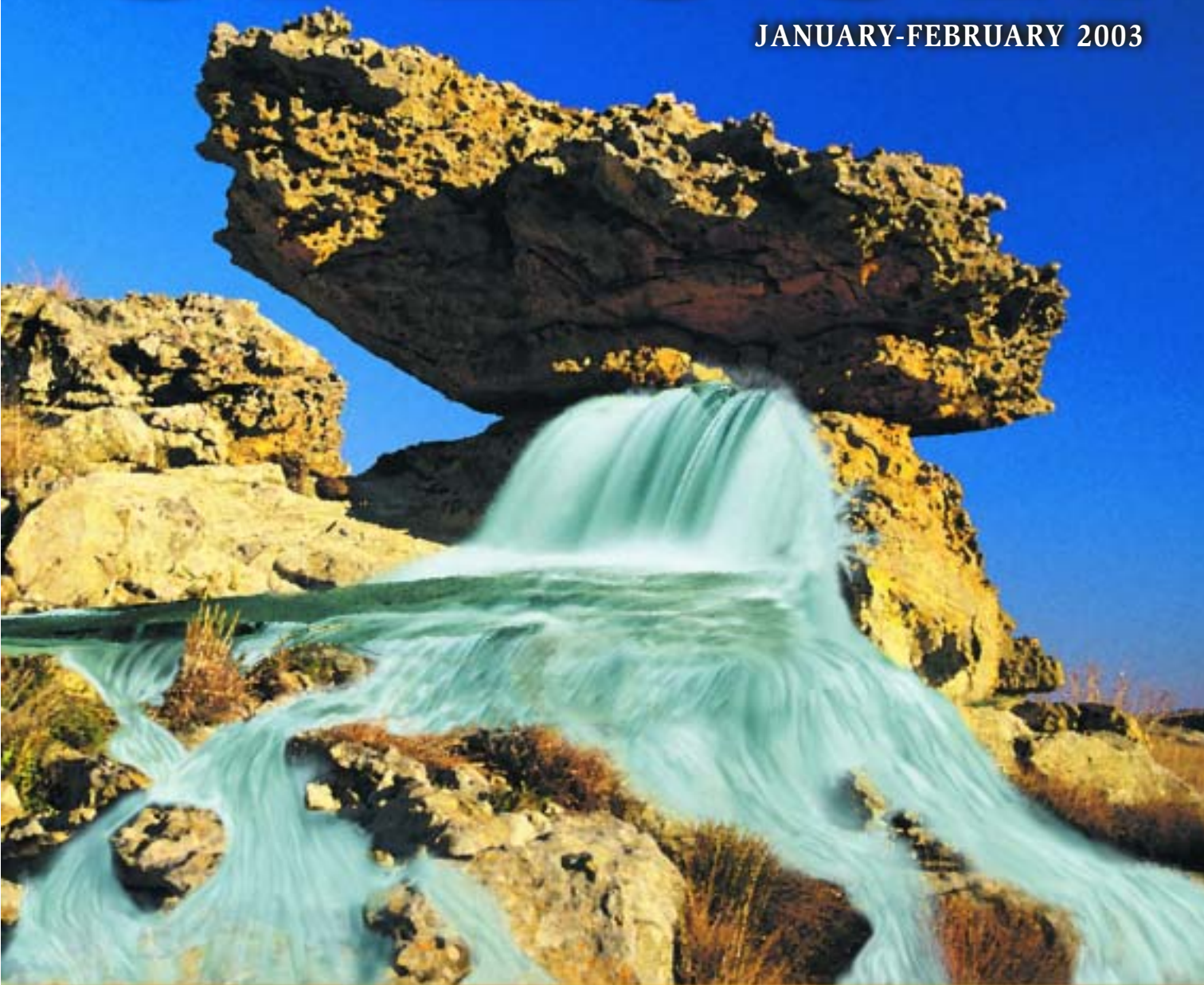


UPLOOK

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 2003



"A man shall be...As rivers of water in a dry place, As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Isa. 32:2.

A FRIEND INDEED

**The Joy of the Way to Calvary
Fellowship of Tears
Another Look at Him**

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CONTENTS

UPLOOK

Volume 70
 Number 1

JANUARY / FEBRUARY 2003

FEATURES

THE COMPASSION OF CHRIST <i>D. L. Moody</i>	5
THE FELLOWSHIP OF TEARS <i>L. W. G. Alexander</i>	11
IS THE LORD A WILDERNESS TO YOU? <i>Robert Lee</i>	12
ANOTHER LOOK AT HIM <i>E. M. Govan</i>	13
SORROW AND GLADNESS <i>W. Bramwell Dick</i>	14
THE SWEETENER OF MARAH'S WATERS <i>Fanny J. Crosby</i>	14
THE ONLY FACE SHE SAW <i>H. A. Ironside</i>	15
RICH ARE THE OFFICES HE BEARS <i>Center Chart</i>	16
THE JOY OF THE WAY TO CALVARY <i>W. M. Clow</i>	18
THE MASTER KEY <i>A. T. Scofield</i>	22
AT THE END OF MYSELF <i>Avis B. Christiansen</i>	23
THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME <i>T. H. Darlow</i>	24
THE TREASURE <i>Philip Doddridge</i>	25
THE INCOMPARABLE SON <i>A. C. Rose</i>	26
THE INSPIRED WORD <i>J. B. Nicholson, Jr.</i>	28
MY BELOVED FRIEND <i>James G. Deck</i>	29

DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL <i>A Friend Indeed</i>	3
BOUQUET OF BLESSING: <i>The Best Friend is Jesus</i>	4
FRONT LINES	7
WHAT'S GOING ON?	10

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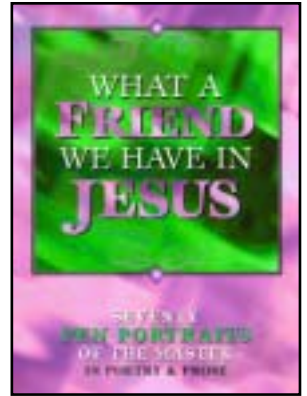
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A FRIEND INDEED

He is no mirage!

*The articles and poems
in this issue are all
taken from a new book
soon to be released by
Gospel Folio Press.*



Desert daylight is harsh and strong, blanching the landscape, bleeding the colors from the sand and sky. Only in the early morning and at dusk does the scene take on the scarlets and golds of the sun. Does it often seem that way with our lives? In the early hours of childhood, experiences seem so vivid, life's joys are pure and bright. Even it's little sorrows, though sharp, can often be kissed away. And at the other end of life, too, with the encroaching shadows, the things that matter seem to come back into focus. The superficial things—the clothes we wear, the food we eat, our trinkets and toys—seem more willing to loosen their hold on us. As our bodies begin to fail us and temporal hopes recede, we are forced back to simple pleasures, basic needs, and the growing certainty that our limited days should be filled with the things that matter most.



But in the middle years, the harsh realities of human experience seem to bleach the life out of us. The gale-force wind of adversity, emotional storms within us, the increasingly parched world around us, and the glaring searchlight of divine justice—these all combine to leave us gasping for something bigger than ourselves. Something secure to give us refuge from the incessantly changing winds. Something to harbor us, a haven where the inner storms somehow cannot reach us. A special kind of water, imported from a Better Land, that will slake our parched souls. And relief from the seemingly merciless rays of divine light that expose us, not for what people think we are, but for what we really are. How far must we search, how many mirages must disappoint us, how many burning steps across the heartless sandscape before we find such a place?

It is the testimony of the world that no such place exists. But, thank the Lord, it is the testimony of God Himself that there is a Person who exactly meets these longings of the wilderness pilgrim.

Among his many canvasses of the Messiah, the inspired word-painter Isaiah describes how it is possible to bring back the color to the wind-swept, storm-battered, desert-parched, sun-beaten soul: *“And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land”* (Isa. 32:2).

Reading the verse, I can feel the relief flooding in, washing over my spirit. Drink in those blessed words! *An hiding place...a covert... rivers of water...the shadow of a great rock....* This Man of whom Isaiah speaks is absolutely everything we need for the pilgrim journey! There is protection and provision, sustenance and shade. He is the continuing security of a hiding place from the blazing sirocco, interposing Himself between us and its blistering, blinding heat. *“A very present help,”* He provides the ready availability of a covert when out of nowhere an untimely storm catches us, vulnerable and exposed. He slakes our thirst from a river that flows from Himself, our smitten Rock. And when in our weariness—weary perhaps with the hardness of the way, or worse still, the hardness of our own hearts—we drop to our knees in despair, we find the *“Rock that followed them”* through that *“great and terrible wilderness”* is still ready to provide the blessed shadow of Himself as our refuge.

Whatever else we may apply from this portrait of heaven's lovely Man, let us take to our hearts three life-sustaining truths. First, it is obvious that the need is all ours; the provision is all in Him. Second, when feeling my soul is like a desert wasteland, I need to flee *to* Him, not *from* Him. He never yet turned one away, nor ever will. And finally, the journey is often long and hard, but it will surely bring us at last to a land where no storm sweeps its landscape, no weariness plagues its inhabitants. And the Man who traversed the desert with us will meet us on the last mile and bring us safely Home.

J. B. Nicholson, Jr.

THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS

“How great is His goodness...how great is His beauty!” (Zech. 9:17).

Society is filled with distractions of every kind, designed to appeal to the ravenous appetite of the eyes (1 Jn. 2:16), an appetite never satiated (Eccl. 1:8). But God has provided an object on which, fixing the eyes of our hearts there, we will find not only ourselves transfixed but transformed. This is the divine Antidote to the human dilemma: *“But we all, with [unveiled] face beholding as in a [mirror] the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord”* (2 Cor. 3:18). —from the Foreword of *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*

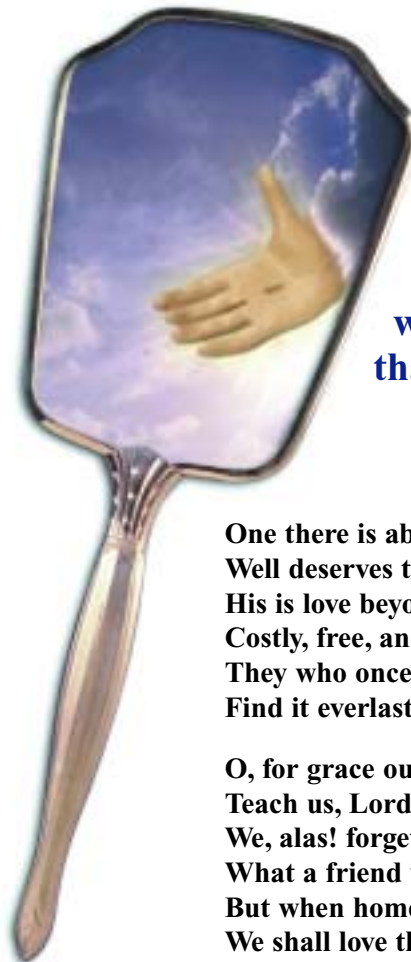
* When the blast's o'erwhelming force
 * Breaks upon us in its course,
 * Then a Man shall be, in grace,
 From the wind, a hiding-place.

Bursts the tempest, thundering dread,
 From the darkening clouds o'erhead,
 Sent by God, a Man shall form
 Sheltering covert from the storm.

As our eyes in all around
 Nothing see but barren ground,
 In a Man our hearts shall trace
 Rivers in a barren place.

When the sun with scorching ray
 Beats upon our pilgrim way,
 As a rock a Man shall stand,
 Shadow in a weary land.

Jesus! Thou the Hiding-Place,
 Covert from the tempest's face,
 Waterbrooks where all is dry,
 Shading Rock when sun is high.
 —H. J. Miles



**A man who
 has friends
 must himself
 be friendly, but
 there is a friend
 who sticks closer
 than a brother.
 Proverbs 18:24**

**One there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They who once His kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love!**

**O, for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length, to love;
 We, alas! forget too often,
 What a friend we have above;
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We shall love thee as we ought.
 —John Newton**

***Yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend.
 Song of Solomon 5:16***

The Compassion of Christ

The great evangelist shocked his daughter!

Some time ago, I began to read the Bible carefully to study Bible characters. I read through the four Gospels, and my heart was moved. When I look over an audience and think of the wretchedness and misery that you and I do not see, that He does see, I think I can understand what this means: *"When He saw the multitude, He was moved with compassion."* His heart went out to them.

We ought to have more compassion for the unfortunate, the erring, and the fallen. How many times I have had to upbraid myself for this. I believe it would be a very easy thing to reach the unfortunate and distressed if we had the spirit of the good Samaritan.

People say, "I wish I had it." How can we get it? Listen. Suppose a great misfortune has overtaken you; wouldn't you like to have someone come right along and help you? Wouldn't you? I believe there is not a man or woman, I don't care how rich or poor they may be, who does not need at some hour in their lives a little human sympathy, a little ministration of love, or helpful words from somebody else. Each heart has its own bitterness, each one has his own trouble and sorrow. We are too apt to think that others do not need or care for our compassion.

Now if you want to get the spirit of compassion, just think of someone among your acquaintance who is in trouble—someone who is in distress, or who has had some great misfortune. And who has not? Then imagine that their trouble is yours.

I used to spend my summers in Chicago; probably fifteen-hundred to two thousand children were in our Sunday school and very few of them had a church home. When sickness or death came into their families they used to send for me. I sometimes attended three or four funerals a day. I could go to a funeral and see a

mother walk up to the coffin of her loved one, and hear sobs and wails of anguish that were enough to break a heart of stone, but I heard them so often they wouldn't move my heart. I had become hardened.

One day my wife told me that one of the children in my Sunday school had been drowned. I took my little girl, four years old, and started for the home of the child. Some working men and women had dragged the little one's body

from the water, and the mother sat by the dead child, stroking her hair, as the water was dripping down upon the floor. It was her firstborn child. Little Adelaide used to go to the

Chicago River and gather floating wood for the fire.

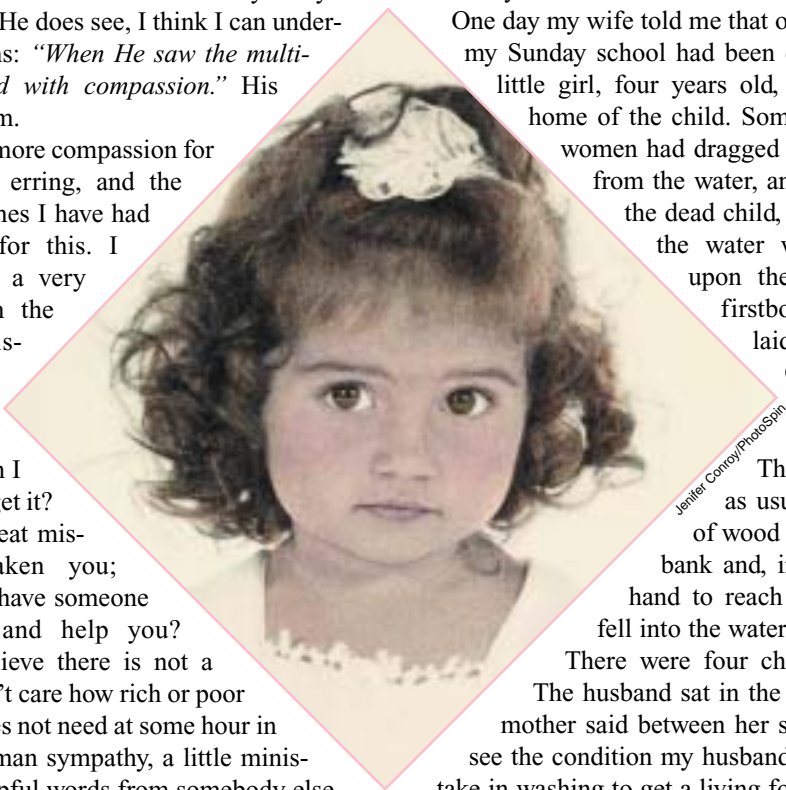
That day she had gone as usual; she saw a piece of wood a little way from the bank and, in stretching out her hand to reach it, she slipped and fell into the water and was drowned.

There were four children in the room. The husband sat in the corner—drunk. The mother said between her sobs and tears: "You see the condition my husband is in. I have had to take in washing to get a living for my children, and I have had to care for him. He has never provided for us, or done a day's hard work in five years. Adelaide was my companion. I have no money to buy a shroud or coffin for her. Oh, I wish you could help me."

I laid down the money for the coffin and the shroud. Then she said, as the tears rolled down her face, "Can you help me find a place to bury her?"

"Yes," I said, "I will attend to that."

I made a memorandum of what was wanted, and I did it all very mechanically. Then I took my little child by the hand and started out. When we reached the street, my little girl said, "Papa, suppose we were very poor, and Mamma had to wash for a living; and I had to go to the river to get sticks to make a fire. If I should



Jennifer Conway/PhotoSpin

see a big stick and should try to get it and should fall into the water and get drowned, would you feel bad?"

"Feel bad! Why, my child, I do not know what I should do. You are my only daughter, and if you were taken from me I think it would break my heart," and I took her to my bosom and kissed her.

"Papa," she said, "did you feel bad for that poor mother?" The child had been shocked at her own father. How that question cut me to the heart. I could not speak.

I led the child home, then I went into my room and turned the key to the door. I walked up and down the room all that day. I said to myself: "You profess to be a disciple of Jesus Christ, and to represent Him, and you went to that heart-broken woman, and you left her there with a drunken husband." I got on my knees and asked God to forgive me, and to give me a tender heart, that if I ever saw people in trouble I might sympathize with them.

I went back to that poor woman's house, and read the fourteenth chapter of John, and I told the mother where Adelaide had gone, and prayed that the Lord might heal the mother's wounded heart. We fastened the lid of the coffin, got a carriage, and put the poor mother and her four little children into it. Last of all, little Adelaide's coffin was put into the carriage with them. The husband was still drunk and did not realize what was going on.

The cemetery was seven miles away. I had not been there for many years. I thought my time was too precious to go there. I said, "I can't let that mother go alone and bury her child," and rode the seven miles and comforted her all I could. I could weep with her then. "Suppose it was my child!" was the thought that kept coming into my mind.

We buried Adelaide in the Potter's Field. We had no sooner lowered her body into the grave than we were ordered off the place. As the mother tore herself away, she turned and looked towards the little grave and moaned: "I haven't always been able to pay my rent, and have lived among strangers all my life. I have always thought that was hard, and oh, it is hard! But it is harder to bury my Adelaide here, to leave her here in an unmarked grave in the Potter's Field. I am afraid I shall not know where she is laid."

I thought it would be very hard for me to lay my little girl in a pauper's grave. I said to myself, "I will never bury a child in a pauper's grave again as long as I live."

On the next Sunday I told the story before my Sunday school, and, although they were all poor children, we raised money and bought a lot of our own in which a hundred children could be buried. Before I could get the deed, another heart-broken mother came and said: "Mr. Moody, my little girl died today. Can I bury her in that lot?"

She asked me if I would go to the funeral, and say a few words, and bury her. I said I would. I well remember the first burial in that lot. The little grave was dug under an oak tree.

When we came to lay the child in it, I asked the mother: "What was the name of your little girl?"

"Emma," she said.

That was the name of my own little girl, my only daughter. Do you think I could not grieve, that I could not weep and sympathize?

In a little while, another mother came. Her little boy had died, and she wanted to bury him in that lot. We made a grave close to Emma's grave. After making a few remarks, I turned to the mother and said, "What was the name of your boy?"

"Willie," she said.

That was the name of my only boy at that time. So strange that the first two little bodies let down into those graves should bear the names of my two dear ones. Do you think I could not weep with that mother, that I did not have compassion, and that my heart did not ache for her?

Soon after, I went to Europe. I was gone a year and a half, and when I returned to Chicago, one of the first things I did was go to that cemetery. The lot was filled with little graves. I have often said that I should like to be buried there with those little ones, and when my Master comes, and they rise to meet Him, I should like to go up with them.


Have you got compassion yourself? Don't you think there's need of it? Ought we not to cultivate it? Oh, my friends, what conception can you form of the compassion of Jesus? He knows what human nature is. He knows what poor, weak, frail mortals we are, and how prone we are to sin. He will have compassion upon you; He will reach out His tender hand and touch you as He did the poor leper. You will know the touch of His loving hand, for there is virtue and sympathy in it. *"He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities; and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea"* (Micah 7:19).





PARDONED

After 22 years, Steve Linscott's record is finally clear.

Illinois Governor George Ryan pardoned three men on Thursday, December 19 who had been wrongly convicted of murder, including Steve Linscott. Steve was a student at Emmaus Bible School in October 1980 when he was convicted of murdering a young Oak Park nursing student. Two days after the body of Karen Anne Phillips was found raped, beaten and strangled, Linscott told Oak Park police that he had had a dream about a woman being beaten to death.

 Police and prosecutors later claimed Linscott's recounting of the dream was his way of confessing his guilt and the discrepancies between the crime and the dream were his way of distancing himself from it.

 In 1982, a jury convicted him and he was sentenced to 40 years in prison. Twice the Illinois Appellate Court set aside the conviction, once because of what it described as insufficient evidence and a second time for prosecutorial misconduct.

 In 1992, DNA tests failed to link Linscott to the crime and the charges were dropped. Now 48 and a counselor for abused children in Springfield, Illinois Linscott said the pardon brought him "deep satisfaction."

Steve and Lois, his wife of nearly 26 years fellowship at Grace Bible Chapel in Springfield, IL.

—*ChicagoTribune*



TABERNACLE in the WILDERNESS

Discover New Testament truths about the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ through the details of this intricately designed House of God. A large scale model of the Tabernacle will be displayed to enhance an in-depth study with Jim Comte (Barrie, ON). Dates: Saturday, January 18, 20-24 each night at 7:45. Sundays January 19 and 26 at 11:15 and 6:30. The meetings will be held in Greenwood Gospel Chapel (949 Greenwood Ave., Toronto ON).

For more information, please call: Claude Riggs
416-444-4821 or 416-406-0002

50th ANNIVERSARY

The saints of Bethany Chapel, Winchester, ON, are planning to cel-

ebate their 50th year of the Lord's faithful blessings. They invite all who have shared with them in this work to attend and recount your memories. They plan to gather to give God praise Saturday evening, February 1, 2003 and during an open-house on Sunday afternoon, February 2, 2003. For further information or if unable to attend, please share your anecdotes with: Stephen MacDonald at 613-984-2722

Malcolm Clark 613-821-287 or malcolmaclark@hotmail.com

SOUTHEASTERN WORKERS' CONFERENCE

The Southeastern Workers' Conference is scheduled to be held at Bethany Bible Chapel in Conway, SC on February 18 and 19, 2003. The invited speakers include: Mike

Attwood, Alan Parks, Sam Thorpe, and Jeff Johnson. For a full conference schedule or further information, please contact:

John Taylor at 336-454-4927

HOLIDAY CONFERENCE

The saints at Holiday Gospel Assembly are happy to announce their annual Winter Bible Conference to be held on February 21 and 22, 2003 in Holiday, FL.

In the will of the Lord, speakers expected are: J. B. Nicholson Jr. (MI) and Bill Gustafson (GA). The theme of the conference will be "Believers in a Changing World." The conference will convene on Friday evening from 7:30 to 9:00 PM and Saturday from 10:00 AM to 3:00 PM. Dinner will be served at noon on Saturday.

For further information, contact:

Lee Cappiello at 727-8454572
email: elijacap@innet.com

Pray that the conference will be a blessing for those attending and that there will be a harvest of precious souls won to the Lord Jesus Christ.

MEN'S RETREAT

Camp Iroquoia will hold a one-day men's retreat on Saturday, March 8th. Tom Taylor will be the speaker. Overnight accomodations will be available on Friday and Saturday.

For further information please call Jim Sushereba at 570-967-2577.

COUPLE'S CONFERENCE

Dan Smith (Dubuque, IA) will be the speaker for a special couples' conference to be held, Lord willing, on March 21-22, 2003 at America's Keswick in Whiting, NJ. Topics to be addressed: "Effective Communication in Marriage," "Transparency and Spiritual Intimacy," "The War with the World: Avoiding Cultural Pitfalls," and "Commitment and Contentment." Cost: \$140 per couple. This conference is open to married couples of all ages. Limited registration. For more information and details, contact:

Mark Kolchin
mkolchin@att.net
P. O. Box 305
Lanoka Harbor, NJ 08734
www.knowtheword.com

48th DALLAS AREA CONF.

The 48th Dallas Area Conference is scheduled for April 11-13, Lord

willing. William Yuille and Craig Sutherland will be ministering the Word. The meetings will be held at Wheatland Bible Chapel (1303 W. Wheatland Road, Duncanville, TX).

For information contact:
John Daniels at 972-424-9889
jandmdaniels@msn.com

CHICAGO AREA CONFERENCE

The Chicago area Spring Conference will be held, Lord willing, April 25-27at the Palos Hills Christian Assembly (10600 South 88th Ave., Palos Hills IL). Speakers expected are Doug Kazen, Arnot McAntee, and J. B. Nicholson. Special sessions will be held for children. Ccontact:

Robert Fiebig at 708-448-2552

WORKERS' & ELDERS' CONF.

The Ontario Workers' and Elders' conference is scheduled to be held May 6 through 8 at Scottlea Bible Chapel in St. Catharines, ON. The invited speakers are Don Norbie (CO) and Steve Hulshizer (PA). All are welcome to attend. You might consider coming as a group from your local assembly. Encourage young men to attend. Contact Patrick Long at: pbl@msc.on.ca

STUDIES in JOHN

Monthly Bible Studies on the Gospel of John are planned at Hope-dale Bible Chapel (342 Sherin Dr., Oakville, ON) 9:00 until noon. Below is a list of dates, topics and speakers:

February 15 Upper Room Ministry
Randy Amos

March 15 Crucifixion Scenes
Jim Paul

April 12 Post-Resurrection
Appearances

W. H. Burnett 905-634-6345
wh.burnett@sympatico.ca
Tapes are available from:
hw.allison @sympatico.ca

VESSELS OF HONOR 2003

A Young Adult's Conference convened by East Tulsa Bible Chapel is scheduled to be held on the campus of Baker University, Baldwin City, Kansas, May 23-26, 2003.

The theme for Vessels of Honor 2003 will be "Broken Vessels." General session speakers are: David Dunlap, Warren Henderson and Harold Summers. Seminar speakers, along with the general session speakers, will be Craig Rolinger, Nancy Rolinger, Bill Wortman, Keith Trevolt, and Steve Price. Contact:

Jim Lindamood at 918-663-1121
jimlindamood@vesselsofhonor.org
Dan Moffitt at 918-744-6484
danmoffit@juno.com

WORD ALIVE in WINNIPEG

Several assemblies in the Winnipeg, MB, area are again hosting the following ministry-intensive weekends, including a Youth Rally on Friday evening, an all-day seminar on Saturday and, along with the host assembly's regular Sunday morning meetings, an inter-assembly gospel meeting on Sunday evening:

Feb. 28-March 2 James McCarthy
March 28-30 Michael Attwood

Submitting Announcements to FRONTLINES

Announcements for FRONTLINES should be received by *Uplook* magazine at least three months prior to the event. It may be submitted in a variety of ways:

E-mail: frontlines@uplook.org Fax: 616-456-5522
Mail: PO Box 2041, Grand Rapids, MI 49501

Operation Asia

For the adventure of a lifetime while fulfilling life's greatest purpose, consider joining or financially supporting a group of young men as they backpack into a remote region of S. E. Asia in the spring of 2003 to distribute the Word. "That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations" (Ps. 67:2). Brethren, Pray for us!

For info, contact Ross McIntee at rjmcintee@juno.com

In the U. S.:

Crossroads Bible Fellowship
c/o 27 Watchman Court
Rochester, NY 14624
Phone: (585) 429- 5435

In Canada:

Thorold South Gospel Chapel
c/o 195 Woodside Drive
St. Catharines, ON L2T 1X8
Phone: (905) 684- 6772

Gifts should be made out to "Operation Asia." A tax deductible receipt will be provided.



For more information or to arrange accommodations, contact:

Ron Hampton at 204-669-6026
hampton@mts.net

PARK OF THE PALMS

Park of the Palms in Keystone Heights, FL is a Christian retirement community and conference center. The following is a list of the scheduled speakers for 2003:

Jan. 31-February 7	Ken Daughters
February 8-14	Fred Hartman
February 15-21	James Ayers
February 22-28	Daniel Smith
March 1-7	Alan Parks
March 8-14	Peter Colon

Conference accommodations are available as well as duplexes for sale. For more information:

Park of the Palms
706 Palms Circle
Keystone Heights, FL 32656-8016
Phone: 352-473-4926
E-mail: pop@techcomm.net

COMMENDATION

John Ford

Brother John Ford has been serving the Lord locally in since coming into fellowship a year ago at Bethany Gospel Chapel (Newport News, VA)

with effective ministry—giving encouragement to the saints from the platform as well as in their homes. He has also been active in teaching Bible at a local Christian school as his academic training was devoted to this area of education.

Brother Ford has a desire to help assemblies in other areas to grow through the preaching of the Word as the Lord may lead. He is currently involved in itinerant ministry work.

On behalf of the saints in Newport News, the elders commend John Ford to an extended itinerant ministry of encouraging saints as the Lord leads.

HOMECALL

Edwin Ridley

On Thursday Dec. 12th, 2002, our brother Edwin Ridley, age 88, peacefully breathed his last and was welcomed home to the Place he longed to be, by the Savior he longed to see. The saints at Hope Bible Chapel, formerly Mountain Brook Bible Chapel (Birmingham, AL) are thankful to the Lord for the many years of our brother's protective care of the flock. Please keep his lifetime companion and helpmate Dollye in your prayers, as well as the assembly.

www.yourassembly.com

Many assemblies are using the internet to communicate with those in fellowship as well as a means of reaching out to the community. Most include such information as a statement of faith, schedule of regular meetings, announcements of upcoming special events, explanation of New Testament church principles, and gospel outreach. If your assembly is thinking of developing a website, perhaps you will get helpful hints and ideas by visiting some of the sites that we have been apprised of:

Hillview Bible Chapel

Cupertino, CA

Grace Bible Chapel

San Jose, CA

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Blazing for Him in Jerusalem

The story behind the story

International news sources were quick to report the story in late July of the terrorist bombing that took place in the Frank Sinatra Cafeteria on the campus of The Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Seven people—five of them American—were killed and thirty-one more were wounded. A few days later, two other victims died of injuries. The Hamas organization claimed their attack on these innocent civilians was their way of striking back at Israelis for executing one of its high-ranking leaders who was planning a magaterror attack in Israel.

What the media failed to highlight was that among the wounded were three devout Christians from South Korea. Their wives were a constant presence in the hospitals and bore radiant testimonies to their faith before doctors and hospital personnel. At one point, a group of Christian young people visited the men, sang Christian songs of encouragement, and prayed for their recovery. Their devotion deeply impressed the other patients and hospital staff.

Among other injuries, the men suffered severe burns. You Kad Song is married and has a 3-year-old son; Juan Son Dal is the father of a 5-year-old son and a 1-year-old daughter; Zeng Se Ho is married and has a daughter.

CLEANSING the VILLAGE

On November 28 a missile was fired by terrorists at an Israeli charter jet. Missing its target, the missile landed but failed to explode on a maize and cassava farm in Bwag-amoyo village near Kenya's seaside city of Mombasa. Villagers consider this a bad omen, and fear that if they eat crops from the farm without hold-

ing cleansing rituals, they may contract incurable diseases and the women will give birth to deformed babies. On December 21, traditionalists slaughtered an unblemished black ram and sprinkled its blood around the area "to cleanse the village of the demons." African traditions say the black color helps to suppress perceived omens. —CNS News

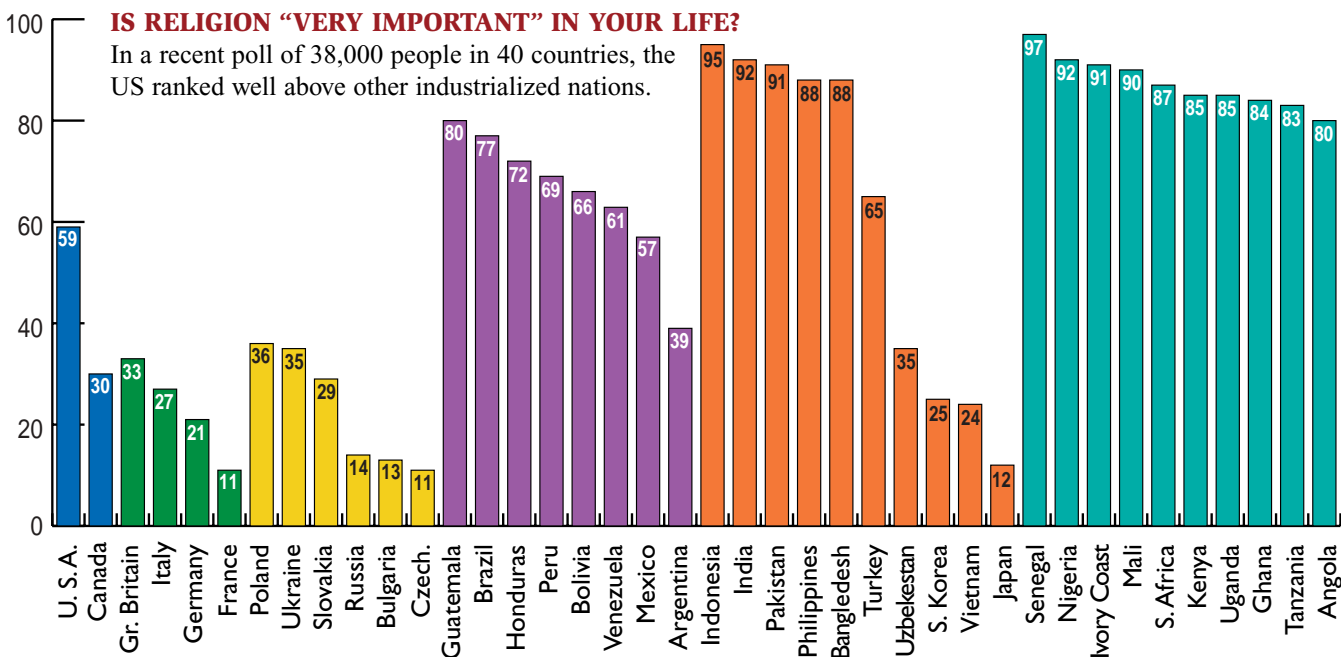
HOPE for CHINA?

The U. S. Assistant Secretary of State for Democracy, Human Rights and Labor Affairs, completed high-level talks in Beijing with Chinese officials in late December. According to reports, China has agreed to meet the leaders of the U. S. Commission of Religious Freedom in the spring.

—Mission Network News

IS RELIGION "VERY IMPORTANT" IN YOUR LIFE?

In a recent poll of 38,000 people in 40 countries, the US ranked well above other industrialized nations.



The Fellowship of Tears

And the tears of Jesus are the tears of Jehovah

The word “*Jesus wept.*” More wonderful words than these are nowhere to be found in Scripture. The verb translated “*wept*” is unique in its employment here, not found elsewhere. Literally it is, “*Jesus shed tears.*” These were tears of sympathy with the bereaved—heaven’s gems sparkling on the cheeks of Emmanuel, God with us, revealing to mankind the heart of the Eternal.

The Lord stood by the tomb where a loved and only brother had been laid, and where two brokenhearted sisters mourned him. Could He not have prevented this sorrow? Yes. Could He have not come earlier and robbed death of its triumph? Yes.

But this sorrow was permitted for the glory of God. In one sense the words of the sisters were true: “Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died!” Death cannot abide His presence. Here, then, we find it clearly taught that God permits death and sorrow to come upon His loved ones that He may be glorified thereby. This is a fact worthy of deep pondering.


Had Lazarus not died these words would never have been written, “*Jesus shed tears.*” Had Lazarus not died, these silent witnesses to the anguish that tore the Saviour’s heart in view of human loss and sorrow would never have flowed. Had Lazarus not died this special revelation of the heart of God would have never been granted to men to support them in the hour of anguish and sorrow. The death of Lazarus has enriched the race with a vision of God, the glory of which can only be discerned through tear-dimmed eyes.

These sisters had seen the Lord Jesus often. They had ministered to His wants. They had listened to His words. They loved to welcome Him to their home and to gaze upon His face. He brought the sunshine of heaven with Him, and diffused its peace around. They rejoiced with Him, and He rejoiced with them. He touched them in their joy; can He touch them also in

their sorrow? They had seen that face radiant with holy joy; they must see it likewise clouded with anguish and behold the teardrops coursing down. Thus would He teach them, and us, how to “*rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep*” (Rom. 12:15).

We reach a common bond in the brotherhood of tears. I weep with my brother at morn; he weeps with me before nightfall. May the tears of the Son of God at the tomb of Lazarus not appeal to our hearts in vain! He has placed a holy dignity upon tears. The tears of the Lord at this time are all the more wonderful as we contemplate the fact that He knew He was about to raise Lazarus from the dead and restore him to these sisters and thrill their hearts with an unexpected joy. Not for them alone, therefore, were these tears shed. They were shed to assure our hearts that He sees and understands and sympathizes with us.

Of nothing are we better assured from Scripture than that the Lord is still able to enter into the sorrows of His people, as He did during the days of His flesh, to sympathize with them in bereavement, and to send them divine succor from on high. To this very end did He suffer when here below. “*Wherefore in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest....*” (Heb. 2:17).

The words of the angels to the disciples after His ascension were: “*This same Jesus...*” (Acts 1:11). He sits upon the throne of God, having been absent in person from our world for more than two thousand years, but these words prove that He is still unchanged, that He abides the “*same Jesus.*” True it is that He now is where tears can never flow. But the compassion that caused Him to shed tears in the days of His flesh remains unchanged, and by the Spirit He draws near to assure our hearts of His divine sympathy. 



Is the Lord a Wilderness to You?

He really wants an answer!

In the first of Jehovah's messages through Jeremiah, the tender-hearted prophet, and recorded in Jeremiah 2, there are a number of touching questions: "What is wrong in Me?" (v. 5); "Why not inquire of Me?" (v. 6); "The priests ignore Me, why?" (v. 8); "Is there any nation so whimsical as you?" (v. 11); "Why do you act as a spoiled servant?" (v. 14); "Why have you forsaken Me?" (v. 17); "Why do you hanker after Egypt?" (v. 18), etc. The whole of the message is a series of challenging and searching queries. But surely none are so pointed and full of meaning as "Have I become a wilderness unto Israel?" (v. 31). The Lord a wilderness to His redeemed ones?

Repeatedly we find in the sacred records that graphic phrase, "all that great and terrible wilderness" (e.g., Deut. 1:19), by which an attempt was made to describe the dreary places Israel had to traverse in their desert journeys. A wilderness is an undesirable place where no one cares to be. Is it not tragic to find suggested here the possibility of the Desire of Nations, the Altogether Lovely One, the Chiefest among Ten Thousand, becoming unattractive and undesired? Yet such is the inference.

One of the surest and safest proofs of a growth in grace is an ever-increasing appreciation of the finished work and the glories and beauties of the Lord. Trusting in the Lord should speedily lead to "Delight thyself also in the Lord" (Ps. 37:3). What a suggestive order is to be noticed there. "Trust" then "do good"; not "do good" and then "trust." No, faith first; then works. But be sure to "do good" after trusting. "Trust in the Lord, and feed on His faithfulness" (RV). That is important. As I ponder and nourish my soul on the faithfulness of God, I soon, very soon, will begin to "delight [my]self also in the Lord." That means goodbye to the wilderness view of Christ. The wilderness becomes a garden of delights.

The saddest fact of all is that He had become as a

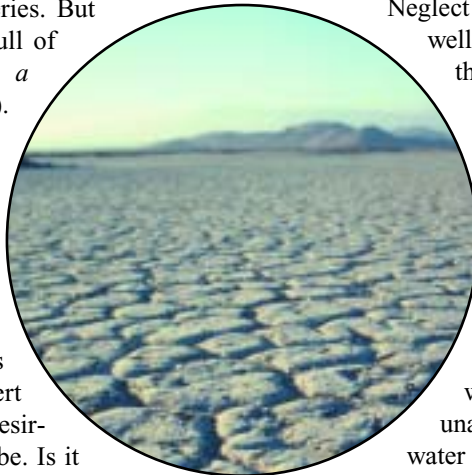
wilderness to many of His redeemed ones. Israel stood in that relationship. Not only had they in Egypt passed under the blood for safety, but through the Red Sea for deliverance. He had given them the land flowing with milk and honey for an inheritance. What more could He have done? Though punctilious in the performance of their religious duties, they had become empty formalists, missing and losing the Lord even in His own sanctuary.

Neglect is the parent of desert lives. Only too well do we know that the less we pray, the less inclined we become to pray; the less we read the Bible, the less we desire it; and the more we neglect the Holy Book and prayer, the less we desire the Lord, and the further we drift away. Neglecting the daily and devotional study of the Scriptures, and spending less and less time in private prayer, the Lord becomes as a wilderness to us—nothing but a dry, unattractive, and thirsty land where no water is.

But wilderness places can blossom again. The wilderness and the solitary place can become places of gladness, and the desert can rejoice and blossom as the rose. One stanza old Dr. Tauler wrote, and it would be well for us to offer it as a prayer to our Lord and Saviour, as follows:

*As the rose amid the briars
Fresh and fair is found,
Heedless of the tangled thicket,
And the thorns around;
As the sunflower ever turning
To the mighty sun,
With the faithfulness of fealty
Following only One—
SO MAKE ME, LORD, TO THEE!*

In this way we will practically enjoy these two blessed realities: "That in all things He might have the pre-eminence." "That Christ may be all in all."



Another Look at Him

When nothing else will stir us, He will.

Why?

E. M. Govan

You ask me why I see no charm nor glory
In this world's pleasures, or its wealth and fame?
And why I love that Galilean story
Of One who died upon a cross of shame?
It is because my soul hath known its sinning,
The grief and darkness of that cry undone,
And at that cross has found a new beginning,
Life through the death of that dear dying One.

You ask me why I find no rest or gladness
In paths where selfish ease would while my hours?
And why I toil where hearts in bitter sadness
Lie crushed beneath sin's fierce o'erwhelming powers?
It is because I know life's thread is slender,
But one short hour, one little stretch of road,
Then yearns my heart with love divinely tender,
To seek the lost and bring them home to God.

You ask me why, what gifts I have, what graces,
Are poured an offering at His holy feet,
And why I brave the cold contemptuous faces
Of those who love this world and find it sweet;
It is because I see a distant morning
When stand God's sons around His jasper throne;
I see bright crowns those holy brows adorning,
And I, too, long to hear my Lord's "Well done."

*A page
from the new
release, What
a Friend We
Have in Jesus.
Includes 70
essays and
poems on the
Person and work
of Christ.*

Sorrow and Gladness

He will have pre-eminence in both.

How deeply touching are the words of our Lord Jesus: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful" (Mt. 26:38). We do well to meditate upon them, because while our hearts overflow with praise as we recall what He has done, our spirits are subdued; and while we exult in all the blessing that He has secured for us, we are humbled as we remember what it cost Him. We approach this hallowed spot with unshod feet and with reverent hearts. Leaving the upper room, the blessed Lord, accompanied by the eleven, went to Gethsemane. There He said, "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder" (v. 36). That was a spot beyond their reach, beyond their understanding. Then He took three who seemed to be a little

nearer than the others, but to them He said, "Tarry ye here...and He went a little farther" (vv. 38-39). They had reached the utmost limit, just as we do when we meditate upon His sorrow, and we seem to hear a voice saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther."

We are reminded of the beautiful picture in Genesis 22 where Abraham went to offer up Isaac. On the third day, he "saw the place afar off," and "said unto his young men, Abide ye here... while I and the lad will go yonder...And they went both of them together" (vv. 4-7). Then came Isaac's question and the father's answer; once more we read: "So they went both of them together" (vv. 7-8).

The Sweetener of Marah's Waters

Fanny J. Crosby



Not always on the mountain
The sweetest flowers we find,
But sometimes in the valley,
With cypress branches twined.
We see their buds unclosing,
Their blossoms bending low,
A hallowed fragrance breathing
Where Marah's waters flow.

O valley of submission,
Where once the Son of God,
Our precious, loving Saviour,
In lonely silence trod.
And when our hearts are breaking,
To Him we there may go,
Assured that He is nearest,
Where Marah's waters flow.

O valley of submission,
Where, leaning on His breast,
We tell Him all our sorrow,
And feel the calm of rest.
Tho' oft He gently leads us,
Where verdant pastures grow
His Mercy shines the brightest
Where Marah's waters flow.

In the garden, the Father and the Son “went both of Them together.” The Son was “*exceeding sorrowful*,” and if the disciples so little entered into it that they slept, the Father knew it. But oh, His love! If, in the perfection of His holiness, He shrank from the cup, in the perfection of His obedience He took it, and, at the cross in the perfection of His love He “drained the last dark drop.”

Precious Saviour, we worship Thee! Sorrowing saint, are you crushed and overwhelmed with grief? He was “*exceeding sorrowful*.” Is the cup that has been pressed to your lips bitter? Never could a cup be as bitter as that which the Father placed in His hand. Today you have at your service everything that you need in the One who for your sake was “*exceeding sorrowful*.”

In Psalm 21:6, we see the answer: “*Thou hast made Him exceeding glad with Thy countenance*.” We follow Him from the garden of Gethsemane through “death’s dark vale,” on to resurrection triumph. We look up to the throne of God and see Him there with “*a crown of pure gold on His head*” (v. 3), and with “*honor and majesty laid upon Him*” (v. 5). We see Him set there to be “*blessings forever*” (v. 6, marg.). All this is the result of His having been “*exceeding sorrowful*,” and, as He surveys it, He is “*exceeding glad*.” “*Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning*” (Ps. 30:5). His night of weeping has ended, and He has entered upon the morning of everlasting joy.

We could have no part in His sorrow. Alone He had to bear that, and, blessed be His name, He did bear it. It is our happy privilege, however, to be sharers of His joy. How He delights to share that with us! Yet His joy is always the greatest. If we find joy in being gathered together around Him, and we feel like the disciples of whom it is recorded, “*Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord*” (Jn. 20:20), His joy in having us near Him is even greater. If our joy will be unspeakable when He comes for us and takes us to be with Him in the Father’s House, His joy will be infinitely greater. He shall present us “*faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy*” (Jude 24). The Father has so ordered things that “*in all things He might have the preeminence*” (Col. 1:18). He was pre-eminent in sorrow in the garden and on the cross, even as in His pathway He was “*a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief*” (Isa. 53:3). Yet He is also pre-eminent in the gladness that fills His heart today. And He will be pre-eminent in the joy that shall be His in the coming day of glory, a joy He shall share with His own. ☉



The Only Face She Saw

The story is told of one of the generals of Cyrus the Great, king of Persia. He came home from a campaign and was shocked to find that in his absence his wife had been arrested and was languishing in prison, charged with treachery against her country. Her trial was to be held that very day. The general hastened to the court of Cyrus, and the guards brought in his own beloved wife.

She, poor woman, pale and anxious, tried to answer the charges brought against her, but all to no avail. Her husband, standing near, heard the stern voice of the Persian ruler pronounce the death sentence. As they were about to drag her away to behead her, he ran forward and threw himself down at the feet of the Emperor.

“Oh, sire,” he cried, “not she, but me. Let me give my life for hers. Put me to death, but spare my wife.”

As Cyrus looked upon him, he was so touched by his deep devotion to his wife that his heart was softened. He remembered, too, how faithful this servant had been, and he gave the command that the wife should go free. She was fully pardoned.

As her husband led her out of the room, he said to her, “Did you notice the kind look in the eyes of the Emperor as he pronounced the word of pardon?”

“I did not see the face of the Emperor,” she said. “The only face that I could see was that of the man who was willing to die for me.”

Oh, when we get Home, when we see the face of the Man who did die for us, how our hearts will praise Him! How we will rejoice in His presence as we say, “*The Son of God...loved me, and, gave Himself for me.*”

—H. A. Ironside

RICH ARE THE

WHO ELSE DO YOU KNOW

AS SAVIOUR/SACRIFICE

AS HIGH PRIEST

- Apostle (Heb. 3:1)
- Arm of the Lord (Isa. 53:1)
- Author and Finisher of faith (Heb. 12:2)
 - of eternal salvation (Heb. 5:9)
- Bishop of your souls (1 Pet. 2:25)
- Bridegroom (Mt. 9:15; Jn. 3:29; Rev. 21:9)
- Captain of our salvation (Heb. 2:12; Josh. 5:4?)
- Deliverer (Rom. 11:26)
- First Begotten (Firstborn from) of the Dead (Rev. 1:5)
- Firstborn among many brethren (Rom. 8:29)
- Firstfruits of them that slept (1 Cor. 15:20, 23)
- Head of the Body, the Church (Col. 1:18)
- Lamb of God (Jn. 1:29; 1 Pet 1:19; Rev. 5:6)
- Peace, our (Eph. 2:14)
- Prophet (Acts 3:22-23)
 - Great P. (Lk. 7:16; 24:19)
- Propitiation (1 Jn. 2:2; 4:10)
- Ransom (1 Tim. 2:6)
- Redeemer (Isa. 59:20; 60:16; 1 Cor. 1:30)
- Resurrection & the Life (Jn. 11:25)
- Righteousness (Jer. 23:6; 33:16; 1 Cor. 1:30)
- Sacrifice (Eph. 5:2)
- Sanctification (1 Cor. 1:30)
- Saviour [of the world] (Lk. 1:47; 2:11; 1 Jn. 4:14)
- Advocate (1 Jn. 2:1)
- Anchor (Heb. 6:19)
- Comforter (Isa. 61:2; Jn. 14:16)
- Forerunner (Heb. 6:20)
- Great High Priest (Heb. 4:14)
- Intercessor (Heb. 7:25)
- Mediator (1 Tim. 2:5)
- Minister of the Sanctuary (Heb. 8:2)
- Offering (Eph. 5:2; Heb. 10:10);
- Shepherd & Bishop of souls (1 Pet. 2:25)
 - Chief S. (1 Pet. 5:4)
 - Good S. (Jn. 10:11, 14)
 - Great S. (Heb. 13:20)
- Surety (Heb. 7:22)
- Testator of the New Covenant (Heb. 9:15-17)



OFFICES HE BEARS

WHO CAN DO EVERYTHING AND CAN DO IT EXACTLY RIGHT?

AS MAKER/INHERITOR

- All & in All (Col. 3:11)
- Beginning of the creation of God (Rev. 3:14)
- Creator of all things (Col. 1:16)
- Father of Eternity (Isa. 9:6)
- Firstborn of every creature (Col. 1:15)
- Head of all principality & power (Col. 2:10)
- Heir of all things (Heb. 1:2)
- Second Man (1 Cor. 15:47)

***“Behold, the Lion of the tribe of
Juda...hath prevailed...And I
beheld...a Lamb
as it had been
slain”*** (Rev. 5:5-6).



AS JUDGE/RULER

- Almighty (Rev. 1:8)
- Blessed and only Potentate (1 Tim. 6:15)
- Desire of all nations (Hag. 2:7)
- Governor (Mt. 2:6)
- Righteous Judge (2 Tim. 4:8)
- King (Zech. 14:16)
 - K. of glory (Ps. 24:10)
 - K. of Israel (Mt. 27:42; Jn. 1:49)
 - K. of the Jews (Mt. 2:2; Mk. 15:2)
 - K. of kings (Rev. 17:14; 19:16)
 - K. of peace (Heb. 7:2)
 - K. of righteousness (Heb. 7:2)
 - K. of saints (Rev. 15:3)
- Lawgiver (Isa. 33:22)
- Lion of the tribe of Judah (Rev. 5:5)
- Messiah (Dan. 9:25; Jn. 1:41; 4:25)
- Prince [& a Saviour] (Acts 3:15; 5:31)
 - P. of Peace (Isa. 9:6; 2 Thess. 3:16)
 - P. of the kings of the earth (Rev. 1:5)
- Lord of [over] all (Acts 10:36; Rom. 10:12)
 - L. of both the dead & the living (Rom. 14:9)
 - L. of glory (1 Cor. 2:8).
 - L. of lords (Rev. 19:16)
 - L. of Peace (2 Thess. 3:16)
 - L. of the harvest (Mt. 9:38)

The Joy of the Way to Calvary

He found joy even in this!

The way from Pilate's judgment seat to Calvary has been called the *Via Dolorosa*—the way of pain. If by that is meant that it was a way whose every step might well evoke our tears, whose simple record should renew and deepen our sorrow, the name is appropriate enough. But if the name be used to express the mind of Jesus, if it be His sorrow we have in view, its insight is at fault, and its use bestows no honor on Jesus. It is due to the Romish taint which has infected our thinking and fastened our eyes on the physical sufferings of the cross, forgetful of what the reticence of the Gospels and the triumph of the Epistles might have taught us—the radiant victory of the spirit over the flesh.

Jesus has been called the Man of Sorrows—outside the New Testament. The nearest approach in the Gospels to that name (which may mislead us if we are not careful) is the mention of the ignorant and mistaken conception that He was the prophet Jeremiah, a misconception Jesus at once brushes aside. The truth is that, in most of its aspects, Jesus lived a singularly joyous life. The most careless reader cannot escape feeling the calm and serenity of His words, and the perfect peace which pervades His life.

"Contentment" may express the high attainment of Paul, but it is too mean a word to apply to the life of Jesus; He had abounding joys. The silence that dwells among the lonely hills, the shadows on the Lake of Galilee, the array of the lilies, the glory of the grass of the field spoke to Him with a voice which no poet's ear ever heard. His delights were with the sons of men.

When we think of His incarnation, a shadow falls on our spirits as its humiliation forces itself upon us, but we forget the eager will behind it, which made its narrow limits a constant joy. His youth in Nazareth... was a time of the leaping pulse and eager desire. His poverty—of which we, in our ignorance of an Eastern life, and our gluttony for ignoble comfort, have made too much—gave Him an unburdened life. "A man's life," He said, "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth... Take no thought for the morrow." Ah! when we understand the sources of joy, when we penetrate the secret of Jesus, we realize that, despite His loneliness and separateness in His higher experi-

Detail from "The Crucifixion" by Jan Styka



ences, despite the burden of men's sins and sorrows, and despite the last awful hour on the cross, no human heart ever thrilled with a joy to match that of Jesus.

When we regard Him closely as He passes up to Calvary, we find that from the depths of His joy a stream is flowing which cannot be quenched. Then we understand why He could say to His disciples, as He stood on the threshold of the agony of Gethsemane, and felt the very shadow of the cross: "These things have I spoken unto you that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

Look at Jesus now as He walks the way to Calvary! The night—that searching and disciplining night for all who remained awake through its eventful hours—had passed away. Its festal joy and discerning love had found relief in the high priest's prayer after the supper. Its sleepless envy and craven fear have issued in the pitiless deeds of the courtyard and judgment seat.

Now the morning has ushered in the great day. Simon bears His cross, and now He is going forward to the last deed of all. A high elation is on His spirit, and a rush and surge of joyous feeling over mastering pain and quenching sorrow, swells in His heart. The wail of the women of Jerusalem breaks on His ear. He stops and turns, because He will not have them misunderstand Him, and give a false accompaniment to His

crowning act. He chides them for their tears. The joys of sense have been taken from Him; of all the joys that man can take away, He has been bereaved. But He has the joys of the Spirit. He has His deep delight in spiritual things. And it was that inner, spiritual, eternal joy, welling up out of His victorious spirit, which made the way to Calvary an uplifting triumph.

Let us think about this joy of Jesus on the way to Calvary. Let us, under God's spirit, be guided into its knowledge and possession for so must we enter into His joy and so that our joy may be full.

The first source of Christ's joy lay in His SINLESSNESS. The great depth of the Old Testament Scripture is the judgment of God. His laws and ordinances are the marvel of the mind and heart. But the great depth of the New Testament is the sinlessness of Jesus. For all these centuries men have been plumbing it with the sounding lead of their speculation, and they have failed to fathom it. His words and deeds have been examined, tested, compared, and their spotless moral beauty has been made the more clear. "*Which man convinceth Me of sin?*" is the unanswered challenge of Christ. Today He stands unique; the one moral phenomenon, the one virgin life lived among men. When we contemplate the sinlessness of Jesus, it is as if we were looking up into the deep fathomless blue of heaven.

Of this joy of sinlessness you and I know nothing. The one fact, common to us all, is that we have sinned. But by our bitter experience we can faintly conceive what the lack of may be. We have come to the hour of rest with the burden and shame of sin weighing down our hearts. We have awakened in the morning with the gnawing of remorse. We have felt the hot blush at the recollection of iniquities. We know how yet, at times, impulses of rebellion riot within us. And at all these times our joy is quenched. But when we have known ourselves purged from our iniquities, when we have cast out some lurking sin, when we have overcome and have put some temptation under our feet, then we have known the ministry of angels, and we have stood on the margin of Christ's joy.

But how meanly do these experiences image Christ's joy in His unspotted righteousness! Think of a conscience which had no accusing voice; of a spirit which had no burden of personal guilt; of a heart that never hungered after shameful wrong. Think of a soul that lived in the unclouded sunshine of the presence of God—so that no tears of shame for sin ever stained His cheek, and no broken, penitent prayer was ever on His

lips. Now try to conceive the deep joy of a sinlessness like that. The happy, laughing innocence of a sunny child, compared to it, is but a world of shadows broken by light. As He goes to His cross, the sense of a life of sinlessness makes sunshine in His heart. As He goes upward to Calvary, the consciousness of a past of which He could say, "*I do always those things that please Him,*" and of a present whose difficult obedience He was fulfilling, is throbbing within Him, and He will not have even woman's tears misinterpret the rapture of His spirit. "*Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness; therefore, God, Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows.*"

Another source of Christ's joy lay in His SERVICE AND SACRIFICE. The idea of the joy of service, and of service which reaches to sacrifice, is commonly known. Yet how few of us believe it in our heart of hearts. The whole course of the conduct of men declares that it is when a man sits in state while other men serve him, when he receives abundant adulation, then his joy is full. Experience will not teach us the folly of it. The plainest evidence will not change this fleshly faith. Yet the truth is this—that it is in the hour of consecration to holy service, in the days of heroic self-denial, in the doing of the deed in which life itself is laid down, we experience that joy to which all others are but as poppies spread.

The soldiers who made the wild charge, and galloped into the jaws of death, had a deep joy in their obedience, such as they never know in the shelter of the bivouac. The man who has climbed the steep of a lonely sacrifice has an exquisite joy no words can express. There is one relationship in life which, as all of you can understand, calls supremely for service and sacrifice. That is motherhood. No one can compute the cost of the days and nights of waiting and watching, and the years of sacrifice a mother gives. But who will compute her joy in it all?

And when Jesus will tell His disciples how their service and sacrifice, wrought out in sorrow, will yield them joy, He has no higher image than the mother's joy in her sacrifice for her child. "*A woman, when she is in travail, hath sorrow, because her hour is come, but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more her anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.*" Has not your own experience brought this home to you? When you have accepted the burdens of your home; when you have gone down to the help of

the needy, the sick, the poor, and the dying; when you made that sacrifice that left its mark on your life, you found a wellspring of joy, which has been a solace for almost every sorrow.

Think, then, what must have been Christ's joy in His HOLY SERVICE, IN HIS GREAT SACRIFICE. The joys of heaven did not so dilate His heart as the joy of the hour of His leaving them behind. The singing of the angels was only the sign of the joy of His spirit. And in every hour of His consecration, in every deed by which He made the children glad, or wiped away the tears of those who mourned, or healed the sick who were brought to Him, in every step forward towards His goal, He entered into His deep delight in spiritual things. And so, if you can realize it, this joy in His service and sacrifice was consummated on the way to Calvary.

In one way the day of the cross is the darkest, saddest, most tragic in the world's history. Yet it was the day of Christ's highest joy. As He goes up the way of weeping—spent, forsaken, marked for death—these women of Jerusalem lamented Him. He turned and looked upon them, and the triumph-song broke from His lips, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me..." For He was going to the deed which crowned His life, He was accomplishing the purpose of His heart, He was on the threshold of His highest service and sacrifice, and His joy was almost full.

Ah, brethren, if you have ever felt the deep joy of making some poor wasted heart glad, if you have known the leaping of the spirit when some abandoned life has been saved from shame, if you have known the thrill when you have led some child to Christ, you can begin to realize what must have been the spiritual delight of the Son of God in that day when He died to set His people free.

The source of Christ's joy, I suggest, was His deep delight in the spiritual attainments of men. I venture to call this joy in the holiness and sanctification of men the highest of all, because it is the most spiritual and the most enduring. It is the joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth. All great and Godlike souls have found this supreme joy in the spiritual well-being of others. It is Moses who prays that his name shall be blotted out of God's Book, rather than that His people Israel shall be cast away. It is Jonathan, that most captivating saint of the Old Testament, who can find his noblest joy in strengthening David's hand in God. It is Paul—great Paul—who cries: "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they may be saved...I could wish myself accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." The man among us who has his deepest delight in the spiritual attainment of men, has pierced the secret of Jesus, will find a tireless energy in His service, can catch the throb of the holy passion in



It's back! WORDS of PEACE

Several assemblies were left looking for something to use for gospel distribution in the neighborhood when WORDS OF PEACE stopped publication. In answer to several requests, Tim Johnson has begun printing this inexpensive monthly gospel leaflet. Simply done with clear gospel messages, quantities are available and can be imprinted with local information. Contact can be made through the Uplook office. Ask for samples.

Phone 616-456-9166 Fax 616-456-5522 Email hazel@uplook.org



the words of Christ: *“These things have I spoken unto you that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy may be full,”* and can understand the elation of His spirit as He goes onward to His cross.

There is an incident in the life of Jesus that shows Him to us discriminating between the different joys that are possible to believing men. When the disciples returned from their tour in Galilee, they came to Him with joy, exclaiming that even the devils were subject to them. And Christ rejoiced with them. Yet, because He knew the subtle danger of all such sensational spiritual work, He said: *“Notwithstanding, in this rejoice not that the spirits are subject to you, but rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven.”* Then we read: *“In that hour Jesus Himself rejoiced in spirit, and said: I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.”* There is thus the joy in the triumph of spiritual work, and the joy in the assurance of the mercy of God, and the joy in the knowledge of the spiritual attainments of men. This joy is highest of all.

This was the joy that made the bright days of His life. The pity of it is that He passed so many wintry days—that so often He would have blessed men, but they would not. When the rich young ruler went away sorrowful, he left a still more sorrowful heart behind him. When Christ beheld the city that did not know the day of its visitation, He wept. When Judas went out, and it was night, and shut the door of mercy upon himself, he shadowed Christ’s longing heart.


But Jesus had hours of joy. When Andrew and John sought Him, and sat all night at His feet; when Matthew left his custom-box to follow Him; when Zaccheus’ long-bound heart burst within him Jesus entered into His joy. When the woman of Samaria drank of the water of life, He had meat to eat that the world knew not of. When the woman who was a sinner came behind and kissed His feet, and wiped them with her hair, Simon’s bread lay untasted on the table. And when Mary’s oil was poured upon Him, His joy was full—for He saw within a woman’s soul the beauty of His own grace reflected. He saw the will of God done on earth as it is done in heaven.

And now, as He sees the beams which shall make His cross, as He is fulfilling the eternal sacrifice, as He

is within a few hours of the moment when He shall cry, *“It is finished,”* and then go home, His joy is greater than human heart can conceive. What word could have been more suitable on His lips to these compassionate daughters of Jerusalem, what word is to be spoken yet to men among us who dwell overmuch on the sorrows of the way, but *“Weep not for Me”*? The joy in the spiritual well-being of men still throbs in the human heart that beats on the throne of God.

He still *“sees of the travail of His soul”* and is satisfied. Not only when He saw Peter’s impulsive soul chastened into steadfast strength; not only when He saw John’s fiery heart glowing with love; not only when He saw Thomas’s doubting spirit strengthened in faith; but today when He sees our faces turned towards Him, when He sees us laying aside all malice, and all guile, and all hypocrisies, and envies and evil speaking; when He sees us overcoming by faith. This is *“the joy set before Him,”* for which He endured the cross and despised the shame, the joy which shall be fulfilled, *“when all the ransomed Church of God is saved to sin no more.”*

He ennobles all the pure joys of earth. But He continually tells us that these are not the highest possible to the spirit of a man. He tells us that these are the joys which may be taken away. The highest joy—the joy He would have remain in you—is this deep delight in spiritual things which throbbed in His heart on the way to Calvary.

Into that joy we enter as He entered. We cannot have the joy of sinlessness. But we can possess that joy which, for guilty, sin-stained men, corresponds to it—the joy of pardon, of peace with God, of complete surrender to His will. We can have the joy of service and sacrifice. The world around us is stretching out its withered hands to be healed, its empty hearts to be filled. And we can have that purest, holiest joy, into which no subtle selfishness enters, in the spiritual well-being of men. These made the joy of the way to Calvary. As we enter into this joy of Jesus we shall find it quenching all desire for base and degrading pleasures, fitting us for our solemn hours of trial, satisfying our spirits in the years when all other delights may pall, and preparing us for that hour of awakening in His presence. It is a blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, an earnest of the pleasures which are at God’s right hand for evermore. 

The Master Key

It can unlock the heart of every believer.

I have found the Master Key of Heaven that unlocks everything: C.H.R.I.S.T.

Yes, I know it is an old story; but, oh, the newness of its wonders!

Recently, I went on a tour for the Lord in the north of England. To me it has been a series of miracles of the love of Christ. Perhaps part of the wonder is that northern English people never seem to display their feelings. But my Master Key unlocked every heart.


Once I rather doubted its power. It was at a morning service, and the faces were as carved out of granite. But I tried my Master Key, and was amazed at its power—the hand-grip, the moist eyes, the smile struggling to the surface, all told that each heart had been opened! At another time, two once-bitter rivals met, and at the close gripped each other's hands for the first time in twelve years.

This Master Key also unlocked to me the untouched unity of God's great family. Everywhere I was with my own people. The idea of differences seemed absurd and profane. We were all so absolutely one in Christ, and that independently of all labels which we didn't even trouble to make clear.

But this marvel not only unlocked all hearts, but all houses from the highest to the lowest—from mansions of ancient splendor to little houses in long rows and small streets, where dear members of the Royal Family lived. The Master Key not only unlocked the door of these, but the best bedrooms, turning sometimes master and mistress out of them, all for the love of an adorable Lord.

It unlocked all purses, too, for nothing was too good for those that came in His dear Name. In two wealthy abodes, I thought it was some old link of friendship that opened the doors; but soon found that the love of Christ was the real main-spring. The widow of one of our merchant princes never failed to come to the squalid, crowded hall and sit on a hard bench to catch something of the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon.

This Master Key unlocked all classes, all races, all ages, all conditions of men, in an absolute Spirit-formed unity. But, oh, the faces! How can I describe the sight night after night when, at a certain point in the address, I used the Master Key! It was just as when the lights are turned on in a hall. The



*Lift up Christ and
He will do the
drawing to
Himself*

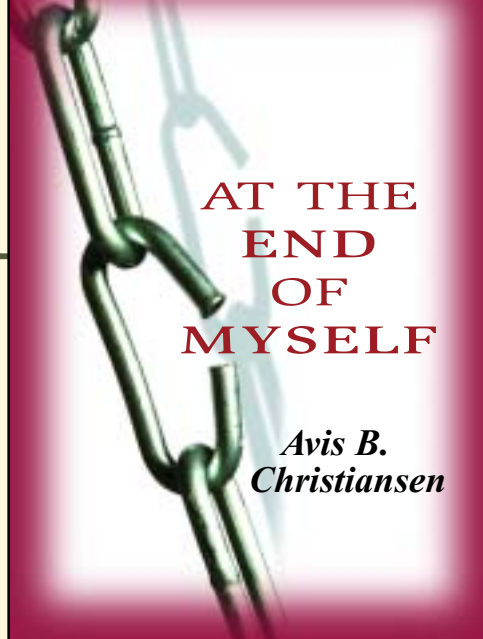
*"And I, if I am lifted up from the earth, will
draw all peoples to Myself" (Jn. 12:32, NKJ).*

whole sea of faces became radiant with joy. The subject when the sudden change was most visible was “The Lord’s parousia.” To me it was not the “path of the just” but the faces of the just that were as the light of the dawn; and I could see that all the faces were looking for *“that blessed hope.”*

The Master Key also unlocks all love. Having to leave our car in the north for a long all-day journey south, we carefully arranged all our trains to correspond. But it was all in vain, for our second train was cancelled. We didn’t know, but God did, and the night before had opened the heart of an entire stranger with this Key. We never thought to see him again, but as we stepped into the first train, he was in the same car! Not only so, but when we found at his destination that our second train was cancelled, he carried our luggage for us; told us of another train from another station that would reach our destination at same time; packed all our things in a taxi and sent it off, and all was well; for the Master Key had opened this stranger’s heart, and goodness and mercy had followed us all that day.

Have I said enough of the real, warm family feeling among all sorts and conditions of men never seen before?

Many of the dear homes we entered were adorned with framed texts of Scripture. These always remind me of the old lady in Devonshire, formerly a nurse’s aide in a war hospital, to whom a grateful French officer presented a beautifully engraved paper as a memento. She thought so much of it that she framed it and hung it up in her room, till at last a friend saw it and explained it was a French banknote for £400. So she took it down, put her name to it, and cashed it. I sometimes wonder if all these beautiful framed checks that hang on our walls have been signed and cashed by their owners! ☪



At the end of myself—
 ’Tis there, Lord, I find
 The fullness of heavenly grace;
 The hand that uplifts,
 When all others have failed,
 The strength that upholds,
 When the foe has assailed;
 The love that enfolds
 When the last hope has paled—
 ’Tis there, Lord, I see Thy blest face.

At the end of myself—
 With no haven in sight,
 Alone on a wild, seething sea;
 ’Tis there, on the billows
 I glimpse Thy blest form,
 That stills the wild breakers
 And quiets the storm.
 With Thee on my side
 I need feel no alarm,
 Sweet peace is Thy portion to me.

At the end of myself—
 What matters it, Lord,
 If all earthly comforts should flee?
 If only I find
 At the close of the day,
 When life’s futile pleasures
 Have vanished away,
 Thy smile, as before Thee
 My trophies I lay—
 What matters if I have but Thee?

The Name Above Every Name

They tell me that He is far better than even His own promises.

A new movement in the world always has to frame new words and phrases in which to express itself. This law of human nature is operative today. Physical inventions and discoveries have created a host of strange terms to correspond. We were compelled to coin fresh words which our ancestors never heard of, before we could discourse about automobiles and submarines and airplanes. For new wine demands new bottles; and whenever the vintage ripens and the winepress fills, the bottles are not lacking.

The same thing occurs still more conspicuously in times of revival. Pentecost has this sure sign and sequel that men began to speak with new tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. They employ old phrases in a fresh sense, they take common words and put them to nobler uses and transfigure them with holier meaning.

As soon as Christian faith spread abroad and rooted itself in heathen soil, its genius borrowed and adapted the language of its new home. The early Gentile converts did what the converts in our modern mission fields are constantly doing. They converted secular words to Christian uses....

This may be illustrated by two examples of the use of words not, in a technical sense, theological. In the Acts of the Apostles we find that the earliest Christians often spoke of their faith simply as "*the Way*." Our Lord had set them an example when He said, "*Narrow is the Way*." He Himself was a new and living Way. And so we read of the Way of God, the Way of truth, the

Way of salvation, until this term becomes a kind of synonym for Christianity. The Pharisee Saul's commission said that if he found "*any of the Way*" he should bring them bound to Jerusalem, and in after years he confessed, "*I persecuted this Way unto the death*"....

Yet another and more striking example of primitive Christian dialect appears in the habit which the early Christian disciples acquired of referring to "*the Name*" as though that word stood for the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. The New Testament commonly designates our Lord either as Jesus, the Saviour, or as Christ, the Sent of God. After the resurrection these were often combined into one appellation.

But again and again we read how they preached concerning the Name. They were forbidden to speak to any man in this Name. Yet speak they must, for "*there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved*" (Acts 4:12). Many believed on His Name and had life through His Name and were baptized in His Name. They gathered together for worship in His Name, and therefore with His Presence among them. When they offered a prayer, or gave a cup of cold water, or received a little child, it was in the Lord's Name. Whatsoever they did, in word or deed, they did all in the Name of the Lord Jesus. To name that Name was to depart from iniquity.

This characteristic formula of the early Church was more than an accident. Some, indeed, would ascribe it to the influence of ancient magic, which held that a god




or demon was present whenever his name was duly uttered in an invocation. But no student of Scripture can fail to recognize in this primitive Christian usage the imitation of a far earlier Jewish habit of speech.

In the Old Testament the Name of the Lord is mentioned almost as often as the Lord Himself. For an overpowering reverence had gathered round the sacred Hebrew name of Almighty God. The Jews came to treat it as a mystery, too awful to be spoken aloud. It was so high above every name that the rabbis shrank from pronouncing its syllables. They substituted a feebler word in its place. In ordinary Jewish speech "*the Name*" came to be used as an equivalent for Jehovah.

Thus it was not by accident that the Christians fell into the custom of treating the Name of Jesus the Messiah in the same fashion as their fathers had treated the ineffable, unutterable Name of Jehovah. It bears witness to the way in which those early disciples instinctively thought of Him. For them, His Name is above every name because they beheld heaven opened and Jesus in the midst of the throne of God...

All generations of believers have proven its strange, unearthly attraction, its enduring permanence, its mighty and miraculous power. For such disciples as these, their faith is expressed in the Name of Jesus Christ, their love is centered upon Him. In every age there are multitudes of simple-hearted folk, the aged and little children, the humble and heavy-laden and the poor, to whom science is dumb and nature is dark and criticism is foolishness, who find in the Lord Jesus Himself all and more than all they need.

Not in empty words do such Christians testify to the sufficiency of their Saviour and the supremacy of His Name. They tell us that He is far better than even His own promises. They declare that they know Him as they cannot know their dearest earthly friends. In Him all the longings of the soul find their fruition, all losses have their compensation, all the ills and griefs of life have their cure.

To the worshippers of Jesus Christ His Name is far above every name that is named in this world or in that which is to come because His Life is above every life, and His Love above every love, and His Passion above every passion. Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto His Sorrow. His Sacrifice is above every sacrifice, His Victory above every victory. Therefore "*at the name of Jesus every knee should bow...and...every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father*" (Phil. 2:10-11). 

MY TREASURE

Philip Doddridge



Jesus! I love Thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth should hear!

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust:
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee most richly meet:
Nor to my eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath:
Then speechless clasp Thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.



The Incomparable Son

Climb the Hill of Frankincense with this author.

he Lord Jesus Christ dominates the Scriptures as the sun dominates our solar system. As the Eternal Son, He acts through creation and history. As the virgin's Son, He joins the stream of our race, the tributary destined to unite the currents of Jew and Gentile, and to divide our river into two courses: one flowing with ever-increasing depth to the ocean of everlasting love; the other flowing darkly, a torrent of unbelief and enmity, to be swallowed up at last in the Saharan sands of the second death.

No article, no book, no library, no university can contain the infinite treasure of the revelation of God in His Son. Indeed the world itself cannot contain the books about Him that should be written. He is the master *Theme* of prophecy; He is the *Source* of the music of the Psalms; He is the *Judge*, administering the holy, righteous law; He is the *Hero* of the Gospels; He is the *Authority* of the Acts; He is the *Subject* of the Epistles; He is the enthroned *Lamb* and glorious *Lord* of the Revelation. Alas! He is also the despised and

rejected Saviour of the world; the disobeyed Head of the Church; the Perfect Guest wounded in the house of His friends; the long-absent King, who will suddenly return to take account of His servants.

To escape being overwhelmed by the exceeding riches of the grace of God, we concentrate attention on a few of the words in the Epistle to the Hebrews. With the exception of the First Epistle of John, all the other Epistles begin with a man: Paul, Peter, James, Jude. Hebrews begins with the greatest word in any language—God. But immediately associated with Him is His Son so that far from being terrified by the awe-full word, we are delighted by the assurance that the Son is the Father's Heir, demonstrating His power; the Father's radiance, expressing His character; the Father's provided sacrifice, manifesting His mercy, and the Father's Companion at the right hand of His Majesty. Then lest this high estate should be thought comparable with

principalities and powers, the angelic host is revealed, ranked immeasurably far below the Son. He is the Son, they are servants; to Him alone belongs deity. He is the only begotten Son in whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

The writer of this Epistle, skillfully hidden from our sight in the shadow of the Holy Spirit's hand, is enamored with his subject, and as an instructed scribe, he

brings forth from the Scriptures a wealth of comparison and contrast, to be woven into a wonderful revelation of his Lord. He will marshal the men and women of faith in noble array; he will pronounce the most solemn words of warning, but all will be pressed into the service of the Incomparable Son, to whom he frequently refers without title in deepest reverence as Jesus, teaching us that in that solitary word is all the grandeur belonging to the name of God.

"We see Jesus!" (2:9) he cries, after a disappointing glance at a world which fallen man has spoiled. From

man—the monarch who has lost his crown—he turns to the One who, laying aside His native glory, is found in human fashion that He may become representative Man, and as a supreme act of sacrifice, taste death for His fellows and fulfill His name, "Jehovah the Saviour."

To this basic sight, the eyes of faith repeatedly return; it is the first sight of faith on earth; it will be the central sight of heaven, "*A Lamb as it had been slain.*" Oh! satisfying sight; the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest to make propitiation for the sins of His people.

This is He who has passed into the heavens, "*Jesus the Son of God*" (4:14), able to sympathize, having triumphed over all temptation. With such a Mediator, we are urged to hold fast our confession. With such a Man in such a place, with such evidences of His perfect

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love, how can we let it go? “Hold Him fast!” cried traitorous Judas to the soldiers in the Garden. “Hold Him fast!” is the burden of this Epistle to the Hebrews and to us, *“lest at any time we should slip away.”* Then as a safeguard against reliance on our own resources, we read: *“We might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: which hope we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus”* (6:18-20). The feeble grasp of faith has gripped the mighty promise, which like an anchor holds beyond our sight. It is better there, for it is where He is, attached to Him inseparably. The rains descend, the floods come, the winds blow and beat upon us, but to the obedience of faith there is no overthrow, for none can pluck our hand from His, or His from ours, or either from His Father’s.

To make assurance doubly sure, He has entered into a covenant of grace which is final, eternal, and satisfying because it is sealed by the blood of the Great Shepherd of the sheep. It is based equally on what God and the Man of His right hand have done. *“By so much hath Jesus become a Surety of a better covenant”* (7:22), and He in all His perfections suits our need, for He is *“holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens.”* But more so, if we have been made partakers of this new covenant, then where Sinai failed, Calvary succeeds. The promise is fulfilled: *“I will put My laws into their minds, and write them upon their hearts, and I will be to them a God and they shall be to Me a people.”*

Nor is the work of grace ended yet, since the Father’s heart desires worshippers for His glory, and for the full exercise of their ransomed powers. Therefore *“boldness to enter the holiest by the blood of Jesus”* is granted (10:19). The exclusive privilege of one member of one family of one race has become the inclusive birthright of all the people of God. Each has an abiding place at the mercy-seat by virtue of that sacrifice which not only cancels guilt, but confers the privileges of access and affection (formerly enjoyed only by the Son) upon those of whom He says: *“Behold I and the children whom Thou has given Me.”* Then lest these


blood-bought privileges should be to us only theoretical, we are urged to draw near with a true heart. How can we stay away? What attractions can rival the presence of the Father and the Son?

For a little while there is another parallel phase of experience; for although we have such a privileged place in the heavenlies, we have also responsibilities in

a very different place among the shaken, overturning things of time; yet the secret of the sanctuary is the pledge of victory in every conflict. *“Looking unto Jesus, the Captain and Perfecter of faith”* (12:2). Not short-sightedly peering towards some faint object, but gazing on One who is just ahead, who will never leave us to our own resources; who, having triumphed gloriously, is leading us on through enemies impotent to harm us while we follow obediently in His steps.

The battlefield passes from view, and we are seen on Mount Zion, walking in the city of the living God,

heavenly Jerusalem, graced by an innumerable company of angels, numbered among the general assembly and Church of the Firstborn, in the presence of God our Judge and Justifier, and with Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and His precious blood that has made our peace (12:22–24). This is our Homeland; here we breathe our native air and speak the vernacular of our chosen clan; here we sing the psalms of victory to celebrate the Victor’s fame. On Him our eyes are fastened, for He is altogether lovely; grace has been poured into His lips—they are like lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh; His words contain all the music of David’s harp, all the wisdom of Solomon, the eloquence of Isaiah, and the pathos of Jeremiah. *“Never man so spake,”* for never man so prayed, worked, loved, suffered, died and overcame.

This is our Lord Jesus, who to bring us to His Father and our Father, suffered outside the gate (13:12). And lest the Firstborn should be separated from His brethren, He allows us to share the fellowship of His sufferings, the shame of His cross outside the camp, where His blessed footsteps are so clearly seen. So He prepares us for that moment when we shall be glorified together, and the incomparable Son of God shall see the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied. 

HIS WORDS
CONTAIN ALL
THE MUSIC OF
DAVID’S HARP,
ALL THE
WISDOM OF
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JEREMIAH.

The Inspired Word

My elders and I have been discussing an important matter: To what extent is the Bible crafted in the words of eloquent men “borne along by the Spirit of God,” and to what extent did God select the very words used to express His mind? —Query from Quebec

It was interesting to hear about your discussions with your elders regarding the issue of inspiration. It obviously is a complex matter and in a way has mystery associated with it similar to the Incarnation. Both the living Word and the written Word are the linking of what is both human and divine.

I think we can say in a general way that the whole Word of God is inspired and that it is inspired in every part (verbal plenary inspiration). Thus *“Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away”* (Mt. 24:35). *“And Jesus answered him, saying, It is written, That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God”* (Lk. 4:4). Or see the contrast in the Lord’s High Priestly prayer: *“For I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest Me; and they have received them...I have given them Thy word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world”* (Jn. 17:8, 14). Both the Word and the words are God-given.

This can be seen in Galatians, for instance, where in 3:16 the argument hinges on the word “seed” being singular, not plural. In 4:9 the argument is based on the passive rather than the active voice. There are many other examples of such careful word distinctions.

But specifically how was this done? Here is the point where I think both you and the elders could be right at the same time, but about different passages.

Some sections of Scripture were given by direct dictation: *“Thus saith the Lord...”* There was no creativity needed to simply copy down what the Lord was saying. This sort of inspiration by direct revelation occurs hun-

dreds, maybe thousands of times, in the Bible.

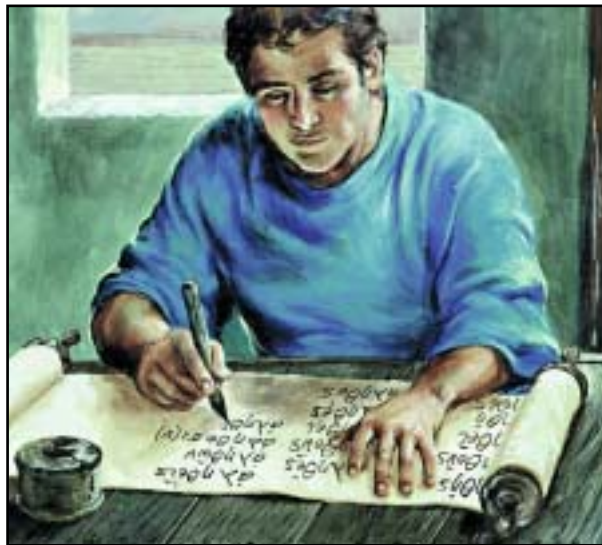
Some passages were given in such a way that when the author was done, he still didn’t know what it meant. An example is Daniel after completing the prophetic section of his book: *“And I heard, but I understood not: then said I, O my Lord, what shall be the end of these things? And he said, Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end”* (12:8-9). So obviously what he wrote was given to him from

heaven in such a way that he understood the words but not the meaning of them.

Then there are some passages that were not inspired at the time of their original writing but became part of the inspired Word when they were quoted in the Bible. The lies of men (for example, David saying that the king’s business required haste—he wasn’t on royal business at all), the words of the devil, quotations from pagan poets and

philosophers (e.g., Acts 17:28; Titus 1:12), and quotes from apocryphal books were not inspired when originally spoken or written but became so when included in the Word—and I believe the authors were *“borne along by the Holy Spirit”* to include these lies, devilish quotes and pagan philosophies, or else they would not be there.

There are also many passages which are evidently the inspired Word but were the result of the Lord picking up a particular instrument to accomplish a specific task. In other words, God used certain men to write certain books because their personality, vocabulary, life experiences, etc., made each one the right man for the job. I’m sure the Lord could have overruled who



New Tribes Mission

they were and how they expressed themselves to say what He wanted to say—He did that with Balaam. But I think we can agree that Peter and Paul and James and John wrote differently and that those differences reflect something about them personally.


When we read Peter's epistles in particular, we see his life experiences coming out on every page. How could Paul have written such a book? He would have to have been constantly referring to Peter's life to explain such words as the stones and the Rock, being "*eyewitnesses of His majesty*" (2 Pet. 1:16) on the holy mount, being as sheep going astray, etc.

So, yes, the men were "*borne along*" by the Holy Spirit. And yes, it is the Word that is God-breathed. And "*every word of God is pure*" (Prov. 30:5). And yet the personalities of the writers peek through their writings. The Book is human and divine, the words of men but the very Word of God.

You are right in carefully stating that the holy men who wrote were Spirit-borne and that the resultant Word is God-breathed. Could God have used any man to write any book? He could have, just as surely as He used Balaam to bless Israel (or his donkey to rebuke the prophet!). But Paul was a "*chosen vessel*" because the Lord thought Paul was the right man for the job in communicating the gospel to the Gentiles.

I appreciate your concern in not asking me to choose between the two positions. It is a similar problem when one brother appears to emphasize Christ's humanity or deity at the expense of the other. He may not mean to do it, may not actually be doing it, but you can understand why brethren get skittish with such important doctrines involved.

So your brethren are concerned about how your ministry is perceived, and want others to think of you as dependable and orthodox. It is possible to say something that is true, but to leave a false or unsettling impression. If I said the Lord Jesus was "unsaved" on the cross, it would be consistent with the verse, "*He saved others; Himself He cannot save*" (Mt. 27:42). There was no ram caught in the thicket to be a substitute for Him. It may be true in a certain sense, but it could be very unsettling to young believers who could misconstrue it. So in speaking about the influence of these authors, we must constantly underline the overriding principle that the process was controlled by God in such a way that every word is the word God would have used if He Himself took pen to paper.

I trust the Lord will give you good discernment as to how you approach this matter and hope these notes will help rather than hinder "*the unity of the faith.*" 

My Beloved Friend

JAMES G. DECK



Oh what is thy Beloved?
They oft inquire of me;
And what in my Beloved
Surpassing fair I see?
Is it the heavenly splendor
In which He shines above?
His riches, and dominions,
That won my heart's best love?

Oh no! 'tis not His glories
He's worthy of them all!
'Tis not the throne and scepter
Before which angels fall!
I view with heart exulting
Each crown His head adorns;
But, oh, He looks most lovely,
Wearing His crown of thorns.

I'm glad to see His raiment
Than snow more spotless white,
Refulgent with its brightness,
More dazzling than the light;
But more surpassing lovely
His form appears to me,
When, stripped and scourged and bleeding,
He hung upon the tree.

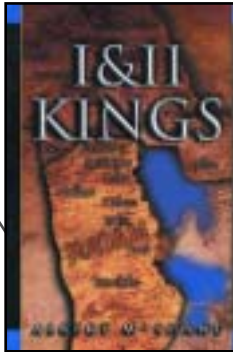
With warmest adoration
I see Him on the throne,
And join the loud hosannas
That His high virtues own;
But, oh, most blessed Jesus,
I must confess to Thee,
More than the throne of glory
I love that sacred tree.

I joy to see the diadems
Upon Thy royal brow;
The state and power and majesty
In which Thou sittest now:
But 'tis Thyself, Lord Jesus,
Makes heaven seem heaven to me,
Thyself as first I knew Thee,
Uplifted on the tree.

Though higher than the highest,
Most mighty King Thou art,
Thy grace, and not Thy greatness
First touched my rebel heart:
Thy sword, it might have slain me,
Thine arrows drunk my blood;
But 'twas Thy cross subdued me,
And won my heart to God.

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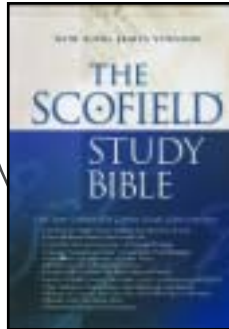


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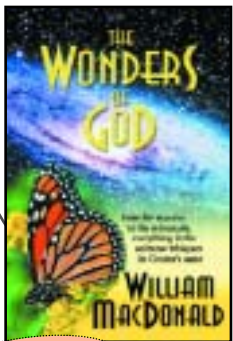
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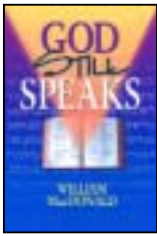
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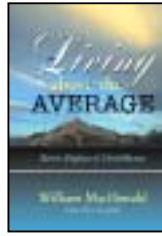
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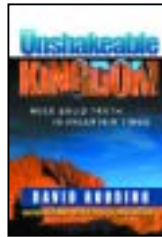
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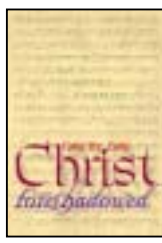
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Here is love, vast as the ocean,
Lovingkindness as the flood,
When the Prince of Life, our Ransom,
Shed for us His precious blood.
Who His love will not remember?
Who can cease to sing His praise?
He can never be forgotten,
Throughout heaven's eternal days.

On the mount of crucifixion,
Fountains opened deep and wide;
Through the floodgates of God's mercy
Flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,
Poured incessant from above,
And heaven's peace and perfect justice
Kissed a guilty world in love.

Let me all Thy love accepting,
Love Thee, ever all my days;
Let me seek Thy kingdom only
And my life be to Thy praise;
Thou alone shalt be my glory,
Nothing in the world I see.
Thou hast cleansed and sanctified me,
Thou Thyself hast set me free.

William Rees (1802-1883), vv. 1, 2
Author Unknown, v. 3;
Wm. Edwards, trans. from Welsh