
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google[™] books

<https://books.google.com>



S. 1. 6
m = K

The Great Exhibition Tracts.

(No. 1.)

WHAT A BUILDING!

THERE it is—the united effort of man—man's crystal palace. What a length! what a height! what a breadth! Filled with this world's glory—the works of man—thronged with earth's wondering multitudes—from every nation under the sun! Such is the crystal palace, whose builder and maker is man.

But what is this when compared with that jasper city, whose builder and maker is God? As to its size we are lost in amazement—1,500 miles high, 1,500 miles broad, 1,500 miles in length! “The city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and He measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs; the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.”—(Rev. xxi.) Man's building filled with his glory, after all only just looks over the top of the trees; but think of God's building—1,500 miles high! “Having the glory of God: and her light like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.”

The space the holy city contains is astounding! Ah, the space of millions, and millions, of man's crystal palace would be found in the glorious building of God! This may give some idea of the vast dimensions of the great city—the holy Jerusalem. Suppose the whole human race were assembled within its jasper walls: take an average of 600 millions on the face of the earth, and



suppose they were changed every 30 years for 6,000 years, this would give the total of the human race; if all were raised together, the vast multitude would number 120,000 millions. Yet, would you think it possible that there would be space for each in the jasper city of God? Yes, for each of the 120,000 millions there would be a space measuring more than 535 yards high, 535 yards broad, 535 yards long. If you doubt this, take out your pencil, and carry out the cube of the city—1,500 miles. Ah! to look down from this heavenly city, man's Great Exhibition appears but a speck on this dark world! Why, the height of the Exhibition seems as nothing, even to the space of *one* of the 120,000 millions!

What will it be to be there?—to walk those golden streets, “as it were transparent glass?” No strangers there—no visitors in the jasper city—heaven is our home! My reader may visit man's great building to return home and die; but in the city of which I speak, there shall be no death there. Ah! in man's Exhibition, death is written on every one that throngs its courts; but in the courts of my God, death, and sin, and sorrow are passed away!

Oh, what God hath prepared for them that love him! —what mansion in the Father's house! Does my reader remember the words that Jesus spoke the night on which He gave himself up freely to die for His people's sins? —“In my Father's house are many mansions: if *it were* not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that were I am, *there ye may be also.*”—(John xiv. 2, 3.)

How little those know the heart of Jesus, who suppose He went to prepare a place amidst the fires of purgatory

for His loved people! Oh no, He gave His precious blood—that blood which cleanseth us from all sin—and needs no fire of purgatory to finish the work. No, no! He died for poor sinners that He might prepare a place for us in the holy jasper city of God. What love! what a death on the cross! He bare our sins—then all was darkness and wrath. Ah! there was no way to the city for us, but through the darkness and death of the cross. Think of that love that died to bring us there! Had we never sinned, surely it would have been wonderful to prepare such a place for us, “Having the glory of God, and her light unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.” But to prepare such a place for sinners, rebels, enemies—and to die to prepare them for such a place, and to bring them there—I ask, was ever love like this? and was ever madness like that which rejects and despises that love?

What an effort many will make to see the Great Exhibition, if it is only for one short day! But, oh! think of a coming eternity in the glory of that jasper city of holiness and light! And can my reader prefer the pleasures—ah, and miseries of sin—to the untold joy of that great and glorious place? Oh, such is man, with the double certainty before him; not only the certainty of never entering the pearly gates of the city of living light; but also the fearful prospect of being cast into that outer darkness—that lake of fire, “prepared for the devil and his angels.”

Ah, my reader, there is no middle place. It is but a very little while and you will be either in the heavenly Jerusalem—that great and holy city of jasper and transparent gold—in the light and glory of God, where no

cloud of darkness or sorrow shall ever be again; or eternally shut out, where no ray of light or hope shall ever come. I feel pressed to speak thus plainly, for God hath said, "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—(Rev. xxi. 27.)

By the death of Jesus—by His agony on the cross—by the untold anguish when forsaken of God bearing sin—by His finished work—by His glorious resurrection from the dead—by the blessed peace proclaimed through His precious blood—by the greatness and glory of that city, whose builder and maker is God—I beseech you, my reader, ponder these things. It is still the day of grace and mercy—to-morrow may be for ever too late. Now the gates are open—now is preached through Jesus the forgiveness of sins—and blessed record, God has said it, "All who believe are justified from all things." One word more before you lay down this paper. Have you believed this wondrous love of God, in giving His Son to die for sinners? Have you redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins? Can you look at the jasper city, and say, that is my happy home above? If so, how blest! If not so, nought below—not even man's Great Exhibition—can satisfy the aching heart.

C. S.

Price One Shilling per 100, (in English or French).

London: WITHERBY & Co., 10, Great Turnstile, Holborn.

Half-price, for gratuitous distribution, at Gospel Tract Depot,
7, Carver Street, Sheffield.