



And when he [Herod] had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judaea: for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel [Matt. 2:4-6].

When Herod asked the scribes this question, they didn't have to search the Scriptures for it; they knew where it was— Micah 5:2. As a matter of fact, they could quote it. They knew all about the coming of the Messiah. The problem was that their knowledge was academic rather than vital. It was not personally meaningful to them. They are examples of folk who know the history contained in the Bible and they know certain factual truths, but these things carry no personal meaning for them.

I wonder today how many people are really looking for the coming of the Lord. We talk about it, and we study a great deal about prophecy. Would you really like to see Him right now? Suppose He broke in right today where you are and into what you are doing. Would He interrupt anything? Would you like to say to Him, "I wish that You would postpone your visit to some other time"?

- Dr. J. Vernon McGee

## The Night Before Jesus Came

'Twas the night before Jesus came,  
when all through the house,  
The Bibles were lain on the shelf without care  
In hopes that JESUS would not come there;

The children were dressing to crawl into bed,  
Not once ever kneeling or bowing a head.  
And Mom in her rocker with baby on lap  
Was watching the Late Show while I took a nap.

When out of the East there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash!

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But angels proclaiming that Jesus was here,  
With a light like the sun sending forth a bright ray  
I knew in a moment this must be THE DAY!

The light of His face made me cover my head  
It was Jesus! returning just like He had said.  
And though I possessed worldly wisdom and wealth,  
I cried when I saw Him in spite of myself.

In the book of Life which He held in His hand  
Was written the name of every saved man.  
He spoke not a word as He searched for my name;  
When He said "it's not here" my head hung in shame.

The people whose names had been written with love  
He gathered to take to His Father above,  
With those who were ready He rose without a sound  
While all the rest were left standing around.

I fell to my knees, but it was too late;  
I had waited too long and thus sealed my fate.  
I stood and I cried as they rose out of sight;  
Oh, if only I had been ready tonight.

In the words of this poem the meaning is clear;  
The coming of Jesus is drawing near.  
There's only one life and when comes the last call  
We'll find that the Bible was true after all.

"It is not for you to know the times  
or the seasons, which the Father  
hath put in his own power" Acts 1:7