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How Does It Stand With You?

WHERE IS THY REFUGE O SINNER?

HOW DOES IT STAND WITH YOU?

What are your prospects in the future world? Have you seriously considered where you will spend eternity? If not, why not? Death is ever at hand and the Judge is at the door. Every act is a step to perdition, and you do not know but that this night you may make your bed in hell. O, do not make light of this all-important matter. The very devils do not: they "believe and tremble" (James 2:19), and you are not more hardened than they. It is not wisdom to sport with the second death. Do not contend with God. Repent and be converted and none of this will come upon you.

"Seek ye the LORD while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near: Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon" (Isa. 55:6,7).

"Why will ye die?...For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye" (Ezek. 18:31,32).

"We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. 5:20).

"Behold, now is the accepted time: behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6:2)

Tomorrow may be one day too late.

Say where is thy refuge poor sinner,
And what is thy prospect today?
Why toil for the wealth that will perish,
And treasures that rust and decay.
O think of thy soul that forever
Must live on eternity's shore.
When thou in the dust are forgotten,
When pleasures can charm thee no more.
The Master is calling thee, sinner,
In tones of compassion and love,
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
And lay up thy treasures above.
To kneel at the cross where He suffered,
To ransom thy soul from the grave;
The arm of His mercy will hold thee,
The arm that is mighty to save.
The summer is waning, poor sinner,
Repent ere the season is past;
God's goodness to thee is extended,
As long as the day-beam shall last.
Then slight not the warning repeated
To all the bright moments that roll,
Nor say when the harvest is ended,
That no one hath cared for my soul.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb... and there shall be no night there...And the Spirit and the bride say, Come, And let him that heareth say, and let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely" (Rev. 22:5,17).

"Him that cometh to me I will no wise cast out" (John 6:37b).

What an exceeding great and precious promise.

Will you come while the door of mercy yet stands open?

. . . Rowan Jennings