

The
CHEER
BOOK
by
AMOS R.
WELLS



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AMOS R. WELLS



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Preface

BECAUSE worry is the ally of every other sin, because it leads directly to many of them and adds fuel to them all, I am in the habit of considering the commandment, "Let not your heart be troubled," as binding as any in the Decalogue. And if good cheer is a duty, it is certainly a possibility. A capital heresy against our Lord's sunshiny religion is the belief that one cannot control one's feelings. That is a slander against our Creator. It is virtually to assert that God has given us control of our lower faculties, our hands and feet and tongues of clay, so that we can grasp and move and speak what we will, but at the same time has placed beyond our control the only part of us that abides forever, namely, our feelings.

For all who worry (and most of us come within this category!) I present here a word of cheer for every day of the shining year. I do not promise that they will help one who weakly acquiesces in his gloom; but I do agree that if any soul is ashamed of his



moodiness and is struggling against his melancholy, these heart gleams from lives of light will often scatter his darkness, as they have often scattered mine.

Some of the delightful bits of verse or prose here included were found floating anonymously among the waves of periodical literature, and though I would gladly credit them, I am unable to do so. None of them are from my own pen; the host has gathered so bright a company that he does not venture to intrude. For permission, most courteously given, to make valued quotations, I am indebted to the following publishers, the authors whose works they publish being named in parentheses: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., (Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Aldrich, Phœbe Cary, Lucy Larcom, Lloyd Mifflin); Charles Scribner's Sons, (Sidney Lanier, Mary Mapes Dodge, Holland, Van Dyke, Robert Louis Stevenson); Lee & Shepard, (Sam Walter Foss); American Tract Society, (Mary D. Brine); Forbes & Co., (Ben King); Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., (Sarah K. Bolton); Small, Maynard & Co., (John B. Tabb).

AMOS R. WELLS.

Boston.



January First.

NEW mercies, new blessings, new light
on the way;
New courage, new hope, and new strength
for each day;
New wine in the chalice, new altars to raise;
New fruits for thy Master, new garments of
praise;
New gifts from His treasures, new smiles
from His face;
New streams from the fountain of infinite
grace;
New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of
love;
New gleams of the glory that waits thee
above;
New light of His countenance, full and un-
priced,—
All this be the joy of thy new year in Christ!
—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



January Second.

NEVER despair; despair is the devil's sin.

But he hath reason for it, for he is condemned, and all doors of hope are eternally shut upon him, or rather, none was ever opened to him. But for a man that hath God's long-suffering, forbearance, and patience daily laid before him and laid out upon him; that hath the door of grace set open to him, and the Lord calling, entreating, promising acceptance on his coming, for such a man to give over all hope is a sin some way worse than the devil's; a frame pleasing only to the devil, and most dishonoring to God and the Holy Ghost; a reflection on all the glorious appearances and manifestations of the throne of grace, and most surely damning if continued in. Away with it speedily; conclude thy case is not desperate; and, if you cannot shake it off, come to the throne of grace and complain of it. If you can but see the throne, and Him that sits upon it, despair will vanish, as a night owl, on the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness.—TRAILL.



January Third.

TH**ERE** are thousands so extravagant in their ideas of contentment, as to imagine that it must consist in having everything in this world turn out the way they wish—that they are to sit down in happiness, and feel themselves so at ease at all points, as to desire nothing better and nothing more. I own there are instances of some, who seem to pass through the world as if all their paths had been strewed with rosebuds of delight;—but a little experience will convince us, 'tis a fatal expectation to go upon. We are born to trouble; and, we may depend upon it, whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions—that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one, nor overthrown by the other; but to bear ourselves towards everything which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. This is the true temperate climate fitted for us by nature, and in which every wise man would wish to live.—LAURENCE STERNE.



January Fourth.

THERE are blossoms that hae budded, been
blitched i' the cauld,
And lammies that hae perished, because they
left the fauld;
But cower ye in aneath His wing wha died
upon the tree,
An' gaithers in His bosom helpless weans
like you an' me.
In the warl there's tribulation, in the warl
there is wae;
But the warl it is bonnie, for our Father made
it sae;
Then brichten up yer armor, an' be happy
as ye gang,
Though your sky be aften clouded, it win'na
be for lang.

January Fifth.

HOW we do love a little child that nestles
up to us from its cot in a dark room,
and kisses the hand that it cannot see, and
pours out all sorts of little confidences which
it did not tell in the broad daylight! Do we
not fondle it with a special gush of affection?
However much we loved the little thing be-



fore, we think we love it more than ever! When the Father's little children come to Him in the dark, and simply believe His assurance that He is there, although they cannot see, will He be less loving, less kind and tender?—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

January Sixth.

UNWORLDLINESS is the spirit of holding all things as not our own, in the perpetual conviction that they will not last. It is not to put life and God's lovely world aside with self-torturing hand. It is to have the world, and not to let the world have you; to be its master and not its slave. To have Christ hidden in the heart, calming all.

—FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

January Seventh.

THE truer life draws nigher
Every year.
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burthen lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

—ALBERT G. PIKE



January Eighth.

WHY then do we stumble at every straw?
Why are we of doubtful minds?
And why do thoughts arise in our hearts?
It is time enough to be distrustful when we
have a want He cannot supply; a danger He
cannot prevent or remove; a disease He can-
not heal or mitigate; an enemy He cannot
overcome or reconcile; a Red Sea He cannot
dry up or divide; a wall He cannot throw
down or help us over.—*From "An Infallible
Way to Contentment." (A. D., 1688.)*

January Ninth.

ART thou alone, and does thy soul complain
It lives in vain?
Not vainly does he live who can endure.
O be thou sure
That he who hopes and suffers here, can earn
A sure return.
—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

January Tenth.

AS you know more and more of the created
world, you will find that the true will
of its Maker is that its creatures should be
happy. . . . The Love of God exists, and



you may see it, and live in it, if you will. . . .
A spirit does actually exist which teaches the
ant her path, the bird her building, and men, in
an instinctive and marvellous way, whatever
lovely arts and noble deeds are possible to
them. Without it you can do no good thing.
To the grief of it you can do many bad ones.
In the possession of it is your peace and
your power. . . . Therefore I pray you with
all earnestness to prove, and know within
your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous
are possible for those who believe in their
possibility, and who determine that, for their
part, they will make every day's work con-
tribute to them.—JOHN RUSKIN.

January Eleventh.

BBETTER to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a cheerful heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute thread
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

—CHARLES MACKAY.



January Twelfth.

IF thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.

—MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

January Thirteenth.

WHEN the bounding beat of the heart of
love

And the springing step grow slow;
When the form of a cloud in the blue above
Lies dark on the path below,
The song that he sings is lost in a sigh,
But he turns where a STAR is dawning,
And he thinks, as it gladdens his heart and
and his eye,

“It will be all right in the morning!”

—BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.



January Fourteenth.

I AM glad there is no everlastingness in the world, and that I know it. I am glad the world is only for a season, for me and my fellow-spirits to be in. It makes me feel myself. Do we not know that chambers are furnished, and are beautified with gold and silk, for princes to lodge one night in,—the very shortness of the use being the greatness of the honor? And so, because this beautiful earth is only for so short a time, I am sure of what must be my own royalty.

—From "*Euthanasy.*"

January Fifteenth.

LIFT up your head at last, as being free from slavery. Dare to look up to God, and say: "Make use of me for the future as Thou wilt. I am of the same mind; I am one with Thee. I refuse nothing which seems good to Thee. Lead me whither Thou wilt. Clothe me in whatever dress Thou wilt. Is it Thy will that I should be in a public or a private condition; dwell here, or be banished; be poor, or rich? Under all these circumstances I will testify unto Thee before men."

—EPICTETUS.



January Sixteenth.

LIFT up your hearts. Life's inner spring,
A sudden flow of peace may bring;
Trust all to God; 'tis there we find
A world perplexing left behind.
The heart upraised its Lord to meet
Drops every burden at His feet.

—MRS. D. R. H. GOODALE.

January Seventeenth.

GOD gives everybody, I think, a cross,
when he enters upon a Christian life.
When it comes into his hands, what is it?
It is the rude oak, four square, full of splinters
and slivers, and rudely tacked together. I see
some men carrying their cross just as rude as
it was at first. Others, I perceive, begin to
wind about it faith and hope and patience,
and at last their cross has been so covered
with holy affections that it does not seem
any more to be a cross. They carry it so
easily, and are so much more strengthened
than burdened by it, that men almost forget
that it is a cross, by the triumph with which
they carry it. Carry your cross in such a
way that there shall be victory in it.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.



January Eighteenth.

DON'T be sorry, mo'ners, when de night
come down:

Wor' is mighty full er sin en sorrer;
But a little star's a-peepin'—des a-peepin' all
aroun';
Somewhar de day's a-breakin', en de bells er
glory soun',
En de birds 'll all be singin' on ter-morrer!

—Atlanta Constitution.

January Nineteenth.

'TIS better to laugh than to cry, dear—
A proverb you'll grant me is true—
'Tis best to forget to be sad, dear;
The heartsease is better than rue.

'Tis best to be glad for what is, dear,
Than to sigh for the things which are not.
'Tis braver to reckon the joys, dear,
Than the trouble that falls to your lot.

'Tis more to be good than be great, dear;
To be happy is better than wise;
You'll find if you smile at the world, dear,
The world will smile back in your eyes.



January Twentieth.

AND hey! for the cheer the old men raise,
How it thrills the heart!—

“There is nought to fear, and the way is clear
As at the start.

The harvest comes at the summer’s end:

Have we lost the flowers?

But golden wheat is our guerdon now

And restful hours.”

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

January Twenty-first.

MAN being small, being petty at the king-
liest, finds a flaw. Thus the wise fool
talks: “He is honest, he is wise, he is
gifted; he is, on the whole, a man of notable
intellectual stature and influence; *but.*” Man
thinks he is clever when he discovers a bit.
He gathers himself up into Pharisaic perpen-
dicularity, and says: “I discovered that, I
pointed out that frailty, I saw it.” There
can be no pit deep enough for a wretch like
that. How doth God speak? Thus; hear
the music of infinite love: “He has gone
astray, he has been unfaithful, he has turned
aside from me a thousand times, he has done
the things he ought not to have done; *yet.*”



That is the difference between human judgment and divine judgment in relation to that greatest of all mysteries, human character. It is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men.

—JOSEPH PARKER, D. D.

January Twenty-second.

HOW many smiles there could be
If folks would always say,
“Good-morning, neighbor, let me give
A helping hand to-day!”
How many smiles there will be,
My friend, when you and I
Have learned to practice what we wish
These other folks would try!

—JOHN F. TROWBRIDGE.

January Twenty-third.

UNSHAKEN in our faith and zeal,
'Tis ours to do and dare,
To find the place we best can fill,
And serve our Maker there;
For he is only brave who thus
Puts trouble on the shelf,
And trusts in God, for by His aid
The Right will right itself.

—JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



January Twenty-fourth.

IN one of Schiller's poems a beautiful story is told to this effect. When God made the birds He gave them gorgeous plumage and sweet voices, but no wings. He laid wings on the ground and said, "Take these burdens and bear them." They struggled along with them, folding them over their hearts. Presently the wings grew fast to their breasts, and spread themselves out, and then they found that what they had thought were burdens were changed to pinions.

—ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D.

January Twenty-fifth.

FROM any burden which God may see fit to lay upon us our life may gain, not only contentment, but grandeur and nobleness. My strength during all my life has been precisely this—that I have no choice. During the last thirty-six years God has twelve times changed my home, and fifteen times changed my work. I have scarcely done what I myself would have chosen. The support of my life is to know that I am doing what God wishes, and not what I wish myself.

—FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D. D.



January Twenty-sixth.

CHERISH this as sacred writ:

“Laugh a little bit.”

Keep it with you, sample it:

“Laugh a little bit.”

Little ills will sure betide you,

Fortune may not sit beside you,

Men may mock and Fame deride you,

But you'll mind them not a whit

If you laugh a little bit.

January Twenty-seventh.

WE sleep in peace in the arms of God, when we yield ourselves up to His providence, in a delightful consciousness of His tender mercies; no more restless uncertainties, no more anxious desires, no more impatience at the place we are in; for it is God who has put us there, and who holds us in His arms. Can we be unsafe where He has placed us, and where He watches over us as a parent watches a child? This confiding repose, in which earthly care sleeps, is the true vigilance of the heart; yielding itself up to God, with no other support than Him, it thus watches while we sleep. This is the love of Him, that will not sleep even in death.

—FRANCIS FÉNELON.



January Twenty-eighth.

LET me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still,
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young;
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard;
But in the darkest, meanest things
There always, always something sings.
'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers;
But in the mud and skum of things
There always, always something sings.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

January Twenty-ninth.

MARK GUY PEARSE had just finished a sermon on Christ's yoke, and why it is so light, when a man came up to him and added to the preacher's list of reasons the following better one. "You see," said he,



“when I was a boy at home I used to drive the oxen in my father’s yoke. And the yoke was never made to balance, sir. Father’s yokes were always made heavier on one side than the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock in alongside of a strong bullock, and the light end would come on the weak bullock because the stronger one had the heavier part of it on his shoulder.” Then the man’s face lit up as he said: “That is why the yoke is easy and the burden is light—because the Lord’s yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon His shoulder.”

January Thirtieth.

INTO every life some shadows will fall,
But heaven sends the sunshine of love;
Through the rifts in the clouds we may, if
we will,
See the beautiful blue above.

Then let us hope on, though the way be long
And the darkness be gathering fast;
For the turn in the road is a little way on
Where the home lights will greet us at last.



January Thirty-first.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no
hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray bank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the
scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,—
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
“Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee,
God!”

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

February First.

ONE of the worst evils wrought by the sin
of discouragement is that we are tempted
to stop when we are just on the eve of realized
success, and almost in sight of the richest
blessings. Up near the summit of Mount
Washington I once saw a cairn of stones to



mark the spot where a poor girl perished from exposure and heart failure on a cold night. Her father and she had rashly attempted to ascend the mountain without a guide (it was years ago), and they had become lost, and sat down bewildered when the chilling darkness of the autumnal night came on. The next morning the distracted father discovered that a very short distance more would have brought him in sight of the lights of the "Tip-top" cabin!

—THEODORE L. CUYLER. D. D.

February Second.

WHAT wisdom more, what better life,
than pleaseth God to send?
What worldly goods, what longer use,
than pleaseth God to lend?
What better fare than well-content,
agreeing with thy wealth?
What better guest than trusty friend,
in sickness and in health?
What better bed than conscience good,
to pass the night with sleep?
What better work than daily care
from sin thyself to keep?

—THOMAS TUSSER.



February Third.

MAKE yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity,—bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us,—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

February Fourth.

THE Hand that binds the star
To its far centre, and around it rolls
Through space its worlds, with never halt nor
jar,
No less my steps controls.

That same unfailing Hand
Hath led me forth from still eternity;
'Twill guide me onward through star-vistas,
and
I follow trustingly.

—HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.



February Fifth.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

—RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

February Sixth.

HENCEFORTH then I will employ that time I used to spend in disquieting thoughts about the things that disturbed me, in acts of love and praise, submission and resignation, faith and confidence in God. I cannot want or abound, but from Thee, who givest before Thou takest, and takest but what Thou gavest. Give me what Thou wilt, so Thou give me contentment with it. Frame my heart to my estate, so shall I have an estate to my heart; and not want when I have least, because as free from desire as superfluity.—“*An Infallible Way to Contentment.*” (1688.)



February Seventh.

HOW will it be when the woods turn
brown,
Their gold and their crimson all dropped
down,
And crumbled to dust? O, then as we lay
Our ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her say,
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my
crown."
We will dream of green leaves when the
woods turn brown.

—LUCY LARCOM.

February Eighth.

THE true felicity of life is to be free from
perturbations; to understand our duties
towards God and man; to enjoy the present
without any anxious dependence upon the
future. Not to amuse ourselves with either
hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what
we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for
he that is so, wants nothing. The great
blessings of mankind are within us, and
within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and,
like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the
very thing we search for without finding it.

—SENECA.



February Ninth.

IN Hope, a Kynge doth goe to warre,
In Hope, a lover loves fulle longe,
In Hope, a merchant sailes from farre,
In Hope, good men doe suffer wronge,
In Hope, a farmer sowes his seed.
Thus Hope helps nations at their need:
Then fail not, heart, among the rest;
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

February Tenth.

WE often suffer ourselves to be put out of all our bearings by some misfortune, not of the most serious kind, which certainly looks very black at the time, but which from its nature cannot be lasting. We are thus like ignorant hens that insist upon going to roost in midday because there is a brief transitory eclipse of the sun.—ARTHUR HELPS.

February Eleventh.

MY motto is—*Content with this.*
Gold—place—I prize not such.
That which I have, my measure is;
Wise men desire not much.
Men wish and wish, and have their will,
And wish again as hungry still.
—GEORGE MACDONALD.



February Twelfth.

WE'RE weary a-walking the Highway of
Life;

We're fretted and flustered with worry and
strife.

Let us drop by the wayside the heavy old load,
And rest at the inn at the turn of the road—

Let us tarry awhile
At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry awhile at the "Sign of the
Smile"—

Forget all our griefs in the joys that beguile;
Let us pleasure the noon till it changes to night,
Then up with our loads and we'll find they
are light—

Let us tarry awhile
At the "Sign of the Smile."

February Thirteenth.

THE world is a looking-glass, and gives
back to every man the expression of
his own face. Frown at it, and it will in
turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and
with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion;
and so let all young persons take choice.

—WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.



February Fourteenth.

BLESSED be God, how all His word tells us, "I will give you rest!" "Come unto Me." Look at the freedom—*give*; look at the certainty—*I will*; look at the personal application—*you*. While we are looking at unseen and eternal things, Christ, Christ only, is our sole foundation. He will be with us through the valley. He will receive us, when it is passed through. He will present us faultless to the Father. His blood, His righteousness, His Spirit, His image—these are the glorious dress He gives. Let us day by day put on Christ; so shall we be found clothed with the garments of salvation.

—REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH.

February Fifteenth.

RISE! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



February Sixteenth.

WHY cling to the past at such terrible
cost

In weakness and doubt?

Pray God to forget! Leave the days that are
lost,

Blot the yesterdays out!

Not the Judge but the Father shines out in His
face.

Are you glad? He is more.

One more outlet for love, one more claimant
for grace,

And His heart, that before

Could not bless with a love which a wander-
ing soul

Could not answer or take,

Gives the love long restrained in a jubilant
whole,

And loves for love's sake.

—MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

February Seventeenth.

LET the rolling, trembling soul lie still, and
then God can best pour into it the sweet
waters of mercy, and the strong waters of
divine consolation. The still and quiet soul
is like a ship that lies still and quiet in the



harbor; you may take in what goods you please, whilst the ship lies quiet and still, so when the soul is quiet and still under the hand of God it is most fit to take in much of God, of Christ, of heaven, of the promises, of the ordinances and of the love of God, the smiles of God, the communications and the counsel of God; but when souls are unquiet, they are like a ship in a storm—they can take in nothing. Now, God dwells not in spirits that are unquiet and in confusion, for they can take in neither counsel nor comfort, grace nor peace.

—THOMAS BROOKS.

February Eighteenth.

THERE is no place for complaint or repining under the sorrows and trials of life. There is nothing in what has befallen, or befalls you, which justifies impatience or peevishness. God is inscrutable, but not wrong. Remember, if the cloud is over you, that there is a bright light always on the other side; also that the time is coming, either in this world or the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fullness of God's light and wisdom poured around you.

—HORACE BUSHNELL.



February Nineteenth.

TEACH me, Master, to believe it,
And with childlike faith receive it,
In its fullness and its sweetness,
In its richness and completeness—
The Lord, the King of Glory,
“He thinketh upon me.”

Though the way be dark before me,
And the storm-cloud gather o'er me,
Evil never can betide me,
'Neath His shadow He will hide me;
The Lord, the King of Glory,
“He thinketh upon me.”

—JEAN H. WATSON.

February Twentieth.

BEAR in mind that your happiness or your misery is very much of your own making. You cannot create spiritual sunlight any more than you can create the morning star; but you can put your soul *where Christ is shining*. Keep a clean conscience. Keep a good stock of God's promises within reach. Keep a nightingale of hope in your soul that can sing away the dark hours when they do come. Keep a good, robust faith that can



draw honey out of the rock and oil out of the flinty rock. Never spend a day without trying to do somebody good; and then, keeping step with your Master, march on towards heaven, over any road, however rough, and against any head-winds that blow. It will be all sunshine when we get up there.

—THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

February Twenty-first.

LET us serve God in the sunshine, while He makes the sun shine. We shall then serve Him all the better in the dark, when He sends His darkness. It is sure to come. Only let our light be God's light, and our darkness God's darkness, and we shall be safe at home when the great nightfall comes.

—FREDERICK W. FABER.

February Twenty-second.

OH, all that are sad, take heart again!
You are not alone in your hour of pain;
The Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and comfort us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm beats high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble when He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for your Lord does care!



February Twenty-third.

YOU shall suffer, but you shall suffer with inward peace and love. You shall fight, but you shall gain the victory; the Lord Himself shall fight for you, and reward your success. You shall weep, but God Himself shall wipe the tears from your eyes. You will be restrained from following your passions, but after a free sacrifice of your liberty you will find another kind of liberty unknown to the world and more valuable than universal empire.—FÉNELON.

February Twenty-fourth.

ALL is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick
and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing
cloud.
Angels of life and death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold
o'er.
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messenger to shut the door!

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



February Twenty-fifth.

IT is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, to vindicate himself under God's Heaven as a God-made Man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Shew him the way of doing that, the dullest day-drudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the *allurements* that act on the heart of man.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

February Twenty-Sixth.

A SINGER sang a song of tears,
And the great world heard and wept;
For he sang of the sorrows of fleeting years,
And the hopes which the dead past kept;
And the souls in anguish their burdens bore,
And the world was sadder than ever before.

A singer sang a song of cheer,
And the great world listened and smiled;
For he sang of the love of a Father dear,
And the trust of a little child;
And souls that before had forgotten to pray
Looked up and went singing along the way.



February Twenty-seventh.

DID anybody ever say to himself, "I have some learning, some genius, some capacity; but, after all, I glory in myself because I dwell in joy, in love, and in peace"? Ah, there is a higher notion of manhood and honor and dignity than that which is bruited about the streets among imperfect, quarrelling men; and if once a man has learned to glory in this higher notion, how free he is! Forbearance, courage, toughness, endurance, the ability to meet trouble and not be vanquished by it, but tranquilly rejoice in it, are elements of manhood.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

February Twenty-eighth.

HE who hath led will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed will feed;
He who hath blessed will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry
Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him to-day, forever.

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



February Twenty-ninth.

MAN'S the elm, and wealth the vine;
Stanch and strong the tendrils twine:
Though the frail ringlets thee deceive,
None from its stock that vine can reave.
Fear not, then, thou child infirm,
There's no god dare wrong a worm.
Laurel crowns cleave to deserts,
And power to him who power exerts;
Hast not thy share? On wingèd feet,
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;
And all that Nature made thy own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

March First.

IF there was nothing else to make men wretched, uncertainty respecting their future destines would be enough. . . . There is no *peace*, there is no *rest* in the prospect of eternity, unless there is something very much more than a guess that God is loving us. There is an eternal law that man cannot be happy except in keeping God's commandments.—F. W. ROBERSTON.



March Second.

I LIKE the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of
cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is good; that somehow, true and
just,
His plans work out for mortals: not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world
holds dear,
Falls from his grasp: better, with love, a
crust,
Than living in dishonor: envies not,
Nor loses faith in man: but does his best
Nor ever murmurs at his humble lot,
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives
zest
To every toiler: he alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

—SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON.

March Third.

WHEN a man has nothing more to lose,
when his hopes are all beyond the
grave, when we listen without terror to the
ebbings and flowings of the tide of life and



the rush of its storms—then, after the night, to us the day will come back, and after the tempest a great calm. We know then it is God's work, and that God loves us better than we can love ourselves. We know then that all our life is guided by Him, so that we find consolation and contentment; and if we have those two things with us—consolation in all our sorrows and contentment in any loss—we have the richest blessings which God can give us.—FREDERICK W. FARRAR.

March Fourth.

AS there are vast underground rivers in many parts of the world, broader and deeper and of more majestic sweep than any Mississippi or Amazon, streams which men may often tap and bring to the surface in ever-flowing artesian wells, so there is an undercurrent of happiness in this universe, and if we connect our lives with it, our joy is perennial; there shall be within us then a well of water, springing up not only unto everlasting life, but to everlasting happiness. This undercurrent of happiness, or, rather,—let us give it its nobler name,—of blessedness, is *God*. —FRANCIS E. CLARK, D. D.



March Fifth.

THE beasts in the field are glad, and have
not wit

To know why leapt their hearts when
springtime shone.

Man looks at his own bliss, considers it,
Weighs it with curious fingers; and 'tis
gone.

—WILLIAM WATSON.

March Sixth.

EVERY moment think steadily as a Roman
and a man, to do what thou hast in hand
with perfect and simple dignity, and feeling
of affection, and freedom, and justice; and to
give thyself relief from all other thoughts.
And thou wilt give thyself relief, if thou
doest every act of thy life as if it were the
last, laying aside all carelessness and passion-
ate aversion from the commands of reason, and
all hypocrisy, and self-love, and discontent
with the portion which has been given to
thee. Thou seest how few the things are,
the which if a man lays hold of, he is able
to live a life which flows in quiet, and is
like the existence of the gods.

—MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.



March Seventh.

THY task may well seem over hard
Who scatterest in a thankless soil
Thy life as seed, with no reward
Save that which duty gives to toil.
Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.
—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

March Eighth.

WHO drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to heaven the rest.
—JOHN VANCE CHENEY.



March Ninth.

MY fear may make me miserable, but it cannot prevent what another hath in his power and purpose; and prosperities can only be enjoyed by them who fear not at all to lose them; since the amazement and passion concerning the future takes off all the pleasure of the present possession. Therefore, if thou hast lost thy land, do not also lose thy constancy; and if thou must die a little sooner, yet do not die impatiently. For no chance is evil to him that is content: and to a man nothing is miserable unless it be unreasonable. No man can make another man to be his slave unless he hath first enslaved himself to life and death, to pleasure or pain, to hope or fear: command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian kings.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

March Tenth.

WE must remember that we are short-sighted creatures. We are like an unskillful chess-player, who takes the next piece, while a skillful one looks further. He, who sees the end from the beginning, will often appoint us a most inexplicable way to



walk in. Joseph was put into the pit and the dungeon; but this was the way which led to the throne. We often want to know too much and too soon. We want the light of to-morrow, but it will not come till to-morrow. And then a slight turn, perhaps, will throw such light on our path, that we shall be astonished we saw not our way before. "I can wait," says Lavater. This is a high attainment. We must labor, therefore, to be quiet in that path from which we cannot recede without danger and evil.

—REV. RICHARD CECIL.

March Eleventh.

NOT first the glad and then the sorrowful,—

But first the sorrowful, and then the glad;
Tears for a day,—for earth of tears is full,
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,—

But first the dark, and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's
arc,

First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

—HORATIUS BONAR.



March Twelfth.

THOU sweet, beloved will of God,
My anchor-ground and fortress-hill,
My spirit's silent, fair abode,
In thee I hide me and am still.

O will, that willest good alone,
Lead thou the way, thou guidest best;
A little child, I follow on,
And, trusting, lean upon thy breast.

—MADAME GUYON.

March Thirteenth.

THIS kingdom! oh, that I had the tongue
of an angel, to represent it to you in
lively characters! This kingdom is large,
ample, great, and spacious; it holds not only
all the blessed angels, but all the saints that
have lived since the foundation of the world,
and are like to be at the end of it. It is in-
finitely rich, it is infinitely safe,—safe beyond
all the castles and citadels in the world; for
all the inhabitants are brethren, love one an-
other with a pure heart fervently, and are
everlastingly faithful one to another; so fear-
less are they, that the gates of this kingdom
stand open night and day. It is durable be-
yond rocks and marble, for it is incorruptible



and fades not away. The queen of Sheba counted Solomon's servants happy because they lived in his house. What then must the inhabitants of such a kingdom be, where the King is the fountain, not only of honor, but of all bliss and felicity, and the subjects drink of that fountain—drink and never thirst again?—ANTHONY HORNECK.

March Fourteenth.

IN the deepest night of trouble and sorrow
God gives us so much to be thankful for
that we need never cease our singing. With
all our wisdom and foresight we can take a
lesson in gladness and gratitude from the
happy bird that sings all night as if the day
were not long enough to tell its joy.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

March Fifteenth.

IN brief, acquit thee bravely, play the man;
Look not on pleasures as they come, but
go;
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

—GEORGE HERBERT.



March Sixteenth.

FELLOW-CHRISTIAN, however irksome may be the pathway thou art treading, and unpromising the prospect around thee, be of good courage. He who has given His Son for thee will not forsake thee. Blind though thou art to many of His gifts, He will open thine eyes to behold His goodness; dumb though thou mayest be in acknowledging His mercy, He will put a new song in thy mouth, and compel thee to praise Him for His abounding goodness.

—OLD HUMPHREY.

March Seventeenth.

THERE are folks who, both in their own case and that of others, seem to find a strange satisfaction in sticking the thorn in the hand further in; even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their lot has its innumerable blessings, but they will not look at these. Let the view around in a hundred directions be ever so charming, they cannot be got to turn their mental view in one of these. They persist in keeping nose and eyes at the moral pigsty.

—THE COUNTRY PARSON.



March Eighteenth.

PLANTED by the Master's hand,
Steadfast in thy place to stand
While the ever-changing year
Clothes or strips thy branches bare;
Lending not a leaf to hold
Warmth against the winter's cold,
Lightening not a limb the less
For the summer's sultriness;
Nay, thy burden heavier made,
That within thy bending shade
Thankless multitudes oppressed
There may lay them down and rest,—
Soul, upon thy Calvary
Wait; the Christ will come to thee.

—REV. JOHN B. TABB.

March Nineteenth.

THANK God every morning when you
get up that you have something to do
that day which must be done, whether you
like it or not. Being forced to work and
forced to do your best will breed in you tem-
perance, self-control, diligence, strength of
will, content, and a hundred virtues which
the idle will never know.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.



March Twentieth.

TOO long have I, methought, with tearful
eye,
Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and
mused
Above each stitch awry, and thread con-
fused;
Now will I think on what in years gone by
I heard of them that weave rare tapestry
At royal looms, and how they constant use
To work on the rough side, and still peruse
The pictured pattern set above them high:
So will I set my Copy high above,
And gaze, and gaze till on my spirit grows
Its gracious impress; till some line of love
Transferred upon my canvass, faintly
glows;
Nor look too much on warp or woof, pro-
vide
He whom I work for sees their fairer side!
—DORA GREENWELL.

March Twenty-first.

LET us be faithful and care for our own
part, and lay Christ's part on Himself,
and leave it there. Duties are ours, events
are the Lord's. When our faith goeth to



meddle with events, and to hold a court (if I may so speak) upon God's providence, and beginneth to say, How wilt Thou do this and that? we lose ground: we have nothing to do there; it is our part to let the Almighty exercise His own office, and steer His own helm; there is nothing left us, but to see how we may be approved of Him, and how we may roll the weight of our weak souls (in well doing) upon Him who is God Omnipotent; and when what we thus lay miscarrieth, it shall neither be our sin nor cross.

—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

March Twenty-second.

LET thy day be to thy night
A letter of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up, that when they wake
Shake off the dew and soar. So take Joy
home,

And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her.
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—JEAN INGELOW.



March Twenty-third.

DO not cheat thy heart and tell her,
 “Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future
 And forget to-day.”
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
 Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
 Far outweighs the pain.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

March Twenty-fourth.

A SOUL may be in a pardoned state,
 though in a troubled state. Your sins
can never be triumphant, your graces never
decay, your souls can never be lost, your
God and you never separated. The devil
shall as soon pluck Christ out of heaven, as
out of a believer's heart. He sits as fast
upon His throne here, as there. The devils
could not enter into the herd of swine with-
out Christ's leave; and will He let them
worry His lambs? Believe firmly, hope joy-
fully, love fervently, pray earnestly, walk
humbly, work diligently, and wait quietly;
and all this will be graciously considered.
Still watch, still pray, still believe, fight and



run that you may obtain; it is but a little while, and He that comes will come, and will not tarry; it is but a little while and your warfare is accomplished, and your sin and sorrow, tears and fears, fled and gone, gone forever.—JOHN MASON.

March Twenty-fifth.

I BEAR no ill to any hill,
I'm brother to the trees,
My mind doth melt to mountains,
And my soul doth seek the seas;
I greet the sun uprising
With a friendly, loving nod;
Within the breast of Nature
Throbs the heart of God.

A little day, and then away
Unto another shore;
Some hasting years of bliss and tears,
Then Charon at the oar;
Whatever cometh after
Our sojourn 'neath the sod,
Within the breast of Nature
Throbs the heart of God.

—ROBERT LOVEMAN.



March Twenty-sixth.

GOD is almighty—all-benevolent;
And naught exists save by His loving
will.

Evil, or what we reckon such, exists,
And not against His will; else the Supreme
Is subject, and we have in place of God
A phantom nothing, with a phantom name.
Therefore I care not whether He ordain
That evil live, or whether He permit;
Therefore I ask not why, in either case,
As if He meant to curse me, but I ask
What He would have this evil do for me?
What is its mission? what its ministry?
What golden fruit lies hidden in its husk?
How shall it nurse my virtue, nerve my will,
Chasten my passions, purify my love,
And make me in some goodly sense like Him
Who bore the cross of evil while He lived,
Who hung and bled upon it when He died,
And now, in glory, wears the victor's crown?

—J. G. HOLLAND.

March Twenty-seventh.

GIVE me these links: first, sense of need;
second, desire to get; third, belief that,
though He withhold for awhile, He loves to



be asked; and fourth, belief that asking will obtain—give me these links, and the chain will reach from earth to heaven, bringing all heaven down to me, or bringing me up into heaven.—THOMAS GUTHRIE.

March Twenty-eighth.

WORK—work—work! It is the iron ploughshare that goes over the field of the heart rooting up all the pretty grasses and the beautiful, hurtful weeds that we have taken such pleasure in growing, laying them all under, fair and foul together, making plain, dull-looking, arable land for our neighbors to peer at; until at night-time, down in the deep furrows, the angels come and sow.

—DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

March Twenty-ninth.

IF one looks upon the bright side
It is sure to be the right side;
At least, that's how I've found it as I've jour-
neyed through each day;
And it's queer how shadows vanish,
And how easy 'tis to banish
From a bright-side sort of nature every dole-
ful thing away.

—MARY D. BRINE.



March Thirtieth.

YOU murmur that your lot is cast
Where wealth is counted more than
worth.

Fear not, these perish in the use
With all that hath not heavenly birth;
But every deed of simple love,
And every step of duty trod,
Are songs to cheer the pilgrim feet
That go through sorrow unto God.

—BOYD CARPENTER.

March Thirty-first.

THEY have left me the sun and moon, fire
and water, a loving wife, and many
friends to pity me, and some to relieve me,
and I can still discourse; and, unless I list,
they have not taken away my merry coun-
tenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good
conscience; they still have left me the provi-
dence of God, and all the promises of the
gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of
heaven, and my charity to them too; and
still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read
and meditate; I can walk in my neighbor's
pleasant fields, and see the varieties of nat-
ural beauties, and delight in all that in which



God delights—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

April First.

YES, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
 An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
 An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.
Yes, w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun',
 Bring forth the duster an' the broom,
But rake yer foggy notions down,
 An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

—SAM WALTER FOSS.

April Second.

CAST all thy care on God. See that all thy care be such as thou canst cast on God, and then hold none back. Cast thy whole self, even this very care which distresseth thee, upon God.—E. B. PUSEY.



April Third.

TAKE thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet,
And whether it be sorrow, or defeat,
Or pain, or sin, or care,
It will grow lighter there.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

April Fourth.

IF you could once make up your mind in
the fear of God never to undertake more
work of any sort than you can carry on
calmly, quietly, without hurry or flurry, and
the instant you feel yourself growing nervous
and like one out of breath, would stop and
take breath, you would find this simple,
common-sense rule doing for you what no
prayers or tears could ever accomplish.

—ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

April Fifth.

TAKE life like a man. Take it as though
it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essen-
tial affair. Take it just as though you were
born to the task of performing a merry part
in it—as though the world had waited your
coming. Take it as though it were a grand



opportunity to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to hold and to cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken, brother.—CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

April Sixth.

GOD never would send you the darkness
If He felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright,
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

Then nestle your hand in the Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low,
And, well, if your lips do quiver,
God will love you the better so.

April Seventh.

I AM satisfied I am on the right path so long
as I can see anything to make me happier,
anything to make me love man, and there-
fore God, the more. God is not far from
that heart to which man is near.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



April Eighth.

CHRIST'S heart was wrung for me, if mine
is sore;

And if my feet are weary, His have bled;
He had no place wherein to lay His head;
If I am burdened, He was burdened more.
The cup I drink, He drank of long before;
He felt the unuttered anguish which I dread;
He hungered who the hungry thousands
fed,
And thirsted who the world's refreshment
bore.

If grief be such a looking-glass as shows
Christ's face and man's in some sort made
alike,
Then grief is pleasure with a subtle taste;
Wherefore should any fret or faint or haste?
Grief is not grievous to a soul that knows
Christ comes—and listens for that hour to
strike.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

April Ninth.

OUR helm is given up to a better guidance
than our own; the course of events is
quite too strong for any helmsman, and our
little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of



the great Admiral, who knows the way, and has the force to draw men, states, and planets to their good.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

April Tenth.

DO not look forward to what may happen to-morrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will care for you to-morrow and every day. Either He will shield you from suffering, or He will give you unfailing strength to bear it.

—FRANCIS DE SALES.

April Eleventh.

AWAY, then, O man, with thy feeble complaints and feverish despondencies. There is no place left for this kind of nonsense. Let it fill thee with cheerfulness and exalted feeling, however deep in obscurity your lot may be, that God is leading you on, girding you for a work, preparing you to a good that is worthy of His divine magnificence. If God is really preparing us all to become that which is the very highest and best thing possible, there ought never to be a discouraged or uncheerful being in the world.

—HORACE BUSHNELL.



April Twelfth.

OUR lives, they are well worth the living
When we lose our small selves in the
whole,
And feel the strong surges of being
Throb through us, one heart and one soul.
Eternity bears up each honest endeavor;
The life lost for love is life saved, and for-
ever.

—LUCY LARCOM.

April Thirteenth.

NOTHING hinders the life hid with Christ
in God so much as cares and dis-
tractions; and therefore it is that our com-
passionate Lord has directed us not to be
anxious about worldly matters; therefore
Paul expresses this affectionate desire, "I
would ye were without carefulness." It has
often encouraged me in worldly difficulties,
to consider those gracious words of our
Lord, "Take no thought for the morrow."
We may well leave the future with Him who
has so abundantly blessed us in the past, and
has given us an assured hope that He will
continue to be with us, and be our guide even
unto death.—REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH.



April Fourteenth.

I WAS walking along one winter's night, hurrying towards home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she, "Father, I am going to count the stars." "Very well," I said, "go on." By and by I heard her counting: "Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-five. O dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many." Ah, dear friend, I sometimes say in my soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count the benefits." Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say to myself, "I had no idea that there were so many."—MARK GUY PEARSE.

April Fifteenth.

WHAT though my lot is a lonely place
And my spirit behind the bars?
All the day long I may look at the sun,
And at night look out at the stars.
Dear God! let me grow from day to day
Clinging and sunny and bright!
Though planted in shade, Thy window is
near,
And my leaves may turn to the light.
—MARY MAPES DODGE.



April Sixteenth.

LOVE, an unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion
Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again.

No death our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring,
For all is life unfading,
In presence of our King.

—HORATIUS BONAR.

April Seventeenth.

'**T**IS certain, dearly beloved brethren, that the little griefs, stings, annoyances which you and I feel acutely, in our own persons, do not prevent our neighbors from sleeping; and that when we step out of the world, the world does not miss us. Is this humiliating to our vanity? So much the better. But, on the other hand, is it not a comfortable and consoling truth? and may



not we be thankful for our humble condition? If we were not selfish—*passer moi le mot, s. v. p.*—and if we had to care for other people's griefs as much as our own, how intolerable human life would be! If my neighbor's tight boot pinched my corn; if the calumny uttered against Jones set Brown into fury; if Mrs. A's death plunged Messrs. B, C, D, E, F into distraction, would there be any bearing of the world's burthen?

—WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

April Eighteenth.

DEAR Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once at Cana's wedding feast
Turn water into wine,

Come visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's water into wine.

—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.



April Nineteenth.

IT fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

April Twentieth.

ENJOYING things which are pleasant,—
that is not the evil; it is the reducing of
our moral self to slavery by them that is.
Let a man assert withal that he is king over
his habitudes; that he could and would shake
them off on cause shown; this is an excellent
law.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

April Twenty-first.

THE more the cross, the better Christian;
God lays the touchstone to each soul.
How many a garden must lie waste,
Did not a tear-storm o'er it roll!
Refining grief, a living coal,
Upon the Christian's heart is placed.

—SCHMOLK.



April Twenty-second.

WHEN we see Christians that are subject to like infirmities with ourselves, mute and silent under the afflicting hand of God, we see that it is possible that we may attain to the same noble temper of being tongued-tied under a smarting rod. Folly brings man into misery, and misery makes man to fret. Man in misery is more apt to fret and chafe against the Lord than to fret and chafe against his sin that brought him into sufferings. Oh! it is neither prudent nor profitable to fret against God!—THOMAS BROOKS.

April Twenty-third.

WHEN we want light in our rooms, we unbar the shutters and let in the sunshine; dark rooms are unwholesome. In like manner, every Christian who wants to be happy—and happy also under all circumstances—should keep his heart-windows wide open towards heaven. Let the warm rays of Christ's countenance shine in! It will scatter the chilling mists of doubt; it will turn tears into rainbows.

—THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.



April Twenty-fourth.

LIKE a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,—
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

SAXE HOLM.

April Twenty-fifth.

NEVER be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

April Twenty-sixth.

OH! it is well for us; with angry glance
Life looks at us, or looks at us askance.
Seek where we will—Father! we see it now—
None love us, trust us, welcome us but Thou!

—F. W. FABER.



April Twenty-seventh.

ADMIT into thy silent breast
The notes of but one bird,
And instantly thy soul will join
In jubilant accord.

The perfume of a single flower
Inhale like breath of God,
And in the garden of thy heart
A thousand buds will nod.

Towards one star in heaven's expanse
Direct thy spirit's flight,
And thou wilt have in the wide world,
My child, enough delight.

—JOHANNA AMBROSIUS.

April Twenty-eighth.

IMAGINE the peace of heart which follows the casting out of the element of selfishness as the root of action; but it is peace, observe, only, that is promised to you, not at all necessarily, or at least primarily, *joy*. You shall find rest unto your souls when first you take on you the yoke of Christ; but joy only when you have borne it as long as He wills, and are called to enter into the joy of your Lord.—JOHN RUSKIN.



April Twenty-ninth.

LISTEN! the song-sparrow!
Spirit? or a bird?
Simple joy of singing
In his song is heard.
Somewhere, far in glory,
Love our life has kissed;
He resounds the rapture,
Heavenly optimist!

Waft us down faith's message
From behind the sky,
Till our aspirations
With thee sing and fly!
"God is good forever!
Nothing shall go wrong!"
Sunshine set to music:
'Tis the sparrow's song.
—LUCY LARCOM.

April Thirtieth.

THE more we fear crosses, the more reason have we to think that we need them. Let us not be discouraged when the hand of God layeth heavy woes upon us. We ought to judge of the violence of our disease by the violence of the remedies which our Spiritual Physician prescribes for us. It is a great



argument for our own wretchedness, and of God's mercy, that, notwithstanding the difficulty of our recovery, He vouchsafes to undertake our cure. Let us then draw from our very afflictions a source of love, of comfort, and trust in God, saying with His apostle, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "Blessed are they that mourn and sow in tears, because they shall reap with joy the harvest of eternal glory."—FÉNELON.

May First.

AS the marsh-hen secretly builds on the
watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness
of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-
hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt
the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in
the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness
of God.

—SIDNEY LANIER.



May Second.

THERE is no man but hath blessings enough in present possession to outweigh the evils of a great affliction. Tell the joints of thy body, and do not accuse the universal Providence for a lame leg or the want of a finger, when all the rest is perfect, and you have a noble soul, a particle of divinity, the image of God Himself; and by the want of a finger you may the better know how to estimate the remaining parts, and to account for every degree of the surviving blessings. Aristippus, in a great suit of law, lost a farm, and to a gentleman, who in civility pitied and deplored his loss, he answered, "I have two farms left still, and that is more than I have lost, and more than you have by one."

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

May Third.

OH! ask not thou, How shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow?
Sufficient for the day its care,
Its evil, and its sorrow;
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day.

—Verse hung up by General Gordon in his bedroom.



May Fourth.

I SHOULD seek, I should care, for nothing,
Beholding His countenance;
And fear but to lose one glimmer
By one single sideway glance.
Come to me, shine on me, Master,
And I care not for river or tree—
Care for no sorrow or crying
If only Thou shine in me.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

May Fifth.

WE are ever ready to confide in weak friends, and we are afraid to trust in God. We believe the promises of the world, but we cannot believe the word of God. Let us make an effort to restore the divine order; let us confide with moderation in what depends upon ourselves, but let us set no bounds to our confidence in God. Let us repress all eagerness, all inquietude, all that we call zeal. He who thus trusts in God becomes immovable as Mount Zion. Our trust should be more firm and elevated. "I can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth me."—FÉNELON.



May Sixth.

WHEN apple-boughs are full of bloom,
And Nature loves her fellow-men
With all the witchery of spring,
How can you hate a fellow then?
—ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

May Seventh.

IN the cruel fire of Sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail:
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain!
—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

May Eighth.

I WISH you all to feel, and to feel it in every drop of your blood, that Christ as your friend sympathizes with you at all times, and in all the moral conditions of your nature. Do not think that He sympathizes with you and loves you when in your best



moods only; for, if you should, you would wrong Him bitterly. A bird is no more surely noted by the Father of all, when, glancing upward through the morning light, he pours his liquid notes upon the fragrant air, than when, stricken by cruelty or evil chance, he lies fluttering, a bunch of ruffled and bloody plumage, upon the dewy lawn.

—REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

May Ninth.

VERY soon they who are separated will be reunited, and there will appear no trace of the separation. They, who are about to set out upon a journey, ought not to feel themselves far distant from those who have gone to the same country, a few days before. Life is like a torrent; the past is but a dream; the present, while we are thinking of it, escapes us, and is precipitated in the same abyss that has swallowed up the past; the future will not be of a different nature, it will pass as rapidly. A few moments, and a few more, and all will be ended; what has appeared long and tedious, will seem short, when it is finished.—FÉNELON.



May Tenth.

I ASK not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety for my feet,

But pray that, when the tempest's breath,
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make no shipwreck of my faith
In the unbottomed sea of doubt.

—PHOEBE CARY.

May Eleventh.

IT is reported of a woman who, being sick, was asked whether she was willing to live or die, she answered, "Which God pleases." "But," said one, "if God should refer it to you, which would you choose?" "Truly," replied she, "I would refer it to Him again." Thus that man obtains his will of God, whose will is subjected to God.—REV. WILLIAM SECKER.



May Twelfth.

BE useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing pres-
ence still:

Kindness, good parts, great places, are the
way

To compass this. Find out men's want
and will,

And meet them there. All worldly joys go
less

To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

May Thirteenth.

WHAT is it that promotes the most and
the deepest thought in the human race?
It is not learning; it is not the conduct of busi-
ness; it is not even the impulse of the af-
fections. It is suffering: and that perhaps, is
the reason why there is so much suffering in
the world. The angel that went down to
trouble the waters, and to make them heal-
ing, was not, perhaps, entrusted with so
great a boon as the angel who benevolently
inflicted upon the sufferers the diseases from
which they suffered.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.



May Fourteenth.

THERE is scarce any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen: Providence having so ordered things, that in every man's cup, how bitter soever, there are some cordial drops—some good circumstances, which, if wisely extracted, are sufficient for the purpose he wants them—that is, to make him contented, and, if not happy, at least resigned.

—LAURENCE STERNE.

May Fifteenth.

SAIL o'er the seas
In ships of prayer!
Upon consecrated knees —
Go everywhere!

Let prayer have way!
So shalt thou see
The promises to-day —
So shalt thou be

Unmoved amid
The stress of care,
While thou art hid
With Christ in prayer!



May Sixteenth.

PEOPLE talk about special providences. I believe in the providences, but not in the specialty. I do not believe that God lets the thread of my affairs go for six days, and on the seventh evening takes it up for a moment. The so-called special providences are no exception to the rule—they are common to all men at all moments. But it is a fact that God's care is more evident in some instances of it than others to the dim and often bewildered vision of humanity. Upon such instances men seize and call them providences. It is well that they can; but it would be gloriously better if they could believe that the whole matter is one grand providence.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

May Seventeenth.

SOW, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears;
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



May Eighteenth.

CLING to the Crucified!
His is a heart of love,
Full as the hearts above;
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee:
His countenance is light,
Even to the darkest night.
That love shall never change—
That light shall ne'er grow dim;
Charge thou thy faithless heart
To find its all in Him.

Cling to the Crucified!

—HORATIUS BONAR.

May Nineteenth.

IF we choose, we do it so foolishly that we cannot like it long, and most commonly not at all: but God, who can do what He pleases, is wise to choose safely for us, affectionate to comply with our needs, and powerful to execute all His wise decrees. Here, therefore, is the wisdom of the contented man, to let God choose for him; for when we have given up our wills to Him, and stand in that station of the battle where



our great General hath placed us, our spirits must needs rest while our conditions have for their security the power, the wisdom, and the charity of God.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

May Twentieth.

IF people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge: it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

May Twenty-first.

ART thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With the inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God hath blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

—LUCY LARCOM.



May Twenty-second.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst
shed

Full radiance here:

Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see—

Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;

Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

May Twenty-third.

IT is a common-place, that we cannot
answer for ourselves before we have
been tried. But it is not so common a reflec-
tion, and surely more consoling, that we
usually find ourselves a great deal braver and
better than we thought. I believe this is
every one's experience; but an apprehension
that they may belie themselves in the future
prevents mankind from trumpeting this
cheerful sentiment abroad. I wish sincerely,
for it would have saved me much trouble,



there had been some one to put me in a good heart about life when I was younger; to tell me how dangers are most portentous on a distant sight; and how the good in a man's spirit will not suffer itself to be overlaid, and rarely or never deserts him in the hour of need.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

May Twenty-fourth.

JESUS, Thy love alone, alone Thy love,
Refresheth me;
And for that love of Thine, that freshening
love,
I come to Thee.

It is Thy joy alone, alone Thy joy,
That gladdens me;
And for that joy of Thine, that gladdening
joy,
I come to Thee.

Saviour, 'tis Thou Thyself, alone Thyself,
Art all to me;
And for that all, of everything I need,
I come to Thee.

—HORATIUS BONAR.



May Twenty-fifth.

THINK that the grass upon thy grave is
green;
Think that thou seest thine own empty
chair;
The empty garments thou wast wont to
wear;
The empty room where long thy haunt hath
been.
Think that the lane, the meadow, and the
wood,
And mountain summit, feel thy feet no
more,
Nor the loud thoroughfare, nor sounding
shore;
All mere blank space where thou thyself
hath stood.
Amid this thought-created silence say
To thy stripped soul, What am I now and
where?
Then turn and face the petty, narrowing
care
Which has been gnawing thee for many a
day,
And it will die as dies a wailing breeze,
Lost in the solemn roar of bounding seas.

—JAMES SMETHAM.



May Twenty-sixth.

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides;
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

May Twenty-seventh.

BEAUTY still walketh on the earth and air
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As ere the Iliad's music was out-rolled;
The roses of the Spring are ever fair.
'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo
and pair
And the deep sea still foams its music old.
So, if we are at all divinely souled,
This beauty will unloose our bonds of care.

—ALEXANDER SMITH.

May Twenty-eighth.

I CANNOT say,
Beneath the presence of life's cares to-day,
I joy in these;
But I can say
That I would rather walk the rugged way
If Him it please.



May Twenty-ninth.

WHY art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole.
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head;
And His countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

May Thirtieth.

PEACE is that state in which there is no misery, no remorse, no sting. And there are but three things which can break that peace. The first is discord between the mind of man and the lot which he is called on to inherit; the second is discord between the affections and powers of the soul; and the third is doubt of the rectitude and justice and love wherewith this world is ordered. The man who has not peace in himself cannot get peace from circumstances. There is no thrill of pure peace that is impossible to you, if only you have placed yourself in earnest under the discipline of Christ.

—F. W. ROBERTSON.



May Thirty-first.

THUS a saint of old hath said,
“For Thyself Thou hast us made,
For Thine own.
Beats the heart all restlessly
Till it rest, O God, in Thee,
Thee alone.”

True, indeed; and yet, forsooth,
This is only half the truth,
Not the whole.
Sons of God,—and therefore brothers,—
We must find in serving others
Rest of soul.

—MARK GUY PEARSE.

June First.

IF one door should be shut, God will open
another; if the peas do not yield well,
the beans may: if one hen leaves her eggs,
another will bring out all her brood. There's
a bright side to all things, and a good God
everywhere. Somewhere or other in the
worst flood of trouble there always is a dry
spot for contentment to get its foot on, and
if there were not it would learn to swim.

—C. H. SPURGEON.



June Second.

O, IF men did truly know, that God is their own Father, and Christ their own Redeemer and Head, and that those are their own everlasting habitations, and that there they must abide and be happy forever; how could they choose but be transported with the forethoughts thereof! If a Christian could but look upon sun, moon, and stars, and reckon all his own in Christ, and say, "These are the blessings that my Lord hath procured me, and things incomparably greater than these;" what holy raptures would his spirit feel!

—RICHARD BAXTER.

June Third.

A COVETOUS man is fretful because he has not so much as he desires; but a gracious man is thankful because he has more than he deserves. It is true, I have not the sauce, but then I merit not the meat. I have not the lace; but then I deserve not the coat. I want that which may support my dignity, but I have that which supplies my necessity. "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content." Here is the flesh of the creatures to fill us and the fleece of the creature to cover us.—REV. WILLIAM SECKER.



June Fourth.

WHAT matters it though life uncertain be
To all? What though its goal
Be never reached? What though it fall and
flee,
Have we not each a soul?

Be like the bird that on a bough too frail
To bear him gayly swings;
He carols though the slender branches fail—
He knows that he has wings.

—VICTOR HUGO.

June Fifth.

GOD is a kind Father. He sets us all in the
places where He wishes us to be em-
ployed; and that employment is truly "our
Father's business." He chooses work for
every creature which will be delightful to
them, if they do it simply and humbly. He
gives us always strength enough, and sense
enough, for what He wants us to do; if we
either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is
our own fault. And we may always be
sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot
be pleasing Him, if we are not happy our-
selves.—JOHN RUSKIN.



June Sixth.

THERE'S a bird in my heart that sings
A melody sweet and fine;
Throughout his canticle rings
The strain of a love divine;
And the purpose his music moves —
The key of his minstrelsy —
Is the theme my spirit loves,
A Saviour that saveth me.
“Me—Me!” the echo rings
Of the song the sweet bird sings.
—MINNIE WILLIS BAINES.

June Seventh.

FRRIENDS, let us take to patience and water
gruel, as the old folks used to tell us,
rather than catch the miserables, and give
others the disease by wickedly finding fault
with God. The best remedy for affliction is
submitting to providence. What can't be
cured must be endured. If we cannot get
bacon, let us bless God that there are still
some cabbages in the garden. Must is a
hard nut to crack, but it has a sweet kernel.
“All things work together for good to them
that love God.”—C. H. SPURGEON.



June Eighth.

I SUSPECT we shall find some day that the loss of the human paradise consists chiefly in the closing of the human eyes; that at least, far more of it than people think remains about us still, only we are so filled with foolish desires and evil cares that we cannot see or hear, cannot even smell or taste the pleasant things round about us. We have need to pray in regard to the right receiving of the things of the senses even, "Lord, open Thou our hearts to understand Thy Word"; for each of these things is as certainly a word of God as Jesus is the Word of God.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

June Ninth.

CAN loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and
love?

Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

—MRS. S. F. ADAMS.



June Tenth.

LET a man say to himself, "I am not the perfect character I meant to be; this is not the conduct I had imagined for myself; these are not the fortunate circumstances I had always intended to be surrounded by." Let him at once admit that he is on a lower level than his ideal one; and then see what is to be done there.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

June Eleventh.

HE is coming, O my spirit! with His everlasting peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete.
He is coming, O my spirit! and His coming brings release.
I listen for the coming of His feet.

June Twelfth.

I SHOULD like to know a man who just minded his duty and troubled himself about nothing; who did his own work and did not interfere with God's. How nobly he would work—working not for reward, but



because it was the will of God! How happily he would receive his food and clothing, receiving them as the gifts of God! What peace would be his! What a sober gayety! How hearty and infectious his laughter! What a friend he would be! How sweet his sympathy! And his mind would be so clear he would understand everything. His eye being single, his whole body would be full of light. No fear of his ever doing a mean thing. He would die in a ditch rather. It is this fear of want that makes men do mean things.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

June Thirteenth.

SEE that little sunbeam
 Darting through the room
Lighting up the darkness,
 Scattering the gloom.

Let me be a sunbeam
 Everywhere I go,
Making glad and happy
 Every one I know.



June Fourteenth.

COME, heavy laden one,
Where'er thou art;
Lay at the Master's feet,
Thy broken heart;
Cast thou on Him thy care;
Though hard thy cross to bear,
Jesus, who answers prayer,
Sweet rest will give.

—FANNY J. CROSBY.

June Fifteenth.

IT'S O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird, in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky;
And honey-bees, blacken the clover seas;
There are none of you glad as I.

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair;
And oh, but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming
mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

—INA D. COOLBRITH.



June Sixteenth.

NOT always *seen* the wisdom and the love;
And sometimes hard to be believed,
when pain
Wrestles with faith, and almost overcomes;
Yet even in conflict thy sure words sus-
tain —
“In Me ye shall have peace!”

Father, the flesh is weak; fain would I rise
Above its weakness into things unseen;
Lift Thou me up; give me the open ear
To hear the voice that speaketh from
within —
“In Me ye shall have peace!”

June Seventeenth.

WE are saved by hope. Never man hoped
too much, or repented that he had
hoped. The plague is, that we don't hope
in God half enough. Hope never hurt any
one—never yet interfered with duty; nay, it
always strengthens to the performance of
duty, gives courage and clears the judgment.
St. Paul says we are saved by hope. Hope
is the most rational thing in the universe.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.



June Eighteenth.

BE strong to *hope*, O Heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, O Heart of mine,
Look towards the light!

Be strong to *bear*, O Heart!
Nothing is vain:
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain!

Be strong to *love*, O Heart!
Love knows not wrong;
Didst thou love—creatures even,
Life were not long;
Didst thou love God in heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong!

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

June Nineteenth.

YOU have a disagreeable duty to do at
twelve o'clock. Do not blacken nine
and ten and eleven, and all between, with



the color of twelve. Do the work of each, and reap your reward in peace. So when the dreaded moment in the future becomes the present, you shall meet it walking in the light, and that light will overcome its darkness. How often do men who have made up their minds what to say and do under certain expected circumstances, forget the words and reverse the actions! The best preparation is the present well seen to, the last duty done.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

June Twentieth.

OUR God is never so far off
As even to be near:
He is within; our spirit is
The home He holds most dear.
To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.
So, all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,
Myself God's sanctuary.

—FREDERICK W. FABER.



June Twenty-first.

UPON a cloud among the stars we stood.
The angel raised his hand and looked
and said,

“Which world, of all yon starry myriad,
Shall we make wing to?” The still solitude
Became a harp whereon his voice and mood
Made spheral music round his haloed head.
I spake—for then I had not long been dead—
“Let me look round upon the vasts, and
brood

A moment on these orbs ere I decide. . . .
What is yon lower star that beauteous
shines,
And with soft splendor now incarnadines
Our wings?—*There* would I go and there
abide.”

He smiled as one who some child's thought
divines:

“That is the world where yesternight you
died.”

—LLOYD MIFFLIN.

June Twenty-second.

IT is a grand thing for the English language
that there is no word for “*ennui*.” If
the creation had been drab-colored; if there



had been no horses, dogs, water-rats, or dragon-flies; if science and art had been intuitive; if religion had been clear; if all men's condition had been equal; if men and women were always amenable to reason, and boys were always quiet—then the world might have been somewhat dull: there would then have been a justifiable word for *ennui* in all languages; at present *ennui* is simply inanity or stupidity.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

June Twenty-third.

WHY, my soul, art thou perplexed ?
Why with faithless trouble vexed ?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When His countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

Why, my soul, art thou dismayed ?
Why of earth or hell afraid ?
Trust in God;—disdain to yield,
While o'er thee He casts His shield,
And His countenance divine
Sheds the light of heaven on thine.

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.



June Twenty-fourth.

WAST thou never in straits before, and did He not deliver thee? Arise, go to the river of thine experience, and pull up a few bulrushes, and plait them into an ark, wherein thine infant-faith may float safely on the stream. Forget not what thy God has done for thee; turn over the book of thy remembrance, and consider the days of old. Canst thou not remember the hill Mizar? Did the Lord never meet with thee at Hermon? Hast thou never climbed the Delectable Mountains? Hast thou never been helped in time of need? Nay, I know thou hast. Go back, then, a little way to the choice mercies of yesterday, and though all may be dark *now*, light up the lamps of the past; they shall glitter through the darkness, and thou shalt trust in the Lord till the day break and the shadows flee away.

—C. H. SPURGEON.

June Twenty-fifth.

HAVE hope. Though clouds environ now
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow —
No night but hath its morn.

—SCHILLER.



June Twenty-sixth.

ALMIGHTY God, Thou, who alone canst see the whole extent of our misery, canst alone cure it. Give us, we implore Thee, the faith, the hope, the love, the Christian courage that we need. Enable us ever to raise our eyes to Thee, the all-powerful, who wilt give to Thy children only what is for their everlasting good, and to Jesus Christ Thy Son, who is our example in suffering. Raise our hearts, O our Father; make them like His, that they may be self-denying, and may fear only Thy displeasure and eternal sorrow. O Lord, Thou seest the weakness and desolation of the creature of Thy hands. It has no resource in itself; it wants everything, and seeks in Thee with confidence the good it cannot find elsewhere.—FÉNELON.

June Twenty-seventh.

SOW love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And reap a harvest-home of light.

—HORATIUS BONAR.



June Twenty-eighth.

WE ourselves make our fortunes good or bad; and when God lets loose a tyrant upon us, or a sickness, or scorn, or a lessened fortune, if we fear to die, or know not to be patient, or are proud, or covetous, then the calamity sits heavy on us. But if we know how to manage a noble principle, and fear not death so much as a dishonest action, and think impatience a worse evil than a fever, and pride to be the biggest disgrace, and poverty to be infinitely desirable before the torments of covetousness; then we who now think vice to be so easy, and make it so familiar, and think the cure so impossible, shall quickly be of another mind, and reckon these accidents amongst things eligible.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

June Twenty-ninth.

IT is not that I'm happy,
It's not that I'm gay.
It's only that I am learning the way
Of living along from day to day,
Making the best of what is sent,—
Not happy, nor gay
But just content.

—P. C. NORTON.



June Thirtieth.

WHY shadow the beauty of sea or of land
With a doubt or a fear?
God holds all the swift-rolling worlds in His
hand,
And sees what no man can as yet understand,
That out of life here,
With its smile and its tear,
Comes forth into light, from eternity planned,
The soul of good cheer.
Don't worry —
The end shall appear.
—ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

July First.

LABOR to know that *heaven is thy own
happiness.* We may confess heaven to
be the best condition, though we despair of
enjoying it; and we may desire and seek it,
if we see the attainment but probable; but
we can never delightfully rejoice in it, till we
are in some measure persuaded of our title to
it. What comfort is it to a man that is
naked, to see the rich attire of others?
What delight is it for a man that hath not a
house to put his head in, to see the sumptu-
ous buildings of others?—RICHARD BAXTER.



July Second.

PEACE, perfect peace, by thronging duties
pressed ?

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
round ?

On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
away ?

In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

—E. H. BICKERSTETH.

July Third.

OUTWARD prosperity cannot create in-
ward tranquillity. Heartsease is a
flower that never grew in the world's gar-
den. The ground of a wicked man's trouble
is not because he has not enough of the
creature, but because he cannot find enough
in the creature. His possession is great
enough, but his disposition is not good
enough.—REV. WILLIAM SECKER.



July Fourth.

THE day of reappearing! how it speeds!
He who is true and faithful speaks the
word.

Then shall we ever be with those we love—
Then shall we be forever with the Lord.

Short death and darkness! Endless life and
light!

Short dimming; endless shining in yon
sphere,

Where all is incorruptible and pure;—

The joy without the pain, the smile with-
out the tear.

—HORATIUS BONAR.

July Fifth.

DESPAIR may be serviceable when it
arises from a temporary prostration of
spirits; during which the mind is insensibly
healing, and her scattered powers silently re-
turning. This is better than to be the sport
of a teasing hope without reason. But to in-
dulge in despair as a habit, is slothful,
cowardly, short-sighted; and manifestly
tends against nature. Despair is then the
paralysis of the soul.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.



July Sixth.

WHILE I am here, I will be a child at home with my God. The whole world shall be His house to me; and, when I ascend into the upper chamber, I shall not change my company, nor even change the house. I shall only be in the upper story forever.—C. H. SPURGEON.

July Seventh.

WHEN the morning is chilly and misty,
And clouds are gloomy and gray;
Then, hey for a smile!
And ho for a smile!
To brighten a rainy day.

—ANNA M. PRATT.

July Eighth.

THERE are no chagrins so venomous as the chagrins of the idle; there are no pangs so sickening as the satieties of pleasure. Nay, the bitterest and most enduring sorrow may be borne through the burden and heat of day bravely to the due time of death, by a true worker.—JOHN RUSKIN.



July Ninth.

JUST one day at a time, dear,
To trust God unafraid;
Just one day, not two, dear,
In which to be undismayed.

—ANNA MARIA SOHN.

July Tenth.

LET us prepare our minds against changes, always expecting them, that we be not surprised when they come: for nothing is so great an enemy to tranquillity and a contented spirit as the amazement and confusion of unreadiness and inconsideration; and when our fortunes are violently changed, our spirits are unchanged if they always stood in the suburbs and expectation of sorrows. "O death, how bitter art thou to a man that is at rest in his possessions!" And to the rich man who had promised to himself ease and fullness for many years, it was a sad arrest that his soul was surprised the first night: but the apostles, who every day knocked at the gate of death, and looked upon it continually, went to their martyrdom in peace and evenness.—JEREMY TAYLOR.



may yet be the Father will find some way of giving him his heart's desire. God only knows how rich God is in power of gift. See what He has done to make Himself able to give to His own heart's desire. The giving of His son was as the knife with which He would divide Himself among His children. He knows, He only, the heart, the needs, the deep desires, the hungry eternity, of each of them all. Therefore let every man ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not—and see at least what will come of it.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

July Thirteenth.

ALMIGHTY! Listen! I am dust.
Yet spirit am I, so I trust.
Let come what may of life or death,
I trust Thee with my sinking breath.
I trust Thee, though I see Thee not
In heaven or earth or any spot.
I trust Thee till I shall know why
There's one to live and one to die.
I trust Thee till Thyself shall prove
Thee Lord of life and death and love.

—ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.



July Fourteenth.

IT is marvellous how one sweet word of God will make whole songs for Christians. One word of God is like a piece of gold, and the Christian is the gold-beater, and can hammer that promise out for whole weeks. So, then, poor Christian, thou needest not sit down in despair. Go to the Comforter, and ask Him to give thee consolation. Thou art a poor dry well. You have heard it said, that when a pump is dry, you must pour water down it first of all, and then you will get water; and so, Christian, when thou art dry, go to God, ask Him to shed abroad His joy in thy heart, and then thy joy shall be full.—C. H. SPURGEON.

July Fifteenth.

WHO seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the Blessed are.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.



July Sixteenth.

THE little sharp vexations
And the briars that catch and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet ?

Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too ;
Tell Him the baffled purpose
When we scarce know what to do,

Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

July Seventeenth.

OUT in an air where fresh breezes blow
Away all the cobwebs that sometimes
grow
In the brains of those who turn from the
light
To all gloomy thoughts instead of the bright.
Contend with such foes and put them to
rout ;

Get out !



July Eighteenth.

WHEN troubles come, it is of no use to fly in the face of God by hard thoughts of providence; that is kicking against the pricks and hurting your feet. The trees bow in the wind, and so must we. Every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain we miss a blessing. Grumbling is a bad trade, and yields no profit, but patience has a golden hand. Our evils will soon be over. After rain comes clear shining; black crows have wings; every winter turns to spring; every night breaks into morning.—C. H. SPURGEON.

July Nineteenth.

THOU sweet, belovèd will of God,
My anchor-ground and fortress-hill,
My spirit's silent, fair abode,
In thee I hide me and am still.

O will, thou willest good alone;
Lead thou the way, thou guidest best;
A little child, I follow on,
And, trusting, lean upon thy breast.

—MADAME GUYON.



July Twentieth.

THERE'S a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

—CHARLES MACKAY.

July Twenty-first.

THE rewards of virtue are certain, and our provisions for our natural support are certain: or if we want meat till we die, then we die of that disease—and there are many worse than to die with an atrophy or consumption, or unapt and coarser nourishment. But he that suffers a transporting passion concerning things within the power of others, is free from sorrow and amazement no longer than his enemy shall give him leave; and it is ten to one but he shall be smitten then and there where it shall most trouble him; for so the adder teaches us where to strike, by her curious and fearful defending of her head.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.



July Twenty-second.

I *WILL be their God.*” If this do not make thine eyes sparkle, and thy heart beat high with bliss, then assuredly thy soul is not in a healthy state. But thou wantest more than present delights—thou cravest something concerning which thou mayest exercise *hope*; and what more canst thou hope for than the fulfillment of this great promise, “I will be their God”? This is the masterpiece of all the promises; its enjoyment makes a heaven below, and will make a heaven above. Dwell in the light of thy Lord, and let thy soul be always ravished with His love. Get out the marrow and fatness which this portion yields thee. Live up to thy privileges, and rejoice with unspeakable joy.—C. H. SPURGEON.

July Twenty-third.

O LOVE, Thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may “Abba, Father,” cry.

—TERSTEEGEN.



July Twenty-fourth.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world
and wide,
And that one talent which is death to
hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning,
chide;
“Doth God exact day-labor, light
denied?”
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not
need
Either man’s work or His own gifts;
who best
Bear His Mild yoke, they serve Him
best; His state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed
And post o’er land and ocean without
rest;”
They also serve who only stand and
wait.

—JOHN MILTON.



July Twenty-fifth.

WHAT would you say if, when school-time came to-morrow morning, your little boy, before he started with unwilling feet to school, entered your larder and busied himself in examining its contents, with especial reference to your provision for dinner? Would he not legitimately incur your displeasure? Would you not say, "Be off to school, and leave me to care while you are gone"? Would you not rebuke him for his want of simple trust? Oh, that we might learn lessons from our babes, and believe that life is one long residence in one of the mansions of our Father's home; and that the time can never come when the table is quite bare, and when there is nothing for our need!

—REV. F. B. MEYER.

July Twenty-sixth.

O LORD, who knowest every need of mine,
Help me to bear each cross, and not repine;
Grant me fresh courage every day,
Help me to do my work alway
Without complaint!

—ANNIE B. BALDWIN.



July Twenty-seventh.

THE soul loses command of itself, when it is impatient. Whereas, when it submits, without a murmur, it possesses itself in peace, and God is with it. To be impatient, is to desire what we have not, and not to desire what we have. An impatient soul is a prey to passions unrestrained, either by reason or faith. What weakness, what delusion! When we acquiesce in an evil, it is no longer such. Why make a real calamity of it, by resistance? Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remain firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.—FÉNELON.

July Twenty-eighth.

MURMUR not at ups and downs,
They are needful changes ;
He can never err in aught
Who thy lot arranges.
Seek not as the highest good
Thy content and pleasure:
Wings have they to fly thee still —
Seek a better treasure.



July Twenty-ninth.

REJOICE when thou dost see
God take thy things from thee;
Aye! the greater the loss
And the heavier the cross,
The greater the gain shall be.
When thy props are laid low,
And friend turns to foe,
'Tis but because now
God seeth that thou
No longer on crutches must go —
Each here
Whom He setteth alone
He Himself is most near.

July Thirtieth.

TH**E**R**E** was a beautiful river; but the
river was very discontented, and made
even of its beauty a source of discontent.

It had a sore grievance. There was a canal
which, for a long way, went almost side by
side with the river, and at such a little distance
from it, that, on placid evenings, when even
the fluttering of winged insects makes a
gentle noise of joy, the river and the canal
could hear one another speaking.

“This straight hideous thing,” exclaimed



the river, “ why do men forsake me for it, stealing the water from me to feed its frightfulness ? ”

“ I may be hideous, ” replied the canal, “ and I certainly am straight ; but then you see I am always of the same depth, whereas you brawl along, in a shallow way, over the stones here ; while, at the further reach, you are deep enough to drown a giant. Now men, and they are not to be blamed for it, like what is of even depth and always serviceable. ”

The river murmured to itself something about its unrecognized beauty and merit ; but did not make any distinct reply to the canal. For it could not.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

July Thirty-first.

IF you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin' !
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin' !
'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line ;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—
Keep a-goin' !



August First.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?

“Come to me”—saith One—“and coming,
Be at rest!”

August Second.

BE convinced that *heaven is the only treasure and happiness*, and labor to know what a treasure and happiness it is. If thou do not believe it to be the chief good, thou wilt never set thy heart upon it; and this conviction must sink into thy affections; for if it be only a notion, it will have little efficacy. As it is ignorance of the emptiness of things below, that makes men so overvalue them; so it is ignorance of the high delights above, which is the cause that men so little mind them. If you see a purse of gold, and believe it to be but counters, it will not entice your affections to it. As the Jews killed the Messiah, while they waited for Him, because they did not know Him; so the world cries out for rest, and busily seeks for delight and happiness, because they know it not; for did they thoroughly know what it is, they could not so slight the everlasting treasure.—RICHARD BAXTER.



August Third.

RIGHT lovely is the world, O God,
And I will praise it ever.
While I look up from earth's green sod
To Thee, the General Giver!
Thy grace did rein my youthful will,
All strength to Thee belongs,
And Thou, when hairs are gray, dost fill
The old man's breast with songs.
Shine, shine, O April bright,
And drive dull care away!

—JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

August Fourth.

I DO verily believe that the world will come, finally, to understand that God paints the clouds and shapes the moss-fibres, that men may be happy in seeing Him at His work, and that in resting quietly beside Him, and watching His working, and—according to the power He has communicated to ourselves, and the guidance He grants—in carrying out His purposes of peace and charity among all His creatures, are the only real happinesses that ever were, or will be, possible to mankind.—JOHN RUSKIN.



August Fifth.

“MY cup runneth over.” “He had not only a fullness of abundance, but of redundancy. Those that have this happiness must carry their cup upright, and see that it overflow into their poor brethren’s emptier vessels. The showers that fall upon the highest mountains should glide into the lowest valleys.” The fact that you are a Christian may without doubt assure you a safe entrance into heaven, but it may not mean that you are much of a blessing to your friends about you. God makes the life to overflow, that other men’s lives may be touched with your power. For it is only the *overflow* of your life that proves a blessing to your friends and kindred. It is the overflow of the Nile that makes the valley of the Nile fruitful.—J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

August Sixth.

THOSE who think too highly of their own deserts, will think too meanly of their estates. It is ever the task of God to satisfy the desires of men. He can do everything, but they are not pleased with anything. There is no man but what has received



more good than he has deserved, and done more evil than has been inflicted: he should therefore be contented, though he see but little good ; and not discontented, though he suffer much evil.—REV. WILLIAM SECKER.

August Seventh.

IF I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race,
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain —
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

August Eighth.

ALWAYS, everywhere, forever, sorrow obeys Him. Always it is His instrument and conforms to His laws, and does His work. And this work is salvation. It is the destruction of sorrow by destroying the causes of sorrow; it is the giving to man the Peace of God.—THEOPHILUS PARSONS.



August Ninth.

O SOUND the grand symphony down
through the years!
The ages are climbing away from their biers!
Christ came, by the portal—mortality's
womb—
And opened, towards heaven, the gates of the
tomb!
There's a tidal uplifting—hope cleaving—faith
hears
The building of mansions, for us, in the
spheres!

—CHARLOTTE GRANT MACINTYRE.

August Tenth.

SEMPRONIUS complained of want of
clothes, and was much troubled for a
new suit, being ashamed to appear in the
theatre with his gown a little threadbare:
but when he got it, and gave his old clothes
to Codrus, the poor man was ravished with
joy, and went and gave God thanks for his
new purchase; and Codrus was made richly
fine and cheerfully warm by that which Sem-
pronius was ashamed to wear: and yet their
natural needs were both alike; the difference



only was that Sempronius had some artificial and fantastical necessities superinduced, which Codrus had not, and was harder to be relieved, and could not have joy at so cheap a rate, because he only lived according to nature, the other by pride and ill customs, and measures taken by other men's eyes and tongues, and artificial needs. He that propounds to his fancy things greater than himself or his needs, and is discontent and troubled when he fails of such purchases, ought not to accuse providence, or blame his fortune, but his folly. God and nature made no more needs than they mean to satisfy; and he that makes more must look for satisfaction where he can.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

August Eleventh.

IT is not that I feel less weak, but Thou
Wilt be my strength; it is not that I see
Less sin, but there is pardoning love with
Thee,
And all-sufficient grace. Enough! And now
I do not think or pray, I only rest,
And feel that Thou art near, and know that I
am blest.

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



August Twelfth.

NAY, do not wrong Him by thy heavy
thoughts,
But love His love.
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove;
Take Him for what He is, O take Him all,
And look above!

—HORATIUS BONAR.

August Thirteenth.

TO be poor is not always pleasant, but worse things than that happen at sea. Small shoes are apt to pinch, but not if you have a small foot; if we have little means it will be well to have little desires. Poverty is no shame, but being discontented with it is. In some things the poor are better off than the rich; for if a poor man has to seek meat for his stomach, he is more likely to get what he is after than the rich man who seeks a stomach for his meat. It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness. It is not the quantity of our goods, but the blessing of God on what we have that makes us truly rich.

—C. H. SPURGEON.



August Fourteenth.

OUT of myself, dear Lord,
Oh, lift me up!
No more I trust myself in life's dim maze,
Sufficient to myself in all its devious ways
I trust no more, but humbly at Thy throne
Pray, "Lead me, for I cannot go alone."

August Fifteenth.

ENJOY the present, whatsoever it be, and
be not solicitous for the future; for if
you take your foot from the present standing,
and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's
event, you are in a restless condition: it is
like refusing to quench your present thirst by
fearing you shall want drink the next day.
If it be well to-day, it is madness to make
the present miserable by fearing it may be ill
to-morrow—when your belly is full of to-
day's dinner, to fear you shall want the next
day's supper; for it may be you shall not,
and then to what purpose was this day's
affliction? But if to-morrow you shall want,
your sorrow will come time enough, though
you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry
till its own day comes.—JEREMY TAYLOR.



August Sixteenth.

HEART, heart, awake! The love that loveth
all

Maketh a deeper calm than Horeb's cave;
God in thee, can His children's folly gall?

Love may be hurt, but shall not love be
brave?—

Thy holy silence sinks in dews of balm;
Thou art my solitude, my mountain calm.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

August Seventeenth.

NOTHING is done on earth or in heaven,
but by the will or by the permission of
God; yet men do not desire this will, but
inasmuch as it promotes their own wishes.
Let us desire that His will be done, and only
His, and we shall make a heaven of earth.
We must thank God for everything, for evil
as well as good things; for evil becomes good
when He sends it. We must not murmur at
the conduct of His providence; we shall find
it is all in wisdom, and adore it. O God,
what do I see in the course of the stars, in
the order of the seasons, but Thy will which
they accomplish? Let it also be fulfilled in
my soul.—FÉNELON.



August Eighteenth.

THE dark hath many dear avails;
The dark distills divinest dews;
The dark is rich with nightingales,
With dreams, and with the heavenly Muse.

—SIDNEY LANIER.

August Nineteenth.

THOUGH hearts brood o'er the past, our
eyes
With smiling futures glisten !
For, lo ! where day bursts up the skies :
Lean out your souls, and listen !
The world is rolling Freedom's way,
And ripening with her sorrow.
Take heart ! Who bear the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

—GERALD MASSEY.

August Twentieth.

WHERE we pitch our nightly tent
Surely matters not;
If the day for Thee is spent,
Blessed is the spot;
Quickly we the tent may fold,
Cheerful march through storm and cold,
With Thy care.



August Twenty-first.

WHAT a serene and quiet life you might lead if you would leave providing to the God of Providence! With a little oil in the cruse, and a handful of meal in the barrel, Elijah outlived the famine, and you will do the same. If God cares for you, why need you care too? Can you trust Him for your soul, and not for your body? He has never refused to bear your burdens, He has never fainted under their weight. Come, then, soul! have done with fretful care, and leave all thy concerns in the hand of a gracious God.—C. H. SPURGEON.

August Twenty-second.

O'ER all the transient things of time
The oblivious foot of years hath trod;
But all that's sacred and sublime
Stands steadfast as the truth of God.

—JOHN BOWRING.

August Twenty-third.

WE ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others. There is no doubt some selfish



satisfaction in yielding to melancholy; in brooding over grievances, especially if more or less imaginary; in fancying that we are victims of fate. To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort; there is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy; in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

August Twenty-fourth.

BELIEVE me, friend, essential worth
Is heaven's most precious gift to earth.
Howe'er men measure,
The humble heart that loves its lot,
Does well its part, and envies not,
Hath time's best treasure.

—JAMES BUCKHAM.

August Twenty-fifth.

I WILL go forth 'mong men, not mailed in
scorn,
But in the armor of a pure intent.
Great duties are before me, and great songs,
And whether crowned or crownless when I
fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done.

—ALEXANDER SMITH.



August Twenty-sixth.

“**W**ILL you pull back the curtains,
mamma ?” he said,
“ There’s a beautiful moon to-night,
And I want to lie right here in my bed
And watch it so yellow and bright.”

So I tried to arrange the curtains and bed
For the dear little laddie of mine.
“ Can you see it now ? ” “ No,” he cheer-
fully said,
“ But I can see its beautiful shine.”

Dear baby! his innocent answer I prize ;
It is full of a meaning divine.
When the bright things we wish drift away
from our eyes,
May not we, too, rejoice in their “ shine ” ?
—BESSIE CHANDLER.

August Twenty-seventh.

SOME one has said that where there is
a shadow there must be a light some-
where, and so there is. Death stands by the
side of the highway in which we have to
travel, and the light of heaven shining upon
him throws a shadow across our path. Let
us then rejoice that there is a light beyond.



Nobody is afraid of a shadow, for a shadow cannot stop a man's pathway even for a moment. The shadow of a dog cannot bite; the shadow of a sword cannot kill; the shadow of death cannot destroy us. Why therefore should we be afraid?

— J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

August Twenty-eighth.

I KNOW that, whatever of sorrow
Or pain or temptation befall,
The infinite Master has suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet, old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And my heart that was bruised and broken
Shall grow patient and strong and calm.

August Twenty-ninth.

TAKE it as you find it—
Black or beaming sky.
Smile and never mind it—
Little time to sigh.

Fast the clouds are creeping
Over heavens of blue.
Little time for weeping—
Skies 'll weep for you!



August Thirtieth.

DISAPPOINTMENT, His appointment;
Change one letter, then I see
That the thwarting of my purpose
Is God's better choice for me.
His appointment must be blessing,
Though it may come in disguise,
For the end from the beginning
Open to His wisdom lies.

August Thirty-first.

I DO not know that there is anything that one could implant in a young person's mind which would tend more, both to make his fortune, and to make him happy, than a belief that people mostly spoke well of him behind his back. This notion would suit all dispositions, and would make the best of them. It would delight the vain, rejoice the affectionate, neutralize the quarrelsome, and not be displeasing even to the proud. But would it be true? To a considerable extent it would. There is a certain amount of ill-natured speech (*medisance* the French aptly call it) to which all alike are liable, in their absence. It is the exact opposite to polite-



ness. Even your brothers and sisters do not say the things to your face which everybody says or admits behind your back. But after this (except in the case of the great, the powerful, the distinguished, or the famous—who are almost always calumniated) there is not much extra ill-natured speech about men behind their backs—not a hundredth part so much as sensitive people and young people fancy.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

September First.

LET us not be governed by external, and present, and seeming things; nor let us make the same judgment of things that common and weak understandings do; nor make other men, and they not the wisest, to be judges of our felicity, so that we be happy or miserable as they please to make us: but let reason, and experience, and religion, and hope relying on the divine promises, be the measure of our judgment. No wise man did ever describe felicity without virtue; and no good man did ever think virtue could depend upon the variety of a good or bad fortune. It is no evil to be poor, but to be vicious and impatient.—JEREMY TAYLOR.



September Second.

SO shall I quiet my heart, so shall I keep it still,
So shall I hush its tremulous start at tidings of good or ill;
So shall I silence my soul with a peacefulness deep and broad,
So shall I gather divine control in the infinite quiet of God.

September Third.

O HEART of mine, be patient!
Some glad day
With all life's puzzling problems
Solved for aye;
With all its storms and doubting
Cleared away;
With all its little disappointments past,
It shall be thine to understand at last.

September Fourth.

WE are in the world like men playing at tables; the chance is not in our power, but to play it is; and when it is fallen we must manage it as we can: and let nothing trouble us, but when we do a base action, or speak like a fool, or think wickedly,—these



things God hath put into our powers; but concerning those things which are wholly in the choice of another, they cannot fall under our deliberation, and therefore neither are they fit for our passions.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

September Fifth.

DARK is the memory of the past,
Dark the approaching days to come;
And darker yet the shades which cast
O'er passing hours their present gloom.

When shall that thickening gloom disperse,
God's heavenly sunshine breaking through?
When shall the glorious universe
Wear cheerful robes and smile anew?

O, if distrust, and if despair
Usurp the sceptre of the soul,
How should God's brightness enter there,
To comfort, counsel, and control?

But let thy heart the thoughts dismiss,
Which doubt, or censure, or complain,
And soon a very tide of bliss
Shall rush into that heart again.

—JOHN BOWRING.



September Sixth.

NEVER look sad—nothing's so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Long you'll not weep, would you but peep
At the bright side of every trial;
Fortune you'll find is often most kind
When chilling your hopes with denial.

—T. H. BAYLEY.

September Seventh.

WHEN the north wind blows hard, and
it rains sadly, none but fools sit down
in it and cry; wise people defend themselves
against it with a warm garment, or a good
fire and a dry roof. When a storm of a sad
mischance beats upon our spirits, turn it into
some advantage by observing where it can
serve another end, either of religion or pru-
dence, of more safety or less envy: it will
turn into something that is good, if we list
to make it so; at least it may make us weary
of the world's vanity, and take off our con-
fidence from uncertain riches, and make our
spirits to dwell in those regions where con-



tent dwells essentially. If it does any good to our souls, it hath made more than sufficient recompense for all the temporal affliction.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

September Eighth.

SOME skies may be gloomy,
Some moments be sad,
But everywhere, always,
Some souls must be glad;
For true is the saying
Proclaimed by the seer —
“ Each day is the best day
Of somebody’s year! ”

—PRISCILLA LEONARD.

September Ninth.

IF the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the universe, perhaps it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greatest plenty which the condition of life makes of the greatest use; and that nothing is penuriously imparted, or placed far from the reach of men, of which a more liberal distribution, or more easy acquisition, would increase real and rational felicity.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.



September Tenth.

IMPATIENT people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts; sorrows are visitors that come without invitation, but complaining minds send a wagon to bring their troubles home in. Many people are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed; they chew the bitter pill which they would not even know to be bitter if they had the sense to swallow it whole in a cup of patience and water.—C. H. SPURGEON.

September Eleventh.

STILL will we trust though earth seem dark
and dreary
And the heart faint beneath His chastening
rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn
and weary
Still will we trust in God!

Choose for us, God! nor let our weak pre-
ferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast de-
signed;
Choose for us, God! Thy wisdom is unerr-
ing,
And we are fools and blind.



September Twelfth.

WHY not leave them all with Jesus,
All thy cares,
All the things that fret thee daily,
Earth's affairs?
Pour out all thy sin and longing;
He has felt
Need of human love as thou hast,
And has knelt
At His Father's feet imploring
For the day
Strength to guard against temptation
By the way.

September Thirteenth.

WERE it possible to put those things
asunder which God Himself hath joined
together, a Christian would rather be holy
without any happiness, than happy without
any holiness. Luther had this expression,
"I had rather be in hell with Christ, than in
heaven without Christ." Indeed, hell itself
would be a heaven if God were in it, and
heaven would be a hell if God were from it.

—REV. WILLIAM SECKER.



September Fourteenth.

OF all the trials of faith that as yet I have had to pass through, this was the greatest; and, by God's abundant mercy, I own it to His praise, I was enabled to delight myself in the will of God; for I felt perfectly sure that if the Lord took this beloved daughter, it would be best for her parents, best for herself, and more for the glory of God than if she lived: this better part I was satisfied with; and thus my heart had peace, perfect peace, and I had not a moment's anxiety. Thus would it be under all circumstances, however painful, were the believer exercising faith.

—GEORGE MÜLLER.

September Fifteenth.

WHAT'S the use of worrying,
Of hurrying
And scurrying,
Everybody flurrying,
And breaking up their rest?
When every one is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best.



September Sixteenth.

CLING thou to Faith beyond the forms of
Faith.

She reels not in the storm of warring
words,

She sees the Best that glimmers through the
Worst,

She feels the sun is hid but for a night,

She spies the summer through the winter
bud,

She tastes the fruit before the blossom
falls,

She hears the lark within the songless egg,

She finds the fountain where they wailed,
“Mirage!”

And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,

And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if
thou

Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest
—beyond

A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,

And past the range of Night and Shadows
see

The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal
day

Strike on the Mount of Vision !

—ALFRED TENNYSON.



September Seventeenth.

GOD hath appointed one remedy for all the evils in the world, and that is a contented spirit: for this alone makes a man pass through fire, and not be scorched; through seas, and not be drowned; through hunger and nakedness, and want nothing. For since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite, as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss; he that composes his spirit to the present accident, hath variety of instances for his virtue, but none to trouble him, because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

September Eighteenth.

IT is said that when Nansen, the explorer, went to the Arctic regions, he took with him a phonograph into which he had had his wife, a most accomplished musician, sing her sweetest songs, and into which also his little children had talked a message to him; and, when he was in the frozen seas of the north, and the nights were dark, and his heart was almost broken because of a sense of loneli-



ness, he would start the phonograph, and hear again the music of his home, which would make his heart rejoice. With all due reverence for the word of God, it is like His phonograph to us. Into it He has talked messages of peace and promises of blessings, and one could not go on believing that he was led by the Spirit and controlled by Christ without all the time being filled with joy in the study of this book.

—J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

September Nineteenth.

I HAVE found 'tis good to note
The blessing that is mine each day;
For happiness is vainly sought
In some dim future far away.

—AMELIA E. BARR.

September Twentieth.

CHRISTIAN! do not dishonor your religion
by always wearing a brow of care;
come, cast your burden upon the Lord. You
are staggering beneath a weight your Father
would not feel. What seems to you a crush-
ing burden, would be to Him but as the
small dust of the balance.

—C. H. SPURGEON.



September Twenty-first.

SUPPOSE God were building a palace for you, and had set up a scaffold upon which He wanted you to help Him; would it be reasonable in you to complain that you didn't find the scaffold at all a comfortable place to live in?—that it was draughty and cold? This world is that scaffold; and if you were busy carrying stones and mortar for the palace, you would be glad of all the cold to cool the glow of your labor.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

September Twenty-second.

WITH toils and cares unending
Art beset?
Bethink thee, how the storms from heaven
descending,
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bend-
ing,
And bide a wee, and dinna fret.

September Twenty-third.

YOU have only to turn round, or to swoon backward, and you will find yourself caught in the arms of God's goodness and mercy, which are following you



always. You may not realize that they are near; you may feel lonely and sad and desolate; it may be one of your bad days, sunless and dreary, without a ray of comfort or a flash of hope, surrounded by objects and forms of dread. Yet there, close by you, evident to God's angels, though veiled from your faithless sight, stand the glorious, loving, pitying forms of God's infinite goodness, which cannot fail, and His tender mercy. They will spread you a table in the desert as they did for Elijah; or they will flash through the storm and stand beside you, bidding you *fear not*, as they did for Paul.

—REV. F. B. MEYER.

September Twenty-fourth.

SIMPLE rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
“Trust in God, and do the right.”

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee;
“Trust in God, and do the right.”

—NORMAN MACLEOD.



September Twenty-fifth.

NOTHING to breathe but air;
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep us from going nude.

Nothing to do but things;
Quick as a flash, they're gone!
Nowhere to fall but off;
Nowhere to sit but on;

Nothing to quench but a thirst;
Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to weep but tears,—
Ah me! Alas and alack!
Nowhere to go but out;
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to comb but our hair;
Nothing to wed but a wife.
Only to suffer and bear,—
What is the value of life?

—BEN. KING.



September Twenty-sixth.

THE greater our dread of crosses, the more necessary they are for us. Be not cast down, when the hand of God is heavy upon you. We must measure the greatness of our evils by the violence of the remedies that the Physician of souls thinks necessary for our cure. St. Paul said, "I am nailed to the cross with Jesus Christ." Let us pray for His spirit and self-renunciation. What can we suffer that He has not suffered? Weak, cowardly nature, be silent; look at the Master, and be ashamed to complain. Let thy love to Him reconcile thee to thy cross; then, though thou shalt suffer, it will be willingly.

—FÉNELON.

September Twenty-seventh.

IN His own good time the clouds shall lift
and lighten;
Winter shall pass with stinging frost and
rime;
The night will fade, dawn and the day-star
brighten—
All in His own good time.

—DORA READ GOODALE.



September Twenty-eighth.

THE Lord of men and angels was also the king of sufferings; and if thy coarse robe trouble thee, remember the swaddling-clothes of Jesus; if thy bed be uneasy, yet it is not worse than His manger; and it is no sadness to have a thin table, if thou callest to mind that the king of heaven and earth was fed with a little breast-milk; and yet, besides this, He suffered all the sorrows which we deserved. We, therefore, have great reason to sit down upon our hearths, and warm ourselves at our own fires, and feed upon content at home; for it were a strange pride to expect to be more gently treated by the Divine Providence than the best and wisest men, than apostles and saints, nay, the Son of the eternal God, the heir of both the worlds.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

September Twenty-ninth.

IT may be a commonplace thing to say, but it has the charming truthfulness of commonplace, to say, that more than half the difficulties of the world would be allayed or removed by the exhibition of good temper. In official or parliamentary life, most people,



who have had great experience, will tell you that the main difficulty in accomplishing a good work consists, not in the innate arduousness of the work itself, but in prevailing over the humors and tempers of the men who have to frame it, to consider it, and to bring it into execution. Temper is not only, as the good bishop (Wilson) said, “nine-tenths of Christianity,” but it constitutes nine-tenths of secular success as well as of religious life.

—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

September Thirtieth.

THE Lord is ever close and near
To those who keep His word;
Whene'er they cry to Him in fear,
Their prayer is surely heard;
He knoweth well who love Him well;
His love shall yet their clouds dispel,
And grant the hope deferred.

—PAUL GERHARDT.

October First.

JOY to-day and grief to-morrow;
Blizzard, then a week of sun;
If we never had a sorrow,
Who'd know he was having fun?



October Second.

OUR times are in Thy hand, and Thou
Wilt guide our footsteps at Thy will:
Lord, to Thy purposes we bow,
Do Thou Thy purposes fulfill !

Life's mighty waters roll along,
Thy spirit guides them as they roll;
And waves on waves impetuous throng
At Thy command, at Thy control.

Lord, we Thy children look to Thee,
And with an humble, prostrate will,
Find, in Thine all-sufficiency,
A claim to love and serve Thee still.

—JOHN BOWRING.

October Third.

UNDER the shadow,
Shepherd and King,
Safe from all evil,
Under Thy wing,
Strangers and pilgrims,
Forward we move,
Calm in Thy keeping,
Strong in Thy love!

—HORATIUS BONAR.



October Fourth.

THIS to-day and that to-morrow!
Ring the changes, Fate, at will!
Now a joy, and now a sorrow,
Gift of good or dole of ill.

This for now, and that for after!
Take it, make the best of each!
Both the mourning and the laughter
What we need to learn shall teach.

—L. ORMISTON CHANT.

October Fifth.

THIS may be your last day upon earth. If so, would your pace through the valley be the same as your walk of yesterday?

2. If "to live is Christ and to die is gain," and your life is anything less than Christ, then what will your death be?

3. If the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day, then what is it that casts the shadows on your path? It must be something between you and the light.

4. If to-morrow should mark your entrance into glory, then live to-day as you will wish you had when you see Him.

—J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.



October Sixth.

SING, Christian, sing! De songs to earf
am giben,
Jus' de faintest echo ob dat comin' Heaben!
Sing, sinner, sing! De heart dat's filled wid
song
Can't be de hiding-place ob dat ole Satan
long.
Dat was de message de Lórd sent down to
me,
By dat little singin' robin, out in de maple
tree.

—S. READE BROCTON.

October Seventh.

WHEN one's flesh and bones are full of
aches and pains, it is as natural for us
to murmur as for a horse to shake his head
when the flies tease him, or a wheel to rattle
when a spoke is loose; but nature should
not be the rule with Christians, or what is
their religion worth? If a soldier fights no
better than a ploughboy, off with his red
coat. We expect more fruit from an apple-
tree than from a thorn, and we have a right
to do so. The disciples of a patient Saviour
should be patient themselves. Grin and



bear it is the old-fashioned advice, but sing and bear it is a great deal better. After all, we get very few cuts of the whip, considering what bad cattle we are; and when we do smart a little, it is soon over. Pain past is pleasure, and experience comes by it. We ought not to be afraid of going down into Egypt when we know we shall come out of it with jewels of silver and gold.

—C. H. SPURGEON.

October Eighth.

WE think we have many important concerns, but have really but one. If that is attended to, all others will be done; if that is wanting, all the rest, however successful they may seem to be, will go to ruin. Why then should we divide our hearts and our occupations? Oh! thou sole business of life, henceforth thou shalt have my undivided attention. Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at the moment, without anxiety, according to the strength which He shall give me, the work that His providence assigns me. I will leave the rest; it is not my affair.—FÉNELON.



October Ninth.

AND do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain
More than the Father's heart rich good
invent?
Each time we smell the autumn's dying
scent,
We know the primrose time will come
again;
Not more we hope, nor less would soothe
our pain.
Be bounteous in thy faith, for not misspent
Is confidence unto the Father lent:
Thy need is sown and rooted for His rain.
His thoughts are as thine own; nor are His
ways
Other than thine, but by their loftier sense
Of beauty infinite and love intense.
Work on. One day, beyond all thought of
praise,
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays;
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.
—GEORGE MACDONALD.

October Tenth.

THE chief security against the fruitless
anguish of impatience must arise from
frequent reflection on the wisdom and good-



ness of the God of nature, in whose hands are riches and poverty, honor and disgrace, pleasure and pain, and life and death. A settled conviction of the tendency of everything to our good, and of the possibility of turning miseries into happiness by receiving them rightly, will incline us to bless the name of the Lord, whether He gives or takes away.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

October Eleventh.

“**S**TAY firm.” Let not the future,
Though dim and drear,
Fill thee with dread foreboding
And anxious fear.
'Tis only thine to follow
Where He shall lead;
Thy Shepherd King provideth
For every need.

October Twelfth.

ONE reason, at least, why men pass through this world chafing, fretful, and dissatisfied with their lot in life, is just this: they have formed an overweening estimate of self, and they find that neither God nor man treats them as they think they deserve.

—F. W. ROBERTSON.



October Thirteenth.

AN unquiet mind makes but a slow recovery. Contentment is the best food to preserve a sound man, and the best medicine to restore a sick man. It resembles the gilt on nauseous pills, which makes a man take them without tasting their bitterness. Contentment will make a cottage look as fair as a palace. He is not a poor man that hath but little, but he is a poor man that wants much.—REV. WILLIAM SECKER.

October Fourteenth.

WAS the trial sore?
Temptation sharp? Thank God a
second time!
Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his
foot,
And so be pedestalled in triumph? Pray
“Lead us into no such temptations, Lord!”
Yea, but O Thou, whose servants are the
bold,
Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
That so he may do battle and have praise!

ROBERT BROWNING.



October Fifteenth.

CALM Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of Thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar.
The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more; nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

October Sixteenth.

HE that threw a stone at a dog, and hit his
cruel stepmother, said, that although
he intended it otherwise, yet the stone was
not quite lost; and if we fail in the first de-
sign, if we bring it home to another equally
to content us, or more to profit us, then we
have put our conditions past the power of
chance; and this was called in the old Greek
comedy, "a being revenged on fortune by
becoming philosophers," and turning the
chance into reason or religion: for so a wise
man shall overrule his stars, and have a greater
influence upon his own content than all the
constellations and planets of the firmament.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.



October Seventeenth.

NO bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill
For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withholds or grants.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

October Eighteenth.

WOULD any man be Dives to have his
wealth, or Judas for his office, or Saul
for his kingdom, or Absalom for his beauty,
or Ahithophel for his policy? It is likely he
would wish all these, and yet he would be
the same person still. For every man hath
desires of his own, and objects just fitted to
them, without which he cannot be, unless he
were not himself. And let every man that
loves himself so well as to love himself before
all the world, consider if he have not some-
thing for which in the whole he values him-
self far more than he can value any man
else. There is, therefore, no reason to take
the finest feathers from all the winged nation



to deck that bird that thinks already she is more valuable than any of the inhabitants of the air. Either change all or none. Cease to love yourself best, or be content with that portion of being and blessing for which you love yourself so well.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

October Nineteenth.

“**W**HAT wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord?”

Think, little child—thy conscience try,
Rebellious deed and idle word,
And selfish thought and envious eye;
Hast thou no mark of these? and yet
Full in thy sight His law was set.
Oh, if He joyed the Cross to bear,
With patience take thy little share.

—JOHN KEBLE.

October Twentieth.

NOW in what are you rightly happy?
Not in thinking of what you have done
yourself; not in your own pride; not your
own birth; not in your own being, or your
own will, but in looking at God; watching
what He does; what He is; and obeying His
law, and yielding yourself to His will.

—JOHN RUSKIN.



October Twenty-first.

“**H**E giveth quietness.” O Elder Brother,
Whose homeless feet have pressed
our path of pain,
Whose hands have borne the burden of our
sorrow,
That in Thy losses we might find our gain,

Of all Thy gifts and infinite consolings
I ask but this: In every troubled hour
To hear Thy voice through all the tumult
stealing,
And rest serene beneath its tranquil power.

Cares cannot fret me if my soul be dwelling
In the still air of faith's untroubled day;
Grief cannot shake me if I walk beside Thee,
My hand in Thine along the darkening way.

Content to know there comes a radiant morn-
ing
When from all shadows I shall find re-
lease:
Serene to wait the rapture of its dawning,
Who can make trouble when Thou sendest
peace?

—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



October Twenty-second.

THIS world is a pretty good sort of a world,
Taking it all together;
In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet,
In spite of the gloomy weather.
There are friends to love and hopes to cheer,
And plenty of compensation
For every ache, for those who make
The best of the situation.

October Twenty-third.

WHAT a disproportion there is between what we endure here and what we hope for in heaven! The first Christians rejoiced without ceasing at the hope placed before them; for they believed that they saw the heavens opening to them. The cross, disgrace, punishment, the most cruel death, could not discourage them. They trusted to that infinite goodness, that would compensate them for all their sufferings. They were transported with joy at being counted worthy to suffer; while we, cowardly spirits, cannot endure, because we cannot hope; we are overwhelmed by the least sorrow, and often by those troubles that spring from our own pride, or imprudence, or effeminacy.

—FÉNELON.



October Twenty-fourth.

OH, let me show
The strong reality of gospel story;
Oh, let me go
From strength to strength, from glory unto
glory;
Oh, let me sing
For very joy, because Thou art my King;
Oh, let me praise
Thy love and faithfulness through all my
days!

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

October Twenty-fifth.

A WISE man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or centre of a wheel, in the midst of all the circumvolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up, and which is down; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised, whatever happens, either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.



October Twenty-sixth.

COVER the fire, put out the lights,
The weary work of the day is done.
The shadows of night are on vale and heights,
We may sleep and rest till another sun.

Cover the fire, put out the lights,
The tasks of the year are over and done,
We have trodden our valleys, and climbed
our heights,
In life's hard fight we have lost or won.

Cover the fire, put out the lights,
Smile in the dark, when the day is done.
We are God's dear children, in days and nights,
And safe in His love our swift years run.

October Twenty-seventh.

YOU hear much of conversion nowadays:
but people always seem to think they
have got to be made wretched by conversion,
—to be converted to long faces. No, friends,
you have got to be converted to short ones;
you have to repent into childhood, to repent
into delight, and delightsomeness. . . . It
is among children only, and as children only,
that you will find medicine for your healing
and true wisdom for your teaching.

—JOHN RUSKIN.



October Twenty-eighth.

THE bird that to the evening sings,
Leaves music when her song is ended;
A sweetness left which takes not wings,
But with each pulse of eve is blended;
Thus life involves a double light;
Our acts and words have many brothers;
The heart that makes its own delight,
Makes also a delight for others.

—CHARLES SWAIN.

October Twenty-ninth.

WE find it difficult to believe in that
almighty goodness that inflicts trials
on those whom it loves. Why, we say,
should it please God to make us suffer? Why
could He not make us good without making
us miserable? Doubtless He could, for He is
all-powerful; the hearts of men are in His
hands, and He can turn them as He will.
But He, who could save us from sorrow,
has not chosen to do it; just as He has willed
that men should slowly grow from infancy to
manhood, instead of creating them at once in
maturity. We have only to be silent, and
adore His profound wisdom without compre-
hending it. Thus we see clearly, that we



cannot be virtuous but in proportion as we become humble, disinterested, trusting everything to God, without any unquiet concern about ourselves.—FÉNELON.

October Thirtieth.

THE only sure way to get rid of a past is by getting a future out of it. I am sure it would help us if we could only see that often sin is a perversion of good; that, as is often the case, the very sin came from a part of our nature that God made—a sense of justice, strong affections, or something that, if only turned in the right direction, would have made us whole. Don't think there is no good in you; there is, or there would be nothing to appeal to.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

October Thirty-first.

YE doubts and fears that once we knew,
Ye bitter words of anger born;
Ye thoughts unkind and deeds untrue,
Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn:
Against your memory we rebel—
We have outlived your foolish day;
No longer in our hearts you dwell—
Bygones! Bygones! pass away!
—CHARLES MACKAY.



November First.

I KNOW not by what methods rare,
But this I know: God answers prayer.

I know not when He sends the word
That tells us fervent prayer is heard.

I know it cometh, soon or late;
Therefore we need to pray and wait.

I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the guise I thought.

I leave my prayers with Him alone
Whose will is wiser than my own.

November Second.

IT has been well said that no man ever sank
under the burden of the day. It is when
to-morrow's burden is added to the burden
of to-day, that the weight is more than a
man can bear. Never load yourselves so,
my friends. If you find yourselves so
loaded, at least remember this: it is your do-
ings, not God's. He begs you to leave the
future to Him, and mind the present. What
more or what else could He do to take the
burden off you?—GEORGE MACDONALD.



November Third.

SAY it over and over to-day, "He is *my* shepherd; He is **MY** shepherd." This little word will make a paradise of earth, and fill with glory the home where you live and the place where you work; in a word, it will lift you up to the heavenlies. The water-spider forms a sac-like cottage, and fills it with air; then shuts herself in and sinks into the sea. She then anchors it and there brings forth her young. She practically lives in an upper world, although surrounded by all the dangers of the great deep. This is your privilege, for this day and every day to live in the very atmosphere of heaven while working down here in the sin-tainted atmosphere of this world.

—J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

November Fourth.

THOU must lead me, and none other,
Truest Lover, Friend, and Brother.
Thou art my soul's shelter, whether
Stars gleam out or tempests gather;
In Thy presence night is day;
Show me Thy way!

—LUCY LARCOM.



November Fifth.

LORD, grant us eyes to see, and ears to
hear,

And souls to love, and minds to under-
stand,

And steadfast faces towards the Holy Land,
And confidence of hope, and filial fear,
And citizenship where Thy saints appear

Before Thee heart in heart and hand in hand,
And alleluias where their chanting band
As waters and as thunders fill the sphere.

Lord, grant us what Thou wilt, and what
Thou wilt

Deny, and fold us in Thy peaceful fold:

Not as the world gives, gives to us Thine
own:

Inbuild us where Jerusalem is built

With walls of jasper and with streets of gold,
And Thou, Thyself, Lord Christ, for corner-
stone.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

November Sixth.

CHILDHOOD is cheerful. Putting its trust
in its father, it is careful for nothing—
being full of love to every creature, it is
happy always, whether in its play or its duty.
Well, that's the great worker's character



also. Taking no thought for the morrow; taking thought only for the duty of the day; trusting somebody else to take care of tomorrow; knowing indeed what labor is, but not what sorrow is; and always ready for play—beautiful play.—JOHN RUSKIN.

November Seventh.

THE great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate—those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useful encumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor, and fictitious benevolence.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.



November Eighth.

O, WISE little birds, how do you know
The way to go,
Southward or northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether pipèd they:
“We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

“He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever He maketh the way appear.”

Dear little birds! He calleth me
Who calleth ye:
Would that I might as trusting be!

—HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

November Ninth.

CONTENTEDNESS in all estates is a duty
of religion; it is the great reasonable-
ness of complying with the Divine Provi-
dence, which governs all the world, and hath
so ordered us in the administration of His
great family. He were a strange fool that
should be angry because dogs and sheep need
no shoes, and yet himself is full of care to
get some. God hath supplied those needs to



them by natural provisions, and to thee by an artificial; for He hath given thee reason to learn a trade, or some means to make or buy them, so that it only differs in the manner of our provision: and which had you rather want, shoes or reason?—JEREMY TAYLOR.

November Tenth.

DEAR little bird with bright black eye,
If you but knew my eyes were kind,
How swift the pretty form would fly
Our shining porch-berries to find.

Dear little bird with fluttering heart,
If you but felt my heart was true,
That fairy figure soon would dart
To sheltering hand held out to you.

Dear little bird with glancing wing,
Did you but know I long to fly,
Perhaps you'd sit quite near and sing
To me in my captivity.

Dear human heart, be not afraid;
Thy need of food, thy dream of flight,
He knows, by whom the worlds were made.
To speed thee on is His delight.

—FRANCES E. WILLARD.



November Eleventh.

IT may be I am slighted, or I have received ill language; but my head aches not for it, neither hath it broke my thigh, nor taken away my virtue, unless I lose my charity or my patience. Inquire, therefore, what you are the worse, either in your soul or in your body, for what hath happened; for upon this very stock many evils will disappear, since the body and soul make up the whole man. If an enemy hath taken all that from a prince whereby he was a king, he may refresh himself by considering all that is left him whereby he is a man.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

November Twelfth.

NO form of vice, not worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness itself, does more to unchristianize society than evil temper, For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom off childhood, in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, this influence stands alone.

—HENRY DRUMMOND.



November Thirteenth.

ALL God's pleasures are simple ones; health, the rapture of a May morning, sunshine, the stream blue and green, kind words, benevolent acts, the glow of good humor.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

November Fourteenth.

HOW often do we look upon God as our last and feeblest resource! We go to Him because we have nowhere else to go. And then we learn that the storms of life have driven us, not upon the rocks, but into the desired haven: that we have been compelled, as to the last remaining, so to the best, the only, the central help, the causing cause of all the helps to which we had turned aside as nearer and better.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

November Fifteenth.

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was Beauty,
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

—ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER.



November Sixteenth.

OUR most golden conditions in this life are set in brazen frames. There is no gathering a rose without a thorn till we come to Immanuel's land. If there were nothing but showers we should conclude the world would be drowned; if nothing but sunshine we should fear the earth would be burned. Our worldly comforts would be a sea to drown us, if our crosses were not a plank to save us. By the fairest gales a sinner may sail to destruction, and by the fiercest winds a saint may sail to glory.

—REV. WILLIAM SECKER.

November Seventeenth.

IN this way all the world may be an aristocrat, and play the duke among marquises, and the reigning monarch among dukes, if he will only outvie them in tranquillity. An imperturbable demeanor comes from perfect patience. Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunder-storm.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



November Eighteenth.

TO count no cost in time or will;
To simply try my place to fill;
To do because the act is right;
To live as living in His sight;
To try each day His will to know;
To tread the way His will may show;
To regulate each plan I make,
Each hope I build, or hope I break,
To please the heart which pleases me
Through daily tireless ministry;
To live for Him who gave me life;
To strive for Him who suffered strife
And sacrifice through death for me —
Let this my joy, my portion be.

—GEORGE KRINGLE.

November Nineteenth.

I LIVE for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

—GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS.



November Twentieth.

O LORD, how happy is the time
When in Thy love I rest!
When from my weariness I climb
Even to Thy tender breast!
The night of sorrow endeth there:
Thou art brighter than the sun;
And in Thy pardon and Thy care
The heaven of heaven is won.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

November Twenty-first.

WHATE'ER thou lovest, man,
That, too, become thou must;
God, if thou lovest God,
Dust, if thou lovest dust.

Go out, God will go in;
Die thou and let Him live;
Be not, and He will be;
Wait, and He'll all things give.

Drive out from thee the world,
And then like God thou'lt be,
A heaven within thyself
In calm eternity.

—ANGELUS SILESIVS.



November Twenty-second.

SHOULD all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulder, and the
future, rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop; and so
God lays a little on us every day;
And never, I believe, on all the way,
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so threatening and so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour.

November Twenty-third.

I AM but weak, with no arms to fight;
Great is their strength who withstand the
right;
How can I aid to burst the chain,
That the King may come to His own again?
I can but watch, I can but pray,
I can but look for a brighter day;
But I know that evil shall cease to reign
And the King shall come to His own again.

—WILLIAM WATERFIELD.



November Twenty-fourth.

THE longer I live, the more clearly I see how all souls are in His hand—the mean and the great. Fallen on the earth in their baseness, or fading as the mist of morning in their goodness;—still in the hand of the potter as the clay, and in the temple of their master as the cloud. It was not the mere bodily death that He conquered—that death had no sting. It was this spiritual death which He conquered, so that at last it should be swallowed up—mark the word—not in life; but in victory. As the dead body shall be raised to life, so also the defeated soul to victory, if only it has been fighting on its Master's side, has made no covenant with death; nor itself bowed its forehead for His seal. Blind from the prison-house, maimed from the battle, or mad from the tombs, their souls shall surely yet sit, astonished, at His feet who giveth peace.—JOHN RUSKIN.

November Twenty-fifth.

MANY of you will remember that passage in "The Pilgrim's Progress" where a disciple is represented as going down into a dark valley; and, as he is creeping along, he



begins to shudder and be afraid: but just as he is about to give up, and turn back in despair, he hears a strong, clear voice ahead of him, chanting, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;" and he takes courage, and goes on. Brave song, that! And so, perhaps, my good brother or sister in Christ, there may be some poor soul back of you creeping along with fear and trembling amid the experience of life, poor, timid, and heart-broken. You cannot go back and creep with him; you cannot grope amid the darkness of that despair with him; but you can do one thing,—you can lift up your voice, and sing some song of holy confidence, some sublime hymn of trust; and God shall float the sounds back to that halting soul, and he shall be cheered and strengthened and saved by your joy.

—REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

November Twenty-sixth.

SING o' the "good time coming"—
Fancy you hear its drums,
And life'll be all the sweeter
If never the good time comes!



November Twenty-seventh.

TO blind old Milton's rayless orbs
A light divine is given,
And deaf Beethoven hears the hymns
And harmonies of heaven!
Thus, though relentless fate may close
The gateways of our senses,
Immortal spirit overleaps
Their barriers and defenses,
And with celestial recompense
For harm and loss diurnal,
Yields greater joys than flesh affords,
In foretastes of the eternal !

November Twenty-eighth.

TRUE peace is the possession of the favor
of God. This is found only in submission, faith, and obedience to His laws; it is the result of a pure and holy love for Him. Resign every forbidden joy; restrain every wish that is not referred to His will; banish all eager desires, all anxiety. Desire only the will of God; seek Him alone, and you will find peace; you shall enjoy it in spite of the world. What is it that troubles you? poverty, neglect, want of success, external or internal troubles? Look upon everything as in



the hands of God, and as real blessings that He bestows upon His children, of which you receive your portion. Then the world may turn its face from you, but nothing will deprive you of peace.—FÉNELON.

November Twenty-ninth.

ON thy striving drops His calm;
On thine anguish falls His balm;—
Let thy heart its joy-bells ring;
He, the risen Christ, is King.
—MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

November Thirtieth.

NOW suppose thyself in as great a sadness as ever did load thy spirit, wouldst thou not bear it cheerfully and nobly if thou wert sure that within a certain space some strange excellent fortune would relieve thee, and enrich thee, and recompense thee, so as to overflow all thy hopes and thy desires and capacities? Now then, when a sadness lies heavy upon thee, remember that thou art a Christian designed to the inheritance of Jesus; and what dost thou think concerning thy great fortune, thy lot and portion of eternity?
—JEREMY TAYLOR.



December First.

TAKE the world as it is, with its smile and
its sorrow,
Its love and its friendship, its falsehood and
truth,
Its schemes that depend on the breath of to-
morrow,
Its hopes which pass by like the dreams of
our youth.
Yet, oh! whilst the light of affection may
shine,
The heart in itself hath a fountain of bliss.
In the worst there's some spark of a nature
divine,
And the wisest and best take the world as
it is.

—CHARLES SWAIN.

December Second.

JOY is well in its way, but a few flashes
of joy are trifles in comparison with a
life of peace. Which is best: the flash of
joy lighting up the whole heart, and then
darkness until the next flash comes, or the
steady calm sunlight of day in which men
work?—F. W. ROBERTSON.



December Third.

I WOULD not have Thee otherwise
Than what Thou still must be;
Yea, Thou art God, and what Thou art
Is ever best for me.
And so, for all my sighs, my heart
Doth sing itself to rest,
O Love Divine, most far and near,
Upon Thy tender breast.

—J. W. CHADWICK.

December Fourth.

WE have need of all our crosses. When we suffer much, it is because we have strong ties that it is necessary to loosen. We resist, and we thus retard the divine operation; we repulse the heavenly hand, and it must come again: it would be wiser to yield ourselves at once to God. That the operation of His providence, which overthrows our self-love, should not be painful to us, would require the intervention of a miracle. Would it be less miraculous, that a soul, absorbed in its own concerns, should, in a moment, become dead to self, than that a child should go to sleep a child, and wake up a man?—FÉNELON.



December Fifth.

GIVE to barrows, trays, and pans
Grace and glimmer of romance;
Bring the moonlight into noon,
Hid in gleaming piles of stone.
So shall the drudge in dusty frock
Spy behind the city clock
Retinues of airy kings,
Skirts of angels, starry wings;
His fathers shining in bright fables,
His children fed at heavenly tables.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

December Sixth.

RELIGION is not austerity. It is just about as much a clog to a man as wings are to a bird. Faith in God, as I love to think, never fetters a soul, but plumes it for flight, and sends it circling up into the heavens. It is true, some do not believe this,—at least, they do not seem to; for they are always dejected and woe-begone. They wail and bemoan, as if haltered for execution, and Satan had hold of the rope. Such miserables deem themselves great sinners, and Christ a little Saviour. They meditate so much on what they are, that they have no time to reflect on



what Christ is. The rôle of their sins they have conned by heart; but the infinite lists of Christ's atoning merits they little realize.

—REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

December Seventh.

THE Cross means simply that you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one: carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can; without making faces or calling people to come and look at you. Above all, you are neither to load, nor unload, yourself; nor cut your cross to your own liking.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

December Eighth.

A CONTENTED heart is an even sea in the midst of all storms. It is like a tree in autumn, which secures its life when it has lost its leaves. When worthy Mr. Heron lay upon its death-bed, his wife with great concern asked him what was to become of her and her large family; he answered, "Peace, sweet heart; that God who feeds the ravens will not starve the Herons."

—REV. WILLIAM SECKER.



December Ninth.

LO! what a change within us one short
hour

Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parchèd ground refresh as with a
shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stand forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of
power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this
wrong,

Or others—that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with
Thee?

—DEAN ALFORD.

December Tenth.

THE day seems to be arrived when there
is really so much to make us think well
of the destiny of mankind; such fair reason



to rejoice in the mere fact of existence; so large a promise of ever-extending human knowledge and insight; such general softening of manners, spreading of intelligence and enlarging of average happiness, that it appears more becoming for man, the chief at least of animals, to be singing with the lark in the sky than croaking with the frog in the swamp.—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

December Eleventh.

I HAVE a life in Christ to live,
I have a death in Christ to die, —
And must I wait till science give
All doubts a full reply ?

Nay, rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ! and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear Thine awful voice repeat,
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,
“Come unto Me, and rest:
Believe Me, and be blest.”

—JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP.



December Twelfth.

SAD heart, be hopeful,
Despairing no longer;
Wrong is the weaker,
The Right is the stronger;
Trust and go forward,
On God's help relying;
That which is best, lives,
Though all else be dying.
God rules forever,
As good will discover,
All the world over.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

December Thirteenth.

THERE are two great classes of promoters of social happiness, cheerful people, and people who have some reticence. The latter are more secure benefits to society even than the former. They are non-conductors of all the heats and animosities around them. To have peace in a house, or a family, or any social circle, the members of it must beware of passing on hasty and uncharitable speeches, which, the whole of the context seldom being told, is often not conveying, but creating, mischief. They must be very good people



to avoid doing this; for let human nature say what it will, it likes sometimes to look on at a quarrel: and that, not altogether from ill-nature, but from a love of excitement—for the same reason that Charles the Second liked to attend the debates in the Lords, because they were “as good as a play.”

—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

December Fourteenth.

I THINK we may look upon our little private war with death somewhat in this light. If a man knows he will sooner or later be robbed upon a journey, he will have a bottle of the best in every inn, and look upon all his extravagances as so much gained upon the thieves. And above all, where, instead of simply spending, he makes a profitable investment for some of his money when it will be out of risk of loss. So every bit of best living, and above all when it is healthful, is just so much gained upon the wholesale filcher, death. We shall have the less in our pockets, the more in our stomachs, when he cries, Stand and deliver.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



December Fifteenth.

SO grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

—THOMAS MOORE.

December Sixteenth.

IF we could have our ways in everything,
If man could only be a little king,
And out of sight and mind all troubles fling,
We still would grumble.

In fact, if we could nature's laws reverse,
And all the fancied clouds of life disperse—
If we could simply boss the universe—
We'd make a jumble!

—J. A. WALDRON.



December Seventeenth.

YOU close your doors and brood over your own miseries, and the wrongs people have done you; whereas, if you would but open those doors, you might come out into the light of God's truth, and see that His heart is as clear as sunlight towards you. You won't believe this, and therefore naturally you can't quite believe that there is a God at all: for indeed, a being that was not all light would be no God at all. If you would but let Him teach you, you would find your perplexities melt away like the snow in spring, till you could hardly believe you had ever felt them. No arguing will convince you of a God; but let Him once come in, and all argument will be tenfold useless to convince you that there is no God.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

December Eighteenth.

THE foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.



December Nineteenth.

SOBGING still over that ugly stain?
I may not comfort or hush you, dear.
Through such sad tears in their burning rain
Christ and His cross show clear.
Must you go sorrowing all your day?
Dear, in suffering souls grow white:
Keep my hand through this stony way—
See where the west turns bright.

December Twentieth.

BE brave, my brother!
The recompense is great,
The kingdom bright and fair;
Beyond the glory of all earthly state,
Shall be the glory there.
Grudge not the heavy cost,
Faint not at labor here,
'Tis but a lifetime at the most,
The day of rest is near.

—HORATIUS BONAR.

December Twenty-first.

I AM certain you cannot do people good by
showing them *only* the painful. Make
your pictures as painful as you will, but put
some hope into them, something to show



that action is worth taking in the affair. From mere suffering people will turn away, and you cannot blame them. Every show of it, without hinting at some door of escape, only urges them to forget it all. Why should they be pained if it can do no good?

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

December Twenty-second.

BE glad when the flowers have faded?
Be glad when the trees are bare?
When the fog lies thick on the fields and
moors,
And the frost is in the air?
When all around is a desert,
And the clouds obscure the light,
When there are no songs for the darkest day,
No stars for the longest night?

Ah, yes, for the truest gladness
Is not in ease or mirth;
It has its home in the heart of God,
Not in the loves of earth.
God's love is the same forever,
If the skies are bright or dim,
And the joy of the morning lasts all day
When the heart is glad in Him.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.



December Twenty-third.

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

—TRENCH.

December Twenty-fourth.

NOW is that sad time of year
When no flower or leaf is here;
When in misty Southern ways
Oriole and jay have flown,
And of all sweet birds alone
The robin stays.

So give thanks at Christmastide;
Hopes of spring-time yet abide!
See, in spite of darksome days,
Wind and rain and bitter chill,
Snow and sleet-hung branches, still
The robin stays!

—T. B. ALDRICH.



December Twenty-fifth.

O CHRIST, the child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in—
Be born in us to-day!
We hear the Christmas angels
Their great, glad tidings tell—
O come to us—be born in us—
Our Lord—Emanuel!

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

December Twenty-sixth.

AT Christmas time next year,
Who knows what changing fortunes
may be near?
Take courage, then! For night shall turn to
day,
From brightening skies the clouds must roll
away,
And faith and hope and love shall all be here
At Christmas time next year.

—HELEN M. WINSLOW.



December Twenty-seventh.

GOD'S parental heart does not wish to grieve us; He must wound us to the very heart, that He may cure its malady. He must take from us what is most dear, lest we love it too much, lest we love it to the prejudice of our love for Him. We weep, we despair, we groan in our spirits, and we murmur against God; but He leaves us to our sorrow, and we are saved; our present grief saves us from an eternal sorrow. He has placed the friends whom He has taken from us in safety, to restore them to us in eternity. He has deprived us of them, that He may teach us to love them with a pure love, a love that we may enjoy in His presence forever; He confers a greater blessing than we were capable of desiring.

—FÉNELON.

December Twenty-eighth.

A CHRISTIAN ought to feel always that he has partially failed, but that ought not to be the only feeling. Faith ought ever to be a sanguine, cheerful thing; and perhaps in practical life we could not give a better ac-



count of faith than by saying that it is, amid much failure, having the heart to *try again*. Our best deeds are marked by imperfection, but if they really were our best, "forgetting the things that are behind," we shall do better next time.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

December Twenty-ninth.

GOD is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If this please God, let it be as it is"; and we, who pray that God's will may be done in earth as it is in heaven, must remember that the angels do whatsoever is commanded them, and go wherever they are sent, and refuse no circumstances; and if their employment be crossed by a higher decree, they sit down in peace, and rejoice in the event. Keep the station where God hath placed you, and you shall never long for things without, but sit at home, feasting upon the divine providence and thy own reason, by which we are taught that it is necessary and reasonable to submit to God.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.



December Thirtieth.

THE past is o'er —
Waste not thy days in vain regret,
Grieve thou no more.

Look now before
And not behind thee; do not fret —
The past is o'er.

Thy pain is sore
And thou hast cause for sorrow, yet
Grieve thou no more.

Close memory's door;
That day is dead, that sun has set —
The past is o'er.

There are in store
For thee still happy days. Forget!
Grieve thou no more.

Smile as of yore —
No longer let thine eyes be wet.
The past is o'er,
Grieve thou no more !



December Thirty-first.

O NEW YEAR, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard;
When our feet bleed and scourging winds us
scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more
marred
Than any man's; who saith,
"Make straight paths for your feet," and to
the opprest,
"Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold our patient hands, each in his
place,
And trust Thee to the end,
Knowing Thou ledest onward to those
spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months,
nor years.

—DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

