

# UPLOOK



JUNE 1992

CHRISTIAN HOPE

THE LADDER TO HEAVEN

ARE MISSIONARIES UNBALANCED?

**When the Heart  
Heads Home**





## When the Heart Heads Home

J. B. Nicholson, Jr.

I am sitting in the Senai Airport just outside the city of Jahore Bahru in Malasia. The air is sultry. If I wasn't feeling melancholy (and therefore poetic), I'd say it was merely hot and sticky. The local flora is breathtaking but I do not know the names. I cannot read the signs. I am 10,000 miles from home and it does not help me to know that I cannot get any farther from my loved ones in the U. S.—unless I leave the planet. They are almost exactly on the other side of the world. The Christians here have been very kind. But I do not speak their native tongue and when they speak mine, I must strain to understand. No doubt, they do the same with me.

And their food is so different. It's not that I object to the idea of putting cucumber and raw turnip and pineapple and sour mango and uncooked squid tentacles in a salad, covered with prawn sauce, hot chili pepper and peanuts, but my mouth and my mind have a serious time trying to categorize and file the resulting taste. Mouth and mind are agreed on this one—called rojak (pronounced *ro-ja*). Nothing like this has passed the palate before. Nothing even close. It also seems to be unanimous that it can be a very long time before it happens again.

The truth of it is—I'm homesick. I am not a stranger to travel and I have been homesick before. And when you are homesick, there are only a few things that help.

First, keep busy. Occupation of the mind and body go a long way to keep the soul from pining for home. That's my problem now. I sit waiting for my flight.

Second, when you can't keep the thought away, anticipate the joy of going home. It can be a taste of the real thing.

Third, if you can, call home. Although it's a long way from it, it is the next best thing to being there. Somehow our loved ones seem closer when we can hear their voices, imagine their smiles of surprise.

Really, though, there is only one cure for homesickness. Go home.

Ah, home. My real home. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Heaven—as home. Isn't it a heart-stopping truth that anyone from this rebel-

race of humanity should think of God's home as his own? We—who spoiled His fair creation and (infinitely worse) executed His only Son—we are heaven-bound!

All the power, wisdom, or vaunted goodness of men could never open heaven to us. Only divine grace could find the way; only divine love could afford it. And when our blessed Saviour ascended into heaven, now a real Man, He took our affections captive with Him, for "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." We long for heaven because we long for Him. But more, God sent His Spirit into our hearts to add another mighty strand to the cable that links us to heaven and home. Is it any wonder we cry, "Abba, Father," in expectancy awaiting the return of His Son, our Bridegroom?

Is it possible not to feel at home in a place you have *always* been? It is. And is it possible to be homesick for a place you've *never* been? It certainly is. So what do you do then? Follow the same rules for earthly homesickness: Occupy till He comes; set your mind on things above; and call home as often as you like.

What is our home like? We have only a hint of it. Mostly we are told what heaven is not. I recall being at a children's meeting in Oakland, California where the previous week's topic had been "Heaven." The teacher quizzed the children, "What will be in heaven, and you're glad it's going to be there?" Then, "What will *not* be in heaven and you're glad it's *not* going to be there?"

A little boy in the front row, snuggled into his mother's arm, tentatively half-raised his hand. It was obvious he did not expect to be asked. But the teacher noticed him and haunched down in front of him. "Yes?" he asked tenderly.

If he could, the little fellow pushed himself ever farther into his mother's side. Then, timidly, "There will be no more shyness."

Yes, that's right, my boy. Whatever it is that grips the heart with fear, or the mind with doubt, or the body with pain, or the soul with grief—blessedly it will not be there. Strange, isn't it. The very things that make us long for heaven won't be there.

Home sweet home.



## UPLOOK

(USPS 620-640)

Founded in 1927 as *Look on the Fields*,  
is published eleven times per year by



GOSPEL FOLIO PRESS  
P. O. Box 2041  
Grand Rapids, MI 49501-2041

### POSTMASTER:

Send address changes to:

UPLOOK

P. O. Box 2041

Grand Rapids, MI 49501-2041

**UPLOOK** magazine is intended to encourage the people of God in fidelity to His Word, fervency in intercessory prayer, labors more abundant and love to the Lord. Believing in the practical Headship of Christ and the local autonomy of each assembly, this is not intended to be an official organ of any group or federation of local churches. The editor and authors take responsibility for materials published. For any blessing which accrues from this publication, to God be the glory.

Gospel Folio Press is a tax-exempt corporation looking to the Lord to provide for the needs of this ministry. This magazine is sent freely to those who request it, but evidently is not freely produced. Donations should be made payable to "UPLOOK" and sent to:

U.S. donors:

P.O. Box 2041  
Grand Rapids, MI  
49501-2041

Canadian donors:

P. O. Box 427  
St. Catharines, ON  
L2R 6V9

An official receipt for income tax purposes will be issued.

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Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with all unsolicited material.

ISSN #1055-2642

Printed in the U. S. A.

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# Absentminded

Peter J. Pell

There is a common saying: Some people are so heavenly-minded they are of no earthly good. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Heavenly truth reaches down to the level of earth and tells me how I am to behave myself down here. There is nothing more practical than heavenly truth; it touches every phase of our walk and life in this world and affects all the relationships of life as well.

In Ephesians, we find ourselves in "the heavenlies," which expression is mentioned five times in the epistle. All of our blessings are there; Jesus Christ our Head is there, and we are united to Him as His body. We ourselves are there as made alive with Him, raised up, and made to sit together in the heavenlies in Christ. We are a textbook in which the unseen inhabitants of the heavenlies are to learn the manifold wisdom of God. And, lastly, our conflict is in the heavenlies. For although there are grapes of Eschol for our enjoyment, there are giants to withstand who are seeking to rob us of our inheritance.

One successful attempt of the enemy to rob us of our enjoyment of spiritual blessings is to cause us to walk on a low level, to cease to be heavenly-minded—to mind earthly things—and thus to practically deny our heavenly calling.

Heavenly truth is intensely practical. It touches the tongue of the liar, the hand of the thief, and the heart of the sinner. It bids the man who cared little about telling an untruth to put away lying and speak the truth every man with his neighbor. It addresses the thief and says, "Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth" (Eph. 4:28). It teaches the wife to submit as her Saviour submitted; the husband to sacrificially love; and the children and servants to happily obey. We are to walk in good works; we are to walk worthy of the calling wherewith we are called; we are to walk in love, in light, and in holiness. We are to walk carefully, not as fools but as wise, redeeming the time because the days are evil.

Our good works have no part whatsoever in the securing of salvation, *but* they have an important part in the life of the saved one. At Ephesus,

Paul found a mass of devil-ridden, sin-stained men and women in a spiritual cemetery. After three years of gospel effort in the city, he left behind him a large company of believers in the Lord Jesus Christ of whom he could say, "Ye are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." Let me give you an example of these good works in which we are to walk.

It happened in a steel mill where a believer was employed as a metal worker. His witness for Christ was so clear and decisive that certain of his more vulgar fellow workmen hated him. One day, while he was out for lunch, some of the men took one of his tools, heated it in the furnace until it was white, and then dropped it on the floor. A moment later, the Christian entered the shop, noticed the fallen tool and, stooping, grasped it with his right hand. He dropped it at once, but the shop was filled with the sickening odor of burnt flesh. There was a brief pause. Then, holding up his maimed hand, he quietly said, "Boys, I won't be able to work for a while; I'm going home to ask God's blessing upon you all, and especially upon those of you who did this."

That man was walking in the good works ordained for him long before. Christ had given him the Example, that he should follow His steps. Peter tells us that He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth: Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously" (1 Peter 2:21-23).

God sent His Son into the world to live a life like none other ever lived before Him in order that He might be our Pattern of what heaven is like. We are to be followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor.



*Peter Pell, a brother beloved, was an able minister of the Word. With his brother, William, he labored in the work of Gospel Folio Press. On one occasion, he was introduced as "the man who can't talk for five minutes without speaking about the Lord Jesus."*



## Front Lines

### SPREAD THE WORD BIBLE CONFERENCE

You'll have to act fast to still get in on this conference. It is planned for August 24-30 at Greenwood Hills, Fayetteville, PA. Children under 12 years are free!

For full information, write:  
Spread the Word, Inc.  
2721 Oberlin Drive  
York, PA, 17404

### WESTBROOK'S ANNUAL BIBLE CONFERENCE

Spring Hill Gospel Hall will, God willing, host a Bible conference on October 10th and 11th, 1992. Expected speakers: Doug Kazen (WA) and Donald L. Norbie (CO).



Donald L. Norbie

For information contact:  
Daniel F. Chick  
95 Maple Street  
Westbrook, ME 04092

### CALLED HIGHER

Our esteemed brother William Funston unexpectedly passed away after he went in for a cancer operation. It seems the trauma triggered a massive heart attack. He lingered

on for about 12 days but was called Home in the early hours of April 21. The huge funeral was held on Friday, April 24, at the West Richmond Gospel Hall. Our brother was used of God to influence hundreds of lives as a father, elder, bookstore owner, and leader among assemblies of God's people.

### MOUNT HERMON, CA

The Pacific Coast Christian Conference at Mount Hermon celebrates its 25th Anniversary this year, October 12-16. Speakers will be Mr. Arnot McIntee (ON) and Mr. Elliot Van Ryn (FL). For information write:

Mr. Henry Kamena  
1400 W. 13th Street., Sp. 91  
Upland, CA 91786-2965  
(714) 985-0437

### PRISON WORKERS' CONFERENCE

Forty-five men and women from the U. S. and Canada met February 25-28 at Camp Horizon in Florida. Their common interest lay in the area of prison evangelism and discipleship, primarily through the Emmaus Bible Correspondence courses. Some of those attending were saved in prison and have returned to spread the Good News to the needy souls in our prison systems.

### IN CASE YOU GO TO PRISON

*Spread the Word* is publishing a series of 12-page booklets which are being supplied free of charge to those working with prison inmates by way of correspondence courses. In addition

to presenting the Gospel, the literature addresses frequently asked questions such as: Is Jesus Christ God?; Is the Bible God's Word?; What about Reincarnation?

Write:  
Spread the Word, Inc.  
2721 Oberlin Drive  
York, PA, 17404

### LOOKING AHEAD

It may not be too early to order your Choice Gleanings Calendars for 1993. The 1993 Calendar has a number of noticeable improvements: clearer type, stronger binding and backing, and a more convenient page size. Also available for the first time, for those purchasing a quantity for your assembly is an attractive display unit to hold the calendars on a table in your foyer.

### WHAT THE BIBLE TEACHES IN RUSSIAN

Six Russian language Emmaus courses are now ready for distribution. Fifty thousand copies of *What the Bible Teaches* were shipped to Moscow for distribution by the group going to Russia with brother Rob Lindsted of Wichita, KS. Pray that the seed sown bountifully will also result in a bountiful harvest.

Other courses are presently being prepared in Tamil, Assamese, Uighur, and Estonian.

### HAPPENING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Craig Funston directs two camps at Morning Star, as well as three Vacation Bible Clubs in Heffley Creek, Burns Lake,



## FRONT LINES

and Kamloops. Recently five brethren from Westbank met in Merritt to hand out flyers and tracts in connection with Morning Star Bible Camp. They distributed about 1500 papers. Pray for souls in the Thompson Valley, namely neighbors, parents of Bible camp children, and others which Craig and Gwynne Funston have challenged with the claims of Christ.

Craig Funston had meetings in Montana with Doug Crabb at the end of March. Remember the Crabbs as they serve God in the Whitefish and Kalispell area.

### PARKSIDE RANCH

Richard and Carla Warnholtz value prayer in their full-time camp work at Parkside Ranch, in the province of Quebec. They are also actively involved in the ministry of the local assembly of believers (Cherry River Gospel Chapel).

The ministry at Parkside Ranch was begun by Fred and Jean Warnholtz close to thirty years ago. That work continues to grow. Carla and Richard are the program directors for four two-week camps. The Fall and Spring months usually have weekends booked with youth and family assembly groups. The winter months are just as full as the summer.

Richard & Carla Warnholtz  
1505 ch. Alfred Desrochers,  
RR#2  
Magog, Quebec, Canada  
J1X 3W3

### FEED MY LAMBS

William and Karen Howell at Story Book Lodge Christian Camp near Virginia, MN covet your prayers for the Lord to be glorified during the 11 weeks

of camp that began June 7. In our country, where falling away from the Word of God is all too prevalent, there is encouragement in working with children!

Each new summer camp season brings many 9-year-olds to camp for the first time. Also, many are inviting friends this year so that their camps have filled up faster than ever. Seeking the souls of new ones for the Master is a privilege!

Pray that each soul who comes will find an appointment with the Lord Jesus Christ at camp! Pray for genuine conversions and that the Lord will preserve these new believers as they return home, often to difficult family situations.

### FIRM FOUNDATIONS — CREATION TO CHRIST

Trevor McIlwain with Nancy Everson have carefully crafted a 582-page volume of Bible study materials which lays a solid foundation for the Gospel, beginning from the Old Testa-

ment. The Gospel is presented in all its logic and beauty.

The studies move chronologically, showing how God revealed Himself progressively through Scripture. Beginning in Genesis and ending with the life of Christ, it teaches:

- the attributes of God
- man's sinfulness
- God's hand in history
- the grace of God
- Christ as the Redeemer

If you are leading a Bible study, leading family devotions, home schooling, or just looking for personal Bible study material, this book may be for you. It includes visual aids — a 22x66" chronological chart and three 17x22" maps.

For more information, write:  
New Tribes Mission  
Sanford FL 32771-1487

### THE BATTLE FOR TRUTH

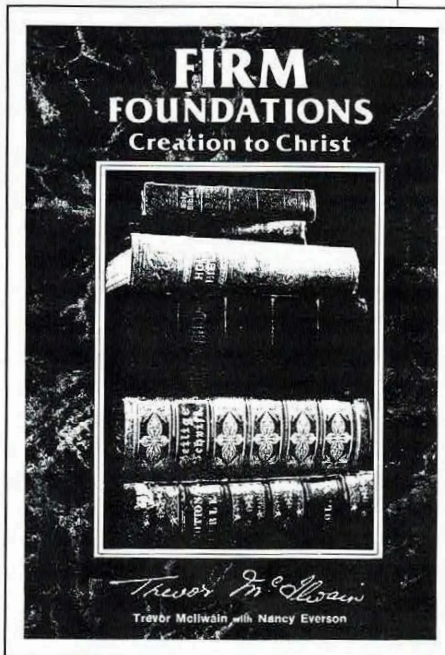
An editorial entitled "TRUTH" in *The Los Angeles Times* noted that "in a contemporary eight-volume encyclopedia of philosophy, 'Truth' has only three lines

— theories on how to talk about it." Yet in the King James Version of the Bible, the word "truth" occurs 235 times. Jesus, who said of Himself, "I am the truth" (John 14:6), is called "the Word of God" (Rev. 19:13)—and He declared, "Thy Word is truth" (John 17:17). It is to God's Word, then, that we must turn to learn of truth.

—*The Berean Call*

### IN THE NEXT ISSUE

We hope to have a report on the recent trip taken by a group of believers to Russia, carrying the love and light of Christ.





# WHAT'S GOING ON?

## News from Around the Globe

### THE MILITANT APPROACH

The assembly in Huesca, Spain, has published 30,000 copies of an *expose* on the cults, featuring the so-called Jehovah's Witnesses, coupled with gospel messages. Perhaps some "Witnesses" will themselves awake! Across Spain, the Russellites have gotten a foothold. The magazine was given to every home in Huesca (population 42,000). Nearby, Ron Young helped cover the city of Barbastro with gospel literature, and it appeared that there was little response. But the "Witnesses" already have a meeting there. How sad! Pray for that city. Perhaps the Lord will lead someone to actually go and live and work to see a testimony established. Imagine 18,000 people without the gospel. Will you pray about it? (Luke 10:2).

### BILL MACDONALD'S COMMENTARY IN ARABIC?

In Alexandria, a brother identified only as "T." is translating Emmaus Courses into Arabic, and has agreed to translate Bill MacDonald's commentary on the New Testament into Arabic.



Wm. MacDonald

Keep brothers like these, who meet in semi-clandestine meetings, in your prayers. There is a lot of government surveillance, informers, harassment, etc., that makes life for a believer in Egypt like living in a pressure cooker. We understand that there are numerous assemblies in Egypt (including perhaps as many as 500 associated with the so-called Grant meetings).

### NEWS FROM AFAR

1992 is a great year for Spain, it is the year of the "Expo" in Seville and the Olympic Games in Barcelona, as well as full membership in the European Economic Community. This last winter, Rick Belles, an elder from Calvary Bible Chapel in San Lorenzo, California, visited Spain. He brought his oldest son Mike. Rick's visit was an eye-opener for him as he saw Roman Catholicism at point blank range, with its temples and idols. Also that month, the assembly in Huesca went to Monzon, about the same size as Barbastro and 15 minutes further away on the same road, and distributed gospel tracts to every home there. It is another resistant area. "Lord, teach us to pray."

### NEW AND EXPLOSIVE

A newly released text from the Dead Sea Scrolls shows that the Jewish scroll writers had the idea of a Messiah who would suffer and die. Orthodox rabbis have contended that the "suffering Messiah" passages of the Old Testament are a Christian misinterpretation, that they ac-

tually describe the sufferings of the Jewish people. Michael Wise, University of Chicago professor of Aramaic, who helped translate the fragments, says, "The idea is new and explosive." Scholars were recently granted free access at the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA (after 40 years of control by scholars working under Jordanian and Israeli auspices) to 3,000 photographs of fragments. —*THE JERUSALEM POST*, 11/16/91

### WHERE ALSO OUR LORD WAS CRUCIFIED

In April, Carl Knott ministered in Israel and Egypt, accompanied by a Spanish brother. The conferences and teaching meetings in the assemblies in Haifa, Nazareth, I'billine, and Jerusalem were arranged by George Khalil, who is serving the Lord in Nazareth, Israel. The ministry centered on assembly truth and life, commitment, the *Bema* of Christ, and the Christian family. George and Ros Khalil handle correspondence courses, a Christian bookstore, and personal work among the assemblies in the area. They have given many Bibles in Russian to the immigrants that are pouring into Israel.

### THE MEDIA IN RUSSIA

The Far East Broadcasting Company has launched a 200-station radio network in Russia, with a weekly 25-minute program having the potential to reach eight out of every 10 homes. FEBC is also moving ahead with a network of stations based in Khabarovsk for a daily



## WHAT'S GOING ON?



90-minute program. The Christian Broadcasting Network of Virginia Beach, VA meanwhile, claims 15 million people recently viewed its program "The Road to Everlasting Love."

### THE MESSAGE THE WORLD LIKES TO HEAR

Robert Schuller, 65, has become the first minister to have a regular religious program (each Sunday at 7 a.m.) on the Ostankino network, formerly the Soviet state network, which broadcasts to 11 commonwealth republics. Ostankino officials estimate the broadcast will be seen by 10 million people each week—five times the number who watch "Hour of Power" in the United States. —ORANGE COUNTY REGISTER, 4/4/92

### IS MIKHAIL SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET DISCIPLE?

Pope John Paul II is promoting Mikhail Gorbachev, whom he considers a "crypto-Christian," to head a new institution designed to speed the integration of Europe. —U.S. NEWS

### ALBANIA STRUGGLES TO GET ON ITS FEET

On March 22, Albania's main opposition party, the Democrats, won two-thirds of the vote in parliamentary elections, ousting the former Communists from power with promises of reform. This impoverished Balkan nation has 3.3 million people. Tirana, Albania's squalid capital of 238,000, has experienced an estimated 70-percent increase in violent crime this year. Women and foreigners are warned not to go out after dark. Mob looting of government warehouses is common. Joblessness and poverty are growing. Outside relief agencies say that without international food donations for at least the next two years, Albanians will starve.

Except for government offices, schools, hospitals, the military and police, and owners of newly privatized shops with barren shelves, few Albanians are working. The government's principal source of income comes from sales of relief goods, largely from Italy. Poverty has

reached levels unparalleled in what has long been Europe's poorest nation. Beggars, mainly Gypsy children and women, aggressively accost foreigners.

—Pulse & NEW YORK TIMES

### DOUBLE DOSE OF DEATH

Despite the efforts of the World Health Organization, some 270 million Africans suffer from malaria, with 800,000 of them dying each year. Malaria kills 10 percent of Senegal's infants, 25 percent of its children aged 1 to 4. Botswana, Swaziland, Zambia, the Comoro Islands, Mauritius, Madagascar, Burundi, and Zaire have all suffered disastrous epidemics.

And AIDS stalks Africa with a fury. Of Uganda's 18 million people, the government says that 1.5 million are infected. Misaeri Kauma, bishop of the Anglican diocese of Namirembe, says 250,000 of the 4 million parishioners in his diocese are infected. The U.S. Agency for International Development thinks that during the 1990's, Sub-Saharan Africa will have 10 million AIDS orphans. By 1996, Malawi will have 300,000 of them.

—Pulse

### TOUCHY ISSUES

Spanish believers hope to arrange a visit by Jim McCarthy to film the interviews and sites that he wants to put in the Spanish version of his video, *Catholicism: Crisis of Faith*. Interviews are hard to come by, but there are two people who are willing, so please pray for this. Lord willing, Dave Hunt, author of *The Cult Explosion*, will come to Spain for the first time in November to have conferences in Madrid, Valladolid, Huesca, and Gerona.



## James W. Clapham

It began as a visit, a brief stop on the journey, and became the labor of his life. James Clapham, a New Zealand school teacher, stopped in what was then called Palestine enroute to Britain. But, like the apostle Paul at Athens, the desperate spiritual need gripped his soul and would not let him go. There had virtually been no New Testament assembly work in the lands of the Bible since the days of Anthony Norris Groves. Clapham resolved to return.

Exceedingly facile with his pen, the former school teacher described his first entrance into Jerusalem in his book, *Palestine—Land of My Adoption*:

"... I join the crowd of pedestrians surging in the direction of the Jaffa Gate.

There is no mistaking the contour of this well-known pile of masonry. Above the venerable archway, green bunches of hyssop, rooted securely between the joints in the wall, look down with benign indifference upon a never-ending stream of human ants, passing and repassing through the right-angled entrance of the gateway.

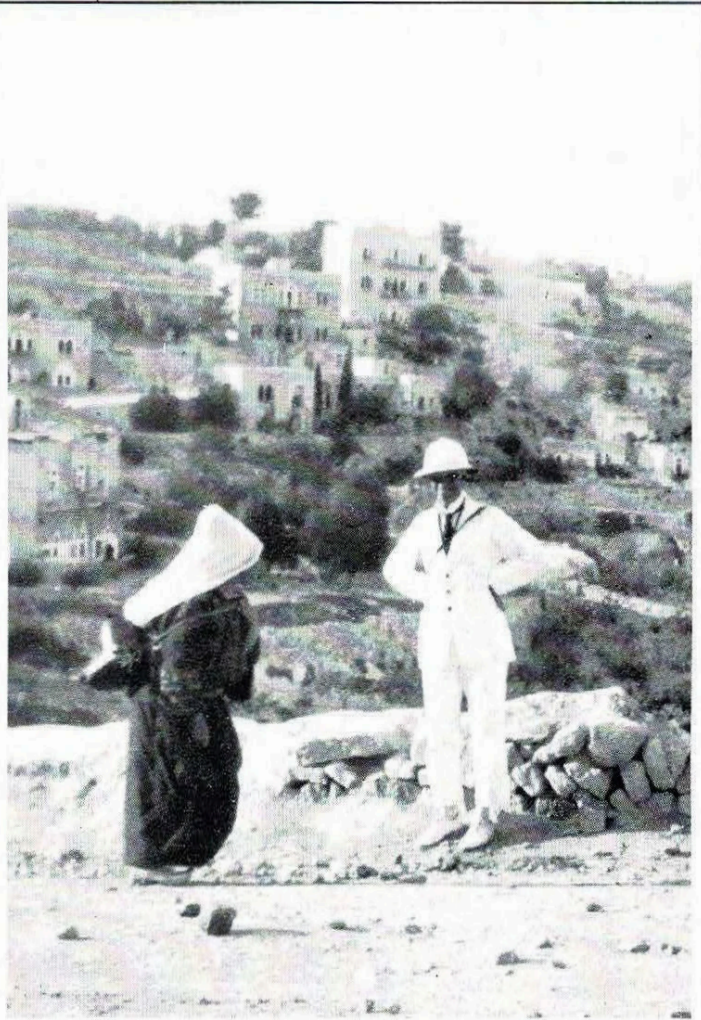
Immediately upon our right, as we enter the city, we are overshadowed by the massive Citadel of David. One of the towers, known in Roman times as Phasaël, is said to be among the few landmarks spared by the victorious Titus after his capture of the city in A.D. 70.

Our eye next alights upon the crowd; for probably never before have we looked upon such a medley of nationalities; inwardly we think of the strange magnetic power of this isolated and non-commercial city which is still able to draw within its walls such an amazing contrast of humanity.

An Arab porter, dressed in sacking, passes us with straddling gait. His thin legs seem as if they might snap beneath his enormous load. With head and shoulders bent low, he cannot see in advance, so cries, mechanically, "Oo-aare," to clear the way. If his load be too burdensome,

his small assistant will walk beside him cursing the client who has cruelly allotted him such a burden.

Here is a party of Orthodox Jews returning from the Wailing Wall. Despite the excessive heat, each is dressed in black, and wears one of those wide furry hats from under which hang the distinguishing side curls, as an indication that they have not marred the "corner of their beards." Dignified and sallow of countenance, we read in their dark eyes hidden fires and thoughts of another



J. W. Clapham has a roadside talk with a woman from Bethlehem



## HEROES

world and age than ours.

"Passing on our right is a group of stately Bedouin, fresh from the desert of Transjordan. They are of the better class. The picturesque head-dress, the flowing robes, the general poise and aquiline features all seem to remind us of the patriarchs. One of the party is outstanding. Evidently a person of rank, he carries a sword in his girdle instead of the usual concealed dagger. He is every inch a man, and knows it. He belongs to a race that has never once, in all its history, bowed before a conqueror.

"The farmers on our left are from Bethlehem or the surrounding villages. They are early birds, these *fellaheen*, and crowd into the city before most people are awake. Their women, conspicuous by their special headdress, are heavily laden with farm produce, while their menfolk drive before them small, nimble donkeys, which they direct to the right or left by smart raps on the neck with a stick. Poor little slim-legged, patient animals! They live out their existence merely for the use, or alas, the misuse, of their thoughtless owners.

"We enter the narrow-stepped Street of David, leading downward from the Citadel area to the Tyropean Valley and heart of the old city. The congestion of pedestrian traffic here is indescribable. A party of docile tourists, led by a voluble guide, partially blocks the stream of traffic. Here come smiling Abyssinians with their frizzy hair and snow-white teeth, their tall, spare figures draped in robes of black. To complete the medley, we pass Greek, Latin, and Armenian priests or monks, dressed in white, brown, or black, according to their respective orders; sisters from the convents, Russian pilgrims (women stranded in Jerusalem since the first World War, and living on a mere pittance from the Church), Egyptians, Syrians, Greeks, Germans, French, Italians, sleek Arab *efendis* with their bright red tarbooshes; beggars, mystics, fanatics, veiled Moslem women, hawkers with sweetmeats upon their heads, and yelling at the top of their voices; all these and others unnamed rubbing shoulders together as they jostle in this narrow street. . .

"Wearied in body, but by no means bored in spirit, we retrace our steps along David Street to our hotel near the Citadel. I fling myself upon a divan, and begin to meditate upon the kaleidoscopic events of the day. We have been permitted to see with our own eyes Jerusalem, the so-called Holy City—this city of mixed religious systems, of

unreasoning fanaticism and fictitious sites; a city where deceit, trickery, and casual indifference, politeness, hospitality and friendly helpfulness exist side by side; where autocracy, democracy, and priestcraft seem equally to prosper. We have had a peep at its narrow streets and its restless throng of humanity, a mere glance at the great exterior; the best and the worst we have not yet seen, and, whatever our impressions may have been, we certainly cannot say we have found this either dull or uninteresting, but the very reverse."

It is evident that the effort involved in finding a copy of this out-of-print volume is richly rewarded. The author lived in the lands of the Bible during some of their most tumultuous years. Of those troubled times, he wrote: "How often, when the midnight air has suddenly echoed to the crack of rifle fire, or the rumble of armored cars, have we committed our respective families to the care of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to prove His present faithfulness in the land."

But James Clapham was no armchair Christian, no theoretical theologian. If there was one thing he loved, it was the Lord's work. And work he did! But he was also, like the apostle Paul, a strategist. While seeking daily to follow the leading of the Spirit, he carefully planned his work and then worked his plan.

We thank the Lord for every true work of God in the Middle East today. Conditions range by country from difficult to almost impossible. We are grateful (and should be prayerful) for every faithful servant of God in these parched and needy lands. However, much of the time and effort is spent in literature distribution, language study, translation work, and personal witness. Clapham thought this all to be good if it led to the establishment of local, indigenous assemblies, where believers could be fed and from which the work of evangelization could reach out.

To this end, brother Clapham sought to see strategic centers reached first. If a stable work could be established there, it could become a beachhead for further expansion. It could also provide more mature teachers as new satellite works were begun.

He was a man who loved others for the Saviour's sake. He loved to visit and his interest in others' welfare provided an open door to many homes. Within a year of arriving in Israel, he had the joy of seeing a small assembly begun at Haifa where the believers met in a small room.



## HEROES

Frederick Tatford (whose book—*The Restless Middle East*, Volume 1 of the series, "That The World May Know"—provided much of the information for this article) notes: "Three Armenians and two Orthodox Jews had been converted and the assembly was composed of various nationalities. Meetings were also held for Muslims. In 1928, there were 39 baptisms at Haifa, and Mr. Clapham, an inveterate traveller, had visited many of the Jewish colonies, the villages around Galilee and Jerusalem, where some believers began meeting in a house. Riots did some harm in 1929, but the assembly held fast."

No doubt, many of the readers of this column have visited Israel and other Middle Eastern lands. However, Mr. Clapham did not spend his evenings at five-star hotels. His baggage included a tent and some basic camping equipment.

In 1929, he moved his base of operations to Jerusalem and began making frequent trips to Jaffa on the coast. By 1930, when he returned to New Zealand for a furlough (and to marry Miss Florence Tweedie who became his faithful co-worker), there were assemblies in Haifa, Jerusalem, Jaffa, and Tel Aviv. The assembly in Haifa had grown by then to sixty in fellowship.

Also in the late 1920s, working with G. H. Lang, brother Clapham saw the establishment of an Armenian assembly in Beirut. The work flourished, not only among the Armenians, but also with the English and Arabic populations. In spite of the horrors of the ongoing war there, and a major exodus from Lebanon in recent years, the work still goes on.

This period of his life also saw the earliest visits to Syria. With the aid of two Armenian brethren, an assembly was started at Aleppo, the great trading center of northern Syria. He also rented a room in Antioch where a Turkish-speaking assembly was born. He also visited Damascus and helped in the meeting there. Of course, this is not to say that he was working alone in all this. There were many who labored with him in the various cities, which he highly commends.

J. W. Clapham also made frequent journeys to Egypt. Dr. Tatford makes this comment about some of his work in that land:

"In 1936, J. W. Clapham paid a visit to Egypt for nearly four months, primarily to discuss the coordination of the Egyptian work with that in Palestine, Syria, and Iraq. He held gospel meetings, reaching 500 people nightly and saw many

brought to the Lord, including a number of hardened criminals. On a later visit with A. Gook in 1951, he had meetings at Nekhela, Kom Sieda, Kom Gareb, Shama, Halagi, Komishgow, Sohag, Mallawi, Abu Rish, Alexandria, and Heliopolis. On an earlier visit, he and H. Mitchell had met with opposition at Sohag and had been physically manhandled and beaten. Life was not always easy, but there was much blessing."

From 1931 to 1947, the Claphams labored tirelessly, primarily along the Levant and in Egypt. But in 1947, they moved their base to Nicosia, Cyprus. Later, in 1953, he spent six months in Istanbul, Turkey and saw a number saved. The converts were baptized in the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmara. And in spite of some official opposition, he saw a small assembly of Greeks and Armenians begun there. Later, he visited Smyrna, Ephesus, Sardis, and Laodicea, but found no response to the gospel.

Much has changed in the Middle East since James Clapham pitched his tent on its soil. But the great change, the change the Church anticipates and the world unknowingly awaits, is still to come. Of this, the New Zealand school teacher turned gospel pioneer wrote:

"Nineteen centuries of dreary winter have slowly spent themselves; but the gnarled old fig tree, storm-threshed, leafless, and bare has life in him yet.

"Again he will strike his root deeper, and spread his branches upward, and flourish in the summer sun. Again he will be clothed with luxuriant growth, and will yield the rich harvest of his choicest fruits. . .

"We are living in momentous days. Palestine is surely putting on her leaves. But leaves are not fruit, and the approach of summer is not summer; for there can be no fruit in Israel in the truest sense of the word, either nationally or individually, without Christ; neither can there be summer till the terrible misrule of the nations has been replaced by the Lord's reign of righteousness and love.

"In spite of all the happenings of the past and present, the Jewish mind is still unrepentant, still blinded towards the Saviour of the world. This national blindness and prejudice nothing but the terrible woes of the Tribulation will ever effectually overcome. Nonetheless we see many interesting signs which bespeak at least the changing of the seasons."



# Christian Hope

**William Marshall**

*Hope, with uplifted foot set free from earth,  
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth;  
On steady wings sails through the immense abyss,  
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,  
And crowning the soul, while yet a mourner here,  
With wreath like those triumphant spirits wear.*

—Cowper

In *"The Pilgrim's Progress,"* the immortal dreamer has led two of his characters through varied experiences, and now at last they stand before the dark river. They addressed themselves to the water, and, entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend, Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head." Then said the other, "Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good." Soon they are safely across, and enter the gates of the Celestial City, "which," says Bunyan, "when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

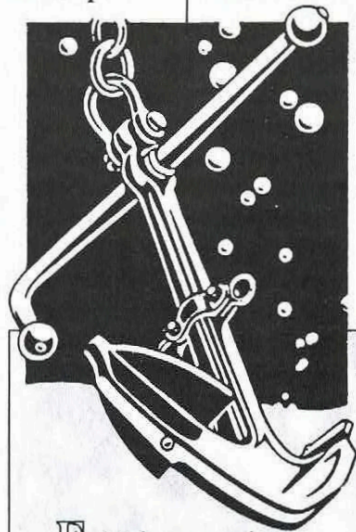
"Now while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance come up to the riverside; but he soon got over, and that without half the difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one Vain-Hope, a ferry-man, that with his boat helped him over . . . When he was come up to the gate . . . he began to knock . . . Then they asked him for his certificate. So he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to Hell, even from the gate of

Heaven."

The hope of some men will cause shame by (a) the weakness of its foundation: "The hypocrite's hope shall perish . . . he shall lean upon his house, but it shall not stand" (Job 8:13-15); (b) the insufficiency of its object: "But the eyes of the wicked shall fail . . . and their hope shall be as the giving up of the ghost" (Job 11:20); (c) the falseness of its assumption: "They were confounded, because they had hoped; they came thither and were ashamed" (Job 6:20). Job had seen much of life and of men, and his voice was thus raised against false hopes.

Our salvation lies in hope (Rom. 8:24). Now, hope has reference to the future, for "hope" that is seen—present and palpable—is not hope. Hope is made up of two elements: an earnest desire for an object, and a confident expectation of obtaining it. In the popular use of the word, however, hope is really only, as McLaren has said, "the reflection of our wishes projected on the screen of the future." When people say, "We hope—," they mean they would like to see the desired thing come to pass, but they are not sure that it will. It would be more correct then for them to say, "We wish—." Wishes do not always bring forth to the birth; but our hope—as Christians—"maketh not ashamed"; it never disappoints us. Christian hope is not a sickly sentiment, but a strong certainty; every human hope is uncertain because of the instability of things around us.

There is a close relationship between faith and hope; they most intimately blend with and support each other. Yet, there are aspects in which they differ, and may be distinguished from each other. Faith appropriates—hope anticipates;



Faith's experience  
of God's faithfulness  
in the present gives  
to hope the  
pigments with which  
to paint the future.  
Hope "tints  
tomorrow with  
prophetic day."



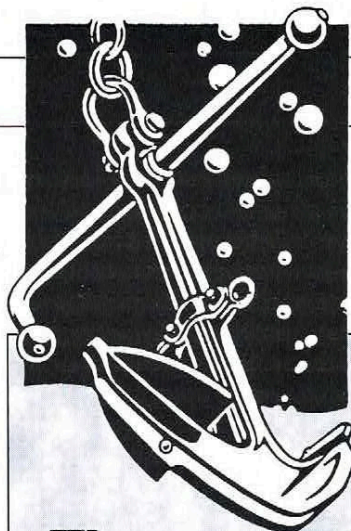
faith looks upward—hope looks forward; faith accepts now—hope expects then. In a word, hope is faith for the future—faith in its prospective attitude. Faith and hope act and react on one another with a reciprocal increase; the more we have of the one, the more we will have of the other. Faith's experience of God's faithfulness in the present gives to hope the pigments with which to paint the future. Hope "tints tomorrow with prophetic day."

Hope has a place in reason; it might almost be said to be the jubilee of reason. The Christian is to give to every man that asks him, a reason for the hope that is in him. Hope is also the parent and nurse of all endeavor, nerving us in the work of faith and labor of love. Hope glances forward and sees love working on in front. There is patience in hope, giving us a sustaining power in a time of waiting. Patience is the very heart of hope.

Hope is what we least can spare; it is the life-blood of the soul. Pliny makes hope the characteristic of a true man. This good wine is what makes us men, that God has "given us good hope through grace"—good as God is good, essentially.

The first thing to be noticed about the nature of Christian hope is the solidity of its basis, which is the Word of God. "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. 11:1). "Substance," here has the meaning of "essence"—that which gives real existence to a thing. The things which, in the succession of time, are still "hoped for," faith brings home to the believer as real facts. Hope is not a castle built in the air; it has a firm foundation in "that by two immutable things (God's Word and God's oath), in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us" (Heb. 6:18).

The writer reaches a point of transition here, as he turns to speak of hope under another aspect:



What a hope-filled  
harbinger and  
guarantee of glory!  
This is our  
spending money  
while we are away  
from home;  
our gold is in  
our trunk at home

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil" (v. 19). The anchor is not mentioned once in the Old Testament. It is distinctively the symbol of Christian hope, for the Law could make nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did. Jesus, our Lord, is now within the veil, and

*Hope has cast her anchor, found her rest  
In the calm, sure haven of His breast.*

The anchor is not in us; it is external to ourselves. It is fixed on the Unseen, firm in its inherent character, and not subject to the fluctuations of the sea of life. The soul is anchored in the upper blue, and we feel the tug on "the cable passed from His heart to ours." We shall come into port grandly, because Christ is the Captain of our salvation.

The second thing we observe as to the nature of Christian hope is the magnificence of its Object—the Son of God. The "Lord Jesus Christ . . . is our hope" (1 Tim. 1:1). Co-

leridge has said, "Hope without an object cannot live." What would we be without Him? Derelicts drifting without anchorage. No substitute for Christ has been brought forward; had He proven false, we would have no other hope. We admit of no other—we are totally committed to Him, and our destiny is irrevocably bound up with His promise. Our hope reposes in Him; He is both the goal and guarantee of futurity.

The two characteristics of Christian hope that I have already mentioned are objective; they lie outside of ourselves. A third characteristic is the fulness of its enjoyment, which is the Spirit of God; this is subjective—brought into our experience.

The Holy Spirit of promise is "the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession" (Eph. 1:14). The earnest, or down payment—the first installment of the incor-



## CHRISTIAN HOPE

ruptible treasure reserved in heaven for us—lies in our present possession of the Holy Spirit of promise. "Of promise!"—what a hope-filled harbinger and guarantee of glory! This is our spending money while we are away from home; our gold is in our trunk at home. Hope is joy borrowed from the future, and God's full pledge has yet to be received.

*Dear hope!  
Earth's dowry and Heaven's debt;  
The entity of things that are not yet,  
Subtlest, but purest thing.*

—Campbell

In Romans 15:13, we read: "Now the God of Hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." Hope is the springboard from which our souls are to take their bound upward. Abounding in hope—invigorating buoyancy!

Some years ago, I frequently passed a place of business where broken and defective automobile springs were mended. The sign above the entrance read: "Limp in—Leap out!" When our souls repair to the Spirit of God, our hope is lifted into life.

What are some of the "things hoped for"? First, eternal life: "In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began" (Titus 1:2). Hope is *in us*—"Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Col. 1:27); hope is also *before us*—we are to "lay hold upon" it (Heb. 6:18; 1 Tim. 6:12). Hope and eternal life are thus seen to be inextricably bound up together in the one bundle. The present offers us only standing room in these four-and-twenty hours; hope, partaking of the eternal, commands the field of the future, and disdains petty geographical gauges.

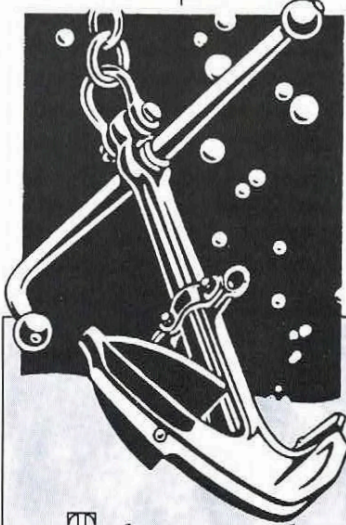
Another of the "things hoped for" is the resurrection. "Blessed be the God and Father of our

Lord Jesus Christ, Who according to his abundant mercy has begotten us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead" (1 Pet. 1:3). The grave is no longer the terminus of life for the Christian. If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men the most miserable. But because Jesus lives—the Lord of life—we shall live also. Being a "living" hope, it is consequently active. It is a great lever, moving us by its impulse, impelling us to service for God among men.

A third "thing hoped for" is Christ's appearing. "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ" (Titus 2:13). There are more references in the New Testament to the second coming of Christ than there are to either His birth into the world or His death on the cross. Preparatory to His cross, He had spoken of His promised return as being peculiarly the hope of His people. Why then should the second coming be categorically classified by some as only a nebulous theory, dreamed of in the religious rapture of a band of simple Galilean fishermen, but impossible of belief to the hardheaded realist?

The prophesied breakdown of morality; the increasing apostasy of Christendom; the chaotic condition of the nations—these are among the indications of His imminent coming. The liberation of creation from the bondage of corruption resulting from the Fall, awaits the dawning of that Day. This same Jesus, in corporeal form, shall translate His people, and then take up His right and reign. The God of hope Himself has been sustained in all His sufferings for sin in view of that Day. Today we stand upon a momentous margin of time, the very border of the

manifestation of His glory and power who once was dead. We shall see Him as He is, and shall be like Him—what we partly are now, but wholly hope to be.



Today we stand upon a momentous margin of time, the very border of the manifestation of His glory and power who once was dead. We shall see Him as He is.



## The Homeland

**T**he Scriptures distinguish three heavens: the terrestrial heavens, the atmosphere which is no more than 20 miles thick (Dan. 7:13; Acts 1:10); the celestial heavens, the home of the stars, which is unnumbered light-years across (John 1:51; Rev. 6:14); and the Heaven of heavens, the abode of God (1 Kings 8:27; 2 Cor. 12:2-4; 1 Cor. 15:47). The first heaven shows God's wisdom, for by it life as we know it is sustained; the second heaven reveals His power, for who else could hurl those mighty orbs into space; but the third heaven manifests His love, for there His redeemed ones will be welcomed home.

Jesus Christ has a place and a use for your intellect. United to His life, cleansed by His blood, corrected by His wisdom, reinforced by His divine energy, there is a place in the kingdom of God for you.  
—J. Stuart Holden

Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people.

*Alexander Whyte would cry out at the close of a message, "What will it be to be there?" Then he would add, "Aye, and what will it be not to be there?"*

When J. N. Darby was dying, a friend asked him what his feelings were about leaving this world. He replied, "Oh, it makes little difference. Here, Christ is with me; and there, I shall be with Him."

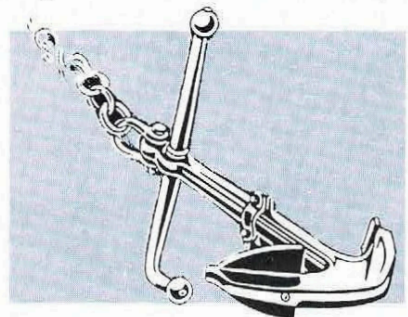
*My heart is bounding onward  
Home to the land I love;  
Its distant vales and mountains  
My wishful passions move;  
Fain would my thirsting spirit  
Its living freshness breathe;  
And weary steps find resting  
Its hallowed shades beneath.*

*No soil of nature's evil,  
No touch of man's rude hand,  
Shall e'er disturb around us  
That bright and peaceful land.  
The charms that woo our senses  
Shall be as pure as fair,  
For all, while stealing o'er us,  
Shall tell of Jesus there.*

*What light! when all its beaming  
Shall own Him as its Sun —  
What music! when its breathing  
Shall bear His name along.  
No pause, no change, those pleasures  
Shall ever seek to know —  
The draught that lulls our thirsting,  
But wakes that thirst anew.  
—J. G. Bellett*

Here is one of your greatest investments in heaven. Remember that the Lord Jesus will save some souls through you if you will cooperate with Him. You have some gifts and more or less influence. If you will consecrate these to the service of Christ, He will use them to win some of your friends to Himself. While Jesus was in the world, He was the light of the world, but now that He has gone, "Ye are the light of the world," and your mission is so to shine as to guide others out of darkness into the marvelous light of God.  
—H. W. Pope

*"For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him." (Psalm 103:11)*  
*"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." (Isaiah 55:9)*



And though here below 'mid sorrow and woe,  
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

Christ possessed by faith here is young heaven and glory in the bud.  
—Samuel Rutherford

*"And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True . . ." (Rev. 19:11)*  
*"And I saw a Great White Throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away . . ." (Rev. 20:11)*



# Outposts of Heaven

Dr. C. I. Scofield

We have, in the book of Exodus, the account of that visit which Moses paid to Jehovah Himself in the excellent glory above Mount Sinai—a visit lasting forty days and forty nights, during which time Moses received from God very explicit instructions concerning a tabernacle which he was to make for the dwelling-place of Jehovah among His people. And not only did he receive these specifications concerning the structure, but he also saw the heavenly things, the heavenly purpose, the great truths of which that building, when it should be finished, would be but a type, a kind of parable in gold and linen and brass and silver.

In other words, Moses was invited up into the presence of God to a vision of the heavenly things in order that he might reproduce in type the things which he had seen. Again and again was given to him the solemn exhortation: "See, saith He, that thou make all thing according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount" (Heb. 8:5).

Nothing, absolutely nothing, was left to Moses' originality or initiative. A perfect plan was given to him and the most detailed instructions as to execution of the plan. His responsibility began and ended with strict and implicit obedience to the instructions which he had received. And my purpose is to try and draw from that event, to which our text refers, its central and permanent truth—that Moses was commissioned to build something on earth that should be exactly like something in heaven.

In the same way, we are set in the world to go up into the mount, to see, in the presence of God, the divine truth concerning human life, and then to work it out into character and conduct. I think it may be said without exaggeration, without qualification, that in a very real, thorough sense, this sums up the thought of Christian living and the purpose of God in our redemption.

## THE BEAUTY OF CHRIST'S CHARACTER

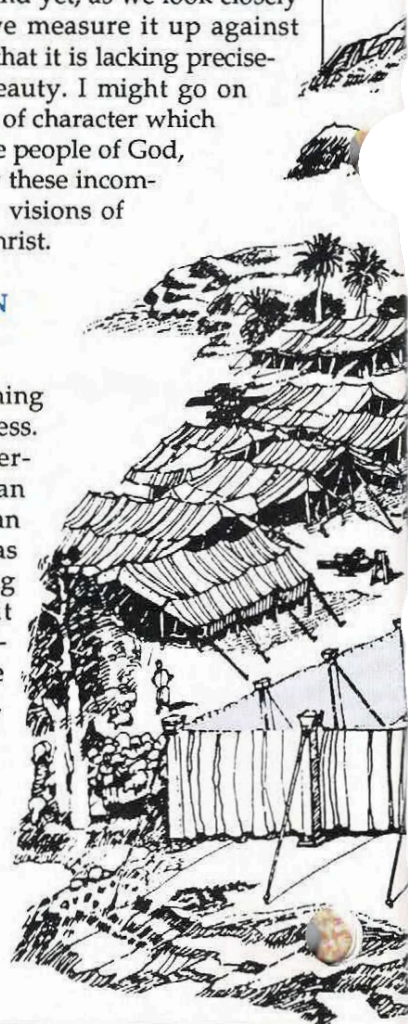
It may help a little if we think about that singular building which Moses was commissioned to build. What may we learn from the tabernacle in the wilderness that shall help us in reproducing,

in character and conduct, heavenly things? The commission to Moses was that it was to be *beautiful*. The life that you and I are commissioned to live, and the character you and I are under responsibility to form, must be, first of all, beautiful.

There have been many ideals of character, and each of them, no doubt, so formed under Christian influence that they contain important elements of truth. The Puritan character was, in many respects, most admirable. It had in it elements of strength, of sincerity, of simplicity, of great loyalty to God and of obedience to what they understood to be the will of God. No fragmentary form of character could be more noble than the Puritan ideal; and yet, as we look closely at that ideal, and as we measure it up against Christ, we begin to see that it is lacking precisely in this element of beauty. I might go on and refer to other ideals of character which have been formed by the people of God, but let us rather pass by these incomplete and asymmetrical visions of life and think of Jesus Christ.

## PERFECTION IS IN CHRIST ALONE

In Him there is nothing lacking, nothing in excess. The Lord Jesus was perfectly strong. No Puritan was ever such a rock-man as He, and yet there was nothing hard or repelling in Christ's firmness; it was clothed in gentleness. And because He was supremely strong, He could be supremely gentle, patient, and sympathetic. In everything God makes, there is first of all order, then symmetry. You remember in Revelation 21 the description of the heavenly





## OUTPOSTS OF HEAVEN

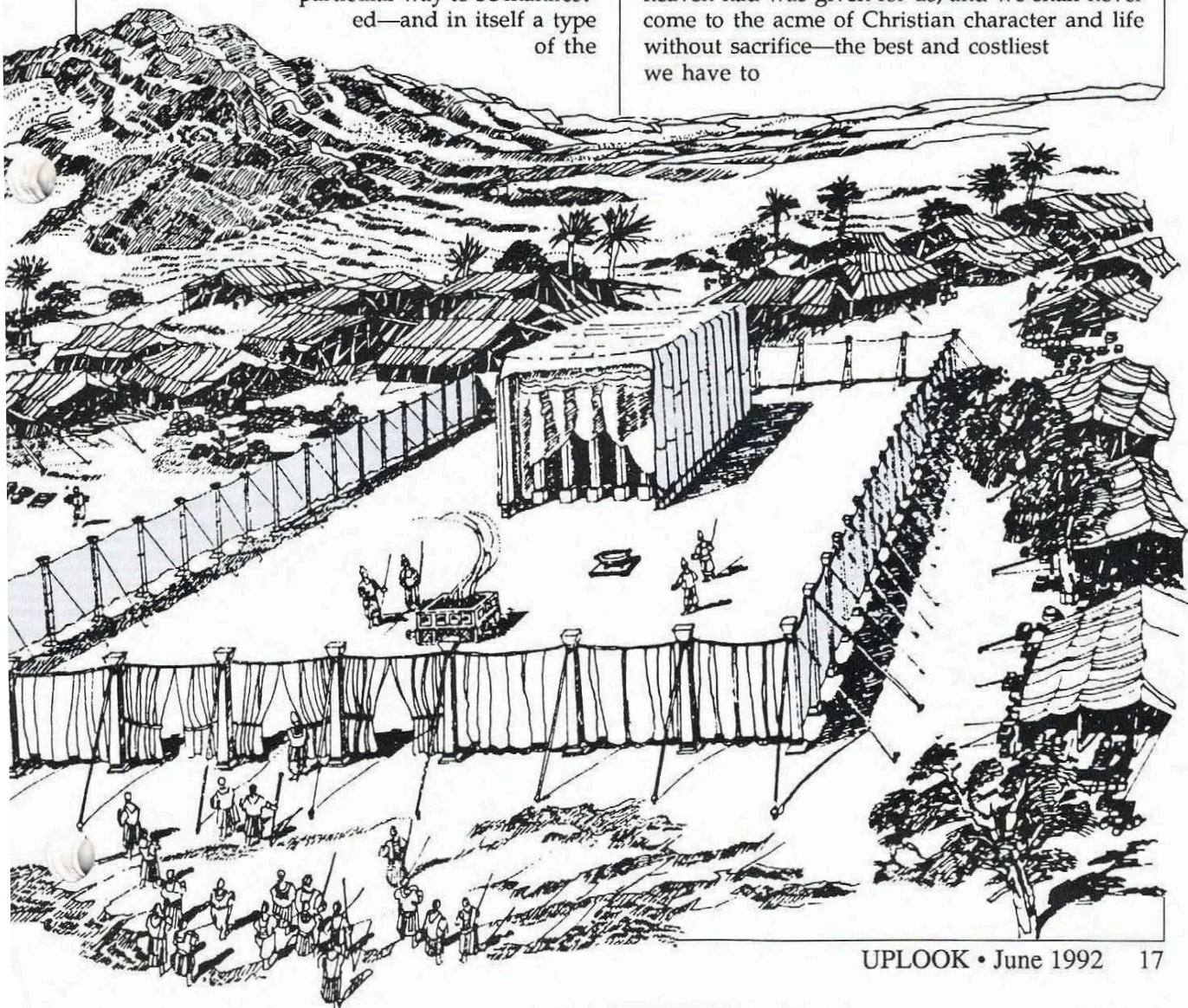
Jerusalem and its proportions; the breadth and the length and the height of it were equal. That is God's idea of symmetry. First of all, then, that tabernacle was beautiful, and it was beautiful because there was an ordered harmony in it. And if we are reproducing the heavenly character here, then, according to the prayer of the Psalmist, "The beauty of the Lord our God (will) be upon us" (Ps. 90:17).

### THE COSTLINESS OF THE TABERNACLE

I should say the second characteristic which we need to notice in the tabernacle built by Moses was its *costliness*. It was not a cheap thing which Moses built. God did not propose that the building in which His glory was in a very particular way to be manifested—and in itself a type of the

costliest of all costly offerings, Jesus Christ—should be without cost. Everything in it was of the most precious materials. The very boards were overlaid with gold, solid gold. The seven-branched candlestick was gold. There was embroidery of purple and scarlet and blue with costliest work. The Holy Spirit endowed the craftsmen with more than earthly wisdom and skill that they might carve and embroider and engrave the beautiful details of that edifice. Splendid jewels flashed from the breastplate of the high priest and glittered upon his shoulders. Infinite skill of weaving and carving went into it.

So these lives of ours will be heavenly in proportion as cost has gone into them. First of all, the unspeakable, the holy, the immeasurable gift and cost of our redemption. The costliest gift that heaven had was given for us, and we shall never come to the acme of Christian character and life without sacrifice—the best and costliest we have to





## OUTPOSTS OF HEAVEN

give. It costs the renunciation of the lesser that we may have the greater, that we may grasp the choicest things and build them into character.

### THE TABERNACLE'S INWARD BEAUTY

The third striking characteristic of the tabernacle that I should like to mention is its *inwardness*—that is, its beauty was chiefly within. All the glory of the gold, and all the beauty of the engravers' and weavers' and embroiderers' art was covered from outward observation. Christ was like that. He wore the homespun of the carpenter and made His home the town of Nazareth and His haunts the hills of Galilee.

Here, eminently, is a lesson for our day. The great temptation is to make religion a matter of externalities; but to *be* rather than to *do* is the central thought of God with regard to the character of His people; to be beautiful within.

There is the danger of hypocrisy, that we shall seem to be more devoted, more consecrated, more engaged with the things of God than we really are; and if I read aright the mind of Christ, there is nothing for which He feels such an aversion as for hypocrisy. And the essence of hypocrisy is trying to seem to be a little sweeter, a little better, a little more devoted than we really are. When Moses came down from his forty days' visit with Jehovah, he had caught the very radiance of God's glory, but "Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone" (Ex. 34:29). There is nothing more odious than self-conscious piety.

The tabernacle was not a very great or imposing structure. The smallest chapel in St. Peter's at Rome would hold it. Does the application not make itself? We are not called so much to be and do something great or imposing, as to beautify our place in life. You and I are not very important individuals; we are called to build the tabernacle of character in the lowly walks of life—we are not filling very exalted stations. We are likely to be called upon to build just along some dusty highway, where the great mass of men must walk and suffer and serve, rather than to build it upon some heaven-kissed peak where the whole world shall see it.

In modern life, there is a great desire to be conspicuous. It influences us like a vice. We want to be known. We want to be pillars. But, have you ever thought that the stones hidden away at the base are just as essential in the temple which God

is building as the great massive columns that rest upon them, but which all men can see? What does it matter, after all, for a few brief years, where we are or what work we are engaged in? If only it be we are like Christ as we move among men.

### CHRIST THE UNCHANGING PATTERN

Lastly, I want to remark upon our supreme danger. It is that we shall change the plan. The repeated exhortation to Moses was, "See, saith He, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount" (Heb. 8:5), just because of the danger that Moses would forget it and change it later on. So there is danger that, as we recede from the place of vision and as the vision itself becomes dulled in our memories, we shall build lesser, baser things than the vision demands. And perhaps the place at which failure enters is at that point where we want to substitute brass for gold, even wood for brass. And especially too, when Christian ideals are lowered by the infusion of pagan ideals—heathen philosophies in the pulpit, and pretty little formulas for Christian living that might have come bodily out of any pagan religion.

The danger is that we shall build less of gold, and fine linen, and purple and scarlet and blue; that we shall put paste jewels into the breast-plate of the high priest; that we shall forget, in the little things, to make life and character according to the pattern that was shown to us by Christ.

"But Christ being come an High Priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands" (Heb. 9:11).

"It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these . . . for Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true: but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us" (Heb. 9:23-24).





## A Sunbeam for Him

Fred Cameron

"Hello, this is Dr. B. calling. I have the results of your blood tests, and I would like to have some more tests done."

"OK. When should I come to your office?"

"I would want to have these done in the hospital, Mr. Cameron."

"Will this not take some time to have the arrangements made, doctor?"

"Oh, I have already made the arrangements."

"Alright. When is it? Next week?"

"No, this week."

"But this is Thursday. Shall I come tomorrow?"

"No, I want you in at 2 o'clock this afternoon."

A sudden call like the above is enough to put the shakes into the most stout-hearted Christian. But I did not feel too bad, so I did not worry too much. So within three hours I was in what was to be my bed for the next five weeks.

I introduced myself to the other occupant of the room I was given by saying, "I guess I'm your new roommate."

My speech betrayed me, for he replied, "So you're a Scotsman. Where do you come from?"

"Paisley," I replied.

"It's a small world. I come from Barhead." Now Barhead was about fifteen minutes in the trolley car from Paisley, and here we were about 4,000 miles from home and only three feet separating our beds. "For me," I told him, "Barhead was a place to pass through. The only times that I went there were if there were any special meetings in the Gospel Hall there."

He replied with a surprising suddenness, "Were you in 'the meetings' in the old country?"

"Yes," I said. "Were you?"

"No, I was not."

"Well, what do you know about the meetings?" Then his history came out. He said that he had been compelled to go to Gospel meetings until he was seventeen years of age when he ran away from home and joined the army. This began a week of discussion and talk about the meetings of the Lord's people in Scotland.

We spoke about the preachers and about gospel tents—everything but his soul. When the moment came, he sensed it, and would turn away or leave the room. And I, a soldier of the cross, was too much of a chicken to jump out of bed and grab him and say, "You need to accept Christ as your Saviour right now." However, when he left at the end of the week, he gripped my hand and said, "This has been the most unusual experience of my life to spend a week in this room and discuss all these things with you."

The next man to come into my room was Walter. When he came in, I introduced myself by saying, "I suppose you're my new roommate. My name is Fred."

"My name is Walter," he responded simply. Walter had been brought in in a wheelchair and I saw he was having some difficulty getting out of it into bed. I asked him what his problem was. He said he had very bad arthritis in his hips. The worst of it was that he had lost his wife six months before and was trying to continue to live alone in his own home. It was just too much for him. His family had suggested that he go to the hospital for some treatment.

"Walter, I can't sympathize with you as I ought to because I haven't passed through what you have. I still have my wife. But you have my sympathy for your situation. When I get into problems like that in life, I pray about them, and I'd be glad to pray for you."

"Oh, are you a religious man?" he inquired.

"I guess you could call me a religious man."

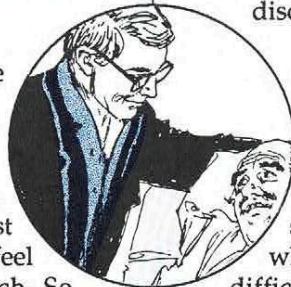
"I see you have a Bible there."

"Yes, I do, and I read it every day. What kind of work did you do when you were working?" I asked, to continue the conversation.

He said, "I worked in a liquor store."

"Were you their customer too?"

"Yes, I was a customer, too." So we talked about his life. Did he go to church? No, he wasn't a churchman at all. So I went on talking to him about prayer and about himself and how a Christian could depend on the Lord. He hadn't been in the room an hour at this point, and I thought that





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maybe I was coming on too strong too quickly. I lay back in my bed and so did he; the curtain was half pulled around between us so we couldn't see each other. We lay quietly for a few minutes. Then, suddenly, Walter began to pray! His prayer wasn't in the words we are accustomed to using in our prayers, but what I heard was this: "O God, You know the kind of man I am. You know the kind of life I've lived. Come into my life and help me; there's no one can help me but You."

I waited for a few moments to hear if there was any more. But Walter was finished, so I added a hearty "Amen!" I spent about a week with that man, telling him the details of the Gospel, that it wasn't just a cry to God, but all the Lord Jesus had done for him. When that man left, I thought he would never let me go. Actually I had been moved to another room by that time. He clung to my hand, tears in his eyes, so glad he had met me. What a good thing it was for him that he had come into the same room as I was in. Anytime I saw Walter in the hospital after that, he was always beaming with pleasure and wanting to cling to my hand and tell me how much he appreciated his discussions with me about the Gospel.

One morning, a young man came into my room. He told me he was studying psychology at the university and he spent a forenoon every week going around the hospital wards speaking to people who wanted to talk to him about anything. He said to me, "Do you want to talk?"

"Oh, yes, I would be glad to talk."

"What do you want to talk about?"

"Well, I have just been reading my Bible. I would like to talk about that."

"Oh," he said, "that book. That book's full of contradictions."

"Is it? Well now, that would really give us something to talk about. If it's full of contradictions, you should have no trouble," I said, "picking out one of the contradictions, just one, and you and I will discuss it and see what we come up with."

"Oh," he said, "I don't want to talk about that."

"Well, you asked me if I wanted to talk and what I wanted to talk about. So I said, yes, and I gave you my subject. I think the reason you don't want to talk about it is because you don't know anything about it. And you're probably just re-

peating something you heard some of your teachers saying in the university."

"Yes, we have a professor, and, every time the Bible comes up for discussion, that's what he says: 'Oh, that book's full of contradictions.'"

"Well, if you're studying psychology, young fellow, take it from me—you better start using your own head and do a little thinking for yourself, and reading."

He was not at all upset by that, and we talked for a while about general things and away he went. But I bumped into him the day I was leaving the hospital, about four weeks later. He spoke to me about our conversation, but there was no sign of conversion. I hadn't really preached the Gospel to him, but perhaps he would think twice before he idly attacked the Word of God.

One night, I was standing in the hallway, speaking to a man when another man came along.

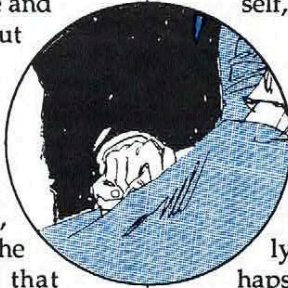
"What are you gentleman discussing so seriously together?" he inquired. "Is it the immortality of the butterfly?"

"No, we're not talking about the immortality of the butterfly, but if you would like to join the conversation, I'd be glad to discuss immortality with you. You know, we're all mortal; that is why we are in this hospital. The doctors are trying to stave off the inevitability of our mortality. Have you ever heard the expression—the immortality of the soul?"

"Oh, yes, I've heard that expression."

"I want to tell you something. When the Bible is discussing the subject of mortality and immortality, it's never talking about the soul; it's always talking about the body. What's wrong with us is that we have mortal bodies that are subject to death. And the hope of the Christian is that one day this mortal will put on immortality—we're going to have real bodies in the eternal state. That's the hope of the Christian. We are not going to be like little puffs of smoke out of a genie's lamp or anything like that that you can pass your hand through, but real, immortal bodies. Jesus Himself said, when He rose from the dead, 'Handle Me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bone as ye see Me have.'"

"Well, you have your religion and I have mine. And besides, I'm feeling fine anyway and I'm going home tomorrow morning. The doctor said I can leave tomorrow morning. Good night," and





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he left me standing with the other man I had been talking with.

At six o'clock the next morning, there was a bit of commotion outside the room next to mine. It was where the man who thought he was immortal—for a little longer, at least—was staying. The doctors and nurses were running back and forth. This went on for about an hour and I didn't interfere in any way. I lay in my bed until I saw his son-in-law at about a quarter to eight. I signed for him to come into the room. I had met this young man before.

"What's going on in your father-in-law's room?"

"He took a serious stroke at six this morning and he has just passed away."

It gave me such a feeling in the pit of my stomach. I wonder if I made things clear to that man the night before. He was gone into eternity and he had brushed me off with what I told him.

There was a man who used to walk around and around the ward. It was a very large ward and he never seemed to talk to anybody. I thought one night that I would watch for him and walk around with him and ask him how he was getting on. So I slipped on a housecoat and waited for him. When he was just passing my door, I stepped out and I said, "Hello. Can I walk with you?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

"How are you getting on?"

"Oh," he said, "I don't know how I'm getting on. I have to go for surgery and I'm worried."

"You're worried about it? You know, I'm a Christian and I pray about these things." There was a bit of quietness and he didn't answer me.

"I don't always get the answer that I would like," I continued, "but I get an answer; and another thing I get is the assurance that My Father in heaven will do what is best for me." So gradually we talked a little bit, but I couldn't get much out of him. I only took one or maybe two turns of the ward with him, and I found he wasn't going to communicate with me at all, so I said "Good night" to him and went back into my own room.

The next day, two nurses came in and said, "We're moving your bed and you over to the other side of the ward."

"Who is my roommate going to be?"

"That big man who walks around the ward all the time."

So they wheeled the bed around and into this man's room. I said, "You've got me as a roommate. I hope I will be some encouragement to you because I know you are going for a fairly serious operation." He didn't say too much at all. They took him away the next day for his surgery. He was expected to be away for three or four hours—but he was away for eight. I was being taken away for tests at different times as well, so it was the following day before I saw him.

He appeared to be sound asleep, or still under the anesthetic. His wife was sitting on a little stool by the bedside, with her head very close to his. She had a big Bible in her lap which had some markings in it.

"Oh, you have a Bible, Mrs. Smith."

"Yes, this is his Bible. He called me and told me to bring his Bible down."

"Where are you reading?"

"I'm not reading," she said. "It just happened to open there. He had a bookmark in there."

"Where is it?"

"In Joshua chapter 1."

"Oh," I said, "do you know that in that chapter it says four times, 'Be strong and of a good courage'? And I was telling your husband that I pray about these situations and I will be glad to continue to pray for him and you both." She thanked me very much. I went to lay down in my bed and, after the visiting hours, his wife went away. The nurses came and attended to him.

About 6 o'clock the next morning, I heard him say, "Would you read the Word of God to me, Mr. Cameron?" Now, ordinary sinners don't usually speak about the Bible that way.

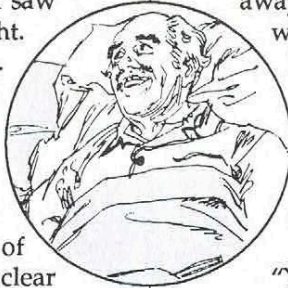
"Yes, I would be glad to read the Word of God to you," I replied. So I took my Bible over to the little stool and sat fairly close to him. I opened up to Isaiah and read those wonderful verses: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," and so on. He seemed to sort of fall asleep again, so I closed my Bible, had a word of prayer with him and I went back to my bed.

The following morning, he asked again if I would read the Word of God with him. Then he said, "I would like to ask you a question."

"What question?"

"Do you think if a man is a Christian that God deals with him in discipline?"

"Well, we had better turn to the Epistle to the Hebrews and I will read that to you. 'Whom the





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Lord loveth, He chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." I spoke to him about God's discipline of His children because by this time I sensed that this man was a Christian, even though he hadn't told me.

"The first night you spoke to me," he said, "you couldn't have hurt me more if you had stuck a knife into me." Now that wasn't a nice thing to hear.

"Oh, I am so sorry. What did I say that hurt you?"

"Well, the first thing you said when you stepped out to walk with me was that you were a Christian. I had been in this hospital two weeks before you came and nobody knew that I was a Christian. I haven't been living like a Christian. And I believe what you read to me, that the Lord has been disciplining me for the way I have been living."

So that week we prayed and read the Scriptures together. When that man left the hospital, tears ran unashamedly down his cheeks when he said good-bye to me. He said, "Mr. Cameron, I will never be the same man again. I am so glad that I have been able to spend this time with you. I have been restored to the Lord."

One night, there were two nurses on duty. A fairly old man had been brought in who was evidently senile. He was shouting for his wife, his daughter, and for the nurses, making a noise that disturbed the whole ward. The nurses were very busy and couldn't be attending to him all the time as there were one or two very sick patients on the ward. So I got up from my bed and went down to this old man's room.

When I went in, I discovered he had been restrained in the bed with straps and a restraining harness to keep him from getting up. He was almost half-strangled with it as he had been struggling and kicking. He had kicked all the bed clothes off. With what little strength I had, I hauled him back up to the middle of his bed and covered him up with his blanket.

"What are you making all the noise for?" I inquired.

"I'm not making any noise."

"You've been shouting for your wife, your daughters, and the nurses. What do you want? What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. I'm not shouting for anybody."

"I think I detect a Scots accent," I said. Are you

a Scotsman?"

"Yes."

"Where do you come from in Scotland?"

"I come from Bairdmoores."

"Bairdmoores? There's no such place as Bairdmoores. I know a large factory at a place called Parkhead—Bairdmoores Factory."

"Yes, Parkhead, that's it, Parkhead," he said.

"Did you, by any chance, go to the Gospel Hall Sunday School in Parkhead?"

"Yes," he answered hesitantly.

"Do you remember anything you learned in the Sunday School in Parkhead?" There was no response. He began shouting again, and calling and wriggling about in the bed. I managed to settle him down a bit, but he couldn't continue any more of the conversation. Evidently he just had a few moments of lucidity, then his mind would go completely blank. He got settled down and I went back to my bed. He remained quiet and the rest of us got to sleep.

Two days after, they took the restraining straps from him and he was allowed to walk around the ward. He wandered about and couldn't find his own room and wandered into mine.

I said to him, "Have you lost your room?"

"Yes," he responded simply.

"You're the man who told me that you went to the Parkhead Sunday School when you were a boy." He nodded. I said, "Do you not remember yet anything you learned in the Parkhead Sunday School?"

He stood there quite still and his face got red—and then redder still. It seemed to me that his mind was struggling away back almost 90 years. He was trying to get a grasp of something. Suddenly, he said to me quite loudly, "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam." I could have fallen through the floor. Having said that, he turned and walked out.

Here I had been in the hospital for five weeks. I had had every conceivable test that they could give a man to find out what was wrong. The doctors came and told me they were sending me home undiagnosed and they thought that my blood condition was settling down. So all that time in the hospital, and they couldn't find out what was wrong with me. At home, I made a full recovery—that is about twelve years ago.

But it dawned on me that the reason I was in that hospital was simply this: that Jesus wanted me for a sunbeam.



## The Ribband of Blue

*Hugh MacMillan*

*"And that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue . . . that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them" (Numbers 15:38-39).*

People have always made and used outward aids to their memory—things to enable them to remember. Sir Walter Scott tells us that when he was at school, there was a boy in his class who, when he was asked for a date in history, or a fact in geography or grammar, always touched a button in his vest; it was somehow a help to recollection, so that by its means the lesson he had learned came back to his mind. His mischievous companions one day cut off the button without his knowing it; and the next time he went up for his examination, he missed his familiar help, and could not remember a single thing he had learned by heart.

In ancient times, when most people could not read, they put a notch in a stick, which they carried about with them, called a tally, to remind them of some important business transaction. And you know how often you have put a mark on your thumb-nail, or tied a knot in your handkerchief, or put a thread round your little finger, to

put you in mind of something you had to do.

God took advantage of this habit of human beings to make them remember His own instructions. When they were in the wilderness, He ordered His people Israel to make a narrow ribband, or ribbon of blue, and put it as a border or hem on the outer garment they wore, which was a kind of mantle or shawl. The color and shape of this ribbon were to be different from those of the rest of their clothes, so as to attract their attention. And this singular ornament was to remind them every time that they looked at it, while working or resting or walking abroad, of the commandments of God.

The law was written by the finger of God upon two tables of stones; but these tables were hidden in the ark, and the mercyseat was put as a lid over them in the Holy of Holies of the Tabernacle. No eye could see them, not even the eyes of the priests themselves. The commandments written upon these tables had been proclaimed on Mount Sinai in the hearing of the Israelites, but they could not keep them in mind. There was nothing to appeal to their eye and help their memory. They were continually forgetting God's laws, and therefore breaking them.

Even the judgments of God did not brand these

laws upon their remembrance. They had a terrible example given to them of the death of a transgressor who had broken God's holy law of the Sabbath. God had told His people that they were to do no manner of work, and to kindle no fire throughout their habitations on the Sabbath day. One man had forgotten or ignored that law. He went out into the desert to gather





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sticks, with the object of making a fire. He thus worked in getting the sticks, and he would have worked harder to kindle a fire with them had he been allowed. For this double offense he was stoned to death outside the camp. It was a fearful penalty. This Sabbathbreaker was but a specimen of the whole nation. They were in continual danger of forgetting one or other of the laws of God. And therefore God, in pity for their fickleness and frailty, wanted them to use a tally to aid their memory, to put a ribband of blue on the border of their outer garment so that they might have continually before them a reminder of the commandments of God. Whenever they looked at the ribband of blue on the hem of their cloak, they remembered the law of God. They would also remember the reason *why* God asked them to wear that blue ribband, and all the commandments of God would be impressed upon their memory. They could not plead ignorance or forgetfulness if at any time they disobeyed them.

This ribbon was like the bright shining rainbow which God put upon the dark clouds after the deluge: men looked at it and remembered the faithfulness of God's word, that seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter would never cease. And like the rainbow, the ribband of blue was a memory of a past judgment and a promise of a future mercy. The color of it, the lovely blue of the sky when it is purest and freest from cloud and storm, is the sign of mercy. It is the token of God's faithfulness, which, like the blue sky, is always behind every cloud and storm, undimmed and unchanged.

When the thundercloud veils the sky, and the tempest bursts in fury over the earth with its destructive power, this serene blue color is for the time concealed; but we hail its reappearance as a sure sign that the storm is over and that nature is at peace. And so the blue ribband worn on their clothes was a sign that the cloud of God's wrath against sin may for a time obscure His love. But it will soon pass away,

and God will return again to show His mercy. The cloud is small and soon passes away — the blue sky is vast and enduring. So for a moment lasts the wrath of God, but His mercy endureth forever.

Looking at the blue ribband on his robe, this bit of serene, heavenly blue, the color of heaven itself, the Israelite would remember that behind and beyond the short-lived anger of his God, on account of the sins of His people, the heavenly blue of His power and love lasted forever. So he would be encouraged to come to Him for mercy to pardon and grace to help.

It was not to the hem of the *best* clothes of the Israelites that this ribband of blue was to be attached, but to their *everyday* clothes. It was not for special occasions, only when they were going up to the house of God to worship that they had this





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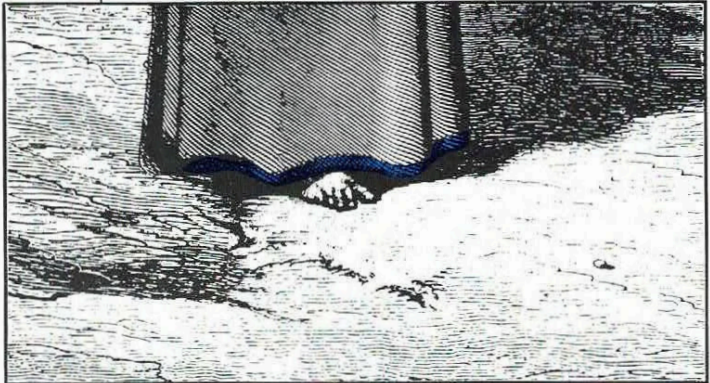
ornament to their dress. Their common clothes were to be adorned in this way, to have this bit of heaven sewn to it, in order that they might thereby keep constantly in view their heavenly origin. They would remember that they belonged to God, and that they were to be always holy as He who had called them was holy, in their daily walk and conversation.

But you all know how the blue ribbon failed in fulfilling God's purpose. Instead of reminding the Israelites of God's holiness, and of their own obligation to be holy, it helped only to make them conceited and proud. The Pharisees afterwards made the narrow ribband broad, in order to attract the notice of men, that others might see how strictly they kept the letter of the law and how holy they were, and admire and praise them in consequence. They wore the broad blue ribband that they might be seen of men; not to remind themselves of the commandments of the Lord that they might keep them. And thus their very religion made them worse instead of better; made their keeping of the law of God a mere display to win human applause, instead of causing them to mortify the flesh and purify the heart.

The Lord Jesus would have worn this ribband of blue on his clothes when He was quite a little boy He would be taught by His parents to take care of the ribband of blue, whatever became of His coat. For all the Jews held it sacred, for it was to them the sign of a covenant with God. One of the old Hebrew teachers was asked which commandment his father bade him keep more than any other when he was a boy. And he answered the commandment about the blue ribband.

Jesus did not require a blue ribband to remind Him of the necessity of obedience to the commandments of God, for He always remembered them and kept them in thought, word, and deed. But He took our place and was made under the law like any ordinary Jew. And He kept His ribband clean and whole as an example to others, and as a proof how entirely He was in submission to the rule which God gave to His people.

This was a humbling thing for Him; and it is a remarkable circumstance that God made the blue ribband on the hem of His garment, which was the sign of His humiliation, the means of His exaltation. God made that blue ribband, which showed that Jesus was made under the law, the



instrument of enabling Him to rise above the law and perform a wonderful miracle of divine power. A poor, sick woman came up behind Him in the crowd one day, and touched the blue ribband on the hem of His robe, thinking that there might be some virtue even in the ribband itself. Instantly she was made whole by the touch. If she had dared to touch the broad, blue ribband on the long, trailing robe of a Pharisee in the street of Jerusalem, he would have turned round and scowled at her for profaning it. But Jesus turned round and graciously said to her, "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole."

And if you will touch the blue ribband on the robe of Jesus as it comes down to your ignorance and helplessness from the high heaven, and offers itself to the touch of the smallest child, your soul will be cleansed and healed, and you yourself will be made the means of cleansing and healing others. As through the blue ribband of Jesus' robe healing virtue flowed, so if you keep hold of it through faith, and wear it yourself and make it the dress in which a gentle and gracious character clothes itself in daily action, it will impart virtue through you to all who come into contact with you. In proportion as you are Christ-like, through your very dress, that which shows your real nature, the power of God will pass. This is not the blue ribbon of outward, pretentious display of your goodness for the praise of men. That will make you disagreeable and hateful so that people will shun you. Rather it is the blue ribband of your real inward obedience to God, that will make your simple, earnest, loving piety so attractive and serene as the blue heaven above you, that the poor and the timid and the ailing will love to touch it, and be benefited by it. That blue hem of your garment, like Christ's own, will do mighty miracles in the world!



# The Ladder to Heaven

F. B. Meyer

*"And he [Jacob] dreamed, and beheld a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and beheld the angels of God ascending and descending on it" (Genesis 28:12).*

All men feel the earth and heaven touch at the horizons of the distant past and future; but we ought to feel that the present moment of time and this bit of the world's surface are linked with heaven too. This is what the ladder meant for Jacob. The moorland waste where he lay, and Laban's home, toward which he journeyed, were as near God as his father's tent. For the one who trusts in God, earth is linked with heaven in several ways.

First, by God's daily providence. His loving eye is ever upon us, His ear always open to our cry, and His angels go to and fro throughout our world, performing ceaseless ministries. "Every good gift and every perfect (act of giving) is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning" (Jas. 1:17).

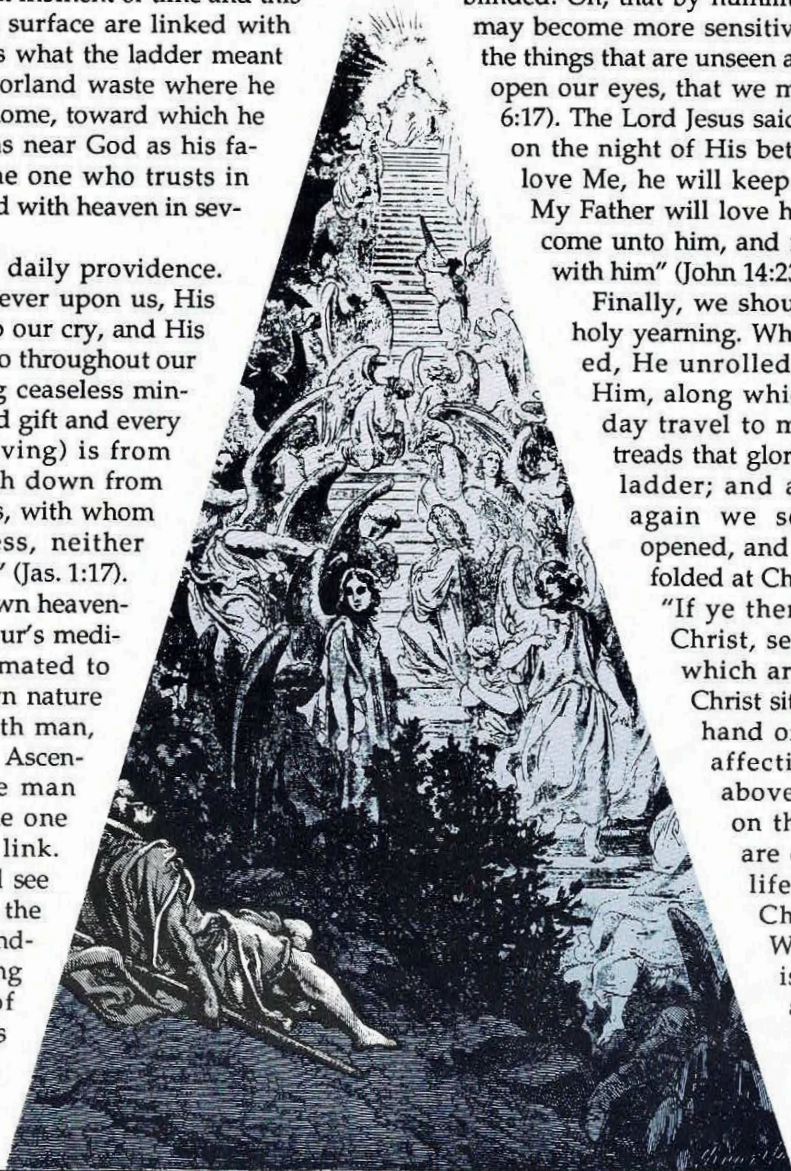
We are also drawn heavenward by our Saviour's mediation. As He intimated to Nathanael, His own nature is uniting God with man, and especially His Ascension glory as the man Christ Jesus, is the one great connecting link. "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." "For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men,

the man Christ Jesus; Who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time" (1 Tim. 2:5-6).

We are linked as well to our homeland by unbroken fellowship. We should practice the sense of God's presence, often stopping ourselves amid our ordinary avocations and interests to say, aloud when possible, "God is near, God is here."

In all likelihood we are daily living amid the glories of the eternal world; but our eyes are blinded. Oh, that by humility and purity we may become more sensitive, and awake to the things that are unseen and eternal! Lord, open our eyes, that we may see! (2 Kings 6:17). The Lord Jesus said to His disciples on the night of His betrayal, "If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him" (John 14:23).

Finally, we should be drawn by holy yearning. When Jesus ascended, He unrolled a path behind Him, along which we shall one day travel to meet Him. Hope treads that glorious Ascension's ladder; and as she does so, again we see the heaven opened, and our destiny unfolded at Christ's right hand. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory" Colossians 3:1-4.





## On the Revelation

Jim McKendrick

The Bible is primarily the revelation of God and especially through the Lord Jesus Christ. Our first introduction to God is as the Creator of the heavens and the earth. In His creation He told us of His greatness and demonstrated His wisdom.

But sin ruined all that, and from the moment God dealt with Adam and Eve and the serpent, He began to reveal the great story of redemption. "The Seed of the woman will bruise the serpent's head" was the promise of a Redeemer. The rest of the Old Testament reveals the holy God who could not allow sin in His presence; but instead of banishing us as He could have, He shows the way into His presence. An innocent victim's blood must flow so that we could be clothed with His righteousness.

The New Testament reveals, in all His glory, the Person who had been pictured to us throughout the Old Testament. The Lord Jesus Christ "became sin for us" so we might be allowed into the presence of a holy God. One day He will come again "apart from sin" to bring us into the fullness of the salvation to which we have been introduced as a result of placing our faith in the finished work of Calvary. We shall then be in His presence forever.

The culmination of this revelation of Jesus Christ is found in the last book of the Bible. "The Revelation of Jesus Christ" brings to its conclusion the history of mankind and of God's dealings with humanity. It displays the Lamb of God in the midst of the Throne receiving glory from the myriads of angelic hosts as well as the redeemed of all ages. This Lamb is worthy to judge the earth, for He died to redeem it. He is described in the book as the Judge of the Church, the Judge of the world, the Judge of Babylon, and the Judge of the beast, the serpent who first tainted the beauty of the world God had created. It also tells us of the greater beauty of the new heavens and new earth

wherein dwells righteousness. This is all revealed to John in symbols and pictures that need to be interpreted in the light of the rest of the Scriptures. For most of us, this means we need some help. That's where a few good books come in handy.

Let me suggest some that will do you good. First is "Verse by Verse Through Revelation" by William R. Newell. Mr. Newell is a respected teacher of a past generation. His verse-by-verse expositions are careful and clear—he does not

dodge the hard spots, and offers convincing arguments for what he believes. You will be enlightened by this commentary. It is published by World Publishers, a division of Riverside Book and Bible House.

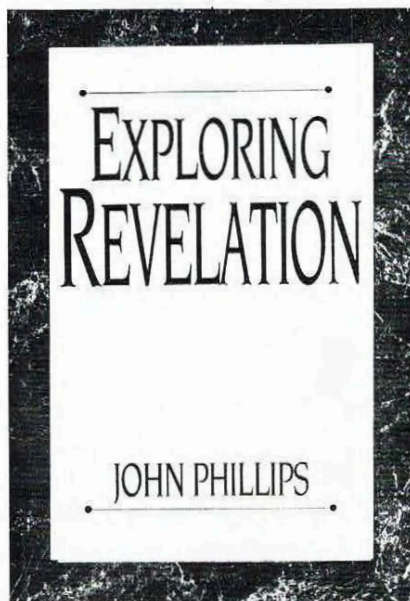
"The Exposition of the Revelation of Jesus Christ" by Walter Scott will help you on the symbols of the book. It is a verse-by-verse exposition, giving attention to the symbols and numbers in the book, which will enhance your appreciation for its divine inspiration. This book is available through Kregel Publications.

John Phillips hardly needs an introduction. His book, "Exploring Revelation," is not verse by

verse, but paragraph by paragraph. The style is lucid and practical, and is great for homiletic thoughts. Loizeaux Brothers is the publisher of this one.

A number of years ago, Theodore Epp went through the book of Revelation on his radio program. I was traveling as a salesman at the time and really was blessed by his ministry. Those programs were edited into book form and published by Back to the Bible. He was so practical in his applications. Some of what he said, especially in regards to the letters to the churches and some practical tips to interpretation have stayed with me to this day. This book will fit nicely in any library.

As you read these books, you will be thrilled as they help you see the wonders of the One who will receive all the glory in Immanuel's land.





## Every Day Reading Plan

### Section 19: Book Two of the Psalms — There is a Saviour

July 1	Psalm 42:1-11	Thirsting for the living God: hope in God to satisfy
July 2	Psalm 43:1-5	A prayer for deliverance: hope in God to fortify
July 3	Psalm 44:1-26	Present trouble? Remember past deliverance!
July 4	Psalm 45:1-17	A love song for the King's wedding day
July 5	Psalm 46:1-11	God a refuge above the roaring and raging of men
July 6	Psalm 47:1-9	God is the sovereign King over all the earth
July 7	Psalm 48:1-14	This God who is so great is our God!
July 8	Psalm 49:1-20	Trust in a faithful God; don't trust in fickle gold
July 9	Psalm 50:1-23	God gathers saints to worship & sinners to judgment
July 10	Psalm 51:1-19	Oh, the grief of sinning; oh, the joy of cleansing
July 11	Psalm 52:1-9	A warning to the wicked in their pride
July 12	Psalm 53:1-6	The foolishness of the godless man
July 13	Psalm 54:1-7	David on the run—a prayer for protection
July 14	Psalm 55:1-23	The anguish of betrayal by a bosom friend
July 15	Psalm 56:1-13	The confident prayer of those who walk with God
July 16	Psalm 57:1-11	From a cave to heaven: an appeal for deliverance
July 17	Psalm 58:1-11	A wail for the beleaguered remnant to sing
July 18	Psalm 59:1-17	Escape from Saul; escape to the Lord
July 19	Psalm 60:1-12	The best battle plan is prayer to the Almighty
July 20	Psalm 61:1-8	The rock, the shelter, the tower, the tabernacle
July 21	Psalm 62:1-12	Waiting on God and its benefits
July 22	Psalm 63:1-11	Our God is the secret of all satisfaction
July 23	Psalm 64:1-10	Plotters and their punishment
July 24	Psalm 65:1-13	The mighty Lord of creation
July 25	Psalm 66:1-20	Blessed be the Lord for all He has done
July 26	Psalm 67:1-7	Let all the people praise Thee
July 27	Psalm 68:1-35	See who leads us into battle
July 28	Psalm 69:1-36	A messianic cry from the depths
July 29	Psalm 70:1-5	The need for speedy help from the Lord
July 30	Psalm 71:1-24	A prayer for help in old age
July 31	Psalm 72:1-20	The reign of the righteous king



## The Psalms (Part 2)

Alexander McEachern

Seeing that the Psalms are poems that were originally set to music, in our last study we were beginning to examine the nature of Hebrew poetry. While the poetry we are most familiar with incorporates rhyming with sounds, Hebrew poetry was singular in that it rhymed ideas. We do not have the space nor the technical expertise to exhaustively examine this subject, but a basic understanding of it is certainly helpful to any serious student of the Psalms.

Many commentators on the Psalms provide lengthy lists of the various methods of “thought-rhyming” that the Hebrews used to structure their Psalms. For this article, however, we will limit ourselves to several of the most prevalent styles used. For those interested in further study, we recommend Graham Scroggie’s book on the Psalms or perhaps Arthur G. Clarke’s *Analytical Studies in the Psalms*.

One of the most prevalent forms of structure found in the Psalms is *synonymous parallelism*. This means that the general thought expressed in the first line is repeated again in the second line, but in different words. This is done in order to give emphasis to the first thought and to reinforce it. An example of this is found in Psalm 83:1-3.

*Keep not Thou silence, O God;  
Hold not Thy peace, and be not still, O God.*

*For, lo, Thine enemies make a tumult,  
And they that hate Thee have lifted up the head.*

*They have taken crafty counsel against Thy people,  
And consulted against Thy hidden ones.*

A second type of structure is called *antithetic parallelism*. With this technique, the thought of the first line is emphasized by a contrasting thought in the second line. In this way, both thoughts receive greater illumination, in the same way that a light is much brighter in the darkness. An example of this is found in Psalm 41:9-10.

*Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted,  
who did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.*

*But Thou, O Lord, be merciful unto me, and raise me up that I might requite them.*

A third style is *synthetic parallelism*. In this method, the second line adds something to the first line or expands upon it. An example of this is found in Psalm 19:7-9.

*The law of the Lord is perfect,  
Converting the soul:*

*The testimony of the Lord is sure,  
Making wise the simple:*

*The statutes of the Lord are right,  
Rejoicing the heart:*

*The commandment of the Lord is pure,  
Enlightening the eyes:*

*The fear of the Lord is clean,  
Enduring forever:*

*The judgments of the Lord are true,  
And righteous altogether.*

Sometimes the structure of a whole Psalm is done in a type of *alternate parallelism*. An example of this is found in Psalm 5.

vv. 1-3, the Devout Soul (singular)

vv. 4-6, the Wicked

v. 7, Personal

v. 8, Personal

vv. 9-10, the Wicked

vv. 11-12, the Devout Soul (plural)

Another device employed by Hebrews in their poetry is the *acrostic*—that is, the beginnings of verses or sections of verses all begin with particular Hebrew letters. This was probably done as a memory aid. Psalm 119 is the most intricate of this type of arrangement. It has 22 sections of eight verses. Each section is devoted to one letter of the Hebrew alphabet and contains eight lines that start with that particular letter of the alphabet. All of Lamentations also follows this pattern. In the Psalter, the following Psalms are all or partly acrostic: 9, 10, 25, 34, 37, 111, 112, 119, 145.

We trust that this brief explanation of the structure of Hebrew poetry will be a help to some as they rejoice in studying the Psalms. In our next lesson, we will look at the overall structure of the book of Psalms.



## Are Missionaries Unbalanced?

Stanley Nelsen

Of course they are. I'm one. I ought to know.

A missionary probably began as an ordinary person. He dressed like other people, and liked to play tennis and listen to music. But even before leaving for the field he became "different." Admired by some and pitied by others, he was known as one who was leaving parents, prospects, and home for—a vision. Well, at least that sounded visionary.

Now that he's come home again he is even more different. To him some things—big things—just don't seem important. Even the World Series or the Davis Cup matches don't stir him much. And apparently he doesn't see things as other people do. The chance of a lifetime—to meet Toscanini personally—seems to leave him cold. It makes you want to ask where he has been.

Well, where has he been? Where the conflict with evil is open and intense, a fight not a fashion—where clothes don't matter, for there's little time to see them; where people are dying for help he might give, most of them not even knowing he has the help; where the sun means 120 in the shade, and he can't spend his time in the shade.

But not only space; time too seems to have passed him by. When you talk about current events he looks puzzled. When you mention Magic Johnson, he asks who he is. You wonder how long he's been away.

All right, how long has he been away? Long

enough for thirty million people to go into eternity without Christ, and some of them went right before his eyes: when that flimsy river boat turned over; when that epidemic of cholera struck; when that Hindu-Moslem riot broke out.

How long has he been gone? Long enough to have two sieges of amoebic dysentery, to nurse his wife through repeated attacks of malaria, to get the news of his mother's death before he knew she was sick.

How long? Long enough to see a few outcast men and women turn to Christ, to see them drink in the Bible teaching he gave them—to struggle and suffer with them through the persecution that developed from non-Christian relatives—to see them grow into a stable band of believers conducting their own meetings—to see this group develop an indigenous church that is telling on the community.

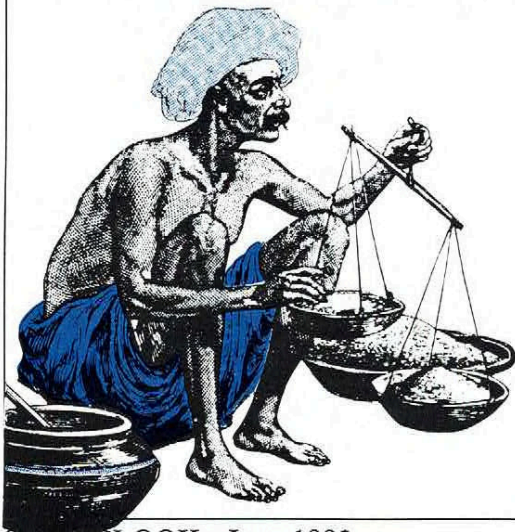
Yes, he's been away a long time. So he's different. But unnecessarily so, it seems. At least, since he's in this country now, he could pay more attention to his clothes, to what's going on around the country, to recreation, to social life. Of course, he could.

But he can't forget—at least most of the time—that the price of a new suit would buy 3,200 Gospels; that while an American spends one day in business, 5,000 Indians or Chinese go into eternity without Christ.

So when a missionary comes to speak to your local church, remember that he is likely to be different. If he stumbles for a word now and then, he may have been speaking a foreign tongue almost exclusively for some years, and possibly is fluent in it. If he isn't in the orator class, he may not have had a chance to speak English from a pulpit for a while. He may be eloquent on the street of an Indian bazaar.

If he doesn't seem to warm up as quickly as you want, if he seems less approachable than the youth evangelist or the college professor you had last week, remember he's been under a radically different social system since before you started to bone up on Emily Post.

Sure the missionary is unbalanced. But by whose scale? Yours or God's?





## SUMMER ACTIVITIES

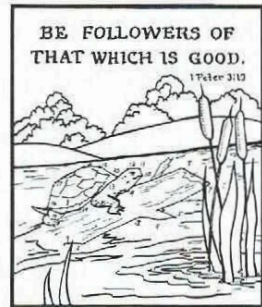
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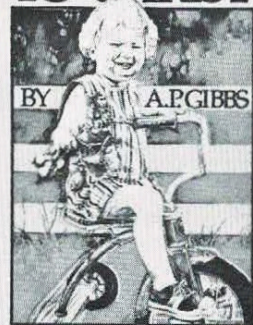
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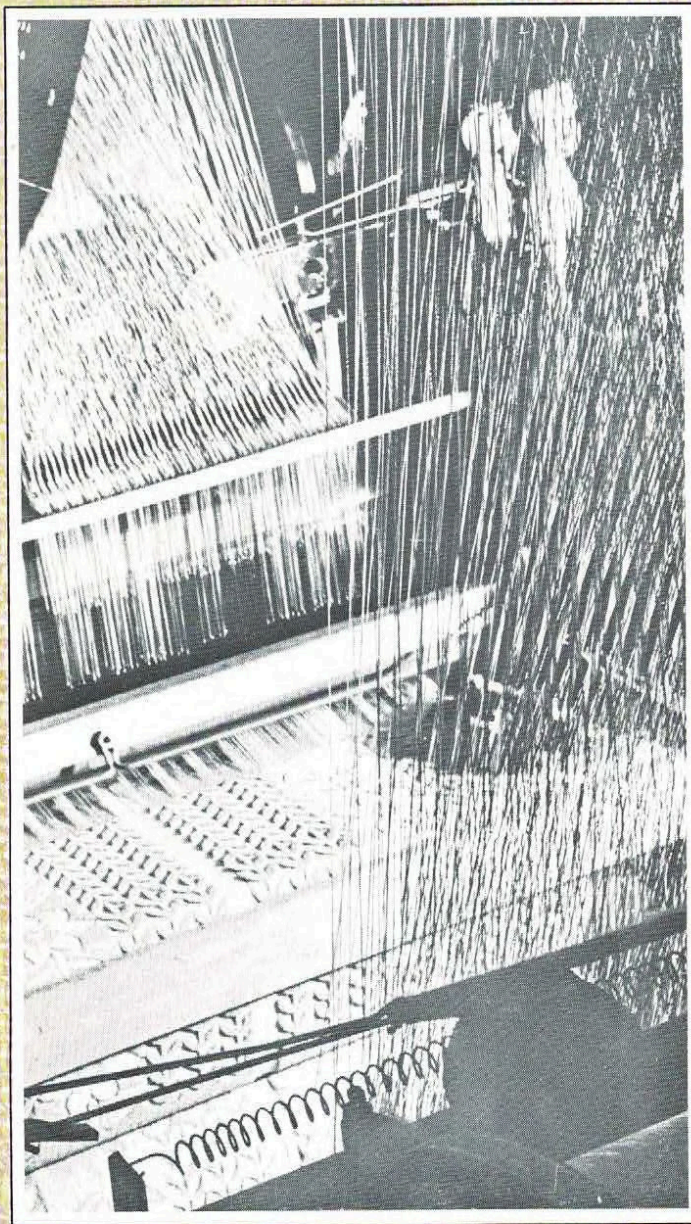
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## *The* **Loom of Time**

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Man's life is laid in the loom of time  
To a pattern he does not see,  
While the weavers work and the shuttles fly  
Till the dawn of eternity.

Some shuttles are filled with silver threads,  
And some with threads of gold;  
While often but the darker hues  
Are all that they may hold.

But the weaver watches with skillful eye  
Each shuttle fly to and fro,  
And sees the pattern so deftly wrought,  
As the loom moves sure and slow.

God surely planned the pattern.  
Each thread, the dark and fair  
Is chosen by His master skill  
And placed in the web with care.

He only knows its beauty,  
And guides the shuttles which hold  
The threads so unattractive,  
As well as the threads of gold.

Not till each loom is silent,  
And the shuttles cease to fly  
Shall God reveal the pattern,  
And explain the reason why.

The dark threads were as needful  
In the Weaver's skillful hand  
As the threads of gold and silver  
For the pattern which He planned.