

"Summer Morning"

The Present Truth – July 6, 1899

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Some time ago we had a little talk together about the equinox, at the time of the Vernal or Spring Equinox. This, you may remember, is the time, about the end of March, when the days and nights are of equal length all over the world.

Since then the days on our part of the globe have been growing longer and warmer, because we have been turning nearer and nearer to the sun. And now we have passed "midsummer day," or what is called the "summer solstice." This time, about June 21, is called the "solstice" from two Latin words meaning "the sun," and "to stand," because at this time the sun seems to stand still for a little while, to make a pause, and remain for a short time at the same point in the heavens, before we pass further away from it again to the time of short days and nights.

It is at the time of the summer solstice that we get the longest and warmest days in all the year. Perhaps you do not know how long you have long before the daylight has faded.

Only two or three hours of darkness, and then the soft dawn of the sweet summer morning—the smiles of God breaking again over the earth in the returning sunlight, causes all nature to rejoice and smile back at Him in return. For you know that the light of the sun is all the reflection of the glorious light shining from the beautiful face of Jesus, who is "the Light of the world."

See how joyfully everything greets Him. The clouds blush beautiful colour. The flowers open their petals and pour forth their sweetest fragrance, as the sunlight kisses the dew from their leaves and it is carried away again in the form of vapours to refresh other thirsty plants perhaps thousands of miles away.

The sweet birds one by one awake; and begin the day with a glad song of praise to the Light of the world who has brought them again from their slumbers. First there is a faint, drowsy chirp or twitter here and there, which swells as others add their notes to a full chorus of joyful praise.

All this is going on while you, little children, are peacefully sleeping in your beds in the early morning hours of these glad summer days. But at last you too awake, and how do you greet Him? God loves the flowers, the birds, and all His other works that praise Him. But, oh, there is something which He loves much more, for which He listens much more eagerly, and that to hear His children praise Him, to see their hearts turning to Him in love and thankfulness for all His loving care for them.

Then, dear children, as you awake each morning and see "His smile in the glad sunshine," will not you too give Him smiles of love and songs of praise, and offer to Him the sweet incense of worship, giving yourselves to Him who "giveth you richly all things to enjoy."

Think how much it has cost Him to do this—to give to you life and all them blessings. He gave up His own life, poured it out upon the cross, so that He might be able to give life to you. He wants to give you life and all the blessings of His love, not for a few years only, but “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

As you think of the great love of God and all His goodness to you, as you learn to take all these gifts of His love as coming to you direct from your loving Father in Heaven, you will long to see His face, and to live for ever in the light of His countenance, and sing His praises.

Think how it pleased the dear Saviour when the little children of Jerusalem owned Him as their King and shouted His praises. To those who rebuked them for that He said, “Have you never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected praise?”

And He is “the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” Just as much now as then He listens for and loves the praises of His little ones.

An old philosopher once said that the learned manners from the mannerly,—by doing exactly opposite to what he saw others do that was disagreeable to him.