Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men. 2 Corinthians 3:2.

O how greatly we need Jesus Christ every moment!... Let every man stand in his lot and in his place, working with earnestness, decision, and power to advance God's cause, bearing aloft the standard on which are inscribed the words "The commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." ... We may teach the Bible ever so zealously, but if we do not honor the truth by efforts proportionate to its greatness, we shall form ideas of Christ which do not honor the self-denying, self-sacrificing Redeemer. We need Christ every moment. We need to look up and study His character. What would Christ do were He in my place? is to be our measurement of our duty. It is possible to preach the Word and walk directly contrary to its teaching, showing in the home life and in business life a form of godliness without the power.

Vague suppositions regarding Christ are not enough. We need an abiding Christ. We need to eat His Word. He is the Bread of Life. The revealed Word is our photograph of Christ. The world can only be expelled from the soul by filling the soul with Christ. Just as the life of the body is produced by the temporal food eaten, so the life of the soul is produced by the spiritual food eaten.

He who would have spiritual life and vigor must eat the flesh and drink of the blood of the Son of God. Christ declares, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living
Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me" (John 6:35, 54-57).

O that the workers in every line of the service of God would eat of the leaves of the tree of life, which are for the healing of the nations.

But I cannot write more now. I will try to write again soon. I could not sleep after one o'clock this morning. I have had many things to think of. Today Willie and Dr. [A. J.] Sanderson go to San Francisco to attend a meeting of the Medical Board, where some important matters will be settled, we hope, after the mind of Christ.—Letter 125, September 1, 1901, to Elder and Mrs. S.N. Haskell, who were doing evangelistic work among the blacks of New York City.

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