,
But there is a glad tomorrow,
For with him we soon shall reign

Soon his saints will all be with him
In the heavenly courts above,
Passing quickly from earth's sorrows,
Folded ever in his love.

Yes, I see the glorious rainbow,
It reminds me of his love,
Of the covenant and promise
That we'll reign with him above.

**AND AT MIDNIGHT PAUL AND SILAS PRAYED, AND SANG
PRAISES UNTO GOD: AND THE PRISONERS HEARD THEM.—
ACTS 16:25**

Arthur B. Booth-Clibbon

I F A S O N , T H E N A N H E I R

Heir of a mighty King, heir to a throne,
Why art thou wandering sad and alone?
Heir to the love of God, heir to his grace,
Rise to thy privilege, claiming thy place.

Heir of a conqueror, why dost thou fear?
Foes cannot trouble thee when he is so near.
Child of the promises, be not oppressed,
Claim what belongs to thee, find sweet rest.

Heir by inheritance! Child of thy God!
Right to thy son-ship is found in his Word;
Walk with the noble ones, never alone;
Prince of the royal blood, come to thy throne.

Heirs! We are joint-heirs with Jesus our Lord!
Heirs of the covenant found in his Word!
Rise to thy privilege, heir of his grace!
Heir to the love of God! Rise, claim thy place.

T H E L O V E O F G O D M E L T S D O W N
T H E U N L O V E L Y H E A R T I N A M A N
A N D B E G E T S I N H I M T H E N E W C R E A T U R E
W H O I S P A T I E N T A N D H U M B L E
A N D G E N T L E A N D U N S E L F I S H .
W E L O V E B E C A U S E H E F I R S T L O V E D U S .
P R E C I O U S S A V I O R
A T T H Y F E E T

Precious Saviour, at thy feet,
Here I bow thy face to seek;
Take my life and by thy grace
Make my heart thy dwelling place.
Lord, I yield my tongue to thee,
Full of praises let it be.
May my hands thy will perform,
And my feet thy ways adorn.

Lord, I bring to thee my all.
Humbly now, on thee I call,
Burn the dross and purify,
And to self, Lord, may I die.
Precious Saviour, guide me home,
I am weak, but thou art strong;
Fill my life from day to day
With thy spirit, this I pray.

Olga Weiss

thankfulness

Let me be strong
when troubles
are distressing,
Calmly to deal
with problems
and with strife.
Show me the way
that I may earn
thy blessing,
Happy and thankful
for the gift
of life.

M Y G O D , I T H A N K T H E E

My God, I thank thee,
who hath made the earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
noble and right.

I thank thee, too,
that thou hast made joy to abound;
So many thoughts and deeds
circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
some love is found.

I thank thee more than all
my joy is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brighter hours,
that thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be my guide,
and not my chain.
For those who knowest Lord,
how soon our weak heart clings;
Hast given us joy,
tender and true, yet all with wings,
So that we see gleaming
on high diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord,
 that Thou hast kept the best in store!
I have enough,
 yet not too much, to long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
 not known before.

I thank thee, Lord,
 that our souls, though amply blest,
Can never find,
 although they seek, a perfect rest,
Nor ever shall until they lean
 on Jesus' breast.

F R I E N D L Y O B S T A C L E S

For every hill I've had to climb,
For every stone that bruised my feet,
For all the blood and sweat and grime,
For blinding storms and burning heat,
 My heart sings but a grateful song.
 These were the things that made me strong.

For all the heartaches and the tears,
For all the anguish and the pain,
For gloomy days and fruitless years,
And for the hopes that lived in vain,
 I do give thanks; for now I know
 These were the things that helped me grow.

`Tis not the softer things of life
Which stimulate man's will to strive,
But bleak adversity and strife
Do most to keep man's will alive.
 O'er rose-strewn paths the weaklings creep,
 But brave hearts dare to climb the steep.

L. E. Thayer

W E T H A N K T H E E L O R D

We thank thee Lord for weary days
When desert streams were dry,
And first we knew what depths of need
Thy love could satisfy.

We thank thee for the rest in him
The weary only know,
The perfect, wondrous sympathy
We needs must learn below.

The touch that heals the broken heart
Is never felt above.
His angels know his blessedness,
His way worn saints, his love.

" Strait [difficult] is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto [the] life, and few there be that find it." (Matthew 7:14) It is so narrow that it is wide enough to admit only the Lord's Plan and those who are willing to discard all other plans, projects and questionings, and to devote themselves fully to its service; and who are quite willing to bear any reproach it may bring.- R5045

The vision may dawn, the dream may waken, the heart may leap with a new inspiration on some mountaintop, but the test, the triumph, is at the foot of the mountain, on the level plain. The workshop of character is everyday life. The uneventful or commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost.

Thank God for a new truth, a beautiful idea, a glowing experience; but remember unless we bring it down to the ground and teach it, to walk with feet. work with our hands and stand the strain of daily life, we have worse than lost it, we have been hurt by it.

A new light in our heart makes an occasion, but an occasion is an opportunity, not for building a tabernacle and feeling thankful and looking back to a blessed memory, but for shedding the new light on the old path and doing old duties with a new inspiration. The uncommon life is the child of the common day, but in an uncommon way.

I N E V E R Y T H I N G G I V E T H A N K S

Dear Lord, with sorrow I confession make
That while, with joy, I suffer for your sake,
Yet in the cares with which my days abound
Where I should smile, I fear I often frown.
In days gone by I've murmured o'er and o'er
And unkind words have left me feeling sore:
Those whom I come in contact day by day
Disturb me oft by things they do and say.

And thoughtless actions may have left such a sting
I could not find it in my heart to sing.
Lord, I'll be honest with myself and thee,
I have not been as sweet as I should be.
And I hear said, "too hard the wind doth blow,
Too hot the day, too much rain or snow."
And though at times I've checked the hasty word,
Still, in my heart, rebellious murmurs stirred.

And I have thought that I could grow in grace
Much better were I in another place.
Lord, to this long list I guilty plead,
And I am grieved o'er it, I am indeed.
And I am come to make a vow to thee
That in the future days whate'er shall be
My portion— trials, cares, vexations, pain,
Dear Lord, I will not murmur nor complain.
And I will say when I arise each morn,
This day my Lord wants me to overcome.
"In everything give thanks," this is the word,
And I will school my heart to sweet accord.
I'll thank him for the sun and for the rain;
I'll thank him for the sorrow and the pain.
And in the things which try my patience so
I'll thank him that I have the chance to show.

How sweet and kind and loving I can be,
 How much his holy spirit dwells in me.
Dear Lord, I'll trust thee though I do not know
 Why I should walk the path I'm called to go.
I'll give thee thanks whatever be the way
 Which thou shalt lead me in from day to day.
Lord, this is what I've promised thee to do.

Rebecca Fair Doney

I N E V E R Y T H I N G G I V E T H A N K S
F O R T H I S I S T H E W I L L O F G O D
I N C H R I S T J E S U S C O N C E R N I N G Y O U . -
1 T H E S S A L O N I A N S 5 : 1 8

f a i t h

T H E S T O R M T H R U S H

There's a sweet little bird in a far-off isle,
 The isle where the shamrocks grow;
And of all the birds in that dear old land,
 It's the dearest that I know.

He is dressed in a suit of sober brown,
 And a speckled breast has he;
But his eye is bright, and his voice is tuned
 To heaven's own ministry.

He sits and sings when the sun shines fair,
 To his mate in her downy nest;
But the topmost twig of the tallest tree
 Is the place where he sings the best.

When the rain pours down and the floods are out,
 And the wild winds rage and roar,
Then, clear and high o'er the shrieking gale,
 The storm thrush sings the more.

That frail little bird on the swaying twig,
As his clear voice pierced the gales,
Dropped a message sweet at my faltering feet
Of a love that never fails.

Though many a storm has crossed my life
And many a grief and fear;
Yet with heart and voice did my soul rejoice
For my Lord was always near.

So when dark clouds are about your path,
Like the storm thrush, learn to sing;
For on the topmost height of a lofty faith
You can always see the King.

And with eyes that gaze on his blessed face
You never need fear or fail.
The gales may prove, but they cannot remove
The anchor within the veil.

Mrs. C. L. De Chiney

T H I S I K N O W

I do not know what next may come
Across my pilgrim way.
I do not know tomorrow's needs,
Nor see beyond today.

But this I know— my Father knows
The path I cannot see,
And I can trust his loving hand
To guide and care for me.

I do not know what still awaits,
Or what the morrow brings,
But with the glad salute of faith
I hail its opening wings.

For this I know— that in my Lord
Shall all my needs be met,
And I can trust the heart of him
Who has not failed me yet.

God is so interested in us
that he takes us one by one
and arranges for every
detail of our life.

To him there are
no little things.

The God of the infinite
is the God of the infinitesimal.

He cannot forget the saints
whom he has engraven
on the palms of his hands.

L O O K U P

Look up through the clouds above you,
Look up through the clouds so blue,
Look up and see a Saviour
Watching over you.

Look up when prayers are answered,
Look up when friends are few,
Look up and see a Saviour
Who will love and cherish you.

Look up when you are in trouble,
Look up when you are in need,
Look up and see a Saviour;
Your hungry heart he'll feed.

I know not where his island lift
Their fronded palms in the air.

I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

John Greenleaf Whittier

F A I T H

God guide you through each troubled day,
When all seems dark and clouds are gray,
God give to you the blessed gift
Of faith that trusts till shadows lift,
Of faith that finds through each day's length
He is love, your comfort and your strength.

O T H O U O F L I T T L E F A I T H

O thou of little faith, God hath not failed thee yet!
When all looks dark and gloomy
thou dost so soon forget,
Forget that he has led thee and gently cleared the
way,
On clouds has poured his sunshine,
and turned the night to day.

And if he's helped thee hitherto, he will not fail
thee now;
How it must wound his loving heart
to see the anxious brow.
Oh! doubt not any longer, to him commit thy way,
Whom in the past thou trusted
and is just the same today.

Only five barley loaves,
Only two fishes small:
And can I offer these poor gifts
To Christ, the Lord of all?

To him whose mighty word
Can still the angry sea,
Can cleanse the leper, raise the dead:
He hath no need of me.

Yes! he hath need of thee;
Then bring the loaves of bread;
Behold, with them, when Jesus speaks,
The multitude shall be fed.

T H E R E I S A L A D H E R E ,
W H I C H H A T H F I V E B A R L E Y L O A V E S , A N D
T W O S M A L L F I S H E S ;
B U T W H A T A R E T H E Y
A M O N G S O M A N Y ? — J O H N 6 : 9

S H U T I N

God sometimes shuts the door
and shuts us in,
That he may speak,
perchance, through grief and pain,
And softly, heart to heart,
above the din,
May tell some precious thought
to us again.

He sometimes shuts the door,
and keeps us still,
That so our feverish haste,
our deep unrest,
Beneath his gentle hand
may quiet, till
He whispers what our weary hearts
love best.

He sometimes shuts the door,
and though shut in,
It is his hand,
shall we not wait and see?
If worry lies without,
and toil and sin,
God's word may wait within,
for you and me.

" E V E R Y P L A C E T H A T T H E
S O L E O F Y O U R F O O T S H A L L
T R E A D U P O N , T H A T H A V E I
G I V E N U N T O Y O U . "

J O S H U A 1 : 3

This blessed inspiring word greeted Israel as they found the promised land. They had the promise of it before; now they must go forward into it and place their feet upon it. The promise is in the perfect tense and denotes an act just now completed— "that have I given unto you."

Our Joshua gives us the same incentive for conquest! Every promise in the New Testament that we put our feet upon is ours! The upland of spir-itual power is yours though Anak may live there. It is yours if you go against him and drive him out of his strongholds, in the might of the name.

If we dare to place our foot on anything God has promised HE makes it real to us. So take him as the supply for all your need. Believe he is yours and never doubt it from this moment.

It may be your need is for spiritual cleansing. His promise covers this! " Now ye are clean through the word I have spoken unto you." If you can believe this you shall be sanctified and kept.

Take the promise that suits your need and step out on it, not touching it timidly on tiptoe, but placing your feet flat down upon it. Do not be afraid it will not hold your weight. Put your whole need on the word of the eternal God for your soul, for your body, for your work, for the dear ones for whom you are praying, for any crisis in your life— then stand upon it forever! All the blessed promises of the Old Book are yours. Why are you so slack to go up and possess your land? The size of your inheritance depends upon how much land you have trodden under foot— really stood on and walked over. Between you and your possession that huge mountain looms up. March up to it and make it yours! Go in this thy might and God will get glory, and you victory. Footprints mean possession, but it must be your own footprints.

Simpson

THEY SHALL MOUNT UP
WITH WINGS AS EAGLES

ISAIAH 40:31

The little bird sat on a slender limb,
Upward swinging,
And though wind and rain were rough with him,
Still kept singing.

" Oh, little bird, quick, seek out your nest!"
I could not keep from calling,
" The bleak winds tear your tender breast,
Your tiny feet are falling."

" More need for song when things go wrong,
I was not meant for crying.
No fear for me," he piped with glee,
My wings were made for flying!

My heart had been dark as the stormy sky
In my sorrow,
With the weight of troubles long passed by,
And the morrow.

" Oh, little bird, Sing," I cried once more,
" The sun will soon be shining.
See there's a rainbow arching
O'er the storm clouds silver lining."

" I will sing through every thing,"
It will teach a blessing double.
Nor yet forget when rude winds fret
To fly above your trouble.

H O L D O N

Hold on, my heart, in thy believing;
The steadfast only wins the crown.
He who, when stormy winds are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down.

But he who Jesus holds through all
Shall stand though heaven and earth should fall.
" Hold Out!" There comes an end of sorrow
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise;

The storm foretells a summer's morrow;
The cross points on to Paradise;
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt,
Hold on, my heart, hold on, hold out.

" W H Y S T A N D E S T T H O U A F A R
O F F , O L O R D ? "
P S A L M 1 0 : 1

God is a " very present help in trouble," but he permits trouble to pursue us as though he were indifferent to its overwhelming pressure, that we may be brought to the end of ourselves and led to discover the treasures of darkness, the unmeasurable gains of tribulation.

We may be sure that he who permits the suffering is with us in it. It may be that we shall see him only when the trial is passing; but we must dare to believe that he never leaves the crucible. Our eyes are holden; and we cannot behold him whom our soul loveth. It is dark. The bandages blind us so that we cannot see the form of our high priest; but he is there, deeply touched. Let us not rely on feeling, but on faith in his unswerving fidelity. And though we see him not, let us talk to him. Directly when we begin to speak, Jesus comes, an answering voice which shows that he is the shadow, keeping watch upon his own. Your Father is as near when you journey through the dark tunnel as when under the open heaven.

*What though the path be all unknown,
What though the way be drear?
Its shadows I traverse not alone
When steps of thine are near.*

T H E G O D O F A L L C O M F O R T

Among all the names that reveal God, this, the " God of all comfort" seems to me one of the most lovely and the one most absolutely comforting. The words " all comfort" admit of no limitations and no deductions. The apostle tells us that whatsoever things are written in the Scriptures are for our learning in order that we " through patience and comfort of the Scriptures" may have hope.

If we want to be comforted we must make up our minds to believe every single solitary word of comfort God has ever spoken; and we must refuse utterly to listen to any words of discomfort spoken by our own hearts or by our circumstances. We must set our faces as flint to believe under each and every sorrow and trial in the Divine Comforter, and to accept and rejoice in his all-embracing comfort. I say " set our faces like a flint," because when everything around us seems out of sorts, it is not always easy to believe God's words of comfort.

We must put our wills into this matter of being comforted just as we have to put our wills into all other matters in our spiritual life. We must choose to be comforted. We must believe it. We must say to ourselves, " God says it and it is true, and I am going to believe it, no matter how it looks." And then we must never suffer ourselves to ever doubt or question again.

Hannah Whitall Smith

*Hope for thee does not perish,
O Zion,
nor is hope for thee forgotten.
Who has ever perished in righteousness,
or who has ever
survived in his iniquity?
Man is tested according to his way.
Every man is requited according to his deeds.
All about are thine enemies cut off,
O Zion,
and all who hate thee are scattered.*

Dead Sea Scroll Psalm

Yes! Wonderful Zion!

" Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty,
God hath shined."

" Pleasure waiteth for thee in Zion."

" The Lord loveth the gates of Zion
more than all all dwellings
of Jacob." – Psalm 87

l o v e

T H A N K G O D F O R Y O U

Thank God for good friend of mine,
Seldom is friendship such as this,
How very much I wish to be
As helpful as you've been to me.
Thank God for you.

L I V E F O R O T H E R S

Live for others while on earth you live,
Give for others what you have to give.
Flowers do not hoard their sweet perfume,
Nor withhold the glory of their bloom.

Sunshine helps to melt the winter's snow,
Timely rain compels the grain to grow;
So a smile can banish grief and care,
And a kindly word encourage prayer.

W. M. Runyan

KEEP LOOKING UP

In each thistle there's a flower,
For each thorn, rosebuds appear,
For each day when dark clouds gather
Another dawns both bright and clear.

For each lengthening evening shadow
Starlight twinkles up above;
For each unkind word that's spoken
Someone speaks a word of love.

THE LORD BINDETH UP
THE BREACH OF HIS PEOPLE
AND HEALETH THE STROKE
OF THEIR WOUNDS
ISAIAH 30 : 26

When some friend has proved untrue,
betrayed your simple trust;
Used you for his selfish end,
and trampled in the dust
The past with all its memories,
and all its sacred ties,
The light is blotted out from the sky,
for something in you dies;
Bless your false and faithless friend,
just smile and pass along.
God must be the judge of it,
he knows the right and wrong.

Life is short, don't waste the hours
by brooding on the past;
His great laws are good and just,
truth conquers at the last.
Red and deep our wounds may be,
but after all the pain
God's own finger touches us,
and we are healed again.
With faith restored and trust renewed,
look toward the stars.
The world will see the smiles we have,
but God will see the scars.
Love grows stronger when assailed;
Love conquers where all else have failed;

Love ever blesses those who curse;
Love gives the better for the worse;
Love unbinds others by its bonds;
Love pours forgiveness from its wounds.

Lord, let me love like thee!

When some friend has proved untrue,
betrayed your simple trust;
Used you for his selfish end,
and trampled in the dust
The past with all its memories,
and all its sacred ties,
The light is blotted out from the sky,
for something in you dies;
Bless your false and faithless friend,
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Love conquers where all else have failed;
Love ever blesses those who curse;
Love gives the better for the worse;
Love unbinds others by its bonds;
Love pours forgiveness from its wounds.

Lord, let me love like thee!

" LOVE SEEKETH NOT HER OWN."
OBSERVE: SEEKETH NOT EVEN THAT
WHICH IS HIS OWN. A MAN MAY COME TO
THE HIGHER RIGHT OF GIVING UP HIS
RIGHTS. LOVE STRIKES DEEP.

CONTEMPLATE
THE LOVE OF CHRIST
AND YOU WILL LOVE.
LOOK AT THE LOVELY OBJECT
AND YOU WILL FALL IN LOVE
WITH IT.

In service that his love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my inner heart is taught the truth
That makes his children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

SEEKEST THOU GREAT THINGS FOR
THYSELF?
SEEK THEM NOT. WHY?
BECAUSE THERE IS NO GREATNESS IN
THINGS. THINGS CANNOT BE GREAT.
THE ONLY GREATNESS IS UNSELFISH
LOVE. NOTHING IS A HARDSHIP TO
LOVE, AND NOTHING IS HARD.

In life, with all it yields
of joy and woe
And hope and fear,
Is just our chance
of the prize
of learning love—
How love might be,
has been indeed, and is.

WE LOVE BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US .
LOOK AT THAT WORD BECAUSE . IT IS
THE CAUSE OF WHICH I HAVE SPOKEN .
" BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US , " THE
EFFECT FOLLOWS THAT WE LOVE . WE
LOVE HIM . WE LOVE ALL MEN . OUR
HEART IS SLOWLY CHANGED , CHANGED
INTO THE SAME IMAGE FROM TENDERNESS
TO TENDERNESS . THERE IS NO OTHER
WAY .

B E C A U S E

Because thy days and hours are spent
In bringing joy and sweet content
To souls whom Christ to thee hast sent
 He loves thee.

Because in spite of toil and care,
In sun or rain, in storm or fair,
Thy heart is one with his in prayer.
 He loves thee.

Because, forgetting self each day,
Thou treadst with him the narrow way,
Beside thee all thy life He'll stay,
 And love thee.

I N F L U E N C E

Drop a pebble in the water
 And its ripples reach out far;
And the sunbeams dancing on them
 May reflect them to a star.

Give a smile to someone passing,
 Thereby make his morning glad;
It may greet you in the evening
 When your own heart may be sad.

Do a deed of simple kindness.
 Though its end you may not see.
It may reach like widening ripples
 Down a long eternity.

Joseph Morris

H E G A V E U S T H E B E S T
T H A T H E H A D

To Bethlehem they went to be enrolled;
And thus, in Caesar's book of old
Their name was written 'mong the sons of men
As Caesar's subject: " Jesus" - followed then
By " Son of Mary, born in David's town,
Of David's line" - the record thus set down
In a world's book of life a place they gave
To Jesus, born a world to save.
They numbered him with sinful men and poor,
Though he was Son of God, forever pure.

A heavenly census book his name alone
Bears on the title page; for 'tis his own,
That book of life; and there, writ clear and plain
Are names of those born in that King's domain;
All who alive forevermore shall be
Are those enrolled for all eternity.
Since he was numbered once with sinful men,
We may be numbered as God's own again.
Though Caesar's book has long since passed away,
The Lamb's blest book of life shall stand for aye.
In service that his love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my inner heart is taught the truth
That makes his children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

A N D S O L O O K A T T H I S P E R F E C T
C H A R A C T E R ,
T H I S P E R F E C T L I F E ;
L O O K A T T H E G R E A T S A C R I F I C E
A S H E L A I D D O W N H I M S E L F
T H R O U G H L I F E ,
A N D Y O U M U S T L O V E H I M .

T H E G L O R Y O F L I F E

The glory of life is to love,
 not to be loved,
To give,
 not to get;
To serve,
 not to be served,
To be a strong hand in the dark
 to another in the time of need,
To be a cup of strength
 to any soul in a crisis of weakness;

This is to know the glory of life.

I N T H E H I G H H E A V E N S
 A N D I N T H E D E P T H S
 O F O U R H E A R T S ,
 G R A C E A B O U N D I N G
 H A S M O U N T E D
 I T S R O Y A L T H R O N E
 A N D H A S B R O U G H T
T H E U N F A I L I N G R E S O U R C E S
 O F O M N I P O T E N T P O W E R
 T O T H E A I D O F
 A L M I G H T Y L O V E .

T H E R E I S N O H A P P I N E S S I N H A V I N G
 A N D G E T T I N G ,
 B U T O N L Y I N G I V I N G .
I T C O N S I S T S I N G I V I N G
 A N D S E R V I N G O T H E R S .
" H E T H A T W O U L D B E G R E A T A M O N G Y O U ,
 L E T H I M S E R V E , "
 S A I D C H R I S T .

LOVE

"The greatest thing," says someone, "a man can do for his heavenly Father is to be kind to some of his other children." I wonder why it is that we are not kinder than we are. How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered. How superabundantly it puts itself back, for there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable, as love. "Love never faileth." Love is success. Love is happiness. Love is life. "Love," I say with Browning, "is the energy of life." Where love is God is. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God. God is love, therefore love, without distinction, without calculation, without procrastination. Love—lavish it upon the poor where it is very easy; especially upon the rich, who often need it most. Most of all upon your equals, where it is very difficult, and for whom perhaps we do the least of all. There is a difference between trying to please and giving pleasure. Lose no chance of giving pleasure for that is the ceaseless and anonymous triumph of a truly loving spirit.

Generosity— "Love envieth not." This is love in competition with others. Whenever you attempt a good work you will find others doing that same kind of work, and probably doing it better. Envy them not. Envy is a feeling of ill will to those who are in the same line as ourselves, a spirit of covetousness and detraction. How little Christian work even is a protection against un-Christian feeling. That most despicable of all the unworthy moods which clouds a Christian's soul assuredly waits on the threshold of every work, unless we are fortified with the grace of magnanimity. Only one thing truly should the Christian envy— the large, rich, generous soul which "envieth not."

And then, having learned all that you have to learn, this further thing, Humility— to put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself. Love waives even self-satisfaction. "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up" .

The fifth ingredient is somewhat a strange one to find in this summum bonum! Courtesy— this is love in society, love in relation to etiquette. Politeness is defined as love in trifles. Courtesy is said to be love in little things. One secret of politeness is to love. Love cannot behave itself unseemly. You can put the most untutored person in high society, and if they have a reservoir of love in their heart, they will not behave themselves unseemly. They simply cannot do it.

Carlyle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman poet. It was because he loved everything— the mouse, the daisy, and all things great and small that God had made. So with this simple passport he could mingle in any society. A gentleman is a man who does things gently, with love. That is the whole heart and mystery of it.

Excerpted from " The Greatest Thing in the Universe"

by Henry Drummond

t r u s t

I M M E N S I T Y

I walked, lonely, by the sea,
 Only a sea gull cried out to me.
I walked, lonely, by the sand
 Across a snail's faint footprint band.

I walked, lonely, on the shore,
 Yet felt myself alone no more,
For where I stood in damp salt spray
 I felt my heart kneel down to pray.

I walked, lonely, far apart,
 But now God's hand was on my heart
And all my being was renewed,
 Perfectly, suddenly imbued
With healing light and I could see
 A rainbow of eternity.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

" R I G H T E O U S N E S S S H A L L
G O B E F O R E H I M ;
A N D S H A L L S E T U S I N T H E
W A Y O F H I S S T E P S . "
P S A L M 8 5 : 1 3

How I ascertain the will of God:

I seek at the beginning to get my heart in such a state that it has no will of its own in regard to a given matter.

Nine-tenths of the trouble with people is right here. Nine-tenths of the difficulties are overcome when our hearts are ready to do the Lord's will whatever it shall be. When one is truly in this state it is usually but a little way to the knowledge of what his will is.

Having surrendered my own will, I do not leave the result to feeling or simply impressions. If I do so I make myself liable to great delusions.

I will seek the will of the spirit of God through, or in connection with the Word of God. The spirit and the Word must be combined. If the holy spirit guides us at all, it will be according to the Scriptures, and never contrary to them.

Next I take into account providential circumstances. These often plainly indicate God's will in connection with his Word and spirit. I ask God in prayer to reveal his Word to me aright.

Thus, through prayer to God, the study of his Word, and reflection, I come to a deliberate judgment. And if my mind is thus at peace and continues so after two or three more petitions, I proceed accordingly. In trivial matters and in transactions involving most important issues, I have found this method always effective.

George Muller

I H A V E L E A R N E D , I N W H A T S O E V E R S T A T E
I A M , T H E R E W I T H T O B E C O N T E N T . -
P H I L I P P I A N S 4 : 1 1

T R U S T A N D W A I T

When I cannot understand my Father's leading
And it seems but to be hard and cruel fate,
Still I hear that gentle whisper e'er pleading,
God is working, God is faithful, only wait.

T R U S T I N T H E L O R D

God cares; he truly cares!
To this one thought hold fast.
His tenderness is infinite,
His love and mercy vast.

We cannot comprehend his plan,
But this is in his word:
" All things shall work for good to them
Who love and trust the Lord."

M Y H A V E N I S J E S U S

My haven is Jesus, a rock in the storm,
A shelter divine and secure,
Though billows may roll on the turbulent sea,
He'll ever be steadfast and sure.

My haven is Jesus; this life is so brief
And full of its troubles and woe,
But I'll flee to my haven, my blessed Redeemer,
I'm safe in his bosom I know.

Olga Weiss

The landscape brown and sere beneath the sun
Needs but the cloud to lift it into life.
The dews may damp the leaves of tree and flower,
But it requires the cloud-distilled shower
To bring rich verdure to the lifeless life.

Ah, how like this the landscape of a life:
Dews of trial, like incense rich and sweet,
But bearing little in the crystal tray—
Like nymphs of night, dews lift at break of day
And transient impress bear, like lips that meet.

But clouds of trials, bearing burdens rare,
Leave in the soul a moisture settled deep.
Life kindles by the magic laws of God,
And where the thirsty camel trod
The riches beauties of life's landscape leap.

Then read thou in each cloud that comes to thee
The words of Paul in letters large and clear;
So shall those clouds thy soul with blessing feed,
And with a constant trust as thou dost read:
All things work together for good. Fret not, nor fear.

T H O R N S

**" Lest I should be exalted above measure,
there was given to me a thorn." —
2 Corinthians 12:7**

*Flowers there are all along life's way: but the
thorns are rife also. When the thorns of life have
pierced us till we bleed where, but to heaven, shall
we look? To whom shall we go, but to him, the Christ
who cures? He was crowned with thorns. He alone can
transform our testing, torturing thorns into triumphal
experiences of grace and glory.*

*Your path is thorny and rough? Tramp it! You will find
whenever you set your foot upon a thorn, **another foot**
has been there before and taken of its sharpness.
Strange gifts indeed!—*

A thorn to prick,
 To pierce into the very quick;
To cause perpetual sense of pain—
 Strange gifts— and yet, 'twas given for gain.

Non-welcome, yet it came to stay,
 Nor could it e'en be prayed away.
It came to fill its God-planned place,
 A life-enriching means of grace.

God's grace-thorns— ah, what form they take,
 What piercing, smarting, pain they make,
And yet each one in love is sent,
 And always just for blessing meant.

And so, whate'er thy thorn may be,
 From God, accept it willingly,
And reckon Christ— his life— the power
 To keep in thy most trying hour.

And since thy life will richer grow,
 His grace sufficient will bestow;
And in heaven's morn thy joy 'twill be
 That by this thorn he strengthened thee.

C R U S H E D P E T A L S

Oh, beautiful rose, please tell me,
 For I would like to know,
Why I must crush your petals
 That sweet perfume may flow.

Oh, life that is clothed in beauty,
 Perhaps, like that beautiful rose,
You will need to be crushed by suffering
 Ere you give out your best; who knows?

A life that is crushed by sorrow
 Can feel for another's grief
And send out that sweet perfume of love
 That will bring some heart relief.

Oh, do not repine at your testing,
 When called to pass under the rod,
It is that life may sweeter be
 And comes from the hand of God.

He knows how much we are needing
 Of sorrow, or suffering, or test,
And only gives to his children
 The things that he knoweth are best.

Then let us rejoice when he sendeth
 Some sorrow or hardship that tries,
And be glad to be crushed as the rose leaf,
 That a sweeter perfume may arise.
There's a budding morrow in midnight,
 So fold your griefs away,
And wait for the bud to open,
 A fragrant and fair new day.
Wait for the bud to open,
 Cease to worry and grope,
There's a budding morrow in midnight,
 Its name is the "Dawn of Hope."

W O R K I N G T O G E T H E R
F O R G O O D

R O M A N S 8 : 2 8

All things are working together,
 And together they work for our good
But sometimes, amidst severe trials,
 The meaning is not understood.

Not seeing the end from beginning,
 The lesson intended is lost.
We chafe in the school of experience
 And forget that we counted the cost.

When discouragement almost o'erwhelms us,
 And we fail to see clearly the road,
Let us trust in the Lord's precious promise:
 " All things work together for good."

 A N D W E K N O W T H A T A L L T H I N G S
 W O R K T O G E T H E R F O R G O O D
 T O T H E M T H A T L O V E G O D ,
T O T H E M W H O A R E C A L L E D A C C O R D I N G T O
 H I S P U R P O S E . -
 R O M A N S 8 : 2 8

B L E S S E D I S H E

Blessed is he whose faith is not offended
 When all around his way
The power of God is working out deliverance
 For others day by day.

Though in some prison drear his own soul languish
 `Til life itself be spent,
Yet still can trust his Father's love and purpose
 And rest therein content.

Blessed is he who through long years of suffering
 Cut off from active toil
Still shows by prayer and praise the work of others,
 And thus " divides the spoil."

Blessed art thou, O child of God, who suffered,
And canst not understand
The reason for thy pain, yet gladly leavest
Thy life in his blest hand.

Yea, blessed are thou whose faith is not offended
By trials unexplained,
By mysteries unsolved, past understanding,
Until the goal is gained.

BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT TRUSTETH IN THE
LORD, AND WHOSE HOPE THE LORD IS. —
JEREMIAH 17:7

S P L I N T E R S F R O M
H I S C R O S S

Little headaches, little heartaches,
Little griefs of every day,
Little trials and vexations,
How they throng around our way.

One great cross, immense and heavy,
So it seems to our weak wills,
Might be borne with resignation,
But these many small ones kill.

Yet all life is found of small things,
Little leaves make up the trees,
Many tiny drops of water,
Blending, make the mighty seas.

So these many little burdens
Pressing on our hearts so hard,
All uniting, form a life's work
Meriting a grand reward.

Let us not, then, by impatience,
Mar the beauty of the whole,
But for love of Jesus bear all
To the silence of the soul.

Asking him for grace sufficient
 To sustain through each loss,
And to treasure each small offering
 As a splinter from his cross.

**L O O K I N G F O R
T H E S U N R I S E**

I'm not looking for the sunset
 As the swift years come and go,
I am looking for the sunrise
 And the golden morning glow,
Where the light of heaven's glory
 Will break forth upon my sight
In the land that knows no sunset
 Nor the darkness of the night.

I'm not going down the pathway
 Toward the setting of the sun,
Where the shadows ever deepen,
 Where the day at last is done.
I am walking up the hillside
 Where the sunshine lights the way
To the glory of the sunrise
 Of God's never ending day.

I'm not going down, but upward,
 And the path is never dim,
For the day grows ever brighter
 As I journey on with him.
So my eyes are on the hilltops
 Waiting for the sun to rise,
Waiting for his invitation
 To my home beyond the skies.

**W H A T T I M E I A M A F R A I D
I W I L L T R U S T I N T H E E .
I W I L L P R A I S E H I S W O R D .
 I N G O D I H A V E
 P U T M Y T R U S T . -
 P S A L M 5 6 : 3 , 4**

T H E L O N E L Y O L I V E M I L L

*" Then cometh Jesus with them into a place
called Gethsemane [oil press.]"*

Matthew 26:36

There's a peaceful vale in a sunny land
Where the hills keep guard around,
And the soft breeze stirs the olive trees
And the grass that clothes the ground.

And in the hush and solitude
Where even the birds are still,
There stands untended and alone
An ancient olive mill.

Through the long bright day the mill wheel turns
And the fruit is crushed by the stone,
And drips in silence the fragrant oil
In silence and alone.

But somewhere out in the circling hills,
Unseen, unheard, unknown,
The Master of the olive mill
Is mindful of his own.

So many hours the wheel must turn,
And stone on stone must grind,
And then he will come to his olive mill,
His need of oil to find.

He knows how heavy the weight must be,
How long to let it lie
Ere he can gather the precious oil
And throw the refuse by.

O child of God, are you being crushed
`Neath trial, pain or woe?
No eye to pity, no ear to hear,
No voice to whisper low?
Alone in your Gethsemane,
Christ watches with you there.
He will not suffer one ounce of weight
More than your strength can bear.

He chasteneth but to purify;
He crusheth but to raise;
In love he worketh his blessed will
To his glory's endless praise.

In our affliction, afflicted still
He leaveth us not alone;
He will not forget, he will not forsake,
He is mindful of his own.

Annie Johnson Flint

O N L Y A S P A R R O W

I'm glad it was only a sparrow
That Jesus made note of that day
When he told us to trust in his Father
And wanted to show us the way.
Men sold them at two for a farthing,
But still- and thank God this is true-
He's the same one who "careth for you."

I'm glad that he spoke of the sparrow
Which stays with us all the year long,
Daily teaching the lesson of trusting,
Though humble its dress and its song;
For birds gay of song and of plumage
Are more like the wealthy and wise,
While the plain folk seem much like the sparrows
Which men overlook or despise.

The little brown sparrow so humble,
The poor who are with us always,
I'm so glad they're the ones Jesus spoke of
To teach us to trust him that day.

Esther

Kaldahl Guyot

**A R E N O T T W O S P A R R O W S
S O L D F O R A F A R T H I N G
A N D O N E O F T H E M
S H A L L N O T F A L L O N T H E G R O U N D
W I T H O U T Y O U R F A T H E R . -
M A T T H E R 1 0 : 2 9**

p r a y e r

THE POTTER

The potter worked at his task
 With patience, love, and skill.
A vessel marred and broken
 He altered again to his will.

It was blackened, bent, and old,
 But with traces of beauty left.
So he worked, this mender of pottery,
 To restore the charm bereft,

Till at last it stood transformed,
 And he viewed it with tender eyes,
The work of his hands and love,
 The potter patient and wise.

I know a mender of broken hearts
 And of lives that are all undone.
He takes them all as they come to him
 And he loves them, every one.

With patience, love and skill
 That surpasses the knowledge of men.
This master potter gathers the lost
 And restores to his image again.

A lover of folk with broken lives,
 O wonderful potter divine,
I bring my soul for thy healing touch;
 In me let thy beauty shine.

It was my practice to rise at midnight for worship. God came to me at that precise time and awoke me from sleep that I might enjoy "Him." He seemed to pervade my being. My soul became more and more attracted to himself like the waters of a river which pass into the ocean, and after a time become one with it. O unutterable happiness! Who could have thought that one ever could find happiness equal to this! Hours passed like moments. When I could do nothing else but pray, it was a prayer of rejoicing, of possession. When the taste of God was so great, so pure, so unblended that it drew and absorbed the soul into a profound state of confiding and affectionate rest in God without intellectual effort, for I had no sight but of Jesus only.

Blind Madam Guyon

O MASTER, SHOW ME THIS MORNING HOW
TO YIELD MYSELF UP TO THEE
COMPLETELY, AND THEN HOW TO ASK OF
THEE THINGS GREAT ENOUGH TO BE
WORTHY OF A KING'S GIVING. MAKE ME
EQUAL IN MY REQUESTS TO THY
INFINITE EAGERNESS TO GIVE. TOUCH
WITH THY PIERCED HAND THE SPRINGS
THAT WILL CAUSE EVERY PART OF MY
BEING TO FLY WIDE OPEN TO THEE, MY
LORD AND MY GOD.

A moment in the morning
ere the cares of the day begin,
Ere the heart's wide door is open
for the world to enter in.
Ah then, alone with Jesus,
in the silence of the morn,
In heavenly sweet communion,
let your new day be born.
In the quietude that blesses,
with a prelude of repose,
Let your soul be soothed and softened
in sweet communion with God.

*Take time for prayer!
Take time to behold him!*

F R U I T B E A R I N G

Will the Master find fruit in my garden?
Am I ready for him today?
Is it there for my Lord to gather
When he comes along my way?

LOVE for the one unthankful.
LONG-SUFFERING when sorely tried.
JOY when the way is dreary.
MEEKNESS when hurt through pride.

GENTLENESS toward each other.
PEACE 'mid life's stress and strain.
TRUST when around is darkness.
FAITH spite the loss and pain.

GOODNESS his grace bestoweth.
PATIENCE in suffering.
HOPE with its rainbow radiance.
TEMPERANCE in everything.

This is the fruit he looks for,
This is what he desires,
Fruit of the holy spirit,
This is what he requires.

I W O U L D B E T R U E

I would be true,
for there are those who trust me,
I would be pure,
for there are those who care,
I would be strong,
for there is much to suffer,
I would be brave,
for there is much to dare,
I would be a friend, to all-
the foe, the friendless,
I would be giving,
and forget the gift,
I would be humble,
for I know my weakness,
I would look up,
and laugh, and love, and lift.

A P R A Y E R

My Lord, in the midst of life's discords, make me an influence for the promotion of thy spirit of peace.

Help me faithfully to hold up the redeeming sacrifice as the way back to God and unto eternal life.

Where there is bitterness of spirit, let me sow thy words of love and radiate the beauty of thy forgiving spirit.

Where hearts are growing impatient and doubting thy loving care, may my steadfast faith in thy power and unchanging character encourage unwavering trust.

Where the darkening shadows seem to grow deeper across a fellow traveler's pathway, let me be the bringer of thy word, " Be of good cheer."

Where the warfare seems beyond strength to endure, make me a Barnabas, a comforter of the brethren.

Lord, so let me be henceforth an instrument to spread the benediction of thy peace, a vessel filled with thy joy and overflowing.

And in all the relations that go to make up the round of life's experience, let me be an example of thy gentleness, that it may be seen that I have been with thee, learning the perfect ways of God.

Amen

F A T H E R T O T H E E

Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow,
Safely they rest who in thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase—
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet folded in thy peace.

Frederick Hosmer

Each sin has its door of entrance.
 Keep that door closed!
 Bolt it tight!
Just outside the wild hart crouches
 In the night.
Pin the bolt with a prayer
 God will fix it there!
Carelessness with thoughts is as dangerous
 As toying with explosives!
 Bolt that door!
If any little word of ours
 Can make one life the brighter;
If any little song of ours
 Can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word,
 And take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
 To set the echoes ringing.

The shuttles of his purpose move
 To carry out his own design.
Seek not too soon to disapprove
 His work, nor yet assign
Dark motives, when with silent tread,
 You view some somber fold,
For lo, within each darker thread
 There twines a thread of gold.
Spin cheerfully, not tearfully,
 He knows the way you plod.
Spin carefully, spin prayerfully,
 But leave the thread with God.

L O W L Y S E R V I C E

The world's best work is very often found
In humdrum things of life, the common round,
 The countless ministries of every day,
 Unselfish fruitful service on life's way.
The loving words and deeds that fill long years:
Sweet patience, trust that triumphs over fears,
 The humblest lot in life may noble be,
 Laying up treasures for eternity.
Nor dreary treadmill round with vision dim,
But prayer-filled, beautiful for him.

Make me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free.
Force me to render up my sword
And I shall conqueror be.

I sink in life's alarm
When by myself I stand;
Imprison with thy mighty arm,
Then strong shall be my hand.

My heart is weak and poor
Until its Master finds;
It has no spring of action sure,
It varies with the wind.

It cannot freely move
Till thou has wrought its chain.
Enslave it with thy mighty love,
Then deathless I shall reign.
My power is faint and low
Till I have learned to serve.
It wants the needed fire to glow.
It wants the breeze to nerve.

It cannot drive the world
Until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurled
When thou shalt breathe from heaven.

My will is not my own
Till thou hast made it thine;
If it would reach the monarch's throne
It must its crown resign.

It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
Till on thy bosom it has leant,
And found in thee its life.

George Matheson

MY HEART'S DESIRE

I would be true, O God,
for there are those who say
There is no God,
and I must show them by my life each day.

I would be brave, O God,
for there are those who faint
And falter by the way.
My lips must murmur no complaint.

I would be calm, O God,
for there are those who fear,
Become perturbed, dismayed
My steady faith all doubts must clear.

I would be glad, O God,
for there are those who see
No joy in anything to them.
My life a happy song must be.

I would be kind, O God,
for there are those who need
My words of sympathy and love;
so charity be my creed.

I would be pure, O God,
for there are those who fail
The beauty of thy face to see.
I must point out the upper trail.

L I T T L E P O I N T S
I N A B I G P R O G R A M

1. A little more love
 for everybody.
2. A little closer cleaving
 to God's Word as my guide.
3. A little wider open purse
 in helping God's cause.
4. A little softer heart
 toward sufferers around me.
5. A little more readiness
 to see the view point of others.
6. A little more freedom from
 the poison of prejudice and ignorance.
7. A little better remembering
 of the Lord's day (every day)
 as a day of spiritual privileges.
8. A little more time spent in prayer
 and meditation in the scriptures.
9. A little more obedience
 to the commands
 of the Lord in his word.
10. A little sweeter heart
 toward those who antagonize me.

T H E S E C R E T

I met God in the morning
 When the day was at its best,
And his presence came like sunrise,
 Like a glory in my breast.

All day long the presence lingered,
 All day long he stayed with me,
And we sailed in perfect calmness
 O'er a very troubled sea.

So I think I know the secret,
 Learned from many a troubled way.
You must seek him in the morning
 If you want him through the day.

Q U I E T N E S S

To sit at his dear feet, and learn of him,
As Mary did.
To look with rapture on his blessed face,
To feast and feast again upon his grace
Is my desire.

And yet, like Martha, I have work to do
All through the day;
But in these tasks my heart has been at rest
For the companion in my toils hast blest
All along the way.

Olga Weiss

W H E N Y O U P R A Y

When you pray at morn or sundown,
By yourself or with your own.
When you pray at rush at noontide,
Just make sure you touch the throne.

When you pray in hours of leisure,
Praying long and all alone,
Pouring out mere words as water,
But make sure you touch the throne.

When you pray in busy moments
Of too needless hurry prone,
Brevity will matter little
If you really touch the throne.

S P E A K L O R D

Speak, Lord, in the stillness,
While I wait on thee;
Hushed my heart to listen
In expectancy.

Speak, Oh blessed Master,
In this quiet hour.
Let me see thy face, Lord,
Feel thy touch of power.
For the words thou speakest,
They are life indeed,
Giving bread from heaven,
Now my spirit feed.

Speak, thy servant heareth!
Be not silent, Lord,
Waits my soul upon thee
For the quickening word.

. . . S P E A K , L O R D ;
F O R T H Y S E R V A N T H E A R E T H -
1 S A M U E L 3 : 9

T H E R I G H T W A Y

Lord, is it still the right way,
though I cannot see thy face,
Though I do not feel thy presence
and thine all-sustaining grace;
Can even this be leading
through the bleak and sunless wild
To the city of thy holy rest,
the mansions undefiled?

Lord, is it still the right way?
A while ago I passed
Where every step seemed thornier
and harder than the last,
When bitterest disappointment
and only aching sorrow
Carved day by day a weary cross,
renewed with every morrow.

The heaviest end of that strange cross
 I knew was laid on thee,
 So I could still press on,
 secure of thy deep sympathy.
Our upward path may still be steep,
 else how were patience tried?
 I knew it was the right way
 for it led me to thy side.
But now I wait alone amid dim shadows,
 dank and chill,
 All moves and changes round me,
 but I seem standing still;
Or every feeble footstep
 I urge towards the light
 Seems but to lead me farther
 into the silent night.

I cannot hear thy voice, Lord!
 Dost thou still hear my cry?
 I cling to thine assurance
 that thou art ever nigh;
I know that thou art faithful;
 I trust, but cannot see
 That it is still the right way
 by which thou ledest me.

I think I could go forward
 with brave and joyful heart
 Though every step would pierce me
 with unknown fiery smart,
If only I might see thee,
 if I might gaze above
 On all the cloudless glory
 of the sunshine of thy love.
Is it really leading onwards?
 When the shadows flee away
 Shall I find this path has brought me
 more near to perfect day?
Or am I left to wander thus that
 I may stretch my hand,
 To some still wearier traveler
 in this same shadow land?

Is this thy chosen training
 for some future task unknown?
Is it that I may learn to rest
 upon thy word alone?
Whate'er it be, oh, leave me not,
 fulfill thou every hour
The purpose of thy goodness
 and the work of faith and power.

I lay my prayer before thee,
 and trusting in thy word,
Though all is stillness in my heart,
 I know that thou hast heard.
To that blest city lead me,
 Lord, (still choosing all my way),
Where faith melts into vision
 as the starlight into day.

Frances Ridley Havergal

By night and day I weave for thee
 A golden, gleaming net of prayer,
Its shining mark you may not see,
 But it surrounds you everywhere.

God bless your peaceful sleep by night,
 God guide your busy steps by day,
Keep faith within your head alight
 In clouds and sunshine.
 This I pray.

n e w y e a r

A H A P P Y N E W Y E A R

New mercies, new blessings,
 new light on thy way,
New courage, new hope,
 and new strength for thy day,
New notes of thanksgiving,
 new chords of delight,
New songs in the morning,
 new songs in the night.
New wine in thy chalice,
 new altars to raise,
New fruit for thy Master,
 new garments of praise,
New gifts for his treasures,
 new smiles from his face,
New stars for thy crown,
 new tokens of love,
New streams of the glory
 that waits thee above,
New light of his countenance,
 radiant and clear,
All this be thy joy
 in the happy new year!

F O R Y O U R N E W Y E A R

With a solemn step and stately
 Draws the old year to a close.
Day by day it has recorded
 Joys and blessings, trials and woes.

Has it wrought in you some progress
 Toward the Father's blest design
That his work perfected in you
 Should reflect his power divine?

Is faith stronger and hope brighter
 Than it was a year ago?
Does desire for God's approval
 Burn with fervent steady glow?

Solemn questions, all important,
Yes, `tis not with slavish fear
That you face the hidden problems
Of another opening year.

Not alone you tread life's pathway,
Our deliverer walks beside.
Promised guidance, peace and comfort
To the end he will provide.

Strengthen thus your faith and courage
And the love that casts out fear.
Then with peaceful expectation
You will enter your new year.

A P R A Y E R F O R T H E N E W Y E A R

Lord make me an instrument of thy peace:
Where hate rules let me bring love,
Where malice, forgiveness;
Where disputes, reconciliation;
Where error, truth; where doubt, belief;
Where despair, hope; where darkness, thy light;
Where sorrow, joy.

O Master, let me strive more to comfort others,
Than to be comforted;
To understand others, than to be understood;
To love others, more than to be loved;
For he who gives receives;
He who forgets himself, finds;
He who forgives, receives forgiveness;
And dying, we rise again to eternal life.

Amen.

*Francis of Assisi
Thirteenth Century*

T H I S Y E A R

I know not whether dark or bright
 This year shall be.
I only know he giveth light,
And I can trust his love and might
 Who leadeth me.

I know not what may be the way
 That I must take.
But I can humbly trust and pray
That I may never from him stray,
 Nor him forsake.

I know not what the year may bring
 To those I love.
But we can sweetly rest and sing
Beneath the shadow of his wing
 Here and above.

I know not whether short or long
 Our lives may be;
But naught he chooseth can be wrong,
And he shall be our strength and song,
 Now and eternally.

M E D I T A T I O N
 F O R
T H E N E W Y E A R

Build for yourself a strong box,
 Fashion each part with care;
When it's strong as your hand can make it,
 Put all your troubles there.

Hide there all thoughts of your failures,
 And each bitter cup that you quaff.
Lock all your heartaches within it,
 Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one of its contents,
 Never its secrets share;
When you've dropped in your care and worry,
 Keep them forever there.

Hide them from sight so completely
Then the world will never dream half.
Fasten the strong box securely,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Bertha Backus

N E W Y E A R ' S W I S H E S

What shall I wish thee? Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime? Pleasures and mirth?
Flowers in the spring time? Skies ever clear?
Would this ensure thee a happy new year?

What shall I wish thee? What can be found
Bringing the sunshine all the year round?
Where is the treasure lasting and dear
That shall ensure thee a happy new year?

FAITH that increaseth, walking in light;
HOPE that aboundeth, happy and bright;
LOVE that is perfect, casting out fear;
That shall ensure thee a happy new year.

PEACE in the Saviour, rest at his feet,
SMILE of his countenance, radiant and sweet,
JOY in his presence, Christ ever near
This will ensure thee a happy new year.

Frances Ridley Havergal

m e m o r i a l

S A C R A M E N T

Dear Father, grant that this new day may be
As bread and wine of sacrament to me;
The wine of inner light, that I may know
The cleansing sweetness of thy spirit's flow;
The bread of thy substance, that I may share
The load of those who have too much to bear,
And thus reconsecrate to thy great plan
My life, my all, to serve my fellow man.

May each hour hold remembrance of thy love
Which fires my soul and lifts my eyes above
The strife and conflict of man's passing hour
To faith and trust in thine eternal power.
Show me the shining glory of thy way,
O Lord, I would commune with thee this day.

Elizabeth D. Schumann

J O H N 1 5 : 7 - 1 4

Because you belong
to Christ,
you are akin to me,
One in the bonds
unbreakable,
wrought for eternity,
Spirit to spirit joined,
who can the ties undo?
Binding the Christ
within my heart
unto the Christ in you.

B E F O R E Y O U

" Before you" he trod
all the path of woe,
He took the sharp thrusts
with his head bent low,
He knew deepest sorrow
and pain and grief,
He knew long endurance
without relief.

He took all the bitter
from death's deep cup,
He kept not a blood drop,
but gave all up.

" Before you,"
and for you, he won the fight
To bring you to glory
and to the realms of light.

The heart-searching Memorial is near the saddest, and yet most glorious time of the year. It is so sad to think of a world causing such suffering to such a sinless man; and then rejoicing in that he was sinless and a ransom for all. Yes, its sad and also glorious, for he will draw all men unto him, and all shall know him sometime and marvel at all the grace that is in Christ Jesus our Lord. I also look further at the wonderful Jehovah God who made it all possible, whose voice came from heaven to strengthen his Son and help him to go on until the final cry,

" It is finished!"

The price was paid, the battle won. He had gone through the desert wild and bare and brought back his own, and there arose a cry from the gates of heaven,

" Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"

Great and marvellous things hath he done for us so that we can give unto God the glory due unto his name.

T H E S E R V A N T O F T H E L O R D
M U S T B E G E N T L E

2 TIMOTHY 2:24

When God conquers us and takes all the flint out of our nature and we get deep visions into the spirit of Jesus, we see as never before the great rarity of gentleness of spirit in this dark and unheavenly world.

The graces of the spirit do not settle themselves down upon us by chance, and if we do not discern certain states of grace, and choose them, and in our own thoughts nourish them, they never become fastened in our nature or behavior. Every advance step in grace must be preceded by first apprehending it, and then a prayerful resolve to have it.

So few are willing to undergo the suffering out of which thorough gentleness comes. We must die before we are turned into gentleness. And crucifixion involves suffering. It is a real breaking and crushing of self which wrings the heart and conquers the mind.

There is a good deal of mere mental and logical sanctification nowadays, which is only a religious fiction. It consists of mentally putting oneself on the altar, and then mentally saying the altar sanctifies the gift, and then logically concluding, therefore, one is sanctified. Such a one goes forth with a gay, flippant theological prattle about the deep things of God. But the natural heartstrings have not been snapped and the Adamic flint has not been ground to powder, and the bosom has not throbbed with lonely surging sighs of Gethsemane. Not having the real death mark of Calvary, there cannot be that soft, sweet, gentle, floating, victorious, overflowing, triumphant life that flows like a spring morning from an empty tomb.

" And great grace was upon them all." – Acts 4:33

BE YE DOERS OF THE WORD, AND NOT
HEARERS ONLY, DECEIVING YOUR OWN
SELVES. — JAMES 1:22

W H E A T R E A D Y F O R H A R V E S T

The book *Holy in Christ* was written by Andrew Murray nearly 100 years ago. It is now out of print. Many of its sentiments are so deeply spiritual and understanding that I would like to share with you some of its thoughts.

To be holy is to be Godlike: to have a disposition, a will, a character like God. Holiness is not something we do to achieve; it is the communication of the divine life. Where God is there is holiness. It is the presence of God which makes holy.— James 1:18

Elements of holiness in us are deep restfulness, humble reverence, entire surrender, joyful adoration, and simple obedience. They all prepare for the divine indwelling. . . . It is a solemn thought that we may be studying earnestly to know what holiness is and yet have little of it because we have little of Jesus. It is a blessed thought that a man may be directly little occupied with the thought of holiness, and yet have much of it because he is full of Jesus.

*There is first what we call **word truth** in which a man may have the correct form of words while he does not really apprehend the truth they contain. Then there is **thought truth**; that is a clear intellectual apprehension of truth without the experience of its power. The Bible speaks of truth as a living reality; that is the **life truth** in which the very spirit of the truth we profess has entered and possessed our very inner being.*

*I am sure most Christians have no conception of the danger of a **thought** religion . . . with little power. The teaching of the holy spirit is in the **heart** first. Man's teaching is in the **mind**. Let all our thinking ever lead us to . . . open the heart and will to the spirit.*

We are called to be prepared for a heavenly life. If we are to live throughout eternity with him who is holy, we too must be holy, for without being holy we cannot share his life of holiness. We are on our way to see God. . . . We have been invited to meet the Holy One face to face, and all our schooling here in the life of holiness is simply to prepare us. . . . " Be ye holy, for I am holy." It is as if God said: " Holiness is my blessedness and glory. Without this you cannot, in the nature of things, see me or enjoy me. . . . I invite you to share it with me." Ephesians 1:4.

That holiness is more than cleansing. . . . Christ loved the church and gave himself for it that he might sanctify it, having cleansed it by the washing with the water of the Word! The cleansing is a negative side . . . the sanctifying is the positive union and fellowship with God. How many weary workers have spent their strength more in . . . work and service than in the inner life of fellowship and faith. . . . The way to have God's power in us is for ourselves to be in His power.

Andrew Murray

G O D ' S H O L Y S P I R I T

Prayer is important. We should pray for: (1) knowledge; (2) wisdom; and (3) understanding. Colossians 1:9-12. We should pray for God's holy spirit.

Unless we have an understanding of the knowledge given to us by God it will not help us to progress in wisdom. Understanding is the power to render knowledge intelligible by bringing all the particulars under the appropriate concept— God's concepts.
2 Timothy 2:7; Luke 24:44-48

Understanding must follow knowledge in order to make knowledge useful. " With all thy getting, get understanding." " By thy precepts I get understanding." In Matthew 13:19, the Parable of the Sower, " the seed that fell by the wayside and was caught away by the wicked one" had a lack of

understanding. 1 Corinthians 14:20- " Brethren be not children in understanding; howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men."

The next step is wisdom which embraces the use of decision. We might say that wisdom is the special application of our knowledge and understanding. How are we reacting in the presence of knowledge and wisdom which God hath given to us? Matthew 7:24- " Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them I will liken to a wise man who built his house on a rock." John 3:17. Wisdom requires the use of decision. How will we respond to the enlightening of our mind? The Lord will make known answers to our prayers how we are to apply the knowledge secured. After wisdom comes workmanship. Workmanship is the ability to perform. This is the end or purpose of the holy spirit- to teach us to do God's will and how to apply knowledge and understanding.

God gives us the will to do his good pleasure. We need to will to do his will. God gives us the knowledge and wisdom to do his will. His strength is made perfect in our weakness.

God's purpose is to perfect the New Creature that it may become a partaker of the Divine nature, but this requires our cooperation. We must will to do his will. How will we respond to the enlightening of our mind by his holy spirit? The Lord will make known to us how we are to apply the knowledge received. Will we follow this with decision? Matthew 7:24; John 13:17

In Exodus 31:1-7 God gave to Bezaleel special wisdom and skill in working with gold and silver and brass and all manner of workmanship in order that he might make beautiful and wonderful things for the tabernacle of God. He filled Bezaleel with the spirit of God in wisdom and understanding. Even so, God gave his holy spirit to Jesus, and then to the church, by first begetting them with his spirit for the great purpose of developing them as new creatures that they may become partakers of the Divine nature to the glory of his name. The holy spirit is the tool, agency, or power that God is using in this great work.

What does the holy spirit produce in us? Galatians 5:22, 23. All the precious qualities of love, joy, peace, goodness, long-suffering, gentleness, patience, faith, meekness as well as temperance and humility. Humility is one of the most essential qualities. We must be rid of self-interest and pride that we may be filled with God's spirit. Isaiah 57:15.

We find in the beginning of God's word that God's spirit brooded over the waters and brought forth abundantly moving, living creatures. So God is now working by the power of his great holy spirit in begetting sons unto himself who are being developed to be born and become of his New Creation.

Let us so run as to obtain, being temperate in all things. St. Paul was all things to all men that he might by all means win some. 1 Corinthians 9:19, 20. In every experience of our consecrated life we will need guidance by the holy spirit of God.

*Notes on a Discourse by Brother Mitchell Blicharz,
August 23, 1964 by Sister Gleason*

Down through the centuries
we can observe
" the stately stepping of our God"
despite the gross errors
which have invaded
the Church's thinking and beliefs.
In these latter days
we have received much
and much will be expected of us.
Having been thus favored,
may our lives
" show forth his praises"
in our holiness.

R. R. Hollister

T H E D E A D S E A

Copied from May 1963 issue of "Jerusalem"

A recent trip to the Dead Sea revived again the pictures of the past history of Israel and opened up with greater clarity the vision of the future.

Many historical events took place on the shores of the Dead Sea— the world's lowest spot, lying 1,300 feet below sea level, its water so laden with mineral salts that nothing can live in it.

At its southern end were once the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah which were " even as the garden of the Lord" before they were destroyed by " fire and brimstone from heaven." Today we see the remains of these cities— plains of death— covered by weird-shaped salt-rock formations, unlike any other earthly landscape; a warning which goes unheeded in the sinful world today.

The modern Sodom (Biblical Sodom) is located where the buildings of the potash works bring new life into the area with the activities of extracting the mineral wealth from the Dead Sea for export to the world.

New Roads

Some thirty miles of good new road was recently opened along the shores of the Dead Sea, leading from Sodom to Ein Gedi. The landscape along the route is fantastically beautiful. There is not a blade of green to be seen, and no sign of life, but the pale salt cliffs and rocks bordering the road on one side and the pastel mauves, pinks, and blues of the Moab range of mountains across the sea on the other side (Jordan) accentuate the intense blue-green of the water. The winding road provides an ever-changing view of this strange and interesting part of the world.

Engedi

Ten miles farther north along the sea shore, passing through a landscape of barren rock all the way,

suddenly at the turn of the road, one is confronted with an oasis of green fields and trees and flowers upon which sprays of fresh sweet water are rained from irrigation pipes. Small dwelling places are clustered on the hillside, and young people are at work harvesting the fruits of the fields. This is Engedi.

This is the same place to which King Solomon referred in his Song of Songs when he wrote: " My beloved is unto me a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi." – Canticles 1:14

It was also an agricultural settlement at the time of Christ when, as indicated by the Dead Sea Scrolls discovered near here in 1947, a group of Essenes, an ascetic Jewish sect of that time, lived there and cultivated the land. This same place is again referred to by the historian Pliny who, a thousand years later, lamented the vanished fertility of this spot. " Its groves of palm trees are now like Jerusalem, a heap of ashes."

Now after nearly two thousand years, Engedi comes to life its fruitfulness is revived. In 1956 a group of young Israeli pioneers came to settle at En Gedi. They planted vegetables and flowers and built permanent homes on the hilltop. Now a good road reaches them and the settlement grows and flourishes.

The Miracle

What is the explanation of this miracle on the shores of the Dead Sea, this oasis in the wilderness? It is made possible by a stream of pure water which emerges from underground springs in the mountainside at this spot. At the foot of waterfalls, luxuriant trees bend their foliage over clear pools of fresh water and there is ample supply of sweet water to irrigate and cultivate the surrounding land.

To understand this miracle of sweet water flowing from the mountainside and its revival of fertility at this place we must go to the Bible and read the prophecy of Ezekiel, chapter 47, verses 1-12. Then we will see at Engedi the beginning of the fulfillment of prophecy which tells of the restored kingdom of Israel.

Holy Waters

It can be assumed that the stream of pure water comes from Mount Zion, from "beneath the house of the Lord" that is to be built there. Ezekiel was shown in a vision at the door of the house that "waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward. . . . These waters issue out of the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea, which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed." (verses 1, 8) The sea referred to here is the Dead Sea which is to be healed by these waters which flow, even now, into the wilderness at Engedi.

"And it shall come to pass that everything that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the river shall come shall live." (verse 9) At present the waters are only "to the ankles," (verse 3) It is the beginning. But at the time of the Kingdom there will be "waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over." (verse 5)

Thus on the shores of the Dead Sea we are reminded of God's judgment in the past and the grace and blessings of his promises for the future. The blessings will flow from Mount Zion, Jerusalem, not only in a spiritual sense, but also in the natural way— the river of pure water to the wilderness to bring life in abundance to the desert.

Promise and Fulfillment

The revival of fruitfulness at Engedi in our time is one of the clear signs of how near we are to the coming kingdom of Israel, to the fulfillment of the promises of the Lord for the healing of the people and land of Israel, and also the nations.

For the pioneers of the state of Israel the water which now flows "covers the ankles," but when the pioneers of the Kingdom shall come to Ein Gedi the waters will begin to rise until the river "cannot be passed over." A river which will bring life and healing wherever it flows. "And fishers shall stand

upon it from Engedi to Eneglaim . . . and there shall be a very great multitude of fish . . . and by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed . . . because their waters they issued from the Sanctuary and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine."

The promise will be fulfilled!

p e a c e

T H E L O V E O F S I L E N C E

There is a place in consciousness
Withdrawn from all the rush
That lies as listening and still
As some clear morning hush.

As silent as the waiting ear
Of some shell treasured long,
Whose rosy walls cannot forget
The ocean's ancient song.

As silent as the lips of leaves
Before the breeze begins,
Or as the soundless pause that breaks
Before the violins.

For all things have their melodies,
And all that lives must sing.
Yet there is silence at the core,
Like some bird's folded wing.

A feathered nest God makes for rest,
Lined soft as thistledown,
Where we can wrap the folds of peace
About us like a gown.

And lean against the heart of love
That beats within the soul,
And listen to the pulse of God,
And hear the ages roll.

Elizabeth Landiwerr

G O D C A R E S

In every leafy tree of green,
In every budding rose,
In every ray of sunshine,
In every breeze that blows,
If you'll look, and if you'll listen,
You will find God's presence there,
A beautiful reminder
Of his constant love and care.
I stand upon the mount of God
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.

But I am calm with thee, my God.
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
No storms nor clouds can rise.

O, this is life! O, this is joy!
My God, to find thee so;
Thy face to see, thy voice to hear,
And all thy love to know.

Horatius Bonar

**F O R I , T H E L O R D T H Y G O D , W I L L H O L D
T H Y R I G H T H A N D , S A Y I N G U N T O T H E E ,
F E A R N O T , I W I L L H E L P T H E E . -
I S A I A H 4 : 1 3**

In the center of the whirlpool,
While the waters rush around
There's a place of perfect stillness,
Though with turmoil it is bound.

All is calm, and all is quiet,
Scarcely e'en a sense of sound.
So with us, despite the conflict,
When in Christ, his peace is found.

*There is no other real peace;
how comparatively few know the secret.*

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said far down beneath the wild commotion
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime over peacefully,
And no rude storm how fierce so e'er it flieth
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed silence at its peaceful door.

Far, far away the roar of passion dieth
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm how fierce so e'er it flieth
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU, MY PEACE I
GIVE UNTO YOU: NOT AS THE WORLD
GIVETH, GIVE I UNTO YOU. LET NOT
YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED, NEITHER LET
IT BE AFRAID. —
JOHN 14:27

C H E E R

It takes more than a little cloud
To hide the skies of blue.
It takes more than a happy mist
To veil the sunshine, too.

It takes more than the black of night
To dim a shining star;
And God's great peace and hope will brighten
The corner where you are.

T H Y W O R D I S A L A M P U N T O M Y F E E T ,
A N D A L I G H T U N T O M Y P A T H . — P S A L M
1 1 9 : 1 0 5

G O D H O L D S Y O U R H A N D

God understands the way you take;
He knows the trials of each day,
And, sympathizing, lends an ear
To hear you e'en before you pray.

He walks with those who trust his love,
He holds them by the hand to guide.
What need to fear or be dismayed
With his dear presence by your side.

R E S T I N T H E B O O K

Rest in the Book! just lay thy head
Upon some promise there,
Then claim it as thy very own
And wait the answered prayer.

Hold fast to God! Keep courage sweet,
O, let his peace abide
There at the blessed mercy seat,
Still hopefully abide.

Rest in the Book! Fret not thyself.
Though burdens press, still know
That fountains of his inner peace
Forever overflow.

Go to thy God and take along
All cause for anxious care.
Rest in the Book! Just lay thy head
Upon some promise there.

P E A C E

If peace be in the heart
The wildest winter storm is full of solemn beauty,
The midnight flash but shows the path of duty.
Each living creature tells some new and joyous story,
The very trees and stones all catch a ray of glory,
If peace be in thy heart.

Charles Francis Richardson

Q U I E T N E S S

The lovely things are quiet things,
Soft, falling snow,
And feathers dropped from flying wings
Make no sound as they go.

A petal loosened from a rose,
Quietly seeks the ground,
And love when lovely, when it goes,
Goes without a sound.

H E T H A T G O E T H A S I D E
T O S I T Q U I E T L Y
I N T H E S E C R E T P L A C E W I T H T H E
M O S T H I G H
W I L L F I N D H I M C O M I N G E V E R S O C L O S E
T H A T T H I S M A N W I L L B E L O D G I N G
U N D E R T H E S H A D O W
O F T H E A L M I G H T Y . -
P S A L M 9 1 : 1 , F R E E T R A N S L A T I O N
T H E I N N E R C H A M B E R

The house of the Lord
has many chambers,
Large and lofty
or low and small;

And some who turn
from the world's broad highways,
And find the door
to the Entrance Hall

Are satisfied
with its shade and coolness,
To know they have come
to the house of a friend,

And resting there
in the peace and quiet,
They think they have fared
to their journey's end.

And some are content
with the Ante-Chamber
That opens out
of the entrance hall,

With the winds that blow
the spicy gardens,
The musical splash of
the fountain's fall.

They feast on the fruits
of the spirit's giving,
And muse on the thought
of the joys to come,

And resting there
in the peace and quiet
Are glad that the Lord
has brought them home.

But those who have heeded
his invitation
To come up higher
and enter in

To the Upper Room
of the Master's dwelling,
To stores of treasures
their way shall win.

What eye hath seen them?
What mind conceived them?
What heart hath dreamed
of the things concealed,

The joys prepared
for the Lord's beloved,
To those who seek them
alone revealed?

Clothed with his glory
they leave his presence,
Girt with his power
they walk abroad,

Who find the door
to the Inner Chamber,
The secret place
of the Most High God.

Annie Johnson Flint

HE THAT DWELLETH
IN THE SECRET PLACE
OF THE MOST HIGH
SHALL ABIDE
UNDER THE SHADOW
OF HIS WINGS. —
PSALM 91:1

r e s u r r e c t i o n

T H E L E G E N D O F T H E V I O L E T

The first glad Easter morn
 when earth united to rejoice,
 Christ walked into a garden
 and each flower raised its voice,
And as they sang their hymns of joy
 with happy, sweet accord,
A little violet tried in vain
 to see the risen Lord.

And as he came, the violet sighed,
 " If I could only be
 As tall and bright as other flowers
 then he might notice me."
But when he reached the violet,
 the Saviour paused awhile,
The violet blushed and bowed its head
 beneath the Master's smile.

And it really didn't matter,
 not being grand and tall,
 For Jesus loves all living things,
 however great or small.
And to this day all violets
 Bow their faces toward the sod
 Remembering that meeting
 with the blessed Son of God.

W E E P I N G M A Y E N D U R E F O R A N I G H T , B U T
J O Y C O M E T H I N T H E M O R N I N G . - P S A L M
3 0 : 5

HE THAT WALKETH RIGHTEOUSLY,
AND SPEAKETH UPRIGHTLY;
HE THAT DESPISETH THE GAIN OF OPPRESSIONS
THAT SHAKETH HIS HANDS
FROM HOLDING OF BRIBES,
THAT STOPPETH HIS EARS
FROM HEARING OF BLOOD,
AND SHUTTETH HIS EYES FROM SEEING EVIL; HE
SHALL DWELL ON HIGH;
HIS PLACE OF DEFENSE SHALL BE
THE MUNITIONS OF ROCKS:
BREAD SHALL BE GIVEN HIM;
HIS WATERS SHALL BE SURE.
THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY:
THEY SHALL BEHOLD
THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF.—
ISAIAH 33:15-17

H O W W E L L ?

'Tis not how long we live within this vale,
But how we live and meet the gale
And if we to our God and friends are true
Our record rests in what we do.

Our wealth retained, to leave of import less
Than what within we do possess;
And riches that are left, how value-less
Than heav'nly crown as our success.

B E C A U S E I L I V E

Christ said, " Because I live,
ye shall live also;"
Amen! Lay hold upon his blessed word,
This is our hope, like some high, lifted banner
Unfurled against the sky,
our hearts have heard.

No clearer message and no truer music
Than this assurance
from Christ's own tongue—
Because he lives, we shall live also,
Forever joyous, forever eternally young.

Forever to advance in greater knowledge,
 To fully know the truth that sets us free,
To walk companioned by the living Saviour
 Throughout the reaches of eternity.

Oh, what more blessed news
 could we be hearing
 Than these words loosed
 upon the wings of time?
They lie ahead of us— the hills of heaven,
 With him for guide,
 and with strength to climb.

Grace Hall Crowell

T R A N S F O R M E D B Y B E H O L D I N G
2 C O R I N T H I A N S 3 : 1 8 ; 4 : 6

The great sea lay and looked on high
 When, floating aloft in the lovely sky,
It saw a fleecy cloud so light,
 So pure, so spotless, and so bright,
And it wondered when so fleet a form
 Arose, the heavens to adorn.

" They say," it whispered, " it came from earth,
 And more, that I had given it birth;
But how absurd to think that I
 Could ever mount that lovely sky"
And then the sea heaved such a sigh
 As it watched the beauteous thing on high.

" Ah, I could never be like thee,
 In the bosom of God thou seem'st to be,
Besides," and the sea was silent now
 As it thought of its wild and fevered brow
And how oft in its rage it had dealt a blow
 That laid thousands dead in its depth below.

And yet I perceived that the sea could not rest
 As it looked at that beauteous thing
 so blessed.

Then it roused itself and said, " I will try."
 And it borrowed the wind to drive it high;
And, gathering strength, it curled in its pride
 And dashed itself on the rocks beside.

Then, rearing a column of quivering spray,
 It seemed to be borne to the heights away;
But it fell, alas! on the angry breast,
 Backed with its foaming, whitened crest.
Baffled and beaten it buried its head
 To hide in the depths of its ocean bed.
And it hissed as it did so, " It cannot be!
 I said I knew it was not for me."
At length the great sea lay quiet and still,
 For full despair had subdued its will.
When the glorious sun looked forth on the scene
 And gleamed on its bosom in silver sheen.

And the great sea looked on the face of the sun
 And asked if he knew what could be done.
" The moon draws me hither and thither," it said,
 " But it cannot uplift me from my bed,
Nor can it transform this turbid breast
 Into that thing so pure and blest."

" Canst thou transform me," said the sea.
 " Oh yes," said the sun, " if you'll suffer
me."
And the sun sent down a noiseless ray
 That loosened and warmed it as it lay
And lifted it up. How? It never knew—
 A fleecy cloud in the heavenly blue.

Do you kin the parable, reader fair?
 Can you take the lesson that's couching there?
Are you that sea with its fond desire,
 Sighing and struggling to rise up higher?
Does perfect grace attract thine eye?
 And to attain it dost thou try?

But do baffled efforts mock thy skill,
 While sorrow and anguish thy spirit fill,
And thou say'st, " In God's bosom
 that grace must rest,
 It never can visit my troubled breast."
Now change thy plan, and behold yon Son,
 Just rest and trust, and the work is done.

R E S U R R E C T I O N

May the joy of his resurrection
 Fill your heart as you journey along.
May the peace he bequeathed be your portion,
 May his love in your heart be a song.

May the hope thus begun become brighter,
 May your faith in him firmer be,
Until soon in that first resurrection
 His glorious face you shall see.