

grace in the morning

come up in the morning ... and present thyself unto me
in the top of the mount." exo 34:2

the morning is the time fixed for my meeting the Lord.
the very word morning is as a cluster of rich grapes.
let us crush them, and drink the sacred wine. in the
morning! then God means me to be at my best in
strength and hope. i have not to climb in my weakness.
in the night i have buried yesterday's fatigue, and in
the morning take a new lease of energy. blessed is the
day whose morning is sanctified! successful is the day
whose first victory was won in prayer! holy is the day
whose dawn finds thee on the top of the mount!

my Father, i am coming. nothing on the mean plain
shall keep me away from the holy heights. at Thy
bidding i come, so Thou wilt meet me. morning on the
mount! it will make me strong and glad all the rest of
the day so well begun. - joseph parker.

still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
when the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
dawns the sweet consciousness, i am with Thee.

alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
the solemn hush of nature newly born;
alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
in the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

as in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
the image of the morning-star doth rest,

so in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

when sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
its closing eyes look up to Thee in prayer;
sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'er shadowing,
but sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

– harriet beecher stowe

"my mother's habit was every day, immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room, and to spend that hour in reading the bible, in meditation and prayer. from that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfill all her duties, and to remain unruffled by the worries and pettinesses which are so often the trial of narrow neighborhoods. as i think of her life, and all it had to bear, i see the absolute triumph of christian grace in the lovely ideal of a christian lady. i never saw her temper disturbed; i never heard her speak one word of anger, of calumny, or of idle gossip; i never observed in her any sign of a single sentiment unbecoming to a soul which had drunk of the river of the water of life, and which had fed upon manna in the barren wilderness." – farrar

give God the blossom of the day. do not put Him off
with faded leaves.

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it has been said "God is never late." i might add, He

is never early either and we don't want to be. "see how the farmer waits for the precious fruit of the earth." james 5:7 friends, that mean souls. could one ever know how precious they are to God? i would go so far as to say most of the agony our Lord suffered in gethsemane was not for His self but for those souls that might be teetering on their commitment to His work. His very sweat became tears of blood, perhaps because His actual tear ducts had dried up. never has such a love been known or shown before.

i have often heard the love of Christ referred to as "sticky love." like removing one's hand from a sticky substance or like a rubber band being stretched to it's limits must snap back. His love only lets go when it has to. perhaps only when we let go of Him. "for i am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." rom 8:38-39 the glue remover lies in our hands alone. only we can cut the rubber band. "remember your Creator before the silver cord is loosed, or the golden bowl is broken." eccl 12:6