

**A MARTINEAU YEAR
BOOK: EXTRACTS
FROM SERMONS**

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A Martineau Year Book: Extracts from Sermons by James Martineau

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JAMES MARTINEAU

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A Martineau Year Book

Extracts from Sermons

BY

JAMES MARTINEAU

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Selected and Arranged by Fanny Louise Weaver

With Portrait

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PREFACE.

THESE extracts are taken from the two collections of Dr. Martineau's sermons called "Endeavors After the Christian Life" and "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things," and from his little volume of "Home Prayers." They are offered in this form in the hope that something within the covers of this little book may, perhaps, on some day of the year, strike a key-note in the spiritual life of some earnest reader, or touch with healing some sorrowing heart. To borrow Dr. Martineau's own words in his Preface to the first volume of "Hours of Thought,"—"If the following pages should foster any high impulse in those who have the work of life before them, or shed any light on those who have the sorrows of life behind them, I shall be content not to have withheld it."

F. L. W.

Boston, August 28, 1905.

A Martineau Year Book

:: JANUARY ::

JANUARY 1

O GOD, our everlasting Refuge! Thou art our shade by night, our light by day; and when we awake we are still with thee. With grateful hearts we lay at thy feet the folded hours when thou knowest us but we know not thee; and with joy receive from thy hand once more our open task and conscious communion with thy life and thought. For a moment we pause upon the threshold of a new day, and listen for thy voice: for we would not enter, Lord, with unprepared soul, and cannot take a step without thy blessing.

What are we, O Lord, that thou shouldst make us sharers in thy everlasting work, and give us entrance into thy everlasting rest? It is shameful to think how we have defaced thine image, grieved thy Spirit, quitted thy presence, and strayed by ourselves. When we lose thy hand, we are without strength or stay, and sink into the fretful cares and miserable pride of an unloving mind. Oh, call back thy wanderers, gracious

Shepherd of our souls, and take us to thy fold again. And if ever we are tempted to forget thee; if our hearts are lifted up in vain security and we know not what spirit we are of, come with thy rebukes, O Lord, and lay them low, till they turn and seek a childlike rest in thee. And if ever we faint under any appointed cross and say "It is too hard to bear," may we look to the steps of the Man of sorrows toiling on to Calvary, and pass freely into thy hand, and become one with him and thee. Let no delusion more come between us and thee. Dedicate us to the joyful service of thy will; and own us as thy children in time and in eternity.

JANUARY 2

Without the stirring of divine qualities within us, without some consciousness of that which we ascribe to the All-perfect, the names and descriptions by which he is made known to us would be empty words, as idly sent to us as treatises of sound to the deaf, or some "high discourse of reason" to the fool. (All that we believe without us, we first feel within us; and it is the one sufficient proof of the grandeur and awfulness of our nature, that we have faith in God;) for no merely finite being can possibly believe the infinite.