

THE TWO BUILDERS

Mat. 7:24-27 Luke 6:47-48

Since the beginning of time we have two different classes of worshippers in the religious world, ever since Satan broke the bonds of peace somewhere in the beginning. Everywhere we look we find traces of two distinct classes. With Abel there was a Cain; With Noah a Ham; with Elijah a Jezebel; with the Apostles a Judas; and so on down through sacred history. Jesus was crucified by the Pharisees and Sadducees, and from the teachings of Jesus, as we understand them, there shall be the two classes of worshippers to the end. Jesus said not to pull the tares from among the wheat lest we uproot some of the wheat. Notice how God allows the work of sin to exist, because of his children that they may grow and fully mature. How he has spared this old world of sin because of his own elect. He says let them both grow together to the time of the end. There is a time coming when the wheat will be no protection to the tares. When God's children will be set apart, when the tares will be separated from the wheat; and he will purge his floor and burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire. All possible chances of another crop of tares will have passed forever.

In the 7th chapter of Mat. verses 24-27, we have a pen picture of the two classes of worshippers; two men journeying through life; both had heard the gospel preached; both saw their need of protection; both saw the necessity of building a house, a place of refuge in a time of storm. Jesus is not speaking here of the church goer on one hand and the non-church goer on the other. The text tells us that they both built a house, therefore, both saw their need. We are convinced that he is talking to the Christian and the church goer (member).

Two distinct classes of worshippers; one building upon the merits of Jesus blood, the other one on his ability and works. The fact that people go to church these days is ample proof that they see their need. We are so glad just now that Jesus will supply all their needs if they will only follow up their convictions.

They both built a house to protect them from future storms. There was no difference in that they both embraced a religion; joined a church; gave a testimony; each kept a profession. Many have come to the altar, made a confession and came through; others came to the altar, made a profession and rest in that.

Both of these resolved, began and finished a building. He is not talking about the soul that gets discouraged and quits or the one that signs a card and goes no farther. Both of these classes went through in their own way, with their own ideas. Both worked out some class of religion to their own satisfaction.

We sometimes hear people say that if they are sincere in what they believe and live up to it they will be saved. I do not believe it. Scripture does not teach it. The Lord help us to see in this text the error of this belief.

Both believed they were secure, both were subject to the wind and storm. If we could know the hearts of the people we meet, we would find beneath many a smile there is a heart ache. Life's pathway is not smooth. As we come in contact with God's children we find none have escaped the storm, every christian has felt the fury of the blast, sometimes to the proportions of a tornado; but blessed be God, if we have built on the rock, we are safe and secure from all harm. The foe is encamped around us. Let us put on the whole armor, that we may be able to withstand the fiery darts of the Devil. Our works shall be tried of

what sort they are.

Both went through life much the same in form. Their house satisfied each individual, but there was a difference. We come to the all important things; the first consideration in the construction of every building; the first consideration of every truly convicted saul. The foundation on which to build. Everything depends on the foundation. The wise man built his house upon a rock; the storms came, the wind blew and it fell not; because it was built upon the rock. The foolish man built upon the sand; the storms came, the wind blew and the house fell, and great was the fall of it.

Two distinct classes of worshippers; we meet them every day. One building for time the other for eternity. One went the way of the cross the other the (human) way of least resistance. I love the old rugged way. Jesus loved it, He lived it, walked it and talked it. He says "Take up thy cross daily and follow me." We obtain pardon upon conditions which we must follow. The wise man took the shovel and cleared away every obstacle and laid his foundation on solid rock bottom. Praise God. Let us build upon the rock, which is Christ Jesus. The little squalls will turn to tempests, and the tempests to tornadoes and who will be able to stand?

Both were affected, impressed. One sought Christ with the whole heart, the other signed a card. One depended on the preacher the other on the word of God. One built on his future, the other rebuilt his past. Both have sometimes given offence, have had hard feelings against his neighbor. One made them right. The other built his religious house by joining a church, being baptized, believing in something and then living up to it.

Friends, every structure depends on its foundation, every christian experience likewise. On what have we built? Have we dug to the solid rock or are we resting on the sand.

And the scripture says. How great was the fall, it was a disappointment of fondly cherished hopes. He thought he was alright, he erected a place of protection he was quite confident in his security, felt that he was prepared for any emergency. But the crash came. The enemy of his soul came in on him like a flood, took the foundation from under his structure, and it fell. His church membership availed him nothing, his morality was swept away and he was left at the mercy of the storm, uncovered.

The Lord said: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of the father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them. "I never knew you, depart from me ye that work iniquity." Think of the soul at rest in such a state awaiting that awful sentence. May the Lord help us to build for eternity is my prayer.

Some day the storm will break, the tornado will come with all its fury. It will come to us all. Let no builder think he is exempt as a special case. It will come upon the just and the unjust alike. Both houses were subject to the storms. The material all swept away, once it seemed reality now all gone. Our opportunities are passing with every hour. Let us work while it is yet day for the night cometh when no man can work. Let us build today. Tomorrow belongs to the Lord. Do not waste opportunity and have to say: The harvest is passed, the summer is ended and we are not saved. Let us then hear the sayings of Jesus Christ and do them.

C. W. M.

GIPSY SMITH IN BOSTON

For many years we have been reading and hearing of the famous Gipsy Smith and now he is in Boston in a great evangelistic campaign, and it is our delightful privilege to hear him sometimes twice a day. For more than fifty years this remarkable man, born in a gipsy tent in England sixty-nine years ago, has been going to the ends of the earth with a wonderful message of salvation, and today he seems as full of joy enthusiasm and holy inspiration as at the beginning of his ministry.

The campaign opened in Boston on Sunday the 4th inst., at 3:00 p. m. in the auditorium over the new Boston and Maine railroad station, which is capable of seating upwards of nineteen thousand people. It is the greatest auditorium east of Chicago. This place was crowded to its utmost capacity at the opening service; twenty thousand people filled the place and it was estimated that eight thousand others were turned away. It was certainly an inspiration to see such a multitude thronging to hear a sweet inspiring gospel message. It indicates, that while the multitude is on pleasure bent yet there is a great hunger in the soul for something more than the physical and the material—a hunger for God that only the Gospel can satisfy.

A great choir had been trained for the occasion but Gipsy is a whole choir in himself. He did not sit back and wait for preaching time before taking a hand. He received an ovation when he came on the platform, for he had been in Boston twice before in great campaigns. There was a choir leader but Gipsy did a good deal of the leading himself and after an introduction by Mayor Nichols, and remarks by others he stirred the hearts of the vast throng by his persuasive words and melodious singing. One could see that he was creating an atmosphere for the sermon. His opening message was on Revivals. "Wilt thou not revive us again"! From the sermonic standpoint it was not a great sermon, but from the moving, persuasive standpoint it was powerful. From the very first one had to feel that a master of great audiences was speaking, and there throbbed in his breast a great heart of love for the souls of men.

He pictured Springtime as God's revival in Nature. His language was strong and beautiful. Gipsy is a master of pure English, his accent delightful to the ear and his voice is of rare quality. But he is no pussy-footer. How he did strike the boot-legger and those that help him carry on his nefarious trade. He said "We want a revival that will keep the stuff out of your cellars and will take the flask off your hip". And then pausing he said deliberately, "It is here and you know it."

"We need a revival that will make you take back that thing you stole out of that Florida hotel, and will make you write letters apologizing for the mean things you have done and the lies you have told."

Thousands were melted to tears by the stories he told out of his experience. They were not exaggerated stories for effect, that we hear so many evangelists tell. I have heard him several times and I never feel that you have to throw off fifty per cent of his story, as I have to when I hear even some holiness evangelists, who will tell big stories to make the thing big for themselves. I heard one of these recently.

He had a strong message, although he was a most ignorant man to be in the pulpit. But it

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