

Devoted to Evangelism, Missions, and Bible Doctrines.

The Baptist Examiner

The Paper With a National Circulation

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel."

"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them" (Isa. 8:20)

WHOLE NO. 202

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News From Brazil

Recife, Pernambuco
Nov. 3, 1941

Dear Brother Gilpin,

Your letter containing the check for \$158 came Friday. Many thanks. I suppose by now you have received my acknowledgement of the August check.

I have been here for the past eight days helping Brother Whitley in a meeting. Had only one profession. In praying about the meeting, I was burdened to ask the Lord to use me in strengthening the church, and it seems that was the major thing accomplished.

Baptists are dreadfully weak in these parts. My wife and children are at a little place in the mountains at an altitude of 2000 feet or more (so I am told). She writes me that the pastor there is very weak. Sunday before last, having already heard the pastor of the church refer to the word "water" in John 3:5 as signifying baptism, I preached on that passage, and gave five reasons from the passage itself why "water" could not refer to baptism. By the way, that pastor is a graduate of the Seminary here in Recife. My wife said that he said (after I had shown that the word "water" in John 3:5 could not refer to baptism), "We should not tell people that baptism does not save, as they are liable to think it has no importance." Think of that! If he said that in my wife's presence, wonder what he says when we aren't there? I may get in some more strokes for the Truth while we are there.

If there was an opening there, I would love to stay. Cost of living is very low as compared with here in Recife, and the climate is fine. The children are really coming out of the "kinks." Both Boyce and Sarah were bothered with their hearts being weak there in Belem, but already Sarah can outrun a rabbit nearly, without her heart palpitating unduly. Although I took a terrible cold immediately upon arriving there, and was there only ten days, I gained

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It Pays

The following incident is told regarding Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia. One Saturday he asked his clerks to come the following day and help unload a vessel which had just arrived. One man refused to come back on the ground that it was Sunday. Mr. Girard said, "If you cannot do as I wish, you may leave." "I know that," said the young man; "I also know that I have a widowed mother to care for, but I cannot work on Sunday." "Very well,"

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A TRUE LOVE STORY

By E. H. Ironside

It has been said that the whole world loves a lover. The story of love began with our first parents, Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden and has continued down through the centuries to the present time. Although it is an old story, the love affairs of man still hold the interest of the entire world. Not many years ago, all the world held its breath while a king of the greatest Empire in the world decided whether he would be true to his people and their trust and responsibility of duty, or leave it all for "the woman he loved." The per-

sonal and private love affairs of individuals have often become of national and international interest. The love story that holds the most interest for man has always been where a lover gives up his life for his loved one. It never fails to excite interest and sympathy from all.

"Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend."

Sometimes our lives are drab indeed; often they are lonely. Many people would give anything they

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A Child's Witness

I was asked to take a Bible class of very rough girls in the absence of the regular teacher. Although feeling quite unable to take such a class, I thought it would be a pity to let them go drifting about all the Sunday afternoon, so I decided to take it.

As I was interested in a little girl who was a child of wealthy but worldly parents, I invited her to come with me and sing "Jesus bids us shine," a hymn I had recently taught her.

We sang two hymns, and after prayer the little girl sang her hymn, her sweet childish voice sounding clear and distinct. The girls were very quiet, and we read I John 4:19, "We love Him because He first loved us." I made the lesson as simple as possible. I noticed the little girl, whom we will call Daisy, was just drinking in the words, as were also the other girls, many of whom hardly knew the meaning of love.

We repeated the verse all together, substituting the word "me" for "us." "I love Him because He first loved me." I asked, "Do we love Him? How have we shown our love to Him? Have we come to Him for forgiveness for all our sins?" Then I enlarged upon the wonderful love of Christ, His sufferings and death on the Cross for us. I closed with an earnest appeal to them to come to Christ.

We separated, and when all the girls were gone, little Daisy came up to me and said, "I did not know Jesus loved me so much. I thought He only lived to punish naughty people." And looking up into my face with her pure blue eyes, she said, "I should so like to thank Him for His love, and to love Him in return."

I took her to my room, and after talking and praying with her, Daisy's voice rose in prayer. "Jesus, You have been so very kind to love me all these years. I did not know it but now I do know. I will love You with all my might if You will kindly help me, and teach me how to shine for Thee. Amen."

She lived quite near, and I took

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The First Baptist Pulpit

"TEARS IN HEAVEN"

(Delivered Thanksgiving Morning, November 20, 1941)

Read Revelation 7:9-17; 21:3, 4; Isaiah 25:8.

I presume, beloved, that it is unnecessary for me to remind you that this world is but a vale of tears. I speak from my own experience to declare this is true. From my observation of the experiences of others of my brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus, I am still further convinced that this world is but a vale of tears. I think it was with that thought in mind that Tennyson said,

"But O for the touch of a vanished hand;
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

I am sure it was that same sentiment that was in the heart and in the

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My Motto

By R. C. Pender

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and affection sealed until your friends are dead and gone. Fill their lives with kindness, speak cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind words you mean to say, say them before they are gone; the flowers you intend sending for their coffins, send them now to brighten, cheer, and make happy

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JOHN R. GILPIN EDITOR

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A CHILD'S WITNESS

(Continued from Page One)

her home. She went into the drawing-room, where her mother was sitting, very fashionably and extravagantly dressed, reading a novel. Daisy went up to her and said, "Mother dear, I find that Jesus has loved me ever since I was a tiny baby, and I didn't know it, but I have given my heart and self to Him now."

The mother looked surprised and sent the child to the nursery. After tea Daisy and the other children came to the drawing-room as usual, and Daisy asked her mother if she knew that Jesus loved them all so much. The mother replied, "Oh yes dear, I knew that when I was quite little." "Then why did you not tell us about it?" said Daisy. "Will you read it to me from the Bible?" But there was no Bible in the house.

When I called for her in the evening to take her to the service, she told me that they had no Bible, and she did not think she would know how to serve Jesus unless she could read it. I gave her the one I had with me, and I also gave her the Children's Scripture Union Card, and told her always to pray before reading.

She often spoke to her mother about God's love, and it was noticed how wonderfully sweet and obedient she became. About six or seven weeks had elapsed when I called on the mother. I could see she had softened, and I ventured to speak of Daisy's conversion, and at once she opened up her heart to me, and said she had wasted her whole life in pleasure and it had not satisfied her.

After some talk she yielded herself to Christ, and when I was about to leave she said, "What will my husband say? He won't like it, and I never can go to the theatre with him again; I could not now."

I told her to tell her husband that Christ had died for her and that she had let Him have that for which He died. She asked me to stay to dinner as she felt she would have more courage to tell him. We prayed for him, and when we were halfway through dinner she told him she had given herself to the Lord, and intended serving Him in the future. He sat perfectly quiet for a few seconds, while I inwardly prayed for them both, when he looked up and said, "I am very glad, dear. By the grace of God you shall not serve Him alone. I will do the same."

Instead of finishing with dessert, we had prayer and praise together. Thus the seed sown in the young heart had borne fruit, and I had the joy of seeing two of the other children won for Christ, and Daisy has a desire to go to the foreign mission field when she is old enough.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." — John III 16. From "A Message From God."

A TRUE LOVE STORY

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possess for romance and love. There is a love that each one may have as his own possession and share with others. This romance began before the world was formed, in the heart of God the Father. The second step of this marvelous romance was at the cross, nineteen hundred years ago, where the greatest lover of mankind was nailed to a cross. It was there He gave His life a ransom for many (those He loved so dearly).

"For God so LOVED the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

Those who accept that love, and the Lord Jesus Christ as their own personal Saviour, are made one with Him and co-heirs with Him just as a bride, in marrying the one she loves, has co-equal interest in all his possessions and his heart interest becomes hers.

From the time we accept our blessed Lord as Saviour, and our heart responds in love, the Holy Spirit of God, the third person of the Holy Trinity, takes up His abode and indwells every believer in Christ.

That serves two purposes. It insures the believer in Christ that he will never be alone as long as he lives. The Comforter will always be by his side guiding and caring for him. Someone has said that from the moment God saved him he has not known what it is to be alone. He also becomes the surety of the One who loved us and gave Himself for us until we see the fulfillment of the love of God the Father, the love of God the Son, and the love of God the Holy Spirit, when the One who gave Himself for us will return and call us to be with Himself, completing the greatest romance and love story the world has ever known.

Let me ask you a serious question? It is so serious that everything you are, or ever will be, depends upon it. Have you availed yourself of this love? If not, you will face a lost eternity utterly devoid of love and the presence of the One who gave the supreme sacrifice for you. If you do accept eternity will be spent basking in His marvelous love. You must see yourself as a helpless, undone, sinner unable to face the presence of God with the penalty of the broken Law, which is death, resting upon you. He died to give His life for yours that the Law might be satisfied and you go free. You will then become a new creature in Christ Jesus. The old things will pass away; behold, all things become new and you

will have passed from death unto life eternal. Eternities will never be able to plumb the depths, or reach the heights, of such an unfathomable love.

IT PAYS

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sir," said the proprietor, "go to the cashier's desk and he will settle with you." For three weeks the young man walked the streets of Philadelphia looking for work. One day a bank president asked Mr. Girard to name a man for an important position in a new bank which was about to be started. After reflection Mr. Girard named this young man. "But I thought you discharged him!" "I did," was the answer, "because he would not work on Sunday; and the man who will lose his position from principle is the man whom you can trust in an important place." "Them that honour Me I will honour, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed" (I Sam. 2:30). W. W.

NEWS FROM BRAZIL

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two pounds. That puts me up to 152. It is hard to understand, but this climate really weakens one.

The tracts I have written are very brief ones, but I shall send them along in a few days, if the Lord wills. After five days of effort, I now have a box. The number is 680.

I suppose no one was more surprised than I when the Lord indicated we were to leave Belem. He nearly had to knock me in the head to get me to see it, but I want to serve Him wherever He thinks best. There are more Baptists here, and the people are a trifle stronger in their convictions than those farther North. In fact, there they hardly have convictions, so when one claims to be saved, it is difficult to note any difference in the life.

May the Lord richly bless you all is my prayer.

Yours in Christ Jesus,
C. W. Dickerson

"JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN"

In the little empire of Japan there is a beautiful mountain called Hanaoka, which, in the Japanese language, means, "The Mount of Flowers," so-called because of its famed beauty when the flowers of spring turn its slopes into a kaleidoscope of heavenly colors. It was upon this mountain that one of the most unusual scenes of consecration took place.

A few years following the first World War, a young American soldier was invited by the Japanese government to teach military tactics to her soldiers. He was a consecrated Christian with a burning desire to tell others of the saving grace of Jesus Christ. As soon as he was established in his new quarters, he began to spread the gospel among the soldiers. He spoke to them individually as often as possible, and on Saturdays and Sundays he gathered large groups in an old building and

preached to them. As a result, a great revival broke out. The teachers of Confucianism became enraged and immediately began a scourge of persecution which swept like a storm of battle from the enemy through the camps. It seemed as if the work of the missionary-soldier was going to be stopped, but he went to prayer one day and rose from his knees fully determined as to the action he would take.

That night forty Japanese soldiers and the one American soldier climbed to the top of Mount Hanaoka. The Mount of Flowers was fully arrayed in its summer floral splendor, and the soft night wind, sweeping over the gentle slopes, seemed to come as the sweetness of the breath of God, bringing peace and comfort to the hearts of the new born Christians. The full moon shed its silvery light upon the trail before them and shone upon faces that expressed hope, assurance, determination, and love.

Finally they came to the summit of the mountain, and there under the canopy of the heavens, with the stars shining above them as lights in the dome of a great cathedral, the group of Japanese knelt with their American leader and dedicated themselves to carry the gospel throughout the empire until death should release them from their task. Then they sang softly together the hymn that the American had taught them, "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken." In the sacred silence of that hour, the eternal God Who had chosen them, placed His hand of blessing upon them and sent them back down the mountain side into the face of persecution, trials, hardships — and death, for the cause of Christ.

Fax News

REPUTATION AND CHARACTER

The circumstances amid which you determine your reputation; the truth you believe determines your character.

Reputation is what you are supposed to be; character is what you are.

Reputation is the photograph; character is the face.

Reputation is a manufactured thing, rolled and plated and hammered and brazed and bolted; character is a growth.

Reputation comes over one from without; character grows up from within.

Reputation is what you have when you come to a new community; character is what you have when you go away.

Your reputation is learned in an hour; your character does not come to light for a year.

Reputation is made in a moment; character is built in a life time.

Reputation grows like a mushroom; character grows like the oak.

Reputation goes like the mushroom; character lasts like eternity.

—Virginia Baptist

You'll not understand pain until you understand that life is not a pursuit of happiness, a search for ease, but is a training for greatness.

TEARS IN HEAVEN

(Continued from Page One)

brain of Susan Coolidge when she wrote,

"Men ^{die} but sorrow never dies;
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain."

I am sure beloved, that it was with this thought, of this world being but a vale of tears, which prompted Job when he wrote, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble." (Job 14:1) I am positive, beloved, when Jeremiah gave to us the prophecy which bears his name, in the ninth chapter of that prophecy and the first verse, — I am positive that this argues but the same: "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" When the apostle Paul would write to the church at Corinth, in the second letter that he wrote unto this heretical, heterodoxical, worldly church, he reminded them that it was with tears. Listen: "For out of much affliction and anguish of heart I wrote unto you with many tears." (2 Cor. 2:4). That which was true in the experience of Job, and in the experience of Jeremiah, and the apostle Paul, is likewise the experience of the Psalmist David. Listen: "I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears." (Psa. 6:6).

I

I say to you, beloved, that tears and troubles and disappointments and heartaches and griefs are but the common lot of each of us here within this world. And, beloved, that which is true concerning our earthly pilgrimage for a few brief years in this experience of our life, will also be true when we make our abundant entrance into Heaven. I have already read to you these three Scriptures from Revelation 7, Revelation 21, and Isaiah 25, which tell us of God brushing away the tears from our eyes in Heaven.

I am satisfied that there are many even in this congregation this morning who have always thought otherwise, and have always had in mind that there would be no sorrow nor tears in Heaven. In fact, I think in thirteen years of pastorate here, I have never announced a sermon in advance that has caused more comment and more questions or more discussion than when I announced that I would preach this morning on the subject of "Tears In Heaven." So many have said, "But, Brother Gilpin, I thought Heaven was to be a place of inexpressible joy — that all pain, and grief and sorrow would be put away when once we made our entrance into Heaven." Yet, beloved, these verses from Revelation and from Isaiah picture to us the great God of the universe brushing away the tears from our eyes in Heaven. Then, my brethren, there must be tears in Heaven, for God to be able to brush them from our eyes.

II

When I first began to think of this, some seven or eight years ago, and when this the fact of tears in Heav-

en, first began to dawn upon my soul, I said, "How can there be tears in Heaven? How can there be sorrow in Heaven and Heaven still be Heaven? How can there be tears in that place of celestial happiness? What is there that might cause tears in Heaven?"

I would answer these questions this morning by saying that the tears shed in this world — every tear ever shed in this world — are all recorded there, they are all catalogued for judgment there. Listen: "Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?" (Psa. 56:8). David had a God who could see him, who knew all of his wanderings, and he said, "Lord, you have counted my wanderings, and Lord, put thou my tears into thy bottle. Are they not in thy book?" As if to say, "Lord, preserve them as an actual memorial, for you already have them written in Thy book."

I say to you this morning, beloved, that every tear that has ever been shed in this world, has been written down in the books which God keeps concerning His own. The tears of widows who have fought hard against the necessities of life on the one hand and the demands of the physical man on the other — the tears of widows are all recorded. The tears of orphan children are likewise recorded. How I thank God for this offering from our friends this morning for the orphans homes. Beloved, whereas this may help to ease and care for some orphan child, there are multitudes of orphan children in this country, and in Europe and Asia, who, this very hour, are weeping and God sees those tears.

I remind you that the penitent sinner who has looked to himself to see his sins and then looked away from himself to see his Saviour, and has turned to that Saviour rejoicing to know that he was saved, I remind you that the tears of penitence have all been recorded by God. Furthermore, the tears which spring from troubled souls are all recorded. Our Lord said, "Let not your heart be troubled," but we are troubled. Many times we are perplexed and cast down; many times we grieve inwardly; and many times there are tears on the inside that do not show up on the outside. My brethren, our God who catalogues the tears of the windows and the tears of the orphans, and the tears of the penitent, likewise sees the tears of troubled hearts, and they are all written down. And those tears, first of all are going to come up in Heaven. God has them catalogued; He has them recorded; He has them registered or preserved for judgment.

Yet, beloved, there are not only going to be tears that have been shed in this world that will find their final glorious solution yonder, but there will be tears of joy over there because of the souls that we have been able to lead to Christ here within this world. Listen: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." (Psa. 126:5, 6). Won't it be wonderful when we meet those in Heaven whom we have lead

to Jesus Christ while here on earth. Won't it be a marvelous day when Brother Dickerson, down there in Brazil, and those of us who have had a part in helping to keep him there, and the souls that have been saved through his ministry in Brazil, — won't it be a wonderful day when we sit down in heaven with those Amazons and Brazillians and weep tears of joy over their salvation because we have had a part in it. I think this morning of our own folk here. Won't it be wonderful when Brother Curnutte and Brother Paul Rece sit down in Heaven together. Won't it be wonderful when Brother Eli Williams and Brother Wayne Jordan sit down together. Won't it be wonderful, beloved, when this pastor and some of you whom he has lead to Jesus Christ, sit down together. As surely as there is a God that looks down from Heaven upon us, when we come face to face in His presence, there will be tears of joy over the souls that we have won to the Lord Jesus Christ.

But, beloved, there will be also tears in seeing the Lord Jesus face to face and beholding then the sufferings through which He has passed. Are you ever able to fully analyze the suffering through which Jesus passed? I read it in the Bible, but it does not impress me like I wish it would. I come to the Lord's Table to see the bread and the wine in memorial of Him who died for us, and I realize that this symbolizes His broken body, but somehow, I don't realize the suffering like I want to. I sit down and meditate upon it, but it does not fully grip me, and I do not fully grasp it as I would like to.

Yet, beloved, some day I am going to see those hands that were pierced at the cross, and those feet that had the nails driven through them, and that side that was riven with a spear, and that head that bore a crown of thorns — some day I am going to see Him with those prints of suffering still there within His body, for John tells us in Revelation five that he saw Him as the "Lamb slain," — the marks of His being slain were still there. Brother, tell me there won't be tears of joy when I see Him who died for me. Tell me that you that are redeemed by grace this morning, when you stand face to face with Him — tell me there will not be tears of joy within your heart and in your eyes when you see Him who gave Himself for you, and to know that it was Jesus who kept you out of Hell, and that it was the Lord Jesus who died to keep you from destruction. When we stand face to face with Him, I think that our hearts will overflow with tears of gratitude and joy just to know and see Him who died for us.

Men talk so much about wanting to see their mother and father and loved ones who have died and gone on to be with God. It is only a natural thing for it is only a human affection for one to do so, but beloved, "I long to see my Saviour first of all." It was Sir David Brewster, the great English scientist, who lay dying, and his daughter who had cared for him tenderly, said to him, "Father, by morning you will see Charley." Char-

ley was a little brother who had died in infancy. He replied, "I will see Jesus by morning." She spoke again and said, "You will see Charley by morning," and he said, "I will see Jesus by morning." Then thinking perhaps his mind was wandering and he did not fully grasp what she was saying, and wishing to comfort him in his last hour, she said again, "Father, you will see Charley before morning." He said, "Yes, it's true, I will see Charley before morning; but I will also see Jesus who made the world, who gave Himself for me, and who died for my salvation." Beloved, there will be tears of joy when we stand face to face with Him.

There will also be tears up there because of the victories that we have won through Him. The many victories that God has given to this pastor and to this church! We have never fully appreciated them like we should. We have never fully thanked Him as we ought to. I remember several years ago we went through a great experience here when the newspapers and all public sentiment seemingly was against us, and when men reviled us. I remember when we passed through that and came out on the victorious side, that a preacher stood here and said, "I thank God for your experience, but don't think it will be the last," and it hasn't been. That isn't the last time the Devil has attempted to wreck the ministry of this pastor nor the testimony of this church, but in it all, God has gloriously lead step by step and step by step. I turn to His Word and hear Him say, "I'll go with you all the way." I look backward over my experiences, and I can see that He has been with us every step of the way. When I stand in His presence, I will thank Him for the victories that we have won through His aid and His help. I expect when we sit down — this church and this pastor, together, in the presence of God to look over the record of 1941, — I expect there will be tears of joy in the eyes of each of us over the victories that God hath given to us this year.

But, beloved, there will likewise be tears on the part of Christians when they see the works for which they had hoped for rewards, go up in smoke and flames. Listen: "If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire." (Cor. 3:14, 15). I can imagine a saved man this morning who has spent his life building up an heretical organization — I can imagine a saved man who perhaps knowing that he was saved, and perhaps knowing that he was wrong, and yet because of pressure placed upon him by his own denomination, has remained within that organization and continued to go along with a heavy heart, knowing that he was spending his effort building up an organization that meant nothing in the sight of God and was contrary to the Bible — when that man sees all this burned away, tell me there will not be tears on the part of that individual. Oh, I think this morning of that individual who is here as a member of this church, or

a member of any of these Baptist churches, who has spend his life in building up that which is contrary to the Word of God, and his works are contrary to the things to this Bible—when he sees it all go up in smoke and flames, with nothing left except a soul—a naked soul in the sight of God—tell me there will not be regrets. Oh, I ask you, are you going to rush into His presence in that day with tears of joy, or will you come into His presence with tears of regret?

I think also, beloved, that there will be tears in Heaven because we have not done our duty as Christians. What duties does God impose upon us? Of the many, there are at least two that every child of God has imposed upon Him. One duty is that every child of God ought to go to God's house every time he has an opportunity. "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together." (Heb. 10:25). If there be a man or woman of this church, who, this morning, could have come to this service and has stayed away, that individual has certainly not done his duty before God. There is a second duty that God enjoins upon every saint and sinner alike. God says, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Mal. 3:10). Every man and woman, and every child who has one penny of income, owes God one-tenth of that which God has given him. You tell me when a Baptist in Russell comes up into the presence of God and stands before Him who died for you, and looks at those nail prints in the hand, and perhaps puts his hand into that riven side, then he remembers he has neglected opportunities in going to God's house, and he remembers the tithes and offerings that ought to have been brought, and remembers how that he has failed in other Christian duties—you tell me, beloved, that that individual is going to be very happy. I contend there will be tears in Heaven because Christians have neglected their duties before God.

I think also, beloved, of the souls that you might have won but have passed them carelessly by.

"Must I go and empty handed
Thus my dear Redeemer meet,
Not one soul with which to greet
Him,
Lay no trophies at His feet."

You walk into His presence saved by grace divine, but without a single soul to lay down at His feet, without a single one that you have ever lead to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, though you have been saved, do you mean to tell me you are going to be happy. There will be tears, not tears of joy, but tears because of our neglect of the lost.

I say again, beloved, there will be tears in heaven because of our worldliness. When I say worldliness, I do not mean out-broken sins, but, my brother, a man is worldly if he loves this world more than he loves God. A man

is worldly that may even come to church on Sunday. A man is worldly who may even attend prayer meeting on Wednesday night, but his heart is not there—his heart is in the things of this world. He is more concerned about material interests than he is spiritual interests. He is more concerned about the things of time than he is eternity. I say to you, therefore, beloved, there will be tears in Heaven because of our worldliness.

But I say also, there will be tears in Heaven over our unbelief of the promises of God. Look at them—from Genesis to Revelation this old Bible is just filled with God's promises—promises that buoy us up, promises that support us in the hour of grief and trial. Yet, so many times we have shown so much unbelief or disbelief regarding the promises of God. I thought of it yesterday, and I couldn't get away from it when I came to the study this morning—I thought how we literally laugh in the face of God over His promises. You remember how God said to Abraham, "Your wife, Sarah, is going to bear a baby." Sarah was ninety years of age, and Abraham himself was a hundred years old. Old Sarah was back in the tent. The Word of God said she laughed in God's face over His promise. You come to the New Testament. Jarius' daughter had died, and Jesus came to the house. He said, "The maid isn't dead, but sleepeth," and the Word of God says they laughed Him to scorn—they laughed in His face. Sarah and the crowd at Jarius' home are not the only ones that have ever laughed in the face of God. How many times God has said to you and to me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." (Isa. 43:2). Yet, we have tried to take things in our hands, and we have literally laughed in God's face with our unbelief.

How many times you have come face to face with some problem, and you have tried to work it out in your own strength. You have pulled political strings, you have worked religious strings, you have tried to work things out according to your own understanding, and in the end you came to realize you were actually laughing in the face of God. Beloved, this Bible was given to us to guide us, and these promises are ours to support us, and when we pass them by and pay no attention to them, surely when we stand in His presence, there will be tears because of our unbelief and failing to take God at His Word.

III

But you say, "Wherein is there any thanksgiving in that? If we are going to cry in Heaven, and if there are going to be tears shed in Heaven, wherein shall there be any thanksgiving?" What can cause us this day to be thankful? Listen, right now God comforts us from our sorrows here in this life. "And to you who are troubled rest with us." (2 Thess. 1:7). "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." (1 Pet. 5:7). Oh, my brother, where is there

thanksgiving when we contemplate the tears of Heaven? Here it is right here in this world, for when trouble overflows us here, thank God we have a comforter right now.

Beloved, if it be true that we have a comforter now, how much more shall we have a comforter then: What do each of us have to be thankful for this morning? What do I have this morning wherein to render thanksgiving to Him? If He comforts us now, how much more will He comfort us then. I like to think of God as omnipotent and sovereign. Nothing ever fills my soul so greatly as to preach on the sovereignty of God. I like to think of the God who swung the worlds into their orbits, and who hung the stars and the constellations in their places. I like to think of the God who spoke and this world became a reality.

This morning I would have you forget the fact that God is sovereign and omnipotent, and I would have you see God in a different light—the great, tender, compassionate, loving Father that He is, to wipe the tears from our eyes. Thanksgiving? Wherein do we have to be thankful this morning? What do I have today wherein to render my thanksgiving to Him? Why right now He cares for me, and over yonder, the one who saved me, and the one who loved me, and the one who gave Himself for me, is going to wipe away these tears from our eyes.

All these tears that have been left over from down here in this world, all these sorrows and heartaches on the part of the widows and orphans, all the tears of those with troubled hearts that have gone ahead to be catalogued in God's day, all the tears that we shall shed when we stand in His presence, all the tears of joy and the tears of sorrow, all the tears because of victories won, and the tears because of our carelessness in this world, when we stand in His presence and realize that the past, present, and future shall be one eternal now, beloved, it is then that God is going to wipe away all tears from our eyes, and then the Word of God says that there shall be no more sorrow, crying, and death, for the former things are passed away.

Beloved, I am looking forward to that day. I am thanking Him today for what He does for me now. I am thanking Him for the way in which He cares for me, now, but I confess, I am looking forward with thanksgiving to the day when He shall brush away all tears finally from our eyes. You say, "Wherein is there thanksgiving?" Why, beloved, look at it: What's the need of tears now, what's the need to worry and fret now? We have a God that is able to run the affairs of this world, so what's the use in worrying now? I like the words of the poem which says:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust Him for His grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His works in vain;
God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain."

Oh, how much we have for which to thank Him. He is back of us, He is before us, He is behind us, He is in front of us. He is leading His children along, and whatever comes, we know that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

All that I have said thus far applies to the child of God, and it applies only to the child of God. As a sinner man or a sinner woman this morning, what I have said means absolutely nothing, for you have now your sorrows, and hereafter you are going to have greater sorrows, for the Word of God says, "But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." (Matt. 8:12).

But how we thank God this morning that there is a way that men can be saved, and that's through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. How I do rejoice this morning that though unsaved men have no hope today for the future without God—how I thank Him that through Jesus Christ there is hope.

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

I wonder this morning if there is one here without that hope, who will today put your trust in Him. Now you have tears, sorrows, and troubles; but afterward, there will be more tears without Him, but with Him, those tears shall be wiped away. God bless you all!

MY MOTTO

(Continued from Page One)
their lives and homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of love and sympathy which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather have them now to cheer me in my weary hours that I may be refreshed and comforted by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain box coffin without a single flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the love, affection, and sympathy of my friends. Let us anoint our friends and loved ones beforehand for their burials. Post mortem kindness nor carloads of flowers do not cheer the troubled spirit nor bring sunshine to the weary life after it is gone.

My friends, flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way. So let us cast sunshine and bring joy today.