

Him Whom My Soul Loveth

By Dr. Ken Connolly

sermonaudio.com

Bible Text: Song of Solomon 3:1-5

Preached on: Monday, February 24, 2007

Faith Free Presbyterian Church

1207 Haywood Road
Greenville, SC 29615

Website: www.faithfpc.org

Online Sermons: www.sermonaudio.com/faith

I am going to invite you tonight to try and find the book of the Song of Solomon. If you let your Bible open somewhere around the middle it may be at the book of Isaiah. Just travel one book toward Genesis and you will find the Song of Solomon. It is one of the books of poetry that we have in the Bible. We have five books of poetry that are nestled in the canon of Scripture. They begin with the book of Job. They end with the Song of Solomon. They are very valuable pieces of information.

If ever life gives you a rough deal and you have a heartache and you can't stop the tears from flowing, you will find great comfort in the book of Job, a man that lost everything that he had, the treasures of his life, his wealth, his family and his health. And his wife said, "Why not curse God and retain your integrity?"

And though his eyes were blurred with tears he could look up into heaven and say, "I will not do anything to hurt him. I hold him guiltless in the affairs of my life. Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

If you need to find comfort under pressure, that is a wonderful place to find it.

I probably don't need to explain the book of Psalms to you, they hymn book of the Old Testament. As often as you sing, "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound," in this country, we would sing back home:

The Lord is my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie.
In pastures green he leadeth me,
The quiet waters by.

If you want to learn the language that you can bring into the courts of heaven, you will find them recorded for you in the book of Psalms.

In the book of Proverbs you get the secret of wisdom. He tells us very succinctly, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." There are clever people who do not fear God. There are no wise people who build the knowledge of light without making the foundation of it a reverential fear of almighty God.

In the book of Ecclesiastes you learn the secret of happiness, not that you can find it in the book. The book's refrain is, "Vanity of vanities, emptiness of emptiness. Everything is empty and vexation of Spirit and there is no new thing under the sun."

The man was the wealthiest, most influential man of his day. He went in a pursuit of happiness only to find out that his sights were too low. It was under the sun where he was looking for it. "In thy presence is fullness of joy. At thy right hand are pleasures forevermore." You will find happiness not on earth. But you can find it in the heavenlies.

Then we come to the story of the Song of Solomon and it is my purpose, my intent to try and unravel that story for you tonight so that you can go home and with intelligence read through the book and see if it doesn't bring that wonderful message to warm your heart.

I am reading in chapter three only for the purpose of getting you interested to the book. And I am reading the first five verses of that chapter.

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth? It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.¹

Did you notice the steps? I sought him. I found him. I held him. I brought him into my mother's house.

I remember as a teenaged boy back in 1944 I found him. What a blessed and holy day that is in my life. And what a difference it has made for the rest of the years I have enjoyed so far. I say that I saw him, but I know that it was he that sought me. And he found me.

I was the sheep that had gone astray. I couldn't find my way back to the fold, but he came and rescued me. And when I sought him and found him I held him, not to retain my salvation, but knowing that he expects me to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, piling precept upon precept, line upon line, I know that when he teaches me certain things I need to find the ark that helps me to retain it so I can build upon it. And then I brought him.

Because I travel in so many different churches I am often asked if people make decisions for Christ. What would you lead you to believe that they were genuine? And I will tell you one of the incredible marks that comes to those that find the Savior, I want to bring

¹ Song of Solomon 3:1-5.

him into my mother's house and into the chamber of her that conceived me. I want to introduce him to my friends. I want everybody that I can influence to make the same discovery that by his grace I was led to make. That is the story of the Song of Solomon.

When I try to unravel the story I have some problems. Great help came to me in the middle of the last century. We found some documentation that gave us an insight into a king's wedding. It wasn't a 30 minute affair. It wasn't an afternoon affair. It was a seven day affair. On the fourth day of the wedding they sang a melodrama to an invited audience. The bride and the groom would sing to each other the story of their courtship and how they came to know each other. And it is one of those melodramas inspired by the Spirit that is brought into the canon of sacred Scripture.

So I know how to interpret it, but there are some things within it that leave me still puzzled. I am not reading a story in a chronological sequence of events, the reason being they would rehearse in the melodrama what came to their mind. And when some other words were spoken it may change the direction in which they were going and you can't necessarily begin at the beginning and end at the ending. It is not given in chronological sequence.

Add to that the difficulty, you can't always distinguish the voice. Sometimes it is the voice of the bride. Sometimes it is the voice of the groom. And then remember that the story that is given is given to us... let me find my place for a moment. This is given to us in the customs that these people were regulated by.

Sometimes they will do things that you and I would frown upon. And there is a lot of things that we are not told in the book, but it is valuable to be ignorant because you might have a prejudice that would cause you to pass judgment upon them and in their social settings it should not be judged.

Then I come to the title of the book. Look in chapter one and in verse one. It tells us in our authorized version that this is the Song of Solomon. But the technical title of the book is the Song of Songs which is Solomon's. That is a slightly different approach from calling it the song of Solomon.

In order to appreciate it I need to tell you what a song is. These are emotional people. There are times when times when emotions become so strong they can't find articulated language sufficient to be able to describe it. And when they can't describe it with articulated sounds they break into song.

Moses came safely across the Red Sea, but he stopped when he saw the Egyptians drowned within it and he sang a song.

Deborah was given victory in battle and she paused to sing a song.

Hannah was given a child when her womb had been closed and she went back into the house of God and knelt in the presence of her Lord and she sang a song unto him.

The shepherd of Israel from a cave in southern Judah in the middle of the night realizing the kindness of the providence of God that led him through that day could not retain himself, but broke into song.

I don't know if angels can sing. If they can, I would assume that when they delivered the message to the shepherds, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord," it would not surprise me to find out they delivered the message in song.

I do know that when it all comes to an end and we are brought out of every tribe and every nation to stand before the Lamb upon the throne, we are there dressed in white by the righteousness that is ours in Christ, it will be more than we can take to be silent. And we will lift our voices in song and we will sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

A song is an expression of emotion.

The question is: What is the emotion expressed?

If you turn over into chapter eight and look in verse six you will find the theme of this book. It states:

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.²

Love is the emotion that gives rise to the song. But notice in the title it is the Song of Songs. That is not a reference to its lyrics. It is not a reference to its melody. It is a reference to its theme. It is the persuasion of this young couple that nobody has a love story to tell that can compare with the story of their love. So when they sing the song it is a song that stands out for all other songs of love that were ever composed. It is the richest love, the greatest love, the most moving love. And that is what they mean when they tell us in the title it is the Song of Songs.

I have to tell you the story and I need to put it into three different scenes.

In the first scene I am looking at a young lady. I find in chapter six and in verse 13, "Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies."³

A Shulamite doesn't give me her name. It doesn't identify her family. It merely helps me to locate the area of the land in which she lived. And wherever it was that she lived it

² Song of Solomon 8:6-7.

³ Song of Solomon 6:13.

was rich and fertile and studded around the countryside with vineyards. And she is the possessor of one of those vineyards.

If you look in chapter eight and look in verse 12, notice she said, “My vineyard, which is mine.”⁴

I have to remind you that she is living in a day before the emancipation of womanhood. Women were not considered important people. They were beasts for burden. They were machines for reproduction. The wealth of a family always went to the male. And only on rare occasion if no male were available to receive the wealth or if the wealth was in excess then they would become property owners as well. And this young lady owns a vineyard leading us to the conclusion that she was brought up in a wealthy family.

If I go back into chapter six and look in verse eight and in verse nine it says:

There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number. My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.⁵

She is a beautiful young girl. I apologize. I have no ability to describe beauty. I honestly believe it is in the eyes of the beholder, but I know that if you were to take this young girl to Solomon’s courtyards and bring her in where all the beautiful women of the world had been taken, they would have confesed unanimously that the Shulamite girl is the most beautiful of all of them.

So I have got a young lady. I know from chapter eight and from verse eight that she has:

...a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for? If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.⁶

In other words, they are evaluating the moral stance of this young girl that has not reached the age of puberty. And they have decided that if she is clean in her morals, they will give her palaces of silver.

So I have got a young girl in the family. I don’t know if there is any others. I know the mother is still alive because she wants to bring him into the mother’s house. But I don’t know if the father is living. There is not one single reference to him in the entire eight chapters. It does not necessarily assume that he is not living, but it does assume that he is

⁴ Song of Solomon 8:12.

⁵ Song of Solomon 6:8-9.

⁶ Song of Solomon 8:8-9

not germane to the story and the story is told from a girl's viewpoint and her dad didn't seemingly enter into the picture.

But something happened in her life. A man not told, as it was. And as I mentioned already I would prefer to stay in ignorance because I don't know if I would have taken sides with this young lady and protested for whatever indiscretion she might have been guilty of.

But the boys in the family held a kangaroo court. They decided to listen to the witnesses and to pass judgment on the guilt or innocence of their sister and they were very severe with her.

If you go over into chapter one and you look in verse five she said:

I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.⁷

I can't describe for you the seriousness of the offense of whatever she was guilty of. I can only tell you they took her from the top of the social ladder and they brought her down to the bottom. She is living in a day that if you are looking for the riff raff of society you will find them in shepherd boys and in vineyard keepers.

And when they sent her into the vineyards in punishment in order that she might tend to their vineyards, she was obliged for the first time in her life to unveil her face for a scorching meridian sun. And it played havoc and turned her black. And she was so embarrassed over her appearance, those she had once been what we would have called a beauty queen, the embarrassment left her where she didn't want anybody to see her. And she would be shy and retiring if she knew that anybody in the community or in the vicinity had come to see her.

Poor girl. I know her. Born with a silver spoon in the mouth, the envy of young men in the neighborhood and some simple mistake and she is crushed and she is left to do the most menial task that a girl could be employed in.

I change to scene two. When I come to scene two I admit that I have difficulty because I can tell you what her prejudice suggests. In chapter five and in verse 10 she said:

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.⁸

⁷ Song of Solomon 1:5-6.

⁸ Song of Solomon 5:10-12.

But that is her prejudiced view. What she is referring to is a young shepherd boy that had left his sheep with an hireling and had taken a day's vacation, but he spent his vacation as every shepherd boy would have done so. He roamed the countryside to try to find richer, fertile grazing place to lead the flock.

And while he was going over those sloping hills he saw in the distance the vineyard that was kept by the Shulamite girl. And being a man of nature, things of nature, some kind of magnetic power pulled him from where he was, broke into his concerns and brought him to the garden gate. And you notice in chapter four and in verse 12 he stood at that gate and he took a panoramic gaze through the garden. He said:

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard, Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.⁹

This man loved what he looked at. I would only need to apologize to him. I happened to be born without any sense of smell. I don't know how I would read it if I was able to appreciate the perfumes that came from these various plants and fruit. I only know that he was a shepherd boy. He probably led 100 sheep as the story is told by our Lord and he led them from April to October in the out of doors. When it came to the evening time he would build a makeshift fold, he would call his sheep by name and bring them one after the other into the fold. And when they are all safely on the inside of it, he would lay his body across the entrance and would literally become the door of the fold.

He would lie there all night long. He may wake up in the morning when his face and body is wet with the dew that came that night. The sound of birds would be his alarm clock in the morning and he breathed the fragrance of nature that was alive around him.

So when he came to the setting and he saw the Shulamite girl in that setting, then there is no question, he fell in love with that girl.

She was under the apple tree pruning the tree. And I don't know if it is in the setting. I don't know if there is other untold parts of the story that would give me reason to believe it was a love at first sight. I only know that when he saw her in that setting he fell in love with her. He is standing at the gate. He has never opened his mouth to say a word. And she for some reason takes her eyes from what she had attention and looks at the garden gate and she saw this young shepherd boy stripling youth with muscled body, tanned by the sun, living in the open air and in the setting in which she saw him she fell in love with him the moment she saw him.

They hadn't heard the sound of each other's voice. No messages have been communicated except by eye contact. And the two of them fell in love with each other.

⁹ Song of Solomon 4:12-14.

The boy has a problem because in the morning he must go back and redeem the flock. So he has one night that he can spend with her and in that one night he wants to take as many photographs as he can. They didn't have cameras, but they had devices of nature, art that was skillfully used by them. When you wanted to take a picture in that day, you took the object you wanted the picture for and you divided it into segments. And you took the segments and found some correspondence in the mundane every day part and experience of life. And that is how you would remember it. In the passage that I read for you in chapter five:

His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.¹⁰

And she would never look at that stream that came into the garden and give moisture to the roots of the plants. As shallow as it may have been, she would be able to look at the surface, an eternal space that danced on its surface and it would remind her of the eyes of her beloved.

And the two of them took their photographs of each other.

The morning came all too quickly. The young man has to leave and go back to get his sheep. And it dawns on her that she knows his profession, but she knows nothing about his person. Who is he? How would she find him in some future reference?

She asked him about it. But he evaded the issue. She pleaded with him to tell her. She said in verse seven of chapter one, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?"¹¹

He had told her that if she was looking for him she would be able to find the footprints of goats and they would always lead her to a shepherd's tent. But her attitude was: It is not the profession I fell in love with. It is the person I fell in love with. There are no other shepherds in Israel that could take the place of that one shepherd in her heart. But no matter how strongly she urged him to reveal his identity he refrained from it. And he only told her in what would be deep and profound with meaning to them and mean little to nothing for us that his intentions were honorable. He would go and find out whatever contracts of marriage had already been made. He would try and devise the means and build up the dowry sufficient that he would persuade the parents to let him marry her and he would be gone. But as soon as he could do it for marriage he would come back for her.

I am not told it is in the story, but I believe I can count the time when you come to the end of scene two how that young lady behaved. I don't believe that there was a morning that the sun came up on an eastern sky that it gave the first glimmer of light on the horizon but she was standing on the eastern side of the garden looking in the distance to

¹⁰ Song of Solomon 5:11-12.

¹¹ Song of Solomon 1:7.

try and find out could she the silhouette of her shepherd lover coming back for her. And equally I believe at nighttime in the last purple gleam of night before it closed in darkness she would look to see was he coming back. And I see her standing there in the garden with the memory of the promise that he would come for her, that he would try in every way he could to change the view points of the parent and make it possible for him to marry her. And her heart would listen to that promise over and over and over again.

And that brings us to the end of scene two.

Now we come into scene three and when we are in scene three, if I may just make reference to chapter two and in verse 17, “Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel,”¹² or the mountains of division.

That is a prayer that came from her heart night after night, morning after morning. But something did happen. And it terrified her. It was something beyond all of her expectations. There is a group of men that are coming and if you look in chapter three and let me read for you beginning in verse seven:

Behold his bed, which is Solomon’s; threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night. King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.¹³

That terrified her. She knew they represented royalty. She lived in a day when kings were autocrats and their wishes became laws and she had no power vested in her to refuse whatever the king wanted. And it was the king’s desire, having learned from somebody that she was an attractive young Isrealitish maiden, he wanted to add her to the bevy of beauties that lived in his palace and he wanted her along with them to become his queen.

When the spokesman for the group announced the intent of the king, she tried to dissuade him. She closed her eyes after he had told her that you don’t know what it is like to live in a king’s palace. It blazes with light. It breathes with perfume. When tables are spread with luxuries they bend under the luxuries that are there. There is no place comparable on earth to that of living in the palace of the king.

But she closed her eyes. She looked back into the face of her beloved and she said to him from her heart, “Thy love is better than wine, better than the ointments poured forth.”¹⁴

¹² Song of Solomon 2:17.

¹³ Song of Solomon 3:7-10.

¹⁴ See Song of Solomon 1:2-3.

There is nothing that wealth could ever offer to me that would ever steal my heart away from my shepherd lover. But she had no choice. The chariot was there, made by the king's command to carry her from the vineyard to the palace.

She got into the chariot and things went very rapidly. By the time that she got to the courtyards they hurried her across the women's courtyards to their quarters. Servants came to bathe her. They perfumed her. They decorated her. They put her into the dresses that were required for the banquet that was about to follow and she was being rushed back again across the women's courtyard when it dawned on her. I know how the king heard about me. My shepherd told him. Nobody but my shepherd would have ever pictured me in this light. Therefore I know how the king found out and I am going to find that shepherd here.

He may be clean shaven. He may have a beard. He may be served or clothed like servant or he may be somebody from out of state, but I will know him the minute I see him.

She said that "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."¹⁵

She started looking for him. And in the business of looking for him events were occurring and unraveling bringing a meeting time between the king and his future bride. And it was happening so quickly she hardly heard the sound of the trumpets. They announced that the doors were going to be opened and the king was to come into the room. And when the king stepped into the room with a crown on his head, a sceptre in his hand, dressed in garments, hailed by pages, in the full regalia of a king, she looked over at the door and saw that king come into the room and in her heart she started to sing what hadn't even been composed at the time:

The King of love my shepherd is.
His goodness faileth never.
I'll nothing lack if I am His,
And he is mine forever.

She found her shepherd. It was none other than King Solomon himself. He had come to her in the garments of a shepherd, but he only came down to her level in order that he might be able to pick her up to his level.

That is the story of the Song of Songs.

I may transgress, but I can't let you go with just the story without making at least the reference to let you know. I know that Shulamite girl. When she was born, she was born to splendor. She was given priorities above the other maidens of Israel. And in a moment of weakness she fell and lost everything that she had in the fall until a shepherd king came looking for her.

¹⁵ Song of Solomon 2:4.

I said I know him. On the 26th of October, 1944 in an incident that seemed so simple in my life I got down on my knees and I met my shepherd king and he forgave me my sin and he pardoned me and overlooked my disgrace and my shame. And he brought me in the garments of his righteousness and he has promised that he is coming for me one day to let me spend eternity with him.

We are that Shulamite girl. And whatever it is that we have lost by the fall—and we have lost everything by the fall—we are, in terms of theology, totally depraved. And only the love and the generosity and the greatness of our shepherd lover could ever have made any difference in our life.

He was a shepherd and he was a king. And there are some modern theologians that say you need to make up your mind. Is he a shepherd or is he a king?

And I respond to them, “He is more than just a shepherd and a king. He is not just God and man. He is not simply God for man. He is not simply God in man. He is a mystery that we cannot explain. He is God man. He is at one time seated in royalty and the same person of the same experience of life in which we live. And the commonality of our earthly experience he knows all about it and he was tempted in all points like as we are apart from sin.

I say he could have come to the garden in pajamas, he would still be the king. He walked like men. He talked like God. His words were oracles. His works were miracles. Of God the true expression, of man the finest specimen, full orbed humanity, crowned with deity, without taint of iniquity or trace of infirmity, *ete homo*, behold the man, *ete deus*, behold thy God. And the king’s shepherd became the savior of a girl that was disgraced by a fall. He made a chariot. It is made out of the wood of Lebanon overlaid with gold. If you know your tabernacle teaching you know that the wood represented his humanity and the gold represented his deity. And the only ground of transportation that we can get that will take us from our vineyard into his presence at his palace is on the ground that he was in every respect man and at the same time in every respect God.

Pillars were made out of silver. Silver goes through such a refining process, clearing away the dross that gathers there that it becomes typical of redemption by the blood.

You notice a statement that Paul made in Ephesians 1:7, “In whom we have redemption through his blood.”¹⁶ I can say to anybody that may be here tonight that has never yet come into contractual relationship with God through the doing and dying of the Lord Jesus Christ, I can tell you that if you are here tonight you will find no hope of heaven in your heart or in this world until you accept the fact that the man who died at Calvary had his feet on the other side of the castle. He was God and man at the same time, not a third substance that would be neither, not a mixture of both of them, separate as it would be he was the God man and that is the transport that gets us and redemption comes through his blood.

¹⁶ Ephesians 1:7.

It was Peter that said, “Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold... But with the precious blood.”¹⁷

It was John that said, “Unto him that loved us, and [loosed] us from our sins in his own blood...”¹⁸

It was the writer John in Revelation who made the comment, “They overcame him,” referring to the devil, “by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony.”¹⁹

It is through the blood. It is with the blood. It is by the blood. It is in the blood. This is a bloody book. And there is only one message that brings salvation and it is that message about his crucifixion.

I held a tent meeting one time inside the city limits of Chicago. There was a fence around the place where the tent was and we didn't get that many people that came to sit in the tent. The Roman Catholic persuasion would not allow them to come into the grounds, but would allow them to stand thickly around the fence that went around it. And I preached on the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, the hope of a sinner.

And when I finished, a lady tried to snap her fingers and call me over and she said, “I detest what you are doing?”

I said, “Why, madam?”

She said, “I don't bring newspapers to my children's attention because of all the evil that is in it. I don't let them watch television. I am afraid that what they watch may influence their life and if I were to bring my children to your church they would have to listen to the gory details of a crucified Savior.”

And I said, “Madam, there never would have been a crucifixion if it hadn't been for people like you. It was your kind that put him to death. It was your type that ordered the end of his life and I only have details which I preach as the only way in which man can find peace with God and come to terms with God.”

This man that wrote this song wrote 1005. Others were inspired, but this was inspired and is given a special place. And because it was.

It is a story of how we found the Savior. It is the story of how we fall more deeply in love with him. It is a story which, when it is understood, challenges us to not let the mundane secular things of life crowd out in our heart and mind the beauty of the Savior that loved us and gave himself for us.

¹⁷ 1 Peter 1:18-19.

¹⁸ Revelation 1:5.

¹⁹ Revelation 12:11.

I don't know if there is anybody here that doesn't know the Lord Jesus Christ by personal experience and the forgiveness of sins that he offers. If you are here tonight, can I close by just telling you a story about a man named Horatio Bottomley?

Probably never heard that name in this country. Horatio Bottomley was the editor in chief of *John Bull*, one of the most popular magazines back in World War I days. He was a skilled writer. He made his mind up that he was going to try and influence the young men that were coming out of the army at the end of the war and get them to bring their money and invest it through him and allow him to become the security of their investments. But it was a scam and the man, as brilliant and well known as he was, was found out, was taken to court at Old Bailey and the said sentence they gave him was that he had to spend the rest of his natural life in Wormwood Scrubs Prison in London, England.

It shocked the nation.

There was a young man who was a religious. He wasn't a padre, but he was in religious service and they were allowed to go and freely to move among the soldiers and sailors. And this young man made it his ministry to find those who through awkward and difficult circumstance might have time to sit down and soberly think of eternity.

And when he heard this story of Horatio Bottomley he said, "I want to meet that man. I want to tell that man where he can find forgiveness for that next world."

He made an appointment and because of his position they took Horatio Bottomley from his employment and brought him for an interview. When Horatio walked into the room the young man sensed his presence and it cut his nerves. He couldn't find the words to say to him.

Horatio went down at the table on the other side from where he was sitting and he said, "Come on, young man. If you have got something to say, say it."

And Horatio was informed that he came to tell him about Christ and the death of a Savior for those who trust in him complete and full pardon.

Horatio said to him when he was finished, "Now, I have taken the patience to listen to your story, now you listen to mine. When I was an 18 year old boy I was determined that I was going to become the best journalist they had in England. I knew that many different temptations would cross my path to get me away from that dedication, but I decided no matter what they are, no matter what they cost, I will give all my energies to this one pursuit. I want to be the best journalist they have in England."

He said, "An 18 year old boy at the time I was in the city of Bristol. I was walking down a street with a building opposite to me in which people were coming from different directions and going into the building." And he said, "I looked at the billboard and found

out it was a church and found out that he bishop of Eli had come to address the public and admission was free.”

And he said, “I crossed the street and walked into the church and I sat down. I listened to that bishop take the words out of John’s gospel chapter three, ‘You must be born again.’ And he made it so clear to me that there is an experience a man must have with God in this life and if he does not have that experience he will be damned for all eternity.

“When he finished his lecture I felt very uncomfortable, but I knew the issue that lay before me. It is a question of accepting what he has preached to me or else determining my career is more important than that. We stood up to sing a verse of ‘Just as I am without one plea, but that thy blood was shed for me,’ and realizing what the issues were I made my mind up. I closed the hymn book. I put it back into the rack. I turned and walked out that door.”

I don’t know what happened to Horatio Bottomley. The story is not all told. But unless there was some change that came in his life, he died in Wormwood Scrubs Prison and he went to hell.

I remember it was about a year later a man that had been a classmate of his at Oxford University had become the inspector of prisons for the government. And he was inspecting Wormwood Scrubs Prison on this occasion and Horatio Bottomley was working at a sewing machine repairing the garments of the prisoners and he recognized him.

And he went over and said to him, “Horatio, I never thought that I would see you in prison sewing.”

Horatio stopped the machine. He said, “Sowing? Sowing? I am not sowing. I am reaping.

I don’t know if anybody is present who has any pursuit that you consider to be of greater importance than coming into a relationship with the person of Jesus Christ. But I can tell you on the authority of this infallible book there will come a day when from your prison you will cry, “I am not sowing. I am reaping.”

If there is any way that I can get you to give sober and serious consideration to the issues of the gospel, I would plead with you to do something about your soul even this night before you go to sleep.

This is the Song of Songs.