

THE SILVER LINING

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Through Faith We Understand

In God's word, even only a phrase is of immense importance. It may give a description of a vital part in the movements of faith. We as God's people are successful as we follow God's marked-out courses and heavenly timing. To chart our course, to follow the sweet orbits of quietness, we must use the key of heavenly dimensions. In the measure we observe from a natural point of understanding, our picture is inaccurate and illusion-giving. There are no inaccuracies nor inconsistencies if we go by faith in God's all-perfect, all-seeing view. And the beauty of the sky-line of His new heavenly Jerusalem opens up in splendor to that same key of understanding. The over the hills and far away look means the mind of Christ in all its infinite reaches of intelligence is ours and will guide us wisely and safely through life.

Read the beauty of the words from God's Book. Ponder each phrase with all the freshness you would give if you had never seen it before. Pour the look of full concentration over these treasures. Shut out and move out interfering voices in the mind. And realize what you have before you . . . the magnitude of their being there and being what they are.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders

obtained a good report. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear. By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh. By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God. But without faith *it is* impossible to please *him*: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and *that* he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith. By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as *in* a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise: For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker

is God. Through faith also Sara herself received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she judged him faithful who had promised. Therefore sprang there even of one, and him as good as dead, so many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable. These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of *them*, and embraced *them*, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly, if they had been mindful of that *country* from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better *country*, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."

"... and the king spake and said to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions? Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live for ever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt. Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."

"And ye shall be hated of all *men* for my name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved. But when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another: for verily I say unto you, Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel, till the Son of man be come."

God has wondrous ways. In His kingdom, everything has a purpose and a time. In the world of nature,

some flowers are timed to beautify the Master's garden very early. Others burst in a splendor of color at their appointed moments. Still others add their chords to the symphony of beauty when warm weather's sunset is very near. But in those moments before twilight they shine forth with a beauty and loveliness which they alone can give. They are timed to fulfil the wisdom of the Master's plan.

The love we treasure has in the past years of grace fragranced the world with His peace-scented blossoms of love. Never too early, nor never too late, His hand has restrained and guided according to a perfect sense of timing and accuracy of purpose. Obedience at His word of waiting has kept His own always, when entrusted with His plan, from being premature. Obedience to the unction of His Spirit has enabled them to reach that purpose that He has in mind.

Now we near the turn of the year, and the church will stand in 1955. The twilight hour is near, but even now that shining light is available in all its golden splendor, but soon its last shaft will disappear from sinners and leave total darkness. But this hour the Apostolic Christian Church must hold the golden lamp of freedom high. A golden church, cleansed in the blood of the Lamb... a golden doctrine, pure as delivered by Christ and the apostles... and a golden hour, prepared for God to do His work through His people.

A golden movement... discerned by the rustling of the golden leaves in the united mind of the brotherhood. The sensitive ear of safety obediently proves, is trained to hear. It has heard the tell-tale cracking of the shallow depths and escaped disaster in the yawning gaps of danger. And then, through the mists of uncertainty, a golden ladder is seen, steps in the will of God, and the comforting reassurance that God is with us. To the proving eye, it becomes clearer and more pronounced, till it

is definitely known, and we go forward, "assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them."

The pilgrim climbs on, with the shining light giving him a golden glow. From the eerie darkness of this world comes the weird, continuous beat of the jungle drums. Their intensity has increased. The jungle rhythm of the chant of restless natives of darkness means that savage terror will soon brandish its harsh whip.

From the light thrown by prophetic scripture we are able to foresee a man erupted from the boiling blackness. He has a darkened past. It is 666. In his dictatorship of brute heartlessness he will have the hardened, calloused heart of the pit viper. Poison-filled fangs will sink into the sinner, branding him with his non-eraseable mark.

There are dangerous times near, and the pilgrim *must* cling to His Saviour. Terrific pressures will blow through masses of population, tearing away those who find no Anchor

to which to hold steadfastly. Many will be confronted with an unalterable choice. Food will be obtained at the cost of an eternity of unending torment. The branded sinner will be the beast's passport to even the bare essentials to living.

The blood of many saints will flow, and those who have the faith will have courage to stand undaunted, unto death. Theirs is the priceless heritage of being found written in the Lamb's book of life. Theirs now and forever is the precious, snow-white softness of the lovely life. Theirs is the golden glow that radiantly shines from the heavenly city. Theirs is the rainbow age, a contented forever, an awakening that finds really that dreamland blue, and pleasures forever more.

No, they won't be disappointed. Through the genius of humility they, from the very out-set of the journey proved the values, and on the summit of victory peak, they finished their course in faith, always keeping that proof of value.

PEACE AND CRIMSON GLORY

The Way to Starlit Joy

Lost . . . without hope . . . without Christ. You stood on the rim of 1954 and stared into dense blackness. It hadn't always been like this. Childhood days were sunshine and blue skies and happiness. You looked out over green meadows. Time was aglow with the rosy promise of something wonderful . . . and now it was so horrible. An awful fact stared you in the face. That blackness could break in tragedy, never-ending weeping and gnashing of teeth.

You knew Somewhere the Sun was shining. Somewhere the skies were blue, and all was soft and lovely and beautiful. There was a wonderful

Somewhere that your eye had never seen, nor your ear heard, nor had it entered your heart. Somewhere the song of joy was always filling the air, while the Rose of Sharon made life delightfully sweet. If only you could find the Way . . . if only you knew *how*. . . . *What was the key to this mystery of happiness?*

"Then they that feared the LORD spake often one to another: and the LORD hearkened, and heard *it*, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the LORD, and that thought upon his name.

And they shall be mine, saith the

LORD of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

"And when he had called the people *unto him* with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.

For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."

1954 . . . another day. Strange, how in this particular moment there was this you . . . you thought, and you knew you thought. But you were miserable, a victim of cruel trickery and slavery. Ahead? . . . you didn't care to look much . . . beyond where the road ended you could only see as far as the mind could imagine . . . outside of this arc it was black and without end. Satan's sinister plot meanwhile continues to deceive you closer and closer.

Satan's intrigue is intended to cloud your eyes to how beautiful liberty is. To do this he hardens the eyes, blinding you. He plays for time, and violently orders each day thrown in under his orders. He lies and smoothly arranges his argument that some future day will be better to repent. How he relishes to harshly call the orders and see you off to another day in the crowded, unhappy, unpeaceful pursuit of restlessness.

But you were so tired and weary of this life. Why not seek freedom and joy now? You saw a room leading

off from the wide mid-way you were on. You went in and took a seat. You couldn't deny what was before you, and you didn't want to. There was Calvary. It was more than history, for history was words, but this was a cross and was real. Headlines? Their message is too small to tell of the Truth you see. Its message is told in love . . . there's a jeweled heart, the real Sweetheart of every soul here tonight. Its message is told in the thunder of God . . . in rending rocks and darkened skies, and a broken heart. Its message is told in liberty . . . of release and peace and everything that counts.

"And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called *the place* of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha:

Where they crucified him, and two other with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS."

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

The Jews therefore, because it was the preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the sabbath day, (for that sabbath day was an high day,) besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and *that* they might be taken away.

Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him.

But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs:

But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water.

And he that saw *it* bare record, and his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe."

From the darkened Calvary sky shines a jeweled Star of eternal radiance. You saw the Light of that Star

with your heart, and you could not be satisfied. You must have that priceless Treasure. You would pray and seek till you had found.

1954 . . . You knew He died for you. You saw those kind palms pierced . . . for your sins . . . those you were guilty of, those that troubled you. You looked up, and saw His feet nailed to the crude wood, enduring your pain and your punishment. You saw Him die, torn and bleeding and utterly forsaken. You saw it with your eye of faith, and you knew it was so. You look and see the crimson glory glowing from Calvary. The soldier plunged the spear in and the blood and water streamed from His side . . . for you.

You were afraid to remain in sin. You knew you had taken deadly poison, and it would soon be too late for remedy. But there was crimson glory at Calvary! Cleanliness could be yours. Forgiveness and innocency could be yours! There could be glorious sunrise stretching in an endless Tomorrow. Only one thing separated you from the Way to jeweled radiance. There was only one block that kept you from golden obedience to the will of the Saviour. Why should you choose less than the best!

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

"But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see *him* not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: Receiving the end of your faith, *even* the salvation of *your* souls."

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world

giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."

"Come unto me, all *ye* that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

"And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

". . . for them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

Liberty was ringing out its freedom chime. The old slave house would soon have another empty place in it. Gone forever would be sin's whipping post and heavy shackles. Yes, Somebody heard your prayer. You knew you couldn't have done it otherwise. The goodness of One with whom nothing is too hard now clearly lighted the Way ahead. Sure, it took humility, and you willingly brought yourself without pretense.

The Way was before you, simple and plain. As you go forward, you notice that it was true what God had said, and His commandments were not grievous. When you find grace to lay aside pride, and charge the shadows thrown by fear, you come with a confession of the old worn and shabby life. To those you had wronged, you are willing to go and do that which is right. There is abundant grace for restitution.

And then came victory. If you come a sinner, because of crimson glory, God can cast all your sins behind His back. And then He can whisper peace to you. In baptism's waters you will be buried in the death of Christ, and out of them you

will arise into a triumphant Easter. With the laying on of hands and prayer, the redeemed person receives the Holy Spirit to guide through the days ahead.

Because of that dark Calvary sky, a new star was shining. Because of Crimson Glory, spring was in the

soul, and pleasant Tomorrows were forever. Here was undreamed of happiness and contentment. Up in the air and away from this world. The vigor of eternal youth was yours.

Will you experience this?

Or will eternity see hope wilted for you, forever?

The Psalm of The Shepherd

PART II

Every tick of the clock we move a notch closer to that great Tomorrow. But it is this moment on earth that wins or loses that eternity of fulness of joy and pleasures forevermore. These fleeting seconds in the Valley of the shadow of death is the proving ground that clearly reveals who is and who is not worthy for that heavenly rest.

In a very short time all who read these lines will be looking from another vantage point at what is called now. The blossoming of that which is seen, so colorful and appearing so real now, will have wilted and vanished in the past's little day. At the end of the trail, the chapter's close is marked by a cut-out name, indelibly imprinted forever in the cast of the deeds we have done.

"For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Think of the life of any of those precious blossoms that are no longer in this life. They're over there now, and soon we will see again what our lonesome hours now no longer behold. Soon we'll see those sweet ones who are there now where the rose softness illuminates those happy faces, fresh in a radiant morn.

Only yesterday, those swift days that are no more, they lived while moments pressed on. It was months and years to them then, even as now you view the same passing parade. The day ended in evening red, even

as the life of the faithful always has a happy ending. They sang, they prayed, and listened and learned. They worked, and they suffered, while they adorned themselves with that beauty that is fitted for that far more spacious and lovely mansion.

We would be so happy if we would always reason in faith, the divine reasoning of God. The great clock of God need not be viewed by His own without beholding that rainbow of glory that glows with it. It is easy to be weighed down with the colorless illusion that natural thought forms from today. It takes energy from God to live in the colorful hope of *very soon eternity*.

Now, in the heavenlies, by faith God's own live under summer skies and look toward endless Sunrise. Far below and behind is the world, with its blackish seas raging and foaming in unrighteousness. Time was when we were thoroughly familiar with its circuits; we knew in detail how to play its game. Our methods of thinking were warped and bent and twisted to gratify the flesh. Our habits of reason and action went over and over again in the same grooves until they were deeply engrained. Our will, crushed by sin from its loveliness in wholeheartedly serving in single purpose, was evil and pursued many passions.

The way of the world is color blind to the glory of the way of the cross. Our heart and mind were dead and

unresponsive to anything spiritual. We were indeed floating in the sea of death, having eyes open, but fixed in the stare of death. Then we felt a firm Hand drawing us, and as we ceased to struggle, and yielded, He began His work of grace. With strong, steady pressure He caused our effort to move, clearing the heart of the sins that had choked off life.

In the fullness of time, God gave us His Spirit of glory. We were now in a life-long learning process that was completely new. The anchor and key to this new work is found in that land of perfect rest. It is our Lord Jesus Christ. It is only when we keep our eye on this Star in glory that we can chart our movements in the simplicity of faith. The sea is pathless, and outside of our Way, we would not even begin to know what to do nor where to go.

Obedience to the faith is the successful voyage through this life. It is beautifully and simply illustrated in the holy scriptures. What rainbow sprays of glory, unseen to the natural eye, glow from its inspired pages! And what joy unspeakable and full of glory is in the heart as those instructions become the skill of the traveller. With the old life shelved—entirely, the Christian indeed day by day is a pioneer in the glorious life.

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou *art* with me; . . .”

From the land of eternal Morning, the bright and morning star streams across the path of the pilgrim, keeping up hope of victory. He is thoroughly acquainted with this narrow Way, for He was at home here. When we keep our hand in His, we surely place our foot safely in each step of the way. He knows every inch of the unknown ground ahead, and with His strength and skill there is abundant reason to find freedom from fear.

In the dark mixture of the world, the enemy has his forces. Only one

step away from that walk of humility with our God and there is danger of being overcome by the hater of freedom. There is a point we cannot step over without heartache and loss. For one who clearly keeps his senses exercised to discern good and evil, and thus recognizes that towards the dark is a possibility of wavering, to that one goes the unshakeable promises of God.

Do you want to know the operation Satan is speeding along to cause you to fall in ugly defeat? The crisis point, the key that marks victory or defeat, is in what would appear as no man's land. Here the savage characteristic of Satan is shrewdly covered in the little sins of the eye, the little sins of the lust of the flesh, the little sins of the pride of life.

Till life's end the faithful will be at war with the death cloud of the enemy. From its black horrors the eyes of the snake stare in hypnotic suggestion toward evil. The world of entertainment and delusion and money love is what we outwardly see, a bombardment of fiery darts aimed at the heart. They all have a tell-tale death rattle, that wierd dance of restlessness that is hated by the alert Christian.

The feet of sin can never rest; there can be found no picture of them in the Scriptures for that contentment found in obedience to the faith. Sometimes they dance openly down the broad streets of this life; sometimes they are found in the appearance of rich, glittering surroundings of outward religion, a dangerous substitute for the real. They tap-dance through some of the columns of the newspapers and magazines, cover many of the air minutes of radio, threaten through the avenue of many TV programs to turn many a home into a show place.

If we would reach that Rainbow Rest of glory, we must continue to pioneer in actions of faith that were in the past unknown unto us. With a true hearing of the Scripture of truth, the inner man grows through

the power of God. But a new muscle only becomes free and easy as we exercise it. Like a toddler, in a new step of faith we may walk a little, and then our attempt in this particular venture falters. Often it seems to our thoughts that our heart is completely unresponsive to some movement of faith. We can't move, it won't vibrate. But even our attempts exercise our faith and single out our errors. This is the way in which we become learned in the divine nature, humbling ourselves beneath the hand of God that we may be exalted above our impossibility.

With a moment by moment patient continuance in well-doing we cannot lose. But we cannot look back, we cannot develop that sluggish attitude of not taking heed to a warning of danger. We must be minute-men, continually ready to skillfully wield our shield of faith, and to send the enemy scurrying for cover with our freedom-loving resistance. The night is far spent, but even at this midnight hour the Scripture warning calls out that the enemy is coming and to stand for our life.

The enemy's whole purpose is to force the past, with its dark anguish and slavery, on us. The scorpions of darkness spin a web that would surely bind us if we would not have the almighty power of God intervening. The battle plan of the enemy and its action is from the brain of a sinister, but brilliant, creature. From the warped and twisted darkness of his heart proceeds an attack that has weighed our personality and body for only evil purpose, and finally, ugly fall. He is entirely cold and heartless, calculating shrewdly in line with and sighted with a final kill.

There is danger of death for anyone who would want to proudly find his own way. Leaning on one's self means we are in retreat. It always precedes great damage to the soul and complete loss. It is where the turn of the battle and the battle itself is decided. Timed to weaken us

in our fiercest battles are verbal bar-rages chosen to hit where they hurt most. Over and over again the enemy whispers we cannot hold out, we are going to sin. He sets our thoughts spinning, and tries to hide the line where obedience leaves off, and sin begins. He divides our attention, and cruelly accuses us. It is his intention to make us lose sight of the great clock of God, and to pound out of us our will to win.

In this life or death struggle in the Valley of the shadow of death, we must bear in our heart this vital information, that at no time during life except at the end is victory complete. Faith stands at the pivotal point of the way to the heart, guarding the fort. Here is required shutter-speed action, instant and constant. When the enemy's thought is sliding in toward us, we can block it if we take our position squarely on the line, out front, with elbows out, faith is poised to receive power to stand, eyes are fixed stedfastly on Him who grants enabling grace to overcome.

This looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, will always break the back of every enemy attack, no matter how severe. Hold on to His picture, there in glory, interceding and faithful to all promises. A pioneer in faith looks upward, not as one still picture to be soon laid aside, but into a moving, dynamic picture, and one that will soon blossom in the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ in great power and glory. Victory comes in the continuous, the follow-up of one picture after another, with a constant need and determined effort to see that scene in heaven.

"... thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." It is soothing to see our good Shepherd's intervention and guidance in our daily life. When the evil one savagely accuses us, and a storm of doubt sends torrents against our see-ability, we may be assured by the Saviour's rod and staff that all is well. Sorrow in heart from His rod makes the heart better,

and it proves our God looks in favor on us and still accepts us as sons and daughters. Chastening is a part of a golden training and brings afterward the clear sparkle and freshness like dew drops in the sunshine.

This way of pain and tears leads up into the dawn of eternity. The golden training schools us in the sensing and carrying out of our Lord's leading. The golden time beat from our good Shepherd's staff is for those who have that prize intellect of humility. In the golden zoning of prayer and during the golden moments with God's Book, we gain the sweetness of the life that beats in time with God's will. And because of a cross on Calvary, the inner man lives daily in the Valley of promise, e'en though the outward man must travel in the valley of this world and daily sorrow.

There is a roar of the sea, restless and wild, in the valley of the shadow of death. A time of trouble and anguish, a time of pain and death, looms in frightful blackness over the sea. And yet, to the look of faith there is a golden glow, a look of summer skies, of heavenly blue and radiant sunshine. Soon calendar days will be past, and open before us will be that eternal springtime of resurrection beauty.

If you listen carefully, you may hear the chimes of God's clock pealing out the nearness to that golden hour. It comes after the darkest hour. Our hope, our Lord Jesus, will appear in power and great glory, rending for us this temporal sky into the dawn of eternity. The headlines of the hour we are in are things that tell us that our redemption draweth nigh. Soon our blessed hope will be glorious reality!

But now zero hour of tribulation approaches. The world is tense. There has been and is being built a mechanism of destruction that will strew the slain. Skyscrapers will fall; cities will be forsaken. Wounded will groan with deadly groanings. "And except those days should be

shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened."

The atomic bomb and even worse, and the deadly gases, the guided missiles, are instruments of attack and mass retaliation. They are being poised for disaster. Masses will be slaughtered in an inferno of terror and death. But then, out over the debris of this ruined civilization will take place that living reality of our Saviour's glorious appearing. The air shall resound with those golden sounds, the voice of the archangel and the trump of God. Gone forever will be the emptiness and only faded memory notes of loved ones now separated from us in Rose glory. We shall love them and talk with them and rejoice with them in the presence of our glorious King and shall be satisfied.

"Thou prepest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:" To be at the golden table and in one of the shining chairs and partake of the sweetness of eternity is to be partaker of that glory to be revealed. To live in Jesus satisfies the hunger of the longing soul. He is the sunshine of delight and joy that makes traveling the weary ways of earth pleasant and happy.

The glory shines through. In the golden moments of breaking of bread and sharing the fruit of the vine, Truth triumphant at Calvary is shown from individual hearts united in our Lord. Those who are privileged to enjoy these bright, precious moments measure up to a golden standard, being free from anything that would mean unworthy communication. Theirs is the faith that contends for the perfect, refuses the trivial things that drag down, and finds grace to humble the heart and make sure of the friend. Theirs is the faith that wins the battle of doubt and stands in that glow of unity that gives glory to the Father.

Under the natural order of things, six days were for work, while the seventh was a day of rest. Natural

man, made in the image of God, was given a perfect pattern of the marvels and rest of the first week. It was lit in splendor with the wonders of the natural order. But man fell far short of that beauty and harmony demanded by the law. The hope of a reflection, a day of memorial of the glorious eternal Sabbath, was banished forever from an attainment through the existing order.

Centered at Calvary, God through the cross and the Saviour of the world brought a magnificent work into being. The trembling earth obeyed the voice of God, and it points out the awesome height of wisdom that man now had in realness before him. Jesus is a doorway to the future. Through His death on the cross we in obedience to His teaching put off the old man, with its irreparable rent caused by sin.

It was on the third day that this marvellous work of suffering and death was crowned with victory through the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ to the glory of the Father. Through the greatness of the power of God, the soul that has been united in death in Jesus is raised into the glories of heaven. Old things are passed away. In the golden rays of a new creation we now assemble together in heavenly places. Thus, on the first day of the week, we reflect the glory of God in raising Jesus up, bringing to mankind the dawn of eternal life through the wonders of His new creation.

None but His loved ones know how delightful and refreshing are these times when we meet together. It is a picnic in the eternal blue of heavenly happiness. The desert we travel is dry and hot, and the miles tiresome, but what welcome quietness in these emerald resting places. By the beautiful sea in rainbow glory, where the water sparkles like glass in dazzling light, there we enjoy our Saviour's radiance. It's a lovely spot, where the breezes of a new world always whisper gently and softly. And as we look into the clear blue

and the lovely rose glory, an unspeakable blessing fills the heart with glorious loveliness. "Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest a while:"

When we again, after our Sunday services, take to our journey of toiling and suffering, we are fresh and zealous. We see even more clearly, and joy fills our heart. But it is only a very short distance, and for many of us a special evening, a gem that sparkles brilliantly, brings new pleasure. Our mid-week services are a lovely gift from a loving God. Happy are we, His children, who are provided with such unspeakable joy.

His food is always the most delightful, the very best. "This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell; for I have desired it. I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread. I will also clothe her priests with salvation: and her saints shall shout aloud for joy." It's wonderful to know that what happens to us is really happening.

Why shouldn't we rejoice with the morning glory blossoming in the midst of us? The balm and beauty, the warmth and soft loveliness of that eternal springtime is wonderful. "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

It is the healthful milk of the word that brings the one who hears through the door and on the way to the future. The soul on its own has no power to resist the ravages of sin that sweep through its wretchedness. It has no means to clear away the abominable filth from deeds of the past. Outside God's word there is no hope for recovery from the continual fever and sickness, and no escape from the colorless experience of only living.

With the entrance of the pure, rich milk of God's word, a mighty action begins. There comes a resistance that enables the soul to keep from the old sinful pathways. There is

grace, and the soul calls in earnestness for help. The high and the low places, an inner picture of a life of heartache, are leveled by God's powerful word. Uprooted sins are pushed before the mighty clearer, and the fruits of repentance, confession with tongue, are forth-coming. The impossible happens, the crooked is made straight, and a Highway for the glorious King is prepared.

It is the milk of the word that is the nutrition for securing the foundation in faith toward God. It is through a drinking of this word that the soul is brought into union with the death of Christ in the watery grave of baptism. By the word the soul arises victor in Christ, free forever from the dark chains of sin-death. Electrifying power exists in this word, for God speaks, and the miraculous begins. Observing its work, we view first-hand and are an eye-witness to the marvels of a wondrous creation.

But, BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. The pretender has fashioned a teaching which he deliberately uses as a bait to his death-house. If the appearance was taken away, his false teaching would show only its true character, a sunken skeleton of death. Its children are a swarming mess of ugly snakes. Outwardly designed to appear as the real, it leaves hands off the heart, leaving it in the detestable condition of rot from that sin of Adam.

"Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy." Only if we practice that safety outlined in our Guide Book can we escape the snare of very dangerous killers. A reckless disregard swings out into on-rushing disaster, but never sees the impact that tears and crushes and kills. You can see them strewn along the highway of life. Some have their eyes fixed in savage, horrible death stare, doubled up and mangled in hopeless doctrine. Some lie near death, with tell-tale pallor on a face once rosy in health. The damage wrought viciously deepens in recur-

ring circles, as that chance for good grows shorter and shallower.

There are those where disobedience has dashed against the ragged edge of false teaching, and an ugly, torn gash gapes from the heart. We cannot tell how the condition will turn, but the sounds and movements from the victim give us reason yet to hope. Then there are those who have experienced only slight damage. They walk with us, and are one with us. But there is danger, and without the proper precaution and resistance to infection, there could yet develop tragedy.

The secret of always abiding in safety in our Saviour is that singleness of heart described in the Scripture. Examine your belief, with the principles of the teaching of Christ, those you know are good, those of your faith at the first that passed the test and were found genuine. Examine the works your present faith is producing. Absent-mindedness from your present fellowship, where your heart should be concentrating, leaves a wide margin for error.

The mental and heart attitude toward those who rule over us is an accurate barometer on our being sure, if we're leaning toward taking a chance driving. If error cannot be plainly seen because of the condition of the heart, then this red flasher of danger can mean the difference between joy and heartache. Those who rule over us are charged with making plain the dangers, and will one day give account of their vigilant patrol for the safety of others.

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, Of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment." In 1954 . . . we near the midnight sky. The converging words of prophecy of the end-time are nearing the apex of tribulation, zero hour. Men tremble

at their locations, as devastating horror is slipped into readiness. But God's own, how blessed they are. Set aright through the truth, they continue to pioneer, singing and praising God, while the world beholds.

Yes, inside the blessings of an eternal Christmas give a thrill and joy far above everything ever known to our own expectation. There is an air of jubilation, for the opening of the heavenly gifts often brings rejoicing unspeakable and full of glory. They are always precious and priceless and good. There is the sparkling of edification, those words that build up our faith, and are of permanent value. There is the lovely fragrance of comfort, sweet words whispered by our Saviour's inspiration. There is the Calvary-scented words of exhortation, urging and encouraging to continue the Way to glory.

"... as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed *them* unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

Autumn, 1954 . . . and a song, inspired by the breath of heaven, is heard over the hill-sides of the world. Heavenly beings, white-clothed in the Saviour's righteousness, blend their hearts in peace and love, and the glory of God enlightens their presence. There is a Star of hope sparkling through the world's dark sky. It is Christ dwelling in His church, heaven-directing its radiance in love to a lost world. Here is "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." Stepping in the foot-prints of our Saviour . . . that is the secret that brings glory to shine afar.

You see a face at the window, the ragged and sin-beaten. He's had enough of what the fair had to offer, for it left him hungry and sick and shivering. Now he wants something that satisfies. And he will see it in

you if you let that Christmas love glow with all the warmth of our Saviour's heart.

Christmas is Christmas because it contained the dark shadow of a trail that led to that place of a gift, Calvary. Christmas means the laying down of our life that others might be warmed and blest. That is real giving. It is Pilate's hall and the place of the pavement, where you stand, and with a meek and quiet spirit shine with the gentleness of our Saviour. It is the travelling of the glory-bound road of determination to suffer, a willingness to take up your cross and bear it patiently. And it is Calvary in realness to you.

On an evening in September, the candle of blessings glowed in a work with young people. The light was in glorious rainbow hues, and held out the hope that precious ones would avail themselves of the opportunity for a starlit crown. In an Illinois group of churches, it was a work of the Spirit, calling the lost to the riches of the joy of Christ.

You've seen how much the glad tidings of great joy meant to you, and will continue, if victorious, through the ages of ages. You've seen faces light up from its glory, finding the joy of all joys.

Yes, Jesus cares. Some saw Him by the lake of Wabec, heard the rustle of His garments. His gentle heart beamed on the friends, and His word invited them to come. His radiance shone into once darkened hearts in Alabama, and there, too, there were wise men who recognized and followed and found the Christ. Some, from the rim of the Far East, followed its rays, and now can close their eyes in the warmth and glow of Christmas peace.

And still, while the light of day shall linger, we must work the works of Him who sent us. Men and women wearily trod the blackened slush on the streets of sin. Israel, with its soon-to-be-believing remnant, will see a wondrous work. The lands will

resound to the melody the angels said. Beautiful feet in harmony of purpose will trod the globe with love, and the corners will glow with the glory of our Lord. And the soft, unspeakable beauty of a white Christmas will mean once weary hearts will have the melodious bells of heaven chiming in the loveliness of Christmas peace.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. . . ." "and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."

NEAR BEAUTIFUL LAKE WABEE

In buildings at Camp Alexander Mack on August 15, a day and evening of beauty and loveliness was enjoyed. In the morning at the hillsides, hymns and prayer gave glory to God. Following were the Sunday School classes, and thoughts and hearts were directed to the great Teacher's meditation found in the first part of the sermon on the mount. The pause at lunch gave opportunity for food for the body and enjoyment of friendship.

After hymn singing in the large place of assembly, a devotional serv-

ice sparkled in lovely radiance, set with gems from the words of life. A short time before a program at the hillsides, Friendship Moments gave opportunity for being with old acquaintances and meeting someone or more not known. Unseen to the natural eye, a shaft of light from the windows of heaven shone through at the hillside, giving God's blessing to His work.

After supper, notes of joy and praise chorded the large place of assembly with sacred loveliness. Beautiful portions of the inspired psalms were read, and opening prayer arose heaven-ward. Golden song service filled the air from individual choirs, and many scripture gems dotted the program in their sparkling heavenly radiance. The evening message glowed with heavenly love, the morning Star of heaven yet lighting the way for the sinner to come home. Many voices, the mass choir, sang hymns that glorified our wonderful Lord. The closing song, "Blest be the tie that binds," was followed by a closing prayer.

The day and evening is now past, but its glory-filled blessings fell gently on listening hearts, imparting the benediction of heaven, goodness that will not pass away.



NEWS



A group of elders, ministers, and other members met on May 21, 1954, and a relief work known as Apostolic Christian Church Aid was officially set up. The relief committee appointed at this time was Ray Gerber, who is secretary-treasurer, Robert Norr, and Kenneth Stoller. Our churches in Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana were informed of this Aid, and as of October 16, twenty-three churches that have participated.

The processing point is located at

117 North Main Street, Bluffton, Ind. Members and friends have participated in this work. The clothes and cloth are sorted in groups. There are 24 small bins of approximate size 12" wide, 30" high, and 36" deep, marked and used to hold the different groups of clothes and cloth. They were counted and if need be, folded, and placed in box-bins, gauging an approximate amount for each stack.

Four stacks were placed in the press, with prepared combinations of cardboard and paper, on the top and

bottom. Through operating the press, the clothes were pressed. Paper was brought from the prepared combination, so that top and bottom and two sides were wrapped. Three metal bands were put around each bale, and the press was released. The clothing or cloth was put in burlap, each end being wired shut. The bale was weighed and then stenciled with the bale number, weight, and code letters. They were then stacked, and will receive more stenciling before shipping.

In addition to bulk clothing and cloth, shoes, soap, and small gift packages for children are also at this place, with someday a destination to those who stand in need of our help.

From Peoria, Illinois came the good news of souls repented and now following in the footsteps of our Saviour. Five souls were taken into church there one Sunday in June. They were Emma Eberhardt, Lois Herman, Alice Welk, Marjorie Weigand, and Ruth Hohulin.

Later in September Hannah Bessler was baptized. Due to her illness, these services were conducted in her home.

Visitors at the church on Sunday, May 23, were Mr. and Mrs. Philip Sauder from Cissna Park. The following Sunday, May 30, Andrew Nussbaum from the Remington church was a visitor, and on July 4, Mr. and Mrs. Theo Beer of the Milford, Indiana, church were visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Weyeneth and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sauder were among the many who spent Sunday, June 27, at Tremont, Illinois.

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done *it* unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done *it* unto me." What a golden opportunity we have! Send a line of cheer or spend a few moments with some dear brother or sister who is a shut-in. And with friends and other unconverted we may let radi-

ant love shine into darkened sick-rooms.

Here are addresses of some shut-ins in Peoria: Mrs. Art Leman, 3829 War Memorial Drive, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. Hannah Bessler, 802 N. Perry, Peoria, Illinois; Mrs. Anna Schubert, 416 Lawndale, Peoria, Illinois; August Veirling, 3113 N. Sheridan Road, Peoria, Illinois; and Mrs. Lydia Pfister, 517 N. Sheridan Road, Peoria, Illinois.

Lewis Herman has been in charge of care of the clothing to be sent overseas and elsewhere.

Sarah Hartman passed away at her home in Peoria. Brief services were held at the home. The church services were held at the Morton church. Burial was in the Morton cemetery.

Rose Schick, who had been ill for some time, passed away on June 18.

Wolcott

Services with a number of visiting ministers were enjoyed in September. On September 5, Joseph Klopfenstein of Gridley and Henry Dotterer of Bluffton were visitors; on September 12, Fred Grimm and William Cottrell of Taylor and Art Gudeman of La Crosse, and on Sept. 19, Phil Sauder of Cissna Park.

Word has been received of the birth of a daughter, Karla Jo, to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lehman of Klamath, California. Russell is a son of the Edward Lehman's and is in military service in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lehman have returned and are at home on a farm here. Harold was in military service.

There are reasons for rejoicing again. God is still granting to souls repentance unto life. Mrs. Peter Luthi has found peace.

The young people of the Wolcott and Remington congregations are again having song service every other Friday evening in the various homes.

Blessed and enjoyable was the time spent on Sunday, Aug. 1, when the Cissna Park Bible class and teachers visited the Taylor, Missouri, church.

Noah Schrock officiated on August 15 in the uniting in marriage of Robert Pohl, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pohl of Burlington, Iowa, and Joyce Sutter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Sutter of Taylor, Missouri.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Heimer on July 18. He was named Robert Eli.

In far-away Japan, the sister of our Japanese brother, Hijima, has repented and found peace with our Lord.

Sharon Norr, daughter of Herman and Helen Norr, and six years old, has been seriously ill, but is able to be about. Her address is R. D. 1, Grabill, Indiana.

On October 16, Thomas Mills, son of Mr. and Mrs. Deloy Mills, and Joan Lee Filley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norris C. Filley, were united in marriage.

Don Rhinehart of the Bluffton church and Sarah Pulfer of the Leo church were united in marriage. Sam Aeschliman officiated. They are making their home in Bluffton.

The Brotherhood Aid meeting for personal property aid was held on Monday, September 27, at the Leo church.

On August 8, with Sam Aeschliman officiating, Marvin Steiglitz, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Steiglitz, was united in marriage to Joan Schlatter, daughter of Mrs. Mildred Schlatter.

Services were held for the funeral of John Conrad at the Leo church. Herman Heuni delivered a message for the benefit of all who attended. Sam Aeschliman was visiting elder and delivered a message at funeral services of Mrs. Joseph A. Klopfenstein.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Witte are the parents of a baby, Bradley L., born September 14. They are living in Fort Wayne.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kaehr are in France at the present time, where Charles is in military service. Anyone wishing to write them may mail to: Pvt. Charles Kaehr, U. S.

55471333, 7805 Army Unit Saran Detachment, A.P.O. 58, c/o Postmaster, New York, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Greuter Jr. are living in California, where John is in military service.

Dwight Souder likes to be home again, after being in military service. Much time was spent away from the U. S.

Elaine Norr, Catherine Norr, and Eleanor Steiglitz travelled abroad in July and August. They reported a very enjoyable trip, and were happy for their safe return.

The Body of Christ

"Their children also multipliest thou as the stars of heaven, . . ."

". . . ye shine as lights in the world; Holding forth the word of life; . . ."

A glimpse into the starry heavens tells of the marvellous wisdom of our Creator. Remote stellar distances have to be measured in years that register 186,000 miles to the second. The accurate workings of this starry clock-work are on a split-second schedule. Jewels in the sky shine forth in those paths on which that their Creator set them. The comparatively small moon exerts its pull that is vital to earth. Pleiades sheds forth sweet influences, Orion gives its bands, while, from its name meaning, Arcturus with his sons seem to work as a hinge or pivot. Each, while pursuing each path is balanced and bound in a marvellous interrelationship, and together the heavens declare the glory of God.

But in the skies of observance there are comets that dash in for a little, and then wander off into the darkness again. Even for a little they give the appearance of the stars that are steadfast, perhaps for a time appearing more flashy. Knowledge of the heavens enables men who study to label each, and know somewhat their true nature and course.

In this world a jeweled church,

each gem sparkling with the morning Star's glory, works out a purpose already planned and foreordained. Individual light-bearers are moved by the Spirit, with heavenly skill given to each according to his work. Yet who can fully understand that magnificence of unity, those invisible forces that hold and attract? Who can say that they fully understand the purpose of God in His marvellous balancing this member for one purpose, and another member for another purpose, and to have all the faithful ready in that church glorious that will some time array the Saviour's crown?

Men who put into figures the timing of the stars must take into consideration another dimension, space-time, to attain accurate figures. Children of God must put aside all the old life and reason by faith, which comes by listened obedience. Let us not forget how barren and dark, how charred with sin, was the old man. All the beauty and brilliance, all the treasures we put to good use, we have received. Oh, how small we are, when we view the towering magnificence of the love and wisdom of God at Calvary! How utterly unworthy we were to have showered on us such boundless riches of mercy and grace! And can we at any time now demand on our own right what God so graciously gives on Another's righteousness?

It was because the skies were dark over a Saviour at Calvary that skies could grow dark for sinners and true repentance could be found. And it was from those darkened skies at Calvary, from the Christ that was lifted between heaven and earth, that the veil was rent and open to the penitent is snow-white beauty. And as we look on our brother, we view a picturesque loveliness, a matchless perfection, our Saviour's glorious dress.

If we stay steadily in the path of the Light of heaven, there is no danger of being swayed by an onrushing man in error into darkness for-

ever. Brevity and being sporadic is the charted picture of both the man in error and the act of sin. Climbing in imagination—the exaltation of pride—is the sure way to slip from steadfastness. And it is always characterized by that trait, hidden or open, of refusal to be submissive one to another.

Hurling through this world are many meteors of darkness, each meant to jar the jeweled star and start it wobbling. Satan's little bits of entertainment all have this effect on a righteous person, each clouds a little bit of the sparkle and beauty, taking away a little bit of the joy that could be had. The roar of the crowd for a win, in the living room or at the game, the hero or heroine of worldly pleasure on page or screen, hanging out in the offensive odor of the place where the sinner staggers, burn red with sensation, but die out in a moment. But the unseen joys of life eternal will glow bright and beautiful forever and ever.

Only children need not labor for a crown;

We who must labor are grown,
We can win.

Then to walk on golden streets
In the land of great renown.

To be spiritually minded is life
But a carnal mind is dead.

To sleep in peace is joy and rest,
And life lives on in paradise.

Our souls love poem and song,
That make the heart glad.

But earthly rhythm afflicts.

Earthly races win no treasure.

Blessed and rich are they

Who run the heavenly race.

“For if God spared not the natural branches, *take heed* lest he also spare not thee.

Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in *his* goodness: otherwise thou also shalt be cut off.”

—Romans 11:21-22.