

Older Than 900 Years



Names to Find:
Adam
Cainan
Enos
Jared
Methuselah
Noah
Seth

The Runaway Buggy

The Alliance Weekly

Dr. A. A. Hodge tells of Dr. Witherspoon, an eighteenth century clergyman:

“One day a man rushed into his presence. ‘Dr. Witherspoon,’ he shouted, ‘help me to thank God for His wonderful providence! My horse ran away, my buggy was dashed to pieces on the rocks, and behold, I am unharmed.’



“The good doctor smiled benevolently at the inconsistent, imperfect character of the man’s religion. ‘Why,’ he answered, ‘I know a providence a thousand

times better than that. I have driven down that rocky road to Princeton hundreds of times, and my horse never ran away and my buggy was never dashed to pieces.”

Here is a truth few Christians ever grasp. An accident occurs, and we have a seemingly miraculous deliverance. Immediately we see God’s hand in it and praise Him and tell others of His marvelous act of providence. It never occurs to us to thank Him for the times beyond number when we were spared even the accident.

The free e-mail version of *The Bible View* is available at:
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The
Bible View

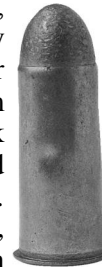



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Where the Bullet Stopped

“A Lieutenant’s Miraculous Escape”

A lieutenant in the United States Army, on some far-off battle front, and his buddy were sent out on an important mission. When the enemy discovered them, the lieutenant faced them, saying to himself. “Lord, it’s your responsibility now.” As he reached for his carbine, a shot from one of the enemy struck him in the breast and blasted him down. Thinking he was dead, his pal grabbed the fallen man’s carbine and blasted away with both guns. He received three bullet wounds, but when he finished, not one of the enemy was left.



The lieutenant wrote his sister in Pennsylvania, “He was amazed when I rolled over and tried to get up. The force of that bullet had only stunned me. Dazedly wondering why, I pulled my Bible out of my pocket and in utter muteness looked at the

ugly hole in the cover. It had ripped through Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and kept going. Where do you think it stopped? In the middle of the ninety-first Psalm, pointing like a finger at this verse, ‘A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.’ I did not know such a verse was in the Bible. In utter humility, I said, ‘Thank you, precious God.’”

God’s Hand on the Bridle?

Sunday School Times

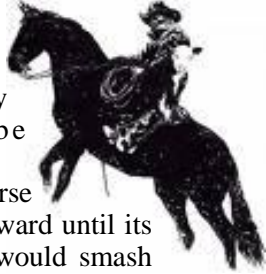
In central British Columbia, in a very isolated community, a missionary was leading an open-air service in front of a general store. Soon the program was interrupted by the appearance of a drunken cowboy, who spurred his horse in a headlong gallop directly toward the missionary. Not one of the people who stood and watched the scene was aware of the quick inner cry for guidance and help that flashed from the missionary’s

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God's Hand on the

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heart to the throne of God. A split-second decision was reached, "Lord, you are able to protect; but if you permit that horse and rider to run me down, Thy will be done."



The horse lunged forward until its next step would smash the missionary to the ground. Suddenly it reared on its hind legs, as if encountering an invisible wall of the protection from the Lord. Three times the booze-crazed rider spurred his frothing mount at the missionary, and three times the horse refused to take the final leap that would have spelled serious injury or death to the missionary. The service proceeded to a conclusion; as if there had been no danger.

God's Protection Not Limited

Alliance Weekly

The story is told that during the great plague in London, several centuries ago, the stricken people were dying by thousands, and all roads leading out were

"When you have accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake." —Hugo

crowded with fugitives. A black man was helping pack a carriage that stood at a door on Craven Street. His master was abandoning his town house for his country home. The black man said to another, "Since my master leaves London for fear of the plague, his God must lie in the country, I suppose."

This was not sarcasm, for he had but recently come from Africa, where the "gods" are supposed to have local shrines and jurisdictions. The nobleman, who overheard the remark, was struck by it. "That ignorant fellow has taught me something that I had well-nigh forgotten," he said to himself. "My God is truly everywhere. He can keep me safe in town as well as in the country. Lord, pardon my mistrust." He remained in London and applied himself to caring for some of the stricken ones, many of whom were utterly alone and helpless, deserted by their relatives and neighbors. The God that Lord Craven trusted preserved him, and the plague did not come nigh his dwelling.

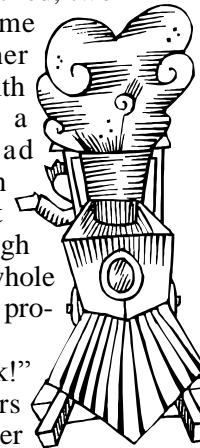
"A man who puts aside his trust in Christ because he is going into society is like one taking off his shoes because he is about to walk upon thorns."

Why the Engine Stopped

Alliance Weekly

A sergeant-major, converted some time ago in a Salvation Army hut while on duty in the Middle East, had charge of the locomotive which ran between Cairo and Haifa. After his conversion he made it a practice, before starting on each journey, to pray for the safety of the train and of his passengers. On one journey the engine suddenly stopped, for no apparent reason. A civil engineer on the train, as well as the engine staff tried in vain to discover the cause of the breakdown which took place at three o'clock on a wet morning. As dawn approached, two workmen came running farther down the line with the news that a rainstorm had made a hole in the permanent way large enough to engulf the whole train had it proceeded.

"What luck!" the passengers said. The driver quietly gave his witness and spoke of the prayer he offered for their safety every time he took his place on the footplate. Strangely enough, as it seemed to the passengers, the engine started without a hitch when the track had been repaired after a fourteen-hour holdup.



The Charm That Works!

Sunday

In New York's Chinatown, a woman walked into a curiosity shop and asked to see some good-luck charms. The elderly Chinese lady in charge looked at her skeptically and proceeded to lay her wares on the counter.

The customer leaned over the counter and said earnestly, "Would you mind telling me which of these is the best? You see, I have to have one that really works. I have a son in the South Pacific, and I want something that will take care of him."

The shopkeeper looked at her for a moment and smiled, "My best good-luck charm isn't on the counter."

"Well, let's see it. I want the best thing you have," she countered excitedly, "I'll pay any price."

"But it doesn't cost anything. You see, my good luck charm is God. I have three sons and three grandsons in the service myself. But when my boys were born, I dedicated them to God, and every day since they were babies, I have asked God to take care of them. He has answered my prayer, and I know He will continue to do so. It's the only charm that works, and I recommend it wholeheartedly to you."

"Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well." —Abraham Lincoln