

50 Articles of War

GEORGE SCOTT RAILTON

UP!

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“What’s up now?” is an inquiry we are constantly hearing as our victorious legions burst upon some street, making the welkin ring with their happy songs.

And, thank God! something is “up.” The Lord has raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of His servant David, and therefore our glory is greatly exalted. We will sing and give praise.

We, who were down in Egypt, caged in darkness and cruel bondage, are up upon our high places, while our enemies are diminished and brought low.

But still there comes to us from the immeasurable heights of the everlasting throne a voice full of majesty, and yet full of the most cheering sympathy and love, whispering now in an all-pervading comfort to the weary heart, and anon, thundering with a startling throb to the easy, careless ones, Up! up! up!

UP, EYES!

Whatever are you staring at? Is it at some glittering toy of earthly luster? Brummagem! Brummagem! Gold and silver, houses, lands, situation, friends, companions, learning, earthly prospects, what will they look like from your death bed? What does Jesus say about them all—“moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal;” and Paul counts them dung and dross. Staring at a dung-heap! Wake up!

Is it at a crowd of men and women that are wanting to find fault or to applaud? What a lot of them there are, to be sure! But look, they are sliding—see! one, two, a hundred, a thousand, gone out of sight; they are all going like a great avalanche; there will soon be none of them left, and then where will their laughter and their applause be? Staring at a little vapor! Wake up!



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Is it at some great wave of trial, or some mountain of difficulty? It certainly looks very high just this minute; but take out your watch, "Five, ten, fifteen." Dear me, where is it now? How high we seem to be getting? Why, we are almost on the top of it! Who would have thought it!

Oh, but there's another worse still! A great hob-goblin! Put it up to frighten little birds away, man! Staring at a ghost! Wake up!

Lift up your eyes unto the hills! Do you see that morning star? Take hold of it, it is one of your little presents. Now, then, up! Look at the sun! Can you scarcely bear its radiance? It is only a little bit of a miniature picture of what God means you to look like! Talk about "prospects!"

Look up! Do you see that army of gleaming, flying warriors, their faces glowing with love and admiration, while their voices make all heaven right with joy? Those angels look at you, and rejoice over what you do for God. You were made to be waited upon by *them!* Are you going to notice what men of the world say any more?

Look up! Do you see the great throne, where your own Jesus sits with the Ancient of Days? That's the arm that knocked the Red Sea into heaps one day, for a few folks to walk over comfortably. Those eyes looked Ananias and Sapphira dead in moment. That had raised up a dead body in Nain one day, and the "dead" was all alive before anybody could turn round to look. Those lips breathed an army dead in a moment, and smoothed the stormy sea before a wave could break! Those feet made the mountains quiver and leap like water, and made the sea be solid like the ground!

Listen! "I, Jehovah, thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."

Oh, God, do it, do it, do it, and don't let us look any other way again!

UP, HANDS!



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He looks for a response. Shall we not lift up our hands to Him? As the little children lift up their hands to be taken into fathers' arms; as the solemn, guileless witness lifts up his hand to enforce the truth of what he says; as the eager beggar lifts up his hand to the rich man passing in his carriage; as the soldiers lift their hands to salute an officer; as the prisoner lifts his hand to be bound; as the drowning man lifts up his hand for help—let us lift up every hand to Him at once.

When Israel were fighting Amalek, and failing before them, I see Moses on the hill-top, lifting up his hand to strike a bargain with God Almighty, and I see the very God that made the world grasping the offered hand, and turning Amalek back like an ebbing tide, while the very grumbling, doubting Israelites waxed valiant and irresistible.

Just such glorious agreements we may make, securing all we need, and overturning every opponent, by lifting up our hands in boldly humble submission to our Lord.

UP!

We belongs to a risen Savior. We have no business amongst the bombs. To live, to move, to grow; to be a power amongst men, a light in the world, the flaming sword of God—that is our calling. Let the time past of our lives suffice wherein we were buried in trespasses and sins, and let us, now risen with Christ, no longer settle down for a moment amongst the rest, thinking their thoughts, speaking their words, walking in their ways; but let us ever seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

Up as on wings of eagles. We are born again to soar. Beautiful sights we have seen, charming sounds we have heard, delightful banquets we have partaken of, daring flights we have made perhaps, but there is plenty of room upwards yet. We want the clear view of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ, that shall transform us into His very own image. We want the voice of Jehovah, and that a mighty voice, when even a still small one, sounding in our hearts continually far above every other, and inspiring us to do and speak whatever He desires, in spite of earth and hell. We want the rapturous enjoyment of His love, that shall make us a perpetual wonder to all that are round about us, and that shall make us grow in sweetness and heavenliness and power every moment.



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We want the burning love to dying men which feels with a terrible heart-pang every sinner's misery, and forgets danger and difficulty and discouragement in the deathless agony to pluck brands from the burning. We want to be bigger, grander, holier, more god-like men and women, and we must be, if we are to do what God expects of us.

Up! For, alas! there are myriads down. Ah! there in the pit, where the worm is gnawing them for ever; men and women that might have been happier than we are. And there is the tap-room, set on fire of hell already, sleeping, cursing, wallowing in the mire, sinking into everlasting burnings. And there, amidst the flashing chandeliers, and the wine-cups, and the gaudy ornaments, listening to the songs of the fool and the whisperings of devils, wandering, reeling, dancing, amidst thunders of applause, into hell. And there in the workshop and the factory, amidst the rattle of machinery and the laugh of the scornful, forgetting God and losing their souls. And there in the streets, in every garb, pacing, rushing, riding, hurrying along, making money, seeking pleasure, and having no rest, no peace, no God, no hope. And there in the cottage, amongst the beautiful little children, sweeping, washing, cooking, toiling life away, and dying—dying for ever. And there, alas! in the pew, reading, saying, prayers, listening, slumbering, singing—in the flesh—corrupt, corruption, corrupted, gone, lost, cast out into outer darkness.

Oh, men and women of God, is it not time to be up and doing? Our brothers and sisters are beneath the nets of the terrible destroyer. They are being dragged down still lower, lower—every moment they are going. Up, for their help. Up, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, for in the name of the Lord we will subdue them. Up with the cross of Jesus, and down with everything else. Up, while the lengthened sunlight of our life is allowed us finally to vanquish every foe. Up, till at last the glorious voice shall call us from the world of battle and victory to the world of glory and peace for ever!