

"THE GREAT JUDGMENT"

By Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy

Rev. XX:12: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were open; and another book was open, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Who will be there?

The text says, "small and great." All grades, characters and nations; the totality of Adam's race.

Manslayers. The great man-monsters who have revelled in carnage, and waded ankle deep in blood! The iron hearted Pharaoh, the king slave driver of olden times. The cruel Herod. Xerxes, that world in arms, who convulsed the Roman empire, and stripped three bushels of golden rings from her slaughtered lords. Alexander, who drove his wheels hub-deep in blood and begirt the globe with the track or ruin. Caesar, who laid in ruins eight hundred cities, and murdered a million of his brethren. Bonaparte, who filled the world with the terror of his name, and deluged Europe in tears—all will be there—but not to awe down ranks and armies; but there in sad dismay!

Romanism, that system of arrogance and iniquity spoken of in the Bible, assuming the prerogatives of the Infinite God in things spiritual, that system of cruelty, the most unrelenting the sun ever shone upon, which for centuries has been gorging her horrid appetite on the bodies of the holy. Whose Popes and priests have gone into eternity reeling drunk on the blood of saints—shall stand at the judgment, confronted with the souls they have merchandise of, who here trafficked in guilty conscience, by Holy Ghost condemned, taking the cure out of God's own hands, wrenching a higher fee from the God-alarm within—shall stand there, stained with soul-blood, blood in their garments, blood on their hands, blood that baffles wear and washing—red for evermore!

Man-stealers will be there. That barbarous, dark souled, iron-hearted race of slave tormentors, whose pedigree may be traced from wretch to wretch, back to demon and devil. Who here are rich in cargoes of despair, driving a horrid traffic as they buy and sell, gauge and span the bones and muscles of man. They will be there to face those they have tormented. Not, however, as in this world, with bloody lashes and cruel manacles, but there to quail under the maledictions and accusations of those they have ruined—there, trembling with their last ague—big and dark with hell!

Infidels will be there with the revillers of Christ and religion, and all that race of God haters who make by-words of Jehovah's titles, gloating over the sacred names of Him who died for them, speaking Christ and Jesus, with a demon greed, smacking satisfaction from scoff and blasphemy.

Backsliders will be there, to see Him who once forgave their sins—to whom they once did pray, of whom they sang and talked.

Perhaps it is not customary to interrupt the order of a sermon at this point for warning or exhortation; but in transcribing this sermon for the press, my soul has become so moved for backsliders that I must just here make a place for God's voice in me; for I actually tremble before this scene. I almost forbode the backslider's despair. I am full of his awful doom. I must speak to him now.

Don't think I have no sympathy for you, because I speak in earnest. Real love is a masculine, barehanded thing—it takes hold of real welfare. It's the fictitious love which stands at a distance in glove so soft and in manner so bland, whimpering over thy misfortunes, gifted mostly, in winning approbation for today. I tell thee, O, backslider, misfortune is not thy trouble—it's thy sins! Thy sins are thy curse!

I am not asleep to your difficulties in being a Bible Christian, the dissipations, the tumult and craze of the age, the perversion of religion in high places, make the times perilous to holiness; and whoever will live godly in Christ Jesus, must have the holy heroism of the old martyrs. It costs nothing to become a fashionable church member of this day. No coming out from the world now is required, and as to repentance, that is obsolete, except for vulgar people. Only go to the altar, or, better still, take front seats for prayers in a comfortable position, and when the minister whispers if you don't feel better, say, "I think I do," and he will confess for you, and all is well—then go do as you always have done, if it's to the ball next night, and some ministers even will stand by you, and call it right. At least one in Troy will indorse you with printed pamphlet. But you know, and every other sinner knows, that this is wicked mockery—baptized atheism. I speak to you who once trembled at God's word, and in your distress cried out, "O wretched man that I am," and when your all of strength did fail, Christ appeared but one step in advance of despair, and said "thy sins be forgiven thee," and the new song was put into your mouth,

"Jesus all the day long,

Was your joy and your song;" but you have backslidden! You don't pray, and you are not happy. You are wicked and going to the judgment, and you are going to ruin. I come to stop you by warning you of what is coming on. God has sent me and you must hear!

You have trod under feet your Saviour, and counted the blood of the covenant wherewith you were sanctified an unholy thing, and done despite to the spirit of grace. I look a little forward, and behold you at the judgment. Yes, you are there in murderous blood—the mark is on you—it's on your feet! How hard you trod Him down when you treated with contempt His salvation! Oh! how drabbed in atonement blood you are!

As these blood-spotted multitudes are made to face retribution, I seem to see restrained lightning grow restless and fiery. O, how its forkedness shoots out like adder's tongues—lurid and red, all tremulous with charged damnation, as if in haste to be avenged on that spotted throng! How atonement blood on feet stirs the vials of wrath! But they are there aghast! Though here they may not only deny Christ, but deny their conversion also, and glory in the concealment of former days, when they prayed and praised, swearing in all a lie; but the mark is on thee, O, backslider! And though thou mightest mix with common sinners and heathens vast, and think to pass for one of them, but the ranking arrows in Jehovah's quiver give signs of the approach of spotted feet in that crowd!

Wrath holds a steady aim on thee, O! backslider! Now, my brother man come back to Him whom you know; whom you have proved to be Jesus. Ask him to take you in! Come under shelter! Hide away in the clefts of the rock, before the storm day comes! For, the crash

of its coming is already heard. The dark portent gets darker and nearer! O, my friend, get out of these THUNDER ROADS! I say, get out QUICK!! For you are approaching God on the challenge side, where He is a consuming fire. No one going this way ever returned. Don't stay here! You attract lightning and wrath! The very thunders rock at a sight of thee! Going to the judgment with bloody feet fresh from the treadings on Jesus Christ, puts all the enginery of ruin astir as if impatient of sentence "DEPART."

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Highway: Island Falls, Me.

We have no evil report to bring. Praise the Lord! Our special meetings from April 21st to May 11th were owned and blessed of God. They were more largely attended than any of the other revival services that we have held since I have been pastor here. We feel that we secured the right man when we engaged Rev. S. A. Mullen, of Marysville, N. B., as our evangelist. If you want a good meeting in your church, don't be afraid to engage Brother Mullen to help you. He uncovered sin and showed people their need of salvation. Sixteen souls knelt at the altar during the meetings.

Brother Bennett Cochrane, of Marysville, N. B., was our special singer. He is a good song leader and excellent on specials. Our Brother Cochrane sang in the spirit just as Brother Mullen preached in the spirit. Amen and amen!

We thank God for the services of these brethren, for the co-operation of the people, and for a gracious outpouring of His Holy Spirit that resulted in the salvation of souls.

The Belvidere Church has been strengthened. We plan for a Baptism on Sunday afternoon, May 25th.

The revival spirit seems to be carrying over. On Sunday evening, May 18th, we had two precious souls at the altar in the Crystal Church. Some time ago we had one seeker in East Hersey, and two requests for prayer.

Keep in prayer for the work here.

Yours for souls,

G. A. ROGERS

St. Stephen, N. B.

Dear Highway:

We wish to express our appreciation to the friends of the Church and congregation at Jonesport, Me., who came to the parsonage during the recent illness of their pastor and remembered us with tokens of kindness. We are now at St. Stephen, where Mr. Clark can be near the doctor. He has a severe attack of acute bronchitis and laryngitis. We will return to Jonesport as soon as he is able.

REV. AND MRS. S. H. CLARK

SHUT THE DOOR

A man was standing in a telephone booth trying to talk, but could not make out the message. He kept saying, "I can't hear, I can't hear." The other man by and by said sharply, "if you'll shut the door you can hear."

His door was not shut, and he could hear not only the man's voice, but the street and store noises, too. Some folks have gotten their hearing badly confused because their doors have not been closed tightly. Man's voice and God's voice have become mixed in their ears. They cannot distinguish between them. The trouble is partly with the door. If you'll shut that door you can hear.—S. D. Gordon.