

30,000 Miles Of Miracles

30,000 MILES OF MIRACLES

1950

**By
H. M. S. RICHARDS**

**Published by
THE VOICE OF PROPHECY
Box 55
Los Angeles 53, California**

Printed in U. S. A.

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FOREWORD

Every mile of the thirty thousand was interesting, a journey that will never be forgotten. The name, "Thirty Thousand Miles of Miracles," was suggested by two kinds of miracles brought to mind by the journey: First, miracles of fulfilled prophecy, especially in the Bible Lands; second, miracles of God's grace in the world today. Miracles of prophetic fulfillment are the very strongest evidences upholding the authenticity and truth of the Holy Scriptures. Every passing year makes these prophecies stronger in their fulfillment. In many parts of the world today the gospel of Jesus Christ is being authenticated by miracles of God's grace—lives changed, whole islands changed, thousands of human beings changed from open sin, from spiritual and physical defilement to purity and righteousness. How wonderful the Holy Scriptures are, how blessed is the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ!

In every land my journey was made profitable, and even possible, by the co-operation of many servants of God, missionaries and earnest Christian people. I cannot name them all, but their names are written in the Lamb's book of life. What I saw of earnest, self-sacrificing foreign missionary work makes me more anxious than ever to support the world-wide proclamation of the gospel. I heard not one word of complaint, though some of these earnest workers lived far away from others of like precious faith, some in lonely jungle areas, in far-off mountain valleys, in hot and stifling tropical climates. But wherever they were, they were all looking forward to a better land and trying to make this world better by their lives and message.

This book contains only a partial description of some of the things seen in some of the countries visited. Whole areas have been left out, such as Egypt, New Guinea, Australia, India, Siam, Japan, and the Philippines. A description of experiences in these places must wait for some other time. H. M. S. R.

1. Ireland and England

WE CAME DOWN out of the sky at the great airport near Limerick, where the River Shannon flows. Ireland is so far north that the days, especially in wintertime, are very short; so when we landed about five o'clock in the morning it was pitch dark.

It certainly was good to see the smiling face of Pastor Mustard, who is in charge of all the Voice of Prophecy work in old Ireland. He had with him his little British car, and we immediately took off to a hotel which used to be one of the great mansion houses of the nobility. These houses, built in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, surely were stately buildings, the flowering of a magnificent life among the people. I enjoyed walking through room after room and looking at the glories of the past reflected in the majestic architecture.

About daylight we took off for the Lakes of Killarney, winding about the countryside on the narrow, twisting, hedge lined roads - in some places lined for miles with stone walls. There is enough stone in the hedgerows and walls along the highways and lanes of Ireland to build dozens of pyramids. For centuries this stone has been gathered from the fields by hard labor.

Even in wintertime Ireland is green. I was clothed in the usual Southern California garb, including nice wooly Boulevards, and it seemed to me that the winds of Ireland were the roughest and the coldest, and the rain, which fell continually, the wettest of any I had ever experienced. But how beautiful was the land! Here and there were little cottages with the blue peat smoke lifting slowly from their chimneys. Many of the roofs were thatched, some were of slate, others of stone. Most of these cottages were built of white stone.

And the Lakes of Killarney-just as beautiful as the poet Moore contended! We drove by them all too quickly. The mountains around these lakes are wild, severe, mysterious. No wonder the Irish believe in fairies! With its lakes, mountains, moors, wild timbered stretches, it is a land of romance and mystery. It is also a land of great spiritual need.

The Voice of Prophecy has penetrated Ireland for only a short time. From the great 150,000-watt station, Radio Luxembourg, over in the center of Western Europe, we are casting the bread of life over the hills and dales of Ireland, and it is already taking root in many hearts. In Dublin Pastor Mustard has set up headquarters for the Bible Correspondence Course, which he calls the "Christian Culture Course." When I was there, about eight hundred had already enrolled. Mrs. Stevens, as Bible instructor, assists in the work.

But let's go back to the rainy morning in Southern Ireland, just east of the Lakes of Killarney. We saw hundreds of donkey carts as we drove along. The farmers were bringing their milk in to the creameries or to the railway stations. The sale of milk and cream seems to be one of the main sources of income for the people all over this part of Ireland. The little donkey carts were jogging around in every direction through the rain.

Suddenly, as we came around a bend in a narrow lane with high stone walls on both sides, Pastor Mustard said: "There he is! That's the man! Let's stop." So we drew up by the side of a little donkey cart. The man was dressed in rough clothes, for the day was rainy, cold, and windy. How glad this man was when he saw who we were, for he was the first Voice of Prophecy convert in Ireland! He got down from the cart and, as we stood there by the stone wall, we had a wonderful spiritual fellowship together.. We talked of the cause of God, of The Voice of Prophecy, of the wonderful hope and promise of the soon coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. This man is full of enthusiasm and fire for God and will make a real Irish missionary. He lives alone in his community and wants to spread the good news. There in the rain, with our arms on each others' shoulders, we bowed our heads in a prayer circle, and all of us prayed. Then we said good-by. Someday we shall meet in a land where dreams come true, a land still more beautiful than lovely Ireland.

On we went, many miles, until we came to the famous Rock of Cashel, where the ancient kings of Southern Ireland had their fortress. This mighty limestone crag erupts abruptly from the green plain. On it are fortifications and a great monastery in ruins, largely, and a gigantic cathedral and abbey with the roof open to the sky, results of the troubles and wars in days gone by. Around the base of this great rock is a mighty wall pierced with openings through which archers could shoot. We spent several hours climbing over those ancient defenses. It was interesting also to climb up the secret stairways inside the massive walls of the cathedral, and to visit the rooms high up in the air at the very top. There in those rooms, now of course without roofs and open to the Weather, we saw beautiful mantle pieces where great fireplaces used to bum in the grand old days. This certainly is a magnificent ruin, and I shall never forget the Rock of

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Cashel.

Then on we went farther north to Cork and stayed overnight there. By this time I was so cold that it was absolutely necessary to do something about it, so I went into a shop and purchased a real Irish woolen undershirt thick, and wooly, and warm. The Irish sheep certainly do produce wonderful wool, just the kind needed for such a damp climate. Remember, there was no heat in any of the houses where we stayed-no central heating, at least-and in the hotel rooms there was no heat of any kind. I went to bed with almost everything on except my hat and glasses, and even then I was chilly.

But in the morning we were repaid for all our discomfort of the night before. We visited the famous church of Shandon, where the bells of Shandon ring. This beautiful old building belongs to the Church of Ireland. The attendance is very small now, of course; but at one time it was packed with worshipers and the large school near by was filled with children. How things have changed! Not long ago the famous bells rang out, "God Save the King," and as a result stones began to fly through the beautiful colored windows. We climbed up to the top of the great tower where the bells of Shandon hang. No doubt you have read the poem about these bells, and really they are beautiful bells. The sexton rang them for us, but was careful to play a purely religious tune because the political complexion of Ireland has changed.

Then we drove out a few miles west of town to the ancient castle of Blarney. What a lovely valley, with a clear crystal stream flowing through it! And here in the midst of this loveliness, on a rocky ridge, stands the mighty tower of the ancient castle. The rest of the castle is in ruins. After spending some time exploring its dark passageways, we climbed up in the great square tower which today is apparently as solid as ever. It is just about 100 feet high and has a very strange defensive parapet that hangs out, away from the wall, and is held in place by a series of mighty stones which also extend out from the wall. This leaves a space of about a foot or eighteen inches between the wall and the parapet, through which stones, arrows, water, boiling oil, etc., could be poured upon the devoted heads of besiegers.

It is on the lower edge of this parapet that the famous Blarney Stone is located. A legend says that anyone who kisses it will forever after be eloquent. Well, of course, it was our desire to kiss the Blarney Stone, so it was necessary to hang by the heels, head downward and backward, in order to reach this stone for the famous experience. Not trusting one man to hold us, we obtained two. I suppose the guide felt that he could take care of *our 200 pounds easily enough, but I felt safer when he held one foot and Pastor Mustard the other. It certainly is a strange feeling to look down on a hundred feet of empty space and some good Irish rocks below. But we kissed the Blarney Stone!

Then we went on through the countryside, increasingly populated, to Dublin. Dublin is royal, though its glory is tarnished. It looks like a lovely woman who has come on hard times, but with its substantial buildings and the sweep of its streets, there is something about it that is kingly and royal.

There at The Voice of Prophecy headquarters Pastor Mustard and his fellow workers are laboring earnestly to bring the gospel of Jesus Christ to the millions who need more light, and thousands are appreciating it, especially the work that is being done through the Bible Correspondence Course. There are some even among the clergy who enjoy the study of the Word of God by post.

We preached to a little group of believers in Dublin and then the next day drove back about forty miles south to Glendalock. "Glendalock" means the Glen of the Lake, and here are several lakes locked in green and glorious mountains. This was an ancient religious center where Saint Kevan and others before him upheld the gospel light in pagan times.

It is a great surprise to many people to know that Ireland at one time, when Europe was covered with the darkness of paganism, upheld the light of the gospel, of culture, and Christian education. Long before England, Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland, and other European countries were evangelized and Christianized, Ireland was full of churches and Christian schools and colleges where Latin and Greek, and even Hebrew, were taught. Missionaries went out all over the western world from Ireland.

I wanted to see the headquarters of one of these great missionary movements and that is why I went to Glendalock. It was with deep emotions that I walked among the ancient ruins and saw there the foundation stones and some of the walls of its seven or eight churches, the beautiful Round Tower in a perfect state of preservation, the homes of the students, the places of study, all surrounded by towering mountains. There in this beautiful, silent, and safe retreat, those early Bible Christians prepared themselves for greater service. It is also an interesting fact that in these early, early days, the holy Sabbath of the Lord was honored by many, and the inspiration of the Bible fully held.

It was from this mighty powerhouse of spiritual understanding and enthusiasm that missionaries went out and evangelized England, converted the savage Britons, Scots, and Picts, and built up the gospel of Christ in those early days. They went on into France and Switzerland, and even today many cities,

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towns, and churches are named for these Irish saints. So it would be well for us to study more into the background of Irish Christianity. It is well known also that Saint Patrick was one of the leaders in this Bible Christian work, as were those who came after him, such men as Colomba, Columbanus, and others - especially Saint Colomba who carried the gospel to the Island of Iona off the coast of Scotland.

At Iona we saw the ruins of Colomba's Christian school of the prophets. And, by the way, it is being rebuilt by a group of people called the Iona Fellowship. Here for many centuries was a great center of evangelism and missionary work. The students earned their own living on the land, tending cattle, made their own clothes, and built their own houses. They studied the Word of God and then went out to other lands as self-sacrificing, self-supporting missionaries. On this little island, three and a half miles long and only a mile and a half wide, God preserved His truth in dangerous days of old. Finally the raids of the heathen Vikings from the northlands came down and completely disrupted and destroyed this work.

Not long ago, while the buildings were being repaired, a minister from Norway was present; and, without any thought of his taking it seriously, one of the workers said: "Your ancestors, the Vikings, came down here and destroyed these buildings. As you see, there is no timber on this island. No trees of any size grow here, and Norway is noted for its timber. We feel that you should supply the big timbers to make the roofs of these churches and other buildings, and restore them. We think you owe it to us because your ancestors were the ones who destroyed them over a thousand years ago."

Well, this man said nothing, but about a year ago a great shipment of timber arrived from Norway. This minister had raised the money from other Christians there and had sent the timbers to Iona, where they are being put into these buildings as they are restored. So sons of the Vikings are rebuilding what their forefathers destroyed.

All of this mighty work of God branched from Ireland in those days, and the sons of Ireland all over the world ought to be interested in that same gospel today. And, by the way, there are more people of Irish blood outside Ireland than there are on the Emerald Isle. Ireland's population today is only about five million, whereas it is said that at one time it was nine or ten million. There have been great changes in Ireland. So let all of us who have Irish blood pray that God will revive the gospel glories of Ireland and send her sons and daughters again through the world as flaming evangelists of Christ.

We boarded the plane and flew on across to London, landing at Heathrow Airport, which is in the western suburbs of that great city. London is different. It does not look like any other city in the world. It is a series of cities and it just keeps spreading wider and wider and wider through the land. There is no great center with gigantic skyscrapers, as in many cities. It is not very tall anywhere, so far as buildings are concerned; but it spreads out endlessly, endlessly. And people live everywhere. London does not have one large business center with the dwellings on the fringes, but business and homes are mixed together all over the city.

We spent two or three days in England, staying most of the time at the Stanborough Hydro in Watford, where such a good work is being done in the school, printing press, health-food factory, and sanitarium. We had a very kind and friendly reception there by Pastors King and McMillan, who are pushing the Voice of Prophecy work in the British Isles. How thrilled we were to know that over 20,000 had already enrolled in the Bible Correspondence Course! And the message coming over the air-waves from Radio Luxembourg covers Great Britain to a large extent. Thousands are listening, hundreds are responding, and many are being baptized into Jesus Christ. We hope that we shall soon be able to broadcast the gospel right in England itself, and also in Scotland, over the BBC. This is something to pray for.

My hosts were very kind in arranging for me to visit Oxford University. They secured the very efficient services of W. L. Emmerson, editor of the British Present Truth and other publications there at the Watford Press. He knows England inside and out and is a wonderful guide. Oxford University is composed of twenty-seven colleges, and we went through seventeen of them that day. Pastor Emmerson showed us many interesting historical places and gave us a wonderful narrative of the old days at Oxford. We saw the very rooms where John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Toplady, and other great men of God studied. We visited the library where the books were still chained as in ancient times. Students were still studying in these places. Some of the halls are five hundred years old or older - one of the buildings is nearly a thousand years old -and yet they are still filled with students.

Oxford has a wonderful history and holds a high place in the work of God. Here the Reformation broke out and great men took their stand for truth, even giving their lives for it. We stood in the very spot where Latimer and Ridley were burned for their faith, and there renewed our vows to God. No one can visit Oxford today and hear - the stories of its ancient glory without being touched and thrilled and vowing a new allegiance to the Holy Scriptures, which changed the face of the world as they went forth from that

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great place of learning and consecration. The time there was all too short

Have faith in God
Seek now the Savior's smile;
Have faith in God
Fear not the after while;
Have faith in God
You of the Emerald Isle.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

2. I Slept in Rabbah of the Ammonites

THE city is called Amman today. It is the capital of the JL kingdom ruled over by King Abdullah, formerly called Trans-Jordan but now the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan. We may not remember all these names, but the interesting thing about this ancient-modern city is that in Bible times it was called Rabbah, the capital of the Ammonites, one of the tribes that opposed the Israelites in their march to the Holy Land.

Yes, its true, I spent a night in Rabbah of the Ammonites, a cold, rainy, windy, winter night - almost as cold and windy in the Arab hotel where I stayed as outside. As I shivered in bed and heard the torrents of rain falling out side, and even in some of the rooms, I thought, can this actually be the place mentioned in the Bible? Is it possible that I am right here in Rabbah, the capital city, where for many years the most interesting object was the iron bedstead of the giant King Og of Bashan, which had been captured by the Ammonites? The words of the Scripture came to my mind, as found in Deuteronomy 3:11: "For only Og king of Bashan remained of the remnant of giants; behold, his bedstead was a bedstead of iron; is it not in Rabbath of the children of Ammon? nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits the breadth of it, after the cubit of a man."

Think of the size of that bed -fit for a giant it was, and I hope softer than my bed this rainy night here in the same city, "Rabbath of the children of Ammon."

I had ridden many long hours from Damascus over historic Bible land, through Edrei, now called Deraa, the place where the great battle was fought between the Israelites and this over-sized King Og. As I looked out of the window of the taxi in which I was riding, I saw the camels drinking out of a great stone trough. A little closer inspection showed that this trough was nothing more nor less than a gigantic tomb, or sarcophagus, made of stone and inscribed with the name of some king long since forgotten. Anyway, his coffin is put to good use today, perhaps a thousand or two thousand years after his death; and the camels seem to enjoy the water!

Well, here I am in Rabbah, trying to keep warm as the night hours drag by. Every time I awaken with a splash of rain or the roar of the wind, I think about Bible times and how wonderfully true the Bible seems to be when we visit these towns mentioned in its holy pages. Each of these cities is really an evidence of the inspiration of the Word of God. We find them located exactly as pictured in the Holy Scripture.

This city of Rabbah is about twenty miles east of the Jordan Valley, on the main highway from the east to Jerusalem. We stopped here over night on our way to the Holy City. The town is built in the deep valley of the Jabbok River, which is mentioned in the Bible. At this particular place it flows eastward and takes a big circle around to the north and comes into the Jordan far to the north of Jericho. A great spring, the source of the Jabbok, breaks forth right here at Rabbath-Ammon. Down the bed of this valley, which we traveled yesterday for many miles, the land is fertile and every inch of it is farmed, in contrast to the desert hills about us.

Now let us go back to the Bible story in 2 Samuel, chapters 10 to 12. Because of an insult to his royal ambassadors, King David ordered General Joab to capture the capital city of the Ammonites. After a siege of about two years, the lower part of the city, that which was built in the valley of the Jabbok, was captured by Joab; but the citadel on top of the hill to the north still held out. This citadel contained the royal palace and secured its water supply from great cisterns. Listen to the Bible story as found in 2 Samuel 12:26-28: "And Joab fought against Rabbah of the children of Ammon, and took the royal city. And Joab sent messengers to David, and said, I have fought against Rabbah, and have taken the city of waters. Now

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therefore gather the rest of the people together, and encamp against the city, and take it: lest I take the city, and it be called after my name.”

What an exact description Joab gives of the part of the city he captured! Notice, he says, I have taken the city of waters” -that is, the lower part of the city situated by the big spring and on the brook, the headwaters of the Jabbok. And it is still the city of waters. But the great fort on top of the mountain had not yet been captured. So David came with all the army of Israel, surrounded it and, after a great assault, captured it, secured the crown of the king for his own head, and took much spoil and glory.

And now here I am sleeping in a hotel on the very side of this hill, which once re-echoed with the shouts of Joab and his officers. We might say that a dark shadow comes over our thoughts right here. It was here, in front of this great fortress on the hill above the hotel, that poor Uriah, the Hittite, was left alone before the gate to meet the Ammonite charge as Joab deceitfully retreated and left him standing alone. You know the sad story. It is right here in 2 Samuel, the eleventh chapter.

It is four-thirty in the morning now. The rain has ceased. It is cold outside -and inside as well. Suddenly I hear a shrieking cry. Down the middle of the street, a Mohammedan fanatic tramps along crying at every step: “God is great, God is great. There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayer, come to prayer.” About the same time we hear the cry of the muezzin from the high tower or minaret of the mosque making the same appeal to prayer.

This reminds us that Amman is a Moslem city, and there are very few Christians here. However, there are some small churches. A good friend of The Voice of Prophecy is holding Bible studies and winning some of the inhabitants - descendants, no doubt, of the ancient Ammonites - to Christ.

It is daylight now, so we look across from the hotel and see the great stone theater built in the side of the mountain. It is rather an amphitheater, a great open-air gathering place, where probably 20,000 people could sit and watch public entertainment in the days of the Romans. It was here at the time of Christ. This city was one of ten called the Decapolis. Jesus sometimes visited the territory of these ten cities, but this particular one is not mentioned in His ministry.

But now we are anxious to climb the hill above the town and explore the ruins of the great fortress captured by Joab. Up, up we go; and here we are on the very edge of the cliff. Look at those gigantic pillars, those ancient walls! All about us are the broken fragments of carved stone. We are standing amid the ruins of ancient Rabbah, the city mentioned over and over again in the Word of God. These gigantic palaces and fortresses must have taken centuries to build, and millions of dollars. Now they lie in utter ruin.

Here in a corner of the ruin is an Arab tent and several Arabs trying to keep warm. The walls break the force of the winter winds. Here is a donkey and there a camel. The smoke of the Arabs’ campfire sifts up by the ancient columns. How is the glory departed! How is the royal city captured by King David become a stable for donkeys and camels!

Suddenly a text of Scripture comes to mind. It is a prophecy in the book of Ezekiel, chapter 25, verse 5 a prophecy written about six hundred years before Christ. Because the Ammonites had rejoiced at the fall of Jerusalem and had laughed when the Israelites had gone into captivity, the word from God came to the effect that the men of the east -that is, the Arabs of the desert -would take over the dwellings, of Rabbah. Now notice the next words: “And I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching place for flocks: and you shall know that I am the Lord.”

Well, here it is right here - the very palaces of the kings of the Ammonites used as stables for donkeys, camels, and oxen. And, pitched in the very dining halls and ballrooms of King Hahash of the Ammonites, are the black tents of the Arabs. This Word of God has a way of coming true. The glory and power of nations are nothing compared with it.

As we climbed here and there over the acres of fallen stone, I came near falling into a black hole. I had just asked a friend how this great mountaintop fortress was supplied with water, and as I caught myself from this threatened fall, he said, “There is your answer.” This was the entrance to one of the great underground cisterns which held hundreds of thousands of gallons of water. Proper drainage was arranged on this solid-stone hilltop so that the rain-water rushed into these great cisterns, and supplies for several years would be stored up in a short time. History tells us that in the year 218 B.C. the city was captured by Antiochus III. He captured the cisterns to which, in time of siege, the people went for water by an underground passage. And in the year 30 BC. Herod the Great again captured the city in the same way.

It would be interesting to explore all these underground passageways and cisterns. They must extend for hundreds of yards under these ruins. There are tunnels, hallways, passageways, stairways, which would intrigue any explorer.

However, the scripture kept ringing in my ears: “Rabbah, the royal city, the city of waters” -and

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yet it had to surrender because of the lack of water, its water supply being captured by the invaders.

Another prophecy seemed to stare me in the face as I walked over these ruins. It is found in Jeremiah, the forty ninth chapter, beginning with the second verse. This prophecy was written 600 years before Christ and is fulfilled before our eyes today. "Therefore, behold, the days come, said the Lord, that I will cause an alarm of war to be heard in Rabbah of the Ammonites; and it shall be a desolate heap, and her daughters shall be burned with fire."

How terribly true this is -a desolate heap. just come and look at it, friends. That is the best description of it that anyone could possibly give. And then the question comes in verse 4: "Wherefore glories thou in the valleys, thy flowing valley?"

What a beautiful picture that is of the valley that passes by this hill; this clear mountain stream of spring water, the flowing valley, with its gardens and little farms, reaching for 25 miles to the east -the flowing valley in the midst of the desert! The flowing valley is still there. Again the farmers irrigate their fields. But Rabbah-Ammon is a memory, a desolation, a stable for camels. So was the Word of God fulfilled, and so may we trust this mighty Book which pictures the story of nations in advance. Surely we can believe it from cover to cover, the holy Word of God.

As we start back to the hotel, we hear what sounds like a thousand woodpeckers at work. We request an explanation and are told that it is the new building going on at the command of King Abdullah. He is erecting a new capital, and hundreds of stonecutters are pecking away day after day. Stone is the universal building material here in the Holy Land. Not only are walls and floors made of stone, but in the smaller buildings even the ceilings are made of stone arched over. That is why these edifices last for so many centuries. And so Rabbah-Ammon is being rebuilt as the more-or-less modern capital of this new Arab kingdom.

But this city has been rebuilt and destroyed, rebuilt and destroyed, time and time again in its long dark history. What does the future hold for it? We do not know, except that all cities and all nations someday will be replaced by the kingdom of Christ when He shall sit, not upon a throne of silver and gold, but upon the throne of God's promised kingdom.

Friend, will you not accept this Book as God's Word? Every place where it touches history it rings true. Every place where it touches human life it rings true. Every time it touches spiritual things it rings true. All its prophecies have been fulfilled, or are being fulfilled. Only a very few still remain to be fulfilled. Why not accept it today as God's truth? Why not accept the Savior revealed in this Book, the Son of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, as your Savior? Him that comes to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37) is His message to you. Will you not come to Him today?

Have faith in God
See truth in Bible lands;
Have faith in God
Revealed by human hands;
Have faith in God
His Word in Rabbah stands.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

3. Roll, Jordan, Roll!

I SAW the Jordan River first at midnight from the Allenby Bridge, under the glaring headlights of an automobile. Time after time, we crossed it later. It is a weird stream which twists and turns and doubles on itself. It goes ever swiftly downward, downward from the glittering snows of Mt. Hermon to the dark depths of the Dead Sea. In fact, we are told that the word "Jordan" means the descender, and it does descend from Mt. Hermon's 9,000-foot altitude to the Dead Sea, which lies in the deepest rift in the surface of the earth, 1,200 feet below sea level.

At the first mention of the Jordan River in the Holy Bible, its whole great valley was a fertile, cultivated land. That is in Genesis 13:10. What tremendous changes have taken place since those days! Now the entire valley is practically deserted, desolate, and forsaken.

Not only did I visit the Jordan country, but I have also had the privilege of reading a very fine

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book on archaeology entitled *The River Jordan*, by Nelson Clueck and published by the Westminster Press in 1941. It is full of interesting historical facts about the Jordan River.

Many things in the Holy Land have changed since the days when the Bible was written, but the hills are the same, the rivers are the same, the sea is the same, the mountains are the same. They are in the very places described in the Holy Bible.

When the Israelites came out of Egypt in the great exodus, they crossed the Jordan River from the east into Palestine. As we crossed the Jordan River, the first town we approached was Jericho. We turned aside from its fruit markets, drove about a mile and a half, and came to the ruins that mark the ancient city of Jericho which actually stood in this place when Joshua and the children of Israel marched around it seven times in one day. We saw the great walls that have indeed fallen flat, just as the Bible says they did. Read it for yourself in the sixth chapter of Joshua, the twentieth verse. The archaeologists have dug up the ruins of Jericho, which now make a great hillock or tell, as the Arabs call it. And right by the side of this ancient mound, which contains the ruins of Jericho, was the great spring of Elisha bubbling from the earth. When we saw this spring, which really is a small river, flowing right out of the ground by the ruins of Jericho and watering hundreds of acres of land -the very finest farming land, too-we thought of the story back of this spring. We read it here in 2 Kings 2:19-22: "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord sees: but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus said the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spoke."

And, friends, they are healed-it is fine drinking water, and that spring is still flowing. The prophet said that the ground would not be barren any more and that the water would be healed from that day-and it is true. They raise the very best bananas in all the Near East in Jericho, and oranges that compete with the finest in California or Florida. And not far away, old Jordan still rolls along. Some other time I hope to tell you more about Jericho, so let's stay very close to old Jordan's banks today.

The Israelites came right down to the banks of the river. Far in the north, the snows were melting; and the river was up over its banks, pouring through the thickets and jungles along its course. The word of the Lord came, "Go forward!" How could they cross when the river was in flood? But whenever the Lord commands us to do anything, He always makes it possible for us to do it. If we step out by faith and begin to obey Him, He opens a path before us through seeming impossibilities.

The priests, who carried the holy ark in which were the Ten Commandments on tables of stone, were instructed to lead the way. The moment their feet stepped down into the flowing waters of the Jordan a miracle began. The waters below flowed on toward the Dead Sea, while the waters above piled up and up until the whole congregation of Israel had passed over. We read this wonderful story of God's miracle power at Jordan in the third chapter of Joshua.

Before the priests left their station in the bed of the Jordan, Joshua set up twelve great stones as a memorial to God in the very bed of the river. "And they are there unto this day," says the Scripture (Joshua 4:9), hidden under the waters. "And it came to pass, when the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord were come up out of the midst of Jordan, and the soles of the priests' feet were lifted up unto the dry land, that the waters of Jordan returned unto their place, and flowed over all his banks, as they did before." Joshua 4: 18.

Roll, Jordan, roll! Yes. Jordan rolled along. And the years rolled by also, just as the waters of Jordan rolled. Many things happened there, interesting things. At this same river 42,000 men were killed because they could not pronounce the letter "h." just read about it for yourself in judges 12:6.

Yes, the Jordan has had some strange events take place upon its banks. Here David crossed over to the hills and mountains of Gilead, fleeing from his ungrateful son Absalom.

The years keep rolling and we see thousands of men working here near the Jordan, using the clay ground not far from the riverbanks in which to cast the brazen pillars for the temple of Solomon. That is an interesting story, too, over here in the seventh chapter of 1 Kings. The temple of Solomon could not have been built in all its glory had it not been for old Jordan. And so Jordan kept rolling, and time kept rolling, and history kept rolling, and the plan of God for the earth kept rolling down the years.

Now we see Elijah by the brook Cherith before Jordan. This mountain brook, slipping down its dark, silent canyon into the Jordan, is the home of God's servant in a time of apostasy and danger. In 1 Kings 17:17 we read the story of the attempt to slay all the prophets of God. And here Elijah is fed by ravens until finally the brook itself dries up. How many times by some brook Cherith we go through some

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experience that we cannot understand! We need to remember that at all such times God's ravens are ready to help us. God knows where we are and through these hard experiences prepares us for something better, for some greater work. Years later, when Elijah's greater work was done, he ascended to heaven in a chariot of fire, from the banks of this same Jordan. What a wonderful day that was, and how our hearts would have been stirred if we could have seen that great spectacle as Elisha did!

But the years keep rolling, and Jordan keeps rolling along. Who is this man coming down the road toward the Jordan from the hilltops of Samaria? He is dressed in princely attire and accompanied by a retinue of servants and guards. His chariot gleams with gold and silver and precious stones. It is Naaman, the great general from Syria. He has decided at last to obey the command of God's prophet to go wash in the Jordan seven times. When he first heard the message, he rejected it. He asked: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them, and be clean." 2 Kings 5:12.

But now he sees that it is a matter of obedience to God, and not a matter of clean water or dirty water. He is willing to bathe in the muddy waters of the Jordan if it is the command of God. He realizes now that it is not water that will cure him, but the mighty power of God exerted when he is obedient to the word of God.

He dips in the Jordan once, but he comes up still a leper the second, third time, still a leper - fourth time, fifth time, sixth time, still a leper. He comes up the seventh time, and then -listen to the words of the Holy Scripture: "And his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean." 2 Kings 5:14. Yes, that was a wonderful day on Jordan's old banks. How I should like to have been there!

But we must hasten on, for time is rolling as Jordan rolls. Now we see another scene. We have come to a new day in Jordan's history. Silent centuries have passed away and suddenly, "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judaea, and saying, Repent you: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. . . . Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judaea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." Matthew 3:1,2,5,6.

What a day that was, the greatest day Jordan had ever seen! Thousands of people were coming to its banks. Under the mighty preaching of John the Baptist, they were convicted. They confessed their sins and were baptized here in this muddy stream. As we stand looking into the old Jordan as it flows along, we seem to see John the Baptist in his simple garment of camel's hair and its leather belt this man who lived on such a simple diet and stayed away from the great cities with their luxury and pride, whose heart was aflame for God, who had a message straight from heaven. Oh, how we need men with the faith of John the Baptist today! How we need preachers who can cry out to this age of ours, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!"

God does have such a message today. God does, have a people on earth today with such a message of hope and of warning. And, friend, if you are listening for it, you will hear it in your heart of hearts.

And so this cousin of Jesus Christ's prepared the way for His coming. Suddenly one day, in the great crowd assembled by the Jordan, John saw Him and recognized Him - but not at first, however. There is a general expectancy that Christ, the Messiah, is about to appear. Many knew that the prophecies had been fulfilled, that the time had come. The great prophecy of Daniel, the ninth chapter, was about due to meet its complete fulfillment. A delegation came to John and asked, "Are you the Christ?" But he answered, I am not." "Who are you then - Elias? He said, "No." Then they inquired, "Who are you? What do you say for yourself?" And he answered: "I am the voice of one crying in the Wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias." John 1:23.

He declared that the true Messiah was already among them, that He was standing in their midst. "The next day John see Jesus coming unto him, and said, the Lamb of God, which takes away the sin of the world. This is He of whom I said, After me comes a man which is preferred before me: for He was before me." Verses 29,30.

And it was here on Jordan's banks that our Savior Himself requested baptism at the hands of John. "Then comes Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him." Matthew 3:13. But John did not feel that he was worthy of such an honor and said so. Then our Savior told him that it must be so now. "And Jesus, when He was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens, were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him: and lo a voice from heaven, saying, this is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Verses 16,17.

Yes, my friends, that was a great day on Jordan's banks. As we stand here by its rolling flood, we think of that day. We rode here in an automobile, and we hear the pulsation of airplane motors in the sky above us, but our minds are back with John the Baptist here on the banks of the Jordan. We seem to see the

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blessed form of the Savior as He rises from the watery grave, and then that flash from heaven as the Holy Spirit descends upon Him in bodily form as a dove, and a voice from heaven which declared, 'This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

Certainly Jordan has seen some wonderful events. It has witnessed some of the great turning points in history. This was a fulfillment of mighty prophecies made hundreds of years before. It was Cod's public, announcement of His Son, the Savior of the world.

The Jordan may be muddy at times, and crooked always. It is not a river suitable for navigation nor, in its usual form, fit for human consumption. But historically it is one of the greatest rivers, if not the greatest river, of the world as it rolls along, down through the pages of Holy Writ and the history of mankind. As we look at it here today, we can certainly say: Yes, Jordan, roll, Jordan, roll!

We know that it has been, and is, a frontier - a border, a barrier. To ancient Israel, crossing Jordan was entering the Promised Land. Thus it has become a symbol, a sign, of spiritual victory to Christians everywhere in the world. In song, story, and poetry, Jordan is the border of Canaan. Jordan overflowing all its banks in flood-time represents a time of trouble to nations and to men, and well it may. Surely the signs of the times indicate that God's modern Israel are approaching the Holy Land, that they are drawing up to the very banks of Jordan, that soon they will see the Land of Promise.

And we remember, too, that there was a forerunner of the first advent of our Lord-John the Baptist. Here on the banks of Jordan he preached a message of warning and repentance. And so again today, just before the second coming of Christ, there is to be a message go forth to all the world in the "Spirit and power of Elijah," as did John the Baptist's message in days of old, calling men to repentance and back to the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

And so the great prophetic Jordan is still rolling, rolling along. Soon God's people will pass through its troubled waters to the evergreen shore of the Promised Land.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
SAMUEL STEN.

Have faith in God
As nears the Canaan goal;
Have faith in God
His homeland of the soul;
Have faith in God
And hear old Jordan roll.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

4. Seven Times Around Jericho

So this is Jericho! just about sunset we stood looking at a great mound of clay, sand, broken walls, and detached fragments of rock. Yes, this is Jericho. After all these years of reading the Bible, studying Sabbath school lessons, reading the story of the Israelites and the capture of Jericho, at last we are standing here looking at it. We rode right up to the side of the great mound in an automobile. We are trying to take a picture of it, but the sun is just about to set, and I don't believe there is enough light for a Kodachrome picture.

As we look out over the ruins of ancient Jericho, words of Scripture come to mind, the words we learned in childhood, the words recorded in Hebrews 11:30: "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about .seven days."

Thousands of you who are listening to this broadcast remember the story as you read it in the Bible. It is found in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of the book of Joshua. Jericho was the great fortress city near the Jordan River, which protected the land of the Canaanites from all invasion from the east. In order to conquer the Holy Land, the children of Israel must capture Jericho. They had just crossed the Jordan by a miracle. It was in the springtime when the melting snows from Mt. Hermon had filled the river to flood tide -it was over its banks. Here the mighty power of God was again revealed as it was on the

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shores of the Red Sea. The floodwaters of the Jordan piled up in a great heap as Israel went over dry-shod. At last they were in the Holy Land. God had fulfilled His promise to bring them out of Egypt into the land which He had reserved for them. But the land was still occupied by warlike nations. The first step in the conquest of Canaan was the capture of Jericho.

Joshua, now the leader of Israel, withdrew from the encampment to meditate and pray that God would go before His people. Suddenly he beheld an armed warrior with his sword drawn in his hand. To Joshua's challenge, "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" the answer was given, "As captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." Joshua 5:13,14. And then the same command that was given to Moses at the burning bush, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou stands is holy" (Exodus 3:5), revealed the true character of this mysterious stranger. Joshua fell upon his face and worshiped. Then came the assurance: "I have given into your hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor." Joshua 6:2.

Then he received instruction for the capture of the city. The whole camp of Israel was to march around the city every day for seven days, and on the seventh day they were to march around it seven times. In all these marching they were to keep absolutely silent except for the trumpets blown by seven priests. On the seventh day, after the seventh circling of the walls, the trumpets were to be blown and all the people were to shout. God's promise was that the walls would then collapse. Who ever heard of such a thing? Those massive walls that seemed to defy the siege of men! Can you imagine the feelings of the watchers on the walls as they looked down upon this strange act? They had heard about the mighty power of the God of Israel, they had heard about the passage of the Red Sea, they had heard about the miraculous things, including the passage of the Jordan on dry ground.

And now these people have reached Jericho. The great walls are manned with soldiers. The gates are locked and bolted. What does this mean, this marching around the city day after day, day after day? There must be a rising tension of fear.

And now, today, they have gone around the city once, twice-yes, seven times. But the walls are still standing. The trumpets sound their silver notes, there is a mighty shout that almost shakes the earth, and the entire congregation of Israel lift their voices in the cry of victory. "The walls of solid stone, with their massive towers and battlements, tottered and heaved from their foundations, and with a crash fell in ruin to the earth. The inhabitants of Jericho were paralyzed with terror, and the hosts of Israel marched in and took possession of the city." - Patriarchs and Prophets, p. 491.

According to divine instruction, the city was to be offered as a burnt offering to God, as the first fruits of the land. Nothing was to be taken from the city except gold, silver, brass, or iron, and this was to be dedicated to the sanctuary.

Well, that's the story, and here we stand today right by the ruins of Jericho. As we look at this picture of desolation, the thought comes to us, This city was not only destroyed by Joshua at the instruction of God, but it was also cursed judgments were threatened upon anyone who would presume to restore the walls that divine power had cast down. This solemn declaration was made in the presence of all the people: "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that rises up and builds this city Jericho: he shall lay the foundation thereof in his firstborn, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it." Joshua 6:26.

But let us go back for just a moment to our first text. How did the walls of Jericho fall? We read the scripture which says, "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down." What is the evidence of archaeology? Did the walls of Jericho fall down? Or was the city captured by scaling ladders? Or was the gate crashed by the enemy? Or were tunnels dug under the walls? What actually did happen according to the evidence of scientific archaeology?

First of all, what about the size of the city? According to the ruins that have been left, although the walls of Jericho were very great, they enclosed a city of only seven acres in extent. However, it was a strongly fortified city in those days. The Jordan Valley is a very hot place in summer, being no less than 1,300 feet below sea level. It is probable that even in winter, too, most of the inhabitants of Jericho would live more comfortably in the shade of the beautiful palm groves outside the city. In the Bible we find Jericho spoken of as "the city of palm trees!" Deuteronomy 34:3. And today it is still surrounded with hundreds of acres of date palms, great banana plantations, and orange groves.

Being a city of the size just mentioned, it was very easy for the armies of Israel to march around it seven times in one day. This disposes of the complaint of skeptics that it would be impossible for an army to march around a great city seven times in one day. Thus archaeology sustains the simple Bible record.

Now, what about the walls themselves? In 1930 Professor Carstang, with the co-operation of Sir Charles Marston, came to excavate the ruins of Jericho. They found the walls of Jericho, the walls of

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Joshua's day. They discovered that there had been many settlements on this spot, reaching away back into the dim ages of antiquity, but it was easy to identify the city that had been surrounded and captured by Israel.

Jericho had two walls parallel to each other, and 15 feet apart. The outer wall was 6 feet thick, the inner one from 12 to 15 feet thick. Both walls were 30 feet high. Across their tops, houses had been built. The city was oblong in shape; about twice as long as it was wide. At the northwest corner, facing the hills of Judea, stood a great tower or citadel. The walls of the city came up against this tower, and the tower was solid up to the level of the top of the walls. This building is still standing, as it was not overthrown with the walls. In fact, it held up the walls in its vicinity.

You will remember that before Joshua and the children of Israel crossed the Jordan, they sent spies to Jericho. These spies stayed in the home of a certain woman named Rahab. The Scripture says that her house was built upon the wall. From there, when the alarm was given, they were let down by a cord and escaped to the Judean hills. It is clear, therefore, that Rahab's house must have adjoined the citadel or tower, because, when the walls fell, Rahab's house remained intact. She and all her family were saved from this house when the Israelites arrived. She let down a scarlet cord from the window to identify her house to the invading army.

The archaeologists say that the walls give evidence of having fallen through earthquake. We know that they fell just at the time when Israel shouted and the trumpets blew just how God caused the collapse of these walls - by angel hands, or by a supernatural earthquake - we are not told. But we know that it was accomplished by the power of God. Some people have thought that Joshua and the Israelites undermined the city. If that were the case, Joshua would have been guilty of a pious fraud; but excavations made under the walls by Professor Garstang proved that the soil had been undisturbed. They also disclosed the fact that the foundations themselves were defective.

The walls of Jericho must have appeared impregnable to all the people of those days, but the Scripture says that when Israel shouted "the walls fell down flat" - notice that phrase, "fell down flat" - and there they are today, flat. The inner wall fell first, pushed the other over and down the slope on which it stood, and fell on top of it. It is one of the strangest things of which archaeology bears record. However, it is exactly what Christians would expect to find.

As we mentioned before, the city was to be made a whole burnt offering. Professor Carstang is familiar with the strata of burnt cities, but Joshua's firing of Jericho must have been unusual, for the burnt strata there are three or four times as thick as any normal ones. It seems that the Israelites must have collected all the combustible materials in the neighborhood, heaped them in the streets, houses, and stores, and then set fire to them. The city was not looted at first, but everything was burned. Explorers have found scorched remains of wheat, barley, lentils, dates, onions, olives, pieces of dough, and great storerooms full of charred food. After the lapse of over 3,300 years, these evidences, these mute witnesses, bear their testimony that though Jericho was burnt, it was not plundered.

As we stand here by the automobile, we hear the sound of running water. Yes, right over there it is - to the right! See that beautiful clear stream boiling right out of the ground, watering all these fields - these great orange orchards, this forest of palms, the tropical garden which is Jericho. Can it be? - Yes, it is! The only source of fresh water around here, the great Spring of Elisha. We read that story at home when we were children. It is found in 2 Kings, the second chapter, and tells how the water was bad and the land was barren around here. Remember, this was over eight hundred years before Christ was born. Elisha said: "Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus said the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spoke." 2 Kings 2:20-22.

And, friends, those waters are still healed. Fresh, clear, cool, pure water flows out from this spring right in the middle of the hot desert valley and makes a Paradise out of the whole section. It gives one a strange feeling to stand right beside this spring where such a mighty miracle took place and which reaches on down to our day.

The shadows are falling now, but another thought comes to us: Another Joshua came here. We call Him Jesus -for it is the same word in Hebrew. One day He came near this very place - yes, to Jericho. We find the story in the Gospel of Luke. As He came near Jericho -which, by the way, had been rebuilt in spite of the curse placed upon it by Joshua, as we read in 1 Kings 16:34 - our Savior saw a blind man begging by the wayside, possibly where our car is parked right now. He heard the people passing by and he asked what it meant. They said: "Jesus of Nazareth passes by. And he cried, saying, Jesus, Thou son of David, have

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mercy on me.” Luke 18:37,38.

Some tried to make the poor blind man keep still, but he only cried the louder. Jesus commanded that he be brought to Him and asked what he wanted. “And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight: thy faith hath saved thee. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Him, glorifying God: and all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God.” Verses 41-43.

Yes, great things have happened here in Jericho. Joshua was here, Elisha was here; but, above all, Jesus was here. He healed the blind man here, and here it was that Zaccheus, a little man with a big faith, climbed up a tree to see the Savior. It was here that he was converted and found salvation.

And so, as we turn away, we say to ourselves, What a wonderful book is the Bible, what a wonderful Savior is Christ!

Have faith in God
Though walls may bar the way;
Have faith in God
March on! His Word obey;
Have faith in God
'Tis victory today.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

5. I Saw a Star in Bethlehem

IT was a silver star-yes, a silver star fastened securely in the floor of a deep grotto. This grotto is under the high altar of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. It is said to mark the spot where our Savior was born. In this grotto, we are told, the blessed Virgin gave birth to the Savior of the world. Whether or not it is the place, I cannot say, but it may well be. Had it been necessary for us to know the exact spot of Christ's birth, it would have been revealed in the holy Word of God; but we know that it was in this village of Bethlehem, and it may have been in this particular place. To any Christian it is a great thrill, a great spiritual experience, to walk the rough, stony hill of Bethlehem and to know that here under this starlit sky the Redeemer of the world was born.

The little town of Bethlehem is built on a long limestone ridge running roughly from east to west. There are many caves and grottoes along the sides of this ridge. Some of them, to this day, are used as dwelling places, or as barns or shelters for cattle and sheep. They have been so used for many centuries. It may well be that in one of these Joseph and Mary found shelter on the eve of the nativity of our Lord.

Established local tradition placed the actual site of Christ's birth in a cave among the trees at the end of the village. In the year AD 326 the emperor Constantine sent architects to Bethlehem. They felled the trees, quarried the extra rock away from the top of the grotto, and pierced the rock roof with a circular opening so that people could see the manger and birthplace without entering. Over it they built an octagonal structure which was highly decorated. This building was almost destroyed in the revolution conducted by the Samaritans. After this was put down, Justinian, the emperor, built the present church about 529. It has gone through many vicissitudes - fire, war, change of rulers, change of religions - but the ancient church still stands where it has stood for about 1,500 years.

At one time the gable end was decorated with a beautiful mosaic representing the birth of our Savior with the wise men from the East about Him. In the year 614, when the Persian army overran Palestine, they destroyed every Christian church they could find. But, when they came to the Church of the Nativity and saw this mosaic of the Magi or wise men dressed as Persians, they spared the building.

It was a privilege to visit this ancient place of worship. Two of the three great doors are entirely walled up. The central door has been reduced in size so that one must bow down to go through it. This was to prevent local troublemakers from riding into the church on horseback.

Just a word about the town of Bethlehem. It is first mentioned in the Holy Scripture in Genesis 35:19 as the burial place of Rachel. Two great events have made it famous: the birth of David and his kingdom, and the birth of Christ, the Redeemer of the world. It stood off the great caravan routes, five or six miles south of Jerusalem. Bethlehem still retains its pastoral and agricultural life. Here took place the events in the beautiful story of Ruth and Boaz, as found in the book of Ruth. She was one of the great-great

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grandmothers of David and therefore of Jesus, who came of the seed of David and was born in Davids town.

When Saul was rejected by God, Samuel went to Bethlehem and assembled all the leading men of the little town to a solemn sacrifice. In obedience to a divine command, he anointed David, the youngest of the sons of Jesse, to be king over Israel. A few years later the Philistines invaded Israel, and Saul, with the men of Israel, marched to meet them in a valley not far from Bethlehem. One day Jesse sent David to the camp of the Israelites to take some food to his brothers, who were in the army, and to bring tidings back home. While David was in the camp, Goliath, the giant of the Philistines, repeated his insulting challenge to Israel. Everybody knows how the red-headed shepherd boy slew the giant with a pebble.

After Saul's death, David was crowned king by the tribe of Judah. At one time when Bethlehem itself was garrisoned by the Philistines, and David was hiding in the cave of Adullam, as we read in 2 Samuel 2,3, he longed for a drink of the cold water from the well of Bethlehem. Three of his dear friends risked their lives to get the water, but David refused to drink it because it represented their lives. So from Bethlehem came this water which typified the Water of Life. The name "Bethlehem" means House of Bread, and from it came Jesus Christ, the Bread of Heaven.

In Bethlehem were born Joab, Abishai, and Asahel, the three sons of David's sister. Joab became the leader of his army. He was the first to scale the walls of Jebus, later called Jerusalem. It was for this that he was made commander-in chief. Abishai was David's inseparable companion. He saved the king's life by slaying the Philistine giant, Ishbibenob. Asahel was the swiftest runner among David's valiant men and lost his life in one of his great exploits near Gibeon. He also was buried in Bethlehem.

When David had to flee beyond the Jordan because of the wrath of his rebellious son Absalom, Barzillai, one of the chiefs of Gilead, rendered services to the king. After the great victory, David in gratitude desired Barzillai to accompany him to Jerusalem. But, as he was very old, he refused, saying that he would stay in his own country. So David, at Barzillai's suggestion, brought his friend Chimham instead, and showered benefits upon him. It is believed that he gave him a piece of land in the town of Bethlehem. (2 Samuel 19:37.) To shelter his flocks, Chimham caused an immense inn, or caravansary, to be erected near Bethlehem. It served also as a station for caravans on their way to Egypt. This building was named after Chirham.

The prophet Jeremiah tells us that when the people of his day decided to flee from the Holy Land to Egypt, after the murder of Gedaliah, they assembled at the Inn of Chimham near Bethlehem. (Jeremiah 41:17.) It is very probable that six hundred years later Joseph and Mary presented themselves at this very same inn. There was no room for them, so they took refuge in the grotto, and the child Jesus was born in the manger.

Caesar Augustus, Emperor of Rome, had no idea that he was fulfilling Bible prophecy when he issued his decree commanding the census to be taken in the provinces of Syria. God overruled and brought Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to their native city, Bethlehem. There was fulfilled that which was spoken by the prophet Micah over seven hundred Years before: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." Micah 5:2.

Through the birth of our divine Savior, Bethlehem has won a deathless renown. Forevermore, as long as time shall last, it is a city of cities.

After a time of meditation here in the grotto, we walked out of the ancient church, out under the more ancient stars. We looked up at the constellations -the same ones David saw, the same ones Joseph and Mary saw on that night so long ago. There to the north and east, are the very fields where the shepherds watched their flocks by night.

We do not know the exact date of Christ's birth. There is no conclusive evidence that it took place on the twenty fifth of December. It has been celebrated by Christians on different dates. The date is not the important thing. The event is all-important. It did happen. Christ was born. God did enter humanity. The Holy One born to this world as a human babe was the Son of the living God. Here-somewhere on this hillside, under these stars, beneath the ancient sky-He came and changed everything in this world, and that is what counts.

In memory, in faith, let us for a few moments traverse the centuries. Here we are under the stars, in the open fields. In the distance we see a few glimmering spots of light where Bethlehem rests upon its hilltop.

Yes, I saw a star in Bethlehem a star, a silver star! And above the plains I also saw the glimmering stars as they looked down so long ago. On the night of our Savior's birth the wise men of the East saw a

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mysterious light in the heavens when the glory of God flooded the hills of Bethlehem. As the light faded, a luminous star appeared and lingered in the sky. It was not a fixed star nor a planet, and the phenomenon excited the keenest interest. Some believe that that star was a distant company of shining angels, but of this the wise men were ignorant. Yet they must have remembered the ancient prophecy of Balaam: "There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel." Numbers 24:17.

Could this star be the harbinger of the Promised One? So these men went in search of the newborn Prince. They came to the leaders in Jerusalem and said: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him!" Matthew 2:2. They had seen prophecy fulfilled, and they sought the Redeemer.

How is it with you, friend, today? Soon another star is to arise-the bright and Morning Star. Is your heart waiting for Him? Are you looking for His return? Do you not know that prophecy is being fulfilled today, and that the Second Advent of our Lord is about to occupy the attention of the entire world? It is written: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Daniel 12:3.

May we be among the wise, not only of the East, but of the West and of all lands, who have seen His star and who have come to worship Him, and to welcome Him back again.

Have faith in God
For all we have and are;
Have faith in God
His day cannot be far;
Have faith in God
As wise men, see the Star!
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

6. What I Saw in Jerusalem

LIKE Nehemiah, I first saw Jerusalem at night. As I looked at the dim shadows of its mighty walls, I thought of those words in Psalm 48:12,13: "Walk about Zion, go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark you well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that you may tell it to the generation following."

I was anxious to see all I could, so that I might tell it to you, radio friends. I wanted also to tell it to my own children. It was the dream of a lifetime come true! There in the darkness, I was actually treading on holy ground; I was looking at the walls of Jerusalem!

The ancient city of Bible times is inside the walls. There is a new city outside the walls. North of the Damascus Gate, which is the great north gate of the city, quite a suburb has grown up. That is where we stayed all night, probably six or seven blocks north of the wall.

The walled city, plus this northern suburb, is under the control of the Arab Kingdom of the Jordan. The new part of Jerusalem, outside the walls west of the old city, is controlled by the new Nation of Israel. Between these two sectors, we saw barbed-wire entanglements, a sort of no man's land in which many houses were destroyed by shellfire and mortar fire. This part of Jerusalem looked anything but peaceful. We went to bed that cold winter night at the American colony. Early the next morning we were up and out in the wind and rain to see all we could of Jerusalem and make every minute count. It was Christmas Day. We were thinking about the birth of our Savior. While it is true that the exact day of His birth is unknown, yet on this day millions think about it, and we are glad that they do. And there I was in Jerusalem, a city made sacred by the life, death, and resurrection of our Lord.

Now one of the main reasons why I wish to tell you about some of the things I saw in Jerusalem is to confirm your faith in the Holy Scriptures. The Bible speaks many times of Jerusalem. It tells us much about the city - its size, its walls, its fortresses, the temple, the various historical land marks. And, while Jerusalem has gone through many sieges and much destruction still some of these places mentioned in the Bible can be seen today.

Do we find them where they ought to be? Do they confirm the Scripture story? The answer to these questions is a most forceful yes. Jerusalem is a commentary on many Bible statements. It brings us archaeological and historical proof of the authenticity of the Bible. Sometimes skeptics tell us that the Bible is merely a collection of legends palmed off on a gullible public. All one has to do is to visit Jerusalem to

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see that the Bible is a true history, that it is a record of actual events, a description of real places, and not a vague poetic dream or legendary forgery.

The next morning, accompanied by Farid Salman, our guide, we passed through the great Damascus Gate in the north wall of Jerusalem. These walls were built by the Turkish sultan, Solyman the Magnificent, about 1542. Modern archaeologists have just been digging here by the side of this great gate, and, 24 feet below the present surface of the ground, they discovered the original foundations of the gate itself, built with Herodian masonry. Most probably, therefore, this is the gate outside which Jesus was crucified. Because of destruction by invading armies and earthquakes, many of the ancient houses and streets where our Savior and the apostles walked are now from 15 to 50, or even 100, feet below the surface of the ground. In other places the level of Christ's day is the surface level of today.

Here we are inside the gate. We are inside the Holy City. Here it was that our Savior manifested His eternal truth. Here He said, "I am the Light of the world." John 8:12. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." John 14:6. Here in the upper room He instituted the Last Supper, the holy communion. Here He went from the judgment hall to Calvary. Inside these walls He appeared after His resurrection on the third day. Even the Moslems consider the city holy. They call it "The Holy" - or, in their language, El Quds. It is holy also to all the tribes of Israel throughout the world. As we stand here in the morning light inside the mighty gate, words of Scripture come to us: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within Thy gates, O Jerusalem." Psalm 122:2,3.

And then, as I look about me at the narrow, winding, alley-like streets going off in various directions, I think of the words of the next verse: "Jerusalem is built as a city that is compact together." Surely every inch of space within these gigantic walls is occupied. The houses are all made of stone. On most of them, even the roof is made of stone, arched over. That's why they last so long. We see the ancient shops and houses just as they were in the time of Christ. But we must hasten on. Time is slipping away, and we must see all we can of Jerusalem before this broadcast is over.

Mat is that gigantic tower up there against the west wall? We go toward it, take out our camera, and just begin to take a picture when suddenly two Arab soldiers rush out toward us with fixed bayonets. We are not permitted to take pictures here. This is the Tower of David, the mighty fortress that protects Jerusalem on the west just down on the other side of the wall are the sentries of the army of Israel. They are watching each other with barbed-wire entanglements between. This brings us up sharp in the twentieth century. Ishmael and Israel, Jacob and Esau, are still at odds.

We turn back down David Street and come to the east side of the city. There are people all about us, dressed as they were in Bible times. We notice the strange smells of the Orient. We see the people cooking and eating in much the same manner as in ancient times; the same food-olives, wheat bread, and wine. We see the water in skins instead of bottles; and there is some old-fashioned pottery.

Now we've come to another great wall, and after plenty of red tape, as we call it in this country, we are admitted into a great 35-acre paved area. This is where the temple stood in the days of King Solomon. It is where the temple of Herod stood in the days of Jesus. Mat a sacred place is this! In the center is the dome of the large bare rock on which Abraham prepared to offer his son Isaac. A beautiful Mohammedan edifice, sometimes called the Mosque of Omar, is built directly over this rock on which the great altar of Solomon's Temple was later erected. It was here that the priests offered the sacrifice every morning and every evening.

We go inside and see this rock. It makes us feel very solemn as we realize that here God spoke to man. Many of the great stones in this platform were here when Christ was in this very place. This is about the only part of Jerusalem that has not been changed or tom up. The temple itself was tom down, of course, and the stones were scattered; but the platform remains.

Solomon cut off the top of Mt. Moriah, smoothed it out, and then added a great area by building up arches, by means of massive masonry, to the level of his projected temple foundation. The mighty rocks in this great platform are really gigantic, some of them are from 24 to 30 feet long just think, the feet of our Savior may have touched these very stones upon which we are standing! We can imagine the smoke of the sacrifices going up from this place. We can hear the people, the great crowds as they throng about for the services. We can hear the beautiful music of the Levite choir. And, as we think of the Bible story, we remember that Jesus taught here in these courts, that He performed miracles here, that the apostles taught and healed the sick in this very place. Mat a wonderful privilege it is to visit it!

Then we think of the terrible destruction when the city was captured by the Roman army, and the people sought refuge in the temple here, where thousands of them were slaughtered around the altar. And later the whole city itself was destroyed and lay desolate for many years.

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We hasten down behind our guide to a narrow street, and suddenly come to the great pool of Bethesda, which has lately been discovered. We go down deep steps and actually put our hands in the water. This pool was originally larger than it is today. But to think that right here our Savior healed the impotent man who had been sick for so many years!

We go outside the walls now, and down across the Valley of Kidron to the Garden of Gethsemane. There it is, just where it ought to be, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. We see there the ancient olive trees, which must be over a thousand years old, perhaps the descendants of the trees that were there at the time of Christ. Some of them are at least ten feet in diameter. There are also palm trees and cypress trees. Here we linger a while and pray.

On down a little valley we go. Up to our right are the mighty walls of Jerusalem. Now we have come to the famous Virgin's Pool, or spring, where every forty-five minutes or so the waters burst forth. It is called an intermittent fountain. This water is taken through a long tunnel which King Hezekiah dug underneath the solid rock of the Hill of Zion, and comes out on the other side in the Pool of Siloam. This tunnel was dug to save the water for the people of Jerusalem while the city was besieged by the Assyrians. It is a great engineering feat, and is spoken of in the Bible. (2 Chronicles 32:30.)

Here we see with our own eyes the verification of the Bible. Jerusalem proves the Bible true. This spring, this flowing water through the tunnel, this pool of Siloam still in existence; the little town near by just outside the walls, called the village of Siloa—all sustain the Bible story.

We turn back north, past the tomb of Absalom, and to our right we see the Mount of Olives. That's just where the Bible says it is. "The mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east. . . ." Zechariah 14A. There Jesus loved to teach. There from its top He looked over Jerusalem and wept when He foresaw its future. And from the Mount of Olives He ascended to heaven.

Yes, everything is here just as the Bible pictures it. The Bible gives us a true picture of Jerusalem and its environs the Holy City, built upon four hilltops, surrounded by higher mountains, as we read in Psalm 125:2.

All about us here in Jerusalem today we see the memorials of the life, death, and resurrection of our Lord. The Holy City sustains the Holy Bible. My radio friend, will you not open the precious pages of the Holy Scriptures and read there the story of Jesus Christ? It is His revelation that makes the Book holy. It is His life that makes the land holy and the city holy. He took our flesh, He lived in Palestine. He taught and died and rose again from the dead here at Jerusalem. As the result of all this, it is our privilege to have personal fellowship with Him; and, through Him, with the Father also.

Have faith in God
Jerusalem, the blest; Have faith in God
O house of peace and rest; Have faith in God
Soon comes His last and best. Have faith, dear friend, in God.

7. We Visit Mount Moriah

The Rock of Sacrifice

AND as He went out of the temple, one of His disciples A7saith unto Him, Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here! And Jesus answering said unto him, Sees thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." Mark 13:1, 2. And that is exactly the way it is today.

We are visiting the place of the temple in Jerusalem. Through our guide, we have made arrangements with the Moslem committee in the sacred enclosure. Jerusalem to visit Now we follow him through the massive stone gates into this holy place. Here is a great platform, partly paved with stone, approximately 1,500 feet long and 900 feet wide. It is the top of the ancient Mount Moriah, sacred as the place where Abraham offered Isaac, as we read in Genesis 22.

In the time of David, this hill was the property of the Jebusite named Oman. He had a threshing floor on its summit. You will remember that David, through vanity, gave orders for the numbering of the people of Israel, and God punished his vanity by pestilence. One day the king saw the destroying angel in the heavens over this threshing floor with a sword drawn and pointed toward Jerusalem. David repented of

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his fault, went to Oman and purchased the hill, and raised an altar to God, where he offered sacrifice. (2 Samuel 24.) There he promised to erect a temple, but he was not allowed to do this because he was a man of blood. Solomon, his son, the king of peace, completed the building of the mighty temple in the year 1004 BC.

This great Temple of Solomon, which was the successor to the tabernacle of Israel in the wilderness, was destroyed by the Chaldeans about 586 BC. Then, at the command of God, Zerubbabel began to rebuild it in 516. This second temple was not equal to Solomon's Temple in richness and splendor and for that reason, King Herod, wishing to have his crimes forgotten and render himself popular, conceived the idea of rebuilding it. To this end, he employed ten thousand workmen, while a thousand priests learned to be stone masons so they could build the holiest parts of the temple to which only the priests had access. Beautiful porticoes were built around the temple, the eastern one bearing the traditional name, "Solomon's Portico," or porch. These porticoes were composed of four rows of gigantic columns, each about forty feet high and made of one solid piece of white marble.

This reconstruction of the temple took Herod eight years. The decorating and final finishing touches took so long that the leaders of Israel said to Jesus: "Forty and six years was this temple in building." John 2:20. It was not yet finished when Jesus walked within its courts for the last time and foretold to His disciples its impending ruin. As He looked around upon its glory, He said: "See you not all these things? Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." Matthew 24:2.

No wonder Jesus wept over Jerusalem, as the Scripture says, when He foresaw this great destruction. In AD 70 His words were fulfilled when the Romans came and captured the city of Jerusalem and set fire to the temple.

In the year 132 the great Jewish leader, Bar Cochba, attempted to restore the temple. In the year 135 Emperor Hadrian came with a mighty army, killed Bar Cochba, and raised his own statue on the site of the temple.

Later, in 361, another attempt was made to rebuild the temple during the reign of Julian, called the Apostate. He knew that Jesus had foretold the destruction of Jerusalem and had said that the city and the temple would be trodden down of the Gentiles, or non-Israelite nations, as we read in Luke 21:24. This heathen Emperor Julian knew that if He could make this prophecy turn out false, he would prove that Christ could not foresee the future and was therefore not the Son of God. So, in his attempt to destroy Christianity, he tried first of all to prove the prophetic word of Christ untrue. His attempt to rebuild the temple followed, but as we read in the history called *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, the work was stopped by fearful, fiery eruptions from the soil.

Then the temple site was abandoned and looked upon by Christians as a spot cursed by God. The area of the old temple was turned into a heap of rubbish and remained that way until the Arabs came and captured the city. They cleared the spot and built over the ancient rock which formerly was under the great altar of sacrifice in Solomon's Temple, one of the most beautiful edifices in all the Islamic world. It was erroneously called the Mosque of Omar, for it was not built by Omar, but by a succeeding caliph in AD 691. The Arab name for this building is *The Dome of the Rock*. It is said to rest over the spot where Abraham offered Isaac, and where the great altar of sacrifice stood in the Temple of Solomon and also of Herod.

As we enter this building, we see the irregular surface of the naked rock itself rising about six feet above the floor. It is in strange contrast to the gorgeous decorations of the dome. This was the ancient threshing floor of Oman, the Jebusite. Here the smoke of the temple arose day and night. Here, in the fourth century after the destruction of the temple in the days of Julian the Apostate, the sons of Israel gathered from around the world to weep over the only relic left of the Temple of Solomon. Later, when this beautiful Dome of the Rock was built, they were compelled to go to the Wailing Wall, west of the enclosure, to weep for the glories of Jerusalem.

The Mohammedans believe that Mohammed himself, on his famous steed, Burak, came to this spot and prayed upon this rock before making his legendary trip to heaven. They say that as he began to ascend, the rock rose under his feet and tried to ascend with him, and was stopped only by the angel Gabriel, who left the imprint of his hand on the stone. We are shown this mark, but of course have strong doubts about it. The Moslems also have the legend that in the day of judgment, the trumpet will sound from this rock, and that here God will set up His throne.

Under the rock is a grotto which must have served Oman as a storehouse for his grain. There are also rock cuttings and drains which evidently were in use at the time of the temple services to carry off the

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blood and water of the sacrifices.

We go to the southeast corner of this great temple platform and climb the wall of the city and look down into the deep Kidron Valley. Here it was that the ancient temple went up to a height of around 400 feet. No doubt this is the very spot mentioned in the second temptation of Jesus. "Then the devil takes Him up into the holy city, and sets Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and said unto Him, If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down." Matthew 4:5,6.

Here our Savior met the tempter with Scripture, It is written, Thou shall not tempt the Lord thy God," quoting Deuteronomy 6:16. Yes, as we follow our guide here on this great stone platform, we are walking where Jesus walked. In some way it is different from visits we have made to other places now in ruin, and I think the reason is this: The temples of Egypt, Rome, and other places were made famous by men now dead; but the One who walked here and to whom the sacrifices and services of the temple pointed, is alive. Christ is alive forever, and in some way His presence is still here in the Holy City, and especially in the holy temple.

One day as He taught the people in this very spot, some men came to Him and asked, "What sign shows Thou unto us, seeing that Thou does these things?" John 2: 18. In other words, "What proof can you give us that You are the Son of God - that You have the right to teach the people here?" He had just cleansed the temple from the commercialism that was carried on there and had driven out the money changers and those who were selling animals for the sacrifices. "By what authority are You doing this?" they asked. Jesus answered, and I am reading John 2: 19: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building [in fact, it was still being built at that time], and wilt Thou rear it UP in three days? But [says the apostle John] He spoke of the temple of His body."

Not long after this, they hung Him on the cross and He was crucified, dead, and buried, but He arose again the third day. After the glorious Temple of Solomon had been destroyed by the king of Babylon, the children of Israel returned from exile and rebuilt it. But this second temple, built by Zerubbabel, was insignificant in comparison with the Temple of Solomon. Right during the service of dedication, the old men who had seen the Temple of Solomon in all its glory wept while the others were rejoicing. And yet the prophet Haggai, who was there, had this message from God for the people: "Thus said the Lord of hosts; ... I will shake all nations, and the desire of, all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, said the Lord of hosts. The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, said the Lord of hosts. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, said the Lord of hosts: and in this place will I give peace, said the Lord of hosts." Haggai 2:6-9.

This prophecy was fulfilled when Jesus Christ, the Desire of all nations - yes, the Desire of ages - appeared in this second temple as it was rebuilt by Herod. We read in John 1:14: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the-only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth."

So the glory of this latter temple was greater than the former; it was even the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Here in one of the porches of the temple, His parents found Him when He was a boy of twelve, sitting with the doctors and teachers, asking and answering questions. Here came one who was greater than the temple. Here He sat daily ... teaching in the temple." Matthew 26:55. Here in this very place where we walk this beautiful day, Jesus met the man whom He had healed at the pool of Bethesda, and said, "Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee." John 5:14.

Right over there, east of the great rock of sacrifice, Jesus was walking one winter day in Solomon's porch when some of the leaders came and said, "How long are You going to make us doubt? If You are Christ tell us plainly." "Jesus answered them, I told you, and you believed not: the works that I do in My Father's name, they bear witness of Me. But you believe not, because you are not of My sheep. And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. I and My Father are one." John 10:25-30.

Then they got ready to stone Him to death for blasphemy because He had claimed to be God. Yes, my friends, here by the great stone of sacrifice, Jesus, the true Sacrifice, came. Here He proclaimed His true nature, one with God the Father; as the Eternal Shepherd whose sheep hear His voice. Every bleeding lamb offered in sacrifice here on the great altar pointed forward to Jesus. All the services of the ancient tabernacle, and later of the temple, were appointed by Jesus.

He taught in this place. The glory of this temple was His glory. Here in the house of God, He claimed to be the Son of God. Here in the holy temple, He claimed to be the Temple. Here, where troubled

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sinners brought their lamb sacrifice, He claimed to be the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep.

As I stand here today and look at this ancient stone, I ask myself: "Am I one of His sheep? Am I one of those sheep in the care of the Good Shepherd? Has He given to me eternal life? Do I claim His promise that I shall never perish and that no man shall pluck me out of His hand?"

Ah, my friend, those promises are for you and for me. Let us accept them, and then will the glory of Christ, the Living Temple, shine in our hearts today and forevermore.

Have faith in God
As on Moriah's brow;
Have faith in God
Believe Him here and now,
Have faith in God
Your sacrifice endow.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

8. The Stations of the Cross

GOD forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Galatians 6:14. When we think of the city of Jerusalem, we think of the cross of Christ. There He was crucified for the world. From there a great story went out, and out and out, to Earth's remotest bounds.

It's a winter day, and we are visiting Jerusalem. We wish especially to see the so-called "Stations of the cross," places marked along the path that Jesus is supposed to have trodden from Pilate's judgment hall to the cross on Calvary's hill. Not all these places pointed out by the guides are historically or archaeologically verifiable. However, the Holy Scriptures do speak of various events which happened on that tragic day. So, as we pass along through the streets on our visit to Jerusalem, we are anxious to see places that have been memorialized in honor of our Lord's passion.

Just north of the holy temple of God in Jerusalem, stood the great castle of Antonia. This ancient fortress was enlarged by Herod the Great and called "Antonia" after his friend, Mark Antony. Pontius Pilate resided here on the occasion of the feast of the Passover. To this place our Redeemer was led by those who had already sentenced Him to death. They desired to have their sentence confirmed by Pilate, the Roman governor.

There were various buildings within this fortress. At the eastern side was a great palace. The western portion, lower down, was a courtyard paved with flagstones, called in the Bible, "Gabbatha." (John 19: 13.) Here Jesus was condemned to death, scourged, and crowned with thorns. This is the first station on the way to the cross. The great fortress was destroyed by the Romans in AD 70, but portions of the great pavement are clearly seen in a number of the modern buildings. Today a police station is located here.

It was a privilege for us to walk over these same pavements, to sit down quietly near by and meditate on the scenes of that day when our Savior was condemned by the hearts of men. We seem to hear the shouts of the mob. We see the people pushing forward. With the crown of thorns upon His head, Jesus is presented to the crowd with the words of Pilate, "Behold the man." But the cry goes up, "Crucify Him, crucify Him." John 19A6. And He is led away from the judgment seat of Pilate. He is led away from the pavement which we are looking at now. The shouting crowd falls in about Him as He starts down the rough cobblestone-paved street toward the place of execution.

Now we come to the second station of the cross, where Jesus Himself bore the heavy instrument of death. They laid the cross upon His shoulders. He bore the cross for you, for me. He must, through weakness, have stumbled. It must be that He was unable to carry it. Lack of sleep, the terrible strain of Gethsemane, the cruelty of the soldiers weakened Him physically, so that "As they led Him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus." Luke 23:26.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone, And there's a cross for me.
P. DODD.

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When we feel that the cross we have to carry is too heavy, we can remember that Jesus bore a cross too. While we may have to bear our cross, we shall never have to bear His. It was “the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ” (Galatians 6:14), the cross of Calvary. However heavy our cross may be, we can take courage from the assurance that it will never be greater than His mercy.

The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it never outweigh His grace;
The storm that I fear may surround me, But it never excludes His face.

The cross is not greater than His grace, The storm cannot hide His blessed face;
I am satisfied to know That with Jesus here below, I can conquer every foe.

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Pilate had washed his hands of the whole matter and wanted to forget it, but down through the ages his name will go, always on the wrong side of this decision. And here at this station of the cross, Simon of Cyrene took up the burden, and his name comes down through all the ages because he met Jesus on that day. When Simon started for the city that morning, coming in from the country, he had no idea that such an experience would be his. So, often it is, that we meet Jesus in unexpected ways, but always with blessing. By this act of kindness, Simon’s name was preserved from oblivion.

Now this strange cavalcade is outside the gate of the city, out in the countryside that Jesus loved. But what a different day is this! As the Savior staggers toward Calvary, many of the women of Jerusalem give voice to their grief. These women are not lamenting Him as a god who walked the earth like a man; they do not understand His divine mission in it. But they are moved by feelings of human pity. Jesus does not despise their sympathy. On the other hand, it awakens in His heart a great sympathy for them. Turning to these women, He says: “Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.” Luke 23:28.

Our Savior looked forward to the time of Jerusalem’s destruction. In that terrible scene, He beheld the sufferings of some of those who were about Him then. And, in the destruction of that impenitent city, He saw a symbol of the final destruction to come upon the world. He said: “Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?” Luke 23:30, 51.

By the “green tree,” Christ referred to Himself, the innocent Redeemer. God suffered His wrath against transgression to fall upon His own beloved Son. Jesus was crucified for the sins of men. What suffering, then, would the sinner bear who continued in disobedience? All the impenitent would know a sorrow no language can express.

Jesus now approaches the Hill of the Skull - nearer and nearer. He is dragged along by the rough soldiers. Simon of Cyrene is bent low beneath the weight of the cross. One soldier carries a hammer, another some great nails. There are the two thieves, each bearing his own cross - no doubt, soon to be crucified with Jesus. As we look upon that barren, rocky hill, in its south face the perfect picture of a gigantic skull, our thoughts go back to that day in springtime. Here we have come to another station of the cross.

Centuries before, it was prophesied: “They pierced My hands and My feet.” Psalm 22:16. Here Jesus is nailed to the cross between two thieves. In this way, He was identified with sinners, with you and with me. “He was numbered with the transgressors.” Isaiah 53:1,2.

At the head of His cross the superscription is written by Pilate, “Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.” John 19:19. The soldiers draw back to play and to watch. The crowd jeers. One disciple, the disciple that Jesus loved, stands with a little group of women, including His dear mother, to await the end

As we stand on this sacred spot, I bend down and pick up a piece of stone which I shall carry home as a memento of this day. In my heart the words keep ringing over and over again: “This is the place. This is where He died for me. In Christian faith, this is the highest mountain in the world, Mt. Calvary.” It is highest in the sense that here the greatest event connected with our salvation took place.

We look southward over the ancient walls and buildings of Jerusalem. There is the Damascus Gate. You will remember that Christ was crucified outside the city wall. Farther to the south, we see the Mount of Olives, where Jesus used to meet with His disciples, and from which He looked upon Jerusalem and said: “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together but you would not!” Matthew 23:37.

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We look westward and see the barbed-wire entanglements in the no man's land between the new State of Israel and the Arab soldiers. We look northward, where new buildings dot the countryside; and eastward to Mt. Scopus where, in Christ's day, the Roman Army was soon to pitch its camp, and where now a great university stands.

Here we stand on Mt. Calvary. Yes, right here is where it happened. Here He died, our perfect Sacrifice, our Passover Lamb, our pierced Messiah. A missionary in Africa overheard one native boy say to another: "My maimed foot is my life. The lack of the fifth toe on my left foot saved me. They were going to make me one of the sacrifices at the chiefs funeral, but a sacrifice with a blemish won't do, so I got off."

What a comment on sacrifice - a reminder of our perfect Sacrifice! In Exodus 12:5 we read of the Passover sacrifice, Your lamb shall be without blemish." And so He was -holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." Hebrews 7:26. "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." 1 Corinthians 5:7.

This is where the sun was darkened,
Where the earth was torn and rent.
This is where He cried, "Forsaken!"
Where we stand, His blood was spent.
Rocks below Him, sky above.

This is where His heart was broken,
Where the mocking throng passed by.
This is where His cross was standing,
Where at last He came to die.
Man of sorrow, Man of love!
H.M.S.R.

And so, in our pilgrimage to the stations of the cross today, we have come to the cross itself. "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said, Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit: and having said thus, He gave up the ghost." Luke 23:46.

Jesus dies upon the cross! The cross is the symbol of His sacrifice forever. He was at once the world's Priest, the world's Sacrifice, the world's Teacher. Some month's ago, in the company of Pastor Fordyee Detamore of Hong Kong, China, I was able to make a visit to the city of Macao, the Portuguese territory that hangs precariously on its tiny peninsula on the southern coast of China. To me, the city is not noted for its gambling casinos, its opium dens, its ancient harbor, its pirate junks, its ancient history, or its interesting people. But most of all, in my mind, it is famous for a solitary grave, hidden away behind a high wall, unknown to many passers-by. It is the grave of Robert Morrison, the first evangelical missionary to China, who translated the New Testament with the story of the cross to the millions of that great land. There, at his lonely but not forgotten grave, we stood with bowed heads and rededicated our lives to the great task of telling the story of the cross to China's millions, and the millions of other lands.

A little beyond this humble missionary's quiet resting place, on the very top of the hill, towering over the entire city, stands the front wall of a great cathedral that was blown down in a typhoon several hundred years ago. On the very top most pinnacle of the facade, which stood in spite of the fury of the storm, towers a cross. It was unshakable and, through all the years, has defied the elements. When Sir John Bowring was governor of Hong Kong, he visited Macao and this gigantic ruin. Seeing the cross unmoved, he was inspired to write his famous song:

In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering over the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story Gathers
around its head sublime.

And so it does! As we looked upon that cross still standing after all these centuries, we were reminded that the cross of Christ still remains the science and the song of God's people through all ages. From the cross on Calvary Jesus cried, "It is finished"; and, for the unfallen universe and for us, the great work of redemption was accomplished. We can share the fruits of Christ's victory.

There is one more station of the cross. It is not in old Jerusalem; it is not even in this world. It is before the throne above. It is there where the "Lamb as it had been slain opens the book of seven seals as the saved ones cry out: "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou was slain, and has redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

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Revelation 5:9.

Then ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of the shining host say with a loud voice: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." Verse 12. At this wondrous station of the cross, we all may praise His name at last. Will you not, dear friend, come to His cross today, in faith believing, and accept Christ there as your Redeemer?

Have faith in God
Beyond all gain or loss;
Have faith in God
Ashes all else, and dross;
Have faith in God
And see at last the cross.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

9. On the Mount of Olives

YES, HERE WE are on the Mount of Olives. It's a bright, sunny afternoon. The sky is a deep blue. Here and there a fleecy cloud floats by. A cool wind comes from the west. We are actually standing on the Mount of Olives. Possibly there is no Christian who at some moment of his life has not had a longing for the Mount of Olives - as one writer calls it, "the august hill, which lifts its head like an immense sanctuary to the east of Jerusalem." just as the Holy Scripture says, "The mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east." Zechariah 14:4.

There below us is the narrow valley of the Kidron brook, which, by the way, flows only in times of rain or storm. And notice, it really is a mount of olives, isn't it? Look at those olive trees, from bottom to top. They reach from the Kidron right up to the very brow of the mountain.

We stand here looking west out over the city of Jerusalem. To our left is an extension of the mountain, called the Mount of Scandal, because here Solomon offered sacrifices to the idols of his thousand wives. (1 Kings 11:4-8; 2 Kings 23:13.)

To our right we see another hilltop which belongs to this same range, called Mount Scopus. Here Titus placed the Roman camp when he sieged Jerusalem at the time of its destruction in AD 70. And right where we are standing, on the very top of the Mount of Olives, is very historical and holy ground. Here David came climbing up from the valley below, weeping as he came, and followed by the officers of his government. He was being driven out of Jerusalem by his favorite son, Absalom. The Scripture says that he wept as he climbed this hill where we stand now. He was fleeing for his life, but in spite of that, he stopped right here where he had his last view of the Holy City, and sought God in prayer. (2 Samuel 15:32.)

Down there, immediately before us, is the Garden of Gethsemane. What holy thoughts it brings to mind! The valley of the Kidron, which divides the Mount of Olives from Jerusalem, is also a place of sacred memories. It is also called the valley of Jehoshaphat in Joel 3,2, 12, where we read, I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, . . . for there will I sit to judge the heathen round about." The word "Jehoshaphat" means God judges. There is a common belief that this valley may be the spot destined of God to be the last meeting place of humanity. Because of that, this valley has become a huge necropolis. Jews and Moslems from all over the world have been buried here - the Jews largely on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, and the Moslems on the corresponding slope that leads up to the wall of the city. Thousands and thousands of graves cover almost every square foot of the land in some places.

Jesus and His disciples crossed this little valley many times, either going to the temple through the eastern gate, now called the Golden Gate, or ascending the slopes of the Mount of Olives, where He used to spend the night in Gethsemane or at Bethany in the hospitable home of Lazarus.

We are especially interested in the Mount of Olives as a scene of events in the life of Christ while here on earth. Once after He had taught in the temple and had proclaimed the gospel to the great men in that holy place, we read in the last verse of John 7, "And every man went into his own house." But the first verse of the next chapter says, "Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives." This is very significant. These religious leaders had homes of their own; Jesus had no home. But with His disciples He went to the Mount

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of Olives, and there among the trees, evidently in some near-by grotto, He spent the night. In fact, during the last week of His life on earth He appears to have spent most of his nights on the Mount of Olives. There He loved to pray, to meditate, and to teach His disciples.

Somewhere along this road that crosses the shoulder of the Mount of Olives, probably near where we stand now, Jesus, on the morning of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, just a few days before His death on the cross, stopped and gazed out over the beautiful city. There was the temple, like a mountain of snow crowned with gold, shining in the sun. Far to the west was Mount Zion, with the great towers of Herod. What a glorious scene it was! But Jesus wept. His heart was broken with a strange sorrow. And, as we read in Luke 19:41-44 of the gospel record: "And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou had known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! For the days shall come upon thee, that you enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another. Because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

Yes, Jesus saw more than the others about Him. He saw not only the temple in its beauty. He saw the future. He saw the Roman legions advancing from the north; He saw them building their trench of warfare around the city. He saw the towers overthrown, the palaces smashed, the temple consumed by fire. He saw thousands and thousands of the inhabitants scattered, dead by the sword and famine. He saw fugitives scattered among all nations.

So His eyes filled with tears, and His voice must have trembled with compassion and sorrow as He spoke those words. But while He repeated those sad words, the people were rejoicing. "Blessed is He that comes in the name of the Lord," they shouted. (Matthew 2Lg.) They threw down palm branches before Him and announced Him as their king. Some Pharisees near by, exasperated, said, "Master, rebuke Thy disciples." But He replied, "I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would cry out." Luke 19:39, 40.

And, friends, today the stones are crying out in one way, in evidence of the fulfillment of Christ's words. From the deepest foundations of the temple, the latest archaeological discoveries cry out that He spoke the truth. The mighty ruins of Jerusalem proclaim a mighty Savior. The ruins at the Mount of Olives proclaim that He predicted correctly. Now let us notice three great events in the life of Jesus which took place on the Mount of Olives. First, His prophecy of the future; second, His agony in the garden; third, His ascension to heaven.

After His final and most solemn denunciation of the sinful city as recorded in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, our Savior forsook the temple. He suited His actions to His words. It was as though He cast the dust off His shoes against the house that was to be left desolate. He crossed the Kidron brook, slowly climbed the Mount of Olives, and with the disciples sat down at their place of retreat, evidently on a ledge of rock by a natural grotto. The city spread out before them. Three of the disciples - James and John and Andrew - came to Him privately and said: "Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?" Matthew 24:3. The rest of the chapter is Christ's answer to this double question.

First, He relates events that should precede the destruction of Jerusalem. All this was fulfilled literally, and the city met its terrible fate in the year AD 70 at the hands of Titus and Vespasian.

The last half of Christ's prophecy in Matthew 24 concerns the end of the world. He not only speaks of the appearance of false Christs and false prophets, some of whom would appear in secret chambers and others in desert places, but He describes His own advent as being like the "lightning which comes out of the east, and shines even unto the west." Verse 27.

He describes the long ages of darkness and trouble for His people. But in verse 29 He declares: "Immediately after those days shall the sun be darkened." This was fulfilled in the great Dark Day of May 19, 1780. Then Christ said that, following this, the stars would fall from heaven; and this took place in the great meteoric shower of November 13, 1833. Next, "the powers of heaven shall be shaken." This is the cosmic sign that faces us today in this atomic age. Next in order, "shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven," we read in verse 30, and "all the tribes of the earth shall mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."

But He was careful to instruct us that "of that day and hour knows no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but My Father only." Verse 36. Then we are told that as it was in the days before the Flood - days of social preferment and enjoyment, of eating, drinking, buying, selling, and getting gain so it will be before Christ's second coming. He declared that there would be signs in the earth and in the sky - "in the sun and in the moon, and in the stars. And upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and

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the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear; and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." Luke 21:25,26. "And then," He said, "shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draws nigh." Verses 27,28. That's why we are bound to be happy in these days when we see the signs of Christ's appearing being fulfilled all about us.

Now we come to the second holy event which took place upon the Mount of Olives. It is Christ's solemn agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. In the daytime our Lord was teaching in the temple. "At night He went out, and abode in the mount that is called the mount of Olives." Luke 21:37. After the Last Supper in the upper room He led His disciples toward this holy place of prayer. "And He came out, and went, as He was wont, to the Mount of Olives; and His disciples also followed Him." Luke 22:39.

St. John tells us that Judas knew the place because Jesus had often resorted thither with His disciples. (John 18:2.) There were certain caves and grottoes here among the trees where our Savior no doubt found shelter, for He said: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." Matthew 8:20. Here He instructed His disciples to sit "while I go and pray yonder." Then He took with Him Peter and James and John, and began to be very sorrowful, and said: "Stay you here and watch with Me. I'm going a little farther." Then He began to pray, "O Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Matthew 26:36-39.

He returned to His disciples and found them asleep. In this hour of His supreme need of friendship and fellowship, they had failed Him. "Could you not watch with Me one hour? Watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Verses 40,41. After these words, He went and prayed the second time, returning only to find His disciples sleeping again. Then He went and prayed the third time. And being in agony, He prayed the longer, and His sweat became as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground. Here an angel came to strengthen Him. Then He returned again to His disciples and said: "Why sleep you? rise and pray." Luke 22:46. And while He was speaking, the mob came, and Judas betrayed Him with a kiss. He was arrested and led away. Yes, here under the olive trees the sins of the world rolled upon Him. Here He faced the tragedy of the cross. Here He turned His face toward Calvary.

As we stand here by these ancient olive trees, which some think are the very ones that were here in the time of our Savior, on this very ground sanctified by His prayers and drops of bloody sweat, we meditate on what He did for us. From this place, from these trees, He went forth to die. Here among the trees He fought our battle.

There are eight of these ancient trees still living, still bearing fruit. Their exact age is unknown but, as Pliny said, the olive tree does not die. And the fact that they are Roman olives makes it seem possible that they are contemporaneous with Christ, or at least shoots from the very trees that were witnesses of His prayer and agony. The word "Gethsemane" means oil press, the place where the precious oil was pressed from the olive fruit.

So many things happened here on the Mount of Olives that we could continue on at great length merely describing them. We could describe the events that took place at Bethpage, where Jesus began His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. And especially could we picture the beautiful story at Bethany, the home of Lazarus, Jesus' friend, the place where Mary and Martha lovingly cared for Him. In fact, to this very day the Arabs call the little village of Bethany Al Azariyeh, which came from the name Lazarus. It was here at the tomb of Lazarus that Jesus said: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believes in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever lives and believes in Me shall never die." John 11:25,26. These were His words to Martha. It was here that He performed His great miracle when He called Lazams from the tomb -right here, just over the crest of the Mount of Olives.

It was here that He sat at supper with Simon, the leper. When Mary entered and anointed His feet with the precious ointment, Judas commented, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" Jesus said: "Let her alone. She has wrought a good work. The poor you have always. You may do them good at any time. But Me you have not always. Verily, I say unto you, Where so ever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." Mark 14:4-9.

Yes, the Mount of Olives is a place of sacred memories, of holy teachings, of never-to-be-forgotten events. But we come now to the last. Here on the Mount near Bethany, Jesus said farewell to His disciples. Here as they gathered around Him, He seemed to be growing taller. He began to ascend to His Father in heaven. Here is the divine record in Luke 24:50,51: "And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted

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from them, and carried up into heaven.” Simple and majestic are these words. Here on the eastern slope of Olivet, the supreme and holy event occurred.

We read a description of it again in Acts, the first chapter, verses 9-12: “And when He had spoken these words, while they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, You men of Galilee, why stand you gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as you have seen Him go into heaven. Then returned they unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a Sabbath day’s journey.”

Olivet saw the last of Jesus. There His feet touched the soil of this earth for the last time. The last time? No, not the last time. There again His feet will touch the earth, according to the promise found in Zechariah 14:4. Someday, some blessed day, He will stand on the Mount of Olives again. It is the mount of His departure and it is the mount of His return at last. What a privilege it has been to be here, to see these places, to feast our hearts upon the story of Olivet, “which is before Jerusalem on the east.”

Have faith in God
No fear, no frown, no fret;
Have faith in God
His word is faithful yet;
Have faith in God
As Christ on Olivet.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

10. I Looked Into the Tomb Of Abraham

ABRAHAM believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness; and he was called the Friend of God.” These words from the Epistle of St. James, chapter 2, verse 23, kept ringing in my ears as the motor car lurched to and fro over the rocky mountain road.

We could not go straight from Jerusalem, past Bethlehem, to Hebron because there had been war in the land. In fact, Jerusalem is in the center of battlefields. Anyone who goes to the Holy City must approach it over battlefields. It has been so through many, many long centuries. It is so now.

The late war between the nation of Israel and the Arab forces was at a standstill, a sort of armed truce. But there was a salient of the Israel Army thrown across the Bethlehem road. So, instead of going down this road about seven miles to Bethlehem and on to Hebron, we had to take a new military road carved out of the rocky hillsides in the wilderness of Judea, going down into the Valley of Hinnom, made famous in the Bible story, and on up over rugged hills and down again into desolate canyons - seventeen miles instead of seven-to Bethlehem; then on south to Hebron.

These words were ringing in my ears, “And Abraham. was called the Friend of God.” They echo down through four thousand years, from the twentieth century BC to the twentieth century AD. We were on our way to the Cave of Machpelah, the tomb of Abraham. Every square foot of the earth about us was rich in history and in the associations of the sacred record. We were in the land of the Bible. Soon we crossed the fields of the shepherds and rounded the rocky northwestern end of the limestone ridge to which Bethlehem clings, dreaming of a night long ago when the heavens were filled with music.

Now we are back on the ancient caravan road. The sides of the road are lined with stone fences, the rocks for them having been gathered from the fields alongside. Here and there we see patches of solid stone - brown, white, or cream colored. Thousands of olive trees, like an army, climb up over the rocky hillsides.

Now we are in a land of grapes, the vineyard section of Judea. The vines do not grow on trellises or on bushes, but lie stretched upon the ground, where they are all trained to point in the same direction. This is the section of Palestine where Caleb and Joshua, along with the other ten spies, found the huge cluster of grapes that was borne on a staff between two men back to the camp of Israel.

Here we see a herd of black goats, and there a flock of sheep branded with brown stripes of henna dye. Some of these are the so-called fat-tailed sheep. Here we see a donkey yoked with a camel; in another place, a donkey yoked with an ox, after the ancient manner. They are plowing the rocky soil with a stick of

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wood. Here beyond Bethlehem it's a wild, rocky country.

We come around a turn in the road and see before us an ancient kahn-in other words, an inn, or stopping place, for caravans. It's a great square building, erected many centuries ago. Travelers could enter through the large barred gate. There was room for their camels, horses, and donkeys inside, where they were safe from the raiding bands of robbers and Bedouins. This place is about a days journey from Jerusalem. Travelers would arise early in the morning and make the market in the great city before nightfall. Returning, it was a good place to stop the first night out from Jerusalem on the way to Hebron. We went inside this ancient building - no doubt, much like those here at the time of Christ - and found some refugees camping in the cold, damp ruins of the interior.

Just across the highway, we saw three large reservoirs called Solomon's Pools, rebuilt by Pontius Pilate, it is said, in an effort to supply Jerusalem with fresh water. It was delivered to the city in the old days through stone pipes, many of which are still in place. The money spent for these pools by Pontius Pilate led to a great deal of dissatisfaction, and finally insurrection which drove him from power. We visited these pools, and in the same little valley where these Pools of Solomon still hold their life-giving waters, we saw beautiful gardens. In fact, the name of this place is Ortus, which means garden. Many believe that these are Solomon's Gardens. This place was formerly called Etam, of which Solomon writes in Ecclesiastes 2:4-6: I made me great works; I built me houses. I planted me vineyards: I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits. I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that brings forth trees."

Here are the scenes spoken of in the Song of Solomon. Here are those gardens whose plants were once beds of spices and "an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits." Song of Solomon 4:13. The water from these great pools still makes life possible to thousands of people.

Again we are in the motor car and pushing on down to Hebron. It was on this road, we are told, that Philip, the evangelist, met the eunuch from the court of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia. Right here where these great rocks hide the view of the curve just beyond, is where the first hitch-hiker in history was picked up by the chariot of the chancellor. Here is where he was reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and asked: "Of whom speaks the prophet this? Of himself, or some other man?" Acts 8:34. Here, on this very road, Philip began at that scripture "and preached unto him Jesus." Verse 35. Then the Ethiopian made his confession, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God" Verse 37. Soon the chariot stopped beside a wayside pool and he was baptized into Jesus Christ. You remember the beautiful story of his conversion.

Now we are nearing the small city of Hebron, one of the oldest cities in the world, nearly as old as Damascus. Off to the right is the Plain of Mamre, where Abraham camped beside the great oak tree. All about are vineyards and little clumps of oaks.

We turn off the main highway onto a rocky road along the hillside toward this spot of sacred memory. We go through a gate and on up to the great oak tree, still living after many centuries. Tradition says that this is the tree. It may be a thousand years old, or even two thousand. Although it is not likely that this is the tree under which Abraham's black goats-hair tent was pitched, it may be the son or grandson of that tree. As we drew up to the oak and rested beneath its ancient branches, the words of Genesis 18:1-5 came to mind. "And he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day; and he lift up his eyes and looked, and, lo, three men stood by him. And when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground, and said, My Lord, if now I have found favor in Thy sight, pass not away, I pray Thee, from Thy servant. Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet and rest yourselves under the tree: and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort you your hearts; and after that you shall pass on: for therefore are you come to your servant. And they said, So do, as thou has said."

As we draw near the tree an Arab passes us with the brief salutation, "Salaam Aleikein," and, in our best Arabic, we reply, "Aleikem salaam." We seem to see Abraham, bringing out to his guests the provision of his hospitality, prepared by Sarah and her maids in the women's quarters of the tent. We hear their conversation and at last, the departure of two of the visitors. One remains, soon to be identified as the pre-incarnate Son of God. What a solemn place this is! The soil of this field was touched not only by the feet of the father of the faithful, but by the feet of angels, and of that Holy One who is called the Word of God.

Abraham had left the land of Ur of the Chaldees. He had marched through weary leagues and weary years to this Land of Promise. And here he lived, not in a house, but under an oak tree out on a hillside near a spring. Here is the place where divinity touched humanity, and where Abraham was called the Friend of God. And it is interesting to learn that to this very day he is known in all the Arabic world, in all the Holy Land, as Al-khalil - that is, "The Friend."

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This town of Hebron and this oak-shaded spot are sacred to three great religions - Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. All of them place their genesis back to the man God called "Friend." It is wintertime, and a heavy rainstorm is sweeping up. Raindrops are already falling through the oak leaves upon us, so we hasten back to our motor car and on into Hebron.

Hebron was a well-known city in Abraham's day, about two thousand years before Christ. It was still important in David's time, when it was his first capital. David was crowned King of Judah in this very place. It was from Hebron that Joseph set out to seek his brothers in Shechem, and it was right here in Hebron that those brothers found their father and brought him the blood-stained coat of many colors, with which to break his heart. Absalom, David's handsome and magnetic son, was born here. It was right here, just outside the gate of Hebron that Joab killed Abner in his cold jealousy. It was here that Absalom came on a pretext of forming a bodyguard and tried to set up his own kingdom over Israel, saying: "As soon as you hear the sound of the trumpet, then you shall say, Absalom reigns in Hebron." 2 Samuel 15:10.

Hebron has been captured and recaptured many times. It has seen war and bloodshed and has heard the shout of battle. But through all the years of confusion, the Friend of God has slept quietly in the great cave of Machpelah, which is now in the very center of the town. Over it is built a famous mosque, and around it a wall of gigantic stones. The origin of this wall is unknown, but one look shows that it is built of exactly the same kind of stones, the same sort of masonry, as the mighty wall that Herod built in Jerusalem, now called the Wailing Wall. It is believed by scholars, therefore, that this wall in Hebron was built by King Herod to surround and protect this sacred sepulcher.

In a great double cave deep below the surface of the ground, rest Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah. And on the floor of the mosque above, are cenotaphs of marble, marking the spots under which the patriarchs and their wives are buried. Access to the cave itself is not permitted. It certainly would be a great place for archaeological investigation. Possibly sometime such investigation may be possible. It is now controlled by the Moslems and is considered a very, very sacred place. You will remember that when Sarah died, Abraham purchased the cave of Machpelah and the field and the trees about it. There he buried his beloved wife. Later on, he himself was buried there; and then, in due time, his son and grandson with their wives.

There are three entrances to this great cave, two of which are sealed. One is a very small hole in the floor of the mosque. An oil lamp hangs deep in the cave but does not shatter much of the darkness. We were permitted to look down through this chimney-like hole. In former times, many of the descendants of Abraham were permitted to come here and drop prayers, written on small pieces of paper, into the cave of Machpelah. This reminds us of the parable of the rich man and Lazams, in which the rich man is pictured as praying and crying out to father Abraham as he would to God.

Why is Abraham called the Friend of God? The answer is in the text which we mentioned at the beginning of this broadcast, James 2:21-23. The reference is to Abraham's willingness to sacrifice his son Isaac at the command of God. He made God first in everything. "Faith wrought with his works, and by works was his faith made perfect And the scripture was fulfilled which said, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness: and he was called the Friend of God."

Yes, I looked into the tomb of Abraham, but as I looked, I knew that this is not his final resting place. While the weary years have rolled by, there has been no knowledge of passing time to that great servant of God. He closed his eyes here on earth, in faith believing, and he will open them again in the presence of his divine Friend, in that heavenly city, to which he began his pilgrimage long ago.

Have faith in God
By friendship made more bold;
Have faith in God
Believe the promise told;
Have faith in God
Like Abraham of old.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

11. The Jesus Tower in Damascus

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JOIN me today, radio friends, on my journey toward Damascus. We are on the old caravan road, not on a camel, though we are driving past hundreds of them every hour. We are riding in a modern automobile going northward, northward through the country known as the Hauran. It is a great wheat country, the granary of Syria. Formerly this was known as the land of giants, the land of Bashan. It was the country where King Og, the giant, ruled and slept in his famous iron bedstead which was nine cubits long, as we read in Deuteronomy 3:11. He was a big man, all right!

But we are not interested in giants today, nor in camels. We are hurrying along to the oldest inhabited city in the world, Damascus off to our left we see several black blotches on the landscape. They are Bedouin tents made of the black goat hair, which is used for tent making all over this country. They are the very same sort of tents that were here in the days of the Israelites. Over to the right we see half a dozen plowmen plowing with their oxen just as they did in the days of the Old Testament.

Soon we are following a silvery stream. It is the river Pharpar. You would hardly call it a river, just a little mountain stream, clear as crystal, flowing into the great oasis of Damascus. So we follow this little stream and pass village after village with its veiled women, its donkeys, its camels, until suddenly we see it. There it lies, the city of Damascus! Today it is the capital of the independent republic of Syria. As the prophet Isaiah said so long ago, "the head of Syria is Damascus." Isaiah 7:8.

It is a city of flat oriental houses, stretching over an enormous plain. To the east, the endless desert comes up to within a few miles of its edge. To the west, are the khaki colored mountains, and far above them the snows of Mt. Hermon gleam in the sun. About the city are poplar trees, palms, great orchards of fruit trees-lemons, oranges, apricots, figs. And out from the mountains of the west, the Abana River of the Old Testament (now called the River Barada) flows right through the very center of the city.

Camel trains loaded with wheat pouring into the city pass us on the road. Oxen, with their carts swinging from side to side, are also plodding in with great loads. Now we hear the roar of a mighty plane as the international airport comes into sight two or three miles outside the city. What a strange mingling of the ancient and the modern!

Now we are just inside the city. See those men with the beards of patriarchs, their white head cloths tied with roped camel cords. See their striped gowns. Look at the tunnel-like roofed-over streets, the bare-legged water carriers with their goat skins full of cool mountain water, the lemonade vender with his brass drinking cups. Listen to the donkeys braying, camels grumbling, street vendors crying, beggars whining, the weird sound of oriental music. Just stand still and watch the crowd go by. You will see every sort of dress and undress, every kind of human physiognomy. This is like a chapter out of The Arabian Nights when it was first written., Here comes a newsboy selling papers with great headlines about the doings of the United Nations and world concern over the atomic bomb.

But wait a minute! Let's go five miles out of the city and about two thousand years back in time. Here we are on the road from Jerusalem to Damascus. On that hill out yonder the first over-all view of the city looms up upon one. Something happened here that changed the course of world history. A great conversion took place here, an event which changed the lives of millions of people. We read about it here in Acts 22:6-8: "And it came to pass, that, as I made my journey, and was come nigh unto Damascus about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me. And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutes thou Me? And I answered, Who art Thou, Lord? And He said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutes!"

. These are the exact words of the man who was converted here. Then he goes on and tells us the whole story. He was told to go into the city of Damascus and there he would be instructed as to what he should do. A man by the name of Ananias was sent to him to restore his eyesight, for this famous convert had been blinded by the heavenly light which he saw on the Damascus road. Not only did he bring him restoration of sight, but he brought him something worth far more to anyone. He brought him the message of a mission in these words: "The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou should know His will, and see that just One, and should bear the voice of His mouth. For thou shall be His witness unto all men of what thou has seen and heard. And now why tarries thou? Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." Acts 22:14-16. This is the story of the conversion of St. Paul. Here on the Damascus road. Here on the hilltop overlooking the city of the desert, his right-about-face confounded those who had hitherto known him as the persecutor of the followers of Jesus. So plans were made by his enemies to destroy him. Discovering the plot, his friends helped him to escape one night by letting him down over the city wall in a basket. Most of the ancient walls of Damascus have disappeared, but one great section of the wall on the south side still remains, and the place is pointed out as the one where this dramatic escape took place. At least, we know that it was in this general locality.

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But on to the city we go now, and here we come to the street called Straight, the very street down which the Apostle was led in blindness. It is today, as it was then, lined with oriental shops. It is also covered with an iron roof full of bullet holes made by French guns during the founding of the Syrian Republic. One good thing about these bullet holes is that they let in light so that one can walk along the street without so much danger of running into a donkey. Here we buy a garment from one of the desert Bedouins, a white robe with the head cloth and camels-hair cord to hold it down.

We walk along narrow streets, some not more than six or seven feet in width, with plain stone or sun-dried brick walls. Surely nothing beautiful or interesting can exist behind these walls. But here is a door just big enough to admit one person at a time. We knock and are admitted. Once inside, we stand for a moment in amazement. Back of these walls, hidden behind these blank gates are palaces, beautiful homes, open courts with rippling fountains, flowers, and trees. In one of these ancient palaces we see objects of incredible beauty and value—ancient vases, carpets, weapons. Here is something that we have been wanting to see for many years, a real Damascus blade, the secret of its manufacture lost in the dim ages of the past. It has an edge like a razor and is so flexible that we can bend the point clear around to the handle without breaking the blade. It springs back to its proper position the moment it is released. It was the weapon of Saladin and the great Arab warriors. We could spend hours looking at these memorials of past ages in this beautiful garden of delight, but we must hasten on.

Back again into the busy, lonely byway we pass, and then on again into the street called Straight. We are heading eastward now to the Grand Mosque, for we must see the famous Jesus Tower. This Grand Mosque stands on the spot where originally stood the great temple called the House of Rimmon, the sun god, where Naaman had to accompany his master in worship, as we read in 2 Kings 5: 18. Later a great Roman temple was erected here; and then the first Christian church was built on this spot and dedicated to John the Baptist. Finally the Moslems occupied the city, and for some time both Christians and Moslems worshiped together under the same roof. Then in the eighth century the building was taken by force by the Mohammedan sultan and transformed into a mosque. It was one of the show places of the world and the fourth holiest place to all Mohammedans. In 1400 it was devastated by Tamerlane, and in 1869 was almost entirely destroyed by fire. Then in 1893 it was again ravaged by fire.

As we walk through the great western entrance, we notice that workmen are busy everywhere making the mosque more beautiful and rebuilding some things that through the ages have been destroyed. Just as we walk into the huge marble-paved court, we hear an unusual sound. Looking up into the sky at the great central minaret, or tower, we hear the muezzin's call to prayer: "Allah akbar, Allah akbar God is great, God is great. There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His apostle. Come to prayer, come to prayer." Here are eight men standing on this high tower calling out the oft-repeated announcement of the holy hour of prayer as though they were singing all parts in a double quartet. It certainly is beautiful. In no other Mohammedan mosque is the call to prayer made by multiple voices singing all four parts. They make the cry toward the south, toward the west, toward the north, and toward the east.

We notice hundreds of people coming into this mosque to pray. They go first of all to the great marble fountain in the courtyard, where they wash their heads, hands, and feet in preparation for prayer. Leaving their sandals at the door, they first pray standing with their faces toward Mecca in Arabia. Then they kneel and pray; and, last of all, they prostrate themselves and pray with foreheads touching the ground. This they do over and over.

We look up toward the southeastern sky and see another minaret, tall and pencil-like, fragile in its beauty. What is that extra minaret for? The guide says, "That's the Jesus Minaret." "What do you mean by that?" we inquire.

"We mean that that minaret is reserved for Jesus. It is never used by the muezzin. No one is permitted to climb it or have anything to do with it. We believe that Jesus is coming again to this world and that He will meet the prophet El Ijah here. Then they will go forth and preach to the world, and all men will be brothers."

I said, "Do you mean that you expect Jesus Christ to return to this world and come to this minaret in the Grand Mosque of Damascus?" He answered, "Yes, sir."

I said, "What about Mohammed?"

"Mohammed," he answered, "is finished with this world. His work is done. The work of Jesus is still to be done."

Dear friends, as I looked at the Jesus Minaret, I was glad to tell this man that I, too, believed that Jesus would come back to earth again—however, not to this minaret. We read in the holy Word of God: "Behold, He comes with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all

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kingdoms of the earth shall wail because of Him.” Revelation 1:7. The Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory.” Matthew 25:31. Christ Himself said: “If I go I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there you may be also.” John 14:3.

The second coming of Christ is just as important in the plan of God as the crucifixion of Christ on the cross. The first time He came to suffer, the second time He will come to reign. Remembering that the Grand Mosque was at one time a Christian church, we noticed in the great bronze door the casting of the cup of the holy communion. But there is something still more interesting. One who secures a ladder and climbs up on the roof of one of the buildings constructed against the older portion of this ancient edifice, will see a lintel stone carved with leaves and flowers, and with the following inscription in Greek—a quotation from the Septuagint Version of the Holy Scriptures: “Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endures throughout all generations.” Psalm 145:13.

This inscription is unknown to all Moslems except a very few who worship within. It is forgotten by almost all Christians who come from abroad to visit this great place of worship. But, for more than 1,200 years, the message of this stone has endured and awaits the coming of the One memorialized in the Jesus Minaret. He will come, not to Damascus alone, but to the world. There within the walls of that great mosque, we too prayed. We prayed that this promise of Scripture may soon be fulfilled.

The sun is setting over the Lebanons now, illuminating their snowy tops in crimson. The city of Abraham, of David, of Elisha, of Naaman, of Ahaz, of Paul sinks into darkness behind us. Someday—some wonderful day—it will hear a voice, not from the minaret of the Grand Mosque, but from the cloud.

Have faith in God
To carry all your load;
Have faith in God
His light to men hath showed;
Have faith in God
On the Damascus road.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

12. My Trip to Tyre and Sidon

Do not base my faith in Christ upon the writings of archaeologists. I read such writings with interest and profit, but the existence of God cannot be scientifically proved or disproved. “Can thou by searching find out God?” (Job 11:7) is the question of the prophet. For us to know Him, God must reveal Himself, and this He has done in the person of His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus actually entered into human history. But the study of the findings of the archaeologists confirms our faith; our confidence is strengthened.

So, it seems to me that it would be interesting and helpful to relate briefly the story of my visit to Tyre and Sidon, cities mentioned in the Holy Bible. In one thing the Bible is different from all the sacred writings of non-Christian religions - it is historical and geographical; it gives names, places, and often dates. We can visit the places mentioned in the Bible. We can study them as to geographical position and their actual construction. Do the things that we find harmonize with the picture in the Bible? I wanted to find out. From boyhood I had desired to visit Tyre and Sidon, cities built by the ancient Phoenicians on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

Now, it is good to know something about a place before you visit it. When you get there, you will appreciate it more if you have studied about it first. So here are a few facts about Tyre and Sidon, especially Tyre. These two ancient towns are about twenty miles apart, Zidon on the north. The word “Sidon” means fishing or fishery; “Tyre” means rock, and is very appropriate. Zidon was the chief city at first, and it is mentioned many times in the Bible, beginning with Genesis 10:15. The Phoenician ships from Tyre and Sidon went to all parts of the ancient world. These people were the great seafarers of Bible times. The evidence of their navigation is found as far west as Spain, where they founded the city of Tarshish, or Taitessa. On out into the Atlantic Ocean their sturdy rowers carried their galleys, even to the tin mines of Cornwall in Great Britain. No wonder the prophet Ezekiel exclaimed: “The ships of Tarshish

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did sing of thee in thy market: and thou wast replenished, and made very glorious in the midst of the seas. Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters.” Ezekiel 27:25,26.

Zidon seemed to go down in power as Tyre came up. About three hundred years before Christ, when the Persians ruled this part of the world, the Zidonians started a rebellion against them, but their own king betrayed them to the Persians. Six hundred of the leading citizens were shot to death by javelins. They had already burned all their ships to prevent anyone’s leaving the town so that they would have more men for defense; but the city, being surrounded by Persian troops, saw that its case was hopeless. The citizens adopted the desperate measure of shutting themselves up in their homes with their families and setting fire, each man to his own house. It is said that 40,000 persons perished in the flames. This was in 351 BC Zidon gradually recovered from the blow, and it is the most northern town mentioned in the journeys of Christ.

But today we wish to talk more about Tyre, its sister city. When Joshua divided the land of Canaan, Tyre with its territory was given to the tribe of Asher, but was never Occupied by them. About the year 1000 BC, Hiram, king of Tyre, helped Solomon build his royal palace and the great temple at Jerusalem. He was an intimate friend of Solomon. And in our day, the archaeologists have discovered some of the great stones of the original foundation of the temple in Jerusalem, still showing the Phoenician stone-cutters’ marks. In fact, the town of Cebal a little north of Tyre is noted for its stone-cutters, and these Gebalites are mentioned in the Bible as men who helped build the temple. They were expert wood-cutters, also trained shipwrights, as we read in Ezekiel 27:9.

The city of Tyre was built in two parts: one called Old Tyre, on the mainland; the other called New Tyre, on a small Island about a half-mile off shore. Various mighty kings attempted to take this city. About seven hundred years before Christ, Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, besieged the city but was unable to take it. About six hundred years before Christ, it successfully resisted Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon in a thirteen-year siege. This is all mentioned in the Bible, too. But in the year 332 BC the city was finally captured by Alexander the Great after a siege of seven months. This mighty general succeeded in doing what others had not been able to do. He completely destroyed the city on the mainland and used its stone, timbers, and even the earth and dust, to construct a gigantic mole, or causeway, connecting the mainland with the island.

In 315 BC the city was taken by Antigonus, king of Syria, after a siege of fifteen months. Later, it was treacherously surrendered to Antiochus the Great. In AD 1124 it was taken from the Saracens by the Crusaders after a five-month siege. In 1187 it resisted the siege of Saladin, the great Arab sultan. In 1391 it was taken by the Turks, and in 1766 it was settled by Arabs. In 1841 it was taken by the allied fleet. Now this is quite a history, a history of a very ancient city which still exists.

It was a bright, clear Syrian morning as we rode down the coastal road from Beirut to Tyre. It’s a beautiful country - a narrow plain along the coast, with the blue Mediterranean on the west and the gigantic backdrop of Mt. Lebanon on the east, its snowy crest illuminated by the morning sun.

A few miles after we left Sidon we passed the site of ancient Zarephath, which was visited by the prophet Elijah, and by the Lord Jesus Christ when He healed the daughter of a Phoenician woman, as we read in Mark 7:26-30. Truly, we were on historic ground-to the Christian, we might say holy ground, consecrated by the feet of Jesus of Nazareth.

Now in the distance we see a point of land something like a finger pushing out into the sea. On this we can discern houses. It’s Tyre! The prophet Isaiah calls it the “virgin daughter,” Tyre. Sidon was the mother city. (Isaiah 23:12.) Here on reef islands just off the mainland, the Phoenicians had built this strong city which no one in those days could capture.

We may be standing on the very spot where was launched the great timber raft which Hiram sent down to Joppa with cedar logs to help build the temple at Jerusalem. We can imagine the excitement, the shouting of the overseers and the thousands of men at work getting the great raft started. They are called floats in 1 Kings 5:9 and 2 Chronicles 2:16. The logs have been dragged down from the heights of Mt. Lebanon, no doubt, hundreds of oxen and men pulling them along the rugged mountain trails. Now they are chained together and on their way to become a part of the temple of God. One of the most famous business contracts of the Bible was that arranged between Solomon and King Hiram of this city, Tyre. Not only was he to supply timber from the forests of Lebanon and stone-cutters and wood-cutters for the building of the temple, but Hiram went in with Solomon into his great copper transactions and helped him turn Eziongeber, Solomon’s seaport on the Gulf of Aqaba, into Palestine’s Pittsburgh.

Nelson Glueck, of the American School of Oriental Research, has excavated full proof of this. He has even found the smelters of this mining enterprise. Hiram also sent men and ships to the Navy of Solomon, and they sailed away to Ophir, from whence they brought 420 talents of gold to Solomon (1

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Kings 9:26-28) and many other very interesting things - gold, silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks. (1 Kings 10:22.) Those horns of ivory were nothing more than elephants' tusks brought from India or Africa.

But this friendship between the kings of Tyre and the people of Israel gradually changed into deadly hatred. The merchants of Tyre began to buy Hebrew captives from their enemies and sell them as slaves to the Greeks and Edomites. And you will remember that formerly King Ahab of Israel married a daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Zidonians, who by this time were largely identified with the people of Tyre. (1 Kings 16:31.)

For their many sins against Israel, the prophets Joel and Amos warned of the coming destruction of Tyre and Sidon. (Joel 3:4-8; Amos 1:9, 10.) After resisting the assault of Shalmaneser, who had already taken Samaria and Israel captive, the Tyrians' pride grew. Their great wealth and their superior military position, with fortifications on the mainland and on the island, as well as a great navy, led them to feel that they were unconquerable. Their fortifications were extremely strong. The walls of the island city are said to have been 150 feet high. They had already founded a daughter city called Carthage, on the north coast of Africa. In the twenty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel we read the details about the trade of Tyre with all parts of the ancient world. We are even told exactly what they traded with different countries.

In the midst of their great prosperity, Nebuchadnezzar came from Babylon, invaded Judea, and captured Jerusalem. Instead of being afraid, the people of Tyre rejoiced at the fall of Jerusalem. But soon their joy was changed to concern, as Nebuchadnezzar turned his great army toward their city. Nebuchadnezzar's terrible siege of Tyre lasted nearly thirteen years. Scholars are still undecided as to whether he actually captured the city or not. But at least, the Tyrians came to terms with him, and there was some sort of alliance.

Evidently the city on the mainland was broken down and destroyed at this time. The city on the island became stronger and stronger, and finally defied Alexander the Great. He never would have been able to capture it had he not had the help of other Phoenicians and the whole fleet from Cyprus.

Tyre had two harbors, one on the north and one on the south side of the island, connected by a canal across the island. By blockading both of these ports, Alexander was able to build his great causeway from the mainland out to the city without interruption from the fleet of Tyre. Even after Alexander had breached the wall of the city, the people would not surrender. The king himself was forced to lead the assault with his own bodyguard. Those who died with arms in their hands were 8,000. There were 30,000 women, children, and slaves sold in the open market.

The currents of the Mediterranean soon washed thousands of tons of sand up against the causeway build by Alexander, so that today Tyre seems to be simply a spit of land, a promontory, pushed out into the sea. Where the ancient city of Tyre was located on the mainland, we now find only gardens, orchards, and fields. The actual rock upon which the fortress city in the sea was built, is now completely bare. Waves are washing over most of it to the depth of several feet. The present city is built largely upon the sand between the island and the shore.

As we parked our car and walked along the shore, we thought of the prophecy in God's Word found in Ezekiel 26:4-14. Remember, Tyre was the New York of Asia, the London of the Mediterranean. Here are the words of the prophet spoken about 590 BC, which are just the opposite of all appearances at that time. Tyre was then at the height of her glory. Notice, here is the word of God: "They shall destroy the wall of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea: for I have spoken it, said the Lord God: And they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water. And I will make thee like the top of a rock: thou shall be a place to spread nets upon; thou shall be built no more: for I the Lord have spoken it, said the Lord God."

This has all been literally fulfilled. The stones and timber and dust of Tyre were actually placed in the water by Alexander the Great to build his great causeway in order to capture the city out on top of the rock. The city on the shore, Old Tyre, was completely destroyed and even the dust itself dug up to help make this causeway. Today, where the great towers stood, the mighty fortresses of Tyre on the island, we find merely the bare rock, swept clean by the waves. Here and there a great pillar is rolling back and forth in the surf. Other stones, which at one time were part of her walls, are clearly discernible through the blue waters below. The present village is built largely on the sand spit which was formed by the sea. Yes, Tyre is "a place for the spreading of nets."

Remember, after Nebuchadnezzar captured this city, shortly after the prophecy was made by Ezekiel, he did not destroy the city itself. He did not scrape up the timbers, rocks, and dust, and throw them into the sea. The ruins of the old city still remained on the shore. Two and a half centuries passed, and still

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the ruins stood. Then came the fame of Alexander the Great, and finally he himself. He stood before the city in 332 BC, and after seven months of terrific effort, finally captured and destroyed the city and completely fulfilled the prophecy.

From that day to this, Tyre has been a continual defiance to every unbeliever. The site of Old Tyre still lies not built. God said, "It shall not be built again." Ifs a good place to live; there is an abundant supply of water-ten million gallons gush daily from its springs - fertile fields stretch away to the mountains. Every year, every day, every minute that Old Tyre remains in ruins, the Bible is proved true.

But Sidon, twenty miles north, still remains right where it was before, although it has gone through many revolutions and wars. Its population numbers 10,000 at the present time. Just read the story of Sidon in Ezekiel 28:20-23. God's judgment on her was to be warfare and "the sword on every side," and it has certainly been true in her experience. And yet Sidon is still there. Ancient Tyre is gone. Notice the difference in the prophecy, and it has all been fulfilled.

In 1 Thessalonians 5:20,21, we are told not to disdain prophetic revelations, but to test them all. My friends, when we test these great historical prophecies, we find them all true. Standing on the shore of Tyre that beautiful day, I said, "God, help me to believe Thy Word more than ever."

Have faith in God
He spoke through flood and fire;
Have faith in God
By ruined dome and spire;
Have faith in God
So say the stones of Tyre.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

13. My Visit to the Mountain of God

MT. SINAI is the Mountain of God. From its flaming top, God proclaimed the Ten Commandments in an audible voice; then wrote them upon two tables of stone and gave them, through Moses, to the children of Israel. From childhood, I have always been intrigued by pictures of Mt. Sinai. I have tried to imagine what it would be like to climb it, what sort of view one would have from its top, how one would feel standing where Moses stood. So you can only imagine my feelings that night some months ago when we parked our jeep and pickup truck at the base of Mt. Sinai. We must have stopped very near the spot where the children of Israel waited for Moses to come down from the Mountain of God with the tables of stone in his hands.

We had traveled two long days from Cairo, Egypt, across the Suez Canal and along the shore of the Red Sea. We camped there by the sea, not far from where Israel camped, at a place called Abu Zenima. The next morning we plunged into the real wilderness. The Bible speaks of it as a "waste, howling wilderness" (Deuteronomy 32:10), and no description could be more accurate. Several times we started up dead-end canyons before we finally got into the main canyon of the Wadi Feiran. We were crossing the very wilderness in which the Israelites wandered. No wonder they needed a pillar of cloud to guide them and to shelter them from the burning heat by day, and the pillar of fire by night. No wonder they needed water from the rock, miraculously provided by God. No wonder they needed manna every morning. There certainly would be no food or water for that great convoy except as provided by God. We finally passed the beautiful oasis of Faran. There are the ruins of an ancient Christian city, now inhabited by a few Arabs who gather dates from the palm trees near the springs. We pushed on up through the sand and stone, breaking the car from time to time. In fact, we had to repair our way almost every mile through the desert.

Nightfall came and it was about ten o'clock and very dark when we finally pulled up at the foot of Mt. Sinai, beside the gigantic stone walls of St. Catherine's Monastery. This ancient edifice was built by the emperor Justinian about 100 years ago. It was a mighty fortress, and for over 1,200 years had no gateway or door. All the people who wished to enter, and all food and supplies, had to be lifted up by a windlass to the top of the wall. This was to protect the men inside from attack by the desert tribes. We received a warm welcome from the monastery authorities and enjoyed their hospitality for the two nights we were there. At four-fifteen the next morning we were all awakened by the beating of a great wooden bar. Later on a bell tolled, calling the inhabitants to prayer. This prayer service, by the way, continued until

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about nine o'clock.

When the sun came up, you can imagine the thrilling sight that we looked upon—the great granite shoulders of Mt. Sinai rising up 7,497 feet into the sky, about 2,500 feet above us at the monastery, for the plain on which the Israelites camped was almost 5,000 feet in elevation. In wintertime it is bitterly cold here. Sometimes Mt. Sinai itself is white with snow.

In the library of this ancient building have been preserved precious manuscripts of the Bible from the early days. Here, in 1844, the famous Sinai Codex was found by the great Bible scholar, Tischendorf. This manuscript was lately sold by the Soviet Government to the British Museum for \$500,000. While we were at Mt. Sinai we saw other precious manuscripts. A few days after we left, an expedition from one of the great universities of America was arriving to put the contents of this ancient library on microfilm, thus making it available and safe for the rest of the world. It seems as though God has overruled so that these precious manuscripts might be preserved in this lonely but safe hiding place through the troubled years of the last fifteen centuries or more.

We were told that this monastery marks the spot where Moses talked to God at the burning bush. This may well be so, because we are told in the third chapter of Exodus that Moses was tending the sheep of his father-in-law at the “backside of the desert,” by the Mountain of God, when he was told that he was to deliver Israel and bring them to worship at this mountain. We remember the words of the Scripture: “And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And He [that is, the Lord] said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou stands is holy ground.” Exodus 3:2,5.

It is said that the mother of Emperor Constantine, Queen Helena, visited Sinai in the year AD 342 and built a church beside the supposed site of the burning bush. Later on, this great Monastery of St. Catherine's with its 'gigantic stone walls, was built to protect the early Christian pilgrims.

As we entered the ancient church, we noticed these words on the door lintel, engraved in Creek: “On this spot the Lord said unto Moses, ‘I am the God of your fathers, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. I am He who is.’ This is the gate of the Lord. May the just enter through it.” We were asked to remove our shoes as we entered the chapel of St. John's through a narrow doorway, single-file. This is supposed to cover the very spot of the burning bush. We know that the actual spot is near by, if not right here.

There was one man who had been in this monastery for over fifty-six years, giving his whole time to painting religious scenes, and he actually did not know that two world wars had been fought. We visited the House of the Dead, where the skulls and bones of the departed monks are stored. After a certain time, the one buried longest is exhumed and his bones consigned to the bone room, where they are piled up like cord wood. Some have been dead for 1,400 years. In the dry mountain air, disintegration is very slow.

In one corner sits Brother Stephen, a porter dressed in his robes of office. He died in the year 580, and he has been waiting here over 1,300 years. In a box there, are the remains of two brothers linked together with a chain. These men had committed a murder and as penance were forced to visit Rome, Jerusalem, and Sinai. Here they spent the rest of their days as hermits, and are still together even in death.

About nine o'clock that morning we began our ascent of Mt. Sinai, which is made fairly easy by the stone steps which lead from the base to the top. There are 3,500 of these steps, and we were told that they are the work of one man who spent many years at this difficult task. The climb took two hours or a little more.

Mt. Sinai is a granite mountain - reddish at the base, gray higher up. It became more and more rugged as we neared the top. At last we reached that high place and looked out over a scene of unimaginable desolation. Far to the east, we could dimly see the waters of the Gulf of Aqaba; to the north, the great plain on which the Israelites must have camped—it was about four miles long and one mile wide.

We could see dark ridges of mountains, deep gorges, pierced here and there by the golden rays of the sun. On every hand, vast, rugged heights seemed in their solitary grandeur to speak of eternal endurance and majesty. Here the mind was impressed with solemnity and awe. Man was made to feel his ignorance and weakness in the presence of Him who “weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.” Isaiah 40:12. Here it was that Israel received the most wonderful revelation ever made by God to men. Here it was that Moses was hid in the cleft of the rock while the hand of God was laid over him. We actually found a great cleft, probably 30 feet long, 8 or 10 feet deep, and 2 feet wide. In this same mountain Elijah was hidden in a cave while God's glory passed by in earthquake, wind, and fire, and then the still, small voice. Here we found a cave also.

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After exploring the top of the mountain quite thoroughly, we all met together and had a wonderful season of prayer and sang some Christian hymns. As we prayed, we thought of that day when, clothed in fire and shaken as by a tremendous earthquake, this mountain was the throne of God, and from its flaming summit the ten great words of His law rolled around the world. Then together we sang:

Could we but stand where Moses stood, And view the landscape over,
Not all this world's pretended good Could ever charm us more.
-ISAAC WATTS.

It was here that Moses received from the hand of God "tables of stone, and a law, and commandments which I have written; that thou may teach them." Exodus 24:12. From here he carried them down to the people at the base of the Mountain. After speaking the Ten Commandments to all the people, as we read in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, God called Moses to come up into the mountain, and he obeyed. Not only did Moses receive the two tables of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments, but he also received instructions as to the wonderful sacrificial system and the building of the beautiful holy sanctuary, all of which was a type of the gospel and pointed forward to the Messiah.

Moses was there with God forty days and forty nights in fasting and Prayer. In the thirty-second chapter of Exodus we read about his return to the camp with the tables of the law in his hands. But when he arrived at the foot of the mountain he found that the forgetful Israelites had already turned away from the very first of God's commandments which they had heard spoken from Mt. Sinai. They not only were worshiping another god, but they had made a golden calf, which no doubt was an imitation of the holy Apis bull of Egypt. We read that when Moses saw this terrible apostasy, 'lie cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount." Exodus 32:19.

After the camp was cleansed from idolatry, God instructed Moses to hew two tables of stone like the first and bring them up to where God was on top of Mt. Sinai. The divine promise was also made that God would write on these second tables all the words that were on the first tables.

Moses did as he was commanded. We can picture him on his knees there at the base of the mountain, piecing together the broken fragments of the first tables of the law. After he had done this with great patience and labor. He could properly measure the tables-their length, width, thickness, and shape. Then, through more labor, he had to cut out a new set of tables like the first, with the same shape and dimensions. After that came the long, hard climb to the top of Mt. Sinai, where God Himself wrote on the second tables the same words that were on the first.

What a wonderful picture this is of the work of our Savior! It was the sin of the people that broke the tables of stone on which God's commandments were written. We read about the tables of the heart in 2 Corinthians 3:3, where we are told that God will write, "not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart."

As Moses came from the top of Mt. Sinai where God was, down to the plain where the people were, so Jesus came from heaven where God is, down to this earth to be our Savior. He came not with tables of stone, but with the law of God written upon the fleshy tables of His sacred heart. We read in Psalm 40:7, 8. "Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of Me, I delight to do Thy will, O My God: yea, Thy law is within My heart."

That this is a prophecy of Jesus, we read in the tenth chapter of Hebrews. Jesus was perfect, holy-the divine Son of God. And when He came to this world, the sins of the people broke His heart on Calvary's cross. He died, not from the pain of crucifixion-He died of a broken heart. This is proved by the last part of the nineteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. just as the sins of Israel broke the tables of stone, so your sins and mine, radio friend, broke the heart of Christ. And, as God told Moses to study those broken tables and bring his own humanly made tables to the top of the mountain to be inscribed with the divine law, so we are to study this sacred heart of Christ -all that He is and all that He means to us as Savior, Redeemer, and Lord -and then we are to bring our human hearts to God in surrender and consecration, and He has promised, by the Holy Spirit, to write upon them the same wonderful inscription that was upon the heart of Christ, righteousness by faith.

Dear friend, do you not wish to bring your heart to Christ today? That is the teaching of Mt. Sinai-a holy and righteous law written in our hearts by a holy and righteous Savior through faith in His blood. It was only after His heart was broken for us that He could be our Redeemer. Will you not bring your heart to Him today?

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Have faith in God
Mt. Sinai shakes the world,
Have faith in God
His law at sin, is hurled;
Have faith in God
His banner is unfurled.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

14. Barefooted at the Shwe Dagon

IT HAPPENED in Burma on my missionary journey. We had reached Rangoon, the capital of beautiful Burma. Just across the way from the home of Missionary Scott, which was my headquarters during my visit there, we could see the shining spire of the Shwe Dagon.

The Shwe Dagon is one of the most famous Buddhist temples or pagodas in the world. It stands upon a hill over 200 feet high, above which it rises nearly 200 feet higher still. It is round and comes to a sharp spike at the very top, and is covered all over with pure gold leaf. About its base are dozens - possibly hundreds - of small pagodas and stupas. In each of these there is supposed to be some relic of a holy man or teacher of Buddhism. We are told that, imbedded in the solid masonry at the base of the Shwe Dagon, there is a golden box containing some of the finger bones, teeth, and other parts of Buddha, that great teacher who lived many centuries ago in India.

The whole temple platform on which the Shwe Dagon rests is paved with polished marble and is surrounded by many beautiful marble temples. Some are encrusted with precious stones; others are covered with gold leaf. Altogether, it is a beautiful and astounding place to be. Steps lead up the hill to this platform from the four directions. These stairways are lined with rows of great pillars. At the east there, is a double row of beautiful stone pillars. Those to the south seem to be made of metal, or at least covered with gold or bronze. These great pillared staircases are covered and decorated. On each side, between the pillars, are shops of various kinds where incense, flowers, and other necessary things for the Buddhist worship are sold - also many other things, such as candy, pictures, matches, etc.

Here and there Buddhist nuns, with their shaven heads and saffron-colored robes, are seen praying or taking part in the sale of relics or sacred objects. Shaven-headed, yellow robed monks are everywhere. They go about barefooted and with the right arm and shoulder bare. These monks and nuns go through the town every morning about ten o'clock with a begging bowl, begging their food for the day. They will not take money but they accept food, especially rice. This is supposed to be their only means of support. There are many hundreds of these religious workers about the Shwe Dagon.

When we came to the gate at the bottom of the long stairway, we were instructed to remove our shoes, so we climbed up the steps - hundreds of them - to the top of the hill in stocking feet. This reminds us of the Bible story of Moses at the burning bush, where he was ordered: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou stands is holy ground." Exodus 3:5.

This is the Oriental custom. In our country, we remove our hats as a symbol of respect. In Oriental lands, the shoes are removed. About halfway up the stairs, we saw a Buddhist nun with a string of prayer beads. She was counting these beads and repeating her monotonous prayer, Om Mani Padmehum - "the jewel in the lotus" - over and over. There are more than a hundred beads in this prayer string. I offered her a few pennies. She stopped praying to Buddha and sold me her prayer beads.

We visited the beautiful pagoda itself and took many pictures of its gorgeous, golden glory. That same afternoon we called at the home of a Buddhist lawyer, a man of great intelligence and learning. We were especially interested in the many books in his library. For a good part of the time we were there, he talked on the glories and benefits of Buddhism. Buddhism in its original form did have many very high principles and helpful ideas. We listened to him, and then invited him to our meeting that night at the Marine Club. The place was full that evening, and a very intelligent and interested audience listened to proclamation of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Toward the close of the address I remarked that very day I had visited the beautiful Shwe Dagon and had seen there the devotion and earnestness of the people who took care of the place and who carried on the worship of Buddhism. But, I said, I was told that Buddha was dead and that some of his bones -at

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least, some of his finger bones and teeth -were imbedded in that famous shrine itself. He was a great man, a mighty teacher, who greatly influenced the world; but he is now dead, and at least a part of his body is right there in Rangoon, if the reports which we heard were true.

I remarked that there was another burial place in Arabia where, under the green mosque of Medina, lies the body of Mohammed, a man who greatly influenced the affairs of the world. Millions of people are his most earnest followers. Mohammedanism has spread over great areas of the earth. Mohammed has probably not been given his due as a great teacher. He did have a message for the world-that God is supreme, and that there is a day of judgment. This perhaps has been ignored by many. In spite of his greatness, whether we agree with him or not Mohammed is now dead; and he is actually buried in his coffin under the green mosque. As I understand it, only seven Europeans have ever seen that burial place.

Then I told the audience that night that a friend of mine, lately in China, had photographed the burial place of Confucius, a grass-covered mound in the province of Shantung. Confucius was a great moral teacher who has influenced hundreds of millions of human beings. He did not claim to be a god nor a prophet. In fact we are told that he was not sure whether there was a god or not; but today he is actually worshiped as a god by millions. However great he may have been, and whatever we think of the principles of Confucius, he is a dead man today and his body is actually with us here on this earth, out among the lonely hills of Shantung.

Then came what to me was the most interesting part of the evening. I told the people that a few days before I had visited another tomb outside a city wall. It was a rock-cut tomb in a garden, a tomb that had been closed with a great stone. When I was there, the stone had been rolled away, and the Man who had been placed there by sorrowing friends was gone. In fact, He stayed only a little while. He arose the third day.

Yes, the tomb of Christ is an empty tomb. When His best friends, who did not believe that He had risen from the dead, came to see the tomb on the third day, they found it empty. The women who came to embalm His body were wondering how they would get into the tomb. "And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted. And he said unto them, Be not affrighted: You seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen; He is not here: behold the place where they laid Him. But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goes before you into Galilee: there shall you see Him, as He said unto you." Mark 16:3-7.

Yes, it was an empty tomb. That's the difference between Jesus and the other great teachers of the world. He was a great teacher, too; He was also a great man, often misunderstood. His teaching and His life have affected and influenced the world. Millions believe in Him. Millions today would be willing to die for Him.

But He was more than a great teacher, more than a supreme philosopher, more than a mighty leader. He was the Son of God. That's why His tomb is empty. It was not possible that He should be held by death. (Acts 2.24.) He died, not because He had to die as other men die, unwillingly; but He died willingly as a sacrifice for all men. He died of a broken heart, for the sins of the whole world." 1 John 2:2.

At the close of the service, this lawyer whom I had met that afternoon came to me and said: "The meeting tonight has impressed me deeply. I have been thinking of some things that I have never thought of before. I should like to take that Bible Correspondence Course you mentioned in my office today."

Yes, friends, Jesus is different. He is the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world.

Have faith in God
In every heart there is room; Have faith in God
Where the paschal lilies bloom; Have faith in God
Our Lord of the empty tomb! Have faith, dear friend, in God.

15. "Good News From a Far Country"

THE BIBLE, in Proverbs 25:25, speaks about good news from a far country. We are told that such news is like cold waters to a thirsty soul, and certainly that is true. In the twenty or more countries visited

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on this journey, I found good news everywhere-good news of Cods miracle-working power, not only in fulfilling the prophecies of His Holy Book, but in the conversion of men and women, boys and girls, to Jesus Christ.

In the preceding chapters, we have told briefly of our visit to some of these interesting lands. Now we must pass on quickly on our way back to North America. From Europe we flew across the Mediterranean Sea to Egypt and landed at Cairo about midnight. There we were met by Pastor Neal Wilson, who is doing such a wonderful work for God in the land of the Pharaohs. It was quite interesting to go through the customs in that land; in fact, in every land it is an exciting experience. Pastor Wilson's fluent Arabic helped to explain things, and after about two hours we were able to go on to his home for the night.

This was my first experience in a really Mohammedan country. Early in the morning I heard for the first time in my life the Moslem call to prayer: "God is great, God is great. There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayer, come to prayer," etc. - this, of course, in the Arabic language. The call to prayer is made to all four directions of the compass from the top of a high minaret, and there is a mosque in every part of the city. The muezzin awakened me all right, and I went to prayer also, pleading that God would bless the gospel as it goes out to that needy land with its 22 million people who know very little of the Savior who died on Calvary's cross for them.

The Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence Course is starting its work in Egypt, and hundreds who otherwise would never hear the story of salvation are beginning to read the precious things in the treasure house of God's Word. I cannot say more about my wonderful visit to the Tombs of the Kings, the Pyramids, and other interesting places in this Bible land called Egypt.

A few days later we winged our way northward to Beirut on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. There I met that energetic missionary, Ernest Branson, and his helpers - especially Pastor Keough, head of The Voice of Prophecy work there, and Professor Harder, head of the new Near Eastern College. This institution is preparing workers for the Mohammedan world, and while I was in the Near East word came that a number of fine, stalwart young Mohammedan men had given their hearts to Jesus Christ. What a miracle of grace this is-something that some people have thought never would take place!

It was thrilling to visit the headquarters of our work in Beirut and see the mail that is coming in from the great Moslem world, but it was more thrilling still to read the confessions of faith that have been made by many who have seen the greater light that came from Bethlehem.

Our visit to Tyre and Sidon has already been described, but I must mention the fact that we went on up the coast to the town of Byblos, from which our word Bible comes. It is a city of the ancient Phoenicians where paper, or writing material, was manufactured from the papyrus plant, or flag, from the riverbanks. The Creek name for this paper was biblos, and any book made from it took that name - biblia, or biblos, from which we get the word Bible.

After a unique experience crossing the borders of the Arab States and broadcasting the gospel of Jesus Christ to America by short-wave from Bethlehem on Christmas Eve, we were soon back in Egypt, and from there took off on our flight across the Red Sea, the Sinai Peninsula, and Arabia. It was thrilling to look down from the sky at the endless stretches of the Arabian Desert. Vast sand dunes were marching along like waves across the sea. One could only imagine what it would be like to be forced down amid such terrible desolation.

Soon we landed in Pakistan, at the town of Karachi, and spent some wonderful days there with Pastor Johnson, going up to the very borders of Afghanistan. Some other time I may be able to tell about our experiences in India. I will just say that we spent three wonderful weeks with Pastor Rawson there. Some time before he had come to our headquarters in California and spent a number of weeks studying our work. Now he has gone ahead and developed some new techniques of his own. In his great Bible Correspondence School with headquarters at Poona, 100,000 people have already enrolled in the English language alone. Now he has added four native languages - Urdu, Singhalese, Hindi, and Burmese - and others are planned. They have just one great fear - that if they should offer these lessons publicly, hundreds of thousands, possibly half a million, would enroll; and they are utterly unable at present to meet the great expense that this would involve for printing and postage alone. The problem is to take care of the lessons after the people have enrolled. In all these lands there was a mighty appeal for extra workers. Surely God will lay it upon the hearts of some of His children to meet these needs.

When Pastor Rawson and I held a Voice of Prophecy rally in the town hall at New Delhi, the capital of India, and announcement was made for Voice of Prophecy enrollees to meet in that great auditorium on Sunday evening, the place was crowded out and a great many were turned away. It was

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inspiring to see that audience of Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, and others - practically all non-Christians, and nearly all men sit spellbound to see The Voice of Prophecy film and another film on the great prophecy of the second chapter of Daniel. When, in the latter picture the Second Coming of Christ was depicted, the audience broke forth in applause. One young man got up and said, "We want a great meeting like this once a month." We found the same tremendous interest in Madras and other cities. Surely God is putting His hand to His work to finish it in this generation. Thousands are willing to hear and to study the Word of God and to know what Christianity means.

Word has just come from Pastor Rawson that 8,000 people have already written in to The Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence School in India declaring their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and 3,000 have actually requested baptism. What a miracle of God's grace in that land of non-Christian majorities!

Flying on past Burma, we arrived at Bangkok, Siam, where we saw an excellent work being carried on under the leadership of Pastors Ritz and Martin. The Voice of Prophecy for the Chinese and Siamese is getting well under way. A large Voice of Prophecy auditorium is being built near the fine hospital which is under the guidance of Dr. Waddell, that well-known Christian missionary of Bangkok. There I saw the real principles of Christ in operation, in both the school and the hospital. You know, friends, we should work for the whole man - spirit, soul, and body. We should bring him a message to convert his soul, we should bring him enlightenment of the mind, and we should bring him guidance and help in the care of the body. Jesus was the world's Savior, Teacher, and Healer. And so today He sends men out healing the sick, preaching the gospel, and teaching the ignorant. The work in Siam is going in a way that would encourage every one of you.

But we must hasten on, this time to Hong Kong, where we spent five wonderful days with our old friend and comrade in Christian service, Evangelist Fordyce Detamore -who, by the way, was with us as manager and announcer in the very beginning of The Voice of Prophecy coast-to-coast broadcast. He is the one who coined the meaningful phrase, "pole to pole, and coast to coast," for our radio work. Fordyce Detamore is one of the most magnetic Christian evangelists in the world today. He has been holding successful meetings in Shanghai, and was then at Hong Kong in the midst of a tremendous evangelistic campaign. Now he is going on to Colombo, Ceylon, and other great cities of the Orient.

Not satisfied with the meetings in his great tabernacle - which, we learned, the British Army has taken over except for the week-ends - he was going out to eleven chosen spots in the city of Hong Kong for great outdoor meetings. I was with him one night and we continued the meeting for three and a half hours. We bore testimony to at least 10,000 men who were gathered to hear what we had to say, and were able to enroll 850 very fine high-class people in our Chinese Bible Correspondence Course. Many of these people were refugees from interior China. Many were college and university men. A very fine interest in the Christian faith was manifested there. Pastor Detamore, with his faithful wife, is learning the Chinese language. They are already masters of the Malay language. We should pray for these servants of God who are going forth and actually performing miracles of grace under the guidance and power of God.

After our wonderful experiences in Hong Kong, where thousands are enrolling in the Bible Correspondence Course, we were in Japan for about a week. Here it is the same story. The Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence Course cannot be offered publicly in Japan, for fear that so many thousands would enroll that it would absolutely swamp their little office there. O that God would open the way so that we could enroll half a million or a million people in Japan! Think what it would mean to send forth the gospel in that great land in this time of change, while the doors are still open to the message of Christ.

Then we hastened on through the Philippines to Guam, where we met Pastor Dunton and my dear old friend, Raymond Turner, and his family. By the way, Ray was the second bass in the King's Heralds Quartet at the beginning of our Voice of Prophecy work. There in this military base, the gospel is getting well under way. They have been able to build several churches and are now starting a Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence School.

On homeward we wing, bringing this good news from right around the world, showing the onward progress and march of God's gospel message. Here at home also The Voice of Prophecy carries on its work everywhere. We have just returned from an evangelistic itinerary over North America, where also we saw the miracles of God's grace. Hundreds of redeemed souls -young people, old people, boys and girls - have been brought to Christ and His message through The Voice of Prophecy broadcast and Bible Correspondence Lessons. How wonderful it is to be connected with such a work, either as broadcasters or as prayer warriors and financial supporters!

Yes, our Savior said that "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a

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witness unto all nations.” Matthew 24:14. We believe that this prophecy is being fulfilled now, not only through The Voice of Prophecy, but through many other gospel agencies all around the world. Not only are God’s miracles of grace being performed in foreign lands, but in our own country as well. Let us pray that His gospel may have its complete fulfillment in our hearts also.

You who read this little book may have the glorious experience in your own heart for which you long just turn to the Savior and say: “I am standing in the need of prayer; I am standing in the need of divine help. Forgive my sins, O God, in Christ’s name, and give me strength to go forward in the path of righteousness. I accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. I accept His atoning sacrifice upon the cross as the only atonement for my sins. Send the Holy Spirit into MY heart to make me what I ought to be. I ask it all in Christ’s name.

God will hear your prayer. Not only will you be forgiven if you come to Him in the name of Jesus, repenting, confessing your sins, and obeying Him, but He will give you strength to continue on day by day in the Christian life. The same power that converts you and brings you to God will hold you and guide you until the journey’s end. That God may bless everyone who hears our broadcast, or who reads this book, and that each may find in Christ his Redeemer and Lord, is my prayer in His blessed name.

Have faith in God.
As all the nations should;
Have faith in God.
His message understood;
Have faith in God.
And hear far news of good.
Have faith, dear friend, in God.

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