



THE GOOD NEWS MESSENGER

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What Doth the Lord Require of Thee?

Submitted by: Paul McCormick

We live in an age where a lot is said about being a "Christian." Sad to say many miss the point of being a Christian, which is to be Christ like. They confess with their mouth the Lord Jesus, but their lives do not reflect him in any way. They find it hard to imagine that anything would actually be required of them. In Matthew 7:21 we read, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

In Matthew 22:37-39 we find what Christ calls the great commandment. Verse 37, "Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Verse 38, "This is the first and great commandment."

In these verses we see that our love to God is to be with our whole being, our heart, our soul and our mind. This does not leave much that is not asked of us.

Deuteronomy 10:12 & 13 tells us what is required also. "... to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, To keep the commandments of the Lord and his statutes..." These verses show what God expects. He expects us to fear him, we are to walk in all his ways, not just a few that we may select, but all. He wants us to love him and to serve him with all our heart and all our soul. He wants a complete love and a complete service to Him. A half-hearted love or service is NOT going to be acceptable, he wants ALL.

We read in Micah 6:8, "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." In doing justly, we are to be righteous and fair. In Matthew 7:12 we read what is commonly called the golden rule. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." This verse is often quoted as, "Do unto others as you would have them do to you." If we all were to do this the incidents of injustice would certainly be reduced.

To love mercy is to love the mercy that God has had on us in redeeming us from a life of sin, and also to rejoice in his mercy to others and to plead for his mercy to those who do not serve him. Titus 3:3-6 says, "For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another." Verse 4, "But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared," Verse 5, "Not by

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works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost:" Verse 6, "Which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour." Here we see it was not our goodness, but his mercy that saved us. In Luke 6:36 and 37 we see what is expected of us. Verse 36, "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful." Verse 37, "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven;" Matthew 5:7 says, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

God wants us to be humble. James 4:6, "But he giveth more grace, wherefore he saith, God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." In 2 Corinthians 12:9, we see that when we are weak, then Christ's strength is made perfect and we find sufficient grace. Verse 9, "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

1 Peter 5:5-6, Verse 5, ... "all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." Verse 6, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time:"

God requires us to be humble towards him and our fellow man. In verse 7 we see one of the benefits of HUMILITY. Verse 7, If we are humble enough to cast our cares on him, HE CARES FOR US.

Ecclesiastes 12:13 and 14, Verse 13, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Verse 14, "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

Nobody Ever Asked John to Come

He was a blacksmith, and a most wretchedly wicked man. He hated everything that was good, and loved everything that was bad. He made himself an irritation to all whom believed in God, not even sparing his wife, who did the best she could in the patience and wisdom of Jesus. This man was given up as altogether beyond hope, and indeed, so he seemed. Prayer was made as though he didn't exist; churches never made any mention of him; the gospel was preached and mercy offered, but no one connected him with God's message to the world.

A few miles back in the country from the blacksmith's town, there lived an old couple, Father and Mother Brown. They were close to ninety years old. Theirs had been a life of patient devotion to God, and they were waiting without fear or sorrow for the promised Homecoming.

Very early one morning, the old man awoke, terribly agitated, and began to call his wife: "Get up, wife! Get up!"

"Why, old man," she said, "what is the matter?"

He answered: "I must start a fire in the kitchen. I want you to get breakfast ready as soon as you can; for I've got to go to town this morning." "You go to town this morning!" she exclaimed. "Why, are you out of your head? You haven't any way to get there, and I know you can't walk!"

"Don't tell me what I can't do," Father Brown persisted. "I tell you, I've got to go to town. I had a dream last night, and... well, I'll go and make the fire, then tell you about it."

When the meal was over, he started for town. It was a long and weary way for an old man to walk, but some strange strength was supplied him, and without stopping to rest, he kept on. The village was reached. Through the main street he trudged, then into the shop of "Devil John," the blacksmith.

"Father Brown!" he exclaimed in great amazement, "what are you doing here, and so early in the morning?"

The old man answered: "That's just what I've come to tell you. Let's go inside where I can sit down, for I am tired."

Together they went into the shop, and when seated, the old man said: "John, I had a dream last night, and I've come to tell you about it. I dreamed that the hour I have thought about so much and tried to keep ready for was come. It was my time to die. And it was just as the Lord promised it would be. I wasn't the least bit afraid. How could I be? My room was full of angels and they all spoke to me, and I loved them. Then some of them stooped and slipped their arms under me and away we went. Beyond the clouds we mounted through the starry skies. Oh, how they sang! I never heard anything like it in my life. On we swept, 'till one of them said: 'Look yonder, now; there's Heaven!'

"Oh, John, I can't tell you how I felt when I was in sight of Heaven; nor can I tell you what I saw. It was so beautiful, so pure, and so glorious! As we drew nearer, I saw the gates swing open and we swept through them into the City. Such a welcome! Such gladness! It was in the fragrance of the flowers, in the music of every harp, in the grasp of every hand, because I had come.

"I found all my children there—not one of them lost—my boy that you used to play with was there, and your old mother was there. And after a time—I don't know how long it was—I saw the same angels who brought me, bring another; and it was my dear, sweet wife. And I saw angels bringing in others—others that we both love. And so the years of eternity rolled.

"Then, John, all at once it came to me that I hadn't seen you anywhere. I set out to look for you, but could get no trace of you. I was distressed more than you can know; and I went to the Lord, my precious Saviour, and asked Him where you were. And, oh, that you could have seen His face when He told me that you hadn't come. 'Not come!' I said. 'Why hadn't John come?' And He wept, as I suppose He often did when He was down here, and said, 'Nobody ever asked John to come.'

"Oh, I fell at His feet. I bathed them with my tears and cried, 'Blessed Lord! Just let me out of here half an hour, and I'll go and ask him to come. I'll give him an invitation.' And right then and there I woke up. I was so glad that I was alive so I could come and ask you to go to Heaven, and now here I am."

The old man gave the royal invitation but the blacksmith stood as one petrified. He could not speak or move.

Father Brown got up, and saying, "Goodbye, John: remember, you've got the invitation: you have been asked to come." He took his cane and started home.

The blacksmith seemed to come to himself, and as one recovering from a trance, he set out to pursue the labors of the day. But everything went wrong: the hammers wouldn't strike right, the nails wouldn't go in right, and the horses would not stand right. "Oh, God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" he began to sob at last, and leaving the shop, he went home. He told his wife of Father Brown's visit. "Blessed be God!" she said. "We'll send the horse and buggy and have him come back!" "Yes," he added, "for I mean to accept the invitation!"

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4:12)

Lord, Take the First Place

By: B. E. Warren

I yield to thee, Savior, forsaking my all,
From sinful things now I will part;
To thee I surrender, for mercy I call,
Come, take the first place in my heart.

O come, gentle Spirit, don't leave me, I pray,
From thee I will never depart;
I come to thee now, for I cannot delay,
Lord, take the first place in my heart.

I cannot be lost, Lord, for thee I will live,
Forgiveness, O Savior, impart;
If I will confess thou wilt freely forgive,
And take the first place in my heart.

The joybells of heaven will ring in my soul,
My Savior, Redeemer, thou art;
To thee I surrender, wilt thou make me whole?
Take now the first place in my heart.

O take the first place in my heart,
O take the first place in my heart;
I open the door, Com in, I implore;
Lord, take the first place in my heart.

The Wanderer Received

By: D. L. Moody

From Gems of Truth and Beauty

Perhaps there is no subject in the Bible that takes hold of me with as great force as this subject of the wandering child. It enters deeply into my own life; it comes right home into our own family. The first thing I remember was the death of my father, I remember nothing about the funeral, but his death has made a lasting impression upon me. After my mother's subsequent sickness, my eldest brother to whom mother looked up to comfort her in her loneliness, and in her great affliction, became a wanderer; he left home. I need not tell you how that mother mourned for her boy, how she waited day by day and month by month for his return. I need not say how night after night she watched, and wept, and prayed. Many a time we were told to go to the post-office to see if a letter had not come from him, but we had to bring back the sorrowful words, "No letter yet, mother." Many a time as I walked up to the house, I have heard my mother pray, "O God, bring back my boy." Many a time did she lift her heart up to God in prayer for her boy. When the wintry gale would blow around the house, and the gale would rage without, her dear face would wear a terribly anxious look, and she would utter in piteous tones, "Oh, my dear boy; perhaps he is on the ocean on this fearful night. O God, preserve him!" We would sit around the fireside of an evening and ask her to tell us about our father, and she would

talk for hours about him; but if the mention of my eldest brother should chance to come in, then all would be hushed; she never spoke of him but with tears. Many a time did she try to conceal them, but all was in vain, and when Thanksgiving Day came, a chair was set for him. Our friends and neighbors gave him up, but mother had faith that she would see him again. One day in the middle of summer, a stranger was seen approaching the house. He came up on the east piazza and looked upon my mother through the window. The man had a long beard, and when mother first saw him, she did not start or rise, but when she saw the great tears trickling down his cheeks, she cried, "It's my boy, my dear, dear boy," and sprang to the window. But there the boy stood, and said, "Mother, I will never cross the threshold until you say you forgive me." Do you think he had to stay there long? No, no, her arms were soon around him, and she wept upon his shoulder as did the father of the prodigal son when he returned home. I heard of it when in a distant city, and what a thrill of joy shot through me! But what joy on earth can equal the joy in heaven when a wandering child comes home? The matchless parable of the Prodigal was recorded solely to show us the love and compassion of God who waits to receive into the relation of sonship every wandering soul.

Come to Jesus

Author Unknown

This life is so uncertain
Every moment flying fast,
Oh my dear one, turn to Jesus,
Death and hell will come at last.

Jesus gives you time to serve Him
Do not waste these flying hours;
For they vanish, oh, so quickly
Like the dried and withered flowers.

All your life's a fleeting vapor,
Oh how soon 'twill all be past;
But the joy of serving Jesus
Will the universe outlast.

How the worldly things allure you,
And old Satan holds you fast.
Turn to Jesus—do it quickly
He'll forgive your guilty past.



He will break the power that holds you
In a life of sin and shame;
He will give you life eternal,
For that's why from Heaven He came.

You've been warned by those who love you,
"Come to Jesus, come just now."
Do not wait until the death sweat
Lies so cold upon your brow.

If you gain a world of pleasure
And you lose your soul at last,
You'll regret it then forever
For your dark and guilty past.

Heed the call when first you hear it;
Don't put off from day to day,
Quickly come to Christ your Saviour
Walk the straight and narrow way.

