

**OUR DAILY  
HOMILY, VOL. I:  
GENESIS-RUTH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649182961

Our daily homily, Vol. I: Genesis-Ruth by F. B. Meyer

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**F. B. MEYER**

**OUR DAILY  
HOMILY, VOL. I:  
GENESIS-RUTH**



**Our Daily Homily**

**Volume I: Genesis-Ruth**

Copyright, 1898  
BY  
FLRMING H. REVELL COMPANY

## PREFACE

THE Angels who daily spread the table in the wilderness during the desert wanderings could hardly have had more pleasure in their work than I have had in preparing a daily meal for many of God's children ; and the response has been quite remarkable.

From sick chambers, from souls in sore distress and perplexity, from discouraged servants of God, from those occupied in lonely outpost duty, from all parts of the world—testimony has come to the appropriateness and directness with which the Daily Homily has spoken to the needs of God's people. To Him be the glory, who still multiplies the five barley-loaves and two small fish.

In response to many requests, these brief meditations are now published in a permanent form ; and it is hoped that they will be largely used in the private closet and at the family altar ; especially where the holy habit prevails of reading the Word of God through, in due course, from cover to cover.

They do not profess to be comprehensive or profound. "A Homily," says an authority, "is

distinct from mere exegesis or exposition ; because the latter is addressed to the understanding, while the Homily is meant to affect the heart also, and to persuade those who hear to apply the lessons of Scripture for the reformation of their lives." This definition admirably describes my purpose. I have endeavored to build an exhortation to the heart from a careful consideration of the selected passage, often in the fresh light thrown on it from the Revised Version.

F. B. MEYER.



## OUR DAILY HOMILY

---

*The Evening and the Morning were the First Day.*  
Genesis i. 5.

HOW different is God's method from man's! The creature works from day to night, his best is first; but darkness overshadows his fairest hopes and best-concerted schemes. The Creator's days begin with the preceding eve. He reckons the evenings and nights into the days, because out of them the day is born; they usher in the light, and recreate body and brain for the busy hours that follow.

*Art thou disappointed in Christian work?—*Remember that God wrought on through long dark ages, ere His schemes were evolved in order and beauty. *Human* schemes begin with blare of trumpet and roll of drum, but are soon plunged in darkness. The *heavenly* seed is sown in autumn shadows; the foundation-stone of redemption was laid amid the gloom of Calvary; the work that lasts generally begins amid disappointment, difficulty, and heart-break, but inevitably passes into the day.

*Art thou passing through the bitterness of soul-trouble?—*For weeks there has been no ray of comfort, no sign of deliverance. Yet every dark hour is hastening toward the dawn. Thou shalt see thy Beloved walking toward thee in the morning light.

*Art thou in despair for the world?—*The times are dark, and threaten to get darker. But if the first creation began in the dark, can it be wondered at that the second must begin there to? But as the one emerged in daylight, so shall the other. The morning cometh; see the star of day standing sentry! Time is bearing us to a day that shall never go down to night, but shall mount ever toward its meridian.

*The Lord God put him into the Garden.*

*Genesis ii. 15.*

THUS God started man in an ideal home. Memories of Eden, exquisite as dreams, weave the background of human life. Fellowship with the Creator, who walked its glades; its river, trees, and fruits; its blessed companionship; its light and ennobling toils—how fair the picture!

*The Garden of Eden.*—That was God's ideal. When men point thee to the scars on the world's face, left by the trail of the Arab slaver, the march of the army, the decaying glory of human civilization, and ask how such things are consistent with God's love, point to that garden and say, "That is what the love of God meant for man; Satan and sin have wrought this."

*The Garden of Gethsemane.*—When man forfeited Paradise, the Saviour was revealed to regain it. He trod the winepress alone in the shadowed garden of the olive trees, that through its glades He might pass to His cross, and so make the wastes of sin bloom again as Eden. Is it wonderful that another Paradise is possible, when He sowed its seeds and watered the soil with His blood?

*Turning wastes into gardens.*—In Eden man wrought as God's fellow worker; and we are called each day to do something toward reconstructing the Lost Paradise. Find thy part in delving, sowing, watering, or tending the tender shoots! Seek that thine heart should be an Eden, kept sacred for thy King, and endeavor thy best to plant gardens where hitherto sand-wastes and thorn-thickets have prevailed. Then, "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

*Where art thou?*

*Genesis iii. 9.*

THE cool of the day, when the breeze steals over the fevered landscape, is an appropriate time for man to hold fellowship with God. We need to have His hand laid on our throbbing temples, stilling, tranquillizing, shedding His serenity throughout our being. What the breath of evening is in summer, fellowship with God will be for thee, my soul; see that thou art not so absorbed with thy sins, thy love, or thy business, as to miss the tryst, when the sun is westering.

*God misses His child.*—That hour of fellowship was much to Adam, and it was more to God. Love, God's love, craves for fellowship. As the musician for his lute, as the hart for the brook, as the mother for the twining arms and babbling talk of her child—so does God long for the free outpourings of His child's heart in prayer; misses them when withheld; is jealous when they are fitful and intermittent.

*God seeks His child.*—He did not wait till Adam found his way back to His side. But He hastened in search of him. So through the glades He comes to seek thee, O truant one! Where art thou, that for these many days thou hast withheld thyself from the hour of prayer? Wilt thou not say with the psalmist, "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek?"

*God mourns over His child.*—These words, in one version, are rendered, Alas, for thee: as though the heart of God were wrung with sorrow for our loss, as well as His. But He does not content Himself with regret. By the pang of travail, by the prick of thorns, by the necessity of labor, by sacrifice and gifts of covering for our nakedness, He brings us back to Himself.