

S E R M O N

DELIVERED AT SUNSHINE RESCUE MISSION,

SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, 1911,

By Jim Goodheart, Superintendent.

Text: Ruth 1. 21. The Lord hath brought me home.

~~Do you know~~ it is a pitiful thing, ~~beloved~~, to see a little child who has lost his way and is unable to tell ~~his~~ name or address that he may be taken home to his parents; ~~and~~ ~~do you know~~ it is also a sad sight to behold the poor aching-hearted mother, as she trods up and down the streets, asking the busy pedestrians if they have seen her child, only to receive the answer, "I don't know anything about it?" I wonder if the poor sorrowing mother, searching for her lost baby, can't be compared and likened unto the Heavenly Father, when He sees one of His creatures who has gone astray in sin and lost the way to heaven and his eternal home.

~~I want to say, beloved, that every man or woman in this~~ *one of us*
~~world~~ who hasn't taken Jesus Christ as *our* Saviour is eternally lost. ~~I want you to know that~~ putting your name upon the church roll and classing yourself with Christian people won't save ~~us~~ *us*. These things are beneficial; but they won't save ~~us~~ *us* we may have all this world can offer, and ~~we may~~ be good in morals; but that won't save ~~us~~ *us* ~~He~~ may start from this hour on and never commit another sin; but that won't save ~~us~~ *us* ~~you will topple over~~ ~~into hell on the last day.~~ And ~~we~~ *we* won't gain anything by attempting to conceal or cover ~~our~~ *our* sins. It says in the 28th Chapter of Proverbs, the 13th Verse: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." There is only one thing that will save ~~us~~ *us*

and there is only one covering for ~~your~~ sins--the blood of Jesus Christ that was shed on Calvary. ~~There is a way which~~

We all love to talk about the old home and bygone days. We all love, when Thanksgiving or Christmas comes, to go back to it and gather around the same cheerful fire-side that witnessed our happiness and merriment on these festal days in the long-ago; and then we like to spend a few days in running about the old home town renewing acquaintances. Maybe some of us haven't seen the old home or the old folks for many years, and yet to ~~day~~ the picture that has been engraved upon our heart is so vivid that we can see it as though we had only left there yesterday. The memories of the things that were written upon our hearts in our youth are never dismissed until our dying day. I love to think about my old home and father and mother. ^{don't you} I like to go away back to childhood days, when father used to take me upon his knee. And how pleasant it is to think about all these things! But how awful it is to think that we are separated from that home forever and ever! And the reason that we are separated from it is, probably, because of disobedience, rebellion and hatred one toward another; perhaps, it is because of something that was said on the spur of the moment, which we felt awfully sorry for afterwards, but which we were too full of pride and bullheadedness to go back and ask forgiveness for. ~~That's the kind of feeling I had at one time when I left the old homestead.~~

Do you know that we may be lost in this world and not know it as well as lost eternally without being conscious of it? I remember of losing my way once in the city of Detroit. I was trying to find my hotel, and thought I was going towards it; and when a man who offered to take me there started off in another direction, and said "This is the way," I wouldn't believe him. It took ^{some} ~~half an hour~~ for that man to convince me that we were going the right way. The same thing has happened to you more

than once--perhaps, eternally. It is an awful thing to be lost eternally and not realize it.' "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

I was lost, when only a child in my teens, in a coal mine. I asked my father to let me go down into it with a friend of mine and a friend of the family's, who was a coal-miner. We were let down by a line of cable cars into the third or bottom vein. The miners used lard oil in their lamps in those days, and this man asked me to go over to a neighboring room and borrow enough lard oil to run our lamps for the balance of the day. I, of course, only thought it a picnic, and started off; but in going there, I had to pass through a door which led into space where the great fan that circulated air through the mine was located, and when this door was opened or closed the breeze was so strong as to almost blow one's hat off. When I opened it to go through, my light was blown out, and I was left in that awfully dark place, alone, and totally unacquainted with the mine, and I couldn't find my way back to the room where my friend was. I felt sure, as I tried to grope my way along, that I was going in the right direction, but I had switched off. As I crouched there, I could hear the men at work and the picks going, and then the sound of the cars descending down the grade reached my ears, and I knew that I would be crushed and mangled beyond recognition, for there wouldn't be room for my body between them and the wall. And I tell you what, I prayed. (A man will pray at a time like that, if he ever does.) Then I called for help, but nobody seemed to hear. Finally, after what appeared to me to be an awfully long time, but which in reality was only a few minutes, I saw a light and heard a voice. That was the brightest light I have ever seen, except one--Jesus Christ--and it was sufficient to guide me back to safety, although it only came from a miner's torch.

You are lost tonight, you are on the wrong road--the road that means death--and the wheels of eternity are descending with frightful rapidity to take your soul to everlasting torment; but there is a Light that will guide you to safety. In Luke the 1st Chapter, and 79th Verse, we read that Jesus Christ came "To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." ^{Jesus} There is One who says: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." There is One, I say, who offers Himself for a guide. In the 8th Verse of the 32d Psalm, we read these words: "I will guide thee with mine eye." What more do we want, when Jesus Christ has all the brains, all the power, all the truth and all the ways to guide us home? Science has tried to figure out a whole lot, but the scientists can't tell you tonight how Jesus Christ saves a soul. They can tell you, however, that thirteen miles below the surface of this earth is a great rolling lake of fire. We're only thirteen miles from hell, and yet we walk carelessly, heedlessly over this thin crust of earth. Think what a precarious position you and I are in tonight without the blood of Jesus Christ; and, remember, there is no hope for us after this life.

Jesus Christ came "to seek and to save that which was lost." Don't count yourself as the greatest sinner, don't let the devil persuade you into believing that you have gone too far, for I can point you to one in the Bible, who called himself the "chief of sinners," whom God saved, and who never back-slid, or if he did, it is not recorded in this Book. His name was Paul, the Apostle Paul. Now, you may be an awful sinner as the world looks at it, but you can't be a greater sinner than the chief. You may be his equal, but you can't be any greater. God saved the chief and kept him, and He can do the same for you. ~~and~~ this is what the Apostle Paul said when he was facing death: "I am now ready to be offered; and there is laid up for me a

crown of righteousness in glory." Oh! beloved, ~~today~~ the Lord is getting out the material, and the angels are fastening together a crown that will just fit your poor head. It won't be too ~~large~~ *heavy* or too small, it will be just the right size, and Jesus is saying: "Here is a crown that has been made for you. I want to lay it on your head. Do come and take it." ~~Epkman~~ *Epkman* ~~Irkman~~ *Irkman*

I once heard of a man being lost in "Mammoth Cave." It was four days before the guides found him. During that time, he was without either food or water, and he strove in vain to maintain his sanity. As he felt his mind giving way, he roved around the cave alternately pulling his hair and shrieking ~~and singing~~ ~~and~~ praying for God's help. And at times he would clutch wildly at the air as though reaching for his mind. By the time the guides found him and led him out, he was raving mad. Afterwards, when his mind was finally restored, as he recited his experiences in "Mammoth Cave," and gave a description of himself as he was losing his reason, he said, "It is a picture of the lost sinner."

As we have been trampling the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ under our feet with every step and crucifying Him afresh and placing Him to open shame, some of us have never given one thought to our soul's salvation. Maybe we have only been thinking about making money or ~~drinking "boose"~~ or committing this or that sin. And if we haven't been considering this important question, it is time that ~~you and I~~ *we* were waking up, for "in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." And if there is sin on ~~your~~ *our* soul, the day of His coming will bring ~~you~~ *us* sorrow instead of joy, for God says that no sin shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. And He also tells us that "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life." Now, ~~you and I~~ *we* know that we don't merit heaven; that ~~we don't deserve it~~; that we haven't done any good thing to take us there. And there is nothing that we can do to inherit eternal life, but to accept the

"gift"--to come to the Father as a little child and take Him in confidence and believe that He saves us. And think of the confidence that He places in us.' I wouldn't trust some men with half a dollar in this world, and you know people towards whom you feel just the same, yet God puts within our being, and allows us to walk through this sin-cursed world with, His Holy Spirit.

I have often told you about the hack-driver I used to be associated with--a man who feared neither God or the devil. A time came when he was stricken down with inflammatory rheumatism, and he cursed God until he made the air blue with his oaths. One night, as he lay there on his dying bed in the old livery stable, his legs and arms swollen to twice their natural size, blaspheming and cursing with every breath, I reached for a bottle of medicine that he had been taking, poured out a dose and gave it to him, and in less than thirty minutes that man was a corpse. I had taken down the wrong bottle, and given him a dose of poison. And the last words I heard him utter, as I stood there, only a young boy, my face as white as death, were, "God help my eternal soul."

There is a time coming when "every knee shall bow." If we don't take time to prepare for that day here, we can't do it over there. I want you to see your lost condition today. It isn't being sorry for your habits. All your habits and feelings only fix at the bottom of the account the one word, "S-i-n." It is sin, and sin only, that has brought me to your present condition.

A man who preached here one night was raised on a farm, and in his school days became the friend and chum of a rich banker's son, who had everything in the way of money and advantages that he could desire and was being educated for the legal profession. The boys were both fine manly fellows; but the farmer's boy became a Christian, and went out and preached Jesus Christ

and Him crucified, whilst the banker's son said: "Not for me. I am going to see something of the world and have a good time." So he came to Denver, and went from here to Seattle, and in that city one night a robbery was committed of which he was accused. He didn't have any more to do with stealing that money than you or I did; but he was convicted of the crime, and sent to the penitentiary, where he spent two years. Then he was paroled; and for three years or more--yes, five years--his people didn't know where he was. He became a dirty "bum," a cast off, and no man cared for his soul. One day, on the streets of Seattle, he met the farmer's boy, with whom he had been so intimate; but his friend didn't know him because of the marks of sin that were upon him. He looked in his face, and said, "Don't you know me?" But his one-time chum replied, "No, I don't." Then he said, "I am so-and-so, your old classmate." So the two friends, a great many miles from home, met once more, not accidentally but providentially, for they got down on their knees, and the scales fell from the eyes of the banker's son, and he was able to look up and see that Light--Jesus Christ--the Star of Bethlehem. (Beloved, its rays are ever bursting into the darkened soul to give peace.) He clinched the truth, he knew that he was saved; and his friend gave him the money to go back to his old home. So he went, just as he was, with the marks of the penitentiary, which seldom come off, upon him. The father took him back, and gave him a home; and today that man is the president of one of the largest banking concerns in the state of New York. The Lord brought him home again; the Lord directed him. And ~~we~~ can always trust ~~yourself~~ to this Guide. He brings peace, He makes no mistakes, and He directs ~~us~~ every time to the very port to which ~~we~~ want to go. There is no guide we can trust outside of Jesus Christ; there is none we dare trust, for He is the only one who is capable of being relied upon.

~~And then Don't try to work out salvation with your mind. Just~~
Let us go to Jesus as ~~we~~ are; look on Him and see His pureness, and look

on ~~myself~~ and see how miserable ~~we~~ are. He can take every sin away, and clean ~~me~~ up so that ~~we~~ will be able to wear the crown that He has laid up for you in heaven. There is One standing so close, though it may seem to ~~me~~ at this hour that He is many of millions of miles away, that ~~we~~ can touch the hem of His garment, and there will be healing in that touch. He is able to present ~~me~~ faultless before the Father, because of the nails which were driven through the palms of His hands.

~~I want to tell you what~~ Jesus said to the Father before He left His home in glory and came down to earth to suffer the death of the cross. He said: "Father, I see many people ~~down~~ ~~below~~ in the world, and they have all gone astray; they have lost themselves in sin." And God said: "My beloved Son, because I love them, I will send you, my only Son, to redeem them by your own life's blood, which you shall shed upon the cross of Calvary." And the Son replied: ^{Here I am I send me} ~~"I will go."~~ And I can see the look of love and tenderness on the face of the Father, ^{Imagine} God Almighty, as he bankrupts heaven, and sends Jesus down to earth to pay the penalty of our sins. So "the word became flesh, and dwelt among us;" and Jesus went about healing the blind, making the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak, raising the dead and binding up broken hearts. He went about as "a man of sorrows," a man of grief.

~~And I want to give you a picture of Jesus as He went~~ ~~back home.~~ In the Garden of Gethsemane, as He poured out His soul unto the Father, He prayed: "Let this cup pass; but not my will, but thine, be done." And then He took the cup of bitterness and sin, and drank it to the very dregs. And He went to the cross, betrayed by Judas' kiss, toiling up step by step, His poor back well-nigh broken beneath its burden, a wistful look upon His face as He glanced helplessly from side to side. "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, yet He opened not His mouth." And then I can see Him fall beneath the weight of the cross; and

I can see Him turn back to me and I can hear Him say: "Jim Goodheart, you are lost; the last sin you committed has caused me to drop beneath the weight." And then He was helped up the hill to Golgotha, and nailed to the cross; and ~~again I saw Him turn to me and heard Him say: "Thy sins have been forgiven. Go in peace. He have shed my blood for ~~you~~"~~ And His last dying words, as He was going back home again, were: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. It is finished." And He had "poured out His soul unto death" to save ~~not a miserable fugitive from justice.~~

And as the angels, the Father had sent, winged His precious soul back to His heavenly home and is sit down at the right hand of God, the Father, and thence He will come to judge and quicken the dead, and even to-~~day~~ ^{we} can hear God say, through the clouds of despondency and failure: "This is my beloved Son hear ye Him" and how our hearts do burn within us as He unfolds the Gospel to us leading us tenderly to our eternal home forever with Him, where no sorrow nor sin shall enter, ever to be with the loved ones, who have gone on before, and now stand on the treshhold of our Heavenly home with harps in their hands.

The Lord hath
brought me Home again. A New Year
A New life A savior A Home