

# The Doctrine of the Remnant II

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In the Book of Romans, the 9th chapter, verses 27 and 28, Esaias, which is Isaiah, also crieth concerning Israel, Though the number of the children of Israel be as the sand of the sea, only a remnant shall be saved. For he will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness, because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth. Though the number of the children of Israel be as the sand of the sea, a remnant shall be saved.

I began last week a two-sermon series, finishing it tonight, on the doctrine of the remnant in the Bible. And it's not my intention to give an exposition of the ninth chapter of Romans, a very heavy and difficult chapter. But the 27th verse is not difficult. It says simply that regardless of how many there may be, what the population of the nation of Israel may be, only a remnant shall be saved.

So, the doctrine of the remnant is a doctrine not only applying to Israel, but as I said, it applies to all mankind and to the Church. It is simply this, that in our blind, fallen, sinful world of mankind, at any given time, the vast, the overwhelming majority of the people are lost, alienated from God, their sins unshriven, their souls unforgiven, their hearts unrenewed, being without hope and without God in the world.

That's true of the majority at any given time. But somebody said, Mr. Tozer, what is the percentage? Don't crowd me because I can't tell you. And since the Bible does not tell me, I will not try to tell you.

I only know that the word remnant means a small fragment. I only know that the word remnant means a surviving trace, a remnant. You had a hundred dollars in your pocket, but you spent it here and you spent it there and you spent it the other place and you have a dollar thirty cents, a small fragment, a surviving trace of what you originally had. I don't give that as a percentage.

Now that's what the doctrine teaches. And that it's true, it was true, I pointed out, among the nations, it's true in Israel, it's true, it was true when Christ came the first time, the Bible teaches it will be true when he comes back the second time. And church history shows that it has been true all down the years. That of the multitudes who named His name, only a remnant, a surviving trace, a small fragment were saved.

Now I make the devil mad by saying this, the devil doesn't care how religious you sound, and he doesn't care how many people crowd a church and listen to lovely phrases, phrases about the laughter of little children and on and on toward better things. The devil doesn't care. I think the old boy likes it. But when we dare to deal with things that disturb him, then he hates it, and he hates this.

And so, here's the way he works. He works to whisper to the listener, that man is a bigot. A man who would dare say that is a bigot. For a bigot is who imagines that he and

his religion is all there is. And that man is a bigot. It's strange that a bigot like that could have anybody listen to him in this day.

And so they flounce out. But I didn't originate this doctrine of the remnant, my friends. In fact, I didn't originate anything that I preach. And if you can discover anything that I originated, please, for God's sake, reject it out of hand immediately and for good. Because nothing that I ever originated will stand the test of the judgment day. The fires of God will burn anything I have originated in one quick flash of flame and it's over.

But this doctrine of the remnant, this teaching that at given time in Israel, in the church, among the nations, that is in Christendom, there are large numbers of people who name His name but a surviving trace that actually know his goodness, a small fragment that really know his grace. That'll make you mad, and not you maybe, but some. And it will turn some people away. They'll go away in steaming anger and not come back. And I can't help that, but that's in the Book, my friend. That's here.

Now, I told you that I would talk tonight on where is that remnant? Where is the remnant? Elijah didn't know where it was in his day. There were 7,000 that hadn't bowed the knee to Baal, which I showed you was about one-tenth of one percent of the people of Israel in that time.

And Elijah didn't know where they were. He didn't even know where the preachers were, the prophets, hidden in caves. He didn't even know they were there. They were. I don't know what they were doing in caves, or maybe I do know what, and that's worse still. But they were hiding in caves, and Elijah didn't know it. So, I don't know where the remnant is, but dare we inquire where the remnant is.

Now, as soon as we bring this subject up, immediately all of the half-saved and the one percent saved, and the backsliders, and the borderlines, and the church members, and the professors, and those who have not the witness of the Spirit to their redemption, they begin to squirm and quote Scripture.

And one Scripture they quote is, Judge not that ye be not judged. And they say that that man stands up there, the old bigot, and he judges other people's religion. And he judges me. What right has he to judge me?

Does not Jesus say, judge not that ye be not judged? And does not the Bible say that love thinketh no evil? And if that man had love, he would not think evil about anybody. He would accept these. He would accept everything that is done in the name of the Lord. And he would not dare to say only a remnant shall be saved. He would accept and believe in the good religious people that go and give of their pennies, and he would believe in them. But he's not a man of love. He's not a loving man. He's a severe, harsh man.

Now, my brethren, I wonder if when Jesus said, judge not, and when Paul says, love thinketh no evil, and when Christ said we should love one another and lay down our lives for each other, and all this that's said in the Scriptures, I wonder if that was intended to end inquiry and silence rebuke.

I wonder if Jesus meant when He said, Judge not, that ye be not judged, that His prophets were not to go forth, His apostles and His preachers, and speak truth to the church. I wonder if He meant that they were to go forth like the three monkeys on the what-not shell, see no evil, think no evil, hear no evil, and get the permanent smile on their faces, which never will rub off till they die, and believe in everybody and everything and everyone who says, Lord, Lord, accept him into the kingdom of God, forgetting that the same Holy Ghost who said, judge not, through the lips of the Savior said, a remnant shall be saved, a small fragment, a surviving trace.

Well, we have in our audience tonight a friend of mine, Dr. Eldred Heisel of Columbus, a fine Christian physician whom I knew when he was a little lad in short pants. And I don't want him to think I've chosen this illustration because he's here for the simple reason that this is one of my favorites.

But do you know what we need in the church of Christ now? Do you know what we need? We need diagnosis. And do you know what diagnosis is? It comes from two good hard Greek words, meaning to know all the way through. That's what we need in the church of Jesus Christ. But they quote, Judge not. As soon as a man of God gets up and starts in, they say, Judge not.

Well, now my illustration is this. Suppose that somebody isn't feeling up to par and goes to see his doctor and says, Doctor, I feel as if I had a mitten in my mouth when I get up in the morning. My head bothers me, and I don't have the energy, and I just don't feel good. And the doctor says, all right, stick out your tongue. He said, What? He said, Put out your tongue. He said, What? Put out your tongue. Well, I can't understand why you should want me to put out my tongue.

Well, the doctor says, I got to know you. I got to know you through. I've got to diagnose you, get to know you through. He said, It's an improper thing to do, and I beg your pardon. And all right, tell me, how is your appetite?

Well, I don't see why that's any of your business. Doesn't the Bible say, don't ask questions about people, and judge not, and you be not judged. Love everybody and think no evil, and don't stick your nose in other people's affairs. What are you asking me about my appetite? Well, how do you sleep? What's the difference to you how I sleep? I came for help. Don't you love me? I came for help.

I want you to help me, but don't you love me? Yes, but I wonder, do you sleep well at night? None of your business, doctor. Absolutely not. You're a terrible man.

The Scripture says, love everybody, and judge nobody, and love thinketh no evil, and love covereth the multitude of false. Don't you read your New Testament asking me how I sleep? Well, what do you eat? Well, it's none of your business. I want you to understand I'm no glutton.

Well, let me take a bit of your blood. My blood? Yes. What do you want of my blood? I want to know you. I want to know you through. What right have you to know me? I came for help to you. I want encouragement and inspiration.

I don't give no blood. Well, but I can't know you like it to your blood. Oh, you're terrible, and you're a radical bigot. Why should you want to know about my blood? Well, let me at least take your blood pressure. What do you know about my blood pressure? None of your business. Do you not realize that the Bible says, Thou shalt not judge, and if you take my blood pressure, you'll be judging me.

What kind of a crazy business would that be? Even Satan would hold his belly and laugh in hell, and yet they demand that that's the way we preachers treat our congregations. They demand that that's the way the preachers treat the congregations.

I want to tell you something, my friend. We are beating the drum for revival, and we are getting thousands of people to pray into the night for revival. We might as well jump up and down on the altar of Baal and cut ourselves and cry, Baal, hear us, Baal, hear us. We won't submit to diagnosis. We won't let God find out what's wrong with us. We won't let God know us through and through, and we won't listen to the man who tries to find out and minister to our needs.

We go to the preacher for inspiration and encouragement and confirmation in our backslidden ways, and as soon as he opens his mouth, if he's prayed half the night for his congregation and would give his life for it, we shut him up by ramming a text in his mouth and say, don't you dare judge anybody.

If a man says, I'm a Christian, you've got to accept it. Otherwise, you might be grieving the Holy Ghost. And we shut up the mouth of the man who's trying to find out what's wrong and how we can cure it.

Well, if this is true, that I am only to stand up and preach love, that I'm only to stand up here and tell you in the book of Ephesians how wonderful you are, if that's true, then all the prophets who spake since the world began were all wrong. Beginning with Enoch who said, Thus the Lord cometh with all his saints to take judgment on the ungodly for all the ungodly deeds they have ungodly done.

That doesn't sound very much like inspiration and courage and moving on to better things.

Sounds to me more like a little diagnosis, somebody getting into it to find out what's wrong. Well, if I don't dare do it and you won't listen to it, then all the prophets were wrong. And Christ was the greatest transgressor of all, for there was nobody that could look you through and make you feel like two cents devaluated.

Nobody could do it as well as our Lord Jesus Christ could. And if that's the way it is and all inquiry must be ended and all rebuke silenced, then the apostles also were great sinners, and also great bigots and Pharisees. For if you don't believe it, read what Paul wrote to the Corinthians, read what he wrote to the Colossians, read what he wrote to the Galatians, read what Peter wrote to the general, to the Christians scattered abroad, read what Jude wrote about the people that had crept into the church, read what John in his first epistle and all his epistles has said, read what James said.

Had these men not heard the text, judge not that you be not judged? Sure, they'd heard that text, but they knew what it meant, and these others don't. Had Paul not heard the

text, love thinketh no evil, when he wrote to the Galatians and said, you're circumcising yourselves, I wish you'd cut your throat? You say, he didn't say that, you just read a little there and dig around a little bit and see whether he didn't say what amounts to that. He said, I wish you'd cut yourself clear off.

He said, you lovers of Jewish circumcision are always trying to make Christians with a pair of scissors. I wish you'd get clear cut off, he said, and get rid of yourself and get out of the church. He was the man who wrote the text, which said that love thinketh no evil and love, love, love, he said, was the greatest thing in the world. And then he told the Galatian false teachers, get out of here and cut yourself off.

Well, if I'm not supposed ever to diagnose, to inquire, to search, to get at blood and take blood pressure, then I ask you, I tell you that the mystics were all wrong and the reformers were all wrong and Luther should have been in jail and Finney should have spent a term or two in jail and all of the men who have moved the world for God all should have been in jail.

Well, and if that's true, it's also, it's impossible to obey the Scriptures. If I do not, if I cannot, if I dare not exercise moral judgment, if I dare not stand up and look at a thing and decide in the light of God's Word, whether it's right and wrong or wrong, then I cannot obey the Scriptures. The Lord has given me commandments which I cannot obey. Beware of wolves, he says, which come in sheep's clothing.

And the modern pussycat theologians say, don't you judge anybody but accept everybody at his own face value and be loving as the Savior was. All right then, when the wolf comes along dressed in a sheep fleece, what do I do? I say, good morning, sheepy. And I don't dare allow myself to believe that he's a wolf.

Even though I see his slobbering fangs, I've got to be loving and not judge him. Why the Lord's using him, why don't you keep quiet, dear brother? I would be afraid. There's nobody you can get quite so effusively lovemaking as these blind men who are afraid to preach the truth.

Be loving, dear brother. And they paw you, you know, and paw you, dear brother, with their white hands. My dear brother, if I am not to be able to tell a wolf when I see him, then how am I going to keep the wolf out of the fold? And I'm supposed to do it. He said, beware of wolves, and if I can't tell a wolf when I see one, how can I beware of that which I don't dare identify? Tell me.

Then he says, by their fruit ye shall know them. Now I go out to an old run-down garden or orchard, and I start looking for sheep-nosed apples, the kind we used to raise out in Pennsylvania, sheep-nosed apple. I suppose they've changed their name. Sell them now, you housewives.

But they were sheep-nosed apples to us. And I go looking around for sheep-nosed apples, but all I can find is a crab apple and a thorn apple and a sour, dried-up, degenerate apple full of worms. And I go looking for sheep-nosed apples.

Somebody says, what are you doing, Reverend? I'm out here judging fruit. I'm out here looking for fruit. Well, but you're not supposed to. Why? Well, the Bible says, judge not.

And you're not supposed to judge fruit. You're not supposed to do it. Why, it isn't loving. Doesn't Paul say, love thinketh no evil? And that you should judge not and you shall not be judged. And you love everybody.

Now that poor crab apple's doing the best it can. And that thornberry there, as big as a small marble, that tries to look like an apple, that's a sheep-nose on the way up. And if you would only believe it, why, you'd just, you'd find, oh, the Lord loves the dear things. Well, why should you be so hard on them?

So, I got to go sneaking away. I don't even dare know the difference between a great, big, gorgeous, juicy sheep-nosed apple and a crab. Because if I do, I'm judging people. You can't obey the Scriptures. The Lord's given us truth we can't obey here. By their fruit ye shall know them. And if you can't exercise moral judgment and criticize and discriminate, then you can't obey what you've been told to do. And John says, try the spirits, whether they are of God. And if I can't and don't dare try the spirits.

I've had people, you know, I don't scare easy. That's one strange thing. I was afraid of everything when I was a kid, afraid of wind, afraid of dogs, and afraid of everything. But in the kingdom of God, I don't scare easy. And they come to me and say, now, Brother Tozer, I'd just, I'd be afraid to say what you've just said.

My sister said, God bless her, she's a wonderful Christian. My sister Mildred a wonderful Christian. But she sat up at my happy alongside of me on a bench. And she's like all other Tozers: talks a lot, you know. And she asked me about somebody currently in the public eye, and I gave a little appraisal. And she said, oh, now watch it. Watch what you say. Oh, I'd be afraid to judge.

Afraid to judge when God Almighty sent me to do it? Afraid to distinguish a crab apple from a sheep's nose when God sent me to do it? Afraid to look at a wolf and say, you're a wolf, when God said, look out for wolves? Afraid to try the spirits when God said, try the spirits, whether they be of God? God isn't going to send me out to do something and then damn me for doing it.

He's not going to send me out and say, now you go out and judge the fruit and then damn me for judging fruit. We'll prove all things and hold fast to that which is good. And if we can't exercise moral judgment, I want to know how we can know good from bad.

And if anyone that is called a brother commits fornication or does any of these other deeds, idolatry, and the rest, don't eat bread with him. That is, don't have communion with him at the Lord's house.

Well, we say nowadays we don't dare do a thing about this. They're dear, the Lord's, dear children, they all mean well, and therefore don't say anything. But Paul said we'd better say something. And all our churches have died the same way. They've died by getting infections in them that they couldn't get rid of and didn't get rid of, and pretty soon the infection flared up and destroyed the whole body. They all die the same way.

Well, I think I've made my case, I've convinced myself anyhow, and I trust I have you. Where is that remnant? Somebody says, you don't dare ask that question, Mr. Tozer. You don't. There's a very small remnant that is saved even in this day.

Sixty million Christians are members of churches now, isn't that it? Sixty million Christians in America members of church. Sixty million Christians alive in the earth today. You know what would happen if there were 60 million Christians in America today? There would be a doxology that would bring the Sputnik down. There would be a doxology that would rise to heaven and send up such a glorious wave of music that the stars would pause to listen.

But nobody can get me to believe that. Though there are children of Israel, should be in number as the sands of the sea. A small fragment shall be saved, a surviving trace that yet remains.

So it was in Noah's day, so it was in Israel down the years, so it was when Christ came the first time, so it will be when He comes the second time. So has it been in church history and so is it today. And we are where we are because we have silenced the preachers who dare to find out what's wrong with us, who dare to inquire where is the remnant or is there a remnant.

Well, you say, then what are we to do? And I answer, first, let's beware of something. Let's beware of presumption and self-righteousness. For this is the snare of all the cults and the sectarians and the Pharisees. Let us beware of the spirit that says, I am right, judge yourself by me.

The wonderful thing about a right man is that he doesn't want to talk about it. The wonderful thing about a godly man is he doesn't know he's godly. The beautiful thing about a holy man is that he's the only one that doesn't know it. See? And as soon as we begin to talk about how holy we are, we're not holy anymore, if we ever were.

If somebody else says a man is holy, I'll listen. But if he gets up and says he is, I'll close my ear right there because I don't want the decibels to disturb the atoms inside my eardrum, because I know he's not telling the truth. A good man doesn't know he's good, and a holy man isn't aware of his holiness, and a righteous man thinks he's miserable. He says, oh, I'm such a poor wretch, I love my Savior so, I'm so happy in God, but when I think of myself, it makes me sick.

So, remember, look out for presumption. Save me, said the holy man, save me from presumptuous sins. Save me from self-righteousness that says, stand apart, I am holier than thou. No, no. We want this church to have a standard as high as the New Testament, but we never want anybody in this church to be so good that he can't help a drunk man up the stairs and get him seated and sit beside him and do his best to win him.

We want everybody in this church to be pure as the blood of the lamb can make them, but we don't want a woman in this church that wouldn't be willing to help a harlot, painted, off the street and help her in here and try to lead her to Christ. Self-righteousness. You don't have to be self-righteous, brethren, and you don't have to be bigoted and presumptuous.

What, then, is the right attitude? The right attitude is, refuse to compare yourself with anybody else. Compare yourself with Jesus. I remember hearing dear old William

Jennings Bryan, when he had turned preacher, you know what he did in his old age, and was a better preacher than 99 percent of the preachers who were supposed to be preachers.

I heard him preach when he was quite an old man, just a little while before he went to heaven, and he said the difference between an evolutionist and a Christian is this. He said an evolutionist goes out Sunday morning to the zoo, stands in front of the cage of the monkey, and congratulates himself upon how far he has sprung from the days of his fathers. But he said a Christian goes to church Sunday morning and sits reverently and listens to the preacher preach and looks up and bemoans how far he has to go yet before he's perfect as his heavenly Father is perfect.

And if you could have heard him say it with those golden tones, it was beautiful to hear. But this is the point. The man who belongs to the remnant isn't asking if he does, and he isn't inquiring. He is hoping and believing and trusting and seeking and longing, and he's comparing himself not with somebody else, but with the Savior. Compare yourself with somebody else and you'll be proud as Lucifer. Compare yourself with Jesus and you'll be as meek as Moses.

So, the thing to do is not to look for the remnant. The thing to do is to beware of presumption and self-righteousness and to compare yourself only with Jesus. And then when you've done that, say, I am an unprofitable servant.

When I was younger, the Scofield Bible was my alma mater, you know, and I got my degree there and my theology, and I still like it and turn to it often, although I don't think all the notes are inspired. In the same sense the text is quite. That shocks some people, but it's still true.

But when I was busy with it, I was seriously wondering about, when I became mayor of five cities, and I could preach on the five crowns of the Christians, right out of the notes. Five crowns of the Christians. The crown of life, the crown of righteousness, the crown of rejoicing, a couple other crowns. And I remembered about the five who rule over five cities. Well, I don't speak lightly. Somebody's going to rule over five cities.

But now I know not who it'll be, but I know who it won't be. It won't be I. I remember when I actually believed that I would have a starry crown. We used to sing far, far away beyond the starry sky and about the crown we would wear. I hope so, but I don't know.

That I'm saved, I know. That I live in the heart of God, I know. That I walk with the Savior, I know. That I wake in the night and say, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty, and fall back to sleep, I know. That I carry a hymn book and a Bible everywhere I go, that I know. And that the Lord is literally, literally becoming nearer and dearer as the years go by, I know. That I am his child, I know. That my name's in the Lamb's Book of Life, I know.

But further than that, don't push me, because I don't think that I'm going to have much of a crown. In fact, I've had an understanding with God about that. And if he surprises me by giving me a little crown, I'll be the happiest man on the golden strand, because I don't expect it. I've done, I've been too, I've been too sinful, wasted too much time, been too lazy, too cowardly, too everything, for a man to have a crown.

So, I'm not expecting it. And I'm not trying to be humble, so you'll go away and say, I almost cried that dear, humble man.

Brother, there isn't a humble atom in my body. Old Adam made me as proud as hell, and it's only the cross of Christ that can save me from the effects of it. I'm only just testifying, and I've got a right to do that, and tell you that I don't expect much of a reward.

You know, I like to, I like to have understandings with God. I go to God and have understandings with him. I go to God and talk it over, and settle things, and say, Now God, I was, where was I, in my, I think on the train. I like to take a roomette, it costs a little, but I, it makes an office for me, and I've got to work.

So, I shut the door and get down, get a, carry an old pair of praying pants, get down on my knees, save my suit, and I get down there and ride for hours and hours, my Bible open. And I told God something the other day that I'd just like to pass on to you.

I said, God, I know where I belong. I belong in hell, I know it, I know it. I belong in hell. But God, I want to tell you something. If I go to hell, you'll have one fan in hell. If I go to hell, you'll have one man there singing your praises. If I go there, you'll have one man that won't keep his mouth shut, but will run all around over that dark place, telling how good God is, and how wonderful is the blood of the Lamb.

And I had another understanding with God. And it is this, that if I have in my life failed so completely as a Christian, that I'll have no reward for what I've done.

There's one thing not even God can take away from me. The boys that write in and say, Brother Tozer, I went to Moody Bible Institute, I was going to Northern Baptist, I went to this and that seminary, I was there with the government, I went to your church, oh, how God enlightened my heart.

Nobody can take that away. Satan can't rob me of that. Don't you suppose that'll be a reward enough? Won't it be a reward enough to see somebody there that's there because you lived? I think that'll be a crown, and that nobody can take away from you. That, no circumstances can rob you of that.

And I get letters as I do, saying, oh, Brother, I just read something, and oh, how God has blessed me. Nobody can take that away. And if you've prayed and God has answered a prayer, if you've given a dollar to God's work and some soul has been saved, if you've, if you've taken a bowl of soup in His name to some poor widow, nobody can take that from you.

But the point is, you're going to have to come to Him in meekness and humility and not say, I am holy, stand thou aside. But say, Lord God, I trust that by thy grace and the power of the blood of the everlasting covenant, I may have some little reward there, but I'm an unprofitable servant.

Now, I want to close by telling you this. It is my opinion, and I believe it's more than an opinion, I believe it's insight. Evangelical Christianity as we know it today, gospel

Christianity as we know it today, is almost as far from God as liberalism. Its nominal creed is biblical, but its orientation is worldly.

The modern evangelicals, the holiness people, the Pentecostal people, the Bible people, the Bible-loving people, the Alliance people, and we who claim to be evangelical and traditionalists in our Christian faith, our orientation, that is, we've gathered around, that is what we have circled around, our orientation is toward the big businessmen. You know, Jesus never got along with any big businessmen in his day, and we use them as our models. Our orientation is around the banquet hall.

Where did I hear that a certain church has a 6:30 supper every Wednesday night? Then they hurry through their meal and at 8 o'clock have a prayer meeting. And the 6:30 supper has a mob, and the 8 o'clock prayer meeting has a pitiful handful. People love to eat, and the evangelical church is orientated around showmanship.

Oh, I can always tell them I smile to myself and pray that God will wake them up, but when I hear a young man leap to the platform, as I do in these schools where I go, and camp meetings and places, I know where he's been. I know where he's been brought up. He leaps up just vibrating, emoting. And he's an emcee. He learned that from TV. He knows how to do it.

He smiles that greasy smile that they put on with the paddles, and he drags that damnable thing into the church and leaps up and announces a meeting. Now Jim Smith, Mabel Persnickerty, and Harry Jones will sing a solo. All right, kids, I know where he's been, I know where he's been. And I sniff, no myrrh, no aloes, no cashew, no fragrance of heaven's dewy rose. I smell, I know where he's been. His orientation is TV and movie.

But he's got a Bible as big as a cedar chest under his arm. And he carries it down the road and says, I'm preaching a sermon of five blocks long, carrying my Bible five blocks. Then he upsets his sermon as soon as he arrives at church by acting like a worldling.

And we're orientated to play and to respect of persons--respect of persons, bigwigs, religious bigwigs. I don't know whether there's too much difference between the princes of the Roman church, princes, God bless them, old bachelors, princes. I don't know whether there's too much difference between those old bachelor princes that wear all that mess of finery and a lot of this big-shot-ism that we got in the church of Christ today.

You know, James said, if anybody comes into your church and he doesn't have on a nice robe, he said, don't tuck him under the, behind the pulpit somewhere and get him out of sight. He said, some brother comes sweeping in, going down the aisle, used to, take a letter, calling to an office boy to come and get this, and phoning somebody to go do that. And he carries that same spirit to church with him. And the pastors, the poor little mice, they accept him at his own value.

Could I tell this old one again? Peter Cartwright, you've heard this before, but he was preaching and Stonewall Jackson came in, leaned against the tent pole. And the little seminary preacher who was there, whispered, Peter, Peter, brother Peter, watch what you say, Stonewall Jackson's present. He said in a big booming voice, who's Stonewall Jackson? If he doesn't repent, God will damn him just as quick as he would a hottentot.

And he went on with his sermon. And after it was over, the little seminary preacher said, oh, brother Peter, you'll be horse whipped tomorrow morning. He said, that's an awful man, that man Stonewall Jackson. He's terrible. He's a general. He'll horse whip you.

So the next day, the big old square-shouldered Peter was going down the street and he saw the general. The general said, Reverend, he went over and said, I heard your sermon yesterday. Peter braced himself. He said, put her here. He said, if I had a hundred generals who had your courage, I'd soon win this war.

But we're mousy and timid. And when a big guy swaggers down the aisle, the little preacher leaps to attention and salutes. I've got a word for you. There isn't a man in Chicago high enough in society or deep enough in debt or owning enough property or having enough bank account or able to write a big enough check to shut my little old mouth. Not one. And he may be a prince of this or a cardinal of that or a bishop of the other. He may be the uncrowned poohbah of fundamentalism or the self-appointed without portfolio ambassador of modern evangelicalism. But I'll preach what God wants me to preach. Amen.

Now I'm about done, and I guess it's about time. But what is our job? Well, it's to seek to become a part of the remnant. It is not to judge unkindly. It is not to withdraw in self-righteous pride. It is not to be unloving. But it is to seek to become a part of the remnant.

A remnant shall be saved. It's to seek to become by returning to New Testament living. You see, a Christian is one who lives according to the New Testament. It's to return to New Testament living. Revivals don't come like waves of wind. They come because some certain people return to New Testament living and then pray and ask God to do the same for others.

That's how it comes. But we can pray a hundred years and never have revival unless we return to New Testament living. Our compelling cross is to seek to become part of the remnant by denying self, forsaking the world, and centering around Jesus Christ.

And if I might be allowed a grotesque modern expression, become Christ-oriented, and resisting the magnetism of the majority, the magnetism of the majority, and the contagion of example.

Oh, you dear young people, there's a contagion about example. It spreads like Asian flu. You get it and you don't know where you got it. You get it from the radio. You get it from the advertising. You get it from the car, you see, going down the street. You get it everywhere. It's the contagion of example. It's breathing into your soul the germs from other people's example.

And the Christian's got to fight that. He's got to stand and fight that. And kneel and fight that, and say, I don't care what the world says, I'm fighting that. The Christian's got to be a fighter. We want a Christian to be a tabby cat with his teeth filed and his claws pulled, soft and fluffy.

The Christian has got to be a fighter. And he stands in the name of the Lord to fight the contagion of example and the magnetism of the majority and refuse to go along with it. And if his whole church goes, he won't go. And if his whole denomination goes, he won't

go. And in doing that, he'll make enemies. And in doing that, he'll no doubt get many a scar.

But it's his compelling cross in this day of terror that we seek to be like Jesus Christ and become part of the remnant. And owning the lordship of Jesus and throwing our lot in with those who are as near as we can tell of the remnant.

Maybe some of you expected me to say the Alliance Church at 70th and Union is an integral part of the remnant. I think we have some here who are. I've known them a good many years and I don't know one that's perfect. I don't know anybody in this church that I couldn't put my finger on the flaw in their life. I don't mean a sin; I mean a flaw. But also, I know a great many that with deep reverence and appreciation, I believe belong to the remnant that speak often one to another.

And the Lord hears it and writes it down in a book. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day that I come to make up my jewels. When Jesus drew near on Emmaus Road to the two disciples, oh, what a difference if they'd been discussing hockey. What a difference. If they had been talking about the Olympic Games and who the great decathlon champion was for that year. Or if they'd been discussing crops. Oh, what a difference.

What a different story the 24th chapter of Luke would have told, or it never would have told it. It would have left it in cold silence. But two Christians, as they walked, were talking about Jesus and that he'd been crucified. And that they'd seen a vision of angels who said he was risen. And that the women also had come and said he was risen. I wonder if it could be true.

This wonderful Jesus, is He risen indeed? They were saying. Back and forth they tossed it as they walked along. And something about their conversation pleased Jesus and drew Him like a magnet. And He walked with them and finally caught up with them, walking a little faster than they. He had nobody to talk to. They were talking and so He slowed down.

So He walked faster and caught them. And He said, excuse me, what's the conversation? Oh, they said, we've been just talking about that strange, wonderful prophet, wonderful in deeds and words that appeared recently. They crucified Him, but they tell me He's alive again.

But we don't know. They said it's the third day and we're puzzled. Christ smiled deep in His heart and said, oh, you foolish people, why don't you believe what the prophets have told you? He said, now here, and opening the Scriptures out of His memory, no doubt, beginning with Moses and all the prophets, He preached. And as He talked to them, their hearts got flaming and flaming and flaming and flaming.

But He wasn't going to push Himself on. And when they came nearly to the house, He said, well, it's been nice. Goodbye. Oh, they said, don't go, don't go. Come on in. Well, He said, it's late. Oh, they said, but we come on in. That's why we want you to come.

He went in and they had a little meal. And they didn't know who He was. They said, we've never heard anything like this. And while they were eating, Jesus raised His hand

to bless it. And they recognized it was a simple little idiosyncrasy of the Savior. He did it a certain way.

And they looked at His hands and they saw the nail prints and immediately He was gone. And it was a five mile walk or a seven-mile walk. One of the two, I've tried to check it to find out, at least a seven-mile walk. They had just come from Jerusalem, seven miles, walking on their feet. And they hadn't had any rest except the few minutes they'd sat at the table. Do you know what they did? They got up, the Scripture says, and returned immediately to Jerusalem, ablaze with what they'd seen and heard. Did not our hearts burn within us when He walked with us, talked with us on the way?

Ah, there are some people, when they meet, they don't discuss worldly things, or if they do, it's only casually. And the magnetic attraction is Jesus and God and prayer and the Bible and the church and missions and evangelism and prayer meetings and good things. You'll always find Jesus along with a crowd like that.

Brethren, I want to belong to that remnant more than I want to live one more minute. Do you? The remnant, the blood-bought, Spirit-inspired remnant, I want to belong to it. This isn't a matter now of whether you're accepted Jesus or not. This is another thing I'm talking about. Shall we pray?

O Lamb of God, I love Thee so, I would with Thee life journeys go. And O Lord Jesus, we would resist the world and spurn the flesh and put our pride on the cross and die with Thee that we might live with Thee.

O Lord Jesus, we pray for these who've heard. Some of them we don't know, some of them we do, some of them we believe are real Christians, some are on the way. But O God, Thou knowest every one of us deeply, deeply. We want to be ready. We want to be ready, Lord, when Thou comest.

We pray, help us that we might be willing to inconvenience ourselves, to upset our neat plans, to stir up our fur-lined nests, and to carry a cross, to go where we're sent, to give up what's wrong and to begin what's right, and cease to do evil and learn to do good.

O Lord, the Church has been betrayed by easy-believism. We've been told, just believe and you're all right. And that's true, but not true as they teach it.

So help us to believe truly, Lord, believe in faith, believe with a cross on our shoulder, believe, but believe with our back to the world, believe with our faces toward the light, believe with our sword and our hammer in our hands, believe, Lord God, doing something. Bless thou this congregation, Father. Help them, we pray, each and every one, not to lose what they've heard tonight in song and sermon, but to go home and think it over, pray about it, and earnestly seek to be in that number.

We sing, I want to be in that number, but Lord, we're just imitating colored people when we sing that song. We don't half mean it. We smile and laugh and giggle and go on. We really want to mean it, Lord. We want to be in the number when the Saints come marching in. Bless us now as we bring our service to a close, in Christ's name. Amen.