

**“Let thine Eyes
look Right on”**



“LET THINE EYES LOOK RIGHT ON”

Proverbs 4 : 25.

EVERY rational being in this world looks into the future. Some look further than others, but all look ahead. The sailor lad, as he paces the deck in the lonely night-watch and turns his eye in the direction of the vessel's course, looks forward to the time when he will once more be welcomed home, and, further still, to the time when he will be able to bid adieu to the tossings and toils of a seafaring life and end his days more restfully on shore.

“*End his days!*” What significant words! Yes—*end* his days in this world. And what then? How much further can he look with anything like solid comfort? Just ask him, and if his soul is a stranger to Christ he will at once betray signs of uneasiness. “There is,” he knows, “a time to die,” and because of that which lies beyond he dreads the thought of it.

“ We have got a very nice little place here,” said a Leicestershire farmer, speaking of his snug, thrifty-looking farmstead. “ My son and I could do very well indeed here if it were not for that—*dying*.” Beyond his fruitful fields he could see the village graveyard, and the sight was anything but gratifying.

Now, how far, without the heart being disturbed, can *your* eye look into the future, dear friend? Let us take this onward look together—take it in different stages. The first shall be a short one, say, to *next midsummer day*.

“ Oh, yes, that will soon be here now. Indeed, I have already made arrangements for my holidays. That doesn't disturb me.”

To the first of January ten years hence?

“ Well, yes. I have promised my parents that as long as they live I will spend all my New Year's days with them.”

To your own dying hour?

“ Oh, don't make me gloomy.”

What! Have you begun to hang back already? Brace yourself up a little, for we have much further to travel yet.

How do you feel about your *first five minutes in eternity*?

“Oh, such a subject only makes me wretched. I don't care to think about it.”

Let us leave it, then, for a moment and hasten on to the next. Just tell us what you think about *the day of judgment*, that is, of the time when that grave of yours will give forth its occupant, when you will stand before God—stand face to face with every event of your earthly history. No buried secrets there! The books will be “*open*” and will tell your life's story to the letter.

“Oh, I always try to drown such thoughts or drive them away as fast as they come up.”

“*Drown*” them! Not so. You may perhaps *hide* them for a while, hide them from yourself in the muddy stream of this world's pleasures, but “*drown*” them? Never! Have you forgotten that your stream will shortly dry up, its “*season*” soon be a thing of the past? Know you not that the realities of eternity and the certain consequences of a God-forgetting history will be laid as bare

then as the hand of God can lay them both ?

Only think, for an instant, what a vain show you are walking in. The very things you most dread are *sure* to come, while the only things in the future that you care to think about *may never come* at all ! What a fool's paradise ! Oh, take it to heart, for there is " a time to die." While your " agreeable " associates are in the midst of next New Year's festivities the cold winds of winter may be blowing over your grave, and some chiselled headstone left standing there to tell the tale that you have been nearly six months in the grave ! " Let thine eyes look right on."

But look on the other side. If *you* cannot see far before you, God can. " I am God," He says, " and there is none like me, declaring *the end from the beginning*," Isaiah 46 : 9, 10. He sees the end of a pathway of sin, and has distinctly pronounced His sentence upon it. " It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment," Heb. 9 : 27. He asks you a question and answers it for you. " What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed ? for the end of those things is

DEATH," Rom. 6 : 21. Again He says, "When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin : and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth DEATH," James 1 : 15. Death and judgment are at the end of man's course naturally, but through the death and merits of His own beloved Son, God is holding out a brighter end than that. By His grace Christ has tasted death for every man. He "was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification," and the joyful news of what God has thus effected through Christ is being spread abroad in the gospel. It is being declared to repentant sinners, wherever found, that "by him (Christ) all that believe are justified from all things," Acts 13 : 39, and that those whom God *justifies* He also *glorifies*, Rom. 8 : 30. They know that the heart of God is toward them, for they know that His love is the secret of that wondrous transaction at Calvary. They know that God's righteousness is now as much in their favour through the cross, as the love that gave His beloved Son to die there. They know that *righteousness* has been satisfied in the judgment of their sin, His great *love* gratified in clearing them as

sinner. Both are alike friendly. "Mercy and truth are met together ; righteousness and peace have kissed each other," Psa. 85 : 10.

"When nought beside could ease us,
Or set our souls at large,
Thy holy work, Lord Jesus,
Secured a full discharge."

As surely as believing souls can look back and see the great work of redemption finished, they can look forward with joy to meet a living and glorified Redeemer at His coming again. Instead of dreading the judgment of God, they rejoice that all that pertains to them as guilty sinners has been left behind by Him who is now their risen life. They rejoice that they are called to God's eternal kingdom and glory, and that sin's penalty is a thing of the past. They can now sing :—

"Death and judgment are behind us,
Grace and glory are before ;
All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,
There they spent their utmost power."

What brilliant expectations are those of the true Christian ! "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give

you *an expected end*," Jer. 29 : 11. Oh, what a destiny is this! to share the unmixed enjoyment of God's eternal love with the myriads of His redeemed ones.

But what will it be to *miss* all this? What, to look back to the time when such blessings were within your reach? What, to look on with undying remorse to an eternity of darkness and doom? Blessed be God, you are not yet too late; you may still be brought to repentance, still find forgiveness through the blood. Is it not high time to shake off your sleepy indifference and to "let your eyes look right on"?

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