

SONGS & VERSES
from the
HOLY LAND

TIMOTHY TOW

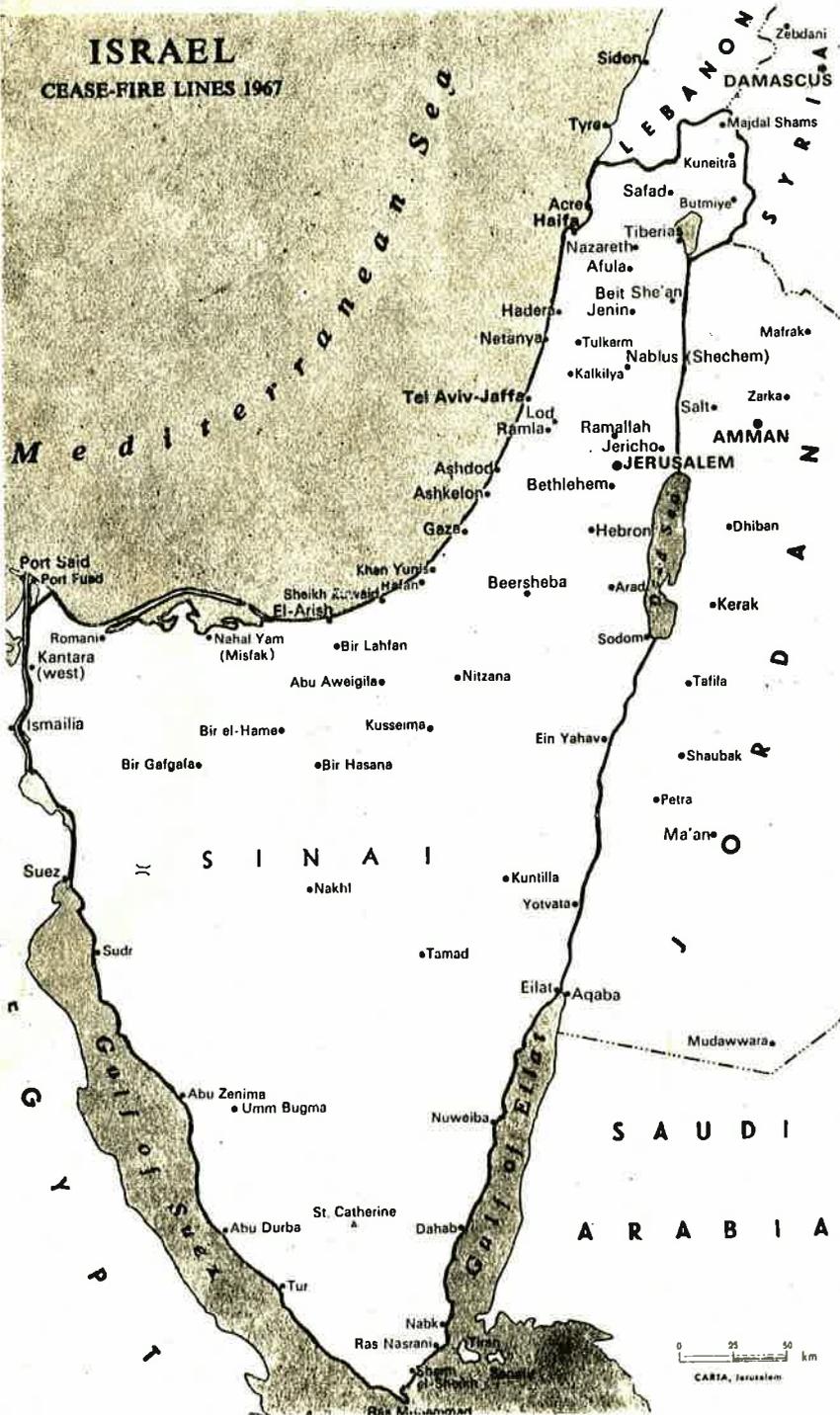


Jerusalem

Photos by Howard Carlson

ISRAEL

CEASE-FIRE LINES 1967



0 25 50 km
CARTA, Jerusalem



To
Bonnie Carlson



Bethlehem today with Church of Nativity in foreground.

FOREWORD

*"We call those poets who are first to mark
Through earth's dull mist the coming of the dawn,
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
While others only note that day is gone." Holmes.*

It is thus, because of his perception and hope, that I call the Rev. Timothy Tow a poet. Travelling together through Israel, both of us were greatly stirred while standing on holy ground, gazing on the changeless hills and valleys of our Lord's land. It was he, however, who wrote down what I and thousands of pilgrims were not far from saying, or rather, longing to say. God's Word speaks of the stones crying out (Lk 19:40). We are thankful that Timothy has heard their voice and rendered a faithful translation. Perhaps Carlyle has given us an explanation for this book when he said, "See deep enough and you see musically."

There are three things which must be noted of Dr. Tow's verse. First, the lines are saturated with Scripture knowledge, in contrast to so much that is sung in our churches today. In these pages one will find spiritual meat; worthy words from a theologian's pen.

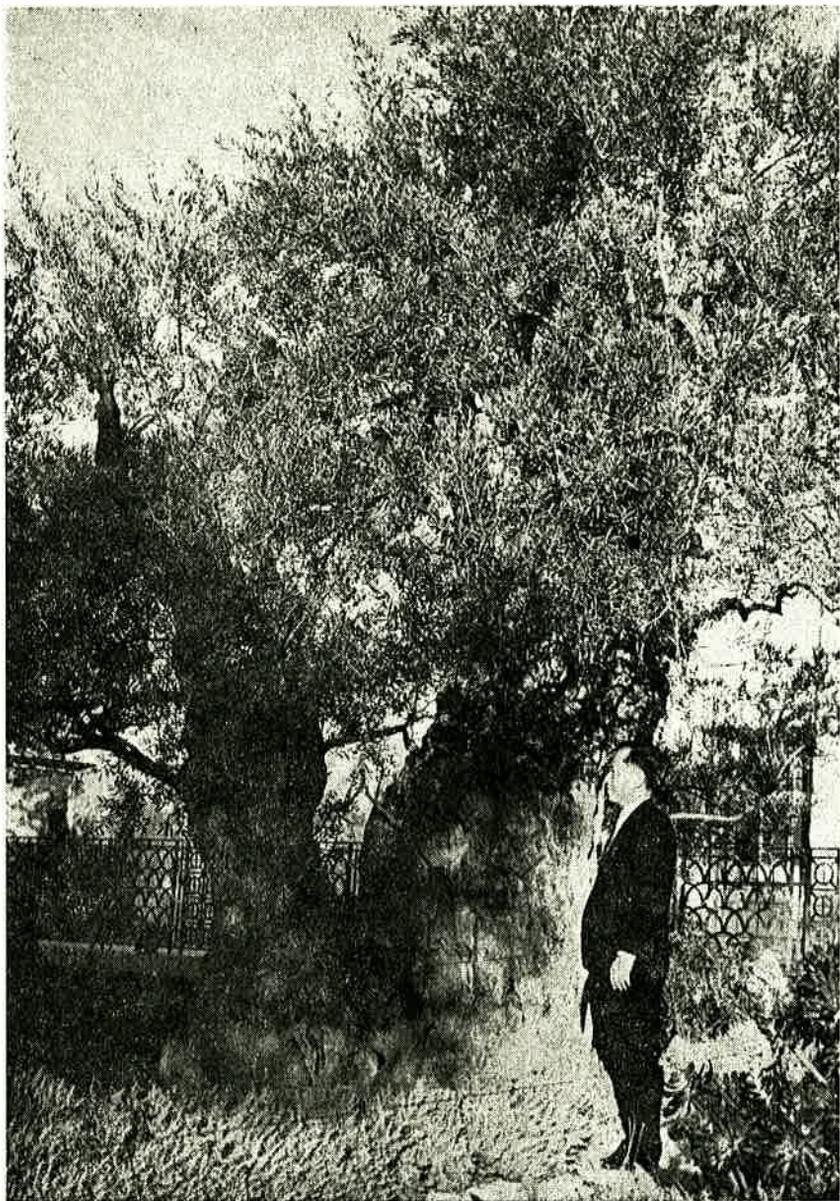
Secondly, the stanzas are faithful to the geography, topography and climate of the Holy Land. The five months of missionary work, graduate study and travel in Israel have added an accurate technical knowledge to the author's thorough Biblical knowledge of the Bible Lands. There is much more here than the fleeting tourist's glimpse. Perhaps one could say that spiritual fervour has been joined by diligent on-the-spot research.

Thirdly, Timothy is known for his consistent defense of the Gospel of Christ in the ranks of the International Council of Christian Churches. He and his co-labourers have been wrongly called many names and accused of a lack of devotion and love. But Timothy and his I.C.C.C. associates are men with a cause: The cause of the salvation of souls; the cause of personal sanctification; and that thankless cause of the continued purity of Christ's holy Church in a day of great spiritual apostasy. In these pages which he penned in Bethlehem I think we have the greatest possible proof that Timothy "the warrior" is above all a man of warm devotion and love. Emerson has pointed out, "The true poem is the poet's mind." Christ said, "Out of the abundance of the heart a man speaketh" (Mtt 12:34). Out of the abundance of Dr. Tow's heart he has spoken and the speech is "not I, but Christ" (Gal. 2:20).

I heartily recommend this collection of hymns and poems as a worthy and permanent endowment to the Bible-believing churches of the world.

Howard Carlson,
Bethlehem.

Easter, 1970.



The author before an ancient olive tree in the Garden of Gethsemane.

PREFACE

When this writer and his family were given a five-month vacation by their church in August 1969, the Lord opened a door of service for them as short-term missionaries to the Holy Land under the Independent Board for Presbyterian Foreign Missions. They soon found a wonderful fellowship in Bethlehem with the Carlsons, young missionaries from the same Board.

Apart from working and studying with our newfound friends, we enjoyed the added blessing of seeing the Land and People (Num. 13:18) under Rev. Carlson's expert guidance.

As one traversed holy ground, Bible in hand, often "walking today where Jesus walked," O what stirrings of soul and heart! The songs and verses in this collection are a faithful recording of those sublime feelings, and of illumination from further meditation upon the Word. In this connection sacred music has helped not a little to spark the spontaneity of thoughts and words (II King 3:15). Included in this booklet, however, are some verses that have appeared in an earlier Anthology as well as a few translations and selections.

The writer is deeply indebted to Rev. Carlson for the photos and art work from his treasury. Many of these were recently taken with the view of illustrating our themes. He is as much indebted to Mrs. Carlson for her wise criticism of the stanzas, and to Ivy for testing them out musically. Without their help there will be many flaws.

Imperfect as these stanzas must be, they are worshipfully offered back to God. If they will somewhat contribute to bringing men and women, not the least our Israeli friends (Rom. 1:16), to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to the edification of the Church, their publication will not have been made in vain.

*"Now unto Him that is able to do
Exceeding abundantly above all
That we ask or think,
According to the power that worketh in us,
Unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus
Throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."*

Eph. 3:20, 21.

Timothy Tow,
9A Gilstead Road,
Singapore 11.

Easter, 1970.



"Thy narrow lanes with busy feet."

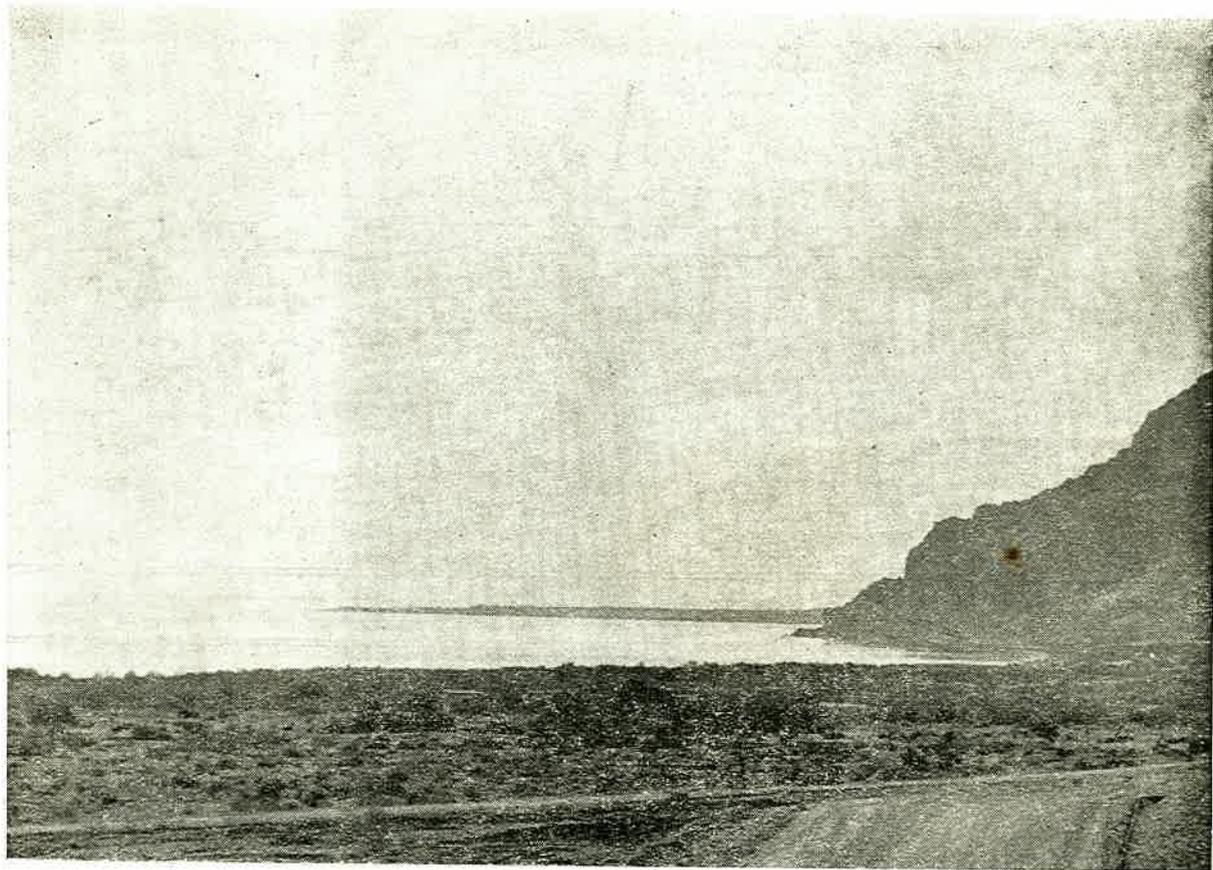
A CHRISTIAN IN TRAVEL

There are many who roam this world
In search of glitt'ring gems and pearls.
A Christian who travels today
Meets pleasure seekers all the way,
In Mandarin rooms with music sweet,
And foods and wines, much to repeat.
He does not like this hotel life,
His heart is with his home and wife.

Yet travel is a job he took,
When at the Cross he all forsook,
To serve the Master where He'd call
All over this terrestrial ball.
Lord, give me courage to follow
Through valleys deep, through paths narrow.
Nor wing, nor sail, can change the course
Pilgrims of old have set for us!

Let every Gospel messenger
Travel not as a passenger,
Who lounges 'way the precious hours —
Our journeying is not a tour!
It is a race that must be won,
With sweat and tears, under the sun,
Till Heav'n above is reached at last,
And at His feet our crowns are cast.

Scripture: I Cor. 9:24-26; Rev. 4:10.



The Dead Sea (1291 ft. below sea level).

HIS LIFE WAS A POEM

Bonnie Carlson

The life of Dr. Thomas A. Lambie was characterized by the corn of wheat, which in dying brings forth much fruit (John 12:24). His daily dying to self brought forth sweet fruit of the Spirit in his own life, and sheaves of redeemed souls brought into the Kingdom of our Lord, of numbers which cannot be reckoned. Beloved for his selfless life and steadfast service, he was a man of faith and prayer.

He was born of godly parents in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania in 1885, and from childhood dedicated his life to God. After completing medical school and two years internship he began his foreign service at the eager age of 22. Despite malarial mosquitoes outside and ants indoors, Charlotte Claneý became his bride and much-valued companion. Together with their two children they entered new territory in southern Sudan on the upper Sobat River, bordering on Ethiopia. Here, a pioneer missionary in the truest sense, he exercised great faith in God, a keen sense of humor, and a contagious enthusiasm.

He buried himself in those Sudanese jungles, undaunted by wild beasts and disease. Eventually, in 1919, he was invited into Ethiopia, a land virtually untouched by the gospel. The Lambies were the first Christian missionaries there, with the exception of one who was confined to Addis Ababa, the capital. The doctor began more than a dozen new stations and a large hospital (the first worthy of the name in all the country) in Addis Ababa. Within a few years there were fifty stations with eighty workers, and Dr. Lambie was appointed the emperor's personal physician.

Then Mussolini attacked Ethiopia, and the emperor asked Dr. Lambie to organize and head the Ethiopian Red Cross. Eventually, with Ethiopia's defeat, the Lambies were forced out of their adopted country for good, and Dr. Lambie became "the doctor without a country." For he had died to himself again in relinquishing his American citizenship and taking the oath of allegiance to Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia;



Baraka Sanatorium, monument to Dr. Lambie's
medical ministry in the Holy Land.

this to secure property-holding rights for his mission, and to demonstrate his complete identification with the Ethiopian people. By special acts of Congress he regained his American citizenship and returned to the Sudan.

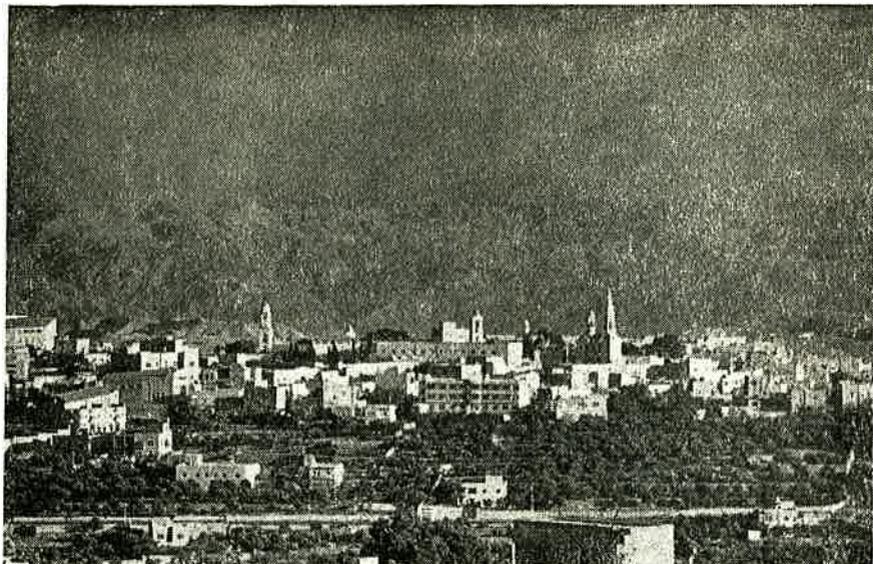
Ordered to retire, with broken health at 57 years of age, he chose to obey the Great Commission to the end, rather than serve and witness at home. "Swords up to the gates of Heaven" was his watchword.

He went on to found the Holy Land Mission consisting of a 95-bed tuberculosis sanatorium, a clinic and nurses' home in the Baraka Valley; and a church in Bethlehem. This he accomplished solely in the strength of the Lord, as he suffered the loss of his first wife en route to Palestine in 1946, another health breakdown, and loss of all possessions in the partition of Palestine. In 1947 the Lord gave him a second help-mate, Irma Schneck, an associate of missionary days in Ethiopia. With humility and tenderness, following the example of the Master Physician, he made himself always available to minister to the souls and bodies of his 7,300 neighbors in the Ain Arrub refugee camp. The stimulating influence of his beautiful testimony was further multiplied as he spoke in churches and conferences around the world, penned six books, and made the Bible live for visiting pilgrims.

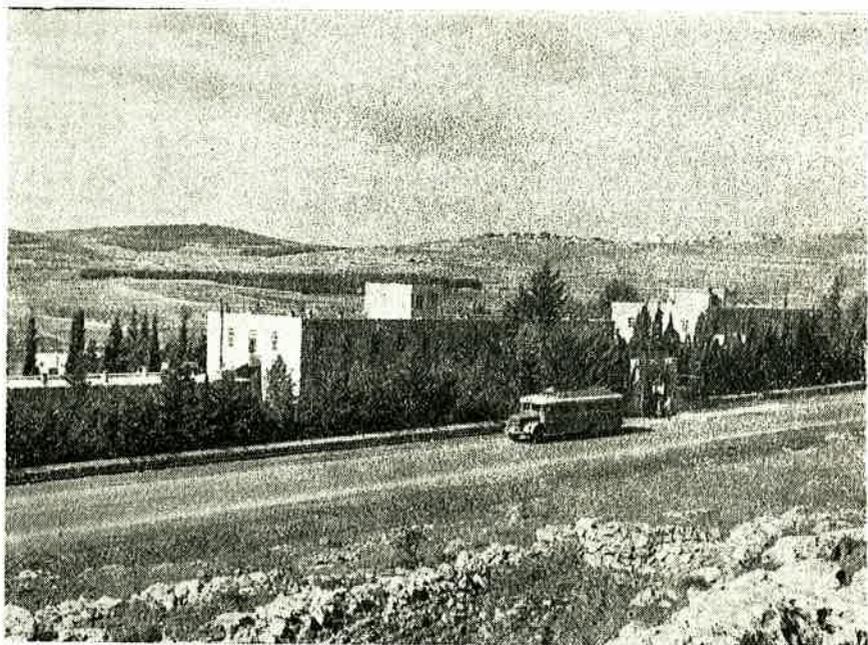


April 14, 1954 the indomitable spirit, which had long ruled the frail body, took its flight. He was resting at the Garden Tomb, scene of the Lord's resurrection, and speaking of his risen Saviour and the Easter message he was to give there in four days time. Even as he spoke, he quietly answered his Lord's summons to that Celestial City.

"With Christ, which is far better."



Bethlehem in the shadows of the Moab mountains.



The Baraka Sanatorium at Ain Arroub, Hebron Road.

FROM BETHLEHEM TO AIN ARROUB

(Dedicated to Mrs. Thomas Lambie)

From Bethlehem to Ain Arroub,
Around the Judean hills,
There twists and turns the Hebron road
Southwards, and southwards still.

'Twas here upon the king's highway
The ancient travellers rode,
And asses, mules and donkeys, brayed
Beneath their heavy load.

Today along the Hebron way,
So new and so modern,
Where cars and buses run the race,
Plod on the beasts of burden.

But whether cars with tireless wheels,
Or mules with weary feet,
Both men and beasts must humbly kneel
By "Midway Fountain" sweet.

'Twas here not very long ago
After the Six-Day War,
When engines cut the mountain slope,
And water began to pour.

Though we're no mighty engineers,
Nor technicians with skill,
If on we forge with sweat and tears,
We'll find fresh water still!

From Bethlehem to Ain Arroub,
Around the Judean hills,
There twists and turns the Hebron road
Southwards, and southwards still.

Scripture: Gen. 13:18; I Chron. 12:23; II Chron. 20:26.



Pilgrims to Bethlehem, from a painting, 1840.



Rachel's Tomb, Bethlehem, from a painting, 1840.

TO SIT ADELE

Although I've known thee but a while,
Thy friendship's sweet indeed!
In Christ are knit souls without guile,
The gentle and the meek.

Sit Adele, though thine eyes are blind,
Thy heart is very bright.
Through seven decades thou hast shined
From early morn to night.

Thou madest thy home in Bethlehem,
And helped us in our church.
And now the time of our parting
Has come on much too quick!

Wherever the Lord might lead thee
He's always by thy side,
And as thy days thy strength shall be,
For He shall yet provide.

Scripture: Jn. 1:47; Deut. 33:25.



Sit Adele Dafesh, principal of Mary Lovel School for Blind Girls, Bethlehem retired recently after half a century of service. An eminent daughter of the Holy Land, she has blessed hundreds, yea thousands, of her own people, particularly the blind. She helped Mary Lovel to translate the Bible into Arabic Braille. She was a staunch friend of Dr. Lambie, and it was at her Blind School that the Baraka Bible Presbyterian Church was started at the close of the forties. Her life is also a poem.



Lily of the Valleys (Song of Sol. 2:1).

JESUS, MY LORD, I YEARN FOR THEE

(the original Chinese version and tune on p. 18)

Jesus, my Lord, I yearn for Thee,
How sweet art Thou to me!
O that we're taken up today
Fore'er with Thee to stay!

Chorus:

O Thou the Balsam of the garden,
O Thou the sweet Rose of Sharon,
Thou art the Lily of the Valley,
How shall I part with Thee?

In all the world there's not a sound
That can Thy mercies sing,
Nor has that heart on earth been found;
Thy brimming love contain.

Though hearts are faint and tears do flow,
Our sighs we can't control.
When of Thy compassion I think,
Grief goes and joy comes in!

Great is Thy love that far transcends
The bounds of time and realm.
'Tis the Beloved who can tell:
Thy love all loves excell.

Scripture: Song of Sol. 2:1; Eph. 3:17-19.

— *Translated from John Sung Revival Choruses,*
July 1969

主耶穌阿

1. 主耶穌阿想起你了你心中便覺甜蜜，
 2. 世耶上沒有時一流個聲把心恩典唱盡，
 3. 雖然愛有多麼長瀾高深，沒沒不人能自知，
 4. 你愛多麼長瀾高深，沒沒不人能自知。

巴世上得今天就一被提與你同在一起。
 世不是也沒有你的情，受憂愁你化的為愛高奇。
 可愛想的人只的能說道，哦！你完同的在的愛奇。
 蒙愛的人只的能說道，哦！你完同的在的愛奇。

副歌

哦，你是園中的鳳仙花你是沙崙的玫瑰花，
 你是谷中的百合花，使我真捨不下。

O Christmas Tree!

E. G. ANSCHUETZ.

1. O Christ-mas Tree! O Christ-mas Tree! Thy leaves are so un-chang-ing;
2. O Christ-mas Tree! O Christ-mas Tree! Much plea-sure thou dost give me;
3. O Christ-mas Tree! O Christ-mas Tree! Thy can-dles shine so bright-ly!

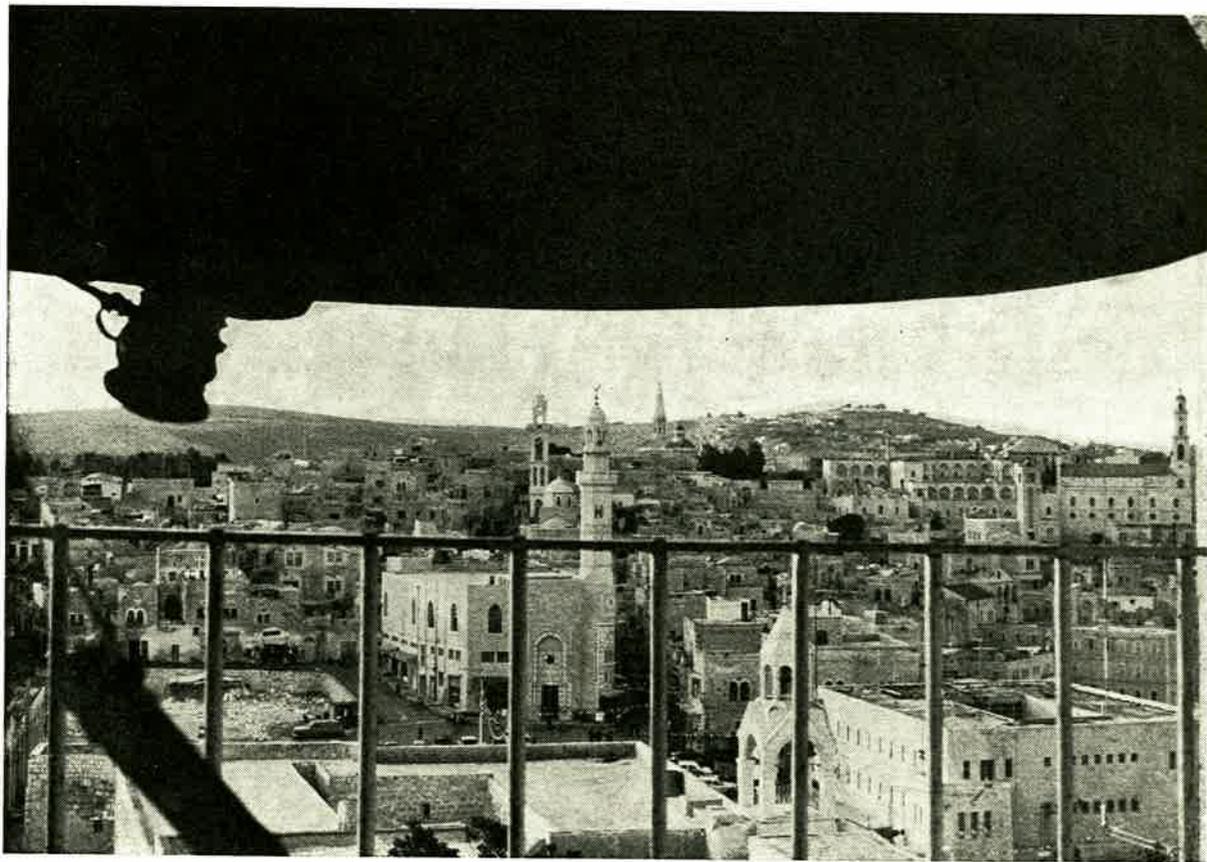
The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a dotted quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Not on-ly green when sum-mer's here, But al- so when 'tis cold and drear.
How oft-en has the Christ-mas tree Af-ford-ed me the great-est glee!
From base to sum-mit, gay and bright, There's on-ly splen-dor for the sight,

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff shows a melodic line with various note values, and the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

O Christ-mas Tree! O Christ-mas Tree! Thy leaves are so un-chang-ing!
O Christ-mas Tree! O Christ-mas Tree! Much plea-sure thou dost give me!
O Christ-mas Tree! O Christ-mas Tree! Thy can-dles shine so bright-ly!

The third system of music concludes the piece. It features the same musical notation as the previous systems, with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff ends with a double bar line, and the bass staff also concludes with a double bar line.



"Two thousand years thou art the same, Thy church towers and bells pealing."

O BETHLEHEM

(To the tune of "O Christmas Tree," p. 19)

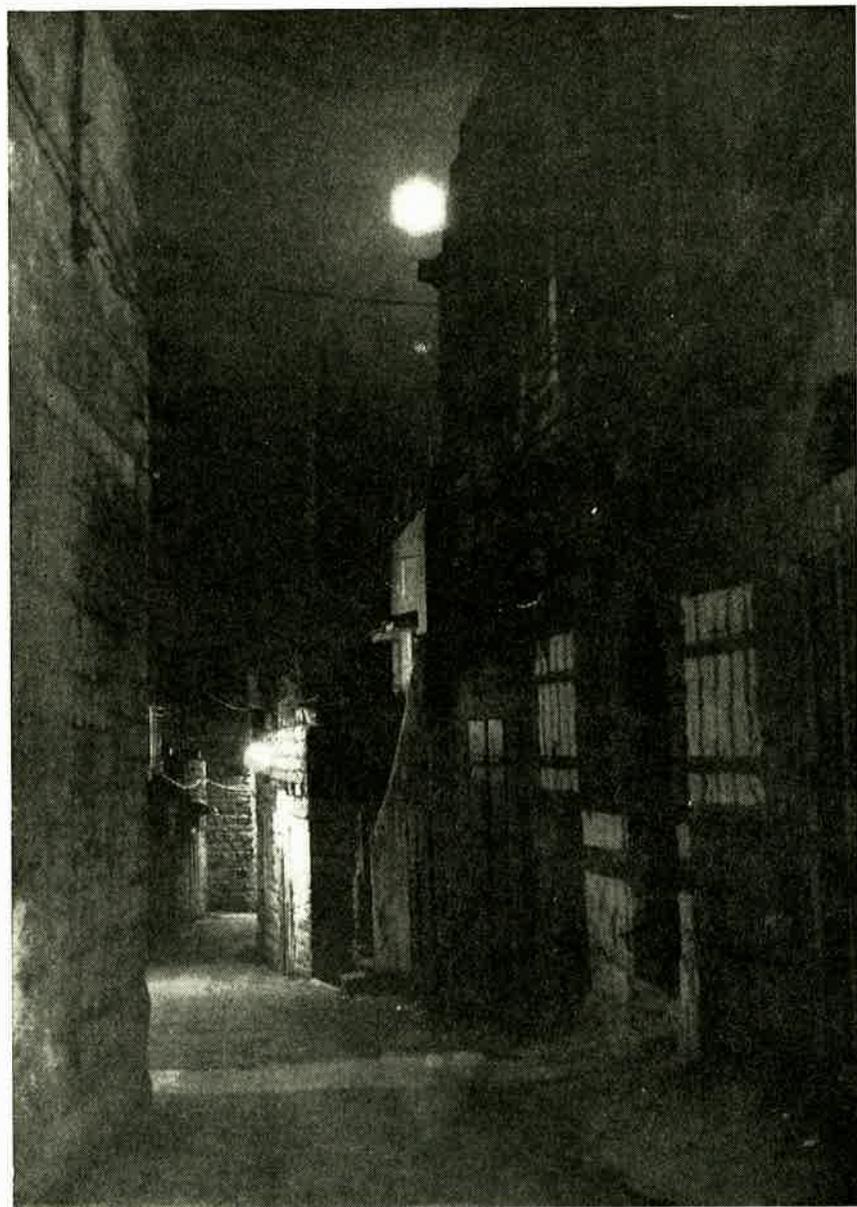
O Bethlehem, O Bethlehem,
Thou David's City Royal!
From days of yore thou art the same:
Thy olive hills and flowers;
Thy rolling fields of barley sweet,
Thy narrow lanes with busy feet,
Resound with wondrous tales of old
The sacred pages unfold.

O Bethlehem, O Bethlehem,
Thou City of Our Saviour!
Christ was born from the Virgin young,
So forlorn in a manger.
But angels rent the midnight sky,
With song of praise to the Most High,
While shepherds quaked in reverent fear,
To the first Christmas Noel.

O Bethlehem, O Bethlehem,
Thou City of the Pilgrims!
Two thousand years thou art the same:
Thy church tow'rs and bells pealing,
O that the angels' song of praise
Thy sons with one accord would raise:
The glad news of God's saving plan
Re-echo from land to land!

O Bethlehem, O Bethlehem,
Thou City of All Mankind!
From year to year be thou the same:
Jesus thy Saviour and mine,
Peal on the good tidings of Peace,
Peal forth the Divine Amnesty,
From Christmas Day to Christmas Day,
And Earth shall sing Emmanuel!

Scripture: Micah 5:2; Lk. 2:7-14; Matt. 1:23.



"Winter Moon."

WINTER MOON

*(To the tune of "White Christmas")
music on p. 24.*

Now as the winter moon sinks low,
And the poor shepherds all are gone,
There remains in the Manger stable
The Virgin Mother seated all alone.
Now as she caresses her Child
Under the flickering candle light,
O the thought that God's Son is born!
Sweeps o'er her soul this first Christmas night.

Thus Mary ponders in her heart,
While the winds howl over sky,
And the cows low and asses bray,
And Baby Jesus wakes and starts to cry.
Again she caresses her Child
Under the flickering candle light,
O the thought that He's born to die!
Sweeps o'er her soul this first Christmas night.

Now, Lord, as I think of Thy Birth,
How I thank Thee that Thou hast come!
Thou dost not spurn the Manger stable,
Nor David's daughter, Virgin Mary's womb.
Mine eyes have seen Thy Salvation
As one born blind now sees the Light.
O the joy that Messiah has come!
Sweeps o'er my soul this first Christmas night.

Scripture: Lk. 2:16-20, 35, 30; Matt. 1:19-23.

Tune of "WHITE CHRISTMAS"

3 - - - | 4 3 #2 3 | 4 - - - | #4 5 . . |

6 - 7 i | 2̇ i 7 6 | 5 - - - | 5 - 1 2 |

3 - 3 - | 3 6 - 5 | 1 - 1 - | 1 5 - 4 | 3 - - - |

4 3 2 1 | 2 - - - | 2 - - - | 3 - - - | 4 3 #2 3 |

4 - - - | #4 5 - | 6 - 7 i | 2̇ i 7 6 |

2 - - - | 2 - 1 2 | 3 - 3 - | 3 6 - 5 | i - - - |

1 - 1 2 | 3 - 3 - | 6̇ . 7̇ 7̇ 7̇ | 1 - - - | 1 - - 0 # |



The Church of Nativity, Bethlehem, whose history dates back to Emperor Constantine, 4th Century A.D.



The mountains of Moab, upon which Moses stood, with Bethlehem in the foreground.

BY NEBO'S LONELY MOUNTAIN

'By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod
And laid the dead man there.

'Perchance the bald old eagle
On grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallow'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

'O lonely grave in Moab's land,
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still:
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.'

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER

Scripture: Deut. 34:5, 6.



Sunset at Life Bible-Presbyterian Church, Gilstead Road, Singapore. (Photo by John Tow)

BETHLEHEM SUNSET HYMN

Moderately quick.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1818-1901.

The sun has set behind yon olive hill,
The twilight fades and all is quiet and still.
Hushed is my soul by Evening's perfect peace.
As one looks upwards, there's a sweet release.

Lord, I can feel Thy Holy Presence near.
Speak through Thy Word and let Thy servant hear.
Cleanse me from sin that mars a holy Day.
Restore my soul while 'gain to Thee I pray.

Help me draw nigh to Thee each sacred hour.
O t' joy of strength renewed and of Thy power!
As the hart pants for streams along the way,
So may I seek Thee seven times a day.

Lord, help me sing Thy praises every night,
With all my loved ones worship with delight!
The sun has set behind yon olive hill,
O Sun of Righteousness shine o'er us still.

Scripture: Ps.42:1, I Ki, 18:43; Mal, 4:2.

THE SANDS OF TIME

ANNE ROSS COUSIN

CHRISTENE D'URBAN
Arr. by E. F. RIMBAULT



1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks;
2. O Christ! He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love!
3. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine!
4. The Bride eyes not her gar - ment. But her dear Bridegroom's face;



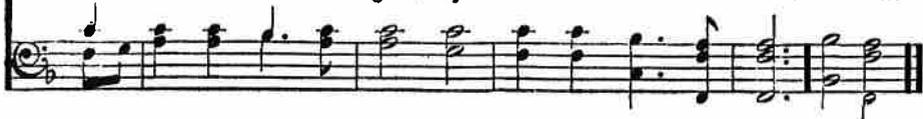
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes:
The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove:
He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine,"
I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace.



Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
There, to an o - cean ful - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
I stand up - on His mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pier - ed hand,



And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
Not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land. A-MEN.



PILGRIM CHANT

(To the tune of "The sands of time are sinking")

Fear not, my soul, to press on
 Upon thy pilgrim way.
The night though dark yields to dawn,
 And dawn to perfect day!
Wait, wait for His salvation,
 That rises with the sun.
O what bright hope tomorrow,
 O the Promised Land!

I will press on to victory
 Upon my pilgrim way.
I've finished half the journey,
 Shall now I go astray?
Arise, my soul, and be gone,
 Lest thou be left alone.
O what a glory waits thee,
 In the Promised Land!

I'll put on spurs to my feet,
 The wings of faith and love.
Let sin beat a quick retreat —
 I soar to heights above.
Speed, speed onward to Jordan,
 Wide, wide, the horizon.
O what a glory 'fore me,
 There's the Promised Land!

O Christ, I've reached the Jordan:
 The waters surround me.
O ferry me to Canaan,
 And bring me home with Thee.
With Thee I'm saved forever —
 Come ocean, come River!
I'll live fore'er with Jesus
 In the Promised Land.

Scripture: Prov. 4:18; Deut. 34:1-4; Heb. 12:1, 12, 13.



The field of Boaz, Bethlehem.



Christmas Eve Service, Shepherds Field.

PRAYER MEETING AT BOAZ HEIGHTS

The little town of Bethlehem
Is built upon a hill.
Below the town there is a plain,
The erstwhile shepherds' field,

'Twas here two thousand years ago,
The angels did appear
To rustic men in winter snow,
And made them quake with fear.

These were poor folk who watched their sheep
By day and by the night.
And they who kept awake from sleep
Were first to see the Light.

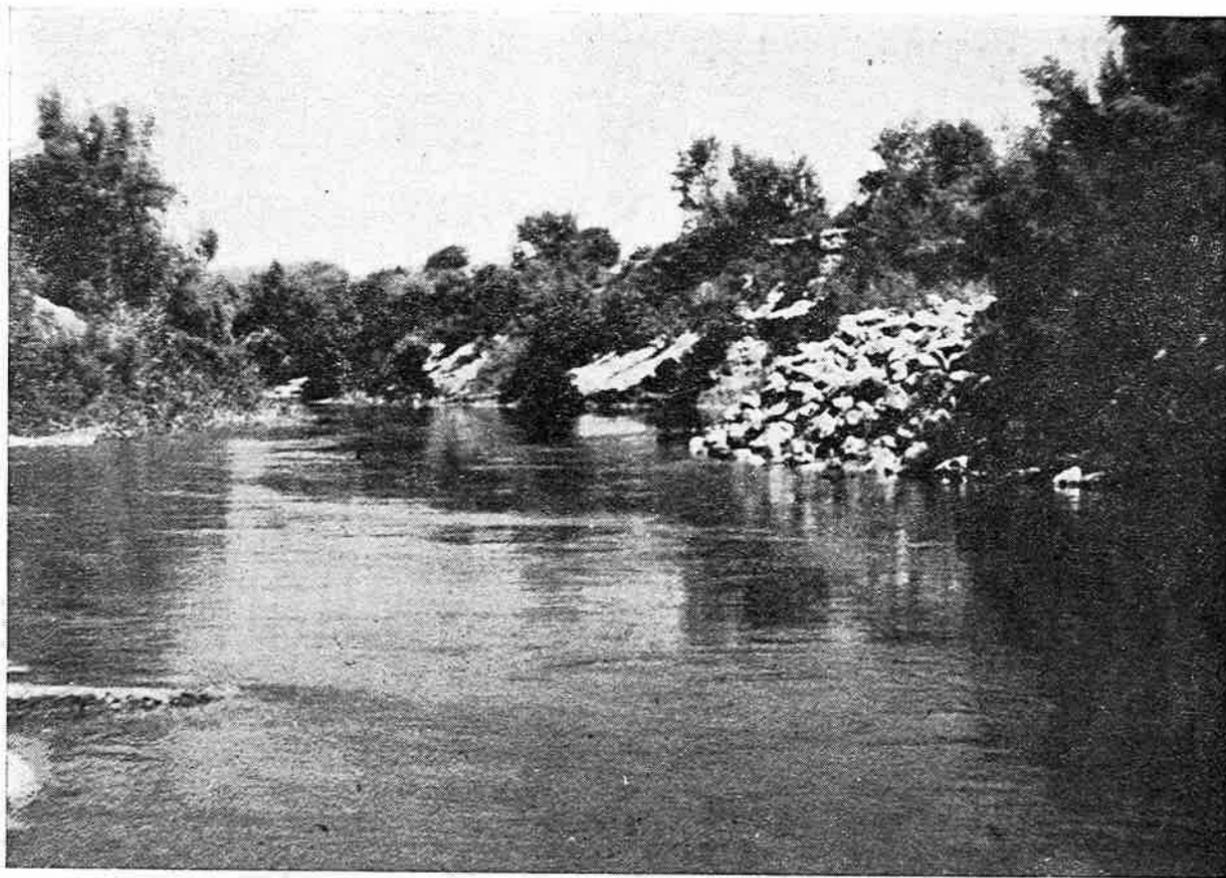
Tonight I viewed the Shepherds Field,
So peaceful as of yore
From Boaz Heights, so quiet and still:
It made me wonder more!

We're gathered in a Christian home
To worship and to pray
On bended knee beneath His Throne,
And night was turned to day.

Seek not to see God with your eye,
Nor hear with outer ear.
Be cleansed from sin as you draw nigh,
And Christ will soon appear!

The little town of Bethlehem,
And yonder Shepherds Field,
Where sinful earth was joined to Heaven
Await His coming still.

Scripture: L.k. 2:8-14; Ruth 2:1-4; Jn. 20:29.



Traditional site of Jesus' Baptism, River Jordan.

GUIDANCE ALL THE WAY

(To the tune of "Softly now the light of day")

O what blessed thought is this, That God led His children on,
Through the Sea and Wilderness He went with them all along.

God still leads His children on Through this dark world here
below.

He who gladly gave His Son, Shall He not more gifts bestow?

Sometimes He shows all the way, As He showed Moses the Land.
Sometimes He guides day by day, As when they sat at Jordan.

Seek not to do what thou wilt. Hark, now listen to His Word!
Let God tell thee in thine heart, As He peace to thee imparts.

Read your Bible, morn and night, Think upon Him through
the day.

He who turns His face to the Light Shall find guidance all the
way.

Scripture: Deut, 32:10; Rom. 8:32; Deut. 34:1-4; Josh. 3:1; Phil.
4:6, 7; Ps. 119:97, 105.

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY

GEORGE W. DOANE

CARL M. VON WEBER

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all-per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in;
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

Free from care, from la - bor free Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

HE CARES FOR ME

Anonymous

J. R. Murray

1. How strong and sweet my Father's care, That round a-bout me, like the air,
2. The tho't great won-der with it brings, My cares are all such lit-tle things,
3. O keep me ev-er in Thy love, Dear Fa-ther, watching from a-bove,



Is with me al-ways, ev-'ry-where! He cares for me.
But to the truth my glad heart clings, He cares for me.
And as thru life my steps shall move, O care for me.



Mount Hermon, from a painting, 1840.

OUR FATHER, HEAR US WHEN WE PRAY

(To the tune of "He cares for me")

Our Father, hear us when we pray
With one accord through Thy dear Son,
On bended knee before Thy throne
We wait on Thee.

We come to Thee with empty hands,
No merit of our own we bring,
Simply to Jesus' cross we cling.
Our cries attend!

With contrite and with loving hearts,
We seek Thy pardon and Thy grace.
Joy of salvation and of praise
To us impart!

Help us carry our daily cross,
Bear up our burden with good cheer,
Be they so weary and so drear,
Mind not the loss!

We thank Thee for strength of each hour,
For health and wealth for home and friends,
For peace and quiet confidence,
Our shield and tower!

We pray for church at home, abroad,
We pray for gov'nors of our Land.
We pray for missions to earth's end,
Send forth Thy Word!

O Father, bless us when we part.
Thy Spirit pour down from on high.
Till Thy servants again draw nigh,
Breathe in our hearts!

Scripture: Matt. 6:9; Eph. 2:8, 9; Isa. 66:2; Lk. 9:23; Isa. 30:15;
Gen. 15:1; I Tim. 2:1, 2; Lk. 10:2.



Mount Hermon (Deut. 3:9; Ps. 133:3).

SIGNS IN THE SKY

One day our Lord said to the Jews,
Learn a lesson from the sky:
When red clouds rise after the dew,
Then say ye the rain is nigh,
But when it's pink in the evening
'Twill be a bright, sunny morning.

Or when it's clouding in the west
We'll soon expect a shower,
Or when the South Wind shows his crest
'Twill soon be warmer weather.
With such vivid illustration
He teaches our generation.

One day after the Autumn Rains
The twilight glowed roseate!
I said the days would surely change
From these showers on my head
To golden sunshine like summer:
And true it dawned bright and warmer!

So returned summer with the sun
Till red clouds dimmed this morning.
I said for sure the rains would come
And they did come by evening!
We tell the weather by these signs,
But not His Advent by the times?

Behold, 'tis crimson in the East,
'Twill soon be monsoon weather.
But we who're saved see in the West
Brighter sunset and fairer.
Christ the Messiah quickly comes
From heaven to take His loved ones!
Although 'tis crimson in the East
There's a brighter Morn forever.

Scripture: Mtt. 16:2, 3; Lk. 12:54, 55, I Thess. 4:13-18.



Olives of Gethsemane, from a painting, 1840.



Ploughing before the former rain (Joel 2:23).

FORMER AND LATTER RAINS IN THE HOLY LAND

Now as the heat of summer died,
And the cicada has flown,
I heard Autumn's moan as she sighed,
Scouting the land all alone.
I spied her stealing in last night
To our oliveyard in moonlight.

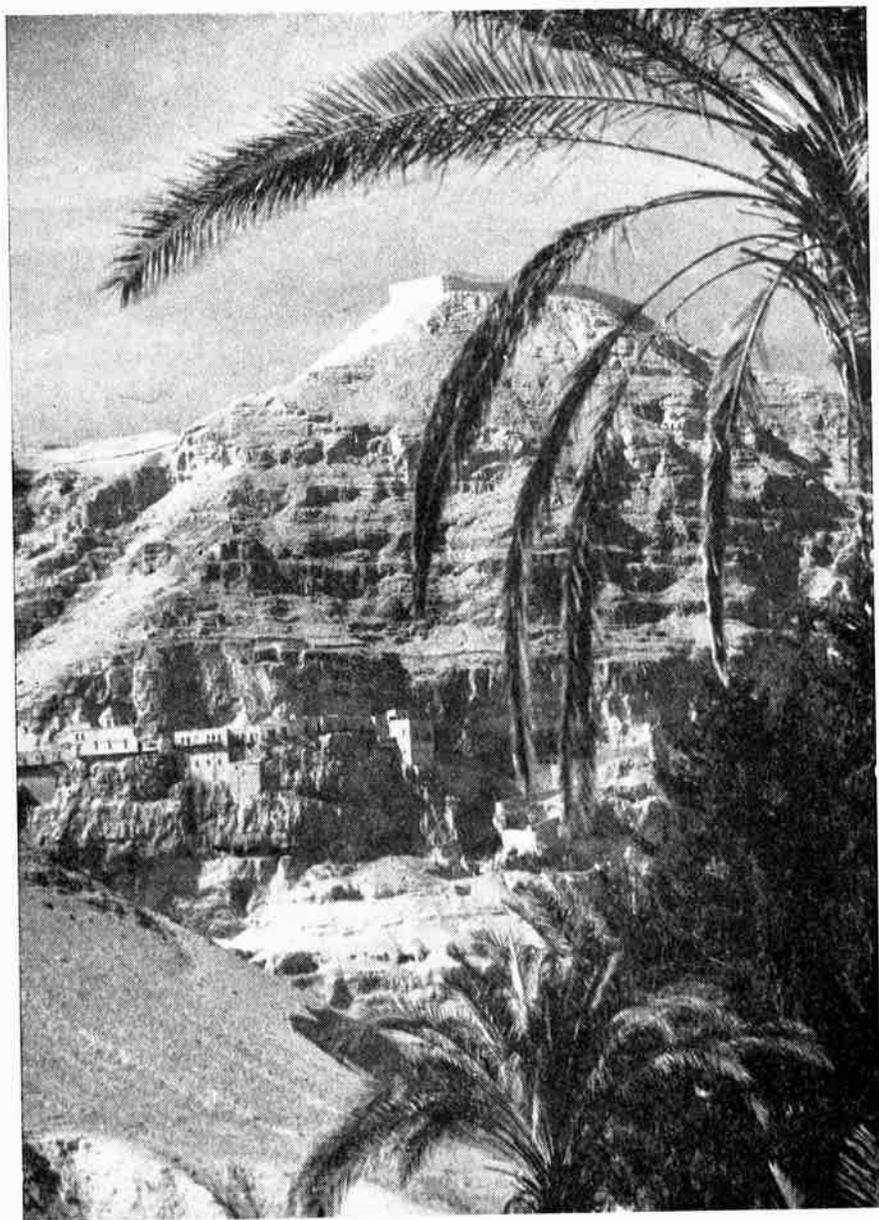
Autumn descends in sombre mood
With a sickle in her hand.
As Mother Hen gathers her brood,
So she harvests in the land!
Though with fallen grain she's weeping,
She brings the farmers rejoicing.

Yet for the farmers' sowing blithe
Autumn sombre weeps again.
This time not with a ruthless scythe,
But with clouds and gentle rain
This autumn rain is called Former,
Now we'll see what is the Latter?

After autumn rains have fallen,
While the seeds begin to sprout,
As Winter comes after Autumn,
So it rains after a drought.
God sends showers to us again,
While Winter blows in latter rains.

These season moods o' the Holy Land,
Of heat and cold, of rain and drought,
That bring forth roses from the sand
Are promised us without doubt.
O Lord give us spiritual grain
By Thy Former and Latter Rains!

Scripture: Deut. 11:14; Prov. 16:15; Jer. 3:3; Zech. 2:12.
Isa. 35:1.



Mount of Temptation, from Jericho.

BLOW, MORNING BREEZES, BLOW

ISAAC B. WOODBURY



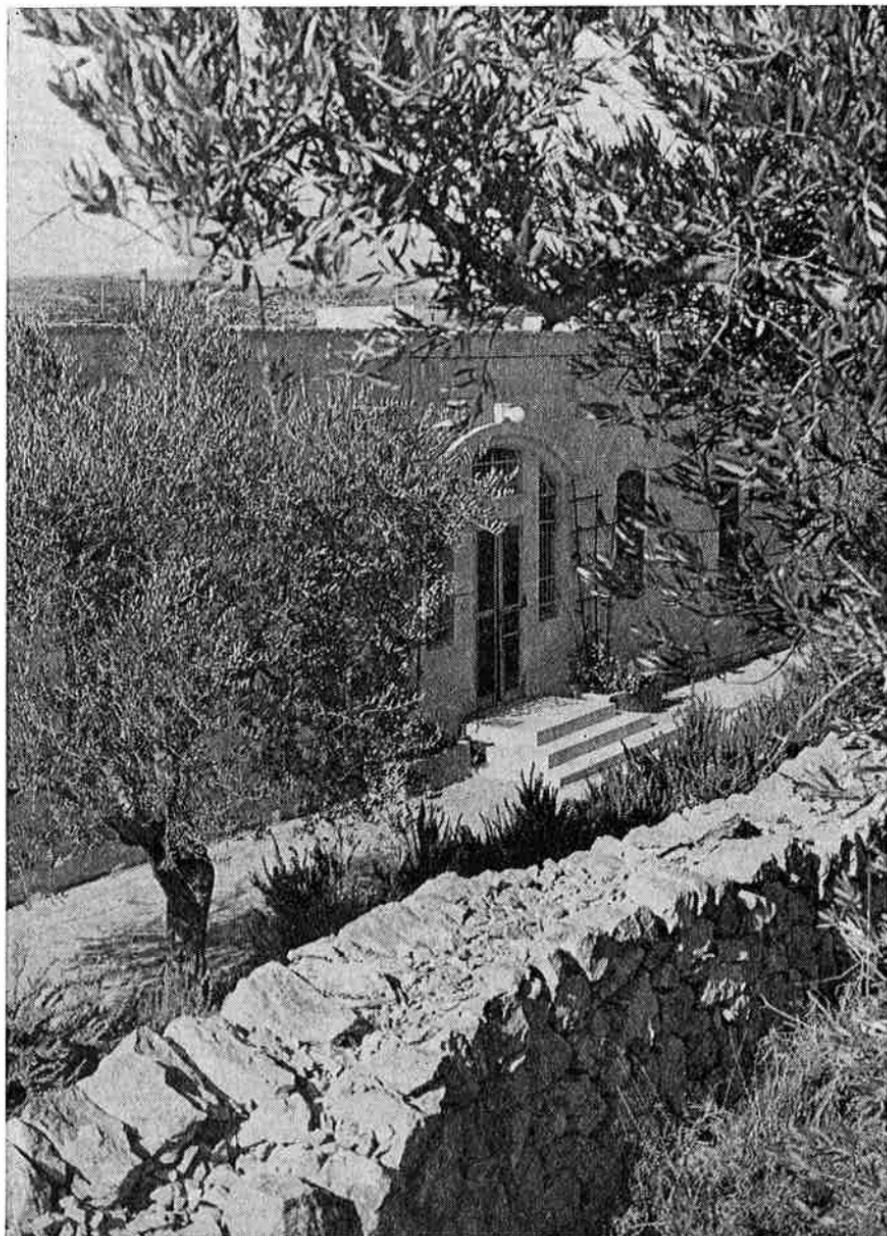
Blow, Morning Breezes, blow
O'er sea and palm beach still,
While dawning clouds aglow
Sail by, sail by the hill.
Sail by, sail by, sail by the hill.

Blow, Evening Breezes, blow
Upon our garden drear.
While Noonday heat's aglow
Blow on, the Night to cheer.
Blow on, blow on, the Night to cheer.

Breathe, Holy Spirit, breathe
Into this heart of mine.
The heat of Sin's disease
Quench now, with Wind Divine.
Quench now, quench now, with Wind Divine.

Revive Thy Church, O Lord!
First cleanse this heart of mine.
Speak with power from Thy Word.
Cleanse now, cleanse me from pride.
Cleanse now, cleanse now, cleanse me from pride.

Scripture: Jn. 3:8; Acts 2:2.



**Mission house of the Independent Board for
Presbyterian Foreign Missions at Bethlehem.**

A TREE FABLE

The trees once held an election
To choose a king to reign
O'er the verdant vegetation
That thronged the Pleasant Land.

First they voted for the olive,
So venerable with age,
Hoary with greyish silver leaves:
They looked to him their sage.

Content to yield berries of oil
To honour God and man,
The olive bowed in meekly toil
From such a haughty plan.

Next chosen was the fig tree sweet
To rule over his friends.
Content to yield good fruit for meat,
A fig tree he remained.

Then said the trees unto the vine,
Please come and govern us.
But he whose fruit made gentle wine,
Should he abuse his trust?

And he whose fruit made gentle wine
That cheereth God and man,
Should he outgrow his lowly twine
That crept above the sand?

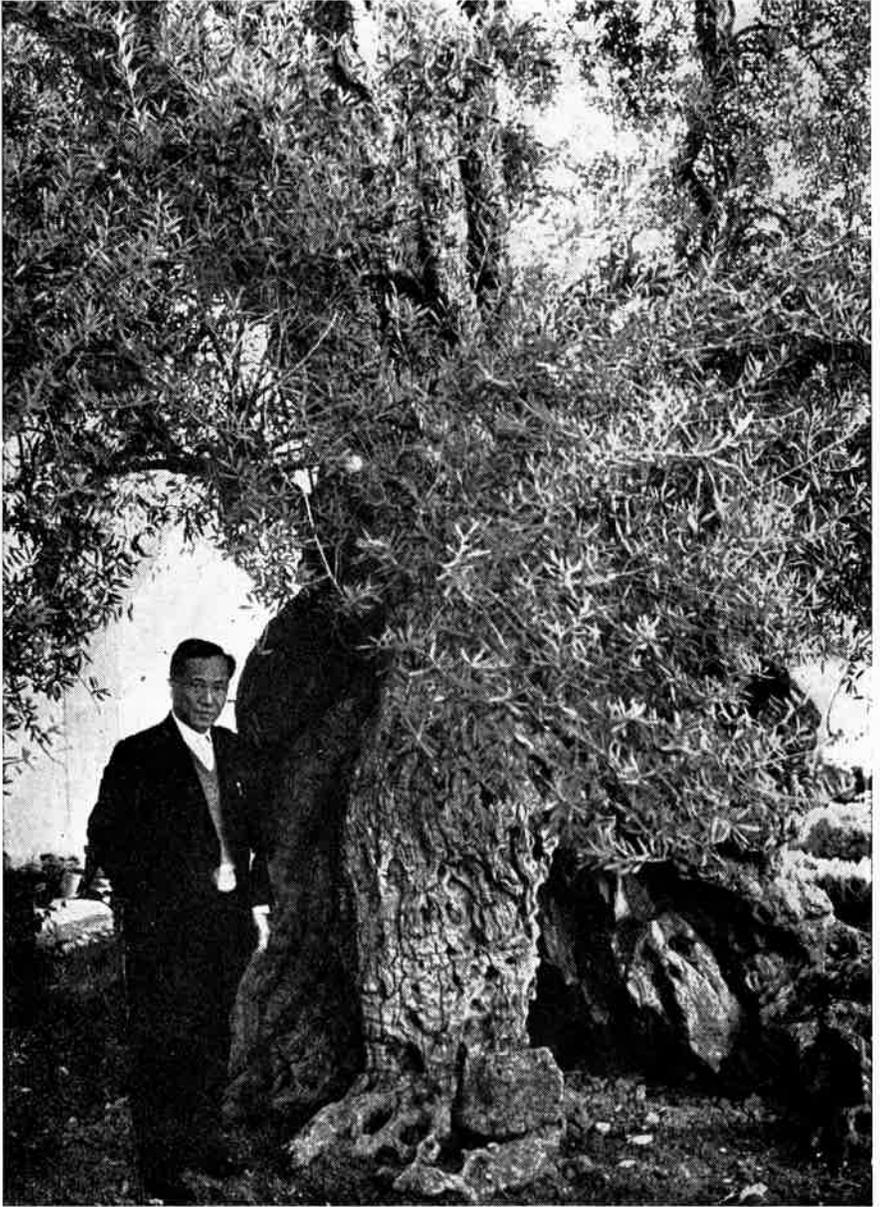
At length they called on the bramble:
Hail, thou king of the woods!
At which he made them to tremble
By his rough voice and rude.

Growled the thorny brier to the trees:
If ye anoint me king,
Then kowtow now upon your knees,
And to my shadow cling!

If ye will not my word obey,
From me let fire flame forth,
And let it burn the cedars grey
Of Liban to the north.

This fable of trees by Jotham,
Young son of Gideon great,
To villains wild of old Shechem
Is told from age to age.

Scripture: Judges 9:8-15; Zech. 7:14.



Another ancient olive tree of Gethsemane.

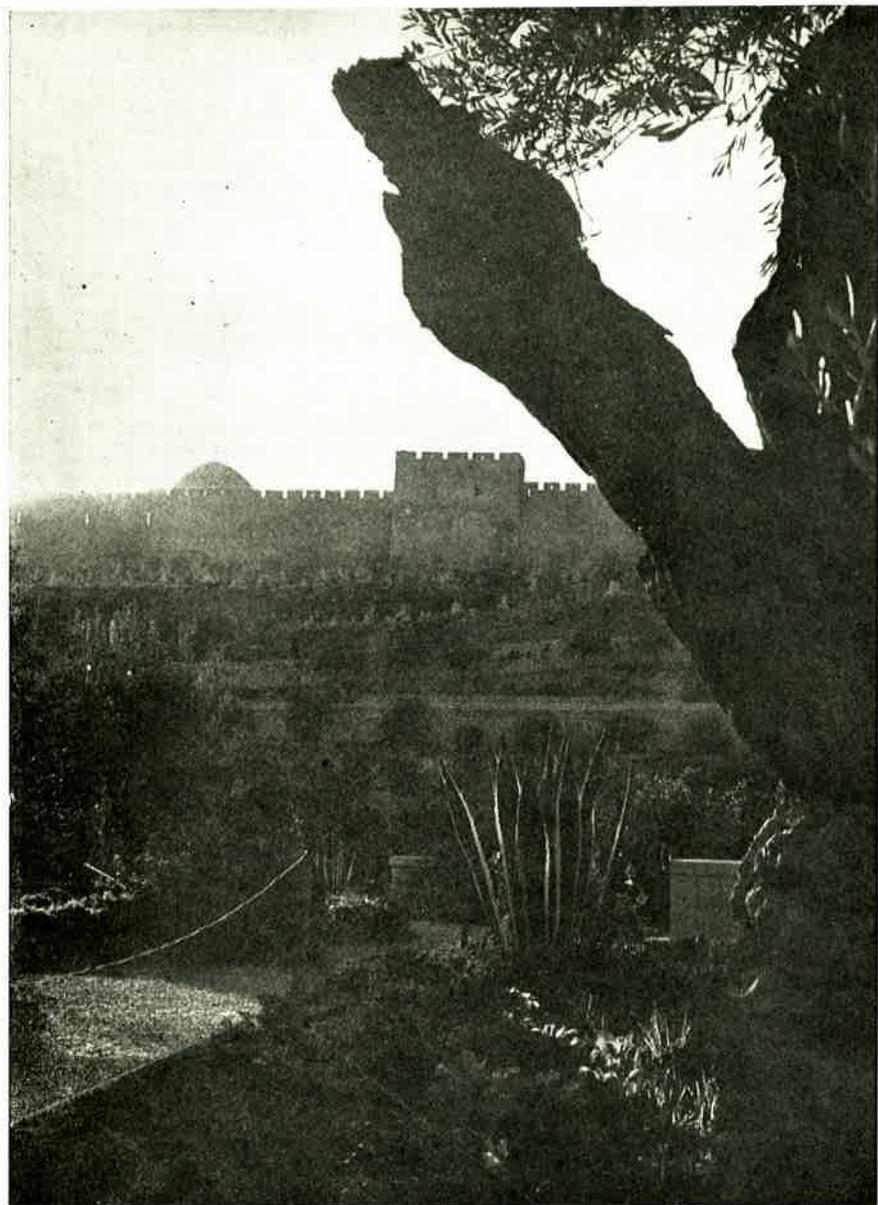
THE OLIVE TREE

C. H. Spurgeon

Truth to tell, it is not the most shapely of the sons of the forest. It is not a tree which would at once strike the beholder with admiration, like some giant oak, or lofty elm; nor charm him with his elegance, like a weeping willow; nor astonish him with its grandeur, like a cedar of Lebanon. In order to perceive its beauty you must linger a little. You must look, and look again; and then, if you do not at least feel a deep respect for the olive, and a quiet delight in its beauty, it must be because you are not of a thoughtful spirit, or else because you have little poetry in your soul. The more familiar you become with the olive tree, the more will you take pleasure in it.

The colour of the olive foliage is a grey green. It belongs to the same family as the ash, and is of a somewhat similar colour, only of a lighter green, one side of the leaf being paler than the other. I have recently watched olive trees almost everyday, for three months, but they always appeared somewhat different, varying in colour and tint as the day was colourless, overcast, or decidedly wet. Even the position of the sun caused a change in their appearance and a little wind, turning up the silver side of the leaves, presented a new phase of beauty. After a shower of rain, the green appeared predominant; and on a hot and dusty day the grey was in the ascendant. In the evening they sometimes seemed slaty or drab, and another time they wore a silvery sheen. Like certain other colours which vary with the light, the tint of the olive leaf is peculiar in yielding to its surroundings. It does seem as if it followed the mood of nature and blended it with its own. I do not think I am fanciful, but it seemed to me that this tree was in wonderful sympathy with the weather, the sun, the sky, the clouds, the morning and the evening.

Olive trees are wondrously varied. The twists and turns of the branches, the singular way in which they grow down where you think they can never grow, and the equally remarkable way in which they do not grow where you think they should, the curious shapes and the shapeless shapes that they take I cannot describe to you. Sometimes some of the branches seem as if they were turned to serpents, coiling themselves around the bigger branches. The olive trees always appear to me to be in an agony, twisting and turning like one in excruciating pain, as if they remem-



The Golden Gate viewed from Gethsemane.

bered the griefs and woes of Him who sweat as it were great drops of blood when He agonized beneath the shade of the olives in Gethsemane.

The trunk of the olive is often split into many separate parts, and each part seem to be full of vitality. You scarcely ever see one that appears to be entire; they are rent and torn as though sundered by volcanic eruptions and they are turned into all manner of shapes so that no one of them is like its fellows. Here and there one sees a young tree that seems, for a while, to have a definite shape, and to grow up in some sort of comely form, but you see another, by its side, smaller still, which has not grown three feet above the ground before it takes a twist, and goes down again, and then comes up again once more, forming letters something like a W or an S or a V, but never reaching the shape that you would have thought it might have done. The individuality in the olive tree is a part of the charm of the olive grove.

The olive tree is full of life, but it seems to be always a struggling life. As you get a glimpse of some olive trees, you say to yourself, 'That tree must have had a hard time of it'. The gnarled and knotted old trunk is split up just as if an axe had been driven through it. You can see the white wood inside, and on the surface the rugged bark appears in places as if it were rotten, yet you find that it is still alive. Then you see the branches that grow out of these various divisions of the trunk twisting and twirling and wriggling in and out as if they lived in perpetual agony, for they have to draw oil out of the flinty rock. It would involve much hard labour for men to accomplish that task, yet the olive tree is continually doing it, yielding the precious oil which not only makes the face of man to shine, but which supplies him with food and light the whole year round. This the olive tree often does in a sterile soil where there appears to be no nourishment for it whatever. It seems as if the olive tree, though always in an agony, is always full of life.

It is not an easy matter to kill an olive tree. Even if you hew it down, yet leave the stump or a portion of its roots in the ground, it will begin to sprout and grow again. If you let the tree stand for a thousand years or more, it will still bring forth fruit in old age; and when it is at last worn out and decayed, its children will have grown up into a fruitful grove all round it.



"Asinine Virtue Speaks"

ASININE VIRTUE SPEAKS

I may not be a red horse,
Of nobler mane, and charging
Like whirlwind down the race course,
To lords and ladies cheering.

I'm content to be an ass
(Discreet name for a donkey).
I serve my Sir nonetheless,
I don't jump like a monkey.

Though men might say I'm stubborn,
Because I refuse to budge,
So long as Christ nods amen,
I will not care how they judge.

Lord, help my back to carry
All that's dumped on me each day.
Help me bear it cheerily,
As I marched on Palm Sunday.

Scripture: Zech. 1:8; Matt. 21:5.

The ass, or donkey, colloquially, has been made fun of to give his name to a stupid fellow. He is to my mind the most lovable animal in the Holy Land. Wherever one goes in the Arab countryside, one cannot miss seeing the dwarfish beast (not much bigger than an Alsatian) being used to carry all kinds of burdens — from human beings, sometimes husband and wife riding tandem, to farm produce, petroleum and furniture piled up sky high! Howsoever loaded, I've never seen him so much as lift an eyelid in protest. Our Lord chose an ass for the Triumphal Entry to Jerusalem, as if to say to the asinine tribe, "Well done, good and faithful servant . . . , enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Mtt. 25:23). The description of "The Live Donkey" by Laurence Sterne which follows is enlightening:



"Asinine Virtue Speaks."

THE LIVE DONKEY

—'Twas by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I) —I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c., for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog he would speak if he could)—yet somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and those uttered—there's an end of the dialogue—

—But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honesty! said I,—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street—



"Asinine Virtue Speaks."

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver:

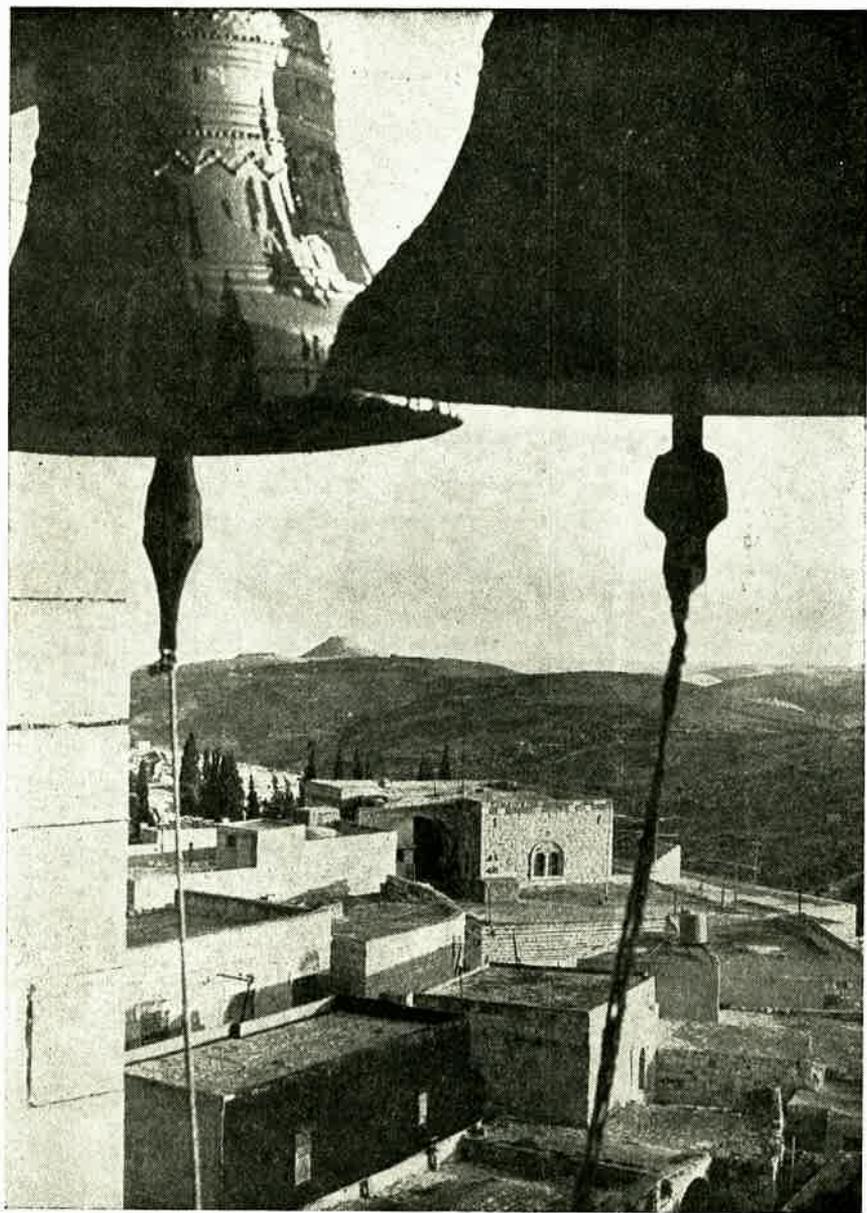
—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way—

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—If thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and picked it up again—God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour, —and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all —all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of 'em, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he looked up pensive in my face—'Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may'—If I do, said I, I'll be d—d

LAURENCE STERNE



“O how bright is Sunday morning.....ding dong!”

O HOW BRIGHT IS SUNDAY MORNING



O how bright is Sunday morning, Sunday morning,
I can hear the church bell ringing, church bell ringing,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!

O how sweet is Sunday morning, Sunday morning,
Listen to the church choir singing, church choir singing,
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him!

O how blest is Sunday morning, Sunday morning
When we go to Church, worshipping; church,
worshipping;
Amen, Amen, Amen!

O the peace that comes from worshipping, comes from
worshipping,
When our hearts are cleansed from sinning, cleansed
from sinning,
Shalom. Shalom, Shalom!



Orthodox Jews at the Wailing Wall.

1. 如 今 我 等 在 主 面 前, 特 來 恭 行 聖 禮; 如
 2. 因 主 我 捨 身 為 我 釘 十 架, 心 來 中 感 謝 不 已; 共
 3. 我 每 思 想 為 主 釘 十 架, 注 目 在 禱 不 離 地; 神

此 謹 遵, 至 愛 遺 言, 乃 要 將 主 常 記。
 飲 主 杯, 同 昭 虔 敬, 如 此 定 將 將 主 常 記。
 的 羔 羊, 為 我 獻 上, 必 定 將 主 切 記。

副歌

主 在 花 園 三 次 祈 禱, 負 罪 懷 憂 無 比;

汗 流 如 血, 極 其 苦 惱, 何 能 將 主 忘 記?

IN CONSTANT REMEMBRANCE

Now, Lord, we worship before Thy face
In holy communion.
We humbly bow to Thy Word of grace
In constant remembrance.

Chorus:

Lord, thrice Thou prayed in Gethsemane,
Bearing our load of sin.
O the sweat-drops bleeding from Thee,
Shall in oblivion sink?

Now, Lord, by Thy broken Self we're fed
In thankful communion.
We trembling drink of the blood You shed
In constant remembrance.

When I re-ponder Thy cruel cross
On Calvary's mountain,
I'll look again to the Lamb of God
In constant remembrance.

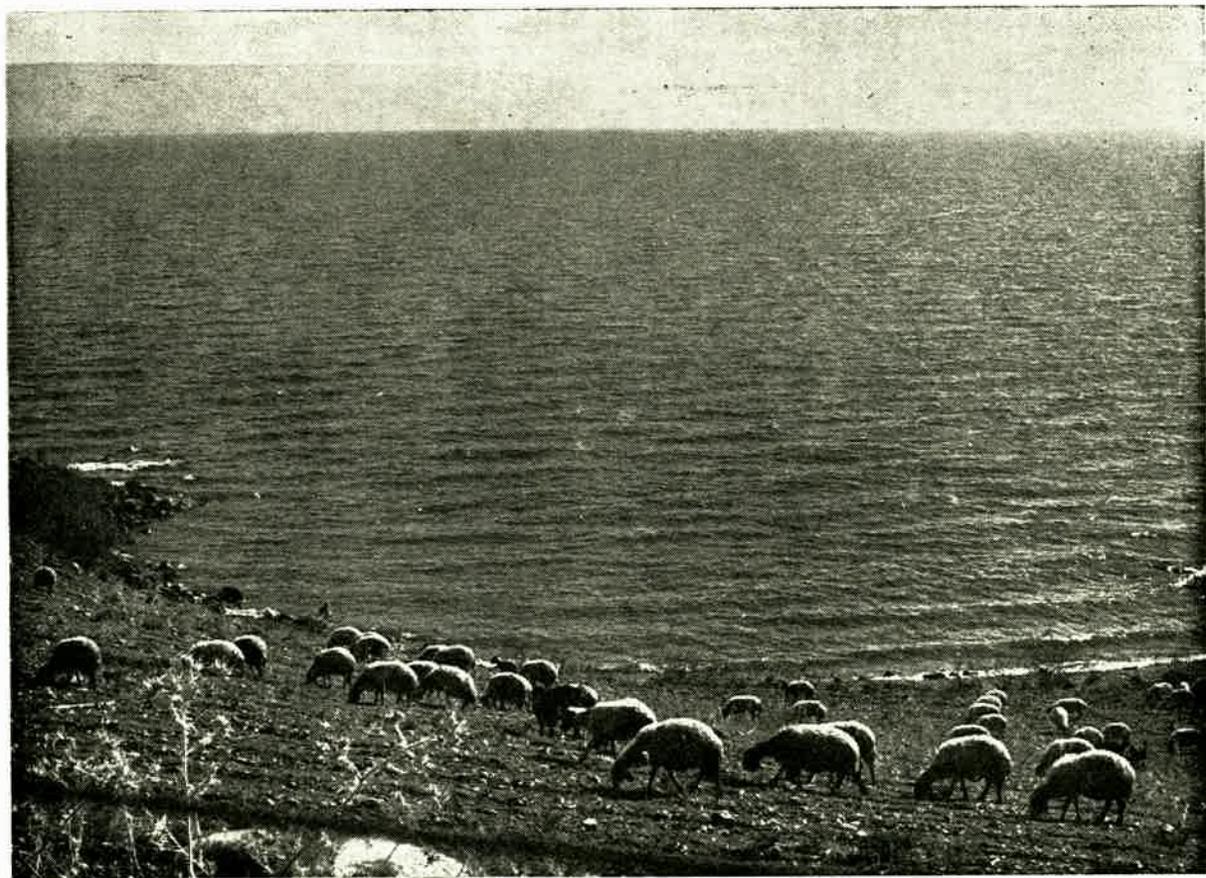
— *Translated from John Sung Revival Choruses,
music and Chinese version on opposite page.*

*'Twas here the Lord of Life appeared,
And sighed and groaned and prayed and feared;
Bore all incarnate God could bear,
With strength enough, and none to spare.*

*Backwards and forwards thrice He ran,
As if He sought some help from man,
Or wished at least they would condole
('Twas all they could) His tortured soul.*

*Mysterious conflict! dark disguise!
Hid from all creatures' peering eyes,
Angels astonished viewed the scene,
And wonder yet what all could mean.*

JOSEPH HART



Sheep grazing on the grassy slopes of Galilee (John 21: 15—17).

O GALILEE

IRISH AIR

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the accompaniment is in the bass clef. A 'rit.' (ritardando) marking is placed above the third measure of the third system.

There's a sea I've learnt to love From our Mother's knee,
 And more I've come to love her, the Sea of Galilee.
 'Midst mountains brown she's nestled, Her water's so blue.
 More beautiful are her stories, So wondrously true!

'Tis the sea our Saviour loved From his youthful days.
 Alone with her in secret, He pondered and prayed.
 The Son of God was revealed 'pon the raging storm;
 At His Word, "Peace, be thou still," Reign'd a perfect calm.

O Galilee, I love thee, Not for what thou art!
 For Him Whose feet sailed o'er thee, He has won my heart.
 Hearest thou His gentle voice, Whispering o'er the lea?
 "Lovest thou Me more than these?" "Yea, Lord, I love Thee."

Fare thee well, sweet Galilee, Farewell, home sweet home.
 There's a field white to harvest, Away and beyond.
 He who hears the Master's call, Must go where'er He wills.
 Farewell, home, and Galilee, Farewell, flowers and hills . . .



Golgotha, or Calvary, "the place of a skull" (Lk.23:33).

I WANT TO WALK WHERE JESUS WALKS

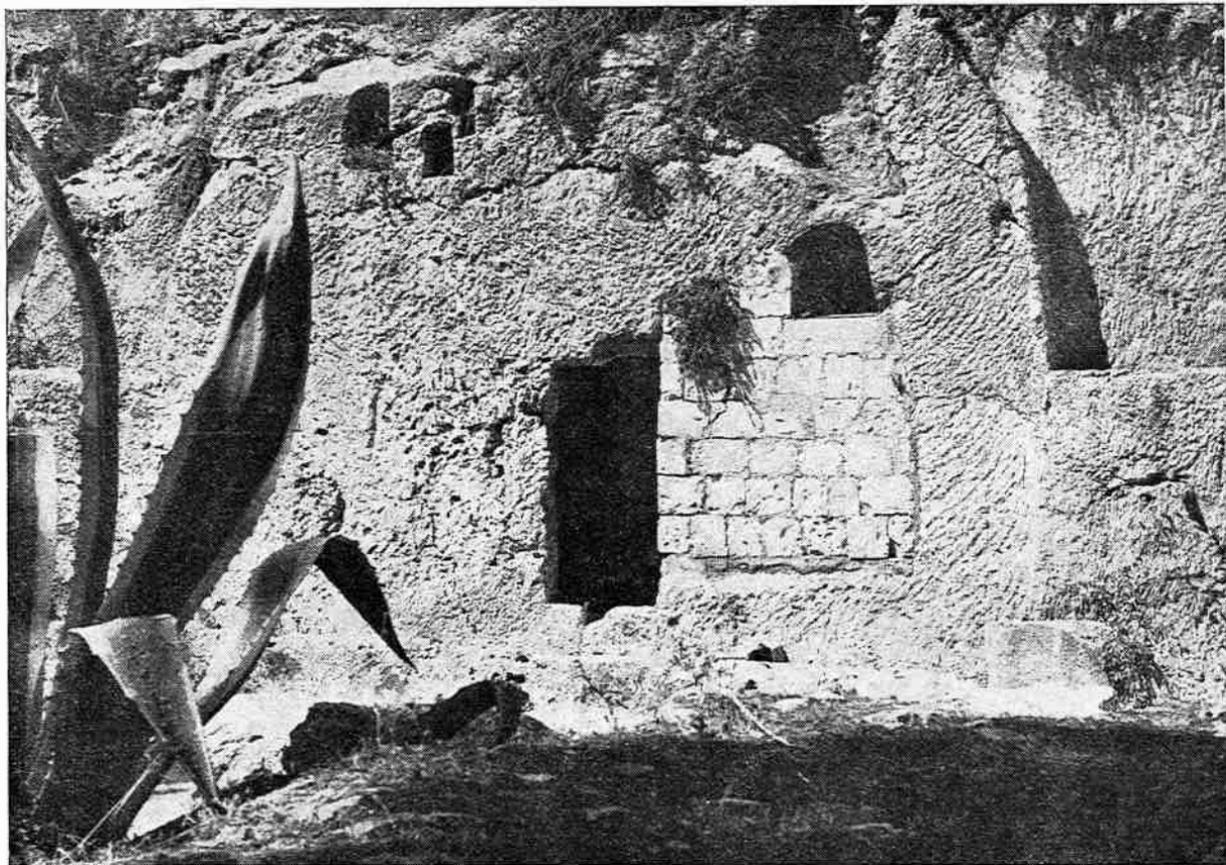
*(To the tune of "I walked today where Jesus walked,"
dedicated to Prof. Fague Springmann).*

I want to walk where Jesus walks
 Along life's narrow way.
He comes to our Emmaus road
 And talks with us today!
He hears our sighs and all our woes,
 He kneels with us to pray.
I want to walk where Jesus walks:
 He wipes my tears away.

My path leads from the Empty Tomb
 Where He rose from the dead!
It brings me to the Upper Room
 Where all my friends are met.
With Thomas I shall worship Him,
 And I'll call Him my Lord.
O won't you give your heart to Him?
 Jesus the Son of God!

And from the lone Emmaus Road
 Christ leads His followers on:
He meets with us in Galilee,
 And gives our hearts a song.
Returning to Mount Olivet,
 We hear His last command:
Go ye, go into the world,
Go ye, go into the world,
Go ye, go into the world,
 And preach the Word of God!
I want to walk where Jesus walks
 And serve Him all way . . .

Scripture: Lk. 24:13; Mk. 16:6; Acts 1:13; Jn. 20:28; Mk. 16:7, 15.



The Garden Tomb, Jerusalem. "He is not here, but is risen." (Lk. 24:6.)

HALLELUJAH, CHRIST'S ASCENDED

(To the tune of "Is not this the Land of Beulah")
music on p. 90.

Hallelujah, Christ's ascended,
Seated now on God's right hand.
Salvation by Him perfected,
From the dead He rose in triumph.
Praise Him, O what jubilation!
Christ and His glorious ascension.
By Him perfected salvation,
From the dead He rose in triumph.

Hallelujah, Christ's ascension —
Welcome home by all His saints.
Ruler o'er a new creation,
His majesty is regained.
Praise Him, O what jubilation!
Borne on clouds, glorious ascension.
Ruler o'er a new creation,
His majesty is regained.

I am ris'n with Christ my Saviour,
Seated now with Him in heaven.
Life abundant, in Him secure,
Peace and joy, world without end.
Praise Him, O what jubilation!
Seated now with Him in heaven.
Secure in Him, life abundant,
Peace and joy, world without end.

Translated from Dr. Chia Yu-ming's Hymnal.

Scripture: Eph. 1:3, 20-23; Acts 1:9; Col. 3:1; John 10:10, 28, 29



Bethlehem Skies

Doh = D.

{ | :s | s :s | d' : - - :s | l : m f | s : r | m : - - :s }

{ | :s | s :s | d : - - :d | d : d | d : t, | d : - - :r }

{ | :s | s :s | d' : - - :d' | l : d' | r' : s | s : - - :s }

{ | :s | s :s | d' : - - :m | f : l | s : s, | d : r | d : t, }

{ | d : - | d : - | d : r | m : l | f : - | r : - | m ||

{ | d : - | d : - | d : l, t, | d : m | r : - | l, : - | t, ||

{ | s : f | m : l | s : f | s : l | l : d' | t : l | se ||

{ | l, : - | s, : f | m : r | d : d | r : - | f : - | m ||

{ :m | m : m | l : - - :l | l : d' | t : l | s : - - :r }

{ :m | m : m | l, : de | r : m | f : - - :m | r : - - :s, }

{ :m | m : m | l : - | l : - | l : f | s : l | r' : t | d' : r' }

{ :m | m : m | l : l, | t, : de | r : - - :d | t, : s, | l, : t, }

BEYOND THE WHITE CLOUDS

O what a glorious Morning that will be!
 To meet with Christ our Saviour in the sky,
 Beyond the white clouds on the Crystal Sea,
 And caught up in the twinkling of an eye.

O what a joyous Morning that will be!
 To meet with our beloved Mother dear,
 Beyond the white clouds on the Crystal Sea,
 When time doth dry this evening's falling tear.

O what a beauteous Morning that will be!
 To meet with Christ at dawning or midnight,
 Beyond the white clouds on the Crystal Sea,
 When sun, moon, stars sing to the Light of lights.

O what a glorious Morning that will be!
 To join with throngs from every tribe and tongue,
 Beyond the white clouds on the Crystal Sea,
 In oceans of praises to God the Son.

Scripture: I Thess. 4:13-18; I Cor. 15:51, 52; Job 38:7; Rev. 4:6 7:9.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a supporting bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score consists of four lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The lyrics are: { | m : - | f : - | s : l | t : d' | r : - | - : d | d' : - | - : - || }
 { | d : - | d : - | d : d | f : m | r : - | - : d | d' : - | - : - || }
 { | s : - | d' : - | d' : l | f : s | l : - | t : - | d' : - | - : - || }
 { | d : - | l : - | m : f . m | r : d | f : - | s : - | d : - | - : - || }



Steps leading down to the Pool of Siloam. (John 9:7).

PICTURES OF JESUS CHRIST FROM
THE GOSPEL OF LIFE

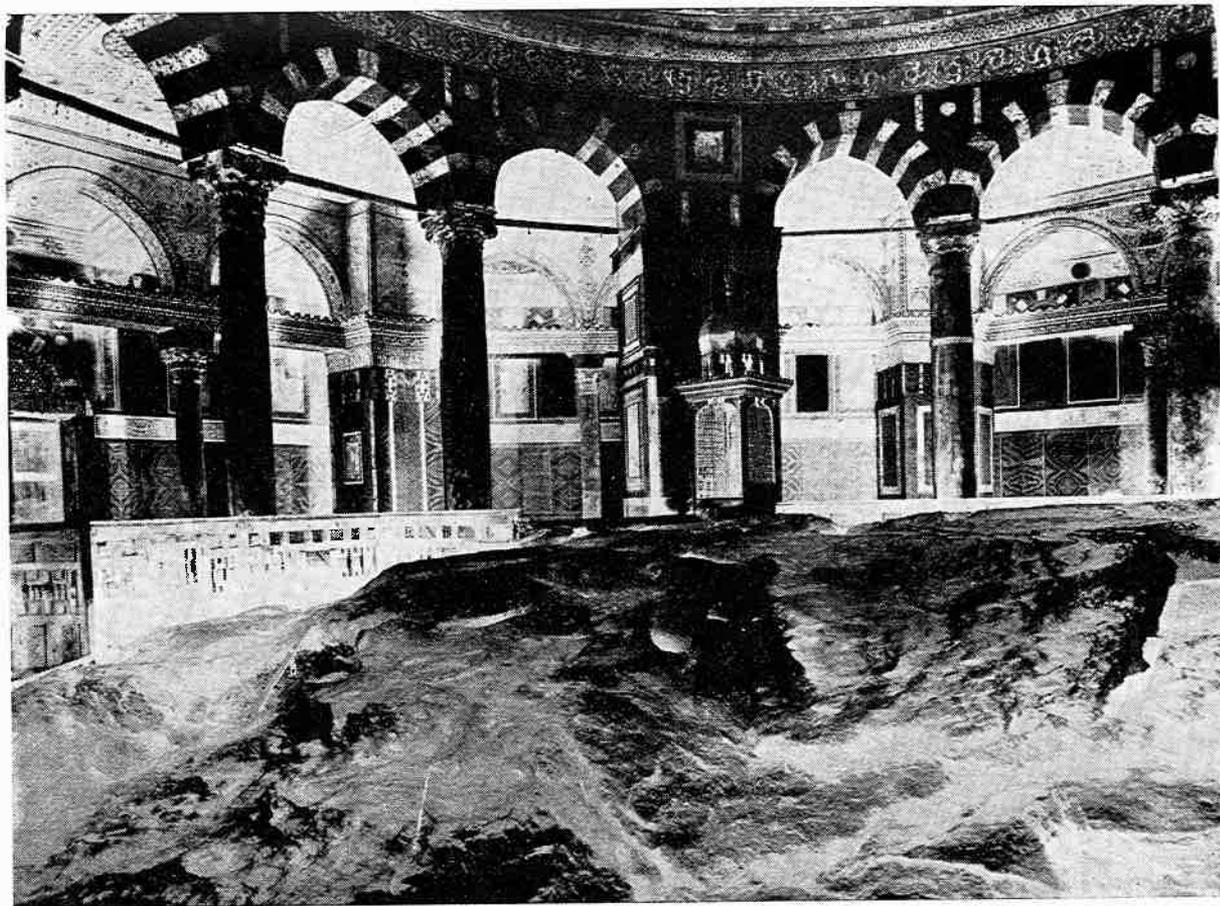
1. To seekers of the eternal Logos,
Jesus Christ is the Word of Life.
2. To the joined in holy matrimony,
Jesus Christ is the Wine of Life.
3. To him not born a second time,
Jesus Christ is the Breath of Life.
4. To her unquenched by five-fold philandering,
Jesus Christ is the Water of Life.
5. To the invalid, sick and abandoned,
Jesus Christ is the Physician of Life.
6. To hungry multitudes of the world,
Jesus Christ is the Bread of Life.
7. To those who imbibe of His Spirit,
Jesus Christ flows as Rivers of Life.
8. To men and women in dark pleasures,
Jesus Christ shines the Light of Life.
9. To the blind of body and spirit,
Jesus Christ is the Sight of Life.
10. To His own sheep who hear His voice,
Jesus Christ is the Door of Life.
11. To both dead and living believing,
Jesus Christ the Resurrection and the Life.
12. By His death that many might live,
Jesus Christ is the Seed of Life.
13. To the disciples already cleansed,
Jesus Christ remains their Ablution of Life.
14. To Thomas who gropes for Salvation,
Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life.
15. To infuse us for more fruitful service,
Jesus Christ is the Vine of Life.
16. By procession of the Holy Spirit,
The apostles are led to the Truth of Life.
17. To the Father's own elect ones,
Jesus Christ effectuates the Mediator of Life.
18. To desperate disciples who defend Him,
Jesus Christ remains their Shield of Life.
19. Before Caesar's governor who tries Him,
Jesus Christ royally stands the King of Life.
20. To worshippers of the Risen Lord,
Jesus Christ is the Peace of Life.
21. To His flock and undershepherds,
Jesus Christ is that great Shepherd of the sheep,
through the blood of the everlasting covenant.

Amen.

Scripture: Gospel of John.



The Old City of Jerusalem with Al Aksar Mosque and Mosque of Omar (centre) in prominence.



The Rock in the Mosque of Omar upon which, it is said, Abraham was to have sacrificed Isaac.

THE THIRTEEN ARTICLES OF JEWISH FAITH

1. Extol the living God! His praises sound
Whose being unbegun no time can bound.
2. A unity is He, beside Him none,
By mortal unconceived, Eternal One.
3. Without similitude, or corp'ral frame,
Man's lips His hallowed state can ne'er proclaim.
4. Or ere creation rose, He stood sublime,
Alone and unsustained before all time.
5. To Him, Eternal Lord, all things below,
As to their God supreme, allegiance owe.
6. The gift of prophecy did He consign
Unto a chosen few of glorious line:
7. Yet like to Moses none in Israel rose,
'Fore whose rapt gaze Himself did God disclose.
8. The law of Truth hath He His people given,
Thro' him, the prophet proved most true to Heaven;
9. His law God ne'er will change whilst time shall be,
Nor alter in the least eternally.
10. No secret from His gaze the heart enfolds,
Who, ere aught is begun, the end beholds.
11. The good man He rewards with virtue's meed,
And visits on the bad each wicked deed.
12. Messiah shall He send, when good shall seem,
To such as patient wait till He redeem.
13. The dead shall grace divine to life restore,
Blest be His sacred name for evermore!

THE APOSTLES' CREED
— TWELVE ARTICLES OF CHRISTIAN FAITH

1. I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;
2. And in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord;
3. Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary,
4. Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried;
5. He descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead;
6. He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty;
7. From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
8. I believe in the Holy Ghost;
9. The holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints;
10. The forgiveness of sins;
11. The resurrection of the body;
12. And the life everlasting. Amen.

Jesus says, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." (Matt. 5:17.)

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." (John 10:10.)

St. John says, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." (I John 5:13.)

HOW GREAT THOU ART

Swedish folk melody
Arr. by R. J. HUGHES

CARL BOHLER Tr. Stuart K. Hine

1. Oh Lord my God, When I in awe-some won-der, Con-si-der all the
2. And when I think, that God, His Son not spar-ing, Sent Him to die, I
3. When Christ shall come, with shout of ac-cla-ma-tion, And take me home, what

1. 主阿,我神!我每逢舉目觀看,祿手所造,一
2. 當我想到,神竟願差祂兒子,降世捨命,我
3. 當主再來,歡呼聲響澈天空,何等喜樂,主

works Thy hand hath made; I see the stars, I hear the roll-ing thun-der,
scarce can take it in, That on the Cross, my bur-den glad-ly bear-ing,
joy shall fill my soul. Then shall I bow, in hum-ble a-dor-a-tion,

切奇妙大工; 看見星宿,又聽到隆隆的雷聲,
幾乎不領會; 主在十字架,甘願背我的重担,
接我回天家; 我要跪下,謙恭的崇拜敬奉,

副歌

Thy works throughout the un-i-verse dis-played.
He bled and died to take a-way my sin.
And there pro-claim, "My God, how great Thou art." Then sings my soul, my

祿的大工,遍滿了宇宙中。我靈歌唱,讚
流血捨身,爲要救免我罪。
並要頌揚:"神阿,祿真偉大。"

Sav-ior God to Thee. "How great Thou art, how great Thou art." Then sings my
美救主我神, "祿真偉大! 何等偉大!" 我靈歌

YERUSHALAYIM, MESSIAH IS COME

(To the tune of "How Great Thou Art!")
music on page 74

Yerushalayim, thy sons and daughters love thee!
Two thousand years they've wandered in exile.
Now by God's grace, they're gathered to thee in peace,
By they embrace, their weeping turns to smile.

Chorus:

Yerushalayim, let peace and freedom ring,
To thee Shalom, to thee Shalom!
Yerushalayim, lift up thy voice and sing,
Messiah is come, Messiah is come!

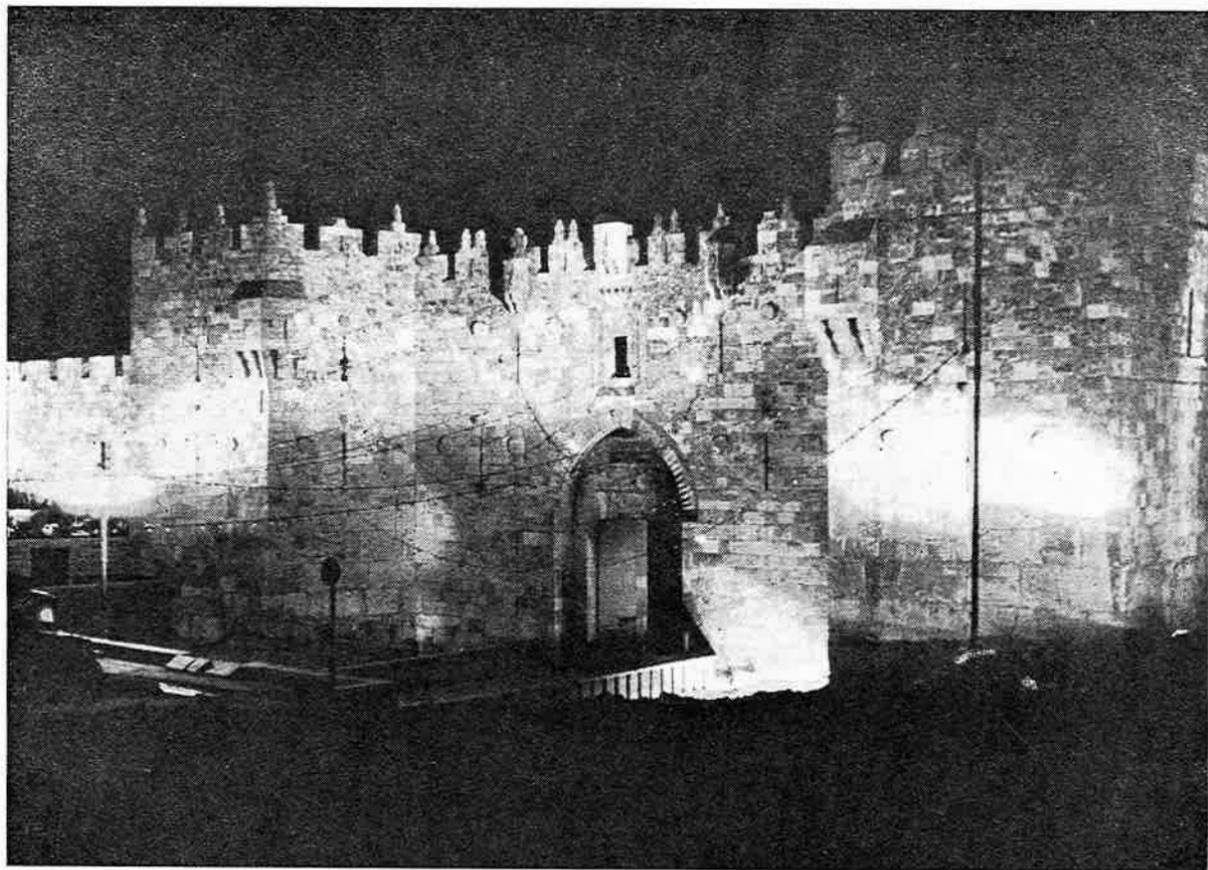
Yerushalayim, behold Christ Jesus has come
To save thy sons, if they will turn to Him.
By death and pain, He has become their ransom.
Rising again, He has forgiven their sin.

Yerushalayim, behold Messiah shall come
To save thy Land, when thou shalt cry to Him.
He comes on clouds, with awesome loud trumpet sound
To judge the earth — peace a millennium.

Yerushalayim, God is thy 'ternal peace,
City of Zion, David's throne rise again!
City of Truth, resplendent in His glory
Till sun shall rise and moon no more shall wane.

Scripture: Ps. 137:5, 6; Lk. 21:24; Isa. 11:10-12; Ps. 122:6, 7;
Jn. 1:11; Mk. 10:45; I Cor. 15:17; Zech. 2:12; Rev.
1:7; I Cor. 15:52; Rev. 20:2-6; Zech. 8:3; Isa. 9:7;
Isa. 66:23; Ezek. 37: 24.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The lyrics are: "soul, my Sav or God to Thee, 'How great Thou art, how great Thou art.'" and "唱,讚美救主我神, '祿真偉大! 何等偉大!'"



Floodlit Damascus Gate, Jerusalem.

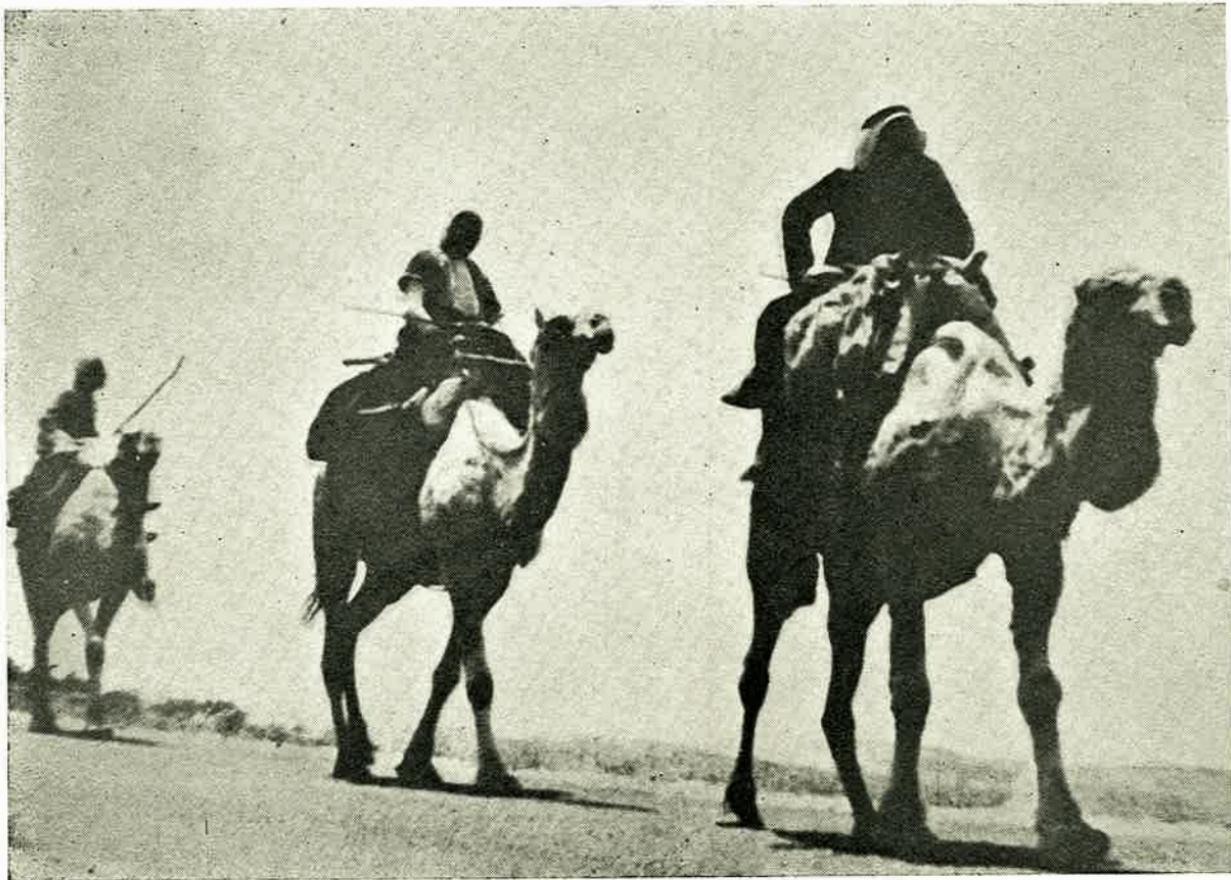


Jerusalem, from a painting, 1840.

HATIKVAH

The National Anthem

כל עוד בלֵבֵב פְּנִימָה	So long as still within our breasts
נֶפֶשׁ יְהוּדֵי הוֹמִיָּה.	The Jewish heart beats true.
וְלִפְאַתֵי מִזְרַח קְדוּמָה	So long as still towards the East,
עֵין לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפִיָּה.	To Zion, looks the Jew,
עוֹד לֹא אֶבְדָּה תְּקוּמָהּ	So long our hopes are not yet lost—
הַתְּקוּהָ מִשְׁנֵת אֲלֵפִים.	Two thousand years we cherished them—
לְהִיּוֹת עִם חֶסֶד בְּאַרְצָנוּ	To live in freedom in the land
בְּאַרְץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.	Of Zion and Jerusalem.



"For this was their mode of travel, Rocking from side to side."

THE STORY OF JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS

The brothers struck upon a plan
To get rid of Joseph.
They hailed a Midian caravan
Heading south to Egypt.

They sold him for twenty dollars,
A gesture of their love.
For Judah said, "He is our brother,
Beware of Him above."

They put him on a high camel:
(Wasn't he taken for a ride?)
For this was their mode of travel,
Rocking from side to side.

When the traders came to Egypt,
They called on Potiphar.
As if keeping a previous tryst,
They sold him at his villa.

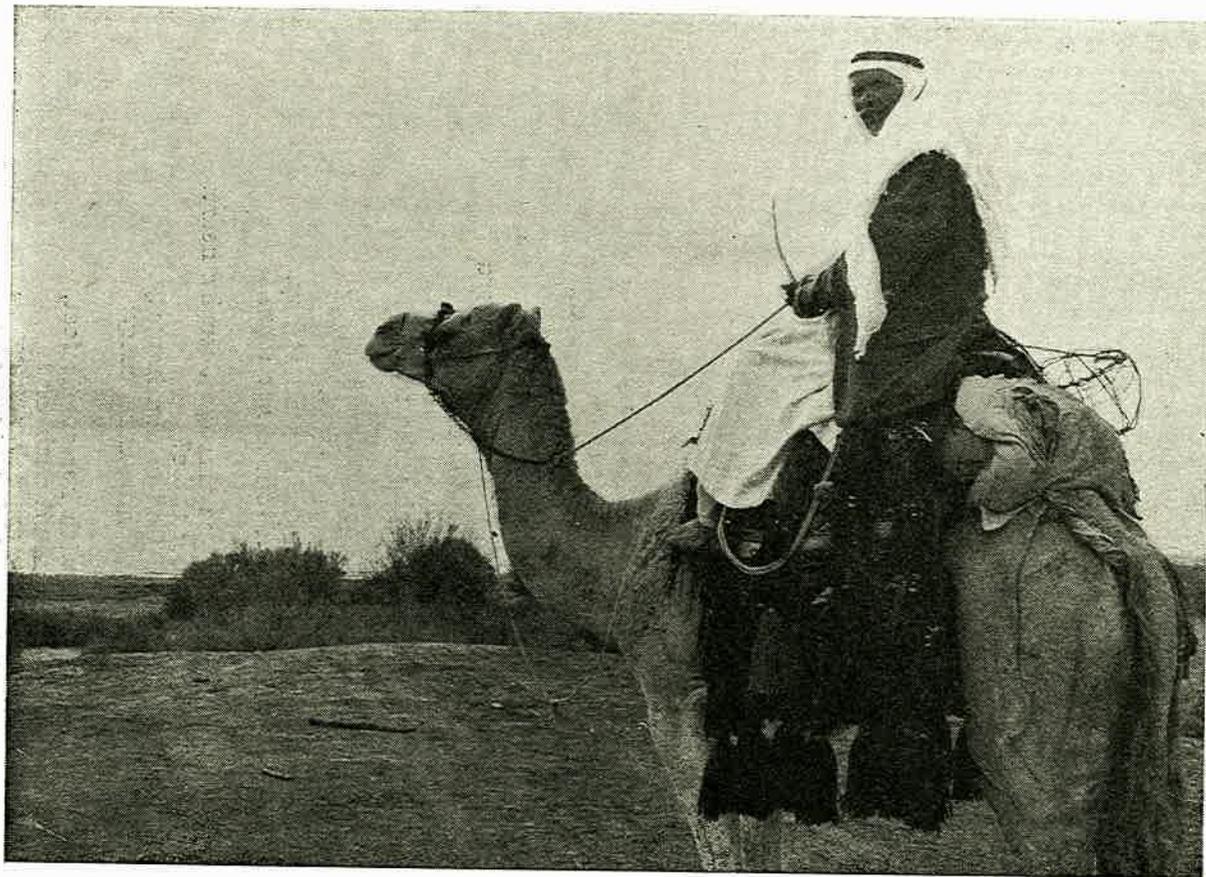
But Joseph was not left alone,
He had the Spirit of God.
Out of his eyes the Radiance shone,
His smiles captured his lord.

The Captain made him chief steward
Over his house to rule.
(Whether a man earns a reward,
He must not play the fool!)

To Joseph came the test one day,
When he was all alone.
The Mistress caught him all at bay,
And dragged him to her room.

An anguish surged through Joseph's heart:
To be or not to be?
Now grace did God to him impart,
Which kept him from entry!

He reasoned with her on his feet,
Not to commit such Sin!
"Stolen waters are never sweet,
While Death is looking in."



Arab and camel at the Dead Sea (1291 ft. below sea level).

The jilt suddenly turned tigress:
She stripped him in a rage.
As Joseph fled in dire distress,
She had him in her cage!

The Master put the slave in prison,
But he was not dismayed.
For there's a higher Judge in heaven,
And unto Him he prayed.

Soon Joseph was vindicated
By God's visions to him.
Two weird dreams he interpreted
That won him prisonwide fame.

When God's appointed hour chimed,
He made Pharaoh take fright,
As lean kine swallowed up fat kine
In visions of the night.

The troubled king charged his ministers
To tell him what this meant?
When none could return an answer,
To Joseph then they went.

When Joseph came before the King,
He witnessed for his Lord:
Whoever delves in divine things,
Must humbly speak His Word.

Behold there're seven booming years
Of a bumper reaping,
But after this will come the fears
Of Devouring Famine!

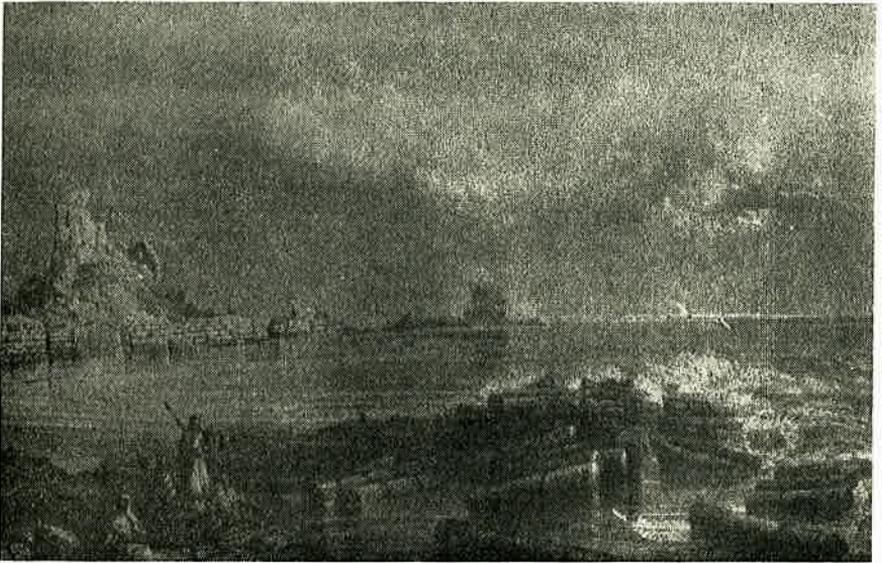
One with such Interpretation,
Is no less than a king.
Hence came forth the proclamation:
To Joseph Pharaoh's ring.

The lad the brothers sold away,
Out of sheer jealousy,
Was predestined on such a day
To High Excellency.

Now he who kept his vessel pure,
And walked the narrow path,
Was given a high priest's daughter,
Her name was Asenath.



The Pyramids of Egypt.



Caesarea, from a painting, 1840.

As all good things come to an end,
So Seven Years of Plenty,
And sure enough the Famine flamed
In all ferocity!

The Drought consumed the meadowed earth,
It came sore on Canaan.
The brothers were driven by the Dearth
To buy corn from Mizraim.

Now when they bowed before Joseph,
The Premier of the Land,
They were questioned without reserve,
If they're a guilty band?

The second time they came to buy
From Egypt the cereals —
'Twas then that their long-hidden lie
Was shamefully revealed.

Overcome by brotherly love,
Joseph pardoned their sin,
He saw a higher Hand above,
And God's decree therein.

He saw in his brothers' betrayal
God's higher role for him,
That he should secure survival
For his own kith and kin.

Thus out of evil came the good
By God's decretive power.
When Israel before Pharaoh stood,
Was there a grander tower?

The brothers struck upon a plan
To get rid of Joseph
But God overrules the will of man
His purpose ne'er shall swerve.

Yea, out of evil comes the good
By God's decretive power.
When you despair of Satan's brood,
Remember Joseph's hour.

Scripture: Gen. 37-47; 50:20; Prov. 9:17, 18.



Baraka Bible Presbyterian Church, Bethlehem.

A PSALM OF BROTHERLY LOVE

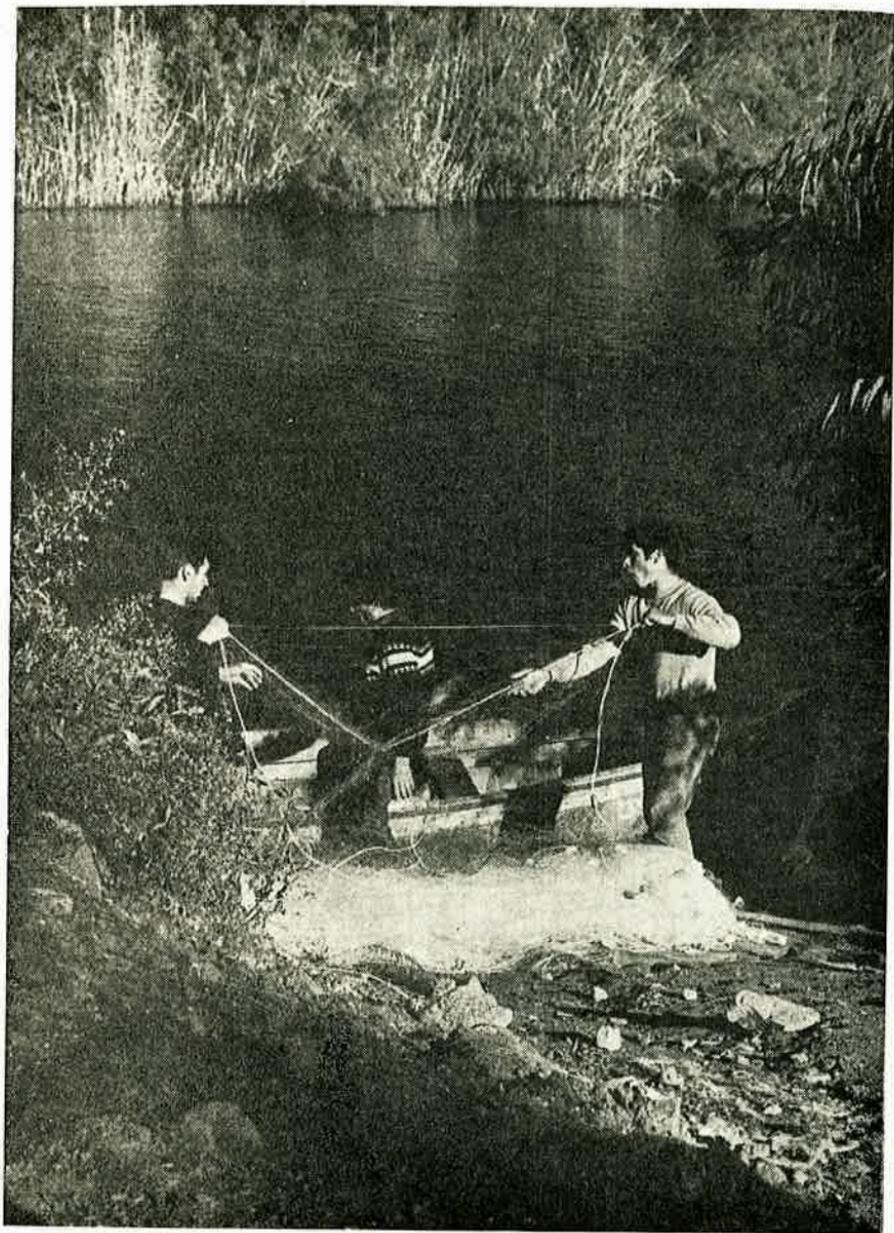
SCOTCH AIR

Behold, how good and how pleasant,
 When brethren dwell in peace.
 What heavenly sweetness and fragrance,
 This Christian Unity.
 How gracious is the Saviour's love,
 That binds our hearts in one:
 It flows like streams of sacred oils
 Down Aaron's beard and gown.

Behold, how good and how pleasant,
 When brethren dwell in peace.
 What heavenly sweetness and fragrance,
 This Christian Unity.
 How gracious is the Saviour's love,
 That binds our hearts in one:
 It rains like Hermon's dew above
 Upon the hills of Zion.

Behold, how good and how pleasant,
 When brethren dwell in peace.
 What heavenly sweetness and fragrance,
 This Christian Unity.
 How gracious is the Saviour's love,
 That binds our hearts in one:
 'Tis life abundant from above
 To love both foe and friend.

Scripture: Ps. 133.



Modern fishermen on the bank of Jordan.

WHEN HE CALLS, I WILL ANSWER

(to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne")
Music on p. 85.

Behold, the fields of silv'ry grain
Are ready to harvest!
So are the weary souls of men,
Who yearn for peace and rest!
The Master is calling today
Young men and young women,
Who love Him and His Word obey
To gather them for Heav'n.

The gath'ring of souls is plenteous,
The labourers are few!
Pray ye the Lord of the harvest
To send forth men anew!
O God, I've heard Thy gentle voice,
That calls me to the field.
There's none before me, but Thy choice,
My heart to Thee I yield.

He who has heard the Master's call
Must true disciple be.
And bear his cross with heart and soul
From now till he's set free.
O Lord, may never I return
To seek the world so gay!
Since Thou hast my salvation earned,
With what shall I repay?

Scripture: Lk. 10:2; Jn. 4:35; Lk. 9:23.

YESTERDAY, TODAY, FOREVER

Yesterday, today, forever Jesus is the same. Father, mother,
brothers, sisters Will leave us some day. Jesus is the same, Jesus
is the same. Heaven shall soon pass away, Jesus is the same.
and earth

The musical score is written in 8/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

THE GRAVEYARD

O what profound solemnity is this,
That in a graveyard doth exist,
That hangs o'er the stone-studded field,
In whose bosom, the dead are sealed.

Hark, 'tis the far-off wind-borne moan —
Reminds it us our heav'nly home?

O what profound solemnity is this,
That in a graveyard doth exist!

John Tow

A CHRISTIAN DIRGE

(To the tune of "Yesterday, Today, Forever")

This world is but a traveller's inn,
Heaven is our home.
When the Father turns men to dust,
Then return they must!
Heaven is our home,
Heaven is our home,
Swift pass the days of our sojourn,
Heaven is our home.

Earth's many sorrows flew away,
When you found His rest.
Peacefully you in Jesus lay,
His way is the best.
When you found His rest,
When you found His rest,
Peacefully you in Jesus lay,
When you found His rest.

Those who have died in Jesus Christ,
Ne'er shall they perish!
Though buried in the ground they lie,
Their souls are in Bliss.
Ne'er shall they perish,
Ne'er shall they perish,
Soul and body soon shall unite,
Ne'er shall they perish!

Though for a time we sunder part,
We shall meet again!
When He shall come with a great shout:
Together ascend!
We shall meet again,
We shall meet again,
When in the air before His face,
We shall meet again!

So, as to those who die in Christ,
Let our sorrows cease!
For they have gone to live with Him,
What's better than this?
Let our sorrows cease,
Let our sorrows cease,
O what a day to be in Heaven!
Let our sorrows cease!

Scripture: Heb. 11:13-16; I Thess. 4:13-18; I Cor. 15:51-57.

— *Translated from Evangelist Lim Puay Hian's composition on the passing of his beloved wife in World War II.*

Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

Anonymous

Arranged

1. I am dwell-ing on the moun-tain, Where the gold - en sun-light gleams,
 2. I can see far down the moun-tain, Where I wan-dered wea-ry years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide,
 4. Tell me not of heav - y cross - es, Nor the bur - dens hard to bear,
 5. Oh, the cross has won-drous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be true,

O'er a land of won-drous beau-ty, Far ex - ceeds my fond-est dreams;
 Oft - en hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
 For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each bur - den light ap - pear;
 When I'm in the way so nar - row, I can see a path-way through;

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
 Bro - ken vows and dis - ap - point - ments Thick - ly sprin - kled all the way;
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleas - ures, Nor a - dorn - ing rich and gay,
 And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly count - ing all but dross,
 And how sweet - ly Je - sus whis - pers, "Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
 CHO. - Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light,

D. S. for Chorus.
 They are bloom - ing by the foun - tain, 'Neath the am - a - ran - thine bowers.
 But the Spir - it led un - er - ring To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich - er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
 World - ly hon - ors all for - sak - ing For the glo - ry of the cross.
 For I've trod the way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near."
 Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright?

In loving memory
of
NANCY LAN YIN, LE ANNE
MRS. TOW KENG CHUAN
my beloved
first wife, daughter and aunt
who were taken
as by
a whirlwind in a motor accident
at
Bidor
at the foot of Cameron Highlands
Easter Monday
April 19, 1965, 3.30 p.m.
DEATH
was swallowed up in victory
when at the funeral service
held at
Life Church, Gilstead Road
the fifty fellow-campers
sang
the mountain theme song
"Is not this the Land of Beulah"
to the
sympathising tears of the thousand mourners

"To that mountain above the moon
Ye have soared away too soon!
But Jesus has called you to rest,
And His will for us is best.
Blest are ye who died in the Lord,
And have found rest from your labours,
And your works follow after you —
One by one we say adieu!"

Scripture: I Cor. 15:54; Rev. 14:13; Isa. 62:4.

MOTHER, YOU ARE GONE.

Slow.

ADAM DRESE, 1620-1701.



Mother, you are gone
To your heavenly home!
Why O why, Lord, is she taken,
As by whirlwind up the mountain?
Mother, are you gone
To your heavenly home?

Mother, you are gone
To your heavenly home,
Leaving us your orphan children,
Drifting lonesome from our haven.
Mother, are you gone
To your heavenly home?

Mother, hear my cry:
Every tear a sigh.
Now I know why you are taken:
Jesus has not us forsaken.
Mother, I repent —
Nor the tears relent.

Mother, I'm come home,
Never more to roam!
In life or death you've shown the Way:
I shall see you, Mother, some day.
Christ will lead us on
Till life's journey's done.

Scripture: II Ki. 2:11; Ps. 27:10.

THE TRANSIENCE OF EARTHLY LIFE

Earthly life is transient,
Like a traveller's day.
Ere you greet its presence,
It seems to fly away!

The dark night descends too soon,
And then the grey dawn breaks.
By light of the setting moon,
He leaves before men wake.

Wise is the soul that's ready
To go at Jesus' call,
Lest when you reach the ferry,
The gate is closed to you!

Scripture: James 4:13,14; Ps. 90:12.



Horsemen, from a painting, 1840.

FACE TO FACE

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR



1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - iour, Face to face—what will it be—
2. On - ly, faint-ly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be-tween;
3. What re-joic-ing in His pres - ence, When are ban-ish-ed grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;



When with rap-ture I be-hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me?
 But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
 Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



CHORUS



Face to face I shall be-hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!



FACE TO FACE

(to the tune of "Face to Face with Christ my Saviour")

Earthly friendship is all but vain,
In a mirror can be seen:
Men's hearts vary as their faces,
But their feelings are the same.
Face to face that Day we shall meet,
Gathered round our Father's feet,
In sincerity and in truth,
And our differences removed.

We become fools when sin blinds us,
And our view of life is blurred:
What is all in the universe?
God's Word becomes a riddle!
Face to face that Day we shall meet,
Gathered round our Father's feet,
When the Lord's glory we behold
And our doubts like mist unfold.

Who in all the world's like Moses:
To him God spoke face to face!
Who knew the Lord as He knew him,
What a glory by His grace!
Face to face that Day we shall meet,
Gathered round our Father's feet,
When all our hopes shall be fulfilled
And the storms of life be stilled.

— *Translated from Jason Linn's Autobiography*
"Pioneering in Dyak Borneo".

Scripture: Ps. 60:11; Ex. 33:11.

FRIEND, COME AND STAY

Musical score for the hymn "Friend, Come and Stay". The score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.



Sea of Galilee, from a painting, 1840.

FRIEND, COME AND STAY!

The twilight falls, fast sinks the evening sun.
The night is dark, O Lord, to Thee I run!
Weary and dreary pants my fainting heart,
O never, gracious Friend, from me depart!

The evening haze reflects life's changing day,
Quick as a twinkle ebbs the tide away.
Feastings are few, good fortunes soon decay,
O come, Thou sincere Friend, with me to stay.

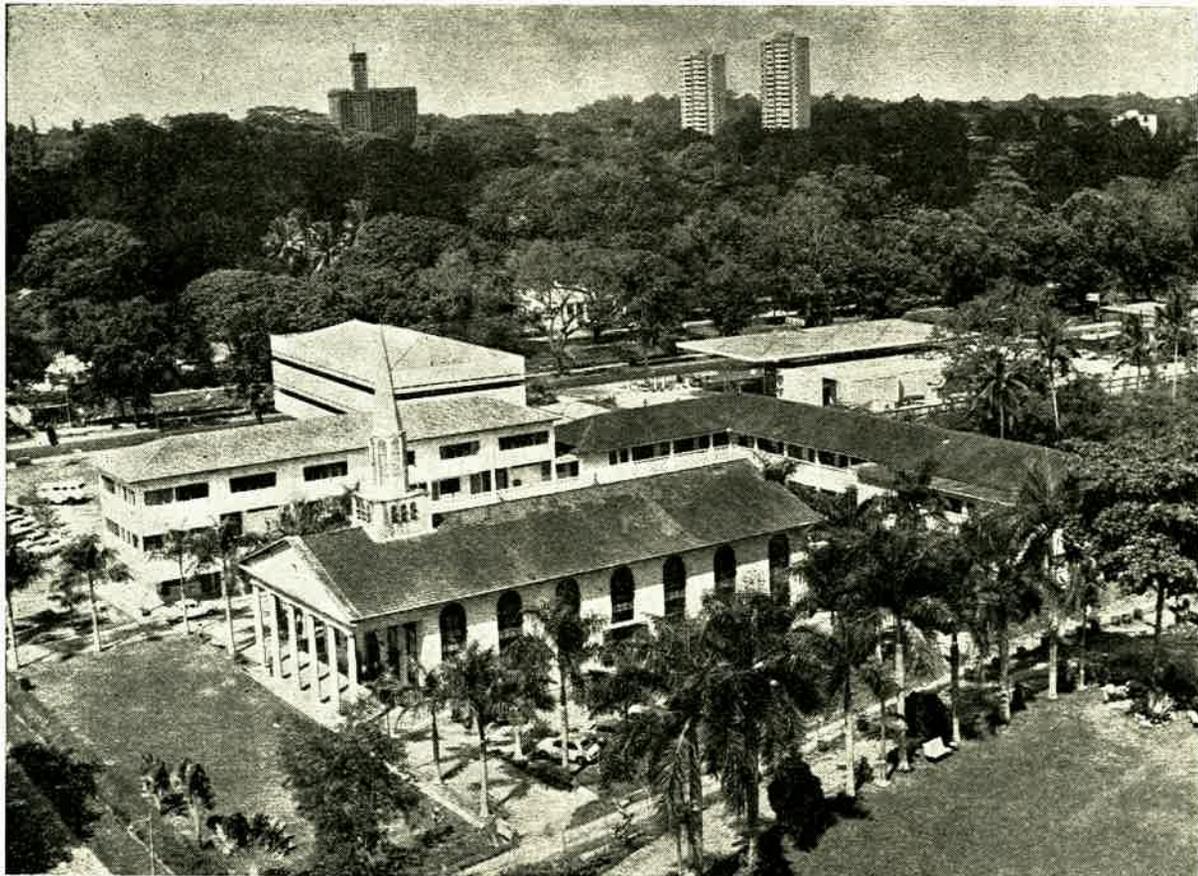
The night grows cold, so the friendship of man,
The world's a mirage to the caravan.
Where is the door of help to this lost one?
O Thou my only Friend leave not alone!

The night is long, so winds the worldly path,
A speck of life floats far away from shore.
The fleshly lusts have often gripped my heart,
O holy Friend stay with me ever more.

The years flow on, how soon life comes to end,
The pomp and power of earth are but a dream!
They fade away sure as the law of change,
Eternal Friend, arise, my soul redeem.

— *Translated from Rev. Jason Linn's
Autobiography, "Pioneering in
Dyak Borneo".*

Scripture: Lk. 24:29; Ps. 90:10.



**Life Bible-Presbyterian Church, Far Eastern Bible College and Kindergarten, Singapore.
Photo by William J. W. Teo.**

FROM WILLIAM BURNS TO LIFE CHURCH

(Written for Life Church 19th Anniversary, October 1969)

Our fathers sat in prisons dark
Amidst South China's plains,
Till one from England did embark,
Bearing the Light from Heaven.

The vessel whom the Lord had sent:
His name was William Burns.
To Hong Kong Island first he went
In eighteen forty-seven.

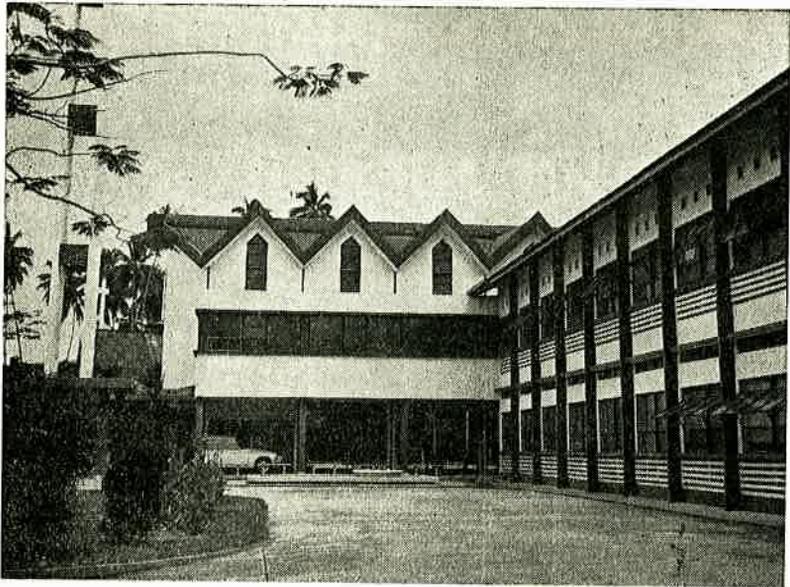
From thence sped he forth to Canton,
But God soon turned his steps
To Amoy where he found a town
That gladly sought his help.

'Twas in Amoy that he settled,
That God's Word might go forth.
From thence again he went to battle,
Farther, yet farther north.

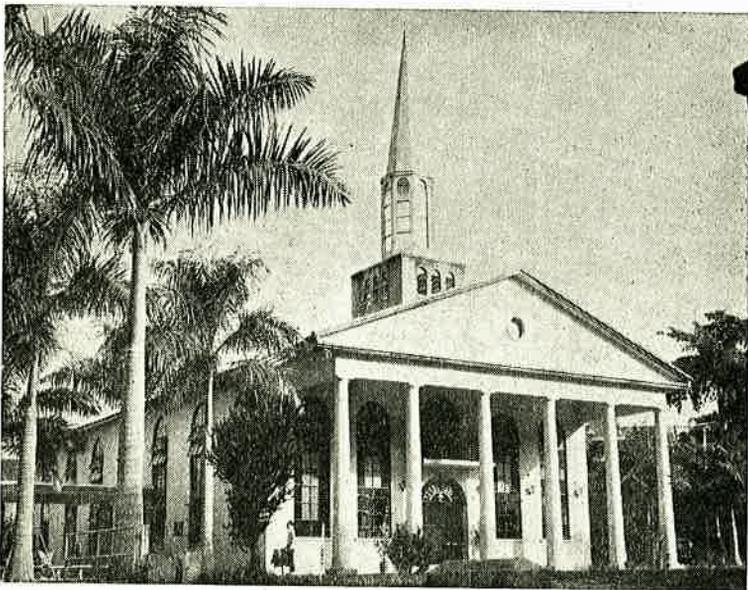
To Shanghai, and on to Nanking:
He scanned her from the bow.
But meanwhile God was planning
To bring him to Swatow!

The captain of a British ship
Offered to take him south,
And so in eighteen fifty-six
On Swatow soil he ploughed.

'Twas on this trip to our city,
That Hudson Taylor came
With Burns in the same ministry,
And they were not ashamed.



**Zion and Faith Churches and Zion Kindergarten,
5 Tavistock Ave., Singapore 19.**



**Life Church, 9 Gilstead Road, Singapore 11.
Photos by William J. W. Teo.**

As the gospel grew and flourished
In Swatow and Amoy,
From these havens our sires cherished
Sailed southwards ships ahoy!

Our fathers came to Singapore
And Malay States beyond.
A church soon sprang on these new shores
By eighteen eight-one.

Among the first congregations
Was one at "Bamboo Tree",
Founded by the E.P. Mission
In eighteen eight-three.

There stands today on Prinsep Street
An old, grey, little church.
'Twas here from the nineteen fifties
That we have grown so quick.

From Life we went to Sembawang,
From Life we went to Zion,
From Life on to Pasir Panjang,
From thence on to Jurong!

Faith, Carmel and Kelapa Sawit,
Hume Heights and Seletar,
Tekong and the Bible College,
Chia Heng and Toa Payoh.

Praise God, His Kingdom marches on,
Though His servants falter.
Glory to Christ the Son alone,
Whose Light shines forever!

*Historical data from: "Five Pioneer Missionaries,"
Banner of Truth Trust, and "Working His Purpose
Out," the History of the English Presbyterian
Mission, 1847—1947, Edward Band.*

THROUGH THE NIGHT OF DOUBT AND SORROW



1. Through the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the
2. Clear be-fore us through the dark-ness Gleams and burns the
3. One the light of God's own pres-ence O'er his ran-som'd
4. One the ob-ject of our jour-ney; One the faith which
5. One the strain that lips of thou-sands Lift as from the
6. One the glad-ness of re-joic-ing On the far e-
- *7. On-ward, there-fore, pil-grim bro-thers, On-ward with the
- *8. Soon shall come the great a-wak'-ning, Soon the rend-ing



pil - grim band, Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion,
 guid - ing light; Bro - ther clasps the hand of bro - ther,
 peo - ple shed, Chas - ing far the gloom and ter - ror,
 nev - er tires; One the car - nest look - ing for - ward;
 heart of one; One the con - flict, one the per - il,
 - ter - nal shore, Where the one al - migh - ty Fa - ther
 Cross our aid; Bear its shame, and fight its bat - tle,
 of the tomb; Then the scat - tering of all sha - dows,



COURAGE, WEARY SONS AND DAUGHTERS

(To the tune of "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow")

Courage, weary sons and daughters,
Though your Exam path be long!
You who have come to the Father
Shall not run the race alone!

Know ye that God gives the victory
Not to the swift or the strong,
But to them who seek His glory
And who fear to do the wrong.

God gives mercy to the humble,
And He hears each earnest prayer.
Do your best now, never grumble!
Run the race with hope and cheer.

Courage, brother! Courage, sister!
Though our Exam path be long,
We've a partner in the Saviour,
Running swift and sure along.

With the weights of sin behind us,
On the wings of faith and love,
Let us run life's race before us,
Leading on to heaven above.

Scripture: II Cor. 6:18; Eccles. 9:11; Jer. 22:3; I Peter. 5:5;
Heb. 12:1, 2.



March - ing to the pro - mis'd land.
Step - ping fear - less through the night.
Bright-'ning all the path we tread:
One the hope our God in - spires:
One the march in God be - gun:
Reigns in love for ev - er - more.
Till we rest be - neath its shade.
And the end of toil and gloom.



F.E.C.C.C. THEME SONG

HENRY PERCY SMITH, 1825-98.

In moderate time.

A-men.

All Scripture, Lord, as Thou hast said,
Through holy men, inspired to write,
Is given to Thy Church on earth
To furnish fallen men with light.

We meet to pledge with solemn vow
Thy written Word shall ever stay.
Nor shall we wrest one smallest part,
Nor add thereto nor take away.

The Word made flesh was virgin born,
Eternal Son of God is He.
Two natures, — God and man in one,
Redeemer through His blood to be.

Born of Thy Spirit, Lord, we praise,
One Only God, and Three in One.
Oh Abba Father, hear our praise:
Thou lovest the world and gave Thy Son.

We therefore strive, contending all
Not in our strength; the battle's Thine;
Oh speed the promised day of Christ,
That blessed day, that glorious time.

Scripture: II Pet. 1:21; Matt. 5:18; Rev. 22:18, 19; Jn. 1:14;
Matt. 3:16, 17; Jn. 3:16; Jude 3.

By Rev. J. S. Scarrow, Delegate from New Zealand
to the Third Gen. Assembly, Far Eastern Council of
Christian Churches, Singapore, 1956.

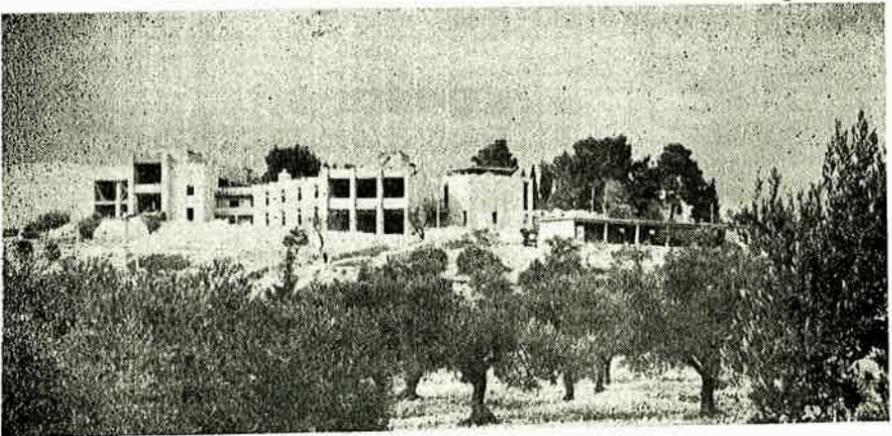
TO THE CHURCH OF KOREA

We're living in days of gloom and distress,
The sea-waves roaring in dire restlessness,
Men's hearts are failing for the things to come —
Isn't there a gleam to show a way to some?
The Church of God is the light of the world,
To guide the lost ones to Christ the Saviour.
But in these dark'ning days before He returns,
Say we the lamp of "That Great Church" still burns?

There is an "Ecumenical Movement,"
To join the churches of every nation.
Or modernistic, or fundamental,
"Let us build a greater Tower of Babel!"
Can God set the Torch of His Holy Word,
The Beacon of Life through Christ's precious Blood,
On such a dream-castle, of iron and clay,
To rescue poor souls who're dying away?

Jesus didn't spare the Church of Ephesus,
Sardis, Thyatira and Pergamos,
Yet some remained strong in faith and labour.
How shall He bless one that's lost her savour?
Cleanse now, O Lord, the Church of Korea,
Make it a great light throughout East Asia,
And by the witness she bears to the world
The Banner of Truth again be unfurled.

Scripture: Lk. 21:26; Rev. 2:5; 2:1, 12, 18; Rev. 3:1; Ps. 60:4.



**University of Notre Dame, Ecumenical Institute
for advanced theological studies, Jerusalem.**



Arab shepherd and sheep.

MODERNISTIC UNBELIEF EXPOSED

O, what villainy! Yes, what shame!
For these to spurn God's Holy Name.

They say, "We are scientific,"
But deny God's works majestic.
And then destroy His Holy Word,
By calling Genesis absurd.

Verbal inspiration's only a theory,
The precious blood of Christ, they query.
Virgin birth's quite impossible,
Christ's miracles? only probable.

These the "modern" missionaries teach
To lead blind souls into the ditch.
Whose end is fiery destruction —
O, how they need His salvation!

The apostles, their Lord did see,
Who bear witness to you and me.
Let us trust God's Holy Word
And in trusting find great reward.

Scripture: Lk. 6:39; I Pet. 1:8.

John Tow

I WANT TO THANK JESUS

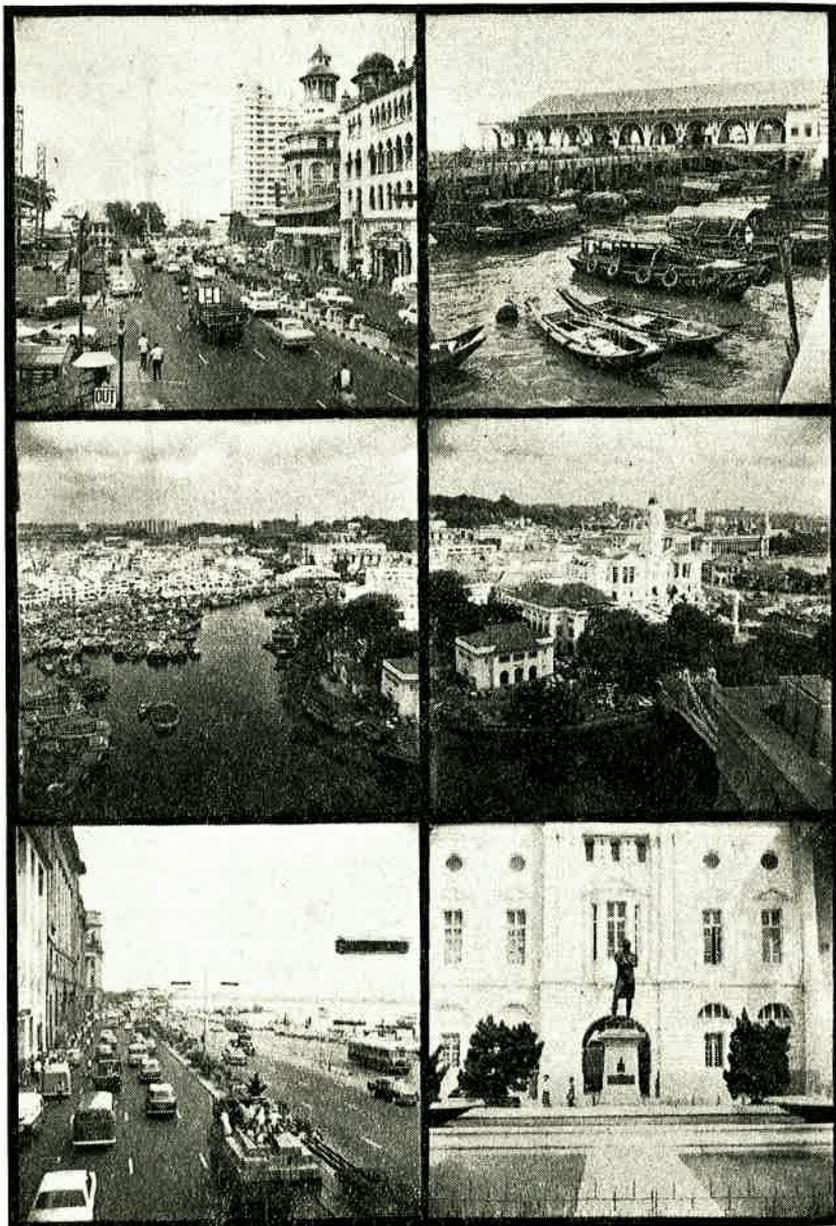
I want to thank Jesus, who died to cleanse me from sin.
I have opened wide my heart-door to invite Him in.
Before this I was a bad sinner going astray,
But Jesus brought me back and now in my heart He stays.

Jesus came down to earth to die for you and for me,
He was crucified and pierced on the cross of Calv'ry.
I truly thank and praise Him for all He's done for us,
And all we who love Him best must serve Him to the last.

I accepted Jesus as my personal Saviour,
At the first Bible Camp in December of last year,
And now in my heart is everlasting joy and peace,
He's given me Life Eternal that never shall cease.

With Him nothing's impossible and all will be right,
For it is Jesus who helps us to win all our fights.
He will surely forgive you and save your soul today,
If you'll open wide your heart and welcome Him to stay.

— Lehia Paauwe.



Singapore and her founder, Sir Stamford Raffles (1819).
Photos by William J. W. Teo.

SINGAPURA

SAMUEL A. WARD

O fairest Isle of Southern seas, Thy waters are so blue! Waft by a balmy
Our fathers came to these green shores. From many climes and lands. They found a

ocean breeze, Thy land is decked with dew. Singapura, Singapura, Thou
richer life in store Beneath just ruling hands. Singapura, Singapura, Thou

favoured Isle of ease! God bless thee yet with
Haven of the free! thine increase,
And peace from year to year.

Together we build Lion City,
Fourth great port of the world.
Let Right prevail and Equity,
Not by might, nor by power!
Singapura, Singapura,
So may our sons serve thee.
God bless thee yet with thine increase,
And peace from year to year.

Today we sail 'mongst the nations,
Our flag is flying high!
May our Captain by wise action,
Steer us with Compass nigh.
Singapura, Singapura,
Lightship of Liberty.
Sail on unto Prosperity
With God from year to year.

Scripture: Deut. 32:13; Zech. 4:6; Ps. 98:9; II Cor. 3:17.

你 知 道 我 愛 你

趙君影詞

蘇佐揚曲

變E³/₄

3 3 | 4. 3 2 | 1 | 3 2 2 3 | 5. 4 2 #2 | 3 - 5 5 | 6. 4

一 我 已 撒 下 凡 百 事 物 背 起 十 架 跟 那 穌 世 上 福 樂
二 往 者 已 已 前 逝 前 路 尚 遙 主 的 恩 典 我 用 死 蔭 幽 谷
三 遙 望 前 途 途 荆 棘 叢 叢 四 有 楚 歌 密 雲 暗 十 架 道 路
四 四 願 迷 羊 流 離 困 苦 同 情 誰 憐 魂 喪 失

1 6 | 5 3 3 | 3 | 2. 7 7 | 6 | 5- 5 6 | 7 | 1. 5 7 6 | 5 3 5 5 |

名 利 富 貴 本 已 對 我 如 糞 土 主 未 虧 我 主 未 負 我 有 誰
主 手 牽 扶 留 此 殘 軀 再 再 土 若 我 我 竟 被 接 去 死 於
愈 日 以 萬 計 神 家 荒 涼 到 何 年 願 主 潔 內 潔 魂 流 我 煉 我 用 我 餘 下

6. 5 4 3 | 2- 3 4 | 5. 3 2 | 1 4 6 7 | 6 | 5 (3) 2 | 1- |

甘 甜 如 我 主 爲 何 內 心 恐 懼 戰 兢 手 扶 攀 願 願 願
神 旨 決 非 空 縱 然 下 孤 兒 寡 婦 主 主 比 現 願 願 願
人 讚 心 始 安 我 主 心 在 世 向 人 喜 求 到 在 在 在 在 在
光 陰 勝 於 先 盡 心 竭 力 討 主 喜 悅 直 到 在 在 在 在 在 前

I HAVE LEFT THE WORLD BEHIND ME

I have left the world behind me,
In His steps, bearing my cross.
All the glitters and the pleasures
Now to me are but a loss.
Nor has Jesus failed me, wronged me,
What is sweeter than His love?
Trembling soul, what fear arrests thee,
When thy hands are on the plough?

The past is gone, there's a morrow,
All sufficient is His grace.
He raised me from Death Vale's sorrow,
Saved my life for better days.
Had the Lord my spirit taken,
Death in Christ were not in vain.
Or there be widow and orphans,
He will provide to the end.

The way 'fore me's strewn with thistles,
While dark clouds round me enfold.
The Way of the Cross more bristles,
With heel lifted 'gainst the Lord.
Who but Christ can stay the weeping?
Seekest thou the praise of men?
Our Lord hoped from this world nothing,
He walked lonesome to the end.

The sheep are lost in their wanderings,
Who'll find them with compassion?
Souls are drowned in tens of thousands,
And God's House — desolation.
O Lord, cleanse me, try me, use me.
For a brighter day beyond.
Help me with all my strength serve Thee,
Till we all stand 'fore Thy throne.

*Translated from Heavenly People Choruses,
words by Calvin Chao, music by John E. Su
on opposite page.*

Scripture: Lk. 9:23-25, 62; Phil. 3:7; II Cor. 12, 12:9; Ps. 23:4;
Phil. 1:21; John 13:18; Lk. 6:35.

1. 每 逢 想 念 主 恩 愛 靈 內 立 覺 香 甜
 2. 每 逢 主 前 來 祈 禱 滿 眼 愁 雲 皆 散
 3. 每 逢 順 主 日 艱 難 格 外 覺 有 價 值
 4. 每 逢 舉 目 上 看 便 別 有 天 地

時 時 臥 息 於 慈 懷 其 樂 何 能 言 宣
 向 主 傾 吐 心 腹 事 寸 衷 何 等 安 然
 肉 體 生 活 雖 簡 單 內 福 無 何 上 坦 適
 信 眼 如 見 主 容 顏 樂 心 樂 等 超 奇

主 雖 榮 升 於 天 府 為 我 我 活 在 父 前
 我 在 聖 幕 為 過 祭 司 代 禱 禱 關 注 保 全
 主 用 大 愛 吸 引 我 環 抱 善 於 勞 聖 臂
 主 用 大 愛 吸 引 我 環 抱 善 於 勞 聖 臂

無 論 何 時 想 念 主 主 即 臨 我 身 邊
 樂 照 所 需 全 主 賜 給 近 反 超 所 天 願
 慈 境 愈 苦 主 愈 願 我 情 愛 何 其 柔 堂
 慈 境 愈 苦 主 愈 願 我 情 愛 何 其 柔 堂

WHENE'ER HIS LOVE I PONDER

Whene'er His love I ponder,
How sweet within it feels!
Stayed upon Christ our Saviour,
Such joy who can reveal?
Christ for me's gone up yonder
To the Father on high.
Whene'er my Lord I ponder
Then He to me draws nigh.

Whene'er my prayer cries ascend,
The sad clouds melt away.
The soul that's poured out to Him,
What peace comes in to stay!
Christ our High Priest in Heaven reigns,
For us He intercedes.
He'll grant all our petitions
Far our desire exceeds.

Whene'er trials come on our way,
The more they be esteemed.
A frugal life day by day,
Is gain with heart's content.
Our Lord has gone before us,
He knows our needs, each one.
He comes to us in distress,
And turns our earth to heaven.

Whene'er our eyes look beyond,
We see another heaven.
As eyes of faith behold Him,
What profound peace descends!
With love bounding He draws us,
His arms round us are thrown.
With kindly gaze upon us,
He beckons us His own.

Scripture: Isa.26:3; I Pet. 5:7; Jas. 4:8;
Heb. 4:15, 16; ICor. 10:11-13; ITim. 6:6;
Song of Sol. 1:4; 2:6.
Translated from Dr. Chia Yu Ming's Hymnal,
words by Miss Chiau Wei Chen, music on page 112.

O GRACE OF GOD, HOW DEEP AND WIDE!

(To the tune of FECCC Theme Song, p.104)

O grace of God, how deep and wide!
Year in, year out, Thy love provides.
I adore Thee with thankful heart,
Forever more Thy love impart.

The morning bird sings of Thy grace.
Sun, moon and stars in unison race.
But man forgets like rushing streams,
New songs of praise to Thee I sing.

O Spirit's fire, cleanse now my heart,
Shine on my way, lead me aright.
My being delights, my soul's secure,
My Lord I'll serve forever more.

Saints old and new, they never fear.
This their compass — courage and cheer.
The Light of heaven, the Truth of God —
Guide of our soul, on and upward.

I humbly bow before Thy face.
Spirit of God, come in to stay!
Fill me with joy, banish distress.
From fountains sweet I rise refreshed.

Scripture: Rom. 5:17; Gen. 1:16-18; Matt. 3:11; Ps.119:105.

*Translated from Hymns of Universal Praise,
Words by Ernest Y.L. Yang, 1931.*

CHRIST IS THE ANSWER

(to the tune of "I'm pressing on the upward way").

Is there a problem in your life?
Is there unhappiness and strife?
Christ is the Answer, He can save
From ev'ry problem you may have.

Christ is the Answer to your quest
For peace and joy and happiness.
He meets your needs from day to day,
He is the Life, the Truth, the Way.

— Tow Siang Hwa.

*(Theme song for Bob Wells Gospel Crusade,
7th Assembly, FECCC, April 16-26, 1970, Singapore)*

第一樂句：E♭ 9/8 3# 2 3 | 1 · 5 · 1 4 · 1 | 3 - · 3 5 4 | 6 4 · 2 · 7 5 2 | 1 - |

壓傷的蘆葦，祂不折斷，將殘的燈火，祂不吹滅；

第二樂句：3# 2 3 | 1 · 5 · 3 5 7 | 6 - · 1 7 6 | 5 · 3 · 2 6 7 | 1 - ||

耶穌肯體恤，祂是恩主，祂愛我到底，創始成終。

A bruised reed shall He not break,
And smoking flax shall He not quench.
Jesus will pardon, His grace is great,
His love for me is from end to end.

詩篇 三十五
PSALM 30:5

FOR HIS ANGER

蘇佐揚
John E. Su

第一樂句：G 9/8 3 · 3 7 2 1 · | 5 3 5 1 7 6 5 · | 3 · 3 2 4 3 · | 2 3 2 1 |

祂的怒氣，不過是轉眼之間，祂的恩典，乃是一生

For His an-ger en-dur-eth-but a moment; In His fa-vour in his fa-vour

第二樂句：6 2 · | 3 2 3 5 · 3 · | 2 3 1 5 - | 6 7 1 3 · 2 · | 1 - 1 0 ||

之久；一宿雖然有哭泣，早晨便必歡呼(歡呼)。

is life: Weeping may en-dure a night But joy com-eth in the mor-ning.

1936:3:3

For His anger endureth but a moment,
But His mercies shall never end for life!
Though our tears pour down like a torrent,
The joy of Dawn revives!

CHRISTIANITY IN THE HOLY LAND

Howard Carlson

I. THE CHURCH IN THE ROMAN PERIOD 30—315 A.D.

There are five powers governing society: Eloquence, learning, wealth, rank and army. The church in its years of infancy had none of these; on the contrary, all five were directed against it. Yet the church conquered, "not by might nor by power but by My Spirit" (Zech. 4:6). Evangelization began by the Jews telling other Jews of the coming and atoning death of the Messiah. Gradually the church became wide-spread and predominantly non-Jewish, finally breaking with Judaism when all of Jerusalem's 25,000 believers left the besieged city in 70 A.D. and moved to Pella. In the revolt of Bar Kokhba in 132-35 Jerusalem was again totally destroyed, and the Jews banned from the area. From that point on the Jerusalem church was fixed as a Gentile body.

In the years following came ten periods of severe persecution with false teachers seeking to take the place vacated by the godly martyrs. Two schools of thought had arisen concerning the interpretation and teaching of Scriptures. The Alexandrian school explained away the plain meanings of Scripture by allegory, and Bible truth was "synchronized" with the pagan philosophies of the day. From this school of thought much non-Biblical teaching entered the old churches and has remained to this day. The reformers of the sixteenth century tried to rid the church of these corruptions. The second school at Antioch was more literal in its Biblical interpretations.

In 300 A.D. Armenia was declared a Christian state and in 313 the emperor of all Rome was won to Christianity.

II. THE CHURCH OF THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE 315-640 A.D.

The Byzantine Empire was the Roman Empire in its Christian form. Its Churches were noted for three characteristics: 1. Orthodoxy 2. Imperial tradition (ie. the Emperor possessing many divine prerogatives) 3. Greek culture. Constantine's first act as a Christian Emperor was to stop the slaughter of Christians by the act of toleration of all religions. Realizing Rome could never be quickly Christianized, Constantine established a second capitol city at Byzantium (Constantinople, and today called Istanbul), which was to be the Christian capitol of the Empire. He then sent his mother to Palestine to discover the Holy Places and to rebuild Solomon's temple as the Temple of the Resurrection. He wished to make Jerusalem a Christian temple city. The church service in Palestine thus was altered from the original synagogue pattern to a liturgical, sacrifice-

centered ritual. The Eastern churches have since canonized Constantine as the thirteenth apostle. Of the many Palestinian churches built in this period, over 124 have been located by archeologists. This was the most glorious era of Palestine's history both intellectually and culturally, and in the seven Ecumenical Councils of this period Palestine's churches were major factors in the life of the Universal Church.

But the fall of Rome in 529 weakened the Empire's security. In 614, hordes of Persians raced from the desert and destroyed all churches, killing thousands of clergy and the monks who lived in the desert caves. Only the mosaic picture of three Persian wise men over the Bethlehem church's door saved this, Christendom's most ancient existing church, from sharing the same fate. The Persians were hardly driven back by the Byzantine Emperor Heroclius when Islam's hard arm arrived at the door with a resolute knock.

III. THE CHURCH IN THE SHADOW OF THE CRESCENT 640—1099 A.D.

The Church in the shadow of the Crescent saw a difference developing between its East and West branches. This difference is great and primarily results from two factors: Emperor-church relationships and Islam. From Constantine's days the Emperor had exercised controlling power over the church. Augustine gained a victory for the Western church by placing the clergy in an independent position from the state, whereby the Pope became supreme. In the East (Byzantium) the Emperor maintained his predominant role. Some call this imperial supremacy "Caesar-papism". The second factor was Islam, a powerful, well organized monotheistic foe to the church. Omar had led Islam out of Arabia to conquer Palestine and his successor Othman drove deeply into Europe. But Islam was pushed back in Europe by Charles Martel at Tours while it dominated and continued to confront the Eastern church. These factors resulted in conflict which in 1054 A.D. brought the great division between Eastern and Western-Christendom.

In this conflict four questions were involved: 1. Should the church worship statues or only pictures (Ikons)? 2. Is the bishop of Rome the supreme Vicar of Christ or only first among equals? 3. Does the Holy Spirit proceed from the Father and Son or only from the Father? 4. Should unleavened bread or leavened bread be used in the communion service?

During this period, the church in the Holy Land fell into decline. Both Jews and Christians who were not killed by their Moslem lords were made third class citizens. Pales-

tine became a remote, uncared for province of first the Ummiads in Damascus and then the Abbasids of Baghdad. Many left the churches.

In 1071 the Byzantine army was beaten by the Moslems in Armenia. The Turks were infiltrating into the Empire and Europe was again exposed to Islam's armies. The answer to this problem was the Crusades.

IV. THE CHURCH DURING THE CRUSADES

1099—1281 A.D.

The Crusades were a gross caricature of Christianity as well as a scandal to the Eastern church. Large armies of mostly ignorant men calling themselves Christians swept into the Holy Land to wage a Holy War, to restore the right of pilgrimages, and to recover the holy places from the Arabs. Arabic-speaking Christians as well as Moslems fell before their flashing blades. One has rightly said that the Bible is not a banner for a holy war but is rather a map for a holy walk. Instead of helping the Eastern churches as the Popes had promised, the Crusaders suppressed them and even sacked Constantinople, the Empire's capitol in their fourth campaign and set up a Latin kingdom. With the Arab success at the Battle of Hittim in 1187, the Crusaders' main fighting force was broken.

1260 saw the rise of the dynamic forces of the Mamlukes (Moslem slave-officers) in Egypt. From the East simultaneously arose the threat of the Mongol armies of Genghis Khan. The general of the Mongol armies was a Nestorian Christian and asked the Crusaders to help him defeat the Moslems. For unknown reasons, the Christian Knighthood of Palestine resisted the Mongols and even helped the Moslems. The Christian Mongol general's army was defeated at the valley of Armageddon and the Mamlukes were then free to turn their full power against the Crusaders. Finally in 1291, Acre's fall signalled the last of this "Holy" force expelled and the Christians of the land were left helplessly to themselves. Every Christian who fell into the Mamlukes' hands was cut to pieces.

V. THE CHURCH UNDER THEIR MAMLUKE MASTERS

1291—1517 A.D.

While Huss and Wycliff were being condemned in the West, the ruthless and fanatical Mamlukes were grinding Christianity in the Middle East to poverty and despair. Churches were destroyed or turned into mosques. Those Christians who were left in the land were marked, and almost persecuted out of existence. 1349 brought the "Black Death" so that at the end of this period, war and plague and even great earthquakes had decimated the entire population of the Holy Land. In the midst of these troubles the re-

established but weak Byzantine Empire, further threatened by a rising Moslem Turkish force, sent representatives to Florence and there in Council worked out and approved a plan for re-union with Rome in 1439. The hope was that the Pope would relieve their condition by launching another crusade. The suffering Eastern laity still had life, however. They rejected this action of the politicians and clerics and Jerusalem's representatives at the Council found the City's gates shut against their return.

In 1453 Constantinople the capitol of the Eastern Christian Empire was taken by the Ottoman Turks and the Byzantine Empire died.

VI. THE CHURCH IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE 1517—1917 A.D.

In the first half of the fifteenth Century the pagans of Bulgaria were threatening the tottering Byzantium. For help they turned to the Northern Turks who, by invitation, marched into the Empire and conquered the Europeans. When asked to leave Byzantium after their victories they refused. Under Suleiman "the Magnificent" they soon wrested power from the Mamlukes in Egypt. While in Germany Luther was nailing up his 95 theses challenging the Papacy and preparing the way for Reformation of Western Christendom, Ottoman Turks were seizing Constantinople and setting up what we might call a Turkish Empire of Rome.

In Palestine the Christian population was now so impoverished and scant that we can hardly trace any spiritual activity in that period. The main church activity of these four hundred years had degenerated to fighting for control of the Holy Places. No attempt was made to evangelize. Through political manoeuvres the Latin church re-entered Palestine with wealth and power.

In 1833 a new spiritual force appeared in Jerusalem. The first protestant missionaries had arrived. Mission work among Moslems was not permitted but evangelization of Jews and Eastern Christians did not concern the far away Turkish rulers. By 1900, there were only 5,000 to 10,000 Christians in the Holy Land. Physically the land of milk and honey was a ruined, eroded, almost deserted pile of stone, with extensive stretches of desert sand and marshes. With the Allied victory over the Axis powers in 1917 the Turkish Empire was dismembered, and Britain received the Mandate to administer Palestine.

VII. THE CHURCH IN THE MODERN ERA 1917 —.

The British Mandatory government ended Moslem domination of Jerusalem which had lasted since 1244. Its first task was to rehabilitate a land wasted by war and famine.



The Ottoman Bank recalls Turkish rule, 1517—1917.

Freedom, order and peace were established. Banished clergy were brought back to their posts and others were released from prison. Christians who survived the slaughter in Armenia by the Turks came looking for refuge. Jews began returning in ever larger numbers. Many missionaries entered to work under the new conditions of freedom and security. Scores of churches, orphanages and schools were built. The "Valley of Dry Bones" began to take flesh.

In 1948, upon Britain's withdrawal, the Holyland was again plunged into war with new-born Israel fighting the Arabs for survival. The result was the division of Jerusalem and Palestine into Israeli and Jordanian sectors. In 1967 this division was erased with Israel's victory over the Arabs. Israel's victory spared the Christians of the Holy Land from annihilation. Israel has pledged freedom for everyone to practice his own religion without hindrance. The numerical strength of Christianity in the Holy Land today is as follows:

Latins	23,000	Anglicans	2,300
*Greek Catholics	24,800	Protestants	2,500
*Maronites	3,050	Copts	1,500
*Other Uniates	600	Syrian Orthodox	1,150
Greek Orthodox	37,450	Ethiopians	100
Armenian Orthodox	2,150		
			98.600 Christians in Israel

*Eastern Churches who accept the Union reached at the Council of Florence (1439).

Of the hundreds of missionaries in the Holy Land, most are concentrated in Jerusalem, Nazareth and Bethlehem. To the author's knowledge there is no truly indigenous church in Israel. The Evangelical churches are very weak, and with many Christian families leaving the country, the hopes for a future indigenous Bible-believing church will only be realized by much labour, prayer and the direct intervention of the Holy Spirit. Jesus' words to the Ephesian church certainly clarify what has happened in the Holy Land's churches; "repent and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly and will remove thy candlestick out of its place." (Rev. 2:5). When Christ removes a church's spiritual vitality, who can restore it?

A question which must be directed to the reader is, "What direction are you and your church travelling?" Heed the lessons of history!

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM

Bonnie Carlson

What is it like in Bethlehem at Christmas? Is it cold? Are things commercialised there too? Is it possible to capture a special thrill, a deeper sense of reality by being there?

It is usually cold and raining, but rarely freezes or snows. Some lights are put up in Manger Square in front of the Church of the Nativity, and Christmas music is broadcast through speakers. There is an outdoor screen for the crowds to witness via television the service (mass) taking place within the church.

More enjoyable is the outdoor Christmas Eve service in the Shepherd's Field, the locale of the fields of Boaz, and later of the shepherds who were so blessed in seeing the hosts of wondering and adoring angels who glorified God on the spectacular yet humble occasion of the Saviour's birth. (Luke 2:8-15.)

This past Christmas Eve, it was a sparkling clear night with a solemn full moon behind the speaker's platform. Two searchlights crossed their beams over the still, little town of Bethlehem, whose lights showed plainly on the hill top to the west. There was a large bonfire around which people stand or sit on the rocks. We sang Christmas carols, simultaneously in Arabic and English, and stepped into the pages of the gospel narratives as we envisioned the scenes described in the Scripture reading. The message, "The Son of God is come," contained food for thought for both mature Christians and un-saved present, and was translated into Arabic.

But what of the elusive "Christmas spirit" which people talk of so much? In Bethlehem, as anywhere, one can be too preoccupied, too busy to try wonder and adore, to ponder like Mary, to praise and glorify God like the shepherds. And in any part of the world (or moon), as in Bethlehem, one can heartily thank God for His unspeakable gift.



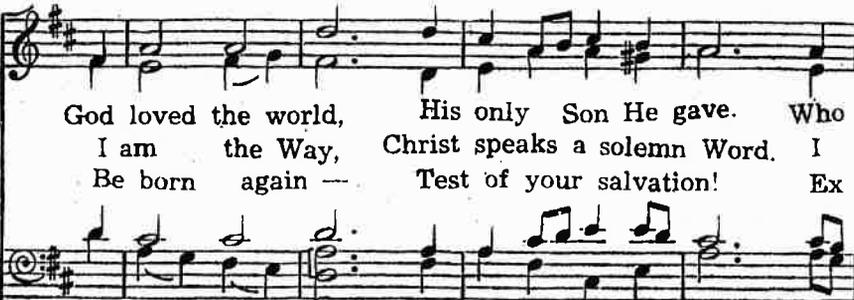
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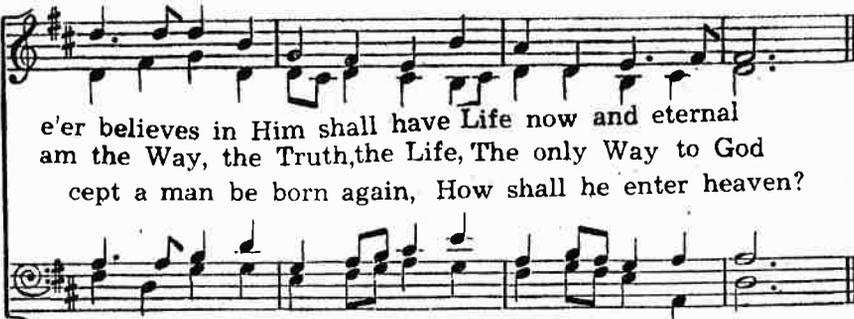
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EPILOGUE



God loved the world, His only Son He gave. Who
I am the Way, Christ speaks a solemn Word. I
Be born again — Test of your salvation! Ex



e'er believes in Him shall have Life now and eternal
am the Way, the Truth, the Life, The only Way to God
cept a man be born again, How shall he enter heaven?

Come unto Me,
Ye heavy laden ones.
Come unto Me without delay,
And I will give you rest!

I give you Peace,
My Peace I give to you.
Not as the world below giveth,
My Peace I leave with you.



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