

The devil answered, "Not exactly, I'd rather have you awakened even by the devil to say your prayers because if I permit you to sleep then when you do awake, you'll feel penitent about the fact that you didn't get up to pray. Then you will look up and confess. But if I wake you up promptly every morning, you can pray every day for twenty years and feel a noble pride about it. That's why I nudged you this morning."

Why deny ourselves? But for one

simple reason: that Christ may dwell within us as Lord and Master. This is cause enough. Were there any other way for this to be accomplished, He would have told us.

That is why the apostle Paul exhorts, "do all for the glory of God." When we get to that place where most of our thinking is about someone else and about self only occasionally, we are approaching that blessed realizing of what it means to deny ourselves.

## WHAT DID HE LEAVE?

August 31, 1958

Scripture Acts 16:25-31

On the occasion of a very wealthy man's funeral some one standing near the freshly closed grave asked, "How much wealth did he leave?" Without a studied effort to answer the man nearby answered, "Why, he left it all." Of course he did despite the miserly efforts in life to take it with him.

We always leave all of it . . . be it little or much. Some time later I preached the funeral of a fine, Christian gentleman who died in his mid-fifties and the question of that previous funeral came to my mind, "How much did he leave?" I asked that question of the Christian I had just buried . . . what did he leave?

In terms of cash, real estate, stocks and bonds, he didn't leave very much because, like most of us, he raised a big family, entertained a holy curiosity to know and do, responded to the outreached, empty hands and was known for his impulsive generosity. In terms of this world's wealth he didn't leave much. But he left another type of legacy . . . the real riches about which I want to tell you now.

### WORTH SINGING ABOUT

For one thing he left the impression that Christian religion was worth singing about. For years he belonged to the choir and with few exceptions was in his accustomed seat not only for rehearsals but for nearly every worship service. The music he made was not confined to quartettes for his life was a type of aria.

Not that he wasn't human, he had his grumbling moments like any other Christian has, but in the main his life was like a melody. The impression one got was that Christianity is pre-eminently and primarily a matter of harmony and not discord.

The world has more than a giant share of discord of its own: poverty, ignorance, filth, contradictions . . . miseries untold. And for professing Christians to add their collection of wailings is to compound a pile that already is sickeningly high is too much.

### JOY IN SALVATION

Today the lost note in Christendom . . . the note that desperately needs rescuing is the joy note in salvation. Like an elevating catalyst, life is lifted not by tears but by smiles, not by the mournful wails of all that is wrong, but by the triumphant faith of those who know that some things still are right in life. That is something to sing about or whistle about or shout about. The faith of which Jesus spoke is akin to dynamite, its explosive qualities can't be exaggerated. When one has this kind, he can make music.

Thumb through the pages of any old hymn book and discover the number of favorite songs written by people who had no obvious reason for making music. Fannie Crosby, while being totally blind, cultivated a type of vision that shames most of us who have 20-20 sight. Here in one woman is more seeing than a million pagans who blissfully grope through life

as though they had no eyes to see the beauties of God and His world.

But for one to wait for all his circumstances to be perfect before he starts singing is absurd: it is the music that pours out of life during times of testing that helps one pass the test with expedition and profit.

#### SINGING IN THE CELL

Look at Paul and Silas in a Phillipian jail. With blood trickling down their backs from a recent, unjustified whipping, while wearing thin clothes in an unheated jail cell, knowing nothing about their outcome on the morrow, there they sat with their heads in their hands bewailing their sad lot. Is that what happened? Not at all! Their backs were bleeding alright and their lot was uncertain but there was no hanging of their heads and no tears of self-pity.

Instead, the writer of the Book of Acts says that they were singing at midnight. Not that kind of whistling in the dark when one is too scared to do anything else but singing that came from happy hearts which deemed it a privilege to suffer in the name of Christ; singing that comes from that strange crucible when the dross of egoism is being refined from the pure gold of the spirit.

What on earth did they have to sing about in that kind of a predicament? Now, to be honest, chances are they didn't really feel like sustained singing. Yet, they knew they were on the spot, that curious eyes were open, and even the jailor would welcome a chance to see if there were two more whimperers like all the other inmates. Hearing the music, my that was a different story! So different in fact that their music became the prelude to God's earthquake that shattered the prison, released the jailors and set the stage for the memorable conversion of the jailor and his family.

#### SONG IN THE HEART

Friends, how about the impressions you leave each day in your work or play? Who gets the impression from you that your kind of religion is a merry, heart-gladdening sort that reflects most accurately the wondrous nature of our God? The denomination, the individual cult or sect

means little if it doesn't give rise to this pulsating, death-defeating melody known as Christian faith.

Frances Rigly Haverhill was an excellent pianist as well as vocalist. On a royal occasion where an Italian prima donna had been employed to furnish the spirited music for the King's entertainment, the Italian soprano sang several numbers to the delight of the critical group. Then the crowd insisted on Miss Haverhill singing. With much reluctance she sang one of the difficult arias from Handel's Oratorios.

Before the applause had ceased she sat down to the piano and to her own accompaniment sang, "Saviour, Precious Saviour." The Italian prima donna came up to her and said, "You have something that I do not have, that I want." The difference is not in training but in the practice of God's presence . . . a fact that always puts music in life. She left the impression that Christianity was something worth singing about.

#### INVESTMENT IN HUMAN NATURE

My friend also left the conviction that investment in human nature is life's best investment. The big business of investments require the hourly attention of the keenest minds. Sensitive markets that rise and fall as barometers reflect the weather cause a national headache when one's investments soars out of kilter.

Short-term gains and long-term gains, preferred or common stocks, these and many other facets make one ponder a long time about his investments. But the soundest of them all is that which one invests in human nature . . . dedicated human nature—the thousands of consecrated, Christian young people who need a chance to get a good education so they might serve our Christ and needy humanity with skill and quality.

Such is what Jesus meant in His warning about laying up treasures on earth. The rust of depreciation, the moth of self-centeredness, the canker of distraction have a way of eating away the treasure. Worst still is the fact that the owner of the treasure will invest his heart and life along with his cash.

Such is the predicament of modern man. His treasure is on earth in earthen things

...and so is his mind and soul. But thank God for those rare individuals whose heavenly depository grows all the time. The only way that one can make a deposit in heaven is by investing in human life on earth. Then that investment pays compound interest through time and an incalculable dividend in eternity.

Right now I am speaking to perhaps a million people who should go tomorrow morning on Monday and draw out good sums of money from a variety of sources of investment. Then they should take that money and find the deserving personalities that could use it in a way to lift the human load. Brother, if that won't pay you back in interest a hundred fold, though that shouldn't be your expectation, then I do not even know my name! This is the bread cast upon the waters that comes back buttered.

#### GOD LOOKS OUT FOR HIM

Finally, as I walked away from the grave of my Christian friend, I counted another legacy he left to our day: the belief that when one looks out for God, God looks out for him. This is not bargaining with God, just cooperating with Him. Jesus promised as much. Said He, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness ... and all these things will be added unto you."

Such is the key of the Old Testament ... God going before His people opening the right doors, closing the appropriate windows, parting the waters and promising, that the way of the ungodly shall perish and whatsoever the Godly man doeth shall prosper.

I never got the impression from his life that he was like the commercial slogan on one of the best-selling paints: "Save the surface and you save all." Instead he bore the contention that so far as a human life is concerned that one can save the surface and lose all, that veneer religion isn't the real kind.

In Tennyson's "Maud" he paints a gay woman on a ballroom floor, dressed for the occasion, whirling to the fast music. But her face is laughterless and pre-occupied. Though she changes partners every few minutes she is not happy. "With only one can she be gay, why don't the others go their way?" She is tired of the dance and bored with the company because the one with whom she is in love is not there.

It is the same way with a child of God. This whirling dervish of life is but mechanical motion when one's heart is not wedded to the right center: even Christ our Lord. Even a penniless beggar can have this experience and leave such a legacy to the world when he dies.

## THE BAPTIST HOUR STATION CHANGES

### NEW STATIONS

Calera, Ala.	WBVE	1370 kc	8:00 a.m.
Lake Charles, La.	KAOK	1400 kc	7:30 p.m.
Tabor City, N. C.	WTAB	1370 kc	12:30 p.m.
Borger, Tex.	KBBB		10:00 a.m.
Fredricksburg, Tex.	KNAF	1340 kc	9:30 a.m.
Harrisonburg, Va.	WHBG	1360 kc	4:30 p.m.

### CANCELLATIONS

Kingman, Ariz.	KAAA
Fayetteville, Ark.	KFAY
Little Rock, Ark.	KLRA
Deland, Fla.	WJBS
Harriman, Tenn.	WHBT

### TIME CHANGE

Arcadia, Fla.	WAPG	1480 kc	12:30 p.m.
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