

Day Unto Day



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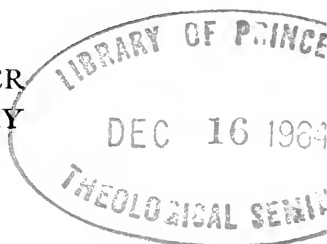
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DAY UNTO DAY

A BRIEF PRAYER
FOR EVERY DAY



BY

GEORGE MATHESON, D.D.

COMPILED BY

H. B.



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PREFACE

WITH his sanctified imagination and spiritual vision, George Matheson holds foremost rank among our writers of devotional books. It is believed that brief extracts from some of his most beautiful prayers will be acceptable to the Christian world at large, and we therefore venture to send forth this little book in the hope that, being stimulated by it, readers may turn for renewed inspiration, new "visions of God," and wider spiritual outlook, to the larger works which have made the memory of George Matheson a cherished possession.

Thanks are tendered to the various publishers for their kindly courtesy in allowing extracts to be taken

H. B.

DAY UNTO DAY

JANUARY 1

Watchword: "I will make all My mountains a way, and My highways shall be exalted."—ISA. xlix. 11.

Lord, when Thou shalt enter my soul, Thou shalt reverse my standard of greatness. Those things which I counted gain shall become insignificant unto me, and those things which I counted insignificant shall appear great gain. I care now for what I shall *seem* to be, more than for what I *am*; but then, my being shall be the mountain and my seeming the valley.

JANUARY 2

Watchword: "The same came to Jesus by night."
JOHN iii. 2.

Son of Man, I am glad Thou hast suffered him thus to come. Those who come by night do not always take Thy name: they would bless and pass by. But Thou givest them the name they have not assumed; Thou callest them after Thyself. They have come to Thee in the night, but they shall claim their brotherhood with the children of the day.

JANUARY 3

Watchword: "He set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."—PSA. xl. 2.

Rock of Ages, within whose magic cleft my spirit would fain repose, it is not to shun the strife that I come to Thee. I come to Thee for wings, for new power of flight. I seek Thy rest because without Thee I cannot soar. The road soon wearies my feet if something has not refreshed my soul, for it is by the soul and not by the feet that I make my way. Rock of Ages, rest me ere I go.

JANUARY 4

Watchword: "By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death."—HEB. xi. 5.

Spirit of Holiness, take of the things of Christ and show them unto me. Let me learn before I die to love the things on the other bank of death; I would not meet them as the objects of a foreign land. Teach me here the rudiments of heaven, that to please God may already be my pleasure, that to serve God may already be my freedom, that to know God may already be my life. Show me the joy of Thy salvation, that the place of Thy salvation may not be to me a pain; this is the inward testimony that I want before I go.

JANUARY 5

Watchword: "They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest."—ISA. ix. 3.

Oh! Thou who art come to seek and to save lost things, buried things, I lift mine eyes to Thee. Many have offered me a golden to-morrow: Thou alone hast offered to retrieve my yesterday. Restore to me the waste places of my heart. Reveal to me the meaning of my failures. Show me that there was manna in my desert that even Canaan did not hold. Then shall mine be a harvest joy, a resurrection joy, the joy of gathering the buried past. Then shall my heart be satisfied that the travail of the soul was autumn's gain.

JANUARY 6

Watchword: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be laid low,"—ISA. xl. 4.

Inspire me, O Lord, with the heroism of the valleys. Help me to see the elevation of lowly things. Reveal to me the Divine beauty of meekness, of patience, of forgiveness. Show me Thy own power—the power of the Cross. Let me learn the life of death, the victory of self-surrender, the joy of sacrifice. The valleys of my heart shall be exalted when the mountain of my pride is brought low.

JANUARY 7

Watchword: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—2 COR. iii. 17.

Until Thou comest, O Divine Spirit, I am not at home in the holy places; the presence of my God is not fulness of joy. Thy love is the music of my religion; it puts me in the spirit of it. I no longer ask, "Am I commanded to follow Thee?" I say, "Lord, suffer me to go." I no longer cry, "I must come to Thee or I shall go to hell," but I say, "It is hell without Thee; bid me that I come." Thou hast become my vital air: I breathe in Thee. Thy will is my joy; Thy work is my play; Thy service is my glory; Thy cross is my power; Thy command is my strength; the constraint of Thy love is my spirit's liberty.

JANUARY 8

Watchword: "God is light."—1 JOHN i. 5.

My Father, come to me in life's dawn. Be Thou Thyself my light into every darkness. Illumine the mystery of sorrow. Teach me that the Cross is Divine. Show me that the Valley of the Shadow belongs to the paths of righteousness. Meet me at the tabernacle door ere I begin the sacrifice. I shall go to life's altar with exceeding joy when Thou shalt send forth Thy light.

JANUARY 9

Watchword: "Anoint the shield."—ISA. xxi. 5.

Oh! Thou Divine Man, let me anoint the shield with Thee. I am always forgetting the manna when I review the wilderness. Light me to the darkness which my eye did not meet. Let me see the disappearing sail of the sorrow that has missed me. Guide me to the path of danger unborn, of tears unshed, of cries unspoken. When I am in perplexity lead me to the valley that is lower than I. I shall worship Thee in my sorrow when I can worship behind the shield.

JANUARY 10

Watchword: "For the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour."—HEB. ii. 9.

Thou upon whose head were many crowns, give me the crown that came before Thy cross. Ennoble me for the hour of sacrifice. Beautify me for the steps of the dolorous way. Take me up to Thy transfigured Mount ere I suffer, and bathe me in its light unspeakable. Anoint me with the oil of love for every burial of my earthly joy. My cross shall become my crown, when Thy crown has preceded my cross.

JANUARY 11

Watchword: "Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—LUKE xxiv. 29.

Oh! Thou who art still unsheltered in the night of time, abide with me. Come into my poor heart and rest awhile. I would speak a word from my heart into Thy heart, to let Thee feel that it beats with Thine. I would give Thee what strength the little can lend to the great—the response of a kindred spirit, the Amen of a common prayer. Abide with me over this night.

JANUARY 12

Watchword: "Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more."—Rom. vi. 9.

Oh! Thou who art the latest flower of the garden, I am glad that I can rest in Thee. My heart is weary of its wandering. I do not need to look forward any more, not even to heaven. Heaven is not beyond me when Thou art beside me. When I have reached the vision of Thee, I shall for the first time live in the present. The butterfly's wing shall be mine when I soar in Thy air. Without Thee my sight has been for to-morrow: with Thee, my cry shall be, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

JANUARY 13

Watchword: "And I, if I be lifted from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."—JOHN xii. 32.

Therefore, Thou Crucified One, we cling to Thee in Thy crucifixion. Thou art here the meeting-place of our united souls. We gather together to meet Thee in the dolorous way. We load Thee with our burdens, and Thou carriest them alone into the valley, and on the other side we see Thee come out unburdened and we know that we are free.

JANUARY 14

Watchword: "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."—1 COR. xv. 25.

Son of Man, I understand Thy reluctance to be made a king. Thou camest to minister: it was stern necessity that made Thee reign. Thy cross is to feel Thyself upon the mountain. Thou wouldst fain come down to the plain—nay. Thou wouldst that the plain come up to Thee. Thou waitest for all to be one with Thee. Thou waitest for all to feel with Thee, to think with Thee, speak with Thee. Thou waitest to cast Thy crown into the sea, and live in hearts responsive to Thine own. Thou shalt enter into Thy glory when Thou shalt cease to be a King.

JANUARY 15

Watchword: "My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord."—PSA. v. 3.

Oh! Thou whose name is Love, it is in the offering of love that Thou rejoicest. Be mine the voice Thou shalt hear in the morning. Let me bring Thee my heart undimmed, my life unweighted. Let me bring Thee a desire for communion that is born, not of fear, but of love. If my voice shall be heard in the morning, I can lift up my head with joy.

JANUARY 16

Watchword: "God setteth the solitary in families."
PSA. lxxviii. 6.

Oh! Thou Who hast consecrated, not only the nuptial torch, but the want of it, make room for the solitary lives. Kindle the paternal instinct in the heart that is no father. Light the family altar in the home that has no ties. Give a crowded interest to spirits outside the crowd. Put the burden of all souls on the life that has no burden. Lay the debt of humanity on those who know not lesser bonds. The isles wait for *Thee* to make them vocal. When Thou hast set the solitary in families, there shall be no more sea.

JANUARY 17

Watchword: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—ECCLES. xi. 1.

Oh! Love divinely speculative, Love that hast not waited for the assurance of reward, Love that has perilled all upon the merest possibility, let me mould myself in Thee. If I listened to the voice of reason I would say, "Let me send no further gifts; they will be lost on the face of the waters." But Thou, O Lord, art earlier than reason; Thou art before all things. Thou givest in advance Thy gold. Give me the power to risk like Thee. Give me the charity that can believe in the fallen where there is no sign, and love them when there is no certainty. The bread I shall cast upon the waters may not be found till after many days, but in the moment of my casting I shall find Thee.

JANUARY 18

Watchword: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved."

ISA. xlv. 22.

I will have henceforth no life but Thine. O Thou Divine Love, whom no natural man can behold and live, let my natural heart behold Thee and die. Let it fall to the earth before the exceeding glory, and in its room let there rise the new man that only lives in Thee.

JANUARY 19

Watchword: "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ."—1 JOHN i. 3.

And this, Thou Divine Man, is my comfort in recognising Thee; I must be like Thee, when I have seen Thee as Thou art. I have recognised Thee spite of Thy lowliness, spite of the thorns with which they have wreathed Thy brow. Whence have I recognised Thee? Surely because there is a cord between us somewhere. Surely because Thy Father is my Father. He that has seen Thee must have first seen the Father.

JANUARY 20

Watchword: "The God of Israel will be your rereward."
ISA. liii. 12.

My God, Thou art my rereward. Thou art crucifying my past every day. Thou art redeeming me from the errors of yesterday. Thou art lifting those crosses I left by the wayside; Thy work is undoing hour by hour the mischief wrought by mine. Oh! Thou redeemer of my past, Thou hast set me free to begin anew without the damping sense of spot or stain; I have entered Thy kingdom again as a little child; my past is all gathered up when Thou art my rereward.

JANUARY 21

Watchword: "He restoreth my soul."—PSA. xxiii. 3.

Restore my soul, O God. There are green pastures around me for which my eye has no lens, there are quiet waters beside me for which my ear has no chord; restore my soul. The path on which I go is already the path of Thy righteousness; open Thou my eyes, that I may behold its windows. The place I call dreadful is even now the house of the Lord; the heavens shall cease to hide Thee when Thou hast restored my soul.

JANUARY 22

Watchword: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God."—ROM. i. 16.

My Saviour, I am not ashamed to come to Thee. My shame is not for *Thee*; it is for the days I have spent without Thee. Forbid that I should come to Thee by night. Let me have humility by all means, but let it be the humility of having been so long away from Thee, of having lost so many golden hours. Thy name shall be my boast. Thy love shall be my glory. Thy service shall be my birthright. Thy burden shall be my kingdom. Thy cross shall be my crown. In the strength to bear Thy load I shall learn the power of God.

JANUARY 23

Watchword: "And a certain lame man was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple called Beautiful."—ACTS iii. 2.

Son of Man, gate of all beautiful temples, help me to remember those who carried me to Thee. They passed and left no monument, but they opened for me the gate called Beautiful, and I have entered in. Let me build on its threshold to the memory of the dead. Let me build to the speechless prayers, the unuttered yearnings, the lonely vigils of hidden lives. Let me build to the unspoken influences that drew my eyes to the morning, and beckoned me up with their song.

JANUARY 24

Watchword: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."
REV. i. 10.

Spirit of the Lord's day, come into my heart and life. Bring down the sunshine and the calm and the worship. Bring down the joy of self-forgetfulness, that I may learn the blessedness of thanksgiving. Bring down the resurrection life, that I may take up the resurrection song. Make me a Sabbath within, that I may behold its mirror without, then shall my days be in spirit the days of the Lord.

JANUARY 25

Watchword: "The blind man looked up and said, I see men as trees walking. After that He put His hand upon his eyes; and he saw every man clearly."—MARK viii. 24, 25.

Even so, O Lord, Thou opened the eyes of my spirit. I thank Thee for the first imperfect vision. The full day would be too much for me. I bless Thee Thou hast trained me by twilight. I may not be ready to accept the servant's form in the midst of the climax of heaven's glory. Therefore I am glad that so softly Thou art lifting the veil. I am glad that from the summit of my Pisgah I have not a full vision of the Promised Land. I thank Thee, O Lord, for the mist upon the hill.

JANUARY 26

Watchword: "Where there is no vision the people perish."—PROV. xxix. 18.

My Father, open to me the windows of that great deep to-morrow. Lend me a ray of the future to guide me through the present. Send Thy vision of beauty into the workshop. Send Thy transfigured glory into the building of my human tabernacles. Let me sweep my earthly room by the light of Thy morning star. I have no patience for man without the vision of Thee.

JANUARY 27

Watchword: "It was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ."—LUKE ii. 26.

Our Father, Who art in heaven, reveal Thyself to us ere we are translated to Thee. We have said, "First death and then revelation." Thou sayest, "First revelation and then death." Let us come to the tomb through the garden, and forget the fading by reason of the flowers. Let us be led by the hand of life through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Our departure shall be no severance if ere we go, we shall meet with Thee.

JANUARY 28

Watchword: "There is no want to them that fear Him."
PSA. xxxiv. 9.

Oh! Thou divinely beautiful, create within me the artist's fear. Let me tremble before Thy beauty—tremble with the impossibility of ever being worthy of Thee. I could not feel the meanness of my apparel if I had not seen Thy bright raiment. It is by the breath of Thy Spirit that I have learned with trembling what it is to be dead. My trembling is my triumph; my day of judgment is my year of jubilee, for my cry has come from the taste of Thy glory; there is no want in them that fear Thee.

JANUARY 29

Watchword: "Through the brightness before Him were coals of fire kindled."—2 SAM. xxii. 13.

My Father, give me back my youth. Give me back the glow of expectation which lived in to-morrow and had no yesterday. Give me back the glass of hope that swept the coming horizon and saw no cloud therein. Let Thy Christ make me a child again—a child on fire with promises. If His flame shall kindle my bush, no earthly care shall consume it. If the Promised Land be before me, clouds and darkness shall in vain be around me: their elements shall melt with fervent heat in the brightness of hope's glory.

JANUARY 30

Watchword: "In the daytime He led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire."—PSA. lxxviii. 14.

My Father, gird me still with Thy Presence, both by day and by night. By day, teach me to remember my weakness, and by night tell me where lies my strength. By day point me down into Gethsemane, and by night lead me up into the mount of transfigured glory. By day show me the burden, and by night reveal to me the crown, so shall my days and nights be girt about with Thee.

JANUARY 31

Watchword: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. v. 3.

Even so, O Lord, as long as I am apart from Thee, I am self-satisfied, because I have no standard by which to measure my low stature. But when I come near to Thee, then for the first time I see myself. In Thy light I behold my darkness. In Thy purity I behold my corruption. My very confession of sin is the fruit of holiness. Oh! Thou Divine Man, let me gaze on Thee more and more, until, in the vision of Thy brightness, I loathe the sight of my impurity, until in the blaze of that glory which human eye hath not seen I fall prostrate, blinded, broken, to rise again a new man in Thee.

FEBRUARY 1

Watchword: "Behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."—EXOD. iii. 2.

In Thee, O Lord, let my heart be kindled. Thy love alone can wake my love. Thy fire alone can impart fire to me. Descend into my heart and kindle it: wake it into the fervour of burning zeal. Stimulate it into the blaze of a high enthusiasm which shall people the very wilderness with interests innumerable. Then shall my heart be ever young.

FEBRUARY 2

Watchword: "As for Sara thy wife, Sarah shall her name be, and I will bless her, and she shall be a mother of nations."—GEN. xvii. 15, 16.

I bless Thee for this portrait, O my God. I am grateful for the primitive vision of a mistress of the home. May her love be steadfast, steadfast in the most trying things, the commonplace things. When the romantic has given place to the practical, may love not be killed thereby. If Abraham sometimes appear to lose his glow, may Sarah not lose hers. May she remember that man has more toil than woman, and is subject to more weariness of the soul. Let her make allowance for the clouds in the masculine sky. May her devotion be undimmed by the desert. Cherish her by chastity, protect her by purity, defend her by fidelity, keep her by constancy of heart.

FEBRUARY 3

Watchword: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."—GEN. vi. 3.

Spirit Divine, why is it that I am at war with Thee? Nothing else is at war with Thee. I am the only thing in creation which strives with Thee, which needs to be reconciled with Thee. They say that to believe in Thee is to believe in that which contradicts reason; no, it is to find something which destroys the contradiction. Spirit of Christ, conquer my will, that the miracle may be destroyed. Reconcile my heart to Thy heart, that there may be no more violation of Thy law.

FEBRUARY 4

Watchword: "Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—LUKE ii. 10.

I rejoice, O my Father, that Thou hast given me a treasure which I need not hide from my brother. I can tell my grief to the glad, but not my gladness to the grieving. Extinguish the joy that is proud of being unshared. Let down the lights that make a wall between myself and the weary. And over the darkness let there rise a star—Bethlehem's star, humanity's star, the star that shines for one because it shines for all. When I see the common star I shall rejoice with exceeding great joy.

FEBRUARY 5

Watchword: "I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass."—EXOD. xxxi. 3, 4.

Spirit of Christ, Spirit that hast incarnated Thyself in the brass and iron of this world, I come to Thee. Thou Spirit of the incarnation, inspire me for the labours of the flesh. Quicken me for the toils of dusty land and bustling mart. Nerve me for the troubles of the exchange, the counting-house, the workshop. Fit me to bear the crosses, and the losses, that await the dealings between man and man. The incarnation of Christ shall be completed when Thou hast filled the brass, the silver, the gold.

FEBRUARY 6

Watchword: "But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 COR. xv. 5.

Son of Man, whenever I doubt of life I think of Thee. Nothing is so impossible as that Thou shouldst be dead. Therefore, when oppressed by the sight of death I shall turn to Thee. I shall see my immortality. I shall read the possibilities of my soul in Thee. I shall measure the promise of my manhood by Thee, I shall comfort myself by the impossible conclusion: "If there be no immortality, Christ is dead."

FEBRUARY 7

Watchword: "Declared to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead."—ROM. i. 3, 4.

Thou, O Lord, hast lighted my torch within the valley. Thou hast bloomed from the ground of my winter. Thou hast smiled from the mist of my tears. It is with the key of death Thou hast opened heaven; it is in the robes of Thy grave Thou hast found revival. I put immortelles on the grave to say that death is a delusion—to tell, not so much that it is conquered, as that it had no need to be conquered. Thou hast destroyed, not death, but death's deception: the resurrection from the dead is the message of Easter Day.

FEBRUARY 8

Watchword: "Love not the world."—I JOHN ii. 15.

Men tell me, O Christ, that Thy cross is meant to crucify the world in me. Yes, but the world in me is not my companionship, but my solitude. When Thou sayest, "Love not the world," Thou sayest, "Love not thyself." I am too much alone, too much with my own thoughts. I am absorbed in the world—the world of my own soul. Abolish my desert life, my walking in the wilderness. The world is within my own heart. When I have left the world, I shall have fellowship with all.

FEBRUARY 9

Watchword: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—REV. vii. 17.

My God, set right the broken spring. Restore to me the joy of Thy salvation. Thou hast given me back my freedom, give me back my wings. Take away the weariness, the jadedness, that follow the hour of struggle. Heal the shrinking of the sinew that succeeds the angel's blessing. Remove the paralysis that lingers after the sorrow itself has fled. When I stand beside the fountains of living water, do Thou wipe away past tears from my eyes.

FEBRUARY 10

Watchword: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more."—REV. vii. 16.

Son of Man, I am hungry and thirsty, I am homeless and friendless, I am footsore and weary, but no mansion has yet opened for me. All other things have places prepared for them—all but my heart. Prepare a mansion for my heart, Thou whose name is Love. My unplaced heart is the one miracle of creation, the only thing that violates the law of the Father. Annul the miracle and give me peace. Send me a promised land, whose reality shall not dim the expectant vision of Moses. At the beautiful gate of Thy temple I shall hunger no more.

FEBRUARY 11

Watchword: "I will appear in the cloud upon the mercy-seat."—LEV. xvi. 2.

My soul, art thou trembling under the cloud? Thou needst not be. Thou hast gazed on the pure fountains of living water, or thou wouldst not murmur at the stagnant pools. It is thy transfiguration that has made thy cloud. The shadow that obscures thee is thy God passing by. Oh! mist clearer than the sunshine. Oh! sweeter than earthly joy—my Father's face appears in thee.

FEBRUARY 12

Watchword: "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."—JOSH. v. 12.

My God, Thou dost not send to me as to Elijah celestial messengers of sustenance, but terrestrial messengers. Thou sendest the revolving seasons of nature, the love of human hearts, the influence of vanished lives. Thou wilt not feed my weak brother with streams of miraculous manna, lest thereby Thou shouldst take from me the nourishment of being his keeper. The supernatural manna has failed, so that through the helpfulness of the human heart, Thy love, O Father, now distributes the old corn of the land.

FEBRUARY 13

Watchword: "O send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me: let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles."—PSA. xliii. 3.

To Thee, O Life Divine, from step to step I rise—through leading, through ecstasy, through peace, through sacrifice—up to Thy love, which is sacrificial joy. Shine from the topmost height, Thou Divine joy. Often I am led by a way which by myself I would not go. Shine out, Thou Christ, and the tabernacle shall no more seem a decadence from the hill-top. Shine out, and the days of leading shall themselves be days of light, cheered by an unknown prospect, sustained by a promise of exceeding joy.

FEBRUARY 14

Watchword: "To them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up,"—MATT. iv. 16.

Oh, Thou who hast made all things new by Thy rising sun, I understand death in Thee. I have called it the great eclipse, and so it is: but it is the eclipse by *Thee*. It is *Thy* shadow passing between me and the earth. *Thou* art the shadow of death. O my Father: Thou art the cloud on the mercy-seat. I shall not fear any longer to sit in the region of blinding death, since I know that I am blinded by the light above the brightness of the sun.

FEBRUARY 15

Watchword: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."—GEN. vi. 3.

Spirit of the Heavenly Father, conquer my will. Unite my purpose to Thy purpose, that I may be in harmony with all things, and that all things may work together for my good. Let me know for the first time the joy of being no anomaly in the universe of life, no interruption in the order of nature. All things shall be subject unto Thee when I have ceased to strive.

FEBRUARY 16

Watchword: "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."—GEN. i. 2.

Oh! Thou Divine Spirit, whose breath preceded all things, I am seeking to invert the order of Thy work. I am asking for other things before Thee. I am crying for light, for sun and moon and star, for the green herb, for the bird of heaven. I am forgetting that without Thee the light would not charm, the grass would not grow, the bird would not sing. Come Thyself first of all and move upon the face of the waters. Come and let me see the image of God in my brother man, that I may learn to love him as my other self, and in the joy of love may find universal joy.

FEBRUARY 17

Watchword: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

REV. i. 10.

Spirit of Christ, be Thou my pillar of cloud by day, my pillar of fire by night. Teach me my nothingness in the hour of my prosperity; tell me in my adversity that I am something to Thee. Redeem from dust alike my mornings and my evenings, that I may claim as Thy gifts, not only angels and principalities, but the world and life as well. The day of common work shall be the Lord's day, when I can say, like the man of Patmos, "I was in the Spirit."

FEBRUARY 18

Watchword: "The Lord came down in a cloud, and spake unto him, and took of the Spirit that was upon him, and gave it unto the seventy elders."—NUM. xi. 25.

Son of Man, let Thy cross be my medium of human brotherhood. Under the shadow of Thy cloud, let me meet face to face with the soul of my brother man. May we be bound together in the unity of Thy Spirit, the spirit of sacrifice, the spirit of self-surrendering love. May we be united by the fellowship of the mystery—the mystery of suffering. Join us in Thy cross, O Son of Man; unite us by Thy sacrifice; connect us by Thy cloud.

FEBRUARY 19

Watchword: "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God."—1 JOHN iv. 2.

Oh! Thou who art altogether lovely, give me the power to see Thy beauty even where it tries to hide itself. Help me to confess Thee "in the flesh," in the disguise of that which is not beautiful. Be it mine to see Thy presence in struggle and in sorrow, in labour and in ladenness, in Galilee and in Gethsemane. Then shall I know that I have an artist's soul for Thee, and that the beauty by which I see Thee is Thine own beauty. I am partaker of Thy Spirit's loveliness when I have learned to worship it "in the flesh."

FEBRUARY 20

Watchword: "Then said Thomas, Let us also go, that we may die with Him."—JOHN xi. 16.

Jesus, type of perfect beauty, I have wandered from all but Thee. I have lost the view of Thy kingdom, Thy power, and Thy glory. I see no angel sitting on the gravestone: I catch no jubilant cry, "He is not here." But I bring my spices all the same. I shall love Thee for Thyself when Pilate has disrobed Thee. I shall love Thee for Thyself when despair has sealed a stone over Thy sepulchre. Rather than reign with Cæsar I shall die with Thee.

FEBRUARY 21

Watchword: "And their eyes were opened; and Jesus straightly charged them, saying, See that no man know it."—MATT. ix. 30.

Thou coverest my face. O Christ, that I may not see Thy glory; dost veil Thy coronet, that I may come to Thy inner beauty. Oh! blest disguise. Oh! glorious veil. Oh! revealing silence. My heart finds itself in Thee. It has loved a captive, and He is found to be a King. I bless his mighty Name that he won my love unknown.

FEBRUARY 22

Watchword: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."—MATT. v. 5.

Son of Man, Thou hast lighted a new star in my sky—the star of Womanhood. It has come to me from the East after all—the masculine East, the East whose lands have more law than love. Thou art my evening Star, O Christ, and Thine is the light of ideal womanhood. On the mount of Thy Beatitudes Thou hast lit a new fire of greatness and left it burning there. I can never again point the youth to the *red* path of glory. Ever must I say, Blessed are the meek, the merciful. The virtues of the mount have become the aspirations of the plain; in Thy feminine greatness the head of the serpent has been bruised.

FEBRUARY 23

Watchword: "Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him."—REV. i. 7.

Oh! Thou who hast made the cloud as well as the sunshine, help me to see that it too follows in Thy train. Help me to know that the affliction of time is actually working out the weight of glory in eternity. Let my vision of Thy faithfulness reach even unto the clouds of my earthly day. Show me Thy love in the things I call loveless; show me Thy face as it shines behind the veil.

FEBRUARY 24

Watchword: "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us."—1 JOHN i. 3.

Son of Man, give us a common interest in Thee: it is the only thing that will make us one. Help us through a common love to forget our individual desires. It is my individual desires that make me a dull companion. Often in the social hour I sit silent, not because I am ignorant, but because I am uninterested. Crucify my world, O Christ. Crucify my spirit of isolation, my desire to be alone. Give me power to come out from myself into the community of men, into the common love.

FEBRUARY 25

Watchword: "But one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God, in Christ Jesus."—PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

My God, it is my poverty that aims at Thee. It is my humility that soars to Thee. It is my nothingness that dares to hope for Thee. From the grave of my buried past I climb into the light of a new day. Accept my poverty of soul, for I have forgotten the things that are behind.

FEBRUARY 26

Watchword: "The exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe."—EPH. i. 19.

Lord, let me in that I may see Thee. I have been trying too long to judge Thee from the outside: let me in. I have asked my soul where is the sign of Thy power. I have asked what good there is in *being* good. I have forgotten that the advantage can only be seen inside the door. I have forgotten that the reward of art is beauty, that the reward of loving is being loved, that the reward of holiness is strength in temptation. I shall see Thy power within Thy holy place. Let me gaze on Thy world from where Thou art Thyself standing. And I know that the prospect shall be changed; I shall see Thy exceeding power when once I have believed.

FEBRUARY 27

Watchword: "And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a man as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?"—GEN. xli. 38.

Spirit of Christ, fit me for the earth on which I dwell. I used to ask that Thou wouldst prepare me for death; Thy main province is to prepare me for life. I am growing more impressed with the solemnity of living than of dying. I am growing more impressed with the need of Thee in things common than in things transcendental. I need thee both for the seven years of plenty and for the seven years of famine. Without Thee I cannot bear either the one or the other.

FEBRUARY 28

Watchword: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure."—PHIL. ii. 12, 13.

Son of Man, help me to work out the plan of Thy salvation. Even though it should be by lower motives, guide me to build the hive. Cause me to lay my stores of honey in the right place—I mean, the right place for Thee; put it where its sweetness may refresh others, even though its investment may be a failure to myself.

FEBRUARY 29

Watchword: "Rebekah loved Jacob."—GEN. xxv. 28.

Lord, help the mothers of our land to train their children for the calling suited to them. Give them something of Rebekah's insight. Have they a boy of dreams gazing ever towards the starlight to find a ladder between earth and sky, let them not send him to break stones in the quarry. Above all, O Lord, let them set apart the right man for Thee. Give Rebekah an inspired heart to choose the *minister* of the family. Wing her soul with Thy wisdom; light her eyes with Thy love; direct her vision with Thy discernment. Give her the power to see on which member of her household the spirit is alighting in the form of a dove, and when she beholds the dove-like form she will know that she has found the man.

MARCH 1

Watchword: "For we, through the Spirit, by faith wait for the hope of righteousness."—GAL. v. 5.

Thou, O Spirit, hast brought into this world a new order of heroes—the men who can wait. Thou hast made patience divine. Thou hast taught us that the Father's will may be received, just because it *is* His will. Thou hast revealed to us that a soul may see nothing but sorrow in the cup, and yet may refuse to let it go, convinced that the eye of the Father sees further than its own. Give me the power to wait for hope itself. I shall reach the climax of strength when I have learned to wait for hope.

MARCH 2

Watchword: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."—JOHN xii. 32.

Oh! strength that could restrain strength, I bow myself before Thee. I see Thee lifted up, not *from* Thy humiliation, but *by* Thy humiliation. Thy cross hath crowned Thee, Thy gentleness made Thee great. The thorns that wreath Thy brow have become a laurel wreath, green with the reviving hope of myriad human hearts. Thou art wearing our thorn, Thou art sharing our cross, and in the joys of our frailty made Divine, our souls rise up to meet Thee uplifted in the majesty of death.

MARCH 3

Watchword: "Lest peradventure the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up, and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley."—2 KINGS ii. 16.

Spirit of Christ, let Thy chariot of fire lift me above both the valley and the mountain. It is my little knowledge of Thee that is a dangerous thing. If my flight were only higher I should be in no fear from either the mountain or the valley. Both would dwindle into insignificance before the contemplation of a heavenly glory. Therefore, Thou Spirit, lift me from the partial into the full knowledge of Thyself. When I have entered Thy chariot of fire, I shall steer the middle way between the mountain and the vale.

MARCH 4

Watchword: "The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning."—JOB xlii. 12.

Thou, O Lord, canst transform my thorn into a flower. And I want my thorn transformed into a flower. Job has got the sunshine after the rain, but has the rain been all waste? Job wants to know, I want to know, if the shower had nothing to do with the shining. And Thou canst tell me—Thy cross can tell me. Thou hast crowned Thy sorrow. Be this my crown. O Lord. I only triumph in Thee when I have learned the radiance of the rain.

MARCH 5

Watchword: "And the Spirit of God came upon Saul when he heard those tidings, and his anger was kindled greatly."--1 SAM. xi. 6.

Spirit of Christ, who hast come to consecrate my whole human nature, consecrate my anger too. Thou art not sent to mutilate my present powers, but to redeem them from mutilation. There are times in which I do well to be angry, but I have mistaken these times. I am eager to revenge an individual offence, but I am regardless of the principle from which the offence springs. Rouse me into that groaning of the spirit whose tears are born, not of weakness, but of holy passion—the passion against malice and hatred and envy and all uncharitableness.

MARCH 6

Watchword: "Be angry and sin not."--EPH. iv. 26.

Spirit of Christ, wake me into sympathy with that fiery zeal which burned with indignation to see life's temple desecrated. The passions of my heart belong now to the Mammon of unrighteousness; transport them into the service of righteousness, and they shall become Thy friends. When Thy fire shall baptize my soul I shall know what it is to "be angry and sin not."

MARCH 7

Watchword: "Then they laid their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."—ACTS vii. 17.

Son of Man, I accept the price of Thy revelation: I accept the penalty of love. I bow my head to the burden of human care. I would not be compelled to bear Thy cross: I would choose it in love. Let me get a corner to carry of Thy mighty load. Let me be a spectator of Thy passion hour. When the multitude have laid their hands upon me, the day of crucifixion shall be the day of love.

MARCH 8

Watchword: "I heard behind me a voice, saying, Blessed be the glory of the Lord from His place."—EZEK. iii. 12.

Lift me, O God, that I may hear the voice of blessings behind me. Let me see Thee as Jacob saw Thee at Peniel—as a vindication of his struggle, as an explanation of his grief. Let me see Thee as Saul saw Thee at Tarsus—sending the future sunshine in the disguise of present darkness. Let me see Thee as John saw Thee at Patmos—revealing that the clouds of life were themselves but modes of Thy coming. I shall not weep for the depression of the passing hour if only when the time of Thine unlifting comes I shall see behind me the glory of the Lord.

MARCH 9

Watchword: "Behold, a company of prophets met Saul; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he prophesied among them."—I SAM. X. 10.

Spirit of Christ, consecrate the scenes amidst which I move. Reveal to me the holiness of common things. Teach me the sacredness of what I call secular. Tell me that Thy voice speaks to me through the heart of my brother man; that Thou sendest now Thy messages, not by angels, but by human souls. My whole life shall be a sacrament when Thou shalt meet me alike in the company or on the hill.

MARCH 10

Watchword: "In whom after that ye believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise."—EPI. I. 13.

Oh! Thou beneficent Spirit, I bless Thee that first of all there has come the beatific vision, that Thou hast shown me the crown of glory before the crown of thorns. The brightness of Thy morning shall keep me all the day. It shall keep me through the cloud and the cold, mid the burden and the care; it shall hold me erect in the monotony of the plain. I shall walk aloft through the storm when I hear Thy morning song behind me, and the yoke of toil shall be easy when I remember Thy promise in the dawn.

MARCH 11

Watchword: "These be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit."--JUDE 19.

I am weary of my island life, O Spirit; it is absence from Thee. Set my feet in the space where many congregate. Place me on the continent of human sympathy, where I can find my brother by day and by night—where storms divide not, where storms intervene not, where depths of downward distance drown not love. When I have entered the gates of the city I shall bid farewell to the wilderness; when I have received Thy bond of brotherhood I shall separate myself no more.

MARCH 12

Watchword: "The glory of the Lord shall be thy reward."--ISA. lviii. 8.

Spirit Divine, reveal to me the glory of the things behind me, teach me the providence of the events that have gone by. I trusted Thee while they were going by; I was content to walk by faith; I murmured not. But faith is not Thy goal for me: it is sight. It is not enough that I should feel Thee to be my King: I must see the King in His beauty. I have not asked to trace Thee while Thy chariot wheels were passing; but now that they are past, O Spirit, let me see Thy face.

MARCH 13

Watchword: "The God of Jacob is our refuge."

PSA. xlv. 7.

God of Jacob, I bless Thee for my dreams of Thee. It is in my dreams of Thee that Thou art my refuge. Thou hast followed me with inaudible steps; Thou hast nourished me with intangible food; Thou hast strengthened me with unaccountable comfort. I have soared without wings; I have climbed though shrunk in sinew. The man is perfected in weakness whose arms are made strong by the hand of the mighty God of Jacob.

MARCH 14

Watchword: "This is the gate of heaven."

GEN. xxviii. 17.

How often, O God of Jacob, when the way was long, the night cold, and the pillow stony, the dream has conquered all. Often Thou hast sent to me a peace that passeth understanding. It came where it had no right to come—on the steps of poverty, down the ladder of humiliations. It came when life was low, when hope was low. It came without a reason—shining by its own light, refusing explanation, defying scrutiny. One moment I had said, "How dreadful is this place!" and the next I cried, "This is the gate of heaven!"

MARCH 15

Watchword: "He giveth unto His beloved sleep."

PSA. cxxvii. 2.

Lord, I have read of Thee that Thou givest Thy beloved sleep. There are various ways in which Thou givest sleep. I think one of them is a placid nature. There are souls among us whose spirit does not echo the full force of the outward waves. Thou hast set them in a cleft of the rock whilst Thou are passing by in a storm-cloud, and though the cloud is for them they are less hurt than the spectator. Let me not forget Thy shelter in the rock, O my God. Let me learn how many ships of sorrow pass in the night—how the seas wake us not, the winds shake us not, the buffetings break us not.

MARCH 16

Watchword: "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."—ISA. xxxiii. 17.

My Father, I would be as Thy Son Himself—ever on the bosom of the Father in a sleep of self-forgetfulness. None can reveal Thee but those who lie on Thy bosom, who become unconscious of every thought of self. If I would see the King in His beauty, I must lose sight even of my highest grace. Thou givest to Thy beloved only in their sleep.

MARCH 17

Watchword: "That thou mightest still the . . . avenger."
PSA. viii. 2.

I would not lose Thy fire, O Christ of Calvary: I would be calmed *through* the fire—through the very burning of my love. Beautifully was it written that the meekest man started from the burning bush. I need great strength to make me gentle. Any clod of the valley can *be* still, but only the sight of the mountain can *make* still. The sea of my life is not calmed by diminishing the waters, but by the print of Thy footsteps treading thereon. I shall reach Thy patience when I have possessed my soul.

MARCH 18

Watchword: "The cloud of the Lord was over them."
NUM. xi. 34.

Bring our hearts into sympathy, O Son of Man, by the contact of a kindred experience, by the touch of a common cross, by the pain of a united martyrdom. Let us walk through the furnace, not one by one, but three by three, and seeing ever the form of the fourth in the likeness of Thyself. It shall be worth while to have met Thee in the cloud if the spirit which Thou shalt give me shall be the spirit of humanity.

MARCH 19

Watchword: "Then David received them, and made them captains of the band."—1 CHRON. xii. 18.

Spirit of Christ, who of old didst make men soldiers for the times of war, make me now a soldier for the times of peace. Nerve me for the trials of the market-place, more arduous than the marches of the field. Make me strong, not with the strength of recklessness, but with that strength which comes from an increased burden of care. Inspire me with Thy sacrificial love, and I shall be a stranger to selfish fear; I shall have the courage to dare all things when I am made a captain in Thy band.

MARCH 20

Watchword: "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."—GEN. i. 2.

Spirit Divine, Thou alone canst make me a new creature, for Thou alone art able to work *within* me. It is not new *things* I want: it is a new heart, a new life. Come, brood over the waters of my spirit until they catch the impress of Thine own image and subside into Thine own calm. Thou canst make all things joy to me. Thou canst make the world a joy, and that none besides Thee can do. Thou canst make death a joy. Fountain of all life, let me live in Thee.

MARCH 21

Watchword: "And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set."—GEN. xxviii. 11.

O God of Providence, never let me talk about the accidents of life, never say that any spot, however desert, that any pillow, however stony, has come by chance. The sleep which I call weakness may be the origin of princely strength—prevailing power with God and man. May I tread solemnly the *trifling* paths of existence, walk reverently through the days that seem to have no meaning. Uncover my head in the presence of things which the world calls commonplace, for the steps of the commonplace may be the ladder from earth to heaven.

MARCH 22

Watchword: "Blessed are the meek."—MATT. v. 5.

Son of Man, teach me the majesty of Thy meekness. I do not ask a still nature; what I want is a stiling nature. I would not have a soul where there is nothing to restrain. That is the peace that the world gives, the peace of spent passion, the peace of exhausted energy. But not as the world givest Thou. I shall still my heart when Thou hast made me strong.

MARCH 23

Watchword: "Experience worketh hope."—ROM. v. 4.

And so, my Father, the world is not such a bad place after all. It looks gloomier at the entering than at the ending gate. Reveal to me the romance of real life, the heroism of daily toil, the power of prosaic sacrifice. Show me the prospect from the west gate of the temple—the gate near the setting sun. I have looked long enough from the east—the delusive light of morning. I have been seeking a heaven beyond experience, and the chords of my harp have been broken; they shall be strung to a nobler strain when experience itself worketh hope.

MARCH 24

Watchword: "He saith unto the sick of the palsy, Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thine house."—MARK ii. 11.

Lord, I have heard men say, "Go bury thy sorrow." Yet methinks the peace which Thou givest is deeper than that. It is not forgetfulness of my cross that I most require: it is glorified remembrance. I want my cross not to be buried, but to be lifted, upraised into the sunlight. The world can say, "Bury thy sorrow," but not, "Take up thy bed." Thou canst show me, not merely the burial of my cross, but its resurrection into newness of life.

MARCH 25

Watchword: "Given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."—2 COR. i. 22.

Son of Man, my thirst for Thee is the herald of Thee. The earnest of Thy coming is the shadow on my heart. The shadow on my heart is *Thy* shadow: only by the *vision* of Thee can I learn my want of Thee. It is the light of Thy countenance that has left the surrounding world in shadow. It is the vision of Thy moral beauty that has emptied my heart of its treasures, and made it vacant. Oh! vacant heart, prophetic of an overflowing fulness. I will not fear to enter the cloud, for I know, thou divinest Life, that the cloud is an earnest of Thee.

MARCH 26

Watchword: "Where there is no vision the people cast off restraint."—PROV. xxix. 18 (R.V.).

I need Thy rainbow, O my Father, for the workshop, and for the plough. It is when I dream of Thee that I am most practical, when I cease to dream of Thee that my task is badly done. Send Thy transfigured glory into the building of my human tabernacles. Let me sweep my earthly room by the light of Thy morning star; I have no patience for man without the vision of Thee.

MARCH 27

Watchword: "He giveth unto His beloved in their sleep."--PSA. cxxvii. 2 (Margin R. V.).

My Father, give me the blessing of those that sleep in Jesus. I do not need to die that I may sleep in Him; I have but to love. Make me unconscious of myself in the great sleep of love. Take away my sense of merit by removing my sense of struggle. Make the doing of good by me an act of genius—a thing of spontaneous beauty. Let me be a child in the kingdom of Thy Son—happy, without counting its happiness; guileless, without seeing it is pure.

MARCH 28

Watchword: "For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."--ROM. viii. 2.

Thou, O Spirit, alone canst set me free. What I want is, not fewer burdens, but more life, more love. I want Thy law which now is outward to become inward—the breath of my nature, the necessity of my being. I want to find that to be absent from Thy service is to be in poisoned air, that to be engaged in Thy work is to play in my native element. When the order of Thy life has become my law I shall be free from that other law which was made for sin and death.

MARCH 29

Watchword: "Washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—REV. vii. 14.

Son of Man, the shedding of whose blood ended in perfect peace, let the way of Thy sacrifice be mine. It is not enough to have my sin crucified—the red must be washed white. My cross can cleanse my soul, but who shall cleanse my cross? Thou canst, immortal Love. Breathe on me, and my old law of sacrifice shall become my new life of joy. I shall wear my cross, Thy cross, like a flower. When I began my journey my garments were dyed with blood; when I reach the heights of Olivet I shall walk in white raiment.

MARCH 30

Watchword: "Where there is no vision the people perish."—PROV. xxix. 18.

My Father, open to me the window of that great deep—to-morrow. Lend me a ray of the future to guide me through the present. I have been told that Thou hast given earth to prepare for heaven; nay, Thou hast given heaven to prepare for earth. It is the vision of eternity, that must ripen me for the passing hour. I never move freely on the lower plain till I have seen the higher. Send Thy vision of beauty into the workshop of Nazareth.

MARCH 31

Watchword: "To another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit."—1 COR. xii. 9.

Spirit of Christ, Thou whose glory it is to give life for the many, help those whose lot it is to minister to the spirits in prison. Help those whose call it is to watch by the bed of sickness, to smooth the troubled pillow, to solace the couch of pain. Teach them that the art of ministration is the art of love. Create within them that sympathy which makes sacrifice itself not sacrificial, because it makes us love our neighbour *as ourselves*. Then like Thee they shall bear away the infirmities from others, because like Thee they have begun by taking the infirmities on themselves; for their cross shall be the step to their crown and their power to suffer shall be their strength to heal.

APRIL 1

Watchword: "When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them."—JOHN x. 4.

Son of Man, ever let me feel that Thou art before me. Thou art always before me, but I have not always felt it. I was very proud in my small days. Ere yet I had been enlarged by Thee I had no shrinking in my nature. But when I was put forth, brought out, given a post in advance, then it was that I felt humble. Never let me lose that want of Thee which is the pledge that I am nearing Thee.

APRIL 2

Watchword: "And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord."—EXOD. xv. 21.

She sang the song of Moses, but it was also the song of the Lamb. Our Father, evermore give Miriam her song. Give her song for the nursery, that her children may start life with joy. Give her song for the fireside, that her husband may brush his cares away. Give her promises for the penitent, balm for the broken, help for the homeless, fellowship for the fallen, love for those who have parted with life. Let her song rise for others even when she herself is sad. Then will her music be perfected by sacrifice; then will men looking on her say, "To her the song of Moses is the song of the Lamb."

APRIL 3

Watchword: "Some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them."—MATT. xiii. 7.

Come into my heart, thou Rose of Sharon; be the first visitor of all my year. Let my thorn fall upon Thy life—not Thy life upon my thorn. If Thou lie next my heart, I can let my thorn fall on Thee. It will not break Thy fragrance; it may even catch Thy fragrance; it may become a part of Thee. Come into my heart; come, anticipate the thorn. There is room for my thorn above Thy seed; let not Thy seed fall upon my thorn.

APRIL 4

Watchword: "If He gather unto Himself His Spirit, and His breath, all flesh shall perish together, and man shall turn again unto dust."—JOB. xxxiv. 14, 15.

O Thou Divine Spirit, life would be unbearable without Thee. The very fact that I am not consumed by the world is a proof that Thou art in the world. I have never seen anything at its worst. Bad men would be infinitely more bad but for Thee. The ship of life is tossing, but it is anchored. I often complain of the storm, and say, "Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself." If Thou didst hide Thyself even for a moment, I would know what it is to have a storm.

APRIL 5

Watchword: "We know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."—ROM. viii. 26.

O my Father, I have moments of deep unrest—moments when I know not what to ask by reason of the very excess of my wants. I have in these hours no words for Thee, no conscious prayers for Thee. Yet all the time Thou hast accepted my unrest as a prayer, Thou hast received the nameless longings of my heart as the intercession of Thy Spirit.

APRIL 6

Watchword: "Lord, bid me come unto Thee upon the waters."—MATT. xiv. 28.

O Christ, I am only inspired, when I have aspired—sighed for something above me. When first I saw Thee I thought it was a light thing to reach Thee; I said, "Bid me that I come to Thee upon the waters." But now the stream has become a river, and the river has widened into a sea, and Thou art far before. Teach me it is a message of hope, not of despair. Tell me I am never so close to Thee as when love throws its seeming gulf between. It is the putting forth of my soul that sends Thee on before.

APRIL 7

Watchword: "Our God is a consuming fire."

HEB. xii. 29.

Come. Thou fire of heaven, and extinguish the fire of hell. Thy love can burn up all contrary loves. Thou art the only fire by which the bush of life is not consumed. The lust of the flesh weakens me, wearies me. But Thy burning makes me stronger day by day. It consumes my care, but it preserves *me*. It destroys my selfishness, but it magnifies *myself*. Like the three men in the fiery furnace, I feel that a fourth power is added to me when, O Spirit, I walk in Thee.

APRIL 8

Watchword: "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities."—ROM. viii. 26.

Thy prayers, O Spirit, are the unuttered voices of my soul. They are not yet the intercessions of *my* spirit; I know not what I ask. But Thou knowest what I ask, O my God. Thou knowest that nothing but the river of *Thy* pleasures can ever satisfy my thirsty soul. Thou knowest that because I am made in Thine image I can find rest only in what gives rest to Thee; therefore Thou hast counted my unrest unto me for righteousness and hast called my groaning Thy Spirit's prayer.

APRIL 9

Watchword: "Thou gavest also Thy good Spirit to instruct them, and withheldst not Thy manna from their mouth."—NEH. ix. 20.

Inspire me, O God, with the belief that the issues of life are not from without, but from within. Guide me into the discovery that the pleasures at Thy right hand are the only things that are "pleasures for evermore." He that tasteth the earthly manna shall hunger again, but he that hath received Thy bread of life shall subsist even amidst its failure. In Thy new creation that must be first which is spiritual, afterward that which is natural. Before Thou sendest the manna give me Thy good Spirit.

APRIL 10

Watchword: "Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every thing."—PSA. cxlv. 16.

Come therefore, O my God, and finish Thy divine creation. Thou wilt not leave me in the sixth morning amid the beasts of the field. Let me enter into Thy seventh day, into Thy Sabbath rest. Thou satisfiest the want of every living thing just because its need gives it a right to live. Shall not my thirst for Thee, O Spirit of holiness, give me also a right to the river of Thy pleasures?

APRIL 11

Watchword: "Let not your heart be troubled."

JOHN xiv. 1.

Usher me into the joy of my Lord, O Spirit of the Cross—the joy that could speak of its fulness at the very foot of Calvary. Inspire me with the peace which is independent of circumstances, which in the hour of death can say, "Let not your heart be troubled." Then, and not till then, shall the paradox become a truism; then, and not till then, shall I understand the promise, "The Lord is with you, while ye be with Him."

APRIL 12

Watchword: "The Lord is with you, while ye be with Him."--2 CHRON. xv. 2.

Spirit of Christ, only in Thy inspiration can I know that the righteous prosper. Seen in the light of the world, those that are with Thee appear to have the worst of it. But the light of the world cannot reveal the glories of Gethsemane; it cannot reveal the suppliant pouring forth his petition with the voice of strong crying. It can show that the prayer is seemingly unanswered, and the passing of the cup denied; but it cannot disclose the peace that comes with the cup; it cannot detect the angel of strength that follows the surrendered will.

APRIL 13

Watchword: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall the heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit unto them that ask Him."—LUKE xi. 13.

Holy Spirit, I thirst for Thee as in a dry, parched land; I pant for the streams of Thy grace. It seems almost presumptuous thus to desire Thee, but my very thirst emboldens me. How could I thirst for Thee if Thou wert not the Spirit of my Father? How could I desire Thee if there were not already in me the same nature as Thine? It is by my need of Thee that I know my kinship with Thee, with my Father. I ask for Thee because I require Thee, and I require Thee because I was made for Thee.

APRIL 14

Watchword: "Peace be unto you."—JOHN xx. 21.

Son of Man, I shall only get Thy peace by moving in Thy sphere. Thy peace came to Thee by going where Thy Father sent Thee. Thou didst not get it first and then go into Gethsemane; it was in Gethsemane Thou didst find it. It came to Thee by doing the Father's will, came through persistent struggle, came by determination not to yield. So must it be with me. The cross first, then the crown.

APRIL 15

Watchword: "It is expedient for you that I go away."

JOHN xvi. 7.

Help me to understand, O Christ, that it is expedient that Thou shouldst go. Thy gifts are too near me to be seen by me. Thou hast trained my love by loss; Thou hast educated my faith by shadow. Thou hast made me stretch out my hands to clasp that which was unfelt before. Thou hast hid Thyself, that I may learn to cry for Thee. I basked at first in Thee like an unconscious flower; Thy winter broke the flower and made me a man. I woke to Thee by the blast of my own wailing—the wailing for an absent joy. I could not take Thy blessing till it had departed for a while.

APRIL 16

Watchword: "Thy will be done."—MATT. vi. 10.

Oh! Thou who hast taught us to seek first Thy kingdom and its righteousness, teach me to say "Thy will be done" before I say "give me my daily bread." Teach me to accept Thy will as the foundation of my happiness and other things as only its superstructure. Convince me that it would not profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul. Show me that it is only the possession of my soul that makes the possession of the world any gain.

APRIL 17

Watchword: "As he passed over Penuel the sun rose upon him, and he halted upon his thigh."—GEN. xxxii. 31.

I thank Thee, O my Father, that the halting in my step does not imply that the sun is not risen. Often have I been distressed by the survivals of my dead self. Yet I am not therefore disloyal to Thee. Two lives are in me—the old and the new. To-day the halting and sunshine are side by side. When Thy city shall reach its bounds, I shall traverse, as well as see, the path of gold.

APRIL 18

Watchword: "By His Spirit He has garnished the heavens."—JOB. xxvi. 13.

O Thou that tellest the number of the stars, help me to realise that Thou callest them all by Thy name. Help me to see in the unity of the starry heavens a picture of that higher unity—our membership in Thee. The glory of a Spirit is sacrifice, and it is by telling of sacrifice that the heavens declare Thy glory. Reveal to me that, alike in the firmament as on the earth, the many are made one by giving the one for the many; so shall I know that it is Thy *Spirit* that has garnished the heavens.

APRIL 19

Watchword: "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh."—GAL. v. 16.

Spirit of love, Thou canst set me free; Thou canst quench the thirst of my lower soul. I cannot keep my heart from evil by merely ceasing to think; if the door of thought be unguarded, the unclean spirit will return. I want Thee to fill the vacancy. My eye has been long gazing on impurity, and it will not be cured by being sent into darkness; lift upon it the light of Thy countenance and it shall be safe. My hand has been long raised in wrath against my brother, and it will not be redeemed by being put in chains; let it be compelled to bear Thy cross, and it will hurt no living thing.

APRIL 20

Watchword: "Abide with us."—LUKE. xxiv. 29.

Come into my heart, O eternal Christ. Come with the star of the morning, ere the heat and burden arise. Come with the song of the lark, ere the wheels of traffic are heard. Come with the glow of the east, where the day is yet far from its setting. Come with the promise of youth, where the bow is apart from the flood. And the star shall lift the burden, the song shall help the traffic, the glow shall gild the setting, and the bow assuage the flood.

APRIL 21

Watchword: "Peace be unto you; as the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."—MATT. xx. 22.

Even so, O Christ; Thou wilt not send me Thy peace until Thou hast sent myself on the path of sacrifice. Thy will must precede Thy reward, I must serve Thee ere I can rejoice in Thee. Obedience first, then liberty; the wilderness first, then Nebo; the mission of sacrifice first, then the breath of Thy free Spirit. Thou shalt breathe Thy peace into my soul when Thou hast sent me where Thy Father sent thee.

APRIL 22

Watchword; "Every one shall be salted with fire."
MARK ix. 49.

Preserve me, O Lord, keep me young. Thou hast an elixir that makes fair for ever; its name is Love. It makes fair by strange methods; when I have tasted it, I shall be on fire. Teach me that the only persecutor of my youth is the spirit of selfishness. Teach me that if I would be kept young, it must be through the cares of love. Redeem me from growing old by the blood of Thy cross. Renew my childhood by an entrance into other lives. My heart can only be preserved by sacrifice; it shall resume its youth in Thy everlasting fire.

APRIL 23

Watchword: "Perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him for ever."—PHIL. 15.

My Father, help me to realise the gain of my losses. I speak of the silver lining in the cloud; teach me that the cloud itself is the silver lining of my life. My life is colourless until the cloud comes. It is in the moment of departure that I recognise my angel. Men say Thou art manifested by what Thou givest; I think Thou art more manifested by what Thou withdrawest. The veil is never so rent from my heart as in the hour when Thou claimest back Thine own.

APRIL 24

Watchword: "For He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God, for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him."—JOHN iii. 34.

Spirit of Christ, Thou Star of the East, Thou forerunner of our humanity, lead on. We are aspiring to be free from temporary creeds and systems; Thou who art limitless, lead on. Lead on to the fulness of the time, the brotherhood of man, the concord of the nations. Lead us to the boundlessness of hope, the endlessness of charity, the unstintedness of benevolence. When we are broadened by Thy measureless Spirit, we shall reach the Promised Land.

APRIL 25

Watchword: "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross, and follow Me."—MATT. xvi. 24.

Son of Man, Thine ever was a *carried* cross. The multitude thronged Thee with their trifling sorrows when a mighty grief was at Thine own door. My puny cry was overheard by Thy soul in its sorrows, and Thou camest into my world, carrying Thy cross. Let me follow Thee. Let me carry my cross into my brother's world. Help me to empty myself into that which is to me a trifle—in the power of Thy mighty sympathy I shall lift up my cross and come.

APRIL 26

Watchword: "I do set My bow in the cloud."
GEN. ix. 13.

O my God, Thou art Thyself the good that outweighs the evil. Thou art the balance of all discord, the compensation of all losses; Thou art the restraint of all violence, the limit of all vices; Thou art the still small voice of every rolling thunder; Thou art the bow of promise in every threatening cloud. Without Thee we can do nothing even in our own department; only in Thy life does our life become enduring. If Thou take away Thy breath, all flesh shall perish together.

APRIL 27

Watchword: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."—LUKE iii. 16.

Spirit of Christ, baptize me into Thy pain. Teach my soul that my Lord's pain is the only road to my Lord's joy. Give me the greatest of all Thy gifts—the love that weeps for lovelessness. I would feel what He felt when He beheld the city and wept over it. I would know that I am like Him by having sympathy with His tears. Let me too be saddened with the sins and sorrows of the crowd. I shall learn that I am in communion with Him when I am baptized with the pain of His fire.

APRIL 28

Watchword: "Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul."
PSA. xxv. 5.

Son of Man, lift up my soul. There is no need to wait for death; death lifts not so high as love. I know why John lay on Thy bosom, because he had the most rapid wing. Love reposes. It rests on Thy bosom, because it is *Thy* bosom—because it can dream of nothing beyond. The uplifted soul forgets the thought of to-morrow in the rest of to-day. I shall say "Now is the accepted time" when Thou hast lifted up my soul.

APRIL 29

Watchword: "After they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not."--ACTS xvi. 7.

And so, Thou Divine Spirit, would I still be led by Thee. Still there come to me disappointed prospects of usefulness. To-day the door seems to open into life and work for Thee; to-morrow it closes before me, just as I am about to enter. Teach me to see another door in the very inaction of the hour. Inspire me with the knowledge that a man may at times be called to do his duty by doing nothing, to work by keeping still, to serve by waiting. When I remember the power of the still small voice I shall not murmur that sometimes the Spirit suffers me not to go.

APRIL 30

Watchword: "Miriam took a timbrel in her hand."
EXOD. xv. 20.

Lord, we need Miriam in our wilderness of time; give us women of song, women of good cheer. Our homes wou'd be dark without our Miriams. Many a man would be conquered in the march if he were not refreshed by draughts from home. Ever increasingly give Miriam song for the wilderness.

MAY 1

Watchword: "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation."—PSA. li. 12.

My Father, give me back the *luxuries* of Thy Spirit—its freedom and its joy. I am not content with mere pardon; I am not comforted with simple salvation; I want the *joy* of Thy salvation. It is not enough that I am reconciled to Thee; I must be able to be glad in Thee. Only in perfect joy shall I find perfect freedom.

MAY 2

Watchword: "Yet many years didst Thou forbear them, and testifiedst against them by Thy Spirit."—NEH. ix. 30.

Spirit of Christ, teach me the prophecy of glory that lies in my own unrest. When I am appalled by the impurities of my past life tell me that the eye which reads the impurity has received its light from Thee. When I stand afar off and beat upon my breast, and say "Unclean, unclean!" tell me that this is the time in which I go down to my house justified. Thou never lovest me more than when Thou chidest, Thou never holdest me dearer than when Thou chastisest. When Thou testifiest against me, I know that Thou art bearing with me.

MAY 3

Watchword: "As they ministered to the Lord, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."—ACTS xiii. 2.

O Thou Divine Spirit, I thank Thee for this revelation. Dark hours have separated me from the circle of earthly life. Thou hast told me that these separations came from Thine interest in the work of humanity. There are souls that would do greater works if they could only ascend unto their Father; Thou givest them wings that they may fly away. There are lives that could speak to larger numbers if they had powers of larger locomotion; Thou sendest the chariot called death, and settest their feet in a large room. Thou art Thyself the union of all separations; the chariot cannot long divide us if its goal is towards Thee.

MAY 4

Watchword: "Uphold me with Thy free Spirit."—PSA. li. 12.

My Father, only in Thee shall I find perfect freedom. I would not like to be always in tremor lest by any word I should offend Thee; prayer would die on the threshold of my heart, if it were not winged by fearlessness. I shall never lose my fear until I have felt myself akin to Thee, and I shall never feel that kinship until Thy free Spirit has come.

MAY 5

Watchword: "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"

PSA. xxxix. 7.

Why should I strive to flee from Thy presence, O Divine Spirit? Thou claimest all my duties as worship. I speak of my aspirations; Thou callest them prayers. I speak of my hopes; Thou callest them acts of faith. Help me to consecrate the daily life. Help me to write Thy name on the commonplace. Help me to taste the bread of Thy communion in every act of kindness given or received, to reverence as Thy cup every cup of earthly water. I shall serve Thee day and night in Thy temple when I can say, "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"

MAY 6

Watchword: "I will go before you into Galilee."

MARK xiv. 28.

Jesus, Thou art always on before me, nowhere so far in advance as in Galilee. I have never come near to Thee in Galilee—the land of human sorrows, the region of the shadow of death. I had thought that religion wanted only a soul: Thou hast claimed the redemption of the body; Thou hast burst all boundaries but those of sorrow; Thou hast invited man to come to Thee without a plea, nay, with the very plea of destitution.

MAY 7

Watchword: "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit?"

PSA. cxxxix. 7.

Oh! glorious imprisonment. Oh! divine wall of enclosure. I am shut in by Thee. Thou hast filled with Thy glory the things which once were outside of Thee—the harp and the organ, the brass and the iron, the tents of daily life. The seer of Patmos said of Thy regenerated world, "I beheld no temple therein." No wonder. When Thy presence shall be seen in every place, there shall be no special place sacred to Thee. And indeed, whether we see it or not, Thou art already everywhere.

MAY 8

Watchword: "He goeth before you into Galilee."

MARK xvi. 7.

O Son of Man, Thou hast ever been before us. Thou has outrun our philanthropy; Thou hast anticipated our benevolence; Thou hast planned our orphanages; Thou hast devised our houses of refuge; Thou hast asserted the sacredness of infant life; Thou hast given a hand to the climbing steps of woman; Thou hast outstripped both Peter and John in the race to the ancient sepulchres of humanity; at the end of all our progress we have met Thee in Galilee.

MAY 9

Watchword: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."—MATT xviii. 10.

Christ of love, give me room in my heart for earth's little ones. I have room for the heights but not the vales of humanity; let me descend with Thee into the vale. Let me not vaunt my powers of flight before the face of my walking brother; his walk is, like Enoch's, a walk with Thee. Let me travel by his side along the dusty way. When I stand on the mount of Thy love, the height shall dissolve the difference between the great and the little ones.

MAY 10

Watchword: "In the night His song shall be with me and my prayer unto the God of my life."—PSA. xlii. 8.

Father, sing in my heart, that I may pray. I cannot pray till I have heard Thy song. Sing in my heart a song of hope. There are moments in which Thou speakest only in song—songs without words. Such a moment I ask for my prayer. I do not ask a revelation; I do not ask a lifting of the night; I only ask the lightening of the heart which refuses to be defined. Music proves nothing; but it helps me to prove all things. Give me Thy music, therefore, O my Father.

MAY 11

Watchword: "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name; ask, and ye shall receive."—JOHN xiv. 24.

Name above every name, purify my desires. It is by my desires that Thou measurest my progress; teach me to pray. It is not new desires I want; it is a new name in which to bank the old treasures, Thy name instead of mine. It is not less of gold I would seek now; it is less of self. I feel as if I wanted the wealth of this world more than I ever did! but now I need it for Thee. It is not a change of money; it is a change of investment. I put it in Thy name; I bank it for Thee.

MAY 12

Watchword: "Perfect and entire, wanting nothing."
JAS. i. 4.

Son of Man, I do not fear to be made perfect in Thee; I do not fear that when I have gained my promised land I shall weep for my lost wants. The more I possess Thee, the more I desire Thee. It is the possession of Thee that makes me hungry; it is the sight of Thee that makes me athirst. It is from the supply of my want that my desire comes. I shall seek Thee with a perfect will when I shall want no more.

MAY 13

Watchword: "Seeing ye have put off the old man with his doings, and have put on the new man, which is being renewed . . . after the image of Him that created Him."—COL. iii. 9, 10.

Impute to me, O God, the inner Christ, the better self. Judge me by the Man whom Thou hast ordained. Judge me by the eager wish whose flight the flesh cannot follow, by the strong will whose stroke the hand cannot second. Judge me by the pain that succeeds to failure, the wound that comes from sinning, the remorse that waits on doing wrong. Judge me, not by the breaking of the mirror, but by the sight of the face I have seen in breaking it; for the face is the Higher Man—the Man Christ Jesus.

MAY 14

Watchword: "I will sing a new song unto Thee, O God."
PSA. cxliv. 9.

Give me, O my Father, the indescribable joy of Jesus—the joy that could subsist through sorrow. There was music in His heart when there was no light in his eye. Give me but the heart's music in the night, though the night itself be silent. Thou hast required the prayer of faith; and what is faith but song—a song in the night. Thou hast required the prayer of faith, because faith is joy—and joy alone can pray.

MAY 15

Watchword: "Teach me to do Thy will: for Thou art my God; Thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness."--PSA. cxliii. 10.

Teach me, my Father, that Thy will is love; teach me that Thy love is wise. Guide me not blindfold, but with open eyes. Grant me the power to look both behind and before—behind to Thy "good Spirit," before to the "land of uprightness." Give me the blessedness of the man whose delight is in Thy law, who can tell of Thy statutes rejoicing the heart. I shall obey Thy will in perfect freedom when I can say "Thy Spirit is good."

MAY 16

Watchword: "The Lord alone did lead him."
DEUT. xxxii. 12

Oh! Divine servitude. Oh! slavery that makes me free. Shut me in, O God, against myself—against my own bitterness, against the heat of my spirit. Protect me from the impetuous desires of my nature—desires that are as short-lived as they are impetuous. Ask me not where I would like to go; tell me where to go, lead me in Thine own way. I may go in the bitterness of my soul, I may journey in the heat of my spirit, but I shall reach the paths of pleasantness if the hand of my God be upon me.

MAY 17

Watchword: "To him the porter openeth."—JOHN x. 3.

I thank Thee, O my Father, that the doors of my life are not left to be opened by me. I thank Thee that behind the right door the porter ever stands. Thou hast set before me, not a door to be opened, but "an open door." When I come up I shall find it already ajar, and I shall enter easily in. It is the distance that appals me. My door seems a closed one till I reach it. I shall know the true door by one direction; it is the door that is already open.

MAY 18

Watchword: "There was the hiding of His power."

HAB. iii. 4.

I am glad, O my Father, that Thou hast not wholly revealed Thyself. Men praise Thee for Thy many voices; they ought to praise Thee for Thy silence too. Thy silence is my music: Thy shadow is my revealing. When I see not Thy hand of retribution, I awake to the majesty of unaided virtue. When I read not Thy writing on the wall, I consult the tables of my own book of life. The ceasing of the thunders of Sinai has left room for the sighing of my love; I am glad that Thou hast hid the fulness of Thy power.

MAY 19

Watchword: "I will pour out my Spirit, I will make known My words unto you."—PROV. i. 23.

Thou divine Spirit, illumine to me the words of the Lord. Show me the wealth of glory that lies beneath the old familiar stories. Teach me the depths of meaning hidden in the songs of Zion. Raise me to the height of aspiration that is compassed by the wings of the prophet. Lift me to the summit of faith that is trod by the feet of the apostle. Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.

MAY 20

Watchword: "So the Spirit lifted me up and took me away."—EZEK. iii. 14.

Spirit of Christ, I thank Thee that Thy love constraineth me. I thank Thee that in the great labyrinth of life, Thou waitest not for my consent to lead me. I thank Thee that Thou leadest me by a way which is above the level of my poor understanding. There is no force in the universe so glorious as the force of Thy love; it compels me to come in. It binds me with golden fetters. Oh! love that imprisons me only to set my feet in a larger room, enclose me more and more within Thy folds.

MAY 21

Watchword: "There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day."—GEN. xxxii. 24.

My Father, behold me in Thy Son. Let the Divine man wrestle for me in Thy heart. See in him my shield; look on the face of Thy Anointed. When Thy heart is grieved for me, turn to the Man on Thy right hand. He is my true self—Thine *ideal* of myself. He is the likeness of what I shall be at daybreak; keep Thine eye on the daybreak, O my God.

MAY 22

Watchword: "The Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind."—JOB xxxviii. 1.

Thou hast answered me also, O Lord, out of the whirlwind. I had been looking to the calm places for Thy answer. I had listened upon my bed when the pulse of life beat low. From none of these did my answer come. Then the whirlwind swept by, and I said, "There will be Divine silence now; I cannot hope for Thy voice any more." And behold it was from Thy whirlwind that Thy voice came. What earth's silence could not give was given by the storm. Let me never again fear the shut gate nor dread the interrupted journey. Reveal to me there may be progress through life's pauses, music in life's maladies, beauty in life's burdens, work in life's wilderness.

MAY 23

Watchword: "He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove."--MATT. iii. 16.

Come unto me, Thou Dove of the Firmament. Wait not till I seek Thee amid the troubles of the wilderness. Descend upon me at the dawn. Light upon me when the heavens are opened and the waters of youth are sparkling. Spread Thy wings over me before I go out into the temptation. Bring Thy message of peace, and I shall be strengthened for every war. I shall find myself when I am found by Thee.

MAY 24

Watchword: "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."--ZECH. iv. 6.

O Son of Man, let my lower nature be conquered by Thy Spirit. I would not have it conquered by the terrors of the law; these would bind my hands, but leave my heart at war. But I would have it conquered by Thee—a larger, purer love; I do not want to be converted by mutilation but by expansion. Nothing but a higher love will subdue my lower love—subdue it without killing it. Thou alone canst subdue my will, and yet sustain its resoluteness: not by might nor by power, but by Thy Spirit, O Lord.

MAY 25

Watchword: "And, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him."—MATT. iii. 16.

Spirit divine, we are glad that Thou hast found rest. Long hast Thou waited to find it on the bosom of Thy creation. But now, at last, Thou hast found a home. There has come a pure soul worthy of Thy habitation, and Thou hast entered in. Well mayest Thou come in the form of a dove, for Thou hast found the olive-branch of peace: the Son of Man hath given Thee rest.

MAY 26

Watchword: "And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water."—GEN. xxi. 19.

I bless Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast a place for the outcast—for the man who has gone over the line. I thank Thee that he who cometh unto Thee is in no wise cast out, even though he comes by an unwonted way. I praise Thee that Thou hast a revelation for the Hagers of the world—for those whom many have deemed in Egyptian darkness. Enable me to realise that even in their desert there are springs. I often speak of the wells of Baca—the wells for Thy covenanted people; but I forget the wells of Beersheba which are prepared for the men of the wilderness.

MAY 27

Watchword: "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."—PSA. cix. 18.

Thy wonders, O my God, are in Thy law already: they do not need to be put there. But until Thou comest my eyes are in want of a lens by which to see them. They are like the well of water which Hagar did not behold, like the cake prepared on the fire which Elijah did not recognise. We need angels to tell us these things, though they lie on our daily path. Shine in our hearts, Thou better Sun, and glorify the message. Light up the old texts, irradiate the time-worn phrases, unlock the hidden doors. I shall find the treasures in my earthen vessels when Thou has made known the words of the Lord.

MAY 28

Watchword: "If I with the finger of God cast out devils, then is the kingdom of God come upon you."—LUKE xi. 20.

Sin is a spirit, and spirit can only be conquered by spirit. The expulsion of Satan from my heart is worthless, if he be not expelled by Thee, O my God. Come into my heart, Thou love unspeakable, and put *Thy* chains about him, and lead him captive at Thy will: if Thy Spirit shall cast him out. I shall know that Thy kingdom has come.

MAY 29

Watchword: "And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh."—GEN. xxxii. 26.

Leave me not, O my Father, when the romance of life leaves me. Leave me not when the solemn stars have faded into the light of the common day. Leave me not when the gate of the temple called Beautiful has closed, and I stand with lame feet upon the dusty way. Thou hast followed me into the silence, and I shall follow Thee into the crowd: I will not part with Thee at the breaking of the day.

MAY 30

Watchword: "God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean."—ACTS x. 28.

It is for moments most unlike Thee that I most need Thee, O my God. It is easy to feel Thy presence in the void. But to feel Thee when there is no void, to perceive Thee in the heart of other things, to behold Thee among the forms which men call common and unclean—this is indeed to be religious. It is easy to know Thy face when I see nothing between me and the stars. But when I see let down from heaven a sheet filled with prosaic fare, it is hard to believe that it comes from Thee. It is then that I need Thee, O my Father.

MAY 31

Watchword: "The rulers ceased in Israel, they ceased until that I Deborah arose, that I arose a mother in Israel."—JUDG. v. 7.

Lord, we still need Deborah, for the Canaanite is still in the land. Many daughters there be whom Thou hast endowed with the spirit of meekness, and we bless Thee for these. But there are daughters whom Thou hast endowed with the spirit of indignation. Shall we not bless Thee for these also, O our Father! We thank Thee that Thou hast so often startled us by Deborah's cry. We have heard it at dawn when the child told its first untruth. We have heard it at forenoon when the youth caught the fever of his first gaming-table. We have heard it at mid-day when to drown his commonplace cares the man drew an extra draught of the invidious cup. The alarms of Deborah are on every step of the stair. Disrobe her not of her drastic mission. Place her beside life's danger signals, that in stern accents she may transmit the message to us all.

JUNE 1

Watchword: "That ye may be found of Him in peace."
2 PET. iii. 14.

Son of Man, I would like to be one of Thy men of genius—one of those who are *found* by Thee. I would like Thy life to be my starting-point rather than my goal. I would have Thy rest before I start. It is by Thy rest I would travel. If I come first to seek Thee, I shall be weary when I find Thee; however short the way, it is too long without Thee. There is no power of motion like the repose in Thee. The brooding of Thy Spirit is a rushing mighty wind; it will carry me beyond myself—into the life of my brother.

JUNE 2

Watchword: "And immediately the Spirit driveth Him into the wilderness."—MARK i. 12.

Shine on me, O my God, to make me fit for life's desert places. Lift me up, that I may have strength to go further down; illuminate me, that Thou mayest send me into the night; make me a help to the helpless. Not at all times am I worthy of the wilderness; I am only worthy after the splendours of Jordan. Nothing but the Son's vision can fit me for the Spirit's burden; only the glory of the baptism can support the hunger of the desert.

JUNE 3

Watchword: "Enter ye in at the strait gate."

MATT. viii. 13.

Reveal to me, O Son of Man, that the strait gate and the narrow way must needs be the path to glory. I used to think my sacrifices were sent to prepare me for heaven by contrast; tell me it is not so. Let me see that the gate of heaven is sacrifice, because heaven itself is sacrifice. Show me the symmetry between Thy cross and Thy crown. Let me learn that the divineness of love means the divineness of pain. Let me learn that eternal life is the power of perpetually dying.

JUNE 4

Watchword: "For he established a testimony in Jacob."

PSA. lxxviii. 5.

Son of Man, teach me what it is to be made for *Thee*. I have begun life with the vision of Jacob's dream, but without the vision of Jacob's couch; I have seen the shining but not the shade. Reveal to me that what I call the shade Thou callest the shining. Reveal to me that the night in my hemisphere is the day in Thine. Let me learn that the flowers of Paradise are the blossoms of early tears—the daybreak vision of what was sown by night. So shall I hear the testimony of Jacob.

JUNE 5

Watchword: "My cup indeed ye shall drink."

MATT. XX. 23.

Son of Man, it is Thy voice on the *Cross* that brings me good cheer. Thou hast other voices of triumph, but they have no bearing on me. I cannot beat down my calamities; Thy resurrection is beyond me; Thy ascension surpasses me. But I can take Thy cup, for it is my own cup. It is a cup without mystery and without miracle—made up of my own sorrows. And when I see it in Thy hand, and hear Thee say, "I have tasted it unharmed," my heart grows light within me.

JUNE 6

Watchword: "The same came to Jesus by night."

JOHN iii. 2.

I thank Thee, O Christ, Thou hast admitted into Thy kingdom such a man. He never met Thee on the Mount, but he was privileged to meet Thee in the vale; he took up Thy crucified body. Such is ever Thy work for those who come by night. Thou ledest them by the paths of the human; Thou makest them the ministers to man. Those who wrestle for daybreak are afraid to take a name; they would bless and pass by. But Thou givest them the name they have not assumed; Thou callest them after Thyself.

JUNE 7

Watchword: "And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ."—LUKE ii. 26.

Spirit Divine, reveal this light unto me. I do not ask a cure from without; I ask a remedy from within. I seek not to build my tabernacle on a mount of dazzling light while the multitude toil and fret in the valley below; I only desire the strength to work without sense of toil, and to serve much without being cumbered by the service. Reveal to me my own possibilities of doing and bearing. Help me to meet to-day the things that I feared yesterday. I shall not fear to see the inevitable valley of death, if first I shall behold my immortality in the face of the Lord's Christ.

JUNE 8

Watchword: "And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh."—GEN. xxxii. 26.

My Father, help me to retain my night angel. May I refuse to let him go till he has blessed me for the day. Teach me that the struggles of my angel, though they come by night, are not meant for night. Why should he leave me with the light of the morning? Is there more of earth in the morning than in the night? Then I need him more, I need Thee more, O my Father.

JUNE 9

Watchword: "The life was the light of men."

JOHN i. 4.

Teach me, O God, the method of Jesus's life. He came to the Crown when He was following the Cross; He found the gate of heaven when He was seeking the door of earth. Teach me that I forget the gate in the going, that I turn mine eyes to the day, mine ears to the cry in the desert, mine hands to the labour of the toiling, mine heart to the wants of the weary. And lo! in the unexpected scene the ivory gate shall shine, the door to God shall open through the dust, and where the rivers of humanity meet shall be found the way to Paradise. Teach me that to live the life of Jesus is my only light.

JUNE 10

Watchword: "A Lamb as it had been slain."—REV. v. 6.

Reveal thy Christ, O God! Reveal the Divinity of sacrifice. Reveal that the Lamb was slain from the foundation. Reveal that Eden, not Gethsemane, was the world's garden. Reveal that the red and not the white blossom was the goal in Thy heart which made the dawn in my life. The veil of my temple is not sorrow, but its seeming accidentalness; rend thou my temple veil. I shall have a front view of the universe when I see the Lamb on the Throne.

JUNE 11

Watchword: "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth."—PSA. viii. 1.

Let me too learn, O Lord, that Thou art the one "excellent Name in all the earth." Men call their excellent things by other names: hasten the time when "in the flesh they shall see God," see Him in the forms of earth, in the duties of the hour, in the paths of life, in the progress of the day. Make thyself known to them in the breaking of the earthly bread; in the planting of the earthly flower let them gaze on Thee.

JUNE 12

Watchword: "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."—ACTS ii. 4.

Spirit Divine, outpour Thy Pentecost upon me. Send forth that fire of sympathy which shall burn up all that is narrow and mean and selfish within this soul of mine, and shall give me the right and the power to enter into the soul of my brother. I am imprisoned within myself till Thou comest; I can speak only one language, the language of selfishness. But Thou canst make me a universal linguist. Thou canst enable me to understand the speech of every heart, by giving me a heart of my own. When Thou shalt give me utterance, I shall speak the language of love.

JUNE 13

Watchword: "And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee."—LUKE. iv. 14.

Thou Divine Spirit. Who didst lead the Son of Man back to His first home, I would like thus to be led by Thee. I would like to retrace the old ground with Thy new life in my heart. I would like to go back to Galilee under the influence of Thy power. It is one thing to be in Galilee *before*, it is another thing to be in Galilee *after* the foiling of the tempter. When I return to the world with *Thy* power, it is no longer the same world to me; I can meet it without fear. Give me that power, O Spirit.

JUNE 14

Watchword: "When we see Him there is no beauty that we should desire Him."—ISA. liii. 2.

Who shall see the beauty of Thy face, O Lord? It is a beauty of the spirit, and can only be read by the spirit. It is not space that veils Thy brightness from any man; it is the thoughts of the heart. That which we call the world is within us; it is not in the air, but in the soul. Not by wings of angels, but by purity of heart, shall we find Thee. We speak of Thee as behind the veil; Thou art only behind the veil of selfishness. Rend the veil of selfishness, Lord, and we shall see Thee.

JUNE 15

Watchword: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."
MATT. XXV. 21.

Son of Man, it is after Thy judgment the words are spoken, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." Thy judgment must come first. I must begin by opening the books and reading the register. It is hard reading, reading for a man, not for a child. But I know that the days of unconscious play shall be, not my first, but my latest days. I know that Thy morning comes after Thy evening. Make haste with Thy morning, O Lord.

JUNE 16

Watchword: "Master, it is good to be here; let us make three tabernacles."—MARK ix. 5.

I too have had this desire, O Christ. I too have had hours of spiritual communion, which I have longed to make eternal. I have cried, "Why must I go back? Why not linger for ever in this calm, ineffable joy? My God, let me make for Thee my tabernacle here." And Thine answer has been "Arise and depart, for this is not your rest. The place that is good for you is not the sphere of exaltation, but the sphere of ministration. The storm that breaks thy mountain tabernacle is itself thy rest; it calls thee down into the valley to minister. Thou canst build thy tabernacle *there*."

JUNE 17

Watchword: "Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near and join thyself to this chariot."—ACTS viii. 29.

Spirit of Christ, let the chariots of the world join themselves to Thee. Thy way is ever through the wilderness, across the track where the lonely dwell. Into that desert let Mammon bring his chariots to Thee. Into these waste places let Ethiopia pour her treasure for Thy use. Let Ophir bring her gold, Egypt her costly gems, and lay them on Thy altar—the altar of humanity. When the box of precious ointment shall be poured on Thy bleeding head, the chariots of earth shall have become Thy chariots of fire.

JUNE 18

Watchword: "He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."—2 COR. viii. 9.

O Son of Man, my love becomes rich as Thou becomest poor. I meet Thee in the place of tears: I join Thee in the valley of humiliation. Death with Thee were worth eternity without Thee: pain with Thee were worth joy without Thee. Thou art the only pearl in my sea, the only gem in my sky. Thou art the only song in my soul. Pilate may divest Thee of Thy robes, but he cannot rob Thee of Thy beauty. My love can see Thy kingdom in Thy cross: Thy poverty has made me rich.

JUNE 19

Watchword: "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you."--JOHN xiv. 26.

Spirit Divine, quicken my memory of Christ. I often lament its shortness when I should blame its want of interest. Create within me a deeper interest, and I shall have a longer memory. Inspire me with the love of Him who speaks, with the admiration of Him who acts, with the devotion to Him who suffers. Love never forgets; its past is ever present; its yesterday is always to-day. Let Thy love make the past a present to me. Thy Gospel story shall not recede with time, when Thy love has quickened the memory of my heart.

JUNE 20

Watchword: "And they began to be merry."
LUKE xv. 24.

Come, O Son of Man, with the wings of the morning. Make me free; make me buoyant; make me a child of Nature; make me a breath of spring. Give me the rose in late autumn and the song of the swallow in November. I have entered the strait gate; I have journeyed by the narrow way; when I reach the Father's house, I shall begin to be merry.

JUNE 21

Watchword: "Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear."—ACTS ii. 33.

Blest Son of Man, Thy gladness has become what Thy grief could not become—contagious. There were few that could watch with Thee in Thy depression, but Thy lifting up has drawn all men unto Thee. Thy transfiguration has glorified Thy lifelong death which was completed at Jerusalem; it has ennobled sorrow; it has made the cross divine. The invitation is irresistible when it says, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." It is from Thine exalted heart that Thy Spirit flows.

JUNE 22

Watchword: "Search me, O God, and know my heart."
PSA. cxxxix. 23.

O Thou Divine Spirit, cleanse me from the deceit of my own heart. Reveal to me that the majesty of truth is seated, not without, but within; reveal to me that it is not enough that my charity should say no evil: it must not keep back the good. Lift me above that spirit of detraction which fears to strike but has not the grace to succour. Raise me above the meanness that keeps back the price of justice from an injured foe. I shall be as transparent as the day when I have spoken the truth to Thee.

JUNE 23

Watchword: "But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?"—ACTS v. 3.

Spirit of truth, there are some untruths that I tell only to Thee. There are unspoken falsehoods not heard by the ear of my brother man, which yet are audible to Thee. Sometimes I hear one maligned whom I do not love. I know that the charge is untrue, yet because I do not love the man I am not sorry that others should not love him: therefore I keep silent. I think I have done well not to have joined in the calumny, but to Thine ear I have joined in it. I have kept back the price of duty. My silence has evaded the law of man, but it has lied unto Thee.

JUNE 24

Watchword: "And now behold I go bound in the Spirit."—ACTS xx. 22.

Spirit of Christ, Thy chain is golden. The fetters Thou imposest are wings of freedom. There is no liberty like the liberty of being bound to go. When Thou layest upon me the sense of obligation, that moment Thou settest my spirit free. My strength is proportionate to the strength of those cords that bind me. Evermore, thou Divine Spirit, guide me by this instinct of the right.

JUNE 25

Watchword: "In Him we live and move and have our being."—ACTS xix. 28.

Put around my heart the cord of Thy captivating love, O my God, and draw me whither in my own light I would not go. Bind me to Thyself as Thou bindest the planets to the sun, that it may become the very law of my nature to be led by Thee. May I be content to know that goodness and mercy shall follow me, without waiting to see them in advance of me. May I be content to feel that my God shall be my reward without folding my hands till I find Him in the van.

JUNE 26

Watchword: "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—ISA. liii. 6.

Son of Man, let this mind be in me which was also in Thee. Break the partition between my room and my brother's. Give me the identity of love. Create within me the pain of my brother, not the pain *for* him, but the pain that should be *in* him. Impel me to the sacrifice which he should bear. Force me to discharge the debts which he should pay. I shall be nearest life when I have most of Thy death. Thy hand shall be laid very tenderly upon me when Thou hast laid on me my brother's sin.

JUNE 27

Watchword: "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God."—ACTS vii. 55.

O Spirit of Holiness, grant me Thy latest gift—light. Thy beginning is love, but light shall be Thy ending. It is not a new sense I want: it is the power to interpret the old senses. I want to go over the ground which I called barren, and see if it had not all the time been strewn with flowers. I want to learn that the days which seemed to me dark and dreary were in truth the days when heaven was opened to my view. When Thou hast taught me the glory of sacrifice, I shall look steadfastly on the things before which I once quailed: above the very place of my martyrdom I shall see Jesus.

JUNE 28

Watchword: "Greater works than these shall he do because I go unto My Father."—JOHN xiv. 12.

Son of Man, I know now the meaning of these words. They mean that Thy elevation into joy makes Thy Spirit more potent over humanity. Thou hast ascended up on high. Thou hast led captivity captive, and therefore the captivity of Thy own spirit has been led captive. It has burst forth from the new joy of Thy life, Thy resurrection joy.

JUNE 29

Watchword: "Lo, I am with you always."

MATT. xxviii. 20.

O Christ of God, that is all I want to know. I ask not the revealing of Thy truth; I ask the revealing of Thee. Art Thou in the thunder, the earthquake, the fire? Keep Thy mysteries in the great deep, bury Thy purposes in the vast silence; conceal, if Thou wilt, the meaning of my terrors and my tears; but tell me, oh! tell me, that the room which is silent is not empty. Tell me that in the midst of the furnace is one like unto the Son of Man. I am not afraid of any judgment day when Thou art on Thy throne; Thy presence is enough for me.

JUNE 30

Watchword: "Supposing Him to be the gardener."

JOHN xx. 15.

Oh! Thou whose Easter morning shines in many disguises, help me to recognise Thee everywhere. Let me not ascribe to the gardener the work that is done by Thee. I often speak of the noble lives led by men who do not know Thee: teach me that Thou knowest them. Tell me that Thy presence is wider than our creed, Thy temple bigger than our sanctuary, Thy love larger than our law. Convince me that Thou enfoldest that which does not enfold Thee.

JULY 1

Watchword: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."—
PSA. lii. 1.

May Thy life become to me a habit, O my God, an atmosphere out of which is death. I want to find that to be absent from Thy service is to be in poisoned air, that to be engaged in Thy work is to play in my native element. I would make my service to Thee, not an obedience, but a thirst—the thirst of the hart for those water brooks without which its nature is unfinished. When the order of my life has become my law, I shall be free from that other law which was made for sin and death.

JULY 2

Watchword: "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."—ROM. viii. 2.

Thou, O Spirit, Thou alone canst set me free. It is not in freedom from the chain that my liberation must come: it is in love of the chain. It is not by leaving the school for the playground that I become a free man: it is in making the school itself a playground. What I want is not fewer burdens, but more life, more love. I want Thy law, which now is outward, to become inward—the breath of my nature, the necessity of my being.

JULY 3

Watchword: "He being dead, yet speaketh."

HEB. xi. 4.

Thou hast taught me, O Lord, that the work need not end when the life has closed. Thou hast taught me that the influence can outlive the hand that shed it. Thou hast taught me that much of this world's work is done by the departed—that we live by the afterglow of many vanished days. Help me to remember the afterglow. When I see lives interrupted, and am tempted to say, "To what purpose is this waste?" help me to remember the afterglow. Help me to remember that among the forces of earth there is none more potent than that of those whom we call the dead.

JULY 4

Watchword: "And hope maketh not ashamed."

ROM. v. 5.

Spirit divine, shed abroad in my heart the love of Jesus. Create within me that perfect love which maketh not ashamed. Help me to lift His cross in the face of the universe, to carry His burden in the sight of all mankind. Enable me to see the majesty of His crown of thorns. When Thou hast shed abroad the love of Him in my soul, I shall not be ashamed to hope for the outcasts whom He bore.

JULY 5

Watchword: "The fellowship of the mystery,"
EPH. iii. 9.

I thank Thee, O our Father, for this fellowship of the mystery. My brother and I can be united by the things we do not see. Help him and me to feel that each of us looks only on a fragment. Join us by the clouds over the vision. Bring us together at our sunset, where each of our lights goes down. Let us walk together through the night till the time comes when we shall walk by day.

JULY 6

Watchword: "We ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body."—ROM. viii. 23.

Spirit Divine, make the body divine too. Redeem this outer man from the sense of bondage. Give me an enlarged liberty of action, a wider boundary of possession. Give me the grace to walk through the corn-fields on the Sabbath day, and yet to keep the Sabbath even in my walking. Give me the spotlessness of soul that can touch the world and remain unspotted still—exposed, yet undefiled; assailed, yet free from tarnish; tempted, yet without sin. The Spirit is willing, but I groan within myself for the redemption of the body.

JULY 7

Watchword: "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death."—HEB. xi. 5.

I too need first the vision of Thyself, O Lord. I would not taste of death until I have seen Thee. Even were I told that death was but translation, I would not taste it till I had seen Thee. No chariot of fire can bear me to glory, unless the glory be already in my heart. Not to seek Thee in *heaven* would I come: come and seek me on *earth*. I would be translated before death. Thy life is not beyond the grave: it is here, it is now.

JULY 8

Watchword: "And the bow shall be in the cloud."

GEN. ix. 16.

I thank Thee, O Lord, that love, *Thy love*, has the rainbow. Though it were only one spark in a rayless night, though it were only one seed in a barren soil—it has the rainbow. There is no *limit* to its power of descending. When I tread it in the dust it blossoms; when I crucify it, it is crowned! When I bury it, it rises from the dead; when I depress it, it is exalted; when I bring it to Calvary, it hails the Easter morning! I thank Thee, O Father, that no cross can kill Thy Christ; I bless Thee that Thy rainbow promise is to the flower, not to the flood.

JULY 9

Watchword: "I will establish My covenant with you: neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of the flood."—GEN. ix. 11.

I thank Thee. O Lord, that even where corruption has risen like a flood, it has never conquered the world! I thank Thee that one stream of holiness has been ever more powerful than an ocean of iniquity! I thank Thee for that promise made by the rainbow, that, however hereditary be the course of sin, it shall never overflow the earth. I thank Thee for the daily fulfilment of this Thy promise.

JULY 10

Watchword: "But if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."—ROM. viii. 13.

Spirit of love, Spirit of the Son of Man, let me only sacrifice through Thee. Thou desirest not my pain, else would I give it Thee. What is it that Thou prizest in my pain? Nothing but the proof of my love. Thou sayest to my soul, "Canst thou go with Me where I go? Dost thou deem Me dear enough to stand by My side in the dark night? Then I bless thy tears, I prize thy cross, I accept thy sacrifice. Thou hast crucified thy body through the love of My Spirit, therefore thou shalt live with Me."

JULY 11

Watchword: "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood."—ACTS xx. 28.

Spirit of Christ, give me the sign that Thou art in me. The sign that Thou art in me is the possession of Thy power, and Thy power is sacrifice. It is the sacrificial blood of love that makes Thee a Providence: let the same life make me an overseer. Thine empire is built on ministration. Even such would I have my empire to be. I would have it constructed on the power to toil with those who work, to bear with those who are burdened, to weep with those who weep.

JULY 12

Watchword: "And there shall be no more curse."
REV. xxii. 3.

I thank Thee, O Lord, for my glimpses of the coming day. I thank Thee that there are prophetic moments in which I have a sight of what shall be. Why should I *not* have such moments? Hast Thou not given to the swallow the vision of a summer which is yet far away? And shall my soul have no guide towards its morrow? shall my heart have no prophecy of the undawned day? I bless Thee for such prophecy, O my God.

JULY 13

Watchword: "And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin, but the Spirit is life because of righteousness."—ROM. viii. 10.

Let me not be dismayed, O Thou Spirit of God, though my body should for a time remain dead after my aspirations have become alive. Though the dawn would be useless without the day, it is the prelude to the day. Even so is it with the dawn of Thy Spirit within me. There is still darkness all around; the actions are impure, the body is dead. But the aspiration is already up in the sky, and therefore I know assuredly that the reality is not far away. When my spirit aspires after righteousness, it is because within me Thy Spirit of righteousness is alive.

JULY 14

Watchword: "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you."—ROM. viii. 9.

O Thou Divine Spirit, give me the evidence that Thou art within me. My earliest sense of Thy presence in my heart must be my admiration of Thy beauty. My love of Thee must precede my imitation of Thee. Thy loveliness is seen before Thy law. I am a partaker of Thy Spirit before I am a member of Thy body; I admire Thee sooner than I can follow Thee.

JULY 15

Watchword: "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven."—GEN. xxii. 17.

Hasten, my Father, this day of Thy Christ. Unite the souls of men as Thou hast united the orbs of heaven. May the bells of union ring out—ring out the separation of countries and kindreds, the pride of race, and the jealousy of privilege; ring out the passion for monopoly and the lust for special power; ring out the wars that sever the cities of the plains; ring in the bond of brotherhood, the law of love, the harmony of helpfulness, the chord of compassion, the fulness of fellowship, the music of mercy, the symphony of now silent souls. I desire to hear it, and when I hear it I shall be glad.

JULY 16

Watchword: "How is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us?"—JOHN xiv. 22.

Reveal Thyself, O God. Reveal the eternity in time, the Spirit in matter, the gospel in science, the Church in the world. Reveal the glory of common things, the strength of weak things, the hope of erring things, the mystery of lowly things. Reveal that as we journey through the way we call the world we are, all the time, like Thy servant Abraham, wandering unconsciously in the Promised Land.

JULY 17

Watchword: "The well of the living One who seest me."
GEN. xvi. 14 (margin).

Help me ever to remember, O Lord, that *my* dividing lines are not *Thy* dividing lines. Help me to remember that the springs that Thy angel discloses are often just in the places which I have pronounced dry, parched land. Increase my hope for man, my sense of men's possibilities. In the hour when I despair of my brother let me see what Thou seest, let me hear what Thou hearest—the rushing of underground waters, the promise of a life that shall make the desert glad.

JULY 18

Watchword: "They shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Zion."—ISA. lii. 8.

My Father, let me not wait for the union of the eye. I bless Thee that there is an earlier union. I bless Thee that the marriage of the heart precedes the marriage of the mind. I bless Thee that men can meet in love ere they are able to meet in faith. I cannot see eye to eye with my brother; but the very difference may unite us. Let us meet at the barriers of life till we can bask in the revelations of the soul. When the gates are opened we shall see eye to eye.

JULY 19

Watchword: "I will seek that which was lost . . . and will strengthen that which was sick."—EZEK. xxxiv. 16.

I thank Thee, O Christ, that Thou hast made a crown for Calvary. I thank Thee that Thou hast wreathed the brow of patient pain. No more can I behold the invalid with condescending pity. No more can I view him as a lame man before a shut gate. His weakness is itself his possible path to glory. Thou hast called his waiting work. Thou hast deemed his silence service. Thou hast regarded his patience as praise. Thou hast accepted his tearlessness as tribute. Thou hast received his faith as fighting. Thou hast hailed his valley as a victory.

JULY 20

Watchword: "And Jacob said, God Almighty appeared unto me . . . and blessed me."—GEN. xlviii. 3.

Lord, give me the blessing of Jacob, his best blessing—his power to bless. Doubtless it must come with a shrunk sinew. I cannot keep the song of the lark when I get the seal of sonship. I must enter into the pain of my Lord. Yet that pain is better than the world's joy. I have heard men speak of pain as a blot on Thy universe. They were wrong; it is the birthright of the unblotted. Give me this birthright, O God.

JULY 21

Watchword: "And Isaac called Jacob and blessed him."
GEN. xxviii. 1.

Send me, O Lord, to the hearts without a home, to the lives without a love, to the crowds without a compass, to the ranks without a refuge. Send me to the children whom none have blessed, to the famished whom none have fed, to the sick whom none have visited, to the fallen whom none have lifted, to the lepers whom none have touched, to the bereaved whom none have comforted. Then shall I have the birthright of the firstborn; then shall I have the blessing of the mighty God of Jacob.

JULY 22

Watchword: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death . . . Thou art with me."—PSA. xxiii. 4.

Men have said, O my Lord, that "death is the gate of life." Nay, *Thou* art the gate, and death is the shady avenue. Not on the other side would I see Thy face unveiled; meet me on this bank of the crystal river! Come to me in the cloud! Speak to me in my struggles! Wait for me at the *opening* of the valley! Translate me into Thy presence ere I tread the narrow way. Send me the morning before the evening! Show me heaven ere I die.

JULY 23

Watchword: "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing."—ROM. xv. 13.

God of hope, whose freedom from all impurity is the absence of all despair, I shall only reach the perfect charity when I come to Thee. Thou alone of all this universe hopest unto the end. We follow our prodigals afar off, and pursue their footsteps for a long time, but when they touch the country of the Gadarenes we lose sight of them and let them go. But Thou never lovest sight of Thy prodigals—not even amongst the swine. There is no limit to Thy hope, because there is no limit to Thy love. It is the limit to our love that makes us despair.

JULY 24

Watchword: "For our God is a consuming fire."

HEB. xii. 29.

Reveal to me, O Lord, that fire which burns and yet does not consume—the fire of love. My life will be consumed without the burning of that fire. It is want of enthusiasm that kills me, wears me away. My soul dies through lack of burning. I never really live unless I catch fire. It is the commonplace that consumes me. I am never so weary as when I am aimless, never so fatigued as when I have nothing to do. Set fire to my heart, O Lord.

JULY 25

Watchword: "So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God."—GEN. xlv. 8.

Lord, teach me the power of life's seeming arrests. Often have I felt the grief of Joseph. Often have the bright dreams of youth appeared to fade, and the shadows of the prison-house to close over the growing man. I have cried in the bitterness of my soul, "The promise of the morning is broken; I shall never now find the treasure for which I have sought so long." And lo! I have found it in the prison-house, in the dungeon, in a panel of the locked door.

JULY 26

Watchword: "If there be any fellowship of the Spirit, fulfil my joy."—PHIL. ii. 1, 2.

Send me Thy Spirit, O my God. Take away the depression that makes me seek the shade. Give me the lightness of heart that craves companionship, the joy that longs to tell itself, the bouyancy that cannot be alone. Give me that need for brotherhood which disencumbered souls alone can feel, that joy in human intercourse which only hearts at rest can know. Apart from Thee, I have been wandering in a solitary way, but the days of good fellowship shall come when I have received Thy Spirit.

JULY 27

Watchword: "But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you."—
MATT. xii. 28.

Son of Man, it is by Thy Spirit alone that I wish my demons to be expelled. I would not be freed from vice by being freed from impulse: I would not be made pure by being made an icicle. I would be pure as Thou art pure—not by receiving less life, but by getting more. Love, more love, *Thy* love, it is that I want, not life made feebler or more inert, but life more abundantly, life eternal.

JULY 28

Watchword: "Thou hast enlarged me, when I was in distress."—PSA. iv. 1.

Shall I not pray for such enlargement, O my Father? It is only through sorrow that I can comfort sorrow. It is for this Thou sendest into my days so many pillars of cloud; Thou wouldest make me a pillar to the clouded. It is for this Thou puttest fear within me—that I may know myself to be only a man. It is for this Thou spreadest the canvas of sorrow—that my brother's might may be pictured in my soul. It is for this that Thou lendest the labour and the ladenness—that I may learn the secret of giving rest. I bless Thee for this Thy sympathetic gift.

JULY 29

Watchword: "Behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."—EXOD. iii. 2.

Set fire to my heart, O Lord. Kindle me into the love of humanity. In flame me with the passion to make my brother glad. Give me a telepathic sense of others' pain. Let me feel the sorrows of those to whom Egypt is a foreign land, who are not adapted to their life's environment. Lay on my heart the burden of the bondsman, the troubles of the toiler, the weights of the weary. Help me to live for a day, yea even for a moment, in the experience of human struggle.

JULY 30

Watchword: "That ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost."—ROM. xv. 13.

Thou hopest even for Thy dead, O God of hope. Thou rollest away the stone that covers the sepulchre of poor humanity, and callest in Thy tenderest tones, "Believe and live." Thou enterest where man draweth back; Thou searchest where man abandoneth; Thou strivest where man slumbereth; Thou redeemest where man destroyeth. Thou findest gems in the grave; Thou discoverest sparks in the snow; Thou lightest stars in the night; Thou hearest songs in the silence. Thy love is evergreen, therefore my hope is eternal.

JULY 31

Watchword: "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way."—EXOD. xiii. 21.

Teach me, O Lord, that I need, not only Thy pillar of fire by night, but Thy pillar of cloud by day. I never cease to value the first, but I often forget the last. I always thank Thee for the stars in my night, but I seldom bless Thee for the spots in my sun. I have praised Thee for the silver lining in my cloud, but I have raised no monument to my cloud itself. And yet there are things which the shadow alone can reveal. My deepest gain is to find my want of Thee. Why has my pillar of cloud hovered around my day? It is to keep alive my hunger for Thee. I need Thy shadow as much as Thy light. I would rather pray "lead me" than "light me."

AUGUST 1

Watchword: "And Moses said, I will turn aside now and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt."—EXOD. iii. 3.

Call me up to the burning bush where Thou dwellest, where Thou sufferest, O my God. Teach me that the burning bush is the Tree of Life in the midst of Thy Paradise. I speak of the fires of hell; teach me that there is a fire in heaven, a sense of sorrows not my own. Give me this Divine pain, Thy pain, the pain of Calvary. When I have overcome my selfish heart I shall inherit Thy Tree of Life, that burning bush of sacrifice which is the glory of Thy garden.

AUGUST 2

Watchword: "He went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions."—MATT. xix. 22.

Keep me, O my Father, from the dangers
live.,"^f "1 e hill. Keep me from the perils of
back. perity. Keep me from the fire without
do cloud. Be the shade at my right hand,
eth, nat the sun smite me not. Protect me from
eth, y pride. Guard me from my glamour.
eth, ity me in the day of my power. Watch
disco, me in the hour of my wealth. Succor
est star. the summer of my year. Only then
in the silc nfidence shall I lift up mine eyes
fore my ho, hills.

AUGUST 3

Watchword: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

EPH. iv. 30.

Spirit of the Holiest, whose perfect love opens Thy heart to the greatest sorrow, let not me add to Thy grief. Thou hast wounds enough to bear without receiving one from me. It is divine in Thee to suffer, but it is undivine in me to *make* Thee suffer. Instead of grieving Thee, could I not help Thee to bear? Is there no work that we might do together? Is there no sorrow of Thy heart that I could make a sorrow of my heart? Is there no care in Thy life which I might be permitted to call my care?

AUGUST 4

Watchword: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MATT. xxv. 21.

I am told, O Christ, that I am to be a sharer in Thy joy. But is not Thy joy just the redemption from Thy grief? Thy joy is humanity redeemed; Thy grief is humanity in chains. How shall I rejoice with Thy laughter if I do not weep with Thy groaning? How shall I reign with Thee if I have not first suffered with Thee? I shall be made glad with Thy rapture according as the days have been wherein I have been afflicted with Thy sorrow; let me not grieve Thee, but share Thy grief.

AUGUST 5

Watchword: "They rose early, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times; only on that day they compassed the city seven times."—JOSH. vi. 15.

Lord, there are times when I get work to do whose good I cannot see. Sometimes before the walls of Jericho there is put into my hand a trumpet when I think it should be a sword. Sometimes I am sent a long, circuitous march when I expect to be retained for the assault. These moments are very hard to me. It is not the *work* that is hard; it is the want of vision. It is easy enough to blow the trumpet; it is a light thing to walk round the city. The hard thing is to see the good of it, to believe that I am not shunted from the race. Help me at such moments, O Lord, to say "One step enough for me."

AUGUST 6

Watchword: "Unto Hannah He gave a double portion, for He loved Hannah."—1 SAM. i. 5.

Place Hannah in the homes of our land, O Lord. May her reverence be reflected, her prayers be powerful, her devotion be diffused. May she clear life's clouds; may she hallow life's happiness; may she stir life's sympathies. The kingdom of earth will be the kingdom of heaven when Hannah rules the home.

AUGUST 7

Watchword: "Through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ."—1 PET. i. 2.

Translate me, O Spirit of Christ, into the new bondage—the bondage that makes me free, the golden chain of love. Lift me into the new service—the service that makes me master, the devotion to a pure desire. Raise me into the new law—the law that makes me dead to force and fear, the liberty of a spirit whose will is Thy will. I shall help my Lord to bear His cross when I have passed from outward obedience into the sprinkling of His blood.

AUGUST 8

Watchword: "One of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, teach us to pray."—LUKE xi. 1.

Lord, teach me to pray. Teach me that form of prayer which marks the boundaries within which I may ask of Thee. Teach me to desire that by which Thy name shall be hallowed, to seek that which shall hasten Thy kingdom, to wish that which shall be consistent with Thy will. Teach me before all things to say, "Our Father." I sometimes forget that I have a brother; I sometimes lose the remembrance that the satisfaction of my want may mean the impoverishment of my brother; I say, "Give me my daily bread."

AUGUST 9

Watchword: "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."—EPH. vi. 18.

Restore to me, O Divine Love, the memory of Thy cross. Restore to me the fading sense of Thy kingdom, Thy power, Thy glory. Remind me that Thy kingdom is service, that Thy power is sacrifice, that Thy glory is humanity redeemed. Revive within me the sympathy that feels another's pain, the charity that weaves another's hope, the love that participates in another's joy. My prayer shall become Thy prayer when I shall ask through Thy Spirit.

AUGUST 10

Watchword: "Be ye filled with the Spirit."—EPH. v. 18.

Oh! Thou who settest the solitary in families, help me to break the loneliness of my own soul. That which makes my own soul solitary is the weight of its past remembrance. I am no companion for others because I am in communion with my own cares. Hast Thou an elixir for self-forgetfulness? Hast Thou a remedy for care, which can destroy the care without killing the life? Yes, Thou, and Thou alone, hast such a cure. Thy Spirit can give me rest—rest from myself. Thy Spirit can lift the burden from the door that prevents my brother from entering in.

AUGUST 11

Watchword: "Put them in fear, O Lord, that the nations may know themselves to be but men."—PSA. ix. 20.

Therefore, O my Father, I am not afraid to pray for the unsympathetic, "Put them in fear." I am not afraid to say, "Make them more humane by teaching them to be more human." I am not afraid to wish them the good gift of Thy chariot-clouds. I know that Thy clouds would enlarge them—give them more driving room. I know that they would carry them farther down the road of humanity, farther up the steep of Calvary. Shall I not wish such enlargement even to my foe? Is not this the enlargement, my Father, that Thou wishest for Thy foe—this heart of mine, alien to love?

AUGUST 12

Watchword: "The angel of His presence saved them."
ISA. lxiii. 9.

Reveal Thy presence, O my God. I want Thy presence even more than Thy power. The stilling of the waves is something, but it is not the main thing. The main thing is that Thy way is in the sea and Thy path *through* the deep. I would rather have the storm with Thee, than the calm without the sign of Thee. I would rather have the cross with Thy presence than the crown in Thy absence.

AUGUST 13

Watchword: "Thy kingdom come."—MATT. vi. 10.

Often have I said, "Thy kingdom come" for my own sake; let me say it for Thine, O my God. Teach me the sorrows of an infinite love in a loveless world. Help me to understand Thy cry for communion. Let me feel the solitude of being Divine when there is no heart to share the divineness. Let me enter into the pain of my Lord, the pain of unrequited love. Let me break Thy loneliness with the touch of a kindred hand.

AUGUST 14

Watchword: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."—MATT. vi. 10.

Often have I prayed, O Lord, "Thy will be done," to bring me peace; let me pray it to bring Thine. Thy heart is not at rest when other hearts are hardened; Thy Spirit is on the waters when other wills are wayward. I would pity Thy lonely perfectness, Thy solitary greatness, Thine unshared purity. I would understand the sorrow of Thy heart without a home, Thy love without a lodgment, Thine appeals without answer, Thy calls without communion, Thy cares without companionship, Thy work without watchers, Thy voice without vibration in a human soul. In my prayers, O God, let me remember Thee.

AUGUST 15

Watchword: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."—JOHN XX. 13.

Teach me, O Divine Spirit, that my doubt is not so much my search for God as God's search for me. Only through God can I learn the barrier to God. No man would feel imprisoned if he had not an experience of liberty. My sense of bondage is my vision of the beyond: it is God that makes my want of God. The Christ is still my Lord, though it may be I know not where they have laid Him.

AUGUST 16

Watchword: "And a man shall be a hiding-place from the storm, and a covert from the tempest."—ISA. XXXII. 2.

Be mine, O Lord, the vision of the ministrant Man. That is the dress in which Thy Messiah is most beautiful. Down in dark Galilee, down in the region of the shadow, it is there I love to meet Him. Where the child is checked in its growth, where the woman is warped in her progress, where the poor are pushed to the wall—where the tripping are trodden down, where the weak are weeded out by the strong—it is there I love to meet Him. There I see the refuge from the storm, the covert from the tempest. Others may admire Him most in His garb of transfigured glory; but to me His fairest costume is the robe He wore for Calvary.

AUGUST 17

Watchword: "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."--
JOHN xvi. 33.

Son of Man, Thy voice comes to me from the waves of trouble—waves in which, one day, I myself must plunge. It cries "Don't be afraid, I have tested the waters. Though they rise up to the brim, they will not overflow thee. I have met them at their fulness; I know the utmost they can do. And I tell you that their utmost is not overwhelming. I have measured their bounds, and retained My courage; I have received their force, and kept My footing; I have learnt their violence, and held fast My faith; I have sounded their depths, and there is land below. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

AUGUST 18

Watchword: "Hallowed be Thy name."--MATT. vi. 9.

Be this my opening prayer, O Father, the prayer for Thee. Let me put Thy wants first. Ere I remember my daily bread let me remember Thy divine beauty. Ere I ask for pardon let me pray for Thy prosperity. Ere I beseech Thee for my guidance let me wish Thee to be glorified. Let me remember the wants of my Father.

AUGUST 19

Watchword: "Who also declared unto us your love in the Spirit,"—COL. i. 8.

"Love in the Spirit"; be this, O Lord, my love for Thee. Let me love Thee for what Thou art, not for what Thou givest. There are times in which we tarry in the wilderness all night, and have no bread. Why dost Thou not always multiply the loaves? Is it because Thou longest to be loved in the Spirit, loved for Thyself alone? Let me abide with Thee in the desert, where there is no bread. I came to Thee when Thou wert loading me with benefits; let me stay with Thee when Thou hast taken these benefits away. The loss of Thy gifts will not break my joy when I have learned to love Thee in the Spirit.

AUGUST 20

Watchword: "The love of Christ constraineth us."
2 COR. v. 14.

O Thou Divine Spirit, that hast led this world over the face of the waters into the haven of peace, lead my soul from the tossing of enforced obedience into the rest of a surrendered will. Sprinkle me with the blood, the sacrificial blood of Jesus. Give me His Divine necessity to suffer—the necessity of love. Impel me to bear my brother's cross by obedience from within, by submission to the dictates of the pitying heart.

AUGUST 21

Watchword: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."—JOHN iv. 14.

Teach me, O Christ, that only in that mighty thirst shall the power of all other thirsts be allayed; only in that endless flame of Thy love shall the worm of my care be made to die. My care comes back because finite joys grow dim; it shall be consumed for evermore in that joy whose every height reveals new heights to come. I shall find peace from my own torments in that fire of Thine which cannot be quenched.

AUGUST 22

Watchword: "The calf and the young lion and fating together, and a little child shall lead them."—ISA. xi. 6.

I thank Thee, O Lord, for the courage and the kingdom of the Son of Man. I thank Thee that the still small voice has conquered the thunder, the earthquake, and the fire. I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed to men a new ideal of bravery—a bravery born of fear. In the old kingdom the lion and lamb were separate; daring could not dwell beside shrinking. But now that Thy kingdom has come, the lion can lie down with the lamb, courage and fear can embrace each other. I would not ask of Thee the courage of recklessness, or the courage of conquered feeling; make me brave by my fears, O Lord.

AUGUST 23

Watchword: "Quench not the Spirit."—1 THESS. v. 19.

Oh! Thou for whom I pant as the hart panteth for the water-brooks, keep alive the thirst of my soul. Thy Spirit in me is my thirst for Thee; let me not quench that Spirit. I fear to lose the thirst for Thee through disuse of Thee. I fear that the craving may subside by abstaining too long from the living waters. Bring me to the waters, O my God.

AUGUST 24

Watchword: "And the Lord said unto David, Whereas it was in thine heart to build an house unto My Name, thou didst well that it was in thine heart: nevertheless thou shalt not build the house."—1 KINGS viii. 18, 19.

Father, I have no temple built which is worthy of Thee. There is nothing which my hands have reared that I would be willing to live by. Whenever I make Thee a cathedral, there rises in my imagination another house, which puts it to shame. Take that other house, O my Father. It is untouched by hammer or axe, it has yet neither a local habitation nor a name. It is all in the spirit; it is what I *mean* to do. But Thou art the Father of spirits. Thou canst not be gladdened by what I *do*, but the river of Thy pleasures is the aspiring of my heart.

AUGUST 25

Watchword: "Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures."—PSA. xxxvi. 8.

Let me drink once of the river of Thy pleasures. O my God—not that I may thirst no more, but that I may thirst no more for any lower thing. Not to lose the desire of Thee do I come to Thee; I come to have it deepened. I have read of a worm that dieth not, and of a fire that is not quenched; but I know a fire that is not quenched where the worm *does* die. It is the fire of Thy love, my Father, the insatiate longing of my heart for Thee.

AUGUST 26

Watchword: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."—ISA. xl. 31.

I thank Thee, O God, that while men speak of aspiring youth, Thou dost teach of aspiring age. The birds of Thy highest heaven twitter in the *evening* air. Faith's song is more wonderful at the setting than at the rising of the sun. Love's voice is more prophetic when it has learned the labours of the wing. Hope's trill is more melodious when it issues from the cloud. Joy's note is more assuring when it comes from the closing day. The old man's dreams are better than the young man's visions; truly, O Father, Thou hast kept the best wine until the last.

AUGUST 27

Watchword: "When they were alone He expounded all things unto His disciples."—MARK iv. 34.

So let me hear Thy voice, O Christ, Thy voice speaking unto *me* alone. Was it not when the spectators had all *gone out* that Thou didst speak to her who was a sinner? So let it be with me. Send the multitude away. Meet me on my own threshold. Meet me in the stillness of my own heart, in the silence of my own reflective hour. Reveal to me Thy greatness. Flash Thy light upon the treasures hid in my field. Show me the diamond in my dust. Read me the charter of my human freedom. When Thou hast magnified my soul I shall learn my need of Thee.

AUGUST 28

Watchword: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."
REV. i. 10.

O Spirit, let me too even in Patmos have the Sabbath rest. My love will not be perfected until it can keep its Sabbath there. I want to be able to hear Thee moving on the face of my waters; I want to be able to know Thee behind my cloud and my care. Mine is a poor Sabbath if it does not come after the chaos. I am not satisfied till I can say of my love "It is finished." I have not reached the summer of my soul until I can meet Thee in the clouds of heaven, and say of these clouds, "It is the Lord's day."

AUGUST 29

Watchword: "Who through the eternal Spirit offered himself."—HEB. xi. 14.

My Father, may my sacrifice too, like that of Abraham, be accepted in its inwardness. I have brought up my gift to Mount Moriah, and laid it before Thee—laid it open in my heart. Wilt Thou, O Father, see it there, and hold it already given. Wilt Thou accept the offering of the will as an offering of the gift. Thou askest not the blood of Isaac when Thou hast seen the blood of Abraham. Thou wilt count my faith unto me for righteousness, my devotion for the deed, for Thou indeed dost know that the sacrifice which lags behind in the flesh has been offered already in the eternal Spirit.

AUGUST 30

Watchword: "And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."—REV. xxi. 22.

O Thou whose love is not confined to temples made with hands, enlarge my heart to worship Thee. Help me to see Thee where men see only the world, to hear Thee where men hear only the voices of the crowd. Enlarge the range of my reverence. Teach me to realise the awful solemnity of things which I call common. May I indeed see Thee everywhere.

AUGUST 31

Watchword: "I will speak with Thee."—EZEK. ii. 1.

Meet me alone, O Lord. Let me feel the awful dignity of my own soul. I am not so much afraid of Thy judgment day as of the general assize which men have figured there. I fear lest my sight of the crowd may dim the sight of my own importance. I have heard men say that my danger lies in my pride. No; it lies in my humility. I have not realised the possibilities of my own soul. I have viewed myself as a fragment of the race. I have thought myself a rag driven by the wind—impelled by a force behind me. I have sheltered myself under my own nothingness. I have blamed the past ages for my sin, I have called myself the victim of heredity; I have crouched behind the multitude. Bring me out from the covert of my fig-leaves, O my God.

SEPTEMBER 1

Watchword: "He that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him."—JOHN iii. 24.

O Divine Spirit, become in me the principle of inward rest. I, too, would know the permanence of Thy presence, the abidingness of Thy rest. Its test will be my power to do right in a world where men do the wrong, to be stable amid the wavering, to be steadfast amid those that succumb. Then shall I have a test which the hermit never knew, for there is nothing but inward rest that can stand the outward fight; hereby shall I know Thine indwelling, if I can keep Thy commandments.

SEPTEMBER 2

Watchword: "In Me ye may have peace."
JOHN xvi. 33.

I came to Thee, O Son of Man, when the multitude cried "Hosannah!" Let me remain with Thee after they have shouted "Crucify!" I came to Thee when Thy way was strewn with palm-leaves; let me linger with Thee when Thy brow is wreathed with thorns. Teach me to feel that the wilderness with Thee is better than the garden without Thee. Then shall I know the peace that passeth understanding—the peace which the world cannot take away.

SEPTEMBER 3

Watchword: "By faith Noah prepared an ark to the saving of his house."—HEB. xi. 7.

May I never leave Thy house, O my God, but remain in it all the days of my life. May Thy house be to me, everywhere; may I feel when I enter my home I am going into a temple, an atmosphere of holy service. May I see all its duties consecrated. In breaking bread to the family circle, may I be fulfilling one form of the command "This do in remembrance of Me." May I make my house *Thy* house. May I consecrate each word and look and deed in the social life of home. May I build an ark of refuge for the wants of the common day; verily thus shall my labour of love be called an act of faith.

SEPTEMBER 4

Watchword: "Behold, He cometh with clouds."
REV. i. 7.

Thou makest the clouds Thy chariots, O my God. Clouds and darkness are round about me, trumpets are sounding, seals are opening, vials are outpouring their draughts of bitterness. But all these are Thy chariots, O God. Thou comest with clouds. May not I rest in Thy chariot of clouds as Elijah rested in Thy chariot of fire? May not I ascend to heaven by the same means wherewith Thou descendest to earth?

SEPTEMBER 5

Watchword: "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous."—PSA. i. 6.

May we, too, grant unto Thee the joy of such knowledge, O Lord? May our hearts be in sympathy with Thy heart, our lives in unison with Thy life, our wills in harmony with Thy will. Then shall we have the joy of all joys—the joy of making glad the heart of God. Communion is dear to Thy Spirit, O Heavenly Father, for the Spirit of the Father is love, and love seeketh not her own. It cannot rest in aught but the vision of its object; it must speak, and must be answered again; it must know even as it is known.

SEPTEMBER 6

Watchword: "Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—LUKE x. 42.

Therefore we reiterate our prayer, bring Mary to our banquets, Lord. Bring souls that can sympathize with another because they have forgotten themselves. Bring men that have conquered their jealousy. women that have put away their vanity. Make room for each soul to get out, out from its own environment into the environment of another. Empty my soul of self-consciousness, that I may be conscious of a companion's need. I shall be fit for every banquet if I have the spirit of Mary.

SEPTEMBER 7

Watchword: "And he carried me away in the Spirit to a great and high mountain and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God."—REV. XXI. 10.

Spirit Divine, send into my spring premonitions of the summer gold. Send me in advance days of warmth above their season, days of sunshine brighter than their time. May I know Thee in Thy stage of overflowing joy. Hast Thou not moments in which my soul is carried away, transported, surprised out of itself? Such moments I ask of Thee, O my God. Mount Ararat was dry when all beside was flooded, but Mount Ararat was the reality and all beside was vanishing away. When Thy sunlight touches the summits of the mountains, I know that ere long there shall be light in the city too.

SEPTEMBER 8

Watchword: "Received ye the Spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?"—GAL. III. 2.

O Sun of Righteousness, whose healing wings begin by overshadowing me! O spotless Lamb, whose glory crucifies my pride! O Pearl of great price, before whose flashing radiance my gold indeed is dim! the shadow and the cross, and the dimness, are all from Thee. It is Thy Spirit within me that hast taught me Thy height above me; my despair of myself is born of faith in Thee.

SEPTEMBER 9

Watchword: "I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."—JOHN x. 9.

May I realise, O my God, that Thy love helps all other love as surely as the vision of the sun helps all other vision; that Thy love is something to love with, just as the sun's light is something to see with; it teaches the loveless how to love. He who has been in at the Door is distinguished amongst men. He is marked out by the intensity of his human nature. He shall hope more for the world, work more, suffer more, for it is in the world that he seeks for the pasture which has been provided by the Shepherd-King. He that enters by this Door goes in and out at will.

SEPTEMBER 10

Watchword: "Feed My sheep, Feed My lambs."
JOHN xxi. 15.

O Good Shepherd, help me to realise day by day that the possession of the keys of Thy kingdom is the commission to feed Thy sheep. Help me to learn hour by hour that the test of loving more than others love, is the stooping to feed Thy lambs. The measure of my power shall be the measure of my self-forgetfulness: I shall know that Thou hast made me an overseer when in sacrifice I have shed my blood.

SEPTEMBER 11

Watchword: "And when they were alone, he expounded all things."—MARK ix. 34.

It is only when I am alone with Thee, O Christ, that I perfectly understand Thee. Outward life is a parable and it is often hard to read. But Thou dost reveal this parable unto my solitary soul. Out of the darkness I have grown to Thee. Over the waves I have been borne to Thee, from the grave of buried hopes, I have been raised to Thee. I will not be afraid though the earth be removed, and the hills be shaken with the swelling seas, for Thou hast taught me in the lone silence of my spirit the exposition of the great parable—the ark in the flood.

SEPTEMBER 12

Watchword: "My strength is made perfect in weakness."—2 COR. xii. 9.

My God, let me start again on the path of existence, no longer in search of Thee, but with Thee. Let me meet Thee at the door of life, that thou mayest be my interpreter through all the way. When crosses lie before me and I call them accidents, interpret Thou to me; show me that the Cross is the road to the crown. When weakness overtakes me and I call it failure, interpret Thou to me; show me that Thy strength is made perfect in weakness.

SEPTEMBER 13

Watchword: "Then they willingly received Him into the ship, and immediately the ship was at the land."—JOHN vi. 21.

May the tempest itself be to me Thy voice, O Christ, the sea itself be to me the heaving of Thy bosom of love. I can have no peace in the storm till I know that Thou art in it, till I hear the troubled waters saying "It is I." And then it shall be immediate land. The thunder shall become Thy still small voice. When my will shall be Thy will there shall be no more sea; when I have received Thee into the ship I shall touch the summits of Ararat.

SEPTEMBER 14

Watchword: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life."—GEN. ii. 7.

May I realise, O my God, Thou dost ever take the things of the highest to give to the lowest. Thou takest Divine Love and dost shed it downward upon that which is beneath Thee. Shed it down upon the lowliest things that breathe—upon the insect that lives but for an hour, upon the reptile that creeps in the mire. Shed it down until it shall become that glass in which man may behold Thy glory even in the dust, and in whose reflected radiance the dust itself shall be transformed into the image of the Divine.

SEPTEMBER 15

Watchword: "And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends."—JOB xlii. 10.

Oh! Thou Divine Spirit of self-forgetfulness, Spirit of Christ, Spirit of the Cross, it is in Thee alone that I find this freedom. Liberate me from myself, help me to take up the burdens of others. Help me to know what it is to have peace in carrying a new care—Thy care. Help me to learn what it is to be transfigured in the prayer for others—my captivity shall be turned back when I have prayed for my captive friends.

SEPTEMBER 16

Watchword: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."—MATT. v. 5.

Oh! Thou Divine power of meekness, I bow before Thy marvellous strength. I stand amazed in the presence of that might which could empty itself of all might. Thou art more wonderful to me in Thy cross than in Thy crown. Thou are greater to me in what Thou hast given up than in what Thou possessest. Thy majesty is Thy self-surrender. Thy Kingdom is Thy service. Thou art the Head over the body of humanity, just because without complaining Thou takest the pains of all its members. Thy meekness truly, O Christ, hath inherited the earth.

SEPTEMBER 17

Watchword: "And there I will meet with the children of Israel, and the tabernacle shall be sanctified by My glory."—EXOD. xxix. 43.

Teach me, my God, that all things are good and perfect gifts from Thee, even the terror by night and the arrow that flieth by day. Teach me that Thy love can have no variableness, nor the least shadow of turning. Let me believe in Thy love *before* all events, that I may interpret *all* events *by* Thy love. The sacrifices of life's tabernacle shall be sanctified when I have met Thee at the door.

SEPTEMBER 18

Watchword: "Mary therefore took a pound of ointment, very precious, and anointed the feet of Jesus."—JOHN xii. 3.

Bring Mary to our banquets, O Lord. Our modern life is a day of hospitality; some think its festivities make it alien to Thee. But in truth its gaieties may be Thy gateways. Teach me that in the festive hour there is room for sacrifice. Teach me that without Mary the grandest feast is like the splendour of a winter sun. I would ask Thee to begin my toilet by taking away the robe of self-thought. I can never enter into another's thought if I am preoccupied with my own.

SEPTEMBER 19

Watchword: "As for me, I shall behold Thy face in righteousness."—PSA. xvii. 15.

My Father, there is a type of beauty which I would like to possess—the face that has seen Thy face. It is Thy fairest gift of beauty to a human form, for it is the loveliness of love. I can only reach it by gazing on *Thee*; one touch of self-remembrance would make the picture void. And should I reach it, it will attract to *Thee*, rather than to me. Men will not call it fair; they will term it good. Even so, Father, I desire it should speak for Thee. I would keep it as a magnet to draw the world to Thee.

SEPTEMBER 20

Watchword: "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."—COL. ii. 9.

We are all seeking Thy dwelling-place, Thou King of kings. We have not yet found a palace large enough to contain Thee. The heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee, but the broken and contrite heart can; it is there Thou delightest most to dwell. Thy temple is the heart of Him whom men have called the Man of Sorrows. Thy fulness dwells in His emptiness, Thy strength in His weakness, Thy joy in His sorrow, Thy crown in His cross. There would I seek Thee, O my God.

SEPTEMBER 21

Watchword: "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

PSA. xviii. 35.

Let me see the dangers of Babylon, O Lord; let me gaze on its sins and sorrows, follow its famished crowds, look on its struggling millions. May their danger make me dauntless, their peril give me power. May their cry give me courage, their struggle bring me strength, their pain make me potent, their need lend me nerve, their burden send me boldness, their wrongs reverberate like war-notes in my heart. Then shall it be said, "Thy gentleness has made me great." then shall the lion flourish by the strength of the lamb.

SEPTEMBER 22

Watchword: "This is none other than the house of God."

GEN. xxviii. 17.

Impress me with the truth, O Christ, that the meanest household duty is a service of Thee, that the smallest act of kindness is a praise of Thee, that the tiniest cup of water, though it were given only in a disciple's name, is a worship and a love of Thee. Help me to feel the sense of Thy presence everywhere, that even in the prosaic haunts of men and in the commonplace battle of life I may be able to lift up my eyes and say, "This is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven."

SEPTEMBER 23

Watchword: "And a man shall be . . . a covert from the tempest."--ISA. xxxii. 2.

O Thou Son of Man, who by lifting the burdens of our humanity hast made Thine own yoke easy and Thine own burden light, lift this life of mine into sympathy, into union with Thee. I am weary of myself, weary of the burden and the heat. I am seeking everywhere for a hiding-place from the storm, for a covert from the tempest. But the storm is not without me, but within: the tempest is not in my circumstances, but in me. Son of Man, save me from myself, that I may enter into Thy peace.

SEPTEMBER 24

Watchword: "There shall be no more sea."--REV. xxi. 1.

Son of Man, save me from myself, that I may enter into Thine unspeakable joy. Inspire me with Thine own burden of love, that the care of self may fall from me, and that with Thy Divine freedom I may be free. Help me to take up Thy cross, that I myself may be lifted up. Give me Thy spirit of sacrifice, that I may be elevated above my fears. Unite me to the great continent, the brotherhood of human souls, that the storms of my island life may be lulled to rest; then shall I be able in my heart to say, "There is no more sea."

SEPTEMBER 25

Watchword: "The veil of the temple was rent in twain."
MATT. xxvii. 51.

Under the shadow of that cross where death meets life and earth is touched by heaven, my finite soul would lose its finitude and be one with Thee, O Christ. My night would vanish in Thy day, my sorrow would melt in Thy joy, my meanness would merge in Thy majesty, my sin would be lost in Thy holiness. The veil which hides me from Thee is the shadow of my own will; when the veil of the temple shall be rent in twain I shall see the place where Thy glory dwelleth.

SEPTEMBER 26

Watchword: "And they heard the voice of the Lord God, walking in the garden, in the cool of the day."—GEN. iii. 8.

It is only in the cool of the day that I can hear Thy footsteps, O my God. The burden and heat of the day are too strong for me. The struggles of life excite me, its glitter dazzles me; it is all thunder, and earthquake, and fire. But when I myself am still, I catch Thy still small voice, and then I know that Thou art God. Thy peace can only speak to my peacefulness, Thy rest to my calm. Let me hear Thy voice in my garden, O God, in the cool of the day.

SEPTEMBER 27

Watchword: "Art Thou not from everlasting, O Lord, my God . . . we shall not die."—HAB. i. 12.

Let me feel, O Christ, that I am already immortal; that death could no more destroy *my* life than it could destroy *Thine*, because *mine is Thine*. When the shadows of the grave seem to compass me, help me to remember, not so much that there is a life above as that there is a life within; help me to remember, not that Thou art waiting for me across the valley, but that Thou art waiting with me in the valley; then shall the rod and the staff of my comfort be, "Thou art from everlasting, therefore I shall not die."

SEPTEMBER 28

Watchword: "I have compassion on the multitude."

MARK viii. 2.

O Thou Son of Man, in Thy religion alone is there hope for those who toil. Thou alone of all masters hast sympathy with the needs of the common day, with the wants of the passing hour. Thou hast compassion on those who are fasting by the way, and who have no spiritual vision to break their fast. Thou hast taken up the cross of them that labour, and hast claimed it for *Thine* own. Thou hast identified *Thine* interest with the cry of struggling millions, "Give us this day our daily bread."

SEPTEMBER 29

Watchword: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

NUM. xxxii. 23.

O Love unspeakable and full of glory, whose majesty is not to destroy, but to save, save me from myself. Make the evil I have done to work for good, so that I myself would not know it. Overrule the acts I did in malice; weave them into Thy Divine mosaic, that my very wrath may be made to praise Thee. Take up my yesterdays into Thine own golden light, and transfigure them there, that I may learn with joyful surprise how even against my will I was labouring together with Thee; so shall my former self find me no more.

SEPTEMBER 30

Watchword: "Lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh,"—2 COR. xii. 7.

My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorn. I have thanked Thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou Divine Love whose human path has been perfected through sufferings, teach me the glory of my cross, teach me the value of my thorn.

OCTOBER 1

Watchword: "Because I live ye shall live also."

JOHN xiv. 19.

Spirit of Christ, Spirit in whose breath I live and move and have my being, reveal day by day the power of Thy presence within me. Reveal to me that the power of Thy presence is the power of my resurrection, the certitude of my immortality. Teach me that my immortality is not to come, it is here, it is now. Teach me that the life eternal is not merely the life *beyond* the grave, but the life on this side the grave. Let me have more than hope: give me fruition, O Lord.

OCTOBER 2

Watchword: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—HEB. x. 31.

O God, Thou living God, let me fall into Thy hands; it is only in Thy hands that I can be perfectly safe. I know that to fall into Thy hands is indeed a fearful thing; I know that it is the beginning of all my responsibilities. In Thy hands I shall learn the awfulness of my spiritual being, in Thy hands I shall learn how little it has fulfilled its destiny. Nevertheless it is in Thy hands alone that I would be; to be out of Thy hands is to be dead. So take me into Thy hands and hold me with Thy fear.

OCTOBER 3

Watchword: "To reveal His Son in me."—GAL. i. 16.

My God, reveal Thy Son in me. I ask for more than an audible voice, because I need more. No description of Thy heavens could declare their glory to the born blind; no description of Thy Christ could manifest His greatness to a loveless soul. Therefore, O Spirit of Love, breathe into this heart the new sensation of loving, the new experience of being loved. Only they who are rooted and grounded in love shall be able to comprehend that love of Thine, which, although familiar to all saints, passeth finite knowledge.

OCTOBER 4

Watchword: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."—PSA. cxix. 71.

'Thou Divine Love whose human path has been perfected by sufferings, show me that I have climbed to Thee by the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow. Reveal to me that my strength was the product of that hour when I wrestled until the breaking of the day. Then shall I know that my cross was a gift from Thee, and I shall raise a monument to my hour of sorrow, and the words which I shall write upon it will be these, "It was good for me to have been afflicted."

OCTOBER 5

Watchword: "Therefore doth the Father love me because I lay down my life. No man taketh it from me. I have power to lay it down."—JOHN x. 17, 18.

Oh! strength perfected in weakness. Oh! self-surrendering power of love—we, like the Father, yield our hearts to Thee. If it had been mere resignation to death we could have admired Thee. If it had been mere distaste for life we could have pitied Thee; but since it is the choice of love, we love Thee. We magnify the power that could relinquish power, the will that could resign will. We gaze on Thee till we shall catch Thine impress, till we shall say, not with resignation, but with acquiescence, "Thy will be done." When we shall have power to lay down our life we shall have power to take it again.

OCTOBER 6

Watchword: "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."—ISA. xlviii. 10.

O Thou Divine Love that passeth the power of all human love to comprehend Thee. I accept Thy glorious offer of union with my nothingness. I come to Thee just as I am, as Thou hast chosen me. I seek Thee without waiting for the ornaments of life, knowing that when Thou shalt receive me Thou shalt adorn me with the gems of heaven.

OCTOBER 7

Watchword: "I delight to do Thy will, O my God."
PSA. xl. 8.

Son of Man, Thou who hast ushered in this day of painless worship, help me to enter into Thy joy. Reveal to me that my sacrifice is never perfect in my Father's sight until in the view of my spirit it is a sacrifice no more. Then shall I know what it is to be made conformable unto Thy death, I shall learn that dying is life, that perfect sacrifice is fulness of joy. Former things shall have passed away when through Thy Spirit I shall be able to say, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God."

OCTOBER 8

Watchword: "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me."—PSA. cxxxix. 5.

In three directions hast Thou beset me, O God. Thou art behind me, Thou art before me. Thou art in contact with me. In all these relations I need Thee every day. I want rest for my threefold self—rest in Thee. Beset my dark past with Thy presence; take up its clouds and turn them into sunshine. Beset my shadowy future with Thy glory; reveal the rainbow of Thy promise to the eye of faith. Beset my arduous present with the sense of Thy nearness; let me feel laid on me the pressure of Thy hand.

.OCTOBER 9

Watchword: "And I will give him the morning star."

REV. ii. 28.

My God, give me back my youth; I can regain it in Thee. Thou hast promised us eternal life, but what is that? Not merely life for ever, but life for ever young. Thine eternal life can make a child again, a child without childishness. O Thou on whose bloom time breathes not, bathe me in those fountains of the morning whence Thou hast the dew of Thy youth. Then shall I have the bright and morning star. I shall see the glory of life when Thy morning is in my soul.

OCTOBER 10

Watchword: "But if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another."—

1 JOHN i. 7.

O Light that lightest every man, come into this heart of mine, that in Thy radiance I may have Thy power of fellowship. I am weary of my own narrowness, I am tired of my own isolation: I long to be able, like Thee, to break through the limits that debar me from the life of my brother. I long to be able, like Thee, to touch impurity without stain, to shine in darkness without receiving its shadow. Only in Thee shall that power be mine, therefore I wait for Thy coming.

OCTOBER 11

Watchword: "A new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."—REV. ii. 17.

O Divine Peace, that art a contradiction to them that know Thee not, and a secret even to them that know Thee, let me be a sharer in Thy power. Let me be content to be a secret unto myself, a wonder to the law of my own being. Let me know what it is to have the incomprehensible joy, the unexplainable rest, the stillness that cannot be stirred though the earth be removed. Let me experience the Divine sleep in the midst of the waves; so shall I learn what it is to possess the secret of the Lord.

OCTOBER 12

Watchword: "And in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord."—EXOD. xvi. 7.

It is in the morning of life, O Lord, that I see Thy glory. In the mid-day I see Thy helpfulness; Thou art then to me a refuge from the burden and the heat. In the evening I see Thy faithfulness. But the morning is the season of my implicit trust. I trust Thee as the lark trusts the morning air into which it soars and through which it sings. I trust Thee without experience, before trial, irrespective of argument, in defiance of difficulty. There is no vision but the brightness of Thy face.

OCTOBER 13

Watchword: "Add to brotherly kindness, love." -
2 PET. i. 7.

Breathe into my heart, O Love Divine, the breath of Thine own life, that my life may be no longer my own. Inspire me with the glory of Thy cross, the joy of bearing the burdens of the world's weak ones. Lay upon me that yoke of Thine which is easy because it kills all selfish care, the yoke of humanity, the care for other souls. When I have reached the power of universal charity, I shall be made divine in Thee.

OCTOBER 14

Watchword: "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."—EPH. iii. 19.

O Love that passeth knowledge, come into my heart with all Thy fulness, that my heart may be made gentle with Thy gentleness. Without Thee I have no humility, because I have no burden; I live for myself, because I have no thought beyond self. But when Thou shalt come in, I shall cease to be my own. I shall become heir to the sins and sorrows of the vast world, I shall take up the crosses of the labouring and the heavy-laden. When I am filled with Thee, I shall be emptied of all pride. In Thy fulness shall I awake to a sense of my own nothingness: I shall become the servant of humanity when Thou shalt fill my soul.

OCTOBER 15

Watchword: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none."—MATT. xii. 43.

O Love that art the recompense for every loss, send into my heart the well-spring of Thy joy, to gladden with its healing waters the places that have been left dry. Fill up the solitudes of that spirit which has been emptied of its old treasures. Change the struggle of my dawn into the spontaneity of a second day. Let law become grace, duty become privilege, work become play, sacrifice become joy. When I shall exchange the spirit of heaviness for the garment of praise, the old house shall be empty no more.

OCTOBER 16

Watchword: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."—LUKE xxiii. 46.

Help me too, my Father, through His Spirit to yield Thee my spirit. Let me not wait to yield it till a dying hour. Give me the power of death in the midst of life, the surrender of the will amid the haunts of men. In the scenes of busy labour, in the struggles for daily bread, in the hours of silent trouble, in sickness and in health, in poverty and in abundance, help me to yield my soul to Thee and say, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit."

OCTOBER 17

Watchword: "And when they had lifted up their eyes they saw no man save Jesus only."—MATT. xvii. 8.

O Son of Man, may Thy image ever be thus peerless in my heart. May Thy presence fill all things, so as to leave no room for any other presence. In all the forms of nature, in all the events of life, I would see Thee, and Thee only. In all beauty I would behold the reflex of Thy beauty; in all love I would trace the impress of Thy love. I would be nearer to Thee every day, every hour, every moment, for it is only in being near to Thee that I shall learn how far off I am following Thee, how infinitely Thou transcendest me. When I have beheld the summit of the mount, I shall find there none but Thee.

OCTOBER 18

Watchword: "And when He had given thanks He brake it and said, This is my body which is broken for you."—1 COR. xi. 24.

Let me realise, O Christ, that which Thou hast broken for me is more than the bread; it is Thine own spirit. Give me that spirit of Thine to break for my brother man. Help me to lose myself for him, to forget myself in him. Let me be so identified with him, that there shall be one common cross between us, one common load to bear; then shall I break for him the bread Thou hast broken for me.

OCTOBER 19

Watchword: "For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith."—ROM. i. 17.

O Son of Man, Son of God, let me ascend on steps of Thee. Let me rise through the stages of Thy life from faith to faith. Give me the faith that can wait in obscurity amid the trivial duties of the home life. Give me the faith that can dedicate itself amid the vision of an opened heaven. Give me the faith that can stand on the mount of temptation, and see the kingdoms of the world, and say "Thee only shall I serve." Give me the faith that can enter within the shadows of Gethsemane, and into that deeper darkness still, the portals of the grave, and can still sing with loud voice, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

OCTOBER 20

Watchword: "The glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward."—ISA. lviii. 8.

Be thou my rearward, O my God. My past relentlessly pursues me. Days that I thought dead live over again, deeds that I deemed buried meet me on the way. Fill up that which my life has left behind, undo that which my life has done amiss. Repair the places I have wasted, bind the hearts I have wounded, dry the eyes I have flooded.

OCTOBER 21

Watchword: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

REV. iii. 20.

O Thou Divine Spirit, who in all the events of life art knocking at the door of my heart, help me to respond to Thee. I would not be made to work out Thy will unwillingly, to obey Thy mandates unsympathetically. I would have my heart open at all times to receive Thee. Whether Thou comest in sunshine or rain, I would take Thee into my heart joyfully. It is Thee and not Thy gifts I crave; knock, and I shall open unto Thee.

OCTOBER 22

Watchword: "Bringeth forth his fruit in his season."

PSA. i. 3.

O Thou that hast revealed the order of Thine acceptable year, reveal in my experience the stages of that year. When I feel the sense of night, let me accept it as the token that I am coming to Thee. When I feel the sense of hope, let me accept it as sign that I am called by Thee. When I feel the sense of warmth, let me accept it as evidence that I rest on Thee. When I feel the sense of power, and am inspired to gather in the fruits, let me take it as pledge that I am bidden to work for Thee. So shall my year be rounded, hallowed, perfected with Thee.

OCTOBER 23

Watchword: "Let us love one another, for love is of God."—I JOHN iv. 7.

O Thou Divine Love, that hast revealed to me the infinite possibilities of loving, make me a share in Thy life. Much of what I call my love is but disguised selfishness. I seek others because I find myself in them. My heart goes out to the hearts that go out to me, my sympathy expands to the sympathies that agree with me. I want more than that. I want kindness for the unbrotherly, sympathy for the erring, tenderness for the fallen, love for the lost. In Thee, in Thee alone, shall I find them.

OCTOBER 24

Watchword: "So He took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave thanks, and brake them, and gave them to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude."—MATT. xv. 36.

Lord, make me one of Thy secondary causes. I would serve Thee voluntarily, freely, designedly. I would be the conscious distributor of Thy bread to the famished crowd. I would receive from Thee Thy own spirit of sacrifice—Thy life broken by love. I would receive from Thee Thy Divinest gift—the power and the will to give. Help me to give to others what Thou hast given to me—Thyself.

OCTOBER 25

Watchword: "He saved others; Himself He cannot save."—MATT. xxvii. 42.

O strong Son of God, whose strength was to say, "I cannot save myself," be that strength also mine. Make me strong to bear the cross, to endure contradiction against myself, to prefer the narrow path of duty to the kingdoms of the world and their glory. Make me strong to trample self under my feet, to surrender my will to Thy will, to yield up my spirit to the crucifying hand of love; then shall I know what that saying meaneth, "The power of God unto salvation."

OCTOBER 26

Watchword: "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?"
PSA. cxxxix. 7.

All-pervading Divine Spirit, impress me with Thine own all-pervadingness. Teach me that Thou art not in one place more than another. Teach me that I cannot flee from Thy presence, that Thou art with me—in the common toil of Nazareth, and in the silent solitudes of the wilderness. So in the sense of Thy continual presence shall my way be uniformly great. All life shall be alike solemn when I have learned that I am ever with Thee. I shall cease to live by the impressions of the hour when every breath of my being comes to me as a gift Divine.

OCTOBER 27

Watchword: "By a new and living way,"—HEB. x. 20.

My Father, shall I offer Thee only my last hours? Teach me Thy living way. Teach me the life of Him who offered up His soul from dawn to dark unceasingly, who poured out on life's altar His childhood, His youth, His manhood, who gave Thee in turn His Bethlehem, His Nazareth, His Calvary. Help me to climb with Him the living way.

OCTOBER 28

Watchword: "One thing I have desired of the Lord . . . that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord,"—PSA. xxvii. 4.

O Thou who art fairer than the children of men, suffer me before all things to feast my eyes on Thee. Clouds and darkness are still round about my intellect, but if Thou shalt open the eyes of my heart I shall be independent of this. If Thou shalt suffer me to gaze on Thy beauty, I shall have Thy light in anticipation of Thy truth, and in the strength of that light I shall go unto Thine altar with exceeding joy. I shall both hear Thee and ask Thee questions when I have caught a vision of Thyself; when I have beheld Thy beauty I shall enquire in Thy tabernacle.

Thursday - OCTOBER 29 - 1908.

Watchword: "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price."—1 COR. vi. 19, 20.

Impress me, O Lord, with the magnitude, with the solemnity, with the awfulness of being a man. Teach me, indeed, that I am not my own, that I live not to myself, that I die not to myself. Lay on me the weight of moral obligation. Lay on me the weight of feeling and knowing that I am a responsible human soul. Let me hear the voice of conscience. "You ought, therefore you can." Fill me with a sense of universal care, that I may be rendered individually strong.

OCTOBER 30

Watchword: "Call to remembrance the former days, in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions."—HEB. x. 32.

O Thou Spirit of Light, I wait for Thee. I wait for Thee, knowing that when Thou comest Thou shalt come with a gift in Thy Hand, which the world would rather want—the gift of pain. I know that when Thy light shall rise within me the joy of the new vision shall be chequered by the sight of the old corruption. But I would rather have Thy presence with the pain than Thy absence without it. Come into my heart with Thy Divine fire, that all its base alloy may be purified. I will fight the fight of faith when Thy glory is risen upon me.

OCTOBER 31

Watchword: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

1 SAM. vii. 12.

My Father, I am ever seeking from Thee a new revelation, and I am ever saying that Thou art silent. Yet it is only my own heart that is silent. I am seeking Thy revelation in the wrong direction; I am asking it from my future, and lo! it is coming from my past. The vision of my past is not a vision of old things; they are all renewed in the light of retrospect. The newest of all revelations is the light of my past when seen in Thee. Crosses that pressed upon me in wandering through the wilderness are seen from the promised land to have been exceeding weights of glory, and it is with a cry of surprise that I exclaim, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

NOVEMBER 1

Watchword: "The Lord God formed every beast of the field, and brought them to Adam to see what he would call them."—GEN. ii. 19.

Dost Thou test like an earthly father, O my Father in heaven, the intellect of Thy child? Dost Thou leave me a moment to myself, to give a name to that which I see, to call that which is good, good, and that which is evil, evil? Happy shall I be if Thou, O Lord, wilt accept my name for things—happy if Thou dost agree with me in the reading of the works of Thy hands. Then verily shall I be a prophet of nature, an interpreter of God, for when I have found the true names for the objects of creation, I shall be very near to pronouncing that Name which is unspeakable.

NOVEMBER 2

Watchword: "To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom."—1 COR. xii. 8.

Spirit of Christ, help me to speak to my brother the word of wise counsel. It will never be wise till it is tender, and it will never be tender until it is prompted by Thee. Enable me before I speak to clothe myself in his circumstances. Then shall my counsel be tender because it is timely. It shall be as Thy voice was of old to the victims of their own sin. It shall say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," ere it shall consent to say, "Go, and sin no more."

NOVEMBER 3

Watchword: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

LUKE xviii. 13.

My Father, it was but yesterday that I strutted through the temple, and cried, "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men"; to-day I beat upon my breast and say, "Unclean, unclean! Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." And yet I am nearer to Thee now than I was then; I would not go back to yesterday. It is light and not darkness that reveals my distance from Thee. It is the rise of the Star of Bethlehem that tells me Thou art in advance of me, going on before. It is the height of my new ideal which prevents me from being satisfied; it is the jealousy of my enlarging love that will not let me say, "Well done."

NOVEMBER 4

Watchword: "Even the darkness hideth not from Thee."

PSA. cxxxix. 12.

O Thou who travellest on the wings of the morning, in the uttermost parts of the sea, I find Thee. If I say of any spot, "Surely here the darkness will cover me," behold! behind the curtain I meet Thee. We do not shut Thee out by shutting the gates on Thee; Thou canst enter through closed doors. Thy rays are Röntgen rays; they pass through my fleshly barriers, they detect my secret wounds.

NOVEMBER 5

Watchword: "Hold fast . . . the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end."—HEB. iii. 6.

Be mine, then, the wings for to-morrow. O my God. If I get first the wings for to-morrow. I shall then be able to go back. Memory cannot bring hope, but hope can adorn memory—even dark memory. If Thou art preparing me for a heaven of sacrificial love, these toils, these pains, are already justified. When I look through the crystal bars of Thy city, and see that the Cross is the crown thereof, I understand it all. I understand why drops of blood have strewn life's garden.

NOVEMBER 6

Watchword: "For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father."—EPH. ii. 18.

Spirit of the cross, let our rival sects and parties be united in Thee. We are postponing our union until we come into the unity of the faith; that is not Thy method. Thou callest us to the unity of love—love independent of contrary opinions. My brother and I cannot agree about the name we should give to Thy light; may we not shake hands without such agreement? Is not Thy light beautiful called by any name, called by no name? We are agreed about Thy beauty, and about the love of Thy beauty; unite us in that love.

NOVEMBER 7

Watchword: "And he (Aaron) stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed."—NUM. xvi. 48.

Endow me, O Lord, with the priestly spirit; consecrate me to the service of Thy tabernacle. Help me to take my place with the stricken sons of the wilderness. I do not ask to be enabled to pray for them on the height; let me come down from the height. Let me stand in the scene of the pestilence. Let me meet the fallen in their own valley, the desolate in their own ruin, the wandered in their own night. Then shall I be in truth one of Thy royal priesthood.

NOVEMBER 8

Watchword: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together."—ROM. viii. 22.

There are wants in beast and bird which to me are no mysteries, for they are my own. Give me fellowship with these, O my Father. Extend my philanthropy downward. Let me enter into sympathy with their hunger, their thirst, their weariness, their frequent homelessness. Let me remember them in the struggles of the forest. Let me remember them in the winter's frost and snow. Let me be to them what Thou hast been to me—a protector, a Providence. I shall be worthy to have Thy dominion when I have reached Thy image.

NOVEMBER 9

Watchword: "Let both grow together until the harvest."—MATT. xiii. 30.

I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast sown the wheat before Thou hast plucked up the tares. My aspirations come sooner than my deeds. Long before I am good I have longings after goodness. Thou acceptest me for these longings, O my God. Thou callest my life a garden while it is yet a wilderness; I am justified by faith, by mere aspirations, ere I have done a single good work; there is always the wish of my heart for better things.

NOVEMBER 10

Watchword: "And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about them."—PSA. xxvii. 6.

Lead me, O my Father, still further to the rest of the mount. It is not the rose-coloured rest of the pavilion, but it is better. It admits other colours than the rose; it brings in the whole rainbow. It tells me that youth is not the only fire that can kindle the flower. It tells me that there is a peace passing knowledge, that can come *through* knowledge. Lead me to the rest that lies beyond the rock. Let me comprehend Thy order for my life, the pavilion, the rock, and the mount. When Thou hast lifted up my head above mine enemies, I shall not need the secret of Thy pavilion.

NOVEMBER 11

Watchword: "If a man be overtaken in a fault, restore him in a spirit of meekness."—GAL. vi. 1.

Often have I thought of these words, O Lord. I have seen those who would restore in the spirit of pride; they speak to the fallen, but they speak from the mountain-top. Not thus would I restore, O Lord. I would come with Thy Christ down from my heaven; I would empty myself with Him. Let me wrap myself in the humble garments of a child of earth. Teach me that for the healing of a soul there is more virtue in the touch than in the ointment. Let the touch precede the text; let the pity precede the precept; let the brotherhood with man even precede the breath of God.

NOVEMBER 12

Watchword: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
LUKE xviii. 37.

Son of Man, Thou hast robbed me of my glory. Before I saw Thee I was proud of my past works; my ideal was low, and I was easily satisfied. But one day it was said to me, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and I went out to see Thee. I saw Thee by that vision of the soul which men call faith, and that instant I died. I fell to the earth broken and blinded, and the rags of my self-righteousness were consumed by the brightness of Thy coming.

NOVEMBER 13

Watchword: "Shall I not spare Nineveh, that great city?"—JONAH iv. 11.

Teach me, O Father, that Thou claimest all prayers as prayers to *Thee*. I see the men of Nineveh adoring inferior things and I cry, "These are idolaters." But Thou sayest, "Inasmuch as they did it unto the least, they have done it unto Me." Often have I thought of these words of Thine, "Shall I not spare Nineveh, in which are more than six thousand infants, and much cattle?" I think I understand their meaning. It is that even the unspoken cry of the infant has to Thee the import of a prayer.

NOVEMBER 14

Watchword: "For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion."—PSA. xxvii. 5.

O my Father, lead me through this path of Thine. Give me Thy pavilion in life's morning. Hide from my opening eye the storms of this world. Let me start with a vision of its beauty alone. And yet I would not always dwell within Thy hiding-place. Bring me in time from the pavilion to the rock. I would know life as it *is* by and by. I would meet its clouds, brave its storms, breast its billows. I would not have men say, "It was easy for him to live; he was hid all his life within a pavilion."

NOVEMBER 15

Watchword : " He shall set me upon a rock."

PSA. xxvii. 5.

After the pavilion lead me to the rock, O my Father. When I have seen the world in rose colours for a little while I would stand upon a rock and buffet the waves. But neither would I end here, O my Father. I know that there is a last state resembling the first. There is a haven where men repose, not by hiding, but by conquering. Lead me to that rest.

NOVEMBER 16

Watchword: " Balaam, the son of Beor, saith . . ."

NUM. xxiv. 15.

O Thou who hast never left Thyself without a witness in any land, let me not narrow the range of Thy Spirit. Let me not say that Thy voice can only reach the members of the Church visible. Teach me that Thou hast psalmists even in Moab, seers even in Midian. Often have I marvelled at the Balaams of this world. I have seen gifted souls, inspired souls, who have not been numbered with Thy congregation; I have read thoughts of sublime beauty which have not issued from Thy tabernacle; I have found deeds of sacrificial love which have not radiated from Thy visible altar—and I have wondered. Let me wonder no more. Increase my charity, O God.

NOVEMBER 17

Watchword: "Thou hast spoken kindly unto thine handmaid."—RUTH ii. 13.

Plant in my garden, O Lord, this lily of kindness. I often neglected it for more specious flowers. I seek the red rose of a great sacrifice, something which will reveal the shedding of blood. I say, If I could be a missionary, if I could give my life for Thy cause, that would be something Thou couldst accept; but I have neither the fire nor the lamb for such an offering. And so I fold my hands in impotence. Yet all the time there is a field in front of my own door where I can find a larger sacrifice.

NOVEMBER 18

Watchword: "And Gideon said, I will not rule over you . . . the Lord shall rule over you."--JUDG. viii. 23.

Lord, give me the peace of Gideon. Give me the peace of mind that can subsist amid stress of body; give me the calm of soul that can live amid storms of sea. Often is Thy peace bestowed when the world's peace is denied. Make my heart like the strength of Gideon. Send me the calm that cannot be accounted for. Send me the peace that cannot be explained. Send me the gladness independent of glitter, the radiance independent of riches, the brightness independent of earthly benefits.

NOVEMBER 19

Watchword: "The Spirit of God was brooding upon the face of the waters."—GEN. i. 2.

Let Thy Spirit ever brood on the face of my waters, O Christ, saying to the chaos, "Let there be light." Let my light precede the green grass, precede the herb and plant and tree. Let it come before the flowers, before the fruits come. Let it shine while my world is yet a wilderness, while as yet no vines have enriched my field. Reveal Thy rest in my wrestling, Thy crown in my cross, Thy kingdom in my cloud. So shall I learn that Thy peace is a peace that passeth understanding.

NOVEMBER 20

Watchword: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who . . . for your sakes became poor."—2 COR. viii. 9.

I thank thee, O Christ, that Thine own earliest love has been a stooping love, a self-emptying love. Not at first were we fit for the adoption ring and the welcome home. And because we could not come to Thee, Thou hast come to us. Thou hast disrobed Thyself, discrowned Thyself. Thou hast joined Thyself to the reapers in the field of Time; Thou hast borne the burden and heat of their day. Thou hast broken the bread of daily toil, yea, and blessed it too.

NOVEMBER 21

Watchword: "Jesus Christ . . . who emptied Himself, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men."—PHIL. ii. 7.

How generous, O Christ, has been Thy love for man! Thou hast walked amid his sea of troubles, and breasted with him the waves. Thou hast dwelt with him in his times of mountain solitude, and felt what it is to be alone. Thou hast stood in his hospitals; Thou hast watched by his sick-beds; Thou hast grieved beside his graves; Thou hast assumed his garb of labour ere asking him to wear Thy robe of righteousness. How generous has been Thy love!

NOVEMBER 22

Watchword: "And in the midst a lamb as it had been slain."—REV. v. 6.

I understand now, O Christ, why my will has so often been thwarted, why my schemes have so often miscarried. It is because Thy land of Canaan is a land of sacrifice, and I am preparing for that sacrifice. It is because the rose of Thy heaven is the passion flower of Calvary. It is because the centre of Thy throne holds a Lamb that was slain. It is because the messengers of Thy will are ministering spirits. It is because the lowliest are the greatest in the kingdom of Thy glory.

NOVEMBER 23

Watchword: "There is a river the streams whereof make glad the city of God."--PSA. xlv. 4.

Estimate me not, O my God, by the strains which my brother-man hears. Let Thine ear be open to my inner voice. Listen to my thoughts unspoken. Receive my prayers unsaid. Accept my sacrifices unoffered. Attribute to me the life that is yet in the germ. Behold the flower in my bud, the fruit in my buried grain. Behold the day in my dawn, the summer in my spring, the fulness of my year in the faintness of my yearning. My streams shall make glad Thy city when they are seen in the light of the river that is to be.

NOVEMBER 24

Watchword: "Abraham believed God, and it was reckoned unto him for righteousness."--ROM. iv. 3.

Impute to me, O Lord, the righteousness of Christ—the righteousness of the highest. I await the redemption of the body; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. I have no adequate notes to express the music that is in my soul. The song in my heart is better than the song on my lips. I have aspirings after a melody which I cannot produce. There are chords within which have never been struck without. Impute to me these wordless songs, O Lord.

NOVEMBER 25

Watchword: "The unity of the faith."—EPH. iv. 13.

Spirit of the Son of Man, unite us in the love for man as man, in the sympathy for those wants which are universal because they are human. Unite us in pity for the poor, in distress for the desolate, in help for the homeless, in succour for the sinful. Then we can afford to wait for the unity of the faith. Then can we postpone our differences about the name we shall give to Thy light, for Thine unnamed light shall itself be our guide, and the glory of its sacrificial flame shall lead us both into the presence of the Father.

NOVEMBER 26

Watchword: "It displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was angry."—JONAH iv. 1.

Reveal to me, O Father, the breadth of Thy Divine presence. I *too* am prone to narrow Thee. I have refused to see Thy presence in Nineveh. I have been quite willing that Nineveh should come to my Jerusalem, to my temple; I have always offered her an open door into the house where I worship. But I have never dreamed that Nineveh can get a blessing within her own temple. I have never dreamed that an altar built to other names than Thine can have a step leading to the sky. Teach me that truth, O Lord.

NOVEMBER 27

Watchword: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle."—GEN. i. 26.

My Father, fill me with love for things beneath me. Forbid that I should be cruel to the beast of the field. Give me the tenderness that is born of reverence. Teach me to revere the creation that is under me. Was not its life a stream from Thy life? Is not its life a mystery to me even now? Let me uncover my head before the mystery. Shall I bruise that which is so full of Thee, which surpasses me even while it obeys me?

NOVEMBER 28

Watchword: "And the Lord said, Doest thou well to be angry?"—JONAH iv. 4.

O Love, Divine Love, imputing to me, to all things, more than the voice can ask or the thought express, let us magnify Thy name together. Thou answerest, not our words, but our needs; unite us by our needs. Send us the Day of Pentecost once more. We have many tongues in the flesh; let us speak one language in the spirit. We have many creeds in the mind; let us recognise a common craving in the heart. We fix our trembling gaze each on a different star; tell us that through them all we see one golden light.

NOVEMBER 29

Watchword: "Strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man."—EPH. iii. 16.

My strength, too, shall be renewed like the eagle's, O Divine Spirit, when Thou hast strengthened my inner man. Give me back the freshness of the inward Spring—the buoyant expectation of to-morrow, the quenchless hope of the good time coming. Restore me the elastic bound that sorrow could not keep down, the lightness that burdens could not crush, the ardour that coldness could not cool. Then shall the pastures grow green again; and the restoration of the soul shall be the restitution of all things.

NOVEMBER 30

Watchword: "If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?"—MAT. v. 13.

Therefore, Thou Divine Spirit, I come to Thee. I want to have my youth renewed within—at the heart. I know that the heart should be ever young, but mine is old, and because my heart is old the whole tree of life is withered. Often have I pondered these words of Thine, "If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall *it* be salted?" If the heart be old, if the principle of youth itself be withered, what can make us young? Thou, O Spirit, Thou canst give me back my youth. Renew the childhood of my spirit.

DECEMBER 1

Watchword: "At evening time there shall be light."
ZECH. xiv. 7.

Teach the victims of human struggle, O our Father, to know that Thou hast a beauty for the faded flower, a garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and that there is no light so lovely as the light at evening time.

DECEMBER 2

Watchword: "The flame of a sword which turned every way to protect the tree of life."—GEN. iii. 24.

O Thou Divine Love, the tree of life is safe if I have Thee. I could not violate one leaf in Thy presence. Teach me that love, love to Thee, is the flaming sword that keeps the way to the tree of life. Men are crying out that old safeguards are being withdrawn. The fires of hell are less visible than they used to be. Be it so; the fires of hell were never the flaming sword of my garden. I do not think they would have kept me from injuring any branch of the tree; I was always dead to their law. But when I saw *Thcc*, I beheld a more threatening flame. It burned in front of my heart; it would not let me pass to hurt my brother.

DECEMBER 3

Watchword: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."
PSA. cxxi. 1.

Make me humble by the sight of Thy hills, O Lord. What time my heart is lifted up with the pride of its vanished yesterday. bring me to the foot of Thy Mount of Beatitudes. Let me see the distance between my soul and Jesus. Send me a breath of Thy mountain air. to teach me the narrowness of what I call my freedom. Lend me one throb of Thy pulse of love. to tell me the poverty of my reign of law. I shall cease to linger on the plain of Sodom when my eyes have rested on the heights of Calvary.

DECEMBER 4

Watchword: "So the priests blew with the trumpets, and the people shouted with a great shout, and the wall fell down flat."—JOSH. vi. 20.

Let me not ask, O God, how the sound of my trumpet can aid the fall of Jericho. Let me not ask why I am to go round about when there is a short and easy way. When I see not the Promised Land, let me feel the promised Hand. When I view not Thy glory, let me have Thy guidance. When I have lost sight of Thy coming, let me strain the ear for Thy command. I shall not weep the want of the wing, if only I can say "One step enough for me."

DECEMBER 5

Watchword: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—MATT. v. 8.

My heart needs Thee, O Lord, my heart needs Thee. No part of my being needs Thee like my heart. All else within me can be filled with Thy gifts. My hunger can be satisfied by daily bread. My weariness can be relieved by outward rest. But no outward thing can make my heart pure. This world has not provided for my heart. Provide Thou for my heart, O Lord. Be Thou its strength. Guide it in its gloom; help it in its conflict; direct it in its doubt; calm it in its conflict; prompt it in its perplexity; raise it from its ruins. I cannot rule this heart of mine. Keep it under the shadow of Thy wings.

DECEMBER 6

Watchword: "He that is not against us is on our part."
MARK ix. 40.

Spirit of Christ, help me to trace more widely Thy presence and Thy power. Teach me that Thou art the source of all light, even when it shines amidst those who deny Thee. I distinguish between gifts of nature and gifts of grace; teach me that nature itself is a gift of grace from Thee. Give me the power to impute Thy presence wherever I behold Thy works of love.

DECEMBER 7

Watchword: "And Hannah prayed and said, My heart exulteth in the Lord."—1 SAM. ii. 1.

O Lord of grace and goodness, keep alive Thy grace and goodness in the women of our land. Preserve a hallowed spot where the piety of Hannah may dwell. I would not have it hallowed by exclusion from the world; I would not have it walled in from the highway of human toil. I would have Hannah's flower planted, not in the garden, but in the city.

DECEMBER 8

Watchword: "Whither thou goest I will go."
RUTH i. 16.

I thank Thee, O Lord, here is a woman who shines only by her heart—I am glad Thou hast set apart a corner for the heart alone. I am glad Thou hast chosen Thy specimen of female decidedness from a simple act of love. I am glad Thou hast revealed a type of womanly heroism in one who was not clever, not sparkling, not even strong in practical working, but merely a domesticated girl clinging to a domestic affection. Let this be a message to those who are not clever, nor gifted, nor sparkling, not strong in practical results. Let it tell them Thou hast a sphere of women's heroism, distinct from any of these—the sphere of those who simply will to do.

DECEMBER 9

Watchword: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."—JOHN XX. 29.

O Thou that comest not through the five gates, help me to discern Thee, by Thine own light. Teach me that there are other gates than the five. Tell me that there are portals more golden than the eye or the ear. Once didst Thou call a disciple blessed because he saw in Thee what flesh and blood could not reveal. Be mine that blessedness for evermore. Enable me to see Thy glory beneath that form which was more marred than the sons of men.

DECEMBER 10

Watchword: "A holy temple in the Lord, in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."—EPH. ii. 21, 22.

Give me a stone in the building of this Thy house, O my God. I bring Thee my gladness for its morning hymn. I bring Thee my sadness for its evening song, my defects for its altar of sacrifice. I bring Thee my strength that I may support some part, my weakness that some part may support me. I bring Thee my moments of faith that there may be service by day, and my moments of doubt that there may be service by night. Let all the gates of Thy temple be open to my soul, O Lord.

DECEMBER 11

Watchword: "Unto us a Child is born, and His name shall be called Prince of Peace."—ISA. ix. 6.

Send me this new Prince, O my Father, this Prince of Peace; nothing but Christ will put out Barabbas from my heart. Send into my heart a fresh ideal. Send me a sight of the "altogether lovely." Send me a vision of the "chief among ten thousand." Send me a picture of Him who is "fairer than the children of men." Break the old ideal by the vision of a higher beauty. Let my night fade in Thy morning, my thorn vanish in Thy flower. One leaf of Thy summer's bloom will disenchant me of the winter's charm. The idols will be broken when I see Thy King "on the holy hill of Zion."

DECEMBER 12

Watchword: "That He would grant you . . . to be strengthened with might, by His Spirit in the inner man."—EPH. iii. 16.

May I understand, O my Father, that the strengthening of the inner man is love's brightest jewel, given in its roughest casket. Thou canst not send it to me through the flowers of Eden; it can come only through the tears of Gethsemane. It justifies the long, dark night with its desertedness and its agony. In the light of Thy love the dark things are illuminated by Thee.

DECEMBER 13

Watchword: "There are diversities of ministrations, and the same Lord."—1 COR. xii. 5.

Let my imagination be thine, O Christ; merge it in the ocean of Thy love, that it may come forth filled with the ideal of Thy beauty. Let my heart be Thine; rest it with Thee on the bosom of the Father, that it may come forth desiring nothing which Thou desirest not and loving nothing which is not loved by Thee.

DECEMBER 14

Watchword: "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good."—GEN. i. 31.

It was very good at the last, the evenings as well as the mornings. O Thou Divine Creator, give me the faith in Thine own experience. Help me to believe in the ultimate glory of my evenings. I call Thee good in the morning hours, when the sun of life is mounting high; but I have not yet learned to thank Thee for the evening. I call it chance, accident, misfortune, everything but goodness. Thou art never nearer me than in the evening hours. When Thou hast finished my creation I shall know how glorious have been its evenings, how full of hidden light. From the heights of Thy Sabbath rest I shall judge all things. I shall say with Thee, "It is all very good."

DECEMBER 15

Watchword: "After the fire, a still small voice."

1 KINGS xix. 12.

I thank Thee, O Lord, that to Elijah and to me Thou hast revealed a new and better way. I used to think that *law* would redeem Thy world. I thought that stern penalties would repress the course of crime. Thou hast taught me better, O my Father. Thou hast taught me that the love of evil can only be extinguished by another love. I love wrongly, but none the less do I love intensely; nothing but another love will set me free. Therefore, O Father, let me love anew.

DECEMBER 16

Watchword: "He [Elisha] took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him."--2 KINGS ii. 13.

I thank Thee, O Father, there is here a memorial to human friendship. I thank Thee that Thou hast suffered Elisha to be swayed by the memory of a departed friend; it is Thine own imprimatur on the sacredness of earthly love. Thou wouldst tell me that the fire of death cannot burn up the mantle of earthly influence. Teach me that Elijah can finish his work from beyond the grave. Teach me that a departed life may hold in my heart an empire which no present life can claim. So shall I learn the immortality of love.

DECEMBER 17

Watchword: "A man had two sons, and he came to the first and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. And he answered and said, I will not: but afterwards he repented himself, and went."—MATT. XXI. 28, 29.

There are those who say "I will not" and yet go—men who call themselves unbelievers, and yet do the works of the Father. Help me, O Lord, to impute to them more than they claim, to see that no man could do these works unless Thou hadst sent him. Help me to give to such the hand of brotherhood—to recognise that we must reach the unity of the heart before we can come into the unity of the faith. Help me to detect the family likeness that binds me to men of other creeds—the evidence of one Fatherhood, the proof of one humanity.

DECEMBER 18

Watchword: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you."—JOHN XIV. 27.

Lord, help me to keep my love. Whatever else I lose may I never lose that. There is a peace which comes by the death of patience—by ceasing any longer to wait or to expect. There is a peace which is *not* patience, because it prays for nothing—a peace which is painless because it is numb, and is free from struggle because it is dead. I would not have that gift, O my Father.

DECEMBER 19

Watchword: "In everything give thanks."

1 THESS. v. 18.

Teach me, O my Father, in everything to give thanks—not to praise Thee for the night, but to bless Thee that the night is not deeper. . . . Thou hast never allowed the uppermost deep of misery to any human soul; the cable may creak and strain, but it is anchored within the veil. Is it not written, "He has put my tears into His bottle"? The quantity of Thy griefs is measured; there is a bound which they cannot pass. Thank God for that boundary, O my soul.

DECEMBER 20

Watchword: "I thank Thee that I am not as other men."--LUKE xviii. 11.

O Thou whose nature and whose name is Love, let me not pause short of *Thee*. Let me not linger on the march of my pilgrimage at any spot less beautiful than Love. Let me not be content to say, "I have kept the law, I have not struck, not robbed, not slain." Let me not be satisfied to think, "I have been in all my dealings just; from what a height do I look down on Sodom!" Nay, my Father, but let me rather say, "From what a height dost *Thou* look down on *me*." Teach me that all safety comes from looking up, not down.

DECEMBER 21

Watchword: "For we are God's fellow-workers."
1 COR. iii. 9 (R. V.).

Impress me with the awfulness, O my God, of being an unconscious worker with Thee. Teach me the untold possibilities of my smallest action. Tell me that the stone which I leave in the desert may be one day the centre of Thy city—not because it has changed its place, but because Thy places have come round it. Let me consecrate by prayer my most common deed ere it quits my hand, knowing that Thou hast a motive behind my motive. It shall be cast farther than my utmost strength can throw, for it is impelled by a purpose higher than its own.

DECEMBER 22

Watchword: "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."—1 COR. xii. 4.

Spirit of Christ, Spirit of the Crucified One, let all my gifts be permeated by Thee. Let my reason be Thine; bathe it in the stream of Thy sacrifice, that it may come forth seeking truth for itself alone, truth at any price, truth though it lead to martyrdom. Let my will be Thine; wash it in the fountain of Thy blood, that it may come forth bound with that chain of love whose bondage is perfect freedom.

DECEMBER 23

Watchword: "And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord."—1 SAM. iii. 1.

My Father, prepare a place for the child-life that lingers in my heart. Prepare a place for that instinct which points toward to-morrow. Thou hast prepared a place for my yesterday—Thou hast cancelled the dark deeds of my past. Thou hast prepared a place for to-day—Thou hast promised strength for the hour. But I have a need beyond my yesterday, beyond to-day. I have a yearning for to-morrow. Satisfy this yearning, O my Father.

DECEMBER 24

Watchword: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust."
JOB xiii. 15.

My Father, behold, Thou comest to me in clouds. Life is overcast to me. Men want me to trace Thee, but I will not trace Thee. "The cup which my Father has given me to drink, shall I not drink it." I accept in the darkness the burden Thou hast laid upon me; I take it unexplained. I come to Thee in the night, the unvindicated night. I accept Thee in Thy mean attire, in Thy unattractive raiment, in Thy repulsive dress. I do not seek to comprehend Thee; I take Thee with Thy mystery. Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust.

DECEMBER 25

Watchword: "For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God."—1 COR. ii. 10.

Spirit of love, Spirit of the All-Father, Thou alone canst interpret the dark places that surround Thee. Only when I learn that this world is Thy school-house shall I find the vindication of its pain. I cannot penetrate the deep things of Joseph's dungeon except by the light of Thy Fatherhood; it seems hard to see the vanishing of youth, through the iron entering into the soul. But the education of Thy Fatherhood explains all. There is no gift of parental love like the iron of the soul—the strengthening of the inner man.

DECEMBER 26

Watchword: "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—LUKE ii. 10.

I would rather have a solitary grief than a solitary joy, O my Father. If I must be imprisoned within myself, let it not be by the gates of pearl and gold. My chariot of fire would burn me if I ascended alone. How could I tell my joy to my brother if it were not a universal joy? Therefore, O my Father, I rejoice that Thou hast sent into my heart a ray of glory that is not for myself alone.

DECEMBER 27

Watchword: "Solomon . . . began to build the house of the Lord."—1 KINGS vi. 1.

Lord, Thou art building a temple greater than that of Solomon—the temple of the Holy Ghost. Give me a stone in the building of that house. If I have many places in my soul, give me many duties for the temple. In my time of singing train me for its choir. In my time of business enrich me for its maintenance. In my time of health strengthen me to raise its walls. In my time of sickness give me patience to bear its burdens. I would bring all my possessions of mind and body as subscriptions to Thy building.

DECEMBER 28

Watchword: "Ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ."—ROM. vii. 4.

Ever so stand, Thou Son of Man. Stand Thou in the breach and protect my brother by Thy love in me. Stand Thou in the scene of my passions; then though the thunders roll not, though the storm has ceased to be an avenger, though the subterranean fires are almost lost to view, the flame in my heart shall be an ample barrier to any deed unkind. The fetters removed from my hand shall enclose my spirit; I shall be taken captive by love when I am loosed from law.

DECEMBER 29

Watchword: "There are diversities of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all."—1 COR. xii. 6.

Let my manner be Thine, O Lord Christ; plunge it in the wave of Thy self-forgetfulness, that it may come forth sparkling with that grace which flows from unconsciousness alone. Then shall my whole life be religion, then shall my whole atmosphere be prayer, then shall my whole employment be service of Thee. My diverse gifts shall become gifts of the sanctuary when, O Spirit of sacrifice, they are baptized by Thee.

DECEMBER 30

Watchword: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God . . . because they are spiritually discerned."—1 COR. ii. 14.

Inspire me, O Christ, with the knowledge that Thou art a King in the very moment when Thou art discrowned by Pilate's judgment-seat. Show me the power of Thy sacrifice, the glory of Thy shame, the strength of Thy gentleness, the empire of Thy love. When I have received Thine image in my heart nothing shall be so natural as the vision of Thee; when Thy spirit of unselfishness is mine, Thy beauty shall be spiritually discerned.

DECEMBER 31

Watchword: "The peace of God which passeth all understanding,"—PHIL. iv. 7.

Bring me that peace of Thine, O my God. It is as the peace of the ocean, which holds depths beneath it. It is not the rest of lifelessness, but the rest of balance. Thy patience is the patience, not of spentness, but of expectancy; it rests in hope. Bring me the peace of pulsation, the calm of courage, the endurance that springs from energy. Bring me the fortitude of fervour, the repose through inner radiancy, the tenacity that is born of trust. Bring me the silence that comes from serenity, the gentleness that is bred of joy, the quiet that has sprung from quickened faith. When I hear Thee in the whirlwind, there will be a great calm.

L'ENVOIE.

O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thy ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee:
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee!
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust, life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

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