

# Megiddo Message

June, 1989  
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*You no longer love me  
as you did at first. - Jesus*





## Coping with Abundance

**P**aul, in writing to the Philippian Church, expressed his preparedness for any situation he might have to face. "Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:11-13).

Paul knew what he was talking about—he had had plenty of acquaintance with abasement. Listen to his own account:

*"I have been beaten times without number. I have faced death again and again.*

*"I have been beaten the regulation thirty-nine stripes by the Jews five times.*

*"I have been beaten with rods three times.*

*"I have been stoned once.*

*"I have been shipwrecked three times.*

*"I have been twenty-four hours in the open sea.*

*"In my travels I have been in constant danger from rivers, from bandits, from my own countrymen, and from pagans. I have faced danger in city streets, danger in the desert, danger on the high seas, danger among false Christians. I have known drudgery, exhaustion, many sleepless nights, hunger and thirst, fasting, cold and exposure."*

*—II Cor. 11:24-27, Phillips*

How could this stalwart Apostle endure such excruciating experiences? He tells how: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Only through the strength of knowing Christ, His hope, His example, His life, could Paul endure such abasement.

But there was more than abasement to be endured. Listen again as he relates his Christian achievements: "I know both how to be

abased, and...how to abound." Both situations, according to Paul, required the same strength to be endured—both are part of the "all things" which he found himself able to endure "through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

We think of abounding as a pleasant experience—having the things we need, being able to do the things we want to do, having enough and to spare. We see no problem in abounding. But careful!—Paul did. He needed the strength of Christ as much in abounding as in being abased.

Every situation of life brings its own peculiar testing. As Christians, we must prepare ourselves against either extreme. We need to learn how to take abasement, and we need also to learn how to abound. We need God's help if we are to survive as the director, or we need Him if we are to survive as the servant. So far as God's evaluation of us is concerned, our position matters not at all; what matters is the manner in which we take that position. God is no respecter of station, but of character only. If we have the trials of abasement, we must learn to cope with them. If we have plenty and are abounding, we need God's help to cope with that also.

Why "cope with" abounding? Because abounding brings its difficulties. We may be tempted to too much self-confidence, too much pride, too much forgetfulness of God (*any* is too much!). We may be tempted to try to run the course of our life without Him, being too contented in the abundance of the things which we possess. We forget that all good comes from God.

We expect the tests of sacrifice, the tests of privation, the tests of self-denial and giving up. But how about the test of abounding, which may be as common in our age? Are we equipped to take it? Can we say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me"? Have we learned to cope with abounding? MM



## Megiddo means...

"a place of troops" (Gesenius' Hebrew Lexicon); "a place of God" (Young's Analytical Concordance). Megiddo was and is a town in Palestine, strategically located, and the scene of frequent warfare. In the spiritual parallel, it is a place where soldiers engaged in spiritual warfare gather to renew their strength and courage (II Cor. 10:4-5).

### We believe

—in God, the Creator of all life, all men, and all things.

### We believe

—in the Bible as our only source of knowledge about God and His purposes and plans for the salvation of humankind.

### We believe

—in Jesus Christ the Son of God and our Perfect Example, who was born of a Virgin, ministered among men, was crucified, resurrected, taken to heaven, and seated at the right hand of the Father, crowned with immortal glory, and who shall shortly return to be king of the whole earth.

### We believe

—in life as the gift of God, and in our sacred responsibility to use it for God and His coming Kingdom.

### We believe

—in humankind as providing the nucleus from which a superior, God-honoring people shall be chosen to receive the blessings of immortal life.

### We believe

—in ourselves as capable of applying the precepts and principles of the Word of God in our own lives, in this way perfecting that high quality of character which God has promised to reward with life everlasting in His heavenly Kingdom on earth.

### We believe

—in the promise of God, that a new age is coming—is near—when the earth will be filled with His glory, His people, and His will be done here as it is now done in heaven.

## Bible Quotations

Unidentified quotations are from the King James Version. Other versions are identified as follows:

**NEB**—*New English Bible*

**NIV**—*New International Version*

**NASB**—*New American Standard Bible*

**RSV**—*Revised Standard Version*

**TLB**—*The Living Bible*

**TEV**—*Today's English Version*

**JB**—*The Jerusalem Bible, Reader's Edition*

**Phillips**—*The New Testament in Modern English*

**Berkeley**—*The Modern Language New Testament*

**Weymouth**—*The New Testament in Modern Speech*

**Goodspeed**—*The New Testament translated by Edgar J. Goodspeed*

**Moffatt**—*The Bible, A New Translation*

**AAT**—*The Bible: An American Translation*

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**The MEGIDDO MESSAGE** is a religious magazine devoted to the cause of Christ, and published for the dissemination of Bible truth alone. Official organ of the Megiddo Church. L. T. Nichols, *Founder*; Newton H. Payne, *President and Editor*; Ruth E. Sisson, *Executive Editor*.

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**MEGIDDO** is a way of believing and living, grounded solidly in the Bible as the reliable Word of our Creator. A total view of life, the world and the universe, it sees all events, men and nations moving together toward one God-ordained climax: the Kingdom of God on earth. This has been the plan of God since the beginning. Christ will return visibly, bodily, as King, and the governments of this world will be joined to form a totally new worldwide government. When the task is complete, our earth shall be numbered among the heavenly, glorified worlds and filled with immortal inhabitants. This is the purpose and goal of all creation.

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# A Letter to You

by Maud Hembree  
*Pastor of the Megiddo Church, 1912-1935*

Rochester, New York  
February 28, 1919

Dear Friend:

If you had an honored friend whom you had known for years, moral, upright, always governed by the highest ideals, whose life had been spent for the betterment and uplifting of humanity and who though surrounded by a world unthankful and abusing her kindness had always manifested such long-suffering and mercy, and that friend had fallen asleep or had gone on a long journey and you were forced to hear her work derided, her motives impugned and a dark cloud of ignominy cast over her life and work,—if a friend indeed, would you not be moved to defend her and prove the allegations of her enemies false?

We have a Friend to whom we are indebted for the very breath we breathe; a Friend to whom this earth belongs; a Friend whose life is not confined to the fleeting years of the present but who in the vast eternity past set in motion the mighty universe and who controls it by means of laws to this day unfathomed by man; a Friend, an all-wise, eternal Being, who through the prophet Isaiah tells us to lift up our eyes and see what He has created. Mortal hands cannot create even a fly; but this wondrous Being can point to His mighty works.

Instead of the Almighty calling our attention to this little earth and teaching that it is the center of the universe—as did Pope Paul V, Urban VIII, Calvin, and Luther—He calls our

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**A** sincere lover of the Bible and its Divine Author, and its always-eager defender, Maud Hembree wrote this powerful letter in 1919 in its defense. Her sound logic and challenging arguments are as appealing to serious thinkers today as when written.

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attention to the wondrous worlds by which we are surrounded (Isa. 40:26). "Lift up your eyes," He says, to the resplendent host, to Orion, to the unnumbered worlds, and realize who He is that can call them all by name. Not only can He name Orion, the Pleiades, and the worlds which we behold but also the worlds that fill an eternity of space beyond our vision. Well might the Omnipotent Creator exclaim, "Proud man, look into yon starry vault and behold its wonders! The telescope will show you myriads more, innumerable as the sand upon the shore; and beyond your power to discern, still there are myriads upon myriads, too vast, too boundless, for your narrow minds to comprehend. Proud man, where is your greatness fled? What are *you* in the scale of the universe?"

How we should be humbled as we gaze upon the infinity of worlds and strive in vain to comprehend their enormous distances, their magnificent retinue of suns, their inconceivable wonders!

### THEY PROVE AN ALL-WISE MAKER

Could you now behold what were once called the seven wonders of the world—the pyramids of Egypt; the Pharos of Alexandria; the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon; the temple of Diana at Ephesus; the statue of the Olympian Zeus; the mausoleum at Halicarnassus; and the Colossus of Rhodes; and as you gazed upon the mighty pyramids, the wondrous gardens, the glorious temple, the sculptured figures and magnificent paintings which adorned it should I say, "They were all evolved by nature and science; nature reared that mausoleum and brought together the wonderful blocks of the pyramids, and science evolved those grand paintings and sculpture," you would look upon me in scorn and count me a fool to so reason, knowing that inventive genius and skilled hands had designed and

built up every part of these wonders of the world.

If you would count me a fool to reason thus on what mortal man has done, what do you think I count you, when you doubt that a real, personal and all-wise God rules this mighty universe? that He has been working by means of law, and that the heavens declare His glory and the firmament shows His handiwork? If you would feel moved to defend an earthly friend, how do you think I feel when I see the Bible cast aside, this Bible, containing sixty-six letters from this Friend—more worthy than any earthly friend—and a dark cloud resting upon its pages because false teachers turned away from its truths to fables and handed out the inhuman creeds and pagan folklore of Egypt, Greece and Rome as emanating from its pages?

### FALSE THEOLOGY, NOT THE BIBLE, THE CAUSE OF THE CONFLICT WITH SCIENCE

In our mission work in defense of the Scriptures and their glorious principles of truth, people often say to us, "You claim that the Bible is not responsible for the false doctrines that have been handed out in its name; but if so, where did they come from?"

We can best answer the question in the words of a well-known minister. He said: "A few evenings ago I spent an hour or so with an old friend, a conscientious, hard-working, but discouraged clergyman. In the course of his conversation with me he said dolefully 'The churches are in a deplorable condition. I say deplorable, and I mean it.' Then turning to me he asked, evidently in dead earnest, 'Can you account for this failing influence of the pulpit? You will confer a very great favor upon me if you will answer this most vital question.' My friend is evidently correct in thinking there is something very serious the matter with the churches. That something is

radically wrong is alleged by their enemies and admitted by their friends....What is the explanation to this somewhat strange situation? It is indeed an astounding phenomenon; and how shall we attempt to account for it? Christianity started out all right, for it started with Jesus of Nazareth, the grandest and noblest piece of Manhood this earth has ever seen.

"And if the churches had stuck to Jesus all would have remained well; but they left Him, left Him completely, and there began the trouble that is so abundantly bearing its bitter fruit today. Jesus of Nazareth was sacrificed upon the altar of theological speculation.

"When the creeds were made—they began making them as early as the second century, and kept at the job off and on for a thousand years—they put into them everything that was calculated to shock the reason and outrage the moral sense. The professed theologians had everything their own way, there being no intelligent laymen to keep an eye on them, and they succeeded in transforming the beautiful and very reasonable gospel of Jesus into such a 'Comedy of Errors' as the world has never seen before."

This minister was forced by the facts to condemn his own system. This "Comedy of Errors" which they have handed out instead of the reasonable and beautiful truths of the Bible, is the cause of the seeming conflict of its teachings with reason and science. The apos-

**A** "Comedy of Errors" has been handed out by many instead of the reasonable and beautiful truths of the Bible.



**F**aith has almost vanished, infidelity is spreading. Even many ministers are turning enemies to the grand Book, placing the Bible on a par with Shakespeare and other human literature. People in general have lost faith in the Bible....

tle Paul expressed the same thought when he foretold that the world would be turned away from its plain truths to fables (II Tim. 4:4).

The great difficulty has been that the religious teachers were educated in theological schools, and taught the false theology of the churches, the "Comedy of Errors," instead of Bible truths. As a noted New York clergyman said in the Baptist Conference, "I wonder that there is anything right in the world, there is such fraud and superstition in religion. The majority of religions in Christendom that claim to have sprung from the Bible have nothing but superstition in them. It is fortunate indeed that we have the Bible left. The making of the Apostles' Creed

was the most gigantic fraud in the history of religion." A great writer also said: "The Apostles never saw or heard of it. The use of the name is a pious fraud. I affirm without fear of intelligent contradiction, that the Apostles' Creed, as we have it, was not known until the middle of the eighth century." No wonder the poet lately said—

*"Of all the creeds which mortals wrote,  
Not one caught true perfection's note."*

Such absurd, unreasonable, inhuman theories have been incorporated into religious teaching that thinking minds have rebelled against the bondage of man-made creeds, and, thinking that the creeds emanated from the Bible, they have discarded the Bible with the creeds. This is the sad condition we find the world in today. Faith has almost vanished, infidelity is spreading. Even many ministers are turning enemies to the grand Book they once promised to defend and openly avow that there is no great First Cause, placing the Bible on a par with Shakespeare and other human literature. People in general have lost faith in the Bible and rely instead on their own ideas of right and wrong, without any higher law than their own finite minds.

Can you wonder that immorality, immorality, vice and lawlessness are increasing? Exalt the human mind as the sole embodiment of good, and you open up the way for anarchy. The words of Jesus will be fulfilled: "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth" (Luke 21:26).

Nothing short of faith in a wholly inspired Bible will effectually work in the hearts of men and women so that they will put away all immorality, all vice, all anger, malice, hatred, and evil speaking. Even Dr. White, once president of Cornell University, who, I believe, did more to increase infidelity than any other, was forced to admit:

"As to the older errors, the whole civilized world was at fault, Protestant as well as Catholic. It was not the fault of religion; it was the fault of that short-sighted linking of theological dogmas to scriptural texts which, in utter defiance of the words and works of the Blessed Founder of Christianity, narrow-minded, loud-voiced men are prone to substitute for religion."

How foolish to cast aside a Book that contains the only hope of life eternal to a perishing race because narrow-minded men had linked false theological dogmas to scriptural texts in an effort to present their false doctrines under the sanction of Scripture!

#### **MOSES NEVER TAUGHT THAT THE LITERAL EARTH WAS CREATED SIX THOUSAND YEARS AGO**

Dr. White brings up the fact that the sculpture and paintings of medieval theology represented the Almighty as making the sun, moon and stars with His own hands and hanging them out every evening in proper place, to be taken in in the morning, and says that the account in Genesis sanctions the false idea.

The Bible is not responsible for this false theology of the medieval age.

"But," says one, "did not Moses teach that the earth, sun, moon, stars, and man were created about 6,000 years ago, and all out of nothing?" We answer most emphatically, No. You may study the sixty-six letters of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, and you will never find one writer referring to the Genesis creation account as being a literal creation accomplished in six literal days.

The God of the Bible says, "Come now, and let us reason together;" and He will not require us to believe anything that is not in harmony with evidence. We could not worship a God who had been asleep through the long eternity of the

**C**an we wonder that immorality, immorality, vice and lawlessness are increasing? Exalt the human mind as the sole embodiment of good, and you open up the way for anarchy.



past, who, knowing all things from the beginning, had never until about six thousand years ago created one world to reflect His glory, one man or one woman to glorify His name. Geology has demonstrated that this earth has existed for vast periods of time, and the Bible is in harmony with it. The stars in the literal heavens were shining as brightly before six thousand years ago as they are now.

What heavens did God commence to form about six thousand years ago?

### HEAVENS—and HEAVENS

We find there are different heavens and earth spoken of in the Bible; the literal heavens, the ecclesiastical heavens, the political heavens, and the new heavens and earth in which will dwell righteousness. When the ex-Emperor of Germany said, "My sun shall never set," you did not imagine that he referred to a literal sun. When a person remarked, "President Wilson is now the sun in the Democratic heavens," you did not fail to understand the language. When the prophet Malachi tells us of a day coming when the "Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his beams," we are not expecting a new literal sun to appear in the heavens; we understand he is speaking of Christ, at whose glorious coming all ignorance, superstition and evil shall pass away.

When you lately read how Philip Scheidemann, the new Chancellor of Germany, upon hearing of the assassination of Premier Eisner of Bavaria and of the terrible deeds of violence committed all over the world, exclaimed, "THE EARTH IS ROCKING UNDER OUR FEET, perhaps in a short time there will be a complete collapse," you did not for a moment imagine there had been a literal earthquake in Germany and old mother earth was rocking to and fro, but

you understood that he referred to the political state of affairs in his nation.

Be as fair to the Bible and allow the Almighty to explain His own terms.

Compare as He commands us, "spiritual things with spiritual," and you will learn that the heavens and earth in Genesis 1 have reference to the political heavens and earth: the coming rulers and those ruled over, the righteous who will shine in the glorious firmament of the future.

Suppose a man intended building a great castle. He would employ an architect to design its wonderful proportions; but he would not give every minutia of how the material should be put together. So the Lord says in Genesis He is going to create new heavens and a new earth, but He does not there go into any details of how it is done. It is like a rosebud. We look at the bud and know not what the beauty of the full blown rose will be. So with the bud of Genesis; the beauty is all wrapped up in its tiny folds, and we must wait for the prophets, apostles and Jesus to bloom it out.

We read in Genesis 1, "In the beginning." What beginning? In the original Hebrew the first definition is: "Head, chief, ... firstborn." Not the beginning of the natural creation, but the beginning of the head of the spiritual creation; the first of its kind in this plan; the first-born from the dead on this planet; the heavens, those taken out in the 6,000 years to rule in the age to come. The next definition is: "Christ, head of creation...with regard to dignity, the first." Christ is not first in the natural creation but first with regard to dignity, the first to rule the world.

God is selecting those who will compose a new or chief heavens to rule the new earth which He will create. Christ, the head of the new creation, and all who make themselves worthy to be associated with Him, will be the chief ones.

**N**othing short of faith in a wholly inspired Bible will effectually work in the hearts of men and women so that they will put away all immorality, all vice, all anger, malice, hatred, and evil speaking.

In giving the definitions of "beginning," what text of Scripture do you suppose the lexicographer used? He cited Revelation 3:14 where, speaking of Christ, it says, "These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God." Christ is the beginning of this spiritual creation, the new world which God is creating.

How is He the beginning? "And He is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead" (Col. 1:18). The Apostle is speaking of the beginning not of the natural creation but of the new creation, of which Christ would be first, the first of our race who should rise from the dead to life and immortality. And so the first of Genesis is telling the same: of Christ being the one born from the dead as the head of the body who shall rule in the future heavens, and of the earth they are to rule over—the people brought into subjection to Divine law in the "world to come whereof we speak" (Heb.2:5).

### WHO TAUGHT THAT THE UNIVERSE WAS MADE OF NOTHING?

The ancient religions of Chaldea, Babylonia and Egypt pictured their false gods forming the literal sun, moon, earth and stars, and the teachers of the medieval age

*(Continued on page 13)*



# Renewing



**FIRST LOVE:** *the initial enthusiasm, the heart's eager response to its first real grasp of something that deeply thrills or inspires. In the matter of faith, the first comprehension of the magnificent beauty of true belief and the reality of heavenly promises; the intense heart-devotion that comes from the realization of glory to come.*

**Y**ou no longer love Me as you did at first." These words, part of a personal letter from Jesus to the believers in Ephesus (Rev. 2:4; Weymouth), are a serious indictment. All was not well in the Ephesian church. What was the problem?

From all appearances there was no problem. But let us look deeper. An indictment from Jesus is not something to be easily set aside.

At the same time Jesus was liberal with commendation. He commended them for their faith, their labor, their patience, their intolerance of those who were evil; and their carefulness to separate the true from the false. "And hast borne, and hast patience, and for my name's sake hast labored, and hast not fainted." What more could one expect!

"Nevertheless"...the penetrating eye of Christ saw not only what *was* but what *was not*. We can sin as easily by what we do *not* do as by what we *do*. Beneath the fair exterior in Ephesus, Christ saw an empty void. Something had changed. The activity, the obedience, the compliance with rules of conduct and order were all there. But something was missing. "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love" (Rev. 2:3).

What was missing? Anyone only casually acquainted with the congregation would never have guessed. They came and went as the people of Christ. Anyone would have thought them as zealous and as devoted as ever. There was all the visible evidence of a thriving church—"faith," and "labor" and "patience" and even an "intolerance of those who were evil." Still, with all of this, something vital was lacking. And that something is what Jesus called "first love."

Why should this be?

By the time Jesus sent this message, the church was perhaps some forty years old. The youthful enthusiasm that had set the church on its feet was gone. The newness and zeal of the forebears had become com-



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# Our First Love

monplace. Rules of conduct and faith were now generally understood, there was little of challenge or drive, and the group settled down into a dull, everyday routine. Perhaps this is one reason Jesus directed to them the message that He did: "Thou hast left thy first love."

## What Is First Love?

First love is the heart's response to its first real grasp of something that deeply thrills or inspires. In the matter of faith, it is the first comprehension of the magnificent beauty of true belief and the reality of God's promises. It is the intense heart-devotion that comes from that first spectacular glimpse of the glory ahead. It is the initial enthusiasm that says an eager "Yes" to the call of God and immediately follows with "I can, I must—I will!"

What was wrong among the believers in the Church at Ephesus? In their worship, in their obedience, in their activity, in their devotedness, the heart was absent. There was no vital, inner compulsion that *loved* to do the things commanded. The sustaining

heart-affection was absent. They obeyed, but only because it was the "proper" and accepted thing to do. It was not obedience from the heart, as it had been. That strong inner attachment, that compelling devotion, that inseparable bond, that quenchless affection, was gone.

Love is a vital and natural part of life. But over time, if not constantly renewed, love may deteriorate, and circumstances that formerly brought pleasure may bring only pain. It can happen with enthusiasm for things material. One purchases a new auto-

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*You no longer love me  
as you did at first. —Jesus*





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**H**ow well are we maintaining the warmth and radiance of our first love? Is our consecration resolute, or do we vacillate between various degrees of hot and cold?

mobile, or builds a new home; but soon newer ones appear, and the earlier thrill wears off. Only a short time and the luster begins to fade.

#### No Small Threat...

Have we ever considered the really serious threat this all-too-human tendency poses to us in regard to things spiritual? What about our love for the most priceless possession in the universe—the pearl of great price? Has our love for it remained undimmed by the passage of time? Nay more, has its luster brightened as we have become more and more acquainted with its deep and wonderful words of wisdom and instruction?

Do our hearts still thrill with the realization that these are

indeed the words of an eternal God? Does the thought of future glory and everlasting life, free forever from the cares and problems of mortality, still fire within us such a white heat of determination that we will allow nothing to hinder us in our quest to do what is right?

Or, upon closer and completely honest evaluation of ourselves, are we constrained to admit that our love for God is not what it was, that Ezekiel's words of warning apply to us, that God's demands for a continual, unabating effort toward perfection of character have become as "a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for [we] hear [His] words, but...do them not"? (Ezek. 33:32).

The experience of the church at Ephesus is not unique; and it is especially serious because its effects are so gradual. Any number of the members of the church could in all probability think back to the time when they left the house of God, stirred to the depths of their being as if to say, "The Lord met me this morning." But slowly, steadily, it became all a *past-tense* experience.

How easily love can grow cold.

#### An Uncomfortable Indictment

Jesus shows that He was cognizant of this weakness of human nature, and His words of warning to the church of Ephesus are just as timely now as when spoken centuries ago. He commended them for their many good works, but at the same time He warned them that they were falling short of the ultimate. Why? Because they had left their first love; they no longer loved Him as they did when it was all new and challenging. The luster had faded! Their worship had become a comfortable routine. They were meeting and talking and work-

ing and praying because it was the accustomed pattern, because they considered it their proper duty. But the deep, abiding, inspiring love was not there.

What is Jesus' message in this? He was saying that service is not enough. Even outward obedience is not enough. Obedience to be accepted by Him must come from a loving heart. We must obey "from the heart" that form of doctrine delivered unto us (Rom. 6:17). Along with working righteousness we must also "fear him" (Acts 10:34-35). Our garments of character must be "holy and without blemish" (Eph. 5:27). The testimonies of God must be our "delight" as well as our "counsellors" (Ps. 119:24). We should *long* after His precepts (Ps. 119:40), "delight" to do His will (Ps. 40:8). We must actually *love* to do the things commanded us, even when those commands come across our natural way of thinking or speaking (Ps. 119:97).

#### The Remedy

What was Jesus' remedy for restoring their lost love? It was couched in one word—*remember*. They were to remember the time when their love for Him and the saving gospel was so strong that they could—and did—willingly and gladly do anything that His name might be glorified. He wanted them to remember their former fervor; He wanted them to repent and rekindle the love and devotion which had been the source of their zeal. They were falling short of their full potential. He knew they could do more, *much* more in consecrated living; consequently He stressed the absolute necessity for quick, decisive action. There was no time to lose. In no uncertain terms He warned them that unless they remembered and repented of their backsliding He

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**W**e should seize every opportunity to build up our faith.



# I Feel Like Pressing On!

**S**o runs one of our songs, and a good song it is—a song for the high days, the days of victory. Or a song for any day. While feeling or emotion can be an unsafe guide, they have their place. Indeed, they are indispensable to the “pressing” Christian. Our religion is based on reason and an intellectual appeal, but it must be “felt” as well as reasoned out. A faith which does not reach down into the heart and dominate the emotions and affections, and in turn be supported by them, is a dead and sterile thing far removed from the faith of Jesus Christ.

It is only when emotion takes the place of reason that it becomes a bad thing.

The Christian is not cold and mechanical, but warm-hearted, sympathetic, full of deep feeling. If not, he had better be working on it. We may be fully convinced that we should press on, but until there is that emotional reaction that makes us *feel* like pressing

on, we will make little progress. Feeling, properly controlled and directed, will carry us through situations where unaided reason would fail us.

That may be true, you say; but what about the days when you do *not* feel like pressing on? For we cannot deny that such days come. They should not, of course; with God's Tomorrow before our eyes, there should be no dark days. But if all things were as they should be with us, we would

not be here. Now is the time for struggle and victory. Our present problem is how to attain that victory, then to “hold the fort.” There is nothing to be gained by shutting our eyes to the facts, and the painful fact is that not only in the songbooks do we encounter roads that are rough and steep, or that we are beset by doubts and fears, buffeted by storms of temptation, or find the burdens heavy and the days dark and drear, *but in real life*. It happens to all of us, there are no exceptions.

So what do you do, brother or sister, when you do not *feel* like pressing on? Why of course! you keep pressing right on anyway, if you are sensible. This is the time for *action*, not for *brooding*. This is the time to put your feelings in their proper place, to show them who is master. This is the time to take command and *think things through*, instead of just *feeling* about them.

If experience teaches anything

**W**hat do you do when you do not feel like pressing on? Why, of course, you keep right on pressing on anyway!

would come unto them quickly with judgment.

What about us? Just how well are *we* maintaining the warmth and radiance of *our* first love? Is our consecration resolute, or do we vacillate between various degrees of hot and cold? Remember, our very best efforts, or our halfhearted efforts, neither are hidden in the dark. Angels are

keeping a true and faithful record. They know whether ours is a labor of love or just a sham. There are times when we do first-rate at deceiving those about us—and even ourselves. But there it stops, for every thought and deed is open before the all-searching eyes of the angels. “Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight: but all

things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do” (Heb. 4:13). We cannot hide from God!

It might be advantageous to ask ourselves the same question Paul put to his Galatian brethren: “You were making splendid progress; who put you off the course you had set for the truth?” (Gal. 5:7, Phillips). Who did it? Yes,



at all, it teaches that some tasks are so important that they must be gone through with, whether we feel like it or not. We know that this is true in our temporal work. Many and many a time we have gone to work when we felt like staying home, because the work had to be done. Many and many a parent has cared for a sick child when they did not feel like it, because it had to be done. It was a call of duty, a call to rise above such petty things as their moods and feelings.

We have little respect for the man who works only when he feels like it. A young man was questioned by his employer as to why he had been absent from work on a certain day. His reply was that he was not feeling very well. "Young man," said the boss, "as you go through life you will find that a very large proportion of the world's work is done by people who are not feeling very well."

Some of the best Christian work, too, has been done under discouraging circumstances, by men and women who had a hard battle with self and many other opposing forces.

Are you having a great battle? There have been others. Recall Elijah under the juniper tree, hungry, exhausted and despairing (I Kings 19:4-5); Paul in Macedonia, "troubled on every side, without were fightings, within were fears" (II Cor. 7:5); Paul again, taking leave of his brethren

in Ephesus, knowing that wherever he went, bonds and afflictions awaited him (Acts 20:23); Jesus in Gethsemane the night before His crucifixion, His soul "exceeding sorrowful unto death" (Matt. 26:38), who "when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, . . . was heard in that he feared" (Heb. 5:7). But none of these great examples let themselves be overcome by depressing circumstances. The dark hour was but a brief interlude, not their whole existence.

So keep on pressing on, brother, the more zealously when the skies are dark. Things are not as bad as they seem—they couldn't be. Try smiling; you will be surprised how it helps. Recognize that your feelings have strayed from control and betrayed you. You know in your heart that God is still in heaven, and that His promises are still true. You know the reward still is awaiting the faithful, and that the overcomer's life is the only rewarding life. You know these things, I say, so never mind how you feel at the moment. Feelings can be corrected.

Press on, and the dark mood will pass (it always has) and the sun will shine the brighter for the victories gained in the dark valley. Nothing succeeds like success, and nothing strengthens the morale like standing up and bat-

tlung it out with a problem when you would rather run away from it. It is the very surest way to make yourself "feel like pressing on" once more. In fact, you will wonder why you wasted so much time making yourself—and others—miserable.

One of God's best gifts to humankind is tomorrow morning, a new start every twenty-four hours. Let us take advantage of it, and learn from our past mistakes how to avoid the Slough of Despond. We should recognize its landmarks by this time. If we are much given to discouragement or pessimism, we must take ourselves in hand and do something about it, for these moods leave their mark, even though they pass away. Not only is it in our power to correct our despondency, but better yet to undertake a way of thought and life that will prevent it. Much of the depression we struggle with downstream could have been prevented upstream if we had been wiser; let us remember this for the next time.

As our treasures are laid up in heaven, as we are less and less attached to material things and considerations, our peace of soul will deepen and widen. Looking down upon the storm-swept lowlands where we fought our battles, we shall thank God that we did not quit when we felt like quitting, but fervent in spirit, pressed on—regardless—to victory!  
MM

who can you blame? Paul did not need an answer. He knew human nature. How well he knew it. And how well He knows us and our readiness to blame someone else for our failures. Of course there are times when we think we *can* blame someone else, but the *real* cause can be attributed to no one but ourselves and our personal lack of diligence in keep-

ing fresh in our minds the vital tenets of our faith.

### Three Steps to Renewal

What is the solution to waning first love? The command of Christ was, "remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick

out of his place, except thou repent" (Rev. 2:5).

There are just three steps to renewing this first love:

- 1) Remember
- 2) Repent
- 3) Do the first works.

The formula is just that simple: remember, repent, do. A thought, an attitude, and an action.



We should notice that they were to *remember* what they had fallen *from*, not fallen *into*. "Remember from whence thou art fallen." They were to apply their minds to thinking about what had sparked their faith and kindled their love in the first place. The same shining hope that had kindled it once could kindle it again. And while they were engaged in this type of reconstructive thinking, they would be forced to cut loose from the bitter jealousies and rivalries into which they had fallen.

Then they were to *repent*. That is, recognize the wrong, acknowledge it, and set about to amend their ways. It was not from some terrible sin as murder or adultery that they had to repent, but from their lack of zeal, their inattention to duty, the cool and indifferent attitude that they had shown toward God. Their sin was a lack of love.

Then the third step: *Do*. Yes, *do* the first works. The best advice is unproductive unless followed. Warnings are worthless unless heeded. Each step was vital. If any was neglected, they could only look for the inevitable: "I will remove thy candlestick out of [its] place, except thou repent." But what incentive for repenting, even this glorious promise: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God" (v. 7).

The Ephesians were not guilty of doctrinal heresy or of laziness. Their chief problem lay in their loss of love, their inattention, their unmindfulness, their lack of concern. They had lost touch. They had forgotten, and as a result they had forsaken.

**T**ake time every day to  
revitalize your faith.

They no longer gave first place to the burning passion that once possessed them. They had allowed the flame to burn low.

How vigilant we should be lest the same temptation overpower us—not open transgression, but the subtle sin of desertion.

Lack of faith—compelling, convincing, loving, devoted faith—is one of the prime causes of indifference and apathy in our Christian endeavor. We should seize every opportunity to build up our faith. *It is absolutely necessary that we make and take time every day to revitalize our faith by careful reading and meditating on God's Word until it comes alive in us and is indelibly stamped on our minds.* We need to read over and over again the plan of the ages as outlined in God's Word, then compare what we read with current events in the world about us and see how rapidly we are approaching the consummation of that plan. Man's faulty and corrupt system will soon fall and in its place Jesus Christ will establish a better Kingdom where peace, justice and righteousness will reign supreme.

With such a bright future before us, should not our love for God increase daily? Everything, yes, everything worthwhile and eternal lies just beyond. Think of a life free from sickness, with never even a thought of being tired! Try to visualize what it will be to have an intellect ever expanding in its scope. And this is not all God offers those who love Him with heart and soul—His rewards will be exceeding, abundantly above all we can ask or think. Isn't it worth everything we can put into it?

Let us take the lesson to ourselves. Let not the vision fade, or love grow cold, but "exhort one another, and so much the more as we see the day approaching."

## A Letter to You

(Continued from page 7)

thus turned away from the beautiful truths taught in the Scriptures.

No writer in the Bible ever uttered such nonsense. Dr. White said, "The fourth Lateran Council declared that God created everything out of nothing; and at the present hour the vast majority... whether Catholic or Protestant, are taught the same doctrine; on this point the syllabus of Pius the IX and the Westminster Catechism fully agree." Then blame the Lateran Council and those who accepted such a doctrine, and not the Bible. In the Constitution or creed of the Presbyterian Church we read: "It pleased God in the beginning to create or make of nothing the world, and all things therein, whether visible or invisible, in the space of six days and all out of nothing." Is not that the essence of nonsense? You might add nothing to nothing for an eternity, and still you would have nothing. This is a part of the "Comedy of Errors." No prophet, apostle, or Jesus ever taught such a doctrine.

We have not time or space to relate the vast amount of evidence we have on these subjects; but if you long to have a true faith that will stand the test when tried at the bar of reason and evidence, send for our booklets, "What Must I Do to be Saved?" and "God's Spiritual Creation," and you will see why Rev. L. T. Nichols was not satisfied with what he had been taught, and why he devoted his life to a study of the Bible. Read what He found in the Bible, and you will be convinced that the Bible is not responsible for the false doctrines handed out in its name. You will obtain knowledge in which the highest and most searching exercise of reason will not conflict with the most fervent and childlike faith.

(To Be Continued Next Issue)



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# GLOWING

## All The Time

We have the same faith Jesus taught, the same hope He shared, the same divine authority that dominated His life. Should it not glow in our hearts and shine in our lives?

**W**e read that when Moses returned from conversing with God's angel in the Mount Sinai, "His face was in a glow"—and so bright was the glow that Moses had to put a veil over his face when he talked to the people. The apostle Paul, commenting years later on this bit of divine glory, said that "that splendor ... made the face of Moses so bright that the Israelites could not gaze steadily at him" (II Cor. 3:7, NEB).

We have been on the mountaintop. We have come, as it were, into the presence of God. We have listened again to His message for us, alerting us to the work we have yet to do. We have crossed another line on the path God has marked out for us; we have welcomed another sacred New Year. We have been—and are—every moment in the presence of His watching angels; silent and unseen, they are here nevertheless.

Have *we* caught the glow? Is *our* faith radiant with the heavenly light that surrounds us? Have we a little more brightness to take with us into whatever days and weeks God in His mercy may yet grant us?

True faith is light. It is glowing, bright, a brightness that cannot—*must* not—be hid. As possessors of heavenly treasure, as men and women who hold in our hands the heav-



enly Truth, should we not be reflecting its glory? Should we not be shining examples of its power? Should not our faces shine and our hearts glow? Should it not glow in us all the time?

While nations slumber in darkness, while multitudes come and go without a thought of God, while millions live and seek pleasure in anyway they choose, God is working. He has a plan, and it is our sacred privilege to be "in" on that plan. We are not destined to nonentity. We know a way out. We are getting ready for *real life*! Should not our faces shine?

Again and again in the sacred Scriptures, divine Truth is compared to light, shining, glory. It is all beauty, brightness, life!—because it is our means of deliverance. It is our duty to keep this brightness glowing in our lives every day, every hour, every moment. It is our duty—more, it is our sacred privilege. God has invited us to be part of His permanent creation. Those glorious worlds above, radiant with His splendor, filled with the members of His family—myriads and myriads and myriads of them—our Earth will someday be among them. And best of all, *we can be there*! It is the purpose of creation. Our earth is not for naught; He "created it not in vain, he formed it to be inhabited"—and inhabited it shall be, by a level of life higher than any we have seen. Angels will one day be walking right here, in all the splendor of immortal glory. The Lord's prayer shall be fulfilled, and His Kingdom shall come and His will be done on earth as it is now done in heaven.

With such a radiant hope in our hearts, should not our faces shine? Should not our lives be all aglow with this sublime purpose? How can we forget it even a moment? How can any situa-

tion of life be too pressing, too absorbing, too traumatic to obscure this glow?

### Living As In His Presence

It was written of Jesus' apostles—long after Jesus had gone to heaven—that men could tell that "they had been with Jesus." The inner glow was still there, it was a lasting thing. It shone in their lives, in their conversation, in their faith, in their command of themselves, in the authority of their lives. Everything about them was glowing with His hope. Jesus had come and turned on the light, and though He was gone, the light was still shining. They were still living as in His presence, as His representatives.

Though ours has not been the privilege of knowing Jesus in person, we have seen the same light. We have the same faith He taught, the same hope He shared, the same divine authority that dominated His life. We have been called to be His representatives, to carry on His work in our world today. Should it not glow in our hearts and shine in our lives, affecting everything we do, radiating to everyone we meet, restraining those baser instincts that would otherwise dominate us and filling us instead with a divine glory?

We have no problem applying such phrases as "total commitment" or "full surrender" or "none of self and all of Thee" to the life of Christ. But what of us? Does it shock us to realize we must be *just as committed, just as surrendered* as was Christ? Such complete "letting go" of ourselves is not natural. Yet how appropriately these phrases describe what we owe to God. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy

**A**ngels will one day be walking right here, in all the splendor of immortal glory. The Lord's prayer shall be fulfilled, and His Kingdom shall come and His will be done on earth as it is now done in heaven.

**W**ith such radiant hope in our hearts, let our faces shine and our lives be all aglow with our sublime purpose.



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**I** *f we can receive the approval of Christ, the price will be soon forgotten. We shall have no regrets for our wholehearted effort, we will not think for a moment that we gave too much.*

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**I** *f we are going to be among God's high achievers, we must be the best, the very best, that we can be.*

strength"—what part of our life can be unaffected? To meet this standard, our faith must indeed become our whole absorption—what else really matters at all? If we can receive the approval of Christ, if we can win a place in that heavenly Kingdom, anything else that we may have enjoyed—or suffered, or surrendered—any price we may have paid, will be forgotten. We will have no regrets for our wholehearted effort, we will not think for a moment that we gave too much.

#### **A Lesson in Intensity**

A man once told about meeting a professional athlete. In his prime as a football player, the athlete was the best in the business. "I was drawn to him," he says, "to the force within him that made him a winner, a man with the courage to put himself on the line against an opponent in front of 75,000 people." When he chanced to meet the athlete, it was just six days before his team was to play against another. The two were having lunch together. The upcoming game was the natural subject of the conversation.

"How will you prepare yourself for the game?" he asked. "What will your schedule be this week?"

"Well, the mornings will be all practice at the stadium," the athlete answered. "And then I'll go home to my den and load the projector with game films, and I'll study the players until I know all of them inside out. I'll check every movement they make when they come out of the huddles to see if they reveal what sort of play it's going to be, what pattern they're going to run, and so on."

"What about your evenings?" he asked.

"Oh, I'll keep watching those

films straight through until midnight every night."

"Ten hours a day? all week? nothing else?" the man was incredulous.

"Easily," he responded. "I want to beat those men. I want to hit them so hard that they'll wish they'd never come into my zone. ... I want to totally dominate their spirits."

Perhaps we feel it is too much. We could never be so intense, nor do we want to be. We don't even feel comfortable around people who are so intense. However, the real issue is not the intensity but the goal. Then we must decide how much we want it, and how much we are willing to *pay* for it. Then we can either go ahead and *pay the price*, or turn it down. There's nothing in between.

If the only goal to be won is a few moments of praise from a capricious crowd of on-lookers, we might well question the value. But when the goal is *eternal life*, a life in which we will share the power and strength and vigor of the angels of God, and the price is a commitment that involves all our heart, all our soul, all our mind, and all our strength, *can we be too intense in our effort to qualify?*

Yes, there *is* a place for this kind of intensity—a very *fitting* place.

If we place only a low value on eternal life, if ours is a "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude, then an all-out intense commitment is indeed too much. And we shall never get it.

But if we really long for the life God has offered us, if our heart is set on winning a place in the world made new, if our deepest desire is for the eternal crown, then we need to look closer at our commitment and ask ourselves candidly: Am I making it?

Our minds go back to the picture of the athlete. Perhaps we withdraw from such intensity. It is too limiting, too restricting. We cannot live like "normal" people and be so intense.

But the real problem is not the intensity but *how much we want the goal.*

The man cited above commented on his conversation with the athletic professional: "I was inwardly embarrassed to realize that there was no part of my life where I could say I was paying a similar price: not in my family life, not in my work, not in my faith. Why? I asked myself. I was bothered that I had no answer."

This type of intensity may be hard to measure and difficult to pin down. But you know when you have it, and you are quite aware when you don't. You feel it. It seizes you! It stimulates your performance—to a mark above and beyond anything called "normal." It isn't comfortable, it isn't natural, but if it is what God is looking for, *why not bring ourselves to it!*

What else did Jesus mean when He said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength" (Mark 12:30)?

What else did Jesus mean when He said, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field. Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it" (Matt. 13:44-46)? Can we expect to get it for less?

To us as Christians, this lively passion, this deep desire, this

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**T**o us as Christians, this lively passion, this strong motivation is vital. We cannot succeed without it. We must feel it; it must seize us. It must capture us totally.

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strong motivation is vital. We cannot succeed without it. We must feel it; it must seize us. It must capture us totally, until we will think and breathe and move entirely within its influence.

It was this underlying enthusiasm which made the apostle Paul say, "It is not to be thought that I have already achieved all this. I have not yet reached perfection, but I press on, hoping to take hold of that for which Christ once took hold of me. My friends, I do not reckon myself to have got hold of it yet. All I can say is this: forgetting what is behind me, and reaching out for that which lies ahead, I press towards the goal to win the prize which is God's call to the life above, in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3:12-14, NEB). "I do concentrate on this, forgetting what lies behind and straining every nerve for that which lies in front of me" (TLB).

Do we find it difficult to commit ourselves so totally, to sign our life entirely over to God and His directing, to commit ourselves to an all-consuming—unseen—goal. Real belief comes hard, even when we *know absolutely* that the One to whom we are committing is the Great Creator Himself. Yet, others have done it. Peter did it. Paul did it. Jesus did it. Why not *we*?

### Another Lesson

There is another illustration of this intensity from the athletic world. It is an athlete talking about his trainer, named Coach Lombardi. The athlete speaks:

"I wasn't mentally tough before I met Coach Lombardi. I hadn't reached the point where I refused to accept second best. I was too 'nice' at times. I think what my friend really meant is that being 'nice' doesn't give you the power to finish first. To win, you have to have a certain amount of mental toughness. Coach Lombardi gave me that. *He taught me that you must have a flaming desire to win. It's got to dominate all your waking hours. It can't ever wane. It's got to glow in you all the time.*"

"It's got to glow in you," he says. What glows? The flaming desire. And it has to glow "all the time." That's a big order, but it is the kind of intensity we must give if ever we reach the goal before us. *It's got to glow in US all the time.* What? The flaming desire, the desire for life, the desire to win the approval of Christ and the angels, the desire for the glory and honor and immortality that God has set before us. It is a big order, but it is no exaggeration. If we are going to be among God's high



## We Will Wish We Had Given Him MORE!

*How much will we give to our Master,  
You and I in this valley today?  
What worth do we place on the Kingdom?  
How much are we willing to pay  
To share in its glories supernal,  
We who cling to this substance of clay;  
How much will we gladly surrender  
To dwell in its portals for aye?*

*The great ones whom Jesus will honor  
Were not part of this age and its clime;  
They lived in the New World that's coming  
And dwelt with the angels sublime.  
They were bent on securing His honor  
As day after day they sought more  
For the wonders and beauties eternal  
That abound on the evergreen shore.*

*They were lost in the glimpse of its glory  
They lived in its prospect so fair;  
And when Jesus comes they will see Him—  
They'll feel what it is to be there!  
They lived on the top of the mountain,  
And gave God the best that they had;  
They gave Him their all and, still dreaming,  
They wished they could give Him yet more.*

*What of us as our footsteps push forward,  
As our longings mount up to the skies?  
May hard roads ahead never daunt us  
For joys that will come with that prize.  
Praise God, who the plan hath designed!  
Praise Christ our Redeemer and Friend!  
And to all who have gone in His footsteps  
Be glory forever, Amen.*

*And when we see Christ in His beauty,  
When the faithful ones meet friend with friend;  
When the joys of the new world are opened,  
And the toils of this age have an end,  
When we're safe in His presence forever,  
When we stand on that heavenly shore,  
With our sorrows and toils all forgotten,  
We will wish we had given Him more!*

achievers, we must be *the best*, the very best, that we can be. This consuming desire must "glow in us all the time"—when things are favorable, and when they are not; when days are monotonous and dull, and when they are filled to the brim with activity; when things go to our liking, and when they go against us; when we are sick, and when we are well; when we feel like it, and when we don't. It's got to glow in us *all the time*. No relaxing here, no settling down in a rut of habit or ritual, no being satisfied with what is natural, or comfortable, or convenient.

We are not our own. We are captives of a great purpose. We have been informed of the meaning of life, and the great design of our great God in creating the earth, and peopling it, and bringing it ultimately into the realm of His glorified worlds, until His will is done on earth as it is done in heaven. How can we in the midst of all this—right on the brink of its consummation—be anything less than intense!

If we would make the mark, if we would do great things for God, we must have this extraordinary fervor, this intense spirit, this flaming desire, this glowing spirit. It must burn in us as a fire that cannot be quenched; a force impelling us to excel, above and beyond anything otherwise possible, a power that dulls even the sense of fatigue, and pain, and the need for pleasure or even well being. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation; let it be such a power in our lives, giving us the will and the determination to pay any price to reach the goal on which we have set our hearts; a surge of energy from beyond ourselves that carries us on and on, growing stronger the further we go.

No going-through-the-motions living here, no calm and placid contentment, no bland take-it-as-it-comes philosophy. Here is the energy that keeps the promises of God pulling us, and His will dominating us. Here is the power that will make us more courageous against ourselves, more progressive in what is right, more spiritually alert, more sensitive to wrong. When we transgress, we will feel it, and be impelled to take every step to secure God's forgiveness. When our conversation is not the best, it will prick us, alerting us to the danger of condemning ourselves by that which we allow, and move us to speak instead from the depth of the passion that fills us. When our thoughts would wander, its restraining presence will be ever on duty, ready to guide and guard.



### Hearts Aglow...

This intensity was the mark of our noble founder, Brother Nichols. "It's got to glow in you all the time" is just another way of saying what he repeated over and over and over again, to keep himself and his brethren stirred to the depths of their being. His words still stir us today:

"Hearts must be aglow, and we must have an interest in doing the things God has seen fit to put before us, as nothing else on earth can give. We are distinctly told that where our treasure is, there our heart will be also. And indeed how reasonable that our affections should be taken from the weak and beggarly elements of the world and placed on the higher and more lasting things of eternity!

"To think of being with Gabriel some day and hearing such melodious strains of praise and thanksgiving sounded forth to the same wonderful God we adore, and to realize that there will be no end to our becoming acquainted with those ever-happy and joyous ones, all belonging to the same Heavenly family, dwelling in ecstatic joy, union and more than wonderful happiness.

"Only a few are really in earnest, wide awake, and all taken up with really setting their affections on things of eternity and are making everything else subservient to this great and wonderful cause. But however few, we are bound with this few to be found saying by every act: O Lord, from this time on I will, I *will* be Thine; I will be *wholly* Thine: My head, my tongue, my hands, my feet, my all shall be wholly Thine. My head to meditate upon Thy law night and day, my tongue to talk constantly of Thy wondrous works and speak of Thy great goodness all the day long. My hands to carry this blessed help to others, and

my feet to walk in the narrow way. My affections to be set on things above, my heart to be filled with gratitude to God for His wonderful goodness to His children; and all I have to spend and be spent to obtain for myself and others this richest of all blessings—life and glory everlasting in that world to come, which will be without end for us to enjoy ourselves in.

"What a treasure to have our hearts filled with; what a home for us to be delighting in! What a joy for us to long after; what a pleasure for us to be anxious to

obtain; what a life for us to give up all for; what a home for us to labor for, what wonderful glories for us to be enthused over in glad anticipation of them so very soon! And what a company of stately ones to form a part of! What a love, what a greeting, what a time that will be when the few who are doing the above will reach home in wonderful glory together to enjoy all these blessings forevermore!"

It is more than a passion that wins games—it is a passion that *wins life*! Oh, let it glow—glow in us *all* the time! MM

## Head or Heart?

Some years ago, at a drawing room function, one of England's leading actors was asked to recite for the pleasure of his fellow guests. He consented and asked if there was anything special that his audience would like to hear. After a moment's pause, an aged minister arose and said,

"Could you, sir, recite to us the Twenty-third Psalm?"

A strange look passed over the great actor's face. He paused for a moment, then said, "I will upon one condition: After I have recited it, you, my friend, will do the same."

Impressively, the great actor began the Psalm. His voice and his intonation were perfect. He held the audience spellbound. As he finished, a great burst of applause broke from the guests assembled.

Then, as it died away, the aged minister arose and began to recite. His voice was not remarkable; his intonation was not faultless. When he had finished, no sound of applause broke the silence, but there was not a dry eye in the room, and many heads and hearts were bowed in reverential awe.

The great actor rose to his feet again. His voice trembled as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the aged minister and said to the audience, "My friends, the difference is this: I know the Twenty-third Psalm; he knows the Shepherd." —*Selected.*



# TWILIGHT:

## *A Tale of the Apostasy*

### Chapter 4: Betrayal

To be a Christian in those days was to be ready to live or die, at the caprice of the state. Only an electrifying hope, a confidence in God surer than life itself, could sustain them.

**I**t may be wondered why the bishop of such an important see should deign to take notice of a paltry dozen heretics, even to the point of a relentless persecution. The answer lay partly in the principles of the system he represented, but largely in the character of Valentine himself and the times in which he lived. He knew, as all observing men knew, that Syria was lost to the Empire. For two years Chosroes, the Sassanid king of Persia, had been waging vigorous war against Rome. At this moment the fireworshipping Persian host under the generals Sahrbarax and Kardarigan was massing at the Syrian frontier, awaiting the word to inundate the defenseless land. This word was given the following spring, and by 607 Syria had passed forever from the hand of Rome.

Valentine saw the handwriting on the wall. He knew that his city lay helpless in the path of the enemy, a rich prize for the

first comers. Bonosus, Count of the East, had at his disposal a motley army consisting largely of Parthians, Lazes and Armenians, mercenaries whose loyalty was more than doubtful, and who could never be placed in the field against the Persians. From Constantinople he could expect no help. The capital under Phocas was full of plague and scarcity and executions; factional and ecclesiastical strife filled the streets with tumult and bloodshed, while to the north hovered the dark menace of the Avar hordes, insolent, hungry for the riches of Byzantium, and held in check only by rich subsidies and the presence of all the troops which could be spared from the Armenian frontier. To the south lay Arabia, vast and mysterious, a sleeping giant beginning to stir wakefully, and whose awakening was filled with dire portent for all the East. Barbarian raids on all sides grew more numerous and bold, and cut the

borders of the Empire short.

With the fall of his city inevitable, Valentine, a fanatic of the worst type, determined that the end should find him with his conscience clear. Never could his God charge him with having tolerated heresy. He would stamp out the last faint spark and cast the dead ashes to the winds. At his elbow was the crafty Alexander, half cleric, half civil prosecutor, goading him on; for Alexander shared in the spoils of every confiscation, and his greed for money was insatiable.

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On the road to Damascus Wulf was ridiculously careful to keep behind Lykas, as though he feared a stab in the back. To the other's light-hearted conversation he responded coolly and in monosyllables. At the north gate they entered unchallenged, although outgoing travelers were being questioned.

"I must go to my house to



attend to some business," said Lykas, "and I shall purchase food. You get the weapons and clothing, and meet me near this gate in two hours. I do not believe Simon's house will be guarded, but take no chances."

Wulf vanished into an alley. "Here, boy!" he called. A ragged gamin turned and waited. Wulf extended his hand; in his palm lay a shining disc of gold. The boy's eyes brightened and he reached eagerly for the coin. Wulf closed his hand.

"Not yet; you must earn it."

"All right. Who do you want me to kill?"

"Not as bad as that. All you have to do is to follow a man, and keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut. Up the street goes Lykas the Cretan." He drew the boy to the entrance of the alley and indicated his quarry. "Keep him in sight as long as you can. Remember where he goes, and if you succeed in overhearing anything, so much the better. Report to me here in a couple of hours and the gold is yours. Here is a silver *denarius* to bind the bargain."

Silently and swiftly the ragamuffin sped through the crowd after the Cretan. Wulf made his way to the bazaar, where he made his purchases; then by back streets to the home of Simon. No guards were visible and no seals appeared on the door. The child in Wulf now dominated; trustfully and confidently he unlocked the door and entered. The idea of a trap did not enter his mind. Within the house all was in order.

"Couldn't have been much of a raid," he mused. I wonder—"

Leisurely he packed the desired clothing and valuables. His own mighty longbow lay in an upper room. With it in his hand he made a last round of the old familiar place. This, he knew, would be his last look. The lone-

liness and uncanny stillness of the house suddenly became terrifying; his own footfalls startled him. Blind panic seized him, and he quickened his pace to the room where his bundles lay. As he passed through the central hall, the silence was shattered by a stifled sneeze behind him. Like lightning he whirled about, tense, menacing, terrible, in time to see a man fleeing precipitously toward the door, a dagger in his hand. In hot pursuit he raced down the passageway. Just as the fugitive grasped the handle of the door, Wulf's bow dropped over his head and he was jerked violently to the floor, his dagger flying through the air and clattering on the polished stones. The mighty barbarian stood over the fallen prowler, sword in hand. The luckless wretch, an Isaurian in the garb of a slave, lay as if lifeless. Wulf bound his arms and legs, then proceeded to draw a bucket of water and drench him, watching patiently as the man, with purple face and protruding eyes, struggled for breath. His sudden stop had been the next thing to hanging; across his throat was the dull-red mark of the bow-string.

"Well, what about it?" Wulf's tone was rough.

"I think my neck is broken," choked the intruder feebly.

"Not yet, although it ought to be. Before we finish the job you are going to tell me a few things. What are you doing here?"

"I came here to steal."

"You came here to *kill*. Who are you?"

"I tell you, I am a robber."

"False; you are a slave."

"No; I stole this robe from a slave."

Wulf's great hand closed about the Isaurian's throat.

"Tell the truth!" he said sternly; "whose slave are you?"

**“W**hich is nobler, revenge or forgiveness? Revenge and wrong bring forth fresh tiger-whelps which resemble their parents. Never are you permitted to take the law into your hands and avenge yourself.” —Simon

No answer.

"Your master is Lykas the Cretan."

The slave's startled expression told Wulf that he had guessed correctly, but he was silent. Wulf held before him the captured weapon, upon its richly wrought golden hilt a monogrammed "L."

"You thought I wouldn't recognize this dagger, didn't you? Of course, I wasn't supposed to have a chance to see it; but let me give you a piece of advice which you will never have a chance to use: Never go still-hunting for men when you have a cold. That little sneeze spoiled your whole day's work. Come, now; loosen your tongue; you are my prisoner and I know how to make you talk, if you don't do it willingly. How much did Lykas offer you to kill me?"

"A *semissis*." (half a *solidus*.)

"A *semissis*! The unspeakable Jew! And if you failed?"

"A beating."

"You may get that anyway. Come tell me all about it. Time is going."

The slave's cheeks blanched with terror and he whimpered:

"I dare not. My master would kill me."

"Well, if you *don't* talk, you may find that there are worse things than that. I am your master now, you know. See here,



you have no particular love for this Lykas, have you?"

"No! he is a beast! I hate him!"

"What would you do to be free from him, and to go back to your own people?"

"Anything! Anything at all!"

"Well, tell me the truth about this affair, and I will see that you go free with five gold *solidi* in your pocket besides. Otherwise—" He extended his hand menacingly.

"All right, I'll talk," replied the slave. "Loosen my arms a little—they are tied very painfully—and I will tell you everything."

"Not much! The faster you talk, the sooner you will be freed. Proceed."

The assassin drew a long breath and began:

"Lykas is a spy in the employ of Valentine."

"Just what I thought!" Wulf interrupted.

"When Severian tried to expound the Scriptures at the Treasury, Lykas was put on his track. He pretended to be a convert...to learn your names...and places...and doctrines. From time to time...he reported his progress to Valentine...Valentine gave him full authority to arrange the raid."

"But why," Wulf interposed again, "did he not arrest us in the city, instead of assisting us to escape?"

"For several reasons. There are two of your band whom he does not want arrested. You are one; the daughter of Simon is the other. Why he hates and fears you, but does not wish you arrested, I do not know."

"I do. He is a fugitive from Constantinople, and I know altogether too much about him. I could send him to the scaffold with a word, and for his crimes Valentine himself would deliver

him up. But why did he not slay me before the escape?"

"He did not think it necessary, for he intended to send you with the first party. You outwitted him, so he brought you back here and hired me to kill you in such a way that he would never be connected with it. Lykas is a fanatic like Valentine, and is anxious to see Simon put to the torture for his heresies."

"But why get us out of the city? It seems to me that he could have done everything necessary here."

"Alexander is behind it, as you might know. According to the law, when a man flees from justice his goods are forfeited without the formality of a trial. Alexander feared that some of you might recant, thus cutting down his profits."

"The villain! But what are his plans for our apprehension?"

"Your camp is to be raided Saturday night. The road across the mountains is posted, in case the raid miscarries. The other band is to be arrested at the gates of Palmyra, where you should have been assassinated had you accompanied them. Valentine's messenger has gone ahead with the orders."

"I see; I am to be taken care of in any event. An unfortunate thing you had to sneeze when you did. But one thing more. How did you happen to know all this?"

"I refused to kill for him without knowing why. He assumes that nothing can interfere with his plans now so he is not backward about talking."

"Another thing. How was Lykas to know you had succeeded?"

"I was to bring him one of your ears for evidence."

"Is that so? Well, we can easily arrange that; you have at least one to spare."

The slave's eyes widened with fear.

"No! no! Master, please do not cut off my ear! Spare me!"

"Well then, think fast. We must have an ear, and I have no intention of parting with mine. Be quick!" He whetted the Cretan's dagger on a stone.

"Be careful with that knife," warned the Isaurian, "it's poisoned."

"So that's the kind of jackal Lykas is! But have you thought of anything?"

"Yes. On the second street over is an embalmer's shop. By one of us decoying him into his front room and holding him in conversation, the other might slip into his workshop and cut an ear from one of the bodies. I myself will help you."

"No, you don't! I choose my own assistants. Now, I will just gag you while I go and try your plan."

Fifteen minutes later Wulf was back. In his hand was an ear. After smearing it with blood, he wrapped the gruesome relic neatly and addressed the package to Lykas. Hailing a boy, he instructed him to deliver it only after an hour and a half, with the tidings that his slave Leo had been injured. Unbinding his captive, he commanded,

"Let us be going. Keep close to my side, and don't make any false moves."

Leo obeyed. In the alley near the gate, Wulf's tatterdemalion spy was waiting. He made his report, received his gold piece and, in high glee, made for the nearest taproom. As they approached the north portal, Wulf observed that the captain of the guard was absent, so he strode confidently forward, his man at his side. A spearman barred the way.

"Your pass?"

"My pass?" Wulf blustered,

*Today is mine, Lord,  
not to do as I would like, but as I ought.*

*Grant to me throughout this day  
to follow Your will, not mine own desires.*

*Help me to do with diligence each task,  
even those I would not wish to do.*

*Help me in all things to set  
duty above pleasure,  
obedience above self.*

*May it be my whole desire to please You,  
to win Your favor,  
Your smile,  
Your eternal blessing upon my life. AMEN.*

"For years I have used this gate; what's this new foolishness about passes?"

"We are trying to capture some heretics, sir, who are hiding in the city, and no one may leave without Valentine's pass. One of the heretics is a big fellow, like you. Have you no pass?"

Wulf eyed the guard keenly. He was a Jew, a convert to nominal Christianity for the sake of safety and position. The Goth put his hand in his pocket.

"What do you know about Christian heretics, friend?" he said easily. "Most certainly I have a pass." From the pocket came the unmistakable jingle of coins. The Jew's eyes sparkled, but his face was wooden.

"Will you come into my shelter while I examine your pass?" he asked gravely.

When they emerged, his features were still blank.

"I find your credentials to be in perfect order," he said. "I shall give you a ticket which will let you across the bridge."

Safely outside, Wulf laughed loud and long.

"Wise as serpents and harm-

less as doves! I think Solomon was right when he said, 'Money answereth all things.'"

Across the bridge and the city hidden from view, Wulf turned to Leo.

"Now," he said, "so far as I am concerned you are free, if you can keep your freedom. Put on that free-man's robe which I gave you, and get out of my sight. I suggest that you go to Constantinople or Antioch. You can drop out of sight there rather easily, if you can get there. On your way!"

"Going, master; and I thank you for my freedom. Farewell!"

Wulf gazed after his retreating form.

"And the best part of it is," he chuckled, "he really thinks I freed him. I gave him nothing he could not have had at any time. All he lacked was the courage to start!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Up the steep trail Lykas toiled, carrying his laden basket. Suddenly, from nowhere, a powerful arm shot out and he was seized by the throat and thrown roughly to the ground. In a twinkling his

arms were pinioned to his sides and he gazed with a start into the scowling countenance of Wulf. More shocking still, he had two ears! Treachery somewhere, he thought.

"What's this?" he cried.

"Not a word out of you," was the response. "Your little plan just went a trifle astray. Now I am going to carry you into camp and expose your hypocrisy before giving you your reward."

Securely trussed, Lykas felt himself tossed lightly over the shoulder of the Goth, who picked up his basket and strode swiftly along. At the mouth of the cave he dumped his living burden heavily to the ground.

"More and better trouble!" he announced. The fugitive stared in amazement. "Stand back, everybody, while I tell you a story."

With sinking hearts they listened to his impassioned recital.

"But have you any proof, other than the word of the slave?" Simon asked.

"Plenty of it. I had him followed, and my man reported that he went straight to Valentine's



palace, then to Alexander's office. As he left he was heard to say, 'Have your men ready at sunset Saturday evening.' Search him now, and see what you find on him."

Acting on his own suggestion, he emptied the Cretan's pockets and wallet. Here was evidence in abundance—letters bearing Valentine's signature confirming the testimony of the slave.

"Well," said Palladius, "something must be done. Shove him back into the farther end of the cave out of earshot while we hold a council of war outside."

"First of all," said Wulf, "let's eat. We haven't had a good meal in some time. We can plan while we eat."

Response to this suggestion was instantaneous and unanimous. "Whatever we do," he continued, "must be done tonight. By going over the foothills eastward we can strike the caravan road at an inn where animals and supplies are sold. We can undoubtedly outfit there. Then someone must overtake Severian's party and turn them back."

"To where?"

"I know not; what say you, Palladius?"

"Forty miles south of the Palmyra road, six days' journey by horse, lies the oasis town of Bakra. It is inhabited mostly by Arabs and Jews, and in it we might find safety for a year or so until this affair is forgotten

and we can enter Palmyra. By that time the country may be in the hands of the Persians, and things may be better; who can tell?"

"Wulf is the strongest man and hardest rider; he can ride ahead to find Severian, who will have traveled slowly on account of Rhea's small children. You should reach him Sunday."

Wulf started to protest, but was silenced by Simon.

"No, Wulf, it must be this time. Their safety depends on you, and you alone are able to stand the ride."

"But what of Lykas?" Mary asked.

Wulf, with tears in his eyes, held that he must die. Simon at once pointed out to him the folly of this idea, saying that no good could possibly come by killing him, and that he could be bound and left to be released by his raiders.

"But," Wulf argued, "apart from expedience he ought to die for the evil he has done to us."

"Which is nobler," said Simon, "revenge or forgiveness? Revenge and wrong bring forth fresh tiger-whelps which resemble their parents. Have you forgotten that Gothic prayer I have so often heard you utter, *uYah aflet uns thatei skulans siyaima swa swe yah weis afletain thaim skulam unseraim* ('and so let us off that which debtors we are, so as also we let off our debtors')? Lykas is

a wicked man, but that does not permit you to take the law into your hands and avenge yourself. The motto of the early Christians was, 'Force is hateful to God.'"

"Force is allowed us in self-defense."

"True, but in this case there is no self-defense; the man is at our mercy. The raid is arranged, and his death would not prevent it."

"I see, father, I see. I shall not injure him. But let us go; it grows late."

Preparations for departure were hastily made. Lykas lay motionless in the back of the cave.

All was in readiness. Wulf tested the prisoner's bonds and propped him into a fairly comfortable position. As a last act of mercy he hung a pail of water in such a position that Lykas could grasp the edge with his mouth and drink.

"Suppose," said the latter, "that a wolf or leopard or bear comes along and finds me?"

"Unfortunate for you," said Palladius, dryly. "Suppose Valentine's murderers come along and find us?"

Wulf smiled bitterly. "It would be but the just reward of his evil deeds if he were eaten by beasts."

Simon turned upon him and said sternly:

"Wulf, have you never read of the Christ 'who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when

*(Continued on page 26)*

**T**ime was, whenever I heard a skeptical remark, I felt wounded and somewhat shaken. I am no longer shaken by these wandering winds. There are certain things I am as sure of as of my own existence; I have seen, tasted, and handled them, and I am past being argued out of them by those who know nothing about them."



*"Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?"*  
Acts 2:37

## The Pentecost Question: What Shall We Do?



**T**his question propounded to Peter and to the other Apostles at the close of Peter's powerful sermon on the Day of Pentecost is a statement of conviction. The sermon was bearing fruit. Those Jewish people as they listened to Peter were aware that they had consented with their religious leaders in taking the life of the innocent One, and, although done ignorantly, they felt condemned.

Too often the sermons of today do not contain the element to produce conviction, and seldom does a frame of mind to be convicted exist in the congregation.

If as individuals we would obtain the greatest possible good when a practical lesson is forced home by a sermon, whether heard firsthand in public utterance or read in private from the printed page, we should employ the personal pronoun in our query as to its application, and say, "What shall *I* do?" Salvation is strictly a personal matter. Others can point out to us the way of salvation, others can help us to see our faults by constructive criticism, and help us to overcome them through reproof and warning, yet the burden of the work lies with ourselves; hence the timeliness of the query, "What shall *I* do?"

This is the question the jailer asked of Paul and Silas at midnight after the earthquake had miraculously loosened their bands. However, the answer to that question: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," is not as simple as it is sometimes represented to be. To believe in the Lord Jesus Christ is not merely to believe that such a man as Jesus Christ once lived upon earth and accept Him as one's personal Saviour. To believe in the Lord Jesus Christ is to agree heartily with all that He taught, to accept willingly the discipline that His

superior teachings impose on our lives, and daily bear our cross of self-denial.

When the people thronged about John the Baptist as he baptized in Jordan, they asked him: "What shall we do then?" His answers show a practical approach to the problem of right living. Upon the minds of his naturally covetous countrymen he impressed the lesson of the need for sharing with others: "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." Upon the tax gatherers he impressed the lesson of honesty and integrity in exacting taxes from their fellowmen. To them he said: "Exact no more than that which is appointed you." The soldiers likewise demanded of him, "And what shall we do? His answer to them was emphatic: "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages"—surely an unwelcome directive for soldiers!

When Saul was struck down by a light shining above the brightness of the noonday sun, he was convicted, and he realized for the first time that he was in the wrong, that he was fighting against God. His first utterance after Jesus revealed His identity to him was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" From that very moment his life was changed. From his own statements we learn that when it pleased God to reveal His Son in him that he might preach among the Gentiles, immediately he "conferred not with flesh and blood." He did not consult with his old acquaintances among the Pharisees, or with the persecutors whose cause he so recently had championed, or even with his own intuitions and ambitions. He made a complete turnaround, becoming the strongest supporter of the cause which he had tried to destroy.



When the people heard Peter's preaching they were "pricked in their heart." What Peter said had burned in, it had made an impression, and that was what moved them to ask, "What shall we do?" We need such conviction today; without it we shall make no spiritual progress. The gospel is the "power of God unto salvation," and it must be a power to us. When shown that we have been walking in rebellion to divine law and doing things that displease God, jeopardizing our chances for eternal life, we should be "pricked" in heart. If we are not concerned when we learn we have done wrong, we shall have no incentive to do better.

When Paul wrote the letter to the Church at Corinth chastening them for a sin that had been reported to him, they were pricked in heart. What Paul wrote in that letter made them "sorry." And they not only asked "what shall we do?" but at once set about doing it, and a great cleansing followed. We quote Paul's comments on their response to the reproof from Moffatt's translation: "I did regret when I discovered that my letter had pained you even for the time being, but I am glad now—not glad that you were pained but glad that your pain induced you to repent. For you were pained as God meant you to be pained, and so you got no harm from what I did.... See what this pain divine has done for you, how serious it has made you, how keen to clear yourselves, how indignant, how alarmed, how eager for me, how determined, how relentless" (II Cor. 7:8-11).

In the days of the Judges of Israel, under the judgeship of Deborah, the people experienced a great spiritual upsurge (Judges 5:15-16). Israel had sinned, God had sold them into the hands of the Canaanites who cruelly oppressed them for twenty years. The time now had come for deliverance. The Prophetess Deborah accompanied Barak, captain of the army, to the conquest, and with the Lord's help they had triumphed gloriously. Twenty years of oppression had burned deep into the minds of the people, hence to avoid a recurrence was their chief concern. Realizing they themselves were to blame for the plight they had been in, they were in a mood to ask, "What then shall we do?"

God wants us to be ashamed when we do wrong; no other attitude can be fruitful. He wants us to be pricked at heart. In Ezekiel 36:25-26, 31, the Lord vividly pictures the cleansing power of His word when given free rein in the heart broken by penitence: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean:.... A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh.... Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your

doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations."

When the Lord impressed a lesson upon Job's mind that showed him his own smallness as compared with the Almighty's greatness, he reacted as every truly humble person should react. His heart was "pricked," and not only did he ask, "What shall I do?" but he promptly demonstrated that he was truly convicted. He answered: "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job 42:6).

Life is too short and eternity too long to trifle away any time in indecision. When a divine command reaches our intellect we should fly to obey it. When a personal defect is pointed out we should at once be alerted by the possibility of our receiving an unfavorable decision at Judgment Day, and immediately go to work to correct it. MM

## Twilight

(Continued from page 24)

he suffered, he threatened not?"

The barbarian hung his head.

"I'm sorry, father," he said contritely. "Will I ever learn to rule my tongue?"

"Not until you first learn to control your thoughts. Good-bye, Lykas."

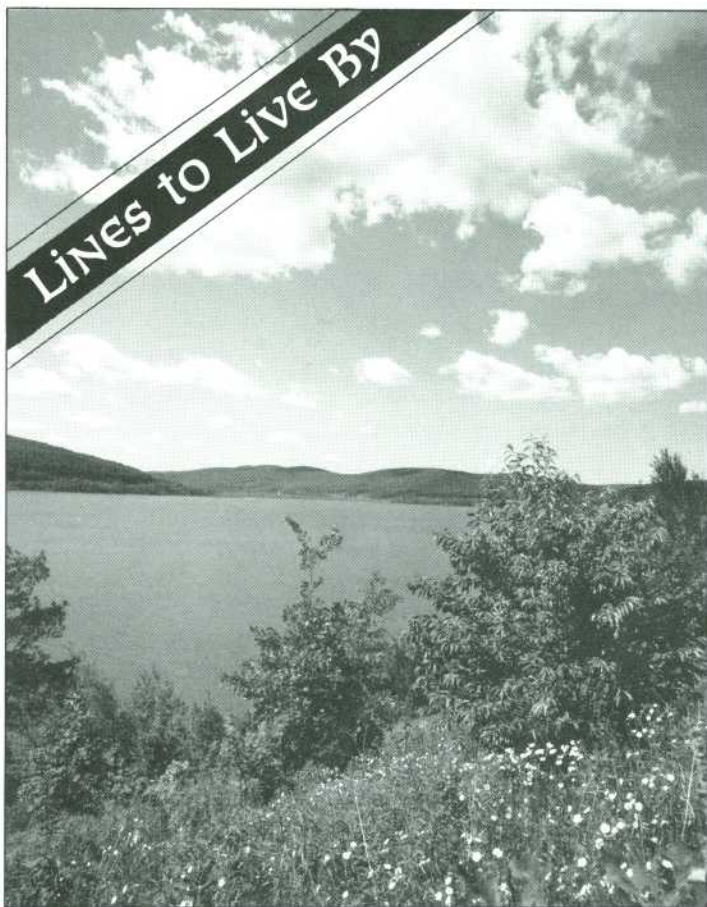
Silently the little band filed down the rugged trail, stumbling and falling over boulders, almost exhausted by hardship and nerve-strain. Only a faint ray of hope shone in the murky future, and even that would have been blotted out had they known that, while they planned, their betrayer had painfully rolled to the mouth of the cave, listened, and rolled back to his place.

(Next Issue: Flight)

*Here I stand in the pathway of duty  
For a cause which shall never retreat;  
'Tis with God-given strength I shall conquer  
And the foe in the conflict defeat.*

*I stand 'gainst a great host of darkness  
And list to the Master's command  
Sent down from the heavenly portals—  
The line must not break where I stand.*

*The line shall not break where I stand,  
For I'll answer the Master's demand,  
And shout with God's armor around me,  
"The line must not break where I stand."*



*We can never be too careful  
Of the seed we daily sow;  
Love from love is sure to ripen,  
Hate from hate is sure to grow.*

A loose tongue can get you into a tight place.

*He who plants weeds cannot expect  
to gather fruit.*

To be in step with the world is to be out of step with the Lord.

*The first lesson in the school of  
true discipleship is that of self-  
denial.*

### **A Sure Way To A Happy Day**

*HAPPINESS is something we create in our mind,  
It's not something you search for and so seldom find;  
It's just waking up and beginning the day  
By counting your blessings and kneeling to pray;  
It's giving up thoughts that breed discontent  
And accepting what comes as a gift "heaven-sent";  
It's giving up wishing for things we have not  
And making the best of whatever we've got;  
It's knowing that life has been given to us,  
To pursue ev'ry task without fret, fume or fuss;  
For it's by completing what God gives us to do  
That we find real contentment—and happiness, too!*

The Lord often sends the barbs of adversity to rouse us from our complacency so that we may learn to lift ourselves above the cares of this life and grow in Christian character.

Strength comes from struggle; weakness from too much ease.



# OUR LIFE WORK

To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own heart and character;

To restrain our irregular inclinations;

To subdue our rebellious passions;

To purify the motives of our conduct;

To form ourselves  
to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce,  
to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle,  
to that patience which no affliction can overwhelm,  
and to that integrity which no self-interest can bribe.

This is the task God has assigned us. It is a task which, if performed, will reap for us a rich harvest of joy now and in the end pleasures for evermore.