THOUGHTS FOR LIFE'S JOURNEY

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Thoughts for life's journey by George Matheson

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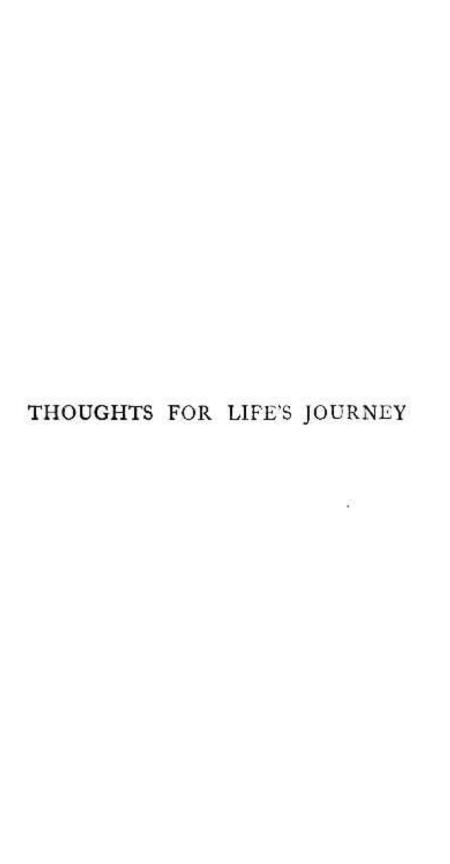
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GEORGE MATHESON

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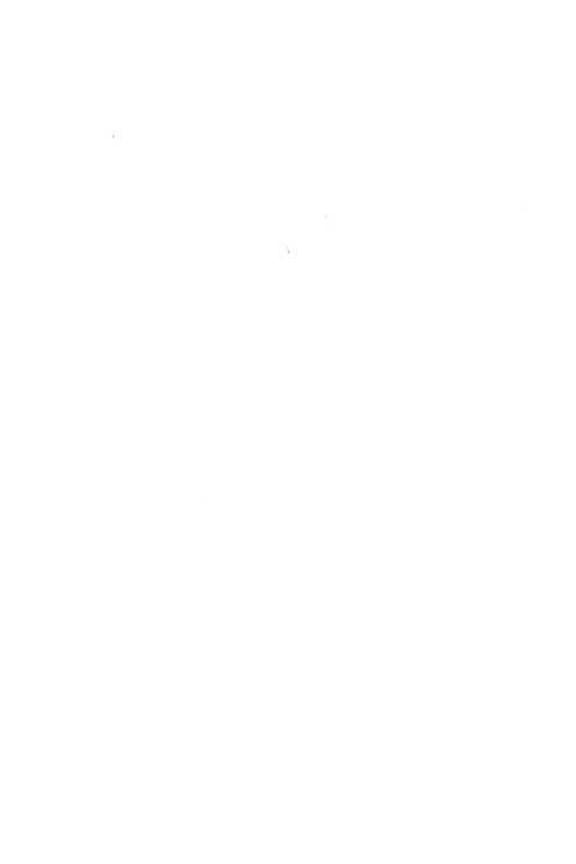


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1908

PREFATORY NOTE

In accordance with a suggestion made by the publishers to the author some few months before his death, these devotional sermonettes, which have appeared from time to time in The Christian World, are now issued in collective form. Eighty-six sermonettes are here included, dealing with varied subjects that may appeal to varied minds. In the course of their previous issue the author received much eloquent testimony regarding the help and comfort derived from their perusal, which fact would tend to the belief that this further offering in a more permanent form is not without some measure of justification.



THOUGHTS FOR LIFE'S JOURNEY

THE HOUR OF GOD'S CALL

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."-JOHN XI. 28.

It was a strange time for Martha to get a call—just when her own special gift had come to a stand. There was no further room for her practicalness; she had been forced to fold her hands. The power to work had ended; the necessity to wait had come. It was a time when Martha might well have said to herself: "I have no longer any calling; my occupation is gone now. There are no more tables to serve, no more friends to entertain, no more hospitalities to dispense, no more sick brothers to nurse, not even any more funeral arrangements to make; my work is done." Yet it was at that hour the call came. It was at the close of her own day that God's day began for

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her. It was in the stillness of all her special powers that the knocker struck the door.

And I think, my brother, it is ever so that thy Father deals with thee. I do not think He knocks at the door of thy special gift; rather, it seems to me, does He seek thy neglected door. He would bring thee out precisely by that gate which was not thine entrance gate. Why does He so often block that particular way on which thou art going? "To teach thee distrust of thyself," cry a hundred Nay, to teach thee to trust thyself in voices. more directions. Why should all thy work be special! Is there to be no road between thee and thy brother-no sympathy with that which is another's endowment? Why has God stripped thee of thy power of active service? To teach thee thine impotence? No, to show thee thy power on the other side of the hill. Is there no service but action! Is there no blessing for Mary! Is there no work for those who can only stand and wait, only lie and wait! What of that wondrous movement which makes no noise-the surrender of the will! What of those who suffer and pine not, endure and complain not, bear and doubt not! How came they to that blissful call? Through the shadows of the evening. They once were like thee-believing in nothing but the hand. God hid