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ILLUSTRATIVE MATERIAL
Compiled By J. Glenn Gould

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INTRODUCTION

These Illustrations were taken from our digital copies of "The [Nazarene] Preachers' Magazine" for August-1927, June-1928, April-1929, and October-1929. The "Illustrative Material" was edited by J. Glenn Gould.

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1
THE TIDE OF GOD'S GRACE

The Bay of Fundy tide presses up the Annapolis Valley. It floods those vast stretches of brown mud; it lifts the vessel from its cradle in the clay and whispers to it -- as the incoming tide laps along its keel -- the call of the deep. It presses far inland up every creek and vale, giving to the landscape new outlook and increased beauty; it deposits that mineral treasure that has made the dyke-lands of our Evangeline country famous for production. Everywhere it comes on its gracious ministry; everywhere but where men have built dykes to keep it out. The trouble with the Christian world of our day is that we have built too many dykes against the all-pervading Spirit of God. -- A. L. Huddleston

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2
BUYING UP THE OPPORTUNITY

When William Duncan was a young man he gave himself for the missionary cause. When the time came for him to begin his work, the missionary board sent him to a little Indian village in Alaska called Metlactla. It was a sore disappointment to him, for this village, was the most unlikely place. The Indians were low and ignorant, a miserable, dirty tribe. After William Duncan

had labored there for forty years, Dr. Charles R. Brown visited the place and found "every Indian family in its own house, with all decent appointments of home life. You will find a bank, a co-operative store, a sawmill, a box factory, a salmon cannery owned and operated by these Indians engaged in profitable industry. You will find a school where Indian boys and girls are taught to read and write, to think and live. You will find a church where an Indian clergyman is preaching the gospel of eternal life, and an Indian musician, once a medicine man, beating a tom-tom, is now playing a pipe organ, while a congregation of Indians sing the great hymns of the church to the praise of Almighty God." And this all came about because William Duncan overcame his initial disappointment, and did his best in the place God saw fit to put him.

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3

THE PRINT OF THE NAILS

It is said of St. Martin of Tours that once, while meditating in his cell, there appeared a form radiant with beauty, crowned with a jewelled diadem, with a countenance glorious and persuasive, and a manner so austere that it seemed to require homage and love. This form said, "I am Christ; worship me." After St. Martin had looked long in silence, he gazed upon the hands and said, "Where is the print of the nails?" The vision suddenly vanished, and St. Martin was left alone, assured that he had met the tempter. -- Daniel Steele

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4

SOUL REST

A clock taught us a great spiritual lesson. We were in a vessel during a violent storm on the Gulf of Mexico, in June 1865. The ship rolled and lurched; sometimes it rolled on one side, sometimes on the other. When the tempest was the fiercest, as we held to a bracket on the side of the cabin to keep from being bruised by the lurching of the vessel, we looked up and saw at the far end of the cabin a clock. In the slight lull of the roar of the storm we could hear its quiet, regular tick, tick. We could see its hands moving steadily on. As we looked into the face of that clock, the Holy Spirit looked into our hearts, and said, "There is a type of the rest which the soul in every storm of life may have in Jesus. Just as that clock moves peacefully on, despite the storm and commotion about it, so, by the propulsion of a mighty inward presence, may our heart be kept in perfect peace amidst every tempest of trial, sorrow and temptation by the blessed inspirations and expansions of the indwelling Spirit." -- S. A. Keen

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5

THE CAPTAIN AND THE QUADRANT

A godly man, the master of an American ship, during one voyage found his ship bemisted for days, and he became rather anxious respecting her safety. He went down to his cabin and

prayed. The thought struck him, if he had with confidence committed his soul to God, he might certainly commit his ship to Him; and so, accordingly, he gave all into the hands of God and felt at perfect peace; but still he prayed, that if He would be pleased to give a cloudless sky at twelve o'clock, he should like to take an observation to ascertain their position, and whether they were on the right course.

He came on deck at eleven o'clock with the quadrant under his coat. As it was thick drizzling, the men looked at him with amazement. He went to his cabin, prayed and came up. There still seemed to be no hope. Again he went down and prayed, and again he appeared on deck with his quadrant in his hand. It was now ten minutes to twelve o'clock, and still there was no appearance of a change; but he stood on the deck waiting upon the Lord, when, in a few minutes, the mists seemed to be folded up and rolled away as by an omnipotent and invisible hand; the sun shone clearly from the blue vault of heaven, and there stood the man of prayer with the quadrant in his hand, but so awestruck did he feel, and so "dreadful" was that place, that he could scarcely take advantage of the answer to his prayer. He, however, succeeded, although with trembling hands, and found, to his comfort, that all was well. But no sooner had he finished taking the observation, than the mists rolled back over the heavens and it began to drizzle as before.

This story of prayer was received from the lips of the good Captain Crossby, who was so useful in the Ardrrossan awakening; and he himself was the man who prayed and waited upon his God with the quadrant in his hand.

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw:
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above."

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6

THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCH

Mr. Gandhi at the moment of his greatest religious restlessness, when he was on the verge of accepting Christ, tells how he came in contact with a Christian family in South Africa. "At their suggestion I attended the Wesleyan church every Sunday. The church did not make a favorable impression on me. The sermons seemed to be uninspiring. The congregation did not strike me as being particularly religious. They were not an assembly of devout souls; they appeared to be rather worldly minded people going to church for recreation or in conformity to custom. Here, at times I would involuntarily doze. I was ashamed, but some of my neighbors who were in no better case lightened the shame. I could not go on like this and soon gave up attending the service" (Young India, Oct. 14, 1926). This came at a most decisive moment of his life. Shades of John Wesley! "It was a national epoch when John Wesley's heart was warmed in the meeting house," said Lecky, the historian. It would have been a national epoch for India if this Wesleyan minister and his people had been in the line of succession of the warmed heart. But they were worldly, dull and drowsy at the moment when one of the greatest men of modern days was making his life decision. The whole

situation rested on their experience of God. It was not sufficient to sustain it. -- E. Stanley Jones, in "Christ at the Round Table"

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7

FORM AND SUBSTANCE

When Dr. Perowne was newly elected bishop of the Church of England at Worcester in 1891, he shortly afterward preached a sermon at Birmingham, Eng., in which he sounded the alarm of ritualism to many of her most thoughtful ministers and communicants. It is hoped that his words were not uttered in vain: "The revival of mediaeval usages, the multiplication of ceremonies, has destroyed instead of fostering devotion. The craving for ritual, once excited knows no bounds, until at length the ritual usurps the place of worship, and thought is lost, not in adoration, but in the ever-increasing diversity of ceremonial observances. The church needs a new life, a regenerating power. She needs to break away from her trivial conventionalities and her miserable strifes about postures, and vestments, and rites and the mere externals of divine service, and her party watchwords and shibboleths, for which men contend as if for their life, and to be led into the very presence of Christ, that she may look on Him with reverential love. In that presence how small would appear many questions which now seem so long that for the sake of them men are breaking the peace of the church and rending the Body of Christ." -- Watchword

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8

LIFE'S SUPREME TEST

Some years ago a young lawyer from Harvard was boarding in the same house with some theological students in Philadelphia. Of course the great preachers of that city were freely discussed. His favorites were Dr. Furness and Dr. H. A. Boardman. He was enthusiastic over the preaching of Dr. Boardman, but the said lawyer having been reared a Unitarian, he rather favored Dr. Furness. "But," explained the young lawyer, "Dr. Boardman has not only the force of a Scholar, but possesses well-balanced reasoning power; he is so well poised intellectually; besides, what elegant diction he has! I am not surprised that he is the ideal of great lawyers. But what awful doctrines he preaches! what hard and heartless Calvinism! He makes me so mad at times that I go over to Dr. Furness, where one is delighted as with a pleasant song, and who makes one feel some respect for himself when he goes home. But, believe me, Dr. Boardman, with his hard, exasperating doctrine, has an irresistible power over me, even when he is holding men so close to hell fire that the singeing of the hairs on their body may be heard. There is something in it that keeps me spellbound. What a pity such a preacher should pervert such a nature by talking about atrocious conceptions of a benevolent God. But I like him because he is so gamy." His friend says, "I believe you are honest, and will tell me the truth, even though it spoil all the theology of Boston. Now, if you knew you were to die tonight, you would want a minister to see you; for which of your two favorites would you send?" He thought a moment, and then said in great seriousness, "I would send for the preacher of hard doctrines; he would believe that if he did not tell me the truth, he would himself go straight to hell. I admire his honesty and courage, and after telling me the truth he

would be tender and pitiful; I know this from his prayers; yes, if I was dying, I would trust him on account of his fearlessness. He would impart courage to a man in weakness; he would be the very man to shout into a timid soul, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' " --
Illustrator

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9

JESUS WEPT

Dr. J. D. Jones, the eminent Welsh preacher, gives this interesting exegesis of the original Greek words for the verb "to weep:" "The word which the evangelist uses for the weeping of Jesus is not the same word as he used for the weeping of Mary and the Jews in verse 33 (of the 11th chapter of John's Gospel). The verb he used to describe the weeping of Mary is the word 'klaio,' the verb he uses to describe the weeping of Jesus is the verb 'dakruo.' Now, the difference between the two verbs is something like this: 'klaio' suggests loud and convulsive lamentation, sobbing, and wailing; 'dakruo' suggests the silent shedding of tears. Mary wailed. But of Jesus, the evangelist only says that tears fell from Him. The weeping of Jesus, Godet says, is the expression of a calm and gentle sorrow.

"There is a passage in the Gospel in which the word 'klaio' is applied to Jesus. 'When he beheld the city, he wept over it.' It was a vehement emotion He displayed on that occasion. He sobbed aloud over Jerusalem. But He only 'shed tears' at the grave of Lazarus. Now, I think there is a point to be noticed here. What made Him sob and wail over Jerusalem was its obduracy and its sin. What brought the tears to His eyes at Bethany was His sympathy with Mary. From which I gather this, that sorrow and loss are not half so terrible in the eyes of Christ as sin. His eyes fill with tears in sympathy with the sufferer, but He 'wails' over the sinner." Might it not also be said that at the grave of Lazarus Christ had power to help, while in the presence of self-willed and stubborn sin, all the mercy of God in Christ is rendered of no avail? He could not save Jerusalem without Jerusalem's consent, and that consent was never forthcoming.

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10

HE THAT WINNETH SOULS

Dwight L. Moody tells this incident which was a turning point in his career:

I never lost sight of Jesus Christ since the first night I met Him in the store in Boston. But for years I was only a nominal Christian, really believing that I could not work for God. No one had ever asked me to do anything.

I went to Chicago, I hired five pews in a church, and used to go out on the street and pick up young men and fill those pews. I never spoke to those young men about their souls; that was the work of the elders, I thought. After working for some time like that; I started a mission Sabbath school. I thought numbers were everything, so I worked for numbers. When the attendance ran

below one hundred, it troubled me; and when it ran to twelve or fifteen hundred, I was elated. Still none were converted; there was no harvest. Then God opened my eyes.

There was a class of young ladies in the school who were, without exception, the most frivolous set of girls I ever met. One Sunday the teacher was ill, and I took that class. They laughed in my face, and I felt like opening the door and telling them all to get out and never come back. That week the teacher of the class came into the place where I worked. He was pale and looked very ill. "What is the trouble?" I asked. "I have had another hemorrhage of my lungs. The doctor says I cannot live on Lake Michigan, so I am going to New York state. I suppose I am going home to die."

He seemed greatly troubled, and when I asked him the reason, he replied, "Well, I have never led any of my class to Christ. I really believe I have done the girls more harm than good." I had never heard anyone talk like that before, and it set me thinking. After a while I said, "Suppose you go and tell them how you feel. I will go with you in a carriage, if you want to go." He consented, and we started out together. It was one of the best journeys I ever had on earth. We went to the house of one of the girls, called for her, and the teacher talked to her about her soul. There was no laughing then! Tears stood in her eyes before long. After he had explained the way of life, he suggested that we have prayer. He asked me to pray. True, I had never done such a thing in my life as to pray God to convert a young lady there and then. But we prayed, and God answered our prayer. We went to other houses. He would go upstairs and be all out of breath, he would tell the girls what he had come for. It wasn't long before they broke down, and sought salvation.

When his strength gave out, I took him back to his lodgings. The next day we went out again. At the end of ten days he came to the store with his face literally shining. "Mr. Moody," he said, "the last one of my class has yielded herself to Christ." I tell you we had a time of rejoicing. He had to leave the next night, so I called his class together that night for a prayermeeting, and there God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out. The height of my ambition had been to be a successful merchant, and, if I had known that meeting was going to take that ambition out of me, I might not have gone. But how many times I have thanked God since for that meeting! The dying teacher sat in the midst of his class, and talked with them, and read the fourteenth chapter of John. We tried to sing, "Blest be the tie that binds," after which we knelt down to pray. I was just rising from my knees, when one of the class began to pray for her dying teacher. Another prayed, and another, and before we rose, the whole class had prayed. As I went out I said to myself, "O God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received tonight!"

The next morning I went to the depot to say good-bye to that teacher. Just before the train started one of the class came, and before long, without any prearrangement, they were all there. What a meeting that was! We tried to sing, but we broke down. The last we saw of that dying teacher, he was standing on the platform of the car, his finger pointing upward, telling that class to meet him in heaven. I didn't know what this was going to cost me. I was disqualified for business; it had become distasteful to me. I had got a taste of another world, cared no more for making money. For some days after the great struggle of my life took place. Should I give up business and give myself to Christian work, or should I not? I have never regretted my choice. Oh, the luxury of leading someone out of the darkness of this world into the glorious light and liberty of the gospel.

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11

THE ABSENCES OF THE LORD

"Let us not repine at the absences of our Lord. There is a picture in one of the foreign galleries entitled 'Cloudland.' It hangs at the end of a long gallery, and at first sight it looks like a boding, menacing, threatening sky. But as you come near, the clouds resolve themselves into an innumerable company of little angel faces. Which is a parable. The dark cloud is God's angels. The seeming absences may be a blessing. I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe.' " -- J. D. Jones

"And sitting down they watched Him there,
The soldiers did.
There, while they played with dice,
He made His sacrifice,
And died upon the cross to rid
God's world of sin.
He was a gambler, too,
My Christ, He took His life and threw
It for a world redeemed.
And e'er His agony was done,
Before the westering sun went down,
Crowning that day with its crimson crown,
He knew
That He had won."

G. A. Studdert Kennedy

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12

PROPHETIC POWER

"The secret of Mr. Moody's prophetic power lies even deeper still. He trusted in the power of God, he dwelt on the Word of God, but he was ever submissive to the will of God. This was the secret of his life. It is an open secret, for the story has been told frequently of that supremely important incident during a brief visit to England. He heard Henry Varley say, 'The world has yet to see what God will do with a man who is fully and wholly consecrated to Him.' As recorded by his son, the story thus continues, 'He said man, "a man," ' thought Moody: 'he did not say "a great man," nor "a learned man," nor "a rich man," a "a wise man," nor "an eloquent man," nor "a smart man," but simply "a man." I am a man and it lies with the man himself whether he will or will not make that entire and full consecration. I will try my utmost to be that man.' " -- Charles R. Erdman.

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13

LIVING IN A FOG

For many, life is nothing more than fog flying, blind flying, where the pilot knows neither his speed, his direction, his height nor depth. He has lost his bearings completely, sees no safe landing field, no light nor beacon -- in fact, hasn't the slightest idea how long his fuel supply can keep him going. He is left to fly on and on, his engine tearing itself slowly but surely to pieces and time rushing past his covered ears. The amazing part of it all is that he little realizes or deliberately ignores the hazards in which his blind flying places him. Somehow or other his ship is off the ground even before he knows he has the controls in his hands, he enjoys the thrill, the speed, the noise and excitement of flight and as long as it continues uninterrupted why should he be concerned with the landing he must eventually make.

Just what lies ahead is not difficult to picture -- inevitable crash. His "old crate" will be "wiped out," unless -- unless someone can get a warning to him in time. -- J. M. Ramsey in The Expositor

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14

THE GREATEST HOUR ANY HUMAN BEING FACES

"It is a great hour when a surgeon holds a scalpel, at the end of which is life or death for the patient. It is a greater hour when a lawyer faces a jury, with the conviction that if he makes a mistake an innocent man will hang and a family be disgraced forever. But the greatest hour any human being ever faces is the hour when he stands as God's representative before a man hastening to his condemnation and commissioned to offer him a pardon that is to last for the eternities." -- C. L. Goodell

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15

INSTANTANEOUS CONVERSION

The "Puncher" was a prize-fighter by profession, and it would seem as though he had dropped about as low as a human being could possibly fall and still retain the human semblance. So low down the incline had he gone that he seriously meditating the murdering of his wife "for the fun of it." He was in a saloon drinking at the time it happened. At the time what happened? Well, something extraordinary took place -- that is sure. We cannot stop to detail, but anyway, he came out of the evil resort, went direct to his wife whom he had marked for murder, and this is what he said: "Mollie, I am going to join the Salvation Army." Mollie, of course, was incredulous, but they went to the meeting. They both marched up to the penitents' bench. And now may we quote from the book? "I cannot describe my sensations. The past dropped away from me; it dropped like a ragged garment. An immense weight was lifted from my brain. I felt light as air. I felt clean. I felt happy. I felt my chest swell. I cannot say what it was. All I know is that there at that bench I was dismantled of all horror and clothed afresh in newness and joy."

And the other stories cited in Harold Begbie's book are quite as remarkable. They are illustrations of deliverance from a most incredible captivity. There is nothing in Holy Writ more wonderful. The change in these poor derelicts seems simple, but behind it is the mighty power of the gospel of the cross, and the truth for which that gospel stands -- that the very lowest can be loved and lifted into the liberty of the light of God. -- Malcolm James Mcleod

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16 FAITH IN GOD

One snowy Saturday night, when our wood was very low, a poor child came to beg a little, as the baby was sick and the father on a spree with all his wages. My mother hesitated at first. Very cold weather was upon us; a Sunday to be gotten through before more wood could be had, and we also had a baby. My father said, "Give half our stock, and trust in Providence; the weather will moderate, or wood will come." Mother answered in her cheery way, "Well, their need is greater than ours, and if our half gives out we can go to bed and tell stories." So a generous half went to the poor neighbor.

A little later, while the storm still raged, a knock came, and a farmer who usually supplied us appeared, saying anxiously, "I started for Boston with a load of wood, but it drifts so I want to go home. Wouldn't you like to have me leave it here? It would accommodate me and you needn't hurry about paying for it." We children were much impressed as father said; "Didn't I tell you wood would come if the weather didn't moderate?" -- Louisa M. Alcott

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17 HOW DO YOU INTERPRET PHILIPPIANS 4:19?

Kiyomatsu Kimura came to America to learn of Dwight L. Moody how to be an evangelist. Moody was impressed by the young man and advised him to secure training at the Moody Institute. They were then at San Jose, California, and Mr. Moody bethought himself that the Japanese student might not have money enough for the ticket. "Have you any money?" he asked. "Yes," replied Kimura. "How much?" "Thirty-five cents." "How do you expect to get to Chicago on thirty-five cents?" "How do you interpret Philippians 4:19?" "Very well, I shall expect to see you in Chicago in September." [Philippians 4:19 "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."]

Kimura held revival meetings in San Jose among his countrymen, and established a church of fifty members that summer. Bishop Harris, under whom he had labored, gave him a ticket to Chicago, and his grateful church members presented him with a purse of fifty dollars. He went there and pursued the two years' course, and then was ready to return to Japan to labor. But whence would come his ticket there? One evening he was one of three speakers in a St. Louis meeting, but the preceding speaker took an hour and a half for his talk and just one minute was left

for Kimura. "My name is Kirmra," he said. "I am from Japan. I have no mission board or fence behind me, only God Almighty. Remember me in your prayers.

After the meeting as he was passing out in the crowd he felt someone's hand in his pocket. Turning he saw a little old woman withdrawing her hand. She quickly slipped away in the crowd. In the pocket she had left an envelope with money enough to take him to Japan and then have a good supply over. He always remembered Philippians 4:19. -- Selected

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18

THE CHRIST BROTHERHOOD IN AFRICA

Before the people of God began to spring up in the forest there was no inter-tribal talk of "brother" unless between allied tribes. I once heard long talk of this matter on a forest journey. I had four hammock carriers, each of a different tribe.

"This walking that we walk today," they told each other on that journey, "is a strange walking for black people to walk. Four men of four tribes walking in one company and doing one work. God alone could unite us after this fashion." And to the white woman they said, "Before the time of the things of God, not one of us but would have feared to meet the other. Ah, brothers, is it not a true word?"

"He tells the truth."

"And now, we eat together and we sleep together like people of one village." -- Jean Kenyon Mackenzie

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19

DIGNITY OF LABOR

There is an exceedingly suggestive picture by Millet, the French painter. I dare say nearly all of you have seen it. It is called "The Angelus." There are two peasants, a man and his wife, standing in the field where they are toiling. In the west we see a temple with its spirit. It is eventide. The sun is sinking, and out from the spirit of the sanctuary there sounds across the field the angelus, and when these peasants hear it, they uncover their heads, and in the fields they bow to pray. But there is a beautiful significance that Millet has made the light coming from the setting sun to fall on the wheelbarrow and the spade. There is the church, there are the worshipers, and there is the spade -- and the illuminated thing that wears the halo is the common implement of toil. -- J. H. Jowett

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20

DUTY AND DESTINY

Simon Peter is like all of us: he would rather talk about future destiny than about present duty. His question is not, "What shall I do now?" but, "Where art thou going?" Jesus, with his absolute candor, drove the necessary truth home into Peter's soul. Future destiny was a great thing, but what Peter needed to face was present denial. And sure enough, that very night the man who was so interested in the future, fell like a coward and a traitor. The Lord was very gentle about it. He told Peter he should follow Him some time at the same time that he told him that he was going to cease following Him now. The Savior's ways with souls are as wonderful and tender now as they were then, but we, too, would be saved great sorrows if we were more intent on present fidelity than upon future felicity. "Mother," said a small boy, to whom his mother was speaking recently on duty, "let us talk about something more interesting." That is the way with all of us. But what interests Christ most is to see us now and here acting in the spirit of the heavenly kingdom. -- Robert E. Speer

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21

THOUGH THE OUTWARD MAN PERISH

John Quincy Adams at the age of eighty met a friend on a Boston street. "Good morning," said the friend, "and how is John Quincy Adams today?" "Thank you," was the ex-president's reply, "John Quincy Adams himself is well quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered and are trembling with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon. But he himself is quite well, quite well." -- Selected

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22

THE SCAR OF THE CROSS

If there is one scene that sensitive hearts should shrink from, it is the awful scene of crucifixion. We never could have endured to look on Calvary, and yet it is Calvary that we commemorate. Is not that strange? A story I heard the other Sunday will explain it. There was a lady who was very beautiful -- all excepting her hands, which were misshapen and marred. And for many a long day her little daughter had wondered what was the meaning of those repulsive hands. At last she said to her, "Mother, I love your face, and I love your eyes and your hair, they are so beautiful. But I cannot love your hands, they are so ugly." And then the mother told her about her hands: how ten years ago the house had taken fire, and how the nursery upstairs was in a blaze, and how she had rushed to the cradle and snatched the baby from it, and how her hands from that hour had been destroyed. And the baby saved was her little listening daughter. And the daughter kissed the shapeless hands (that she used to shrink from, before she knew their story) and she said, "Mother, I love your face and your eyes and your hair; but I love your hands now best of all." -- G. H. Morrison

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23

MIRACLES AND HUMAN EXPERIENCE

I travel into the South Seas, and I meet a man there who has never so much as heard of ice, and I say, "My southern friend, I walked across a lake one day in February, and never even got my feet wet." And he throws up his hands in amazement, and says, "That is contrary to reason." What he is trying to say is that it is contrary to his experience. When the Evangelist tells me that Jesus walked across a Palestinian lake in April, I have no right to say that it is contrary to my reason -- it is contrary to my experience. If I am to cut down Christianity to the dimensions of my experience, I shall not have anything left of surpassing value. The fact is, Christ transcends my experience at every point. What He said runs as far beyond me as what He did. "I do always those things that are pleasing unto Him." That is farther beyond me than walking on the water. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." I could never say a thing like that. -- Charles E. Jefferson

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THE END