

Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled

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In John 14, verse 1, let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

Now, I approach the passage that lies ahead of us, John 14, 15, 16, particularly these opening verses with feelings that are somewhat mixed for two reasons. This passage is to the believing and enlightened heart a gallery filled with the most ravishing beauty. It is a treasure house where it is located. It seems to me the very gold with which the streets in heaven are paved, and the very jewels that are on the walls of the city of God.

And yet, this passage, particularly these opening verses of John 14, this passage has had the hard fortune of being made into a funeral text almost exclusively. And yet, it is not a funeral text, clearly it is not a funeral text.

And that leads me to say that the usefulness of many Scriptures and many hymns has been limited not by the Scripture or the hymn itself, but because they have been applied in a way to limit them.

For instance, here is John 14, let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me, and in my Father's house are many mansions. That's not a funeral text, there was nobody dead there, they were burying nobody. This was Scripture preliminary to our Lord's death certainly, but He was not talking about His death, He was talking about and to His people.

And then 1 Corinthians also, that brilliant and penetrating passage dealing with the future, the future life and the glorified bodies of men. That has been turned into a funeral sermon, and you never hear it any other time.

And then Revelation 21, that passage that says, I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, well, that passage had nothing to do with a funeral. It says that that city was prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. That's a wedding passage, not a funeral passage. And yet you never hear Revelation 21 except at a funeral. You never hear John 14 or 1 Corinthians 15 except at a funeral.

Have you noticed that the hymns of the Incarnation are limited to Christmas season, when everybody's too busy to give them much attention? And the hymns of the Resurrection are limited to the Easter season.

Now that is the way we do it, and yet it is just in the daily grind that we need these passages. It is just in the kitchen and the office and the home and the school and the shop and the factory and on the highway. It's just in the downright tough business of living that we need John 14. It's not when we die only, but it is when we're alive here on the earth.

And we need Revelation 21. We need the knowledge that there is a city foursquare adorned as a bride for her husband coming down from God out of heaven. We need to know it then. And it is the Incarnation that would cheer our spirits, the knowledge that God has come to dwell with mankind. Why limit that to Christmas? Yet we do it habitually. And Christ the Lord is risen today, hallelujah, sons of men and angels say hallelujah. We limit that to Easter and hear it one time out of the year.

Now I believe that this is all wrong, because I believe that the power of the Incarnation lies not in one time a year but lies and resides in the church of Christ for all the year round. I believe that the glory of the Resurrection is not for one Sunday out of the year, but it is for fifty-two Sundays out of the year, plus all of the days that lie in between.

Now our Lord Jesus Christ said, now that's the reason that I hesitate to enter this, because people say, Brother Tozer is preaching a series of funeral sermons, I think I'll stay home and watch television. I hope you don't get that idea, because this is not Scripture that you use at funerals only, but it is good for all the days and all the times.

Now our Lord said, let not your heart be troubled, and this presupposes a world of troubled hearts. The wicked are like the troubled sea, says the Holy Ghost, that cannot rest. Sin, you see, has destroyed our peace. You know, it is a noteworthy thing that the only place where you will find distress and disharmony and lack of uniformity is in the realm of the moral. You never find it anywhere in nature.

The sun sets and rises in peace, and rises and sets again in peace, and it can be predicted for centuries to come. And if you look on the front page of your newspaper, it will tell you exactly the minute the sun will rise and the minute the sun will set. And if they wanted to do it, they could tell you the phases of the moon all the way through, and they could tell you what star would be in the ascendancy at what given day and what given moment. Their heavenly bodies move in perfect and beautiful precision.

And so, it is with the seasons. They come and go harmoniously, and the wild geese fly to the north at the right time and back to the south right at the exact time, and all of nature moves harmoniously. And it is even so with man's machinery. Man has invented machines that are better than the men who invented them.

We had a clock back there that amazed us one day by stopping. It was an electric clock, and you know how long it had been running without a drop of oil, without anybody tinkering with it, nor touching it, nor even dusting it, nor cleaning it. It had been running nearly twenty years in this auditorium. And when it stopped one day, we said, what in the world has happened? We forgot that man had made an electric clock that for nearly twenty years kept perfect time and never had any disharmony, nor trouble, nor discord, never quarreled with itself, had a nervous breakdown, or got a complex.

Man made a machine that's better than he is, a machine that can do what he can't do. It is only when you enter the realm of morals, where there is will and personality, where people are made in the image of God, it is only there that you find disharmony.

Now I call attention, this is not really a part of the sermon, but I call attention to the fact that man can make a machine that will run untended for days and weeks and months and will with great and beautiful precision do what it was created to do.

But that same man, strange and contradictory as it may seem, that same man capable of making a machine that can run smoothly and with perfect internal harmony, that same man can't achieve the harmony that he can put into his machine. The reason being that the machine works according to mathematical laws and mechanical laws, whereas man runs all twisted and crooked and out of order because sin has done him in.

The clock can't sin, the birds that fly north and south aren't sinners, and the heavenly bodies as they move haven't sinned, and the seasons come and go without sin, and the worm crawls on the leaf without sin, wraps himself in a cocoon and stays so many weeks and comes out a butterfly in the spring. There's been no sin there to disrupt the order of nature. But if you want turmoil and agitation, you'll find it in the realm of personality and morals.

And does not this reveal something, ladies and gentlemen, the fact that men can make machines where there's no discord in, and that the heavenly bodies and all of nature can run in harmony, and it's only when we come into the realm of personality and morals that we find turmoil and agitation?

Does not this tell us something about ourselves that we'd rather not hear? Does it not tell us that people are spiritually sick? Doesn't it tell us that there is in the human mind and heart a foreign, wild element that shouldn't be there? Doesn't it tell us that man has broken loose from his central sun and is no longer revolving in his proper orbit? Doesn't it tell us that he's a vagabond and a fugitive on the earth and a stranger from God? It certainly does.

Jesus said, Let not your heart be troubled. I'm so glad to tell you that the Man who said that a little while later went out and died on a cross. The Man who said that didn't write it into a book and draw all royalties that would buy Him a yacht. The Man who said that went out and died on a cross to make it possible for a man to have the peace that he's never had, and when He said, Let not your heart be troubled, He went straight from saying that to die to make it possible.

I can listen to Him. I can't listen to the man who writes a book on how to have peace of heart or peace of mind or have peace of conscience, because he is a bestseller and he's driving a huge car on the proceeds from that book and never turned his finger for anybody. But I can listen to the One who said, Let not your heart be troubled, because He went out on a cross to make good on that, and died and rose again and is at the right hand of God now to make good on that.

And He can build into your heart with such precision a work that will be as harmonious as the heavenly bodies and that will run with all the smoothness of those bodies. Let not your heart be troubled. That indicates that a man does have some control over his heart, particularly a saved man. Don't let your heart get disturbed, let it not be troubled.

Now I want to talk a little about how men try to find peace. They try to think away their troubles, that's one way of doing it. But do you know when you think them away what happens to them?

There came a man over here years ago by the name of [Émile Coué](#), he was a Frenchman. He said, when you get up in the morning, take a deep breath, stand and square back your shoulders and say, every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better.

It was a big joke throughout the United States, a big joke. Every day and every way I'm getting better and better. Every day and every way I'm getting better and better. He said that that would create a positive conviction within your heart and that you would wonderfully move in the direction. It was sailing on the beam before there was any beam. He was creating a beam with a string and some buttons. And the beam was, in every day, in every way I'm getting better and better. And one day he dropped dead. He died, did you know that? He dropped dead, God bless him.

I don't know where he is, but I know that you can think your troubles away, but they come back on you. And if you drop dead, they come back on your family and very likely come back on you and the world to come. No, you see, the disease is too deep. You can't cure it by thinking about it.

They tell me now, this I say with caution because I have not checked it with doctors and nurses who might have had experience with it. But they tell me that one ingredient or a mental ingredient, one psychological ingredient in tuberculosis is the cheerfulness of the patient, that when everybody else knows they're dying, they think they're going to be all right. And when everybody knows they have only a few weeks to live, they'll be laying plans for months and years to come and be as cheerful as can be.

Now, I don't know if that's true. I know it's true in the case I know about. A woman was buying a farm and she was moving and she was going to do this and that and everybody knew the poor woman was dying. Now, something about it, cheerful and optimistic, I don't know what it is, but they say that's characteristic of certain forms and certain stages of tuberculosis.

And that's also characteristic of certain developments in human sin, that we can cheer ourselves up and believe we're all right when we're dead wrong and God knows we're on our way to judgment. But we get a strange optimism, an unusual sense of well-being, and everybody in heaven knows and God above knows that in a very short time we'll be gone, and we'll face our Maker without a protector or a shield to account for the deeds done in the body. Everybody knows it but the victim.

So, some try to get peace by thinking their troubles away. Others try to get peace in a more practical and direct manner by amusements. Now you probably won't like this and some of you will go home and say, I think the old man is getting some strange notions, but you know what I believe, ladies and gentlemen? I believe that amusements were created by the devil to take the minds of dying men off of their dying. I believe that entertainments and amusements are the work of the enemy to keep dying men from knowing they're dying, and to keep enemies, men who are enemies of God, from remembering that they're enemies.

Today there were thousands, I would guess a couple of three hundred thousand people watching doubleheader ballgames. Now that in itself is harmless, of course, but if those several hundred, maybe three hundred thousand people today, or two hundred thousand that watch ballgames, had taken those two or three hours with their Bible to settle eternal issues, heaven would be populated, and hell would be less full than it will be.

But fallen human nature plus the work of the devil have given us something to keep us thinking harmless thoughts and pleasant thoughts in order that we might not settle the matter of our eternal soul's welfare. The man who comes home at night, God in his heaven knows, and nobody else does, that just three weeks away is a coronoid thrombosis that'll drop him on the sidewalk. God knows it, and he doesn't, and his family doesn't. If he knew it, he'd be calling in the preacher and reading his Bible and getting straight with God.

But why isn't he going to call in anybody and get right with God? Too many funny things on the radio, too many funny things on TV, too many life magazines, too many comic strips, too many things that he can do, too many bowling clubs, too many theaters, too many night ballgames, too much everything to take his mind off of the fact that his troubles are real and that the agitation and disharmony and discord within him are the result of his fall and his sin. And if he could know that and didn't have so many things to take his mind off his troubles, maybe he would get to God and get delivered from his troubles.

Now if that's radicalism, you can quote me, I don't care. I believe that. I believe that play and all of these things which might in themselves be harmless, I suppose in heaven there will be play.

Somebody told me the other day, God bless them, I don't remember whether it was a man or a woman, but somebody said to me, do you know, Mr. Tozer, I believe there will be children in heaven. I don't think that heaven, be it the human race, I don't think it would be normal without having children in heaven. I don't know about that, I have no authority on such matters, but if we don't have any children to run around up there and make it a nice place to live, we'll have something equivalent to them, if there is any equivalent for them. We'll have something up there like it, I'm sure, I'm positive of that. And I believe that God will give to His people delights, and plenty of delights.

Old John Flavel wrote a brilliant and convincing sermon a century or so ago, showing that heaven wasn't a place where you quit living and where you reached your goal and where maturity stopped all activity. But he said as long as the ages rolled, there would be happy, joyous activities, growth and development on toward Godlikeness forever. I believe he's right. I believe that when earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried and the oldest colors have faded and the youngest critic has died, we shall rest in faith we shall need it, lie down for an e'en or two, till the master of all good workmen shall set us to work anew.

And then writes Kipling how we shall go on and on working through the ages. I believe that. And I believe there will be pleasure, and I believe that there will be entertainments and amusements and all to take the heart of man and make it glad.

But then a man will have a right to rest and he'll have a right to those things. But a sinner has no right to anything. He has no right. I mean his own moral right. No sinner has a right to look at a TV screen until his soul has been right with God. No man has a right to take an evening off to watch a ballgame whose soul is not right with God. He has no right to do it. He's sinning against himself, he's committing spiritual suicide, he's killing himself, doing anything until he gets right with God. So that amusements are at least used, if the devil didn't send them, since man's sinful heart is using them in amusements and competitive sports.

And then of course there's always this other terrible things, alcohol and narcotics. Men drink, say the psychologists, to escape from themselves. And it is my conviction that much of the love of music in the day in which we live, certain kinds of music particularly, is nothing and can be explained only as an escape from themselves.

I've been in music stores looking over some good records, trying to find some nice and good records, and we've got some wonderful records. And I have seen them come in with Levi's so tight that only God, I think, knows how they got into them, and sideburns, and too much hair, and a general dirty look that indicates, you know, a lack of something. And then go into one of those rooms and sit there entranced and listen to the wildest music. And they buy them by the tens of thousands, buy them by the millions. Why? To escape from themselves. The average young fellow can't live with himself, he's got too much trouble inside.

So, all the carefree hours of youth, that's what you think. If you'd get into the heart of the average young fellow in these late teens, you'd find not peace there at all, but trouble. Get into the heart of the average young woman full of quips, and fun, and jokes, and springy step and all the rest, and you think, oh, to be young.

No, don't you remember when you were afraid of everything, and you were worried about everything, and you were afraid to go to bed, and you were miserable? Don't you remember when you were young? All the trouble and distress there is in the world, you can't cure it with music. You can't cure it with fast music, and you can't cure it with soft music, and you can't cure it at all except the One who came and said, let not your heart be troubled, and went out and died to make it possible. He can cure it. Christ gave the prescription, believe in God. Believe in Me. Believe in God. Now, He didn't say understand God. You see, we got into our present confusion by unbelief, and unbelief is a fundamental loss of confidence in God. That's unbelief.

Men say, oh, I wish I could believe. You know what you're saying? You're saying, I wish I could stop thinking that God isn't trustworthy. A fundamental loss of confidence in God, that's unbelief, and that's what got us into our present condition. Is this so bad, then? Is this so bad? Why do you preachers talk about unbelief? Is it so bad?

Well, let me illustrate it. You go up to a friend of yours, a neighbor, or a friend of yours, a fellow with whom you bowled or played cards or something else. You go up to him

sometime, look him in the face and say, Jim, I have lost confidence in you, I no longer trust you, I no longer believe what you say, I no longer have any confidence in your character. You know what would happen? You'd lose him like that.

There would be instantaneous alienation of heart between you two. Maybe for a minute he'd plead and say, but Ed, what do you mean? What have I done? What have I done? Well, I find it totally impossible to believe in you, Jim. I find it totally impossible to have any confidence in your character, in your honesty, in your trustworthiness. I have absolutely no confidence in you. I can't trust you. I wouldn't trust you with a dime. By that time, you and he are no longer friends.

Now turn that same thing on to the Mighty God in heaven above. For nobody would have the courage to say that, but that's what unbelief says, nevertheless. Unbelief says, I have no confidence in God. God says it, but I don't know whether it's so. It's in the Bible, and I believe the Bible, but still, I can't believe it for myself. I can't pump up any confidence in God myself. Ah, that's dreadful because of who God is.

I quoted over the radio what St. Anselm said about God. He said, God is that which needs nothing to make Him complete, but which everything needs to make Him complete, is complete. God is that which everything needs to make it complete. There isn't a star that's complete without God. There isn't a sea that can roll without God. There isn't a mountain that can stand without God. There isn't a bird that can sing without God. There isn't a worm that can crawl without God. There isn't a planet that can revolve without God. There isn't an angel that's complete without God. There isn't a human soul that's complete without God.

Withdraw God from creation and you have chaos and all night. God is that which everything needs to make it complete, but God is that which needs nothing to make him complete. He is complete in himself without any addition, but nothing is complete without God. God is the adhesive agent that holds the entire creation together.

So, loss of confidence in God, you know what results. Loss of confidence in God means internal chaos. Faith brings peace. Believe in God. And doubt brings discord, disharmony, and trouble.

Heaven is going to be a place of perfect peace because it will be a place of perfect confidence. Nobody in heaven will be whispering behind his hand about God. Everybody there will have perfect, restful confidence in the character of God. So we'll have perfect confidence and perfect peace.

Hell will be a place where there will be no confidence in God, hence perfect hell. Hell will be hell not because of fire and worms, though they're in the Bible too, but hell will be hell because there is no confidence in God and all faith is banished into night. Earth, on the other hand, is a place where there is a little faith and a little peace and much unbelief and much trouble.

And always remember that trouble goes along with unbelief and peace goes along with faith. But faith in what? Faith in whom? A man pulled out a fountain pen one time and he

said, I believe in faith. Faith in that fountain pen, if I have enough faith in that fountain pen, I can move mountains.

I was buying some books the other day, that is, I was in looking over books, and I saw one, Faith Made Them Champions. I didn't read the book, I wouldn't be caught dead buying it, but I know what it said because I looked through it. I have a way of getting an education at the expense of the man who sells the books, browsing around. And what it said was that this one was a golf champion because he had faith. This one was a baseball champion, he had faith. This one was a great theatrical leader, he had faith.

All having faith, faith in what? Faith in a fountain pen? Oh no, brother, ye believe in God, believe also in Me. The faith I have in a fountain pen will come back to plague me and curse me, but the faith I have in God stabilizes me and the universe.

Believe also in Me, said Jesus. Let not your heart be troubled. What are you going to do then? Take a hold of your heart and steady it as old what's-his-name steadied the ark? No. You can't make your heart behave by hanging on to it and putting cushioned springs under it. Your heart will be agitated like hell and filled with confusion and misery until you believe in God and believe in Christ. That stabilizes the heart, puts the stabilizer on and holds it steady. Well, believe also in me.

Now, I want to say, and I might as well say it now, that faith in Christ is possible only where there is a previous faith in God. Ye believe in God, believe also in Me. Believe in God. Most versions don't have the word, ye, on it, just says believe in God, believe in me. I have said a hundred times and maybe more from this pulpit that the greatest thought the mind can entertain is God and the greatest word in the universe is God is. Until we can say, I believe God is, you can never believe in the Son of God. It takes a previous faith in God.

There is a lot of talk about the unbeliever coming to the great companion, the great white companion, all that stuff. The man upstairs, all nonsense.

There's got to be a basic faith in God. How could there be a Son of God until there was God? How could God give His only begotten Son if you did not believe there was a God to give His only begotten Son? Believe in God. And Jesus Christ, our Lord, said, believe in God.

In another place, Mark, the eleventh chapter. So, I say believe in God tonight. Dust off your brain and think a bit and say to yourself, I'm going to believe in God. I'm going to believe in the character of God. I'm going to believe that God doeth all things well. I'm going to believe what the Bible says about God. I'm going to be a believer in God. Believe in God. Get that settled.

God is. God created. God made. God spake. God is here. Believe in God. And having believed in God, believe also in his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

You can believe in God in the sense that you could believe He is, and that's some confidence. You can believe He's holy, and that's more confidence. You can believe He'd

just, and that's more confidence. You can believe He's love, and that's still more confidence.

But how can you get right with a God who is holy and just unless there is somebody to take away that alienation? When your heart down in the years somewhere said, I can't trust God, you notified God you no longer believe in Him or never did believe in Him. You believe He's up there, but you don't believe that you can trust Him. And you live your life to show you're not trusting Him. So that's alienation. It's alienation. Paul called it reconciliation. He said, be ye reconciled to God. There's reconciliation needed there.

So, this Jim and Ed that I talked about, Ed goes to Jim and says, I don't have confidence in you. I believe I can't trust you. I can't trust your word. I can't trust your conduct. I wouldn't trust you in my home. That's alienation. That's enmity.

How are they going to get together? Who's going to take one in one hand and one in the other and bring them together? Who's going to do it? I don't know that. But when man said by his conduct, I don't have any confidence in God, and that great alienation took place and the soul of man was broken off from the heart of God, I know there was somebody who knew how to get them together. God became man.

And so, He could represent God because He was God, and He could represent man because He was man. And He laid a hand on them both and brought them together. Believe also in Me. Not fountain pens, positive things. Believe in me, Jesus Christ, who am your Brother.

So, He, takes us by the hand and introduces us to the Father. And what is repentance but getting on our knees and telling God we're sorry we've been such heels, as to doubt him? What is repentance but getting before God and saying, O God, I swallow and take back every word I've ever said and every thought I've ever entertained about Thee that wasn't holy. I take it back, God, I'm sorry. That's real repentance.

Real repentance isn't saying, O God, I stole a dollar from my wife and I turned back the speedometer on my car 10,000 miles when I turned it in and I cheated on my income tax. I suppose that's a kind of repentance, too. We ought to straighten up those things, surely. But that's not real repentance, that's only surface stuff.

Real repentance is going down before God and apologizing to the Majesty in the heavens for our wretched, shoddy treatment of the Holy God. And down on our knees we say before Him, O God, I've lived as if you didn't exist. And I've doubted you and I've worried and I've worried, forgetting that you were there ready to look after me. And I've passed over your promises and neglected the Bible and I've read everything else and neglected Thy word.

O God, I apologize before Thee right now in the name of Thy Son, for ever doubting Thee. That's real repentance, brethren. The other things come along, certainly, but that's basic repentance. Apologize to God Almighty for the shoddy way you have treated Him. Believe in God.

But you'd never straighten that out, never straighten it out. Justice would hound you through the dark recesses of the millenniums to come and find you at last and punish you for the way you have treated God, except you have a daysman, a brother, a kinsman, One who took your mortal flesh to dwell among us and died on a cross to reconcile us to God. He finds us and He reconciles us and He presents us to His Father, and the Father forgives.

My God is reconciled, His pardoning voice I hear. He owns me for His child, I need no longer fear. With confidence I now draw nigh, and Father above, Father I cry.

Reconciled through the blood of the Son, reconciled through Him who died for us. We don't need angelic helpers; we don't need saints and virgins. God bless them all, I'm glad they existed, but we don't need them to help us.

We only need Jesus Christ, who the Bible says is God, and the only mediator between God and man Himself, man, Christ Jesus the Lord. You believe in God, believe also in Me. And You know something, that'll bring harmony to your heart.

I'm too nervous a man, too imaginative a man, too sharp and able to see things coming and know what's happening, ever to be a man of any peace, I'd have a nervous breakdown, I'd be gone, would have been years before, except there was a fundamental peace that came because I believe in God and believe also in His Son, Jesus Christ.

Let not your heart be troubled, believe in God and believe in Me, his Son. So simple, so wonderful, it's faith. Unbelief got us into this mess, faith gets us out. A restoration of confidence in God through His Son, Jesus Christ.

Are you a believer tonight? Do you believe in God? Do you believe in the God of the Bible? Not a homemade, manufactured God of poetry and nonsense, but a God who made heaven and earth, the God who holds up the universe. Do you believe in Him, do you? Do you believe in His Son, Jesus Christ, who died for you. Do you believe in Him? If you do, you have a right to get up and say, my God is reconciled, his pardoning voice I hear, that's salvation, that's salvation, that's how you're saved, that's the way you're saved.

You're saved by believing in God and his Son, Jesus Christ, and then act in it if you believe it, and tell people you believe it, and the wonderful miracle takes place in your heart. Peace comes, instead of the distress and looking forward to the future.

I never was near death, that I know of, but a doctor scared me nearly to death here a couple of years ago. Between McAfee and the doctor, I was about one short jump from the grave. They wouldn't even let me walk in. I never was so humiliated in my life. A young woman wheeled me into the hospital room. I could have walked. Not only that, they wouldn't even let me undress. The doctor told them I was a heart case, watched me, I was about to go. And I never was so humiliated, and I said, ah, let me alone, I'll undress. She said, no, you won't. They dragged my clothes off of me and got me into a night gown. And I thought, well, if it's getting this bad, I must be pretty bad off.

So, I lay there thinking of the world. I've always been afraid, you know, I was afraid of the wind when I was a kid, and afraid of dogs, and God knows what I wasn't afraid of, and I thought it would be time for me to start getting scared.

So, I began to think it over. And I'll tell you this, there came a great sense of absolute peace, because He had died. And I said, God, maybe I haven't long to hang around here, but I want you to know one thing, I'm at peace. The blood of Jesus Christ is between me and hell, between me and judgment, between me and any possible harm or loss in the world to come. Then I got all right. And I'm all right now, and the doctor even backed out and told me there's nothing wrong with my heart. He told me my heart was better than his.

So maybe they just scared me in order to, for a few minutes, let me know whether I could die or not. I had never known before, you know, whether I never went upstairs except three at a time, or two at a time in my life. So there's peace for those who believe in God and believe in Jesus Christ.

Peace, peace, peace, thank God. Not the lip piece of the Father Divine, not the cheap piece of the psychologist, but a solemn, profound, deep peace that goes to the roots of your being. Believe in God, believe also in me, and then face the world. Amen.