

**THE SERMONS, LECTURES, AND SONGS OF
SIDNEY EDWARD COX**

The Story of His Conversion
The Story of "O, What a Wonderful Day/He Sought Me"
II Timothy – Paul's Last Letter
Delivered at The Salvation Army Iowa Officers' Councils
September 23, 1969

Editorial Note: From 1962 – 1972, Sidney Cox lived in the retirement home of The Salvation Army in Detroit, Michigan known as "The Eventide." His beloved wife, Violet was in failing health and ultimately died in 1967. During the last several years of her life, she suffered from severe rheumatoid arthritis which rendered her a virtual invalid. Sidney was her care giver and during this period he ceased his travels to preach and teach.

Following Violet's death, he was able to resume his travels. He was still sought after by The Salvation Army to preach and teach. On this occasion in 1969, at the age of 82, he had been invited to lead services at the Iowa Officers' Councils of The Salvation Army. This is a large regional gathering of Salvation Army officers during which they receive training and guidance to serve them in their local corps ministries.

All of these officers would have known about Sidney Cox, a former Salvation Army officer and about his career and life. Many would have known him personally. He was an iconic figure in Army circles and almost universally known.

John Douglas Cox, grandson of Sidney Cox. December 29, 2008.

I have a good clock here. I don't have to bother about that one [at the back of the room]because I can't see that very well; but I bought this one time at a rummage sale. And I bought it especially for times just like this, so that I could take it out of my pocket and put it there and I can see it and I have two perfectly good eyes.

It's so nice to see you again and I'm so grateful again to the Lord for the privilege of coming, and I want to express again my appreciation to your divisional commanders and your general secretaries for making it possible, because I think they started the ball rolling, you know, that brought me here today. And I'm particularly grateful to Colonel and Mrs. Justy(?) for this reason: they didn't know me; some of you folks have met me before. Brigadier and Mrs. Payton are old friends of ours; we've been together scores of times. But with this man and woman, they didn't know me and they're taking me more or less on faith, I expect, and I'm so very grateful to you. And I just wanted to say that to you, Colonel, how grateful I am that you've made it possible for me to come; and for you dear folks, for giving me a part of yourself, because I'm quite sure that that's what you're doing.

And you know, if you don't mind me saying so, I've reached the time in life when memories mean a great deal. Now to you, memory is something you forget with, but for me, it isn't that at all. There

comes a time when memories mean a great deal, and I'm piling up memories, and it's just wonderful what God is giving to me in these, undoubtedly, the last years of my life, cause I'm on borrowed time and have been for a long time. But I've prayed up memories, and one of them will be the sight of you folks here in this room this morning, and I want to thank you for it, and I want to thank my heavenly Father for the privilege of this role, and it will be something I can not only hang on the wall of the room, perhaps, but hang in the garden of my heart. And I'm not just saying words there at all; I mean that. That's not just words, and I'm just thrilled with it, with the prospect of it.

Now I want to thank you, first of all, for singing my testimony, because just as the Colonel was indicating, one of the first things we ought to do is to clear the air on that point. I want you to know that the man you're looking at and listening to was saved sixty-one years ago in the city of Calgary, in Alberta, right out in western Canada. And I joined the Army a little while afterwards, about a month or so afterwards.

There's an interesting story about that, too, because I didn't know anything about the Army at that time. But on a Saturday night - I was saved on a Thursday. On a Saturday night, I sat on the porch of the home where I was living, wondering what does a Christian do on Saturday night. Now I never had that problem before; I always knew what to do on Saturday night and I went ahead and did it. That was no problem at all, but now I was saved, you see. I was a different person all together. Now what does a Christian do on Saturday night? And I was pondering that and didn't know just what to do, when in the distance I heard a sound, and this was the sound (makes pounding noise on table). I'll give you two guesses as to what it was. (Answer from the congregation, "A Salvation Army drum!") Why, of course, of course it was, and instantly I knew what a Christian ought to do, or at least what this Christian ought to do, on a Saturday night, and I want to tell you it solved a thousand problems for me. Right away I knew what to do, and the Lord has been so gracious and kind, and all the way along, just as you were singing this morning there, "He lifted sin's great burden;" I was there when he did it, you see. "My, sin was red like crimson. He washed it all away."¹ You see, I was there when He did it, and it's wonderful, and I want you to know that the thrill and throb of it is in my heart today and something of the cleanliness that comes from the blood and from the Word is still with this life of mine. There isn't perfection there - you're not looking at a perfect person, not by any means.

But I want to tell you, you're looking at somebody who knows something about the place to go when imperfection and soil and fingerprints touch the life. I know where to go for the blood. I know where to go for the cleansing of the Word, and I want to tell you, my dear, that's a tremendous thing in anybody's life, to know the source of our daily cleanliness.

Old Commissioner Bringle² used to say "I carry a penitent form around in my heart." Shall we let that sink in? "I carry a penitent form around in my heart." And if there was a saint in the Army that came anywhere near perfection, I suppose he was the one. We're not fit to clean his shoes, and yet he carried a penitent form around in his heart. What I want to tell you, that's something that if we learn that inner secret of the place of cleansing in a moment, other people may not know anything about it; but a private, personal penitent form in your heart, my dear, it will save a thousand problems and solve all kinds of difficulties in your heart - the constant cleansing of the blood. Oh, that it were so.

¹ He is referring to his composition, "He Sought Me/Oh, What a Wonderful Day."

² Commissioner Samuel Logan Bringle, an icon in the early history of The Salvation Army in America.

When you sing that song again, or in your songbook, if you've got it there, I want to you to underscore the word "He" in that song #318. It was written for a young people's council and was introduced down there in Dallas, Texas years ago, and it has gone all around the world, of course. General Evangeline Booth³ was very fond of it, and she carried a special singer from England to carry it all around the world with her. He died a little while ago; I have a recording of his voice singing this; this man Henry Kniveton. I have an old black platter recording of it; of the Tottenham Songsters⁴ with Henry Kniveton singing the solo. And she carried it all around the world.



This article from the *War Cry* (circa 1935) about Henry Kniveton was found in Sidney Cox's personal file with information about his composition, "O, What a Wonderful Day."

³ General Evangeline Booth, daughter of Founder, William Booth was an iconic, world-renowned leader of The Salvation Army. During the 1930s she developed a close relationship with Sidney Cox and utilized both him and his music in her campaigns to promote the work of The Salvation Army.

⁴ Tottenham is an area in the north of London.

But what I wanted to tell you was, notice the number of times that the word “He” occurs. Now that's the big word here. Other words are important, but “He”, that's the big word. “He lifted sin's great burden; He saw my deep dismay and graciously He pardoned me on that wonderful, wonderful day.” He did it, you see, and you're glorifying in the song the magnificence of the work that God did for sinners like you and like me. Now you make the song real and new all over again. Give it a new lease on life, will you, and I hope you will. Thank you so much.

Now, there's two things I want you to do. First of all, if you will, seeing that there's nobody here but us, and we're an intimate little family here, I want you to drop that Reverend and Doctor, if you will. I don't like it, and it sort of sets me apart from the rest of you. It's quite correct, but I've never liked it, and I never felt that I had any right to anything like that. “Holy and Reverend” is His name, you know. And I have never felt I had any – and I want to give you a solution of the problem. When you meet me, I want you to greet me as practically everybody does where I go. Do you know that nearly everybody calls me Uncle Sidney? Did you hear that? I know that took you by surprise, didn't you? And your blood pressure either went down or up at that moment, I don't know which. But nearly everybody calls me Uncle Sidney, and I'd be so glad if you would. It's so much easier than the rest of it, and it will solve a lot problems for you. Supposing we do it all together, will you? You give me a big smile, and when I count three, you say “Good morning, Uncle Sidney”, will you? Alright, alright, here it comes now. Now don't forget the smile, too. Alright, one, two, three. (Audience speaks: Good morning, Uncle Sidney.) Now we've got that settled. What a relief that is. I feel as if I've taken off some kind of a coat. What a relief that is. Thank you so much.

Now, I want you to read a book of the scripture, and I want you to do it while you're here. Now, I suppose your blood pressure is either going down or up again right now. A book of the scripture while we're here; we've got so many other things we've got to do. But if you've got something that you can do that's more important than this, you're busier than God wants you to be. Now, the little book is II Timothy. You will gather that from the word that we had there. II Timothy, and I want you to read it. Now, I'll tell you something about it - it's a short book. It has 83 words [he meant to say verses] in it; four simple little chapters. I read it aloud every once in a while and I commend that to you. In the morning, I read it; I read half of it aloud this morning in my room - Chapters one and two. Do you know how long it took me? Ten minutes. Now for smart folks like you who read quickly, I'm an old codger who reads slowly, but for you who read quickly, it will probably take even less than that. That means 20 minutes, you see, you can read it through in 20 minutes. And I want you to do that, will you? Pour it into your heart, because that's the thing that will bring blessing. I haven't got any blessing, but I know somebody who has, and He'll pour blessing into your heart. He sure will. Try it, and read it for yourself.

Be on the lookout for certain things that are there. For instance, in this letter, which is very important, I shall talk about it in just a moment, but in that letter you will find 29 people are mentioned by name. Now, as you're reading it, you watch out for that. Underscore the name of this person and that one and the other as you go along. If you read your Bible with something in mind: I'm looking for something; I'm observing something; I'm going to be careful when this appears. It's amazing how that will light up even the words of the scripture. You be on the lookout for those 29 names, and then remember this, my dear, there are 12 people mentioned in that little book of 83 verses, there are 12 people that you won't

find anywhere else in the scripture. You be on the lookout for them because, remember, the Holy Spirit doesn't put a name in the scripture unless there's a reason for it. Now, you see if you can find the reason; find the names first of all, and then observe who they are. You'll find one of them at the end of chapter one. I'm not going to tell you his name; you'll find him there. I'll maybe mention him as we go along because he's an interesting character. But you be on the lookout for it, will you?

Now, there is one thing about this little letter that marks it as distinct from any other in the scripture; not only it's importance, but there is one respect in which the Epistle of II Timothy is unique, and it's this, or shall we say first of all, the way in which it is not unique. Now don't forget, my dear, that unique is a word that stands alone. You don't need to qualify it. You don't need to talk about something being very unique, because if it's unique it stands alone. There isn't anything else like it. It's the only one; that's what unique means. And this book is unique, not that Paul wrote it - he wrote 13 or 14 other letters that are in the scripture. It isn't that respect. It isn't that he wrote a letter to Timothy, he had already written a letter to Timothy. It isn't that he wrote it out of a prison situation as he did. But it's unique in this respect – it's his last letter. Did you hear it? This is his last letter. He will never write again, never.

When Doctor Luke dropped the pen, or the stylist or whatever it was that he was using in that Roman prison cell and looked into the face of the man who had been dictating this letter, and said to him “Is there anything else?” And the answer came “No, that's all.” Now, my dear, that's rather unusual; that ought to stir our thoughts because the man who has occupied with his work, his person, his preaching, his writing - he has occupied the great central section of the New Testament for years. Now he's to fade out of the picture. It's difficult to comprehend, a part of the New Testament that doesn't have the name of Paul connected with it. At least one third of it is all about him and what he said and what the Lord did for him, and with him, and through him, and so on. But now, he's fading out of the picture, and from this point on you don't hear anymore about him; as a matter of fact, dear, his name only appears once in the scripture after that, and that is when old Peter writes a letter to the elders and he says in it this rather pathetic phrase. He said “Brother Paul wrote some things difficult to understand.”⁵ And isn't that true? And that's the only time when you'll find Paul's name mentioned from this point one.

Difficult to understand? By the way, my dear, do you have difficulty in understanding them? Have you ever tried to think your way through honestly? Have you ever tried to think your way through Paul's Epistle to the Romans? I want to tell you, if you ever do, if you ever do, you will never be the same person again; you couldn't be, you could never be the same person again.

Now I used a word, there, I used the word “honestly”, because we can do our scripture lessons and our scripture study dishonestly. We can say we study it, when we don't study it at all; when we make no effort to study it. Studying is difficult work; hard work, and God expects us to do this thing, and not only do it surfacely, not only do it professionally, but do it personally. And God expects us to do this.

And here is this man's name that disappears from now on; he's writing a last letter. Let me ask you something, if you were going to write a last letter to somebody dearer than your own life, and about something that's dearer than your own life, what would you say? What would you put into it? Supposing you knew right now that you only had one more letter to write, and you've got to write it

5 II Peter 3:16

today, what would you write in it? To whom would you write? What would you say in that letter?

Well, now, my dear, I know a lot of things you wouldn't say; you wouldn't say the things we usually say in our letters, because our letters ought to be consigned to the wastepaper basket almost before they're written mostly. We don't say anything in our letters, do we? When was the last time you wrote a letter and talked to somebody about Jesus? When was the last time? We talk about everything else under the sun, don't we? The weather and the neighbors, and this, and that, and the other and all the stuff that's going on in our own little old family circle. Sure, we talk about that. When was the last time you wrote somebody about Jesus and told them how wonderful he is? Now I'm not saying you didn't do it, but if you didn't, it's time you did. It sure is.

A last letter; what would you write if you knew, my dear, that this was the last day you were going to live, how would you live it – what would you do? Now, here we are, here, at this place, if this is going to be our last day, what would you do? For instance, what would you talk about in coffee break? What? What would you talk about? What would you do? Would you high tail right quick to somewhere or other where you could write that letter of apology to somebody? Would you? Would you try and find a little corner somewhere or other where that unconfessed sin could be brought out and cleansed? And don't tell me there isn't anything like it in this room, because if it isn't, this is the only room of it's kind on earth where it would be absent. Don't tell me it's absent, because I know better and so do you. What would you do if this was the last day? What would you write about?

Well, I don't know what you would do, my dear; I don't hardly know what I'd do. I don't know what I'd write about, but I know what Paul wrote about, and that's the point that we're interested in. What did he write about in this last letter? What do you think he would write about? Secondary things, or primary things? What do you think he would write about? What did he write about? Well, I want to tell you, my dear, first of all, that he did two things in this letter and, if we're as wise as you look, and as you think you are, you'll do both of these too.

You'll put on record somewhere, your testimony. Now I put on record my testimony in #318 in the songbook, and a lot of other places. You don't have that door open, perhaps, but you ought to put it on record somewhere. Folks ought to know what you think about Jesus, and what he's done for you. Put it on record; put your testimony there. Paul did, in his last letter he writes his testimony.

And then, my dear, the other thing that he does, that if we're wise we'll do also, if you haven't already done it, you should; if you haven't done it, you should do it right quick; he makes his Will. We've got his last Will and Testament, and his last testimony. Isn't it wonderful? The last things he writes about is what he thinks about Jesus, what God has done for him. Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it wonderful? He isn't trying to bridge the generation gap at all, whatever that is, but he isn't trying to bridge it at all. He isn't trying to make up some special sermon so that somebody will say, "Isn't he a wonderful preacher?" Oh, no, not at all. He's just telling folks about Jesus, that's all.

And he says, "The time of my departure is at hand."⁶ That's a lovely phrase. You know, the time of my departure is a word that was used in connection with a ship leaving the dock and going on a long journey. In those days, that was the main means of transportation. The other road was ox wagons, or

6 II Timothy 4:6

something of the kind, donkeys or something to go down the road. There wasn't anything else; of course, we've got the time of departure now. You go to the average airport and it'll meet you everywhere you go – time of departure, time of departure. Something's going there – time of departure. And you find it where ever you go. He's saying the time of my departure is at hand, but he's thinking about a ship. A ship is leaving the dock and he's stepping on board, and he's going there to his heavenly home, the journey's beginning. He's been down here long enough. Now God is saying to him, "Come on home brother, come on home."

And I say that word 'brother' because that was the first Christian thing that Paul ever heard, was that word, when a man named Ananias went to this man who was blind because of the light that came into his eyes on the road to Damascus. The first thing he said to him was, "Brother Saul." Did you hear it? And now he's going home; stepping on board the old ship of Zion, and he's on his way home again. In a little while his head will be falling from an executioner's block; that was the end of the road for him. Nobody bribed him with the softness of life, and telling him that he's going to get all the joy, joy, joy, joy, and all the rest of the stuff. Not at all. We bribe folks to be workers for Jesus in these days, but nobody did then. The attraction was blood, and sweat and tears; and that was his attraction too. That was the attraction of the young man to whom he's writing. And a head would fall from an executioner's block, but in the meantime he'd be gone. Glory be to God! He's on his way home and he says, "The time of my departure is at hand."

Have you ever stopped to wonder what happened in heaven when Paul arrived home? Heaven had been watching him down there for 35 years. Sure, they had. Now he's coming home, and there would be scores of folks waiting to say to him, "You were the one that turned me to Jesus. You were the one. You came to us in Thessalonica or to Corinth or to somewhere else. You came and told us the good news. You came and told us the story. You lead me to Jesus." And somebody would be meeting, scores of them would be meeting him, and every time somebody said that to him, his head would get bigger. Now I'm not using fanciful language there, not at all.

There was an old Scotsman who wrote a beautiful hymn, "The Sands of Time Are Sinking," and Samuel Rutherford was connected with a little Scottish church in a little place called Anwoth. And he wrote this, "If but one soul from Anwoth meet me at God's right hand, my heaven will be two heavens in Immanuel's land." Did you hear it? Did you hear it? And, my dear, one of these days, you're going to land there too, and if somebody meets you from Sioux City or from Waterloo, or from Des Plains or Des Moines, or somewhere else, if but one soul meets you there, your heaven will be two heavens, too. We shall know in that moment what was the real important thing that we did. Most of the rest of it will be "hay, wood, and stubble,"⁷ and it'll be burned up. But if somebody meets you in heaven, my dear, that will be an eternal thing, it sure would.

I've sometimes wondered, oh, I've sometimes wondered who met him there; somebody did. Will somebody meet you there, my dear? Oh, I hope so. I hope so. I hope so. Won't it be wonderful when somebody comes, perhaps somebody that you didn't know you influenced at all. That awkward boy that was in your Sunday school class, and you didn't think you'd done anything for him. You remember? And then he wandered off somewhere and you didn't know where he was, but God did. And the things that you'd said had dropped down into his heart, and the Lord has lead him there, and

⁷ Reference is to I Corinthians 3:12.

here he meets you on the golden street. Wouldn't it be wonderful? Wouldn't it be wonderful? Oh, my dear, I tell you, somebody met Paul there. They sure did.

“I have finished my course”⁸, he said. You won't be able to say that, but he did; he did. There have been breaks somewhere or other along the line, but there wasn't any break with him. All the way along it was just one thing, this one thing I do, this one thing: I finish my course. It reminds us of somebody else, doesn't it? Somebody who looked into the face of the father and said “I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.”⁹ Did you hear it? Here's another man who says I've finished the work thou gavest me to do. I have finished my course; isn't it wonderful? I've kept the faith.

And I'll tell you something else, my dear, the faith had kept him too. Did you hear that? It wasn't just a matter of Paul keeping the faith; it was the faith that kept Paul. That was the big thing about it. It's not a matter of us struggling to keep some kind of a thing we call faith; it's the real thing that we call faith and that is faith, that keeps us; that holds us. Of course, it does, and all the way along and there isn't one single moment when the Apostle Paul ever soft peddled his mission for Jesus Christ or the person of Jesus Christ either.

One of the dangers we face in these days is the danger of soft peddling Jesus, so that we don't talk about him. I've been in positions like that. I've had folks tell me, now when you face my advisory board, don't you forget that this man over here who is also connected with the community chest and all the rest of it, he don't like you to talk about Jesus and so you'd better soft peddle that. I've been told that. I sure have. But it all comes, doesn't it? We do everything under the sun but talk about him. He never did; Paul never soft peddled Jesus, not once. He was never once ashamed to talk about the blood of the Lamb; never once. Never. I have kept the faith. “Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.”¹⁰ Sure, and I don't think he was thinking about the crown of righteousness at all. I'm quite sure he was thinking about the one who would give it to him; that's all. If you ever get a crown at the end of your road, my dear, you won't think about that either. All you'll be thinking about will be casting it in his feet; that's all. That's the only thing that matters. That's the only thing that matters. This same Samuel Rutherford that I mentioned a moment ago, in that lovely song, “The Sands of Time Are Sinking,” a verse we don't often sing for some reason or other. But the verse says this:

The Bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face.
I will not gaze on glory,
But on my king of grace.
Not on the crown he giveth,
But on his pierced hands.

You see? The land is all the glory in Immanuel's land. Did you hear it? Here's a man writing his last letter. Sure he is. He's writing a last letter; this is what he writes about in this last letter. In my own heart, if you were writing a last letter, what would you write about? What? And I think we can ask ourselves what we wouldn't write about either. There'd be a lot of things that we'd just drop out. We

8 II Timothy 4:7

9 John 17:4

10 II Timothy 4:8

wouldn't even think about them in that moment. And we'd put down things that really matter. He did, too. A last letter.

He makes his Last Will and Testament; he'll have something to leave, didn't he? After all he'd been 35 years in the ministry. He'd been long enough there to be a Brigadier and maybe a Colonel. He ought to have something to leave, shouldn't he? He ought to have something to leave behind. It's amazing what he left behind; as a matter of fact, he left it all behind, just like you will one of these days. You'll leave it all behind, and in that day when we leave it all behind, we'll find out that about 3/4's of it wasn't worth anything anyhow. That's one of the things you discover as you get old, it's not only how valuable things are, but how valueless some things are. They sure were. He doesn't say anything about what he left behind; I don't know what he left.

It's remarkable what he didn't say in that Will and Testament; it's remarkable. He doesn't say anything about his summer cottage, or his motor boat, or his golf clubs, or the color television set, or his wall to wall carpets, and all the rest of the stuff. And don't look at me and tell me that they're not important; of course they are. We spend three fourths of our life acquiring them, and the other quarter finding out they're not worth acquiring anyhow. Of course, they are. But anyhow, he didn't say about them.

What did he say – I want you to bring my old winter overcoat; he had an old second hand overcoat. Isn't that something? Why, the man in the store that you run in your community wouldn't have taken it anyhow. He wouldn't have bothered with it. An old second hand overcoat. It was way down there at Troas. You know, in between Paul's first and second imprisonment; he was evidently at liberty to go here and there, and then suddenly he was recaptured and he was down there at Troas. And the Roman authorities came in so suddenly and so rudely, that they didn't even give him a chance to pick up his old second hand overcoat. And here he was there, in this Roman prison cell, with all the dampness and darkness and dismalness of it, there, without his overcoat and here he was. I don't read any complaint about it, either. Not at all. But here it was, and he says, “You bring my old overcoat, and then bring my books, bring my parchments.”¹¹

You know, my dear, I could walk into your home and I'd tell what kind of a person you are in five minutes, and I'll tell you how, and I'll promise you I wouldn't look at your television set. I wouldn't look at your furniture. I wouldn't look at your second automobile. I wouldn't look at your golf clubs. I wouldn't look at any of those things. You know what I'd look at – I'd look at your bookcase. And I could tell you in five minutes what kind of a person you are; and almost what kind of a Salvation Army officer you are. I could tell it by looking at your bookcase, in five minutes. This man says, “You bring my parchments, bring them, bring them, bring them. Bring my parchments.” And that was his Last Will and Testament.

In your Will and Testament, what have you left? Well, there's one thing for sure, my dear, you'll leave it all, that's for sure. You won't take any of it with you. I hope you'll leave something behind that will enrich somebody's life. I hope you will. I hope you will, for even the fact that he left his old overcoat; that that was the one article that he possessed, that he left behind, it enriches our lives, don't it? For it makes us feel a little ashamed of ourselves, doesn't it?

11 II Timothy 4:13

And you know, one of the loveliest things, one of the most helpful things that can happen to any Christian is to occasionally feel ashamed of yourself. So it's enriching our lives whether we like it or not this morning, as we remember what a man left there.

Now, I want to give you one more hint and I've got my eye on this clock, and I've got good terminal facilities, I'll stop right on time. But I want to suggest one other thing that you be on the look out for; and that is this: that in this little letter of II Timothy things occur in series of threes. Now there were a half a dozen threes in the reading that you heard a few moments ago.

II Timothy, first chapter, 1-7, there were a half a dozen threes in there. I want you to notice it, if you please, because it's one of the interesting, one of the key, things. Whenever you find anything, you look for two more times when it's mentioned, and you'll find it almost invariably. For instance, when you turn to chapter one, verses 1 and 2, you find that there are three persons, characters mentioned there. I don't know whether you noticed that or not. There's the old man who's writing, and the young man to whom he is writing, and there's the one about whom he's writing. Did you hear it? Did you hear it?

A great writer, I'll mention his name to you in just a moment, but a great writer said that II Timothy is a letter from an old man, to a young man, about the God man. Did you hear it? Now, if you didn't bring a piece of paper with you this morning, you borrow it from your next door neighbor, because he's got lots of paper there. He knew you wouldn't have sense enough to bring it, so he brought a lot to help you there. He's got a second pen, too. You can borrow that as well. But occasionally you'll find something that you may want to make a note of; you just do that, will you? From an old man to a young man, about the God man. Three - did you see it?

Now, right at the beginning, there's this beautiful invocation – grace, mercy and peace. Now you won't find that except in I and II Timothy and Titus. All the other letters that he wrote, it's grace and peace, but here he inserts mercy, as well. Grace, mercy and peace. Beautiful words, you know. Mercy is a different thing all together. The God of Grace will shower his grace on almost anybody. And peace will come to almost anybody. But mercy doesn't. Mercy, my dear, only comes to those who are deeply concerned about their sin. Did you hear it? Mercy, is a word that only applies to those who are concerned about their sin. A man in the back of the temple, concerned about his sin, said, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."¹² Did you see? "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

There are two words that come from the same general root: one is mercy, and the other is misery. And there is no misery, you know, like the misery of concernment about sin. You don't see it very often. You've seen scores of people at the penitent form, but only once in a while do you see anybody really concerned about their sin. They may be concerned about the fact that sin has caught up with them, but it's become an inconvenience that this is the thing to do, that if I'm going to be there, something else, I've got to go to the penitent form first. You've seen that, of course. But I mean somebody, somebody who's really concerned about their sin. You only see it once in a while, and usually when you see it, you find a teardrop falling on the penitent form. And do you mind me saying this, my dear, that when the heavenly authorities send someone to your corps to do an inspection, one of the things they will look for, that's never looked for any other time, is: have you got any tears on the penitent form? Did you hear it? Are there any tears on your penitent form, my dear? Are there? Did somebody come and drop

¹² Luke 18:13

real, scalding tears because of sin within the heart? When was the last time it happened? When, when?
Grace, mercy and peace.

And my watch says it is 10:15, and Colonel, I've been talking for the last three quarters of an hour, almost, to some of the nicest people I've ever met in my life. And I'm looking forward to seeing you again for just a few minutes come eleven o'clock. God bless you. Don't put too much sugar in that coffee of yours, now. You just take it easy. (audio ends)