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By Holiness Data Ministry

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(Inside Front Cover Text)
A MOMENT WITH THE PUBLISHERS...

Christmas already? It doesn't seem possible! Yet, if you have taken a look in most of the stores, Christmas items were stocked on the shelves by the middle of October. How good the Lord has been to let us once again remember, in some special way, the fact that a Redeemer has come. What a dark world this would be without this assurance -- our redemption has been purchased by His precious blood! He is truly the King of kings and the Lord of lords!

Thank God for the beautiful stories that surround the Christmas season! How sad it would have been if we had never heard the story associated with the angels, the shepherds, the wise men, the star, the manger, Mary, Joseph, the inn keeper, and baby Jesus! Yet there are so many who have not heard this wonderful story. May God help us to do all that we can to spread this good news.

I wish I had words to express the deep gratitude of my heart to all of you who have responded so generously to help with our financial need at this time. We had enough offerings come to our office to completely cover the cost of the November issue, and with about \$300.00 toward this December issue. This is nothing short of answered prayer. To God be the glory! I am writing this on October 27, so we expect that fully enough will still come in to pay for the December issue by the time it goes in the mail. God bless each one who has helped, whether your gift was large or small!

My heart-felt THANKS, too, to so many who have sent sympathy cards, notes, phone calls and gifts letting me know that we were in your prayers. The heart-ache I experience in the passing of my husband is beyond description. I could not go through this without the help of the Lord. Praise Him for His comforting presence! Many have inquired about my eyes. The doctor found cataracts on both eyes, but wants me to try new lenses in my glasses before removing the cataracts, to see if that helps me. Again, my grateful thanks for your prayers. -- Mrs. A. J. West

A Blessed Christmas To All of Our Readers -- From The Journal Staff

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ARTICLES FOR YOUR INSPIRATION

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For me sake of economy we are no longer sending out renewal notices. It is up to the subscriber to notice when his subscription will expire. If the date on the upper right corner of our mailing label reads 9812 your subscription expires with this issue.

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THE MESSAGE OF REDEMPTION

A. J. West*

*Since his "home-going" in July, we have had requests to re-print some articles written by Rev. West in this and in future issues of The Journal. This was an editorial he wrote in 1952 and the story on pages 22 to 29 appeared in the December 1984 Journal We hope they are a blessing to you.

* * *

The message of Christmas is a message of redemption. The full import of the grand truth of the redemptive work of Christ will not be fathomed by mortal man's finite mind. It will be the source of ceaseless marvel through eternity. The hopeless and helpless are brought out of the shackles that bind them. The indebted are liberated from their debtors prison. The darkness of despair is vanished and the heavens are garnished with an eternal light.

The message of redemption is a personal message! The song to the shepherds was that to them was brought tidings of great joy. It is not merely the message of a redemptive operation begun upon the earth in a general way. It is the message of redemption pronounced to me and to you. God making bare His mighty arm in my behalf.

This grand scheme had often been the theme of the prophets as they placed the telescope of prophecy to their eye and vaulted the centuries, they saw One coming who was mighty to conquer. They beheld One glorious in power and wondrous in mighty deeds. They saw One whose power was wondrous in mighty deeds. They saw One whose power was overwhelming and whose mercy and goodness to His children restore all things. Nor was their vision distorted; they saw rightly. He has come to do all that the prophets ever dreamed He would do, and infinitely more.

This message of redemption brings to me freedom from sin, power within my own soul to conquer in His name. It breaks the power of canceled sin and sets me free. It also, tells me of a glory in store in worlds unknown where seraphim and cherubim join in a great paeon of praise to the One who hath worked out man's salvation. It tells of the song we who are redeemed shall sing. It tells of thrones and crowns, of regencies and honors. It tells of joy replete, of glory beyond compare. It tells of the overthrow of sin and of graft, of the crowning of right. It tells of a day when the lion shall lie clown with the lamb and there shall be nothing defiling or mean in all of God's holy mountain.

This message of Christmas tells us all that God, the all-powerful One, is working in our behalf. He is not working in some half-hearted fashion, but on a full-fledged plan that is all-inclusive. He hath taken on the cause of fallen man, and made our battle His. The message is one of courage, of hope, of confidence. It rings with a note of triumph, declaring that God is ours, and we are His. It links us together in a bond as eternal as God Himself.

All of this and infinitely more, Christ brought us. There is a condition attached; we must accept. It would be the greatest of tragedies, if, in spite of all Christ has done for us and brought to us, we lose the eternal values of Christmas. Yes, Christmas is a message of redemption, personal and complete. Is it yours?

* * * * *

CHRISTMAS CAME EARLY

James E. Adams

(A True Story)

Christmas came early for Bob Corwell. It was the evening of December 23, and he had just topped off his supper with a big piece of sour cherry pie. He smiled at his wife. "Umm! You sure make good pie, Helen."

Then Bob sat there thinking. "This is going to be a nice long Christmas season. It's snowing, but I don't have to go out. No work tomorrow and all day Christmas."

"Daddy, Daddy!" Six-year-old Tommy interrupted his reveries. "Come here to the window, Daddy. There's a car up the road."

Slowly Bob arose from the table, walked to the window, and looked out into the darkness. Through the swirling snow he could dimly see a man standing beside a car. "Probably putting his chains on," Bob said to Tommy. "But he's just standing there. Maybe he'd like to warm up. I'll go out and see."

Bob got a flashlight, struggled into his boots, put on coat and hat, and went out. He walked up the highway about fifty yards to where a slightly-built, middle-aged man was standing beside a car. He was thrashing his arms across his chest to keep warm. "Putting on your chains?" Bob asked.

"No. Flat tire," the stranger replied.

"You look very cold, Sir," Bob continued. "Come in and warm up before you put the spare on."

"That is the spare tire. The other tire went flat an hour ago."

Bob's heart was touched. "Man, you can't repair a tire out in this snow!" he said. "I have to somehow," the man replied.

"Well -- come inside and warm up before you tackle it, Mr ____."

"Keltner is the name. Thanks. Believe I will."

In the house Bob helped Mr. Keltner to the furnace's hot register for him. Bob noticed his visitor was very pale and thin. "Where are you going, Mr. Keltner?" he asked when the shivering man was seated.

"I'm going to Belton. I should have been home by now. But they discharged me later than usual from the Veteran's Administration Hospital, and then I was delayed by the flat tire I had before this one."

Bob realized his visitor was a veteran who probably had to report to the hospital periodically for treatment. The man had a two-hour drive to reach home -- if all went well. Then Bob thought it was further to the hospital than it was to Belton. Keltner had been on the road for several hours.

"Say! I'm sorry, Mr. Keltner. We just finished eating. Have you had supper?" Bob asked.

"Now, now. I don't want to put you folks to any bother."

"It's no bother, Mr. Keltner," Helen said. "Now you just sit up here to the table."

"Excuse me," Bob said. "I have a chore to do while you're eating." Bob went out to his garage and got his hydraulic jack, wrench, and screwdriver. He hurried down the road to Mr. Keltner's car and soon had the wheel off. He took it in the outside cellar entrance of his home and looked at it under the light. There was a six-inch slit in the tire. It could not be repaired.

Bob had put snow tires on his car, and there in the cellar were the two tires he had removed last fall. They were the same size as Mr. Keltner's, and they had about one-half the tread remaining. Bob grabbed one of them and took it and the wheel out into the night. This time he headed in the opposite direction to his neighbor, Joe Larson, who ran a small service station and garage.

"Joe, how about taking this tire off the wheel for me?" Bob asked. Then he told his neighbor about Mr. Keltner. Joe worked quickly and silently. He learned he could repair the tube. Later, as he mounted the tire on the wheel, he asked, "Bob, how do you know the man will pay you for this tire?"

"He can't," Bob replied. "What!"

"I'm giving it to him."

Joe stopped and shook his head. "Well, if you can do that, I'm not charging anything for my work. And you tell the man to drop in here. I'll fix his spare tire, too."

In the meantime Mr. Keltner finished his supper. "You sure are a good cook, Mrs. Corwell," he said. "You have been so kind. Now I'll have to be getting back to the car. Thank you so much."

"I think you should just stay here until my husband returns, Mr. Keltner. If I know Bob, he's doing something about your car right now."

The emaciated veteran walked to the window and looked out into the darkness for several minutes. Then he turned and asked, "But why, Mrs. Corwell? Why should he do that for me? He doesn't know me. I have very little money."

"Bob's always doing something for somebody. We believe in doing what we feel Jesus would have us do."

A big tear rolled down Mr. Keltner's face. "I believe as you folks do. But it's kind of unusual to be on the receiving end."

About half an hour later Bob came in. "Well, Mr. Keltner, your car is ready to go."

"Mrs. Corwell told me you were probably working on it. Thank you so very much. But the tire -- could you fix it?"

"Frankly, no. But that's all right. My neighbor runs a garage, and I had him put on an old one of mine."

Mr. Keltner took out his pocketbook. "Here's two dollars, Mr. Corwell. It's all I have right now."

"You can't pay me, Mr. Keltner. This is our Christmas gift to you. Just go down to the filling station and buy gas with that money to make sure you have enough to get you home. And Joe will fix the spare tire. I'll go with you."

A short time later Bob said good-bye to a new-found Christian friend. When he returned to his home, Tommy was waiting for him. "Daddy, Mama says you'll have to buy a new tire in the spring. She says Christmas came early for Mr. Keltner. She says she's happy; so am I. He was a nice man."

Bob smiled at Helen and at his little son. He took off his coat, hat, and boots. Then he sat down and pulled Tommy onto his lap. "I'm happy, too, Tommy. Christmas also came early for us. You see, Christmas is a time for giving. Mother gave Mr. Keltner a good meal, and, between Mr. Larson and me, we did something for Mr. Keltner which he couldn't do for himself. It was impossible for him to repair a tire out in that snow. And many years ago on that First Christmas our Heavenly Father gave us the most wonderful gift, His Son, Jesus Christ. Jesus came into the world

to do for us what we could not do for ourselves. He came to save us from our sins." -- Herald of Holiness (1964)

* * * * *

BUT GOD--

I know not--but God knows;
Oh, blessed rest from fear!
All my unfolding future days
To Him are plain and clear.
Each anxious puzzled query, "Why?"
From doubt or dread that grows,
Finds answer in the happy thought--
I know not--but God knows!

I cannot--but God can;
Oh, balm for all my care!
The burden that I drop,
His hand will lift and bear;
Though eagle pinions tire--
I walk where once I ran--
This is my strength, to know
I cannot--but God can.

I see not--but God sees;
Oh, all-sufficient light!
My dark and hidden way
To Him is always bright.
My strained and peering eyes
May close in restful ease.
And I in peace may sweetly sleep;
I see not--but God sees!

--Selected

* * * * *

OTHERS MAY -- YOU CANNOT
G. D. Watson

If God has called you to be really like Jesus He will draw you into a life of crucifixion and humility, and put upon you such demands of obedience, that you will not be able to follow other people, or measure yourself by other Christians, and in many ways He will seem to let other good people do things which He will not let you do.

Other Christians and ministers who seem very religious and useful, may push themselves, pull wires, and work schemes to carry out their plans, but you cannot do it, and if you attempt it, you will meet with such failure and rebuke from the Lord as to make you sorely penitent.

Others may boast of themselves, of their work, of their success, of their writings, but the Holy Spirit will not allow you to do any such thing, and if you begin it, He will lead you into some deep mortification that will make you despise yourself and all your good works.

Others may be allowed to succeed in making money, or may have a legacy left to them, but it is likely God will keep you poor, because He wants you to have something far better than gold, namely, a helpless dependence on Him, that He may have the privilege of supplying your needs day by day out of an unseen treasury.

The Lord may let others be honored and put forward, and keep you hidden in obscurity, because He wants you to produce some choice, fragrant fruit for His coming glory, which can only be produced in the shade. He may let others be great, but keep you small. He may let others do a work for Him and get the credit for it, but He will make you work and toil on without knowing how much you are doing; and then to make your work still more precious. He may let others get the credit for the work which you have done, and thus make your reward ten times greater when Jesus comes.

The Holy Spirit will put a strict watch over you, with a jealous love, and will rebuke you for little words and feelings, or for wasting your time, which other Christians never seem distressed over. So make up your mind that God is an infinite Sovereign, and has a right to do as He pleases with His own. He may not explain to you a thousand things which puzzle your reason in His dealings with you, but if you absolutely sell yourself to be His love slave, He will wrap you up in a jealous love, and bestow upon you many blessings which come only to those who are in the inner circle.

Settle it forever, then, that you are to deal directly with the Holy Spirit, and that He is to have the privilege of tying your tongue, or chaining your hand, or closing your eyes, in ways that He does not seem to use with others. Now when you are so possessed with the living God that you are, in your secret heart, pleased and delighted over this peculiar, personal, private, jealous guardianship and management of the Holy Spirit over your life, you will have found the vestibule of Heaven. --A Tract

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A note from a friend: "We will miss Brother West's great contribution and leadership in publishing The Journal. This ministry through the printed page has made an exceedingly helpful and spiritual contribution to our lives. Be assured of our prayers as you continue to publish the holiness message." --Ohio

* * * * *

ONE OF THE "40 WITNESSES" -- DANIEL STEELE

I was born into this world in Windham, N. Y., October 5, 1824; into the kingdom of God in Wilbraham, Mass., in the spring of 1842. I could never write the day of my spiritual birth, so gradually did the light dawn upon me and so lightly was the seal of my justification impressed upon my consciousness. This was a source of great trial and seasons of doubt in the first years of my Christian life. I coveted a conversion of the Pauline type. My call to the ministry was more marked and undoubted than my justification. Through a mother's prayers and consecration of her unborn child to the ministry of the Word I may say, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth." My early religious experience was variable, and for the most part consisted in

"Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness."

The personality of the Holy Spirit was rather an article of faith than a joyful realization. He had breathed into me life, but not the more abundant life. In a sense I was free, but not "free indeed"; free from the guilt and dominion of sin, but not from strong inward tendencies thereto, which seemed to be a part of my nature. In my early ministry, being hereditarily a Methodist in doctrine, I believed in the possibility of entire sanctification in this life, instantaneously wrought. How could I doubt it in the light of my mother's exemplification of its reality? I sought quite earnestly, at times, but failed to find any thing more than transient uplifts from the dead level. One of these, in 1852, was so marked that it delivered me from doubt on the question of regeneration. These uplifts all came while earnestly struggling after entire sanctification as a distinct blessing. But when I embraced the theory that this work is gradual, and not instantaneous, these blessed uplifts ceased. For, seeing no definite line to be crossed, my faith ceased to put forth its strongest energies. In this condition, a period of fifteen years, I became exceedingly dissatisfied and hungry. God had something better for me. He saw that so great was my mental bewilderment, through the conflict of opinion in my own denomination relative to Christian perfection, that I would flounder on, "in endless mazes lost," and never enter

"The land of corn and wine and oil,"

unless He, in mercy, should lead me by another road than that which has the finger-board set up by John Wesley. I was led by the study of the promised Paraclete to see that He signified far more than I had realized in the new birth, and that a personal Pentecost was awaiting me. I sought in downright earnestness. Then the Spirit uncovered to my gaze the evil still lurking in my nature; the mixed motives with which I had preached, often preferring the honor which comes from men to that which comes from God.

I submitted to every test presented by the Holy Spirit and publicly confessed what He had revealed, and determined to walk alone with God rather than with the multitude in the world or in the Church. I immediately began to feel a strange freedom, daily increasing, the cause of which I did not distinctly apprehend. I was then led to seek the conscious and joyful presence of the Comforter in my heart. Having settled the question that this was not merely an apostolic blessing, but for all ages "He shall abide with you forever" -- I took the promise, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." The "verily" had to me all

the strength of an oath. Out of the "whatsoever" I took all temporal blessings, not because I did not believe them to be included, but because I was not then seeking them. I then wrote my own name in the promise, not to exclude others, but to be sure that I included myself. Then, writing underneath these words, "Today is the day of salvation," I found that my faith had three points to master- the Comforter, for me, now. Upon the promise I ventured with an act of appropriating faith, claiming the Comforter as my right in the name of Jesus. For several hours I clung by naked faith, praying and repeating Charles Wesley's hymn--

"Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad."

I then ran over in my mind the great facts in Christ's life, especially dwelling upon Gethsemane and Calvary, His ascension, priesthood, and all-atoning sacrifice. Suddenly I became conscious of a mysterious power exerting itself upon my sensibilities. My physical sensations, though not of a nervous temperament, in good health, alone, and calm, were indescribable, as if an electric current were passing through my body with painless shocks, melting my whole being into a fiery stream of love. The Son of God stood before my spiritual eye in all His loveliness. This was November 17, 1870, the day most memorable to me. I now for the first time realized "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Reputation, friends, family, property, everything disappeared, eclipsed by the brightness of His manifestation. He seemed to say "I have come to stay." Yet there was no uttered word, no phantasm or image. It was not a trance or vision. The affections were the sphere of this wonderful phenomenon, best described as "the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost." It seemed as if the attraction of Jesus, the lodestone of my soul, was so strong that it would draw the spirit out of the body upward into heaven. How vivid and real was all this to me! I was more certain that God loved me than I was of the existence of the solid earth and of the shining sun. I intuitively apprehended Christ. This certainty has lost none of its strength and sweetness after the lapse of more than seventeen years. Yea, it has become more real and blissful. Nor is this unphilosophical, for Dr. McCosh teaches that the intuitions are capable of growth.

I did not at first realize that this was entire sanctification. The positive part of my experience had eclipsed the negative, the elimination of the sin-principle by the cleansing power of the Paraclete. But it was verily so. Yet it has always seemed to me that this was the inferior part of the great blessing of the incoming and abiding of the whole Trinity. John 14:23.

After seventeen years of life's varied experiences, on seas sometimes very tempestuous, in sickness and in health, at home and abroad, in honor and dishonor, in tests of exceeding severity, there has come up out of the depths of neither my conscious nor unconscious being any thing bearing the ugly features of sin, the willful transgression of the known law of God. All this time Satan's fiery darts have been thickly flying, but they have fallen harmless upon the invisible shield of faith in Jesus Christ. As to the future, "I am persuaded that He is able to keep my deposit until that day." In regard to the process of becoming established in holiness, I find this to be God's open secret -- "to walk by the same rule and to mind the same thing." Phil. 3:16. The rule is, faith in Christ ever increasing in strength; the heart being fertilized with the elements of faith, a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, the conscience being trained to avoid not merely sinful and doubtful acts, but also those whose moral quality is beyond the reach of all ethical rules, and known to be evil only by their effect in dimming the manifestation of Christ within. The rule of life, I find, must be

sufficiently delicate to exclude those acts which bring the least blur over the spiritual eye. Heb. 5:14. If any act brings a veil of the thinnest gauze between me and the face of Christ I henceforth and forever give it a tremendous letting alone.

As another indispensable to establishment in that perfect love which casts out all fear I have found the disposition to confess Christ in His uttermost salvation. As no man could long keep in his house sensitive guests of whom he was ashamed before his neighbors, so no man can long have the company of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit in the temple of his heart while ashamed of their presence or their purifying work.

In this respect I follow no man's formula. The words which the Spirit of inspiration teaches in the Holy Scriptures, though beclouded with misunderstandings and beslimed with fanaticism, are, after all, the most appropriate vehicle for the expression of the wonderful work of God in perfecting holiness in the human spirit, soul and body.

I testify that it is possible for believers to be so filled with the Holy Ghost that they can live many years on the earth conscious every day of a meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, and of no shrinking back, because of a felt need of further inward cleansing, from an instant translation into the society of the holy angels and into the presence of the holy God. This was my daily experience since 1870. I have the Johannean evidence that my love is pure and unmixed -- that is, perfected- in the fact that I have boldness in view of the day of judgment. (1 John 4:17, 18, Dean Alford's Notes.) This joyful boldness is grounded on the assurance of a conformity to the image of the Son of God, and that I am, through the transfiguring power of the Spirit, like Him in purity, and that the Judge will not condemn facsimiles of Himself, "because, even as he is, so are we in this world. "

Yet I am conscious of errors, ignorances, infirmities and defects, which, though consistent with perfect loyalty and love to God, need, and by faith receive, every moment, the merit of Christ's death. In other words, the ground of my standing before God is neither perfect rectitude in the past nor a faultless present service, but the divine mercy as administered through Jesus Christ. Hence I daily pray, "Forgive us our debts." --From Forty Witnesses

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THE CHURCH WITHOUT THE SPIRIT

Samuel Chadwick

The Church is the creation of the Holy Spirit. It is a community of believers who owe their religious life from first to last to the Spirit. Apart from Him there can be neither Christian nor Church. The Christian religion is not institutional but experimental. It is not by an ordained class, neither is it in ordinances and sacraments. It is not a fellowship of common interest in culture, virtue, or service. Membership is by spiritual birth. The roll of membership is kept in heaven. Christ is the Door. He knows them that are His, and they know Him. The Church Roll and the Lamb's Book of Life are not always identical. "No man can say, Jesus is Lord, but in the Holy Spirit," and confession of the lordship of Jesus Christ is the first condition of membership in His Church. The command to tarry in the City until there came the enduement of power from on high

proves that the one essential equipment of the Church is the gift of the Holy Ghost. Nothing else avails for the real work of the Church. For much that is undertaken by the Church He is not necessary. The Holy Ghost is no more needed to run bazaars, social clubs, institutions, and picnics, than He is to run a circus. These may be necessary adjuncts of the modern Church, but it is not for power to run these things we need tarry. Religious services and organized institutions do not constitute a Christian Church, and these may flourish without the gift of Pentecostal fire.

The Life of the Body

The work of the Spirit in the Church is set forth in the promises of Jesus on the eve of His departure, and demonstrated in the Acts of the Apostles. The Gospels tell of "all that Jesus began to do and to teach, until the day in which He was received up," and the Acts of the Apostles tell of all that He continued to do and to teach after the day in which He was received up. The Holy Spirit is the active, administrative Agent of the glorified Son. He is the Paraclete, the Deputy, the acting Representative of the Ascended Christ. His mission is to glorify Christ by perpetuating His character, establishing His Kingdom, and accomplishing His redeeming purpose in the world. The Church is the Body of Christ, and the Spirit is the Spirit of Christ. He fills the Body, directs its movements, controls its members, inspires its wisdom, supplies its strength. He guides into the truth, sanctifies its agents, and empowers for witnessing. The work of the Church is to "minister the Spirit," to speak His message, and transmit His power. He calls and distributes, controls and guides, inspires and strengthens.

The Spirit has never abdicated His authority nor relegated His power. Neither Pope nor Parliament, neither Conference nor Council is supreme in the Church of Christ. The Church that is man-managed instead of God-governed is doomed to failure. A ministry that is College-trained but not Spirit-filled works no miracles. The Church that multiplies committees and neglects prayer may be fussy, noisy, enterprising, but it labors in vain and spends its strength for naught. It is possible to excel in mechanics and fail in dynamic. There is a superabundance of machinery; what is wanting is power. To run an organization needs no God. Man can supply the energy, enterprise, and enthusiasm for things human. The real work of a Church depends upon the power of the Spirit.

The Presence of the Spirit is vital and central to the work of the Church. Nothing else avails. Apart from Him wisdom becomes folly, and strength weakness. The Church is called to be a "spiritual house" and a holy priesthood. Only spiritual people can be its "living stones," and only the Spirit-filled its priests. Scholarship is blind to spiritual truth till He reveals. Worship is idolatry till He inspires. Preaching is powerless if it be not a demonstration of His power. Prayer is vain unless He energizes. Human resources of learning and organization, wealth and enthusiasm, reform and philanthropy, are worse than useless if there be no Holy Ghost in them. The Church always fails at the point of self-confidence. When the Church is run on the same lines as a circus, there may be crowds, but there is no Shekinah. That is why prayer is the test of faith and the secret of power. The Spirit of God travails in the prayer-life of the soul. Miracles are the direct work of His power, and without miracle the Church cannot live. The carnal can argue, but it is the Spirit that convicts. Education can civilize, but it is being born of the Spirit that saves. The energy of the flesh can run bazaars, organize amusements, and raise millions; but it is the presence of the Holy Spirit that makes a Temple of the Living God. The root-trouble of the present distress is that the Church has more faith in the world and the flesh than in the Holy Ghost, and things will

get no better till we get back to His realized presence and power. The breath of the four winds would turn death into life and dry bones into mighty armies, but it only comes by prayer.

Form and Spirit

The Acts of the Apostles gives us an account of a Church destitute of the Spirit. The picture corresponds in many particulars with that of the Church in the Apocalypse that had lost its Christ. The Church in Laodicea was rich and respectable, prosperous and influential, complacent and confident, but was blind to the tragedy on the doorstep. Their worship was faultless in form and passionless in spirit. There was no heresy in their creed, but there was no fire in their souls. The Spirit of Christ was outside. Ephesus and Laodicea have much in common, for where Christ is dishonored there can be no Pentecost.

The Church at Ephesus had the advantage of a distinguished and brilliant preacher. He was a man of great scholarship, who had won distinction at a great University. No preacher can have too much learning, and the Bible gives due recognition to the fact that Apollos was "a learned man." In addition to the wisdom of the schools, "he was mighty in the Scriptures." Some preachers have finished their ministerial training with the confession that they had learned less about their Bibles than about any other subject; but this man had been taught the Scriptures and "instructed in the way of the Lord." His teaching was Scriptural, orthodox, careful. To scholarship he added passion. This accomplished scholar, Scriptural in doctrine and careful in exegesis, literally "boiled over in spirit." Enthusiasm does not often accompany scholarship. It is bad form among cultured people. Religious fervor generally declines with the advance of education. Much learning has a tendency to make cold, dry preachers. This was a rare type of College-made preacher. His fervor survived success in study, and he came through his course intense and scholarly, fervent and accurate, faithful and accomplished, courageous and cultured.

It seems hardly credible that such a minister should lack the very things essential for the work of the Christian ministry. He had neither gospel nor power. In his preaching there was no Cross, no Resurrection, no Pentecost. He preached Jesus, but he did not know Christ crucified. Peter the fisherman was worth a thousand of him. Eloquent, learned, Scriptural, impassioned, faithful and courageous, Apollos had no Gospel. Carefully trained, well-instructed, a courageous learner, and an effective teacher, he had no vision. Skilled in definition, powerful in debate, earnest in advocacy, he had no power. The Colleges had given him of their best, but they had left him ignorant of things vital and destitute of the Holy Ghost.

Like priest, like people. Like minister, like members. Truth comes through personality; and the level of a preacher's experience determines both the range and level of the sermon. It also determines the level to which he can help others. John's Baptism in the pulpit resulted in a corresponding religion in the pew. It was a cold-water Gospel and a cold-water piety. To Paul's keen eye there was something wanting. They were sternly devout, orderly, reverent; but it was not Christian worship and experience. Their heads were bowed and their faces gave evidence of discipline, but they were not radiant. Their lives were marked by strict integrity, for John's cold-water religion was severely moral. They were as fervent as they were upright, and as religious as they were conscientious. Their religion was marked by a spirit of deep penitence and godly fear. They were upright in life, fervent in religion, devout in spirit, faithful in service; and

yet, without the Holy Ghost. Their religion was a strict, external observance; not an Indwelling Presence. They lived by rule, not by illumination. God saves from within; they disciplined themselves from without. Religion to them was a joyless burden, for they carried their God on their backs instead of in their hearts.

The Difference Holy Ghost Fire Makes

Pentecost transforms the preacher. The commonest bush ablaze with the presence of God becomes a miracle of glory. Under its influence the feeble become as David, and the choice mighty "as the angel of the Lord." The ministry energized by the Holy Ghost is marked by aggressive evangelism, social revolution, and persecution. Holy Ghost preaching led to the burning of the books of the magic art, and it stirred up the opposition of those who trafficked in the ruin of the people. Indifference to religion is impossible where the preacher is a flame of fire. To the Church, Pentecost brought light, power, joy. There came to each illumination of mind, assurance of heart, intensity of love, fullness of power, exuberance of joy. No one needed to ask if they had received the Holy Ghost. Fire is self-evident. So is power! Even demons know the difference between the power of inspiration and the correctness of instruction. Secondhand gospels work no miracles. Uninspired devices end in defeat and shame. The only power that is adequate for Christian life and Christian work is the power of the Holy Ghost.

The work of God is not by might of man or by the power of men, but by His Spirit. It is by Him the truth convicts and converts, sanctifies and saves. The philosophies of men fail, but the Word of God in the demonstration of the Spirit prevails. Our wants are many and our faults innumerable, but they are all comprehended in our lack of the Holy Ghost. We want nothing but the fire.

The resources of the Church are in "the supply of the Spirit." The Spirit is more than the Minister of Consolation. He is Christ without the limitations of the flesh and the material world. He can reveal what Christ could not speak. He has resources of power greater than those Christ could use, and He makes possible greater works than His. He is the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Truth, the Spirit of Witness, the Spirit of Conviction, the Spirit of Power, the Spirit of Holiness, the Spirit of Life, the Spirit of Adoption, the Spirit of Help, the Spirit of Liberty, the Spirit of Wisdom, the Spirit of Revelation, the Spirit of Promise, the Spirit of Love, the Spirit of meekness, the Spirit of Sound Mind, the Spirit of Grace, the Spirit of Glory, and the Spirit of Prophecy. It is for the Church to explore the resources of the Spirit. The resources of the world are futile. The resources of the Church within herself are inadequate. In the fullness of the Spirit there is abundance of wisdom, resources, and power, but a man-managed, world-annexing, priest-pretending Church can never save the world or fulfill the mission of Christ. Suppose we try Pentecost! --From The Way to Pentecost

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HOME FOR CHRISTMAS
A. J. West

Bill Bailey sat with stolid face watching the scenery from the coach window. Mile after mile the train was getting him closer to his destination. The wide expanse of the country side, the low rolling hills and then the rugged mountains were a welcome change from the gray prison walls that had been his only scenery for the past four years.

The conductor came back through the cars calling, "Hillville, next stop." Bill Bailey jumped to his feet and then fell back into the seat again. It would be a few minutes until the train stopped at Hillville. He hardly thought himself capable of as much of a thrill as seemed to go through him at the mention of that name. When the train finally stopped, he made his way down the steps and into the little station. The same man greeted him from the same place and the station looked just like it did when he had last come there by rail.

"Good afternoon, sir," Bill greeted the stooped man at the ticket window. "Could I leave my luggage here until some time tomorrow? I don't think I can carry it all in one trip."

"Sure an ye kin, there young feller. Just yet set 'er right in here. Ol' Joe'll guarantee it'll be here when ye come fer it." Ol' Joe was just like that.

"Thank you Joe; thank you very much." Bill said as he shoved the luggage into the place specified.

Bill turned and walked from the little station with mixed emotions. He somehow wished that he could go back to that time five years ago when he walked over the same trail he would walk tonight and live it all over. Things would be different. He began to live again those days following his last fishing trip there. He remembered the hurt-look in the moist eyes of Old Uncle Jim Lance when he told him he wouldn't be coming around for hunting season that fall. "Guess I'll be working for Uncle Sam by then. You take care of my cabin and I'll make it right with you when I get back into this country." But he hadn't gone into the Army. He had been rejected, a heart condition. Then he remembered meeting her, Jean Hapstead, when he was sitting in the depot waiting for the train home. "What are you going to do if you don't pass; got the future all mapped out?" she had asked in a very sympathetic way.

Bill seemed to shudder through his whole body. He had played the sucker. Jean and her pal, Ralph Rader, had walked off with the gravy, in cold cash, and he took the rap. "Six years!" the judge had said. He had gotten two years off for good behavior. There was one thing left in life for him -- even that score. "Now go straight, son," the warden had said. "You've got a lot of good years ahead of you." He had made up his mind to go straight, straight to those two double-crossers and put the heat on them. He wanted to see them wriggle and squirm, cry and plead for mercy. Then he wanted to press the trigger on his little automatic, and stand back and watch the red blood flow from their bosoms. After then? What difference did it make? He couldn't face life with a jail sentence always coloring his past.

He came now to the edge of town and instinctively took the path that brought him out just below Old Jim's cabin. Would Jim be changed much in five years; would Vera still be there with her old dad? There was a name that still carried a thrill with it. If anyone under the sun would ever believe his story, she would. Maybe they had never read the newspapers; maybe they hadn't even

heard. He walked now through the dense forests -- virgin timber, where the sound of an axe was never heard. They seemed to lean toward him as he passed. They seemed to say, "We've seen men come and go. We've seen the injustice of the man to man. We've also seen the right triumph and the wicked punished."

He quickened his step for he must hurry if he was to get to his cabin before it got too dark. He felt his hip pocket to make sure he had a flash light, just in case. He soon found how short of breath he had become; how much slower he had to take it now. When he finally crossed the little brook that he remembered was just below Jim's cabin, it was getting rather dark. When he rounded the last bend in the path, it was a heart-warming sight to see the flicker of the yellow light in the window. He felt his heart pounding fast, as though it would leap out of his chest. Five years had been a long time -- especially when four of them had been spent in the confines of the prison walls. Bill walked slowly to the cabin, as if to enjoy each of the last steps. He passed the window, and peeked in as he went by. Then he stopped still in his tracks. There was Vera, on her knees, her face flooded with tears, her lips moving in prayer.

Bill rapped gently on the door and then waited. He heard her push back the chair and get up. Then the door gently opened.

"Bill Bailey[Is it really you?" Vera took his hand in both of hers. "You'll never know how glad I am to see you. All day I've been praying that the Lord would send someone along to help me."

Bill was completely thrown off his balance. "She is glad to see me," he thought to himself. "This wasn't what I expected. I expected she would let me come in; that in a cool way she would listen to my side of the story and if possible try to believe it. But not this!" He found himself staring down at a face flushed from weeping -- tear-stained, but beautiful. "Er, well if you needed help, I'm glad it's me that's here. What's the trouble?"

"Daddy is sick, Bill. He has been getting worse for the last couple of months. Then yesterday he got real bad. I tied a note to the collar of our dog last night and sent him out for help, but he got killed by a panther. I heard the fight right up along the trail. I can't leave long enough to go for help. I'm so glad you've come. Will you go for a doctor?"

"Sure I'll go for a doctor. I'll go just as soon as I say hello to your dad." Bill stepped across the small room and through the open doorway. He could hear the labored breathing of the man in the dark room.

Vera came with a lamp. "He doesn't know anything now, Bill. He has been unconscious all day."

"He looks just like he did the last time I saw him; hasn't changed, even though he is sick." Bill turned and walked back to the door.

"I'll fix this light for you, Bill. You keep it burning and that'll keep the panthers and wild cats off. Here, too, is daddy's automatic pistol; he always carried it in case of emergency. You'll

have to wait for the doctor. I'll have you a good warm meal when you get back. Just like I used to fix for you when you went fishing with dad."

Bill took the pistol and strapped it on. He took the lantern and walked toward the door. He heard her say, "You don't know how glad I am you've come." He felt her press his arm in her grasp. Then he was through the door. It closed behind him and he was stumbling back down the trail he had just come up.

It always does a man good to be wanted, to be needed. No man needs it worse than the one who has lost his bearing. Bill sensed new strength coming into his limbs as he followed the trail back to town for a doctor for old Jim.

"I'm sorry, Vera. I must be truthful. There isn't a thing we can do. If we had him in the hospital, we might be able to pull him through, but not here. He wouldn't live to make the trip now." The doctor fumbled through his bag. "Here are some little capsules that will keep down the pain. Here are some that will reduce the fever. He will probably gain consciousness again. But he won't last over three days at the longest." The old country doctor was plain, but he was not blunt. He patted Vera's cheek, "You'll have to be brave, little girl. I had hoped that perhaps he would respond to these shots. That's the reason I've stayed all night. But I can't do another thing for him. I'll be back out this evening. Meanwhile, I'll send out Clara Deems to help you take care of him." He closed his satchel and went out.

Bill Bailey had watched through the long night as Doc had tried to bring old Jim through. He watched now as Vera walked over to the bedside, sat down by the bed and buried her head in her father's pillow and wept. Then he left the room. When he came back about a half hour later, he found that Vera had changed her clothes, she had washed, combed her hair and looked as fresh as though she had slept all through the night.

"Is there anything I can do before I go?" he asked her.

"Before you go! You're not leaving me now, Bill? Not when I need you so badly! I haven't much of anyone here to help." She looked puzzled.

"Well, I'll stay as long as I'm needed, to be sure. I just thought that someone else was coming to help," Bill explained.

"There is another girl. But here in these woods, we need a man to help sometimes. Come on in, we'll get some breakfast." He was amazed at her self control, her calmness.

"I did quite a lot of praying last night while I was awake with daddy. It's all right if God wants to take him. He's ready to go, and he'll be better off. It was hard to come to that place, for what am I going to do? I've no education as the world looks on it. Of course, I've got my degrees from correspondence schools, but will they mean anything? For the last eighteen years, ever since mother died, I've stayed here in these mountains with daddy. He would have died then if we hadn't gotten out of the city. His lungs were weak from the gas in the war, you know. He's told you all about it." She talked for it seemed good to have someone to talk to.

"No, he never mentioned it to me. I always wondered what brought you up here. But don't you worry; there'll be a place for you in the world. You've got what it takes; you'll make it without any trouble. I only wish I had as clean a slate as you've got. Everyone will be wondering, 'How long will he go straight?' Well, I'll tell you, for I believe you've sense enough to understand. I didn't steal those cars; I was only driving them. But they had things all set for me." He waited with bated breath for her answer.

"Daddy and I both thought there was something wrong. We knew you too well to think you had stolen anything. We never for a minute lost faith in you. If daddy comes to his senses again, he'll tell you the same thing."

Bill Bailey went limp like a rag. He had been all braced to defend himself, but he wasn't braced for this. It didn't seem real.

"Of course Bill, you'll not expect everyone to think that way about it. You'll just have to climb fight over top of it. Live just like it never happened."

Vera was interrupted. "Vera, girlie." Faintly it came from where the sick man was lying. She was on her feet at his side in a moment. "Yes, daddy. What is it?"

"Could I have a little drink?" The man glanced about the room. "Bill Bailey! Is it really you? Come over here, son. You don't know how glad I am to see you. You just got here in time to see old Jim and that's all." He took the glass of water, but couldn't hold it. Vera lifted it to his lips. "Thank you. Now Bill, I want you to know first of all that I don't believe you ever stole them cars. I still think just as much of you as ever. Pull your chair up close, Vera. I won't be here long, girlie. I had the most wonderful dream today. We were all home again. There was your mother, my dad, grandmother, mother, little Davie, and just a whole host more. They were all waiting for me. They were looking for me home for Christmas. It isn't too long till Christmas, is it?" The man closed his eyes. His lips moved softly. "Bill will you lift me up, I want to be sitting up when He comes for me."

Bill raised the old friend up. Old Jim's lips were moving. He was singing softly,

"I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home,
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home."

"Good-bye Vera; good-bye Bill, I'm going home for Christmas. They're all there waiting for me."

Bill felt the form grow limp. He let him lay back on his pillow. "He's gone, Vera."

"Yes, Bill, he's gone; he's not dead. He just went home for Christmas." There was a moment in which there was unbroken silence. Then Vera said, "Clara and I will stay here. You go into town and make the arrangements. Hurry back."

"No Bill, you don't dare throw your life away like that. It just doesn't make sense," Vera said as she stepped in front of him to block his way down the trail.

"There is no use to try to stop me, Vera. That's all that is in life for me. I was only too glad to help you what I could, but you are no longer needing any help."

"But Bill, it's such a foolish thing to throw your life away like that. You can easily live down the past. Forget it; everyone else soon will. Get a job and make something worthwhile out of yourself."

Bill Bailey looked at her. She was sincere; you could see that reflected in her big blue eyes, in her frank expression. When he had last seen her, five years ago, she was a gangly girl of fifteen. He had always looked on her as a kid sister. But now that he was twenty-five and she twenty, things changed. In the last two weeks he woke up to the fact that while he had been helping get things straightened out after Jim's death, he had fallen in love with Vera. That, he had told himself, would never do. He had forbidden even the thoughts of such a thing. She was as pure and good as any girl who had ever lived; he had worn prison stripes for four years. A little mishap could send him down the river again. He had meant to slip out without her knowing it and then mail her a letter, but she had met him on the trail.

"Bill," Vera continued, "there is so much to consider. Think of eternity. Think of going out to meet God unprepared!"

"Vera, you're very persuasive. But at least, I must get away from here. I'm leaving Hillville right away. You'll soon find a job and forget me. Then some fine fellow, who doesn't have a prison record, will come along and you can have a home of your own and get something rich out of life. You'll be able to make it all right. You don't need me."

"There isn't any question about my making it." She paused. Would she tell him that she was worth a half a million dollars? Would she tell him that they had sold that much ore off the mountains they owned and that there was more of it there -- a rare mineral?

She decided it wouldn't be best. She was fairly sure she knew what was wrong with Bill. She had seen it coming on. "Bill do you remember the first time you ever came up here to fish. You were on a vacation from college right after your sophomore year... I was thrilled when dad said you were one of the ones he was to take on the fishing trip. Right then you became my hero. I liked to be near you. I knew you would never notice me, but just the same I liked to do things for you, get your hunting outfit ready, cook your meals along with dad's, go fishing with you and dad. Now since I haven't been schooled too much in the ways of proper conduct in society, maybe I would be excused if I told you that I've never changed."

Bill sort of felt things reeling and he leaned against a tree to give him support. Hot flashes played over his face and he knew it was very red. Without a word he tossed one suitcase off the trail into the snow and picked up the other. He took Vera's hand and started back up the trail.

"There is one more thing, Bill. I want to tell you before we get back to my cabin. I don't want Clara to hear it. You'll have to give up your idea of vengeance entirely; you'll have to forgive. There is only one way to do that- you'll need to get right with God." She looked at him, waiting for his answer.

"It's all right, Vera. For days I've wanted peace of heart worse than anything else. I'm going back up and lock myself in that cabin of mine and never come out again until I've got religion like your dad had. Then I'm going to call my mother. I haven't even let her know where I am."

Hand in hand they walked back up the trail. Vera went into her cottage when they got that far along. Bill went silently up the trail to his own to fight the battle of his life, and to come out a new man, new through the transforming power of God's grace.

"Hello Mother! This is Bill. You know? I'm out again and will be home soon. Say mom, did you ever notice a girl in those pictures I brought home from the mountains? You did? Good! Do you mind if she comes along with me for a few days? Her father, the man who used to take care of the camp, died a few days ago...Good! We'll be home for Christmas, Morn. Bye."

Bill Bailey walked slowly from the booth. Vera waited for him in the little general store. "It's all O.K., Vera. Mom said to bring you right along."

"Here' s yer evenin' papers, Miss Vera. Figured as how you all be around some time 'er other."

"Let me see that, Vera!" Bill said as he hastily took the top one from her. The headlines read: "TWO GAMBLERS TRAPPED." The subheads read: "Admit other crimes when questioned." He lost himself in that paper; he forgot everything and everybody, as he read hastily down the column. Another subhead: "Admit stealing the cars for which Bill Bailey was sent to prison." Bill's breath was piling up on him; he couldn't manage it all. "Let's get going, Vera." Outside he turned and said, "Now Vera, I can come to you with a clear slate; here's the proof."

"I don't need any proof, Bill. You were never guilty as far as dad and I were concerned. You see Bill, faith in humanity is a wonderful thing. But it will make your mother happy when you show her that paper and when we get home at Christmas."

--A. H. J.--

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THOUGH LAID IN A MANGER HE CAME FROM A THRONE
E. W. Lawrence

Christmas. What does it all mean? What is it all about? If you take notice of many of the greeting cards that are sent out each year, you will see that it has some apparent connection with a benevolent, red-dressed, white-bearded, individual, Santa Claus. The red-nosed reindeer will also come into the picture. Here in England such cards depict robins, and snow covered fields, with a touch of the era of Charles Dickens. Other greeting cards depict such things as a shining star in the heavens, with shepherds and their flocks in the fields beyond Bethlehem. Invariably you find some visual reminder of a Babe, born amid rustic simplicity and a village

"What is there strange or special about all this?" you ask. After all, babies are being born every day, and all day long. The answer is in the Baby Himself, for the Babe was none other than God's Eternal Son, Israel's promised Messiah, the Lord Jesus Christ.

He was born in obscurity, born into poverty, born of a Jewish maiden, born for a special purpose. Luke 2:11 records the words of the angelic messengers, to the shepherds. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." In Matthew 1:21 we find the words addressed first to Joseph, then to Mary: "... thou shalt call his name Jesus for he shall save his people from their sins." I Timothy 1:15 Paul's Christmas message says: "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Born for a special purpose. Luke 19:10 teaches that He came to seek and save the erring souls of men and women.

He Came From A Throne

Bethlehem speaks to us of the entry into time of the eternal Son of God. Not His beginning or creation, for He had no such beginning or creation. Jesus was, and is, the Eternal One Himself, God Eternal manifest in human flesh and form. Genesis 1:1 says "In the beginning God created" while the first verse of John's gospel says, "In the beginning [the beginning of Genesis 1:1] was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." This Eternal Son played a vital part in the very creation of this planet on which we live. John 1:14 says that in God's appointed time, the "fullness of times" as Galatians puts it, the same Eternal Word "became flesh."

Bethlehem simply represents His coming down into time, His advent into an earthly sphere, His taking up of a human form. One of the old church creeds puts it "for us men and for our salvation He came down to earth from Heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the virgin Mary."

Though laid in a manger He came from a throne, as Luther's children's carol puts it. "He came down to earth from heaven" writes Charles Wesley, "who is God and Lord of all."

"He left His Father's Throne above
So free, so infinite His grace...
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race. "

"Though he was rich" with all the wealth of God's eternal heaven, "yet for your sakes he became poor," says 1 Cor. 8:9. And He did all that as a pathway of redeeming revelation to sinful men and women like ourselves. There is a precious statement in Philippians 2:6-8: "Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Rich Himself, He became poor. So poor that one day He had to borrow a boat to use as a pulpit. So poor He had to ask a despised Samaritan woman to give him a drink of water. So poor that He had to use another man's cross to die on, and another person's tomb in which to be buried.

He came by way of Bethlehem, through Nazareth, and Jerusalem, and all that the thirty odd years of His life here symbolized, for the purpose of His death -atonement--on the Cross. One has aptly termed it Operation Redemption!

Our Lord's grace reaches from the heights to the depths, from Heaven's noon day to earth's midnight, from plenty to poverty, wealth to want, and princedom to servitude. He was the Eternal Son of God, yet He became the Son of man. The infinite One became an infant. Creator Himself of the rolling spheres out in space, He was pleased in His descent to earth to nestle in the arms of a lovely Jewish maiden. Maker of worlds, of a vast universe in His descent He was willing to make yokes of wood in a carpenter's shop in old world Nazareth. Himself God of the atom, He became the Carpenter of Galilee.

Such were the heights, and such the depths, the first from whence He came, the second to which He stooped. His love for the sons of men is the sole explanation of it all, the solution of the mystery.

"Out of the Ivory Palaces,
Into a world of woe,
Only His great eternal love
Made my Savior go."

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son" to all that Calvary implied. The New Testament teaches that "God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5:8).

As a pathway in His redemptive purposes for fallen men, He left His Father's throne in Heaven. He vacated it for thirty years, descended to earth, willingly embracing the poverty of childhood years and the limitations of a human body. The agony and suffering that were His before and on the Cross, the resurrection and the ascension, all point to His great love for lost humanity.

You see, He loved us in spite of our sins and rebellion. He cared for us and yearned for our deliverance. He came all the way from Heaven to seek us out. And He is seeking us still. He calls us again to repentance and an amendment of life. He enables us likewise to perform all that He demands.

C. H. Spurgeon used to say that his entire theological outlook could be summed up in four words: Christ died for me. The Bible says "Christ died for our sins" (1 Cor. 15:1- 3). That He died "to put them away by the sacrifice of himself." The apostle Paul made it more personal when he said "The son of God loved me and gave himself for me" (Gal. 2:20).

None of us can fully understand the doctrine of Christ' s atonement. Bible students have been trying to solve that mystery for centuries. They haven't succeeded yet! They put forward their opinions as to why the Savior died. These are merely human interpretations of His sacrifice. They call them "theories of the atonement" in theological circles.

When the Lord Jesus hung on the Cross He cried "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He asked a question, and if He, the Eternal Son of God asked His Father the reason for the deep mystery behind His Gethsemane and Calvary, I cannot deem myself capable of understanding the deep meaning of His Cross.

He Returned To A Throne

"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name" Phil. 2:9. Christ arose! Even the grave could not hold Him! Neither could earth contain Him, for He ascended into Heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God. He went back to the place, the throne that He had vacated thirty years before.

With the eye of faith we see Him there at God's right hand, enthroned in regal splendor. The head that once was crowned with thorns, is now crowned with glory and honor. He thinks of us still, and prays for us. Hebrews 7:25 teaches that as a consequence He is able to save from and to the uttermost all who come to Him in penitence and faith. Through this Savior, the now glorified Lord Jesus, there is proclaimed for you the forgiveness of sins.

You must admit your need. Your sinfulness, its past condemnation and present enslavement is only too evident. "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you..." Isaiah 59:1. The folk in Jerusalem asked Peter "What shall we do?" and the apostle's reply: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remissions of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost" (Acts 2:38).

Then, you must believe the Lord Jesus. You must trust Him, confide in Him, depend on Him: His person, and His work. Committal is the word commonly used these days.

Finally, you must come to Him: confessing your sins, receiving His pardon, making restitution where necessary, accepting His grace, and do it right now!

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THE LIFE OF D. L. MOODY
William R. Moody

The Civil War and the Christian Commission
(Continued from the November issue)

While serving with the command of Gen. O. O. Howard, who was in thorough sympathy with his efforts, Mr. Moody's ministry was especially fruitful. General Howard thus speaks of his work in the army:

"Moody and I met for the first time in Cleveland, East Tennessee. It was about the middle of April, 1864. I was bringing together my Fourth Army Corps. Two divisions had already arrived, and were encamped in and near the village. Moody was then fresh and hearty, full of enthusiasm for the Master's work. Our soldiers were just about to set out on what we all felt promised to be a hard and bloody campaign, and I think we were especially desirous of strong preaching. Crowds and crowds turned out to hear him. He showed them how a soldier could give his heart to God. His preaching was direct and effective, and multitudes responded with a promise to follow Christ."

These war-time experiences introduced Mr. Moody to a larger field by bringing him prominently before the whole country. The Young Men's Christian Association noon prayermeetings in Chicago became a center, where he and his fellow-workers met and reported on their frequent excursions to the front, and people from all over the Northwest sent in requests for prayer at these meetings, on behalf of husbands, brothers, and sons.

When the Spanish War broke out, and thousands of young men were again gathered into army camps, Mr. Moody's heart went out toward them with the same longing that had urged him on during the Civil War. His experiences in 1861-65 helped him to arouse the churches in this new emergency. He became chairman of the Evangelistic Department of the Army and Navy Christian Commission, whose method of work was fourfold: (1) the preaching of the Gospel by well-known ministers and evangelists, to whom the men would listen; (2) the placing of Young Men's Christian Association tents within reach of every regiment, wither the men might go as a place of resort, and where they would find good reading and writing materials; (3) the free distribution of Bibles, Testaments, hymn-books, and other religious books; and (4) the visitation of the sick and wounded in hospitals. The following letter, which he wrote at this time, resulted in great blessing to thousands of soldiers in the great military camps during the summer of 1898:

"Thirty years ago war clouds gathered over our land, and the church of God was aroused as I have never seen it since in behalf of the young men of America. This interest expressed itself in the formation of the Christian Commission, and everywhere efforts were made for the religious interests of the soldiers. Meetings were held everywhere, and many a camp became the scene of a deep and effective revival, and for more than thirty years I have been continually meeting men who were converted in those army meetings.

"Now the dark shadow of war again rests upon our land. Is it not possible that God intends to use even the darkness of this evil for the blessing of the youth of this land; and while He has called us to become the instrument of His justice may He not have in store a season of revival for those who, brought face to face with danger and in realization of the seriousness of life, may be reached, when at other times careless and indifferent? It seems to me that it is just the nick of time

in which to reach thousands of young men with the Gospel, either through a Testament, a good book, or the spoken message. A minister in Philadelphia writes me that there is an excellent opportunity of doing good at Tampa, and I have no doubt that other camps offer equally favorable conditions."

Mr. Moody was preaching in Pittsburgh when one of the first regiments started for Cuba. He mentioned that incident at the meeting, and raised several hundred dollars in order to follow these young soldiers with the Gospel. Major Whittle, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Rev. R. A. Torrey, and others were sent, and an appeal was made for money to send books as well as men. The Young Men's Christian Association also desired to send workers to the front, and the War Department deciding that it could have only one religious body among the soldiers, an Army and Navy Christian Commission was organized, and Mr. Moody was made chairman of the Evangelistic Department. The object of the organization was to reach the soldiers and sailors of the United States, in the army and navy, with the Gospel of Christ. Bibles, religious books, colportage library books, and the new "Army Hymn Book," compiled by Mr. Sankey, were sent in great quantities. Major Whittle gave this incident among many, showing the very important nature of the work done through this agency:

"I called on a dying lieutenant this morning, who said that he was turned to God at the first meeting held in the camp. I did not know about it at the time, but my heart was full of gratitude to God as the dying man's face lit up in recognition of me! His hot hand pressed mine as he drank in: 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out,' and other Scripture passages. He told me that he did in his heart trust Christ. We sang to him, 'My faith looks up to Thee,' and commended him to God in prayer. He has a wife and five children. He was a traveling man, and unsaved up to the night of May 27th. The doctor said there was no help and that he would die today. If God has been pleased to use my coming here to save that one soul, I will praise Him through eternity."

Another incident is given herewith: "We spend our forenoons going to the hospitals. There are about one thousand men at Chickamauga in the various hospitals, sick with malarial fever and typhoid fever, and every day brings us to the bedside of some hungry, thirsty, dying soldier. One of our workers went to a hospital and asked:

"May I go in and see the sick ? Is there anything I can do?"

"For God's sake, yes,' said the surgeon;' go with that woman. She has just arrived from the North, and I can't bear to tell her that her boy won't recognize her; he is dying; he won't live five minutes. Go in with her.'

"So he went in and stood by the cot where this soldier was breathing his last. He couldn't recognize his mother; and this mother, a lady dressed in black, stood there at the foot of the cot watching the last breath of her dying boy. And when at last his soul had gone she turned back the sheet that covered him, and there upon his army shirt was a badge of the Epworth League. He had had it transferred from his soldier's coat to his shirt; he told the nurse he wanted to wear that badge when he was dying.

"As his mother looked upon it she burst into a sob, and the whole tent of sick soldiers and the doctors and nurses sobbed with her. And what a privilege it was for our delegate to tell that mother: 'I was here yesterday and talked with your boy! I had been speaking with this man here about being a Christian, and your son overheard it, and when I came to his side he said: "Oh, dear me. How can that man get along without Jesus?" I said to him: "Are you a Christian?" And with a smile upon his young face he said: "You bet I am," and he turned back the sheet and showed me the badge upon his breast, and I talked with him and prayed with him.' "

(To be continued) --From The Life of D. L. Moody

* * * * *

RUSSELL H. CONWELL -- WON BY AN ORDERLY

He was a stalwart captain in the army during the Civil War. His avowal was that of infidelity and atheism. None of God would he allow in his life. When he told his father, a pious Methodist, that in Yale he had changed his belief, the old man said, "Son, I would rather see you in your coffin, or live in ignorance, than for you to forsake the God of your father and mother." During the war it was his (mis) fortune to be attended by one John Ring as an orderly.

Noble John did not know much so far as the theories of the world were concerned, but he did know enough to want to read the Bible while in the tent. But the captain would not permit this.

During a battle in North Carolina, Pickett's brigade surprised the Union Army and drove them across the river. During the turmoil, Conwell forgot to carry with him a gold-mounted sword which he prized very highly. When Ring remembered that the captain had left the sword in the tent, at once he ran through the Confederate lines, to the tent, and with the sword in his hand, he started back across the burning bridge.

The Confederate officer ordered firing to cease, and commanded, "Tell the boy to jump into the river and we will save him." John did not heed; with clothing ablaze he ran on until he fell. He was rolled into the water but it was too late. He died in the hospital, leaving the words for his captain, "I wanted to give him his sword, and then he would know how I loved him."

Touched by this turn in affairs, Conwell became a changed man. Six months later he was left for dead on the battle field. When he was finally rescued he said, "I am going to die and meet John Ring and his Master whom I have spurned." Crying day and night to God, finally peace came to his soul. He was never able to return to the field of service again. But he kept the sword, which Ring had retrieved, hanging over his bed, and daily in prayer he would say, "O Lord, help me to do my work and the work of my dear heroic soldier boy also." He felt that upon him rested the life labors of two men.

Ring's work at last was to be rewarded. Conwell started to preach. From fame to fame he soared, until he became the pastor of the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia. Here his great work really began. He builded Temple University, from which thousands have gone into the ministry. He personally assisted ten thousand young people to secure an education; several hundred thousand

were trained in the university which he founded. He baptized over six thousand converts. He founded three hospitals in connection with his church.

He delivered his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds" more than six thousand times, and made more than eight million dollars from it, all of which he gave to educate the poor. Many books flowed from his pen. When he died in 1925 at the age of eighty-two the nations of the world mourned his home going.

With him was buried the sword, which through his life had been a constant reminder of John Ring, faithful orderly of a captain in the war, and faithful servant of the King of kings! John Ring died having touched but one man! But John Ring, when the corridors of heaven ring with the call for Conwell to receive his crown, will also be called. For he bore the torch from the Master, as a faithful servant, that lighted the great man's soul.

Friend, are there other Conwells around you, for whom you may be a John Ring? It is glorious to be heralded as a Conwell, famed and honored, which but few can attain. But all of us can race back for the sword! -- From How They Were Won

* * * * *

THE PERPETUAL ADVENT

J. Paul Taylor

In The Free Methodist

Jesus was born. That is a matter of definite record. He was not a heavenly phantom but a historic figure. He had a local habitation. But He "whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting," did not make Bethlehem the terminus of His journey. He travels the highways of all ages, "the same yesterday, and today, and forever," "he who was, and is, and is to come." This personal revelation is too great to be fenced in as the exclusive property of any nation. It has no "tones provincial." It is too lasting to be limited by a clock or a calendar. It came out of eternity to be the possession of "all people" in all time. The eternal must fill and dominate the temporal. The glory of the Advent night has not faded out in the haze of the past. The birth of Christ is an experience to be had rather than a story to be told. The Nativity is repeated wherever an apostolic church travails in birth until Christ is formed in the hearts of men.

"Were Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem born,
But not in thee, still wert thou all forlorn."

The accompaniments of Christ's coming to this planet are duplicated in His coming to the person. Then and now His arrival is attended by a sermon, a sign, and a song.

The Sermon Identifies The Person Who Is Born

The first New Testament sermon was preached by an angel-missionary. He came on a mission from the mother country above to the strayed and revolting earth-colony. His message, two

sentences long, has endless significance. "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." That is the perpetual, all-sufficient evangel. The human angels of the seven churches of Asia can but echo the original emphasis of the heavenly angel. His words constitute a complete identification of "the Desire of all nations, unto whom the gathering of the people shall be."

"Unto you is born." Whatever else He is, the person is a human being. He breaks into history at our level. He has a lineal ancestry. He has a traceable genealogy. He is the offspring of the race. He is not a created, independent personality, but a member of humanity. He is "the Son of Man," as He so often declared. He began where we began, at the lowest point of babyhood. He was perfectly identified with us from the beginning. Possessing all of the physical senses and all of the spiritual sensibilities of a complete human being, He was qualified to sympathize with us in all our experiences. Unto us He is born.

"A Saviour." Jesus, Saviour, is His human name, and the name embodies His function. He came to lift the insupportable burden of guilt. He came to extricate us from an inescapable entanglement. He came to sever the chains of our helpless thralldom. He came to heal our incurable disease. He came to raise us from our hopeless death. He came to open the prison where we were confined awaiting an inevitable doom. He came to save from the uttermost depths of sin to the uttermost heights of holiness and transform the chief of sinners into the chief of apostles.

"Which is Christ." Christ is His official name. He was divinely designated for the office of Redeemer. He is the Messiah, the anointed one. Every prophet, priest, and king of the Old Testament era was a faint type of Him. Every prophecy pointed an inspired predictive finger toward Him. He is no pretender, assuming the prerogatives of Messiahship. "Christ glorified not himself, to be made an high priest." God sent him, and He acquiesced in the Father's choice. "Lo, I come to do thy will." Nor did He come in response to an invitation from earth. Not by popular vote did He come to His office. The world took little note of Him at first. God set Him upon His holy hill of Zion by an unchangeable decree, saying, "Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee." He sits in the heavens and laughs at the puny plottings of those who take counsel together against His anointed (see Psalm 2).

"The Lord." The Bethlehem Babe is not only sent from God. He is God. "He is Lord of all" (Acts 10:36). The first division of the angel's sermon reveals the foot of the ladder resting on the earth. The last division reveals the top of the ladder touching heaven. The Saviour must be man to represent man to God. He must be God to represent God to man. No subordinate or intermediate creature can save us. Only He who created us can new-create us. Only the Highest can lift the lowest. Our Christ, being very God of very God, is equal to the task of saving unto the uttermost. This is the gospel for every age.

The Sign Specifies The Place Where He Is Born

"And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." On surface the sign would seem to belie the promise of the sermon with an

unexpected anti-climax. Beneath the surface the sign is found to be most fitting in a world of sin. The manner of Christ's approach to us sets the pattern for the manner of our approach to Him.

No pride of place is here. He came from the Celestial City, not to a light in Jerusalem the glorious or Rome the grand. He will make His bid for the world empire from Bethlehem the "little" (Micah 5:2). He will appear not in a palace, temple, or Coliseum but in an obscure out-of-the-way manger, the location of which is lost except to uncertain tradition.

No pomp of person is here. He who had worn a garment of light which dazzled the eyes of seraphim is now wrapped in ordinary swaddling clothes. Soft raiment and attractive apparel could add nothing to His inner worth, and a drab investiture could subtract nothing from it. He makes no appeal through the extraneous and incidental appendages of life.

No parade of power is here. He comes not with the war cry of the conqueror but with the weak cry of an infant. This was the supreme stumbling-block to the Jew. His Messiah must be a super-Goliath. He must make a show of world-shaking power. He must out-Caesar Caesar. But God will prove His weakness to be stronger than men.

No flaunting of possessions is here. He who owned all things by original right deliberately chose to be born in utter poverty. "Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor." He will prove that the highest values lie in what a man is rather than in what he has.

No boasting of position is here. He was Son of God, Ruler of angels, Ancient of Days, King of kings, Lord of lords, Maker of worlds, Prince of peace, but He coveted not the blare of heralding trumpets, and courted not the glare of the lights of publicity. "He made himself of no reputation." He "took upon him the form of a servant." "He came not to be ministered unto but to minister." "He thought it not robbery to be equal with God," but He thought it arrogance to advertise His divine titles. This infinite One incarnate in an infant is "meek and lowly in heart."

His demand upon us is, "Take my yoke upon you." Humility will find the wondrous Christ behind the lowly sign. "Pride, our volcano peak that sinks us in a crater," prevents the discovery. Our "strifes for grassy garlands" of praise stir up so much dust that the vision of Him is obscured. Our vaunted leaning avails nothing here. The whole Bethlehem sign tells us the kingdom of God must be received in the spirit of a little child, for these things are "hid from the wise and prudent, and are revealed unto babes." Not the profound brain but the simple heart has the key to the treasure house. The pompous boast, "Is not this great Babylon which (greater) I have built," always blocks the road to Bethlehem and the Kingdom. When men covet right-and-left hand places as courtiers in the Kingdom they are informed that the cost is right-and-left hand crosses on which they must be crucified as criminals by a godless world.

Entering by the low door of self-abasement, we find the manger has become the outer court of the true temple, the swaddling clothes, the first veil behind which lies the holy place of our Lord's humanity, and, behind the veil of His flesh, the holy of holies of His deity, the true Shekinah, before which we fall in worship with the shepherds, "lost in wonder, love, and praise."

The Song Magnifies The Purpose For Which He Was Born

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Salvation is for this end. It is worthy of an angelic song. When the foundations of creation were laid, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." How fitting that when the topstone of redemption crowned the creation, "a sudden blaze of song spread o'er the expanse of heaven." This song strikes the keynote of the fundamental harmonies effected in the outworkings of the redemptive plan.

Here "God" and "men" are reconciled in the holiest embrace of love. Christ became the God-man to bridge the chasm between God and man, so the prodigal may return from the far country and be met by the Father who sees him returning "a great way off," and receive the kiss of affection, the word of pardon, and the grasp of a restored fellowship.

Here the "highest" heaven and the lowest "earth" overlap and inter-penetrate. Heaven is no longer far away. We have now "come unto Mount Zion, land unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels" (Heb. 12:22). The flesh and the Spirit no longer clash. They are interwoven. The spiritual has become the basic warp of life running vertically toward heaven on the loom of time, while the darker woof of the human runs horizontally toward all of our earthly interests, blending in a beautiful fabric so men may see

"through all this fleshly dress,
bright shoots of everlastingness."

If the second person of the Trinity could inhabit a human body without a disastrous division of His person, the third person of the Trinity can enshrine Himself in a human body without consuming it and without being quenched by it, making it a temple in which the spiritual is dominant.

In this bridal of earth and sky the sacred and the secular combine in one. The secular is so saturated with the sacred that all becomes sacred. As the earth spins in a comparatively small circle on its axis every day, and at the same time swings in an immense circle around the sun once a year, so one may pursue "the trivial round, the common task," and at the same time run in an eternal orbit around the Sun of righteousness and bathe his daily life in the bright radiance of the sacred. Shepherds at their lowly work may have the glory of the Lord shine round about them and an angel chorus sing above them until the dull clay on which they stand is turned into holy ground, the hills are transformed into cathedrals of God, their shepherd crooks are changed into kingly scepters, and their working clothes are made priestly robes, while all of life becomes a sacrament.

Here Jewish shepherds and Gentile "wise men" meet in common worship, the middle wall of partition having been broken down. Racial distinctions vanish, and peace among men of good will is the order of the day. People of all nationalities, through grace, are citizens of the same "holy nation" where the spirit counts for more than the blood or the color. "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all and in all" (Col. 3:11).

Christ is perpetually coming in the evangel of the sermon, through the medium of the sign,
to the blissful consummation of the song.

* * * * *

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little Lamb.
He came on Christmas night.
She laid Him in a manger bed,
This King of life and light.

He ate with poor and sinful folk;
He claimed He was God's Son.
It made the leaders plot His death,
This holy, sinless One.

He came to give us joy and peace;
To take away our sin,
He heals the sick and calms the storm
And ushers justice in.

What makes the Lamb love Mary so
And all the world beside?
By grace alone He chose His own;
For them He lived and died.

And we must love the Lamb you know.
His blood will wash us clean,
Our words must show that we are His;
Our lives by all are seen.

One day this Lamb will come again,
More Lion than a Lamb;
Defeat His foes, reward His own.
Oh, praise the day He came!

--A Tract

* * * * *

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BIBLE QUESTIONS

1. What prophet predicted the coming of John the Baptist?
2. What prophet predicted Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem?
3. Where is the first prophecy of Jesus' coming?
4. What gospel records Malachi's prophecy of the coming of Christ's forerunner?
5. Name the angel who appeared to Zecharias.

6. What are the first words the angel spoke to the shepherds on the Judean hillside?
7. In Luke's record, who were the first two disciples?
8. What was the multitude trying to do when Jesus started teaching the beatitudes?
9. How did Jesus fulfill His duty to pay His temple tax?
10. Who was the king of Judah when Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem?

[See answers at the end of this file. -- DVM]

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NOTE:

We are considering putting the Editorials Rev. West wrote on Revelation in The Journal in book form, but do not have all of the issues. If anyone has them and would consider loaning them to us, please contact us.

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ANSWERS TO THE BIBLE QUESTIONS

(1) Malachi, 3:1; (2) Zechariah 9:9; (3) Genesis 3:15; (4) Mark 1:2; (5) Gabriel, Luke 1:19; (6) "Fear not" Luke 2:10; (7) Peter and Andrew, Luke 6:14; (8) They sought to touch Him, Luke 6:19; (9) He sent Peter fishing, Matt. 17:27; (10) Jehoiakim, Daniel 1:1

* * * * *

THE END