

# THE

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## The Shepherd's Love--Part III

### Labor Now for That "Harvest Home"

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have *the gift of* prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

The architecture of love is new. Its lovely, flowing lines is totally different from the old. Its concepts blend with the amazing, beautiful view of the ages to come. It is an integral part of that world to come. Its life is in joy and peace everlasting. Read on the slide-rule of love, duty is measured and built to those structural qualities eternal.

The college of love prepares for the beautiful degree of the crown of life. Those who are given the privilege of God's wondrous grace tread the footsteps of its beautiful campus. We major in obedience, and gain the opportunities for the harvest home. We are learners in the labor and toil of the Master's workshop. Our classes are the very experiences and labors that each of us meet up with. Our study halls of eternal importance are the beauties of

our assembling together, or quiet times in our home, or the gentle direction through the moments of activity. All in all, the life of His own is colorful in the glory of God. It is blessed with the majesty of His presence.

"... lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

There is a plan available for every experience and every hour of our walk with the Master. It is detailed and has perfect and accurate measurements. Actual construction in daily life flows from the blue-prints He has. They are of immortal vision. From the creative genius of the Father flow the beautiful originals of His love. The grandeur of His magnificent building rises beautifully, steadily reaching for the finish and home with Him.

"... speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, *even* Christ: From whom the whole body fitly joined together ..."

The upbuilding of this edifice of love is with eternal materials. Exclusive for time and eternity is the style of the Master. It is of great importance in this eternal building to be learners in always exercising the good taste of our

Master. His ideal for us is the upward spiral of growing, a plan that brings into evident vision the beauties of His own walk. We are contesting for eternal issues. Great are the decisions in the moments before. Immense and enormous is the meaning of where we find ourselves now. A few moments hence, and eternity spreads before in endlessness. Now only is the hour to contend, to do, to find the deeply lovely in all its beauty, in all our moments. Now only must we write in action, in deeds, in these brief seconds, for then, in eternity, we will be on the other side of life's finis, and its opportunities.

What then shall we do? Shall we toy awhile a few shallow moments with thrills and pastimes that deletes some moments from deep and colorful work and beautiful wishing and planning and resting? The thoughts of earthly things are not the thoughts of heavenly life. Escape from realness and diversion in worldly thoughts may have climax, suspense, intense attraction, but they have this characteristic . . . there is nothing there, when it is done, except vanity. We are our own choosers. We are wise, we are happier . . . if we stamp "reject" on that that's ill-savored with the world.

Charity is reality that has revolutionized our ideas. Love is a complete departure from the hilarity and the swaying of the many in the darkened halls of yesterday. Before, it was box-like imprisonment and fake, ornate embellishments. Love is totally new, completely different. Here is something that carries a beautiful view of the love-inspired Tomorrow. Here is a directional gift that points us to a happy eternity, and a gift that lives forever, bringing bountiful returns in that harvest home.

"Charity suffereth long"—There is no other way to that vacation paradise of joy. Our circumstances—those things that pinch and pin and thump—are the scaffolding that brings us in reach of the beautiful flourishes of the Master's touch. There is no other choice of success daily but for the soul to plow through the mistening twilight of Cal-

vary. Only with the lingering taps of the soul who finds the sunset hour of the flesh daily can one also live in that Love of Today and Tomorrow. We give ourselves to His touch . . . and find not only the little white crosses that day by day take their place in long, even rows . . . but also the symphonic overtones of eternal joy and love, colorful in majestic beauty.

"Charity suffereth long" . . . Harvest Home comes only through the heart's tear-moistening soil. God's pen only writes in the school of humility. He "giveth grace to the humble." It is then we fully live above the storm, in the eternal dreamland blue. So we live beyond our understanding, accepting the route He plans. We know that we are attaining success if love manifests its *suffering long* in this day's chapter also. Labor . . . pain . . . sorrow. Seconds, minutes, hours. We face the sunrise, and toil the furrows. Yet the challenge of the furrows . . . the challenge of the rich quantity of joyful success of the moments known . . . the challenge may be met with more courage and more energy in His strength . . . and we can love better now than ever before. There are new furrows with new-turned soil for a new Tomorrow.

"and" . . . Charity "is kind".

The creation of love is beautiful. These are the forever lines that live in the forever Tomorrow. Plain Christian praying and toiling will bring the wonders of our heavenly Father. Great things may dawn each moment with color-hued glory, for charity is great. Kindness is the tones of Tomorrow. Its wonder rests in its very beautiful simplicity. Yet, with our mortal body, our emotions and commotions, it seems at times so very difficult, so complex, so intricate to grasp. Our play of values so easily eludes our thoughts in eternal tones.

So we must ever through this "momentary" look beyond the sunset of our flesh, into the great and beautiful. He who would know the Dawn must travel through the twilight of this day. He must reach the last out-post of the emotions, must by-pass the schedules and

plans and demands of the working mind, and find the sky-lift of His strength. God kindles the embers till the horizon of the heart is aflame with His rose-rest sunrise. His kindness reaches from Dawn to Dawn, and we learn how to overtone the moment with the sweet and lovely. We meet the challenge, control the emotions to His credit, and beautify the mind with His success. And we know, and people can know, that where charity glows, the sapphire blue of an eternal dreamland rests the heart in quiet loveliness.

“. . . charity envieth not;”

The heart may indeed now take a rose-rest, forever, from certain injurious things that dreary the hours. There is a spiritual life that is climate-perfect, past the last thresholds of the flesh. For the duration also of these called days, we may have a continual joy in God. In the midst of heaven's walk through the palm trees, we may have vacation now from the severity of envy's storms, and such like. Ah, that is satisfying, that is a Paradise, triumphant life in the child of God now.

How then to lift our faces and bathe them in the delightful breezes that bring continual beauty and refreshing happiness? Communication is the avenue that continually brings us this how of perfect love. If we would know successfully the why and the how of the movements of the heart, we must study His diagram. His map and then in the map of our life, follow the finger markings He has traced. Many a commandment whose beauty the mind cannot fully follow is revealed when we travel its miles. The words that arose heavenward find their answer in wisdom revealed, and where we need it most, in those parts of us, our spirit and soul, which we are weak in understanding.

“. . . charity vaunteth not itself, . . .”

Eternity's grade card of intelligence will be delivered, not with the pomp and intricacy of worldly knowledge, but in the markings of success of love. In heaven's class-rooms, we learn how

to avoid that which the flesh showered on itself. In the old school of thought, we were taught the painful imagination of boast. Not one was exempt, and even now each must contest wisely to escape and throw its coy influence. Its central line was “over one another”, better than the next. It relished to take a bow, and was ingrained with foolish notions that sought out this world's confetti and showers of ticker tape.

In the agenda of the vanishing hours, we turn from the show-play to the real. If we can really throw the influence that the idea and habit of competition exerts, we will indeed breathe more beautifully in the life of Tomorrow. Competition threads us into the compartments that do not profit, and hinders our production of the beautiful. The currents of thought of a civilization of defeat run counter to the ways of happiness. True beauty will grow unannounced. The loud, formal call of the legislating of the mind, the vain parade of showing off, are not the way of wisdom. Love is in the beauty of a hand in hand walk, in the secret of the esteem for others. It is in the beauty of the Dawn, a lovely vacation forever, if followed, from old annoyances, *a dream of reality.*

Love “is not puffed up, . . .”

There is nothing that can block our way to spiritual know-how unless we allow the swelling of the head and inflation of the soul to do it. The Architect's dream can become full reality in our lives if we humble ourselves and seek only His smooth flowing lines. He builds in fadeless beauty in the very midst of the problems that immediately confront us. We cannot chase in our thoughts that which is not so. We must measure things as they are. Where then is boasting? It can be eluded, if we keep our mind and heart divinely arranged, appointed in His appointments. Then we are beautiful in our site with the preparation for that Harvest Home.

The road that leads through the dusk of the twilight of the hill leads home. It is a road that finds those last throes of the flesh ebbing out, and the Dawn of love love-lighting its fragrant love-

liness. The golden gleam of His faithful promises enrich the road ahead, while the crest is wonder-lit with the over-the-hill hue from the glorious Somewhere. Love is the answer as we journey on. It makes travelling pleasant. We have the marvels of a Comforter's love, and know He can do all. A day at a time, and this vanishing life vanishes. We weather the storm, while experience sees hope fonder. We grow, and golden line a diary, penning the pages that are numbered. When the cover is closed, and we view it in the numberless, how very short and how very important will this "now" be seen to have been. So let us make the minutes count!

Charity "Doth not behave itself unseemly, . . ."

Charity polishes us, and we walk in the quiet dignity of the Master's etiquette. A violent disregard of the signposts of the highway can bring us into conflict with our Lord's wishes. Our God is a good organizer; He is pleased with good order. Though a given custom or way of order may not read literally word for word from the holy scriptures, yet the meaning, the idea, is often the expressed-in-action will of the Father. Thus, we bear the marks of His college training, and through a walk of good taste it is evident we are a man or woman of His distinction.

Likewise, the walk of love is a well-planned day-to-day behavior of each one of His own. One who has experienced the very deep meanings of the reality of faith should not interrogate his happiness with vain pursuits. It is possible to pass the time with chatter and clatter of babyish play-things, but it is not becoming. It is possible to dash in and out and only skim the surface of the world's doorways, but it sticks out like a sore thumb in the beautiful society of the well-mannered. The little things do show up. We do what we are, and *what we do* shows up in *what we are*. How well then to spend time in always having the inner person smartly dressed. How good to attend to its posture, to train it in the way of spiritual poise. That is the walk of refinement,

a walk that means a freedom from shame, world without end.

Charity "seeketh not her own,".

The way of love runs counter-clockwise to the natural way of the world. It is amazing how utterly different the very essence of life in love is. The old rules sent the satellites of deeds revolving around the center of gravity of self. But now something new has attracted us. God, in love, has drawn us unto Himself. The new mathematics is understandable only in His revelations of the equation of love. Indeed, any factor beside the factors He has given produce an answer that can not equal the charm that He would have us possess.

It is no small thing, this opportunity of the new and battle with the old that is now our picture in reality. We have the chance of an eternity daily before us. When our thoughts survey the habits, the tracks of use that time has seen well worn, it seems *so very* difficult. Our motives would be weighed down with a great tiredness. Normality tends to inertia. Then through faith, a pioneer into the Sunrise, we grasp the simplicity and the beauty of the service of love. The more we see this eternal charity growing, so much the more do we see the other factors increasing. Joy becomes luxuriantly full, the hope of abundant harvest increases; we grow more and more acquainted and at home with the life and love that is now and to come.

Charity "is not easily provoked".

Striving and flying off the handle are detrimental to the acts of success. They are droughts that harden the ground and prevent at least for a time the tender shoots of the desired result from pushing through. Charity knows the value of its heavenly cultivation. It sows in faith of the descent of the blessings of heaven. It is in beat with the rhythm of the divine timetable. It is willing to wait, after sowing its idea, its work. Rather than rushing and crushing at the moment, in inexperienced greenness, love chooses always the seasoned way to happy success.

We are business men and women working for Tomorrow's profits. We

should seek to learn all the angles in this heavenly trade. It is certain that the moments spent in hasty talk and being easily provoked purchase only white elephants. To be successful, we must daily strive to turnover that love in that beautiful salesmanship so vividly described in the holy scriptures. Attracting attention, creating desire, securing action, in one's own craftsmanship will be had by exercising the so precious traits of charity. They are all plainly set forth, and can be done through prayer and faith.

Charity "thinketh no evil;"

There are emotional and mental storms that are generated by improper control of the dynamos of the mind. However, it is far from that once chaotic landscape, a dismal picture of the common and leveled debris of sin. But, without prayer and caution, without God's grace, charity will leave and sadness begins. It can be that the last light of the precious love would leave its lingering, and the soul faces a frantic eternity. How well then to continue in patient well-doing. How well to strive for glory and honour and immortality!

You, whoever you are, stand on the small hill called time. Before and away, where the measureless is on and on without multiple, is the endless eternity. Inside of you is the screen that flashes the picture you see. Somehow deeper still are the directional controls that control the wave lengths received. The facing of the antenna of the heart is discernible by the characteristics of the things sought. Strange, how the things we use can drag us down to a lower level. Strange, how the smoke can get in the eyes, without seemingly realizing the biting fact. But, with the smallness of this incline of time, and the fearsomeness of the on and on age, better that we wreck the instrument or the attendance or financial drives or whatever might plunge us into partial or total wreck!

Charity "Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;"

There is a continuous broadcast for the believer if he sets his heart to the channel of Tomorrow's living always.

Only the truth will measure the beautiful, timeless contours of Tomorrow. Truth is the sturdy pillars of the house, the strong I-beams, the beautiful picture windows, the ultra-modern finishing of eternity. Within its portals, joy and contentment abound. Within its portals, the inner man is free in eternal spaciousness, happy in true grandeur. Truth brings the joy of morning, the unending song of eternal daybreak, the clarity and thrill and wondrous color of the immortality of the Master's love.

Truth will one day be the judge of whether you are one in His love, or stand outside its rapture. Its facts make it evident that this pursuit of the earth in this time beat called day is speeding toward gigantic climax. The cataclysm of eternity is already crashing in this precinct called time. Eternal overtures only beat when learned while it is yet day. Iniquity falsifies the balances now, to bring rejection on judgment morning. Truth demands that you, if conscience points its finger of woe, repent. It has strung its wireless to heaven, and repeats that the power and strength and knowledge is yours for the asking. Eternity is converging, the enemy is trapping, fastening finally, if possible, the jaws of death on the blinded victim. Still day yet lingers. Truth whispers that you can come to the Cross. Now . . . now . . . all can be well . . . the darkness of the dark can fall behind . . . the load can roll away . . . peace can be thine . . . now.

Tomorrow? No, not tomorrow. When only a heartbeat stands between the threatening and the cataclysmic? When the terror of judgment morning is sure to strike the sentence to some shrouded guilt forever! When the treasuring up of God's wrath might change from "pending" to the awful strike of the gavel? The issue drowns out the headline of the paper on the table . . . it shrills over the loudest shout of the amazements of wave-wrecked mankind. It's read in the heavens . . . it's heard from Truth . . . the facts of the never-ending. Now is the time. . . Now *is* the time to cry in earnest . . . now is the time to strike with one fell sweep the

fictitious, the measly, the unimportant. Through God's might, the fears and painted shadows become as paper ribbons, and you would break through to reality . . . to things that really count . . . and to life unending.

Reach forth thine hand that He may

touch, and lead thee to victory. "Important" only vaguely pictures the immeasurable meaning of now.

Angels would rejoice . . . a Father's heart waits . . . a nail-pierced hand beckons . . . while you clasp in your "yes" or "no" the fate *without end*.

## The Shepherd's Love--Part IV

### Charity Always

#### And The World Of Tomorrow

Charity "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

This love in this preparation time is completely different from natural ways of schooling, thought, and action. We had learned to gauge our thoughts and motives from the effects of nerves and emotions. As we grew older, the soul's nerves and emotions became burnt and deadened to anything of the spiritual life. We became cemented in, encased in a vault of empty echoes of vanity. We had no understanding, but slaved ourselves in the servitude of "entirely the natural man." It was the feelings and emotions of a "seen" existence.

How happy we are that there is such a thing as the Cross, and a Saviour that suffered and died for us. Certainly the hand of God reached to us and brought a complete "new". So magnificent and so wonderful is the marvel of redemption. Something wonderful has periodized our old self with a finish, and from the waters came a new creature. We can not understand him with any textbook save that marvellous revelation, the word of God. It is an astounding dividing point, where "the altogether change" brings the altogether different out-look and up-look. Motives and thoughts, desires and emotions, in all, the general life of success, must be understood and learned on a difference that is higher than the heavens above the earth.

"Charity never faileth: . . ."

The world of Tomorrow will be a fitting tribute to the Love of Always, an eternal pleasure and joy now to the

faithful. Our lines are sighted to that dream Ages of ages. The climaxes of this day, those that baffle and pain and sadden, with the other moments, when worked with the faith that worketh by love, produce the fadeless color of Tomorrow in the inner man. The heavenly Architect balances well the day's trial on the scale of eternal welfare. The wonderful genius of our heavenly Father in action blesses us with those very things that in our pioneer life of love we need. Love must be tuned and increased in the bearing, the believing, the hoping, and the enduring.

There shall be no night in the forever happy land. Now there is no night in the forever happy love. This training in tribulation of this time has its purpose. It is to keep us on the route to the "unseen". It is to build us up more and more through the school taught in love. The method of addition and the tables of multiplication of this edifying in love must be in the way of the cross, and in the new of resurrection morning. And in affliction, the last shades of "the seen" are fading away. While in the beauty of morning, the "unseen" eternal sphere becomes more sharply in focus.

". . . but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall fail; . . ."

We live in time-traced earthly moments. Earthly thought can compartmentalize us unduly. We are well acquainted with the time element. Thoughts of time can make us tired, and blur our focus of the work at hand somewhat. Time's thoughts can get somewhat beyond our control and rush

on to the next and the next, and extra burdens converge and crush in on us. Time can sound in our thoughts till its beat somewhat drowns out the important eternal beat of the heavenlies. Yet there comes a "then" when all the wrinkles and marks of time will be in the past. There comes a glorious morn when in a new body we shall be in eternal rest, forever free from everything that now wearies us of time.

The mountains that seem to loom so menacingly in the steps ahead prove through the grace of God to be but ridges that, in victory, give a beautiful view of the after and its glory. Each day has its crests to surmount. When we have climbed its last ridge, then we have passed another milestone in this journey with its already determined mileage. Prophecy is an accurately detailed map that effectively marks out the day's route for the traveller. Through it we recognize the "why" of the toils and hardships. Through it we get encouragement and comfort, a good way to travel pleasant.

"... whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease; ..."

On this side of the *great* "cease", there is a "becoming". On the other side of it, there is an eternal, happy, satisfied "being". The instruments of our schooling will be forever outgrown after the last day of school. Though the gift of tongues as given in the days of the early church we do not see, yet there are yet words given in our journey that measure the distance in idea and explain the route. They are jewels of immeasurable value. Sometimes when we are in the garb of daily life and working the hours . . . sometimes through the unpretentious conversation with a brother or a sister . . . sometimes from the beautiful sounding of the pulpit.

On the calendar pad ahead, there is a day that will be the 31st of life's little month. We should keep clearly in mind that we cannot replace these pages as they are torn off, one by one. For those open lines with the day's date at the top, let us write in them the words of love. This day we shall

not pass this way again. Eternity looms so measurelessly immense, so overwhelmingly incomprehensible to arithmetic thought, so awesomely endless. Let us in beautiful kindness, in so firm, yet so gentle a tone, minister the gift of words. They mean so much. They can brighten the day, encourage the weary, warn the traveller, help us to keep in the rhythm of the eternal One. Let us record, on that which is so sure to be played back, the words that *really* count . . . those spoken in love.

"... whether *there be* knowledge, it shall vanish away."

The grading period for eternity is these short days we are in now. The promotion is being summed up or lost now. The unique but magnificent grading method makes high honor available to all, but without exception rules out all who fail in love. It is so good to learn the way to the A's of our heavenly Teacher. They are certainly won through the pressure points of the Cross. The painfulness of its pain, the thuding of its nails, sharpens our wits of inner clarity. The bed-ridden course, the weary course, the temptation course, and other courses outlined, provide opportunities to register winning marks. In all, let us listen to His explanations on how to limber our fingers of doing and waiting . . . even with prayers and pleasantness . . . limbering ourselves to His firm but steady grasp and movement of charity.

A conduct that will bring and keep each child in the upper honor is abiding in His love by doing His commandments. Understanding His knowledge enlightens the pathway. Yet the accomplishment eternal comes in the following through of His directions. The giving in . . . the shorter end . . . the ceasing from anger . . . the passing over of a mistake . . . the bearing . . . the enduring . . . the giving of self for others. These become realities of eternal value through doing the Plan of the know Giver. Love is the cue to the chime of joy. It is the perfume of loveliness in the midst of a thousand and more rainbows. Love gives us strength and keeps us free from heart fatigue

and boredom. Love winds through each tiny terrace of the moments in blossoming fragrance, through the beauty of the Master's commandments . . . through the doing of what He said.

"For we know in part, and we prophesy in part."

The day's trail is outwardly unmarked, but becomes plainly discernible to the travellers of love. Love asks the limit in doing the way the Master says. We pioneer in hitherto unknown qualities, and know the fragrance of His ministering of the gifts He has given in His love. Each day and each hour may be an adventure in His love. We are travelling towards a dreamland blue and paradise delight. Let us then joyfully search each pause and working moment with an inquiring mind in how to travel better and more hopefully. Let us be quick to discover each obsolete hindrance of thought and habit, and keep the mind clear in His vision. Then we can rejoice the heart in the glorious color of His glory more fully. Then we more happily view the always nearer beautiful sunrise radiance of color, iridescenting the horizon ahead.

We must clarify this with our self, that comprehension of the magnificent eternal age is not in self-contained earthly reasoning. The former self taught himself that the "I" contained the range of pleasure. When we finally opened our eyes to a wonderful new eternal life, we were brought into rich fellowship with Him who lives forever. What immense new vistas of understanding were opened to us! More and more there are mists lifting, and a really wonderful previously unexplored beauty scene is enjoyed. Yet the joy that brings great happiness rejoices in this, that there are better things to come, things that must wait to the beautiful morn.

"But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

We are so soon apt and do chalk a vacation picture from the strands of earthly experience. We are so very weak in this body of our pilgrimage. Our

mind's picture of the moment may not even be the beautiful and soft color-cast of the holy scripture. Our many failings must yet be dealt with, and we experience of heaviness. Likewise, the words not of love in our day-to-day life are allowed to have a tremendous effect on us. The state of our health we allow to influence somewhat our delight. Emotions rise and fall, and we pin our pictures somewhat only on them. There is, as we have experienced, a degree of movement on the chart that gauges our expectation of better things to come.

Yet, the inner house can be built up, and with it that picture-window, with its glorious, colorful view of things in a vacation future. We must build right up into the cycles of clouds that need not obscure. We must accept fully the need, the real necessity, of the Cross. Then we must reach to the nutrition of the inner man. Have we really seen to it that all the vitamins and minerals, to build and keep us robust in heart have been adequately provided? Do we lack enthusiasm because we have not taken enough time to pray? Or have we abundantly followed where the Master walked through reading His word? Have we humbly bowed in submission to His will, even that part that is rough and hewn in the splintered wood of the Cross? Have we earnestly tried to "Follow after charity"?

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

There is the blue of the sky . . . sometimes fleecy clouds . . . sometimes rain. There is the getting up . . . the work . . . the meals . . . the familiar rim of the sunset horizon. The sky has color . . . the sunset has color . . . we are real . . . life is no dream. We stand on the converging of rapidly approaching wonderments. *Life is no dream.* The soul never dies, except the poor derelicts of eternal unbelief. If Jesus lives in your heart, everything is beautiful . . . and will be for ever and ever if you continue to abide. *Life eternal!* A few more days that were sure to

pass . . . every day and hour and moment give indisputable evidence they are drawing toward the close . . . and then the morning of immortality.

It will be vastly more wonderful than mind can picture. If you look into the clearing, a brighter blue, a beautiful, up-lifting, heart-thrilling blue begins at "the passing of the storm". There is never a cloud that floats in that brilliant expanse. Look to the West, pilgrim, for surely there is an end. The color of the grandeur is shining in the blue. Somewhere, over the horizon, the light-jeweled dream-blue shimmers in ecstatic loveliness. The clouds are lifting, and not only will every sorrow be to the rear, but also *everything* that could even touch our happiness in dreamland beauty. The clouds are lifting, and all along the horizon of forever is the breath-taking beauty described in His promises . . . the dream-filled of forever.

" . . . we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; And patience, experience; and experience, hope: And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

The misting time . . . the drenching time . . . the heat-beaten time . . . this pilgrim walk into the Sunrise must plod through the grays and storms. His constant love thoroughly works out a purpose. Between the storm and the soul, His Hand would direct our vision into the fair and pleasant. Only as we learn with the heart in these courses through trouble, many and various and persistent, can we know more and more the abounding of beautiful hope. This workshop, where we harmonize our soul with the beautiful colors of eternity, must know the craftsman who learns in affliction.

Our nerves, our glands, our brain do not of self know how to work in eternal realities. But when the thousand and more quivers and pounds of pain are met in obedience of faith, the inner man bows in humility, learns in obedience, and the multiplication of happy blessings begins. Experience can

only come in this time when patience learns to rest in sweet submission to whatever God permits. With the obstructions removed, with the inner room shut out to the darkening shades of the world, then God can open more of the wonderful, wonderful of better things to come, glory revealed. With hope abounding, the soul grows more sweet, and love increases, always, if we permit.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly;"

It does give a lovely view, however, of the Dream of Tomorrow. However clearly we focus this mirrored telescope, trained on Home, it will not be as beautiful as when we live in its experience. We do see a ceaseless always of happiness and complete satisfaction. Through the mists between, we can see dreamland blue waiting to be revealed. Our swing of hope carries a happy child high in exuberant delight over the beauties of the land of Tomorrow. Wondering faces look over the scenic harbors and towering mountains on earth, over into the soft, light, wondrously beautiful colors of its rainbow-sunrised horizon.

" . . . but then face to face: . . ."

Time's irresistible dash for the expanses of eternity is continually bringing us closer to "then". What a marvellous moment it will be when we will see our Saviour in person, *never* to be parted. We looked and now look by faith, and saw Him suffering at Calvary. We felt His call, and came to Calvary. He came to live in us, and through the seconds on earth is our comfort and is forever our guide. And then we shall see Him as He is. "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty:" Behind us, the little pause of a pilgrim's pilgrimage. Before us, the reachlessness of forever. With us, our glorious Saviour, our joy, our beauty, our life, our all.

Really at home! The familiar streets of hope fulfilled. Gone forever will be the lonesome past houses of earth, that lost the ring of the familiar voices. We will happily rejoice, and forever. Here comes one whom time's journey has

put space between. It is a familiar loved one, a familiar voice. Oh, how happy we will be! We shall be together enfolded in the arms of His protection. Real . . . we read the photographs in the future . . . not from time's memory, but from God's revelation . . . really "face to face" with our Saviour and with those in His love! The laughter and love of loved ones together will be for always.

" . . . now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

We fly through the pilgrim life. We are only *moments out of home*. With the rough weather you and I must endure, let us then keep a seasoned eye on the control panel. Through pain and sickness, temptation and disappointment, we should hope more and more of "the glorious after". There is no defeat that can plummet us downward if we keep in our ears the steady directional beamed from heaven. He makes beautiful the flying. Let His love direct your view, moment by moment, over there where the soft, beautiful, blue jewels a glorious skyline. Look over there, where all the world's abeauty with the glory of God. Look, and the path, the daily, footstepped path of the hourly struggle, is bathed in wondrous Light . . . the shining light that shines more and more unto the perfect day.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; . . ."

These are originals that will design us in the success of home. They acquaint us while here with the customs and language of home. They make it plain how distasteful are the foreign and fleeting ways and fashions of the world. They make it pointedly clear how empty and museum-encased are the hollow vaults of the masses. They attach our longings to the land of promise. They knit our fellowship and family ties to the hearts there. They condition our hearts to fit in with vacation beauty, for something at the best.

The world of Tomorrow . . . its impulses will always be satisfied. Its dramatic will be unceasing. It will be always carpeted with His softness, and we will walk with springy and gay

steps forever. Its touch of beauty finds no interpreter who can now perfectly visualize to us what eye has never seen nor ear heard. It will have the common, humble touch that we love, and a communion of heart to heart. The world of Tomorrow, where real love will keep its loved ones. Where eternal youth will be an actuality. Where the color of the Artist will be balanced in His glorious taste for perfection.

Faith is our map that directs us in the faithfulness of God. It is the title deed, recorded in the sureness of His promises, for Home. It is the conviction that those reflections we see as in a mirror lake now have a colorful *real* awaiting. It has the eyes that look in the distance, that travel first class in happy rejoicing. Faith views the beauty of heaven's shore-line, and looks to the loveliness of a sky-line of a coming city. It trains its ears for heaven's overtones, where an unseen universe is adrift in the soft, rapturous sweetness of Tomorrow.

Hope sky-lights our world with the adream hues that glisten beyond the seen horizon. In the depth of its far-off beauty are scenes so lovely the cascading waters and color-changing canyon walls are far out-shone. It is the contemplation of the inner man, as he looks over the harbor, beyond fleecy white clouds, into a far-off blue. It is in the lad with wonderment, sailing into new horizons, in the seasoned mariner who has weathered many a storm and knows perfect loveliness is just ahead. It lifts you over the clouds of temptation, and everything that beats the frail bark. It glistens the flight of Tomorrow, and rainbows the tears with its Light.

" . . . but the greatest of these *is* charity."

Love is not limited by the dimensions of time, nor those of space. It is the life of the omnipotent One. Yet it is the powerhouse that in this time believes and hopes, bears and endures. When we are smoothly running in its glory, then there is happy travelling and thoughts are of a perfect vacation beginning and *never* ending. The

gauges of happiness are sensitive to this wonderful charity, and dull moments can always be traced to a mistake that is in some form or other not love. So the road of happiness is that beautifully paved and prepared way we have endeared in our heart. Its delights and sweetness are hidden and appear luxurious in the love that leaves the self and serves others, in description of His commandments.

In love, we will one day be at home and find it is neither an unacquainted place nor is its people unknown. When we have turned that last bend in the road, it will be a familiar and joyful sight that will greet us. The things of earthly toilage will seem faint and strange. There will be the familiar

street that unseen love has become accustomed to. There will be the familiar house of our hope that will be endeared forever. And there will be the familiar, yet new, faces of the morn . . . the loving hearts that our longing hearts now press in memory and hope. Yes, love's endearing charm of forever yet holds us one in Him, and one day will bring us face to face and *forever*. More real than consciousness of existence is this glorious Life . . . here is the splendor that soars our hope into the unprecedented grandeur that only He could do. All we can think and realize and hope . . . and more . . . the perfect glorious *one hundred* . . . the ages to come . . . the world without end.

## NEWS

### PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Brother Henry Hartman of Peoria passed away. Funeral and burial was at Morton on August 16, 1956. Funeral and burial services for Dave Weigand of Montana were held in Peoria July 27. Sister Emily Stickling of Peoria died; funeral was May 21. The funeral of Brother Chris Hoerr Sr. was May 28. The funeral of Sister Anna Baer was July 14. The funeral of Sister Lydia Sutter was April 28. The Funeral of Brother Sam Unsicker was April 17.

The funeral of Brother Stani Honegger was February 26. The funeral of Sister Rose Miller was January 2, and services of the funeral of Sister Anna Kellenberger was December 21.

The wedding of Robert Miller and Betty Woerner, of Peoria, took place on August 5. Jim Knobloch of Princeville was united in marriage to Helen Stauh of Peoria on June 10. On May 27, Howard Herman of Peoria and Nancy Martin of Roanoke were united in holy matrimony. Robert Waibel of Peoria and Ethel Hodel of Cissna Park were married on May 13. Dick Aeschleman of Peoria and Rose Ann Knobloch of Princeville were united in marriage on May 20.

Carl Hoerr and Evelyn Reuter, both of Peoria, were united in marriage on January 22.

Joe Aberle of Burlington, Oklahoma, and Albert Fisher of Chicago were visiting ministers on July 5. Emanuel Gudeman of Cissna Park was in Peoria on May 6. Noah Schrock of Oakville was in Peoria on May 27. June 24, Joe Getz from Morton, and July 1, Albert Scheitlin and Herman Kellenberger of Elgin, Illinois, were in Peoria.

Dave Keiser of Princeville was in Peoria on March 18, and on January 8, David Mangold and Joe Hodel were in Peoria.

Baptized on July 1 were Eugene and Velma Kellenberger. John Woerner was baptized on February 26.

On June 24, after knowing that the following were of like faith, the following were given full membership in our membership: Alex Simon, Clara Simon, Ben Vogel, Eliz Vogel, Lillian Meister, Alfred Simon, Louise Simon, Emily Simon, Lydia Simon, Hebert Erkert, Christina Erkert, Madge O'Moran, Henry Simon, Margaret Simon, Martha Simon, and Fredda Christ.

The following is the sick list. These are all shut-ins; remember them with

a card or letter.

Sister Eunice Getz, Detweiler Drive; a sister, Mrs. Paul Sauers, 817 Linn St.; Sister Emily Hoerr, St. Francis Hospital; Sister Marie Martin, St. Francis Hospital; Sister Anna Schubert, 409 Lawndale Ave.; a sister, Mrs. John Schwenger, 103 N. University; a sister, Mrs. Lydia Pfister, 507 N. Sheridan; Brother August Veirling, 5028 Circle Court; Sister Lydia Wertz, 1005 W. Gift; Sister Louise Ginzler, 205 Frye; and a sister, Mrs. Rudie Hoerr, 305 Elmhurst.

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### LATTY. OHIO

The wedding engagement of Brother Darl Stoller, Latty, and Sister Iva Funk, Cissna Park, Illinois, was recently announced. They plan to be married on September 16.

Two new souls were added to the fold on July 29. Sister Pauline Stoller and Brother Raymond Klopfenstein were proved and baptized.

Sister Shirley Gerber, Latty, and Brother John Feichter, Bluffton, were united in marriage August 5.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Stoller are the parents of a son, Neil Lynn, born July 31.

Sister Bertha Stoller is convalescing after a fall which resulted in a broken hip. We all wish her a very speedy recovery.

There were some unusual visitors with us recently. Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm, who are American citizens, but now reside in Pusan, Korea, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stoller and visited our assembly on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm have been living in Korea for approximately 35 years doing missionary work. Also, he is a surgeon and medical doctor and has done a lot for the Korean people in the way of medical help. The Chisholm home was the meeting place for a number of our soldiers while stationed in Korea. The boys learned to love the Chisholms for their hospitality.

There was also another visitor from

Korea, Shin Tong Haun, who is Korean born. He is presently going to college in our country taking agriculture and forestry. He expects to return to Korea some day and teach his people more modern ways of agriculture. He lived in Seoul, Korea, and worked in the army kitchen with Kenneth Stoller for approximately a year. He stated that he enjoyed the day at Latty very much and it was the happiest day since he left his country. He further stated that he was very much disappointed in the American "so-called" Christians as a whole, as they allow themselves far too much liberty and still consider themselves Christians. He was firmly convinced that a real Christian walk was clearly in evidence in the Apostolic Christian faith.

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### WOLCOTT

New Arrivals:

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Schwab are the parents of a son, Jonathan Paul, born July 1.

A son was also born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lehman on July 9 and has been named David Lynn.

Mrs. Pete Luthi and Lloyd Kyburz are both recovering from recent surgery.

Edward Kyburz, Jr., is a patient at Ross Sanitorium in Lafayette recovering from tuberculosis.

We enjoyed having a group of Bluffton folks with us on July 29 and had Bro. John Yergler as our visiting minister.

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### TAYLOR, MISSOURI

Baptismal services, conducted by Bro. Noah Schrock, were held on June 17th for Josephine Brown and Nancy Hodel of Quincy, Ill., and on July 29th for Joann and Rosemary Hoerr and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kolthoff, all of Taylor.

Louis Hoerr was inducted into the service on June 20th. He is receiving his basic training at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Mrs. Raymond Hoerr left for Germany Aug. 5th, where she will join her husband who is stationed near Stuttgart.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grimm on July 4.

The Sunday School picnic was held on July 1st, also entertained were some of the members of the Bible Class and their parents from Princeville, Ill.

Several of the members of our church attended evening services at Pulaski, Ia., on July 16. Services were conducted by Ben Maibach, Jr., of Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Sutter returned from a three weeks trip to Sacramento, Calif., where they visited her mother and other relatives.

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### MORTON

Bro. Sam Aeschliman of Bluffton, Ind., conducted services for John Kipfer, who passed away April 30. He is survived by his wife, Anna M., and daughter, Margaret.

Funeral services were held on May 7 for Miss Emma Zobrist, 63, who died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harley Smith.

(Bro. and Sis.) Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rapp spent Sunday in Cissna Park with her mother, Sis. Emma Keubler, who celebrated her 91st birthday.

A daughter was born on Apr. 28 to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Neukomm.

Funeral services were held at the Wilkey Funeral Home in Tremont and burial in the Morton Cemetery for Mrs. Caroline Aupperle, (88 years old) June 8. She was the sister of Miss Kate Lindauer and Mrs. Chris. Sinn.

Bro. Joe Getz assisted with communion services in Goodfield on June 3rd; also in Fairbury on May 27.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joe C. Witzig June 12.

The coming marriage of Bro. Gary Fite and Sister Velda Leman of Fairbury was announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Kilgus and

family of Fairbury have moved to Morton.

Sister Kate Stieglitz is convalescing at the home of her sister, Mary Roecker, after falling and breaking her hip.

Bro. Ben Maibach of Detroit, Mich., conducted services here on July 18.

A daughter was born to Bro. and Sis. Harold Witzig July 28.

Bro. Joe Wittmer of Berne, Kans., and Bro. Joe Strahm of Sabetha, Kans., visited with us Sunday, July 29.

The funeral of Lulu Kaufman was held July 26th.

Sis. Minnie Schock, 73, died at her home July 24. Funeral services were held on July 27.

Bro. Otto Norr of Leo conducted services here Sunday morning, Aug. 5, and Bro. Joe Aupperle of Kiowa, Kans., held services in the evening.

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### ELGIN, IOWA

On May 6, the engagement of Sister Norma Pulfer and Bro. William L. Butikofer (SP-3), Ft. Ord, Calif., was announced. The wedding date has not been set till his army service expires in August.

On June 3, Bro. Paul Banwart of West Bend, Ia., officiated at the wedding of Sister Ruth Pulfer and Bro. Lynn Rinkenberger of Gridley, Ill. They will make their home at Gridley, Ill. Relatives and friends from Gridley, Morton, Pekin, and Roanoke, Ill., and West Bend, Ia., attended.

On July 5, Bro. Noah Schrock of Oakville, Ia., conducted funeral services for Bro. Emil Moore. For the past two years he had been in ill health, prior to that he had served in the church as minister, and will be missed by the church, the family and friends. Our sympathy is extended to the family. Many from a distance attended the funeral.

On July 7 a son, David Paul, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pulfer. Mrs. Pulfer's mother, Mrs. Ernest Welti, of Rockville, Conn., came to stay with the

family a few weeks.

On July 8, Bro. Fred Grimm of Taylor, Mo., conducted services for Open house. Others from a distance that attended were Mr. and Mrs. Will Butikofer, Lorna Steffen, Ronnie and Josephine Brown of Quincy, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. Paul Butikofer and Timmy, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Sutter, Taylor, Mo., Mrs. Rose Frieden, LaGrange, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Steffen, Elgin, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. Chris Martin, Princeville, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. Chris Elsasser, Edelstein, Ill.

On July 15, dedication services were conducted by Bro. Ben Maibach of Detroit, Mich. Other churches represented were: Oakville, Ia.; West Bend, Ia.; Pulaski, Ia.; Lester, Ia.; Morris, Minn.; Winthrop, Minn.; Elgin, Ill.; Taylor, Mo.; Forrest, Ill.; Bay City, Mich.

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### TOLEDO

Services were held in the main Assembly Room of our new church for the first time on August 5, although the church is not quite completed. We are glad to commence Sunday School classes again, as we haven't had them since May 27th in our old church.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stevens have a new daughter, Nancy, born April 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stevens have a new son, Brent, born July 12.

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### JAPAN

1408 Kaneko-Machi  
Chofu-Shi, Tokyo-To  
Japan  
April 22, 1956

Job 28:28 "And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

Today has been an inspirational day for those of us in Japan who this day gathered together here in our little home for worship service and the children's Sunday School. The text for this morning service was from Acts, the

third chapter, with emphasis on the 6th verse where Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee:" Truly there are more valuable gifts than silver and gold which we can share with others, especially if we have realized our own insufficiency, and our own lost condition and fulfilled the teaching of verse 19 to "Repent . . . and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out. . ." The word 'converted' refers of course to conversion to Christ. If we have Christ and He has us we are then in a position to share with others God's message of salvation, the love of God, a smile based on peace with God, plus a sympathetic understanding of others' heartaches and concerns. These gifts are more valuable by far than silver and gold.

The Sunday School lesson was based on one of the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Sister Kazuko taught the 24 children present and explained that the many gods here in Japan are not living, that they are man-made and that there is only one true and living God who has created all. It was also pointed out that a new bicycle, baseball, nice clothes, etc., can become our god if we put those things ahead of devotion to the true and living God and perhaps no longer come to Sunday School.

The house of worship which is being built in the country is to be completed within five weeks. We plan to have a dedication service the first part of June. A very small dwelling house is being built behind the church and is to be completed at the same time. We here in Japan are indeed grateful to all in America who contributed toward this building project and particularly wish to express our appreciation. We trust and do believe that these buildings will be a blessing and not a hindrance to God's work.

The church building itself is expected to seat between 100 and 150 adults, if the balcony is utilized. It really isn't so very large. It is designed for Sunday School with the main room having sliding doors which divide it into three class rooms, each class room having

a capacity of about 50 children. We will probably never have adult services and Sunday School at the same time.

There is a baptistry built in under the pulpit. There are flannel boards and black boards built in along the left wall for the use of the Sunday School teachers.

There is a great deal of hand work involved in the construction of a building here. We have seen no electric equipment in the vicinity of the building. Rafters, etc., are notched and made to interlock. Few nails are used. Bolts and iron braces are used some. The inner plaster work in the walls is done with mud and straw.

There is still about one-third acre of land on the church plot which is not covered by the buildings. That is a lot of ground in Japan. We plan to raise Flowers there, chrysanthemums. Akira is to be manager of the enterprise and is to be assisted by Yoshito, the 15 year old lad in the country whom you probably remember, as he is one of those who have put their trust in Christ, and turned from those things which would hinder the spiritual life. Yoshito's father is in the flower-raising business. It is to be the church's business with appropriate wages going to those who do the work. Lois and I will get in on some of the work and some of the wages, too, we hope. According to Mr. Utsuki, who is a tax expert, it is possible in Japan for a non-profit organization to be in such a business without paying any tax, providing all profits go to the church and not to any individual. Appropriate wages can be paid. If this business is successful and God blesses, we have hopes of the church here being self-supporting financially within 3 or 4 years. Also, we hope to be able to offer employment and assistance to those who may be excommunicated from their parent's home because of their devotion to Jesus Christ. Scriptural teachings make it quite impossible to follow the customs of Japanese society in case of a relative's funeral, etc.

Speaking of custom, not too many years ago, it was the custom here in

Japan for the maids at hotels to wash the feet of travelers who stopped at the hotel for the night. Even today it is not an embarrassing thing for the hostess in a country home to wash the feet of a visitor who has been walking on the dusty road, especially if he is bare-foot except for wooden sandals. However, some of our customs, even such a common one as shaking hands, is both awkward and embarrassing to Japanese living in the rural areas.

I expect to continue my status in Japan as a student but have applied to the Japanese government to do outside activity which I hope will permit me to drop out of the university for a term if I desire or to take only a partial load. We wish to spend as much time as possible at the church in the country.

We wish to thank all those who remember us and God's work here in prayer. Please ask the Lord also to help us make our home a proper spiritual retreat for the service men who occasionally visit us. Please ask also for the presence of the Holy Spirit to be with us.

Lois and Kazuko have searched diligently for appropriate illustrative material for teaching God's Word to the children in our Sunday School classes. It should be made in Japan so that any printing on it will be in Japanese. Lois dropped language study for 3 months in order to devote more time to Sunday School work. They found some satisfactory material but we have had to resort to making our own handwork which is usually a mimeographed picture which tells a Bible Story and has a memory verse in Japanese. Sister Kazuko does the art work in the drawing of the stencil.

Hideko and Satoyoshi, the two girls in the country, still attend our meetings and we believe are growing in grace and understanding. Then there is the young man, Yoshito, as well as the older couple, Mr. and Mrs. Takeshita, who worship and fellowship with us having common faith in Jesus Christ. Here in the Tokyo area there are Sister Kazuko, Akira, and the young lad, Kiyoko, from the Akabane

poor home, which we sometimes refer to as an orphanage. These all, we hope and trust, will be able to say at the end of their life-time, as did the Apostle Paul, "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith", but we do not mean to insinuate that they are without their struggles or that they never make a mistake, any more than Lois and I are without our struggles or that we never make a mistake. Yet we have a hope that we and they together, by the grace of God, will some day be counted among the faithful.

Although there have been times of discouragement since Lois and I came to Japan, we are very grateful to our Lord that we have been able to retain the vision and assurance that we shall have a part in carrying out His will here on earth, for this purpose were we born into this world.

Unlike the usual stimulating stories you hear of this sort of work, one attempting to teach God's Word in a land away from home is usually put under pressures, which include language study, correspondence, and the work itself, probably in that order.

May I leave with you the following thought which ran through my mind one day. "If we have trouble forgiving others, we should remember we are not so perfect ourselves; except in the sense that we are the recipients of Christ's perfection through faith. In our flesh there dwelleth no good thing." I refer you to Phil. 3:9 and Romans 7:18.

Followers of the Lord Jesus Christ,  
Willis and Lois Ehle.

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### ETERNITY, ETERNITY, ETERNITY!

How long is endless time to be  
Which has its name "eternity"?  
No human mind can full perceive,  
Its endless length in mind, receive.

These years on earth . . . how short they  
seem.

Just like a shadow, like a dream,  
Less than a drop in boundless sea . . .  
Compared to *long* eternity.

All grief on earth, tho' long will last,  
Sooner or later, *all is past*.  
Not so with long eternity  
To which no end will ever be!

A treasure great in heaven's bliss,  
That we can know of, will be this:  
To know it will forever last,  
Never more it will be past.

But also in the other place  
For all who must its horrors face,  
The very great pain for them it is  
To know there is no end to this.

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### POOR ONLY CHILD

"All but one," what does this mean?  
With deep grief, it must be seen  
Though all the rest the truth will find,  
One of them could stay behind.

Is it God's will that it be so?  
In one accord we all say "no,"  
If this one child be lost forever,  
God's not to blame, oh never, never.

Poor only child, think what 'twould be  
In endless, long eternity,  
To know, my chance was like the rest,  
But I am lost, and they are blest.

Without a sob . . . without fears,  
I did see, for me, their tears.  
Now their fall no more I see,  
Those who once did plead . . . for me.

"I am now a poor lost sheep,  
Without hope," forever weep!  
To days of grace, no more can turn,  
Because Christ's bidding I did spurn.

Oh, only child, make up your mind,  
And turn to Christ, who is so kind.  
With the rest, you then can be,  
Blest in all eternity!

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The best in Life's the simplest,  
Love will last when wealth is gone;  
Just be glad that you are living,  
And keep cheering someone on.