

December eighth

*Into wiser
bands*

For what is it that faith does with these lives of ours? It just takes them up out of our weak, trembling, uncertain control and puts them into the hands of God. It makes them a part of his great plan. It binds them fast to his pure and loving will, and fills them with his life.—IV, 131.

December ninth

*A word of
Jesus*

Hear the Master's risen word!
Delving spades have set it free,—
Wake! the world has need of thee,—
Rise, and let thy voice be heard,
Like a fountain disinterred,
Upward springing, singing, sparkling:
Through the doubtful shadows dauntless,
Till the clouds of pain and rage
Brooding o'er the toiling age,
As with rifts of light are stirred
By the music of the Word;
Gospel for the heavy-laden, answer to the
labourer's cry;
"Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me:
cleave the wood, and there am I."

—XIV, 5.