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Holiness Writers

**IF I KNEW
I WAS GOING TO DIE TODAY**

By

H. Robb French

*“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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IF I KNEW I WAS GOING TO DIE TODAY

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Text: "*Thus saith the LORD, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live.*" 2 Kings 20:1 and Isa 38:1

If I knew I was going to die today, I will tell you what I would consider the most important.

First, I would want to know that every sin I had ever committed was blotted out (Proverbs 28:13: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.") I would want to know there is nothing between my soul and my Saviour. I would want all of my confessions and restitutions made.

Secondly, I would want to know I was sanctified wholly. I am thinking of the man that was holding the meeting when I got sanctified. He was a farmer in southern Kansas making lots of money feeding hogs and cattle. And he was a big man in the Methodist Church. I guess he had about every office in the church. They wanted a meeting, and by mistake they got a holiness preacher--Brother Rollins, and he was preaching full salvation. And it made this young man mad. And he jumped up one night in a mad fit and said, "Mr. Rollins, we called you here to preach Methodist doctrine and not to preach holiness."

Rollins replied: "Brother Young, holiness is the fundamental doctrine of the Methodist Church. John Wesley said the Methodist Church is a sect raised up of God to spread Scriptural Holiness."

"I can't help it, we are not going to have holiness preached here," Young retorted. Then he called for a vote of the congregation and they all voted in his favor except his wife. She voted against him.

He said, "I went home and went to bed, but not to sleep. I rolled and tumbled and pulled quilts. I got up about 4 o'clock in the morning, and said: 'Wife I am in an awful fix. What do you think I'd better do?'"

" 'Well,' she said, 'I don't know what you ought to do, but I know one thing--you didn't treat that preacher right.'"

So he went to the barn and saddled the pony, and climbed in the saddle, and started across the country, four miles, to where preacher Rollins was staying. He said, "I bawled like a calf all the way. The devil hopped up on the saddle behind me, and said, 'Take a chew of tobacco. It will keep down the excitement.' I said, 'Good-bye Mr. Devil, I'm on the hunt for God this time.' "

He knocked at the door and the lady of the house came to the door. "Is Mr. Rollins here?"

"Yes."

"Tell him I want to see him."

Mr. Rollins came and Young said, "I fell full length on the floor, and said to Mr. Rollins, 'I am a lost man, pray for me.' "

Bro. Rollins and the man and woman of the house prayed and God saved him. He said a peace came into his heart. The burden rolled away.

He said, "I got on my pony and went home. Got the milk buckets and started out to milk the cows," and God witnessed to his conversion. He said he thought he would tramp all the grass out of the yard shouting the victory. Finally, he quieted down enough to get the chores finished. Then he got on the same pony and went through the country announcing the meeting was started again at the church that night

A big crowd was there, and Bro. Rollins preached. A number of people sought God for regeneration and some for sanctification. He said: "The meeting went on and my wife got sanctified, and my neighbors got sanctified, and some of the church officials got sanctified, but I couldn't get the blessing. The meeting closed and I still didn't have the blessing of full salvation."

He said, "I went to every revival meeting in the country seeking holiness." And he said, "I had been seeking holiness for five months." Brother, it pays to hold on if it takes five years. It hadn't ought to take that long. It doesn't take God that long to apply the blood. Doesn't take long for the Holy Ghost to come. Praise God He's waiting.

Young said, "I was riding on the mowing machine one day. It was a beautiful day and the sky was blue and the sun was shining. I just looked up and said, 'Lord, why can't I get sanctified? My neighbors got sanctified. My wife got sanctified.' I hardly got the words out of my mouth when the fire fell." He rolled off the seat onto the ground.

The hired man saw him fall and ran to the house and said, "Oh, Mrs. Young, come quick, your husband is having an epileptic fit of some kind!" She ran out of the house shouting. She said, "Glory to God! Husband got sanctified!"

Some time after this he was making lots of money with hogs and cattle there in South Kansas, and he said, "I was on the hay stack pitching hay down to the cattle and I had a vision. I had a Bible under my arm, and I was going up and down in front of the crowd and they were weeping and kneeling for prayer. I jumped off the hay stack and ran into the house and said, 'Wife, God has called me to preach. Don't ever tell anybody about it. I am so ignorant I could never do that.'" But God called him out from the plow and from feeding cattle and hogs.

I will never forget the wonderful Sunday morning when I died out to self and the world, and the Holy Ghost came. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Thirdly, I would want to know something else--that I had walked in every ray of light that God had ever shed on my pathway. "If we walk in the light as He is in the light..." There is no salvation back of light, my friend. It is a wonderful thing to follow the Holy Ghost. If there is a happier old man around here I would like to see him. It is a wonderful thing to walk in the light.

Now, you know, those old-fashioned revivals. It looked like a tornado swept through the country. It is astonishing to me that more people these days are not making restitutions. Oh, I don't see why people should be exempt.

I remember when just a lad, I had a restitution to make. I'll tell you, it didn't amount to five cents, but it seemed much bigger than that to me. It wasn't the money involved. It was the humility of a sking that merchant to forgive me. And I went to make my confession. I was pacing back and forth. It was a cold night in December, and I was wiping the perspiration off my face. I was going through a test, I am telling you.

The devil said, "Go home tonight and try it tomorrow night," and I did. I came the next night. And it was my intentions to get up enough courage, but I went home the second night. The next night was Saturday night and the stores stayed open later on Saturday nights. And I was pacing back and forth.

Presently, the merchant began to pull the blinds, and was going to lock the door. I thought, "Oh, my God, I can't carry this thing over the Lord's day," and I bolted in there. I guess he thought a gangster had come in. But I was desperate. I put some money in his hand and made my confession. You say, "How did you feel?" I had my first airplane ride. Brother, I took off! It seemed like I didn't touch the ground. And I began to look around to see if there wasn't another confession I could make, and get another blessing like that. God pays big dividends.

You know, a lady--she professed a lot of religion. It is astonishing what some professors of religion can do sometimes. She was in a remnant sale. And if there is anything that can get a lady down to a store it is a remnant sale. And she selected what she wanted, and the clerk was going to wrap up the bundle. When she turned to do something she put an extra one in. She paid for the original. She got the other free. She stole it. That's what she did.

I think the preacher said something about remnants that night and she got under awful conviction. And so she went down to the merchant's and said, "Now you know I got an extra piece mixed up in the bundle, and I didn't pay for it, and I want to pay for it." And the man said, "Oh, that's all right lady." And she paid him.

When she stepped out, a voice said to her: "You aren't only a thief, but you are a liar. You know you didn't get that piece mixed up. You deliberately put it in that bundle."

Brother, she was broken up the next time she went back. She was sobbing like a child, and said: "I want to see the manager." And so when the manager came, she said, "Sir, I have a confession to make. I lied to you. I stole that remnant. I didn't get it accidentally mixed up in that bundle. And I want you to forgive me."

He said, "I will forgive you on one condition--that you let me get these clerks together in here, and you tell them what you have told me." She said, "I'll do that." And she stood up on a little platform and spoke to--oh, there were a lot of clerks. And do you know what that merchant said? He said, "I realized four hundred dollars from that confession." Other folk had been stealing remnants. Thank God! It is a wonderful thing to know that everything is in the clear.

Fourthly, If I were dying tonight I would want to know I had some sheaves to lay at the Master's feet. I don't want to go up empty-handed. God has been good to me--better than I deserve. I want to carry a few sheaves with me. "Bringing in the sheaves -- bringing in the sheaves: We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves." Have you ever done anything for the Lord? Get busy for God. Don't you care a rap if other souls go to hell?

The "one-pound man" was not a thief. He was an honest man. I wish everybody was as honest as he was. He went and dug a hole and buried it. When the Lord came back, the servant got his pound and handed it back. "Where are the dividends?" Friends, do you know a lot of people are burying what God has entrusted to them? Burying it in the earth. Isn't that suggestive language? In cars and houses and bank accounts and gadgets, etc.. Oh, my God! It pays to live for Jesus. Can't you hear that sweet voice say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant?"

Fifthly, If I were dying tonight, I would want to know I didn't have any bitterness or hatred or unforgiveness in my heart against anyone in the world. (John 4:20) "If a man say he loves God and hates his brother he is a liar."

Isn't that strong language? I have never gotten over an experience I had in California. The pastor and wife were both good friends of ours. Godly people. But the mother-in-law was as radical as she could be, I believe. She said she was not treated right. If we go out into eternity with bitterness in our hearts there is just no hope. If we forgive not men their trespasses, neither will our heavenly Father forgive us.

"Lord, don't let me ever harbor ill will against anyone, regardless of what they do." Jesus said of those that were pounding the nails into his flesh: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The grace of God, Hallelujah! I would not want any unadjusted sins against my fellow man.

Sixthly, I would want to leave a good influence behind me. Wouldn't you? I stood by the grave of Napoleon Bonaparte. It didn't thrill me a bit. He murdered a lot of people. He was a genius. He was a powerful man. He was a great man of history.

But when he was a prisoner on the Isle of St. Helena, he said, "Alexander, and Charlemagne and myself have established great empires with the force of arms, but here comes Jesus Christ without a sword, without a spear, and He established a kingdom that the world and the devil and man cannot destroy. He established a kingdom in the hearts of His people." And across this world there are hearts that are being true to Jesus Christ. Many of them are dying martyrs while I am talking to you, but they won't deny Christ. They love Him.

Paul is not dead. John Wesley is not dead. Nobody really dies. Their life lives on, either as a curse or as a blessing--a curse to damn humanity, or to bless humanity.

Seventhly, I would want to know if I were dying tonight that I did not have the blood of souls on my hands. God told Ezekiel: "You must warn the people. If you don't warn them, and they die in their sins, their blood will I require at your hands. If you warn them and they don't repent, their blood will be on their own hands."

That is true of every child of God. I don't want any blood on my hands, because I have not been faithful to people--because I haven't warned them--because I haven't done my best. There is the blood of my own unsaved children. Parents, if you were to die, would you have the blood of your children on your hands? Seems like in America, homes are going down. Parents are losing their children.

Maybe a tornado is going to hit us in the night while we are sleeping this coming summer. "Oh," you say, "I don't want to think about that." Thousands have been carried into eternity while they slept peacefully in their bed at night.

At the great judgment throne the books will be opened--the book of my life. I don't just want to get saved to escape hell. I want to do something for Jesus. He's done so much for me.

If you forget all else I have said tonight, don't forget the text: "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." I've showed you some of the important things you must do to set your house in order well enough so you would dare venture into the chilly waters of death, from whence you shall not return to make any more corrections.

I wish every soul in this house would act in the light of eternity tonight, as though you knew you were slipping out into eternity at midnight tonight. If you had known, you would have gone to the altar. If we knew we would die tonight at twelve o'clock, we wouldn't care what people thought. We wouldn't hang on to the trifling things of this world and reject God one more time.

--From a tape recorded sermon by Rob French.