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TO FRESHNESS
IN PRAYER. 



By JOHN HORNE

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PROMPTINGS TO DEVOTION

“ Wonders breathe in our face
And we ask not their name.”

MRS. BROWNING.

“ Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And THOU wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.”

EMILY BRONTË.

PROMPTINGS TO DEVOTION

*An Assistance towards
Freshness in Prayer*

BY

JOHN HORNE

AUTHOR OF

"STARTING POINTS: SENTENCES SIFTED FROM AUTHORS OF
TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY"



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IN EXPLANATION

PUBLIC prayer—both of pulpit and pew—is apt to beat within a circle, and thus conduce to limitation and weariness. This is probably one reason why the churches fail to catch the sympathies of a large class whose needs are very real and natural. It also explains, in some degree, the unpopularity of prayer-meetings. These are often strangled by wordy prayers that only create dulness and “change to weary burdens the helps that should uplift.”

In private, the temptation to abandon prayer frequently arises from the sense of sameness—which is really nothing more than a want of understanding the soul's true appetites, and the many fellowships of life.

This hand-book is intended to suggest freshenings, and an enlarged enjoyment. Its sentences are brief, and not always in devotional form; and these invite expansion and recasting by individual meditation. The cue to the suggestion is generally conveyed in the EMPHASISED words. As the book is meant only to be a prompter, the thoughts are placed so as to

compel constant change of reflection, and are not indexed for conventional usage.

A hint from William Law's *Serious Call to a Devout Life* may fitly be added. He says: "When at any time you meet with a passage that more than ordinarily affects your mind, and seems as it were to give your heart a new motion towards God, you should try to *turn it into the form of a petition* and then give it a place in your prayers. And it is for want of considering devotion in this light, as something that is to be nursed and cherished, that is to be improved with care and contrivance, by art and method, and a diligent use of the best helps—*it is for want of considering it in this light that so many people are so little benefited by it.*"

J. H.

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“When ye pray, *use not vain repetitions.*”—
JESUS.

“I will pray with the Spirit, and I will pray
with the understanding also.”—PAUL.

“Be ye therefore *sober*, and *watch unto prayer.*”
—PETER.

WHAT PRAYER IS

“Prayer is the chalice in which we fetch the water from the rock. It is the ladder on which we climb up to pick the grapes hanging over the wall of heaven.”—TALMAGE.

“All successful prayer is a prompting from the Father. My prayer does not change His mind ; it is His mind that dictates my prayer. Efficacious prayer is not so much a petition as a prophecy : it is my Father saying to me, ‘ This is My will—ask *this.* ’ ”—DR. MATHESON.

BOOK I

“Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up
my soul”

THOU art in the CALM LIGHT of Eternity;
we still wander amid the WAVERING SHADOWS
of Time.

Make our poor lives one TUMULT OF GLAD-
NESS by Thy peace within.

We build on the UNAPPARENT, and are
secured against all catastrophe.

Thou hast placed us again AT THE GATE OF
A NEW OPPORTUNITY.

May we keep ourselves in the NEIGHBOUR-
HOOD OF VIRTUOUS INFLUENCES, and in the
PRESENCE OF HIGH CAUSES.

Grant us deliverance from indulgence in EXAGGERATION—of our griefs, the sins of others, statement of beliefs, manner of life.

Charge us with the calm, white-heat FRENZY OF PURE EARNESTNESS.

May we not be daunted, though DISASTER BE PROPHESED by timorous saints or thwarting fiends.

Let us stand as DEFENDERS of Freedom, Charity, Truth.

Hasten the Gospel Day that LIFTS THE NIGHT from our darkened world.

“ABOVE THE SENSES’ HOWLING TIDE,” set up a guiding lighthouse of truth, whose flame no tempest will impair.

Enable us to ABIDE A TRUTH—to let it work its way on us.

Deliver us from both IMPS and IDOLS.

Sometimes it seems to us as if GOD WERE FROM HOME, like a husbandman on a far journey. May we be faithful amid the irregularities that ensue.

May we DISTINGUISH THE FIRES that heat our blood, for good and evil. "The fire of Heaven is not the flame of Hell."

RENEWING CURRENTS flow through all Thy kingdoms.

We would know the FULLEST RELATEDNESS OF CHRIST—how He is related to our sin; growth; purity; and the world without us.

Let Thy light BURN THROUGH our excuses.

Our Saviour came, not only that men might be partakers of the Divine nature, but also that GOD MIGHT BE PARTAKER OF OUR HUMAN NATURE and dwell in it.

TO REVEAL SIN ONLY would bring despair :
show us also the Remedy—the red medicine of
Calvary.

Deepen our sense of COMRADESHIP—with all
workers, and sufferers.

If we may not leave a name for inventions or
power behind us, let us do better still—LEAVE
GOOD DEEDS, and THOUGHTS, and SONGS, and
INFLUENCES.

May we POSTPONE no more.

Divest us of the POWER to EXCUSE OUR-
SELVES.

May we live a joyful life and TOSS A NEW
GLADNESS among men.

Give us such an INRUSH of strength as shall
OVERSET all the mock laws and authorities we
have summoned for our defence.

Make us GUIDES of men.

Help us to believe in Thy MANIFOLD
MINISTRIES.

INVIGORATE OUR WILLS in the days of
difficulty and antagonism.

Our PETTIEST SERVICE gains value when
linked to Thy purposes.

Resurrect our DEAD DELIGHTS — impulses,
aims, strivings.

Let every soul feel sharply the sin of
INACTIVITY.

May we open our minds readily to THE
REBUKES OF GOD, for our ill-informed aims
and unchastened desires.

Make life to us a SERIES OF AWAKENINGS.

May the WAR-DRUM cease to throb, and the tribunal of the bullet come to an end. Turn every fort into a garden.

Save us from a PROFESSION SO PRIM that it discounts warmth of heart and generous burst of feeling.

Gnawed by the insects of IRRITATION, we pray for calm patience and wisdom.

Strengthen in us every power and conviction of ASSAULT—to defy evil and challenge a contest.

As countless springs THROG TO ONE STREAM, so we to Thee.

Thou sayest, “Come unto Me, and REST”—and we answer, “RETURN unto thy rest, O my soul.”

We come from the bright sunshine outside to find the BRIGHTER SUNSHINE of Thy face in worship.

Who comes to Thee a SLAVE goes away a MAN, a freeman of Christ.

We thank Thee for the OLD, DELICIOUS BURDENS—the upkeep of Thy worship and house.

May we feel BREEZES FROM LIVING SHORES.

Thou hast enriched us with a PROGRAMME OF DELIGHTS, and hast said, "Ask what thou wilt."

Here, on THE OPEN ROAD TO THEE, none are intercepted—the king, beggar, all, pass without toll.

We HOIST OUR SAIL again—send favouring breezes.

When vitality, like a weakened passion, flickers out, BRING US TO LIFE AGAIN in a Better World.

If we live in Thee, shall not our experiences become like MUSIC PASSING THROUGH THE SOUL?

Unfold to us Thy MYSTERIOUS BUT SURE LAW OF PROGRESSION.

Make us sensitive to TRIVIAL CERTAINTIES.

“Thou desirest truth in the INWARD parts”—and that which is taught us from without is valueless unless it UNFOLD WHAT IS WITHIN.

In our smaller moods we are thankful for our blissful moments—the LITTLE SUMMERS; but when some great truth reaches us, we long for the austere, and strenuous, and TRAINING TIMES.

There is NO HELL unexplored by Thee: therefore may we hope for Thy sympathy in every sortie and defeat.

Teach us to cultivate cheerfulness, the BRIGHT WEATHER OF THE HEART.

While garmenting ourselves in our holy religion, let us not forget our JEWELLERY—charity, peace-making, humility, quietness.

There is a DISCOVERY that comes to inquiry, and another that comes only to ADORATION: may we secure both.

“Restore our souls”—by making them FRESH, as the skies and fields; by READJUSTING them to Thy standards; by CHARGING them with Thy magnets.

May we be to other souls the CUP OF STRENGTH in some great agony.

We should know more deeply than knowledge, feel more intensely than consciousness, have a wider relatedness than personality: all these GIFTS OF TRANSCENDENCY give us.

Though we only change from pain to pain, acquaint us with this—that there may be within us A LIFE that cannot be TOUCHED WITH PAIN or RUFFLED BY VEXATION.

So short our days are, we but GRASP THE
FLYING SKIRTS OF LIFE.

Thou hast become THE PRICE—descending
into Hell, setting Thy naked feet on its blazing
thoroughfares, exploring the farthest avenue of
agony.

Oh, bring us to SEE HEAVEN! The lustre of
a summer morning will be a dark patch to its
radiant emancipations.

May we AIM RIGHT at the RIGHT AIM.

Let us not STEM BACK OUR TENDERNESS,
only to be betrayed in the helplessness of death:
let us throw out fresh gushes as they rise.

Give us not teachers whose temples are built
on THE BONES of the people, and who fear
knowledge; but teachers with a forward light
in their minds and a belief in the unsearchable-
ness of God.

To the soul that follows Thee, our Master,
life becomes ONE LONG UNFOLDING REVELA-
TION.

Make even of our errors TORCHES TO LIGHT
OUR WAY.

May we live in the Light that is ABOVE
LIGHT.

Fashion our DEFENCES in such hardiness that
every tower will be storm-proof and every fort
equal to the assailing antagonisms.

We trust that, in Thy sight, we are BUILDING
BETTER THAN WE KNOW.

Though we are only wanderers of a day, we
have felt the ASCENSION OF FELLOWSHIP with
Thee, the silent stream of SYMPATHY FLOWING
THROUGH ALL from Thee, the ecstasy of
UNIVERSAL JOY distributed by Thee.

When we come to die, may our testimony

then reveal a LIFE-LONG REHEARSAL for that solemnity.

CHEAT us out of all selfishness in our religion by filling our hands with pressing duties of benevolence.

Though it be through storm and war, may we reach the sunny and fruitful FIELDS OF HOPE.

We want to be subjects of that DIVINE LOVE in whose presence all things must be holy, and praise and knowledge alike lose their boast.

May we know how to be WISELY PASSIVE when action is useless, and to REMEDY BY SILENCE the raillery of the foolish.

Furnish Thy saints with gifts that will make them TUTORS OF MEN — discovering their capacities and introducing them to useful outlets.

May we PUT IT BEYOND THE POWER of any man to call us shams.

HEAT US to that pitch of loyalty for Christ that the dull man may become brilliant and the tongue-tied eloquent.

We are restless; but we thank Thee that OUR MISERY ARISES FROM OUR GREATNESS—of spiritual nature, desire, aim.

For us all, may there be A GENTLE SLOPE to the River.

May the ACHE OF OUR MASTER'S AGONY pass into our souls as a pity for wandering men, a passion of self-sacrifice, a longing after God's will, a penalty to be paid for high life and service.

Educate us to know that the hour of release, the spirit of truth, the developments of Thy kingdom, are all BEYOND OUR POOR CUSTODY.

Make our experience a NOBLE PERJURY—the effacement of self, of passions that belong to us, of religious exhibition.

By coming to Thy courts we secure that CHANGE OF ATMOSPHERE which is the health of our souls.

The universe is THY PALACE—stars, the lamps at the gate; sunrise and sunset, the tapestries of the palace windows; all the seas, Thy aquarium; the birds, Thy orchestra.

By the warm glow of our faith may we RECAST every subject we touch.

Give us to believe in ULTIMATE PERFECTION, though every creature testify to vanity and waywardness.

Help us to VIVIFY CHRIST to men.

RE-COIN us; and send us into circulation again, for another run of usefulness, with our Master's image and superscription clear and emphatic.

Reveal to us the difference between ARGUMENT and SIGHT.

Break up our averages by the inrush of some great and MASTERING RESOLUTION.

We are stones in Thy spiritual temple—STONES, of Thy shaping hand; not BRICKS, manufactured of men.

Make every church a SPIRITUAL LABORATORY, in which the best may be extracted from everything.

We confess shamefacedly that we have made many IGNOBLE CONCESSIONS.

Consecration TURNS HINDRANCES TO SERVANTS: languidity becomes meditation, stubbornness changes to perseverance, and even worldliness aids in breadth of vision.

Not perplexed by mysteries that are outside our horizon, but girded by duties that lie clear at hand, let us GO STRAIGHT ON.

Thou hast set up within us the STATUTES OF ETERNAL HONOUR.

We again ascend the SLOPES OF HOLINESS.

Thou art not as a FIGURE OF STONE, whose cold lips whisper no warm word.

We are EXILES FROM HOME, and seek to hear from our Father.

OUR MILL awaits THY STREAM.

We come again to pray, because “prayer is THE SOUL’S ASCENSION BEYOND HARM.”

As we pray, let LOST JOYS come back to their nests in our heart.

We are in search of peace—not momentary or contending with opposites; but PEACE AS TRANQUIL AS STARLIGHT.

Our own gifts are, like ourselves, impermanent; Thine, as Thyself, are eternal. Bestow on us the JOYS THAT OUTLAST THE WRECK OF WORLDS.

Fill our souls with PROPHECIES of DAWN for the days to be.

We bow in prayer, that in our DRIED HEARTS we may feel the pulses of Thine.

However we may conjure before men, there is no shuffling with Thee: every action LIES IN ITS TRUE NATURE.

Show us how to put FETTERS on our fears.

FORESTALL our backsliding—by luring us to higher ideals, committing us to fresh labours waking us to watchfulness.

In all fields of Christian enterprise, create NEW ACTIVITIES.

Enable us to ENAMEL our tasks of drudgery with the white purity of sincere intention.

Renew us "in the SPIRIT of our mind"—

compelling us to view our work more hopefully, to revise our lazy conclusions, to catch hints of finer character in others, to instal a purer motive in our aims.

May we keep clear of any PRETENDED SANCTITIES that would relieve us of our duty to society and the community.

Give us minds UNENTANGLED WITH OUR AFFAIRS.

Grant us GRACE—grace of conception, of speech, of a becoming manner, of doing all things pleurably.

Lay on our whole nature the DECEITFULNESS OF NEGLECT.

The SUNSHINE is the gift of CHAOS, as Heaven will be of our present perplexity.

If we have no blessing in hand, teach us to EXTRACT JOY FROM REMEMBERED HAPPINESS.

What cares we CANNOT OVERCOME let us cast on Thee.

The world is a forest of risks and probabilities, yet the men of faith VENTURE ALL and win—founding new empires, and setting up the City of God in the swamps.

“Destruction also cometh from Thee”—even the DESTROYING forces are those that, in the end, UPBUILD.

Give us AWARENESS and RESISTANCE, for the foes of the soul are RAPID and RUTHLESS.

When we are our own pilots we get STRANDED IN THE OOZE OF THE RIVER.

This world is our NURSERY, not our DUNGEON.

With SILENT FOOTFALL, Faith climbs the stair to Thee.

STEP BETWEEN us and the penalties of our foolhardiness: and let not our wayward thought mature.

On some lives Dread and Despair sit kings.
DETHRONE them, tyrants of the mind.

Nourish with patient endurance those under the torture of SLOW griefs.

Through our HAZE, let us SEE THE LIGHTS of the City.

Unless we have PAIN we cannot have CONSOLATION.

Turn into the paths of pleasantness the blistered feet that now walk the ROAD STREWN WITH BURNING CINDERS.

Remember in compassion the WORKER in the field, the WALKER on the high road, the LOUNGER in the shade.

We pray to Thee, and thus THROW WIDE
OUR WINDOWS TO THE DAY.

The best proof of THY PRESENCE IN THE
WORLD is the high conduct of the saints. May
all who name Thee be living arguments of that
fact.

May it not be, O Lord, that the form of
WORSHIP most pleasing to Thee is to LOVE ONE
ANOTHER?

ILLUSION and TRUST are our safest guides:
forbid that we should impatiently dismiss them.

Deliver us from MIMIC LIFE, and SHAM
FIGHTS.

There is no limit to the expansion of faith:
EVERY ACTION may be OUTDONE.

Make us aware that our whole life is an
APPRENTICESHIP to the Truth—to schooling in
activities—to experiment in effort.

Teach us that there is NO END: every end is a beginning, a committal to greater victories.

Help us to be ADEPTS IN SELF-RECOVERY—never to be out-generalled by evil, delusion, or mishap.

Give us the youthfulness of a perpetual interest, that our MINDS MAY KEEP PACE with our years, and our understandings die not before ourselves.

Death is continually advancing: may we so live as NOT TO BE SURPRISED by his arrival.

In the light of Thy Spirit, and with a cool intelligence, enable us to EXAMINE OUR IMPRESSIONS.

Show us how MEAN is murmuring: how GRACEFUL is the majesty of habitual thankfulness.

THE PAST should come to us with guidance and suggestion—not with paralysing regret.

What ROOM FOR DEVILS is in our natures!

Send us that summer of the heart that brings
LENGTHENING AND BRIGHTENING OF THE
DAY.

Oh to STAND ERECT when Time forsakes us!

The tide will ebb—of our temptation, harass-
ment—and leave the foreshore of experience
LADEN WITH MEMORIALS.

As the white moon in the clouds, we SEE THY
CROSS amid the shadows and drifting mists of
perilous days.

Thou, Saviour, art GOD'S HEART in history:
through Thee we feel the throb of the Father's
love.

Make Thy kingdom our PRIDE.

Cheer those dumb souls whose sorrow lies on
them like A SHADOW—dark, still, passionless.

Show us that some of the world's wrongs can be rectified ONLY BY JUSTICE: charity cannot do it, nor hope, nor prayer.

O Christ, make us SERVANTS OF THY FAME.

Be the Resurrection to those who, out of their thoughts of melancholy, have BUILT THEIR TOMB.

Give us so much of Thy Spirit as will curb our soul's WAYWARDNESS and rule its moods.

With Thee, no wrong can thrive: there are no mockeries in Thy laws nor FALSE ENTRIES in Thy accounts.

We are false to Thee, the Creator, if we FLOUT A BLADE OF GRASS.

When the air is dense, make us PENETRATING LIGHTS; when clear, then RINGING BELLS.

Build walls of protection around us to shut us

in from the world; but pierce the walls with GATEWAYS of opportunity.

Give us an unerring spiritual instinct, to SIFT the essential from the non-essential, the dissolving from the abiding.

REIN IN our vices ; TRAIN OUT our virtues.

Cure us of HEART-FAG—the dying of the flame in the lamp, of the instinct in the duty, of the motive in the act, of the glow in the endeavour.

Make us TRUTHFUL AND DIRECT IN MIND, that we may not miss the pure simplicity of Thy teachings.

Lay the INDICTMENT OF FRIVOLITY on us so sharply that we will arise in indignation and be wise.

Untie That within us which we call SELF: and reveal how charged we are with miracle, and power, and insight, and expansion.

Oh, remember the FEET THAT MUST WANDER through hopes and anxieties, that must ache and bleed, before they reach the goal.

WIDEN the covetous, the simple, the mistrustful, the backward, and the vicious.

Comfort THIN MINDS shivering amid strong truths.

Assist those whose way lies DOWN STEEP PLACES.

Speak to the soul that SITS DUMB IN THE SHADOW—of grief or cowardice or rebellion.

Let Thy love, invisible but real, flow over our souls, as the TIDE OF WARMTH over the fields.

Our life, alas! is WITNESS AGAINST our faith.

Show us that it is better to be saved by our

FANCIES than ruined by our FACTS; and that life may be too literal.

The deathbed defeats all our AMBITIONS, save ONE—to live with God, and be like Him.

Give us AGILITY of mind, and teach us that LABORIOUSNESS may be the death of spirituality.

Save us from being cowards who RETREAT FROM OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.

Give us REVERENCE for the feelings of others, our own thoughts, the arrangements of life, Nature's humblest laws : for with our clumsy feet we crush blossoms in the mire.

May we value our friends, nor thrust HARSH HANDS among the heart-strings of comrades.

Give us a blythe faith : so that we may "MOUNT OUR SCAFFOLDS with a jest."

How grievous, that by our follies we should
KEEP OFF HEAVEN from earth.

Send us to our tasks BUOYANT, captured by
“the careless grandeur of a soul.”

Put us OUT OF TUNE with everything that's
scornful.

Death is ITS OWN DESTROYER: by it, we
gain access to deathless eternities.

May we CHAMPION every brave endeavour.

Strengthen our nature with a VIRTUOUS
SCORN for gauds and trifles of tinsel.

As swimmers in the surge, may we struggle
to emerge from HAMPERING OPINIONS.

Oh, to “doubt all doubt and TAKE THE SOUL
ON TRUST”!

Thy humblest graces, heartily received, PUT
TO SHAME our ripest dreams.

Startle us with a revelation of THE NEWNESS
—the unrealised possibilities—OF OLD TRUTHS.

So dwell in us, God, that life may be kept
CLEAR OF DEGRADATIONS.

Make us so busy that we shall have SCANT
TIME TO GRIEVE.

Thanks for the brave souls whose example
STRAIGHTENS us.

Oh, never to SMIRCH OUR FLAG by waving
it over wrong.

May we so conduct our behaviour that LIFE
WILL SMILE ON DEATH, and DEATH ON LIFE.

Make us to be DWELLERS IN THE REGION
OF GOD.

The grave is our GATEWAY to endless renown.

ACROSS THE LEVELS OF LIFE are rivers to ford and high hills which we must climb. Give us spiritual nerve, and urgency.

Let OUR BATTLES not be with fire and steel, but with suggestions of right and methods of assistance and words of hope.

Oh, be our Guide WHEN OUR DAY IS SPENT and the winds fall silent and the night is waiting.

Forgive us both for our UNLOVELY SPEECH and THE PLEASANT WORD WE DID NOT SAY.

Prepare for us a PATH OF TRANSIT from stubbornness to pliability, from indulgence to self-sacrifice.

School us to ECONOMISE OUR FORCES—the

more effectively to fulfil our task, and glorify our Instructor.

May we impart THE TONE OF THE HEART to all our devotions and activities.

Elevate Thy saints with FINE DELIGHTS unguessed by worldly men.

In the dust of the grave, may we FIND GEMS to deck the brow of life.

Chase from our souls the NIGHT-HAWKS.

Throw over us THE SPELL of the Mighty Enchanter.

Alarm us from LUXURIANT DREAMS—to arise and act.

Suffer us NOT TO PLAY A PART in life; but LIFE ITSELF.

We have enjoyed much, but pant for experiences that will DEFY OUR INTERPRETATION.

May we prevent IMPATIENCE from playing traitor to Courage.

Let us all reach Heaven, reach Heaven at last—even though many reach it BEWILDERED: some of joy, others of surprise.

Oh to be HENCHMEN of God, fighting real battles for good and advancement: not loungers, discussing ghosts and shadows.

May the soft purity of Thy nature mingle with the roughness of ours, and MAKE IT TENDER.

Renew us in the SPIRIT of our mind, that we may think clearly, honestly, loftily.

Thou hast made us KINGS and PRIESTS—to

rule from thrones of truth, and serve at altars of sacrifice.

May we now UNPACK OUR CARES, and rest.

As we again tread the familiar PATHWAY TO THE HILL-TOP, let us experience healing sensations, expansion of view, elevation.

May our souls be serenaded by UNHEARD MELODIES, sung by unseen singers.

Enable us to CAPTURE THE REDEMPTIVE FORCES—of sympathy and conscience—that lie at the heart of society, and by these to break the yoke of injustice and poverty.

Our Saviour, Thou art now and for ever A PORTION OF THE EARTH Thou didst tread: Thou hast enriched its loveliness and beauty.

Let us avoid the undaring throng whose SAILS are “NEVER TO THE TEMPEST GIVEN.”

44 “UNTO THEE, O LORD,

We are inheritors of an UNFULFILLED
RENOWN—to “FILL UP the sufferings of
Christ.”

The friends whom Thou hast taken, have
OUTSOARED THE DARKNESS OF OUR NIGHT.
Why should we mourn?

May we reject all theories that attempt to
EXPLAIN God.

Among all our aims, let this stand first—A
PERFECT AND SPIRITUAL SANITY.

Let us be such Christians as shall SET men
and things in their TRUE ATTITUDE. .

Is our soul INCOMPLETE? May we hasten
to furnish the lacking qualities.

The whole universe is a ROAD TO THEE
for seeking souls.

O God, give us an AMPLE AND REJOICING SYMPATHY with men of all degrees—strugglers, toilers, pausers, contemplators, sufferers.

Help us to MAKE ROOM IN THE WORLD for great deeds and reforms that will shame the past.

May our lives TRANSLATE for the multitude the laws of Christ.

Sometime in our brief life, give us the experience of SOMETHING THAT HAS NEVER HAPPENED.

Let us have such an UNSURPASSED CONTENT in the service of Christ that no lower allurements will gain a hearing.

We belong to THE INVINCIBLE CITY, the City of Truth,—whose foundations are the light, and therefore indestructible.

INFERENCES

“The moral altitude of men is registered in their prayers.”

DR. CLIFFORD.

“All prayer does not consist of petitions arising from the sense of need. Much of prayer expresses the fulness of the soul rather than its emptiness. It is the overflow of the cup.”

DR. STALKER.

“The natural life owes all to environment; so must the spiritual. Thus the environment of the spiritual life is God. Why do we seek to breathe without an atmosphere, or drink without a well? Why this unscientific attempt to sustain life without an environment? ‘My soul, wait thou only upon God.’”

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

BOOK II

“ Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer ”

THOU, our Friend, hast called us to the
EMPIRE OF FELICITY.

At Thy feet we have BALM for all wounds,
PARDON for all sins, DRYING for all tears,
RESURRECTION for all graves.

We are WEARIED AT THE OAR, and pause to
breathe fresh vigour from Thy atmosphere.

Show us that POOR OPPORTUNITIES are better
than none, and that Thy Greatest Truth was
found in a manger.

We are BESET BY TWO TERRORS—Life and Death. Our kind Protector, change both to ANGELS for us.

Till we find REST in Thee, our souls swing from grief to grief, and are flung from dread to dread.

May we not fear death: its FREEZING KISS emancipates from pain, and seals the soul for its voyage.

O God, let us at times TOUCH THE BOUNDS OF OUR BEING.

In our clear knowledge of Thy will may we find THE COUNTERPOISE to the allurements of alien pleasures.

We are the TRUSTEES of truth and progress.

May we PROVE OUR TITLE to the name of “Christian”—by honest merit, rectitude, unworldliness, Christlikeness.

Let our chief joy be, to CALL OUT THE CHRIST in men.

Give us the HEAT of truth.

On our spirit's ear we catch echoes of THE WASHING OF THE TIDES upon the shores of Life.

Be with us WHEN WE COME TO GO OUT into the blast of Death in the long dark night.

Let us cultivate a LIFE that CANNOT be SHUT UP IN A COFFIN—a life of out-reaching influence and reproductive energy.

The PERPLEXED STRAINS of life are harmony in the ear of Trust.

Every day Thou dost ARRAY ANEW every particle of Thy world : the restorative forces are everywhere active.

“GIVE EAR, O LORD,

Give us “a fierce regard for the SANCTITY OF TIME.”

Make us JEALOUS OF OUR OPPORTUNITIES.

Draw us back from our STAGEY CONCEITS to the candid realities of truthfulness.

Restore our DARING.

Comfort those who have LOOKED INTO THE EYES OF DEATH.

Give us faith in the TENDENCIES THAT MAKE FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Save us both from a WITHERED and a WANTON life.

How many BANNERS have FALLEN !

Deliver us from the tyranny of LIFE'S
TEDIOUS NOTHINGS.

Surround us with VOICES—to soothe, warn,
guide, startle, reprove.

Evermore we thank Thee for the great HOPES
and TRUSTS of Christ's teaching.

Lead us to the quiet joy hidden in the MUTE
MINISTRY of common things.

Let us no longer PALTER WITH OUR WORDY
CONVENTIONS, but go to work to rescue men.

Amid our urgent duties, give us LEISURE OF
HEART—to meditate and learn.

The COMPANIONS OF OUR SPIRIT may all be
pure—noble imaginings; the spirits of just
men made perfect; Jesus.

Our prayers and strivings mean that we covet
the BEAUTY OF WHOLENESS.

Let OUR DEFENCE be in innocency—not in
the armour of custom or the passwords of policy.

May we use sedulously the TIME WON for us
by the suffering saints and martyrs.

Make us to be of the true spirits who are THE
STARS OF LIFE.

How throbbing with delight is the SILENT
ECSTASY OF LOVE.

By surrender, may we FALL IN WITH THE
DIVINE ACTIVITY.

May we open the soul's windows and LET IN
THY SPRING.

We must pass BY WAY OF THE CROSS to the
Throne.

There are many RIVERS IN THE LANDSCAPE OF LIFE, but that of Thy peace is purest and deepest.

We seek Thee: Thy presence is not UN-FAMILIAR to us.

At Thy throne we have a hiding-place WHERE KINGS AND TORTURERS HAVE NO POWER.

Graciously visit us in our CELL OF SIN.

Give us the DELIGHT of Thy presence: to be conscious of it and not enjoy it is hell.

SOBS and SONGS ALTERNATE in our supplication: we have sinned, but know forgiveness.

Thou of the Ineffable Name, how else can we honour Thee than in ADORATION!

Thou art not “a BLIND POWER, throned in a pitiless sky.”

When we ascend to one height—of worship, endeavour, thought, character—ANOTHER CALLS US.

Let all our prayers PAVE THE ROAD to chastity and a loyal life.

Bestow on us a SPLENDID STUBBORNNESS—the strength to resist, to suffer, to stand.

Deliver us from SICKLINESS of brain and spirit.

May not our WILL become the SERVANT of our DEFECTS.

Create CONFIDENCE in the forces, principles, triumph, reality of Thy kingdom.

Encourage those whose LIFE SEEMS

STATIONARY: show them that progress may be sure though unperceived.

Grant us a sunny, penetrating enthusiasm, that will INFECT OTHERS.

Give us the gift of AWARENESS—to the chances of life ; the deceptiveness of sin ; readiness for service ; alertness in spiritualities.

CROWN EVERY GRIEF with consolation and the knowledge of Divine meaning.

Let the LAMPS OF HEAVEN shine out amid our storm and night.

Give us many COMPANIONS IN THE LAND OF THOUGHT.

We are but poor wanderers on the shores of Time, LOOKING FOR THE BOAT.

Help us, from the stubborn soil of trial, to
WIN THE FLOWERS of happiness and faith.

May we realise how great a POWER is Joy.

By the constant endeavour of the righteous
shall OBSCURITY VANISH.

Whatever we are, let us BE THAT in all
fearlessness.

By the careful study of Thy Word, of our
Master, and of ourselves, may we BUILD UP
STEADILY each sense and grace—to full activity,
accuracy, foresight.

Give us courage enough to occupy THE
GROUND WON FOR US BY CHRIST.

Wrap us in THY SHELTERING FLAME—to
purify, enliven, protect.

Forbid that we should train men to FEAR
RIGHT THOUGHTS.

Fill us with UNAPPEASABLE YEARNINGS.

Save from backsliding. How many SHRINK
INTO THE DARK again !

To deliver ourselves from the nagging of
LITTLE WORRIES, enable us to get engaged to
BIG ENDEAVOURS.

How many GOOD ANGELS—thoughts, im-
pulses, invitations—we have MARTYRED !

Make us HEIRS OF THE OLD HEROIC RACE.

May we be TRUMPETS through which Thou
wilt send THY AWAKENING BREATH.

FEED our souls with PATIENCE.

May we not stand forth in DISARRAY to the world.

Angels we are but with BROKEN WINGS—our best flight is only an effort: oh for the Sun!

Our life is a CLIMBING—of Sinais and Calvaries and Pisgahs.

Let Thy Spirit MIX OUR SENSES AND INSTINCTS—that we be practical in our religion and religious in our practice.

O'er the rabble's laughter, may we hear THE ANGELS SINGING.

Change all our POISONS to MEDICINES.

Let the sovereignty of Thy grace in our lives MASTER ALL DISTRACTIONS—focussing our energies; permitting meditation; encouraging growth; preventing waste.

In all our professions, beliefs, enterprises,
may never THE BREATH OF THE TRAITOR BE
FELT.

We are lords only of WASTE LANDS: kings of
desolate isles—intentions and purposes lying
unused.

Let OUR SILENCES be full of noble things.

COLOUR Thou all our drawings as Thou wilt.

From the earthy soil of our natures, FORCE
UP THE LILIES OF HOPE.

Our prayers are PART OF THY WORKING
MACHINERY.

Give a STRENGTH which no labour can tire ;
a FAITH no doubt can dim ; a LOVE no neglect
can defeat ; a FREEDOM no contest can lessen.

The SLEEPLESS EYES OF GOD look through our darkest night.

IN HEAVEN, there is nothing torn, incomplete, or divided.

Deliver us from zeal for FALSE RAPTURES.

The call of Thy Spirit APPALS US—yet we respond.

Our THOUGHTS STRUGGLE UP to Thee, as springs ooze through the dark rocks to the sunlight.

Make us to be rich in SECRET POWER—that no work, pain, or temptation may find us unaware.

We are staggered to discover the VALUE Thou dost put on our MOST INSIGNIFICANT ACTS OF SERVICE—a cup of cold water.

Save us from the **TORMENT OF INDECISION.**

Make us to be **PARTAKERS OF THE DIVINE ENDEAVOUR.**

Deliver us to calm—from that **WRANGLING** which is the joy of vulgar minds.

Let not **DISTANCE DELUDE OUR SENSES**—in the fulfilment of Thy promise; the ultimate triumph of our work; the coming Kingdom.

Forbid that we should join those whose **SAINTLY WARFARE IS QUENCHED**—by backsliding and forgetfulness of early ideals.

We want the convert's **GLOWING ZEAL** with the **SOBER COURAGE** of experience.

Help us to **SHEPHERD OUR STRENGTH** for the worthiest enterprises.

Let us make a mock of Time with the
BRAVERIES OF ETERNITY.

Inspire us with a HATE OF HATE and love of
love.

Oh to waken enraptured, in THE MORNING
OF A NEW TRUTH!

Consecrate our ANGER: make it the urging
angel of our spirits.

Give us a Church whose BULWARKS are
noble spirits and warm hearts.

How sad to stand ACCURSED in the calendar
of God!

Environ us with the ATMOSPHERE OF
HEAVEN, that we may not be strangers any-
where when we arrive there.

Time is the LESSER LIFE, Eternity THE

LARGER: as Thou hast been with us in the one,
we have faith in Thee for the other.

Let us not shrink from THE FULL INTENT
OF TRUTH.

Thou hast set us in a place of WONDER.

How pleasant are the DISCOVERIES we make
in Thy house—of Thee, Thy service, our common
fellowship, Truth, helpfulness of devotion.

Thanks! for THE RELIEF of simply telling
Thee our cares.

May we have no reluctance to STEADILY
FACE THY GRANDEUR.

Help us to feel that in prayer we are LISTEN-
ING TO GOD.

Give us to-day a pure rapture AT THE
HEART.

Lift us to the HIGH LANDS of spiritual vision
and ecstasy.

In Thy presence EVERYTHING BECOMES
HOLY: psalm, prayer, music, tree, cloud, all
things.

We go to Thy house to see what NEWS
THERE IS FROM GOD.

We would be MINSTRELS OF THY COURTS.
Make us joyous!

Thy presence is the SUMMER OF THE SOUL.

Side with the saint who fights an UN-
OBSERVED BATTLE.

Let THE NEXT WORLD'S KNOWLEDGE be the
leaven that shall permeate the knowledge of
this world.

We would be THE MESSIAHS OF SOME
CENTRAL TRUTH.

Comfort the aged, standing in THE SHUDDER
THAT TWILIGHT BRINGS.

May we not DARKEN DELIGHT with our
religion, our presentation of truth, our methods,
or our lives.

Exalt those who are MEAN to the zeal
and integrity of the NOBLE.

The Unseen has created the seen, and is
therefore THE GREATER REALITY: make it so
to us.

Make brave THE TOO-SENSITIVE.

Throw over us the MEMORY OF PERFECT
SAINTS.

Lure the nations to a holy craze for HEALTHFUL INTELLIGENCE—of Thy gospel, a common brotherhood, pleasures of the mind, possibilities of service.

* May we so live that on THE VOLUME OF OUR LIFE Thou wilt stamp the title “Christian” in letters of gold.

Light up in our minds A LUSTRE THAT DEATH CANNOT QUENCH.

When we FALL IN LOVE WITH THEE the earth seems lined with silk, the roses become brilliants, the hills are terraces of the angels.

Startle SPIRITUAL IDLERS, who consume their days with baby toys.

With Thy breath, BLOW INTO DUST THE ALTARS OF INJUSTICE.

If we are Thine, DEATH will be but the fulfilment of Thy PROMISE to give us a MORE ABUNDANT LIFE.

While we work for Liberty, help us to LIBERATE OURSELVES—from the dominion of false pretence, lies, untruthfulness.

May we never be TEMPTED TO FORGET.

Bring in the REIGN OF SANCTIFIED REASON.

Let all our thoughts be JOINTED WITH TENDERNESS.

Deliver us from the faith that would SNATCH AT AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

May we remember that Jesus was SLAIN on behalf of THE WORK OF REFORMATION.

Let us never “fool the crowd with GLORIOUS LIES.”

May we KNOW MORE, and PRESUME LESS.

We deem THY STATUTES barren, and exacting.
Show us their FRUITFULNESS—in correction,
quicken the sense, creating reliance.

In PAIN, be our health ; in DOUBT, our truth ;
in DEATH, our immortality.

Give us a PRACTICAL THIRST for Truth—
Truth seen, accepted, applied.

If we DISCOVER but little, may we ADMIRE
much.

Give us RAPTURE OF UNDERSTANDING as
well as of spirit.

Help us to cultivate ENDURANCE; and breathe
Thou PASSION into it.

May we not only admire Thy works but have
that perception of perfectness that GUESSES AT
THY FORMING IDEA.

Make us HEROES OF HOLINESS.

Grant us that JOY OF REASON, the persuasion
of high things.

Save those whose lives are lost in a BROAD
INDIFFERENCE.

Keep our souls in THE SPHERE THAT GAVE
THEM BIRTH.

Show us THE CENTRALITY OF CHRIST—to
all light, power, truth, reformation.

Help us to ORDAIN OURSELVES to some good work.

In fellowship with Thee may we find THE CHARM that transcends attainments and makes even beauty unnoticed.

Make us VENTURESOME. As we sail farther into the ocean, we gain the view of extending shores.

Send ahead of us such influences as shall CLEAR THE PATH for our feet—influences unknown to us.

Teach us that “WOE GIVES LUSTRE to man,” as night does to stars.

Train us to HAPPINESS, and we will be content not to ask the how or why of life.

There are HYPOCRISIES in vice as well as in virtue. Set us on our guard against both.

May we never EXAGGERATE OUR DEFECTS.

We need NO SANCTION of Pope or Council to come into Thy presence.

As we approach Thy worship, may Thy Spirit OPEN EVERY SENSE.

With PURGED EYES, may we see the PARADISE OF TRUTH.

We come to BATHE OUR SOULS IN THY PURE STREAMS.

Preface our communion by the SUDDEN IMPRESS OF THY SPIRIT.

Be to us our EAST and WEST—sunrise and sunset.

Grant a SPATE OF DIVINE INFLUENCES—to flush, startle, and renew our forces.

Let the WAY INTO THE HILL OF GOD be a familiar one to us, well trodden and leading to restfulness.

Send Thy Sun's rays into the DEEPEST DEFILES.

However sheltered this port, we must SAIL FARTHER — into wider explorations; into Eternity.

We come out of our shade INTO THY SUN-LIGHT.

Bring about, O Lord, the ADVENT OF THE

PEOPLE—the distribution of comfort, knowledge, responsibility.

Baptize Thy saints with enthusiasm, till all the land is TONGUED WITH FIRE.

Let there be CAROLS RINGING through all our nature—brain (thought), nerve (sensation), heart (affection), hand (activity).

May we strive to make THE CHURCH the INSTITUTION of COMRADESHIP.

In reading Thy Book, grant us THE MEANING THAT WORDS HOLD NOT.

Enable us to escape from the STANDARDS AND CONFORMITIES published of men, and recognise only Thine.

Give us the power of PREFERENCE (to select the pure), of RECEPTION (to accept it), and of DENIAL (to refuse the plausible).

Let not our prayers end at “Amen,” but GO ONWARD IN A SUBSTANTIAL LIFE.

When our Master is with us, the FURNACE BECOMES COOL beneath our feet.

We are glad that FROM OUR BROKEN IDEALS Thou canst build life and reputation to serve Thee.

Break in upon the SLEEP of satisfied profession.

While FORMULAS are trampled in the mire, let NEW SUBSTANCES be collected from the ruin.

God help us to carry SOCIAL ASSISTANCE to those whose conditions rob them of the fine flavour of life and create only a moody endurance.

Show us that LIFE IS NOT ARGUING but seeing and ascertaining.

Let us fight for possession of the genuine, remembering that the most UNCLOTHED REALITY is preferable to any false semblance, however decorated.

Disentangle our GRAPPLING PASSIONS.

Though the clouds hang low, we have seen MANY A FINE MORNING, and shall again. Let us not be despondent.

Thou art "the FATHER [the inventor] of Mercies."

May we not ENSLAVE THE GENERATIONS TO COME by making any compromise with unrighteousness.

Oh, great mystery and greater fact: the ETERNAL is now the DAILY BREAD of the saints!

The KEYS at our girdle have become rusty for lack of use. What have we opened of knowledge, of guidance or of hope for others?

May we set ourselves to CONFUSE the powers of evil, and hoist righteousness by sanctified stratagem.

Thou must FEED the flame, but we must TRIM it.

Disengage our minds from the tyranny of PETTY CUSTOMS—that belittle our nature, dry up our enthusiasm, and break into trivial streamlets the current of our influence.

How many of us still live in THE TWILIGHT, and have never ventured into BROAD DAY. Make us to stand in the centre of the sunlight.

May we possess a PERFECT sense of sin and holiness. The sense imperfect, how much is overlooked!

May Thy Spirit determine for us, all DOUBTFUL and PERPLEXING QUESTIONS.

We thank Thee for the DEAR, FAMILIAR THINGS in home, life, and worship, that minister peace and security to us.

In the WORLD'S HOSPITAL WARDS may we be busy pouring the oil of comfort and restoration.

May we know the transport of the HEIGHTS.

Thou givest us life, but we SET IT TO MUSIC. Help us to interpret the theme worthily.

Teach us to CAPTURE THE LIGHTS—the glimmerings of higher truths that escape from common things.

Help us to REACH INTO NEW EXPERIENCES—to traverse roads where is no wheel mark.

Let manhood’s CAUTION remember the ASPIRATIONS of youth.

The ROD with which Thou chastenest us BLOSSOMS—with Thy love and purpose.

May we not practise THE DECEPTION of thinking we are BUSY when we are only FUSSING about trifles.

Let us not DARE TO LIVE without some outlined design.

Through our dull circumstances SHOOT rare and unexpected delights, and serene thoughts.

Send the flame!—the AWAKING EARNESTNESS that compels to decision for Christ.

Adjust OUR JUDGMENT—so often it marches unsteadily, stumbling oft and failing us.

Give us HEALTHY CONCEITS.

When we embrace Thy teaching, it is NO LONGER THINE but ours.

Thou hast APPENDED TO OUR NATURES possibilities of spiritual expansion, of raptured vision, of patience incredible, of exalted behaviour—and these we may fulfil.

May we RELEASE EVERY TRUE PASSION from the imprisonment of a misinformed holiness.

Thou hast beset us by superintending laws, which CONTROL us; and flexible laws, which SERVE us.

In our doings, may we ADVERTISE RELIGION in all her attractive lineaments.

Afford us some sign of spiritual progress in the BIRTH OF NEW NEEDS.

We must GOVERN OUR DESIRES, and become spiritual; or be GOVERNED BY THEM, and become worldly.

Live in us, God! As the UNDYING PRINCIPLE of Beauty realises itself in FORMS that can only be TEMPORAL, so let Thy Eternal Self inhabit our perishing bodies.

Prevent us from developing either ignorant or refined TIMIDITIES.

Teach us that our true life is A RESULT, not an accumulation of years.

May we have ENOUGH GOODNESS to get the better of heredity and temptation, and win the victory over selfish ruse.

The footsteps of Love LIGHT FIRES for the wanderers of the race.

THE LESSER BECOMES THE GREATER

“What is the limit of our prayer? It is this—‘Not my will but Thine be done.’ Is *that* a limit? Why, this is glorious liberty! Not my will but Thine—not a little will but a great Will. Is it a limit? It is the lark rising from its field-nest into the boundless liberty of the firmament!”—DR. PARKER.

“For prayer is not some preternatural charm
Unto the general scheme of order strange;
No spell to stay the compensating arm,
Nor the straight course of destiny to change;
Prayer is the soul’s ascension beyond harm,
Where it may gain a universal range;
And having tasted union with its Source,
May flow, all struck with splendour, on its course.”

FREDERIKA R. MACDONALD.

BOOK III

“Hear my prayer, O Lord; give ear
to my supplications”

THANKS be to Thee for our grand world!
Beside every hedge grow LEAVES for the
healing of bruised minds; around us, SONGS for
cheerless souls; above us, PICTURES for tired
eyes.

Recall to our memories our many HELPFUL
ASSOCIATIONS: we are so apt to forget them
and grow despondent.

We thank Thee for the rich bounties and
accumulations of RESTRAINT—the restraint of
natural law which means health, of Thy service
which means safety, of responsibility which
means honour.

84 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

Thou who hast made the ROCKS, make firm our resolutions ; the STARS, light our thoughts ; the FLOWERS, give the beauty of holiness ; the FIELDS, render our lives fruitful.

We would approach Thee with reverence, nor RUFFLE THE SILENCE that guards Thy throne.

In offering our prayer, teach us not to forget that THE MOST SERVICEABLE PRAYER is a pure life.

Here, everywhere, through all creation, beams Thy TENDER BOUNTY : we cannot escape it.

No Time or Change can touch Thy throne. OUR SHRINE IS SECURE.

Grant us a sight of THE LARGER COMPANY with whom we travel.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 85

EARTH has NO FORGIVENESS for mistakes:
we look to Heaven.

Grant us that rapture of worship which trans-
forms all ORDINANCES to WINGS.

The hours spent with Thee are the ONLY
HOURS NOT WASTED.

Look at us THROUGH THY TEARS, and be
pitiful.

Thanks for Thy promises : every one of which
is a TICKET OF ADMISSION to Thy presence and
favours.

The services of Thy house are ROADS
WHEREIN THOU WALKEST, and we are likely to
meet Thee in them.

We thank Thee for the INCITEMENTS TO

86 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

KNOWLEDGE with which Thou hast surrounded us. How guilty are those who never ask sun, or breeze, or hill a question !

Let our CONSTANT PLEASURE be to be doing something helpful to Thy kingdom among men.

May we not be troubled by A CROWD OF APPEARANCES.

The only satisfaction we may know is DOING THE THINGS THOU DIDST MAKE US FOR.

Keep clear before us this helpful truth, that things cannot enter INTO the soul unless we open the door.

May we COME TO OUR OWN AID whenever we can.

In our religion let there be the quality of DEFIANCE.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS " 87

Though on earth, may we have many REHEARSALS of heavenly hallelujahs.

May we FEEL IN OUR HEARTS the blows given to the poor, incompetent, unfortunate.

Help us to FALL IN with Thy forces at work, and not lose our day by a fatal inventiveness of useless experiments.

All the hostile sounds that clamoured around Thy Cross are dead now, and it has become the place for quiet meditation. So transform OUR Calvaries !

Teach us how many things we can DO WITHOUT.

If we have DEFRAUDED another—by withholding information, our influence, or anything rightfully his—let us at once make restitution.

88 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

We GAIN NOTHING till we LOSE EVERYTHING.

Are we imprisoned by the sense of guilt, back-sliding, defeat? Help us to MEDITATE ON THE MEANS OF DELIVERANCE.

Holiness is TASTE (as in art or literature) TRANSFERRED TO LIFE—the selection of the purest.

Let every criticism, emergency, and experience whatsoever drive us beyond SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

Common duties are only transitory when undertaken without God's Spirit: with His interpretation TRIVIALITIES become immortal.

We confess our wayward TRUANCY.

Memory's wall is FRESCOED WITH SCENES from the history of Thy mercy towards us.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 89

Teach us the ART of praising those who do well.

Aid us in cultivating a PURE DISCRETION—so that we may distinguish what is merely DAZZLING from that which is GENUINE.

Let the BURNING DREAMS of our opening days be the pillar of fire in whose light we shall ever walk.

May THY CALM steal across OUR TUMULT.

It is good that we be sometimes CONTRA-DICTED.

Deliver us from the vanity of being anxious to LIVE LONG while we are careless to LIVE WELL.

Let us be swift to UNLEARN—evil customs that use has recommended, passions that come

90 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD;

as pretended honours, prejudices that buttress pride, wrong opinions and uncharitable judgments.

It is better to KNOW OUR OWN HEARTS than UNDERSTAND THE COURSE OF THE HEAVENS.

In the conduct of our affairs, may PRUDENCE guide fervour.

Give unity to Thy people; and teach us this—that UNITY is only possible among SINCERE men.

The mind only yields its treasures to SCOURGING, as soil to harrowing.

Teach us Thy UNPRINTED Word.

Deliver us from the OPPRESSORS of our own election—ill notions, vague desires, unchristly moods.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 91

All men speak the language of Heaven : it is not the DIALECT of any tribe, yet includes all dialects.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh." The trumpet may be TRAMPLED IN THE MIRE, but the rush of battle it called forth goes forward.

Give our lives NEW COLOURS—Thy white for our dark, Thy gold for our drab, Thy red for our black.

Let us not PAWN, even for a day, one useful virtue.

Help us to FORGE our mail THOROUGHLY.

However barren our past, THE LEAVES ARE GREEN above us to-day again.

"Life more abundantly," said our Master. Lord, give us a COPIOUS life.

92 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

The morning stars that sang together at the creation STILL SING for those whom age cannot deceive.

Our graces must be BRIGHT, if they are to allure the attention of ungodly men: when they grow dim, they no longer WITNESS.

Help us to clear away the great cardinal truths, and set them up in our minds as GENERATIVE CENTRES to which we may ever return for fresh supplies of power.

Give us spiritual FAR-SIGHTEDNESS: to see past the ceremony to the truth signified, past the posture to the disposition, past the act to the motive, past the demolition to the rebuilding.

What we chiefly need is that Thou wilt create in us great and UNWITHERING PASSIONS—to keep our beliefs, graces, and ideals in working form and readiness.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 93

Save us from the lust of the world, which
SUBMERGES TRUTHS containing the very secrets
of life and happiness.

May the stars be more to us than mere
LANTERNS TO LIGHT REVELLERS from shame
to shame.

There are no bars on Thy doors YET ; three
are open on the north, and three on the south,
and three on the east, and three on the west, that
men from everywhere may find entrance to
Thee ere the Night falls.

Instruct us, Divine Spirit, by the USES OF
OUR LIBERTIES ; and may we discover heavenly
training in earthly necessities.

Life, life — give us life ! ONE GERM is
mightier than a UNIVERSE OF CLAY.

Oh to be TRANQUIL in the GREATNESS of
Truth !

94 “HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

In prayer, we ascend the LADDER whose top is in the ineffable light.

Teach us not to despise our sufferings : these are the ROUGH STEPS by which we climb to the throne.

At the last, may an angel touch us (like Peter) in our prison-house, and lead us out to stand in a TRANCE OF JOY on the streets of the New Jerusalem.

Alas ! how foolish we are ! We pursue griefs in EARNEST, and joys in JEST ! Reverse our code of practice for us.

By Thy Spirit's mighty ministry, make us EYES to the sightless, SENSE to the thoughtless, ORDER to the thriftless, GRACE to the untidy, PERSEVERANCE to the shifty, SALVATION to all.

Arm us with the wisdom and courage NOT

TO KNOW—subjects that entangle, dry the soul, introduce evil strains, and are accusatory in retrospect.

Deliver us from a theology CONTAINED IN A LEXICON; a God IMPRISONED IN A BOOK; a faith BURIED WITH DEAD HEROES.

Never to choose the EASY path but always the RIGHT one—let this be our daily enfranchisement.

By teaching and example, our Saviour, Thou hast LIGHTED UP THE PERILOUS PLACES of the ascent to Heaven.

We have inherited the CONQUESTS OF THE PROPHETS, and the LIBERTIES they purchased in the market-places of fire and persecution: let us own our indebtedness by increasing the inheritance.

May we respond to the promptings of Thy

96 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

GOODNESS, helping Thee to transform the wilderness of confused passions into a garden of kindly satisfactions.

Thou didst CONSIDER all things, in the making of them : may we be happy in finding the considerations that inspired their creation, lest we accept our own fancies and become unbelievers.

May we build only on CONQUERED SOIL.

We are often tempest-tossed ; but we are glad to believe that though the VESSEL suffer, the CARGO is safe.

THY BIRTHPLACE is not the manger but the human heart : THERE is Thy true incarnation.

May there be REASON IN OUR FAITH, and FAITH IN OUR REASON.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 97

While we labour to cure the EFFECTS of wrong in the community, may we labour much more to cure the CAUSES. To clip the weed is foolish, if we can kill the root.

Let our adoration of Thee be true FELLOWSHIP, not DEBASEMENT. We cannot magnify Thy greatness by casting away our own true quality.

Enable us to divest ourselves of the SACKCLOTH of dark days and put on the ARMOUR of light. The former we have donned at our own whim's bidding; the latter only is commanded by Thee. We cannot FIGHT in sackcloth.

May we instantly forsake any service that would FALSIFY THE HEART'S LONGINGS.

Though we be left HOPELESS (of enlargement in life), we may still be BRAVE. Enable us to GATHER UP OUR BAFFLED HOPES, "and having done all, to STAND"—not sit down and wail.

98 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

We have been born into Time, but must be
"born again" into Eternity : prepare us for our
SECOND BIRTHDAY.

May we never champion a SUSPICIOUS ENTER-
PRISE.

On our feet, and then on our knees, make us
to PONDER THE CAUSES OF POVERTY till we
abolish it.

When we come to Thy Word sometimes,
SPECTRES of DEAD SINS and LOVES come be-
tween our eyes and its pages.

Mercy and Hope are still ours : the ONLY
FLOWERS left to us of a LOST PARADISE.

No KEY opens the door to Thy audience
chamber, but one—penitence.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 99

Above our pain and stress and poverty, reveal to us the SIMPLE RAPTURE OF BEING ALIVE—of seeing, of hearing, of tasting; of sensation and will.

Of our UNWORTHY ideals, make AGENTS OF MISERY to scourge us.

Waken the UNUSED SYMPATHIES that lie hidden within us.

By faith alone we KEEP OUR MARCH: and by it must we force back the fears that throng our way.

Oh, may all the sons of unhappiness CATCH A PATHWAY leading to the Unending Summer!

Though we discuss the Great Verities and strive to gain nearer access to them, may we

100 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD;

never CHALLENGE them: life is too short to disprove the essential.

May we pray to be disengaged from FITFULNESS and IRRESPONSIBILITY.

Be with us every day in the ENRICHMENTS of Thy indwelling, in the RENEWAL of our graces, in the TRANSFORMATION of habit.

As the soul permeates, uses, and KEEPS ALIVE the body: let us so permeate, use, and keep alive society.

Let us see mankind as a FRATERNITY—not a confusion of blind men, each struggling for the honour of his tribe.

There are many streams but only one FOUNTAIN—Christ.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 101

How many, how many, are LEPERS in the Universe!—useless, contaminating, doomed.

We must come to Thee for CONTINUED grace, else that which we have already received will be lost: grace thrives only on grace.

Show us that there can be NO DECAY, but only change "from glory to glory." All things proceed from Thee, and Thou art LIFE: nothing in which Thou dwellest can DIE.

We desire to learn that things are only beautiful as they RELATE TO OTHER THINGS—dawn to day, spring to summer, sowing to harvest, grace to a holy life, salvation to sacrifice, death to immortality. Nothing is of consequence by itself.

Have pity on those in the ICY CLUTCH of disappointment.

102 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

Fire us with the "GLORIOUS INSTINCT OF DEATHLESS SOULS."

May we never FEIGN virtues we have not made our own.

Teach us the wisdom of being ON THE SIDE OF OUR ENEMIES—to know our real selves ; to gauge accurately the forces of opposition ; to find out how to win the sturdiest to God.

There is no MAJESTY in death but such as comes from confidence in Thee and a hope of immortal youth.

Enable us to escape from all the JUGGLERY pursued by the world — policy, self-aim, scheming, outwardness, false ambition.

May we be SUNSHINE, RAIN and ATMOSPHERE to others, especially to those weak and tardy of growth.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 103

Deliver us from all JESTING that is SMUTTY :
let all our fun be clean and wholesome.

Teach us by experience that which is OPEN
and yet a SECRET, SIMPLE and yet MYSTERIOUS
—life in Thee.

Save us from being drivellers. May we
PROJECT our hopes along SUBSTANTIAL
INTERESTS.

To faith, there is no LIKELIHOOD that may
not become a CERTAINTY.

GOD'S DAY is always shadowless : and we may
walk in it, if we will.

By whip or brand, startle us out of our
DROWSINESS — which leads to sleep ; which
leads to unconsciousness ; which ends in
death.

104 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

Let us be made aware that life is a BATTLE
and not a PARADE.

While we are apt for action, may we keep up
the INNER FIRE and glow.

School our thoughts to ranges wider than the
MAXIMS OF TIRED AND IDLE MINDS.

Set us, with disciplined resolution, against
DRIFT.

How real is Thy presence, O God ! There is
NO VOID CORNER in all the universe.

"If I go not away the Comforter will not
come." From the DEATH of every messiah arises
a SPIRIT to extend his kingdom.

A man's sins are the MAGISTRATES of his

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 105

conscience, and are often his most effectual teachers.

Success, education, experience may EDUCATE us: only suffering can REFINE us.

Make us STRONG-MINDED SAINTS—not such as need pleasant flatteries to cheat them into service.

Remember tenderly those in the PERILS OF LONELINESS.

Send another Pentecost, and START THE WORLD OVER AGAIN.

Harden us to wrestle on, amid many defects but with A GREAT HOPE AT THE HEART.

We want to find OUR UNIVERSE in the face of Christ.

106 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

What are our poor NOISY CHAMPIONSHIPS?
Let us gird for worthier prizes.

Some of us will only FIND THE SHORE BY
SHIPWRECK.

Keep us in mind of the LITTLE PATCH where
we shall sleep, and where the shadows wait.

Veterans in noise, we are but AMATEURS in
handling the quiet and sure forces.

Let us not be STARE-ABOUTS, but students of
Thy mysteries.

Alas! we have become enamoured of UN-
WORTHY LOVES and have given our hearts to
them.

Let us not delude ourselves with DISHONEST
INTENTIONS.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 107

Every chance of service is a DOORWAY to immortal influence.

WIDEN our walls, and EXPAND our roofs, and teach us to pray for ALL MANKIND.

Make us the PARENTS OF SOME UNDYING IMPULSE.

As the sun's light is CHANGED TO FRUIT AND FLOWER, let Thine in us reappear in pure action and unselfish activity.

When we secure an audience with Thee, something within us sweeps away TIME and ALL PERIODS : we become eternal.

We pray strongly to see things as they ARE, unaltered by the REFLECTOR of our wishes or preferences.

108 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

Oh, how LABORIOUS is the way to ruin !

Till we are BOUND we cannot be FREE: the seed must be enclosed ere it ascend.

Let us work with no drooping heart, remembering that the FAILURES of some will be eternities in advance of the SUCCESSES of others.

May we never be tempted to forget that the CHARITIES are greater than the CEREMONIES.

We come to TRADE WITH THEE in heavenly merchandise.

Save us each one from the CONVULSIONS OF A DISTEMPERED JOY.

Let good SENSE preserve what is gained by GRACE.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 109

Forbid that our hearts should be TOYSHOPS.
Make them Thy workshops.

Scare away from our attention GUILTY JOYS,
CONCEITS that entrap; and quench those FIRES
that SCORCH the soul.

Are we TOO SENSITIVE? Temper us to
hardness. Are we HARD? Subdue us to
tenderness.

We thank Thee for the many pleasant
BY-PATHS that, unguessed by us, lead to the
highway.

In our search for means of distinction and
happiness, let us not overlook the POSSIBILITIES
OF OUR COMMONPLACES.

The progress of KNOWLEDGE is slow and
painful; but afterwards, what a power! Not
less so is GRACE.

110 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

We stand in shame before Thee, SUR-
ROUNDED BY THE FRAGMENTS of our broken
hopes and promises.

Raise up a race of SPIRITUAL NOBLES, an
aristocracy of soul.

Thou dost feed man on PROMISE, not ACCOM-
PLISHMENT : and thereby he learns continuous
expansion.

If we would be all that we aspire to be, WE
MUST DIE.

Lead us on to steady development: yet
sometimes surprise us by SUDDEN SALLIES OF
THE SOUL.

Banish from our minds all grievances, that
NOBLER GUESTS may arrive.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" III

We pride ourselves on the important part we play; when, alas! we have been only clowns and tumblers, and have TURNED LIFE INTO A PANTOMIME.

Warmly we thank Thee for the world we SEE; still more warmly for the world we FEEL. May we live wholesomely in both.

Let not any of us lose our PERSONAL search for God and Truth in a general accommodation.

Instead of an ascension to the satisfactions of holiness, our lives are a DAILY HEARTBREAK.

We ask not so much for fear of death as the NOBLER FEAR OF LIFE—the fear lest we miss the highest; the fear that is warder over temptation.

To the wise, every day is a BANQUET.

112 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

We pray for the rare gift of prudence, but not so much of it as will SMOTHER ZEAL.

Standing immovable in absolute truth, and unbribed by any compromise, let us DARE THE MOB.

While in the enjoyment of light ourselves, may we not KEEP THE SUN from others.

Strengthen in us a CONSCIOUSNESS of the exchanges and advantages within our reach as believers in Christ.

Alas! how many GOOD BELIEFS PERISH in the fires of affliction.

We dare not PRAISE Thee: for among men if one praise another he regards himself as equal ; but we THANK Thee, and ADORE Thee.

Let not our souls be engaged in our bodies, but escape and TAKE RANGE.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 113

May we "CONSIDER the work of Thy fingers"—the glory of the fields, the depth of life in everything around us, the earth (hid in darkness) ploughed up to the light, the fervour of the birds, the earnestness of light.

Death is but the MASTER OF ROBES—stripping us of the garment of clay to put on that of immortality.

To all the world, O God, send an AGE OF PITY—to soften the selfish motive, and redeem the distress of the multitude.

In the MIND OF THE PEOPLE let there be neither conceit nor doubt: but self-conquest, temperance and godliness.

"Holding the truth in UNRIGHTEOUSNESS." Great God, forbid that we should use Thy truth for our base ends: may our faith be beautiful in the holiness of right.

114 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

Our vessels lie AGROUND, waiting Thy tide.
Send the FLOW.

Call off OUR CLOUDS—they not only hide our
Sun, but darken our landscape.

We are Princes of the House of Jesus : and
for our ATTENDANTS Thou hast given us Good-
ness and Mercy.

Let us not fear being HATED : but may we
dread being DESPISED.

Make us AWARE OF SUFFICIENT GOOD in the
world to occupy our powers.

We grope and wrangle and boast ; and, alas !
we forget that death is the ONLY CERTAIN
TRUTH.

Let this world be our HOUSE, but never our
HOME.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 115

In all our work among others, however fallen, let us evidence the TRUE COURTESY and CHIVALRY of the Redeemer.

We pray for EACH OTHER—the old man with his shattered dreams, the busy man with his thronging ideals, the child with his pure wonderings.

Thou hast set us in STORMY PLACES: we feel the buffetings of the tempest, and are strong.

Smile on those lonely ones who are GLAD OF THEIR LONELINESS—who dislike fret and bustle, and love the silence of Thy presence.

Fuse the nations together: and let the cities of the earth SPEAK TO EACH OTHER across the dividing hills.

In all our reading (of Thy Book, Nature, Sorrow, Joy, Man, History) may we learn to read BEHIND THE PAGE.

116 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

Cast down all our SELF-ENCLOSURES—and let us see our neighbours, our town, our district, our country.

Transfer to us Thy "SAVING HEALTH," the wholesomeness that saves from disease and dwarfishness.

If we reject Thy teaching we BURY our best hopes.

May we not be ready to applaud our FUTURE selves, the saints we mean to be: but live the royal life now.

We thank Thee for the history of Thine ancient peoples: the deeds of old are PATHS TO OUR EYES.

May we know, and avoid, those false theories which have become the GHOSTS OF THE AGES.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 117

Never allow us to be TOLERANT of what we DISDAIN.

Be guide and inspirer to those who are fighting their battle IN THE MIST.

We can only be true workers for men when we ascend into the HIGHER CITIZENSHIP; and frame our plans by its laws, and guide our actions by its principles.

Remember the praying mothers, who sit by the FIRESIDE OF THE HEART, nursing its pure flame.

Show us that INCOMPLETENESS IS WEAKNESS.

Gird us by SPIRITUAL BRAVERIES—that will not succumb to opposition, or snatch advantage from compromise, or set up defences of exaggeration.

118 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

Train us in that holiness which is LIFE-LONG DISCIPLINE.

May we so INFLUENCE PUBLIC LIFE that we shall not encumber the coming race with disadvantages.

Make our sympathies to be OPERATIVE, especially our higher sympathies.

Fortify us by REAL HATREDS.

Let Thy Spirit so engross our activities that we shall often be ABSENT FROM OURSELVES.

May nothing we do for Thee be hampered by THE SENSE OF TEDIOUSNESS.

Train us in the art of WRESTING comfort from grief, courage from struggle, helpfulness from pain.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 119

OUR REAL LIFE is when, in ecstatic moments, we leap up to thrilling spiritual sensation : make this our constant life.

Make us Builders of RUINS.

Often we pray for the power of the Spirit : we would solicit also His QUIET SPLENDOURS—a mind lighted up, the kindling eye, a sunny disposition, thoughts that gleam.

Restrain us from judging Thee hastily. GREAT ACTS TAKE TIME; great truths take root slowly; the greater the plan the vaster its reaches and reproductions.

Let Thy light STRUGGLE THROUGH our rugged, jostling words.

Within us are AUGUST ANTICIPATIONS that overleap our language.

120 "HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD ;

The present moment is ALL WE HAVE: may we wring its blessing from it, as Jacob did from the angel.

May we not be TOO READY to doubt, and sneer away truths (or even fancies) won at life's cost.

Thou hast tempered our sorrows, so that they come to us like SOLEMN JOYS.

May we never be so foolish as to SELL TIME TO ETERNITY ; for Time has POSSIBILITIES that DWARF those of Eternity.

"God is Love"—on THAT we build our faith.

We encounter great tests bravely, but succumb to LITTLE EMERGENCIES. Fortify us against failure in these.

If we are defeated, may we never be DEMORALISED, adding cowardice to overthrow. Let us HOPE still, though in the mire.

GIVE EAR TO MY SUPPLICATIONS" 121

The value of our life is not in its deeds, but in THE SPIRIT THAT BREATHES THROUGH IT. Make that healthy for us, Divine One!

After each deluge, a FEW SURVIVORS re-people the earth again. God's true workers survive every catastrophe, to continue His reforms.

THE WAY TO FAVOUR

“Pray *earnestly* : our prayers must have fire and zeal in them. Incense was to be burnt, or else it cast no sweet smell.”

SIBBES.

“Never *lie* in your prayers. Never confess more than you really believe ; never promise more than you mean to perform.”

JEREMY TAYLOR.

“Your prayer must be accompanied with investigation and activity. You must *earn* what you pray for. If prayer was answered independent of the action of natural laws, it would be paying a premium on indolence.”

BEECHER.

BOOK IV

“ Show me Thy ways, O Lord; teach
me Thy Statutes ”

MAKE Thy presence SO REAL to us that the
sunshine shall be Thy smile, and the shade the
shadow of Thine approach.

The DUST of the world's highway has assailed
our eyes : we retire to the green fields of medita-
tion with Thee, for RESTORATION OF SIGHT.

Thou who superintendest the track of every
beetle in the grass, show us the path WE should
take.

Help us to see INTO the life of things; to be
students rather of the spirit than the form.

124 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

Thou, O Christ, wert landless, Thy garments were unjewelled, and Thy relations poor : yet Thou gavest GIFTS to men MORE PRECIOUS THAN CROWNS and CORONETS.

The PLUMMET LINE of Thy anxiety for us reaches to our uttermost depths.

Revive the OLD HEROIC QUALITIES.

In siding with Thee we DISCOVER OUR MANHOOD.

If we are in bondage, oh, deliver us from the doom of SMILING AT OUR SHACKLES.

May our faith see SUNRISE ON ALL TOMB-STONES.

Enable us to TAKE IN MORE GROUND—in thought and labour.

We bargain even for a grave to lie in: and shall we shirk paying the price of a PURE LIFE?

Daily we have to climb SINAIS and CALVARIES, and PISGAHS, too—to find rebuke, to reign by giving up ourselves, to be entranced with heavenly visions.

“Thou didst not scorn OUT OF THYSELF to fashion ME.”

Let us not work, worship, or sacrifice from unworthy or HALF-INFORMED MOTIVES.

In THOSE WHO SUFFER, let the sense of victory be stronger than that of pain.

Reveal to us more the INDUCEMENTS OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE—its bestowal of peace, usefulness, satisfaction.

If our crown be one of thorns it is neverthe-

126 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

less A CROWN—and, given by Thee, is worthier than gold.

Give us strength to hasten after the GREAT COMPANIONS of our faith and meet up on them.

Lord, let us not forget those who are CROUCHING IN THE BY-LANES of life.

Cover with Thy grace all the little UNSEEN NECESSITIES of our life and being.

Three things we pray for, which are one—to have a RELIGION EVER ALIVE, ACTIVE, and PROGRESSIVE.

May we DISTRIBUTE with a ready hand the fruits of our GIFTS and ACHIEVEMENTS.

THOU SHALT LIVE when all the kings are dead.

We cling to Thee as FLAME TO FIRE.

The Sabbath is Thy MARKET-DAY, on which to exchange goods with Thee—faith for salvation, sacrifice for character, self-denial for service.

THOU RESTEST NOT from hour to hour—offering men pardon unceasingly.

As we rise to Thee, let our WINGS BE LUSTROUS with thankfulness and hope.

The fountains of Thy grace FLOW IN ALL PLACES: men may drink everywhere.

With our praises have we built for Thee a TRIUMPHAL ARCH: and through it we see Thee coming to reign.

Thy Kingdom nourishes all other kingdoms:

128 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

kings and men and tribes draw their life and thought from ONE SOURCE.

We raise our songs : let our chorus AWAKEN THE DROWSY MULTITUDE.

We have had SERENE HOURS—wealthy in great influences. Make this one of them.

Deliver us from PANIC.

May our supreme VOCATION be—to be pure men and women, cleansers of the world.

Let us BEWARE OF TIMOROUSNESS, and familiarise ourselves in spiritualities with risk and danger.

There is NO BANKRUPTCY with Thee—in character, promise, duration.

TEACH ME THY STATUTES" 129

May we never WASTE OUR SORROWS, nor part with them till they leave us their message and blessing.

When Thou hast forgiven us, Thy purposes have ONLY BEGUN in us.

Enable us to remember that every prayer COMMITS US to a holy life.

Everything is a THOROUGHFARE FOR THE SOUL, by which to reach Thee.

We are shadowed by the skulking ghosts of our FORMER SELVES. Rebuke them.

May we be KINDRED IN SPIRIT with Thee.

Enable us to ANALYSE OUR DOUBTS—to clear the faithless out of our minds and treasure the profitable.

130 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

We thank Thee for THE CUSTOMS THAT GUIDE. Give us courage to wreck those that only hinder.

However high we rise, Thou art still ABOVE US. Thou "lookest down on all that soars."

Our LITTLENES is a shame to us, and unbecoming those who are designed for God's comradeship in labour.

We are alone on the HILL of DEATH, amid the dark pitiless night. Come to us.

Aid us in ORGANISING our thoughts and wishes into working forces.

We are dying in soul for lack of FELLOWSHIP with what is greater than ourselves—Thee ; Thy Truth ; Heaven.

TEACH ME THY STATUTES" 131

Deliver us from COWARDICE, which puts shutters on the mind, and chills the shining of faith in our spirits.

Give us THE WILL that advances, and dictates to the furies of evil.

Grant to us gifts of INGENUITY—to devise wise methods; forecast the coming needs; anticipate God.

Give us "SPIRITUAL understanding" [Col. i. 9]—the instinct that is higher than, and guides, the intellect.

May THY PRESENCE be as real to us as air and sunshine, enfolding us around.

Help us to PUSH THE HAND OF FAITH through the veil of Time into Eternity.

132 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

Let us LIVE SO NOBLY AND TRIUMPHANTLY
as to strike poetry from the very dust at our
feet.

Give us the TRUE ABSTINENCE—from ALL
that harms.

We do not ask that the MUSIC OF LIFE should
be different, but vaster and more engrossing.

Let HOLY THOUGHTS ever linger about our
spirits and cling to us in every mood.

We need docility and READINESS TO THY
HAND.

It is what we do not call education that is so.
Therefore, ABOVE OUR FORMS AND SERVICES,
teach us.

Give us to enter the struggle for RELEASE
from STRANGLING HABITS.

TEACH ME THY STATUTES" 133

Build for us, EVEN HERE, a PARADISE of Thy love and mercy.

Come in tenderness to those whose LIFE IS A TRAGEDY; in seriousness to those whose LIFE IS A COMEDY.

Give EMANCIPATION, emancipation—from timorousness, short-sightedness, vulgarity and pride.

May we desire TRUTH FIRST AND LAST—though we learn it under the lash and through the fire.

Make every EXPERIENCE of life EDUCATIVE—a treatise on faith and trust.

Out of the DARK COAL of everyday monotony bring Thy WARMING LIGHT.

In all our actions may there be the FELICITY OF FREEDOM AND CHEERFULNESS.

134 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

May we ACCOMPLISH OURSELVES according to Thy plan and expectation of us.

In all things may we show SOUNDNESS OF HEART and sincerity.

The best argument of our prayer is OUR PRESENCE. We are in need ; and seek Thee.

Thou art speaking ; may we "LEAN OUT OUR SOUL and listen."

Quicken the SOUNDS WHICH HAVE BECOME DROWSY to us.

May the light of Thy countenance DISSOLVE ALL OUR CARES.

Make the DAY OF RENUNCIATION sweeter than any day of pleasure.

Not in our ceremonies only, but in OUR ACTS
may we constantly worship Thee.

Open the window of Thy Holy of Holies and
REVEAL THE DIVINE INTENTIONS—towards us,
the Church, the world.

In the act of prayer we mount at once to Thee
—the stars being slow compared to the SWIFT-
NESS OF OUR SPIRITS.

Thy true glory is not Nature; but the
WILLING, WORSHIPPING HEART.

Blessed be Thy name, ALL MEN ARE FREE IN
THE NOBLEST AFFAIRS.

Our years are few, but enough for the
CULTIVATION OF ETERNAL GLORIES.

Guided by Thee, why should we be AMAZED
AT LIFE?

136 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

Restore to Thy favour those in BANISHMENT.

We want the MELODY OF HIGH THOUGHTS :
not the CONFUSION OF HALF-TRUTHS.

Let the Sun that Never Sets ILLUMINE THE
GRIEFS of those who sit by the stream of
sorrow.

Help us to STARVE SIN OUT OF ITS
FORTRESSES.

May our home be a PARADISE FOR OUR
SOULS.

Let our life be EVIDENT—not a RIDDLE to
others.

We want all our being, aims, and works to
be rarified by WARM ASPIRATIONS.

TEACH ME THY STATUTES" 137

In the PURSUIT OF ENDURING VERITIES
may we not stop to count trifles.

Deliver us from the hungering and torment
of AN IDLE LIFE.

Teach us that it is EASIER TO BE PURE THAN
TO APPEAR SO—easier to conform than to
pretend.

If any are tempted to forsake Thee, make
them CONSCIOUS OF ALL THE JOYS THEY QUIT
in leaving Thy service.

Help us to devise some TEST of our love—to
assure us of its genuineness.

May our AMBITION be, to be upright and
clean-souled.

Thou hast "not come to DESTROY but to

138 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

FULFIL"—our desires, our powers, our anticipations, our thirsts, our joys, our entire nature.

If Thou hast not granted us clear understanding in all things, Thou hast MOORED US to a pure life by DEFINITE LONGINGS AND INSTINCTS.

May we FEEL THE MEANING of the high things we believe.

We are the HEIRS to what all THE CENTURIES mean.

May THY PURPOSE be the SAP that shall mature all our plans.

Make us "breathers of an AMPLER DAY."

Engage us with AUGUST ANTICIPATIONS of the splendours on before—Christ's reign.

With gentle firmness, and instructed facility, may we DISENGAGE the vile from the virtuous—in the messages presented to us; in judging others; in selecting our interests.

We set our watch, or urge our way, AMID STRIFE AND HOSTILITY: may we not be unnerved.

In all kindness and forbearance, may we LIFT THE FALLEN PILLAR to its place again.

Let us be brave: and no longer WHIMPER or PROTRACT.

Oh, to lead men to the OPEN ROAD TO HEAVEN!

Reward, O Lord, Thy WORDLESS SYMPATHISERS, whose only contribution to Thy kingdom's uprising is a tear and a prayer.

140 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

Never let us be outwitted by the unprincipled forces that oppose us : may we keep a STRICT VIGIL ON THE FIELD of operations.

Ennoble us by the EXCELLENCE that is UNCREATED.

We often ask Thee to answer OUR prayers : make us ready to answer Thine—" Give Me thy heart," etc.

Elevate us to the ATMOSPHERE OF HEAVEN —where peace is at the heart of every entertainment, and there is no craving passion or unsatisfied desire.

Help us to GENERALISE OUR PREJUDICES and turn them into contributions to the common good.

Opportunities come to us HOT-FOOT : alas ! they are speeding away ere we waken.

TEACH ME THY STATUTES" 141

In all our schemes, may our REASON CONTROL OUR EMOTIONS: let not fervency overwhelm judgment.

Give us a JUST PRIDE in being well and healthy.

Make our practices FREE BUT NOT HAPHAZARD, buoyant without being frivolous.

Forbid that we should make HACK-HORSES of sovereign truths.

We thank Thee for those MYSTERIES THAT PAVE THE WAY to satisfied understanding.

May WHOLESOME SENSATIONS filter into our nature by every pore: bringing vigour and uprightness.

Drench every strong resolution with the UNCTION of God.

142 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

Let us FREE the high passions within us from every silly or selfish incumbrance, and SADDLE them with choice responsibilities.

Through the SHATTERED GATES of Death burst forth the glories of a great Hope.

To some, THE YEARS are processions of entertainments ; to others, funeral cavalcades.

We want Thee to BE OUR FRIEND when what the world is proud of languishes and grows dim ; when the stars of human glory are cast down ; when flowers and kings and planets decay.

May we STRANGLE little sins—they do not REMAIN little.

Give us the fusive influence that AMALGAMATES MEN.

In our building of God's Empire, make us

true STATESMEN, inserting no sentiment or principle in the fabric that is not COURAGEOUS.

May we lose taste of all the RUDER METHODS of life, and cultivate the HUMANITIES.

Let there be streams of SANCTIFIED REASON-ABLENESS sweetening all our intercourse with men, and with Thee.

INTERPRET US to ourselves: and let every day bring the exposition of some weakness or virtue or possibility, some capacity or new resource.

May our highest honour be to become the SERVANTS OF THY FAME: and live uncrowned, if Thou be esteemed.

Our Saviour, Jesus, can never be SUPERSEDED as the standard of the CONSCIENCE and the satisfaction of the HEART.

144 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

From every star, and root, and instinct, help us to GATHER PROOFS of our immortality in God.

Impart TONE to our spirituality, and undisturbed wholesomeness.

Let our CHOICEST HAUNT be the mercy-seat.

Bestow provisions of valour and insistency on those who have to wage with a TYRANNOUS DESTINY.

Assist us in the cultivation of CANDOUR, the first principle of intellectual strength and spiritual enlightenment.

Of faith and trust may we make STEPPING STONES to the life that is calmer than starlight.

Teach us the true nature of faith: not the easy acceptance of ready-made doctrines, but the WORKING FOR A LONG RESULT.

Welcome, every HAZARD that tightens our grip of Thee!

Make us conscious of our DEPENDENCIES and ACCESSORIES.

Each SUCCESS IS A TEMPTATION: and every victory not hallowed by humility leads to a defeat.

We would be taught what are the TRUE GAINS of life.

Solace us, when our SOULS WANDER for lack of light and not because of insincerity.

Embolden us with CHRIST'S AUDACITY—to

146 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

recover the lost ; to re-establish the fallen ; to wean the tempted.

Oh, how perilous to FEEL rightly without ACTING rightly ! If feeling be awakened without passing into action, our character becomes untrue.

Set every spiritual sense to the approach of GREATEST RECEPTIVENESS.

Sacrifice is the LIFE-BLOOD of service.

As is the WORSHIPPER so is the SHRINE : teach us what this means.

In creation, Thy HAND is shown : in redemption Thy HEART.

To have STRIVEN is to have GROWN.

TEACH ME THY STATUTES" 147

May we be quick to DISTINGUISH RESEMBLANCES, and not be hoaxed by what only seems and is not.

There is JOY in all Thy works: the angels look on Thee and sing, while the blindest worm has also instincts fraught with pleasure.

Blessed be Thy name, Faith ever waves her banner from SUNNY SLOPES: she is never in the shade.

May we to-day CANCEL EVERY OFFENCE—and forgive.

Light up for us the Lamp whose beams BRIGHTEN THE SOLEMN RIVER.

Strip all those who live A MASKED LIFE and trample with earthy footsteps on the charter of freedom.

148 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

Bless those whose endeavour is a failure—from
whose sky STAR AFTER STAR FALLS.

Chasten for us our personal history, so that
the FAR-OFF TERROR may become a smiling
angel as it nears us.

• SPECTRAL FEARS stand waiting at the gate of
every advance: arm us to win our way to
enlargement.

We give Thee thanks for all KIND WORDS
that SPRINKLE OUR DUSTY DAY with refreshing
dew.

We thank Thee for the CONTAGION OF GOOD
FEELING in the world: let us catch it, and
augment it.

Train our minds to SETTLED CONTEMPLA-
TION of Thee, and our habits to CONSTANT
IMITATION of Thee.

Make our CHOICES to be worthy, good, serviceable.

To be strong, we must ECONOMISE our natural forces; but SPEND our spiritual forces.

Make every Christian a SPIRITUAL HEALTH-CENTRE.

Let us KEEP OUR MINDS CLEAR of the noise, fickleness, and magnetism of the crowd.

Glad are we to know that THE WHOLE WORLD CANNOT HINDER US from being good.

Thanks for the Church: a MIDWAY STATION 'twixt earth and heaven.

May we handle no COIN that is not ISSUED FROM THY MINT, and which does not exhibit Thy impress.

150 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

Teach us the NOBILITY OF DISCIPLINE : its effect in seasoning the character, intensifying the working instincts, distributing influence.

Oh, may we FEAR AN EASY LIFE !

Even Thou canst not bless us further than WE PERMIT Thee.

We struggle and fuss and work : and forget to LIVE. Pity we throw OUR MASTERPIECE aside half-finished, while many meaner attempts are completed !

We are thankful that we do not KNOW, but only LEARN : with brutes, their little all flows in at once.

Grant us that certainty of inquiry that will enable us at once to SPY THE GOOD in our fate.

TEACH ME THY STATUTES" 151

FIRE—baptize as with fire! Kindle our sanities; rouse our blood to motion; goad us into heroism.

Show us Jesus at work in newer and evolving processes of operation: INFLUENCING THE THOUGHT-MOVEMENTS of our time.

Give us each a SONG TO SING AT OUR TASKS.

Teach us to suffer WISELY, and extract honour from our degradations.

May we not faint as we ADVANCE INTO THY LIGHT: but resolve TO KNOW, and pay the price.

Let us never ACQUIESCE CONTENTEDLY in wrong, in bad laws, in dull service, in formality, in injustice.

152 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

We would not JUDGE THEE, because we can only do so BY THE RULES OF IMPERFECTION.

Help us to LET LOOSE THE POWERS OF GOD.

Have we been TOO EAGER about life and its rivalries ?

In Christ, death and sin are DEFEATED TERRORS.

Break through our dead walls : set WINDOWS IN THEM, to let the light of Heaven through.

The things of Time are but CARRIAGES FOR THE THOUGHTS OF ETERNITY.

Alas ! we have been OUR OWN PILOTS, and have frequently missed our course and jeopardised our vessels.

Our title-page is showy ; but there is little in the volume. Write some LIVING THOUGHT on its blank pages !

Thou art everywhere, so we cannot miss Thee EXCEPT BY HARDNESS and BLINDNESS.

Our HANDS ARE DIRTY and soil all they touch, especially the purest and saintliest things. Wash them in Thy laver.

Open our eyes to see the POSSIBILITIES of our LOT.

Make us willing disciples. What we learn WITH PLEASURE we remember.

We thank Thee that Thou hast made existence so varied. Life has SURPRISES at every turn ; there is no monotony but in our own dulness.

154 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD ;

Uninformed saints sigh for the PAST ; fools for the FUTURE ; wise men are glad of the PRESENT.

THOUGHTS, not years, bring age : to remember or forget makes us old or young, and we can by Thy grace sow happiness for ourselves.

Above all satisfaction in outward endeavour, grant us a life of SENSATIONS.

Let us not leave to our children a name that will TINGE THEIR CHEEK when they think of us.

Kill "the lust of LIFE'S DELIRIOUS FIRES."

In discovering Thy laws we again TOUCH THE HEM of Thy garment.

Our souls struggle to GET OUTSIDE the barrier

of THE SENSES : there only is spiritual imagination.

Give us WELL-HONOURED DAYS—that need not to borrow from the future or the past, but are in their results sufficing.

Inject into our spiritual blood a SPLENDID DISSATISFACTION.

May we fearlessly TRAMPLE IN THE DUST the forms of old prejudices, out-worn conceptions, leaky moulds of truth.

Let A PURE AWE atmosphere and safeguard our lives.

Keep us to the remembrance that our most priceless securities of truth and privilege CAME BY BATTLE AND CONTEST: and must be so maintained.

156 "SHEW ME THY WAYS, O LORD"

Pierce our last hours with some NEW UN-GUESSED GIFT, that will quench the travail of the soul.

Give us an active distaste of all UNRIPENESS and SULLENNESS.

Kindle fears within us, but only such as GOAD HOPE to don its armour.

By faith, may we ANNIHILATE TIME; and taste, even here, the FULNESS OF IMMORTAL PASSIONS.

Awaken us to the AMAZING OPULENCE of Gospel hope and promise.

We ask for CHANGE. When the sunshine becomes sluggish, break it up by jubilant storms.

CONFIRMATIVE

“We are born believing. . . . All the great ages were ages of belief.”—EMERSON.

“Even the dim acknowledgment of any Power greater than himself is beneficial to man.”—A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. (author of *Nerves in Disorder*, etc.).

“As an alienist, and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all the hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depression of spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a disturbed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer.”—DR. THEODORE B. HYSLOP (to the Congress of the British Medical Association).

“I do not regard it as miraculous that God should answer prayer. It is part and parcel of the established order of the universe that the shadow of a coming event should fall in advance upon some believing soul in the shape of a prayer for its realisation. The prayer of faith is a divine decree commencing its operation.”—SPURGEON.

“Why does God allow any of His benefits to be contingent upon human action at all? Yet we know He does. Your little child may go hungry because you do not feed him, or he may be unhappy because you do not love him. You would be held responsible for these omissions, and every right-thinking man would say so, but it is not the easiest thing in the world to give a reason why God should allow your child to suffer for your wrong-doing. Yet so it is, and it is pretty clear that all worthy human service is contingent upon our moral responsibility for each other's well-being. Now, where does labour leave off and prayer begin? I contend that prayer *is* labour, the labour of the spiritual man. But there is no *inevitableness* about it. Labour is sometimes fruitless, and so apparently is prayer. God gives to the righteous man great power by means of prayer, but He does not abdicate in order to do it. And yet I am quite sure that the ‘fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much’ in its working, and that we may expect great things from God.”—R. J. CAMPBELL.



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

STARTING POINTS

FOR

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