

JOSIAH'S

AND

SARAH'S

SCRAP-BOOK

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COMMENTS ON REVELATION

by Josiah Hopkins

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The twentieth chapter of Revelation is interesting for several reasons. It tells us of the binding of Satan; the first resurrection; the subsequent release of Satan; the battle that will follow the Millenium; the casting of Satan into the lake of fire and brimstone; the White Throne judgement. This chapter is interesting in that it marks the close of the present world program, for the next chapter describes a new heaven and a new earth.

Let us take up some of these great events in detail. The first event is the binding of Satan. Notice that an angel came down from heaven, "having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand". Just what that chain means one could hardly say with certainty, but it evidently means that just as a great chain would bind human beings secure, so will some binding force be used to make Satan powerless. This key to the bottomless pit reveals to us that this angelic officer has the power to open some abysmal depth, doubtless, in outer space and confine Satan there for a thousand years.

The term, "one thousand years", is used five times in this chapter, and from it we get the word, "millenium", which is from the Greek word, "mille", meaning one thousand. So, the term, "millenium", is used here a number of times, once to describe in the second verse the duration of the first imprisonment of the Devil; next, in the fourth verse to describe the time the saints live and reign with Christ; also, in the fifth verse it is used to describe the length of the time between the two resurrections; in the sixth verse, to describe the duration of the reign of Christ; and the last, in the seventh verse the term fixes the time of the imprisonment of Satan in the bottomless pit. It is the same thousand years in every time it is used, but the different usages are merely to show what is going on in different places, and what numerous personages are suffering during the time. One would not be far wrong to call the twentieth chapter the thousand year chapter.

It is natural to expect Satan to be bound and, therefore, powerless before a millenium of world wide peace and righteousness can ever be enjoyed on this earth, for how could this world have rest as long as the enemy of peace is loose? This is the fallacy in the belief that the world will get better and better and that Satan will be conquered more and more until, finally, he will quit his post and this world will enjoy a thousand years of the reign of the Prince of Peace. In other words, humanity can make ready the world for the reign of God without divine help other than that which we have on earth today. The tragedy about this position is that civilization, as we know it, has failed, and this planet seems to be madly plunging into the midst of a world war in spite of peace conferences and all that the churches can do. The truth of the business is that the world has backed

the church into a corner and is saying to it, "Do it or die!" My opinion is that the church will do its best against great odds until the Lord, personally, takes charge on this earth after the binding of Satan by divine power, such as is described in the opening verses of this twentieth chapter of Revelation.

Notice in verse three that Satan is not only cast into the bottomless pit but is shut up and sealed. This is to emphasize the fact that there will be no thought of his release, and the unbroken seal will bare witness of God's purpose to restrain Satan for this millennial period.

We are shocked upon first noticing that after Satan is shut up and sealed in the bottomless pit, verse three reminds us, "that he must be released a little season". The reason for this is manifest. Just as a magnet attracts a piece of steel, so will Satan attract his own. When he is released, at the end of the millenium, he will begin his old tactics of raising an army to combat the forces of righteousness. Keep in mind that this is after the millenium. Some Bible students go so far as to say that even the millenium will not be a complete success, because Satan will be loosed and will lead his forces of evil to another battle after this world has enjoyed the millennial reign under Jesus Christ! How can anyone dare to hope that any man with his puny implements of war and his smoking torch of civilization can bring in the millenium when even the Son of God, reigning in millennial glory will have to do some "moping up" after the thousand years of peace.

Verse four describes the reign of Christ and the saints during the millenium. This verse is a shining star of hope to everyone who has suffered martyrdom or persecutions for the blessed name of Jesus. There are two conclusions which one may draw from the fourth and fifth verses of the twentieth chapter of Revelation, and you may choose which one is tenurable. First, some Bible students think that the fourth verse of this chapter in describing the first resurrection leads us to believe that only the martyred saints will leave the graves at the first blast of the resurrection trumpet, and that the rest of the dead, both saved and unsaved, but who were not classed as martyrs, will be left in the dust of the earth.

The second theory is, and it is the one that I hold, that verse four here describes the resurrection of all the saved, regardless of whether they suffered martyrdom or not, and I draw that conclusion from the sixth verse of this twentieth chapter of Revelation which says:

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years."

This leads me to believe that all the persons who will not be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone which is referred to when it says the second death will be taken out of the dust of the earth at the first resurrection. Mind you, this is dealing with bodies, because the souls of the saints have been with the Lord since their death. Verses seven, eight, and nine describe the rebellion of Satan immediately upon his release from the bottomless pit. We are told that he will deceive the nations in the four quarters of the earth, and the names, "Gog" and "Magog", are used in this connection as Satan gathers his own to battle. The number of this satanic force is compared to the sands of the sea. Bible students declare that Gog is the prince of Russia who will be ruling at that time, and Magog is his land. Notice, their plan of battle will be to surround the camp of the saints and the beloved city which is evidently Jerusalem. This will, evidently, be the last struggle this world will ever see, but, remember, it is not the battle of Armageddon, for that will have occurred one thousand years before this. This is the titanic struggle of Satan and his followers among the sons of men in a last effort to make a stand upon this earth.

The tenth verse describes the culmination of this combat in these words, "And fire came down from God out of heaven". The verse describes the ultimate end of Satan as he is cast into the lake of fire and brimstone. A remarkable fact is disclosed here when we read in this verse at the opening of the lake of fire the beast and the false prophet are still there. Yet, they were placed there before the millenium (see chapter nineteen, verse twenty). One cannot take the position that the lake of fire and brimstone is for the destruction or extinction of the souls and bodies of men or devils, for if the beast and the false prophet can last through the thousand years of it, they could last through many such milleniums of torment. But, the Scripture here is plain as it places this sentence of doom above the beast and false prophet as well as Satan when it announces that they shall be tormented day and night forever and ever.

The eleventh verse allows us to see the satanic host recede to make room for a great white throne with one seated upon this throne. John, then, tells us that, "He saw the dead, small and great stand before God; and the books were opened:" There were two kinds of books opened, one containing the things written therein, evidently, a record of the lives of those to be judged, but another book, "The Book of Life", contained only a list of names. We are told that "The dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works". So, this is the event which Bible students call the Great White Throne Judgement. Whoever had their name written in the Book of Life seemed to escape this judgement, but whoever did not have this security was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone.

It looks to me as if this is the supreme court of the universe. Here the Justice of God is vindicated as He gives every lost soul, and perhaps devils, a chance once and forever to state their case again. Then, the Book of Life is searched to see if such a name was written therein; where it was not found, regardless of the deeds that may have been recorded during the life of such a person, they were cast into the lake of fire and brimstone which is the second death. This is in keeping with the words of Jesus where He described the time when many would come and offer their claim for salvation on the basis of having done many wonderful works in His name, but He says He will reply, "I never knew thee". This chapter certainly teaches that, "By grace are ye saved through Faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God".

Another interesting disclosure here is that death and hell delivered up the dead that were in them. The term, "hell", is one of the most misunderstood words in the Bible. There are three words which are translated "hell" in the Holy Book; one word in the Old Testament and two in the New Testament. The old Hebrew word which we find only in the Old Testament and which is translated "hell" is "sheol". This means the entire region on the other side of the grave. It may refer simply to the realm of the dead without any reference to whether they are happy or miserable, or it may refer to a place of punishment. Then, again, it may be used to describe the condition of one who was once saved but has passed into this unknown place. In one case it manifestly refers to Jesus in the Psalm when He says to the Heavenly Father, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell" (Sheol). We are sure that even if David meant this to refer to himself, and certainly if it referred to the Lord, it cannot refer to a place only for the wicked.

When we come to the New Testament, we find the word most frequently used is "hades". Another word used by the Lord to describe what we call "hell" is "Gehena". Let us take the word, "hades", first. In Luke sixteen, we find the picture of Dives and Lazarus. In the twenty-third verse it says in speaking of Dives, "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom". Here, the word translated, "hell", is "hades", but Abraham, Lazarus, and Dives are all in the same picture. However, the first two are in the upper part, separated from the place where Dives was in torment by a great gulf. Therefore, we are lead to conclude that hades means something like the old word, "Sheol", in the Old Testament, viz: the abode of both the saved and the unsaved. But, something has happened since Jesus ascended from Olivet, and it is the confident opinion of many Bible students that the upper part of hades was emptied, and that Abraham, Lazarus, and all the saints of the Old Testament have been taken into immediate presence of God, but that Dives and all who were lost before Calvary and those who have died without Christ since, are in the same condition awaiting

this great white throne judgement. Now, we are prepared to understand what Revelation twenty thirteen means when it says hell delivered up the dead which were in it.

Now, when it says here that hell delivered up the dead which were in it, we are lead to believe that this refers to the emptying of the last bodies who had been claimed by death and hell in its icy realm until this great day, for the next verse adds that "death and hell were cast into the lake of fire and brimstone". This means that an end was made of death, and hades was emptied.

Next week, we will conclude these articles on the book of Revelation with the message on Heaven. What a contrast the next two chapters are on the background of this twentieth chapter where the great events of the final events of this dispensation flash before our faces in words that burn like electric signs on a boulevard.

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BEAUTIFUL THINGS

"The beautiful things are the things we do;
 They are not the things we wear,
 As we shall find when the journey's through,
 And the roll call's read up there.
 We're illustrating the latest styles,
 With raiment that beats the band;
 But the beautiful things are the kindly smiles
 That go with the helping hand.
 We burden ourselves with gleaming gems,
 That neighbors may stop and stare;
 But the beautiful things are the diadems
 Of stars that the righteous wear,
 There are beautiful things in the poor man's cot,
 Though empty the hearth and sold,
 If love and service are in each thought
 That husband and wife may hold.
 There are beautiful things in the lowest slum
 Where wandering outcasts grope,
 When down to its depths they see you come
 With message of help and hope.
 The beautiful things that we mortals buy
 And flash in the crowded street,
 Will all be junk when we come to die,
 And march to the judgment seat.
 When everything's weighed on that fateful day,
 The lightest thing will be gold.
 There are beautiful things within reach today,
 But they are not bought or sold.

(Goose-Creek Bible poem)

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THE SET OF THE SAIL

"I stood on the shore beside the sea;
The wind from the West blew fresh and free,
While past the rocks at the harbor's mouth
The ships went North and the ships went South,
And some sailed out on an unknown quest,
And some sailed into the harbor's rest;
Yet ever the wind blew out of the West.

I said to one who had sailed the sea
That this was a marvel unto me;
For how can the ships go safely forth,
Some to the South and some to the North,
Far out to sea on their golden quest,
Or into the harbor's calm and rest,
And ever the wind blow out of the West?

The sailor smiled as he answered me,
"Go where you will when you're on the sea,
Though head winds baffle and flaws delay,
You can keep the course by night and day,
Drive with the breeze or against the gale;
It will not matter what winds prevail,
For all depends on the set of the sail."

Voyager soul on the sea of life,
O'er waves of sorrow and sin and strife,
When fogs bewilder and foes betray,
Steer straight on your course from day to day;
Though unseen currents run deep and swift,
Where rocks are hidden and sandbars shift,
All helpless and aimless, you need not drift.

Oh, set your sail to the heavenly gale,
And, then, no matter what winds prevail,
No reef shall wreck you, no calm delay,
No mist shall hinder, no storm shall stay;
Though far you wander and long you roam,
Through salt sea-spray and o'er white sea-foam,
No wind that can blow but shall speed you home."

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"All the beauty of the ocean,
Grandeur of a mountain peak,
Gleaming crystals of a snowflake,
Velvet of a rose's cheek;
All the glory of a sunset,
Tranquil peace of fresh-turned sod--
Beauty! Every beauty whispers
That its fountainhead is God."

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COMPARISON OF DANIEL AND JOHN

The word, "apocalypse", means "unveiling", so Daniel can be looked upon as the apocalypse of the Old Testament and the Book of Revelation as the apocalypse of the New Testament. Daniel unveiled Gentile history; John unveiled the Christ. It is true that in disclosing the history of the Gentile nations in the metal image which God enabled Daniel to explain, Christ was portrayed as the "Stone cut out of the mountain without hands" which fell on the feet of the image and destroyed it. One can say that both Daniel and John unveiled the Christ as the Messiah and the King who would return to set up a millennial kingdom on this earth.

Both John and Daniel were exiled, John to the Isle of Patmos and Daniel to Babylon. It seems that the spiritual experiences through which both passed were possible only under great sorrow, deprivation, and suffering. Tradition tells us that John was cast into a pot of boiling oil which didn't even scratch him; the Bible describes how Daniel was cast into a den of lions and escaped unharmed.

Daniel lived under the wicked rule of Nebuchadnezzar; John, under the iron hand of a Roman emperor. Daniel lived in the time of the golden head of the metal image; John, during the time of the iron legs which represented the Roman empire. Both were caught up by the Holy Spirit and had their minds spiritualized for their high prophetic office. Daniel dealt with the prophecies that covered Gentile domination of the earth and last days, while John portrayed only those events that immediately proceeded and followed the second coming of the Lord. It is true that John covered all time in the Revelation but passed over the pre-existent era of Christ with the one sentence, "He who was", and passed over the church age, or the time since Pentecost, until that immediately preceding the second coming of Christ with merely two chapters. Daniel describes much that is found in Revelation, and the Apocalypse of John can never be truly understood without a knowledge of the Book of Daniel. What Daniel sketched with a few bold strokes, John works out in detail.

Both were greatly beloved: the Book of Daniel tells us of an angel's announcement that Daniel was greatly beloved by the Lord; the Gospels tell us that John laid his head on Jesus' breast and was always one of the elect when any great event like the transfiguration was about to come to pass. Both lived to a great age, about one hundred years.

We have sketched some of their similarities, now let us mark some of their differences. Daniel was of the aristocracy and, most probably, the royal line; John was a plebian, a common Galilean fisherman. Daniel wrote in the twilight of Biblical truth; John, in the blazing light of the Holy Spirit. Daniel never saw more of God than the texture of a dream or spiritual vision; John ate with the Lord, laid his head on His breast, saw Him crucified, witnessed the ascension, saw the wounds in the body of the Lord in the forty days of post-resurrection ministry, and was in the upper room on the day of Pentecost.

In my humble opinion, prophecy reached its climax in the Old Testament in the writings of Daniel and mounted to its pinnacle in the New Testament when God sent an angel to signify to John the unveiling of the Lord Jesus Christ. Both were common men like you and me, but were swept into the dizzy altitudes of spiritual experiences by Divine Power; Daniel by the touch of angelic visitors, and John through the falling of the Holy Spirit. Both died natural deaths at a ripe old age and today are together in the white light of the Throne.

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"Board upon board the little church is
building,
Far down the street we hear the hammers
ring.
Lord, let the work go forward sweetly,
kindly,
Marred by no envies, no discordant
thing.

Lift Thou Thy Hands above each room in
blessing;
Hallow these floors to weary, wayward
feet.
As sunshine through the panes, let
truth illumine
All those who gather, make their coming
sweet.

Bless him who comes, the bread and
wine dividing;
In hungry souls let fears and doubtings
cease;
Faith, hope, and love take here their
gracious dwelling,
Till this shall be in truth a House of
Peace.

Humble and small, yet fair and pure
and comely,
Fit for Thy presence--part of thy great
plan,
So all who gather here shall know it
surely
Is the Lord's pitching, not the work of
man!"

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ROOFS

"The road is wide and the stars are out and the breath of the
 night is sweet,
 And this is the time when wanderlust should seize upon my feet.
 But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on
 my face,
 And to leave the splendour of out-of-doors for a human dwelling
 place.
 I never have seen a vagabond who really liked to roam
 All up and down the streets of the world and not to have a home;
 The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at break
 of day
 Will wander only until he finds another place to stay.
 A gypsy-man will sleep in his cart with canvas overhead;
 Or else he'll go into his tent when it is time for bed.
 He'll sit on the grass and take his ease so long as the sun is
 high,
 But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the sky.
 If you call a gypsy a vagabond, I think you do him wrong,
 For he never goes-a-traveling, but he takes his home along.
 And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,
 Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which he
 goes.
 They say that life is a highway and its milestones are the
 years
 And now and then there's a toll-gate where you buy your way with
 tears.
 It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad and
 far,
 But at last it leads to a golden Town where golden Houses are."
 Joyce Kilmer

.....

"Honey, trus' der Lawd a bit, an' doan' fohgit to smile!
 Ain' no use a-frettin' an' a-mou'nin' all de while--
 S'pose de rain does peppah down, an' s'pose de skies am gray;
 Shuah de Good Lawd ain' gwine let it always be dat way!
 He's jes' sendin' trials foh to put yuh to the tes';
 Dat's His way ob' tryin' out de ones He lubs de bes'.
 Doan' yuh member Daniel in de fierce ol' lions' den?
 He jes' smile an' trus' his Lawd, an' out he come again!
 Doan' yuh 'member Jonah what wuz swallowed by de whale?
 He jes' smile an' trus' his Lawd, an' lived to tell de tale!
 When de Hebrew chillun in de fiery furnace lit
 Dey jes' smile an' trus' de Lawd, an' didn't burn a bit!
 When you' ah jes' plum scared to def, an' doan' know what to
 do,
 Dat's de time de helpin' han' reach down an' guide yuh froo!
 Shuah He ain' a-fixin' to fohgit yuh is His chile--
 Honey, trus' de Lawd a bit, an' doan' fohgit to smile!"

Observations of Rev. Gabe Tucker

"You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come ercross
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss,
An', wukin' in de low-groun's, you diskiver, as you go,
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a row!

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for Heben
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat
An' nebber draps a nickel in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons!

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar dey stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey katches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
An' you finds de smalles' possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!"

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HORSE SENSE

"In shooing flies or hauling freight
It's wiser to co-operate,
For better jobs are sooner done
If two take hold and work as one.

Now, that's a truth all horses know,
They learned it centuries ago.
When days are hot, and flies are thick
Co-operation does the trick.

One tail, on duty at the rear,
Can't reach the fly behind the ear,
But two tails, if arranged with craft,
Give full protection, fore and aft.

Though fools pursue a lonely course,
Let wise men emulate the horse.
Two make a burden half as great;
Use horse sense and co-operate!"

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"Of course some folks won't like you
When they see you feelin' good,
Some folks are never happy,
Never would be if they could.
But I tell you there's a feelin'
That you get from smilin' free;
It's the feelin' of contentment--
And that's good enough for me."

THE AMAZING FORTY DAYS

John 21:25: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that the world itself could not contain the book that should be written."

The four Gospels end with the words which I have quoted in the text above. I am sure that the words, "many other things", refer to the events not listed in the amazing forty days which followed the resurrection. There is no way of finding out from any known human records the list of miraculous appearances and tender loving ministries of Jesus between the time that He arose from the grave on Easter morning, and when He tip-toed up the interstellar spaces to take His place at the right hand of the throne of God. We have listed ten appearances of Jesus. Five of these appearances occurred on Easter morning. Then, there are five which are to be credited to the period between Easter and His ascension from Olivet. It may be interesting to the reader to have a list of these appearances.

Those on Easter Sunday are as follows: first, to Mary Magdalene; next, to the women, Mary, the mother of James, Salome, and Joanna on their return to the city from the tomb; then, to Peter and John when they found the sepulchre empty; then, to the two disciples on their way to Emmaus; and the last appearance on Easter Sunday, that is the recorded appearance, was to the ten with Thomas absent.

The only recorded appearances of Jesus following the Easter Sunday are as follows: on the Sunday after Easter in the evening Jesus appeared to the eleven with Thomas present; the second appearance after Easter was to the eleven in Galilee on a mountain; the eighth record appearance was at the Sea of Tiberius when a group of the disciples went fishing, and Jesus appeared on the shore; then, I Cor. 15:6 records that above five hundred brethren at once saw Him; then, the tenth appearance is recorded in Acts 1:3-8 and also I Cor. 15:7 when He is seen by James and then by all the apostles; the climax to the amazing forty days comes with the ascension from Olivet.

I have called this period in the eternal life of our Lord the "Amazing Forty Days". To me it is the most interesting of all the written records of His blessed life. You know, we are told that He existed before the world was. Also, we have records in the Old Testament of His appearance from time to time, for instance, to Abraham on the plains of Mamre. Then, we have His physical manifestation beginning with His birth in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod, the king. The period of His incarnation ended with His death on Calvary. Also, there was a period of time which we refer to as the three days following His death and preceding His resurrection which are accounted for in various ways. One passage tells us that He ascended and preached to the spirits in prison, I Peter 3:19. Many Bible students take this to mean that He visited the upper part of Hades where Lazarus was seen and mentioned by our Lord. It is generally held by Bible students that since that time, that is, the time of Jesus' visit to them in the period between His death and resurrection, the upper part of Hades has been

empty, and the passage which says He led captivity captive explains what happened. These souls were evidently taken out of their temporary abiding place while they awaited for the shedding of blood that would make it possible for them to enter into the immediate presence of God.

Then, come the times between His laying aside of the shroud and leaving the tomb forever and His ascension from Mount Olivet. This is the part of His blessed life which we refer to as the amazing forty days. Now, let us keep in mind some of the lessons we may learn from this period of forty days following His resurrection and proceeding His ascension.

First, we notice that He actually took His body out of the grave, for there was nothing left there but a shroud neatly folded away and discarded forever. Then, we recall that He offered to show the nail prints in His hands and the wounds in His side to questioning Thomas. We are certain that He took His body out of the tomb, and we can follow His actual physical existence until He ascended from Olivet. We are told that at one time five hundred brethren saw Him physically present. We can safely conclude that His body is now in the immediate presence of God. But, we also note that His body was changed. He could appear or disappear at will. He could reach distances instantaneously. We conclude from this, in as much as He is the first fruit of the resurrection, that we shall have similar bodies in the transformation that will come to us in death or after death or in whatever experience we have which will culminate our pilgrimage on this little ball called the earth.

We note that He ate with His disciples, was moved with compassion at their needs, asking them at the shores of Galilee if they had any breakfast. He was concerned about their failures. He was moved with tenderness to speak first to Mary Magdalene after He left the grave. No one knows how many visits Jesus made to places obscure and in need. No one knows how many He touched and blessed during these forty days of post-resurrection ministry. Truly, does John say that if the records were complete, the world would be able to hold the book. It is just that way today; Jesus is working in a thousand ways in places where no one would ever dream that His blessed ministry had come. I am sure that His presence is felt and recognized in countless hearts today where no one would ever dream that He makes blessed abode.

Another thing that we must note during this blessed period between the resurrection and His ascension is His willingness to answer the honest question of every heart. He offered His wounded side as evidence to doubting Thomas. Today, He offers the wounds in His brow, His hand, His feet, and His side as indisputable evidence to a questioning world.

We note, also, His infinite compassion not only to Mary Magdalene but likewise to Simon Peter. How tender was the invitation to

Simon to meet Him expressed in the words, "Go tell my disciples and Peter!" Thank God for that "and". That one little conjunction has offered hope to many a discouraged soul. Remember, heart that has failed, He includes you in every invitation to meet Him at the place where the blessings are to be passed around and where the power is to fall.

Oh, there is so much that one could say but time forbids. However, we dare not close without pointing the readers of this little article to the last thing that the world saw of the ascending Christ as He was lifted up by the gravitation of His own divinity, to take His place of power at the right hand of the throne of God; we are told that He lifted His hands in blessing. The last thing this world ever saw of our blessed Lord was His hands uplifted in benediction and the nail prints in those hands. To Thomas, He offered the evidence of His wounded side; He left the world showing them His hands. Oh, marvelous days of benediction--forty days of manifestations of power. Do you wonder that I call them the "amazing forty days"?

This amazing time in the eternal life of our Lord, that is, between the resurrection and the ascension, typifies and illustrates the resurrected life of believers who have shuffled off this mortal coil and have been lifted into the fellowship of God. Study these days, note the transformation in the body of Christ, note His ability to move at will over any distance, to appear or disappear, note His love-life was continued, note His compassion was just the same, note that He left this world and swept upward into the very presence of God! Marvelous forty days teaching us of what we may hope for in the life that lies beyond the sunset.

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"Ol' Mistah Trouble, he come aroun' one day
An' say, 'I gwinter git you, so you better run away.
I likes to see you hustle; dat's de way I has my fun.
I knows I kin ketch up to you, no matter how you run!'

I says: 'Mistah Trouble, you has been a-chasing me
Ever since I kin remember, an' I'se tired as I kin be.
So I'se gwinter stop right yere, an' turn aroun' a-
facin' you,
An' lick you if I kin, an' fin' out jest what you kin
do.'

Ol' Mistah Trouble, he looked mightily ashamed;
He acted like a buckin' hoss dat's suddenly been tamed;
An' den he turned an' traveled off, a-hollerin',
'Good day;
I ain't got time to fool around wif folks dat acts
dat way.'"

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COMMENTS ON DANIEL
by Josiah HopkinsSeries # 3
p. 9

No sooner had God revealed to Nebuchadnezzar that he was the golden head of the historical image, than he began to build a statue of gold. Isn't that just like the human heart? He doubtless knew that Daniel told the truth when the announcement was made that another kingdom would displace his own, but he, doubtless, reasoned that he would make the best of life while it was his, and if God had called him the golden head of the world's history, he would erect a golden image in memory of himself.

This image was sixty feet high and six feet wide--notice a lot of sixes in this image! Bible students tell us that the numeral, six, is used to refer to man at the maximum. Here, we have a sixty foot high image and six foot wide image, and it lacks but one other dimension, six hundred, to make it the equivalent of the cryptic number of the beast in Revelation thirteen, which is 666. However, we will not allow ourselves to be drawn too much into such details of interpretation when there are great continents of truth awaiting exploration in this third chapter of Daniel.

All the outstanding members of the court of Babylon, together with the leading representatives from the out-lying provinces, were summoned to the capital of the world to pay homage to the king of Babylon. To this group which represented the cream of Babylon's aristocracy and political power a herald was sent ordering them in the name of the king to fall down and worship the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar at the sound of the musical instruments. It is interesting to note that there were six kinds of instruments mentioned here. Is it merely a coincidence that all these numerals are sixes in connection with this image and its worship on the plain of Dura in the province of Babylon? Note that the penalty was a most horrible death, to be cast into the midst of a burning furnace.

Verse seven tells us "that all the people, the nations, and the languages fell down and worshiped the golden image". As far as we know there were only four who did not pay homage to this image of the great king. While Daniel's name is not mentioned as one who refused to be guilty of such idolatry, we may be certain from the knowledge of his character given throughout the book that he was one of the four who dared to stem the current of national idolatry. The other three were companions of Daniel who with him purposed in their hearts not to defile themselves even though they were forced by exile and slavery to live in the world's capital of iniquity. They were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

What an index to their character is the indictment of their enemies! Certain Chaldeans charged, "these men, O, King, have not regarded thee; they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up". Now, the king had richly honored these four companions ~~when~~ Daniel made known to Nebuchadnezzar his dream and the interpretation. You recall that Daniel insisted that his companions who had tarried with him in an all night prayer meeting until the answer came regarding the image should receive rewards similar to his own. Thus, we are told in the last verse of the second

chapter that these three men were set over the affairs of Babylon while Daniel sat in the gate of the king. It is customary in the affairs of the world for men to repay such kingly honor by subservience to the will of their benefactor. But, isn't it refreshing to find in the records of this blessed old Book the names of three men who, though honored with the highest favors in the province of Babylon, refused to "lick the boots" of earth's greatest king? Do you wonder that God walked through the fiery furnace with men like that? He always has! When you find men who are willing to suffer for the right and to bear the attacks of bitter enemies who would destroy them you will always find the fourth person in the furnace of affliction with three such men.

When the infuriated monarch demanded of these three men whom he had so singularly honored their lives, they evidently gave him the testimony of their faithfulness to the God of heaven. In his folly of fury, Nebuchadnezzar offered these three faithful witnesses to God one more chance to commit idolatry under the threat that if they did not, they would be hurled into a furnace seven times hotter than usual, and he added, "Who is God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" It is evident from the text here that these three men of God determined to pay the price of martyrdom for their testimony, for it says that when they spoke to this great king who was full of fury, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego said, "Oh, Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter". They meant by that, "you have given us places of great honor for which we are deeply grateful, but we will not defile our souls with idolatry to please your fidelity". They had counted the cost of fidelity to God and were willing to pay the price. Oh, now we need faithful witnesses to-day who are not careful in sacrifice for God!

Notice how the rage of this made the king vent it upon these three faithful witnesses to Jehovah. He ordered the furnace heated to seven times its usual heat; he commanded the most mighty men in his army to bind them. So intense was the flame of this torture furnace that the men who placed the victims in the heat were cooked by the hungry tongues of flame which enwrapped them.

Do you wonder at the astonishment of Nebuchadnezzar when he cried, "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God". Remember that the three witnesses never dreamed that they would be rescued from the flames. They stood true to God when they felt that they were to be burned in this roaring furnace. But, God met them at the place of trial!

What a comfort this ought to be to those of us today who feel that in these last days we will have to suffer privation to remain true to God. Remember, neighbors, there never was a fiery furnace for a Christian's trial that didn't contain the blessed presence of the Holy Spirit.

Nebuchadnezzar was again humiliated as he was when Daniel, greatly beloved of the Lord, interpreted his vision and pronounced the

doom of the Empire of Babylon. Now, the proud monarch bids the three Hebrew children to come forth from their place of would-be torture, saying, "Ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither". Isn't that a peculiar command? He was anxious to hear them speak of the God who had so marvelously delivered them in the hour of trial.

Not only was the king astonished, but the princes, governors, captains, and all the kings gathered around these three delivered witnesses and saw that the fire had no power on their bodies, nor was their hair singed, now was there the smell of fire. Oh, what a wonderful deliverer is Christ! Bear in mind, neighbors, that our God changes not with the changing centuries! If He can deliver three exiled Hebrew slaves from the flames of a Babylonian furnace six hundred years before Christ, He can deliver you from the roaring furnace of trial today. Yea, He can so completely and triumphantly deliver you that the smell of the furnace flames will not linger about your blessed robes of righteousness. What a song of praise would float upward toward the stars tonight if all the delivered souls of the earth would start to sing together, "There is Power in the Blood". Every heart who has felt the bondage of iniquity fall away, every soul that has seen the prison bar opened and who have swept out into the glorious presence of God are the sons and daughters of God.

Now, Nebuchadnezzar is loud in his praise, not only of Jehovah, but of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and he praised them for daring to defy the king and break his word that they may not serve any god except their own. What a changable person Nebuchadnezzar must have been! A few verses above, in uncontrolled fury, he condemned three slaves to death for not worshiping his own image; now, in the twenty-ninth verse, he condemns all peoples and nations and languages which say anything about the God of the Hebrew children. He flew from one antipode of thought to another as far as the north is from the south.

The one laudible thing that is told us in this chapter about this golden king whose reign began the era of Gentile history is that he promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the province of Babylon. It is interesting to notice how the first three chapters of Daniel end. The first chapter closes with these words, "And Daniel continued even unto the first year of king Cyrus"; the second chapter closes with "Daniel sat in the gate of the king"; and the third chapter closes with this, "Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the province of Babylon". What a commentary on the triumphal righteousness and fidelity to God in the face of wickedness in high places and the God-thwarted wrath of earth's greatest king!

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FOUND ON FLYLEAF OF MOODY'S BIBLE

Repentance--a change of mind; new mind about God.
Conversion--a change of life; new life for God.
Regeneration--a change of nature; new heart for God.
Justification--a change of state; new standing for God.
Adoption--a change of family; new relationship toward God.
Sanctification--a change of service; separation unto God.
Glorification--a change of place; new condition with God.

UNAWARES

"They said, 'The Master is coming to honor the town today;
 And none can tell at what house or home the Master will choose to
 stay'.
 And I thought, while my heart beat wildly, 'What if He should
 come to mine?
 How would I strive to entertain and honor the Guest Divine?'
 And straight I turned to toiling to make my home more neat.
 I swept and polished and garnished, and decked it with blossoms
 sweet;
 I was troubled for fear the Master would come ere my task was
 done,
 So I hastened and worked the faster, and watched the hurrying sun.
 But right in the midst of my duties, a woman came to my door;
 She had come to tell me her sorrows, and my comfort and aid to im-
 plore.
 But I said, 'I can't stop or listen, or help you any today;
 I have greater things to attend to!' and the pleader turned away.
 But soon there came another, a cripple, thin, pale, and gray,
 And said, 'Let me stop and rest a while in your goodly house, I
 pray.'
 I have traveled far since morning. I am hungry and faint and weak;
 My heart is full of misery, and comfort and help I seek.'
 But I said, 'I am grieved and sorry, but I cannot keep you today;
 I look for a great and noble Guest!' So the cripple went away.
 But the day wore onward swiftly, and my task was nearly done,
 Yet a prayer was ever in my heart that to me the Master would come.
 And I thought I would spring to meet Him, and serve Him with ut-
 most care;
 When a little child stood by me, with a face so sweet and fair;
 Sweet, but with marks of tear-drops, and its clothes were tattered
 and old;
 A finger was bruised and bleeding, and its little bare feet were
 cold.
 And I said, 'I am grieved and sorry, you are surely in need of
 care,
 But I cannot stop now to give it; you must hasten and go else-
 where.'
 At the words a shadow swept over his blue-veined brow.
 'Some one will feed and clothe you, dear, but I am too busy now'.
 At last the day was ended, my task was over and done;
 My house was swept and garnished, and I watched in the dusk alone.
 Watched--but no footfall sounded, no one came to my gate.
 No one entered my cottage door; I could only pray and wait.
 I waited till night had deepened, but the Master had not come.
 'He has entered some other door,' I cried, 'and gladdened some
 other home.
 My labor has been for nothing'--I bowed my head and wept;
 My heart was sore with longing, but in spite of it all I slept.
 Then the Master stood before me, and His face was grave and fair;
 'Three times today I came to your door, and craved your pity and
 care.
 Three times you sent me onward, unhelped and uncomforted.
 And the blessing you might have had was lost, and your chance to
 serve has fled.'
 And He said, 'The sin is pardoned, but the blessing is lost to thee;
 For comforting not the least of mine, thou hast failed to comfort
 me.'"

COMMENTS ON DANIEL

by Josiah Hopkins

Series # 4
p. 12

It is interesting to note that one easily concludes from this chapter that it was an official edict, and, therefore, a part of the court records of Babylon. Notice that Nebuchadnezzar uses the capital, "I" and addresses this chapter to "all people, nations and languages that dwell in the earth". It was evidently sent by messengers throughout the entire Babylonian empire.

The king tells us that he was at rest upon his bed in his house and was flourishing in his palace when he saw a dream which made him afraid. One may live in a fine house and lie down upon a golden couch, but having rest is another matter. There is no way in the world to rest without peace within. Nebuchadnezzar saw a great tree, strong and of tremendous height that reached unto heaven and over all the earth. Even the beasts of the field found rest within its shadows and the fowls of the air dwelt in its boughs, but there was an interruption. Nebuchadnezzar says that he saw "a watcher, a holy one come down from heaven who announced, 'hew down the tree and cut off its branches, shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit: let the beasts away from under it, and fowls from his branches: nevertheless, leave the stump of his roots in the earth, even with a band of iron and brass and the tender grass of the field, and let it be wet with the dew of heaven and let his portion be with the beasts and the grass of the earth: let his heart be changed from man and let a beast's heart be given unto him and let seven times pass over his head'".

Upon even the most superficial reading one discovers that this tree applied to some person, for it says, "Let his heart be changed from a man, let a beast heart be given unto him". No wonder such a dream troubled the king of great Babylon.

As Nebuchadnezzar had done in the third chapter, he did again in the fourth, relied upon the magicians, the astrologers, and the Chaldeans, and soothsayers for the explanation of the miraculous manifestation of truth to him. Notice that it says "at last Daniel came in before me". Isn't it funny that the king would wait until the last to hope for a divine explanation of his dream. Just like the world, they wait until the last resort to look to God for help. Nebuchadnezzar admits that he said to Daniel, "I know that the spirit of the Holy God is in thee". Why didn't he send for Daniel at first? Just the same old human willfulness that puts off looking to God until every other avenue is closed.

Notice that Nebuchadnezzar calls attention to the fact that Daniel had been named after his god, but, in spite of that, the spirit of the Holy God was in him. They might change Daniel's name, but they couldn't change his nature nor his loyalty and love to and faith in God. Did you think it was easy for Daniel to say, "It is thou, oh, king", you are wrong. It was worth his life to utter those words, and then to add these words of doom to the king of the greatest empire the world ever saw, "they shall drive thee from men, and they

shall be with the beast of the field; they shall make thee to eat grass like oxen, and they shall wet thee with the dew of heaven, and seven times shall pass over thee, until thou knowest that the most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will".

Notice the twenty-seventh verse of this fourth chapter of Daniel when the king was given a chance to break off his sin and by righteousness and showing mercy to the poor have another chance. Daniel added "If it may be the lengthening of thy tranquility". Daniel said to Nebuchadnezzar that his only hope for tranquility, if there be a hope, would be to cut off his sins right there. But, like human beings generally do, they do not heed the danger signals, and Nebuchadnezzar went right on, and the chapter doesn't end until it announces that all this came upon the king, Nebuchadnezzar.

One little year passed, and while the king walked in the palace of the kingdom of Babylon and boasted of his greatness and his triumph, the blow fell! Study the boast of the king of Babylon, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built". Notice that capital, "I". "By the might of my power." Notice that "I" power and "for the honor of my majesty". Note well that it was "my majesty". He never gave God any credit nor seemed to have given God a thought. Doesn't it look like that with a warning like that from a heavenly watcher and a divine interpretation from Daniel, he would at least have slowed up at the danger sign? No, he went right on and was punished. How many men have lit the fire of their own destruction out of their egotism and selfishness and have fed the flames with capital "I"'s until they were burned to ashes!

I shall never forget the first time I saw a steam-roller. They were crushing rocks on a road in Mississippi. When I asked the road constructor what that big machine was he said, "Son, that is a steam-roller. We'll use that one on the lighter roads, but we've got a big one sure enough up the road about two miles that we bring in when the surface is hard". What a lesson! Most of us have felt steam-roller number one and then through pig-headedness and obstancy have had to suffer a massage from steam-roller number two. Well, if you ever get number two, you will remember it. God gave Nebuchadnezzar the big steam-roller, and how he suffered! Think of the king of Babylon eating grass like an ox, driven from men, sleeping under the stars like a wild man until his hairs were grown like eagle's feathers and his nails like bird's claws!

There are two expressions of time in the thirty-third verse; one is the "same hour", and the other is "till". The first expression, "the same hour", lets us know how instantaneously judgements of God fall when once the fiat of the Almighty has ordered it. The second one, just a little word, "till", lets us know that when God sets out to deliver a judgement, He never stops until it is finished. Yet, verse thirty-three says until his "hairs were grown like eagle's feathers, and his nails like bird's claws". What a fool this great king of Babylon was to shake his fist in the face of the Almighty and cause to turn loose the thunderbolts of His wrath on a rebellious world!

Verse thirty-four tells us that Nebuchadnezzar lifted up his eyes unto heaven. Notice the immediate result, "Mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the most High". When you are ready, God is ready.

The last verse of the fourth chapter of Daniel is one of the most beautiful texts in all the Old Testament. How humbly expressed, how eternally true! Listen to it, "Now I Nebuchadnezzar praise and extol and honor the King of Heaven, all whose works are truth, and His ways judgement: and those that walk in pride He is able to abase". It matters not how regal the glory nor how imperious the will, the omnipotent power of the great Triune God-head can break that will and crumble it to such powders that the wind will blow it away.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all e'er wealth gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

So sang the poet; but through faith in Jesus Christ, even the paths of glory can lead through the grave unto a deathless life with God.

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LANE AND HILL

"There's a sweet little lane
With the wild roses growing
There's a steep uphill road,
Where the rough winds are blowing.
And I turn wistful eyes
To the lane in its beauty
While I shrink from the hill
With its stern call of duty.

Yet I look once again,
And behold, One awaits me
One Who stands on the hill--
While the rose lane is empty!
And I'd rather with Him walk
Where rough winds are blowing
Than alone in the lane
With the wild roses growing.

Oh, the presence of Jesus!
Worth all of earth's roses;
Oh, the rest of a heart,
That in His heart reposes!
My eyes see the beauty,
The lane calls me still;
But my heart finds its rest
With the One on the hill."

PASS IT ON

"Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on;
Twas not given for thee alone, Pass it on;
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heav'n the deed appears--Pass it on.

Did you hear the loving word? Pass it on;
Like the singing of the bird? Pass it on;
Let its music live and grow,
Let it cheer another's woe;
You have reaped what others sow, Pass it on.

'Twas the sunshine of a smile, Pass it on;
Staying but a little while! Pass it on;
April beam, the little thing,
Still it makes the flowers of spring,
Makes the silent birds to sing--Pass it on.

Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on;
Souls are groping in the night, daylight gone;
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in someone's sky,
He my live who else would die--Pass it on,

Be not selfish in thy greed, Pass it on;
Look upon thy brother's need, Pass it on;
Live for self, you live in vain;
Live in Christ, you live again;
Live for Him, with Him you reign--Pass it on."

.....

"His wife's away--I know she is, from that loud necktie that he wears,
And from those unmatched socks of his he wears in ill-assorted pairs.
And on his vest I saw the seal of soft-boiled breakfast eggs today,
The remnant of a hurried meal, and so I know his wife's away.

His wife's away--there is a splotch of coffee on his collar there,
I know there is no one on watch, he needs the barber for his hair.
There is a spot upon his clothes, where vagrant soup or jelly lay,
And tie and shirt and ill-matched hose all tell me that his wife's
away.

His wife's away--no one to look him over, with a practiced eye,
For she would never, never brook that inharmonious shirt and tie.
That saw-edged collar at his throat, and where he got that, who can
say?
And there's a button off his coat, that's how I know his wife's a-
way.

He may think that nobody knows, but all the signs of it are there,
The tie, the shirt, the unmatched hose, the egg spot and the uncut
hair.

On watch there is no sentinel to look him over, night or day,
Each added day he looks like--well, as one does when his wife's a-
way."

MIZPAH

Gen. 31:49: "And mizpah, for he said, the Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."

Isn't that beautiful? "And mizpah." This is the addition that Laban gave to the name of a pile of stone which was to be a witness between him and Jacob. Jacob called the memorial "Galeod", but Laban said that he wanted to add a word, "mizpah", and then explain its meaning. The word, mizpah, literally, means "a watch-tower", but because of the covenant association between him and Jacob, Laban said, "I always want to think of mizpah when I think of this pile of stone, and to me it will be this, 'the Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another'".

One of the unfortunate things of life is that we cannot always travel together. Friends and even hearts that love come up to where the road forks so many times. One takes the right, and the other takes the left, and they travel on drifting further and further apart. That happens with friends; that happens with lovers; and the tragedy of it all is that it happens in the love-affair with the soul and its Lord.

I wonder if some broken-hearted wife is reading these line now and crying, "mizpah", over a broken romance? Something has taken the husband's heart away, and she is left alone with memories! Or am I speaking to a lonely husband who is looking back over years of happy memories and crying to his help-mate whose heart has taken the other fork of the road and tearfully sobs, "mizpah, the Lord watch between you and me while we are absent one from another".

"Absent one from another!" Why can't we always think alike? Why can't we always walk side by side? What is it that drives a wedge between hearts that trust each other and souls that love? I guess one of the best places to find the explanation is to turn to II Timothy and look in chapter four at verse ten and read these lines, "For Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica; Crescens to Galatia, Titus unto Dalmatia". The eleventh verse lets us hear the sob from the lonely heart of the aged Paul when he was about to seal his testimony with martyrdom, "Only Luke is with me". Everytime I read this I have to fight to keep the tears back, and I say to myself, "Thank God for Luke".

Here we see that the wedge was the pull of the world on Demas, and it took him away from a marvelous privilege of friendship and fellowship with Paul. There is no way of measuring the tug of the world on some hearts, and I guess that is the way to explain some partings of friends and even breakings up of homes, and I am sure that it lets us know the cause of the tragic ending of many a love-affair between the human soul and Jesus Christ, the Lover of our soul.

It may be that you have a wandering son or daughter, someone who has been pulled away by some phase of the world's tug, and you

look far away to where they are today, separated from you, it may be by miles and miles, and sob, "mizpah, mizpah". I believe that is the best way and then to whisper to their hearts by the way of the Throne of God, "The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another". "One from another". Isn't it terrible? However, you need not be absolutely separated just as long as you can cry, "mizpah", and reach their hearts through prayer.

How beautiful is this word when one of our group of friends or loved ones is taken away, thrust out on the front lines for service in testimony and sacrifice. Oh, how encouraging it is to them out in the listening post of the front for God to know that back home there are thousands who are looking towards them daily and whispering, "Mizpah, mizpah".

And then, when one has to walk on alone leaving behind a grave, how precious to the bereaved heart to be able to look away above the hill-tops to the land where we shall meet again and whisper, "Mizpah, mizpah, absent for awhile, but may the Lord watch between thee and me".

However, there is another beautiful thought that comes to me as I softly say this word over and over again, "Mizpah!" It is the pledge between my Lord and me. He went away, ascending from Olivet, but not until He had said that He would come again and receive us unto Himself "that where I am, there may ye be also". When the way is steep and rugged, and when the supplies run low along the road, or when my heart is heavy with the cares of life, I love to look away and think of the sunrise upon the world simply for this heart of mine and say, "Mizpah, mizpah, absent from each other, but soon to be together while the years of eternity roll".

.....

"Mizpah"

"Go thou thy way, and I go mine,
 Apart yet not afar;
 Only a thin veil hangs between
 The pathways where we are.
 I know not where thy road may lie,
 Or which way mine will be;
 If mine will lead through parching sands
 Or thine beside the sea.
 Let God keep watch 'tween thee and me,
 So never fear;
 He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine,
 And keeps us near.
 I seem sometimes to see thy face,
 But since this may not be,
 I'll leave thee to the care of Him
 Who cares for thee and me."

COMMENTS ON DANIEL

by Josiah Hopkins

Series # 6
p. 18

We notice in the third verse of the sixth chapter of Daniel these words, "And the king thought to set him over the whole realm". It looks like Daniel was ready to receive the honor justly due him, but, as is often the case, there came a great tragedy on the eve of his day of victory, and it was the old, old story, the work of envious people who tried to destroy him. The price of leadership always comes high. No one ever attacks one who is mediocre or who does an ordinary piece of work, but the moment one produces a masterpiece whether it is the erection of a better building or the writing of a better book or the dreaming of a noble dream, the envious critics start their devastating work. But, there is a law above that of the Medes and Persians which was reputed never to have been altered, and that is that which is worthy survives, and that which is unworthy eventually perishes. It is a terrible thing to work and dream, then come up to the big day only to find the road blocked by those who envied his work but could not imitate it.

Notice these words in the fifth verse, "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God". Isn't that passage wonderful, to think that the only criticism that they could bring against this man was his fidelity to the God whom he served.

In the tenth verse we find that Daniel knew that the writing was signed and yet went into the house and faced the open chamber and prayed on his knees three times a day with his face towards Jerusalem. He knew the price that he would have to pay and willingly signed a "sell-out" contract. He knew that his enemies would be watching the window where he prayed, so he determined to give his testimony and face the issue leaving the result with God. It is interesting to note that he "gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime". Imagine him giving thanks when he knew that the decree was written that never would be altered, and that that prayer meeting would cost him a trip to the lion's den. If there ever was a man who counted the cost of faithfulness to God, it was this man, Daniel, who had this crisis in his life. Do you wonder that in the next six chapters we find God revealing the plan from the ages to this humble and faithful man? God first tests out the channel through which the message is to pass, cleanses it, and then delivers the power.

In the fourteenth verse we find that King Darius set his heart to deliver Daniel and labored until the going down of the sun unsuccessfully. The red tape of an oriental court tied the hand of a friendly monarch and made it impossible for him to deliver the man whom he knew to be innocent of any wilful wrong. The king saw comfort in the thought that God whom Daniel served continually would deliver him. However, the decree was delivered, Daniel cast into the lion's den, and a seal set upon the stone that closed it to guarantee to the lords who were thirsting for their pounds of flesh that the purpose of the king and the will of the princess would not be foisted.

It is interesting to note how the king spent his night and com-

pare that with how Daniel spent the night in the lion's den. The king fasted, forbade all music in the royal chamber, and spent a restless night. Daniel slept in peace, resting in the arms of God. It is interesting to notice that Daniel was the only one at peace; the lions spent a restless night with their jaws locked, and the king a sleepless night with an aching heart. A clear conscience and a sublime faith in God make the best pillows for a good night's rest.

There is no way of estimating the surprise and relief with which the royal visitor to the mouth of the lions' den heard a voice from among the lions, "Oh, king, live forever!" Doubtless, Darius had given up all hope, for it says in verse twenty he cried with lamentable voice to Daniel, "Is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee from the lions?" The short sentence, "Oh, king, live forever", was to Darius like a message from the tomb. Who knows but that God allows the lion-den experience that we may give our testimony to those who come to ask if faith is alive or dead in trials. It is certain that Darius was greatly impressed by the message from among the lions. In verse twenty-six he announced the decree and in verse twenty-seven declares "that God delivereth and rescueth, and that he worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth and hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lion".

We cannot close the story without pointing out the retribution that followed the accusers of Daniel. They went into the lions' den where they hoped to see Daniel destroyed. The worst part of the story is that they dragged their own families into the same condemnation. They were thrown among the same lions in the same den by the same monarch, but how different was their reception in the cage of the wild animals! Something was lacking. It was the miraculous preserving power of God. Remember, neighbors, lions' dens are minor episodes in the life of a man of God, and each one makes his faith more sublime and his trust more sweet as he travels down the years.

Sometime ago, I sat down at the typewriter to peck out a message about Daniel in the lions' den. I use the seek-and-find method in typing. I must have mixed up the keyboard terribly, for when I took the paper out of the typewriter, the heading to the article was written this way, "The lions in Daniel's den". The more that I thought about that, the more that I have realized that it was the truth. Everybody in that den was an intruder. Everything in it was out of the program except Daniel. He was the only one who was victor, and the only one who didn't suffer. As I have said before; the lions had locked-jaw; the king had insomnia; the persecuters of Daniel received their just reward; and Daniel, alone, was untouched.

It makes me think of a little bird that I saw once hovering in the cleft of a rock, absolutely safe, while all the forest was bending under the storm, and the hills were reverberating with peels of thunder. I was looking for a resting place, and my heart went out to that little bird which had found shelter in a little hiding place in the side of a cliff. It was so in the life of Daniel; he was always

hidden and protected by the power of God. It tells us in the twenty-eighth verse of this sixth chapter that Daniel prospered in the reign of Darius and in the reign of Cyrus, the Persian. However, what he suffered no one will ever know. Oh, the heart-aches of that man of God! Neighbors, everything comes high. If you want to pass a message on to those who live about you and to those who will come after you, you will have to make up your mind to pay the price, but there will always be a hiding place for the children of God. Remember that!

.....

WIFE O' MINE

"Wife o' mine, day after day,
Cheering me along the way,
Patient, tender, smiling, true,
Always ready to renew
Faltering courage, and to share
All the day may bring of care,
Dreaming dreams wherein you see
Brighter years that are to be,
Calling paltry pleasures fine--
That's you always, Wife o' Mine.

Wife o' Mine, we've shed some tears
With the passing of the years--
Mourned beside our lovely dead;
But somehow you've always said
You and I could bear the blow,
Knowing God had willed it so;
And you've smiled to show to me
Just how brave you meant to be,
Smiled to keep my faith in line--
That's you always, Wife o' Mine.

Wife o' Mine, long years ago,
Once I promised you would know
Luxuries and costly things,
Gowns of silk and jeweled rings,
And you laughed as though you knew
Dreams like that could not come true.
Now perhaps they never will,
But I see you laughing still,
Welcoming me with eyes that shine--
That's you always, Wife o' Mine!"

.....

"It takes the storm-clouds to form the rainbow,
It takes the night-time to show the stars,
It takes the crushing to bring forth fragrance,
And make eternal, life's with'ring flow'ers;
It takes the furnace the gold to brighten,
The sculptor's chisel with blow on blow,
The marble shaft in such polished beauty,
So trials make God's love to glow."

MY SON AND I

II Samuel 18:33: "O, my son Absalom! My son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

No text in all the Bible contains more heart-break than this cry of David over the tragic death of his son, Absalom. Nothing can be more cruel to a father than to have his son turn against him as did David's son. Nothing throws more light upon the contents of a father's heart than David's lament over this wretched young man's untimely end.

All through the proceeding chapter the most casual reader can see David's love for his son. For example, verse twelve of the eighteenth chapter finds one of the soldiers of the Bible saying that David had charged all his army with these words, "Beware that none touch the young man, Absalom", and yet this ungrateful son was not only rebellious against David, but he sought to slay him.

God placed this love for one's heart to safe-guard the race. We find the same thing in an elemental form in lower animals. However, in the human race the love for the offspring continues through life, while among the irrational animals it exists only during the days of helplessness. But, all of us have seen marvelous exhibitions of animal sagacity in the care of their young. I remember one day to have gone out to the barn to look at the kittens and was horrified to notice the sign of a great struggling, and the mother cat lying dead at the threshold while her babies were safe in their bed. A little investigation showed that the mother had paid for her babies' safety with her life. I have never forgotten that.

In normal human beings the love of parents for their offspring is the second most beautiful sentiment possible to the human mind. In my judgement, the first is love and adoration towards God. Second only to this is the love of a parent for a child. So high is this relationship, so beautiful and inexpressible, that God chose it to explain Calvary. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him shall have everlasting life." Here God lowered the expression of His love to the highest point of human affection in order to explain the relationship of Jesus Christ and His cross to the heart of God. Again, when Jesus was baptized, we notice that God, the Father, said, "This is my beloved Son". Heaven knew that we would understand the relation between a father and a son, and so thus the atonement is explained in terms of parental love.

How beautiful and wonderful should be the relationship between a father and a son! I never shall forget the happy days that I spent with my father before he left us for the other life. There were days when we went out walking through the woods, and he showed me pretty ferns; told me so much about the trees and the secrets of the woods. Happy days! Then, came those days when I felt the urge to go out and live my life, and I tried to get away from it. I can remember vividly the hurt look in his face when he realized that I was trying to get away from it. I didn't understand him then like I do

now since I have a boy of my own. How it does hurt to see your son honoring others with the confidence that should be yours. How poignant is the grief in a father's heart when he realizes that other company has become more desirable with his son than that of his father! No one knows how to act as a son until he has become a father, and oftentimes, even then, one is too engrossed in his own affairs to learn the lessons that his relationship as a father to his son should teach him. I believe I could make a good son now if I had my father back, but it may be that some little word that I may say in this short message may help some son to be better to his father, and some father more patient with his son.

It is a biological fact that there comes a period of adolescence, blessed time of life's unfolding when a boy feels that he should no longer be a child, that he should make his own wagon, build his own kite, and run his affairs if he is ever to be a real man of the world. This is a dangerous period; boys are naturally skeptical at this time; they are not willing to accept a statement as true simply because somebody tells him. What is more dangerous still, he has an undue reverence for some person who has had more scholastic advantage or who has made more money than his father. Every boy should know this: that if the relationship between his father and himself is anyway near normal, his father is better able to advise him than any other man on earth. In the first place, his father knows the boy's background, doubtless, his shortcomings, and his good qualities, and besides all this there is a blessed something that God has put in that father's heart which far exceeds in real value anything that education or money could ever give to another man. That father has an unselfish interest in the boy to a degree that no other man on earth can have.

I remember coming home from college one day for an unexpected vacation while the building was being repaired. I had not notified my father or mother that I was coming, so when I walked in to meet him on the gallery, he turned white and sank helplessly into the chair, but never said a word. I never knew for days what the matter was. Finally, one day my mother told me that my father had thought that I was expelled from school, and every hope lay like withered rose petals on the earth. I had to live to be a middle-aged man to discover what he felt that day. I am sure no man has loved me as did my father.

The day he was dying of yellow fever only one or two things were in his mind. One was the fear lest I should contract the disease--the other members of the family had it. The other burden on his mind was to be sure that I would be a good Christian and meet him in a better world. They wouldn't let me in the room because of the rigid quarantine, but I opened the door for just a peep into the room of death, and I saw him bravely smiling and waving his hand. That was the last I ever saw of the man who loved me the most!

Years have been so long since then. He died on my nineteenth birthday, when I needed him so much, and I am sure that he would have saved me from many of the mistakes that I have made. How many times

have I walked the floor at night and wished for him to come and walk beside me and tell me just what to do. He knew so much about the things of the world. He had been wounded in battle at Shiloh on the sixth day of April, 1862. By the way, I made a sacred pilgrimage to the little pond where he dragged himself with many other mangled soldiers for one drop of the slimy ooze that was stained with blood. When I lay in a hospital in France fighting for my life, it seemed sometimes that I could feel him near, and I could hear him whisper, "I understand, my boy, I understand".

Many during boy's week will have much to say to fathers in their treatment to their sons, but I want to raise my voice in an earnest appeal to boys to be good to their fathers and to realize that of all the men whom they will ever meet, there will never be one, despite his faults, his weakness, and, doubtless, his multitude of shortcomings, there will never be one who will love them like their father does.

Just a word to the fathers, to you who have been abducted into the blessed fellowship of parenthood, you who have felt the thrill of looking into the face of an infant son, you who have felt your unworthiness and unfitness for the task, you who have knelt at a madonna's shrine and have felt the rush of all the noble sentiment that comes upon a man at such a time, to all of you, I just want to say in dealing with your boy, remember the days when you played "hooky" from school! Remember the days when love's first awakening stirred your soul to its depths, and you felt that you ought to leave the old home and go and make a love-nest of your own for the little girl who wore ribbons in her hair and wrote you cryptic notes of affection. Remember your sensitiveness and skepticism when childhood was changing through adolescence, that Indian summer of a man's life, was changing through these years so critical, so dangerous, and yet so marvelous, changing into the fuller knowledge of life as a mature man. Just remember how foolish you were, how sentimental and, oft-times, how silly. Let us call it cocksureness. Remember, then, with a hearty chuckle take that boy in your arms and say, "My son, I understand."

Then, sometimes put your arm around him and go away out in the woods where you hear the birds singing, listen to the babel of a country brook, or get away from all the pretense and show and clamoring of the cities' swirling life. Tell your boy about God's Son. Tell him how sweet must be the relationship between Jesus, the Son, and God, the Father. Then, ask God to seal your heart to your boy's heart in the deathless bounds of Love Divine.

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"Dear God, my gentle, loving friend
 Give me a grateful heart,
 Give me a spirit to forgive all wrongs
 Give me the grace to comfort all who need,
 Give me the strength to live above my sorrows,
 And Give me faith that some day I may come to Thee."

SHIPS THAT NEVER CAME BACK

"I freighted a ship with Hopes and Dreams
And trimmed the sails with prayer,
And hoisted the anchor to her decks
On a morning bright and fair;
And she glided away in proud array,
On a gleaming jasper sea,
But in all the years of waiting and tears,
She never came back to me.

I freighted a ship with the Greed of Godd,
And set it afloat again,
And victualed it well and barbed the decks
With guns and valiant men;
As she left the shore, the breakers' roar,
A requiem seemed to be,
For in weary days, to my yearning gaze,
She never came back to me.

I freighted a ship with Fame's desire,
And gave her wings of steel,
And sent her away on a stormy day
With an anguished heart's appeal.
Then struggles began with my fellow-man,
Whose cargo the ships should be,
But she quelled the brawl, for never at all
Did the ship come back to me.

Then, I sailed a ship all laden down
With love for my fellow-man,
And all of her cost from my ledger I crossed
Ere the voyage of the ship began,
But never a ship that left the slip
Made such a voyage as she,
For a thousand weight of her precious freight
Came sailing back to me.

.....

AN OLD-FASHIONED WELCOME

"There's nothing cheers a fellow up
Just like a hearty greeting,
A handclasp and an honest smile
That flash the joy of meeting;
And when a friendly doors you ring,
Somehow it seems to free you
From all life's doubts to hear them say:
'Come in! We're glad to see you!'"

THE JUNK BOX

"My father often used to say:

'My boy don't throw a thing away;
You'll find a use for it some day'.

So in a box he stored up things,
Bent nails, old washers, pipes and rings,
And bolts and nuts and rusty springs.

Despite each blemish and each flaw,
Some use for everything he saw;
With things material, this was law.

And often when he'd work to do,
He searched the junk box through and through
And found old stuff as good as new.

And I have often thought since then,
That father did the same with men;
He knew he'd need their help again.

It seems to me he understood
That men, as well as iron and wood,
May broken be and still be good.

Despite the vices he'd display
He never threw a man away,
But kept him for another day.

A human junk box is this earth
And into it we're tossed at birth,
To wait the day we'll be of worth.

Though bent and twisted, weak of will,
And full of flaws and lacking skill,
Some service each can render still."

.....

"In the wilderness for God;
Just a common bush aflame;
That I would be, blessed Lord
For the glory of Thy Name.

Just a lowly common bush,
Something in which God can dwell,
Something through which God can speak,
Something through which He can tell,

Of His yearnings over men;
All His purposes of love;
Flaming with no light of earth,
But with glory from above."

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DAILY TALKS BY JOSIAH HOPKINS

Monday, May 14, 1934:

The Sixth Chapter of John: This is a most unusual chapter. There are six great features in it; first, a great multitude, then, a great miracle, a great renunciation, a great storm, a great sermon, and a great falling away. Have you ever noticed that this is the general order in any great preacher's life. First, there must be a great crowd; then, a great miracle; then, a great saying of "no" to the temptations of the enemy. This is always followed by a temptest. After this, the man has earned the right to preach a great sermon, and through his soul there moves the passion for a lost world. However, it is always followed by a falling away of the followers who are not genuine.

Therefore, we are not surprised to find this true of the Divine life. The great multitude was attracted by the miracles which Jesus did. These will always draw a crowd, but, of course, many of those that will come will do so out of curiosity, come out of a crowd complex, but there is always a percentage of them who come for the real good that may be done. This poor old broken-hearted world will follow anybody who can dry its tears, heal its wounds, and ease its pain. So, it is easy for us to understand why a great multitude followed Jesus, the blessed life-center of the cosmic universe.

A great crowd always has a great need, and, therefore, Jesus asked the disciples the test question, "Where can we get bread enough to feed this multitude?" He did that to see on what sources we depended. Philip announced the program of the human mind when he said, "Two-hundred penny worth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them might take a little". Andrew went a little further. He found a little boy with some fishes, and he tried to buy the loaves, but he, also, expressed the limitations of the human mind when he asked the question, "But what are these among so many?" Yes, they missed the Divine element. They were looking to money and to what men had to supply the need of a hungry multitude. Jesus had other resources.

That brings us to the next great event in this chapter, the feeding of the multitude with five barley loaves and two small fishes and with twelve baskets full of fragments left over. That's just the way the Lord supplies the need; He doesn't measure it microscopically to see that it is just enough, but He pours in until it overflows.

Now, comes a great offer from the miraculously fed multitude. They wanted to make Jesus "bread-king", so that every problem would be forever solved, but Jesus refused to be turned into a cafeteria just to get and hold the crowd; therefore, He withdrew into a mountain alone. Yes, when the world brings its honors on silver trays and offers to hang its chains of gold about your neck, it is a mighty good time to hunt the hills.

The crowd without the Christ soon ran into a storm. It's just that way always in life; there are lots of folks who think they can make it without Him, that their little ship can breast any sea and land at the desired haven, but with Christ alone in the mountains in prayer the ship seemed to be in the mercy of a storm. It tells us here that they had rowed about twenty-five or thirty furlongs and were afraid, but Jesus came to them at the critical time walking on the sea. Notice how He came, assuring their hearts with the words, "It is I, be not afraid". Then, they willingly received Him into the ship. I guess they did! Isn't that just a lot like we are, we take the bits in our mouth, kick the dash-board off, and run away down the road on our own desires, but when we get into a smash-up, how gladly do we welcome the help of the Lord! I can hardly restrain a smile when I read these words, "and they willingly received Him into the ship", Yes, it was Christ or disaster.

Notice that the twenty-first verse tells us that the ship immediately was carried to the land whither they went. Yes, He knows how to sweep people to their goal as well as to hush the storm in the human heart.

Now, we come to notice a fifth great event in this marvelous chapter. The people said to Jesus, "Our fathers ate manna in the desert". It was a manifest hint that he put up a "manna" cafeteria, so that they never would have to work, they could around in ecstasy and hear Him talk about Heaven, and never do any of the things of life worth-while but live in a kind of spiritual "aurora borealis" looking to Christ for food, raiment, and exerting no effort to minister to a broken-hearted world or to render service to the Christ who did so much for them.

Jesus immediately took their mind off biscuits, loaves and fishes, and cafeterias to the dizzy altitudes of the spiritual as He announced, "I am the Bread of Life". He told them that He knew that their fathers ate manna in the wilderness, but that He also knew that they were dead. He says "I'm the bread that came down from Heaven to feed that part of you that need never die. If any man eat thereof, he will live forever." He says, "I am the living bread". What a beautiful illustration! As one eats bread, and it is assimilated and becomes a part of the tissues of the body, gives the life forces to it, puts the red corpuscles in the blood, just so the appropriation of Christ gives us something that laughs at years and time and things. It is that which we call "life eternal". Just as you take bread at your table, just so should we take Christ, take Him for better or for worse, take Him for all life, this life and the next life, and if there is any other life, for that, for all the life that there is yet to be for your eternal soul. Christ is the Bread of Life.

Now, we come to the sixth event, and it is always inevitable. It tell us in the sixty-six verse that from that time many of His disciples went back to walk with Him no more. Isn't that just like the world? When a leader can't give them what they want, they'll turn

their back on him. Christ came for a spiritual program; He left it there, and it is there today. Remember, He is still the Bread of Life.

Tuesday, May 15: "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John 16:33.

What a comforting text! Yet, how startling is the announcement to the children of God that in this world they will have tribulation. There is no way in the world to get away from it, because we, who really have faith in God, are not of this world. Our citizenship is in Heaven. A man who could be perfectly satisfied, perfectly contented, and never meet with any opposition or cross-currents in this life has the guarantee that he is not a citizen of Heaven. Did you ever notice what comes down and what goes up a river; anything that is loose can follow the law of gravitation and ride with the rise and fall of the stream, but let something take a notion to go up-stream. It will have to be alive to do so or driven by some mechanical power. It has to cross every law in the natural world; it has to overcome the laws of inertia and gravitation to go upstream. It is that way in every spiritual program. There are a thousand cross-currents to block your path. One has to be driven by heroic will and the dynamos of God's Almighty power to make such a trip. Therefore, we are not surprised when Jesus announced that in the world ye shall have tribulation.

Notice the cheering announcement, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world". He means here for you to break into a smile and to let the world see the light of Heaven playing on your face. You ought to have the sun-beams from the Eternal City playing hide-and seek on your countenance as you move about in the world if you are a real Christian. Be of good cheer, turn on the light. I like that old song that they used to sing,

"Oh, how beautiful to walk in the light,
of the Saviour,
Stepping in the light
Stepping in the light
Even tho' your way leads through tribulation
You can be in the spot-light of Heaven's approval
all the way."

Notice the announcement that Jesus makes here, "I have overcome the world". Just exactly like an exalting army takes the trenches of the opposing forces and immediately hoists its banner over every parapet, just so Christ has placed the banner of the Cross over all the forces of human life. He is the victor now, and over every opposing bulwark there floats today, if you have the faith to believe it, the victorious banner of Jesus Christ bought and paid for that day He died on a hill just outside Jerusalem.

Notice another thing that He said, "in me ye might have peace". Remember, neighbor, there's no program in the world that will give

you peace. People are trying to buy it with check-books, they are trying to obtain it by success, through the applause of the world, but, remember, the only way you will ever have peace this side of the gates of Glory is in Jesus Christ and through Jesus Christ.

Remember, you're a winner! Face the world today with a smile!

Wednesday, May 16: Psalm 27:10: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Last Sunday was a great day in America; the whole nation stood still and paid homage to the memory of "Mother". However, here we find a text that goes beyond the boundary of a mother's love, for it tells us that "when my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up". Such a love is incredible unless we find it in the heart of God. All the world admits that the pinnacle of human affection is the throb of love in a mother's heart, but every one admits that John 3:16 gives us heights of love which no mother's heart ever knew.

Let us see what lies beyond the boundary of a mother's love. As far as unselfishness is concerned, I can conceive of no love any more unselfish than that which a mother has for her babe. When it comes to forgiveness, many mothers seem to be divine. Their son, tho' he may be an outcast and a confessed criminal, still wears a halo in mother's eyes. However, there is one field in which a mother is confessed to be helpless and is powerless to help her child. She can not take its guilt away. Although she may believe in the innocency or the nobility of her child, she is powerless to take away the stain of sin. God alone can do this.

There is one other way in which a mother's love is limited. She may comfort her child, but she cannot lift the burden of sorrow from his heart, but we are told her in the 5th verse of this 27th Psalm that "in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; shall set me up upon a rock". God can transcend a mother's love, even the most devoted and unselfish mother in His ability and His willingness to lift the burden of sorrow from a human heart.

"Over the forest and treeless plain
And under the stars above
It is ever the same,
The heart of a home is the throb of a mother's love.

The sorrows and joys of her little boys
It only can understand
And it hallows the touch
That we love so much, the pressure of mother's hand."

When the tear-drops start
And she lays her heart
On the breast of the pulse-less one
She looks above to the God of Love and sighs,
"Thy will be done".

Beautiful sentiment, but the last stanza shows us limits to which a mother's love can go. It can only weep and look to God in times of great disaster, but the Psalmist found a love that goes far beyond the barriers of the fondest mother's love and enwrapped the human heart when there are no mother's hands to help. Yes, "when my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up".

Thursday, May 17, 1934: Deuteronomy 34:6.

It tells us here that God buried Moses in a valley in the land of Moab. Neighbors, if God has a part in death, how can it be such a terror. If God officiated at the funeral of Moses, death loses its terrors for me, for God will have no part in anything that isn't good. He who colors the hollyhocks and stoops to give beauty to a tiny daisy in a field, He who paints the sky in sunrise and sunsets and lights the stars, if He will take part in any event, it's bound to be fraught with good. If there was nothing else in the Bible about death, the very fact that God buried Moses would lead me to believe that for God's children death has no terror.

It tells us here that God showed Moses all the Promised Land, but He told him that he wouldn't set his foot upon it. There rises this question in my mind, did God treat Moses like mother used to treat me when I had disobeyed her? She would cook a great pan of cookies, show them to me, then, put them up on a shelf, lock the door and say, "Maybe some other time but not now, son". No, I think I see more in this story of the burial of Moses than disappointment and punishment. To me it means that God said to Moses, "Now, here is the land that I wanted you to have, but you didn't get it down here in this life. I am going to take you up where there are more beautiful fields, where there are no limitations, where you can have all the things that you missed down here."

Then, there is another lesson in this burial of Moses. I think God wanted him to see what he might have had down here in this life, but he missed it. Disobedience cost Moses and the children of Israel more than anybody will ever be able to compute. They wandered about for forty years, dividing their time and their heart between wishing for the promised land and lusting for onions and the garlic of Egypt. There's no way of telling how much that has cost us, this divided mind business, one day wishing that we were out and out for God, and that night longing to be back in the bright lights taking a fling with the world.

Moses certainly got an eye-full from the top of the mountain, and I can hear Moses saying, "You don't mean that all that was ours if we had come and possessed it?" The Lord said, "That just exactly what I've had for you all the time. I promised it to your forefathers, and I promised it to you, but you missed it".

Isn't it terrible to think that his body was laid away there just this side of the land that he might have possessed. I wonder how many people reading this are going to live and die just across

the border-land from their real possessions. Remember, the promises are sign-boards pointing you to all that you might have if you will let the Lord have His way with your life. Go where He points, put your heart in the hollow of His Hand, and the Promised Land of all your dreams may be yours today.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

"By Nebo's lonely mountain
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave.
 But no man dug that sepulchre
 And no man saw it e'er,
 For the angel of God upturned the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.
 That was the grandest funeral
 That ever passed on earth!
 But no man heard the trampling
 Or saw the train go forth
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes when the night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
 Grows into the great sun--
 Noiselessly as the Springtime
 Her crown of verdure weaves
 And all the trees on all the hills
 Open their thousand leaves--
 So, without sound or music
 Or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain crown
 The great procession swept.
 Perchance the bald old eagle
 On gray Bethpeor's height,
 Out of his rocky eyrie,
 Looked on the wondrous sight,
 Perchance the lion, stalking,
 Still shuns the hallowed spot,
 For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.
 This was the bravest warrior
 That ever bucked sword;
 This, the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen
 On the deathless page truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.
 And had he not high honor?
 The hillside for his pall!
 To lie in state while angels wait
 With stars for tapers tall!
 (continued on next page)

And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes
 Over his bier to wave;
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land
 To lay him in the grave!
 In that deep grave without a name
 Whence his uncoffined clay
 Shall break again--O wondrous thought!
 Before the Judgment Day,
 And stand with glory wrapped around,
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life
 With the incarnate Son of God.
 O, lonely tomb of Moab's land!
 O, dark Bethpeor's hill!
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath His mysteries of Grace--
 Ways that we cannot tell;
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of his he loved so well."

Friday's Radio Talk, May 18, 1934: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." A beautiful verse from the 91st Psalm that Sarah read.

I was amused at a little wire-haired terrier the other day who was straining tremendously at his leash threatening to annihilate a big German Police dog across the street, but, unfortunately, the leash slipped out of his master's hands, and that little dog, instead of tearing at the vicious Police dog, turned towards home and vanished behind the hedge. The moment he was on his own territory he began to announce to the whole world that he wasn't afraid of the big, bad Police dog. I chuckled to myself as I realized how much like that little dog all of us are. There is a boundary within which we feel secure; that is, in the secret of his presence.

You were perfectly safe as a little tot as you played around at mother's feet while she sewed and sing the old hymns that she loved. You remember how they would build a little barrier across the front steps to keep you shut in. Just so God has tried in a thousand ways to shut you in the secret of His Presence.

Within the boundary of His Will you live in His conscious presence, you feel the security of all His power, and the blessed fullness of all His promises. If all of us could start this day off by getting beyond the hedge, in the secret of His presence, how different the day will be! All the irritating and vexacious things that lie across the hedge will be so insignificant, and the spirit of victory will sweep through your heart with exultation. Yes, the Psalmist has given us a wonderful verse for this day,

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Saturday, May 19, 1934: "Wrapped up in a napkin"

Luke 19:20: "And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up a napkin."

There are many beautiful stories in the Bible, and this is one of the most interesting and illuminating one, the parable of the pounds. Surely, the Lord was not talking about money when he spoke of the pounds. The Greek for the word, pound, here is translated, "mina", which was worth in our money about fifteen dollars.

We are told here that a certain nobleman went away to another country to receive a kingdom and to return. He called his ten servants and delivered unto them ten pounds and made the announcement to them that they should "occupy until I return". The story recounts what some of them said when he came back.

Let us notice first that he was interested in the turn-over of their capital. Now, to me, this does not mean money, but it means to us any ability and, particularly, the capacity to know and apprehend God. The turn-over would be what a servant would do with such a knowledge.

One of his servants returned with a marvelous turn-over and said, "Thy pound has been made into ten pounds", and the Lord praised him and rewarded him with authority over ten cities.

This giving of power over ten cities to this servant and five cities to the other servant makes me believe that in this present life we have opportunities to turn-over our knowledge of God with the understanding that in the next life power will be delivered to us far beyond any ability of us today to understand. However, I want us to notice particularly the last servant described here.

He returned his gift unused and announced that it was wrapped up in a napkin. This cover may have been immaculate, but it made inert and helpless what God had given to one to be used in the interest of others. Oh, how many beautiful napkins today, shut in; love, service, ability, which God has conferred upon us as a munificent gift from the "cornu copia" of His fullness and which He expects us to use to dry tears, to life burdens, and to honor the God who made the gift possible for us.

I see Bill Baker sitting back in the audience. He makes his living another way, but his avocation or pastime is making beautiful cakes to show his love and appreciation. Here's the store-keeper, he picks out pieces on the piano, and thereby blesses and helps the world. Here's the Hack-driver, the Miller, the Singing School teacher, the Blacksmith, all giving of what they have to dry tears and comfort human hearts. I think these are gifts of God, and God will reward them for the turn-over.

Did you notice what kept this man from unwrapping his talents? Or putting them into circulation? He said that he was afraid. All

the harm that fear has done. It may have been just timidity, but he was afraid of failure. Friend of mine, unwrap your talent today and put it into circulation to honor and praise the God who gave it to you. It may be your money, your voice, your position, whatever it is, use it for His glory.

MY HOME IS GOD

"My home is God Himself; Christ brought me there.
 I laid me down within His mighty arms;
 He took me up, and safe from all alarms
 He bore me 'where no foot but His hath trod',
 Within the holiest at Home with God,
 And bade me dwell in Him, rejoicing there,
 O Holy Place! O Home divinely fair!
 And we, God's little ones, abiding there. Hebrews 12:22

My Home is God Himself; it was not so!
 A long, long road I traveled night and day,
 And sought to find within myself some way,
 Aught I could do, or feel to bring me near;
 Self effort failed, and I was filled with fear,
 And then I found Christ was the only way
 That I must come to Him and in Him stay,
 And God had told me so. John 14:6

And now my Home is God, and sheltered there,
 God meets the trails of my earthly life,
 God compasses me round from storm and strife,
 God takes the burden of my daily care.
 O wondrous Place! O Home divinely fair!
 And I, God's little one, safe hidden there.
 Lord, as I dwell in Thee and Thou in me,
 So make me dead to everything but Thee;
 My soul may evermore and only see
 My God in everything and everywhere;
 My Home is God."

.....

"To return evil for good is

Devil-like,

To return evil for evil is

Beast-like,

To return good for good is

Man-like,

To return good for evil is

Christ-like." Spurgeon

COMMENTS ON Daniel
by Josiah Hopkins

Series #3
p. 28

This interesting ninth chapter of Daniel begins by throwing startling light on the inner life of the prophet himself. He tells us that he received much information by reading books and from the writings of Jeremiah, the Prophet. He had read where Jeremiah states in his prophecy that the Jews would be in captivity in Babylon seventy years, and, naturally, he was interested in all such writings. Then, we also find that he believed that he could secure additional light upon the history of the Jews through prayer and supplication, fasting, sack-cloth and ashes, and, he added, through confession of sin. By confession, he meant the confessing of his personal sins and the sins of his people.

In these turbulent days I am sure that Daniel's plan of finding out truth would be very helpful and effective. I have always felt that every statement in the Bible could be illuminated by Divine light if one could get within its glow. What better way to find out truth than to prostrate one's soul before God, prayer, and fasting and confession of sin!

It is interesting to me to note the shadow of the saintly Jeremiah on the pages of Daniel's prophecy. These words are brought to my mind as I read Daniel's confession of help and information from the grand old prophet,

"So when a good man dies
For years beyond his ken,
The light he leaves behind him
Lies upon the paths of men."

Let us next note the content of Daniel's confession. He starts out by saying, "We have sinned, and committed iniquity, and have done wickedness, have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments. Neither have we harkened unto thy servants, the prophets, which spake in thy name to our kings, our princes, and our fathers, and all the people of the land". What a confession! This condition always brings national calamities. God had lead the prophet to see the source of Israel's misfortunes; from their own evil, their iniquity, their rebellion had flowed the stream of their misery.

Notice the tenth verse, "Neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord, our God, to walk in his laws, which he set before us by his servants, the prophets". That is true nationally and personally. In other words, no one ever gets away with iniquity whether it be a king or a pauper. God is a good book-keeper. How this leads us to example our own lives! In this tenth verse of the ninth chapter of Daniel we can cast our eyes down the years and write the penalty that will fall upon us for the sins in our lives yesterday and today.

The sixteenth verse gives us a graphic picture of this grand old man standing up as an advocate for the enslaved and exiled Jews. His prayers traveled to the heart of God as he prayed to the Lord to let His anger be turned away from the city of Jerusalem and to hear the prayers of himself.

Isn't this a pitiful cry in the eighteenth verse, "O, my God, incline thine ear, and hear; open thine eyes, and behold our desolation, and the city which is called by thy name". One will say, "What's the use of praying when there is an inexorable law of sequence causing penalty to always follow the commission of sin?" However, let me remind you of Abraham's prayer for Sodom when God said that if ten righteous people could be found in it, it would be saved. Had Daniel not been alone in his holy living and ardent praying, if he might have had a praying band to rally with him this time when he signaled Heaven for help, the history of the Jews and even that of Babylon might be written differently today in the records of the past. Nobody will ever know the power exerted by praying people who wave the banner of distress through prayers to the Throne of God.

Notice that Daniel got an immediate answer. It says in the twentieth verse, "While I was speaking and praying and confessing my sin and the sin of the people, Gabriel touched me about the time of the evening oblation." Note when the answer came--while he was praying and confessing his sin and the sin of his people! There is no doubt but that such attitude of soul creates a condition for spiritual broadcasting that sends the throb-beat of our heart to the heart of God. You notice that the answer came while he was praying and confessing.

I remember once to have been broadcasting on a little station, and at the end of the broadcasting I was startled to hear the radio operator say that not one word of my sermon had gone out of the building. When I asked him the reason, he said that the equipment had broken down just as I started. What a picture of powerless prayer life. Just as we lack the current to send the words through the ether to the radio audience, just so the human soul will lack the spiritual power to get their words above the ear-drums of the one praying unless there is spiritual power applied to that heart. "While he was praying and confessing", the Spirit of God wafted his words to the Throne room of Heaven.

Notice that his prayer brought the immediate presence of Gabriel, and at the "time of the evening oblation". Do you suppose that it is possible that is a set time of prayer and worship of all under the eye of the Heavenly host? At any rate it is more than a coincidence that Gabriel came at the time of evening worship.

Notice what Gabriel said that he came to do for Daniel; namely, to give him skill and understanding. My, how interesting! Do you need skill in the work that you hand or lips or body or mind have to do? Do you need light to illuminate the path-way ahead of you and

to show you the way out of the perplexities of today? Let us remember how Daniel received help--while he was speaking and praying and confessing his sins and the sins of his people.

We are not surprised to notice that Gabriel called Daniel, "Greatly beloved". Such a man as Daniel would naturally be greatly beloved in Heaven, but what a compliment! On this earth it means much to be applauded and complimented, but what must it mean to have a special messenger come in the midst of one's prayers and bring such a greeting from Heaven, "Thou art greatly beloved"! I would rather have that brought to me today than all the wealth of the combined nations of the world.

We come next to the content of the message which Gabriel brought to Daniel. It is one that is very interesting, but upon which the opinions of Bible scholars are greatly divided. It is the matter of the seventy weeks of Gentile domination. It, evidently, refers to a period of time which began with the Babylonian captivity and which, to the great majority of Bible students today, means that it will end with the second coming of Jesus Christ. Notice the divisions of the seventy weeks, and let us keep in mind that seventy weeks mean seventy periods of seven prophetic days or 490 prophetic days, whatever that means. Let us notice, also, that the end of the seventy weeks will bring to a finish the transgression, and it will make an end of sin and a reconciliation for iniquity and will bring in everlasting righteousness. These terms make it certain that the seventy weeks did not refer to the seventy years of Babylonian captivity, for that never brought an end to sin, that never brought in a reconciliation for iniquity and everlasting righteousness. That last phrase, "everlasting righteousness", along with other things in the book of Daniel, leads Bible students to believe that there must be an end of all evil and the rule of world-wide righteousness before one can really come to the end of what ever these seventy weeks mean, and that, naturally, would mean the rule of Christ over the earth when His righteousness will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Verse twenty-five says that the period of seventy weeks begins with the going forth of the commandment to restore and to rebuild Jerusalem. Now, from that time it goes forward three-score and two weeks and seven weeks which is sixty-nine weeks, and, then, it tells us in verse twenty-six that this period should be divided into two periods: one period of sixty-two weeks, and the other of seven weeks when "Messiah shall be cut off, but not for himself". That sounds tremendously like the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Therefore, it seems to me, without going into any further detail because of the limits of this little article, this period is divided into sixty-nine weeks beginning at the time of the commandment to restore Jerusalem and ending with the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. It leaves only one week to be accounted for. Now, Bible students explain that this way, but you can make your interpretation for yourself, that God counts prophetic weeks only when He is dealing with Israel. Therefore, when Jesus was cut off at the end of the sixty-nine weeks, the prophetic

clock stopped, and from that time until this day the pendulum has never moved.

Now, the twenty-seventh verse seems to confirm such a position, when it speaks of somebody with the pronoun, "he", shall confirm the covenant with many for one week-----and shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, etc!" Now, that "he" seems to be some outstanding personality who will arise somewhere in the last days and who, by his dealing with the Jews, will start the prophetic pendulum to ticking off of years again in the midst of the seven which will be the last of seventy prophetic weeks.

This outstanding person of history will order the stopping of the sacrifice which the Jews will evidently have restored, and this will precipitate some world-wide catastrophe which doubtless will lead to the Battle of Armageddon and which will bring upon the inhabitants of this earth what the Bible calls the "Tribulation of the last days". This is confirmed by other statements which we find in Daniel, which he calls "times" and "a time and a half" or two days plus one day plus one-half a day, that is, prophetic days, or three and one-half prophetic days. I think that is the same thing as this statement here about the middle of the last prophetic week.

However, this is splitting hairs, in some respects, and, therefore, you read the ninth chapter for yourself in the light of the Holy Spirit, and I am sure you will be lead to the truth. I have absolute faith in the fact that when reading the Bible under the Holy Spirit, one will never go wrong. I shall not try to press my opinion upon you, but simply I shall state that I think this ninth chapter gives us compendium of Gentile history beginning with the Babylonian captivity, or rather, the order to restore the city of Jerusalem while the Jews were in captivity, and will end with the second coming of Jesus Christ.

.....

"Oh, who am I, that I should go
Care-free along life's road,
No hills to climb, no hardships bear,
And on my back no load?
Long years ago, up Calvary's mount
A drooping figure swayed
And picked His way among the rocks
To make that steep, rough grade.
Upon His weary shoulders lay
A cross, and crimson flowed
The drops of blood upon His brow,
And yet His kind eyes glowed.
When I recall His suffering,
I cannot be dismayed
At all the burdens I must bear
Along that upward grade."

IN A FRIENDLY SORT O' WAY

"When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind of blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy an' won't let the sunshine
through,

It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart.
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

O, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its cares an' bitter crosses; but a good world, after all.
An' a good God must have made it--leastways, that's what I say,
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way."

A GARDENER'S PRAYER

"Dear Lord, is is not for myself--
This boon I ask of Thee.
I have been richly, rarely blest
With all Thou hast given me.

I do but plead that fathers
And busy mothers all
Might have some tiny garden plot
Inclosed with hedge or wall.

What matter that some business waits,
Or stockings have a hole
If the glory of the garden
Can refresh a weary soul?

A garden's more than flowers and trees;
It's made of joys and woes
Dug deep into the mother earth
With spades and rakes and hoes.

For he who digs and plants and grows
But one choice bloom can see:
Beauty in every soul he meets.
He has communed with Thee."

.....

"From the dust of the weary highway, from the smart of sorrow's rod,
Into the royal presence, they are bidden as guests of God.
The veil from their eyes is taken, sweet mysteries they are shown,
Their doubts and fears are over, for they know as they are known.

For them there should be rejoicing, for them, the festal array,
As for the bride in her beauty whom love hath taken away;
Sweet hours of peaceful waiting, till the path that we have trod
Shall end at the Father's gateway, and we are the guests of God."

THE STEEPLE

"Long, long ago the steeple was the tallest thing in town;
Oh, I remember as a boy the steeple looking down
On stores where people came to trade, on streets on which
they strolled--
By day and night with faithful eyes, it watched its
little fold.

And I remember men who paused, who hushed their words of
ire,
Because they saw above the trees a white and slender
spire;
And even in the market place, I think that other men
Felt in their hearts the presence of the steeple now and
then.

Beside the square the steeple stands, looks down as calm
and kind,
But now the church is hard to see--the steeple hard to
find.
The bank is seven stories now, the stores are new and
high,
And folks can't see the spire so well, who come to sell
and buy.

New buildings rise around the church and shut it from
our sight,
We gaze upon a gilded dome and not a spire of white;
And there is something missing here, it's really hard to
say,
But something that we used to know that now has passed
away.

And to our hearts a change has come, a change to you and
me;
We're piling up our wealth so high, the church is hard
to see.
We're building gilded places for pleasure men desire--
But every time we build a thing, we seem to hide the
spire.

However much we seem to gain, perhaps our gain is loss,
When men erect their roofs so high they cannot see the
Cross.

I sometimes long for other days, for days of less re-
nown
When in our hearts the steeple was the tallest thing
in town."

THE OLD HOUSE AND THE OLD FRIENDS

"Back from the road the old house stands,
As firm of base, as strong of frame
As when from workmen's skillful hands
The finished building newly came.
Removed it is yet not aloof,
As though it shrank from common touch;
If hospitality is proof
Of friendliness, of proof there's much.
From where it stands on terraced ground
It seems to cast a friendly eye
On all the neighborhood around,
And bid Godspeed to passerby.

The noble maples spreading wide,
Their cooling shade in summer's heat,
Towering high on either side
Th' approaching lane, like soldiers greet
The guest and wayfarer as one,
And guard them well upon their way,
And if they want a favor done
The old house never-says them nay.

All vivid still the picture fair
Of trees and fields, of roads and hills,
Of earth and sky-- a beauty rare
It has for me; the heart yet thrills
With thought of it though far away.
And always central in the scene
The old house stands, as well it may,
For that it is keeps mem'ry green.

The house and they who in it dwell,
The house because old friends are there--
Without the friends the house is bare.
The finest house is but a shell--
But when both house and home we find--
More home than house--Ah, then it seems
Itself a friend with spirit kind--
And thus it is in my fond dreams.

Not all the old friends gather now
About the hearth at close of day,
There with the family to bow,
And at the altar kneel to pray,
For some have gone away to heav'n--
I wonder if the old house knows?
Sometimes when sets the sun at even'
I think a mellow radiance shows
Upon its dear familiar face,
And in its staring window-eyes
A far-off, wistful look I trace,--
A look that seems to search the skies.

RADIO SOUVENIR

Text: Hebrews 12:1,2.

One of the most interesting of all races is the steeple chase. In this, the runner has all manner of barriers to cross: high hurdles, hedges, and even pools of water. I saw the running of the steeple chase in the recent Olympic games; I noticed that all the runners went over to one of the obstacles and studied it very closely, and I wondered why all the interest. I later discovered that it was a very high hurdle, from where I was it looked like a hedge, and the runner landed in a pool of water. I wondered why such a barrier would be put in the way of a man in a race-course. Then, it occurred to me that the Christian race is very much like this steeple chase, with all kinds of high hurdles and barriers between the runner and victory at the end of the course.

The man who led the Olympic steeple chase for much of the way stumbled when he made the high hurdle with the pool of water and fell flat. The great audience was disappointed when he arose and hobbled off the race-course. Gave up at the high hurdle! So many of them fell, so many of them were all spattered up with muddy water, but the man who finally won the race, which, I recall, was about five miles in distance, also stumbled at the high hurdles and water pool, but, as he arose with his face all spattered, he smilingly dashed the mud and water from his face and hesitated for a moment. It seemed that he was confused about which way to run, but, then, he found the stride and steadily pegged away and finished with victory amidst the applause of tens of thousands of eager and interested watchers. I shall never forget the thrill I received from watching him break the tape as he staggered to the finish.

I wonder how many people are listening to me now who have tried to make high hurdles and fell in a mud puddle. It is such a discouraging way to land, to hit soggy mud and dirty water just after you have made your high hurdle, but, neighbors, it is that way all along the race-course of life. It is almost always true that when you make the highest point of success, you come down with a splash that is enough to discourage any runner.

That brings us to the word that stands out in this text, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us". It means a lot to have patience in life's steeple chase, to be "booed" or even hissed by the audience, to fall all bespattered beyond the high hurdles. Ah, this is enough to make any man with a yellow spot in his make-up, enough to make him quit the race and walk off ignominiously into the side-lines, but those who have patience to keep pegging away, to wipe the mud from their faces, to deafen their ears to the jeers of the crowd, and go on, these are the folks who are crowned with victory in the end.

It is very hard to go on down your race-course and keep patiently at it all the time. No two of us have the same race-course, and that makes the great difference between the Olympic steeple chase and the race of life.

Notice that this text says, "run with patience the race that is set before us". That means our race, not the race that is set before the other man! Yes, no two of us, even though we run side by side, have the same hurdles to leap over nor do we have the same landing places when we come down nor is the distance the same that we have to travel. One has a short race of just a few years, another a long race that develops into the length of even more than the marathon. No two of us have the same kind of a race, one runs with a wheel-barrow, another travels in a Cadillac. It's awfully hard to ride a street car to work, to eat a lunch out of a little sack, and to know that traveling along by your side is another in a Cadillac, but there is where the qualities come in that make winners out of runners, just to be patient however you have to travel or whatever you have to overcome, just to keep pegging away. That means victory!

Another difference between the race of life and the Olympic steeple chase is that every one on the race-course can be a winner in the race of life, but in an athletic contest only one can wear the crown of victory.

Notice that it says here, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith". That word, "author", really means "beginner". Therefore, the text, literally, means, "Looking unto Jesus, the beginner and the finisher of our faith". What a comfort for all of us! Surely, He who planned the race-course from the cradle to the Glory will finish it in His own good way. Have you faith and patience enough to believe that? It may be that right now you are making the hard hurdle; it may be that you have sat down ingloriously in the pool of mud on the race-course. The only thing to do is to get up and go on with patience, looking unto Jesus who put you in the track, who put the hurdles there, and who will see you through.

There is another interesting fact about these hurdles. It is the hurdles and the obstacles that train the runner. He knows what he is going to have to do; therefore, he eats at the training table, and he is accustomed by long practice to make high hurdles and to leap over every obstacle that may be in his way. Have you ever thought that that may be the reason that God has put the barriers across your path. He is training you and is getting you ready for something that lies beyond the sunset some of these days.

It tells us here what the Christian's race really is. It is a faith race. It doesn't depend upon how much money you have, it does not depend upon how much you are able to accomplish, it doesn't depend upon how hard you work, it depends upon how much faith you have! Lit-

erally, "as your faith is, so it will be to you" in the steeply chase of life. Faith begins in tiny little efforts, but, remember, it will culminate in its fullness in receiving all that God has for us. Do you remember the first little leaves or tendrils that came out on your faith plant. I remember the first effort of faith in my heart. My sister, who is in the "Glory World" now, whom we called "Sweet", and I had swept the yards for weeks and received a dime, but we were richer than some millionaires. As we were on our way to buy two glasses of red soda water, unfortunately, we lost the dime in the bitter weeds. They are all over the South, a little weed with a yellow flower, and I remember that when the cows would eat the bitter weeds, it would make the milk bitter. But, there was no hope to find the little dime. We were about to leave when Sister said,

"I tell you, Brother, one way to find it. Let's ask God to show us where the dime is."

I said, "No, I know a better way than that. I heard a fellow say that if you would spit in your hand and spatter it, which ever way it spattered, that would be the way to your dime."

She said, "I think prayer is better."

"No, the spit method is better!" I insisted, so she let me try my way, and she was going to try hers if mine failed. I agreed to that. Isn't that just like human beings. They will try everything else in the world, before they try the faith plan.

We tried my plan, but we were disappointed. Then, we tried the prayer plan. Sister said, "Lord, we are just little poor children, and we had only one dime, and we've lost it. Won't you please help us find it?"

You folks can believe it or not, but we hadn't walked ten feet until she found that time. Faith was blooming in my heart, and, honestly, neighbors, from that day until this day I have never been in trouble, I've never had a great need, but that little bitter weed and dime experience comes back to me. Yes, it is a race of faith after all. If you can believe, you can conquer.

It is a race of faith because you will meet sorrow, disappointment, defeat, sickness, opposition; you'll be misunderstood. Faith is the only thing that can help you all the way through. If your faith can hold out, you'll win; if your faith can reach out and up to God's great store-house, every need of your life will be supplied.

It tells us here how to run: not to look at the other fellow, not commenting on his failure, not simply trying to beat the man next to you, but to lift up your eyes and look unto Jesus. If you can do that, you're a winner. Oh, you can't lose! He put you in the course, He knows where the obstacles are, He put them there to train the fiber

of your soul for the next part of life, that which comes after this one. He knows! He's the One who can carry you through.

"Ask the Saviour to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
 He is willing to aid you;
 He will carry you through.

Yes, look to Jesus. Someone says, "But, Parson, you've never seen Him, have you? What do you mean when you tell me to run the race of life looking unto Jesus." No, I've never seen Him with these physical eyes of mine, but I've seen His footsteps across the pages of history; I've seen the miracles He has wrought in other lives who have traveled with me down the race-course; and I've seen His "love letters" in the New Testament. I've seen the prophecies concerning Him long before He came; I have seen His promises, and I have seen in His Word all that He is to mean to this world in the unfolding of God's promises. To look unto Jesus is to look at His life, to look at His Words, looking at His promises, looking at Calvary, look at His Ascension, look at His intercessory work as He sits today in the Glory. Yes, if you look at Him in this light, you're a winner right where you are. It won't be long until you'll be reaching for the tape at the end of the race-course, and I believe that all the Hierarchy of Heaven, cherubim and seraphim, bridal choir in Glory, and even the Triune God-head, will be a-thrilled and a-glow when you break the tape, and you hear the Lord announce, "Well-done, thou good and faithful servant!"

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"It ain't so far to happiness--it's lyin' all around;
 It twinkles in the dewdrops, brings blooms to barren ground.
 It sings in all the breezes; it ripples in the rills;
 It's written on green banners that wave from all the hills.

It ain't so far to happiness; we rob our lives of rest
 To find it o'er broad oceans as far as east from west;
 From all the dear homeplaces in sorrow we depart,
 And dream not that its dwelling place is ever in the heart.

It ain't so far to happiness; it's shining all along;
 It's in the lowliest violet, it's in the thrush's song.
 And hold it--ye that find it--forever to your breast,
 Till you sleep and dream forever in the roses of God's rest."

.....

"O, mortal man, how can it be
 That thou canst not see God in thee
 When every power on earth you see
 Speaks to thee of divinity!
 Oh, lift your life one higher key,
 Let your soul blend in melody!"

THE PASSERBY

"I'd like to build a little church beside some dusty road,
A church where strangers passing by might rest and ease their
load,
I'd plant some trees, I'd dig a well, that each faint passerby
Might rest and cool his parched lips ere courage seemed to die.

I'd like to be a friend to men who walk the road of life;
Who walk alone, who stagger on, amid the storms and strife.
I'd like to slip an arm of love about the one whose load
With crushing force had crushed his hopes along life's dusty
road.

I'd like to see within the heart of each faint passerby;
Whatever their sin they need a friend the same as you or I.
They need a touch of sympathy, a smile,--God grant that I
Might dwell beside life's dusty road to help the passerby.

.....

THOTS OF A BUDDY ON MEMORIAL DAY

"Oh! to get away from it all,
Those war-ridden thots, that come,
To blind forever those memories,
And the sound of the bullets' hum.
To live once more, as I did before,
In peace and quiet and rest;
To just forget for a little while,
That it took from my life the best.
At night, when all is quiet,
And I'm lying alone in bed,
There comes a vision of battlefields,
The fight, the maimed and the dead.
Will I never forget that hell 'Over There',
And the tales the battlefields tell,
Of the price my 'Buddies' paid with 'their all',
And the place in which they fell?
And there's my two best 'Buddies'
I can see them plain as can be,
A-layin' 'Out There' crumpled heaps
And seems like they're calling to me.
I can hear the big 'uns screech and scream,
As they go flying o'er my head,
They seem to say, both night and day,
'Remember the dead--the dead'.
And sometimes I think, as I sit alone,
Perhaps it might have been best,
If I, too, had paid that great price,
And were out there now with the rest.
Oh! those war cursed thots,
That haunt me night and day;
Dear God, be merciful,
And take them forever away."

COMMENTS ON DANIEL
by Josiah Hopkins

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One should read this chapter through first and note the outstanding points of interest. You will be made aware of angelic struggles that take place between the powers of darkness and the powers of light somewhere out there in the cosmic universe. You will get a glorious vision of Jesus Christ. Then, you will see the loving ministries of the Lord as He strengthens Daniel as He prepares him to receive a Heaven-sent message. This is a gist of the tenth chapter.

Let us go back now and study some of the outstanding passages in detail. Daniel says that he was in mourning three full weeks. The statements from Heaven concerning the future of the Jews put him in sack-cloth and ashes. It was while he was in mourning, fasting, and praying, that the divine visitor came to comfort, to strengthen, and to instruct him.

If the reader will now turn to the first chapter of Revelation, he can easily identify this visitor. The description parallels in practically every detail. It is Jesus. We must remember that He is eternally existant. As to whether His name was ever known as Jesus before He was born, we are not sure, but the person of the Lord Christ has always existed in the cosmic universe somewhere. Therefore, it is easy for me to understand that he would make a personal visit to this old man, Daniel.

We find again here the comforting words that are spoken to Daniel in the eleventh verse, "Oh, Daniel, a man great beloved". When this compliment comes from the lips of the Lord, it is significant, but what a price Daniel paid for these words of praise. He was exiled, but sold out to God! He was true on the throne or in the lions' den!

One of the outstanding passages to me is the seventh verse in the tenth chapter where Daniel said that he, alone, saw the vision. He added, "For the men that were with me saw not the vision; but a great quaking came upon them, so that they fled to hide themselves". That's what the matter with the world today--just one here and one a-way over yonder ever get the vision of the world's real need. That accounts for the great loneliness of some of the world's great leaders; they see so far, and they see so much, but the people around them see nothing. They hear the voice of God calling them to the place of sacrifice and service; the folks around them hear the din and the noise of the world's traffic. It's true that like the companions of Daniel, many folks have great quakings and flee to hide themselves, but that is as far as the experience ever goes, just a quaking and a hiding; they get no message, they render no service.

Notice in the eighth verse that Daniel says, "Therefore, I was left alone and saw this great vision". It is when we are alone in our devotions that visions like this come; they never come to one in a crowd.

Note, also, that when Daniel saw the future of the Jews, when he saw the Glory of the Lord, he realized his own unworthiness, and there was no strength left in him. We may enthrone the "ego" and strut in our pride while we are with people or when we are listening to their applause, but when one is alone, and God is revealed, pride melts like wax, and the soul falls prostrate before God.

Notice the tenth verse, "An hand touched me, which set me upon my knees and upon the palms of my hands". Yes, this Hand, that was later to have a nail-print, put him on his hands and knees, took him off his feet until he could realize his real condition and his helplessness. Oh, for the touch of that Hand today! By the way, there were no nail-prints in this Hand that touched Daniel, just five hundred and thirty-four years before Jesus Christ was born and about five hundred and sixty-six years before He was crucified. Although there were no prints of nails in His Hand, we are told in another place in the Bible that Jesus Christ was a "Lamb, slain before the foundation of the world". Calvary was in His heart although there were no nail-prints in His Hands!

The twelfth verse is very interesting. The Lord says to Daniel, "For from the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words." Did you notice that before He spoke these words to Daniel that He greeted him by saying, "Fear not, Daniel"? "Fear not!" How many times has that occurred with Jesus' conversation with a human being; it was so in the New Testament, and it is true away back here in the book of Daniel. It is fear that causes people to miss the presence and the message of God. Ask God to help you banish fear from your life today.

Another note of encouragement here is sounded by this Heavenly Visitor when He says, "From the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard". God heard you when you prayed that prayer of your heart sincerely, perhaps, long, long ago. Just what has kept the answer back, nobody but God knows, but someday you will know; then, you will understand. Have you patience enough today just to know that if God heard Daniel, God will hear you, in fact, has heard you, and your prayer is on file right now in the Throne Room of God! It has been there since the first day that you set your heart to understand and to chasten yourself before God. Did you do that? Maybe you just said words, maybe you just expressed a wish, and your heart had nothing to do with it. Notice that Daniel "set his heart" to understand; he fastened his heart to a program and to a purpose, and he chastened himself to drown the sounds of the world from his ears, to blind his eyes to the sights of Babylon, to steel his heart against the wiles of the world's most wicked city. From that day, God heard his words.

Fortunately, we have here an explanation of why the prayer was not answered. The thirteenth verse boldly makes the statement that the Prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood this visitor twenty-one days. Now, just who this Prince of Persia is nobody knows, but

we are led to assume that he is some satanic power related somehow to Persia who had some legal right because of God's sense of divine justice to block the prayers of Daniel. We have such puny little brains, we see such a short distance into space; in fact, we see so little of the planet on which we live. We can't understand these great cosmic forces, but someday when we shall see each other face to face, and our minds are unfettered, and our spirits released, we shall be able to understand a lot of things that are mysteries to us now. My personal opinion is, now, mind you, this is my personal opinion, that perhaps over each country there is some satanic power who uses every means within the bounds of God's justice to block the prayer of every child of God, also, to kill every religious movement in its infancy, if possible.

Further on, the Prince of Grecia is mentioned. Just who these satanic powers are which are dignified here with the term, "princes", no one knows.

I have always been very much interested in the twenty-first verse where it speaks of Michael as "your" prince. That leads us to conclude that this archangel, whom we can identify by other passages of Scripture in the Bible, is the special guardian of the Jewish people and watched over the interests within the bounds of God's justice; he watched over the interests of the exiled Jews at the court of Babylon. He not only watched over them then, but, perhaps, through that dispensation and, maybe, through other divine dispensations. If this be true, how he must suffer today when the Jews are going through such world-wide persecution.

A good place to find comfort for the reader today is the eighteenth verse of this tenth chapter of Daniel, "Then there came again, and touched me, one like the appearance of a man, and he strengthened me and said: oh, man greatly beloved, fear not; peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be strong". You can find here what Heaven is interested in; it is that we banish fear, make room for the peace of God in our heart, and trust God for strength. Notice that it repeats the exhortation, "Be strong, yea, be strong", and the verse adds, "When he had spoken unto me, I was strengthened, and said, Let my Lord speak". A lot of us can do a great deal of talking when we are weak, but when we are divinely strengthened, we are willing to stand still and let God talk to us. That is a pretty good thermometer for the testing of our spiritual strength, just how much we are willing to listen to God.

Oh, tired, discouraged heart, there is strength for you today, there is peace that will take the place of your fears, there is a message for you if you will let God strengthen you until you can listen and enlighten your mind to where you can understand.

"Speak, my Lord, speak to me
Speak, and I'll be quick to answer thee."

Â HAND TOUCHED ME
by Josiah Hopkins

Sermon preached by Josiah Hopkins, Sunday, June 10, 1934.

Text: "And, behold, an hand touched me, which set me upon my knees and upon the palms of my hands." Daniel 10:10.

In the proceeding chapter Daniel had been informed of the tribulation that would befall the Jews terminating in a terrible personality who would cause the sacrifice of the oblation to cease and who would bring in abomination which would make Jerusalem desolate.

The opening verses of the tenth chapter of Daniel describe the grand old prophet's sorrow over the heavenly announcement concerning the doom of his people. For three weeks he had fasted and wept before God until he had reached a state of utter exhaustion. Then, a heavenly visitor came to encourage and strengthen him. The description of this person leaves us no doubt as to his identity. One has only to turn to the first chapter of Revelation and read the description of Jesus Christ as seen by John to know that this divine visitor was none other than the Lord, Himself.

Daniel's companions received no more of the vision than a sense of fear, which resulted in a great quaking, and caused them to flee to hide themselves. How characteristic of most of the associates of every great leader! They see only the trailing garments of the glorious vision that thrills and energizes the file leader. So, Daniel was left alone with this great vision. We are not surprised that he says that there was no strength left in him and that his comeliness was turned into corruption. Heavenly visions have a way of doing that very thing for those who have the high privilege and terrible responsibility of receiving them. Saul of Tarsus was never the same after the heavenly light fell on his path-way as he journeyed to Damascus with authority and commission from chief priests to bind all followers of Jesus Christ. We can understand somewhat the meaning of the words on the lips of Paul,

"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision".

However, when one is privileged to see the dimensions of time and sence fade out into space and eternity, to see the glory of God falling on the squalor of human life, the strength is taken from the mind and spirit of a man, and he is in utter helplessness as he awaits the will of God.

It had taken the Lord a long time to get Daniel ready to receive this inspiration from Heaven; just as visitors who desire to see the king of England must submit to the preparation under the supervision of the Royal Chamberlain, just so God puts the human soul through the school of strenuous training to prepare him to be honored by a visit from some Heavenly Being and the exposure of a message sent from the mind of God and a consequent vision of human events.

It is in this connection that the text tells us that a Hand touched Daniel and set him upon his knees and, also, upon the palms of his hands. That Hand was the one which was latter pierced with nails on a hill which we know as Golgotha. The bruises and scars were on the immaculate soul of Christ, but the nails had not yet torn His sacred tissues.

One asked me why I make the statement that He was already crucified hundreds of years before they lead Him forth to Calvary. My answer is only to quote from God's Book where it says that Jesus was slain "from the foundation of the world".

One is a little surprised to notice that the touch of the Hand of Jesus Christ put Daniel upon his knees. We would naturally expect a great exaltation and to see the soul of the prophet filled with ecstasy over such an event, but the opposite was true. In the eighteenth verse of the tenth chapter of Daniel there was another touch of a Hand upon the prophet strengthening him. Let us remember, neighbors, that before the strengthening touch can ever come from God, there must come a humiliation and a crushing of the human spirit. What could be better for a human soul then to be thrown upon its knees? That is a posture too seldom assumed by the human race. I have always been struck by the fact that practically everybody who came to Jesus with a sincere and contrite heart during the days of His life on earth fell upon his knees when coming into His sacred presence. You remember that when Jesus bade Simon Peter thrust out into the deep and let down his nets for a draft, when the catch of fish was so remarkable, Simon Peter fell upon his knees at the feet of Jesus and prayed the strangest prayer ever uttered by any of the Bible characters. It was this:

"Depart from me, Lord, for I am a sinful man".

The soul should fall upon its knees in the presence of its Maker! Who can stand in the presence of Him who lit the suns and pillared the blue firmament with light? Who dares to raise themselves to upright position before Him who is the co-occupant of Jehovah in the Heavenly Throne of Glory? When we come to think of it the natural thing to happen was for Daniel to fall on his knees at the touch of the Lord's Hand.

However, the pressure of that Hand didn't stop at leaving the prophet in a kneeling posture. We are told that he fell upon the palms of his hands, literally prostrated by the weight of Glory and the grandeur of the Heavenly Presence. Then, added to this was the weight of sorrow that fell upon his heart when the prophet discovered the dark clouds lowering over the future of Israel. Doubtless, not a one who reads these lines could stand upon his feet if the future could be unveiled. If we could see the human heart in all of its sorrow and tragedy, we would be prostrated, doubtless, for the rest of our days.

But, Jesus comforted Daniel with a heavenly compliment, for He said, "Oh, Daniel, a man greatly beloved". What must it mean to be called "greatly beloved" by the Son of God! There is so little in the

human race the Lord can praise, and when we find Him coming from the Glory World to speak to an exiled Jew in the iniquitous metropolis of Babylon, and not only to speak to him but to bring greetings from the hierarchy of Heaven and to deliver to him this glorious word of praise, what must it mean!

Then, Jesus bade him to stand upon his feet. Daniel said, "I stood trembling". Do you wonder? Suppose you were bidden at this moment to stand in the presence of the Christ of Calvary? Why, your very being would be shaken to its innermost depths!

The touch in the eighteenth verse of this tenth chapter was altogether different. The Hand that touched him strengthened him. The first touch of the Hand of God was to prepare Daniel for strengthening; then, came the invigorating, vitalizing contact with the Hand of God. That is what the world needs today, poor, sick, pain-racked, broken-hearted humanity! What a touch from the Hand of God would mean today to the withered, wasted hearts of the world. Oh, tired and discouraged neighbor, what it would mean to you! But, one says that that is impossible, Parson, for the Bible tells us in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews that Jesus is seated at the right Hand of the Throne of God. Surely, His Arms can't reach from the Glory which He inhabits today down to the depths of sorrow and human need where we wait, but that is right where you are wrong. Jesus took time to tell us before He went away from the top of Mount Olivet that He would leave us another Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, who would abide with us forever, not only abide with us but make His home within us. There is our source of blessing and strength today. Throw open the portals of your heart and ask God to send the Holy Spirit for strengthening to your weary soul.

Then, in the nineteenth verse the Visitor repeated the compliment again, "Oh, man, greatly beloved". It would have been marvelous had the Lord praised Daniel once, but to repeat this word of superlative praise lifts Daniel to the very heights of Heavenly approval. What difference does it make what this puny little world thinks about you if God smiles on your heart! Then, the Lord said, "Fear not". Have you ever noticed how many times visitors from Heaven and the Lord, Himself, delivered that exhortation to trembling human souls, "Fear not"? It is fear that paralysed us; it is fear that robs us of our strength; it is fear that takes sleep from us, steals away our health, and drives peace from the temple of the soul. If we can win the victory over fear through Faith in God, we are victors, and the world will cringe at our feet like a whipped cur. If the man who has enough Faith in God to face the future without a fear, he will be irresistible.

Naturally, the closing benediction came when fear had been conquered, "Peace be unto thee". Remember, peace can never come to a fearful heart. Between you and the peace that your soul longs for is a whole battalion of fears; in the Name of God, bid them begone! Flash the Sword of the Spirit in the face of your arch-enemy, fear, and watch him cower and tremble and leave your soul in peace.

It was to be expected, then, that strength would come upon Daniel when fear had gone, and strength had come. Many of us pray for strength, but we begin at the wrong end of the ladder. Pray for victory over fear; then, peace will come, and with peace will come strength.

Do you notice that when Daniel was strengthened, he was willing to listen to the Lord. When we are weak and harassed by fear and disturbed in spirit, we want to do all the talking. No wonder the Lord never delivers unto us His secrets. Remember that the secrets of the Lord are with them that fear Him. Yes, when the Lord has touched us, and we have been on our knees and on our face before Him, we will get the victory over fear, and peace will make its home in our heart, and strength will come upon our lives. Then, we will be willing to be still and hear the Lord's plan for our lives.

Notice that the Lord explained to Daniel some of the opposition that he would have to face, and, then, He told him that He, Himself, would be the source of his strength. If we could get still before God, we would understand a lot of things, and we would know from whence all our blessings would come.

God grant that each one who reads these lines may be victors over fear through faith in God. May the strengthening touch of His Hand come upon your life!

.....

ALONE WITH THEE

"Alone with Thee! What mighty power this gives me
To meet life's problems, and to do Thy will;
For only then my soul feels Thy direction,
I bow before Thee, Lord, my voice is still.

Alone with Thee I gain the strength that's needed
To do the work which comes to me each day;
The gift of wisdom to direct each hour
As I move forward on my busy way.

I need Thee, for the day is filled with questions
That puzzle and perplex me as I go;
I need Thee for the love for my heart's hunger--
Oh, bless me as before Thee I bend low.

Alone with Thee! 'Tis then I feel the stillness,
The peace, the assurance that Thy way is best.
And with Thy help I go on to my labor--
Knowing that in Thy hand I safely rest."

.....

"Heathen"

"I used to think him heathen
Just because--why don't you see--
He didn't speak God's English,
And he didn't look like me.

He had a burnt complexion,
Which is heathen, goodness knows!
He ate a heathen's rations,
And he wore a heathen's clothes.

But there's a 'sprising skinful
In that bloke from far away
He fights like any Christian,
And I've heard the beggar pray.

And he 's kind to little kiddies,
And there's written in his eyes
A willingness to offer up
A Christian's sacrifice.

Yes, you'd know him for a heathen
If you judges him by the hide;
But, bless you, he's my brother,
For he's just like me inside."

(This poem was found in the coat of a dead English soldier after one of the great battles of the World War concerning the soldiers of India).

THE SUFFICING BIBLE

"When I am tired, the Bible is my bed;
Or in the dark, the Bible is my light;
When I am hungry, it is vital bread;
Or fearful, it is armor for the fight.
When I am sick, 'tis healing medicine;
Or lonely, thronging friends I find therein.

If I would work, the Bible is my tool;
Or play, it is a harp of happy sound.
If I am ignorant, it is my school;
If I am sinking, it is solid ground.
If I am cold, the Bible is my fire;
And it is wings, if boldly I aspire.

Should I be lost, the Bible is my guide;
Or naked, it is raiment rich and warm.
And I imprisoned, it is ranges wide;
Or tempest-tossed, a shelter from the storm.
Would I adventure, 'tis a gallant sea;
Or would I rest, it is a flowery lea.

(continued on next page)

THE SUFFICING BIBLE (continued)

Does gloom oppress? The Bible is a sun.
Or ugliness? It is a garden fair.
Am I athirst? How cool its currents run!
Or stifled? What a vivifying air!
Since this thou givest of thyself to me,
How should I give myself, great Book, to thee!"

.....

Vestigia

"I took a day to search for God,
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw His footprint in the sod.

Then, suddenly, all unaware,
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary hermit thrush
Sung through the holy twilight hush--
I heard His voice upon the air.

And even as I marveled how
God gives us heaven here and now,
In a stir of wind that hardly shook
The poplar leaves beside the brook--
His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned
Homeward, and thought what I had learned
And all that there was still to probe--
I caught the glory of His robe
Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
I looked and longed for any part
In making saving beauty be--
And from that kindling ecstasy
I knew God dwelt within my heart.

.....

IT MATTERS TO HIM

"My child, I know thy sorrows,
Thine every grief I share;
I know how thou art tested,
And, what is more, I care.

Think not I am indifferent
To what affecteth thee;
Thy weal and woe are matters
Of deep concern to Me.

(continued on next page)

IT MATTERS TO HIM (continued)

"But, child, I have a purpose
In all that I allow;
I ask thee then to trust Me,
Though all seems dark just now.

How often thou hast asked Me
To purge away thy dross!
But this refining process
Involves for thee--a cross.

There is no other pathway
If thou would'st really be
Conformed unto the image
Of Him Who died for thee.

Thou canst not be like Jesus
Till self is crucified;
And as a daily process
The cross must be applied.

Just as the skilful gard'ner
Applies the pruning knife,
E'en so, I, too, would sever
The worthless from thy life.

I have but one sole object--
That thou should'st fruitful be;
And is it not thy longing
That I much fruit should see?

Then, shrink not from the training
I needs must give to thee;
I know just how to make thee
What I would have thee be.

Remember that I love thee!
Think not I am unkind,
When trials come to prove thee,
And joy seems left behind.

'Tis but a little longer
Until I come again;
What now seems so mysterious
Will all be then made plain.

Take courage then; and fear not!
Press onward to the prize.
A crown of life awaits thee,
Glory before thee lies!"

.....

.....

THINGS THAT COUNT

" 'Tis the human touch in the world that
counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the fainting
heart
Than shelter or bread and wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And the bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound
of the voice
Sing on in the soul alway."

.....

Poem Written by a Goose Creek Neighbor

"We go on a Sunday afternoon
To the little white church on the hill
I love to hear the country parson's
voice;
We listen amidst the hushed and still,
The stillness and peace of God's love.
We feel the presence of Jesus there
As we hearken to dear Pastor Josiah,
And we bow our heads in holy prayer
As we listen to Pastor Josiah's voice,
Our hearts are filled with reverent love.
We are glad to feel the Father's touch,
The peace and the comfort that comes from
above."

.....

"Let us be sensible; let us be men!
Yesterday never is coming again.
Whatever the future for us has in store
It will be different from what's gone before.
The old days are over, the new days are here,
And property's worth what it sells for this year.
Let's be courageous and let's face the truth.
Men in their fifties no longer have youth.
To sigh for lost pleasures and customs is vain,
For old dogs can never be puppies again.
We may wish for the past till our faces turn black,
But the thing that was yesterday never comes back!
We have known laughter and sunshine, but now
We must brave tempest and trial somehow.
Once life seemed pleasant, but now it is stern.
A new set of values today we must learn.
A new code of courage, a rough-weather creed,
And faith in tomorrow are things that we need.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

"The end of the trail may be far away;
It may be just around the bend.
I have not followed this trail before,
And I know not where it will end.

I know not where its windings lead--
Through desert or valley fair,
Or whether through mountains or canyons deep,
With dangers lurking there.

But I know a Guide who can lead me through
Who knows every step of the way,
He will lead me on to the end of the trail,
Be it near or far away.

He will guide me across the narrow ledge
That hangs o'er the deep ravine,
And lead me safely by hidden foes
And dangers that lurk unseen.

And while in the valley of deepest shades
He will take me by the hand,
And lead me through to the other side
And into the Promised Land."

TODAY

"Today is mine, and in my keep,
To make or mar, from sleep to sleep,
With yesterday dead, and still and gone,
Tomorrow's star beyond the dawn.
So what the clouds o'erhang the sky,
Or winter's flakes about me fly,
Today is mine by Heaven lent--
My heart's desire shall see it spent.
My soul at glint of dawn did shout
A song that put the stars to rout.
This gracious day is mine to fill
With thoughts and deeds such as I will.
And every height I hope to climb,
And every dream to make sublime,
With every breath upon my way,
Is mine and only mine, today.
Dead yesterday is past recall,
Tomorrow sleeps nor comes at all,
So let me seek the Present's shrine,
Today I live, and it is mine."

.....

"I will follow the upward road today, I will keep my face to the light,
I will think high thoughts as I go my way, I will do what I know is
right.
I will look for flowers by the side of the road, I will laugh and love
and be strong,
I will try to lighten another's load this day as I fare along."

THE FIRST DUG-OUT BROADCAST

Monday Morning, 8 o'clock, June 18, 1934, by Josiah Hopkins.

Text: "But go your way and tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee. There shall ye see Him as He said unto you."

Good-morning, neighbors! It is so quiet down here in this dug-out under the Country Church of Hollywood. I wish all of you were here this morning. As this little red signal light came on just now, it seemed that I could feel the walls of the dug-out receding, and the ceiling lifted until all our radio audience seemed to be here with me. We need a place like this where we can get away from the world and think and pray and commune with the Lord.

"I can not tell why there should come to me
A thought of some one miles and years away
In swift insistence on the memory,
Unless there be a need that I should pray.

Old friends are far away. We seldom meet
To talk of Jesus or changes day by day,
Of pain, pleasure, triumph or defeat
Or special reasons why 'tis time to pray.

We are too busy, even to spend thought
For days together of some friends away;
Perhaps God does it for us, and we ought
To read His signal as a call to pray.

Perhaps, my friend, just then has fiercer fight,
A more appalling weakness or decay
Of courage, darkness, some lost sense of right,
And so in case you need my prayer, I pray.

Friend, do the same for me. If I intrude
Unasked upon you on some crowded day,
Give me a moment's prayer as interlude;
Be sure I need it, therefore pray."

Isn't that a beautiful thought for the dug-out this morning? It was written by Marianne Farningham. God bless her for it! As I read this poem a little while ago, the memory of a young man whom his friends lovingly called "Spot" came back to me. I don't know why they called him "Spot", unless it was because he had a peculiar scar on his face. No body knew who "Spot" was; he said that he never knew a mother nor a father, and he had, therefore, missed the love of home.

The terrible day of the war came. "Spot" was one of the first to volunteer. One day he went up to the church near by and said to the ladies who had organized themselves into a patriotic society,

"I have no mother nor father to take my name to the Throne of Grace, so when you ladies meet on Monday, will you pray for me? I am going away, and I am a young man, just twenty-two, and I've got a lot of life before me. I want to come back."

They remember "Spot" at a few of their meetings and, then, got busy knitting sweaters, doing the thousand things that patriotic women did in those days of 1917. One day a telegram came. They opened it with trembling fingers; it was marked "official". For months, they had not mentioned the name of "Spot" in their prayer-meetings. This telegram was just a short announcement from a chaplain saying that this young man had been mortally wounded, but that his last words were to the women back at home in the church, "I am counting on you".

Oh, I don't know why that impressed me so this morning! Is there somebody that you should remember in prayer at the beginning of a new week?

As I turned the pages of my Bible here this morning, my eyes fell on the sixteenth chapter of Mark and the seventh verse. Mary Magdalene, Mary, the mother of James, and a woman by the name of Salome had brought sweet spices to the tomb of Jesus that they might anoint him. It was very early in the morning on the first day of the week, and they found a young man sitting in the tomb on the right side of it, clothed in long white garments. They were affrighted. That young man was an angelic visitor from another world. The first thing that he said to these women was, "Be not affrighted".

Neighbors, that is just exactly what we need this morning; it is fear that gets us down. If an angel were to come to your house today or to sit down in the car and ride with you as you listen to this broadcast or sat there in the cafe while you drink your cup of coffee or down in the fire-house where some of the fire-department boys are listening, if one from Heaven came to you, doubtless, the first words that he would utter would be these, "Be not afraid". Oh, it is the nagging, disheartening fears of life that rob us of our courage and, therefore, of our strength.

Then, the angelic visitor gave the reason for their not being afraid. Jesus was risen, was at the Throne of God remembering them at that moment and that He had promised to meet them by special appointment, and He particularly wanted to see Simon Peter.

Why did He manifest such an interest in Simon Peter? Well, it was simply this: Simon Peter had made a big mistake. He had pulled a bone-head, but that is not an exception to the conduct of human beings. Is there anybody listening to me today who has never made a mistake? Is there anybody in the world who never pulled one bone-head about spiritual things? Jesus knew that Simon Peter was trying to quit. Oh, how many fine men and women this morning are trying to make their minds up to quit the Christian race. What's the use? People won't understand you; at least, they don't. They won't help you; at least, they haven't done it. Then, you are getting old; also, there is sin that hurts your heart--something done in the days long gone. Then, there is your inefficiency; there's your lack of ability to do the things that you would like to do and just as you would like to see them done. So, the inertia of human life makes people, at times, want

DUG-OUT TALK FOR THIS WEEK
by Josiah Hopkins

"But thou when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy father which is in secret; and thy father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

The Lord knows that deep down within the human heart there is the urge to pray. Sometime, somewhere, under some stress or strain every human heart cries out to whatever God he knows for deliverance. Therefore, the Lord gives advice about your conduct and attitude when you come to the praying time. He particularly wants to help us to get into the higher levels of praying, so that we may touch the dynamos of God.

Jesus says, "Enter into thy closet". It seems to be that the Lord wants each one of us to have a trysting place with the Divine, where with the world shut out and God shut in our souls may bask in the sunshine of His Presence. The word, "closet", is just a term to describe the place where we meet God alone, whether it be the shut-in lying helpless upon a bed, or the busy man snatching from the irritating cares of life a quiet moment with the door locked when he bows his head upon his desk and calls "long distance", or whether it be the house-wife amid the pots and pans of the kitchen in those hours of the morning when the children are at school, and the world has gone its way to work she lifts her face up to the God of her soul. All such moments make the "closet" experience possible to a human heart.

But, let us pay particular notice to the exhortation to pray "when thou hast shut thy door". The inference is that there is not much use praying until the door is shut. There is a lot of truth in that! Real effective prayer has to have an atmosphere in which the Holy Spirit may take the thoughts of the heart and waft them to the Heart of God. This atmosphere that makes real prayer possible is somewhat like the current that takes the words of the speaker in a microphone and puts them on the air to go to far distant places with their message. Without the current one may as well be talking to the lamp-post on the street corner as far as any broadcasting of the message is concerned. Just so when we really can close the door and shut the world out, our hearts have an opportunity to get into a mood when we can communicate with the Throne-Room of Heaven.

It is easy to go into a closet, but it is so hard to shut both doors. A friend of mine took me into a refrigerating plant not long ago, and there were at least two doors. We went through one; he stepped back and let me move on, and I ran into another door. I thought to myself that this was a lot like prayer. You can easily shut one door, but the door that keeps the noise out, that isolates us from the world, the inside door is the hard one to close.

Now, I am looking at this dug-out door; it is very easy to take a key and unlock it, then, step in and pull it shut, but there is

another door that I have to close, the door of worry, the door of care, the door that opens to let in the irritating things that are attendant upon every life.

Perhaps, this is the reason that many of us have never had any power in prayer. We just close the physical door with the door-knob on it, and we left the inner door, the door that shuts our spirit away from the world, open, and into the holy sanctity of our trysting place with God came stalking the cares that have wrecked our nerves and burdened our hearts. You will have to shut both doors to keep them out.

Notice it says, "Thy door". Every one of us have individual doors that we have to close to have power with God in prayer. There is that old door of remorse over sins in the past; you have to be able to ask God to put blood on the threshold of the door-post, and let the blood stand between you and the worries of the mistakes and sins of yesterday.

Then, there is the door of ambition. Oh, how we long to get out and be honored by men! We have to shut that all out and be willing to let God have His way with us.

There is the door of financial worries, so many mouths to feed, so many bills to pay, and a little dribbling income is the only hope we have. You have to be willing to believe that God is able to supply every need and leave such things with Him, if you are going to have prayer power in the "secret place".

Oh, there are so many doors, just as many as there are individuals! That is why Jesus says, "When thou hast shut thy door". Can you close it now, hate, prejudice, all the things that would let in interrupting and irritating and harassing memories? Close it now and ask God to commune with your naked heart, which is shut away by the double door. One door keeps out the sound, that is the one with the door-knob on it, and the other door keeps out the worry and the fears.

The promise is that "Thy father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly". There is no doubt about it! When you open the two doors, the door that shuts the cares and fears out and the door with the door-knob on it, and come out, you will look differently. You will hold your head up; there will be a peace on your face like the dew on a country field in the morning. Thank God for this passage in Matthew 6:6! Thank God for this foot-path to peace and power!

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ARE THERE DEGREES IN HEAVEN?

This is a most inviting theme and one which perhaps has interested Bible readers as much as any other theme. Let us try to obtain a bird's-eye view of the New Testament teaching with reference to Heaven in the hope that we can find the truth as it is recorded in God's Word. The Hebrew word for Heavens is used one hundred and twelve times. The same thought passes over into the New Testament where the word for Heavens is "ouranoi". The general meaning as set forth in the association of other facts with the use of these two words, one in the Old Testament and one in the New Testament, leads us to conclude that the word, "Heavens", in the Bible means the universe. It is interesting to note that they did not have a word for the universe in the Old Testament days nor in the New Testament days. So, this word translated "Heavens" is used instead. We will have to leave the study of passages where the word, "Heavens", is used, because it covers too much territory, including the suns, planets, intervening spaces, and the little world on which we live. It, doubtless, also held for the mind of the Bible writers all that the celestial Heaven included, in other words, the Throne of God, the surrounding confines of what we think of when we think of Heaven and all the rest of the cosmic universe.

Now, let us study the word which is translated "Heaven" in the hope that we may find out something about its structure. We immediately run into Isaiah 65:17 which declares that there will be a new Heaven and a new earth. The same thought is expressed by Jesus in Matthew 24:33, "Heaven and earth shall pass away". Here, we find the suggestion of a reconstruction in the place or state which we know as Heaven. But, one will say that this statement is a millennial thought; that is, that when Jesus returns at His second advent, the structure of the earth and, in some way, the structure of Heaven will be changed. I am sure that there will be many cosmic and planetary changes when the Lord returns to rule this world according to the plan of Heaven, but still that doesn't answer our question, "Are there any degrees in Heaven?"

The general meaning of many passages of Scripture as these just quoted, passages stating that Heaven will be changed, Revelation 21:1 and Matthew 24:35, leads us to believe that there is a portion of the universe in which we live which is going to pass through a re-creation period. Now, just how much of the universe will suffer change is speculative. We are told by the Lord that Satan is the prince of the powers of the air. Therefore, we would naturally expect for the air about this earth to go through some kind of cleansing since it has been the abode of the person whom the Bible identifies as Satan, a fallen arch-angel. Then, also, we are told that the whole creation is groaning and waiting for the manifestation of the Sons of God (Romans 8:22). This indicates that there will be some kind of a remaking of the universe as we know it. Now, what I want to know is how far will this transformation extend? Will any part of what we know as Heaven suffer change?

ARE THERE DEGREES IN HEAVEN (continued) p. 2

That leads us to another passage which fixes some of the unchangeable things in Heaven; for example, Isaiah 66:1 speaks of Heaven as God's Throne. We know that that will not be changed. The fourth chapter of Revelation gives an intimate view of this Throne, where we are told that twenty-four elders are seated around about the Throne, and that they worship Him that liveth forever and ever crying, "Thou art worthy, oh Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."

Then, we are told in the next chapter of four living creatures (the translation, "four beasts", is not very clear). They are described as being in the midst of the Throne and in the midst of the elders; so they are near enough to be fixed.

Then, in the same chapter, Revelation 5:6, we see the Lamb of God standing near the Throne, and He is described as being the same yesterday, today, and forever.

We are told in Revelation 21 that the first Heaven and the first earth were past away, but that the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, was still existing. The announcement was made that the end of all weeping and death had come, and a new era of immortal life was ushered in. The dimensions of the City are given, and the bliss of its inhabitants is described; therefore, it looks like we have found a portion of this universe which will never know change regardless of what else takes place among the solar system and the planets of the now known cosmic universe. We are safe, therefore, in concluding that whatever happens in the cataclysmic changes is dependent upon the return of Christ to this earth and the rehabilitation of some portion of this earth and some portion of the surrounding heavenly bodies, and that there is a place that is fixed in its character and duration. This, certainly, is the Heaven for which the human heart thirsts as does the hart after the water brooks. In this blest abode of God's redeemed people are there any degrees of existance? What a question! At first, it seems to be daring; yet, there is enough in the Bible to warrant our reverent and prayerful study.

Let us take up first the statement of Paul in Second Corinthians 12:1-5:

"It is not expedient for me doubtless to glory. I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. Of such an one will I glory; yet, of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities."

Here Paul tells us of a man being caught up into the third Heaven; then, he identifies this part of Heaven with Paradise. We are not certain whether this third Heaven is at the bottom or at the top. One might say, "Doesn't this passage say that this man was caught 'up' into the third heaven?" Yes, but all of the heavenly states are "up", and it is very probable that this person was caught up into the bottom which Paul calls "Paradise". Other passages confirm this, such as Luke 16, where we find the rich man tormented but conversing with Abraham who was evidently in Paradise, and, also, the passage in which Jesus says to the thief, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise". If Paradise is at the bottom, and the Throne of God at the top, then, we as eager-minded children of God prayerfully wonder what lies between.

Now, let us see if we can find a passage that describes something in one part of Heaven that is not in the other part. In Revelation twenty-one, John was being shown through Heaven by an angelic guide, and he makes this statement, "I saw no temple there". Yet, in Revelation 11:19 and in Revelation 14:7, we find the statement that the temple of God is in Heaven, and we also find in Revelation 15:5 that there is a tabernacle in Heaven known as the Tabernacle of the Testimony of God. It looks like we have found a difference in actual localities, a part of Heaven where there is a temple and a tabernacle, and another part where there is neither one of these. But, Paul tells us in the twelfth chapter of Second Corinthians that this man was caught up into the third Heaven and heard things which are not lawful for a man to utter, but he didn't know whether he was in the body or out of the body, and Paul makes that statement twice in these few verses. It seems that Paul was trying to convince the readers that the body had nothing to do with such a journey, in other words, it was spiritual access to the higher levels of heavenly experience. It may be here that we have found a clue to heavenly existence. This man who was caught up to the third Heaven, doubtless, had his feet on this earth while his exalted soul basked in the supernal glories of high spiritual altitudes. If that happened then, the same thing may happen after death and even after the resurrection when the redeemed spirits war again their transformed bodies; that is, if there are any differences in Heaven, it will be all within the spirit that has swept to high levels of bliss and adoration. My idea is that there will be no difference physically; all will be together, perhaps, promenading together on the street of the city where we are told that the saved of the earth walk in the light of God's glory. Yet, one spirit may have gone further and higher than another. God, evidently, means for us to believe that we shall be together in the sense of being near each other, for He put a wall around Heaven, the New Jerusalem, and describes the structure of this wall in its jeweled glories.

Other passages confirm such a change, for He urges His hearers in Matthew 6:20 to lay up for themselves treasure in Heaven. We naturally suppose that no two would lay up the same amount, and here perhaps will be another difference in Heaven, that is, the amount of "treasures" which are laid up for heavenly enjoyment.

Paul, also, speaks of works being destroyed, and yet the man himself being saved (I Cor. 3:15). Here will be another difference, some with works that were eternalized and, therefore, bearing in Heaven, and others with works destroyed. Just how visible such a difference will be is a matter of which we know nothing, but the difference will be known to God.

Now, we come to answer the question, "If there are differences in Heaven, how are the higher levels attained?" This takes us to the Book of Ephesians where the key words are the "heavenlies". We are told in Ephesians 3:9-11 how the Christian attains the place of the heavenlies. Paul is telling of his ministry as follows:

"To make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hidden in God, who created all things by Christ Jesus. To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God. According to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

To state this simply, it means that the real ministry of preaching is to make all men understand a mystery which has been hidden from the beginning of the world, that all people may have the hope to enter the heavenly places by apprehending the manifold wisdom of God as set forth in the presence and ministry of Jesus Christ. Now, we have it! As we lay hold of the knowledge of God through the Holy Spirit and the Blood of Jesus Christ, we are better prepared to extend to the higher levels in the heavenly places. Let me give you other words to describe what you need to have to get the best that Heaven offers. God consciousness! That is what you know of God, what promises of God you have believed and experienced, the freedom of the Holy Spirit in your life, making God intimately known to you. This is God-consciousness and the measuring rod for heavenly attainments.

The mistake the organized church has made is testing for saints upon what we can say of a human life, upon the professions that the believer makes with his lips, upon visible or audible expressions of Christian ecstasy and praise. The truth is that God lays His measuring rod upon the inner being of a person, just how much they know of God, how much they have understood God, and how much they have believed God. This is the measure of God consciousness!

Now, let us sum up what we have said. It looks like we may be certain that this world and a portion of the cosmic universe will suffer some kind of change, but there is a portion of the universe, including the Throne of God and surrounding it, where a place is unchangeable and eternal and is known as the "seat of God". We have discovered that there will, in all probability, be some difference within this City, but that all saints will have access to every portion of it. But, we, also, find that there is a condition known as

the third Heaven, or Paradise, and it looks as though it is at the bottom of the scale, or Paradise at the bottom and the Throne of God at the top. We, also, are led to believe that this is a spiritual condition rather than an actual physical condition. Finally, we find that the criterion of heavenly excellence is the consciousness of God!

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"There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
'Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by',
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath Winter's field of snow
The silver harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, 'Tomorrow', 'The Unknown',
'The Future', trusts in a Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close
And dares to live when Life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why."

.....

"When God puts out the light and bids me sleep,
To quiet lie till dawns eternity,
I pray that angels mark my resting place
And guard me there till He shall call for me.

Safe would I rest, nor mark the passing hours,
Nor winter's cold, nor springtime with its flowers.
To me alike the days of toil and pain
When I am hid with Him, to wake again.

When grief and pain and care fore'er are past,
And thou shalt bid earth's darkened shadows flee,
O God, within Thy templed courts so vast,
Grant I shall wake to be at home with Thee."

DUG-OUT TALK FOR THIS WEEK

Here in the quiet of this little room under the Country Church which I have named the Dug-Out, I have been reading over and over the Gospel of John, in fact, I read it during the night last night. As I read through the eighth chapter, I found that here is a wonderful insight into the attitude of Jesus toward a sinner.

We are told that Jesus was in the temple early in the morning, evidently, setting the example for worship while the hours of the day are fresh, and our hearts meet the day with the dew of peace all over the soul. He, doubtless, went there for His own devotions, His meditation, His praise, and His instruction. We are told that the people came to Him in great crowds, and He sat down and was teaching them. This quiet little heart-to-heart talk of Jesus was interrupted by a group of hard-hearted Scribes and Pharisees, who were dragging a woman into the temple under the accusation of adultery. As they threw her down at the feet of Jesus in the midst of the crowd, they said, "Here she is, caught in sin! What are you going to do about it?"

How differently they could have carried her to worship! She would have been impressed by tenderness and a genuine interest in her soul, but she wasn't brought to the temple for that purpose but was brought there to be put to death. It is horrible when you think of it, the House of prayer, the House where Jesus sat, God's holy temple, in the holy presence of the Christ, Himself, and their hearts were unmoved and unsoftened.

Verse six tells us their reason for the bringing of the woman to the temple. They could have killed her anywhere; they had the law, they had the stones, they had the culprit, they had the proof. However, we are told that they brought this woman there so that they could trap Jesus. They knew that if He gave His consent to her execution, He would run crossways to many of His teachings, for He had said to forgive, to love your enemies, not to kill. Then, on the other hand, if He had taken the part of the woman and said that He forgave her and for to go in peace and sin no more, they would, immediately, have begun a great hewing cry about Jesus for inciting people to violate the ceremonial law and teaching contrary to the law of Moses.

Now, let us notice the reaction of Jesus to such a situation. We are told in verse six that Jesus stooped down and with His finger wrote on the ground as though He heard them not. He didn't mean by that to condone sin, but I am sure that He did mean that He wasn't interested in their persecution of this woman. Rather, He was interested in her redemption, her reformation, and her regeneration. He knew that in their spiritual astigmatism they couldn't see that there was hope for this woman; naturally, they couldn't. The eyes of Jesus saw the depths of her soul; He saw all the circumstances accompanying this act; He knew many things that no human mind could ever know about this woman and about the whole thing. Therefore, He pretended not to hear them.

Then, He wrote upon the ground, and I have always felt that this was what He wrote, just this one word, the aramaic word for sin, "harmartia"; then, I think He erased it.

The accusers were too blind and hard-hearted and too intent upon the destruction of this woman to understand what He did. I think that He was trying to teach them that He was willing to forgive sin in the hope that the sinner might be redeemed, but they continued to ask Him, so He had to say something.

Verse seven says that He lifted Himself up and said unto them, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her".

No human being would have dared to have made such a statement. No mere human mind would have had enough of the facts to have hazarded a woman's life upon such a challenge. Jesus, who saw the depth of this woman's heart, knew the heinousness of her sin, knew the horror of it all, knew something else; He looked into the depths of the hearts from which the accusation came and saw the hypocrisy, saw the secret sins in the lives of these men who outwardly were ceremonially clean and religiously correct. Remember, neighbors, the Lord looketh on the heart, and He knew that when He made that statement, they would know that the Lord, Himself, had looked through the sky-light into the secret depths of their own vicious hearts. Jesus knew that it would work; His eye can sweep the coming centuries just as you can look down the few feet of side-walk in front of you.

We are told that He stooped down again and wrote on the ground, just waiting to let that challenge of His sink into the hearts of these accusers of the unfortunate woman. The next line tells us that when they heard it, being convicted by their own conscious, they went out one by one beginning at the eldest even until the last, and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst. Did you get that, "When they heard it", they stood astounded and paralyzed for a moment; they didn't hear it at first, but it kept echoing and reverberating down through the blacked corridors of their own souls until conscious fell on its knees crying, "My God, I have been as guilty as she!" One by one they left!

It is significant that the eldest left first. Well, he was the one to leave first! An old man, standing there with rocks in his hands ready to stone a little girl when he ought to have had paternal interest enough or fatherly kindness of heart to have said, "Little girl, I have made my mistakes. I am so sorry! You ought to be a better woman. God will forgive you; go down to the temple and ask for a ceremonial cleansing and ask for a sacrifice. Ask God through the blood of the atoning sacrifice to wash away your sins." How different this would have been. That old man knew that and dropped his stone and left. I'll guarantee that the temple floor was covered with rocks. I believe that that would happen today if the Lord were to open up the temple doors of the souls of men and ask them to look within and then to throw the rocks. Many a temple floor and house of worship floor would be covered with the stones that they intended to

throw at someone else as they went out to think and, perhaps, to ask for forgiveness.

We are told in verse ten that when Jesus saw that there was no one there but the woman, he said, "Woman, where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" Do you see it? He wanted to fix it so that these hounding Scribes and Pharisees couldn't blame Him with it all. He asked for the affidavit and the article of condemnation, but there was nobody left.

No, neighbors, when Jesus Christ pulls the skeletons out of human hearts, it silences their condemnation of others, for the Bible tells us that "All we like sheep have gone astray, and we have turned everyone unto his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all".

Nobody has ever dared to accuse Jesus of condoning sin in this case or any other case. He is too white to be a partner of sin; He is too holy to whitewash a record that is crooked and wrong, but He is too good to condemn a soul to death until they have had a chance to plead the Blood of Jesus Christ over their sin. Why, through all those centuries of ceremonial sacrifices when the blood was made the center of it all, God was trying to teach the world through the Hebrews that there was a way out of every human tragedy, at least a pathway to forgiveness. Then, when Jesus came and died on Calvary, there was a sign-board left on the sky-line of the world that God loves us, and that He is willing to forgive, and, more, He is willing to forget.

It is beautiful to notice what the poor little woman said. Her reply was, "No man, Lord". She couldn't understand it; she had been used to women being made the chattel, the slave, to be dragged at the feet of wicked and hard-hearted men, especially, in such cases as this. She stood there in the dawn of a new day, bewilderedly said, "I don't understand it, Lord; why did they go away? I thought they were going to beat me to death. I deserved it."

I think Jesus laid His hand on that woman's shoulder and said, "Well, neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."

I would have loved to have met that woman around the corner and said, "Say, sister, how do you feel about it now?" I imagine that through the tears of repentance mingled with the tears of joy she would have said, "I don't understand it. I can't fathom love like that, but I am going to tell you this. I shall never forget Him, and I am never going back!" If she had known this song, I believe that many a night it would have been on her lips:

"Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
But He washed it white as snow."

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

Text: "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is He?" Matthew 22:42.

In the thirty-fourth verse of this twenty-second chapter of Matthew we find that the Pharisees were very much concerned about the silencing of the Sadducees by Jesus. So, the Pharisees gathered together and decided to put a question to Jesus that would put Him on the horns of a dilemma. They figured that the world was going to be saved by debate. What a mistake! There have been enough debates in the world to save the human race, and I wonder if anybody ever wins a religious debate. The question that they put to Jesus was this, "Which is the great commandment in the law?" Jesus answered,

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Wonderful Jesus! In just a few words He summed up all the teachings of the Scribes, the Pharisees for the last two thousand years, and He boiled it down and gave them the olixir of life in a spoonful! No wonder they asked what manner of man was He! I would have loved to have seen those glass-eyed, frozen-hearted Scribes and Pharisees when Jesus handed them this statement, and the more you think about it, the more divine wisdom you see in it. If a person will keep these two commandments, he will satisfy all the laws of the Decalogue, and they will answer every demand of God for a beautiful life on this earth. However, no one will ever be able to do this without the regeneration that comes to the human heart through Faith in Jesus Christ. But, Jesus looked deeper down into their hearts. That was a common custom of His; He never looked at the lips, for it is so easy for the lips to lie, and it is so easy for one to train the face to deceive by false expression, but there is no way in the world to hide the contents of the human heart from God. Jesus began to probe into their souls, not for His own knowledge, but He wanted them to see themselves. So, He asked them a question. A lot of us who are asking questions about the Bible, about the possibility of education as a saving factor, or whether it is necessary to be born again, whether the church is doing any good, whether Jesus Christ is coming back as He said He would, etc. While we are asking all the questions, it would be interesting to watch us be paralyzed with consternation as Jesus, also, asked a question. Here, He summed the whole matter up in one question, "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is He?"

That settles the whole business! There is only two kinds of religious people in the world with reference to Jesus Christ particularly. It is not on a matter of how one was baptized, not on a matter of the creed that has been written out, not on the basis of some ecstatic religious experience. The dividing line is in this question, "Whose son is He?" If He is a mere man, He was an illegitimate child, because He was born out of wed-lock. That settles the whole business; it makes Jesus Christ the greatest impostor the world ever saw, and it makes the Bible become of no more value than a patent medicine al-

manac. On the other hand, He is the Son of God, and the whole thing is in a new light. The Bible is immediately lighted up by divine inspiration, and the human heart ought to fall in adoration before Jesus Christ and cry, "My Lord and my God!"

Jesus did not seek any information from this group of questioners. His whole motive was to disclose to them the microscopic characteristic of their own soul. It is very much like an optometrist who puts up a chart at a distance and asks you which line you can read. He is not particularly interested in the information that you receive from those lines, but he is testing your eyes to see how much you can see. Just so Jesus asked them, "What think ye of Christ?" He wanted to disclose to them how little of the real Christ they saw. Oh, yes, they saw the person of Christ, weighing possibly one hundred and sixty pounds and with brown hair parted in the middle. They heard his marvelous discourse about life, its duties, and its hopes, the life here and the life hereafter, but He wanted to show them how little of the real Christ they saw, and the piercing question, like a surgeon's scalpel, was, "Whose son is He?"

One of the great opera stars has told a most interesting story about the time when he was a guide in the art galleries of the Vatican at Rome. He says that two wealthy American tourists were going through the galleries, and they stopped before a masterpiece from the brush of Michael Angelo. As the woman stood before the priceless canvas, admiring its color and detail, her husband grew restless and said, "Well, let's be going. I don't want to stand here before this cloth daubed up by one of these Italian painters."

The woman replied, "Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. This is a priceless canvas worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is painted by Michael Angelo."

Her husband replied, "I wouldn't give thirty cents for it!"

There was a common Italian laborer scrubbing the floor near by. He arose and approached the couple and said very courteously,

"I am sure that I should not interfere, and I hope that you won't be too offended, but I couldn't stand to hear you speak about one of our great Italian painters like that, and I just want to say that you didn't judge that painting. It doesn't need your criticism; it has stood every test for years; the eyes of the most severe critics have passed upon it as genuine. They have settled its worth. It doesn't depend on your judgement; it has already been judged and passed the test, but it has judged you.

And, so it is with Jesus Christ; His glory, His divinity, and His place in the cosmic universe has all been settled, and He, in no way, depends upon the judgement from your puny and finite mind. The roses do not wait for your criticism, but they scatter their perfume on the summer breeze. The sunset recurring day after day presents its indescribable beauty to the eyes of all who will behold it; it never waits your approval or disapproval. So it is with all the works of

God. They move on with even more than clock-like precision, the nightly parade of the stars, the coming and passing of seasons, the unfolding of the Glory of God to enraptured eyes of those who see, all this goes on and has gone on for centuries and will, doubtless, go on long after the body that housed your blind mind and cold heart has crumbled back to dust. What you think of Christ is simply a barometer to measure the pressure of the divine upon your soul. What you think of Christ is like one of these little devices on a camera that fixes the size of the opening through which the light comes in to the film. When you express your opinion of Christ, you simply tell the size of the diaphragm that either lets in or shuts out the light. What difference does it make to the hierarchy of Heaven what you think! What difference does it make to the tides whether you see them or not, whether you appreciate their indescribable grandeur; they rise and fall while you sleep, and they will rise and fall when you are gone. They were here before you came, and they will be here after the footprints you have left on the sands of time have been washed away by their waves. What difference does it make to Christ what you think of Him? Perhaps, in the heart of God there is a sense of loneliness, because he doesn't have you for His own, but the world would not know it, and that group who participate in the coronation of Jesus Christ as the Lamb of God and the Ruler of the universe, that great group will never miss you! They will never know anything about you. The great heart of God, perhaps, will throb with a sadness that will never be described, never be uttered, and never be known. I have an idea that even your family won't miss you in the Heavenly scenes. Have you ever thought that Heaven wouldn't be free from care if a mother were conscious of her son or daughter being absent from the supernal glories and the ecstatic bliss of the Heavenly abode; could the wife of your bosom or the husband of your love be content knowing that you were not on the golden street in that celestial promenade? I am sure that God, in some way, will erase from the minds of those who knew you and who loved you every vestige of your having lived, and the great company of the redeemed who sing the Hallelujah chorus and the pageantry of the skies will go on undisturbed by your absence.

The Bible tells us that all things that were made were made by Jesus Christ. He never called you into consultation when He lit the suns; He never asked for your opinion when he first put the force of growth in the bosom of the first plant, when He endowed all animal life with mysterious something that enables them to think, at least, to move and live on the level of life they enjoy. You were never called into the conference by the Triune Godhead when the kiss of creative love lifted Adam from the clod into the conscious fellowship with God. Jesus never called you into the Throne-room of Heaven when the God-Head were discussing the solution of human problems by the descent of Jesus from the ivory palaces to the eastern stables and, thence, to the cross. Jesus never asked you when He breathed upon the heart of the inspired prophet and the writers of the New Testament records the Story of God's Love. What a fool a man is to think that his opinion of Christ will affect the Glory of God and the on-

going of His Kingdom. The only thing that you can do is to try to get the door open wider, to throw open the sky-light, to raise the shades, and to cry, "Let the King of Glory come in!" When the great, white Throne judgement occurs, and the seas give up the bodies of their dead, and Hades delivers the souls that have waited for the final decrees that will settle their eternal destiny, He who sits upon that Throne will not cause you to sit with Him and confer with you when He passes judgement on you, but the statements from your lips and the fiat from your brain will face you again, and you will know then, if you do not know it now, that what you think of Christ was the sentence of your own doom!

Thank God for the open heart and the seeing eye of those who see Him in all His beauty, those who know that He really is wonderful, those who have discovered that He is Redeemer, Mediator, and that He will come back again to keep His promise to a waiting world. Remember as you read these pages, as you listen to the singing of the songs that tell the story of His passion and His love, as you sit in the pew and hear the words from His inspired preachers, remember that the thoughts that your soul delivers in reaction to such a message are the measure of the capacity of your own spirit.

What I say to you will not change your opinion of Christ, but I pray God that the Holy Spirit is painting His portrait on your soul, is telling His Glory to your mind, that even now the portals of your soul are being open that you may see Him as He is, know Him in all His loveliness and participate in His plans for this world and the cosmic universe. Oh, that we may know Him in all His beauty!

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"As leaves that fall from bright-hued trees
 And floating on some passing breeze,
 Their mission o'er, will sink to rest
 On Mother Nature's ample breast
 And lying hidden on the ground
 Will nourish silent life around
 Until, as time moves on and on,
 In other forms of life reborn,
 They minister in lowly guise,
 Delight to many human eyes;
 So, if some word or thought of mine,
 Implanted by a source divine,
 Should lightly fall and seem to die;
 Oh! May the ever-watchful Eye
 Guard well the spot where it shall fall
 And let His love o'ershade it all
 Until, as time moves on and on
 That word or thought shall be reborn
 In lonely hearts and reappear
 To comfort, strengthen, bless, and cheer."

That's the way it is with us; God's been trying to tell us in a thousand ways how He loves us, and how He wants us, but the fact that we have broken the Commandments or done something that we know He didn't want us to do keeps us away from Him. Listen, neighbors, come on back this morning; go into the Holy Place, having your conscience sprinkled, realizing that you are coming into His Presence, the Presence of one who loves you. Remember, there's nothing that God has this Monday morning that He thinks is too good for you.

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AN OLD METHODIST TESTIMONY

"I praise the Lord, my Christian friends, that I am with you still
Though standing like an old log-house upon a westside hill;
The music has gone out, you know; the timbers have decayed;
But sunshine on 'em's just as warm as when they first was laid.

Almost a hundred years have passed since I was born and then
'Twas only fifteen further on, and I was born again.
I've seen the forest melt away; nice houses have been reared;
The world has quite outstripped the church, and I'm very much
 aferead.

They used to tell a Methodist as far as eye could scan--
No gewgaws on a woman then, no dickey on a man--
But now our congregations are so much by fashion led,
They look just like a rainbow wrecked upon a posy bed.

The circuit riders of them days were not so fine and grand;
They took degrees a haulin' logs and clearin' up the land;
But when one of 'em rose to preach, I tell you, we could smell
The fragrant flowers of Heaven and the stifling smoke of Hell.

We had an 'Amen Corner', too, beside the pulpit stairs;
And while he raised his sermon-bents, we lifted with our prayers,
We threw in many a loud 'Thank God' and weren't obliged to go,
To give the Lord the glory to a class room down below.

The grand old quart'ly meetin's were to all the brethren dear,
Just like four green oases in the desert of the year;
The people flocked from miles around; my wife would take a score,
And after supper they would pray, and sleep upon the floor."

.....
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICA THESE DAYS?

"Too many diamonds, not enough alarm clocks.
Too many silk shirts, not enough flannel ones.
Too many serge suits, not enough overalls;
Too many consumers, not enough aprons.
Too many satin-upholstered limousines, not enough cows.
Too much oil stock, not enough savings accounts.
Too much envy of the results of hard work and too little desire to
 emulate it.

(continued on next page)

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICA THESE DAYS (continued)

"Too many desiring short cuts to wealth, and too few willing to pay
the price.
Too much of the spirit of 'get while the getting is good' and not
enough of real Christianity.
Too much discontent that vents itself in mere complaining and too
little real effort to remedy conditions.
Too much class consciousness and too little common democracy and
love of humanity."

.....

THE GAMBLE WITH DEATH

Text: "Say unto them, as I live, sayeth the Lord, I have no pleasure
in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and
live: Turn ye, turn ye from your evil way; for why will ye die, O
House of Israel?" Ezekiel 33:11.

The casual reader of this passage of Scripture will, doubtless,
miss the real meaning of it unless spiritually illuminated, or unless
one thinks very clearly about the contents of this interesting verse.

The "death" described here is not physical death; this is clearly
manifest from the general meaning of the verse, for it says, "Turn ye,
turn ye from your evil way; for why will ye die?" This clearly states
that it is spiritual death, for we realize that if they had turned
from their evil way, it would be just a matter of a few years when the
natural course of human life would have brought them to the grave.
Ezekiel was speaking of spiritual death; the destruction of the capac-
ities for God-consciousness, the blinding of the eye to where it
wouldn't see the promises of God, or the hardening of the heart to
where one would miss His plan to save the soul for whatever follows
this life.

It may startle the reader to have me say that the hardest thing
in this world to do is to go to Hell. For one to be eternally lost,
he will have to blind his eye to all the passages of hope in God's
Book; he will have to deafen his ear to the prayers of his own chil-
dren for his salvation; he will have to be indifferent to the solici-
tude of his companion in order that they may live so in this life that
they may be happily mated in the life to come. He will have to so
harden his heart that a mother's prayers will have no effect upon his
spiritual nature. To be lost, one has to draw the curtain of blind-
ness over the brain, so that you can not see God's glory through the
temple of his soul. Truly, the hardest thing possible to a human
soul is to be eternally lost; to do so, he will have to put his fin-
gers in his ears, put out his eyes, harden his heart, wade through
the Blood of Jesus Christ to some bleak, barren promontory of despair,
and, then, plunge headlong into the abysses of eternal hopelessness.
Neighbors, that's hard to do!

One would naturally ask, if that is true, why do people live like
they do, hearing all the sermons that they hear, having the Bible,

which is the best seller, in their homes, feeling the hunger in their heart, why is it that they deliberately say one thing and live another; why is it that they make professions of Faith that they never live out; why is it that, with the wreckage of human hopes, earthly homes, and national glory strowing the pathway of the centuries, why is it that the human race, multiplied thousands, persist in living a life contrary to the Word of God? This is, really, a burning question, and we hear it from the lips of Ezekiel under the inspiration from Heaven. It is a question that God asks the human race again and again.

One doesn't have to go far to see the results of Godless living. It is manifested on the streets; it is present in the homes; it holds back the hands on the clock of progress; it fills our state institutions; it fills the eye of humanity with tears; it breaks the human heart; and everywhere we hear the shrieks of despair. Over in Pasadena there is a bridge where fifty-six people have made their exit from the "here and the now", hoping to find oblivion or a better existence at the end of their fall. But, I want to say that it is easier for a man to climb upon that concrete rail of the "Suicide Bridge" in Pasadena and leap into whatever the future holds than it is to go through life seeing the wreckage of sin all about and persistently living without God.

Let us attempt, with God's help, to answer this question, "Why will you die spiritually when there is every opportunity to live triumphantly and, as Jesus says, abundantly?"

In the first place, multiplied thousands of victims of a terrible fallacy work themselves up into believing that they "are all right"; these people either presume upon the Grace of God or they have a very meager conception of God's requirement for a Christian. Jesus said, "By their fruits shall ye know them", and I am willing to leave the matter right where He left it.

The other day, Sarah and I had a little argument about the gas tank of our automobile. She said that she was sure that it was empty, for she had been out to start the car, and it never so much as groaned or sputtered. I told her that it must have at least five gallons of gasoline in it, but I went through the test, the only test that lets one know; I went out and turned on the ignition and pressed the starter. At first, it didn't start; I looked then at the indicator on this old car that had faithfully done its duty for fifteen years for the different owners who possessed it, suffered it, or enjoyed it. The indicator said that it was full. I knew that was a lie, so I pressed the starter again, and to my great delight, with a wheeze and a sigh and an asthmatic cough or two, it started. That is the pragmatic test, as the philosophers would say! It delivered when I pressed the button.

Now, neighbors, don't get your feelings hurt, but let me say to you that it is possible that your indicator is lying to you. You may have an old obsolete device on your dash-board that tells you that

you are filled, but press the button! If you never get the motor started, that thing is lying to you! You are simply out of gas or the ignition is bad. Just so it is among professing Christians; we say, "I'm all right, and if I am a little off, I'll be better tomorrow". The same old fallacy! Never mind about today, tomorrow will be all right.

Then, there are all kinds of utopian dreamers who tell you that the sunrise of a better day will come in the morning; just don't let it bother you; if you understood God's Word rightly, you would understand that He loves everybody, and that we are all going to heaven, where everything is "hotsy totsy". But, don't let an obsolete or worn-out indicator fool you! Remember what Jesus said, "By their fruits shall ye know them".

In the next place, there are pleasures in sin. I don't mean the principle of sin. We must learn to discriminate between the acts of sin and the principle known as sin. If a man commits adultery or murder or does any of the things that are forbidden in the decalogue of right living, he is manifestly a law-breaker, and in the eyes of God he is a sinner. However, it isn't the sin that damns a man, it is the absence of something that allows him to do such things as that. I never could believe that one drunken spree or the pressure of a trigger under the heat of a great emotion because of a fevered brain and the result of murder would condemn a man to hopelessness through the eternal years with no hope of pardon or probation for another chance. I couldn't serve a God like that, and I have always rebelled at the very thought of it. This has led me to read my Bible looking for the principle of sin, something that lies behind the river that colors the spring, something that puts the poison in the fountain at its head. I am honest when I tell you that the concrete things of your life are not the things that are going to damn you, bad as they are, but it is going to be the fact that you didn't have something that you should have possessed.

Now, every concrete sin that I can think of, with one exception, has some degree of satisfaction or pleasure or something akin to pleasure. Take murder, for instance. When a man kills the victim of his hate, there is a degree of satisfaction. I know men who have gotten so hard that they have actually gotten a thrill out of seeing a man's convulsive leap when he was hit by the murderer's bullet. Now, that is terrible, but several men have confessed to me and I know that there is some degree of satisfaction in destroying the one you hate. The gambler gets what he thinks is something for nothing; the libertine gets the thrill of the pleasure. There is only one sin that I can catalogue that gives a man absolutely not the slightest thrill. Even the horrible sin of drunkenness, the rolling eye and the palsied brain, gives to the victim some degree of satisfaction.

I knew a man in Mississippi who became rich every time he got drunk. Everything he had was finer than anything that anyone else had. In a certain town there was a harness maker who had an advertisement of horse collars our in front of his shop, and the sample

was seventeen feet high. When this fellow got drunk, he went down and tried to buy this collar for one of his mules, saying that he was tired of choking his mules with these little collars, that his mules were bigger than anybody else's mules.

The one exception is the sin of profanity. That is the case when the fish bites the naked hook; it doesn't even get a worm. I had a doctor friend come to me once in great distress of soul and said to me that he had reason to believe that he was born-again and that he thought that once a person was saved, any temptation to profanity left him. I told him that the Lord had promised a way of escape for every temptation. His particular trouble seemed to be that every time he went to crank his model "T" Ford on a cold morning, it "kicked" him, and he lost his temper. I tried to help him and wanted to know the first word when he started out on his cursing spell. He very shamefully confessed that it was the name of the Deity, that he always started out with "God", and he wanted to stop it and be a better man. To me, it seemed a mighty good sign that he was born-again when he wanted to quit anything that was displeasing to God, and I told him that I thought God would help. My advice to him was to say, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life" every time that he started to use profanity and the word, "God", in vain. It wasn't long before the doctor's wife called me and was mightily worried about her husband. It seemed that he just quoted Scripture all the time. She said that that morning he went out to crank the car, and she heard the car just sputtering around; then, she heard the doctor saying, "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten son!" We laugh at that, but I've seen him several times since then, and he has actually gotten the mastery over his besetting sin. He is one of God's finest saints. You can do it, but remember, God says that these outside indications ought to cause a man serious thought, for "by their fruits shall ye know them".

It is just like "tolling hogs" with a grain of corn back in hog killing time. You remember, they would get the pot of water boiling and the knives all sharpened, and the poor swine seemed to sense that there was a slaughter at hand, and they would run around the fence corners squealing their fear. Then, the killer would appear, pick up an ear or two of corn, and go to "tolling" those poor things with a grain or two, "Pig, pig", and they sold out for a grain of corn. He would actually throw them handfuls of corn, until the poor things thought they were doing well, and they would grunt their approval until a blow and a scream were heard. It was all over! Just so is the enemy "tolling" you to the slaughter; will it be tomorrow? Will it be this week or will it be next week? Remember, the axe will fall!

But, God asks the question, "Why do people do it?" Well, we've found two answers: one is the fallacy of everything being all right tomorrow, and the other is that there is pleasure in sin. By the way, the Bible tells us that there is pleasure in sin; it says, "Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season".

There is another reason that keeps people from the straight and narrow way and having the light of God that lives within the human breast. It is this: there is a terrible anesthesia in sin.

I want to give you one more reason why people do not live a Christian life. It is the fact that all are by nature gamblers. You resent that, but if you thought that possibly flour would go higher tomorrow, wouldn't you buy an extra sack today? This gambling question is deeper than anyone sees and more universal than anyone knows. The reason that anyone is lost is that he takes a gamble with his soul on the table as the pawn that before he dies he will find whatever power God has to make him a new creature in Christ Jesus.

When I was a pastor in a small city, I had a fine young man in my church who came to me one day and wanted me to take his name off the church book, saying that he was tired of being a hypocrite and that he didn't want to make a mockery of Christianity. He had been a country lad, a good clean fellow, and in his mind had been born a desire to come to the city where the big churches and smart preachers were in the hope that some one would show him the way to God. He happened to become a member of the church of which I was pastor; he was the most active member of the young people of the church, an usher, sang in the choir, president of the Epworth League, and looked like a model young man. However, he confessed to me that he had been drifting away, that he had been living a very immoral life. He said that the enemy would always get him when he was tired, that when the day's work was over, he would come out of the store, and there would always be someone there to catch him for a terrible night of sin and degradation.

This worried me, and I went home to talk with Sarah about this, and we decided to start a revival in the hope of reaching our young people and, particularly, that young man. There was a little study in the back of the parsonage and a walk between the church and the parsonage, and there was a door opening out of my study on that walk. I sat there and read way into the night, and I must have gone to sleep, and in that dream, God showed me that young man's condition, and here is what happened:

I seemed to hear the young man scream, and as I leaped up, I saw him at the door, coming in from the side-walk between the parsonage and the church. I opened the door, and he was exhausted and fell at my feet and said, "My God, lock that door! The devil is after me tonight and says that this is the night that he is going to get my soul." I went to close the door, and there stood the most attractive being that I had ever seen, higher than the ceiling. It couldn't have been born of my own mind, because I had never had any other conception of the devil but that he had horns, cloven hoofs, and a tail. This person was perfectly wonderful, and he pressed me to one side, stepped into the room, drew a checker-board out from under his beautiful garments, and said to the young man, "You sit down here and gamble with me, and your soul is the stake." He turned on me and said, "Now, you preacher, you stay out of this", and he paralyzed me with one glance, and I had to sit there and see it.

He said to the young man, "I'm fair; there are just a few rules to this game. Here are the rules: now, I can give you anything you want in this world, and you will win every game except the last one, and you can quit whenever you want to. When death lays its icy fingers on this table the game is over. Here is the other and last rule: you take your soul out of your bosom, lay it on this table, and I will play with you as long as your soul is there, and whatever you want I'll see that you get it, but, remember, if death stops the game, your soul is mine. All right, let's play! Ah, come on, you are young and healthy; you can play one game and quit if you want to."

The young man felt of his pulse and said, "Parson, I'm all right; I'll live for twenty or thirty years. I'll play him one game."

The devil said, "Well, what is the first stake that you want me to bring if you win? Remember, you win every game but the last one, and which is the last one, that's the gamble". The young man said that he wanted a better job, more money. They played.

The young man easily won; Satan stepped to the door and called a man's name whom I knew. The man appeared, took the order, and promised that this young man would obtain just the job he had been looking and longing for all his life.

As the young man started to get up and to pick up his soul, Satan laid his hand upon his arm and said, "Isn't there something else you want? Tell me!" The young man whispered into Satan's ear, and Satan said, "Why, sure! I can make anybody do my will; I can make a woman come and grubble at your feet. I can make her your slave." They played, and the young man won, and he won, and he won. He won wealth, companions in shame; he won everything that a man of this world who wanted to go to the limits would claim.

Then, the young man began to drink, and he leered at me and said, "Say, preacher, you preachers are just trying to scare us young fellows. This is the life!" Just then, there was a cold presence felt in that room, and death entered that door, nothing at all but a shroud on a skeleton. Death walked around that table three times and whispered from his lungless chest: "'Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud! Like a swift stealing meteor or fast flying cloud, 'tis a flash of the lightning, or a break on the wave, and man passes from life to his home in the grave!'" With a crash the skeleton's bony hand flew on the checker board! Satan snatched away the young man's soul and disappeared through the door of the study. When I awoke, I regained my equilibrium, but way in the distance, I could hear that young man scream, "Give me back, please give me back my soul! Take all the things that I have won, but give me back my soul!"

I hastened to where I thought the young man was. You have no idea how horrified he was when I told him what I had just gone through with as I watched him lose his soul. Suffice it to say, that changed the young man's life. Today, he is one of the finest Christian ministers I know. Take a tip from an old country preacher, take your soul off the board today, neighbor!

THE SOUL THAT SINNETH, IT SHALL DIE

Text: "Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the Father, so also the soul of the Son is mine: the soul that sinneth, it shall die."

This is, indeed, a startling text. God tells us that all souls are his and, then, makes the terrifying announcement that the "soul that sinneth, it shall die". The implication is that all souls are potentially God's, but that if a soul dies, it is a loss to God.

We are lead to believe that the death implied in this passage doesn't mean physical death wholly. Of course, physical death is a penalty for sin. It was imposed in the Garden of Eden as a result of man's fall. His body began to disintegrate, and that process culminates in all cases in the tissues of the body returning back to the dust. "Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return" is the epitaph written over every physical body. The death that came upon Adam and Eve and, consequently, upon their progeny was the result of their absence from God; just as a flower or any plant plucked out of the ground and laid out in the sun withers away, just so did man's physical body begin to wither when he lost the immediate presence of God.

However, there is a hope for the body that has crumbled that it will be lifted up into a new existence in the resurrection. After all, since the resurrection is an established fact, physical death is not such a terrible occurrence, and the body that dies, as we know, death is not a loss to God. Surely, this is not the full meaning of the text.

The resurrection is true from Scripture and from many analogies in nature all around us. But, so many people have questions about the reality of the resurrection. I wonder if their trouble doesn't arise from placing too much emphasis upon a chemical resurrection. Here is what I mean: John Brown, the insurrectionist from Harper's Ferry, New York, was buried, and upon his grave some friend planted an apple tree above his grave. Later on, the body of John Brown was moved. To the consternation of the people who exhumed the body, they found that the apple tree had gone down not only to the casket, but the roots had pierced the box that contained the body of John Brown, and roots had run down his arms and even out on his fingers and down his limbs, so that the apple tree had literally subsisted upon the decomposing body of John Brown. Now, the apple tree bore apples; all of us know that it took the chemicals out of John Brown's body along with other chemicals and put them in the apples upon the stem. Now, what one with a scientific turn of mind will ask is, "Who ate John Brown?" The carbon, the potassium, the sulphur, etc. that were in John Brown's body were taken up by capillary attraction, put in the apple, were eaten by some passerby. Now, who is going to claim that carbon, that potassium, and that sulphur? Will it be John Brown in the resurrection or the person who secured that carbon, that potassium, that sulphur when he ate the apple from the tree above John Brown's grave? This is pure speculation, but it may lead us to the explanation of a lot of the trouble in the minds of many people about the literal fact of a resurrection.

One fact of which we may be sure is this, the resurrection of the bodies of the saved and the lost will not be a chemical resurrection.

THE SOUL THAT SINNETH, IT SHALL DIE (continued) p.2

This is easily proved. From unquestionable scientific sources we learn that the human body changes every three years, so that the chemicals that were in our body seven years ago are not in our bodies today. The oxygen that we had, once someone else had; perhaps, the same is true of the calcium, the potassium, the sulphur, etc. So, it is not a permanent ownership in regard to the question of possessing chemicals. Certainly then, if we do not possess the same chemicals through any different decades of our life, how could we expect to have the same chemicals in the resurrection.

In this connection, let us read the words of Paul in First Corinthians, chapter fifteen, beginning at verse thirty-five, "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." Skipping down to verse forty-four, it continues, "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul: the last Adam was made a quickening spirit."

In these verses Paul gives us the picture of a grain of wheat sown in the ground. The bosom bursts, the plant comes up, and produces on the top of the stem a grain of wheat so much like the one that decayed in the ground, that you can't tell one from the other. So, it is in the resurrection, not the same chemicals, but the same physical contours, the same body in likeness, in ability, in capacity, in spiritual nature. So, we may be safe in concluding that the resurrected body is a new home for the spirit as well suited to the future existence as the body we now have is suited to the life that we live today, and that they are so much alike that you can't tell one from the other.

We have stated that the resurrection is the answer to physical death, so it is not such a great calamity just to die, for the spirit to go somewhere to be with God and leave the body back here awaiting a resurrection, or even for the body of one who isn't saved to be laid in the ground. That is not such a tragedy in itself, because we are told that the sea will give up its dead, and hell will give up its dead; so, we are certain from the Bible that the bodies of the lost will be resurrected although not at the same time as those who are saved. We shall, therefore, have to look at some other angle to find the tragic content of this text, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die".

We find in Hebrews 4:12 an illuminating passage of Scripture, "For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Here we find that the soul and the spirit may be separated just as we know from experience and observation all about us that the body and the invisible part of a man, the soul and spirit, may be separated. So, here we are aware of two separations: one called physical

death, which leaves the body here in the earth to await the resurrection, and the soul and spirit go on to some other existence; then, we have in Hebrews 4:12 the statement that God can separate even that soul from that spirit. It seems, then, that man is a trinity, body, soul, and spirit, and I Thessalonians 5:23 makes us certain of the triune nature of man's being, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." That settles it as far as the Bible is concerned that man is a trinity, made up of a body, a soul, and a spirit. This may explain the statement that man is made "in God's image". Certainly, the Godhead is a trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and here we find that man is triune in his nature, with a body, a soul, and a spirit.

The long-ranged gun that the Germans used in firing from the forest some eighty miles from Paris provides an excellent illustration of just what happened in the unfolding processes of man's triune nature. The gun fired a triple shell. After progressing some distance in the air, one shell went off, but two flew on towards their target. After going awhile, the second shell exploded, leaving the third one to do the deadly work when it hit the city of Paris. Just so, man proceeds in his unfolding. There is a period of time in the life of every human being when science isn't certain just how much life the unborn babe possesses, but there comes quickening which the mother knows and which the law recognizes as the entrance of life into the embryonic babe. That is the physical unfolding, perhaps, "physical creation" would be a better term. Then, in due time, the child makes its advent into the life of air and food, which bring about development of the physical capacity and, eventually, will produce a full-grown human being. Somewhere in this physical unfolding there is still another addition which is closely connected with intelligence and which the Bible calls a "soul" or a "psyche". There is much discussion among psychologists and other groups of scientists as to just when the soul makes its advent into the human body or becomes manifest in the human personality, but we know less about the soul than any one of the three parts of the triune human being. Simple observation and the study of anatomy makes us thoroughly familiar with the physical part of man; the Bible is very explicit in telling us many of the laws of the spirit, how man may unfold from a babe in Christ to a full-grown man, how the human being is born again by some spiritual power touching his life, creating a new life, which is called the "spiritual life". But, about this "soul", we know very little. But, of this fact, the close observer is certain, the soul does for man just about what the eyes do when they bring vision to the brain, for the hands which reach out and lay hold on physical objects and enable the person to possess them. The soul opens up a capacity; it, also, is a mediator between the physical part of us and the spiritual world. One would not be far amiss in saying that the soul is almost the same as the personality of an individual. In that sense, it is indestructible.

Some would have us believe that souls may be destroyed in the future existence because of wickedness in this life, but we have many cases of individuals in the Bible who were not destroyed. The rich man in Luke 16 was conscious in Hades; he even had missionary zeal.

The implication is that there was a great gulf fixed between this rich man in the lower part of Hades and the upper part where Lazarus was in the company of Abraham. The fixedness of this chasm leads us to believe that his condition was hopeless. We are told in Revelation 14: 10, 11 of a group who will drink of the wine of the wrath of God, and that the smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night. This group is identified as those who worship the beast and his image and receive the mark of his name. We are also told in Revelation 20:10 that the devil and the beast and the false prophet were cast into a lake of fire and brimstone to be tormented day and night forever. Certainly, these cases would not lead one to believe in the absolute annihilation of the wicked, but we are lead to ask what is it that dies, then. The text tells us that "The soul that sinneth, it shall die", and yet here are intelligences or personalities still existing in the most horrible environment, even of fire and brimstone, and tormented day and night forever.

I think we are ready now to draw a conclusion. The body crumbles unto death, but has a promise for a resurrection for the saved and for the lost. The soul is eternally existant. That leads us to determine what becomes of the spiritual nature of a man.

I have just said that the soul of man is eternally existant. The only reason I can explain the existance of the devil, the arch-fiend of all personalities, is that God has sometime in the past sworn by His eternal self to never destroy a personality. Everyone who is reading this and every soul that has ever existed on this planet or on any planet anywhere in the cosmic universe is as eternal as the nature of God Himself, but we are lead now to ask, "What is it that dies?"

Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God", and He went into minute explanations, even using the movement of the branch on a tree under wind pressure as an illustration of the movement of the invisible Holy Spirit that causes changes within a human being and the creation of something new which the life had never known before. Except a man be born again, he can no more realize God, apprehend God, know the grace and the tenderness, the goodness, and the salvation that God has to offer than the astronomers on Mount Wilson can tell the color of the eyes of the people on some planet, if such a planet be inhabited. An astronomer simply has not the equipment for observation. A man can no more, if unconverted, enjoy spiritual life and its privileges and its powers than a fish could leave his watery home and live in our atmosphere. There is a limit placed by the fiat of God Himself. This explains why so many people would like to be deeply spiritual, would like to have a passion for souls, would like to have communion with God, but they are up against a limitation that is as fixed as the law of gravitation. The man who hasn't been born again simply has no capacity to enjoy spiritual life.

A common grain of corn has sent to us many interesting and startling facts. It makes no difference how you place the grain of corn, upside down, on its end, or any other way, when it unfolds, it follows a fixed law and never makes a mistake. If you wash a grain of corn,

warm it a bit, it will begin to swell; cut it open, and you will find coiled up within it a little embryo which, under proper conditions, will produce a stalk of corn. Now, that embryo in its unfolding has never made a mistake since the first corn-stalk grew on the surface of the earth. The roots go down, and the stem of the plant comes up. The reason for that is that its behavior and its development is fixed by the law of God Himself.

This grain of corn with its single embryo and its unfolding into all that the corn-stalk produces gives us a good analogy for the study of a triune being. In every human being there are the three embryos; there is a time when the physical unfolds, but coiled up in it somewhere like the little embryo in the grain of corn. is another embryo, the soul. In due process of time, it unfolds, and we have the dual being, body and soul. According to the Bible, it is possible and in many cases it has actually happened that that is all the unfolding that occurs in the history of a human being through this life and down through God's eternal years, a body and a soul, but no spiritual nature. If that person continues thus, that soul is dead. He has physical life, intellectual, and soul life, but no spiritual existence. Now, we are coming closer to the meaning of this text, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die".

One might say, "But what has sin to do with it?" Sin is what keeps us from a spiritual nature, and that is where Calvary comes in; God Almighty out of His great Love sent a Redeemer, to whom every sacrificial offering pointed from the time that, perhaps, Adam and, certainly, Abel offered up the first sacrifice down to the day that Jesus said, "It is finished" and died for a lost race. There is some inexplicable potency in the sacrificial death of Jesus Christ as the Lamb of God which opens up a way for a human being to solve the sin question for this world and for eternity.

But, what happens when this dual personality with a body and with a soul realizes the unfolding of the third embryo and becomes a spiritual being or a child of God? If you read your Bible, you will find that Jesus said that the Word of God is the seed, and that by the foolishness of preaching people are saved. Following the analogy of the grain of corn, here is what happens: the truth of God illumines the consciousness of this intellectual and physical being, arousing a great hunger as we find it expressed in Psalms 63:1, "My soul thirsteth for God". That is what we know as heart hunger or conviction or remorse for sin. Then, the omnipresent Holy Spirit begins to warm and stir that personality; the embryonic spiritual nature becomes alert, it moves, it begins to develop like the little embryonic germ in the bosom of the grain of corn. It breaks its shell; its first unfolding function is to recognize God as its Father and to call Him by His scriptural name, "Abba, Father". There is every evidence here of the beginning of a spiritual birth, but, in my judgment, right here is where so many of us make a mistake. It would be an error to say that a man is a real child of God simply because there was a stirring of that embryo.

THE SOUL THAT SINNETH, IT SHALL DIE (concluded) P.6

Jesus goes further and describes the development of grain. In telling us how we unfold in the spiritual nature, He said, "Some fall by the wayside, spring up a little bit. There is no depth of earth, and they wither away; they never come to fruit-bearing maturity. Then, others go on; some bear some fruit; some bear much fruit, even as much as a hundred-fold!" Jesus leads us to conclude that it is just so in the spiritual unfolding of the divine nature that God would have us possess and enjoy. There must be a development of this embryonic spiritual life beyond the primary stage to where it reaches a degree of maturity or vitality before it can really be called definitely a fixed act of God and the person, a new-born, recreated child of our Heavenly Father. But, I am free to tell you that I believe that there is an experience into which one comes in the culture of the soul under the guidance of the Holy Spirit to where that soul is so fixed in God and so centered in His will and so connected with His power that the movement of God in that life is bigger than any power of the devil outside, and the spiritual nature of that person is to this degree fixed.

I believe that we have discovered the meaning of this terrifying text, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die". Sin is the horrible separator that keeps man away from God. The blood of Jesus Christ is the cure for sin; then, God can create within this physical and soulful person a new life, which the Bible calls "life eternal". Even at this moment, God's Holy Spirit is wooing and warming your soul. Friend of mine, if you go through this life on this planet, this probationary existance, without ever being warmed and energized by the Spirit of God into the creation of a spiritual nature, your soul and the body that is connected with it are just as dead as the tree that fell in the swamp crumbles back to Mother Earth. The difference is: the eternal personality of your soul will thrust upon you existance down through the endless years, but, as far as God is concerned, you are dead. As far as His power to change or to help you, you are dead, and I pray God that the Holy Spirit may ring this truth in the heart of every one who reads these lines until the truth echoes through all the corridors of your being. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die".

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"Tell me not, in mournful numbers, life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers, and things are now what they
seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow find us farther than today.
Art is long, and Time is fleeting, and our hearts, though stout
and brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the
grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle--be a hero in the strife!
Trust no future, howe'er pleasant; let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living present, heart within, and God o'erhead!

(continued on next page)

"Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time:
Footprints that perhaps another, sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait."
Longfellow.

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THE DUG-OUT BROADCAST FOR THIS WEEK

Text: John 21:3,4: "Simon Peter sayeth unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee. They went forth, and entered into a ship immediately; and that night they caught nothing. But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus."

In the preceding verse, we are told that "There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas called Didymus, and Nathanael of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two other of his disciples". What a distinguished company! Simon Peter, Thomas (the name, "Didymus", means "a twin"), and wonderful Nathanael of Cana, of whom it is written that he was "an Israelite without any guile", and the sons of Zebedee, James and John, and two others whose identity we do not know! What a wonderful group of seven met in this company! Suppose that one of the daily papers were to announce this morning that somewhere in the city today this group would actually meet, these same men. You couldn't get within a mile of that building! Yet, the inference here is that they were discouraged, because they are talking about fishing. Remember, now that Jesus has come out of the grave. For days and days, He has been appearing miraculously here and there with different groups, and the whole air was tense with expectancy. How in the world could they think about fishing? If we had been told that they were fasting, this would be more in keeping with the general atmosphere around Jerusalem.

I'll guarantee you that this Monday morning there are hundreds of fine preachers, yesterday were in the spiritual heights pouring our their souls from their pulpit to their congregation, this morning they are tired. Everything that is discouraging is magnified a hundred-fold. The grocery bill looks bigger on Monday, and the children need so many things. The overdraft at the bank assumes astounding proportions in the atmosphere of a discouraging Monday morning. This happens not only to preachers, but to big business men, mechanics, tradesmen, the women at home; they find that everything looks a little worse on Monday morning when they are tired and have to face a new week

By no stretch of the imagination can we call these men willful sinners or anything akin to it, for this is a wonderful group of men. They simply were discouraged, and they, doubtless, were also very tired. The emotional strain of the last forty days was enough to have killed any ordinary man. Doubtless, they were simply looking for some relaxation, and, just at this junction, Simon Peter, who had been a leader all the time either "backwards or forwards", said, "I'm going a fishing", and the whole crowd said, "Let's all go". When you come to think of it, a way off here after two thousand years have passed allowing us to see the whole forty days in its entirety and its sanctity,

we are not surprised at the statement that they caught nothing that night. Naturally, they wouldn't; their minds weren't on the fishing; they were thinking of the marvelous events of the last few weeks. Who could think about catching fish within three weeks of having been at the resurrection of Christ, after having heard His blessed voice, and to have felt the hot breath as He breathed upon them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost".

There are lots of men today who are not catching any fish in their line of business, because their hearts are not in it, and their minds are not on what they are doing. They keep thinking back to the blessed fellowship they had in the days of power and heart peace.

I was trying to drive along the streets the other day and tell Sarah about a passage of scripture all at the same time, but I found myself up against a telegraph pole. She said to me, "Either stop on the side of the road, and let's talk, or keep your mind on this driving". No, neighbor, you can't do one thing and be thinking about something else. They just couldn't catch fish, not that group of disciples!

I was talking to a man the other day who said, "Brother Josiah, I used to be a preacher, and I preached with great power and unction of the Holy Spirit. Why is it that I am such a failure?", and he told me the line of business he was in and said that he hadn't made a sale in three weeks and wanted to know what the matter was. I laughed and said, "Neighbor, the same thing was the matter with that group of fellows that went out on the Galilean lake that night. They spent the whole night pulling in nets while their minds were on the words of Jesus that they should wait until they should be endued with power from on high."

But, the morning came! You know, these mornings have a way of coming whether we are ready to meet them or not; we can't keep that sun behind that eastern horizon, for it's going to rise on Monday morning, and it is going to call us back to our task regardless of where we spend the night and what we were engaged in doing. I wonder how many are listening this morning who did a lot of fishing yesterday and last night. When I say fishing, I mean to be out on something that did not amount to a hill of beans, and to face this morning with a sense of emptiness and an indescribable fear that they are going to find things hard. That fear is gnawing at their hearts because of wasted time. Yes, the morning after a big fishing spree on the night before doesn't give a man much confidence to hit the line.

But, Somebody had been watching them all night. The Book says, "But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore". Isn't that just like Jesus, right there when they needed Him most, and His heart was filled with infinite pity for each one of them, men who had capacity for spiritual leadership in the world monkeying around with nets and trying to catch a few little old fish! What a tragedy! Do you know, neighbor, that He was watching you all night last night? Little mother, you are worrying so about the babies and the home; do

you know he was watching you last night? Tired bread-winner, you weren't out of His sight all night last night; He knows what you have to face this morning, and He is standing by the shore. I wonder if you have found it out. We are told here that the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. Isn't that a pity? He was standing there after having watched them all night, concerned about their needs and ready to help them, and they didn't know anything about it.

Notice how quickly Jesus went to the point. He said, "Children, have you any meat?" Yes, He was concerned about whether they had had any breakfast or not, and I believe that He is concerned about every one of His children the world around today whether they eat or not. Whether it is breakfast, shoes, guidance, comfort, or whatever it is, He is concerned about you getting the things that you need the most this Monday morning. He asked them if they had any breakfast, and the answer came back, "No, nothing". All night long, and nothing to show for it! Then, He gave one brief command, "Cast your net on the right side". Isn't that just like Jesus; He knew where success was, and He had known all the time why they had failed. I can't think from thinking that they wouldn't have been on that sea but a few minutes if they had talked to Him about it. He would have sent them right where the schools of fish were, and they would have taken out what they wanted, and they would have come in. Ah, how much time and energy and heart-break all of us would have saved had we talked to Him about it before we went out on that fishing trip.

Yes, He can tell you this morning right where the fish are. He wants you to be happy; He wants you to succeed today, and just remember this, throw your head back, pull your chin in, realize that God loves, has been watching you all night, is ready to help you. When you go out to face this new day with its tasks, ask Him to go with you; you'll be surprised how different it will be.

Do you wonder that Simon Peter leaped over-board and swam to the shore to get to a Christ like that? He was right; he followed the logical line of reasoning; why, that's the Christ, and He knows about all my needs, and He knows about all my mistakes. What's the use of me staying out here, fooling around with this old net. The thing for me to do is to get in the center of His will, and I'm going back to Him right now. Then, he started, swimming hand over hand back to his Lord.

About the best thing you and I can do this Monday morning, if we have been off on some fishing spell of our own is to just drop the nets right where we are, and you needn't take time to pull in decorously or with dignity. Just come on the best way you can come and the quickest way you can come and say, "Lord, you know I love you. I've come now to take your plan".

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 RECIPE FOR BEAUTY

"For the lips, truth: for the eyes, tenderness
 For the voice, prayer: for the hands, charity
 For the heart, love: for the figure, uprightness.
 Apply freely and faithfully!"

Texts: Prov. 4:18: "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day".

I Corinthians 13:10: "For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away".

There are two parts of your existence; one is the partial life, and the other is the abundant life, and until you get to thinking about these two passages you may miss the meaning of Jesus when He said, "I am come that you might have life; and have it more abundantly". Absolute perfection doesn't exist in this life. I believe that you can be perfectly holy today with your light and with your opportunity, but tomorrow is going to bring you enlarged opportunity, and tomorrow may bring you new life. Paul said that his outward body was withering away, but he was being renewed, the inner man was renewed daily. I don't know how you feel, but I have to have a daily renewal. This is not a theological question, it is just a question of experimental living. I have to eat every day. I have gotten into one of the worst habits of eating, and I've tried to break it, but, neighbor, it's awful! I go on a diet every Monday until about ten o'clock. That's because I ate too much hog-jowl and turnip greens on Sunday, but I can't keep a diet; I've tried it. What's the use of fooling with it?

I never will forget a man who mastered Hebrew as far as most any man can do, and the day he died, he looked out on the Chicago University campus and said, "Why, I'm just beginning to learn. I can't afford to die; I've learned nothing."

Dwight L. Moody, dying, said, "I haven't lived up to the life a man ought to live, and I've lived in the best light I knew."

It all goes to show that we are just living in the partial life. Listen to Paul, "Now we see in part, we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away". Now, I am beginning to get a little light on what Jesus said when He said, "I have come that you might have life".

Christ brought life, and He took it away with Him. Wherever He walked, there was abundant life, and wherever He stood, the springs of life were bubbling everywhere. A woman even touched the hem of His garment and was made whole. He was Life Incarnate, walking around. Now, you can understand what John meant when he said, "In him was light, and that light was the life of men". I absolutely believe that if you had taken a corpse and put it down by the side of Jesus, and I believe if you had just taken that corpse's fingers and reached over and laid them on Jesus Christ, I am fool enough to believe the corpse would have walked off. That is my idea of Christ.

Now, that life meant the truth He brought; that is the life. He came down here to tell you how to solve the sin question and get in touch with God. That is the light.

Life began perfect on this planet, and there has been perfect life on this old earth twice. It was perfect when God first made it.

I don't believe that God would make an imperfect thing, if He had the power and the freedom to make it perfect. Whenever you tell me that God made a world or that God made a lily, I just know it's beautiful. When you tell me what man made, I'm not interested, because he made a failure. Tell me what the devil made, it may be pretty, but it's a lie; it's deception. He is the father of lies. But, when you tell me I can go somewhere and see something God made, I know it is beautiful.

The devil's work can be seen in this verse, "And the earth was waste and void". Something happened in Eden; I don't know the extent of the waste, but it has just ruined everything; it has ruined man, and he has never been the same since.

I believe that Adam offered blood sacrifices; I believe that flaming messengers from Heaven told him about the light that Jesus brought when He came. I think they said, "Now, if you'll get some blood and offer it to God, it will be a kind of a step-ladder on which you can climb up, and God will give you contact with Himself through faith in something that is going to happen". I believe that poor old Adam and Eve climbed up and tried to worship God, because they told their boy, Abel, and he offered blood sacrifices to God. I think they told Cain, but he, just like a lot of people today, said it was all "hay-wire" and a "slaughter-house religion", and he killed Abel about it.

So, the world became imperfect again. And when you go to figuring out how it has affected the planet, the flora (the flowers and vegetation), the fauna (the animals), and man himself, it is enough to make a man's blood run cold.

Back in my country down in the low section of the coastal plain, the ground slopes gently into the Gulf. Drainage in some places is bad. There broke out an epidemic of typhoid fever in a community, and the United States Government became interested in it, and experts were sent down there. They said that it was in the water supply, and the people took them down there and showed them the water, as clear as a crystal. They took some of that water and put it under a microscope and found that it was reeking with typhoid bacteria. They knew that the bacteria were coming from surface pollution on top of the ground, and they got a team and began to ride in circles around that town. Thirty-five or forty miles away from there was found an old swamp, elevated a little and near another town, where all the refuse was poured, all the old dead animals and all the filth. They put tons and tons of red brick dust over these dead cows, over all this refuse, put it in all this lagoon, and they waited. Twenty-one days later every faucet in the town under observation was running red. The source of pollution had been found! They cleaned the lagoon out, closed it up, went down deep until they got artesian springs of water, and it didn't run any red stain, it didn't run any typhoid fever pollution. The springs of all human life are polluted. I don't care what faucet you drink at in this world, you will get the brick dust stain. It's there! That's why Paul tells us that now we're living in part, we see in part, we know in part, we achieve, we even dream in part.

You can't plan right. You know why so many things go "hay-wire"? There is brick dust in every fountain. I don't care what university it is, there's brick dust in the best they can do for you. That's what we mean by man being ruined by his old Adamic nature; that's what we're taught all the time; we are just prone this way. Man can't dream right. If we could debunk our dreams, get the self out, get the "ego" out, check over God's plan, you could do things for God.

You know why I didn't start this Country Church twenty years ago? I was ashamed to. I had to get my dream debunked. I was ashamed to wear a long-tailed coat in public this day and time. I was ashamed to tell people that I believe the whale swallowed Jonah, because I was a graduate from a university, and I was afraid it would get back to my Alma Mater. Neighbor, I'm just shelling the corn down. I was ashamed to tell people Jesus Christ was coming back, because so many people who believed that were like jumping-jacks, brains were scrambled, hay-wire, tom-tits. But, there it was in the Book. Finally, God debunked my dream. When I got debunked and got the "ego" out of all my plans, God gave me His plan, and that is why God is blessing Goose Creek. The Holy Spirit came and made His home in my heart, and He's living there this Sunday morning. You don't have to go this far, neighbor. I was just a little more stubborn than you are. Remember, when you are ready, God is ready. You don't have to get knocked in the head, laid out for dead, kicked out, ruined, disgraced, marked off, checked off and through, and in the ward of a nut hospital. All God asks is a willing mind. When you are willing, He is ready, and He will debunk your dreams. When God takes the "ego" out of your dreams, they will look like a Fourth of July balloon with the hot air out of it.

The path of the just leads towards absolute perfection. I am tired of that which is imperfect. If I had to go through love that's tainted by selfishness, friendship that's full of wobble-tails, human pride that spoils ambition, death that marks the end to his own, why, life isn't worth living! I would just as soon be an eagle in a cage beating my bloody wings against the bars that shut me in. I'm going to say here, neighbor, that God has absolute perfection for His people.

The intensity of light increases as the square of the diminishing distance. That is one of the laws of light. Solomon knew this along with other things that people are just recently finding out. He knew there was skin on the teeth, which fact a dentist discovered four years ago. He said that the just is walking towards the light, and it is shining more and more until the perfect day. The just man will be vanished in the light! That is the way it is according to this passage, "Everyone that hath this hope (the hope of being with Jesus), purifieth himself even as He is pure", and it winds up by saying, "For when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is".

You may call it a new theology, you may call it the ravings of an over-heated hot-box in a tom-tit country preacher's brain; call it whatever you want to, but I'm expecting to be lost in God. I absolutely believe God is trying to make you divine.

I hear people go around talking about being filled with the Holy Ghost. Some of them act more like the devil. They can never make me think they've got God anywhere about them or ever knew anything about God. Men don't lie that are filled with the Holy Ghost; men don't hate that are filled with the Holy Ghost; men don't backbite and undermine, I don't care if they have spoken in forty-seven different tongues. When a man has the Holy Ghost in his life, he ought to have something like a divine passion to help lost humanity. There must be some kinship, some resemblance. That is what Jesus meant when He said, "Watch the fruit. By their fruits shall you know them". You will love each other, you'll help each other; just as sure as you're breathing, you'll want to tell that story to the man that never heard it.

I don't know how fast we have progressed towards that marvelous light where we find perfection in mind, in body, in experience, in morals, in spirituality, every way; I don't know how fast. I think some move faster than others. I think some of us get up a little close, and the light hurts our eyes, and we say, "Well, I'll be seeing you. I can't get too close". I think some get up there and almost get in it.

I want to give you a picture of a man whom I believe was lost in the light. He was a Methodist bishop, and his name was Walter Lambeth. He was absolutely dead to self; that man was dead to pride. He carried an atmosphere of God with him wherever he went. He was born in China; he was raised in a missionary's home that was filled with the Holy Ghost. He never knew anything else. He told me that he had never known a day since he had intelligence that his life wasn't in the hollow of His Hand. And, he was so sweet, and he was so lovely. Whenever anybody started to say something about some other preacher, he would just look at them, didn't say a word, but you couldn't open your mouth. You'd just get the lockjaw.

At an Annual Conference one of the preachers got up, his fingers in his gallowes, and gave his report. "Bishop", he said, "we have had a good year. Finances are right up, and all apportionments met."

Bishop Lambeth said, "My brother, we are not vitally interested in finances. How is the spiritual state of your church?"

"Backslidden, Bishop," he said.

"Let's all gather here round the altar," the Bishop said, "and pray for this brother and his church."

I was a young country preacher then, had come out of the hills, and, by the way, I had my old oilcloth sack with my Bible in it. I'd come in from out there where old Plunk Wheelis was singing "Ho's the Lily of the Valley", and I had come in to report souls, but I didn't have any money, in fact, didn't need any money. I shouted all over the Conference floor, and wherever that Bishop went, I just followed him, just like Jeff Potlock's calf.

I ran into a sea captain once on my boat coming back from France who said that he had brought Bishop Lambeth back on one of his ships from Shanghai into San Francisco. He said, "God was with that man! When he walked on this boat, we all knew the difference. He never signed his name as Bishop, but he signed his name as Walter Lambeth and took a humble stateroom. Things began to happen on that boat. Why, you couldn't haul that man around in the ocean without knowing he had God."

He said, "We got into one of those terrible storms on the Indian Ocean, and we all thought of one man. We went to ask that fellow, Lambeth; we didn't know whether he was a tea planter or a tiger hunter, but we knew he knew God. You can say what you want to. I'm an old sea captain, and I'm hardboiled, I'm ashamed of it. But, that little old man went in his room, turned the knob in his door, and if that storm didn't hush, my name isn't what it is!"

He never had to go out and do personal work; they hunted him! He died over in Japan. He died on the firing line, and he was unconscious for ten days before he died, and he just kept raving about everything he had ever done, and everything he had ever said. There was a pagan doctor from Oxford University that laughed at religion who stood there and watched Walter Lambeth die over in the Orient. When they pulled the sheet over Lambeth's saintly face, that doctor fell down and gave his heart to God over that man's dead body.

Somebody said, "Doctor, what made you do that? I thought you were an atheist."

He said, "You can't be an atheist around a man like that! God lived in that man. Have you heard him talk? He has turned his soul wrong side out. He was unconscious, and his subconscious mind unreeled his life, and I have listened to him for ten days. There is nothing that came out of that man's soul that would pollute the jasper walls of Glory. Truly, he was white as an angel, and in his delirium he was singing God's praise. In his delirium hallelujahs were ringing in the corridors of his soul. Great God, that's what I want! That is real!"

Bishop Lambeth found perfection. You know how he found it? He found God. When that which is perfect is come, the imperfect is gone. I have never seen a perfect man. He may be perfect in his desires, but he is imperfect in his judgment. He may be perfect in his love. A lot of the old country Methodists were made perfect in love, such as Bishop Lambeth. The path of the just is the only thing that will take you towards perfection, and you will wind up perfect. You will have a perfect brain. You'll understand people then you can't now. You husbands and wives don't understand each other; you kind of get adjusted and put up with each other, but you don't understand each other. You don't understand your wife, and you've been living with her for fifty years. You don't understand your husband, and you never will until that which is perfect is come. You don't understand your children; we don't understand each other. You know what makes people jump off the Pasadena bridge? They are misunderstood, that is all; then, they go crazy. You know why men are whipped and down? You know why our faces are all drawn, in fact some of us look like the relief maps of the Rocky Mountains? It is maladjustment, misunderstanding. You're living in the land

of the imperfect, but, thank God, some day your face will be as smooth as an archangel's face, and your heart will be happy all the time.

This old world is going to have another spell of perfection. Jesus is coming back. The Bible says, "This same Jesus which you saw go up into Heaven shall so come in like manner." She had perfection in the beginning; she had it in Eden after some cataclysm covered the earth; she shall have it again when His righteousness covers this earth as the water covers the sea. Hollywood is going to be perfect! The transportation will be perfect. The government administration will be perfect. The laws will be perfect, if there will be any, and I don't believe we will need any. This old earth is going to have one thousand years of perfection, which we know of as the Millenium. There will not be a single lonely wife, not a single mother with an aching heart, not a single disrupted home, not a single wandering boy. No missions will be needed then, no hospitals, no surgeons, no drug stores, no pharmacy. Perfect bodies, perfect brains in a perfect world with a perfect Redeemer enthroned in Jerusalem on the Throne of David. What a thought! God is also going to vindicate His omnipotence, His omniscience, and His eternal love by delivering perfection to this old world. Throughout all the universe every crooked line will be straightened, every wandering planet pulled back to course, and the whole universe will be filled with perfection, and God will be Lord over all.

"Now we know in part, now we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come--"; that doesn't mean Jesus, because He had already come upon earth when Paul wrote this. It means when the perfect plan of God comes back or when we move perfectly out there into God's will or when we do what Walter Lambeth did, be made perfect in love.

I would love to be just inside the gate and watch you take one eye full of the Glory world, you who have been used to the imperfect, you who have been used to these little peewee optic nerves bringing to your brain the vision in front of you, you who have been listening with these auditory things you call nerves, you who have been coming in contact with what you feel, you who have been tasting sweet tastes and smelling sweet perfumes; when the lid is off, and the boundary is off, and the perfect is come, neighbor, I would just love to watch you take it in! Well, remember, I'll be seein' you!

You will never find God till you are willing to start the path of the just. Will you let God take your failures and your sin and rub it out? Will you take Christ for your Saviour and start again right where you are? All God asks is a willing mind. You want to make a contract with God, a new one, and start towards that light.

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 STICK TO ONE VINE

"When we boys were little shavers father used to make us go
 In the berry-pickin' season where the black-caps used to grow;
 With our tin pails full of luncheon we would start at break of day,
 And till milkin' time at evenin' in the old woodlot we'd stay;
 I remember father's sayin', 'Now, when you start in to pick,
 If you want to fill your pail up to the brim, an' fill it quick,
 Git a bush an' freeze right to it, till you've stripped it clean
 an' bare,

(continued on next page)

"Don't go rangin' through the bushes, pickin' here an' pickin' there;
'Tain't the chap who picks a little, from each bush there is in
sight,
Who will have the largest pailful when we leave the patch tonight,
But the boy who picks a bush out, an' sticks to it, will not fail
In the end, to have the biggest lot of berries in his pail.
Since my boyhood days I've noticed often, time an' time again,
That ol' sayin' of my father's is as true today as then.
You will never get the best things of this life unless you stay
Anchored to a single purpose, let it be whate'er it may;
Don't go stragglin' through life's pasture tryin' this an' tryin'
that,
All the while not really knowin' where, or why, or what you're at;
Find a bush an' stay right with it, don't be drawn aside, to go
Where the pickin' looks more pleasant 'cause the berries thicker
grow;
Don't have irons in the fire that you have no time to tend,
For you'll surely burn your fingers an' regret it in the end.
Stick right to one honest purpose, an' you'll find you'll seldom
fail
To be pretty sure of getting all the berries in your pail."

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THE MAKING OF FRIENDS

"If nobody smiled and nobody cheered and nobody helped us along,
If each every minute looked after himself and good things all went to
the strong,
If nobody cared just a little for you, and nobody thought about me,
And we stood all alone to the battle of life, what a dreary old world
it would be!
If there was no such a thing as a flag in the sky as a symbol of com-
radship here,
If we lived as the animals live in the woods, with nothing held sacred
or dear,
And selfishness ruled us from birth to the end, and never a neighbor
had we,
And never we gave to another in need, what a dreary old world it would
be!
Oh, if we were rich as the richest on earth and strong as the strong-
est that lives,
Yet, never we knew the delight and the charm of the smile which the
other man gives,
If kindness were never a part of ourselves, though we owned all the
land we could see,
And friendship meant nothing at all to us here, what a dreary old
world it would be!
Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made and the things
which in common we share;
We want to live on not because of ourselves, but because of the peo-
ple who care;
It's giving and doing for somebody else--on that all life's splendor
depends,
And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all up, is found in
the making of friends."

A STUDY IN FOOLS
by Josiah Hopkins

July 29, 1934

The word, "fool", is in the Bible one hundred and fifty five times. Neighbor, it is in there so often because there are a lot of fools! The Bible tells us not to call a man a fool, because the "pot can't call the kettle black". One man may be a fool about one thing, and you may be one about something else.

If I were to ask you who was the first fool, I wonder what you would say. The first fool was a woman, Eve, and the second fool was her husband. You can go straight through the Bible, and the fools turn up one right after the other.

In this article I want to mention a few of the outstanding usages of the word, "fool".

Let us start with Saul; he confessed that he was a fool, but that confession didn't seem to do him a bit of good, for he went right on playing the fool. Unless a man is willing to change, it doesn't do a man a bit of good to admit he is wrong! That is the reason why so many people do not know what real repentance is. Repentance isn't just being sorry for sin; it is being sorry enough to quit it. Repentance is a Godly sorrow for sin; there is no such thing as repentance unless God is behind it. A good word for this is "nausea"; repentance is the nausea of the soul towards sin.

Saul certainly was a fool; he was a post-graduate fool. That is a rare kind! He was after David, and it was because of jealousy and self-preservation. Saul found out that this little red-haired fellow out of the hills was going to take his place; he did the natural thing and wanted to kill him. He went over into the Wilderness of Zith and fell asleep one night with his big sword stuck in the ground right at him and some of his body-guard around him. Little old ruddy-faced David walked over there to look things over. That took a lot of courage! He went and looked at Saul right while he was asleep, picked up his spear, and took it off with him. The next morning, he walked out on a hill, put his hands up to his mouth, and yelled, "Hello, everybody! Saul, I've got your spear over here; come over and get it. Oh, well, I guess you can just send one of your men over, and I'll be glad to send it to you."

Right in this connection is the first usage of the word, "fool" in the Bible. Saul, king of Israel, said, "I have sinned. Return, my son, David, for I will no more do thee harm, because my soul was precious in thine eyes this day. Behold, I have played the fool and have erred exceedingly". However, he went right on being the fool, and the next chapter tells us of his visit to the witch of Endor. Then, the first thing you know, Saul's head is hung up on a gate, captured by the Philistines.

The lesson we draw from that tonight is that when a man finds out that he is a fool, he ought to change his ways. I hope that by the time everyone who reads this little article by a simple-minded country preacher who is not saved and not living as he

should will know that he is a fool; some will change and some won't.

The next time that the word, "fool", occurs in the Bible is in the third chapter of second Samuel, verse thirty-three. It is in connection with a man named Abner. Abner was in a lot of trouble about a woman, and he went from Saul over to David, back and forth. He didn't know what he was going to do; finally, a name named Joab "had it in for him", for Abner killed Joab's brother. One day Joab came in looking for Abner, and when he was able to find him, Abner walked up and took him aside. Nobody ever knew what he said to him, but a peculiar smile played on Joab's face. All of a sudden, it says that Joab stuck a knife under Abner's fifth rib. When someone came and told David how Abner had died, David threw his face over on his hands and said, "Died Abner as a fool died", he died like a fool. Abner had been a great gentleman in his day; he was commander-in-chief of the army, brilliant and courageous, but he went on and got his.

You can take it or leave it; one every pathway that is wrong there is a red signal flashing. You had better stop, but you don't have to. If you do not watch out, physical disaster will come to you, to say nothing of the mental and spiritual. There is not room in this cosmic universe for a man to get by who is living wrong; he is going to run into something. It may not be today, but it will be tomorrow; it may not be tomorrow, but it will be day after tomorrow. The only way on God's green earth a man may be safe, serene, and able to sleep at night is to stop when the signals are red, and to go when they are green. A man is a fool to run by a red light!

Here is another mention of the word, "fool". The first verse of the fourteenth Psalm says, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God". Neighbor, isn't a man a fool who doesn't see God's finger prints everywhere. There are several kinds of people with reference to God. You can put God out there, and people classify themselves. The atheist rubs God out; that means they say there is no God. The deist says that there is a God. Now, a man who is vibrating between deism, the existence of a God, and atheism may be a sceptic. He has never fully declared himself; he is skeptical. The skeptic is a fellow who has a bottle of acid and is going around pouring it on every thing that looks as though it might make him think there is a God. He puts every preacher under the microscope, just as you would a pin through a fly, and he turns the preacher over and over and over. There are a lot more sceptics than you think there are. There are very few really atheists. An agnostic simply says that he doesn't know; he makes out like he has an open mind. Bob Ingersoll said that he was an agnostic; personally, I believe that he was an atheist.

It says in Proverbs that "a fool is full of words". Isn't that the truth? If you were to walk up to some folks and ask them, "Are you a Christian?", they would reply, "Yeah, what about it? All right, bring out your dope; I can answer it". He just

hangs out a sign that you are talking to a fool. "A fool is full of words!" Whenever you find a man with whom you are not able to talk about his soul, you are talking to a fool. I'll guarantee that there are wives reading this little article who say, "Oh, if that doesn't fit my husband!", and there are husbands who say, "That's a photograph of my wife if there ever was a thing in this world!" Is there a boy at your house, especially one who has had a year at college, who can tell you all about zoology, all about botany, all about biology? He has just gotten a smattering of it; he doesn't know the deep fundamentals of it. Neighbor, there is no man on God's green earth who really knows botany who is an atheist. Remember that! You can't fool around the science of studying flowers and classifying them without seeing the finger prints of God on every petal. There is no such thing as a real astronomer who knows some of the laws of God's great universe who is an atheist. Kepler, looking through his telescope one night was heard to cry out, "Oh, how beautiful! I'm looking at the footprints of my God." Sir Isaac Newton, a great astronomer, a great mathematician, the one who wrote the law of gravitation, said, "There is no man who can look in the Book with an honest heart and hold his soul away from God, unless he be an idiot or doomed". No man can look at the starry universe without a prayer. However, I'm talking about folks who were vaccinated for education, but it didn't take. You go to talking with them, and they will say, "These old country people used to believe that the whale swallowed Jonah", and they would start on that. Then, they will begin also on Genesis, that it is out of date, for it says that man was created six thousand years ago. However, neighbors, it doesn't say that; there is not a date in the Bible. Remember, the next time you run into someone with whom you cannot talk about his soul, it wouldn't be a bad idea to show them this passage.

In the thirty-second verse of the first chapter of Proverbs, it says, "The prosperity of fools destroy them". Isn't that a good text? Isn't it funny that when there is a drought, when there is disaster, when there is a panic, people begin to go to church. I wouldn't be surprised that more Bible have been sold during this depression than has been sold during the same period of time for the last hundred years. If a war breaks out in Europe, you had better get in the Bible selling business; everybody is going to want a Bible. When the boys sailed away to France, the Bible sales went right up; everybody wanted to give his boy a Bible.

I have a Bible somewhere among my old junk that has a bullet hole right through it. It belongs to a boy overseas who had it in his pocket; it has a hole shot through it, and that Bible slowed that bullet down, so that it only broke two ribs, glanced and stuck in the tissue, and his heart was untouched. His mother had bought it and given it to him, but he had been mad at her, because he didn't want anyone to see her give him a Bible. She had made him promise that he would always keep it over his heart, and he had done it only to keep from arguing with his old mother. However, one midnight at Chateau Thierry he was out in a front line trench ready to go over, he buttoned the Bible down in the little frontpocket. It hadn't been fifteen minutes when the machine guns began to work on that little line. This old boy said that he heard the machine gun bullet that hit the fellow next to him; it

hit him in the side of the head. A few minutes something hit him that felt as though a sledge hammer had fallen upon his chest. When he "came to", a nurse was sponging off his side with absorbent cotton. He noticed that it was crimson colored, and that he was too weak to talk. He asked the nurse if it was his heart, and she said, "No, but you had better thank God and the person who gave you this little Bible. Whoever gave it to you saved your life!"

In Proverbs fifteen, verse five it says, "A fool despiseth his father's instruction". There never was a smarter thing said than that. Today, it is very hard to talk to young people about God.

Over in the Alps mountains there were some people climbing, and there was a father who had been a very Godless man took his old fine boy, who was a graduate now from Oxford University, and they were climbing up in the mountains. As you know, in mountain climbing, all who are going up the mountain are fastened together. As they were climbing, the father stumbled, and the boy said, "Steady, daddy, steady! Remember, we are tied together!"

Steady, dad! He's tied on to you! Steady, son! You're tied on to old dad! You could pull him off the street tonight. You know what is the matter with a lot of these women with seamy faces and droopy mouths and a lot of men whose heads are down. They were tied down to a child that pulled them down. The only thing to do is to be so rooted and grounded in God that you can't be pulled off your feet, and you can hold them.

In the twelfth chapter of Luke God called a man a fool. He was the man who filled his barns and starved his soul. He was so busy and wrapped up in his business, that he forgot his family, his children. He was just too busy, and he played with God's miraculous power. He would sow wheat, and it would come up one hundred-fold, and he never stopped to thank God for it. He would sow corn, until it would be so abundant that he didn't have any place to put it. One day he said to his soul,

"Soul, I'll tell you what we'll have to do. We're going to have to build greater barns. Take your ease; don't let anything bother you. Your worrying days are over; you and I are going to retire. Eat, drink, and be merry! I'm going to pull down this barn I've got, and I'm going to build a greater one."

It must have been a beautiful barn, great granaries, and I can see the slaves burdened down as they bring the grain in and pour it into great rooms. He said that famine wouldn't bother him. Then, he went to bed. Jesus went on to say that that night the man's heart gave way on him. He had worked himself into prostration making more money, making more wheat, making more corn, building bigger barns. He said, "I'm dying! I'm dying! I want to talk to God about my soul!", but he had been too busy raising corn. Someone tied his chin up, the embalmers came in and tried to make him look natural, his wife came in and looked at him. I wonder what she thought when she looked out that night at the barn.

One of these days, poor, whipped and driven man, poor, over-worked and nerve-wracked woman, they will put a piece of crepe on your front door. The ladies will all come in and say, "Well, we'll help with the house-work", or your husband will be there in the front room, and they will gather up his old over-alls and the things left behind, an old hat, and take his body out to the graveyard. But, I wonder what God will say? Will he make the same comment, "Thou fool! This night thy soul was required of thee"? Who is going to get the barn now?

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Mark 5:30: "Jesus turned him about in the press and said, "Who touched my clothes?"

How did He know that one touch amid the jostling crowd? The disciples thought it strange that He should ask such a question. But, that was a different touch. There was a soul in it. So, amid the rude pressure of the crowd, He recognized it. In every service all are near to Christ, but all are not blessed. Some go away as they came, unhealed, heart hunger unfilled. Others sitting close receive rich help. The first, tho' near, reach out no hand of faith while others really rouch the hem of Christ's garment. Along the wires of faith, messages are flying up from earth to Heaven--prayers, praises, heart cries. Down from Heaven to earth come answers of comfort, cheer blessings of pardon, healing, life. But, many know nothing of all this. No flash of new life, joy or help comes to them. They are close but have no faith attachment. Others touch Him by faith and prayer.....

A few of the "Scattering Remarks" by Mrs. Sarah Hopkins, Pres. of the Ladies' Aid.

THE OLD HOME

"There's an old-fashioned house, in an old-fashioned street,
In a quaint little old-fashioned town;
There's a street where the cobble-stones harass
the feet,
As it struggles uphill and then down.

And, though to and fro through the world
I must go,
My heart, while it beats in my breast,
Where'er I may roam, to that old-fashioned
home
Will fly like a bird to its nest.

In that old-fashioned house, in that old-fashioned street,
Dwell a dear little old-fashioned pair;
I can see their two faces so tender and sweet,
And I love every wrinkle that's there."

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
Was my childhood's early prayer
Taught by my mother's love and care.
Many years since then have fled;
Mother slumbers with the dead;
Yet, methinks I see her now,
With lovelit eye and holy brow,
As, kneeling by her side to pray
She gently taught me how to say,
'Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'

Oh! could the faith of childhood's days,
Oh! could its little hymns of praise,
Oh! could its simple, joyous trust
Be re-created from the dust
That lies around a wasted life,
The fruit of many a bitter strife!
Oh, then at night in prayer I'd bend,
And call my God, my Father, Friend,
And pray with childlike faith once more
The prayer my mother taught of yore,
'Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'"

.....

"Land of Rest! For thee I sigh!
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell with Christ at home.

To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to His breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome.
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the ungalled ground
And dwell with Christ at Home."

.....

"But once I pass this way, and then, no more.
But once--and then the Silent Door Swings on its hinges,
Opens---closes, and no more I pass this way.
So while I may with all my might I will essay
Sweet comfort and delight to all I meet upon the Pilgrim Way,
For no man travels twice the Great Highway
That climbs through darkness upto Light,
Through Night to Day."