

*April 2, 1914*

EVERY day, when I want to write, I am interrupted, as though the new period opening now before us were a period of expansion rather than of concentration. It is in the activity of each moment that we must serve Thee and identify ourselves with Thee rather than in deep and silent contemplation or in meditation, written or unwritten.

But my heart does not tire of singing a hymn to Thee and my thought is constantly filled with Thee.