



The Morning Cometh!

Even to your old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. – Isa. 46:4

Fifty-one years ago God sanctified my soul, revealed Christ in me, and flooded me with love. And now I am at the evening time of my life, and semi-blindness has fallen upon me, so that I can neither read nor write. This gives poignant meaning to the words of Jesus, "The night cometh, when no man can work"; but when the night falls, the eternal stars shine out.

But the morning also cometh – the morning without clouds, the morning of a day in which there is no setting sun, where God himself shall be my everlasting Light. And with the morning will come the vision of His dear face who loved me and gave himself for me; who redeemed me and washed me from my sins in His own precious blood and made me a glad child of God.

In that blissful day will come the sweet reunion with those we have long since loved and lost, and with the saints and soldiers of Jesus, the apostles, prophets, priests, kings, and martyrs – the great army of witnesses that have so thrilled, inspired, and helped to guide me in right paths through long years.

I am old. The weight of the years press upon me, but I am one of the gladdest old men in the whole, round world. I am ever hearing whispers of love, and my evening time is all light.

From this mountain peak of 75 years I send words of cheer and hope to my comrades toiling in the lowlands and struggling up the rocky steeps. Come on! Be not fainthearted! Tarry not by the way! It's better on before! Don't grow weary in well-doing! Never cast away your confidence!

Trust Him! Rejoice in Him! And go forward where He leads in glad obedience and in willing self-denial, and you will find, with me, that "at evening time it shall be light." Hallelujah!

John 9:4; Zech. 14:7