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Holiness Writers

THE SOUL

By

Forman Lincicome

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World

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THE SOUL

by

Forman Lincicome

Author of

Behold the Man
A Lot in Sodom
The Three D's of the Sanctified
Enemies of the Home
Etc.

Dedicated to
Rev. Earl Fletcher Aiken
One of my most intimate friends

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INTRODUCTION

Rev Forman Lincicome, widely known as a successful evangelist, has in these pages given the substance of a sermon preached in some of his evangelistic tours. It is orthodox, clear, and deeply convincing, a warning and a buttress against the materialism so prevalent in our day.

The heathen emperor, Hadrian, on his deathbed is said to have addressed his soul in language that, translated, read thus:

"Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing;
Must we no longer live together;
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
This pleasing vein, this humorous folly
Lies all neglected, all forgot,
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou hop'st and fear'st thou know'st not what."

Nor do the psychologists out of Christ at all satisfy the inquirer's deep and vital concern. One looks for bread and receives a stone.

The author has honored the Scripture revelation from the account in Genesis of the origin of the soul in its entry as the breath of God into the inert physical form down through proof after proof of the nature, powers and accountability of that creature of inestimable worth, yet so elusive of description.

All doctrines of the Holy Scriptures are open to the devil's lies, and the immortality of the soul has been denied by "men of corrupt minds," and the way thus laid open to make sin more easy.

The doctrines of soul sleep and annihilation are shown to be unnatural and unscriptural and contrary to the universal demand for continued life and immortality. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord" wipes out all soul sleep cavil, and commits all but perverts to the separation of the soul from the body at death, and the certainty of a glorious resurrection to eternal life on the part of all who die in the Lord.

The great responsibility in hearing the truth is stressed, and the danger pointed out of a turning from the light until the soul becomes hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. On the other hand a glowing picture is drawn of the soul's value through divine grace and its glorious future before the throne of God.

William Pearce
Bishop of the Free Methodist Church,
Titusville, Pennsylvania.

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PREFACE

I have a two-fold purpose in putting this sermon in print — the first one is to gratify the wish of many throughout the nation who heard me preach it. But my main purpose is the hope that it will guard the minds of all, and especially the young, against the materialistic tendencies of the age, and to confirm them in the faith that has been with us from the beginning.

In our discussion of the immortality of the soul skepticism met at some of the points where its most insidious efforts are now being put forth to remove the very foundation of Christianity.

We claim but very little originality for anything we might write or preach. We are indebted to many authors for much we have said about man's most priceless possession.

The preparation of this small work on the soul has been soul nurture to the writer. May it be such to the reader.

F. Lincicome
412 Jefferson Street
Gary, Indiana.

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A long time ago three young men stood before a glass case in a national museum looking at the chemical analysis of a man that weighed one hundred fifty pounds. The contents of the man had been placed in a dozen different jars and labeled as follows: Gas — oxygen, hydrogen nitrogen three thousand five hundred cubic feet. Iron — enough to make seven spike nails. Phosphorus twenty four ounces — enough to supply the heads for eight hundred thousand matches. Carbon — eighteen pounds — enough to make seven hundred eighty dozen lead pencils. Water — thirty-eight quarts — enough to wash two pairs of blankets. Lime — two pounds — enough to whitewash a good-sized chicken coop. Salt — twenty teaspoonfuls — enough to season several meals. Sugar — sixty cubes — enough to sweeten thirty cups of coffee. Tallow — enough to make ten dozen candles. Starch — four pounds. You would think by looking at some people that they were all starch.

On the case that held the contents of this man was written, "This is all that is left of a man that weighed one hundred fifty pounds."

One of the young men looked up and said, "Yes, boys, but I want to tell you, that man is not all there." It is that part of the man that was not there that I am taking for the subject of this book, namely, the SOUL.

There are many things we do not know about the soul. We are confronted with closed doors regarding many questions that might be asked regarding it. As to its size, its color, its weight, its location, we cannot say, but we do know the soul is something.

We know it is:

1

An Immaterial Something

2

An Immortal Something

3

An Imperiled Something

4

A Neglected Something

5

A Highly Organized Something

A Valuable Something

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1

THE SOUL IS AN IMMATERIAL SOMETHING

The Bible teaches clearly that man is a combination of two things: BODY and SOUL. "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell" (Matt. 10 :28). Materialists deny this fact; they tell us that man is only body, only material, only earthly. I know they are wrong for at least three reasons: If a man were only body, only material, then he never could undergo spiritual change; if a man were only earthly, he never could become morally defiled; if a man were only material, then he could satisfy himself on things as easily as the cows on yonder hillside grazing on the grass satisfy themselves. But the very fact that we know that man undergoes a spiritual change, and that men become morally defiled, and that men do not become satisfied on things, is strong reasoning in favor of this truth. We read, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." This is a distinct announcement that the soul of man is something different in its origin and distinct from the body in its character. The one is formed from the "dust of the earth;" the other emanated from the breath of the Almighty. The one is dust, the other a living soul. The soul is not a part of the physical structure, does not grow out of it, but is superadded to it.

So that we can see that our soul comes from God, therefore it is as indestructible as God. We might as well talk about annihilating God as to talk about annihilating a soul. Since our soul was breathed into us by God, we can see, if we look, a very close relationship between the soul and God. To see this close relationship we only have to study the attributes or characteristics of the soul to see that these same attributes can be found in God.

There are several things that can be said of the soul that can be said of God. The soul never gets weary; we do not lie down at night to rest our souls; we lie down to rest our bodies. Another thing about the soul — it never dies. Also, the soul never changes. The brain, we are told, undergoes two complete changes every year. The body is rebuilt every seven years. But not with the soul; it remains unchanged.

The soul never sleeps. These false teachers would tell us that the soul at death goes into the grave and sleeps until the resurrection. If this teaching is true, I wonder what Paul had in mind when he said, "To be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." What did Jesus mean when he said to the thief on the cross, "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise?" Anyone who can read soul sleeping into these verses of Scripture can discover a Beethoven symphony in the croaking in a frog pond.

Since the soul is immaterial, it is distinct from the body. As electricity is distinct from the body in which it exists, and as the works of a watch are distinct from the case, and will run out of the case as well as in the case, and as the light is distinct from the crystal through which it shines; just so the soul is distinct from the body.

The soul, being no part of the body, is capable of living separately and apart from the body. Jesus said to the thief on the cross, "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." His body nailed to the cross, but his soul with Jesus in paradise. The rich man "lifted up his eyes, being in torments," and called for a bit of water to relieve his suffering. His body was in the grave; his soul in hell. Because the soul is immaterial there is no identity between soul and body. There is a close intimacy between mind and matter, between soul and body, but there is no identity. We are accustomed to saying that the eye sees, the ear hears, the finger feels, but they do not. The eye, the ear, and the finger are the instruments which become the media of intelligence to absolute mind, which uses them whenever that mind is inclined to use them.

Because the soul is immaterial it is imponderable. You can't weigh it or measure it nor compress it, and yet it is the one thing that makes our eyes see, our ears hear, and our lungs breathe.

Because the soul is immaterial it is impalpable. You can not see it nor handle it with external means, and yet it is bigger than finance, bigger than business, bigger than the universe. Because the soul is immaterial it is unchangeable. The body is subject to change. Science has discovered that every particle of man's physical structure is changed or transferred or removed every seven years. If that is the case, I have had eight bodies, and yet I know I have the same consciousness or personal identity.

What is that something that has remained intact, that has not been affected by the perpetual pulling down of the old material and perpetual replacement of new?

Every time the clock ticks millions of molecules are dissolved and carried away and their places are supplied by millions of new ones, and yet, with and through the process of change, you have maintained your personality and identity, which forces you to admit the presence of something besides matter, something that is free from the perpetual changes to which matter is subject.

If body and soul are material alike, the soul would sleep when the body sleeps. But the mind never sleeps. Who is not conscious that his mind is frequently in a state more vigorous and active during sleep than in the waking hours?

The famous astronomer, Sir John Herschell, declared that the following stanza was composed by him when sleeping and dreaming, and was written down immediately on waking:

"Throw thyself on thy God,
nor mock Him with feeble denial,
Sure of His love, and oh,
sure of His mercy at last.
Bitter and deep though its draught,
yet shun not the cup of thy trial,
But in its healing effect,
smile at its bitterness past."

If the body and soul are alike material, how is such a thing as this to be accounted for? No, friends, the soul and body are distinct. The body was first created, then tenanted by the living soul. The soul is an invisible, intangible, incorporeal something, independent of physical laws and far superior to all physical forces. The body is the vesture, the soul is the wearer; the body is the case, the soul is the works; the body is the casket, the soul is the jewel. The one is an unconscious instrument; the other a living agent.

The soul, being immaterial, is indestructible. Why talk about destroying the immaterial when we can not even destroy or annihilate the material? According to the positive teaching of the most advanced science nothing in the whole realm of nature is destroyed or annihilated. We have no power over matter to destroy it; we can only change its form. The mere mote floating in the sunbeam is imperishable. So that which we call death does not involve extinction, only change. When we speak of anything being destroyed we mean that it has altered its condition.

You may freeze a drop of water or heat it to steam, decompose it into the elementary gases or explode it, but it still exists — every atom of it. They deny all efforts at their annihilation. Annihilation is a name for what has never yet occurred to matter and never can.

It is an established law of nature that nothing that is once launched into being shall ever go out of existence. The destruction of the apple tree is merely a change of form and development. A transmigration of substance, the destruction of the tree is only its preparation for another existence, perhaps more beautiful than its former one.

So the indestructibility of matter affords, to say the least, a strong presumption for the indestructibility of the soul. So really it is not necessary to urge the immateriality of the soul as a proof of immortality, for matter itself, as we have seen is indestructible. Thus, if materialists were able to show that the soul of a man is material substance, it would not disprove the immortality of the soul.

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THE SOULS IS AN IMMORTAL SOMETHING

This is the crowning consideration in any estimate that we may form of the preciousness of the soul. If a thing has an intrinsic excellence, the more desirable it is, the more valuable. A house of stone is worth more than a shanty of boards because it will last longer, defying the strife of the elements.

"Some would-be philosophers affect to regard man as a mere animated matter possessing his wondrous organization through some indefinite and mysterious power of nature, and would fain have us believe that death is the final boundary of his being, beyond which he has no other destiny than that of mere vegetable productiveness by the decomposition of the physical organism, and it is pitiful to observe what skill they display and what learning and eloquence they press into their service to prove themselves to be brothers to the brute and worm."

Others tell us that life is only a force, conscience only a force, reason only a force, the soul itself only a fellowship of forces, all springing out of matter, and beyond man there is no immortality.

The soul, being immaterial and uncompounded, is not subject to decomposition and decay. The power that created it alone can destroy it. And why should the Almighty undo what He has done?

Did he intend that those splendid faculties should perish, that the noblest of His creatures should pass away like the insect of the hour? There is no such statement in the Scripture, no such intimation in nature. On the contrary, God has clearly made known that it is His will that the soul should never die.

I am going to give you several reasons why I believe that the soul shall never die, why I believe that the soul will live beyond the grave, why I believe that if a man dies, he shall live again.

1. My first reason for such a belief is that it has never yet been disproven. I think that this is a good starting point for our reasoning. An assumed believable faith that has never yet been disproven has a right to exist.

Let us say, I believe in the immortality of the soul, and that you do not. Which has the better right to exist, my belief or your unbelief? You cannot prove that there is no God, no life hereafter. If you can, you will have done something that no other man has ever done.

The mind reasons from cause to effect, from possibilities to probabilities, intimations, and assumptions, and out of these we get our certainties. So in thinking of immortality we ask, "Is it probable? Is it possible? Is it intimated?"

It would seem that everything is on the side of immortality. Reason says a man SHOULD live again. Science says a man MAY live again. Philosophy says a man WANTS to live again. Man's spirit says, "I WILL live again." Love says, "I MUST live again." Conscience says, "I OUGHT to live again." But Christ says, "I SHALL live again."

2. A second reason why I believe in a life beyond the tomb is because it is universally believed. Of course, a belief is not a scientific proof, but it is at least a good presumptive evidence.

This belief is world-old and world-wide. It is not an acquired idea, nor is it the result of education or development. Nor is it the result of revelation. This idea existed long before revelation was given. It is a part of the soul's original furniture.

The man who lives under the equatorial sun and the man that lives on the whale oil in the Arctic zone alike believe in and look for a life hereafter. From the ancient Egyptians to the philosophers of Greece, from the warriors of Rome to the Negro in Africa or the Chinaman living on the other side of the world, this idea of the immortality of the soul persists.

A belief in a life beyond the tomb is native to the hearts of man, and a belief that grows out of the hearts of the people has a right to exist as it does now and has in the past.

Hardly a nation has been discovered on the face of the earth, be it ever so rude and barbarous, that has not, in the midst of its wildest superstitions, cherished some expectation of a state after death in which the virtuous were to enjoy happiness.

Eloquent Cicero, one of the greatest orators of antiquity, and one of the most learned and talented men Rome ever produced, reasons as follows:

"If I am wrong in believing that the souls of men are immortal, I please myself in my mistake. Nor while I live will I ever choose that this opinion with which I am so much delighted should ever be wrested from me."

What is the lesson to be derived from this universal belief? Let immortal Cicero, representing the highest and noblest thought of any age and any people unblest with the light of revelation, answer, "In everything the consent of all nations is to be accounted the law of nature, and to resist it is to resist the voice of God."

"If it were a local tradition, we might refer it to some local cause. If it had been limited to some one age, we might attribute it to some peculiar development or, bias of the mind of that age resulting from a temporary cause. But what shall we say when we find it bounded by no clime and limited to no age, but one of the deepest and most universal sentiments of humanity? There can be but one answer. The sentiment is inspired with the very consciousness of life and therefore appeals to the great author of life as its source.

"It must then be true. A belief thus originated, so universal, cannot be without a substantial basis in truth. In a word, it is proof sublime of immortality. It is a demonstration that death works only the change and not the destruction of the soul."

3. My next reason for belief in a hereafter comes from the fear of death. The fear and dread of death springs spontaneously into every breast. Paul states it as a universal fact when he describes the natural man as being "all his lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death."

The blear-eyed gutter-bum of a drunkard, the rubber-souled rascal of a candidate for office, the dishonest money-loving gambler, the rabid, raging, rampant anarchist saying, "To hell with law and order;" the fashion-loving, pleasure-seeking women given over to dress; the stoop-shouldered, serious-faced merchant toiling from morning till night; the student and the professor tangled in the mystery of mathematics and natural science, all alike have this fear of death.

What may this fear grow out of? May it not grow out of the fact that the grave does not end it all? If the grave ended it all, this fear would not exist, but the very fact that this fear exists is strong reasoning in favor of the fact that the grave does not end it all.

4. I reason the life beyond from the fact that there is an instinctive longing in mankind to live forever. Man has an inborn sense of a higher destiny and has in him a longing for it. Whence comes this longing so universal? If Plato could be out-reasoned, the unanswerable arguments of philosophy be disproven and the revelation of God be destroyed, man's longing for immortality would still be one of immortality's strongest proofs.

There is a powerful longing in every individual — to live. Man everywhere possesses an innate love of life. Humanity at its highest and lowest levels longs for it. May not this desire to live after death be an evidence of man's capacity to live?

If there is a desire in man's breast to live forever, God must match it. Only a demon would plant such a hope or desire in us only to disappoint us in the end.

God never made a bee with an instinct to build without first creating something to build with. God never created a bird with an instinct to fly without first making the atmosphere in which to fly. God never made a fish with an instinct to swim without first producing the water to swim in. If there is an eye, there must be light to match it. If there is an ear, there must be sound to match it. If there is a fin, there must be water to match it. If there is a desire to live forever, God must match it and not mock it.

What is the significance of this love of life? I will tell you it is a real proof of the immortality of the soul, not drawn from science or philosophy but from the soul itself. Every God-implanted instinct can be trusted. Animal instincts never fail.

The pigeon starts home through the trackless air without guideposts or highways and safely arrives. Who tells it the way? The tiny bird feels the approach of the winter and without ticket or Pullman it migrates to a warmer climate. Who tells this bird which way is South? Nature uses great

skill in guiding beast and birds, but is a bungling blunderer if there is no life hereafter. Would God honor the instinct in a wild goose and dishonor the instinct in man to live? If the hope of a life beyond the grave is false how does it come that the whole world, whatever its ignorance and isolation and knowledge, has held so tenaciously to it?

"If the hope and desire of life beyond the grave is false, then the wizards of science like Kelbin and Lodge and Tesla, the statesmen like Webster, Lloyd George, and 'Teddy' Roosevelt, the philosophers like Bacon, Newton and Romanes, the poets like Tennyson, Milton and Longfellow, the artists like Angelo and Rubens, the historians like McCauley and Ridpath, and uncounted others of stupendous intellectual power, have all been deceived."

5. I reason the immortality of the soul from the standpoint of natural law. In nature many things proclaim a resurrection. Look at the day that has been buried in the night. Then behold the day coming on and the night and darkness disappearing. What is this? Is it the voice of God crying, "Resurrection!"

Look at nature in the fall putting on a shroud, and for a time it seemingly dies and passes into the grave of winter. But wait until spring comes and the sun and the showers come; then the birds and blossoms appear. What is it? It is the voice of God crying, "Resurrection!"

A grain of wheat dropped into the ground apparently dies, but in due time there springs from it a new stalk with one hundred grains, each one of them capable of producing a new stalk. What is it? It is the voice of God crying, "Resurrection!"

See the caterpillar crawling on the ground. In due time it enters the chrysalis state, and after awhile it breaks open, and out it comes, a golden-tinged butterfly that no longer lies on the ground, but flits from flower to flower feeding its new nature on nectar. What is it? It is the voice of God crying, "Resurrection!"

Look at the dragonfly. Naturalists tell us that the worm repairs to the margin of a pond in quest of a convenient place of abode during its insensible state. It there attaches itself to a plant or piece of dry wood and then apparently dies. The skin becomes dry and brittle, but the apparently decayed, rotten mass within gradually assumes a new form. At length the shell bursts, and a winged insect pushes its way forth, expands and flutters its wings, and in a moment more soars away in the air. Now, who that saw the little hanging coffin which entombed the inanimate insect a few weeks before could have dreamed of such a result as this? Who from that chrysalis formation could have predicted a winged insect full of life, floating in the air and possessed of all the functions of animal life? What is it? It is the voice of God crying, "Resurrection!"

It should not be deemed incredible that God should raise the dead. My wife and I have been married thirty-five years. She is the same wife and mother, but according to the teachings of the best scientists, has not one particle of the body she had when we were married. Science tells us that the body undergoes a complete change every seven years. If that be true, my wife and I have had five progressively resurrected bodies since we were married.

The resurrection of the body is directly asserted in the Old Testament, either in relation to individuals or in a general manner. Job asks the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" This is not a question implying doubt, but one of assurance; Hence "will I wait till my change comes," or as the Septuagint has it, "till I live again." Even the Hebrew word for "change" implies renovation, like the springing of grass after it has once withered — a very expressive emblem of the resurrection. The whole passage, then, implies that Job was so confident that he who died should live again, that in patience would he wait until his final renovation came. That the doctrine of a resurrection is clearly implied in this passage scarcely admits a doubt.

This doctrine is taught in the New Testament and is distinctly taught and affirmed by our Lord. When teaching His disciples the experience of humility and charity to the poor who could not recompense them, He told them that they should not lose their reward, for says He, "Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Now if there is no resurrection at all, the time of their recompense could never come. One of two things must be admitted: either Christ received and taught the doctrine of the resurrection, or that He here presents false motives to His disciples and inspires groundless hopes in their hearts.

6. I have another reason to give you why I believe we shall live again. A life beyond is necessary for the vindication of God's own character.

There is an essential difference between right and wrong, and a failure to recognize it is the highest reproach that can be cast on a moral being. This has been the verdict of humanity in all ages.

If there is no life beyond the grave, what recompense had Paul for the stones and stripes that stung well nigh unto death? Or Savonarola for the flames that licked up his blood? Immortality has at least one vigorous root in man's imperative need to believe in a more ideal justice than earth has yet afforded. What do we see? We see tyrants enthroned and saints sent to the dungeon, vice wearing the purple and virtue clothed in rags, Socrates drinking the hemlock and persecutors enjoying the palace. We see Cicero sent to the headman's block, Dante driven from his land by wicked princes; Shakespeare, that consummate flower of his age, unappreciated and scorned and starved; Columbus bound in chains, heartbroken at the ingratitude of his fellows; Nero sitting on the throne while Paul is beheaded. Man's heaven-born instinct, impassioned longing, and man's imperative need are these not enough to make one reasonably sure of the infinite beyond? We answer, yes, if back of the universe and back of life there is a just and reasonable God. No, a thousand times no; sin has not been adequately punished here on earth, nor virtue properly rewarded.

Sin is often in honor, and virtue in dishonor. So, if there be a God, and He does right, it will require a life beyond to adjust and properly proportion things. A life beyond is necessary to properly vindicate God's own character.

7. Let me offer you another reason why I believe that if a man dies he shall live again. A life beyond is necessary to prevent death from being a blunderer and an abortion. This present life is too brief to develop the capacity given to us. The young minister hardly gets his first sermon preached, the young lawyer hardly gets his first plea made, the young doctor hardly gets his first patient cured or killed, the young teacher hardly gets his first class taught, when death comes to claim its prey.

What a tragic waste of faculties! Shall Socrates never finish the argument beyond the jailor's hemlock? Shall Raphael's painting endure three centuries on canvas and then the artist be no more? Shall the elephant live four hundred years, and the towering oak five hundred years, and the crowning of creation three score and ten? Does God think more of the elephant and the oak than He thinks of man? This would be a monstrosity. The best development this life affords to man is but fragmentary, and the reasonable inference is another life to complete it. The mind of man possess faculties demanding eternal time for development. They are God-given, and God will satisfy them with more than a little handful of earthly time.

Think of the pathetic death in the early years of life, of those whom Tennyson called "The Forbidden Builders." I mean the ten-talented man whose earthly achievement was rich with promise for the future. Think of the promise for literature that young Arthur Hallam was. Frederick Robertson, the scholar, must die at thirty-seven; Raphael at the same age, and Mozart at but thirty-six; while Keats finished his earthly career of such promise at the age of twenty-two. Victor Hugo, when very old said, "I feel in myself the future life. The closer I come to the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world which invites me. I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse and history and in song, but I feel I have not said the one-thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say I have finished my day's work, but cannot say I have finished my life. My day's work will begin the next morning."

Humboldt dying at the age of ninety, cried, "Oh, for another hundred years! I need a thousand years to do that which I have in mind."

Reason says, "If physical death ends it all, man's existence is the one falsehood and deception of the universe, and life is an inexplicable riddle and an outrageous lie, and life's creator is a demon instead of a father."

8. The reason I now give you for my belief in immortality is the last but not the least. I bring this one from the Bible. You say, "I do not believe in the Bible." Then you are destitute of chart and compass, and there is no need to talk to you. Whenever I meet a fellow who says he does not believe in the Bible it makes me think of the infidel and the Quaker lady. The infidel met the Quaker lady on her way to church with a Bible under her arm.

He said, "Good morning, lady. I see you have a Bible. You don't believe the Bible?"

"Yes, I do, don't thee?"

"No, and half the preachers today do not believe it at all. Do you believe that story about Jonah and the whale?"

"Certainly I do. Don't thee?"

"Tell me if you can, how any man could live in the belly of a fish three days and three nights."

"I don't know," said the old lady, "but when I get to heaven I will ask Jonah."

"Suppose Jonah did not get to heaven?"

"Then," said the lady, "you can ask him."

This last proof differs from all others in that it is not inductive, but is a testimony from the Bible. It is not the voice of imperfect reason saying, "We shall live again." It is the Word of God. Reason may lead us to hope, but revelation produces faith. Reason affords some glimmering expectations of a future state, but revelation lifts up the impending veil and brings immortality and eternal life to light.

Revelation dissipates the dense mists that hang over the valley of the shadow of death and enables the soul to revel in the anticipation of a bliss which eye hath not seen nor ear heard and which hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Let us commune for a moment with the spirits of the illustrious dead, illustrious not for feats of valor nor for conquests achieved upon the blood-stained fields of courage and death, but illustrious for moral excellence, for exalted piety, for ardent and undying faith.

Let us inquire, what was their faith, and what was their hope? Hear the response of the triumphant language of the godly, afflicted man of Uz, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

Hear it also in the language of the great apostle to the Gentiles — "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

This is the language of a dying man, the language of a man whose bosom swelled with hopes and expectations of immortal life.

THE SOUL

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3

THE SOUL IS AN IMPERILED SOMETHING

While here below a world of devils are united to accomplish the destruction of the soul. In this life our souls meet with two forces that will make it or mar it for time and eternity. On the one hand is the great fact and factor — Satan. If he can get your soul, he will strangle every holy ambition, slaughter every good desire, sear its conscience, stab its sensibilities, disease its will, pervert its affections, dethrone its reason and rob it of its capacity to seek and find God, and in the end damn it in the lost world forever.

On the other hand is the great fact and factor — Jesus Christ. If He can get your soul, He will save it, wash it, regenerate it, sanctify it, cleanse it, give it beauty for ashes, joy for mourning, praise for heaviness, and then when life is all over, give it a home in heaven.

As long as your life lasts your soul will be in danger. Not until the pearly gates click on our heels and we hang our shield of faith on the walls of eternity will our souls be out of danger of being lost.

The fact that your soul is in danger of being lost, hopelessly lost, irreparably lost, eternally lost, lost to happiness, lost to holiness, lost to loved ones, lost to heaven, ought to stir your emotions, and would, if you were not so familiar with the truth I am giving you. People come in to listen to this great and solemn truth and then go out to laugh and giggle and make merchandise of their own damnation; go right out from under it knowing there are only two heartbeats between them and an awful hell.

The soul is an imperiled something. There are some things that imperil the soul. The first one I mention is that your soul is capable of losing its capacity to seek and find God. Sin indulged in beyond a certain degree of moral light kills the finer sensibilities of the soul, until it is powerless to act in repentance until it becomes dead to all appeal. The laws of man's nature are such that one can finally and eternally shut up his personality against grace. The Lord's mercy endures forever, but a man's capacity to appropriate that mercy does not.

Procrastination has been called the thief of time. It is surely a thief. It robs you of your ability to feel and believe. It warps and wrenches the moral nature from the truth to such a degree that no susceptibility to divine truth remains, so much that no moral nucleus remains upon which the forgiving love of God can work.

Age fossilizes, and habit hardens or softens, according to the nature of the habit. Psychologists tell us the mind of a man for the first twenty-five years is in a plastic state; impressions are more easily made. But after we pass, twenty-five the brain begins a hardening process, called crystallization or ossification. This explains why so few seek God late in life.

Ask these aged procrastinators, and they will tell you that the sermon and song that made them feel thirty years ago makes no more impression on them now than the beating of a feather against an anvil. The majority of the people who are followers of Christ came to Him in early life. Youth presents the fewest obstacles; difficulties increase with the years.

Let us do a little figuring. Let us say that nine-tenths of the people are saved before they are twenty-one-and they are. Let us consign all to heaven who die before they are twelve years of age, and that is putting the age of accountability plenty high. Science won't even stand for that. Then let us say that one-fourth of the human family dies before they are sixteen and they say the average life is only a generation, which used to be thirty-three years, but sociologists tell us it is now fifty-seven.

What does this figure on the basis of thirty-three years for a generation? It figures this if you are twenty-five years old and are still unsaved, the chances are 5000 to one against your ever being saved. If you are thirty-five, the chances are 25,000 to one. If you are forty-five, the chances are 80,000 to one, and if you are fifty, the chances are 150,000 to one against your ever being saved. If you are seventy-five and still outside the ark, you are almost as good as lost while you walk the streets of your city.

There is a deadline over which your soul may step never to return. Be careful, friend, how you treat the Holy Ghost, for everything that has to do with your salvation comes directly under His administration. You have to do business with Him if you are ever saved, and there is a possibility of your rejecting Him once too often, and by so doing putting yourself beyond His reach. Every time you reject the call, you swing yourself a bit farther from Him, until there is a greater chasm between your soul and God tonight than there was two weeks ago. You cannot sit and hear the gospel every night for two weeks and do nothing about it and be the same. The gospel "is a savor of life unto life or of death unto death."

The second thing that imperils your soul is carnality. What is carnality? Carnality is that inherited principle born within us. It is that infernal offspring of the devil that is in league with hell. Carnality is the base, foundation, and cause of every crime in the catalogue. "It is enmity against God; and is not subject to the law of God, neither can be."

Carnality is the Absalom of your heart that would stand at the gate and win the hearts and affections of the people to yourself in order that you might be put in power and given leadership. Carnality is the Delilah of your heart that would rob you — rob you of your power to witness and live a holy life. Rob you of the witness of the Spirit to the cleansing of your heart. Rob you of your desire to read the Bible and to pray in secret. Rob you of your passion for souls that are lost.

Carnality is the Achan of your heart which would impede your progress to the heavenly land and also retard the progress and development of your soul.

Carnality is the Judas of your heart which would sell you out for a little bit of the world's foam, fun, frolic, gush and nonsense. Sell you out for some of the world's honor, notoriety, fame, money, position and pleasures.

Carnality is the Ananias and Sapphira of your heart which would tell you to hold back part of the price, tell you to make a partial consecration, that would keep you from making a full and wholesale consecration of all you have for time and eternity.

THE SOUL

by

Forman Lincicome

4

THE SOUL IS A NEGLECTED SOMETHING

The indictment against the church is that it is losing its soul-saving tendency. When any church loses its overflowing sympathy and compassion for a lost world, then it is nothing more than an ethical club and will soon become a social center or a playhouse. When the church loses its soul burden it has lost its pungent, penetrating, heart-breaking force, and its work will result in mere reformation. But the work of the church is not reformation; the work of the church is regeneration. When a church loses its passion and compassion, then it will abandon the program of regeneration for a program of reformation.

Someone said, "There are three major passions of the day. There is politics with its passion for power; business with its passion for profit; society with its passion for pleasure." Why didn't he say there are four major passions of the day and mention the church with its passion for souls? Is it because the church has become so religiously colorless that they can't see any soul burden? Let the church exhibit a passion for souls like business does for profit, like society does for pleasure, like politics does for power, and it could easily be seen.

The soul is neglected. A long time ago a man said, "No man cares for my soul." I wish this were the only man who had said it. Not so. Countless millions on the foreign fields could give the utterance to the melancholy declaration. Not only those in the far-away lands, but plenty of them in every city, county and state in our own precious land, where people by the thousands profess to be Christians.

We should feel more over the lost about us. Feel more like Christ, when He looked over the doomed city with heaving bosom, weeping eye and crying heart. It was His apprehension of the fearful fate of the people that made Him bewail their coming calamity.

We should feel more like David. He felt so deeply for the peril of lost souls, over the transgressions of the people that it turned His eyes into "rivers of water."

It was Paul's concern for the lost that made him say that he could have wished himself accursed for his kinsmen, and that made him warn the people day and night with tears.

It was the same feeling that made the good shepherd leave the ninety and nine that were safe and go after the one that was lost. The good shepherd had an emotion that resulted in motion. That is what we need. There is so much emotion that does not result in motion, and it has a damaging effect upon our heart life for the more we feel and do not act the flabbier we will become.

Such solicitude each one of us ought to feel over our loved ones, neighbors and friends. It is too bad that many of us can't shed a tear for those for whom He shed His blood. But alas, where is that

profound conviction for the soul's value? Where is that painful conception for the soul's peril? Where is that tender solicitude for the soul's safety? Where is that earnest activity for the soul's welfare?

Mother and father, do you care as you should for the souls of your children? Teachers, do you care as you ought for the souls of your scholars? Christians, do you care as you should for the souls of your neighbors? What about you preachers? Do you care as you should for the souls of those who come within the circle of your activities?

Few there are who sigh and cry over lost souls; they are the exceptions to the prevalent indifference we can see on every hand. Oh, that something might arouse us from this criminal apathy and cruel indifference!

If Christians had always cared for souls as they should, we would have a different church and a different world. Why should we care less for souls than for money, titles, position, influence, pleasure and fame? Why devote more labor, more treasures and more time to the adornment of our dwellings, to the improvement of our cities, to the construction of our railroads to the erection of public monuments, than we do to seeking and saving the lost and to filling the mansions that are vacant with redeemed immortals? Why contribute more to popular spectacles, social festivities, musical entertainments? Why put in more time playing bridge than you do in saving the lost. If church members would spend one-half the time in saving the lost that they spend in playing cards there would be many a dark spot of the world lightened and many of the vacant mansions in heaven occupied. What excuse can we plead as Christians? Can we plead ignorance of duty, want of means or insufficient motives?

For many years God has been pouring light upon us, reminding us of our obligations, plying us with every strong incentive, with every appeal of tenderness and of terror. There will be no excuse we can offer for our cruel indifference. We shall stand speechless at the judgment. What other guilt is like the guilt which disregards the greatest interests in the universe? What is to be said of the follower of Christ who suffers an immortal soul to perish by his side without the slightest endeavor to rescue it?

Who of my readers would not plunge into the flood to rescue a drowning child or rush through the smoke and fire to keep a woman from burning to death? And shall the perishing soul elicit no compassion? The soul for which God built this beautiful world and reared the jeweled stories of the heavens, the soul for which the eternal well-beloved came forth from the bosom of the Father to encounter the malice of wicked men and wrestle single-handed with all the powers of hell. The soul for which He ascended with the wounds of crucifixion in His palms to stand before the throne a martyred Lamb, a perpetual intercessor, pleading with the eloquence of blood freely shed as its ransom.

THE SOUL

by

Forman Lincicome

5

THE SOUL IS A HIGHLY ORGANIZED SOMETHING

As the body has certain members, so the soul has certain faculties. The body has six members, and it is significant to note that the soul has six faculties. The understanding, the judgment, the will, the affections, the memory and the conscience are not members of the body. They are faculties of the soul. The understanding is the inlet of the knowledge; the judgment is that which weighs and determines; the will is that which chooses and rejects; the affections is that which loves and hates; the memory stores and retains; the conscience is that which approves and condemns.

The soul is so delicate an instrument that no hand can touch it, so great no fires can consume it; so great that no floods can drown it; so great that no rock can crush it, no grave can hold it, no time can exhaust it, no wall can impede it. It throws the body off at death as it were a toy. It drives back medical skill as if it were impotent. It breaks through the circle of loved ones that stand around the bedside and with one leap it crosses the river of death and if it has been forgiven, washed and cleansed by the blood of Jesus it mounts the chariot that is waiting for it and with one dash it passes the stars, the moon and planets, and with the speed of light goes touring past Pleiades, and after it has crossed the altitude of time's boundary it arrives at its destination, dismounts from its chariot, and goes sweeping through the gate into a city where it will have vision without obscurity, society without temptation, victory without conflict, employment without weariness. Through the gates into a city where frost has never chilled the air, where the winds never blow, where the flowers never fade, where the rivers never freeze over. Through the gates into a city where decay never gnaws at fadeless beauty, where time never writes a wrinkle and where death never digs a grave. Through the gates into a city that is above all storms and tempests, earthquakes and heartbreaks; where there is joy without sorrow, blessedness without misery, health without sickness, light without darkness, abundance without want, beauty without deformity, honor without disgrace, ease without labor, peace without interruptions, eyes without tears, and hearts without fears.

And as it goes through the gate the first one to welcome it will be One who startled a king in His infancy and puzzled the doctors in His childhood, and ruled the course of nature in His manhood, and walked upon billows as if they were pavements and hushed the sea to sleep. The One who put on humanity in order that we might put on divinity, the One that became the Son of Man in order that we might become the Sons of God.

The first one to welcome it will be the One who was rich, but for us became poor. So poor that He did not own the beast on which He rode, nor the boat on which He cruised the lake, nor the cradle in which He slept, nor the grave in which He was buried. He rode on another man's beast, cruised the lake in another man's boat, was rocked in another man's cradle, and was buried in another man's mausoleum.

Then the saints and the martyrs and the apostles will join your soul in the march led by the Savior toward the throne of God, waving palms of victory while heaven's orchestra plays the songs of redemption. Then He will come forth and with His own hands — hands that threw into space whirling worlds and racing planets, hands that never struck a blow at a single person while here on earth, hands that touched the deaf ears and made them hear, the blind eyes and made them see, the sick bodies and made them well — and with those hands will He place a crown upon your head and say, "Well done, thou good and faithful pilgrim. You were faithful down there to your God-given convictions, faithful in the use of the talents I gave, faithful in your attitude toward all forms of evil; thou didst place thyself on the right side of every issue where principal was involved; thou didst stand perpendicular when all about you prostrated themselves before the golden images. So now I am going to make you ruler over many things."

But on the other hand, if the soul which leaves the body has not been forgiven and cleansed by the blood of Jesus, it will break through the circle of loved ones that stand around the bedside and with one leap cross the river of death and mount the chariot that has been waiting for it, and with the speed of light go toward the regions of dark damnation, and as it goes it will take up the wail, "I gained the world, but I have lost my soul; gained the shadow, but lost the substance; gained the famine, but lost the plenty; gained the briars, but lost the flowers; gained the foes, but lost the friends; gained eternal damnation, but lost eternal life. Lost, lost, in outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, lost in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, lost in the smoke of their torment that ascends day and night, lost in the midst of warnings, lost in the midst of myriads of demons and devils and fallen angels and degenerate, men." And as it goes it will wake to the fact that it is hopelessly lost, eternally lost, which will mean to lose all love and possess all hate, to lose all joy and possess all sorrow, to lose all life and possess all death, to lose all light and to possess all darkness, to lose all good and possess all evil, to lose all health, and possess all disease, to lose all beauty and possess all ugliness, to lose all liberty and possess all bondage, to lose all contentment and possess all despair, to lose all security and possess all jeopardy, to lose all of holiness and possess all of sin, to lose all of heaven and possess all of hell.

THE SOUL

by

Forman Lincicome

6

THE SOUL IS A VALUABLE SOMETHING

The soul's value can be seen from six standpoints:

1. The soul's value is seen in its capacity. This is the primary excellence of the soul which renders it so far superior to all other animal existence.

The soul has a three-fold capacity.

a. It has an intellectual capacity, a capacity capable of progress and improvement. Man is the only creature that has a soul capable of progress. The cattle graze now on the hillsides as they did in Abraham and Lot's day, when their herdsmen got into a quarrel over the pasture fields. The spider weaves his web in your room in spite of your broom, just as he did in Solomon's day. The nightingale sings the same notes now and with the same melodic cadence as it did from the earliest history of the world. Not a new note, not an additional quaver. This is true of all kinds of songbirds. They warble now just as they ever have done. The eagle is as incapable of advancement as the sparrow. Not one step of progress has been made with unreasoning animal creation. Their history is the same. They themselves are the same in all ages. Not a faculty added; not a faculty improved. The soul's power of reasoning, comparing, combining, abstracting, classifying and forecasting the future and recalling the past are strictly human faculties in which it is approximated by no other order of creatures within the range of observation, and to the growth of these faculties we can assign no limits.

Even in this world, as short as the sojourn is, the soul sometimes attains an astonishing strength and elevation and accumulates an amazing store of most varied and interesting intelligence.

Now and then we have a Bacon in learning, a Humboldt in science, a Mozart in Music, a Raphael in painting, an Angelo in sculpture, an Homer or Shakespeare in poetry, a Tully or a Basset in eloquence, a Caesar and a Napoleon in arms. Each in his own particular direction distancing all his fellows and soaring away toward the infinite as if to show us of what stupendous and unthought-of things the unfettered soul is capable.

b. The soul has also a moral capacity. Man is the only creature that does have. Psychologists tell us a man is not the only creature that has a soul. They tell us a hog has a soul, a cow has a soul, but do not have a moral soul, a soul capable of moral quality. This is why, when the cow comes around and eats up your cabbage, she never comes back to offer any pay. It is why, when the hog roots up your potatoes and spoils them, he never comes back to make any restitution.

We do not put the cow and hog in jail for such conduct because they have no moral capacity, though they do have an appetite. But we are not mere animals; we are capable of doing right and

wrong, and we can do wrong in spite of all prayers that may be offered and all the sermons that can be preached and all the moral pressure a loving God can put on us.

We are so put up that we can resist God's will, both in time and in eternity. I can take the bit in my teeth and say I am going to hell, and no one can keep me from doing it.

The soul has a living conscience and is responsible to a divine law. In this quality lies our chief superiority to the animal tribes. The animal tribes, too, have a mind, though of an inferior order. They have will, instinct, passion and affection, but they have no moral sense, and heaven has bound them by no institute of law. Of all the inhabitants of the planet man is the only one to whom God revealed Himself in language and the only one capable of receiving such revelation.

c. The soul also has a spiritual capacity. To man alone has God communicated something of His nature. Man alone can enjoy such communication. With man alone He has condescended to take up His residence, for man alone can enjoy or can entertain such a glorious Guest.

The human soul, though woefully fallen and depraved, is susceptible to a washing and a cleansing and is susceptible to redemption and revelation. God has mercifully provided through the sacrifice of His beloved Son and the agency of the Holy Spirit for the full recovery of the ruined, revealing the wondrous scheme by His written work and conveying the promised grace by the sacramental channels of His church.

To what sublimity of virtue and holiness the regenerate soul may rise we can see in the cases of Enoch, Joseph, Daniel and Saint Paul, while the Cains and Neros of history, and the Jezebels show us to what depths of sin and shame a soul may descend.

Our souls were not made to dwell in the dust. Let's be done with that saying, "We are poor weak worms of the dust." You were not made for dungeons; you were made for altitudes. You were not made for slavery; you were made for thrones. You were not made for time; you were made for eternity.

2. The soul's value is also seen from the standpoint of contrast. Our Savior has contrasted the soul with the whole world. "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" In this verse our Lord has not declared that the soul is more valuable than the state in which you live, nor the nation, but the entire world. Jesus ought to know the value of both the world and your soul, for He created both. If you want to know values go to Jesus. Do not go to your next-door neighbors; they might be interested in hogs, as they were in Jesus' day. You remember there was a demoniac who lived in the tombs; he was uncivilized, unclothed, unmanageable, and "un-everything" else. One day Jesus was passing that way and this man called on Jesus for help, and Jesus cast the demons out of him, and as the demons came out they asked for permission to go into some hogs, and their request was granted. These devils, as soon as they came out of the man, took a bee-line for the hogs, and as soon as they got in the hogs, the hogs decided at once that rather than to carry a devil around with them they would rather commit suicide. So all of them ran and jumped into the sea and were drowned. Now that was one time the devil was baptized, and that by immersion, for the hog went under and so did the devil, for the devil was in the hog. I read that the devil believed to the

extent that he trembled, and I will leave it to you if he is converted yet. There are lots of people who have done the same thing; they believed and were baptized believed that Jesus was the Son of God, gave their intellectual assent to a historical fact. Anybody can do that and not witness any change. This affair stirred the people of the community, and especially the owner of the hogs. So they went out to see, and they saw this demoniac doing a thing he had never done before in his life. That is the prerogative of Christianity — to help a man to do what he could not otherwise do. This demoniac was sitting clothed and in his right mind. When the people get their right mind they always put on some clothes. They told Jesus that He should get out of their country at once. They told Him they did not want any more men saved in that section at such an enormous cost as that. Two thousand big fat hogs just ready for the market is entirely too much to pay for the restoration of one man. If it was going to cost that much, let them remain in their insanity and finally go to hell.

Why did they talk that way? It is because they did not know values. Jesus not only said that the soul was worth two thousand hogs, but worth more than the whole world. Sometimes you will hear the church saying a similar thing. We have had one revival this year in our church, and that cost us three hundred dollars, so we are not going to have another. "The last revival," I can hear one say, "cost me ten dollars, and there were only three souls saved in the meeting of three week's duration. Revivals cost too much. I think we ought not have more than one each year." What makes them talk like that?" It is because they do not know values. They need a vision of the soul, a vision of the price that was paid to redeem a soul.

Jesus tells us one soul is worth more than a whole world, and it does not need to be the soul of a Webster, a Milton, or a Shakespeare, nor a Queen Victoria. It might be the soul of a man in darkest Africa surrounded by ignorance and superstition, devoid of clothes and painted black by the brush of heredity. Or it may be the soul of a vile, begrimed, bespattered — by sin, heart-broken, downtrodden, hopeless, virtueless woman sitting on yonder curb in a drunken stupor.

3. The soul's value is seen in the great effort God is making to save it. Why all these churches put up at a big cost and kept operating at a bigger cost? As many as five in a little town of less than 1000 inhabitants. It is because of souls. Why all these preachers who have surrendered and dedicated their lives — and many of them have given up remunerative positions, and are now receiving barely enough to enable them to live like they should, and will come down to the end of life with not enough material goods to keep them from being burdensome to their friends? It is because men have souls.

Why all the missionaries who have left native land and loved ones and gone across the sea to live and labor for the heathen? It is because men have souls.

Why all these prayer meetings that the children of God attend, many times so weary and tired from the day's toil they could hardly get there, and then pour out their hearts in prayer for an hour? It is because men have souls.

Why all these religious schools, all these religious periodicals carried by Uncle Sam to our homes each week and published at a big cost? It is because men have souls.

4. The soul's value is seen in the great contention for it. Look at Satan and his agencies on one hand laying pitfalls and seductive snares, working overtime to draw that soul away from decency and right living and into hell finally.

On the other hand you see God's ministers and his good saints and the church and the Holy Spirit trying to pull that soul out of the devil's ranks and get it to leave off his sins and make heaven at last. Why all this contention over the soul if it is of no value?

5. The value of the soul is seen in God's supreme regard for it. God has shown His regard for it by doing two things:

a. First, by creating it in His own image. God created the soul in the express image of Himself. In Genesis we read this statement: "God created man in His image, in the image of God created he him." So man was created in the image of God his maker, which was righteousness and true holiness. Created with the power of choice, created to act upon his own responsibility, man holds his eternal destiny in his own hands.

Christianity presents us with a choice, a choice of one of two lives, one of two deaths, one of two resurrections and one of two destinies. I don't believe the doctrine of election, that is, that some of us were born foreordained to eternal life, and others were born foreordained to eternal death.

I believe in election like the colored pastor believed in it. One of his members was having some trouble with it and came to his study one morning and said, "Pastor Johnson, here of late I been having a heap of trouble with this doctrine of election, and since you am such a powerful man of wisdom I thought you could explain it to me."

"Yes, sir," said the pastor. "You say the election is going on all the time, don't you?"

"Sure thing."

"Then you say the devil is voting against you?"

"Yes, indeed He always vote against me."

"Then you say Christ is voting for you?"

"Every time my Lord and Savior vote for me."

"Well, then, if the devil is voting against you and the Lord is voting for you, then whichever way you vote, that is the way the election is going."

Sinner friend, you never heard of anyone being elected until he first ran. So if you want to be elected, you run. You run to the mourner's bench somewhere, and in no time at all you will be elected to eternal life. Moody was right when he said that the elected are the "whosoever wills," and the non-elects are the "whosoever won'ts."

No, friend, hell is the fruitage of a wrong choice. Heaven and hell are set before us, and we deliberately choose one or the other. If at last we make our bed in hell we will not get rid of the fact that the unfathomable gulf that separates us from love and light, holiness, loved ones and heaven, was fixed by our own self-will, for everyone goes to hell on his own feet by his own choice, against the will of a broken-hearted God.

No, God does not send anyone to hell. God bankrupted heaven to keep us out of hell. He gave His only Son. When He paid for our redemption He had nothing more to give. Everyone of us is out of hell on bail, and the sad thing about it is that the majority of people are running from the One who went their security.

b. Second, God has shown His regard for the soul by going to prepare a place for it. "I go to prepare a place for you." Heaven is a place just like Chicago or New York is a place. One I like to think about is that heaven is a permanent place. "Here we have no abiding city, but we seek one to come." "For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Here in this world like Abraham of old, our dwelling is in tents, and we never continue in one city. There are at least two classes of people that will enjoy this feature of heaven. The first one is the renter. The renter just nicely gets located, and the owner of the building tells him the house is sold and that he must vacate in thirty days. But up there we will not be renters; we will all be owners, so that we will never have to move again. This feature of heaven will be very gratifying to the preacher, for many of them move once every three years, on an average. I know one preacher who was moved three times in three years, but some few years ago that preacher made his last move. He moved into his home in the skies, and no stationing committee will ever move him again.

It will be a place of recognition — personal recognition is essential for several reasons. It is necessary to satisfy the yearning of the heart. Every heart has this yearning. So this yearning would remain forever unsatisfied without it.

Recognition is essential to make communion of the saints possible. Without it the communion of the saints would be impossible. Without this recognition much of the knowledge acquired in this life would be either lost or useless.

It will be a place of employment. Heaven will not be a place of inactivity. Lyman Beecher said, "Excepting exemption from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action is the greatest pleasure of the mind." I could hardly wish to enter heaven if I believed its inhabitants would idly sit by purling streams, fanned by balmy airs.

We shall have an eternity of untiring action. I read, "They are before the throne of God and serve him day and night." I used to get very happy singing, "I am going to spend eternity sitting around the throne." That does not meet my more matured idea of what I am to do in heaven. Sitting around would make heaven a big summer resort, a big camp meeting that never breaks up. Sitting around all the time might do for some old monk or idle dreamer, but it is too ghostly and insipid for me. Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity.

Has David hung up his harp, as useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe for God? No, we shall serve Him day and night. That is why I never sing, "I will take my vacation in heaven." There will not be any vacation because none will be needed, for the glorified body will be exempt from weariness.

I don't know what I will do in heaven. If I preach up there, I shall have to get a new set of sermons, for everybody up there is saved and sanctified.

The doctor will have to get another job, for no one gets sick up there, and so will the undertaker, for no one dies. A funeral has never been witnessed in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, nor has a crepe ever been seen fluttering from the door knob. And so will the grave digger, for there are no graveyards on the hillsides of glory.

It will be a place of enjoyment. Among the many things I will enjoy will be the singing. I hope they will have quartets, for nothing is so thrilling to me as to hear four voices blended. But there is one song that we won't sing up there, and I am just as well pleased when they don't sing it down here: "Fifty Miles of Elbow Room." Someone has figured it up, and if it is so, thirty people would exhaust the line in one direction, according to the measurements of heaven given by the revelator. To have nobody within fifty miles of me would be to lonely. It would not compare with a good old-fashioned Methodist love feast. Some years ago Kentucky had a home-coming; all the ex-sons and ex-daughters came from almost every state in the union. They had on one day's program the unveiling of the statue of Stephen Foster, the author of the world-famed song, "My Old Kentucky Home." When the hour arrived for the execution of the program two young ladies lifted the drapery that hid the statue from the gaze of the people, and just as they reached down to take hold of the drapery and to slowly lift it, a brass band of one hundred twenty-five pieces began to play "My Old Kentucky Home" and fifteen thousand voices started singing "My Old Kentucky Home." Talk about a thrill as they played and sang!

But what will that be to the home-coming beyond the skies, when all the saints come marching in from every nook and corner of the nations and assemble themselves together in one big choir and join in singing "Now unto Him who has loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, to him be honor, glory, dominion and power forever."

It will be a place of glad reunions. Hardly family circle has not been broken. We have stood by the bedside and heard them say, "Good-bye, I will meet you in heaven." Just a short time ago the Master plucked one from the garden of your heart and transplanted it into the blessed blooming paradise of God. The little crib, the vacant chair, the half-worn shoes, all remind us of one that brought so much sunshine into our hearts and lives. Yes, there will be a glad reunion in the skies.

It is a place of protection. Protected by walls made of jasper. There are twelve gates, and at each gate there stands a guardian angel. You would think by listening to some people that there was only one gate to heaven, and that they had the key to that one. But not so; there are twelve gates, and they are never closed. We often speak about the gates of heaven opening to receive us, but not so; they are never closed. Why should they ever be? No one in that grand and happy place wants to get out.

I know that they tell us that Saint Peter has the keys to heaven, but you should not worry if Peter does have the keys so long as you have Christ, for the one that has Christ has the door. "I am the door."

Heaven is not only protected by walls. It is protected from the extortioner, gambler, drunkard, whoremonger, idolaters, unbelievers, adulterers — "There shall not enter into it any thing that defileth, whatsoever worketh an abomination."

6. The soul's great value is seen in the great price that was paid to redeem it. Values are dependent on prices. We used to sing a song, "One drop of blood that was shed on the tree can cleanse every stain." If one drop of blood could have saved the world, then the blood of His brow would have been sufficient. My friends, it took the blood of Jesus, stamped with infinite merit by the death which He suffered, to save the soul. The cost was so great that in His agony on the cross the earth shuddered in horror and shrouded its face, when it looked as if the pillars that supported the orderly universe would be loosened and the whole universe drop into chaos. The sun in all its strength and beauty refused to look upon the suffering Christ. It protested by drawing the sackcloth of darkness over its face. The material world was thrown into abject darkness while all creation protested His death. The earth heaved and sighed, while mountains trembled and rocks were rent. "The red-fingered, lurid lightning played around Golgotha's brow while Horeb split her gigantic ribs and cedars of Lebanon bowed and swayed with awful grief."

Our souls have not been redeemed by such corruptible things as silver and gold. For the redemption of my soul the most horrible groan ever uttered was heard. For the redemption of your soul the most horrible death ever witnessed was beheld; the richest blood that ever flowed was spilled, and the sweetest life ever lived came to an end.

When God paid for our redemption He was bankrupt. He gave all He had, the only thing He had, "His only Son." I think that that which caused the heartbreak of deity and the out poured blood of the Son of God is too valuable a something to be thrown upon the scrap-heap of sin and hell. It ought to be given to God, and unless God gets it He is eternally swindled, and you will be eternally lost.

In view of all we have said about the immortality of the soul, the peril of the soul, the value of the soul, how we should estimate its value, tremble for its danger, labor for its rescue and rejoice over its salvation!