Isaiah - Commentaries by Albert Cecil Hayhoe

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Gospel—A.C. Hayhoe

I'd like you to turn with me tonight, please. First of all, to the prophet Isaiah. The 64th chapter of Isaiah. And the sixth verse, Isaiah chapter 64, verse 6. But we are all as an unclean thing. And all our righteousnesses are as. Filthy rags. We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rag. Notice, my friend, the Word we and the Word our. For I feel that in telling us the gospel message tonight, that each and every one of us must remember that this message, this voice, is from the heart of God to each and every one of us. And so I dare not point the finger at you, my beloved friend, but I trust. By the grace of God that each of us, myself most certainly includes. They feel the very finger of God pointed at us as we read the solemn message of God's Word. We we are all. As an unclean thing. Now this is not simply the statement of a man named Isaiah, and it is most certainly not my statement, but it is the word of God addressed to your heart and conscience and address of mine. And I believe that faithfulness on God's heart, its faithfulness from his pen, that you and I should open the Word of God and find a statement like this. Would it be faithful of God to withhold from you and to withhold from me? The true condition of our heart and His sight until that day, when too late and condemned, we stand before Him. I open this precious book, and although it condemns me utterly, I thank God for His faithfulness. In revealing to me the true condition of my heart in His sight for the Word of God, make no mistake, reveal the heart of man in a solemn and a faithful and a truthful way. And so I say in all truth to each and everyone in this company, that your heart and mind at this very moment. Is in either one or the other of two conditions. The one condition is this. You stand under the eye of God. Love and guilty and condemned and on your road to hell. Or you stand before gone. Save, redeem, pardoned and cleansed by the precious blood of Christ, and on your way home to the glory. My dear friend, are you willing at this moment to answer in the depth of your heart, in the presence of God? In which of those conditions are you at this moment? It is either the one or the other. And I repeat, either. You are lost and guilty and condemned and on your road to hell. Or you are saved. Redeemed and cleansed by the precious blood of Christ, and on your way home to the glory, thank God, by his matchless grace, I say, although I was once in that awful condition and all the peril that went with it, that tonight, by the matchless grace of God, I stand here. Saved and redeemed and cleansed by the precious blood of Christ. And on my way home to the glory, to meet the one that loved me and died to redeem me. But the burden of many a heart in this company. And I have heard that burden expressed in prayer a few moments ago. The burden, I say of our hearts, is this, that you, my dear friend, whether it be a boy or a girl or one of the dear young people, or whoever you may be.

That this might, you too may know the Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior. That this night you too may know that the heart of yours has been washed forever clean by the precious blood of Christ. Before the meeting, I sought a quiet place in which to be before the Lord. And I slipped here behind these curtains. And knelt down to pray for strength and for a message from the Lord. As I did so, I don't know who it was, but someone started to play music over here and over and over and over again. They played the melody. Have you counted the cost? If your soul should be lost, though, you gain the whole world for your own. Have you counted the cost if your soul should be lost? Have you counted? Have you counted the cost? It was borne in upon me most solemnly as I knelt there, and as that melody was repeated all over and over again. That if the Lord spared us to this gospel meeting, there would be souls in this company that are lost. Lost. Lost and on your road to hell. Have you counted the cost, my friend? And then, as I slipped away to the prayer meeting down the hall, one brother, I don't know who it was. Again, as he poured out his heart in prayer, he asked God that those who were present might count the cause of what an awful thing it would be to be lost. Forever. It's a solemn thing, my friend. To be lost here and now, for that is what the Word of God has to say as to the condition of your soul at this moment. If you do not know the Lord Jesus as your Savior, LOST, lost, I say it's solemn enough. Lost here and now in the moments of time and in the day of God's grace, that I'll pause, my friend, and think of this, this very moment as you are sitting listening to the gospel of the grace of God at this moment, I say. There are lost souls. Beyond hope in a lost eternity. And if the door of that prison house were open to this moment and you, my friend, could hear. What goes on in that awful place of eternal darkness? It would solemnize your heart. These are not my words, but the words of the Lord Jesus Christ who loves your soul. Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. For how long? 5-10 fifty years. It cannot be measured, my friend. The scripture says forever and forever. Any wonder that our hearts are burdens that we cried to the Lord, that the message of the gospel of His grace may reach your heart this night? That your eyes may be open at this very moment to see what an awful thing it is to be lost, and I would like, with the Lords help, to present the Gospel tonight. From 4 verses which speak of four garments, and this is one. We are all as an unclean thing and all our righteousnesses. Are as the filthy rice we eat ourselves in the sight of God are spoken of as an unclean thing. Do you doubt the truth of that? Would you like to stand up and claim that you are not in this category? My friend? May I just make this suggestion if the record of your life? With all its deeds, everyone. With all the words you ever uttered, everyone, and with every thought that ever entered your mind.

We're written down here, and I began to read it aloud. Would you bow to the truth of this verse? Does God hold you and me responsible for the thought of our hearts? Do we not read in the 6th chapter of Genesis? Every imagination of the thought of man's heart was only evil continually. God knows the thoughts of your heart and mine. God knows the words that have come from your lips and mine. God knows the deeds that we have done and He has recorded them everyone, and he has said we are all as an unclean thing. Shall I begin to read the record of your life? You bow to this statement, my friend. It's true. You and I, under the eye of God, are accounted and unclean thing. Could you, could I stand at the gate of heaven and claim admission there on the record of my own life perhaps? Perhaps we look around at others and feel that because other lives are dyed with more open stains than ours. That we stand a little better chance than someone else but the word of God. Make no mistake my friend, the word of God says we are all as an unclean thing and. All our righteousnesses are as filthy rag. This is the first garment and it's a very popular garment. Tomb. This garment was first formed in the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve when they knew that they had sinned and when they were aware of their nakedness. They sewed together figlies and made themselves aprons. They sought to hide their nakedness and their guilt from the eye of God, but they soon found that that could not be done. But we need not point back over the pages of history and accuse Adam and Eve. Where I feel, my friend, that everyone of us has been guilty of the same thing. In fact, I was

just recently struck in opening the scripture and reading Adam and Eve making these coats of skins. And we turn over to the New Testament and we find another man. Aprons of fig leaves, I should say. We turn over to the New Testament and we find another man whose name was Zacchaeus, and I think I see Zacchaeus also sewing fig leaves together to make an apron for himself. He stood in the presence of the Lord. Then he said, Lord, behold the half of my goods I give to the poor. One big leaf. If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold. Zacchaeus got two figures sewn together when the Lord stopped him. And the Lord said the son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. The Old Testament to the New, from Adam to Zacchaeus, from one end of the alphabet to the other, if you wish. Man has been found guilty of putting on this robe of his own, providing a robe of his own self righteousness, and here we find that in the sight of God. It's recorded here as nothing. But filthy rags? Yesterday we were reminded of a man who was reigning as king in Nineveh. And a messenger named Jonah came to that city and proclaimed in a short sermon of just 8 words, at least in our translation. Yet 40 days and Nineveh shall be overthrown. And what did the king of Nineveh do? Well, I've always pictured the king of Nineveh as he sat on that throne bar Been a very fine roll. He might have thought that this accusation of guilt concerned those of his subjects. Who perhaps didn't behave themselves as he did. But what did the king of Nineveh do? He rose up and laid aside his rose, covered him with sackcloth and sat in ashes. God wants you to do that tonight, my friend. God wants you to realize that the only blessing that you can receive.

Is yours, if you will lay aside this garment of filthy rags, this robe of self righteousness. There's a steam in which you hold yourself in the presence of those who know you, and never yet have you seen the eye of God looking down upon you. Nor the voice of God proclaiming unclean, unclean and clothed in filthy rags. Again I say, my friend, and I say it in love to your soul. Then unless you have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior, unless those stains of sin have been washed away, this is your condition. Unclean and clothed in filthy rags. Those filthy rags may bring many a compliment from your neighbors and from your loved ones. They may esteem you very highly for the good reputation you bear in the community, but my friend, that will stand you in no good state in the day when you meet the one who inspired the writing of these words. The king of Nineveh laid aside his robe and bowed low. And dust and ashes. And if we were to turn to, I believe it's Mark's gospel, we would find. A poor blind beggar. And he heard the voice of the Lord Jesus. He longed to stand before him, and to claim from him, if it were possible, sight for his four blind eyes. What did he do? He rose and cast aside his garment, and came to Jesus. Oh, my friend, from a king to a poor blind beggar. The robes were laid aside. What about two at that time? Ever come in your life, my dear boy or girl, my dear young friend? Whoever you may be, has the time come, my beloved friend, when you have honed all the two are and all that you have done will never, never, never fit you. For the day when you will step from time into eternity will never fit you for the glorious presence of that eternal One who longs to bless. All our righteousnesses are as. Filthy rags. We read in the 10th chapter of Romans. Perhaps we could turn to it for a moment. I believe it's so very important. Romans chapter 10. And verse 3. For they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves under the righteousness of God. Going about to establish their own righteousness. We meet so much of that today. We meet with those who when they are faced with questions concerning eternity. Well, just simply begin and end their conversation with a record of what I have done and what I hope to do. Going about to establish their own righteousness. But we reent Titus. Could we just turn to that verse also for a minute, Titus? Chapter 3. And verse 5. Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy, He saved us. Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy, he says. Someday I expect to be up there in the glory with the Lord Jesus Christ, and I quite expect to meet the apostle Paul up there. What is his title to be there? I believe he would tell us the same thing from the third chapter of Philippians. We won't take time to turn to it, but he says there and be found in him not having mine own righteousness which is by the law, but what the but the righteousness which is of God by faith. Our beloved friend, will you allow.

God to open your eyes at this moment to see yourself portrayed in the language of this verse. One who in the sight of God is unclean and clothed in the filthy rag of your own effort, your own righteousness, your own good deeds. Could we turn now to the 19th chapter of John? The 19th chapter of Dawn and the 23rd verse. Then the soldiers when they had crucified Jesus. Took his garments. And made four parts to every soldier of parts, and also his coat. Now the coat was without seeing, woven from the top throughout. They said, therefore among themselves, let us not rend it, but cast luck for it whose it shall be, that the Scripture might be fulfilled. Which says, they parted my raiment among them. And for my vesture, they did cast love. These things, therefore, the soldiers did. This is the second garment, beloved friend. And a solemn picture this is Bob did not simply look down at you and me in all our unclean guilt. God did not simply look down at you and me, clothed in the filthy rags of our own self righteousness and hide His face from us in our needs. God who is rich in mercy for His great love wherewith He loved us even when we were dead in sins. That one that very God who inspired the writing of the record in the 64th of Isaiah. So loved you and so loved me. Then He sent His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, into this world in order that you and I might know the love of His heart, in order that you and I might not need to stand in their filthy rags of our own providing. But in order that you and thy might be supplied with that which only God can supply. The robe of righteousness which some of us by God matchless grace, rejoiced to possess this night. But here we find the one who was sent from God's loving heart, the Lord Jesus Christ, God's eternal, well beloved Son. Hanging between 2 manufacturers. That's what men thought of God's beloved Son. That's what the heart of man. That is what my heart. Said to the Lord Jesus Christ, the longer he walked among men. The more He opened God's loving heart in the sight of man, the more their hatred against Him was made known. And here, having crowned him with thorns, having buffeted him, having spit in his face. They have Him nailed to the cross. But that, beloved, did not suffice. Wretched simple hands like mine. Tore the very garment. From Jesus Christ, the Son of God. For the very garment from Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Pour them in part. Past lost upon his vesture. Did God look down upon that? Did God see that shame, that horrible indignity heaped upon his beloved Son? He said, Why did he do that? Because, my friend, he wanted you to have a role that would fit you for that eternal glory. Because he wanted you to have a Savior. Oh beloved, as my heart goes onward in this story. If I see the Savior, the Son of God, hanging on that cross.

With all that shame and indignity heaps upon him, as I see those soldiers dividing his garments among them, I bow my head. In adoration, that's my savior. That one who hung there in all that shame upon the cross was none other than the sentiment of God, the one who loved you, the one who loved me. The one who did the father's bidding, though it led him to the cross of Calvary. Now the rending of these garments. Was not that which atoned for the guilt of my soul? After those three hours. May I speak in a way that might perhaps reach the dear children from 9:00 until 10, from 10 until 11, and from 11 until 12. The Lord Jesus hung there while guilty hearts like mine. Stood around him and mocked him in his agony and in his shame. They watched the soldiers as they tore those garments in pieces. And justice simply looked up and further ridiculed the Christ of God who hung there upon the cross. But from 12 Till 1. From 1 until 2. And from 2:00 until three, darkness covered the whole land. And the holy hand of the Lord Jesus Christ was bowed as all the load and guilt and shame of my sins. Was laid upon him. All alone and guilt and shame of my sins was laid upon the Lord Jesus Christ, and stroke after stroke of the wrath of God that ought to have fallen upon me and upon you, fell upon the head of the Lord Jesus Christ, the sword that should have been my portion forever. Wept

again and again through the very soul of the Lord Jesus Christ. Until after three hours, which no human eye could witness, the Lord Jesus cried aloud. It is finished, the work was done. The judgment was exhausted. The debt was paid. My Savior cried aloud. His head went down upon his bosom and vent. There hung the one who took my guilt upon himself upon the cross. And then a soldier with a spear came up that hillside and thrust the spear into the side of the one who hung there in death upon the cross. And from that wounded side there flowed the precious blood, which has been my theme and song for many a year now, and which will be my theme and joy forever. With all the redeemed and the glory. Oh, there's no need for you and I to stand before God in the filthy rags of our own self righteousness. The one whom God sent in love to redeem our souls has borne all that we deserved upon the cross. All our sins so great, so many have been laid upon him, and according to the wonderful language of the Word of God. The language of Scripture is exhausted. Could I just mention a few of the wonderful verses that come before me in connection with? Those many sins of ours, a 32nd Psalm. I believe it is blessed. It is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Isn't that good? Far better than being covered by filthy rags, covered by the very hand of God. Blessed is he whose sin is covered. Then in dawn one we read Behold the Lamb of God, which. Taketh away the sin of the world. Covered that ground, but taken away. Doesn't that sound better? And then we come to act 13 And we read, Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you.

The forgiveness of sin. Then we come to first Peter 2 when we read Christ Jesus through his own self. Bore our sins in his own body on the tree. First on one the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleansed us from all sins. Revelation one under him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood. The 44th of Isaiah I even I am he that bloteth out. Thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins. Anymore. I love those verses, don't you? Think of those sins. Covers taken away, forgiven. Burn on the body, the Lord Jesus Christ cleanse. Washed, blotted out, remembered. No more forever. Oh my friend, such is the happy state of those who have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as saviors. And on the other hand, I come back to that statement made at the beginning. If that is not the condition of your heart at this moment, in the sight of God, till you stand and our time is slipping away, my friend, still you stand. Love. Guilty, condemned. And on your road to hell. And there stands beside you the one whose garments were torn from him by the wretched hands of men. The one who bowed his holy and sinless hands, and received that which we deserve, and exhausted there the wrath of God upon the cross of Calvary. That one, beloved, the Lord Jesus Christ, turn to you now and offers you instead of that perilous condition in which you stand, instead of that unclean heart of yours covered over with filthy rags, He offers. That which he is now gloriously entitled to offer an eternal pardon and everlasting forgiveness, the assurance of sins forever blotted out to be remembered no more. Have you ever considered this matter? Have you ever, alone in the presence of God, answered the solemn question, Am I lost or am I saved? Am I on my road to heaven or hell? There's no issue more vital than this. There's no answer more important than this answer. In fact, may I pause here to tell a story? A story that was brought to my attention last evening. When a young boy who may well be here tonight, his name is Andrew. He came to me. And he said, Mr. Haywood like to tell you that I am saved now. I have accepted the Lord Jesus as my Savior. I met that boy about two or three weeks ago and he couldn't tell me that. And I inquired as to how it had taken place. That dear boy had listened to this story, which you may have heard before. A story that happened at the close of the Gospel meaning. In which man, guilt, and the wondrous love of God and the freshest blood of Christ had been made known. And at the close of the gospel meeting, this suggestion was This story was told. Of a family, a father, a mother, a boy and a girl who had attended the gospel meeting. And at the close of the meeting, the speaker suggested that on arriving at home, each one should take pencil and paper and write down if I die tonight. I will go to. And they were asked to fill in the appropriate and correct destiny and sign their names.

Family went home from the gospel meeting. The mother very joyously got four pieces of paper. He filled in her own immediately. If I die tonight, I will go to heaven. And she signed her name, and so did the dear boy in similar language, and so did the dear girl also with the same glorious destiny, but the Father. Who had been coaxed and begged into attending the gospel meeting that night. That with the newspaper open in front of him, his little boy came over to him and said, Daddy, you remember what the preacher said at the meeting tonight? We've all written out our paper. Here's mummies and here's my sisters and here's mine. Aren't you going to write one too? But the daddy pretended that he was not the least bit interested and continued reading his newspaper. The little boy was so disappointed. So in his stylish hand he wrote out If I Die Tonight. I will go to. He brought it again to his dad. He said, Daddy, please, won't you fill it in? Daddy became annoyed and he took his pen and he wrote HELL and signed his name and gave it to his boy. This little boy took that paper over the mother and the little sisters, and the three of them knelt down in sorrow heart before the Lord. But you know that Father was not as indifferent as he tried to appear. He finally put the newspaper down and took a look across the room and there was his dear wife and his boy, his girl on their knees. He knew what was the trouble. He knew that they were praying for him. And he went over enjoying them, knelt down beside them and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as His favor and quickly changed the last word on that page from hell to heaven. Well, dear Andrew heard that story told. I believe it was just a week ago tomorrow. And he went up to his room and got down on his knees and accepted the Lord's faith of Christ as his favorite. And I had the joy of having that dear boy confessed the Lord Jesus as Savior to me yesterday. Now, my dear friend, it's just as solemn as that. And it's just as simple as that. Your destiny is heaven forever. Or your destiny is held forever and that this very moment you are on the road either to the one or to the other. Could we turn over to the 15th chapter of Luke's Gospel? The 15th chapter of Lukes Gospel. Perhaps we will take time to read this story as I'm sure it's well known, but I do want to be read the 22nd verse. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. I love this story. I love to look upon it as God's wondrous answer to the shame and the indignity that we in our rebellion and our guilt heaps upon His own beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. For the garments, I say, were torn from the back of the Lord Jesus Christ and torn before his very eyes, and passed among those soldiers. They parted my raiment among them, and upon my vesture they did cast lots. Bring forth the best robe and put it on him. Oh, what a loving God we have that could look down at all that which the Lord Jesus suffered upon the cross, and in response could offer you and offer me this wondrous treasure. Think again of some of the language from the soul of the Lord Jesus. And he hung up on that cross.

I look for some to take pity and there were none. Like the Father pity of his children, so the Lord pity of them that fear him. But look for comforters and I found none. I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you. In my first they gave me vinegar to drink. To him that is athirst will I give the fountain of the water of life. By sinking deep mire where there is no standing, I am coming to deep Mars where the floods overflow me. When thou passes through the waters, I will be with thee through the flood. They shall not overflow thee. They that hate me without a caller more than the hairs of my head. The Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me away with Him. Crucify Him. Let us draw mirrors with a true heart in full assurance of faith. Refuge failed me was fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. No man cared for my soul. Casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you. My beloved friend, let me tell you this. That every blessing you can think of as one of the Lords redeemed ones cost him untold anguish upon the cross of Calvary, and those sweet promises will mean much more to your soul and mind if we trace in the Word of God what it cost him. That you and I might thus be blessed. My God, my God, why hast

thou forsaken me? I will never leave thee. Forsaken, here we have just one of those blessings that are ours, The road that is loving Hand delights the author, the one who looked down upon his son as the road were stripped from him in shame upon the cross. Now offer to you. A robe that will clothe you suited for glory forever. Bring forth the best robe and put it on him. My role, my fitness for the presence of God, is none other than the person of His own beloved Son, my Lord, my Savior, Jesus Christ, my robe of righteousness. Again I say at this moment, my friend, guilty, lost and naked before the eye of God, or redeemed and clothed forever in the robe of God, providing you remember well the story of the Garden of Eden. We remarked on their making aprons of fig leaves, but God provided them with that which cost the shedding of blood. Coats of skin made and provided and put on by God's own hands. To me, that's lovely. Bring forth the best robe and give it to Him. Oh no, the scripture doesn't say that. Bring forth the best robe and put it on him. Just see a poor unworthy Sinner. With his head bowed as he realizes his guilt, and the God of all grace clothes him in that robe of righteousness. And he is immediately fit for those courts of eternal glory. It was at a conference like this though in the city of Ottawa. Many years ago. I sat in the gospel meeting and it was by number means the first one. Over and over and over again. I had heard from my father and my mother. From my Sunday school teachers and from all dear men of God who faithfully and solemnly warned us and pleaded with us from the platform in Ottawa. And I knew that I was lost. I knew that I was guilty. I knew that I was on my road to hell. And that night, when a gospel meeting was over, I went to my home. I went up to my room. I knelt down and told him of my lost and guilty condition, and with the faith of a boy, for that's all I was.

With a faith, God-given faith. Good boy. I receive the Lord Jesus Christ as my Savior. Oh, you know, sometimes I feel that full stumble that the wonderful truth of the gospel because of its wondrous simplicity. If I went to a physician and he diagnosed some trouble that I knew nothing about, and he offered me as a remedy certain medication which again, I knew nothing at all about, would it be necessary for me to understand in detail all his diagnosis and the ingredients of this medication and their proportions and all the rest of it? I don't have the ability to. These things that I could believe, two things I could believe these diagnosis was correct. I could believe that the remedy was the right remedy and all I would need to do is take it. And if the diagnosis and remedy were correct, the result would be *******. And now my beloved friend, I want to tell you this, that God diagnosis in your condition and of mine is this. Unclean and clothed in filthy rags and God's remedies. God's remedy is offered to you tonight is own beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, the one who shed his precious blood that you and I might be redeemed, is offered to you tonight as God's remedy. When you accept the Lord Jesus as your Savior, will you own your guilt? Will you own your knee? Will you bow your head right where you are and in simple faith, as every other child of God has done in this company and simply. Receive the Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior. We have that awful robe of filthy rags. We have the garments that were stripped from the Lord Jesus Christ as He hung for our redemption upon the cross of Calvary. And now we have this glorious robe of God, providing that many of us have received with Thanksgiving. But there's one more robe. A very solemn of my friend. In the Book of Revelation. The 19th chapter, the 19th of Revelation and the 11 verse. And I saw heaven open, and behold, a White Horse. And he that sat upon him was called faithful and true, and in righteousness he observed to make war. His eyes were the flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns. And he had a name written that no man knew but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood. His name is called the Word of God. This has not yet happened. This, as we heard last night, is a voice that will be heard. And I believe very soon, I tell you this, my friend, with all that all man's bonded boasting, he's going to see this take place before his very eyes. He is going to look up into those heavens that now challenge his imagination, and he is going to see the heavens open, and he is going to see the man who hung up on the cross of Calvary, and all that shame come forth, not this time with garments torn from him by the hands of men. But clothed in a vesture dipped in blood. That solemn language, my friend, But it's true. And it's my responsibility to warn you that unless you have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior, unless your heart is cleansed from every stain by the precious blood of Christ, unless the record of your life up there in glory is whiter than snow through the virtue of that most precious blood. You, my beloved friend.

Will witness this most awful event. Lord Jesus is coming at any moment to call home to Himself each and everyone who has been sheltered by His almost precious life. I know it's an old-fashioned message. I know that the words saved and lost have been considered out of date for a long time now. I was just reading before I came away. The book written by one of the highest religious authorities in England. And I shuddered as I read that book. He was tearing this precious word of God to shred. And taking away all these realities, which means so much to the soul of the redeemed. Then giving utterly and absolutely nothing in return except a vain and empty philosophy with nothing for the future. My friend, let me tell you this. This book I hold in my hand proclaimed with no shadow of uncertainty. Two futures. One is the redeemed of the Lord, clad in that glorious robe of His own providing. And the awful future. Are those who will meet him as a judge. And a master dipped in blood, and his name is called the Word gone, the word of God. Isn't that a solemn statement? This precious book that is now being attacked not by atheists and influence, but is being attacked by the man of the purpose and torn to shred before the eyes of the dear children and young people? Oh, May God preserve you, dear boys and girls and young people. Ever to call this precious book the Word of God. For the Word of God it is from cover Cover. And you know why man wants to get rid of it. You know why man wants to tear pages from it and classify it as mythology. Because it contains the song Finger of God pointing to each and every one of Adams Racing, proclaiming you. Lost and guilty and on your road to hell or cleanse. Pardoned and redeemed and on your road to glory. I say again, the day is coming and I believe it to be very, very near. When the last gospel message will be sounded out. The redeemed of the Lord will be called home. Those who have not accepted Christ as Savior will be left behind. Will you just ask your heart now? If before we leave this room, the Lord were to come, and by hope He does, with that glorious shout of triumph and welcome, and all the redeemed in this company were called home, What about you, my boy? Would you be ready? What about you, my dear friend? Are you sure that as the eye of God looks down upon that heart of yours, it is cleansed from every stain by the blood of Christ? Why wait? Why wait another moment? Why not right now? Open your heart to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior? I say again, after we have been called home, the heavens will be opened and the Christ of God, the Word of God, will come forth. In power and majesty and vengeance close in a vaster dipped in blood. This world is guilty. God has a record of this world's guilt. Our brother pointed out to us this afternoon that the weight of the bride could not be found out. That which the Lord Jesus endured for my sake from the hand of God can never be measured by mortal man. But the weight of the nails was found out, and it was recorded. Way to the males, my friend, the Guild of man. It's been recorded, the weight of the mail, think of that is written down in the building of Solomon's temple and all the indignity that man heaps upon the Lord Jesus Christ, even to the male that were driven into his holy hands. It's all been written down and man is going to give an account.

Oh, what a solemn future lies before you, my friend. I've said it before, but I say it again in closing. That I dare not exaggerate what I find in this book, and I dare not withhold it either. For the Word of God has painted this solemn picture, that the very last sight your eyes will ever see, if you are lost, will be a sight of the face of Jesus Christ. As I read the description of that which lies ahead, my soul tremble to look into the faces that are before me now. For if there is one here without Christ, this is what God has to say. The last sight will be a sight. Of the faith of Jesus Christ. That that faith fade away and be followed by. Eternal darkness. Am I exaggerating? Am I painting a picture that this book does

not portray? Oh, my friend, it's the truth of God. Think of that. A boy or a girl brought up in a Christian home to carry with you into the darkness of eternal hell as a last memory, the face of Jesus Christ, whom your father and your mother love. And the last voice ever to hear the voice of Jesus Christ. And then eternal darkness. The wailing of the lost forever.

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