

# JESUS

## Please Consider

The following has been copied from *The Bible Expositor And Illuminator*.

The knowledge of Christ is a purse full of gold; it will pay your way in all the strange places of life, and fetch you comforts more choice than any found in kings' houses; it will open gates closed to the wise of this world, and unlike earthly treasures, the more you spend the more you have.

The knowledge of Christ is a flower that never fades; carry it in your bosom and it will fill your life with fragrance. It is a light that cheers the darkest night; the longer it burns the brighter it grows, and fierce winds only make it shine more clearly; it turns a hovel into a palace, makes a rough road smooth, is easily carried, and costs nothing.

It is a well, whose crystal stream makes all around beautiful and pure, refreshes the weary passerby, never knows the drought of summer, and from life's morning to its latest eve flows steadily, carrying joy and song throughout its course.

It is a sunbeam from paradise, a smile from the face of God, the song book of saints, the harp of angels, the Bible of the New Jerusalem, the key to Heaven's treasury, and the passport into

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the presence of the King. It makes rainbows on storm clouds, transforms tears into pearls, and thorns into apple trees, and causes the desert to blossom as a rose.

It makes the heart larger than a kingdom, richer than a bank, brighter than a palace, and happier than a grove in which a thousand birds are singing. Get this knowledge above all things, increase it, teach it, live it and prize it above rubies, for it is your happiness, your glory, and your life.

## They Didn't Know That It Was Jesus. . . .

He seemed so much like everyone else — so ordinary — so human — but it was Jesus.

They met Him on the road to Emmaus (Luke 24:13ff). One of them was named Cleopas. Some have tried to associate him with the "Cleophas" of John 19:25 but this association is doubtful. Cleopas was merely some obscure disciple who is never mentioned again by name on the pages of the Holy Bible. His companion is not even named at all. If Jesus was going to appear to anyone surely it would not be to people like Cleopas and his friend, it would be to important people. Therefore, they walked with Him those miles to Emmaus and never knew that it was Jesus.

How could they know? He seemed so much like everybody else. His voice sounded like almost any voice that you would hear in the public square. His face did not bear some unusual expression which an observer might associate with Deity. His dress did not in any way distinguish Him from a million others who might have walked some dusty road on the same Spring afternoon. But nonetheless, it was Jesus.

This beautiful thought reminded me of a quotation from *The Nun's Story* by Kathryn Hulme. The old Mother Superior was admonishing the younger women in her charge regarding their conduct toward those whom they would encounter in their hospital ministry. Kathryn Hulme wrote it like this:

All for Jesus, Sister William had said in the ward, pulling on the rubber gloves. Say it my dear students, every time you are called upon for what seems an impossible task. Then you can do anything with serenity. It is a talisman phrase that takes away the disagreeable inherent in many nursing duties. Say it for the bed pans you carry, for the old incontinents you bathe, for those

sputum cups of the tubercular. 'tout pour Jesus', she said briskly as she bent to change a dressing full with corruption. Gabrielle, Jeannine, Charlotte . . . come closer and watch how I do this. You see how easy? All for Jesus . . . this is no beggar's body picked up on the Rue des Radis. This is the Body of Christ and this suppurating sore is one of His wounds. . . .", page 14.

Then, also my mind raced back to Matthew 25:31ff which describes the great Judgment Day. "I was hungered," said Jesus "and ye gave me no meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. . . ."

Why would anybody not help Jesus? The answer is quite obvious. They probably didn't recognize Him. Perhaps He looked too human or too ordinary. Perhaps He was disguised in the crippled body of a little child or shut away in the back room of some forgotten home for the aged. Maybe He chose to encounter us in the form of a troubled teen or an incorrigible inmate in some corrective institution. They would certainly have treated Him differently if only they had known that it was Jesus . . . but somehow they didn't know.

It is significant beyond words that those two on the road to Emmaus did not recognize Jesus until they sat down to eat with Him. Throughout the long afternoon they had profound discussions of current events and theology. Beginning at Moses and all the prophets Jesus had expounded unto them what the Scriptures disclosed about the ministry of the Messiah, but it was not until the intimacy of the evening meal that their eyes were opened so that they knew that He was Jesus.

Perhaps this is the key to recognizing Jesus in our own day and age. Statistics on a page or casual traveling companions seldom touch our hearts or probe our souls. It is only when we become involved with people on a level much deeper than the cursory contacts which are normal in society that our eyes are really opened to see Jesus.

## **Here Is Truth** **(Abraham Lincoln and Jesus)**

At twenty-two minutes past seven on the morning of Saturday, April 15th, 1865, in the city of Washington, President Abraham Lincoln breathed his last. This simple statement of historic fact marks the close of a red epoch in the history of the United States — of the world. How vividly the incidents of that heroic life and tragic death come thronging to the mind. From the frontier wilderness to the lawyer's office, from the law office to state house, thence to the presiding seat over that nation, which by God-given wisdom he preserved from the hand of the spoiler for four years — for all coming time. Then from the valley of martyrdom, while village bells are tolling and great cities wear the trappings and the suits of woe, and a nation is dumb with grief beyond expression, he is born through the avenues of weeping millions from the Potomac to his prairie tomb.

One of the finest biographies of the great Emancipator was written by two of his personal friends; John Nicolay and John Hay. These men served Lincoln as his official Private Secretary and Assistant Secretary. Day by day they sustained to him relations of the closest confidence; they heard from his own lips his motives and designs; they shared his perplexity and care; and when the end came one of them was present at the death-bed and saw his lamp of life go out. These authors were the friends of Lincoln's friends. They had unceasing contact with all the sources of information. They belong to the nationality and had a part in the historical events which led up to the tragic facts of which they write. Their style denotes calmness of temper, discrimination of judgment and candor of statement.

In the courts of the land three crucial tests are applied to all the evidence before it is deemed credible. *1st* — Did the witness have opportunity to know the facts? *2nd* — Had he sufficient intelligence to judge the facts? *3rd* — Is he honest in his delivery of

the facts? Nicolay and Hay satisfy these tests. Their history is true.

Another great Emancipator died by assassination — probably in the month of April. There are many similarities in their lives. Both accomplished their lifework in three or four years time; both acted in full view of a multitude of witnesses; both were engaged upon errands of great importance to the world and its future; both were possessed of high moral purposes, both sought to emancipate mankind, the one from spiritual the other from physical bondage; both possessed ardent friends and bitter foes; both suffered tragic deaths because of the mission in which they were engaged. To paraphrase a national verse: Christ died to make men holy, Lincoln died to make men free.

The biography of Lincoln is eagerly accepted by thousands of readers. The veracity and truth in Lincoln's life will stand in any court of law. The biography of Jesus is eagerly accepted for the same reason.

Consider, for example, the biography of Jesus written by John the Apostle. John was a Galilean fisherman with a respectable family. He was favorably known to the family of the High Priest, by which acquaintance he and his friend Peter gained entrance to the preliminary trial of Jesus. John was a constant companion of Christ throughout the years of his ministry and was even present on such special occasions as the transfiguration, the raising of Jairus' daughter, and Christ's prayer in Gethsemane. He was present at the cross and witnessed all of the horrible details of the crucifixion. He outran Peter and came first to the tomb on the morning of the resurrection. He personally witnessed the resurrected Saviour on various occasions and at Christ's own request he received Mary, the mother of Jesus, into his home and cared for her until her death. His Christian ministry began in Jerusalem and eventually carried him to Ephesus where he suffered for the cause of Christ. The facts of his testimony were constantly affirmed without variation throughout the entirety of his life — neither banishment nor threats of death altered his testimony regarding Jesus, His ministry, and His glorious resur-

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rection. Here is a history that stands like a Gibraltar in any court of law and affirms every cardinal fact of the Christian Religion.

We are writing to you about something which has always existed yet which we ourselves actually saw and heard; something which we had opportunity to observe closely and even to hold in our hands, and yet, as we know now, was something of the very Word of life himself! For it was *life* which appeared before us: we saw it, we are eyewitnesses of it. It was the very life of all ages, the life that has always existed with the Father, which actually became visible in person to us mortal men. We repeat, we really saw and heard what we are now writing to you about (I John 1:1-3 Phillips).

Condensed from *A Lawyer's Examination of the Bible*  
by Howard Russel

