

Good Words for Every Day of the Year,
Good Words, 1860. Editor, Norman MacLeod, DD.
Edinburgh: Alexander Strahan and Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

May 29.

"Because I live, ye shall live also."—John xiv. 19.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—Col. iii. 4.

How wonderful is this union between the life of Christ and that of His people! Their life is *hid* with Christ in God; it is secret—apart from their natural life—a new thing created in them by the special operation of the Spirit of life, and subsisting in them by virtue of their union with Christ, and by the continual supplies of His grace. It needs sustenance like the bodily life, and He, by His Word and Spirit, feeds it continually. We would not have dared to say how close this union with Christ is, unless He had Himself said with authority, "Because I live, ye shall live also." The destroyer Death cannot touch *this* life, because it is bound up in Christ; and though for a time Death may seem to gain the victory, he is himself but a conquered foe, for he cannot hold in his prison-house the very least of Christ's little ones in that day when He shall call them to appear soul and body with Him in glory. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!"

"Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light Divine;
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, Thou art mine!
"What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more."

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May 30.

"Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path."—Ps. xxvii. 11.

"Make thy way straight before my face."—Ps. v. 8.

"Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee."—Ps. cxliiii. 8.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."
—Prov. iii. 6.

The heart that knows anything of itself, knows its need of *guidance*; we cannot of ourselves either find the way or walk in it, unless the Lord lead us. Even in the continually returning changes of our daily lives, we feel, wherever a choice has to be made, that we want a guide, one who shall point out infallibly the right way; and what a blessing is it that we are invited to take the Lord for our Guide! In these petitions of the Psalmist, we have examples of a man seeking God's direction, which teach us how to seek it. We may not ask to have *our own way*—"Teach me *Thy way*, O Lord!" we may not ask for a *pleasant* path, but we may say, "Lead me in a *plain* path;" and these are petitions which we may offer in all the confidence of a childlike faith, for we have a distinct promise that if we do so acknowledge Him, He will direct our paths. O Lord, may I never forget that I cannot guide myself, and may I never forget that Thou art willing to guide me!

"I bless my God, who is my Guide,
I sing in Zion's ways;
When shall I sing on Zion's hill
Thine everlasting praise?"

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May 31.

"O love the Lord, all ye his saints: for the Lord preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer."—Ps. xxxi. 23.

If David could see, even in God's judgments, so much to make him love the Lord, how much more ought we to do so, who have seen in Christ mercy and judgment meet together, and salvation offered to sinners! May the blessed Spirit work more of this love in my heart! It is the first-fruit of the Spirit, for the "fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace," &c.—*love* first, all the rest following it. And truly it is a fruit of the Spirit, for the natural heart of man, untouched by this Divine Power, can neither love God nor man aright. It is by contemplating His wondrous love that we get our cold hearts warmed. " We love Him, because He first loved us ;" and if we do not love Him, it is because we do not know Him. But it is not our love to Him that can save us, any more than the infant's hold of its mother can keep it from falling. It is His love alone that can preserve us—"He preserveth the faithful;" and may He strengthen our love to Him by shewing us what His own love is!

"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

* * * *

"Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore:
Oh for grace to love Thee more!"