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## THE BIBLE

Twenty-seven years ago, with the Holy Spirit for my guide, I entered this wonderful temple that we call Christianity. I entered through the portico of Genesis and walked down through the Old Testament's art gallery where I saw the portraits of Joseph, Jacob, Daniel, Moses, Isaiah, Solomon and David hanging on the wall; I entered the music room of the Psalms and the Spirit of God struck the keyboard of my nature until it seemed to me that every reed and pipe of God's great organ responded to the tuneful harp of David, the sweet singer of Israel.

I entered the chamber of Ecclesiastes, where the voice of the preacher was heard; and into the conservatory of Sharon, and the lily of the valley's scented spices filled and perfumed my life. I entered the business office of Proverbs, and then into the observatory room of the prophets, where I saw telescopes of various sizes pointed to far-off events, but all concentrated upon the bright and morning Star which was to rise as an atonement for sin.

I entered the audience room of the King of Kings, and caught a vision of His glory from the standpoint of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, passed into the Acts of the Apostles where the Holy Spirit was doing work in the formation of the infant church. Then into the correspondence room, where sat Paul and Peter, James and John, penning their epistles. I stepped into the throne room of Revelation, where towered the glittering peaks, and saw One standing there, fair as the morning, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and I found the truest Friend that man ever knew; when all were false I found Him true.

—Billy Sunday.

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For whom Jehovah loveth he reproveth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.—Proverbs 3:12.

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As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.—Prov. 25:25.

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In thee, O Jehovah, do I take refuge; let me never be put to shame.—Psalm 71:1.