

THE TONGUE

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Millions are in heaven and billions in hell because of a right or wrong use of the tongue. Scripture plainly teaches this in a single sentence,—“Death and life are in the power of the tongue.” Prov. 18: 21. And here is another spoken by the Savior himself, “For by thy works thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.” Matt. 12: 37.

The penitent thief was saved within a minute by the watch. His hands and feet were bound but he could still use his tongue, and with it in that short time he did four things: 1. Rebuked his guilty companion. 2. Took Jesus' part; 3. Confessed his sins; 4. Pleaded for Christ's mercy. That's all. But that was enough to win for him that priceless verdict compared with which Henry Ford's fortune looks like a counterfeit cent.—“Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise.”

Ananias and Sapphira used the tongue to lie against the Holy Spirit and it cost them instant death and instant damnation. It is extremely dangerous for Christian's to be talkative, for in Proverbs 10:19 we are taught that “in the multitude of words there lacketh not sin, but he that refraineth his lips is wise.” And in Isaiah 30:15 we are taught that “in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.”

At first thought it seems like sacrilege to say that we need something besides the blood of Christ to gain the victory over the devil. But Revelations 12:11 states plainly that “they overcome him by the blood of the lamb and the word of their testimony.”

Here is the Savior's promise of salvation for tongue action only, but of course only when it comes from the heart:—“He that confesseth me before men” (that means in public) **“him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven.”**

There are a number of single verses in the Bible which contain all we need to do to be saved. For instance this verse in Romans 9:10, “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” Oh!! What a power for good to our fellowman is a consecrated tongue!!

Reader, have you ever noticed in taking stock at the end of the day as to whether or not your life was pleasing to God that the matter of your overmuch use of the tongue will decidedly effect your assurance in the matter? We sing of “the end of a perfect day,” but this can be said truthfully only of the end of a sinless day.

We heard of a woman who formerly attended a gossipy church sewing circle, who found that it always required some time to again get on good terms with God after attending such a meeting. She had to withdraw her membership for her soul's sake. Prolonged, lengthy conversation is very apt to lead to gossip. In a certain church which was noted for this at close of its services the pastor was urged to instruct the janitor to ring the gossip bell at the proper time.

Sister, which would you rather spread, the gospel or gossip? If the latter, you are in a lost condition. This is a terrible statement and yet so amply and definitely proven in James 1:26 in these fateful words: “If any man” (or woman) “seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.” And a vain religion means spiritual bankruptcy and eternal damnation.

In Proverbs 6: 16-19 we learn that there are seven sins which are an “abomination” in the sight of God and that a majority of these are

sins of the tongue. Note that the word “abomination” is the strongest word in the English language to stand for everything that is horrible in the extreme, just as a rattlesnake is a horror to a timid woman. In Revelations we are told that “all liars shall have their portion in the lake of fire” and lying is almost exclusively a sin of the tongue.

And finally my dear reader, remember that your complete victory over the tongue means perfection, for in James 3:2 we are assured that: “If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.”

Let us therefore watch and pray, but especially let us watch the tongue by “speaking evil of no man” and when the temptation is the hottest to “talk back,” let us, so to speak, wrap the lines around our waist and pull with all our might on the bridle for an uncontrolled tongue is like a runaway horse plunging over the precipice to destruction. Thus, by his grace, we will gain the victory for God and peace and good will.—Christian Witness and Advocate of Bible Holiness.

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING.

“Don't go, Jim,” pleaded a pale-faced woman with silvery hair, looking into her sailor boy's face.

“Don't trouble so, mother,” answered the boy, somewhat impatiently, “I am old enough to please myself. I tell you, I like the ship, and I like my mates that are to be. Why shouldn't I go?”

“I want my dear boy to please God as well as himself,” said the mother gently.

“Come, mother,” said Jim, defiantly “don't talk to me like that; I don't want religion thrust down my throat. It's just because I get such a lot of it at home that I've entered my name on the books of ‘The Wings of the Morning.’ Shan't get much of it there, I'll be bound.”

The widow sighed deeply. It made her heart ache to hear Jim's reckless talk, but had she known it, the young fellow's flippancy was more assumed than real, to hide an uneasy conscience; for Jim could not get over his mother's prayers, and lovely, patient Christian life and example. Her silence was often a reproach to his godless ways, stronger than words would have been, and he foolishly thought if he “turned religious” he would have to let all the joy drop out of his life. So he determined to get as far away from God and good as possible.

Captain Martell, who owned the ship, “The Wings of the Morning”, was a very bad man, and well known in the small town where Jim lived. His crew was picked up at the hotels and were his boon companions.

Jim was gone seven months, and his mother daily expected a letter from him. He had a rough time of it on board during his outward voyage, and when in port visited theaters and saloons, and ran riot with the rest of the crew. Of his mother and her God, he seldom thought.

Then came the homeward trip, marked by a fearful storm and an accident.

In the midst of the storm Jim stood on deck, cold, wet and shivering, and death staring him in the face. The captain lay below in his berth with a broken leg, caused by the fall of some ship's spars and heavy cordage. He was threatening and swearing fearfully, and Jim dreaded to go near him.

The mate and three of the sailors had been swept overboard by a heavy sea, and no human effort could be made to save them in such a fearful storm.

The three apprentices and a few remaining

men were almost helpless, and could only try to obey the captain's orders as he shouted them.

“I pity the day I ever came on her,” growled one man in Jim's ears as he went to obey the captain's orders.

Oh, why did I come?” groaned Jim, as the ship lurched dangerously.

He went below and groped his way to his little trunk. Death seemed near, and his thoughts flew to his mother and her God. Why had he neglected prayer? How unfit he was to die! How could he meet God?

“I can't pray. Where is my Bible? I wish I could find it,” he said, as he groped about with his cold fingers.

He had never opened that Bible since he left home; but now he seemed to hear his mother's loving voice, and see her sweet, reproachful face, as she said, “Jim, my boy, don't forget to read God's book. It will help you in time of trouble.”

Surely it was a time of great trouble He got the book, opened it under the swinging lamp and read, “If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.” Psa. 139: 9, 10.

Strange, strange words! Had God really spoken them from heaven with a voice of thunder into Jim's ear, they could scarcely have come to his soul and taken hold of his understanding more completely.

“The wings of the morning!” God had heard his impious words! God knew he wanted to get away from the sound of His name. In “the uttermost parts of the sea,” the hand of God had found him.

Down on his knees, unheeding the storm and tempest, in the agony of deep conviction, poor Jim fell.

“O God, have mercy! God forgive me! Thou hast found me!” came from his lips.

All around him the storm raged, but he did not hear it; his name was called, but he did not heed; and the angels said to one another, “Behold he prayeth.”

Far away in a little English cottage a silver-haired mother was praying that God would save her sailor boy, and He was answering her prayer of faith. In “the uttermost parts of the sea,” God had found and was leading her wayward boy.

So “The Wings of the Morning” did work for God that the captain knew not and weeks after, when she arrived in port Jim's mother heard the story; and she is now telling it to you.—Selected.

CHEERFULNESS

“The world has always need of good cheer. There are so many depressing people that everyone who carries sunshine in his heart and in his face is a public benefactor. Great cheer is often largely a matter of temperament; but it is not always so, and the best kind of cheerfulness is not dependent upon temperament. It is faith which enables us to look on the bright side of everything, and it is love which makes us forget our own cares and discomforts in trying to do something for others. Those who walk closely in the footsteps of Jesus walk in sunshine. They have bright faces whose gaze is constantly fixed on the Light of the world.”—Herald of Holiness.

Prayer is a sincere, sensible, affectionate pouring out of the soul to God, through Christ, in the strength and assistance of the Spirit, for such things as God has promised.—Bunyan.