

# Often Reproved

by Rolfe Barnard

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*The sermon warns of the dangers of hardening one's neck against God, and the consequences of ignoring His warnings, emphasizing the importance of surrendering to His kingdom and experiencing His mercy and love.*

**Duration:** 56:03

**Scripture:** Genesis 6:13-14, Esther 9:10-11, Proverbs 1:7, Matthew 7:24-27, Romans 10:17, Hebrews 11:7, James 1:22-25

**Topics:** "Holy Spirit", "Repentance"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher talks about a series of events that occurred over three days. He mentions that there was a great fear that came upon the community and that the spirit of God began to work. He also talks about a man who resisted the calling of God and was eventually stopped by a dear wife and a young girl. The preacher warns that God will not always keep digging around the same tree and that those who resist the Holy Ghost will face destruction. The sermon ends with a reference to a preacher named El Mude who gave his last message in Kansas City, Missouri.

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## Transcript

May I say a few things this morning before coming immediately to the message, and I'll try to say something if the Lord carries, I'm still alive and I'm here tonight for what we hope to be the last service. Two things that I wish to say quite quickly. I will never have left the pulpit, having been the guest of an under-shepherd of the Lord, for this the second time, always happy to believe that this pulpit is in blessed hands and the truth will be proclaimed.

Second, to this Sunday morning audience, you ought to count it a privilege to have a part in the ministry of this local assembly. This morning I will have been preaching, if I've got my years right, to September 38th year of the 39th. I'll have to figure that out.

And we've been comparing a church in Ashland, Kentucky, and this one, having quite decided which we're going to join. We won't let our poor children join the others. But a blessed experience it's been for this preacher, by the providence of God to come to know you and be with you.

Your standards are unreachable, thanks to the Lord. I do not detect a spirit of legalism, I do not detect a spirit of pharisaical self-righteousness, but I do detect a striving to represent a holy gospel and a holy God to the limit of your ability. And I thank God for it.

I covered a good hearing tonight, I hope you'll see the picture by Brother Williams, I hope I'll have an opportunity to meet him, I've heard much of him. Now, am I being heard? Way back there. The lady on the back seat, do you hear me if I speak now? Thank you so much.

They tell it on me when I haven't got a thing to say, I'm loud and when I've got something else to hear, I'm low. But I think I've never been able to correct that. There is one particular thing that distinguishes the United States of America from every other and any other nation on topside of God's earth.

That particular distinguishing thing is this, that America has become the land of sudden death. Men who are gifted in and spend their time accumulating facts and statistics assure us that something has happened in the last 30 years to make America, of all the nations on the earth, the land of sudden death. We are assured and I'm sure that the men who engage in that tell us the truth, that every time two people in America come to death, one of them comes suddenly.

If we could face that, as I want us to try to face it this morning, that every time in America two people pass from this earthly scene into whatever is out yonder on the other side, one of them does so without any time to pray, without any time to seek the Lord, without any time to set his spiritual house in order, if he might. Men get in an airplane today and head for Los Angeles and wind up in the hands of the living God. Men take a bath now, in order that their bodies may be made clean, and slip and dash their brains out on the bathtub.

Men start across the street to buy some groceries, and they have a head-on collision with a car, and the car wins. And they are ushered out into his hands, who created you and brought you without any time for what we call preparation. No other nation is like that.

One is reminded of the old patriarchs, a man like David or Jacob, who would dispose of everything, arrange for all of his children, and then as he turns his back to the wall, says, It is my time to die and go to sleep with his fathers, having had time to arrange all of his affairs, but not so in America. I wonder why that's so. I think the language of the scripture this morning explains it.

Proverbs 29.1 says, He that beeth often reprov'd, hardness his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, annihilated, not disposed of, but ruined, and that without remedy. It is a matter of history that there has never been a nation of people that has been so blessed by the reprovng ministry of the Holy God, joining the issue facing in with the eternal controversy between the Holy God and sinful men. No other nation has experienced the reprovng ministry of the Holy Ghost like men and women in America.

That's at once the most blessed thing that could be said of a man, or a congregation, or a home, or a church. At the same time, it is the most dangerous dynamite this size of eternity. For God is not to be trifled with, and eternal verities are recurrences of them, and it is a principle that runs through the entirety of the dealings of the Holy God.

You cannot hear from heaven and never be the same again. Oh, you live in the city of which it's prophesied that it will go faster than any thought this side of heaven in the next few years. In this awful rat race of men and women with more money than they ever dreamed of, everybody got from under five cars, everybody got two, three.

Any other congregation firsthand in the Houston area but you've got at least one preacher that I know of, I don't have any more, but I know of, that is faithfully as a voice bringing God's truth to this community. You

better get you a job somewhere, not in Korea, to move to Africa, and go as far as you can by plane, then by jeep, and then by mule, to the deepest jungle in Africa, and take a shovel with you, and dig a hole in the very start. And after you've got the hole dug, you cover yourself up, for your place in hell will be never as bad as if you'd lived in Africa, never heard the name of the Lord of Flores, than to have heard it.

And if you are a man of faith, and hardened yourself against his demands, and experience the truth that God will not suffer forever in a body treating lightly his demands for his Son, for God does bear out this scripture, He that being often reproved, hardens his neck, shall, S-H-A-L-L, no doubt about it, though the stars fall, shall all the powers of God behind it, all the powers of God behind it, too, shall be destroyed. And that destruction, when God begins to cut men off, is utterly, utterly without remedy. There are all Methodist Sam Jones.

You folks who live in Houston will remember that name. They took in the saloon keepers and big shots at Galveston, that's not far from here, and they took old Sam Jones, and little did they do, then, down the main street of Galveston, outside the city of Galveston. They told him not to come back the next day.

The famous Galveston flood wiped the city off the map. They took John Wesley and tied a rope around his long hair, nailed the rope and whipped him through the streets of Manchester, England. That's still the graveyard of the gospel for this good hour.

Oh, how many people am I speaking to today whom a holy, long-suffering, merciful God has been kind enough to deal with you, haven't cut you down, harassed you, wouldn't leave you alone, wouldn't let you settle down in your nice little religious hiding place, kept whipping you out every time you settled down to rest. Yet today you are a stronghold of rebellion, you're set against the claims of Jesus. I warn you this morning, for something of a heaviness of heart, you're headed not for a peaceful death.

You're going to be cut off some of these days and go from Pasadena to hell without even time to pack your suitcase. Brother Preacher, you're trying to scare me. You're dead right, brother.

I wish I could. I'm faced with the fact that God Almighty cuts men off. Not men who've had no life, if there could be, that's not so.

Not men who've had little life, not the hot and pop in Africa, not the cool in China, but the man who's been orphaned with food. Cut him off. He's cumbering the ground long enough, cut him off.

I'm so glad that God Almighty didn't create this world, build a hell and a heaven. Eternity is to succeed time. Give men a short time down here where the issues will be decided as to where they'll spend eternity.

I'm glad he didn't do that, go fishing. I'm glad he still approves men. For as I know, he's just got one little message, that to skip that, no matter, no use fooling the others.

The only controversy I repeated this morning, and I think I'm right, there's just one controversy between the Holy God and men and women, and that's who his Son is. And what his Son has done, and what God demands from every human being because of who his Son is and what his Son has done. I read in the scripture that it's expedient for you that I go away, said the Lord, for I go away, be another one, be a one who comes alongside.

God manifests in the flesh once, now in the spirit. He'll not come, and if he doesn't come, he'll be dead. But when he comes, he'll repose.

He'll repose. He'll harass. He'll camp on men's tails.

And he'll beg on three sides, just before he departs. What God will do about sin has already been told. When he laid it on his Son, you needn't have any doubts about whether God Almighty will punish sin.

Just close your eyes and look over your eyes, just give him his Son in the grip of the Holy God, crying out, my God, my God, my God, has thou forsaken me? And answer him, and righteousness, oh, he'll dig it in unless you become as perfect as Christ. And as good as Christ, God's going to send you to hell. He'll measure you not by your opinion, but by the perfection that is in Christ Jesus.

But he digs, first of all, of sin. Why? Because men get drunk on them. Because men do this on them.

Of sin, because you believe not on me. Everything heads up there. Get everything else out of the way.

Still, God won't punish sin. Sin is the law. God on all human beings.

About his Son, kiss the Son, God says, lest you be angry. Kiss the Son, and do it willingly. That's the issue.

And he reproves men right here. And if you want to say, well, this is getting too tough here now, let's talk about something else. No, no, this is it.

No matter how much you plead, the Spirit of God speaks to the less. Why? For you are a hybridical language. Believe in Christ, believe in Christ.

That's the issue. And I thank God that although the Spirit seems awfully angry, and it seems like just having the snack, and you can hear the crying of the agony as he roars. I thank God that even now, he hasn't quit.

He reproves men and women. But men, and this is utterly unbelievable, for in the theologian, whatever that is, this side of eternity, that doesn't just have purpose and say this just can't be, but it is so. Men, little bitty old people like me, are able to pull their necks, clench their fists, and grit their teeth, and run off and hide behind an alibi.

But men are able to do it. And as for to unravel that, it's just so. It's just so.

Men do harden themselves against God. Oh, how tragic. In Oklahoma, God killed seven deacons who were bucking the meeting and making fun of the gospel.

He killed them in three days, every one of them seven. Great fear came on the community. The revival fire began to burn.

The Spirit of God began to work in tremendous fashion. And yet one night, as we stood to sing back in the back of the house, a dear wife could be heard pleading above the singing, Husband, please resist no longer. Then said little 13-year-old girl, join.

And with the wife on one side and the girl on the other. I didn't try to stop it. I don't want to get so paradoxical and tell the Spirit I'm breaking over.

And 13-year-old girl, join. Bless your heart, that man will succeed at doing this and almost knocking them both down and running around in their destiny. Oh, 13-year-old girl followed him.

It was summertime, little old wolf. He went and ran down the high steps and down toward town with this little 13-year-old girl. From what he heard, he said, please, God, set me up.

But he outdistanced her and went on down to the nearest joint. In fifteen minutes he is in hell, running from the claims of God, resisting the reproaching of the Holy Ghost. In the northern city, after the benediction had been pronounced, is a giant tabernacle, a big old high platform.

I finally got down to the front. Some of the people shaking hands and said, God, there's somebody tugging at my coat tail. I looked down, little three-and-a-half-year-old, gift of God, curly golden hair, beautiful girl, he's tugging at my coat.

I looked at her and she lifted up her arms, I picked her up, she put her little arms around my shoulder, and began to sob, I want my daddy to get saved. Three-and-a-half-year-old. Was there a carpenter there to save the little girl? Didn't know what she was talking about, maybe not, I don't know.

But she knew the hell of the home. I want my daddy to get saved. Just sobbing like a hard day, get me my mother sobbing.

She took the little girl out of my arms. And I said to her, I said, now, you do the best you can. She said, if your husband's listening, three o'clock, I was on the radio.

He wouldn't listen on the radio, but he wouldn't doubt and doubt anybody's church house. I'd been to his house in the past a number of times. He took delight in cursing God's princes.

No less than six times, I can remember, he ordered me out of his house. Oh, he was cursed. Sometime he'd ever listen on the radio, sometime he'd, oh, he had all the answers, he was cursed.

And this little girl was saying, I want my daddy to get saved. It came to pass in the providence of God that he listened. And about the middle of my message, I passed the radio audience to pardon me.

I wanted to send, I thought, a last warning with proof from heaven to a man that I hoped would listen. And I said to the man, I think, listen, it's down to my voice now, you won't attend divine service. You take delight showing how tough you are.

You order God's princes out of your house. You're so proud, you're wicked. Your little girl this morning came and broke our heart, says, with her little chubby arms around my neck, she brought a message from heaven's throne.

Oh, brother Barnum, I want my daddy to get saved. I said, sir, I think that's the last good proof you'll ever get. I said, get down there by your radio, tear that old wicked heart of yours out if you have to, and surrender to God's kingdom.

You know what he did? He got up and snapped the radio off, got his hat and slammed it on his head, gave me a curse, kicked the radio, cursed his wife, slammed the door, went to the nearest tavern, and in less than an hour a man pumped his body full of bullets. He is out, John, in the hands of a God who warns he that being orphaned with pooh, hardens his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without finish. God that proves men and women, thank God, thank God.

But he warns that he will not always keep digging around the same tree. After a while, if that tree does not bring forth fruit that glorifies God, when his long-suffering has come to the boiling pot, God Almighty

faithfully warns, I'll cut it off without remission. I want to remind you this morning that the God of the Bible makes no apologies for us.

He kills people. He kills people who remember him, the God begotten, now begotten. Oh, the God who called the Lord Jesus Christ according to the Holy Writ that's been there all the while for men to get rid of it and haven't been able yet.

The God of the Bible is the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and kill, free, bury the Jews where he was. All these souls were made of the household of Noah. Where did we leave the postulation of a God who does not apologize? That's when his wrath has come to a head.

When the long-suffering that God would become, giving his amen to sin, he does not apologize. Believe in the record that in his holy wrath he wiped possibly three billion people off the earth. He did it with one feral stroke, and sent them to hell.

He must be holy. He's a holy God. People ask me, Brother Martin, I just can't accept the God who kills people.

Well, get you a little God who don't, and go on to hell. But the God who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son is the same God who killed three billion people. At least as many people that tell us we're alive as there are now.

And he wiped the whole ox head off, and sent them to hell. Oh, the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, the same one who so loved, he sent fire and burned stone. He didn't apologize.

He never has for this goodness. He left the record of it for you to read. He wiped the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah and all the little suburbs.

Hustle you off the streets of the earth so that no man gets beneath and finds exactly where they were. He did it. He kills people.

He kills people. I won't speak on tonight. If I can, I'm not certain about it.

But the God of the Bible found some little boys who were not willing to follow God's anointed human leadership. Get it now. This generation of spiritual outlaws say, I'll follow no man.

Yeah, you're going to hell. And they had some of that in the Old Testament. And God Almighty, you know what he did? He killed 26,000 people, just opened up the earth and dropped them into hell without even time to get a suitcase packed.

Or a toothbrush to carry along and send them to hell. Oh, this poor preacher knows that I make a mess when I try to get anybody in this awful hour. Do piety and burn off the rest of me that now is God.

We're on nice terms with him. There's no reverence. Oh, he's such a nice, flippy fellow.

But that's not the God of the Bible, I'll tell you. The God of the Bible kills people. He's a being orphaned of truth.

Hardness is next. What's going to happen to them? Brother, they shall suddenly be destroyed. And that's without remedy.

Mordecai, Hamlet, Eve, and God's powers on him came to the town where my wife lived most of her life. It was no good. There were 40 businessmen.

Boycott it, bust the meeting. He got up public. He said every one of the 40 men will be dead accidentally, suddenly, tragically within a year.

They were. They were. God killed every last one of them.

As easy as this place to hold a meeting in. I've never been into this good hour. I've been there three times in a great church.

That fear of God, that's been years ago. Those 40 businessmen that bought God, bought great life. God killed them.

Oh, the sin. Sam Jones brought his last message from this place. It was in Oklahoma City.

He just spent the time quoting the verse and telling about how he sees God do what this verse says. And he pronounced the benediction. He didn't have time for an invitation.

Jumped into his carriage. They held a train for him a little while. He finally got to the train.

Went in the Pullman bus. Sat down on the bus. All tired.

Reached over with his hand to untie one of these right or left shoelaces. Reached over in the eye of death as if to say, By my death I illustrate the fact that men and women are in the hands of God. He doesn't have to go to a great deal of trouble to wind this business up.

He cuts me loose. And he just took over Sam to blow the rest. Oh, you're in the hands of a God who cuts men off.

The scriptures say in Acts 17 we live and move and have our being in him. You cannot draw breath to utter the same implication. Without providential God giving you the breath to curse you with.

Oh, I wish I could get it into my system. Maybe it will already be in vows in this generation. And that Willie Miller will take care of God at some convenience.

I wish I could remind you that the scriptures say that your breath is in his hands. You cannot be God without he gives you the strength to do it. We mankind actually live and move in him.

In him. It is not true that men ought to be sent to hell. But it is true that every last one of us ought to have been in hell a long time ago and nothing but the mercy of God is keeping us from being dropped into hell right through this door this morning.

I can tell you when God Almighty has got it written down. He wrote it every day in his books for some lost man this morning. And he is going to cut you off.

Kid you. Get rid of you. Burn you.

You have been God's heir long enough. He is blowing your breath away. He is going to do what he says he will do.

Cut you off. Cut you off. Well Jackson come here please sir.

You are sweet. This is not a joke. Come here please sir.

I am going to ask you now if you want to make some money. I know you need it. Come on.

I will give you five hundred dollars. I will give you five hundred dollars. I have not got it but I can borrow.

I am not joking now. I will give you five hundred dollars. You walk from here to that back door without God.

Now anybody knows you could make it. The devil came to the Lord one time. He came and talked to this sort of like this.

The Lord would not take him up. But maybe you are a little smarter than the Lord. And you need five hundred dollars? Yes.

All right. Just tear out and say now God I don't need you. I will do this myself.

Do you want to talk to me? Now this isn't for you to read. I mean I wish we could get this truth over somebody. Don't you think you could make it near that door without God? You don't actually? Brother you live.

Thank you dear one. And you move. And you have your vision.

I doubt not that he could make it. But I am fixing to try. But I don't know.

I don't know. All God has to do is that next door. Oh God.

You live in God's world. Like you can get along without me. You don't choose.

You created yourself. No you don't. I gave you life.

You don't choose. God chose mercy and doesn't cut you off. But the God where the Bible cuts me.

He that be an orphan reprov'd. Hired and at his neck. And shall suddenly be destroyed.

And that without mercy. On the 22nd night of December. There since.

In the city of Detroit, Michigan. A woman sat beside a young woman. I'll never forget it.

On the 4th row benches from the front. The Christian woman I presume was on the edge. And the young lady.

Violent. Victor was stirred and began to sing. I noticed that the woman put her hand.

On the young lady's shoulder. And that it made. And she said something.

And it made the young lady extremely angry. And I couldn't help it. Until I get to the judgment.

I'm going to keep on believing. That I was under orders. And I had to go down.

Oh it's a big old high poke. Big, big old. Tabernacle outfit.

And. Everybody took out you know and watched me. But I couldn't help it.  
While they sang. I went down those winding stairs. Get away.  
Get away. I said Lord. I ain't got a thing on the list to sing.  
But I walked on. And I, I, I didn't have anything to say. But I had to go.  
Went down started walking. I said Lord you'll have to tell me what to say. You wouldn't say a word.  
And when I got there. I looked up. You didn't tell me there's no hell.  
I saw it. I never got to say a word. The young lady beat me to it.  
She said. I. I. I. I said as. You wish.  
That's all I said. Of course. I had to.  
Keep my mouth shut. Did you know. There.  
Comes a. Young lady. With him. He spoke.  
And the stars. Became. So true.  
That you and I. Spend life in the pieces. Every second of the day. If you invoke his name.  
Say for Christ's sake. Leave me alone. And there was one.  
That started running. And I did. On the.  
First day of January. That's the 22nd of December. I remember.  
She and her. Fiance. In her coupe.  
A little coupe. I mean. They're driving through the traffic of Detroit, Michigan.  
They had New Year's. And they had left for Detroit. They first published the next day.  
An accident. That little coupe. In the big old car.  
Big car. Ran head on. There were eight people.  
I remember in the big car. Not a one of them was hurt. Her young man's fiance was not hurt.  
He was instantly cured. The papist talked about meeting at death accident. But she didn't.  
I know exactly what happened to her. One time my lord. That his disciple.  
Had him up to the tomb. That he ought to. Take this message.  
Tell her. And he said. Don't have to explain much.  
Just take it. You are born again. This is the city.

Come on. The buggers are coming. Judgment's coming.

Take it. And then he gave him this precious promise. He that heareth you.

All the men going to hear from God now. They shall not by hearing. Hearing by the word of God.

Your pastor says. Keep on your word. I'll go to hell.

One or the other. That's it. He that heareth you.

You ought to hear. From some list of priests. Hearth me.

Brother. Sit on your hand. Tell the devil to go back to hell.

Dear hearing from God. He that heareth you. Ever get that.

Hear of me. No more of this thing. No more of this thing.

But announce. Proclaim it. He that heareth you.

Hear of me. But the verse continues. He that despises.

You. Despises me. Said the Lord.

He that despises. The preacher. Or the witness.

Despises the Lord Jesus. He despises the Lord Jesus. Despises the God of the universe.

He sent me. And when I walked down. There I was.

And he looked me in the face. And said. For Christ's sake.

Leave me alone. Ladies and gentlemen. He wasn't just talking to me.

He was talking to the Lord. And on the first day of January. He just.

Left her alone. That's all God had to do. Was send you to hell right now.

So you can have an invitation. Just. Take his hand off of you.

Ask for it. And drop you in the deep. God.

God. God. God.

Can't know what he said here. father and mother said, Don't come home, you're no longer our daughter.  
Bad enough.

But when God Almighty, unto his arm of power, to take Jack, that boy was utterly without remedy. That's it. That's it.

That's it. Dwight L. Moodie brought what proved to be his last message in Kansas City, Missouri. He didn't know it, of course, but he never preached again.

He was in the municipal auditorium in Kansas City, Missouri. That message which proved to be his last one. He preached on excuses, these little trifling excuses.

Men tried to lay the blame for their damnation on a whole wagger. And he began to unravel them. There was his invitation.

As he finished preaching, he said, How many people here in this authority wish to send a telegram to heaven? God in heaven, on this and in the day, in the municipal auditorium in Kansas City, Missouri, I have heard your humble service. Press your claims for your son on me. God in heaven, I wish to be excused.

Mr. Moodie said, Let's wind up this battle. Let's come to an end to all this foolishness. Let's just do business with God.

Let's just send him a telegram. Now, be honest for one time in your life. Come on out in the open for just one time in your life.

And just say, God, I beg to be excused. I will not bow to your demands for your son in my life. I won't do it.

That's it. He said, I want you to stand. Well, nobody did it by standing, but with the judgment we'll find out how many of them did it in their hearts.

And then he said, All right, how many people here wish to send out a telegram? He said, The line's open. It's open. God in heaven, on this certain day, in this place, I have heard your humble servant press upon me the claims you have for your son and your demands.

I beg not to be excused. I beg to be accepted. And I turn myself over to him who with eyes like this I've never seen, but in faith I turn myself over to your son.

And say to him, Take me, and break me, and if it pleases you, save me. And the people stood in the good providence of God. This is next to the last time perhaps I'll face you.

I come this morning and ask you to send a telegram to God. God in heaven, on this 11th day of July in the year of our Lord, 1965, I heard a little preacher saying over and over again there's just one controversy between the Holy God and me, and that's his son. He says, I've made him Lord.

He says there's no life anywhere except in him. He says he's the only one who can give eternal life. He says all of my love is channeled in him through my son.

And he said over and over again, it's a matter of bowing to God's proclamation. Kiss my son. Bow to my son.

That's what it means to receive him. That's what that word before you means to accept him for what he is. I'm in the office this morning.

I want to send God telegrams. I ain't going to do it. I will not.

I'll go back to my church where I intend to be a Christian and spend my life trampling his whole little fall under my feet. I will not come under to the Lord Jesus Christ. I just won't die.

And I want God to know it. Come on, be honest. I'd rather it all day, to be honest, than once in a century.

I mean, let's send a telegram to God. I will not bow to the Lord. You understand what I mean? I'll leave you to judgment one time if I had to get you to be honest.

Be honest with me. My hip gives a little inhale to get honest. Quit hiding.

If you want, I've come to the moment of invitation. I'm in the people this morning. I'm going to say God and heaven.

On the 11th day of July in the year of our Lord 1965, in the building where the congregation is being led back and so forth, I've heard a little old preacher demand in yearning, total surrender, a coming to an end of all hatred. Yes, just shut up. And I have come and cast myself on him.

He's got a right to do anything he pleases, but I'm on his hands, I surrender. And he comes and says, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me whole. Who knows what this morning in grace and mercy he might say, I will.

Somebody will raise me, and no person worth it has to say sure, and something will happen to the Lord at this. And he said, Lord, receive me. Lord, receive me.

That's the message. I'll meet you in all of us under judgment. Now, while judgment stays, in Christ Jesus name, I demand unconditional surrender.

To the Lord Jesus Christ, from now throughout the ages of eternity. [www.SWRB.com](http://www.SWRB.com) We can also be reached by email at SWRB at SWRB.com By phone at 780-450-3730 By fax at 780-468-1096 Or by mail at 4710-37A Edmonton Alberta Canada T6L 3T5 You may also request a free printed catalogue. And remember that John Calvin, in defending the Reformation's regulative principle of worship, or what is sometimes called the scriptural law of worship, commenting on the words of God, which I commanded them not, neither came into my heart.

From his commentary on Jeremiah 7:31, writes, God here cuts off from men every occasion for making evasions, since he condemns by this one phrase, I have not commanded them, whatever the Jews devised. There is then no other argument needed to condemn superstitions than that they are not commanded by God. For when men allow themselves to worship God according to their own fancies, and attend not to his commands, they pervert true religion.

And if this principle was adopted by the Papists, all those fictitious modes of worship, in which they absurdly exercise themselves, would fall to the ground. It is indeed a horrible thing for the Papists to seek to discharge their duties towards God by performing their own superstitions. There is an immense number of them, as it is well known, and as it manifestly appears.

Were they to admit this principle, that we cannot rightly worship God except by obeying his word, they would be delivered from their deep abyss of error. The prophet's words, then, are very important, when he says that God had commanded no such thing, and that it never came to his mind. As though he had said

that men assume too much wisdom when they devise what he never required, nay, what he never knew.

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