**THE SILVER LINING - MESSAGES OF HOPE AND CHEER BY JOHN H. JOWETT**

**09. LIGHT ALL THE WAY by JOHN H. JOWETT**

*"I am the light of the world."*

*John 8:12*

"I AM the light!" breaking up the empire of darkness, making things luminous by the gracious rays of His own presence. "I am the light of the world," breaking upon the tired eyes of men with the soft, quiet glory of the dawn. Twice recently has it been my privilege to watch the sun rise in circumstances of unusual beauty. Long before his appearing we had tokens of his coming. The horizon, and the clouds that gathered in little flocks about the horizon, and banks of clouds further remote abiding motionless in the highest places, beg-an to clothe themselves in appropriate raiment to welcome the sovereign of the morning. Dull greys, gleaming silver, deep reds, dark purple--all available hues were to be seen in that array. Then in the fullness of time the great flame rode out among the encircling glories, making them all appear dim and faint in the presence of his own effulgence.

"I am the light of the world"; and before His coming, His appearance was foretold in tokens of purple and gold. Here and there, in Isaiah and Jeremiah, we have great peaks tipped with the light of the coming day, suggesting the glory in which the whole world would be bathed in after time. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd"; is not that a fore-token of the tenth chapter of John? "Liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound"; is not this the herald of the wonderful happenings which thrill the gospel story through and through? And then, after all these golden hints of promise, there came the Sun, the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings, and the whole world passed into a new day.

"I am the light"; and what multitudes of things He illumined I He threw light upon the character of God, upon the nature of man, upon the beauty of holiness, upon the abominableness of sin. He revealed the poverty of the far country, and with a clear, winning light he showed the way back home. The illumination touches everything, enlightening and quickening everywhere. Let me narrow our subject, and bring our consideration into certain immediate aspects and needs of the personal life. Christ is the light and I need Him. When? Where? I need a light in the unknown day of life. I need a light in the unknown night of death. I need a light in the unknown morrow beyond. I want my Lord to-day, to-night, to-morrow.

I need the light in the unknown day of life. If I interpret myself aright I am in need of three great primary things: I want to see the right way, I want to love it, and I want power to walk in it. The Light of Life will satisfy all these needs and equip me throughout my pilgrimage. How shall we interpret light? Let us begin here. Science tells us of the conversion of forces, how one force can be translated into another, how motion can become heat and heat become light; and this process of translation can be reversed. Our scientific papers have been recently telling us of a great experiment which has been tried in America. A vast machine was invented in the shape of a gigantic windmill, the arms being composed of reflectors catching the light of the sun. The concentrated light, in the form of heat, was then made to generate steam, and the steam was used to drive complicated machinery.

Now in this wonderful invention we have illustrated the process of transformation by which light is converted into heat and heat into motion. In light we have the secret of fire, and in fire we have the secret of movement. So that when my Lord uses the figure of light I may find in its spiritual suggestion satisfaction for all other needs of my life. "I am the light," not only to make lucid but to make fervid, not only to make fervid but to make operative. The light illumines; the light kindles; the light empowers. The Lord brings to me light that I may know, warmth that I may feel, and power that I may do. He satisfies the mind, He inflames the desire, He communicates energy to the will. In my mind I need the light! "Lord, give me light to do Thy work." When the Saviour of the world takes up His abode in me, illumination is conveyed to two of my powers; the conscience is made to shine with the distinctiveness of a lighthouse, and the judgment glistens with the brightness of a sharp sword. The "eyes of my understanding" are enlightened, and the lamp of the conscience is never suffered to grow dim.

In my desires I need warmth! Bright ideas would not adequately serve my need. If I am cold in desire the lucid ideal will have no allurement. "Lack of desire is the ill of all ills." And when the revelation has been given, aspiration is needed. How often this healthy desire is mentioned in the Word of God! "They desire a better country." "Desire the sincere milk of the Word." "Desire spiritual gifts." Now it is this desire which the Light of the World enkindles. He makes me not only to see the ideal, but to become fervid in spirit. He makes His disciples "burning and shining" lights.

And I need strength in my will! The power to see and the power to feel would not give me perfect equipment. I need the strength to move. In the illustration I employed it was seen how light could be translated into the power of motion; and the Light of Life conveys energy to the spirit which enables it to follow the gleam. In Him we live and move. "It is God that worketh in you to will." And so in light and warmth and power the Lord will be to me all that I need in the day of life. I shall know His mind, I shall love His appearing, I shall be strengthened to move at His command.

But the night cometh! I shall need Him to-night. To-night I shall have to lie down and die. Is there any light? "I am the light." He claims that to those who are in Him the night shineth even as the day. What does my Lord do in the hour of death to break up the reign of darkness? He gives us the cheer of sovereignty. "All things are yours ... . death!" Then I do not belong to death? No, death belongs to me. Death is not my master, he is my servant. He is made to minister to me in the hour of translation, and I shall not be enslaved by his approach. That was a true and beautiful word uttered by Mrs. Booth when she was passing home: "The waters are rising, but I am not sinking!" Death was her minister, floating her forward to glory. "All things are yours ... . death." And my Lord further softens the night by the gracious light of fellowship. "I will be with thee." When we are in fine and congenial company how the time passes! The hours slip away and we marvel when the moment for separation comes. And so it will be in death! Our company will be so rich and welcome that the season will pass before we know it. I think the Christian's first wondering question on the other side will be: "Am I really through? Really?" "Even the night shall be light about thee." It matters not how stormy the night may be, the Light of Life shall never be blown out. "At even-tide it shall be light."

And what about the morrow? When the river is crossed, is there any light upon the regions beyond? Am I to gaze into blackness, impenetrable, inscrutable? "I am the light." What kind of light does He give me here? "In my Father's house!" Is there not a softening gleam in the very phrase? Look here for a sheaf of rays of welcome light. "In my Father's house," there is our habitation! "I go to prepare a place for you," there is the preparation for us! "I will receive you unto myself," there is a welcome for us! Does not this throw the soft light of the morning on the Beyond? The same light which has been given to me along the way of time will shine upon me in the realms of the new day. "The Lord God is the light thereof." So, you see, it is Jesus all the way; my light to-day, tonight, to-morrow!

"I heard the voice of Jesus say:--

I am this dark world's light.

Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,

And all thy days be bright.'

I looked to Jesus and I found

In Him my star, my sun:

And in that Light of Life I'll walk

Till travelling days are done."