

"Glorify ye the Lord in the fires" (Isa. 24. 15)

Can it be possible?
Can I suppress my desires
When in the crucible?
If I submit to my Lord,
It will be possible—
I'll His great mercy record
E'en in the crucible.

GLORIFY ME IN THE FIRES

TEXTS AND POEMS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH

By ESSIE BERNSTEIN

Author of

MY WILL IS BEST and OTHER POEMS THE QUIET HOUR, THE GOD OF THE IMPOSSIBLE, STONES, etc., etc.

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Fragrance

"Awake, O north wind; and come thou south; and blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out" (Song of S. 4. 16)

"He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind" (Isaiah 27. 8).

WAKE, north wind, and blow upon our garden So that the spices thereof may flow out;
That all the graces that have lain long dormant May grow into maturity, without
The straggling weeds that oft have had full freedom To suppress the longings after Thee, O Lord.
O let the fragrance of sweet sacrifices

Arise from hearts steeped in Thy precious Word.

The north wind's blast is keen to trace all deadness—
It breathes new life where languidness has lain.
It makes from ugliness a thing of beauty,
And draws all sweetness thro' the press of pain.
Just as the juniper smells richest in the flames,
So do obedient hearts emit the scent
God loves to smell—and so He lets us suffer,
That rarer qualities be prominent.

O, why do we rebel against God's dealings
When He is only chast'ning us in love?
He knows how prone we mortals are to wander
When all is fair and skies are blue above.
But when the north wind blows upon our garden
And mars the beauty of our frailest gems,
It is that it may stir their latent odours,
Infusing hidden strength into their stems.

Submission to His will while He is working
Will help Him draw the best out of our pain.
He'll crush the fragrant grace—to yield more grace,
Press aching hearts that they may yield more gain.
O blessed Master, may we be submissive,
And love the pain that works out all Thy will.
Bring all our graces into full fruition
While we accept Thy dealings and are still.

Cherith

"Get thee hence and turn thee eastward and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook, and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee" (1 Kings 17. 3-4).

"Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there. Behold I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain

thee" (1 Kings 17. 9)

"For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth" (I Kings 17. 14).

LIJAH needed quiet after storm:
He had encountered Ahab—threatened drought—
He now must needs be still and let God work,
That all might see His purposes worked out.

And so he came to Cherith, and was fed
By ravens, who brought bread and meat each day.
The water from the brook then slaked his thirst
Until the stream dried up and crooned away.

God was so near in that wild, fearful gorge,
Where earthquakes once had rent the earth apart.
The cleft rocks seemed so like the prophet's life—
Yet breathed sweet peace into his troubled heart.

The Word of God then came and said, 'Arise!
Get thee to Zarephath and there remain;
A widow there shall feed thee—go to her—
I have commanded, she will thee sustain.'

'Twas there a wondrous miracle was wrought.

To heed the Prophet's word she had made haste.
Until the Lord sent rain upon the earth

The cruse of oil ne'er failed, nor meal did waste.

We're called sometimes to dwell by Cherith's brook, To learn God's secrets in a quiet life. 'Tis sweet to muse beside the dwindling stream, Away from all the turmoil and the strife.

But there are Zarephaths that need our help,
And miracles of grace may there be wrought.
Go, leave thy quiet life—obey God's will—
With His sweet joy thy life will then be fraught.

God has Led Aright

"I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths" (Prov. 4. 11).

"I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, and which leadeth thee by the way which thou shouldest go" (Isa. 48. 17).

"The Lord shall guide thee continually and satisfy thy soul in drought" (Isa. 58. 11).

OME day, when all our sorrows here are over,
And we have come to our long journey's end,
When all our burdens roll from weary shoulders
And no more pain our aching hearts shall rend,
We shall look back and to our joy confess
That God has led aright—in tenderness.

We then shall see that all our nights of darkness
Were part of His great purposes, so true,
That tho' we could not see why thus we suffered,
He ever had our highest good in view.
E'en when we grieve most deeply, we shall find
His tender love most beautifully kind.

All mysteries will then be seen so clearly,
Interpreted by wisdom deep, profound,
That we shall say our loving God knew better,
And grateful songs will to His praise resound.
That when we thought He heeded not our weeping,
He was most actively His promise keeping.

And we shall find our tears are in His bottle,
Saved up and treasured by His Father-heart
In our afflictions He was most afflicted,
And of our pain He bore the greater part.
When thro' the veil we reach the golden strand,
We then our chequered way shall understand.

Fourth Day

Tugs

"But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and silver, but also of wood and earth: and some to honour and some to dishonour" (2 Tim. 2. 20).

"What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" (John 6. 28).

"YE seen many ships in the harbour, Which had to be towed into dock By a trim little tug, oh, so fussy, Like a maid in a pretty frock.

'Twas looking so very important, As tho' 'twere expressing to me, "I may seem a tiny, wee puffer, But ships can't get on without me.

"I never may leave the home waters,
I'm always employed in the dock,
The ships all sail over the ocean,
Far over the billows they rock.
I see them safe out of the harbour,
The pilot then guides them away
Thro' reefs and thro' shoals, on to safety,
To steam to a far distant bay."

I mused on the lesson it taught me
Of those who are longing to serve
The Lord in a far distant country,
Yet blocks in the way will not swerve.
God never has called them to travel
Away from home waters to stray—
To help other servants to get there
To Him seems the better way.

Then faithfully lead from the harbour All who would obey His clear call. They may seem important in your eyes, Your own bit of service so small. But the Pilot, who knows all about us, Ordains you a niche in His plan, So be like the tug in the harbour, And help those to travel who can.

The Gain of Pain

"Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better" (Ecc. 7. 3).

"He knoweth the way that I take, when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold" (Job 23. 10)

The wine of comfort to others will flow.

When the dregs of anguish and fear are drained,
We can succour a sorrowing world of woe.

We must learn to suffer—to sympathise,
Then grapple the pain to your hearts, ye wise.

We've no true fellow-feeling, no power to soothe, Till we know what 'tis to sink 'neath the cross. We must learn to grieve if we would relieve, And to plumb the depths of a soul's deep loss. Our anodynes then will be soothing and calm, And the throbbing wound will receive the balm.

Paul's thorn in the flesh tender love pressed out,
Which quivers in every letter he penned.
He comforted all with comfort sublime,
While the thorn his own aching heart would rend.
Such a school will graduate scholars rare—
They are trained in agony, love and prayer.

O, the bitter cup that the Saviour drained When He sweat great drops in Gethsemane! Wrung it out to the dregs in anguish sore When He hung on the Cross of Calvary, That we might the cup of salvation take To a sorrowing world for His dear sake.

The Judgment Seat

"Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is" (1 Cor. 3. 13).

"For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ"

(Rom. 14. 10).

HEN we before the Judgment Seat shall stand, Methinks we shall not then be asked to show The decorations or degress we've won,

Or honours grand.

Our Judge Supreme would rather wish to know What battle scars, ere life's hard race was run, Were gained in conflict with the foe of men—What marks we bore from that grim, mortal fight, That left us almost conquered in the strife Had we not called for reinforcements then, And, in His might, Put him to rout—and gained new strength in life.

Not 'cording to earth's standards judges He—Nor does He read man by his outward mien, He probes beneath the surface to the heart, Where privily
The motive for our every deed is seen.
He learns if we've withstood each fiery dart
Of mighty Satan, in his evil quest
To render ineffective all we do.
Not to the swift will His "Well done!" be said,
Nor by the strong the longed-for prize be wrest
From raging foe,
But those who faithful be, and Spirit-led.

Tho' all I do can scarcely win a crown, I would be ranged among the faithful few Who plod in His blest vineyard day by day, Without renown—
Content if I can show I have been true.
Submitting to His will, lead in the way Some wand'ring soul, sad, burdened with his sin. And if, perchance, to me a crown is giv'n, To cast it down before my Master's feet Would yield me all of bliss. And when within The court of Heav'n
I see His Face—my joy will be complete.

Seventh Day

Discipline

"As many as I love I rebuke and chasten" (Rev. 3. 19).

"The Lord hath chastened me sore, but He hath not given me over unto death" (Psalm 118. 18).

"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty" (Job 5. 17).

TUMBLING along a hard and stony way,
Climbing a steep and rugged mountain track,
Numbed by the bruises from continued falls,
Shrinking in fear from crucible and rack,
I thought how futile was a life so galled,
When heart is chilled by suffering and loss—
But One in front turned round and whispered low,
"All loss is gain when viewed beneath the Cross."

"Must life be measured then by what we lose?"
I asked, bewildered by such values strange.
"Must all our days be filled with stress and strain,
With clouds on far horizon, range on range?
What is the use of sacrifice and pain
While breakers roar and mount'nous billows toss?"
Again He murmured in sweet, gentle tones,
"Earth's values change when weighed beneath the Cross.

If all were sunshine would you strive to live For suff'ring souls in Satan's awful clutch? Would heart be stirred by agonising tears To comfort pain with gentle, soothing touch? If you had never felt the furnace heat, Nor learned to yield to its refining pain, Would you have gleaned this secret—precious—rare? Without the discipline of fire all life is vain!"

The Still Small Voice

"And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still, small voice" (1 Kings 19. 12).

"Thou wilt show me the path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Ps. 16. 11).

OD does not speak to us in thunderclouds,
Nor while the pent-up fury brews o'erhead.
In quietude of chastened afterthought—
When all the tumult of self-will lies dead,
An inward hush then comes when storm has ceased,
And pain has reached its interlude of rest—
In calm that supersedes the rending blast,
The heart throbs welcome to her Heav'nly Guest.

Then in the soul's deep silence, hushed and pure—
The Master speaks—His tender tones are heard.
All supplications cease, all fears are stilled,
The conquered heart then listens to His Word.
And, oh, what comfort does He breathe within!
What bliss that comes when sitting at His feet!
What strength the tranquil spirit draws—enthralled,
From Heav'nly fellowship in moments sweet.

E'en prayer and praise must needs their clamour cease
While basking in the rapture of His smile!
His voice—like balm of Gilead—diffused
Thro' all the inner being. Afterwhile—
Thus fresh from converse sweet, the soul's equipped
For life's grim battles with satanic powers.
Endued with might, she scorns all obstacles—
And sails triumphantly thro' scathing hours.

Face Your Disadvantages

"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage. Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest" (Josh. 1. 9).

"Fight the good fight of faith" (1 Tim. 6. 12).

Make them do your will!
God will give sagacity—
He will give you skill.
Do not sit despondently,
Now's the time—begin!
Face the ills courageously—
Grapple them and win!

Just let nothing baffle you, Say, "I can, and will!" Shoulder burdens hopefully, Climb the rugged hill! Bear the trials and the tests Facing you to-day— Then to-morrow's will be met In the self-same way.

Do not e'er bemoan your fate,
God is on the throne!
Never He a battle lost,
You are not alone.
If you follow in His steps,
Victory is sure.
To the hardness of the road
He will you inure.

Fight the fight of faith to-day,
Be not overcome!
Soon will come the victor's shout,
Then the "Welcome Home!"
Soon the Father's House we'll reach,
When our work is done.
Sorrows then will disappear,
Perfect rest be won.

The Quest of a Stricken Soul

"Where is the good way and walk therein and ye shall find rest to your souls" (Jer. 6. 16).

"Ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart" (Jer. 29. 13).

"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

Where does He dwell? O where is His abode? I fain would bind the winds, that rapt remain, Caressing His blest feet—
While helplessly I beat

While helplessly I beat The air—rent by my hopeless, anguished cry— Where is my Lord?

I sought Him in the tempest-driven main, Where souls are tossed by wild bewild'ring wave— Where fev'rish, anguished brows have sought in vain The soothing anodyne Of comforting divine.

But 'twas not in the tempest-driven main I found my Lord.

When raging storms had ceased and winds were calm, I heard the still, small voice—the whisper low, Whence love's sweet cadence, rich with healing balm, Fell from my Saviour kind On troubled heart and mind, All wrestling ceased—a holy, heav'nly peace Did flood my soul.

Great heart-content instead of murm'ring pain
Then filled me with an awed bewilderment.
A gentle stillness, hushing inward strain
And myst'ry unexplained.
Then with love unfeigned—
I found my Lord!

Eleventh Day

We May Not Know

"O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps" (Jer. 10. 23). "The Lord shall guide thee continually" (Isa. 58, 11).

"I will guide thee with Mine eye" (Psalm 32. 8).

E may not always know where God is leading— We may not always see an open door, But if we "cast our care" upon His shoulders, He'll ever guide us, for He goes before. We may not always find the path is easy, And we may sometimes even have to wait Ere prayer is answered, when to wait is irksome—

We may be hedged about with gates of iron-Unvielding walls may hem us in all round, But just in time the iron gates will open, The walls will yield and fall flat on the ground. The God we trust is able to do wonders-Far, far above all that we ask or think. The universe and all its vast resources

Are as a chain, united link by link,

Yet He alone can make the crooked straight.

Whose power is used to work a great deliv'rance— One word from Him is needed, that is all: The God who made the laws can surely change them On your behalf, in answer to your call. What confidence should fill our hearts, so fearful, Inspiring us to trust and ever pray, Rememb'ring that our loving God is mighty, And walks with us thro' every pain-filled day.

Twelfth Day

Thank God for Work

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Ecc. 9. 10).

"I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work" (John 9. 4).

"Be strong . . . and work for I am with thee" (Hag. 2. 4).

HANK God for work!

The humblest occupation holds within itself
The necessary discipline for life,
Whether on earth or in the highest Heav'n,
And often shelters us from sordid strife.

If we do honestly the best we can
In the outworking of the talents giv'n,
We shall find joy in drudg'ry, light in gloom
And preparation for the work of Heav'n.
Commend thy work to God—and then—tho' hard,
Thou mayst thyself rejoice and others cheer.
Put into it thy best—less will ne'er please
Thy Lord—nor anyone in any sphere!

Go work to-day in God's great harvest-field!
Give Him the morning of thy life's fair day.
Let Him direct thee thro' life's glorious noon,
And find in Him thy joy thro' all the way.
Then when grey evening shadows gather round—
Thy waning powers will draw rich draughts of grace.
Sweet memories will gladden all the way,
Thro' sunset glories will thy footsteps trace.
The path of righteous men shines more and more
Unto the perfect day. Their aim His will—
His smile their joy, His easy yoke their bliss;
Thro' all their wanderings He beckons still.
Thank God for work!

Tried in the Fire

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, tho' it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ" (1 Peter 1. 7).

"He is like a refiner's fire" (Mal. 3. 2).

"When thou walkest thro' the fire thou shalt not be burned" (Isa. 43. 2).

HE test-room in a steel mill whispers secrets—Partitions and compartments tell the tale. Each piece imparts some diff'rent information, Relating which will stand and which will fail. Some steel is tested—marked as to its limit—And others have been twisted till they snapped. Their strength of torsion then was marked upon them, And every figure accurately mapped.

Still others then were stretched beyond endurance—
Their tensile strength was indicated plain.
And some compressed to crushing point were noted—
The master knew which piece would stand the strain.
He knew which steel could best be used for shipping,
And which for buildings or for engines strong,
He knew—because his testing room revealed it—
Which steel for bridge could bear the teeming throng.

How true this is of God's tried, suff'ring children When tested to the limit of their power!

Their strength of torsion—accurately measured—
He knows—it will not snap in trial's hour.

The crushing pressure of life's bitter sorrows
Have all been truly marked and poised in love.

To stand the strain He toughens our endurance,
And fits us for the glorious realms above.

God wants us to be granite 'gainst temptation.
As oaks, withstanding fiercest storm and gale.
And so He puts us where the winds are cutting
That we may stand, perchance, where others fail.
He wants us to be stout and stalwart pillars,
Not sand-dunes, driven by the wind, and tossed.
When we have passed thro' God's great testing steel mills,
We then shall see the end was worth the cost.

Fourteenth Day

Twenty-ninth Psalm

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me" (Psalm 50. 23).
"I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall continually be in my mouth" (Psalm 34. 1).

"Praise is comely for the upright" (Psalm 33. 1).

Sing His boundless love—

Point the Sons of men

To the God above!

He will by His voice
Thunder loud and clear,
On the waters wide
With an awesome fear.
Powerful is His voice—
Full of majesty!
Cedars it will break
Mighty tho' they be.

He the heights has made
And the raging deep.
Every beauteous gorge,
Every mountain steep.
Earth and sky and sea,
Rivers, streamlets too,
Every rippling brook,
Every sunset hue.

He makes mountains skip
Like a playful calf.
Hillocks clap their hands,
Cornfilled valleys laugh.
He sits on the flood,
Sitteth King for aye,
Rules the mighty waves—
All His voice obey.

By His Word the worlds
Bounded into space.

Laws were framed, whereby
They were kept in place.

Wonderful is He!
Worship Him alone
In the beauty rare
Of His holy Throne!

Fifteenth Day

Locusts

"That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten" (Joel 1.4).

"I will restore unto you the years which the locust hath eaten" (Joel 2. 25)

HE years which the locusts have eaten
To thee I'll most surely restore.
The grinding and toil and the failures—
The heartaches and prin-pricks and more.
The years that seemed wasted and barren,
With nothing to show for the toil,
Will some day stand out in the darkness,
And show 'twas all used for the soil.

The anguish that dug up the subsoil
And fertilized roots of self-will.

It tore up the weeds of rebellion
And crushed us as wheat in the mill.

The tunnel that leads to the outlet
Where sunshine and radiance hold sway,
We found there the "treasures of darkness"
Hid deep from the sun's glaring ray.

The locusts just seem to leave nothing—
They devastate all that is green,
And leave the bare earth as a witness
Revealing where'er they have been.
But then comes the farmer with ploughshare,
And ploughs on with hope in his heart.
He sows—and then reaps a rich harvest,
Which bids fear and darkness depart.

So will I enrich and enlighten
The life that is yielded to Me.
I'll change all the darkness to radiance,
Thy fruit shall be lovely to see.
I'll lead thee to streams and still waters,
To pastures of verdure and store;
Thy life will be lived in the sunshine,
Thy heart be My throne evermore.

Sixteenth Day

Have Faith in God

"And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God" (Mark 11, 22).

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. 11. 1).

"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place and it shall remove" (Matt. 17. 20)

AM so glad I am not asked to have Faith in my faith, but faith in Christ, my Lord. Mine fails so oft, but He can never fail, So mine can rest on His unchanging Word. How can I hope to trust in my own faith When I can nothing do of any worth? Who moves the mountains when I humbly cry? Who, but the Maker of all Heav'n and earth? His is the mighty arm outstretched in power, His the resources of the universe. Mine's but to pray in childlike confidence-His tender love will clouds of doubt disperse. The mighty weapon in our hand is prayer Linked with God's gracious promises so broad. Then forces are released—omnipotent— All obstacles removing with a Word!

Thus faith is just the secret stairway wide
By which we reach this wondrous, mighty Source
Of all His vast omnipotence and power—
To which His humblest child can have recourse.
Why should we do ourselves this grievous wrong
By daily bearing heavy burdens sore?
When in the Heav'ns our mighty Lord appears
To plead for us, obtaining ever more
Than we have asked—the answer to our prayer—
Which seemed impossible to finite mind.
Our cry has moved the Arm that moves the world,
Who only can such boundless forces bind.

Sit Still, My Daughter

"Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall" (Ruth 3. 18).

"My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him" (Psalm 62. 5).

"I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His Word do I hope" (Psalm 130. 5).

"He that believeth shall not make haste" (Isa. 28. 16).

"SIT still, My daughter!" That divine command
So often meets us on our troubled way.
We know not what to do nor how to turn,
Tho' grim decisions must be made to-day.
And yet again that clear command is giv'n—
"Sit still, My daughter! Now thou mayst not move;
I'll give the signal when the road is clear,
It will not be too late thou then shalt prove."

"Sit still, My daughter!" But we chase within Against delays, when urgent seems the call To act at once—and yet we dare not go—
The still, small voice forbids us move at all.
Our Lord knows best the time when we should stir, When obstacles are taken right away.
The time's not lost in which we let Him work While we "sit still" and let Him have His way.

When all is clear we then can go ahead—
Obstructions vanished—swiftly we may run
Along the path prepared by One who knows
Just when and how our projects should be done.
Had we gone forward when He bade us stay,
Some dire disaster might have caused our feet
To stumble and to fall. Now we rejoice—
His blest command has saved us from defeat.

Tithes

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine House, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it" (Mal. 3. 10).

"Freely ye have received, freely give" (Matt. 10. 8).

HE Lord is waiting now for us to prove Him,
His stores are bulging—full of treasures rich.
There is no lack of all that He has promised—
'Tis lack of faith in us that is the hitch.
He loves to see His children test His goodness,
He asks us to command Him in our need;
The windows of His Heav'n He'll surely open,
The prayer of faith He verily will heed.

What are the true conditions He's expecting?
Why does He not fling wide the bursting doors?
The reason is we're not obeying orders—
We do not bring our tithes into His stores.
We take His gifts without a qualm of conscience,
And spend them on ourselves—and do not dream
Of giving back to Him the tithes He asks for,
That into His own vineyards they may stream.

How much we miss—in learning how to prove Him!
His fountains overflow to those who give
So freely of their substance to His storehouse,
That precious souls may turn to Him and live.
There is no shortage to the cheerful giver—
His barns are always full and brimming o'er.
While he dispenses treasures thro' his window,
They're streaming back to him thro' open door.

Nineteenth Day

The Lowly Task

"Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant" (Matt. 20. 27).

"These were the potters, and those that dwelt among plants and hedges; there they dwelt with the king for his work" (1 Chr. 4. 23). "Have a desire to the work of thine own hands" (10b 14. 15).

HERE are some days when nothing really seems
Work done for God. At household chores we
drudge

All thro' the day, but no real work for Him.

We shop and dust, removing dirt and smudge—
We cook on stoves when days are broiling hot,
And hours are spent preparing for the pot.

Is this the work the Lord calls us to do?

When there are many needing now our aid
To preach the Word that souls from sin be freed,
To teach the timid to be unafraid.

That is the work that glorifies my Lord—
Just work that is connected with the Word.

Thus did I muse and such my foolish thoughts
Until I read, 'Twas there the potter dwelt
'Mong plants and hedges with the king for work.'
Just humble work! How different I felt!
Whate'er is done for Him exalts His Name—
Or great or small, to Him is just the same.

The simple task—the necessary chore—
Done in His Name and with a perfect heart,
Brings down His smile. What can we wish for more?
To do His will is our most honoured part.
Each moment spent in glad obedience
Will full of glory be—till we go hence.

Twentieth Day

The Test

"And He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness" (Mal. 3. 3).

"I will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried" (Zech. 13.9).

Unless some storm had put it to the test.
'Tis in the crucible its worth is proved—
When we are moved
Beyond ourselves to cry to God for aid,

And we have all upon the altar laid.

Depths fathomless within have been laid bare Beneath the searching light of Heaven's glare, And every motive ruthlessly revealed Until we yield

Unto the awful glory of His Face, And feel the gentle healing of His grace.

We have emerged the purer for the test— Some dross has risen on the golden crest, And was removed by our Refiner skilled.

We then were filled

With His own Self, and sent upon a quest To win some soul to His calm peace and rest.

Then faith was strengthened as we walked with Him. We found the pathway was no longer dim—

The light of Heaven shone upon the way

All thro' the day.

In sweet communion thus—and hand in Hand—He gently leads us to the Better Land.

Twenty-first Day

God's Hand

"He leadeth me beside the still waters" (Psalm 23. 2).
"Thou hast holden me by my right hand" (Psalm 73. 23).
"Thy right hand hath holden me up and Thy gentleness hath made me great" (Psalm 18. 35).

OW can I doubt the Hand that leadeth me
Sometimes thro' strange, uneven, tortuous ways,
Sometimes to pastures green where streamlets flow,
Where life is bright with song and heart with praise,
Then fraught with pain and woe.

The Hand that once was wounded for my sin—
The heart that bled to wash away the stain
And gave me life indeed—will surely guide
And fill that life with richest, noblest gain,
And wealth that will abide.

I only see in part why thus He leads
O'er winding, mist-bound ocean courses deep.
I do not understand its lesson now—
But thro' the storms He cannot fail to keep
The trusting heart aglow.

How can He fail? Triumphantly He rose
Above the powers that led Him to the Cross.
And those same powers we conquer in the fight,
When we have counted everything but loss
To gain His peerless light.

I know I'll find His Hand is leading me
Thro' devious courses to the journey's end.
He'll lead me safely to the Summerland,
Where sorrows cease and every knee shall bend
In homage to that Hand.

Twenty-second Day

Aflame for God

"And he (Moses) looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed" (Exod. 3. 2).

"For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her" (Zech. 2.5).

"For our God is a consuming fire" (Heb. 12. 29).

WONDER if we really understand
All that is meant by full surrender now!
Arc we assame for God? Is self unseen—
As daily Him we serve with hearts aglow?
Thus was the burning bush that Moses saw—
All branches hidden by the spreading slame—
From which a voice was heard, the great I AM
Revealing His unknown but glorious Name.

How wonderful if we were all aflame,
And God, thro' us, His yearning love could tell
To erring, stumbling sinners—groping souls—
And win their hearts, in which He longs to dwell!
Do we desire a common bush to be
With nothing of ourselves to boast about—
But just to burn for Him—for Him to live?
How soon His power would put the foe to rout!

Then suff'ring hearts would find in Him their rest,
And, satisfied—would gladly, in His might,
Seek other lost ones wand'ring from the fold,
Lead from earth's darkness to His marv'lous light.
Then let us shun the life of careless ease—
Take up our cross—filled with the Paraclete—
And work in God's great vineyard. Then in Heav'n
We'll lay our trophies at the Master's feet.

Twenty-third Day

El Shaddai

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4. 19).

"Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store" (Deut. 28. 5).

Ow wonderful it is from day to day,
Our needs are all supplied. The Mighty One
Has been before us on the road of life—
Has been at work where dearth and bane are rife,
And sent us all we need in His own way.

"We live from hand to mouth" is often said,
Forgetting oft to add, the Mighty Hand
Is His—and just in time, in marv'lous ways,
The needed meal is sent. Then—filled with praise—
We thank Him that once more our fears were laid.

How much time is in fruitless worry spent
As we complain to God with doleful moan!
We think our prayer's unheard, but ceaselessly
He has been working on, and lovingly—
To have the necessary favours sent.

We oft forget, when all around is drought,
Our God needs nought to help Him succour us.
The cattle on a thousand hills are His,
And countless angels bring His messages.
Remember that He made the world from nought.

O Lord, increase our faith and help us trust
In Thee for every need, both small and great.
Thy promises to us will never fail—
Thy power is infinite and must prevail,
And Thou art merciful and kind and just.

Twenty-fourth Day

The Meaning of Our Tears

"Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle; are they not in Thy book?" (Psalm 56. 8).

"Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears

to drink in great measure" (Psalm 80. 5).

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy" (Psalm 126. 5).

HY does the very thing we long for most

Elude our grasp, and seems for ever lost?

Why cherished plans o'ershadowed are by cloud

And darling hopes enveloped in a shroud?

And darling hopes enveloped in a shroud?

Our God alone can truly understand.

The lessons that they teach we only learn
While passing thro' life's trials, long and stern.
God will all mysteries some day explain,
And then we'll see the meaning of our pain—
For He alone can really understand.

Ah! Then we'll know the meaning of our tears—
The anguish and the heartaches and the fears.
The reason for it all we cannot know
Until the day all tears have ceased to flow,
For until then we may not understand.

When thro' it all we see the Hand of love
Is planning silently that love to prove,
When He in grace a glimpse of Heav'n affords,
Where He is King of kings and Lord of lords—
We'll then begin to faintly understand.

But when He flings the gates of Heav'n wide,
And shows us where we shall for aye abide,
When we shall see the glory of His Face—
With grateful hearts His love in all we'll trace,
For we shall then completely understand.

Pearls of Character

"The Lord learned obedience by the things which He sufferca" (Heb. 5, 8).

"They shall be Mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up My jewels" (Mal. 3. 17).

"When he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it" (Matt. 13. 46)

The irritating sand-grain,
The tort'ring parasite,
Can make life agonising
For oysters in sore plight.
But note the grand reaction!
The product of their pain—
A pearl of perfect beauty
Of priceless, matchless gain!

In suff'ring and in sorrow
The character is grown,
And hidden gems of grandeur
Are oft in anguish sown.
Rare attributes and noble
Emerge in times of strain,
The pearls of priceless value
Are products of thy pain.

The Lord is working wonders!
He moves not by man's rules.
When making pearls resplendent
Thy suff'rings are His tools.
Then shrink not from the process
Till every hidden gem
Is formed in matchless beauty
To grace His diadem.

Twenty-sixth Day

Light and Shade

"I know both how to be abased and I know how to abound. Everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need" (Phil. 4. 12).

"For I have learned in whatever state I am, therewith to be content" (Phil. 4. 11).

T does not mean when peace abounds we never shall know strife,
Nor with our joy will never come the sombre ills of life.
For joy and sorrow intermeshed give colour to our days,
'Tis light and shade our Artist needs to blend our tears with

praise.

Had we not known the ache and sob occasioned by the cross, We ne'er had felt the ecstagy when gain came after loss. Our times of plenty are enhanced by days of dearth and

And after tempest hearts rejoice when peace comes back again.

When weakness brings our spirits low and we would fain at length

Lie down and rest, God graciously sends calm, uplifting strength.

The Throne of grace, the mercy seat, the ever-open door Are where we have our needs supplied, yea, all we ask and more.

Then when we've borne the scorching heat and burden of the day,

We'll gladly find a "Welcome Home!" to end the pilgrim way. There pain and sorrow are no more—a glorious future waits Emancipated pilgrims, when they reach the pearly gates.

"Extraordinary afflictions are not the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes are the trial of extraordinary graces."

"The chains of character that wind about the feet of God Are forged in earthly slames."

Twenty-seventh Day

Psalm Ninety-One

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty" (Psalm 91. 1).

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day" (Psalm 91. 5).

ALL unto Me in the day of thy sorrow,
Then I will answer thee. Glorify Me!
Great things and mighty I'm ready to show thee
If thou'lt believe I'm delivering thee.
I am thy Refuge, thy Fortress and Saviour!
Under My wings thou canst safely abide.
I am thy Buckler, thy Shield and High Tower!
From every pestilence restfully hide.

No fear nor terror shall make thy heart tremble,
Not e'en the arrow that flieth by day.
Shadows of night nor destruction at noonday
Can e'er come nigh thee whilst I am thy Stay.
Thousands may fall at thy side in the battle,
Ten thousand face thee but shall not prevail,
Since thou hast made the Most High thine own dwelling,
Angels will guard thee, no evil assail.

Thou shalt then tread upon lion and adder,
Trample them under thy feet in the fray.
Setting thy love upon God, He'll deliver,
Yes, the most venomous He'll keep at bay.
What an omnipotent God is our Saviour!
Guarding us, feeding us, shielding alway;
Ready to counsel, a wonderful Leader—
Keeping our footsteps from going astray!

Twenty-eighth Day

Tell Jesus Your Sorrows

"For the Lord shall be thy confidence" (Prov. 3. 26).
"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man" (Psalm 118. 8).

"Wait on the Lord . . . and He shall strengthen thine heart" (Psalm 27. 14).

E have heard of the bird that was pinioned
By a thorn which was pressing it sore,
How it sang with a strange, tender sweetness,
While the pain at its cruel wound tore.
We have seen a soul suff'ring in anguish
While the heart in deep sorrow was bowed;
But because other souls were dependent
Hence no yent to its grief was allowed.

Every heart knows its own bitter sadness,
Which to no one confided may be;
Thus the face ever wears smiles of sweetness,
That no others its sorrow may see.
But there's One we may ever confide in,
One who knows every pang the heart rends,
To Him only unburden your sorrows,
His ear ever in tenderness bends.

As the Lord learned obedience in suff'ring,
He is able to succour each soul.
Thro' the agony borne in the Garden,
He had learned how His burdens to roll
On the Father, whose love e'er enfolds us,
Yet refines us as silver is tried.
When He sees His own image reflected,
From the furnace He'll call thee aside.

Twenty-ninth Day

Light in the Darkness

"Thou art my Lamp, O Lord, and the Lord will lighten my darkness" (2 Sam. 22. 29).

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness" (Psalm 112. 4).

"That which thou hast prayed unto Me... I have heard" (2 Kings 19. 20).

AVE you ever proved the Saviour when your way is dark with dread?
When you cannot take a forward step, nor even look

When the only thing you can do is to pray and trust His Word, For it bids you call upon Him and rely upon your Lord.

He's the God of the impossible, and answers your heart's prayer,

When there is no earthly loophole and no human aid is near. When your skies are black as thunder and without a gleam of light—

Then His answer comes as clear as day from out the thickest night.

For He needs no human help to work His mighty wonders great—

Thus you only need to trust Him and He'll open Heaven's gate.

He will pour you out such blessings that your heart can scarce contain.

'Tis your faith alone can help Him, tho' it be as small as grain.

Oh, how tenderly He answers then your faint, despairing cry! The resources of the universe will Satan's power defy. They are all at your disposal, and they work on your behalf, Then at every step find comfort in the Saviour's rod and staff.

He has made the earth from nothing, yea, and all that it contains.

So can clear your path of obstacles till nothing e'er remains. He will daily guide and keep you, all His mighty power is yours.

Then your growing faith will work with Him to open closelocked doors.

Thirtieth Day

Not What They Seem

"He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee" (Job 5. 19).

"Thou shalt call and the Lord shall answer: thou shalt cry and He shall say, Here I am" (Isa. 58. 9).

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy" (John 16. 20).

T does not mean that when our prayers seem floating
Up heedless heights of Heaven's boundless space,
Our loving Saviour has not heard our pleading
Altho' the skies are brass. In wondrous grace
He'll prove His mighty power and bring deliv'rance
Just when our load seems more than we can bear;
When winds are contrary, His promise, gleaming,
Helps us to claim the answer to our prayer.

And tho' we writhe and groan beneath our burdens—
Tho' we are torn by agonising pain,
We can be sure the Hand of Love unfailing
Will all our seeming evils turn to gain.
The God whose wisdom's far above our thinking
Would ne'er forsake His waiting, trusting child.
He waits the moment when—the trial ended—
He can, with safety, hush the tempest wild.

If we could see the heights we're sadly climbing Are only reached by sorrow's mountain track.

If we could know what joy for us is waiting
Upon the crest—we would not then look back.

We would go forward with a hope that's bounding,
Whilst clinging to the Hand that leads aright—

Rememb'ring that our faith is firmly anchored
Within the veil, where all is glorious light.

Thirty-first Day

Whithersoever

"And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake: fear not neither be dismayed" (Deut. 31. 8).

"Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest" (Josh. 1. 9).

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore" (Psalm 121. 8).

HITHERSOEVER thou goest I'm with thee,
Whithersoever thy trembling feet tread.
I am thy God, I will never forsake thee,
Do not I number the hairs on thy head?

Why art thou fearful? Can anything harm thee?

Leaning on Me thou canst ne'er go astray.

Steep tho' the path be and clouds overshadow

I will uphold thee, let nothing dismay.

Hitherto mercy hath guarded thy footsteps, Ne'er have I failed thee in sorrow or pain. Love hath surrounded thee, all needs supplying, Turning thy losses to infinite gain.

What can o'ertake thee while I am thus caring? Faithfulness shields thee, protecting thy way. Who can assail those who lean on My bosom? Nothing can hurt while you trust and obey.

Rest—and have faith in the Love that upholds thee, Fierce tho' the conflict and bitter the test. Under thy head is the Arm everlasting, Child of My care thou't eternally blest.