

*O LORD our Lord, how excellent [is] thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. (Psalms 8:1)*

As the work of art comes out of the artist, and is only a token testimony of his soul; as the beauty of a bird's song is no more than a whisper of the intricacies and marvels of the bird: so a skyscraper, 1/4 mile high is dwarfed by the 5-foot 8-inch architect who built it. And the illimitable vestries of the universe, with its unsearchable mysteries is but a *suggestion* of the infinite God Who spoke it all into existence out of Himself.

Dear friends, hell has come to the top of the ground, and saints are suffering everywhere. Yet in it all we are finding our God more than sufficient. May we take this precious opportunity, as our Spiritual Father, to glorify God in the fire!

-C.M.