

# NONE, NO, NOT ONE.

BY

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"IT IS WRITTEN, THERE IS NONE RIGHTEOUS, NO,  
NOT ONE." *Rom. iii. 10.*

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It happened that, in the summer of 1881, some special gospel services were being held in a little village in Lincolnshire. Shortly before the hour announced for one of these services I went all round the village inviting the people to the preaching. In one cottage three or four women sat talking together, and, when I had told my errand, one of them exclaimed, "I'm glad you've come to preach in this village, sir!"

"Indeed! why so?"

"Because there are very few good people in this place, sir; and they need it, I can assure you."

"So far as that is concerned," I replied, "though, a perfect stranger

in the place, I can tell you exactly how many *good* people there are in the village."

The woman looked at me with a sort of sarcastic smile on her face, and said, "Well, I've been here most of my life, and it isn't many that I can count."

"But I have the very best authority for what I say, even the word of God; and God says, 'There is *none* that doeth good; *no, not one.*' (Rom. iii. 12.) How many good people are there? NONE! *None!* NO, NOT ONE!"

I ask you, beloved reader, Have you ever yet discovered that instead of being good you are *bad*, utterly bad; and that instead of having any goodness to present to God, you have nothing but *badness*? Have you learnt, like one of old, "that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth *no good thing*"? (Rom. vii. 18.)

When once a man measures him-

self according to the holy requirements of a sin-hating God, he learns what a helpless, ruined, guilty sinner he is. He discovers that he is hopelessly bad, that nothing good can come *from* him; for there is nothing good to be found *in* him.

“That is just my trouble,” I think I hear you say. “I always thought that I had to be good, and do good, before I could get to heaven; but the better I try to be the worse I seem to get. And as for this heart of mine, instead of being able to improve it, it appears to be worse than ever; why it seems to be the depository of everything that is bad and sinful!”

And so it is. And clearly, if there is *nothing* good in our hearts, we can get nothing good out of them. But “out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies.” What a dark catalogue!

“These are the things which defile a man.” (Matt. xv. 19, 20.)

“Ah, how true!” I hear you say. “That’s me; that’s *my heart*. Why, if it were a photograph it could not describe me more accurately. ‘The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.’ No good thing in it. But what is to be done?”

Why, thank God, my friend, if your goodness cannot give you a title to enter into heaven, *your badness need not keep you out*. But do not imagine for a moment that God can admit your sins and badness into heaven. No, no. Though the portals of that glorious celestial city are flung open to admit and welcome the vilest sinner, yet “there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth.” (Rev. xxi. 27.)

Look at the dying thief. Was there much goodness about him? Why, he was too bad for this wicked

world. He had come to the end of a misspent life. He was reaping at the hands of men the due reward of his deeds. But there, on the brink of eternity, he meets the Saviour face to face. He hears His dying cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" He beholds the soldier pierce Him with a spear, he sees the crimson blood flowing from His side, and without one good work of his own he passes straight from the malefactor's cross into the paradise of God. How vast the change!

Yes, beloved reader, he had learnt that the precious blood of Christ cleanseth from *all sin*. (1 John i. 7.)

"The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That Saviour in his day,  
And by His blood, though vile as he,  
My sins ARE WASHED AWAY."

What was needed by the dying thief is also needed by you. What

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was sufficient for him is also sufficient for you.

Say, my friend, have you yet proved the cleansing power of this precious blood of Christ? Can you say, "*My sins are washed away*"?

Let not Satan, by any arguments, however plausible, keep you away from Christ another hour. Do not listen to that fatal, soul-destroying delusion, that you must make yourself better before you come. Come *as you are*, with all your badness, wretchedness, and sinfulness.

“If you tarry till you’re better,  
You will never come at all.”

Remember that God’s own word says, “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all sin*.” Yes, ALL SIN! And be sure of this, that if God says *all*, He means *all*.

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