

THE SILVER LINING

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Golden Glory At Near End of Day

If You Live In Him Who Lives Forever More

Darkness at noon . . . over on the horizon the great, black, angry storm clouds signal impending disaster. The gathering storm . . . straws in the air, gave some inkling of that great final deluge of sorrow. Darkness at noon . . . yes, you could see that there would be . . . the texture of that rolling mass of blackness proved humanity was in death's corner. And you knew from the composition of the clouds that this was it . . . when this storm broke, it would be unequalled in fury . . . gathering blackness . . . storm warnings are out . . . but you could look above, and you found comfort.

It was for this moment that you had been groomed. He who counts the seconds, but lives above the years, knew the character and fortitude such an hour would take. He schooled and yet teaches in the way of the cross, and as you progress, you and the people about you can take notice of the wonderful attributes of divine nature that fragrance your personality.

You worked hard now . . . toiling, and suffering . . . sometimes crying, with tears in the heart . . . perhaps sometime from the eyes. It is priceless, though, this way of the Cross, being a student in this university of the heavenlies . . . really a child of

God. It was from Him that everything of riches had come to you. Always that heavenly One was near you . . . understanding how intricately complex our human reasoning may make the moment . . . but always on time for the humble believer with His beautiful solution of simplicity . . . just right for the step.

It was His marvellous Scholarship called grace that made the moment glow with heavenly activity. When He smiled with His favor, things happened, and it was through this grace that you could bring honors to Him. Yours was the joy of the life that far outshines the diamonds . . . you gathered glowing gems of eternal radiance, with morning face uplifted into that beauty to treasure always. Sunrise glory it was . . . with the road ahead rapturously bathed in the softness of His wondrous rainbow glory.

Yes, the road ahead led home. The lovely ever-after is gloriously real. There could be a future Moment, your graduation time, after the hard-fought race is won. With the prize in view, you were tuned to the timing of infinite wisdom. Ah, in this marvellous work, with precision and accuracy, you saw the value of the timing of the eternal One. You could not always understand all, but you could obey, and in obeying you worked in

jeweled movements, timed to God's heart beat.

That is why this hour also could be among the finest for success in the King's business . . . this hour of triumph . . . and tragedy. You looked up . . . Picture Window Living, with a view of Morning Beautiful. That is how you knew that His work would continue to show that golden profit of eternal dividend. Not around you was this faith gathered . . . the dark clouds were evidencing a threatening onslaught . . . and fair weather was becoming less and less. Your heart and mind were above this world's gloomy weather look . . . and you knew that what men called fate was only to the glorious outlook a hinge on which God swings the open door.

It takes divine initiative to use the enormous profit possibilities of the moment. Those who daily enter the door that's opened of God must be armed with caution and courage. The humble man—whether it be the one with ten talents . . . or two . . . or one—has learned to sum up the facts on hand . . . and prove in that sound reasoning set forth in the holy scriptures. He is afraid of going out on a limb, for his business is built on success . . . the sure procedures that carry the scriptural guarantee of sure harvest.

The holy scriptures contain many records of successful actions through which we may condition our mind and tune our heart to a happy life of victory unto victory. Long ago a certain little maid of Israel, through conditions that made an hinge on which to swing the open door, lived in an enemy land. The Bible record makes plain how in the course of daily life opportunity came to her, how she grasped this once-in-a-lifetime gem, and what wonder-working events transpire. This little maid was tuned to the timing of the eternal one, and a wonder-working God could bleed her life's music into a symphony of glory that dazzles down yet through this age.

The setting for the miraculous:

"Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honourable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valour, *but he was a leper*. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife."

You stood in 1955. The place was far out in years, near the time of the end. For you . . . the supply of the grace of God was proved present by the golden success that was present day by day . . . and the supply of His grace proved yet you could hope your golden dream would come true, the glorious promise of a golden future from Him who always keeps His promises. Vacation forever would be glorious reality . . . for you . . . if you would continue as you had learned. You looked at the golden clock, and you knew the time would not be long . . . for time passes, and the future must surely become the present . . . this moment, you were conscious of the facts at hand; some day you would be conscious of the fact of the first resurrection. . . if you continue.

On the slopes of Israel, pine and cypress grow . . . where once it was bare. The Sharon plain is garden-like in lushness . . . something akin to the greener parts of the Imperial Valley of California. Orchards and plantations beautify where formerly was swamp-land here in this valley. Seven years have seen the land under cultivation in this wonder-nation more than trebled. Terraces have been worked of the hills, and fruitful vines and trees flourish in Israel 1955. What is this mirage that we have seen come before our very eyes? Ten years ago this nation was not a nation, but now it is a thriving busy-land, a reality of wonderment.

750,000 immigrants in less than seven years! For long centuries it was

the real-life drama of the wandering Jew, but now, in this next drama that will find the book of this age finished, Israel walks on the stage to assume its role. Its thriving city of Tel Aviv numbers nearly 500,000. Its port of Haifa is busier than the Italian port of Naples. You read the pages of Daniel . . . the pictures of future history in Ezekiel . . . the Revelation . . . the words spoken by our Lord in answer to the apostles' questions of the last days and of His coming. You may note from plain language that Israel there must be . . . and the mighty thunder from the voice of God echoes in awesome magnificence as we wonder at the drama before our eyes.

Israel is peculiarly situated, at the navel of the earth, with the great land mass of Asia-Europe-Africa spreading away from it. It is a spot of destiny. Jig-sawed to unnatural size and shape because of the nations who part God's land, the uncanny fulfillment of part of Joel 3:1,2 brings into closeness the dark time soon to come. "For, behold, in those days, and in that time, when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem, I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land."

We stand at the door-step of opportunity. Each day means a new journey into the unknown future, pioneering with our hand in the Hand of Him who has measured the obstacles and whispers we can do all through Him. He knows tragedy is approaching, and that time is fast running out. But He is always on time, and keeps a steady Hand on His people. It is He who has kept tab of the years, and has placed us, His people, in this opportune 1955. And now He also yet counts the seconds and bids action in His time.

Apostolic Christian Church—1955

. . . placed at a golden junction . . . where love may pause and bend low with the glorious sweetness that once fragrancd the lonely Jericho road. Time's vanishing rhythm finds the maid of Israel, the church 1955, placed where another Naaman—Israel which is not the true children of God—may be pointed to One who can cleanse from he dreaded disease of sin. It is only the words of the humble . . . but, oh, their balm touched another and brought him to the One who whispers peace to the penitent heart . . . those words echoed till heaven was amusic with that joy in the presence of the angels . . . and all aspan over an unseen world of loveliness was the rainbow of His glory . . . the aglow from the riches of His grace . . . wondrously beautiful in the freshness of eternal morning.

Not so the agenda of fear that was soon to settle down on the inhabitants of earth. They thought the fog was lifting . . . between the battles, an odd characteristic was being displayed. In the evil teachings of Communism is a description of falsified actions. Beware of the Communist when he cries peace. In Communism and its system of lies is a planned premeditated campaign to deal treacherously. They would go all-out in their masquerade that cried peace, and all along hidden would be the savage snarlery of the beast that only moved to tear apart.

You stand astounded as you view the world . . . you wonder as time and again you view prophetic phrases becoming fulfilled. How far is Tomorrow? You wonder and you wait and you wish . . . tomorrow when everything would be young and beautiful . . . and a King shall reign in righteousness. Tomorrow . . . after the heat and noise and sadness of a confused world would be subdued . . . and the sword and the gun would be forged to peace-time pursuits . . . Tomorrow the wolf would lie down with the lamb . . . this world would be a haven of quietness and beauty,

and those gone on before would be with us again in a world of familiarity and friendship and joy forevermore.

Tomorrow? How far? Our Lord shall stand on old Olivet, and the mountain shall divide apart . . . He sat on the mount of Olives in the days of old and told of many things . . . of wars and rumors of wars . . . all about the characteristics of an age . . . the beginning of sorrows and the sharp, sharp intensity of pangs of pain . . . so dreadful that if the days were not shortened, none would live through. . . . He told about a loathsome abomination of desolation in a place where it should not be . . . and about its being the signal for hasty evacuation . . . but He also told of the Dawn of Morning . . . of clouds and power and great glory . . . of the King's triumphant return.

How far Tomorrow? It seemed less than a vapour's distance in this strange 1955. A world of horror was, and was being stored in the arsenals of the nations. There was the hole tore a mile across and 175 feet deep by one of the fantastic explosions. There were A-bombs and hydrogen bombs. Did you hear of the deadly cobalt bomb? . . . and then a U-bomb? You watch as Washington's notables and others flee in a practice. Perhaps you didn't know, but if a bomb equal to 10 million tons of TNT hit Washington dead center, a circle with a radius of 4 miles would be completely destroyed . . . there is no escape at dead center, not with a 1 mile hole, 175-200 feet deep. No escape . . . no place to hide, except for heaven's inhabitants, who hide in the Rock, their sure safety through pain and death.

The United States has a supply of approximately ten thousand atomic weapons, and some other horrible bombs. Russia has the atomic bomb and has exploded at least one deadly nuclear device. She reaches for relative parity in possibility of destruction. Inter-continental bombers are an actuality today. Guided missiles are

real; there could be push-bottom destruction. The Navy has one that speeds to a target two hundred miles away; the Army and Air Force have them. A fantastic possibility is a sought-for long range missile that could be speeded continent to continent. Research reaches for distance. The German V-2, years ago, went 200 miles. A research rocket reached an altitude of 250 miles and did not burn up. The men of the nations are studying. Some draft could appear sometime of a missile that would travel 5,000 miles to the heart of Russia and hit within ten miles of a bull's eye. If the material necessary goes fast enough without burning up, it can be done. There is no escape for the man who hugs the earth, for earth's corridor is leading to dead-end corner. The fog is moving in, and settling down.

While the horrible know-how of the ballistic missile in its advanced, accurate form is some time away, not so weapons that could bring much destructive chaos. Quarles, while head of research for armed forces, did not outrightly deny the scare stories of the intercontinental missile and that the Russians are building them. One side might use some which had not reached the finesse of destruction the other wanted.

Through the misty fog that envelops and enshrouds the nations can be outlined the last battlefield of this age. The nations are preparing. To the north of Israel is Russia . . . its position is clearly pointed by words of prophecy . . . "And the word of the LORD came unto me, saying, Son of man, set thy face against Gog, the land of Magog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal, and prophesy against him, . . ." Geographical location of this "Meshech and Tubal" is, according to ancient records from Mesopotamia, a region north of the Black Sea—a region under the dark shadow of Communism.

At the start of the time of the end, not all nations listed in Ezekiel

38 as allies are yet allied. However, today there is a gigantic line-up of the Soviet orbit. There is "Gomer, and all his bands." Records from ancient times seem to reveal that Gomer is a people in the Balkans. The holy scriptures again and again reveal the great army of the end-time. ". . . and many people with thee." "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision:" China, Tibet, North Korea, part of Indo-China have been added to the land under the shadow of Communism. Indonesia has been infiltrated greatly . . . India is walking in dangerous company. . . . Menon of India shows a Communist bent, if not an actual Communist . . . Persia is in the Russian time-table, and disappears sometime before the time of the end. The Communist monster is making the waves roar in its writhing in many parts of the world.

An astonishing confirmation of the minute accuracy of the prophecy of the scripture can be seen in the ingrained idea of great numbers appearing in the Communist system. You noticed this Mao Tse-tung of China. He spoke of a goal of 25,000,000 men for east and southeast Asia alone. Mao Tse-Tung's words that follow have an ominous meaning for this time so close to the end: "a mere show of force, when the time is ripe, will bring about the capitulation of the ruling." But we know that: The trend of the storm is read by the knowledge with the observer.

You know the picture of a map . . . now you thoughtfully examine a portion in your mind or actually . . . There's the Great Sea, the Mediterranean, with its waters lapping on three great continents. Israel lies at its eastern end . . . Israel, the land that is so important in telling about how close to Tomorrow. There is Egypt . . . with a yesterday of pomp and greatness in the eyes of the world . . . Egypt, with a yesterday of defeat and subjection . . . Egypt, in this 1955, with a role in a strange drama. . . .

The weathered map of the world's vary-shaded storms presents cold and hot pressure fronts that conform to the amazing forecasts by the accuracy of the One who knows the end from the beginning. Not that the hurricane heights of that end-time has been reached . . . no . . . but you paused, and looked . . . you were noting the formation and increasing of storms that already were giving the course of their direction . . . and their paths were traced long ago, and are on record for us to use.

In the time-table of the march of events, Britain and Egypt reach agreement and the history of historic Suez shifts . . . here is history in the making . . . and the checkered pattern, taking many events and characteristics of nations, shows the finish stretch is only a little while away. The giant military lay-out is one of the world's great war and defense installations. . . The soldiers of this empire now fade away some from a sphere in sharp focus at the time of the end.

You read from Daniel 11, verse 25: "And he shall stir up his power and his courage against the king of the south with a great army; and the king of the south shall be stirred up to battle with a very great and mighty army; . . ." Up to a short time back it was not the king of the south, but the king or queen of England . . . now, strange how things were coming true . . . and there was Turkey . . . Turkey with ties with the West . . . Turkey at the western end of the Middle East, a pivotal point . . . there was Pakistan, way to the east, with ties with Turkey . . . and now this Iraq joins in the set-up with the West . . . and the United States pours war goods into Egypt and Iraq. Jordan, another country, is being courted . . . all the while, Britain keeps a trigger-finger in a powder keg, for she may return to Suez if Turkey or Egypt or any of the Arab League are attacked . . . and ships carrying the American flag ply the

Mediterranean, so near Israel.

There is a movement . . . clear outlines . . . of gathering individual nations within certain spheres: groups for defense, and if necessary, war. There is NATO and SEATO. But now the tricks and treachery and moves of the Communist, bent on world domination, was trying to wreck. It was a worldly-wise thought that Russia had in weighing a neutralized Austria. NATO communication is now more difficult. There are plans in mind of Communism that it has in dealing with Germany. There has been the tremendous slow-down effort that drags the plans of the West. In the Far East, SEATO is on the boycott list for moves to hurt or destroy.

Now there was a movement of grouping in the Middle East. There began to form the collective grouping of regional forces, with the military might of the West in the background. It was the regional group, though, that would take at least much of the brunt of the attack and fighting. They would supply the man-power, at least mostly, while the gigantic arsenal of the West supplied much equipment. There was indeed a clear-cut program of organizing and training, with a definite purpose in view. It seems so that a shadow falls long and dark of coming events. At the time of the end, the king of the south is utterly routed and countries are occupied. But not long after comes that dark, dark time of trouble, a catastrophe, the worst time of disaster since the beginning of the world. Would part of this be the after-stroke the unleashing of the full fury of pent-up forces of disaster?

This land of the U.S. . . . where vast, flowing wheat fields wave in golden beauty . . . where the praying of the founders was answered with the blue-print of God . . . this America, with its stars and stripes . . . it flung a string of bases that encircled the bear with potential destruction . . . its policy had become that of mas-

sive deterrence . . . a term pregnant with the pangs of a great sorrow ahead . . . it would strike hard and fast and big, if the wrong move was made . . . and men in the Kremlin noticed, and a big stick was a deterrence . . . but into exactly that that's written in Daniel 11 . . . the sparring of regional war. Bounding in temporary idleness are the bombs that could level cities and permeate the country-side with death rays.

The nations are lining up for that end stretch run . . . up and down that stretch in the Middle East is the finish of this age . . . but, alas, what a day of darkness and tribulation. . . . Events are markers that act as poles, bending and deterring men into that last great crash at death's end turn. . . . Malenkov stood at the reins of a committee that yoked in steel crushers the man under Communist domain . . . Bulganin, whose dark power is to be suspected, stood aside, but wanted Asia first . . . now Bulganin's idea rules in a collective committee that dominates the people under the rule of the dark spirit of antichrist . . . it's major moves that put Asia first and great emphasis on the Middle East.

In Daniel you can read about a prophecy of seventy weeks . . . where in its meaning every day is a year . . . this great time-piece of God has been silent for many years while the great work of gathering in the church has progressed through the centuries. Sixty and nine weeks had been reached . . . one short span of seven years to go . . . but what heart-break and heart-ache are in store . . . for at least part of one week, seven years, the evil man of sin will rule in darkness.

"And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week: and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation, . . ."

The political situation and national

tensions are becoming ripe for exactly that diplomatic move predicted in the holy scripture. Israel stands independent in the political sense, has defeated the Arab nations in battle . . . but there's thought . . . worried thought . . . of a second round. The condition is not stable, but fluid. There's the borders . . . where the fire is smouldering. Attempts to reach a settlement for clear and defined borders have been futile, except along the Lebanese frontier.

The Arabs have proved hostile to Israel . . . there's a continuation of an age-old animosity . . . there were many, many cases of infiltration and clashes. . . . Some border raids of Egyptian enemies, to Israel's general staff appeared to be prepared on military lines . . . there were carefully chosen targets . . . there was gun-battle timing. And there's the continuation of the blockade . . . that slap in the face that keeps Israel from some trade she could be enjoying.

In Jerusalem, the Knesset, the Jewish Parliament meets within 500 yards of Arab guns. Israel's approximately 1½ million is surrounded by Arab states of 40 million. There are 575 miles of border. Except in the heart of the Negev, no Israeli is out of range of Arab guns. Israel's military service begins at 14. For men it continues till 50, for unmarried women till 35. Cows, draft animals, tractors, automobiles are registered . . . they can be immediately called in event of war.

We are very close to the end. Soon Israel will fumble into a treaty with the antichrist. Israel knows that American arms are pouring into the hands of its enemies. Israel's prime minister recently expressed in an interview how Israel was forced to increase its military expenditures. This Moshe Sharett, prime minister in Israel in this 1955, expressed also about a feeling of not being able to keep up with America's potential supply to Israel's enemies. We see produced in

the field of modern politics that very strata in national feelings from which naive diplomacy will ore that infamous treaty of the last week. Israel needs security . . . and blindly she follows the cobblestones of deception, only to be caught in a final vise of cruelty and heartache.

Germany . . . with its masses pursuing the spectre of selfishness. Poor Germany . . . materialistic and vain . . . its Hitler was dead . . . but Hitler was not dead, the dark shadow of a society that showed the spectre of Hitler, and belched a Hitler from its brewing heathenism. Some among the many yet heard and were wise, in France and Germany and Italy, but also among the many was that spider-like web that ensnared the victim in a form that could not profit.

France . . . once mighty France is a giant of yester-year, but with its energy gone. Proud France . . . vain France . . . with the masses bent on pleasure and leisure. From the corrupt slums of sin the stench is nauseating . . . sin, with its deadly fang marks, was working its poison in the many to final fruition. France, tangle-footed and stuck to a form of religion that could not profit.

There is also Italy. Italy today is a marching battle of oratory. Odd and tragic, this wierd sparring of two greatly evil forces. Italy, too, had the same bindings of form among the masses that could be traced. Here Communism had taken a great grip, and expounders of the dark web of religion in only form were carrying their campaign to the people. Italy . . . strange Italy, 1955 . . . it had known the pompous days of the Caesars . . . the brutal days of a Nero. Italy, with its Rome . . . once ruler of a far-flung empire, in days of material prosperity and worldly fame

Now it still knew the pomp of a far-flung empire. Once in the annals of church history Rome was beautified with a young, beautiful, pure, and lovely church. But when men forget to watch, the standard slips

somewhat . . . and with repeated calls and repeated refusals to hearken comes the removal of the beautiful candlestick. The history of departure is strategic history . . . and it's always the downward trail . . . and with the hardening comes the hatred . . . and out-right war on the pure and innocent.

There is a mystery of Babylon the great told about in the Revelation of Jesus Christ. Let us be cautious, but we can gather the following picture that seems to be. Through many years this city is an underworld of criminal brutality against the saints. She is a woman grown old in sin, and reeks with the abominable filth that has piled high. She is a reception hall of the merchandise of earth, and shipping lanes lead to her receiving points. Commerce and the shipping enterprise find a lucrative trade with this palatial palace. Worldly prosperity rides high, and merchants greedily devour the lavish expenditure. Her days are days of earthly leisure.

Let us not draw a sure conclusion, but let us observe the facts of time clarify this picture of Babylon the great. It would appear that Rome, with perhaps its citizens in that vicinity of Europe and perhaps more could be considered. We do know that the Vatican 1955 promulgates teaching that is deplorable, and that its holds are filled with people who have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof, and are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. This 20th century still found this Romish woman had not been cleared of brutality, but showed its innate savagery against the truth both in action and words.

It is from one of the dark places where the woman Babylon the great sits that comes the man of sin. You note the staccato beat of news . . . something like the Morse Code, if you know the code, you can decipher the meaning. You know human thoughts and human conclusions can be wrong, and you have had the experience of

accepting the correct when you were somewhat wrong. You ponder the reasoning ideal that should be always the aim of the children of God. Scriptural verses fit perfectly into the meaning of divine predictions. Sometime you were wrong, but you were willing to trim and mold that meaning in your mind to closer conform to the divine blue-print. And always you were willing to sight down the line of scriptural meditation, and discern the meaning and definitions of the mind that hath wisdom.

Committee government, rule of a collective action, seems to be the situation from which the mad dictator of sin emerges into. "And the ten horns out of this kingdom *are* ten kings *that* shall arise: and another shall rise after them; and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings." Stalin stood aside and noted how the men of the Politburo worked. Stalin was yet alive, but he was worldly wise, and he knew he would not always be here. So Stalin stood aside . . . Stalin noted how each worked and tried to place according to the wierd and crafty plan evil forces had concocted. It was government by committee.

Now Stalin is dead. There has been the play of death. Beria has been liquidated. In another reshuffling, Malenkov lost hold of the place he had, was shifted to another. It's a form of collective running of the vast, dark Communist domain. Three men that recently made the excursion to Yugoslavia were Bulganin, Khrushchev, and Mikoyan. But such a state cannot remain long with those tensions of sin that snap the lines of authority in a totalitarian state to a mad dictator. The workings of sinful degeneracy must always settle on a plane lower than before. A vacuum in a sinful state is an ominous lull that fires the sizzle that leads to an even more deadly explosion of dark rule.

Tito rules iron-clad and bloody in Yugoslavia. There was the break with

the parent Communism not long ago. The bearings of the readings of latitude and longitude in prophecy would seem to indicate the man of sin would come from one of the four ancient divisions of Alexander's kingdom and would be from some place north of Israel. There will be an upheaval in the dark recesses of Communism; the foul sinner will fight the south in a series of peripheral wars. There will be a place where two kings will speak lies. Through his sinward brazenness of this man of sin, he will commit an act that is the signal for hasty flight for the Jews. Immediately following is the time of great tribulation.

High above the earth . . . someplace on the upper side of the stars, is heaven. It is here that the battles are won . . . for the prayers of the saints arise before the One who does the impossible. At His commandment the angels move . . . and always He keeps His promises and carries out according to His will. Somewhere on the upper side of the stars, by the sea that sparkles radiantly, One speaks and works . . . and marvels and wonders and miracles transpire here on the planet called earth. His garment still rustles through the throngs on earth, and those who will do his will draw nigh, and touch, and find heavenly virtue flowing.

You've seen His magnificent building program—1955. You looked in awe as the large super-structure was being added to His beautiful church of the age of grace. You've seen those ordained to eternal life added . . . you've heard the angel's move in service to His saints, saw them ascending and descending the ladder of heaven. You've watched the amazing accuracy of heaven's timing, and knew there would never be too little nor too late. You knew, for you were a treasurer of heaven's secrets, and as such were timed and keyed to expect things to come as the amazing wonder-work and wonder-will of God provides.

Now . . . for a short mile . . .

there was time and opportunity. You stood on the golden ridge when you could yet work . . . sunlight and blue went on and on into the peaceful forever and you were a part of it. Apostolic Christian Church—1955—was numbered a part of the church of the ages of ages . . . someday to be triumphant forevermore. Someday to be the bride of Christ . . . but now believing . . . laboring . . . suffering . . . hoping. And its love was beautiful . . . for it was from eternal morning . . . and would go on and on into the glorious forever. It was the love that gave Jesus to die . . . the love of Gethsemane's lonely vigil and heartache . . . the love that trod the last brave miles into the very heart of suffering and pain and death. That was its love . . . beautiful beyond compare . . . marvel of marvels . . . and now yet in this 1955, displaying its same wondrous character that so beautifies the pages of gospel history.

You have had the privilege of standing along another water than Naaman washed in and became clean. It is the wondrous baptismal waters, the stream that flows from Calvary. You have seen sinners a world away come nigh the cross, repenting . . . you have heard the words of testimony that told of whispered peace. . . . You have seen a soul arise into the glorious morning of our Lord's resurrection, leaving the old life forever in the watery grave.

Apostolic Christian Church—1955 . . . humble . . . insignificant in the world's eyes. But with the words that can shake the world . . . with a knowledge whose radiance gloriously outshines the dullness of the most learned treatise of worldly genius. You stand in beauty in the harbor of home, holding high a lamp of freedom to downtrodden and sin-battered slaves of darkness. Do you realize in a small way the vastness of meaning and the gigantic import of your place at this hour? It means more than all the world to men who come and find that dreams do come true. You hold

the secret of the Star of Galilee. Rise with the gems of the glorious Conqueror . . . breathe the words that ring from here to eternity and into the ages of ages.

On the other side of the ocean, at the eastern end of the Great Sea, is Israel. Down time's corridors you can picture the time when the bleak, black walls of sorrow close in at tribulation point. But in the short space between, and with the marvellous prophetic sense, you picture the verdant green of the pastoral beauty of the good Shepherd . . . you see the waters of quietness. . . . Ah, and there are the flocks, the beautiful, white flocks, radiantly beautiful from the baptismal washing.

You hear the celestial harmony of the eternal Sabbath pealing forth its beauty in the land of the ancient Sabbath. You listen . . . a voice speaks: "For though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, *yet* a remnant of them shall return:" Ecstasy in Israel-land. On this very eve so very near the night, there was yet room . . . and a plan. It was only prayers away. Someone was listening on the heavenly throne . . . listening for His children's heart-beats to rhythm with His own . . . and they were . . . they are tuned to the heavenly wave lengths of eternity, and daily found their delight in bringing the sacrifices of an humble heart.

And as those hearts continued to beat, His hand continues to move. Somewhere on His plan, just around the corner, some gems from His jeweled pages will move together with the line of His timing. You have secured your timing with the stars always by that divine juncture, the meeting of His word with His time. Now a heavenly display of God's beautiful work was still in progress. There was something different though from many of the past years. Not since the first century had Israel been in the land as a nation. Now, the readings of the handiwork of God revealed that a work with a long recess

of centuries would be resumed. The work of canvassing the land of Israel, begun by our Lord and continued by the early church is to be continued. ". . . for verily I say unto you, Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel, till the Son of man be come."

Apostolic Christian Church—20th century. You ponder the near future. On His word you take the venture . . . armed with prayer and watchfulness. You know the many of the teeming throng of Israel will not hear, for there is blindness "until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in." You also know that the wisdom of God has said that blindness is but in part. You listen in faith: "Even so then at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace."

A remnant. You peer into the future. Certainly there must be that sowing of the primeval beauty of the word. There must be the message of an Elijah now, in the bravery of the humility of Christ. ". . . *let it be* the hidden man of the heart. . . ." It must be the same doctrine that has been so radiant and sparkling from the humble men who spoke as they were inspired. There must be that distinctive aspect of the arm of love, discipline, a range of priceless value that reaches to the deep level in true friendship and helpfulness. Then there must be the free movement of mercy, bountifully flowing from its heavenly beauty, and caressingly lovely as charity flows from heart to heart. It surges onward to reach the last possible distance marked out by our mercy-loving God.

The role of the church toward the Jew is one of the free exercises of the law of love. In answer to a loving Saviour's longing, His own find great delight in bringing the fruit of the toils and suffering of an appreciative heart. And in the great and diversified work of the Lord, care was always taken that each worker could clearly see the way immediately ahead. Whether this land or another, all are laborers abroad who must con-

tinue going the Way toward home, and all find themselves away from their beloved Home, sojourners in a foreign land.

The Light within the church shines on a work that will bring a beautiful description in His word into a beautiful description of His work. There is golden opportunity at near end of day. "Even so have these also now not believed, that through your mercy they also may obtain mercy." You know they will hear . . . for you know nothing is impossible with God, and His word is true . . . you know there will be hearts pleading in repentance . . . hearts seeking for peace. You see in your dreams of faith souls being proved . . . and in the fragrance of morning added to His church. You see them in the beauty of humility with the head-covering . . . and again in the rapture of love forever bestow the kiss of charity.

They stand undaunted to the end . . . those whom God foreknew. In

their prophetic path to glory-land, they trace the blood-marks where their suffering feet trod the way. They are hit hard with a great unleashing of brutality from the enemy of the saints. "And the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ."

But the prize is glorious and real . . . the cost is soon past. They stand forever in that unclouded forever, a part of the church glorious.

You stand in 1955 . . . and view the tomorrows. Just prayers away you find the method to find the unseen way made plain . . . and within, there is power and love . . . and you know you can do anything He would ask . . . and in doing it you would have His joy . . . and He would whisper and bear over the rough ways. He and you together forever.

There would be no other way for you. . . .

The Psalm of The Shepherd

PART III

The Golden Masterpiece—The Church Beautiful To Be Contemporary Is to Live the Time We Are, but Our Life Is Eternal

For the church beautiful, life is contemporary with the golden future of the Age Without End. It's another world . . . in the reality of the Truth, the heart enters the golden globe of the heavenlies. Wonderful things happen when the touch of the golden sphere brings eternal life to the heart. Light from God floods that sphere always with its glorious radiance.

The light of the world are the members of church beautiful. They are the pin-points of the golden globe that allow the heavenly brilliance to shine through. Like diamond-crystal jewels, they skylight the darkened ceiling of

the world. Through their life of love, they speak to all that the good Shepherd lives in them and they triumphantly in Him.

Home is where the heart is, and the heart is in heaven. The church beautiful always has a picture window open towards heaven. The light-bearers of the heavenly sphere are rotating around the Light of heaven. Each passing day only emphasizes that a golden day of summer is nearing. Who cannot see that the length of hope has grown closer as many evidences prove the first day of summer is only a few days away?

Ours is the privilege of standing in the Dawn of Tomorrow. Summer will surely come. How beautiful are the golden shaft lights shed from prophecy at the near end of day. How glorious the hope that when day is done at the end of this age, we will have risen in another age of eternal sunrise. How promising is the golden future, when we shall reign with Christ forever and ever.

When we see Jesus, we shall be like Him; our personality will be in the new state of everlasting perfection-satisfaction. Now such words as "subtraction," "minus," and "lacking" have a daily place in our life. There are things that cloud our daily life. Daily we have to battle our flesh. Hope longs for a better time. Sometime "always" will be an unclouded blue of perfection in golden happiness. Life will be blossomed forever in a summer-time of reality and fullness of satisfaction.

After the first heaven and the first earth have passed away, there will be new heavens and a new earth. The atmosphere will be ideal, the climate perfect. When God draws something in His mind and prepares it Himself, the result is without possibility of improvement. It is an absolute golden 100.

But the beginning of His golden plan for the ages of ages had to begin with the renovation of the inner man. Formerly we were in sin. There is a sharp division line where darkness is, and where Light is. Being translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son is a complete change. It's coming into the bright, new world, where everyone dwells in the beautiful glory of God. It's forever leaving behind the dismal grays and blacks of the old world, and beholding resplendent hues from the hand of God. And it holds the happiest thought of all in this contented forever, an assured future with God.

" . . . Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or

any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

The training of the church beautiful is gauged to that goal of drawing the inner man to perfection. Today is the work space of eternity that styles the interior of the church in the New of Tomorrow. The best things—the things of eternal life—are the fashions of Tomorrow. They are ever young, ever beautiful, ever in harmony with the ages of ages. They are the golden success of Tomorrow. It is good living forever!

The new heart feeling, the new mental thoughts and concepts, do not resemble the old concepts and thoughts and emotions. Life contemporary with the ages of ages is timed to the golden timeless. This change of time basically revolutionizes the outlook. The old time is based on seconds that beat in rhythm, day and night, and seasons that come and go. Not so the golden clock on the wall. In this golden Always every thought and every action may be in the beauty of Tomorrow. Use that deep movement of faith, replace the time concept. Ours is timeless and everlasting life, joy, and contentment.

The beautiful life is exactly opposite to the old life. Our old used-to habits were schooled in another alphabet, with words familiar to the old life. Even the line of reading moved contrary and opposite to true wisdom. There was no point of leverage within ourself to lift us from our fatal prison. We had eyes, ears, and the sense of touch, but were hemmed in by being totally blind, stone deaf, and with no nerves of touch to the New of Tomorrow.

At the extremity of our ignorance, when we willed to do God's will, the process of learning began. Skill and learning, cleansing and sanctification, all come when the colorful grace of God shines into the heart. But from the start there is a conflict with the land of darkness. Unless the tender shoots of growth find protection from the blasts of deception, the soul will again be lost in the babble of sin.

The golden voice of scriptural prov-

ing is the directional map-giver that keeps us on the straight and narrow way. The road ahead becomes clear by the Light shining in heaven, directed and focused for us by His word. His church is instructed to be "Proving what is acceptable unto the Lord. And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them."

The pathway of the church is the pathway through pain and tears, in joy supernal. The suffering-scarred Calvary is the marked Way to Heaven. It is the barrenness of the hill . . . the place of the skull. "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." Now we, His own, are made conformable to His death and live in the wonder of His resurrection.

The Cross is the flag of the victor that marks the place of the defeat of the vanquished. The flesh, the old carnal life, is slain, and the cross marks the boundary of death where the vanquished must remain. Love is the why to the chastening and pain of His own. Here is the secret of the real realm of freedom. The everyday evidence of suffering—in temptation, in pain—proves in our new understanding that God loves us. Because of this can we look above the horizon of time and know there is a glorious Tomorrow.

There are nails in our mortal flesh, a careful measurement of agony that each must go through. It is Calvary, by faith. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

Some of the sufferings at Calvary are visible; some invisible. Some are on the sick bed; some during days of being about. Some are in the season when we can plainly discern that God is with us. Some are in the night season, when we must press on with more of His strength. Some come at the very beginning of our life of vigilance. Some

come through the heat of the day; others while we are passing the very exit from the Valley of the shadow.

A very colorful movement of faith that enriches our life is the looking for the glorious return of our Lord Jesus. The checkerboard of this world's politics is in a pattern that points the end of the age will soon climax. The golden clock on the wall points nearer the threshold of the tribulation. And when we reach a certain point, top secrecy prevails. Only His own are readied for sudden rapture at any moment. "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

It is to the cycle of the growing season, the sign of summer, that our attention is directed by Jesus. After the barrenness of winter's long season, the fig tree shoots forth many tender shoots, heralding the approach of warm summer. The picture is not a close-up of some part of the tree, but being in the right position to see all the tree with its budding of green. Again, the tree is not pictured with large leaves fully mature, but with the tender first stages. "So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, *even* at the doors."

Now in the shadow of the end-time, the civilization of this 20th century fails to grasp the lesson of our Lord. The fashions of yesterday prevail now and will continue to the end, as prophesied by our Lord. There is nothing new under the sun in the realm of the world, and the inventions only serve the world as other modes to carry out its existence of the mummified yesterdays. The same static grip of deterioration that marked the sensual life of the world when Noe lived, and again the time immediately preceding the fiery judgment of Sodom and Gomorrah, is prevalent in this 1955.

"Remember Lot's wife." She fled in company with those who afterward reached safe shelter. But she carried some hidden ribbons that were attached to that life in the backward past. Her knock of victory was never sounded because she hesitated, lingered, and

lost. Noah entered the ark in time to escape the shower of judgment that drowned the rebellious. Lot was in the place of safety and then God rained fire and brimstone on the remainder yet left and living. "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man."

We who have found eternal life are living forever. We live far, far better in this wonderful abundant life. Now let's resolve to live even more beautifully, for living the life contemporary with the golden future is the beautiful life. To be going forward in this youthful modern is to enlarge our love, to find full enjoyment of the golden timeless. It is to wisely make use of the heavenly products and conveniences provided to live more happily. It is to rest the heart in its calmness, to avoid completely the strain of straining to be in the passing fashions. It is to reach for the future's golden maturity. If we do these things, letting our God guide, then we shall ever cheerfully live in that Happy Age of Ages.

The fragrance of the golden life in suffering, as must be the pattern of each and every pilgrim, is most wonderfully sweet in the life of Jesus on the cross. It is the secret of love, and abides in the golden obedient heart. ". . . thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." It was through the eternal Spirit that Christ offered himself without spot unto God. Tested and proven true in the most severe conditions is the Spirit of love and truth. Look homeward, pilgrim, for the homeward road is the beautiful road. It's rough-hewn on the daily cross of suffering, but out of its pain and anguish blossoms the beautiful seven-fold victory of life and glory forever.

The golden contemporary is living in the endless life of Jesus. It is fragrant with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The young in heart have that golden sense of style that prefers those wise selections of the golden eternal. The best things of life are here, for it

is only the privileged few who are given the right to purchase Tomorrow's fashion today. Inside the golden market is a dazzling array of riches, each with an elegance that fits in glorious harmony with the golden sphere.

We live better in that golden Tomorrow when the word of life is our golden selection in golden obedience. "Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Does our life more and more show the beautiful trend of Tomorrow, the unsearchable riches of Christ, in it? Or are we prejudiced by the time-worn awkwardness of yesterday's ideas and designs? A golden opportunity is ours, in this privilege of life in the church beautiful, where luxurious spring-time loveliness glorifies the Creator of its dream loveliness.

Forgiveness in the follower of Christ cushions the church beautiful for unity that is luxuriously soft and restfully quiet. The very things that to earth-born thought read opposite to its supposing are the words written in the golden forever, resplendent in true value. It is a beautiful trend of eternity, for it is fashioned from the timeless beauty of love. It denotes true royalty, and its soft texture sparkles with the golden touch of the King. Love covers with its unsearchable riches of eternity.

Not so the annoying harshness of this world's stale patterns. If we can lay aside and avoid the out-of-date disturbances of yesterday's culture, we will also side-step their twins of worry and tension. The golden glow of heavenly sunshine is health to the soul. Inner upsets are caused by the staccato air hammer of the harbored thoughts of grievances. Keep that summer color of health, that golden glow of true beauty. Therein is a key secret of the growing-lovelier friendship of the faithful followers. Winning the crisis points is fashion-consciousness for Tomorrow. It brings joy to the heart, for summer's golden ray is illuminating church beautiful with Rainbow glory.

The blessings of forgiveness has

good healing properties for spiritual first aid. In this little hour before Dawn there are yet those who are in need of some smaller emergency help, those overcome in a fault, and those who suffer serious injury. Through the skilled advice of the good Physician, the point and nature of the injury are given necessary treatment. True love from on High makes possible the road to recovery or the quiet way that will one day mean victory. True love is firm, makes sure that all the rules of recovery are granted. True love shines with its heavenly sunshine, giving golden forgiveness at every opportunity, and waiting, hoping, and then rejoicing when healing progresses.

The shining hour to forgive in glorious manner and with that moment's opportunity at the Cross came but once to Jesus. Once in history was this particular golden moment present with its own golden advantages. Once could golden obedience glorify God with this moment's golden opportunity. We pass through this life but once, and the path we trod today we have not passed heretofore. When the balance of actions of right rests with us, when the debit of trespass weighs on another, only then do we have this golden opportunity. Conformed to our Lord's death, we find freedom from the weight of unkind and unforgiving thoughts. We thus always have the beauty of His endless life fragrant in the midst of suffering with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

There's bright, new living for those who have found the Life after death today. "Therefore if any man *be* in Christ, *he is* a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Not only overlooking a trespass, but bringing that orchid of the fragrant life, forgiving from the heart, is designing in harmony with Tomorrow.

It is our choice to let our Light glow in the beauty of the words of Jesus. Stepping-stones of faith are revealed to the listening by the same Spirit of holiness that led our Lord through the vale of the cross. Through His wisdom we

may daily and patiently endure the very pain that will bring us to the extremity of the cross, thus enabling the beautiful life of Jesus to be shown in us.

"When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own *home*."

It is no chance that happens to bring the loveliness of a loveable church family. The riches that enter into that home beautiful are gained because the excellency of the power is of God, wrought through His word. Its golden family order is brought about by that secret of growing lovelier—the habit of obedience, even to the small—and fastidious cleanliness. It is God's word that illuminates and makes golden livability the keynote.

His draft-boards have drawn plans for Tomorrow's ideas in timeless lines. His concepts for the inner person are coordinated to prepare with your eternal dream house, radiantly new in the lasting forever. Eternal beauty begins on the inside of the citizens of the new Jerusalem. Skyscrapers in the sky is the city where heaven's inhabitants daily do those golden tasks appointed for this church beautiful. Unseen, soft, lustrous pastels of the soul are in harmony with the matchless beauty of the eternal ages of ages.

The business of the City is the work of the King. "For *the kingdom of heaven is* as a man travelling into a far country, *who* called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; . . ." It's a gift today, and with sound investment, a bright Tomorrow. Our job today carried out in this heavenly Manhattan prepares for our vacation forever. We're on our journey Home, travellers on the Skyliner through this world, toward the unclouded blue, blue forever.

This City has a Way of life wonder-

fully new. It has the marvellous Future of futures. Solving the big city's problems is scaled to the eternal dimensions, with perfect city-planning available at inquiry with Him who has promised to hear. Administration of this city's life is kept solely in the Hand of Him who holds the church in His Hand. Its law is the law of love, a beautiful freedom for those who find His commandments are not grievous.

Inside the city of church beautiful is the golden office of bishop, filled by our elders who labour in the word and doctrine. In a golden service of love of the Lord and of the church, it is the task of these brothers to make use of the gifts belonging to our Lord. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Fulfilling the law of love, they carry out the task of ruling, administrators who daily find that happiness of walking with Him.

Where the clouds are underfoot is found a golden cooperation, the invisible tie of that golden friendship. It's good business to be about the King's business, and whether it be the prophet in the pulpit or the mother in the home, it is important to Him who cares. Working for Him translates the daily task into the New of Tomorrow. It makes every day a part of the road of Skyline Drive, where the day breaks in unending beauty. Ah, there's the swing of eternal youth here, out over meadows perfect, up into the fragrance of morning fresh.

What a fabulous array of jewels are entrusted to His own to bring in return eternal dividends. The teacher . . . the song leader . . . the usher. The treasurer of His money . . . the janitor . . . the performer of the daily job. The humble who warns of danger . . . the one who lends a hand . . . the glow of the shut-in. All these, and more . . . much more . . . produce the treasure for that golden hour. To each His work . . . and to each His responsibility. And to each that freedom of action tempered in golden submission to one another, to perform it in the way the Lord instructs, with that golden liberal

amount of His mercy . . . and to each who is faithful, golden success.

~~12—Silver Lining~~

But this city has its traffic problems, brought about by the lack of securing the needed golden foresight. Evident weaknesses have been experienced by every one of us. If we always are willing to return to that golden humility at the meeting-place of the cross, there are in store from the wisdom that was before time the very plans needed to set life forward at its golden rate. The golden simplicity of faith knows the value of unity. It knows that the look and feel of the future is always through that golden servant's entrance. Its eyes are sky-lit with the splendor of the new age because it has found the seat of the truly great—the men and women with those great marks of character called humility and forgiveness. A part of the way to make your dream come true . . . and every moment may be a dream moment with a dream hope . . . is to count it a privilege to stoop . . . and wash those very weaknesses in your brother or sister that are disagreeable to you. He who laid aside His robe of outward splendor counted it joy . . . He washed the feet of another . . . and more than one . . . "happy are ye if ye do them."

They tell us of a land where no storm clouds are . . . of a land of unclouded day. If we could get one breathless glimpse of the land of the new horizon, what a marvellous picture would be revealed. Sometime, Somewhere, if we finish victorious, we shall behold such a glow of color and beauty that now our natural sight has only an inkling. Spring-time in the Loveliest of lands in the Loveliest of Ages with the Loveliest of all! His own know how incomparably sweet is the treasure of Jesus. We prove to ourselves more and more how our exceeding great joy becomes sweeter yet as we adapt ourselves to the style of His Tomorrow. Yes, there is the beauty of heaven forever in the *rapture now* of the unspeakable gift within us, the Joy of joys and the Loveliest of all.

From the hearts in church beautiful rises heavenward the golden Song of Summer. Notes of happiness are adrift from the heavenly scale of golden music. Sometimes they speak of this way of the cross . . . sometime of the glad tomorrow . . . sometime of the yearning for the lost . . . but always in the church beautiful from a soul who lives where happiness is real. Sometimes they are the golden enrichment of the deep quality of the Zions' Harp, with movements heavenly symphonic. Sometimes from the sparkle of the golden songs in the long book. Again, with the many golden jewels found in Songs and Hymns of Zion, the gospel hymns, the Tabernacle books, and still more. Music that is best is the out-of-this-world golden tones that speak of that way to live in the Newness of the New, whose words waft on into that happy ever-after.

Still another movement of faith with rejoicing is found when the church beautiful lives the words uttered at Calvary. "Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in paradise." The personality of the Father, as He looks down the road for His wandering boy or His straying girl, is warm with longing and anticipation also in His own. Love has a tenderness for the person with the hard heart and the stony eyes, because Jesus sees what man could become and also, Jesus knows that if heart-break is in eternity, it stays forever.

"Go out quickly into the streets and lanes . . . and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. . . . Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel *them* to come in, that my house may be filled." The essence of radiant health, the depth of true psychology, and the wisdom of real psychiatry, are found in the beautiful words of the holy scriptures. Here can be found how to find that summer radiance of true spiritual health. Here also is the art of how to find freedom from worry and nervous tension. Here is how to be really carefree, to rest the heart in the golden sun of a sunny for-

ever! The secret is that life of deep abiding, breathing freely in the life of Jesus. It is building solidly in faith for Tomorrow.

There is a true chapter that we are writing in this life, and it is another Paradise, heaven forever, where in the power of His resurrection we who are faithful now live anew. It's the Paradise of His kingdom. From His mountain-top experience we look by faith out into the promise of the unclouded new heavens and the new earth. It looks beautiful, even if seen as through a glass now, darkly. It's a big, wide, wonderful world, and its newness and wonder will always be. When the golden promises of God are radiantly fulfilled, all will be a glowing perfect.

Yon beauty land has many priceless treasures, and tomorrow's creation today now live because of Calvary's long, lonesome miles, and because of resurrection glory, separated and anew in our Lord's snowy white holiness. "And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" When the floods are flowing high, when Calvary's sky is dark, it is then also we are tested and proved in our directional bearings. In this Calvary experience the faith is put through the rigid test of perplexity. The visible sky is completely overcast, while in the inner sanctuary God does not give the more easily discerned testimony of His pleasure in us. And through the night season we yearn and wait for the comfort that will surely come.

But there, past the faintest, last audible sound, what a world of sunrise living in beauteous glory is that. There past the last faint glimmer of visible sight is the dazzling beauty of bright, new living. There, past the remotest sense of feeling and emotion is His glory, and an entirely new feeling and a completely new look beholds the wonder of His presence. Ah, that is Life that is Living, transfiguration in sheer rapture.

In the bright, new world of To-

morrow angels of light ascend and descend heavenly ways. In an organization perfect, they carry out divinely golden orders from God. There is a golden co-ordination between the work of this vast unseen spiritual order and the work of the church. Christ holds in one hand the stars that set the timing in motion for His purposes, while He walks in the midst of His churches. The angels show an intent interest in the golden work of God and are active workers to both each church and the individual in the church. Each has his place and always is punctual in carrying out in perfect fineness the divine command. It would be looked on as rude and very disorderly, worthy of punishment, to overlook even the fine details of golden obedience.

Outside of the circles of bright, happy living is the dark dictatorship of deception. It is craftily mobilized into a dark unit to war against those who have found the living in light. Its dark network is spread in every phase of natural man's life. Its fifth column are experts in disguising the outward appearances in false similarity. Its prowlers lurk in dark waters, focusing their deadly sights on any who wander within their range.

Their must be a golden *trying of spirits* to keep the golden duty of being a people who carry out the commandment of separation. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" The sacred halls of church beautiful is carefully guarded by scriptural defense, and all who enter must be certified by presenting the word of God in their lives. Their is a golden fellowship, the body of Christ, and the Spirit divides the duties as He will, according to the wonderful wisdom of God.

"And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." The Lord cares that His people will stay in the beautiful life of Tomorrow's living. In the church He has pro-

vided specialists, expert and skilled, endowed by the Spirit to fill the work of the golden guard. The holy scripture defines the organization of the church, and the phrase "to another discerning of spirits" gives us clear understanding of this post as an essential part of the divine plan. It's a golden realization that sees how dependent we must be on one another, and one reason why we should esteem others better than ourselves.

The inner life of the members of church beautiful is forever in the eternal spring of the love of God. The Way had to be won through the agony of the Cross. "After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst." In His thirst we found thirst, and after our thirst came satisfaction. Now it is the ever-flowing spring that inspires the inner man into radiantly growing that verdant obedience to the beautiful commandments of God. And it is as the tree pushes its face into the sky that it reaches the full breadth of that thrill of love forever.

There is a mansion in the soul . . . charity buildeth up. . . . Its building plan is new . . . its mystery is unlocked only by living in Him who holds the key, and opens the door to the kingdom of love. Its spacious design is magnificent . . . and as we add to, we explore new realms of glory-tinted elegance, such as we have never experienced nor thought of. Its material is love . . . a wondrous gift from the glorious forever. Its matchless beauty is now in that Eternal Spring . . . the constant Everseason. And it never faileth. It will go on into that time when there will be an awakening in the glorious forever . . . no longer dreaming . . . but actually alive in the holiday eternal.

Love is your passport to the land of constant spring. It is a must, and it must be in deed and truth. Glorious charity in the heart! . . . it builds a building now hidden to visible eyes in the dream world of the kingdom of heaven. The nearer we are to using all

the best things of life, the less the flesh can mist and obscure somewhat the glory of jewel-like radiance. In the cross we find the obscurities being cleared away. In the cross only do we find that readiness and steadiness to quietly submit to the One who controls the fires of suffering. It is only when we see the smoke and the fire in the cross that we know that the heavenly welding is progressing, that the beams of eternity are being placed permanently.

But the world, with its harsh, aging line, tries to be something it isn't. Adam and Eve made an experience of anguish, and with the emptiness of the dress of leaves, attempted to adorn the outward man in the falsity of imagined dress. Only when the beams of eternity are swung into place is there aglow an inner beauty of golden maturity and eternal youth. The awkward stand-outs of this world's leaves are dark circles, shadows, and eye sores to the charm of true loveliness. True glamour brings not only beautiful becomingness in the presence of God's saints, but the keeping of the soft serenity of the peaceful forever. Scriptural stars of Tomorrow have that New of Tomorrow; they look wonderful because they feel wonderful, a feeling that is that pure Essence of Love.

The elite who dwell in heavenly love is the church. None may attain to its select circle but those chosen of God. They are peculiar in the sense of being distinctively beautiful in heavenly adornment. They have found freedom forever from the clutter of yesterday's culture. They emanate a spiritual charm that tells of heavenly grace abiding. The glow of their heavenly character becomes more radiantly lovely as they are edified by love magnificent.

Theirs is glorious opportunity: ". . . That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, May be able to comprehend with all saints

what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

The golden maturity of virtuous womanhood is in beautiful humility. Theirs is a secret to the true young in heart. They have the golden style of the wondrous fashion of the golden ordinances of God. The head with the becoming flow and appearance of hair, set a sparkle by a radiant obedience that places the covering of authority . . . is the one that abundantly hears the angels whisper their help. Yes, that is true freedom for heaven's womanhood, a life free to exercise its heaven-given talents and know the unsearchable riches of Christ in fullest measure.

Love is the key to stop self-consciousness and is the divine way to get along and deal and talk successful with people. In its secret is the golden prize of prizes, being the Least of God's saints. Here in love is how each of His may find that golden friendship among His own, and, where possible, living at peace with those yet outside. The secret rests in forgetting one's self in the cross, and obeying the two greatest commandments. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

The lure of the mist is the only area that could deceive to vanity waver and to great fall. Watch the danger points; smother them in their enthusiasm for the things of the world. Love does not boast, but the many of TV shows and radio programs, the innings and quarters that register the vacillations of emotional fan-fare, and other cleverly planned, momentary subterfuges for the magnetism of evil are timed and arrayed to eventually lead again to the great anguish of cheering sections in the flesh. By that intricate mechanism of transfer in fiction, the wish of the flesh is symbolically found in the ac-

tion of another. Don't take chances on getting lost on the trail to vanity sorrow. Insist exclusively on the perennially unceasing new of morning-fresh joy. Know the wonderful certainty of vacation unlimited in the presence of Him who will give pleasures for evermore and fulness of satisfaction.

There comes a time of conclusion. "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished:" The mansion in the heart has a veranda of hope that looks across these few short acres of life to that Timeless Ages of ages when we shall know even as also we are known.

Joy without tears . . . Homeward Ho! That road ahead . . . the straight and narrow that climbs that next hill . . . leads over each crest, and home. Always, though with tired steps, we may have a wealth of delight, our joy of faith. Far more than multi-million dollar moments, these gems are the look-out point to that fabulous love-caressed paradise of forever. There is always joy if we but keep the heart tuned to the wave length that is above the irregularity of circumstance, out of reach of the ups and downs of emotion.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever." The bride, the Lamb's wife, will have her wishes come beautifully true in that fragrant blossom-time. The church beautiful will be adorned in radiant bridal white. She will shine forth fairer than the moon, and her charm will be the fragrance of purity. It will be hers for keeps, a bridal original, becomingly lovely for the loveliness of the loved. And her eyes will sparkle in eternal youth, star-lighted by Him who brought His dream to our life and fitted us for Tomorrow's dream home.

"And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost." Our life if always keyed to golden prayer will successively see each battle won, till finally we stand on victory summit. Prayer is the golden key that

keeps us in the way that leads home. Prayer breaks the bars and comes to One who can brush back the tears and give a look free from worry and tension. Prayer keeps us in the blossom-land of eternity, makes us always enjoy the wonderful eternal love of heavenly spring-time.

Prayer is successful if it harmonizes with the heart of love. With it, and in His will, we may move mountains, for the leverage of power rests with Him with whom nothing is impossible. Prayer brings us power from Him who is in charge of the future, and sets our thinking straight. It gives us heavenly ingenuity to build for the ages of ages with love that lastingly endures. It keeps us stable in the golden stability of our Lord's teaching. And it makes us ready to accept new style horizons when the new goals bear the golden markings of the scripture.

Prayer's joyful gem moments find no equivalent in the world of monetary values. It is the audience with Him where we may bring our portfolio of problems, our work of cares, our every anxiety. There is a golden answering, if we sincerely lay our petitions before Him and condition ourself to the golden receptiveness of the scripture. If we are able to make that golden adjustment to the wisdom of God, often quite different to what we thought would seem should be, we will have enhanced our value in our building for eternity. And a grateful heart always enjoys adding the jewel of thankfulness to its golden prayer.

There's bright, new living in Tomorrow's world. It's better than the soft, balmy breezes of the sub-tropics. It's more beautiful than the sapphire-blue sky, more lovely than the splendor-dashed color of sunset. It's more lovely than the flowers of spring, the yellow daffodils, the soft purple of the lilacs, the soft pink and white blossoms. It's the splendor of glorious eternal love, indescribably sweet, fragrantly lovely. It's Tomorrow's world today, the life of the future. the contemporary of the new heaven and the new earth.



The touch of Tomorrow is the beautiful expression of the holy kiss, for it is the golden speech of charity of friends of Tomorrow. "Greet ye one another with a kiss of charity." Love has a tender warmth of affection for one another, a heaven-born desire of being together. The golden wisdom of God

has given the best as He selects and preserves, the golden act of showing of eternal love. The bright, new living of Tomorrow is favored with this imperial expression of love from the royalty of the kingdom of heaven.

This is that house that love is building, glorious in the breath of morning.



NEWS



JAPAN

Excerpts from a form letter (with some changes in order) from Brother Willis and Sister Lois Ehnle:

1408 Kaneko-Machi, Chofu-Shi, Tokyo-To, Japan . . . We expect two of our elders, Brother Schrock and Brother Mangold, to visit us in August of this year. We hope that it will be possible for them to come and that God's will can be carried out. We trust that at least Kazuko, Akira and Hideko will be found ready for baptism. . . Brother Elwin Rumbold from my home church at Princeville, Illinois, has visited us on a short leave from Korea where he is stationed with the army. Don Wieland of Bay City, Michigan, and Kenneth Isch of Bluffton, Indiana, also stationed in Korea, have spent time with us. . . . Every other Sunday morning we have church services here at our home. After services we have a lunch of tea, bread, butter and jam. Then we have Sunday School for the children of the neighborhood.

We have quit driving to Kofu and use the train instead. We go early Sunday morning and come back that same evening, after having the three children classes in that area. . . . During my summer vacation in July and August we will probably drive again. . . . An addition to our meeting places since our last writing is the home of Brother and Sister Dave Eisenmann and their little girl, Gail. Dave is in the navy. Their home is about 42 miles from here.

We have recently asked Hideko to write of her experience in seeing and

finding Christ and I quote from the English translation of the report. "The story about Christ and salvation meant nothing to me before our family opened our home for Sunday School. I have come to realize what a terrible sinful condition I was in."

Hideko came to live with us for two weeks and she speaks of her experience at our home. "I felt like I couldn't live anymore. I cannot explain how hard a time I had at that time, I lost confidence in myself, reflected upon my past life, realized that I was a chief of sinners, and that there was nothing for me to do about it but to repent and to receive Christ. I started praying and reading the Bible. I decided to ask my parents, my brothers and sisters to forgive me for what I have done wrong to them."

When we gave her a New Testament in colloquial Japanese, she was very happy and now speaks of having much joy. She has apparently been truly converted.

BLUFFTON

Raymond Gerber of Bluffton, Indiana, who is in charge of processing clothes for the relief of the needs of others, reports that in June a total 17,546 lbs. of clothes (probably gross) processed. Approximately 611 lbs. of this is shoes. Aquest was made by Brother Alfred Geistlich of Switzerland who is in charge of clothes-processing there, for 300 bed sheets and pajamas. Two hundred bed sheets and 100 pajamas have been purchased. Thirty-two churches participated in this clothes drive. Just as soon as

a government permit is received, the clothes will again be trucked to Chicago for overseas shipment. Next time for processing clothes is planned for the spring of 1956.

ALABAMA

"Therefore said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest." Luke 10:2.

Baptismal services were conducted May 15 by two of our elders, Henry Kilgus and Noah Bauman, for Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Kyle, Mr. and Mrs. Elvis Harrison, Mrs. Dick Lott, and Mrs. Julie Kyle. We praise and thank the Lord for His wonderful leading of these precious souls out of darkness into His marvelous light.

Henry Perry is now able to be at work after four months recuperating from a severely burned arm and hand while at his work.

Mr. and Mrs. James Thomas are the happy parents of a baby boy, born June 10. Mrs. Thomas is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perry.

LEO

Times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord have truly been enjoyed when precious souls who have repented were baptized and added to the church. Among those baptized since the last issue of the *Silver Lining* were Janice Winzeler, Herman Norr, Mona Lou Bertsch, Joyce Dornoff, Jefta Clauss, Jacob and Emma Unsicker, John Bollier, Orange Wade and Helen Maxfield, and Sharon Schlatter.

Three more souls have started the search for peace, Stanley Clauss, Lynn Klopfenstein, and Connie Hurt.

Dwight E. Sauder of Grabill, Indiana, and Betty Lou Hochstetler of Nappanee, Indiana, were united in marriage on Sunday, May 29. Herman Heuni was the officiating minister.

Funeral services for Clarence Klopfenstein were held at the Walters Funeral home of Spencerville, Indiana, with Joel Souder officiating. In December, 1954, his sister, Mary, preceded

ihm in death. Surviving are three brothers, William of Leo, Lawrence of Orlando, Florida, and Jonas from Oregon, and three sisters, Henrietta, from Leo, Mrs. Jonas Yoder and Mrs. Mahilda Yoder, both of Grabill.

James Robathan suddenly passed away in March. His wife, Luella, passed away some time before. Funeral services were conducted by Otto Norr. Burial was in Leo Memorial Cemetery. Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Clarence Sipe and Mrs. John Andrews.

PEORIA

We had two funerals the past week, Sister Henrietta Grau and Brother Joshua Herman. Sister Grau died July 4, and Brother Herman July 8.

Dick Aeschleman and Margaret Honegger were baptized on June 5.

Phil Aeschleman was our guest speaker on July 29. Ezra Feller was here April 17. We enjoyed their visits very much.

Ann Rentsch of the A. C. Home passed away April 16. Her funeral was held at Cissna Park.

Sister Matilda Menold was buried on March 2.

Vera Hohulin was baptized on March 20.

Brother Gus Scheitlin of Oakville, Iowa, was our guest speaker on March 20.

At this date of July 21, there are 23 souls who repented and have peace with God, and are now waiting for baptism: Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Barth, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoerr, Mr. and Mrs. George Hoerr, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Heafli, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Heafli, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Plattner, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bertchold, Carl Hoerr, Eloise Hoerr, Marie Stickling, Walter Schwind, Vera Staub, Edith Hohulin, and Stani Honegger.

Brother Roy Sauder and Brother Mike Weyeneth have returned from 2-weeks vacation.

TAYLOR, MISSOURI

A daughter, Jeanne Louise, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grimm on Novem-

ber 22 at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Roy was discharged from service in the Army on March 22, 1955.

A son, Stephen Gerald, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Sutter on March 5, 1955.

Richard Sutter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Sutter of Taylor, Missouri, and Charlene Winfield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winfield of Quincy, were united in marriage on June 5.

Arnold Gerst, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Gerst of Mediapolis, Iowa, and Marjorie Arrowsmith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Arrowsmith of Quincy, were united in marriage on July 3. Both marriages were performed by Fred Grimm of Quincy, Illinois.

Communion services were shared on July 10.

WOLCOTT

On February 20, Frances Stoller, The evening of August 7, the sunset's after-splendor aflamed the sky with radiant beauty. The lake was a silent testimony of One who knows the meaning of beauty in its deeper and deepest sense. It was His thoughts and His

Divine Love Near Lake Wabee

daughter of the Joe Stollers', and Alfred Bahler, son of the Jake Bahlers', were united in marriage, with George Yergler performing the ceremony.

We were sorry to lose from our community Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gudeman, who moved to Ft. Wayne (vicinity) this past spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Schwab and daughters, Yvonne and Maribeth, have moved here from the Lamont, Kansas, community. We certainly welcome them to our congregation.

Funeral services were held on July 10 for the infant son of Richard and Viola Stoller.

Mr. and Mrs. John Honegger, who recently moved here from Forrest, are the parents of a daughter born June 26.

Evening services were held on July 31, with Sam Anliker from Lamont, Kansas, and Art Gudeman of La Crosse as visiting ministers.

work that found expression that evening in the annual song service, the prayers, and the meditation. His handiwork in finishing His work was evident in the things that glorified Him on Camp Mack Day and Evening—1955. The hand of God moves in marvellous ways His wonders to perform. In this 20th century, with its civilization of multitudes of attractions to the sensory perception, infinite love yet moves in its Way of infinite wisdom. Our Lord finds ways and means of meeting man and calling those yet outside unto God's eternal kingdom and glory. His heavenly personality yet follows the scriptural pathways of old Galilee. Thus, the seconds and minutes that soon passed along lake Wabee was far more than history. Here eternity's Sunlight was contesting the shadows of darkness in souls that would never cease to exist.

The morning Sunday School lesson was precious verses from the gospel of Matthew. Heaven will dawn in the hearts of those who follow on and allow the seed sown to spring into fruition. In the afternoon devotional service, from the pulpit resounded words resplendent, advice and urging, wonder packages of heaven's wisdom and knowledge. At the hillside, a program was presented. Infinite love was there. Any friend who would choose to engage in prayerful seeking would find the priceless treasure and a dream-resplendent forever.

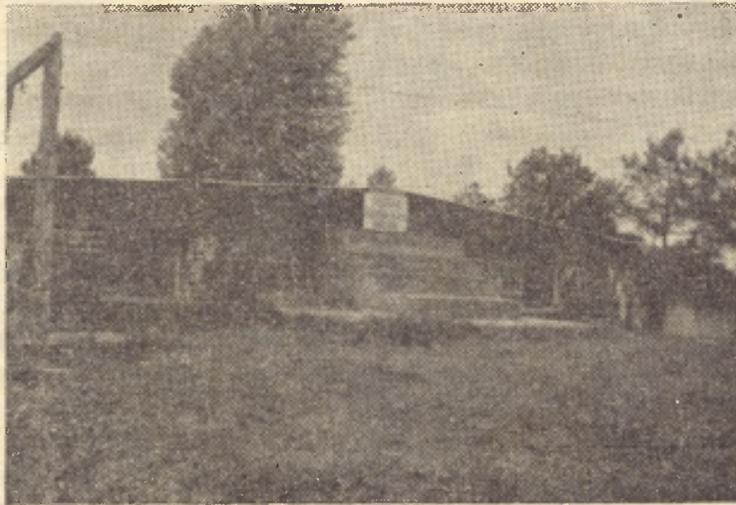
The closing moments of day were beautified in the glow of sunset splendor, a testimony of the glory of God. For a brief time the horizon and the lake were a color with the lingering beauty of sunset. It was a day the Lord had made. But each unconverted soul, under the canopy called vapor of life, was silhouetted in the glory-beauty of a Saviour's invitation. Here was also a day that the Lord had made. But, like the sunset of evening, the Today of this glorious promise was fleeting. Only its chance of glory forever lingered while there were still life's passing few hours.



At Athens, Alabama

At the corner of Clinton and Hobbs Street. This church building and annex was bought in the Spring of 1952. This is the west side taken from Hobbs St.

They gather here every Sunday morning.



At Hillsboro, Alabama Vicinity

This is the front view of the basement of the church building which was built in 1940, and which later burned down.

A meeting is held here every Sunday afternoon.

At Landersville, Alabama, or Vicinity

Received deed for this building early in 1953. Opening services were held here exactly one year from opening services in Athens Church.

We meet here every Sunday Evening.

Brethren—"Pray for us."

