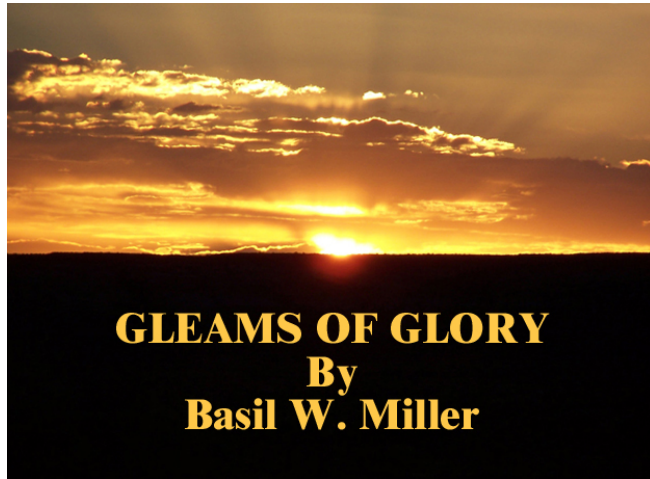


Copyright Holiness Data Ministry -- All Rights Are Reserved For This Digital Publication, And Duplication Of This DVD By Any Means Is Forbidden. Also, Copies Of Individual Files Must Be Made In Accordance With The Restrictions Of The B4UCopy.txt File On This Disc.

GLEAMS OF GLORY
By Basil W. Miller



**Inspirational Messages
For The Devotional Life**

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint" (Isa. 40:31).

**Copyright 1926
Basil W. Miller**

**Nazarene Publishing House
Kansas City, Missouri**

* * * * *

**Digital Edition 04-27-09
By Holiness Data Ministry**

* * * * *

DEDICATION

**To
My Daughter**

**Estherbella Whose
Tender Smile Is Radiant With
"Gleams Of Glory"**

* * * * *

CONTENTS

- 01 -- On Patmos With Heaven In Full View**
- 02 -- The Voice Out Of The Cloud**
- 03 -- The Call Of The Heights**
- 04 -- Gethsemane Leads To The Easter Dawn**
- 05 -- God's Ravens**
- 06 -- Heaven's Open Door**
- 07 -- The Christ Of The Wave**
- 08 -- Songs In The Night**
- 09 -- Nevermore -- Henceforth**
- 10 -- Jacob's Pillow**
- 11 -- Moments Of Rapture**
- 12 -- Able To Do**
- 13 -- The Christ Of The Fiery Furnace**
- 14 -- Praise Him!**

* * * * *

01 -- ON PATMOS WITH HEAVEN IN FULL VIEW

"I John . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos . . . And behold, a door was opened in heaven" (Rev. 1:9; 4:1).

The Isle of Patmos, surrounded by the raging waters of the sea, was a barren wilderness, a stony waterless waste, and the habitation of wild beasts. John, exiled from home, dwelling in such untoward circumstances, with jackals for his companions, and a stone for his pillow, the star-studded canopy of the sky his jeweled ceiling, was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and he received the grandest vision, the most glorious panorama of coming events, ever given to mortal man. "A door was opened in heaven." The clouds veiling heaven from earthly view were rifted, and he beheld the coming King, the majesties of pearly gates swinging wide, foundations of emerald, sapphire, opal, streets paved with gold, the grandeurs of the shekinah of the Son lighting the City of God, the crystal stream of life placidly flowing amid the trees of life and amaranthine bowers of celestial bliss. From Patmos he heard the blood washed throng singing a new song, "Blessing and honor and glory be unto Him."

On Patmos with heaven in full view! John on lonely isle, comforted only by the night cries of ferocious animals, is not the only one to whom such a vision is

afforded. In the Spirit every Patmos -- of Difficulty, tribulation, fiery temptations, battles fiercely raging, storms tempestuously seething -- is rewarded with a vista of heaven. In the Patmos of night songs from the celestial choir herald anthems of glory! When clouds befog the gleaming rays of the Sun of righteousness sights of pearly gates of heaven swinging wide are given to the soul! Storms of discouragement, tempests of financial difficulty, winds of hatred and opposition, but waft to one on zephyrs of heaven the fragrance of the City Beautiful. "Even though it be a cross that raiseth me; still all my song shall be, Nearer my God to Thee." When the burden seems heavy, the hills too steep, the sunlit peaks of grace too far removed, be in the Spirit, with face set toward the New Jerusalem, and glimpses of God's smiling countenance, views of the land where burdens never oppress, where tears never stain the cheek, where sorrow and sighing have flown away, will burst with bedazzling splendors on thy heart!

Then come Patmos with stony beds, and desolations, and exiles, with circumstances unfavorable, and night clouds that a glimpse of Jesus -- through heaven's open door -- may be mine! Blow winds of the wild seas of life, that the gleams of His smile may be shed on my pathway! Flame and scorch thy greatest desert suns, that the celestial carols formed by the stream of life rippling over its diamond and opaline beds may stir my soul! Be mine a life on the Patmos of this bloody battlefield of sin with heaven -- its full-orbed splendors, its rainbow tinted reflections, its triumphant new songs, its eternal coronation days -- in full view!

* * * * *

02 -- THE VOICE OUT OF THE CLOUD

"And there came a voice out of the cloud saying . . ." (Luke 9:35).

Christ, with His three disciples, had come to the Mount of Transfiguration; the two prophets of ancient day had appeared; the shekinah glory, the brightness of the manifestation of God, the brilliant halo of divinity, the resplendent aurora of heaven's reflection, had settled down upon the Savior. But before the voice spake, "There came a cloud, and overshadowed them: and they feared as they entered into the cloud." And out of the cloud came the revelation of God, the voice of deity, "the still small voice" speaking to the hearts of the apostles. The cloud into which they feared to enter afforded the voice of divine inspiration and revelation. In the experience of men, the cloud and the voice have gone together.

No voice without a cloud! The cloud of sin and hatred of his brother, afforded the voice of the glory of God to Jacob. The cloud of the forty years of desert struggle gave to Moses the divine voice saying, "The ground is holy." The cloud of persecution in the life of Daniel, the den of lions, the wrath of the king, gave the voice of assurance of God's power and help. The sacred celestial carols of David -- the glory music of the heavenly voice -- were born in the clouds of adversity, while he was hunted as a hare by Saul. The cloud of discouragement settled down over

Israel and the voice of Jehovah spake through prophet's words of hope and consolation. God spake from the clouds on the heights of Sinai; from the heavens rent asunder -- rifted clouds -- at the baptism of Jesus; and from the clouds on the Mount of Transfiguration. So He always speaks.

The darkest hours of trials are God's messengers preparing for His sweetest revelations. The fiercest storms of temptations are the angels of heaven overshadowing the soul as forerunners of the coming of the presence of our Father. Fog banks, dark as hell's night, formed by the whizz and buzz of the inky wings of demons fighting the soul, are sent that our inner man might be tried as by fire, strengthened by holy might. The greatest saint is he who has gone through the darkest clouds, for out of every cloud came the voice saying

The cloud of battle brings the voice of rest. The tempest of soul burdens carries on its wings of wild winds the voice of God's response. The cloud of sin heralds the voice of "Come unto me." Out of the cloud of soul thirst comes the voice saying, "Blessed are they which do . . . thirst after righteousness." From the darkest clouds of dire need, of heart want, there trills the voice saying, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Clouds of scorching winds, of burning deserts, of blazing suns, throw out the voice of the "shadow of the rock in the weary land."

My soul, fear thou not to enter the cloud. Seek not a flowery bed of ease. Pant not for pleasures. Cry not when winds may blow, when nights may come, when clouds may hover low, when blinding siroccos of criticism howl, when all men speak not well of you! In these clouds God is preparing thee for the voice of His inspiration, the anointing of His Spirit, the outpouring of His unction!

*** * * * ***

03 -- THE CALL OF THE HEIGHTS

"Seek those things which are above" (Col. 3:1).

The heights have a universal allurement. Towering peaks and snow capped mountains stand out with a halo of glory found not in the low lands. At eventide gloom falls, nightshades darken the valley, a blue haze hovers low, but the golden gleams of the departing sun cast a resplendent crown of celestial rainbow tints on the heights of the peaks. Sunlit heights they are! In the dusk of the dying day, while earthly forms are being blotted out by the shades of night, the weary pilgrim can lift his eyes to the sunlit heights and dwell in the glow of their inspiration. In the time of setting sun the intertwining silvery, purple and golden pencils of light, the reflections from the pearly gates, and the jeweled garnished foundations of the City of God, rest only on the heights. In such an hour David cried out, "I will lift mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord."

The sunlit heights of grace call the soul to abide in the unfailing rays of "the Sun of Righteousness." In the heights of grace the sun is always shining. Gloom may fill the valley; nightshades dark with trouble may settle down on the plains; clouds of discouragement, fogs of doubting, tempests of heart turmoils, may hover in the low lands, but in the heights the radiant shimmer of holy light, glints from off the emerald and sapphire capped domes of the City Beautiful, glow with undying luster. The heights of grace are above the storm-rent clouds of sin. As the eagle that soars in the heights worries not about crossing the rushing river, so the soul in the heights of grace, riding on the wings of the wind, frets not about streams of trials, rushing torrents of temptations, sweeping rivers of sin. He is above them!

There are heights of love abounding calling the soul. Heights of prayer, towering peaks of faith, mountains of "all grace abounding," ranges of the "exceedingly abundantly above all" power of God, call the life from weakness and faintheartedness. The heights beckon where the heart is "filled with all the fullness of God." There are heights of unappropriated grace, altitudes of peace and joy that invite the Christian pilgrim!

My soul, mount thou up with wings as eagles! Set thy face like a flint toward "the Sun of Righteousness!" Let thy eagle cunning, courage and strength lead thee to the highest peaks of grace, to altitudes yet unscaled, heights yet unexplored! Face the storms, the angry winds as they blow, and on their rushing tempests may thou be carried above the gloom, to the silvery lining of each cloud! Soar in the heights of the "infinities of grace! Make thy nest, thy abiding place, in the heights of grace, nearest heaven, next to the gates of glory, the house of God! If thy wings be broken, thy courage daunted, hope thou in God; for He has promised "to bear thee up on eagle's wings."

* * * * *

04 -- GETHSEMANE LEADS TO THE EASTER DAWN

And He came out, and went . . . to the mount of Olives . . . and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling . . . He is not here, but risen (Luke 22:39, 44).

The road traveled by the Christ that trailed through the garden of Gethsemane led also to the Easter dawn, the empty tomb. The night was dark, disciples were asleep, the sins of the world bore down upon the spirit of Jesus, excruciating agony rent His soul, drops of blood trickled from His face as driven out by the torments of the coming crisis, but Christ cried out, "Not my will, but thine be done." This night of sorrow made possible the empty tomb. The blood sweat in the garden was the seed of which the morning of the resurrected Savior was the blossom. No garden of submission to the Father's will, no glory of the day when angels said, "He is risen!" No cross on which the Master hung, no crown in the celestial land! The seed of blood flowers forth in the radiant gleams of glorification.

Every Easter dawn is preceded by a garden of suffering. Abraham suffered, but through his sufferings he became the triumphant "father of the faithful." The agonizing Jacob becomes the victorious Israel, the prince of God. The flames of the fiery furnace brought the glorious presence of the "form of the fourth" -- the Christ - - to the Hebrew boys. The refining fire purifies the gold of its dross. The cutting and grinding, rubbing and polishing, transforms the black "diamond in the rough" to the scintillant, sparkling gem gracing the coronet of a queen. He that wears the crown of rulership must first bear the cross of battle. A suffering Luther, a despairing Calvin, a persecuted Wesley, and even the Church grows in power with man and God. The blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church.

If there are no battles for one to fight, there shall be no triumphant victories. If there is no war to wage against sin, strength and soul cunning and inner courage will never be had. If the soul carries no burdens, no energy and spirit power will be produced. If there are no chasms to cross, no mountains to traverse, no peaks to scale, there shall also be no rest in the sunlit heights of grace and glory. Every zephyr that fans the cheek from off the uplands of holiness is wafted to the soul that stands the scorching blistering sun, and the burning sands of the deserts of the world of sin. No voice without a cloud; no vista of heaven without a Patmos; no burning bush without a desert; no words of Christ saying, "Peace be still," without the waves of the tempest; no Easter dawn without Gethsemane; no radiant crown without a flaming cross!

My soul, fight thou on for a throne immortal! Bear a cross that thou might wear thy jewel-studded crown! Stand the strain of prayer that thy golden chain of faith may be strengthened, and bind thee to the throne of God! Blaze then refining fires! Burn then blistering suns! Polish then tests and trials! Blow then raging tempests! For every fire refines thy gold; every blistering sun brings breezes of glory; tests and trials then shine thy diamond; and tempests raise thee to the gates of pearl! Court thou gardens of agony that the splendors of thy Easter dawns may grander be!

* * * * *

05 -- GOD'S RAVENS

And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening (1 Kings 17:6).

Elijah, dwelling by the brook, hiding from his enemies, a fiery prophet of righteousness, was fed night and morning by the ravens of God -- ordinary crows. As meal time approached across the hills flew a number of ravens carrying to him a plenteous repast. And thus by mouth of ravens -- crows -- God supplied the needs of His prophet that prayed the fire from heaven down upon the sacrifice. Elijah might cause the oil and the meal of the widow to be multiplied; he might win the contest between Baal and the true God on Mt. Carmel; even he might be carried to

heaven in a chariot of fire, surrounded by a whirlwind of blazes; but his grandest experience and greatest lesson came when God's ravens fed him.

God's ravens through the ages have continued to feed His saints. Crows of black wing, unable to sing, vultures of the lowest class of bird life, bring to the soul the blessing and excellencies of the Lord Almighty. Ravens are God's messengers in disguise. The ravens of fire, theft, and death that swept down upon Job brought him in disguise blessings untold. When thus supplied by ravens of tempest and fiery trials he could cry out, "Though He slay me; yet will I trust Him." Every difficulty that Paul faced proved to be a raven of God. Beaten with stripes, lost at sea, fighting in the arena at Ephesus, he was thus drawn closer to Christ, trusted more in God, lived eternally with the cross in view, "fought a good fight," "kept the faith." God sends the ravens of stones to surmount that thus we may climb higher; ravens of winds to overcome that our soul wings may be stronger; ravens of trials to combat that thus our hearts may be more powerful in the Lord; ravens of criticism, of persecution, of financial embarrassments, that thus our refuge may be in God. Black winged ravens of death fly over the home, the babe is taken, but thus the parents are drawn nearer Christ, and heaven allures with a greater power. Ravens fly nearby, sickness and sorrow follow, but the soul learns that riches and friendships of the world are vanity and vexation of the spirit. Trusted friends fail, ambitions are blighted, hopes shattered, -- God's ravens sent to drive one to the unfailing Friend and hopes that never die!

Ravens of needs for body and soul lead to the abundant grace of God, to the good Shepherd. Weakness comes, we cry unto God for strength -- God's ravens. The flowers of love's garden wither, we seek then "the Rose of Sharon," "the Lily of the Valley" -- God's ravens. The battle turns unexpectedly against us, we put on the whole armour of God; suddenly human wisdom fails, human pathways lead astray; human life is besieged with disease; we then come to "the way, the truth and the life" -- God's ravens.

My soul, then welcome disaster, accept the burning furnace, go through the wilderness of temptations, stand in every test, fight against cohorts of demons, legions of imps of hell. Thus thy brightest glory is gained; thy most precious lesson is learned. The battle-scarred warrior receives the triumphant entry into the gates of heaven. While ravens of disaster come laden with celestial blessings may God speed them on their way!

* * * * *

06 -- HEAVEN'S OPEN DOOR

Behold, a door was opened in heaven (Rev. 4:1).

A full-orbed revelation of the majestic wonders of heaven has never been given to man. Clouds of glory and mystery veil the City Beautiful from the gaze of

admirers. Glimpses of grandeur, vistas of pearly gates, slight views of jasper walls, small panoramas of golden streets, broken strains of the redeemed's new song only are afforded. The clouds of shekinah light that veil the City celestial are here and there rifted, and through these rifts shine glimmering rays from the towers of heaven. Doors of heaven -- the pearly gates -- are left slightly ajar, and through the open doors radiate the beams of heavenly light, and scintillate the lucent splendor of the throne of God. The veil is drawn aside and the resplendent dazzlement of "the Sun of righteousness" sparkles for human gaze. The curtain is lifted for awhile, and the unclouded glory of the City without a temple -- for He is the temple -- irradiates the pillow of the dying saint.

The prophet of righteousness, standing on the highest peak of time, is given one look at the cloudless day, day without a night, and cries out in amazement that the things he saw were unlawful to utter.

But shining through these open doors, these uplifted curtains, these withdrawn veils, comes the brightness of man's eternal home. Such a blaze of glory, such a halo of transfiguration resplendence and such lucidity as breaks from the everlasting hills of Paradise, man unaided by divine revelation has never seen. Only the prophet, only the saint, only the dying man of God, is granted this wondrous opportunity of seeing through the gate ajar. For him there is the sparkle of diamonds making bright his eternal crown of righteousness. There flows placidly the crystal stream of life over its opaline and emerald bed, rippling out the glad anthem of redemption completed. He beholds the bloodwashed throng, singing the new song, "All hail the power of Jesus' name; let angels prostrate fall; bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

The King of Terrors there has lost his sting and been deprived of his victory. Eyes are no more moistened with scalding tears. Good-byes are never spoken. And congregations never break up! Morality lays aside its tattered robe; and immortality robes the saint in raiment white as snow. In the arms of Jesus he is grasped in glad welcome. The throng of saints, celestial inhabitants, cherubim, and the burning seraphim, sound forth the honor and majesty and glory of Christ, until all heaven, earth and nature is filled with the glad refrain!

My soul dwell thou in the glimmering rays of heaven's open door! Seek thou the hours of heavenly inspiration when the clouds rift asunder! Gaze through the gloom of mortality to the lights of the City incorruptible! Order your footsteps, guide your life so as to draw nigh in time to those open gates! Pearly gates gleam a welcome home! Jeweled foundations, jaspered walls, golden mansions, beckon you ever upward! Angelic choir, celestial harpists, redeemed singers, roll the march of battle, sing the anthem of inspiration! Fight on! Climb on! Labor on! Someday thou art going higher, yes higher through the gloom to the unfading sunlight of Paradise!

* * * * *

07 -- THE CHRIST OF THE WAVE

But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the winds contrary Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea (Matt. 14:24-25).

Contrary winds, wild and raging, were blowing. The small bark in which fearfully sailed the disciples was beaten by rushing tempest, deluged by the lashing, leaping waves, sprayed by tidal billows, tossed by boiling breakers, and overflowed by angry surges. The tranquility of their hearts gave way to dreaded fear. Peace took the wings of the storm and flew away. Their calmness was turned into inner turmoil. Soul turbulence arose as a maelstrom sweeping them on into the vortex of destruction. The anchor of faith broke. The rest of divine assurance was swept aside with the rising torrent. They were ready to cry out "We perish," when out of the storm, walking on the waves, coming to them through the tempest, they saw Christ. To them the furious sea had brought the Christ, the violent rage of the waves carried hope, and the driving mist afforded a view of their Savior.

Through the ages, it has always been thus -- the waves carry the Christ to the soul, the storm brings the assurance of His nearness, the flowing eddies, and sweeping whirlpools of tempests, waft the fragrance of His abiding glory, and every sky darkened with flying darts and fiery arrows of the tempter affords the sunlight of divine grace, and celestial peace. On each wave -- waves of trouble, dashing waves of discouragement, tidal waves of trials, waves that all but wreck the soul, waves carrying the heart now up, now down, swirling, whirling, sweeping, rushing onward-comes the Christ to the burdened soul.

Each stormy sea -- the sea of life, frayed by tempests of temptations, beaten into a fury by typhoons of persecution, slander and misrepresentation -- is driven back into divine calmness by the voice of the Master of winds, saying, "Peace, be still." Shocking tornadoes of winds from hell, troublous blasts blown by sin against God's son, uproarious hurricanes -- hell's best attempt to wreck the Christian -- scorching winds of fate, volcanic squalls of disconsolation -- out of them all comes God's voice saying "Peace."

My soul, seek thou the wave! Call then for the stormy night! Ask not for flowery beds of ease! Pray not that the winds may not blow! Cry out in gladsome note, send thou me, O Lord, where the battle is the fiercest, place me where all others seek not to go, use me for any stormy night, to face any chilly wind, to sail any turbulent sea! Take thou courage, O heart of mine, when Christ counts thee worthy to ride the rough waves, to stand when fogs o'er cast the sky! Look out o'er the aggravated winds, gaze through the drenching mists, for somewhere near is the Christ! After the winds of hell have been driven back to their mountain fastness, come the glory breezes, fragrant with the bewitchery of heaven's sweetness! The winds but test thy soul fiber; the waves but strengthen thy mettle; the storms of life but prepare for the rest of heaven!

* * * * *

08 -- SONGS IN THE NIGHT

God . . . giveth songs in the night (Job 35:10).

Nights for all must come. The sun of gladness at times is eclipsed; the day of joy becomes murky, dark as pitch. The glowing light of peace is dimmed by discouragement. The dazzlement of the full glory of the "Sun of righteousness" is overcast with gloom and nightshades. The splendid refulgence of the divine beams, cast from the towering peaks of heaven, are bedarkened with shadows of persecution, battle and bloodshed.

God has not promised an eternal day while yet on time's side of eternity. The night of death, the darkness of sorrow, the shades of trials, are passed through by all who tread the shining way to the City of Light. Sunless days come; clouds drift between one and the light of heaven. Life is checkered with shade and sunshine. The glad choruses of cheer, inspired by earthly comfort, die; the glory anthems, born of fleeting pleasures of time, lose their siren calls; the music of friendships pass away. Nights cover with their pitch-darkness human "glad voices."

Though nights may cover our souls with their dusky gloom; though "the valley of the shadow of death" make somber our way; though the orient sun of joy become unilluminated; though the sparkling gleam and glint of God's cheering smile become obscure; though life be shady with flying darts of the enemy making black our day; still the eternal God has promised that no night shall be too black, no road too obscure, no day too somber and sunless, but He will give us songs for that night, light for that road and sun for that day.

In the dead of night -- nights of trials, deathbed scenes, God's smile unilluminated, when the soul is cast down, when the temptress of sin tries and tests the life -- angels will burst out with glory songs, hallelujah anthems, oratorios of celestial grandeur. Let the night of tried faith come; let the gloom of unrewarded efforts shade the heart; the heavenly musicians on harps of gold will break forth in life-inspiring cadenzas, gleesome arias, and divine symphonies. No night comes from God without its song, a song of arousing spirit, of stirring grandeur, of blissful harmonies.

My soul, then court thou the night, for heavenly voices will pierce its gloom. Welcome the shades of setting suns of ambitions, of dying ideals, that God may lift thee above the clouds, nearest the gates of glory, with holy chant, and encouraging psalm, and siren strains of music too sweet for time. Pray not to be delivered from the darkened valleys, for here God moves the soul to praise with songs soft as angel's wings. Caressing melodies make sweet the night of burdens. Music rung from God's wind-swept lyre will cheer thee in the gloom. Why art thou cast down then lowly heart, "Hope thou in God." Soon the night clouds shall rift and streaks of

the eternal dawn, now gilding the eastern hills of time, shall paint thy horizon with heavenly hues. Soul while yet 'tis night, listen softly for God's songs.

* * * * *

09 -- NEVERMORE -- HENCEFORTH

Henceforth there is laid up for me -- (2 Tim. 4:8).

Man walks to the verge of the raging, turgid stream of death, and without God to pilot him safely across its black waters to the pearl gilded shores of eternity, he can but cry out in despair and anguish of soul -- "Nevermore!" On the tombstones of all that thus pass into the great beyond, inscribe it, "Nevermore!" The only distant wail that comes back from hell's domain is "Nevermore!" The only sound that time receives from those lost in the storms of eternity is the faint echo of their cry, "Nevermore" as it is carried from jagged crag to turreted peak and thus rolls across the stream of death.

But there gleams from the rising dawn of the dying saint in glowing letters of fire -- "Henceforth!" The battle is past. The victory shines from the towering hills of glory. The night of time is dispelled by the unsetting sun of heaven. Every rose here has carried a thorn, and in the chilly breath of winter lost its fragrance. "Henceforth" -- the flowers have shed their thorns, the roads, their stones, the days, their nights. "Henceforth" -- glories every gleam, spicy redolence makes balmy the air. "Henceforth" -- grandeurs untold, pleasures unmeasured, heavenly radiance undiminished. "Henceforth" -- to fathom the depths of this, sound the deepest depths of God's graciousness; to scale its heights, compute the wonder and amazement of God's power, the dynamite of His grace; to explore its breadth and length, measure the flow of Calvary's blood through the ages! "Henceforth laid up" blessings as grand as God can afford!

Nevermore -- "Henceforth" herein lies the greatest contrasts. Nevermore -- the lowest depths of the dregs of hell! "Henceforth" -- the insuperable bliss of heaven! Nevermore -- the uttermost separation, pain, anguish! "Henceforth" -- incomprehensible pleasures, thrills and emotional stirrings untold! Nevermore -- an abode with demons, a fiery residence with hell's imps! "Henceforth" -- the throne City of the universe, mansions of gold, saints redeemed, angels and celestial inhabitants unfallen, Jesus, the Lord of glory! Fetid companions -- ambrosial delights! Rancid fumes -- aromatic zephyrs! Suffocating winds -- sweet-scented breezes! Nevermore -- "Henceforth!"

My soul, dwell thou in the prospect of "Henceforth there is laid up for" thee! Let every sun set upon thee with the hope of "Henceforth!" Let the dawn of every day cheer thee with one glorious vision "Henceforth!" In every murky, darksome night, in every raging tempest, through every flaming battle, oppressed with trials, struggling under heavy burdens, scaling the heights, be thou cheered, look up -- for

"Henceforth there is laid up for thee a crown of righteousness" and all its attendant glories! Angels robed in spotless white urge thee on! Bloodwashed saints beckon from the heights of heaven! Christ, most precious, bids thee sail on against wild waves, sweeping storms to that celestial hued haven -- "Henceforth!"

*** * * * ***

10 -- JACOB'S PILLOW

He took of the stones . . . and put them for his pillow And behold a ladder . . . and the top of it reached to heaven . . . and the Lord stood above it And Jacob awaked . . . and said . . . this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven (Gen. 28:10-18).

Conditions could have been no worse, circumstances no more uninviting for heavenly manifestations, visions of God's grandeur, vista of coming angels. Escaping from the just wrath of an offended brother, seeking a refuge with relatives who possibly shall be unwelcoming, through an unknown wilderness, sleeping under the stars of heaven, stones for a pillow -- behold angels, a shining ladder, God's smiling countenance, God promising that his seed should be as the dust of the earth, and that divine presence shall go with him, and that He should never leave him! The desert becomes the house of God! A disturbed outlook becomes the gate of heaven! Stones for pillows become by divine alchemy radiant gems, glowing emeralds, snowy white pearls, jasper, amethyst! Sinner yesterday, today vowing, "The Lord shall be my God." Trials transmuted into glorious victory! Burdens lifted with angel's fingers!

The most flaming jewels of sainthood are refined from pillows of stones! The holy aurora of divine shekinah is born of hard spiritual circumstances! In the desert of burden, stones for a pillow, look up, somewhere near the ladder of heavenly communication is dropping through the rifted clouds. The o'erhanging cloud softly veils God from your view, but He is ever near. God speaks of the day when He shall make up His jewels -- but these celestial jewels are now being formed in the desert of life, barren of friendships, amidst sharp stones of difficulties. They are jewels polished by scathing winds of persecution-gold refined by fiery trials!

Daniel's stony pillow, a lion's den, his vision was of the presence of heavenly hosts. David's pillow, an outcast from his own throne, but his vision of the angels of the Lord encamping round about him. Moses' stony pillow, a desert, herding sheep, but his vision was of the burning bush. Stephen's stony pillow, being stoned to death, his vision was the heavens opened and Christ standing on the right hand of God. John's stony pillow, exile on Patmos, his vision was the panorama of the City of God!

My soul, learn thou the message of the stony pillow. Thy trials shall form thy gems; thy burdens, thy wings to soar to the heights of glory. Thy nights shall soften

thy song; thy cloudy shadow shall tune thy harp for celestial music; thy persecution shall tender thy sympathy; thy battle shall develop thy skill for holy warfare; thy dejection of spirit empties thee of self, to be filled with radiance celestial. If love falters, love on; if joy flees, rejoice always; if the sun loses its luster, labor unflinchingly. The clouds shall rift, joy shall flood thee with sweeping cascades of foretastes of heaven, and love shall be born anew. Sing when the fogs swing low! Carol as the nightingale, wounded still making melody! Thy storm shall set ajar the gate of heaven! Thy clouds shall canopy for thee the house of God!

* * * * *

11 -- MOMENTS OF RAPTURE

And He carried me away in the Spirit, and showed me that great City (Rev. 21:10).

John was in the Spirit, and his soul became enraptured with grand visions of coming glory. His mind was captivated with vistas of future events; his emotions were thrilled with charming views; his heart became ecstatic, enraptured with the grandeur of the City of light. Time passed away as the enchanting raptures of the Spirit raised him to the gates of glory. The world dropped from his gaze as rushing billows of delectable and beatific sensations swept through his being. Patmos with its stones, trials, exile was left far behind as on the wings of rapturous breezes he was lifted in sight of the towering peaks of Paradise. He dwelt in the realms of the enticing, the fascinating, the exquisite delights of heaven, and the allurements of time ceased to attract. In these moments of bliss but one thing was valuable, to gain the portals of glory. The shining light of heaven glowed with divine radiance. A glimpse of the throne room of the universe was afforded.

Thus it always is -- in the Spirit there are moments of enrapturing glories, gleams of glory, radiance of glory, light of glory for the soul. In such moments of rapture oftentimes the saints contemplate sights of the heavenly land; or over their hearts sweep tidal waves of peace, surges of divine joy and bliss. To the call of the earth they are dead. For them then to live is Christ, and to die is more than gain! Their joy is the captivating stirrings of things divine; their peace is the entrancing thrills of celestial sweetness. Their soul flames with holy desire to be with the Lord. The domain of their heart is enlarged to receive more of rushing winds of the Spirit. They perceive heavenly activities; they feel heavenly emotions made delightful even amidst the cares of life.

Moses was enraptured on Sinai's heights with divine presence! David passed through moments of rapture on Judean hill when to the soft music of his golden harp he sang in glad acclaim, "Praise ye the Lord." The rapture of the Spirit of God filled with His glory the temple at its dedication. Isaiah in the temple, in a moment of rapture, saw "the Lord . . . high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple." On the Mount of Transfiguration the disciples, in a moment of rapture, beheld the

transfigured glory of Christ. In a moment of rapture Paul was raised into heavenly regions and gazed upon things unlawful to tell.

My soul, call thou for moments of rapture! Be not satisfied unless thou art raised into the domain of the celestial! Set thy affections on things which are above! So live that sweeping tides of delectable glories may flood thee with their majesties! Dwell thou in the heights of bliss! Climb out to mountain peaks of blessedness! Pray to be filled with "joy unspeakable!" Be thou as radiant as a starry night! Before God be thou as quiet as the hush of evening, as pure as the dew that filters through the rose, as holy as thoughts that thrill as saint, as gleaming as the last star that leaves the morning air! Wait thou in moments of rapture on the Lord!

* * * * *

12 -- ABLE TO DO

Able to do exceeding abundantly above all (Eph. 3:20).

"Our God is able." Indelibly imprinted in nature is this fact. God threw out into space blazing worlds, flaming constellations, glowing planets, rushing stars and burning suns. "Our God is able." He piled up the mountains, scooped out the seas, stretched out the plains. God rideth on the wings of every wind. He controls the cyclone, the tornado, the whirlwind destruction. He paints the mountain side with beaming daisies, fragrant wild lilies, sweet scented roses. The sun shines the story of His power; the ocean waves roar it; the thunder cracks it; the day heralds it; the diamond sprinkled heavens at night tell of it. "Our God is able."

"Our God is able." Every miracle wrought in distant day proclaims it. A created universe, light spoke into being, man formed from the dust of the earth, the deluge, consumed Sodom, the sun commanded to stand still, Daniel delivered from the lion's den, the three Hebrew children, from the fiery furnace, the falling fire on Carmel's heights -- "Our God is able." The healed paralytic, the raised dead Lazarus, the open tomb, the rushing fire of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, the miracles wrought by prophet, apostle, by Christ, and by the Church of the ages -- "Our God is able."

God "is able to do exceeding" -- stand out on this promise, oh faint heart. This stretches out beyond thy needs, is greater than thy necessities, more wondrous than thy fondest desires! God "is able to do exceeding abundantly" -- a towering peak outstretching thy highest habits, thy worst sins, thy soul weakness! God "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all" -- from the depths of the quagmire of sin, to the heights of sainthood, from the gates of hell, to the pearly portals of heaven; from the mountains of sin, paths of the prodigal, to the fold of the Shepherd of souls, the bosom of the Father; from the swine pens, to the feast, the ring and the robe! O glory!

My soul, stand under the shadow of God's "exceeding abundantly above all" grace! Rest on the promises of His miracle working power! Come thou to abide near the fount of His transforming, supplying wonder! "Able to do" -- far exceeding thy wishes -- abundantly surpassing thy desires -- o'er towering above all the mountains of thy trials, difficulties and hard pressed battles -- infinitely beyond all that we ask or think! If thou art faint, He is strong! Weak, He is mighty! Needy, He has abundant supplies, grace beyond measure! My soul, rest thou on the hope of His glory! Wait thou at His sanctuary! In nights of trials call on His name! In battles bid Him shield thee with the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation! In this needy hour, this faithless generation, let Him make thee a channel for the outpouring of His miracle ability! For He "is able to do" through you "exceeding abundantly above all that" you "ask or think."

*** * * * ***

13 -- THE CHRIST OF THE FIERY FURNACE

Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? . . . I see four men loose . . . and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God (Dan. 3:24-25).

The golden image had been formed, and the decree had gone forth that any who failed to bow to it should be cast into the fiery furnace. Three Hebrew boys, filled with the power of God, refused to bow to the image. They were bound and thrown into the furnace, heated seven times hotter than usual. The flame consumed those who cast them into the fire. The brave lads fell bound into the blazing fury of the furnace. The king looked in, and much to his amazement four, loosed from their bonds, were seen walking about; and around the form of the fourth was the halo of the glory of the Son of God.

Christ with them bore the flames of the furnace! The intense heat lost its power with him present! The burning persecution became a scene of rejoicing with the form of the fourth enduring the same torture! Fire lost its consuming power, flames lost their hold on mortality, burning flashes of liquid torment lost their scorching ability, when Christ walked in their midst! Flames were gladly endured with Him present. Flames were transformed into breezes of balmy glory with Him nearby!

For thee, O weary tried soul, burned by fiery temptations, thrown into the furnace of persecutions, cast into the scathing blazes of trials, pitched into the heated cauldron of burdens too heavy, God will send the form of the fourth. To thee in the torment of pain and anguish of soul the Christ will come through the smoldering flames! The day's duties may be alight from hell, but Christ comes through the waves of burning trials and tempests. The pathway may be beset with heated, stifling, reeking furnaces -- hills too steep, mountains too high, misunderstanding galore, flaming swords of persecution from loved ones -- but Christ is treading the way with you.

Seething cauldrons of temptations, and simmering vats of vexations may be thy lot, but take hope, for Christ comes into every fiery furnace to cheer thy soul! The blaze of hell may broil thee, breaths of hell's sulfurous fumes may stifle thee, the wildfire of the devil may be cast against thee -- but Christ walks through every flame with you, and makes of the furnace a paradise of rejoicing. Raging simoons, sweeping from the deserts of thy life, may blow, blistering siroccos, from life's Saharas, may engulf thee -- but on every blazing wind rides the Christ, and the smoldering wings of the storms bring Him!

My soul, tried with vexations numerous, tempted with storms rushing, know thou that every furnace becomes a garden of God's delights with Christ present! The flames cannot burn thee; the scorching winds cannot blister thee; the broiling heat of the sun cannot parch thee -- for the Christ is with thee! The day may be ablaze with trials, the night afire with tests -- fear thou not, for Christ is there! Every furnace of trials is for thy strengthening! Every cauldron of temptations is to test thy power, to increase thy faith! Every flaming wind but polishes thy soul luster! With Christ the blaze becomes a breeze of glory, the fire becomes the sunlight of heaven in which to bask, and the dark cloud turns its silver lining and reflects the painted grandeurs of the City Celestial!

* * * * *

14 -- PRAISE HIM!

Praise Him, ye heavens of heavens. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord (Psalms 148:4; 150:6).

Praise Him ye heavenly hosts! Blazing constellations write in glowing beams across the sky His praise! Sparkling stars twinkle out His praise! Ye glimmering planets, hosts of His, radiate His praise! Flaming suns, spoken into being by His voice, on the wings of thy rays shed His praise throughout the universe! Diamond sprinkled Milky Ways, Orion and Plæides, aurora gleaming nebulæ, stars in their babyhood, lighting the way to His throne, praise Him! In thy fire, praise Him! In thy swirl through the universe, praise Him! Music of the spheres, the bass of solar systems, the tenor of satellites, the contralto of moons, and the soprano of rushing comets, sing the anthem of His praise!

Roaring seas and tidal waves, the voice of thunder and the wail of the wind, praise ye the Lord! Sweeping rivers and tempest lashed oceans, caroling nightingale and antheming bird chorus, extol His praise together! Rippling rills and falling cascades, melody making, golden tinted sunsets and heavenly mosaics of fleecy clouds, God's masterpieces of art, magnify His name! India's balmy air, born of beds of spice, offer Him tributes of adoration! Velvety rose petal, snowy crystal, daisy carpeted vales, mountains in towering bleakness, "Sing unto the Lord a new

song" -- an anthem of praise! Angels, celestial inhabitants, dwellers in Paradise join your voices in glad acclaim, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Saints redeemed and bloodwashed praise Him in His tabernacle! Praise Him for grace, flowing as a stream! Praise Him for joy unspeakable, for crowning the year with goodness, for establishing thy goings, preparing thy tables, anointing thy head, for His mighty acts, according to His excellent greatness! From the isles of the sea, the sands of the desert, from hut and palace, praise Him! In bonny health, from invalid's cot, tempest tossed or sailing life's placid sea, "Bless the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore." Fire-tested, then rejoice, "For it is good to sing praises unto our God."

"Bless the Lord O my soul." For life, for health, in storm or trial, bless His holy name! Render unto Him thanks. Let thy days, checkered with shade and sunshine, be bound together with the golden cord of praise! May thy nights gleam with the glories of His praise! From the mountain glow of inspiration, from the gilded peaks of rapture, in the vale of tears, the chasm of disconsolation, "Bless ye the Lord!" On the verge of yielding to the fiery trial, "Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord." For the battle, the cross, "Praise Him," The victory and the crown are now gilding the eastern hills!

* * * * *

THE END