

Unscramble the Verse

“u t B e b e y r o s d e f o h e t o w r d,

d a n t n o e e s r h r a o y l n,

d i i g e e v n c y u o r w n o e l s s v e.

s a J m e 1 : ? ?

Upper or Supper Room?

Author Unknown

The early church prayed in the upper room; today's church cooks in the supper room. Today the supper room, or the church kitchen, has taken the place of the "upper room".

Play has taken the place of prayer, and feasting has taken place of fasting. There are more full stomachs than there are bended knees and broken hearts. There is more fire in the range in the kitchen, than there is in the pulpit. When you build a fire in the church kitchen and the smells permeate the building, it often puts out the fire in the pulpit. Ice cream awaiting to be eaten chills

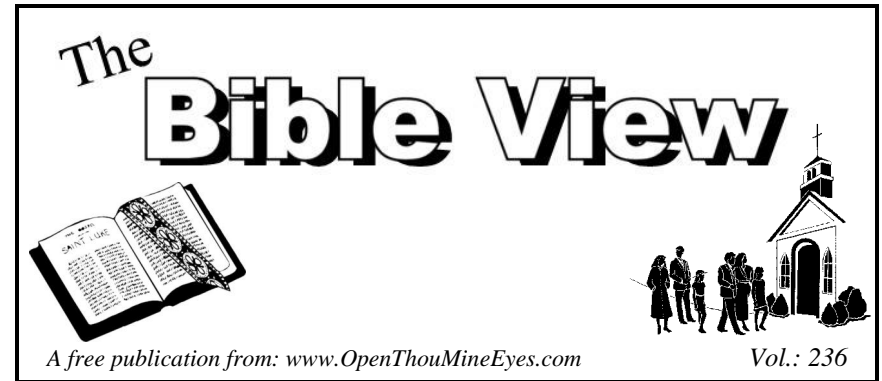
the fervor of spiritual life.

The early Christians were not cooking in the supper room the day the Holy Ghost came. They were praying in the upper room. They were not waiting on tables. They were not waiting on God. They were not waiting for the fire from the stove, but for the fire from above. They were detained by the command of God, and not entertained by the cunning of men. They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, not stuffed with a stew or roast.

Oh, I would like the cooking crew put out, and the praying band put in. Less ham and sham, and more heaven. Less pie, and more piety. Less use for the cookbook, and more use for the old Book. Put out the fire in the kitchen and build it on the altar. More love and more life. Fewer dinners and getting more sinners in the church. Let us have a church full of waiters on God, and a church full of servers, serving God.

*Because of size constraints, this version of **The Bible View** is condensed. Sign-up for the uncondensed weekly, e-mail version at:*

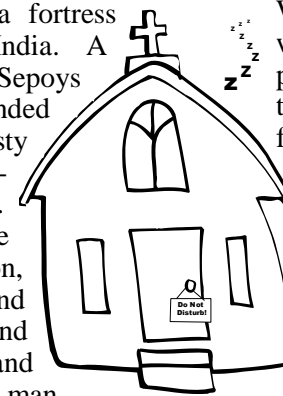
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A Sleeping Church

Charles H. Spurgeon

There is a fortress far away in India. A troop of Sepoys have surrounded it. Bloodthirsty vicious warriors they are. If they once gain admission, they will rend the mother and her children, and cut the strong man in pieces. They are at the gates. Their cannons are loaded. Their bayonets thirst for blood, and their swords are hungry to slay.



Go through the fortress, and the people are all asleep. There is a watchman on the tower, nodding on his bayonet. There is the captain in his tent, with his pen in his hand, and his dispatches before him, asleep at his table. There are soldiers lying down in their tents, ready for the war, but all slumbering. There is not a man to be seen keeping watch; there is not a sentry there. All are asleep.

"Why, my friends," you would say, "Whatever is the matter here? What can it be? Has some great wizard been waving his wand, and put a spell upon them all? Or are they all mad? Have their minds fled? Sure, to be asleep in war-time is indeed outrageous. Here! Take down that trumpet; go close up to the captain's ear, and blow a blast; and see if it does not awake him in a moment. Just take away that bayonet from the soldier that is asleep on the walls, give him a sharp prick with it, and see if he does not awake."

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Walking with God

D. L. Moody

Men going through the Rocky Mountains found an Indian trail where there was only one footprint, as if only one man had gone over the mountains. The chief went first, and all the rest of the tribe followed him and put their feet into his footsteps. That is what our Chief wants us to do. Jesus has passed through to the heavens and wants us to follow in His footsteps.

A Sleeping Church

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Surely, nobody can have patience with people asleep, when the enemy surrounds the walls and are thundering at the gates. Now, Christians, this is your case. Your life is a life of warfare. The world, the flesh, and the devil, that hellish trinity, is a wretched, unprotecting mudwork behind which to be entrenched.

Are you asleep? Asleep, when Satan has fireballs of lust to hurl into the windows of your eyes. Asleep when he has arrows of temptation to shoot into your heart. Asleep when he has snares into which to trap your feet? Asleep, when he has undermined your very existence, and slumbering when he is about to apply the match with which to destroy you, unless sovereign grace prevents? Oh! Sleep not, soldier of the cross! To sleep in wartime is utterly inconsistent and unwise. Great Spirit of God, forbid that we should slumber.

Good for Nothing

Charles H. Spurgeon

A teacher, speaking to a class of boys said, "Boys, here's a watch; what is it for?"

The children answered, "To tell the time."

"Well," he said, "suppose my

watch does not tell the time, what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing, sir," was their response..

Then he took out a pencil. "What is this pencil for?"

"It is to write with, sir."

"Suppose this pencil won't make a mark, what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing, sir."

Then the teacher took out his pocketknife. "Boys, what is this for?"

They were all American boys, and so they shouted, "To whittle with!"

"Suppose it will not cut, what is the knife good for?"

"Good for nothing, sir," they all agreed.

Then the teacher asked, "What is the chief end of man?" and they replied, "To glorify God."

"But suppose a man does not glorify God, what is he good for?"

"Good for nothing, sir."

That brings out my point most clearly. There are many professors of Christ whom I will not say that they are good-for-nothing, but me thinks if they do not soon stir themselves up to glorify God by proclaiming the sweetness of God's love it will go hard with them. Remember how Jesus said of the savourless

"A Christian is the keyhole through which other folk see God." — Gibson

salt '... it is thenceforth good for nothing ...'? What were you converted for? What were you forgiven for? What were you renewed for? What have you been preserved on earth for, but to tell to others the glad tidings of salvation and to glorify God? Do, then, go out with your hands full of the honey of divine love and hold it out to others to taste.

Funeral for Dead Church Members

Author Unknown

A funeral for dead church members was held in a church in Mississippi. The pastor, James Faulconer, placed the names of inactive church members in a small casket. In announcing his theme, the pastor stated, "When one ceases to function in the church program, he is most likely dead, and it is time for his funeral." This is quite true no matter how some members may dislike it.

The workers in a beehive sting the drones to death and get rid of them, as they are lazy parasites living off other's work. However, drones in a congregation may refuse to work or neglect to give, and still sit in the "amen" corner and get credit for being veritable pillars of their church.

As for the church critics who talk their heads off telling the world what is wrong with the

preacher and the church, it is very seldom that these people are either able or willing to offer a constructive suggestion. They are much like the "holding back strap" of horse and buggy harnesses. It was the traces and the collar that carried the load on the harness. The "hold back strap" just slowed everything down. The more church members who are pulling, the faster the church will move toward pleasing and living for God.

Here is a partial list of the "dead ones" whose names appeared in the casket:

- ◆ John Backslider
- ◆ Anna Lukewarm
- ◆ Margaret Indecision
- ◆ Alma Gossiper
- ◆ Edith Never Help
- ◆ John I. Dolittle
- ◆ Henry Never Give
- ◆ Frankly Against Missionaries
- ◆ Harry It-can't-be-done
- ◆ Lissa Sunday Headache
- ◆ Tom I-know-it-all
- ◆ Rachel Joy Killer
- ◆ Carl Changeable
- ◆ George Sleep Late
- ◆ Cliff Selfishness
- ◆ Maud Hatred
- ◆ Homer Temper
- ◆ Stella Impatience
- ◆ Robert I-am-too-busy
- ◆ The Critical Family

"There would be less faultfinding if all faultfinders had to come from the ranks of the faultless?"

"There are many in the Church, as well as out of it, who need to learn that Christianity is neither a creed nor a ceremonial, but a life vitally connected with a loving Christ." — Strong