

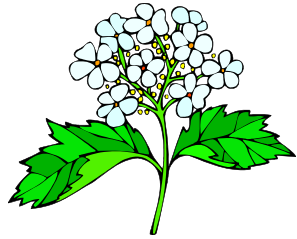
Once, when a great fire broke out at midnight, and people thought that all the inmates had been taken out, way up there in the fifth story was seen a little child crying for help. Up went a ladder, and soon a fireman was seen ascending to the spot. As he neared the second story the flames burst in fury from the windows, and the multitude almost despaired of the rescue of the child. The brave man faltered, and a comrade at the bottom cried out, "Cheer," and cheer upon cheer arose from the crowd. Up the ladder he went and saved the child because they cheered him. If you cannot go into the heat of the battle yourself, if you cannot go into the harvest field and work day after day, you can cheer those that are working for the Master.

~Moody

Error hidden has tremendous power.
Error brought to the light and
confessed loses all of its power.

The abuse of a harmless thing is the
essence of sin Why should I start at the
plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know
He is no idle husbandman; He purposeth a crop.

~Samuel Rutherford

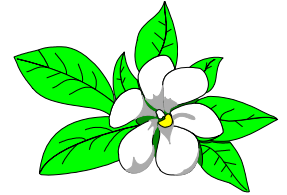


How Close?

A nobleman wished to engage a man to drive his coach and horses. When the applicants arrived, he asked each one the same question, "How near can you drive to the edge of a cliff without going over?"

The first applicant's answer was a few feet. The next applicant's answer was a few inches. But then came a man who replied, "My lord, I keep as far away from the edge of a cliff as I can." he was appointed.

The will of God will never call you
where the grace of God cannot
keep you.



Lessons From Teardrops

Two little teardrops were floating down the river of life. One said to the other, "Who are you?" It replied, "I am a teardrop from a girl who loved a man and lost him. Who are you?" The first responded, "Well, I am a teardrop from the girl who got him!

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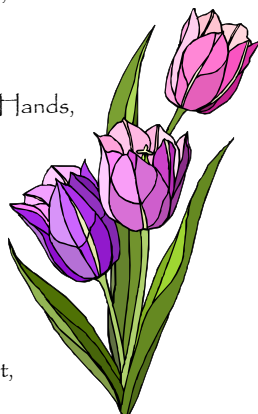
Do not struggle to get out of rough hands. God uses rough hands to make us beautiful and perfect. Of Jesus we read: "The soldiers plaited a crown of thorns and put it on his head . . ." John 19:2
I gave my back to the smiters and . . . I hid not my face from shame and spitting." Isaiah 50:6 He had power to help Himself, but He never used it.

~Corrie ten Boom

Lord, when I am weary with toiling
and burdensome seem Thy commands,
If my load should lead to complaining,
Lord, show me thy hands,
Thy nail-pierced Hands, Thy cross-torn Hands,
My Savior, show me Thy Hands.

Christ, if ever my footsteps should falter,
And I be prepared for retreat,
If desert or thorn cause lamenting,
Lord, show me Thy Feet,
Thy bleeding Feet, Thy nail-scarred Feet,
My Jesus, show me Thy Feet.

~Brenton Thoburn Badley



The Skin Horse had lived longer in the nursery than any of the others. He was so old that his brown coat was bald in patches and showed the seams underneath, and most of the hairs in his tail had been pulled out to string bead necklaces. he was wise, for he had seen a long succession of mechanical toys arrive to boast and swagger, and by-and-by break their mainsprings and pass away, and he knew that they were only toys. and would never turn into anything else. For nursery magic is very strange and wonderful, and only those playthings that are old and wise and experienced like the Skin Horse understand all about it.

"What is REAL?" asked the Rabbit one day, when they were lying side by side near the nursery fender, before Nanna came to tidy the room. "does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick-out handle?" "Real isn't how you are made," said the Skin Horse. "It's a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become real."

"Does it hurt?" asked the Rabbit. "Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. "When you are Real you don't mind being hurt." "Does it happen all at once, like being wound up," he asked, "or bit by bit?"

"It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse. "You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't often happen to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter all, because once you are real you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand.

~ From The Velveteen Rabbit

By Margery Williams

them: the knock, the latch lifted, the radiant face, the offered cup. He would have kissed the hands where the nails had been, washed the feet where the spikes had entered; then the Lord would have sat and talked to him. In his anguish, the cobbler cried out, "Why is it, Lord, that Your feet delay? Have You forgotten that this was the day?"

Then soft in the silence a voice he heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I have kept My word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times My shadow was on your floor.
I was the man with the bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat.
I was the child on the homeless street."

~ Leo Tolstoy

Great peace have they which love thy law:
and nothing shall offend them.

~ Psalm 119:165



The man who purchased Ali Hafed's farm one day led his camel into the garden to drink, and as that camel put its nose into the shallow water of that garden brook, Ali Hafed's successor noticed a curious flash of light from the white sands of the stream. He pulled out a black stone having an eye of light reflecting all the hues of the rainbow. He took the pebble into the house and put it on the mantel which covers the central fires, and forgot all about it. A few days later, this same old priest came in to visit Ali Hafed's successor, and the moment he opened that drawing-room door, he saw that flash of light on the mantel and he rushed up to it and shouted; "Here is a diamond; Has Ali Hafed returned?" "Oh, no, Ali Hafed has not returned, and that is not a diamond, That is nothing but a stone we found right out here in our own garden." "But," said the priest, "I tell you I know a diamond when I see it..." Then together they rushed out into that old garden and stirred up the white sands with their fingers, and lo! there came up other more beautiful and valuable gems than the first. Thus was discovered the diamond mine of Golianda, the most magnificent diamond mine in all the history of mankind, excelling the Kimberly itself. The Kohinoor, and the Orloff of the crown jewels of England and Russia, the largest on earth, came from that mine. Had Ali Hafed remained at home and dug in his own cellar, or underneath his own garden, instead of wretchedness, starvation, and death by suicide in a strange land, he would have had "acres of diamonds."

~From the book Acres of Diamonds

If you reach the place where you can't learn from every man you meet, then you are over the hill.

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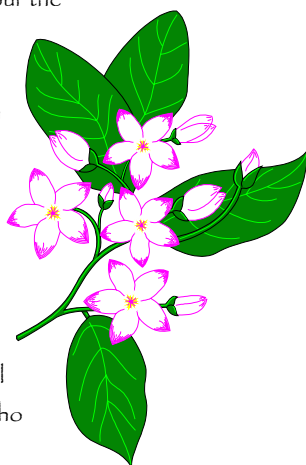
The love of God, how rich and pure. It is like the vast and endless and tireless sea which washes the shores of the earth every day. Countless millions of people crowd to the beaches, children dig in the sand and run back and forth and scour the beach. But each night the waves of the sea wash in and every morning the beaches are shiny and smooth and fresh — even as the love of God, who never tires of washing and making us whiter than snow.

Only God holds the future, and when you have found Him, you might not know what your future holds, but you will have the blessed security of knowing Who holds you now and forever."

~ R.G. LeTourneau

"Does your need seem big to you? Then make sure that God knows how big it looks to your eyes and He will treat it as such. He will never belittle it however trivial. He will not laugh at it, or at us. He never forgets how large our problems look to us."

~ Corrie ten Boom



You can't pour out a whole life all at once, but drop by drop, you can give it to God as He asks for it, whenever He wants it.

To Jesus there were no such things as interruptions in His God-planned life. There was always time for Him to accomplish all God intended for Him to do.

A painting in an ancient temple depicted a king forging a chain from his crown, and nearby another scene shows a slave converting his chain into a crown. Underneath the painting is this inscription; "Life is what one makes it; no matter of what it is made."

Every job is a self-portrait of the person who does it. Autograph your work with excellence."

Peace comes — not because we know what is going to happen but because we know the One who is in control of what happens.

The calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way."

~ Samuel Johnson

The true test of a servant is if I act like one
when I am treated like one.

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Who Are You?

Don't be fooled by me; don't be fooled by the face I wear. I wear a mask, I wear a thousand masks. Masks that I am afraid to take off, and none of them are me.

Pretending is an art that is second nature to me, but don't be fooled. For my sake, don't be fooled. I give the impression that I am sincere, that all is sunny and unruffled within me as well as without, that confidence is my name and coolness is my game; that the water is clam and I am in command, and that I need no one. But don't believe me, please. My surface may seem smooth, but my surface is my mask, my ever-varying and ever-concealing mask.

Beneath lies no smugness, no compliance. Beneath dwells the real me in confusion, in fear, in aloneness, but I hide that. A nonchalant, sophisticated facade to help me pretend, to hide me from the glance that knows. But such a glance is precisely my salvation, my only salvation, and I know it, that is, if it's followed by acceptance, if it's followed by love.

It's the only thing that can liberate me from myself, from my own self-built prison cell, from the barriers I so painstakingly erect. It's the only thing that will assure me of what I can't assure myself that I am really something..

"Who am I," you may wonder. I am someone you know very well. I am every man you meet. I am every woman you meet. I am right in front of you. Please ... love me!

~From Glad To Be Me

6

And shall I pray Thee change Thy will my Father,
Until it be according unto mine?

But no, Lord, no that never shall be, rather
I pray Thee bend my human will with Thine.

I pray Thee hush the hurrying, eager longing,
I pray Thee soothe the pangs of keen desire.
See in my quiet places wishes thronging;
Forbid them, Lord, purge, though it be with fire.

And work in me to will and do Thy pleasure,
Let all within me peaceful, reconciled,
Tarry content my Well-beloved's leisure,
At last, at last, even as a weaned child

The nearer the soldier is to the Captain the
more he will be attacked by the enemy.

~ Carmichael

The best way to show that a stick is crooked
is not to argue about it or to spend time
denouncing it, but to lay a straight stick
alongside it.

~ D.L. Moody



35

God Forgive Me When I Whine

Today, upon a bus, I saw a lovely girl with golden hair,
I envied her, she seemed so gay and wished I were as fair;
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle;
She had one leg, and wore a crutch, and as she passed a smile.
O God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two legs. The world is mine.

And then I stopped to buy some sweets.
The lad who sold them had such charm,
I talked with him he seemed so glad
If I were late, 'twould do no harm.
And as I left he said to me: "I thank you. You have been so kind.
It's nice to talk with folks like you.
You see," he said, "I'm blind."
O God forgive me when I whine.
I have two eyes. The world is mine.

Later, walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue,
He stood and watched the others play;
It seemed he knew not what to do.
I stopped a moment, then I said: "Why don't you join the others, dear?"
He looked ahead without a word, and then I knew he could not hear.
O God forgive me when I whine.
I have two ears. The world is mine.

With legs to take me where I'd go.
With eyes to see the sunset's glow
With ears to hear when I would know.
O God, forgive me when I whine.
I'm blessed indeed. The world is mine.



16

Hast Thou No Scar?

No hidden scar on foot or side or hand?
I hear thee sung as might in the land;
I hear them hail thy bright ascendant star.
Hast thou no scar?

Hast thou no wound?
Yet, I was wounded -- by the archers spent.
Leaned me against the tree to die, and rent
By ravening beasts that compassed me, I swooned.
Hast thou no wound?

No wound? No scar?
Yes, as the master shall the servant be.
And pierced are the feed that follow Me
But thine are whole. Can he have followed far
Who has no wound? No scar?

~ Amy Carmichael

Sometimes God calms the storm but sometimes He
lets the storm calm His child.

25

Little Annie

A young girl known as "Little Annie" was in a mental institution. She was kept in a dungeon and was like an animal in many ways. When the attendants came, she would spring on them; she would claw at them and try to bite them. Sometimes she would just completely ignore them. She was considered a hopeless case.

But one nurse, in whose heart there dwelt the love of God, decided that she was going to try to reach Little Annie. Day after day she would come and speak to her softly. But Little Annie would just ignore her. One day the nurse brought some fresh-baked brownies and left them outside the cage. When the nurse returned the next day, the brownies were gone. The nurse continued to bring brownies in her visits to Little Annie. Finally, at long last, Little Annie began to get better. She was allowed out of the dungeon. and the day came when she was allowed out of the institution -- because that one nurse took the time to show her love.

Many years later, the famous Helen Keller was receiving a citation from Queen Victoria of England. the Queen said to her, "How do you account for your remarkable accomplishments in life?" She replied that she owed all that she was to her dear friend, Anne Sullivan, who with her hands in hers, opened her eyes and brought her up out of a black pit and enabled her to see the light.

So that one day she could say to her, "Oh Anne, you've made me to see the trees...and I see the sky...and I see the clouds. I see... Anne, I see God!" and Anne Sullivan is that same Little Annie who, touched by love, then touched others in return.



~ Dr. D. James Kennedy

8

On the far reef the breakers
Recoil in shattered foam,
Yet still the sea behind them
Urges its forces home.
Its chant of triumph surges
Through all the thunderous din
The wave may break in failure,
But the tide is sure to win.
O mighty sea, thy message
In changing spray is cast:
Within God's plans of progress,
It matters not at last
How wide the shores of evil,
How strong the reefs of sin.
The wave may be defeated,
But the tide is sure to win.

You can't worry about something if you are thankful for it.

Everything that comes into my life comes across
His desk first.



18

Honesty

One Monday morning a minister boarded a city bus and gave the driver a one dollar bill. As he was finding a seat, he counted the change and noticed that the driver had given him too much money. he sat down and contemplated what would have seemed good fortune to some people.

Finally, he went to the bus driver and said, "Sir, you gave me too much change when I boarded the bus a while ago." Without even looking at him, the driver said, "I know. I was at your church last night and heard you preach on "Thou shalt not steal." I just wanted to see if you practice what you preach."

Lord, send me anywhere;
Only go with me.
Lay any burden upon me;
Only sustain me.
And sever any tie that binds
Save the tie that binds me
To Thy heart and to Thy service.

~ David Livingstone



Don't seek after a ministry, anticipate the fruit of a disciplined life.

~ John Wesley

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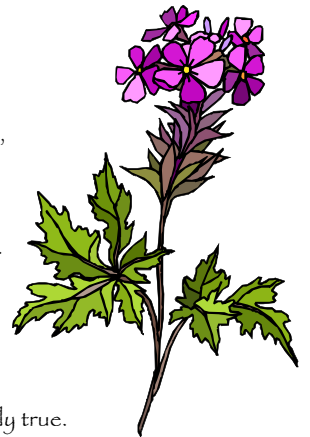
Like A River Glorious

Like a river glorious is God's perfect peace;
Over all victorious in its bright increase;
Perfect, yet it floweth fuller every day,
Perfect, yet it groweth deeper all the way.

Hidden in the hollow of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow, never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry, not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry touch the spirit there.

Every joy or trial falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial by the son of Love,
We may trust Him fully, all for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly find Him wholly true.

~ Frances Ridley Havergal



People don't care how much you know until they know how much you care.

But we have this treasure in earthen vessels,
that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.

~ 2 Corinthians 4:7

23

Little by little -- less by taking pains than by taking it easy -- the forgiven man starts to become a forgiving man, the healed man to become a healing man, the loved man to become a loving man.

~Buechner

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved: for thou art my praise.
~Jeremiah 17:14

Only when someone discovers that God really loves him, in all his unloveliness, does he begin to take on the attributes of the One who justified him.

Q: If my "old self" is crucified with Christ, why is it still wiggling?
A: Crucifixion is a slow death.
~Tim Hansel

Is life so wretched? Isn't it rather your hands which are too small, your vision is muddled? You are the one who must grow up!
~Dag Hammarskjöld

Sin takes you further than you want to go.
Keeps you longer than you want to stay,
And costs you more than you want to pay.

10

God could have kept Daniel out of the lion's den -- He could have kept Paul and Silas out of jail -- He could have kept the three Hebrew children out of the fiery furnace -- But God has never promised to keep us out of hard places -- What He has promised is to go with us through every hard place, and to bring us through victoriously!

Thou worketh perfectly,
And if it seem
Some things are not so well
'Tis but because
They are too loving deep,
Too lofty wise
For me, poor child,
To understand their lows.
My highest wisdom,
Half is but a dream;
My love runs helpless
Like a falling stream;
Thy good embraces ill,
And lo! its illness dies!
~George MacDonald



31

The Touch of the Master's Hand

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But he held it up with a smile.
"What am I bidden, good folk?" he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar -- a dollar -- then two, only two --
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?"
"Going for three" -- but no --
From the room far back, a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow,
Then, wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening the loosened strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As a caroling angel sings.

The music ceased and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said, "Now what am I bid for the old violin?"

And he held it up with the bow,
"A thousand dollars -- and who'll make it two?
Two thousand -- and who'll make it three?
"Three thousand once -- three thousand twice --
And going -- and gone," cried he.
The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not understand.
What changed its worth?"
Quick came the reply
"The touch of the Master's hand."



And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap, to a thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.
A "mess of pottage" -- a glass of wine,
A game -- and he travels on:
He is going once -- and going twice --
He's going -- and almost gone!
But the master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul,
And the change that's wrought.
By the touch of the master's hand.

~Myra Brock

I thirst, but not as I once did --
the vain delights of earth to share.
Thy wounds, Immanuel, O forbid
that I should find my pleasure there.

It was the sight of thy dear cross
First weaned my soul of earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross --
The mirth of fools, the pomp of kings.

One ship sails east, and one sails west;
Tis the self-same wind that blows.
It's the set of the sails,
Not the blow of the gails
That determines whether you go east or west.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

~ Alexander Pope

Patience is not so much about waiting, as it is about
how one behaves while waiting



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