

D.L. Moody:

Chapter 1:10

No day will help thee if thou art not in the spirit of the day. No outward thing however beautiful would give you of itself the sense of beauty. There might be spread before thee the most gorgeous scene on which the eye ever gazed, and there might be given thee the keenest eye that ever gazed on scene; but if thou hadst not the sympathy in thy soul it would be all in vain. How often has the day been bright above thee, and yet has failed to give thee a sense of its joy? When the heart is preoccupied with sorrow the beauty of nature is not beautiful; it is almost an offence. It is hard that the sun should shine so bright when thou art bereft and weary. It is hard that the bird should sing when thy heart is weeping. It is hard that the roses should bloom when thy life is withered. So hast thou oftentimes felt, oh, my soul. A mere day will not help thee—**not even a Lord's day.** The holiest Sabbath rest will be nothing to thee if thou hast not rest within. What to thee are the memorial songs of resurrection, if thine own spirit be dead? What to thee are the prayers of the assembled throng, if thou hast ceased to feel that there is aught worth desiring? What to thee is the stillness of the outward calm, if it is but thy leisure hour for inward strife? Spirit of the day, spirit of the Lord's day, come into my heart and life! Bring down the sunshine, and the calm, and the worship. Bring down the joy of self-forgetfulness that I may learn the blessedness of thanksgiving. Bring down the resurrection life that I may take up the resurrection song. Make me a Sabbath within that I may behold its mirror without; then shall my days be in spirit the days of the Lord. - George Matheson.

Chapter 2:13

It is very sweet to know that the Master knows where we live. Sweeter still is it, a great deal, that He comes to see us. And yet, that He should know us at home, what say we to that? I have asked myself sometimes, "Soul, wouldst thou rather that thy Lord should know thee at thy best or at thy worst?" and I have hesitated for the answer. My Lord, I have said, I am glad for thee to know me at my best, glad that thou dost know my sorrow for my sin, and that I do believe in thee, and that my heart goes out in hungry longings after thee. Right glad, that thou dost suffer me to look into thy face, and tell thee that I love thee. But as to my worst—I would there were no worst for thee to know—but since there is a worst, yes, it is best for thee to know it. Not to condemn me dost thou come, not to pry with cold steel eyes into the secrets of my soul; but to pity, and to help, and to heal. Therefore will I be glad that thou knowest all the life at its lowest and worst. - Mark Guy Pearse.

Chapter 3:19 As many as I love I . . . chasten.

I once saw a dark shadow resting on the bare side of a hill. Seeking its cause I saw a little cloud, bright as the light, floating in the clear blue above. Thus it is with our sorrow. It may be dark and cheerless here on earth; yet look above and you shall see it to be but a shadow of His brightness Whose name is Love. - Alford.

Dwight L. Moody comments and notes - from a different source

Revelation 3:20 Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. (KJV)

A woman in Glasgow got into difficulties. Her rent was due, but she had no money for the landlord, and she knew very well that he would turn her out if she did not satisfy his claim. In despair she knew not what to do. A Christian man heard of her distress, and came to her door with money to help her. He knocked, but although he thought he could hear some one inside, yet the door still remained locked and barred against him!

Some time after he met this woman in the streets, and told her how he had gone to her house to pay her rent, but could not get in. "Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "was that you? Why I thought it was the landlord, and I was afraid to open the door."

Dear friends! Christ is knocking at the door of your heart. He has knocked many times already, and now He knocks again by this message. He is your best Friend, although, like that woman, perhaps you think He comes with the stern voice of justice to demand from you the payment of your great sin-debt. If so, you are sadly mistaken. He comes not to demand, but to give! "The gift of God is eternal life." He knows you can never pay the great debt you owe to God. He knows that if that debt is not paid for you, you are forever lost! He loves you, though He hates your sins; and in order that you might be saved, He laid down His life a sacrifice for the guilty. And now He comes! bringing the gift of salvation to the door of your hearts. Will you receive the gift?

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