



Lovely Lord of the Lord's Day

9. "Just Pray for me and Shut Up!"

The Tragic mistake of professed Christians.

The title of this chapter is a quotation from a burdened heart, a crushed soul, a tormented spirit. It represents the cry of thousands who are amazed, dumbfounded, and shocked at professed Christians, who have never learned the meaning of the title of this chapter. Christians sometimes revel in telling others what to do when they themselves do not know how to "study to be quiet" and to "do your own business", forgetting that "in quietness shall be your strength."

We pray that this chapter may be received as a message from God. It is for those who have a warped conception of their mission in life. It is for all who think that mission is to direct those whom only God can direct. It is to guide those whom only our Maker can guide. And it is to instruct those whom only our Creator and Redeemer can instruct. And who are these that have such a false concept? They are legion. They live on almost every street of every city and town of our land. They fill church pews and sing in our choirs and even lead in church activities. Let us illustrate what we mean by a warped conception of a mission in life.

The first example is that of Mrs. John White. Mrs. John White is a minister's wife living in a small town in Rhode Island. She is most conscientious. She is well educated. She is sincere. Her motives are the best. But in her religious zeal she sometimes does what a man told me that he often does in his missionary work. He put it this way: "I often work like the devil for the Lord." He did not mean to use slang. He meant that, while his motives were the best, his methods were atrocious. His sincerity was pure as a crystal spring. His methods were detestable!

Mrs. John White goes to church on the right day of the week. She pays tithe. She is an active worker. She visits the sick and prays for the dying. Her devoted and overworked husband says she is a great blessing to him. But Mrs. John White has never fully understood either the "mark of the beast" or the "seal of God" principle. She does not have the slightest idea that she—professed Christian and minister's wife—is actually practicing one of the principles of the "mark of the beast."

According to Revelation 13:13-17, the beast "causeth" or forces others to do his bidding. Since his bidding has to do with disobedience to God and one of the commandments, Mrs. John White has never paused to consider that the principle of force is the same whether we use it to

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persuade others to disobey or to obey. It is the same whether we use legal or merely mental pressure.

There are, we believe, tens of thousands of professed Christians who are practicing one of the "mark-of-the-beast" principles. We repeat, this practice is not necessarily confined to the use of legal pressure. The use of mental pressure is equally wrong. The difficulty is that we too often think that mental pressure exercised in an effort to advance truth is justified. But it may be devilish. It may be a mark-of-the-beast tactic.

Mrs. John White knows Mona Black and her husband Mark, who are also Christians. They have recently been baptized. Before this they had been members of a so-called "modern" church. Now they are happy in their newfound fundamentalist faith. They are rejoicing in a wonderful fellowship.

Mrs. John White also knows about Rosa and a few of the circumstances of her being in the Black home. Mona Black and her husband Mark had heard about Rosa, a little blind girl who had no home. Rosa had been living in abject poverty. Her bed was the corner of a foul-smelling room. She had never known love. Affection was never shown her.

Mona and Mark found their hearts opening to this poor wretched thing and decided to give her a home. They discovered soon, however, that the burden they had assumed was far greater than they had dreamed. Little Rosa seemed to have some involvement with demons. As she passed from one room to another, one or more of the evil spirits seemed to follow her.

Mona and Mark were filled with consternation when they realized what they had with them in their home. They wondered if they had made a mistake in taking Rosa in. They already had two lovely children, Maria and Priscilla. What would happen if Rosa were to become a permanent part of their family!

One day while they were earnestly pondering what to do, Mona said, "I wonder what Rosa will do to our love," not dreaming that Maria and Priscilla had overheard. Later Mona spied her two darling children in their bedroom on their knees. They were praying. "Dear Jesus, help Mother to know that if there is not enough love to go around, we will lend her some of our love."

A few moments later Mona went to where her darling children were kneeling and spoke softly. "Children, I want you always to know that Jesus' love is not limited. There will always be enough for all of us, including Rosa." The children were relieved.

Pastor and Mrs. John White had visited their parishioners, including Mark and Mona Black. At the Black home the pastor and his wife were professionally proper and courteous. But when they went on their way visiting other parishioners, they chanced to discuss what they had observed at the Black's residence.

As they chatted in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Killman, friends of Mark and Mona, the problem of Rosa came up. As the confidential conversation progressed, Mrs. White suddenly had a conviction. The Black family, she felt, was making a grave mistake in keeping Rosa. The more she thought about it the stronger became the conviction. Finally she decided it was her Christian duty to tell Mona Black. After all, didn't the circumstances warrant it?

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Mrs. White had studied much concerning the "mark of the beast." She knew that the so-called Christian world would use circumstances too, for justifying their making and enforcing Sunday laws. But what Mrs. White had never studied in this connection was the principle of the "mark of the beast." Because it was not legal pressure that Mrs. John White was about to bring to bear on the Black family, she overlooked the fact that mental pressure comes from the same root as legal pressure. Circumstances Never justify our breaking the fundamental principle—the right of every adult to choose without outside interference.

Not long after the pastor's visit to the Black home, Mrs. White met Mona in a parking lot of the local supermarket. Now was her opportunity! As they were leaving the parking lot, Mrs. White felt that it was time to instruct Mona Black and have it done with. She would also belittle Mona to place her under conviction so she would listen. Even though Mrs. White had studied much concerning the Holy Spirit, she had never stopped to consider that conviction is His work—not ours. So dear Mrs. White took on herself the prerogative of the Third Person of the Godhead!

She determined to bring such a sting to Mona Black as would cause her to wake up and really listen—then, of course, immediately to comply with the dictates of Mrs. John White's conscience.

In her eagerness to make her point Mrs. White took no time to ask God what to say. In her holy zeal she thought she already knew. The Bible says, "If any of you lack wisdom. let him ask of God." James 1:5. But since Mrs. White thought she already knew, it never occurred to her to ask God. Moreover, she did not think to suggest that Mona Black herself ask the Lord what to do about her problem. Why should she suggest that when she already knew?

So Mrs. John White used her spiritual gun, her tongue, as the two ladies were slipping into their cars, and shot out her conscientious lip at Mona. "You are sinning," she exclaimed. She pointed a long, slender finger at Mona.

Of course Mona knew herself to be a sinner. She had read in the Bible that "all have sinned." But Mrs. White, in her zeal, forgot that particular text. So she did not think to add, "I am a sinner too." It never occurred to her that true Sabbath keeping puts all humanity in the creature class. Of course, if Mrs. White had suggested that she too was a sinner, it would have blunted the very conviction she was hoping Mona would sense.

Mona was almost shaking it she looked clown that long-barreled pointing finger of that seemingly sinless Christian zealously playing the part of the Judge of all the universe!

"Please explain," Mona gasped. She waited for the fatal shot.

And shoot Mrs. John White did. That shot penetrated Mona's heart. She fell the spiritual heart muscles tear. "You are sinning," repeated the holy-faced Mrs. White, "because you are giving your love, your attention, and your very heart to that blind girl of whom you can never be proud."

But there were some things that Mrs. White did not know. She did not understand the trauma through which Mona and Mark had passed before making their final decision to keep Rosa. She did not know of Mona's question which her little children over heard. Her ears had never

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caught the dear little children's prayer to God that they might share their love with Mother in her efforts to bring hope to Rosa.

Mrs. White had studied concerning the angels that would go forth with the seal of the living God. She knew that the seal is the Sabbath of the fourth commandment. It bears the name, the territory, and the authority of the lawgiver. That is what a seal carries to make it legal. So Mrs. White and many other sincere people had been telling their neighbors about the "seal of the living God."

But what Mrs. White did not understand was more important than what she knew. Far more. It is that the seal represents the officer who affixes it. And that officer is God. And "God is love." Therefore the seal for which the Sabbath stands is love. It is the antidote for the "mark-of-the-beast" principle.

That was what our wonderful God was seeking to impress upon Mona and Mark—His love seal that Mona overheard her children praying about that they might lend to Mommy so Rosa could have her share.

Mrs. John White did not understand as she should that a divine God provides divine love. And divine love goes out to the sinner, no matter how unworthy he is. God causes His rain and His sunshine to bless both the just and the unjust.

He is merciful to the unholy. His love is not confined to the respectables, nor to the averages. It goes all the way to the publicans. It encompassed a Mary Magdalene. It extends to a woman of Samaria. It flows like the warming rays of the sun to a thief on a cross.

We do not want to sit in judgment, but it seems that Mrs. White failed to understand the seal of God in its deeper meaning. It is the seal of love for those who are helpless, destitute—yes, even devil possessed.

What is the principle poor Mrs. John White neglected? That God might have given His own directions to Mona and Mark. Christians need to learn what an evil practice it is to be conscience for another—to assume that another cannot hear the voice of God as plainly as can we! How sad to try in our eagerness to "help," to be conscience for a believing, trusting, though frustrated, child of God!

Mrs. John White was not the only one to practice the mark-of-the-beast principle. Martha Lawson did her bit too. Martha had heard via the grapevine some disturbing news. Her sympathy was aroused. Her determination to help was activated. She thought to herself, "I'll bet that Mona's husband will not always put up with Mona's idiosyncrasies. A separation may take place over this blind girl, Rosa, unless Mona changes her ways."

As Martha let her imagination run, she pictured a separation already brewing. Probably Mona and Mark were already sleeping in separate beds. For how would Mark put up with such a situation for long? Something told Martha that she must act immediately—and, of course, without prayer, as well as without the knowledge that the Blacks were earnestly seeking direction from the Lord.

In another parking lot one day Martha Lawson spied Mona Black. She did not have time to pray with Mona. Being in a hurry, Martha spoke from her open car window to Mona. "How is your

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sex life?" She hoped this question would help Mona to wake up and realize what her keeping Rosa might be doing to her marriage.

"Has it come to this?" Mona thought as blood rushed to her face. Like a flash of lightning Mona replied in the most stinging voice she could muster, "Just fine, and how is yours?" And with that she rolled up her window and drove home.

She parked her car and took her groceries inside. Slumping down on her davenport, she sobbed, "Oh, God, won't my Christian friends let me have even the privacy of my marriage bed?"

Without a doubt Martha Lawson could have given a beautiful Bible study on "the mark of the beast." Yet probably she returned home to fill out the missionary report for the coming Sabbath and jotted down her word to Mona as "one missionary visit." Little did she realize that in another ledger kept by angels her speech was listed as "one more mark for the beast."

Now, can't you imagine how Satan must have called a special committee meeting of his imps to give them a report. Me thinks I hear him begin something like this: "You devils, listen, Martha Lawson just put down on her mission report card a mark. It represents a mark for the beast—and I am that beast. She works for the Lord—like us devils." And all the devils in hell laugh hilariously. They slap each other on the shoulder. "Look there!" they jeer. "Look there! There is a Sabbath-keeping family conscientiously following our suggestions as a needle follows the pole! They preach against the beast of Revelation 13 and then avidly follow its principles!"

Then methinks I hear the father of all evil state his future plans—his basic scheme. It is to cause the Black family so much frustration that they will finally be tempted to wash their hands of all church relationship.

But in this he failed, for the seal of love is an antidote for the "mark-of-the-beast" principle. Even though Mona was deeply distressed over the activities of those who claimed to be far removed from the "mark-of-the-beast" principle, she continued to cling to the arm of love. She could sing with triumph the principle presented in that great song;

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on thee:
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depth its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain.
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

And when it seemed almost impossible to bear up longer under repeated pressures by conscientious friends. Mona could truly cry out through her tears:

O Cross that liftest up my head,

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I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be! G. Matheson.

Yet the prolonged pressure of this "mark-of-the-beast" principle by conscientious well-meaning Christian friends drove Mona near despair. She sometimes reacted negatively as the demons, through professed Christians, sought to tear her heart out.

One day a lady dealer in sweet perfumes called at Mona's home. Alma Sither showed her products and was ready to leave. Standing there with her hand on the knob of the open door, she felt the same conscientious zeal that had possessed Mrs. John White, and Martha Lawson. She too had heard about the Black home—by now almost on the "black list." She might not have heard about how one of the leading officers of the church told Mona that she should not attend church anymore with Rosa, for her presence could contaminate the religious atmosphere of the sanctuary.

But Alma Sither took one last look at Rosa and then at Mona. With a school-teacher attitude she spoke. Her authoritarian voice was clear and penetrating. "You have no right to keep that blind girl in your home. What will she do when you pass off the stage of action?" With that Alma Sither herself passed off the stage of the front room propelled by a vehement push from Mona.

"Don't ever make such a statement again in the hearing of my daughter!" Mona cried and shut the door behind the saleslady fumbling with her wares just outside. Rapidly Alma made her way to her new expensive car. Mona glanced at her humble four-year-old Chevrolet and thanked God she had invested in a precious, though handicapped, soul.

One day a leading psychologist from Lincoln, Nebraska, Dr. Wise, came to Mona's town in Rhode Island. He had set up practice at a self-supporting hospital run by members of the same faith.

Having become acquainted with the family on the "black list," his interest was solicited by certain friends. Dr. Wise responded by working out a plan which suggested that Rosa go to the nearby state institution for evaluation. There Rosa would receive tests to determine a possible solution to her problem. Then they would offer suggestions.

This apparently kind attitude appealed to the Blacks, and they signed the necessary documents. But it was only to learn a little later that they had signed more than they suspected. They had actually committed Rosa. Now only a group of specialists could release Rosa from the institution.

Mona was heartbroken. She and Mark prayed to God for deliverance, and the Lord answered. The specialists' report was that Rosa did not need hospitalization. A personal friend, one of the specialists—told Mona that Dr. Wise had confided in him personally that what he was attempting to accomplish was to "dump" Rosa on the institution—so that the local society would not be embarrassed by Rosa's unwanted presence among them.

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By now in desperation Mona decided that she would seek help beyond the local community. She would go to some place where there would be neither cost nor knowledge. So she looked in the telephone directory. She felt impressed to seek advice from a Catholic priest, Father Human. She explained that since he did not know her or any of the circumstances she felt free to tell him the whole story. Father. Human listened, attentively and sympathetically.

When Mona was through with her story, she asked, "Father Human, am I doing the right thing or not'?"

"Did not our Lord say," the priest replied kindly, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . , ye have done it unto me?"

Mona returned home consoled.

As we glance back at the title of this chapter, let us share with you the reason we have chosen it.

Mrs. Grace Care, a Roman Catholic, had taken many Bible studies from two of the most beautiful members of our church family we have ever met. They were Dr. and Mrs. Meeker. Humble, wholesome and loving, they were highly respected in the Rhode Island community where they lived. It was about two hundred miles from where Mona and Mark Black lived.

After Dr. and Mrs. Meeker had left the community upon retirement, we held an ABC series of meetings in their city. Among those who attended was lovely, but confused, Grace Care. At the close of one of our meetings we extended a call for commitment or recommitment to the Lord Jesus. We made the call so broad that people of any denomination might respond without obligation to church affiliation.

The front of the church and the aisles were filled with sincere rededicated souls standing in solemn commitment. Near the very back of the sanctuary at my left stood Grace Care. As the appeal was extended, Grace stepped into a little space left in the aisle near her. She was not conveying the impression that by this she was becoming a member of our church family, Rather her gesture represented exactly what was voiced by us as we extended the invitation. She was recommitting her life to her Lord to walk where He might lead the way.

On the other side of the sanctuary at my right about halfway up was the wife of Dr. Dixon. She was so elated to think that this fine Catholic friend had finally made a decision that she could not restrain herself. She decided to rush to the side of Grace and say something. Just what, I haven't the slightest idea. But like so many zealous "saints" she felt that she would be remiss in her duty if she did not say something to Grace.

As Mrs. Dixon neared Grace, it seemed to Grace that pressure was probably on its way. Not that Dr. and Mrs. Meeker had used pressure. But other members of the church family had. Many in fact. This had gone on for five years by other zealous souls. Could Mrs. Dixon be evoking more pressure? Lifting both hands. Grace looked full into Mrs. Dixon's face and pleaded aloud. "Just pray for me and shut up!"

Dear Christian people so eager to witness a decision on the part of others can actually practice the "mark-of-the-beast" principle—mistakenly believing they are being guided by the Holy Spirit.

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And "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Satan would love to have us look at others while making an even more serious mistake ourselves. It is that of thinking we would never succumb to such unworthy methods.

But the warning the Bible prophecy is sounding. The message of Revelation chapter 14, verses 9 to 17, is for you and me, dear reader. It predicts a coming time of great persecution. The mental pressures exerted on Mona and Mark Black bear no comparison to that which is future for true children of God. Mona had been harassed mentally twice as she went to her car in supermarket parking lots. But the Bible warning is that the people of God can purchase nothing at any marketplace at a certain future time. "And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads: and that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name."

During some of her darkest days Mona planted a camellia bush. Months later one of the bushes had not produced any blooms. Mona suggested to Mark that they had better destroy it. But Mark felt otherwise. He would prune it and provide special fertilizer and give it one more chance. This was in March. Two months later, when no blooms were to be expected from camellias, that "hopeless" bush produced a most beautiful bloom.

Mona felt that this was a message from God representing Rosa. God would make her life bloom too, where only hopelessness appeared. The next year the same bush produced several beautiful blooms. It was supposed to be a white camellia. But of all things, the blooms were streaked with pink.

Mona was thrilled! God had caused this hopeless bush to produce. So He could do for Rosa. Mona and Mark decided never to give up no matter how discouragingly others might speak, or how much pressure they applied.

One night in the dead of winter, a storm came down in its fury. It left Mona fearful and lonely. On this dreary day Satan attacked her emotions. Within hours the storm struck the home repeatedly. Seven times in succession Mona had to fall on her knees pleading with God to come to their aid and protect them all from the raging elements.

The next morning the storm continued unabated. Mona felt her deep need of sustaining strength. Would God please send some token of His approval of their course in helping Rosa? Mona looked up into the face of God and pleaded. "Dear Lord, if You approve of what we are trying to do for Rosa, will You do something very special on this stormy day? Will you please send a bird to the side of our window to sing his heart out?"

Sure enough, only moments after this agonized plea a lovely songster appeared and did exactly that. He sang as if he were actually serenading that distressed family. After several minutes he concluded his song. Mona then turned to God with deepest thanksgiving and appreciation. She said. "Please Lord, now no more songs from any other bird. That is how I will know You have answered my prayer." And no other bird appeared. Mark later came into the house. "Did you hear that wonderful song from the bird?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed." Mona replied. Then she told him of her prayer and its remarkable answer.

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Many months later an amazing event took place. Mona was standing in the front room of their house. Suddenly Rosa pounced upon Mona's back. Mona fell to the floor. Rosa landed on top of her, biting her with the determination of a reptile. Mona had the presence of mind to take her thumb and finger and close off Rosa's nostrils so that she would have to open her mouth to breathe. At that instant Mona was able to release herself.

Mona ran to the bedroom. Rosa followed close behind. Mona fell on the bed. Rosa jumped on top again. Again she bit. Once again Mona was able to extricate herself and rush to the bathroom—just in time to slam the door shut and protect herself from the demonic power controlling Rosa.

When Mark entered the house a little later, Mona called for him to come to where she was. She related the terrible experience through which she had just passed.

Both Mona and Mark were heartbroken. They were at a complete loss to understand how or why this tragic train of events had taken place. They almost lost their faith in God.

The same evil one who had possessed their friends to exert mental pressure on them had now worked violently through Rosa.

A day or two later Mona confided in one of her closest and most sincere praying friends, Anabel Craxton. In turn they consulted with a new professor, Dr. Furness, who had come to that Rhode Island town and who was teaching in the local university. He and the Craxtons shared the same house.

Dr. Furness had received his doctorate in the field of behavioral psychology. He had formerly been an evangelist. But his deep empathy for dear ones with broken hearts and broken homes led him to further his training in this particular field.

Dr. Furness and Mark Black had become friends. They had discussed the problem of Rosa before this particular outbreak of apparent demon control. The Craxtons also had discussed Rosa's problem with Dr. Furness. As Mona was in deep distress as to what should be done now with Rosa. Mark walked into the house. It was Sunday morning.

"I was over to the university this morning and had a chat with our friend, Dr. Furness." Mark said. "We discussed Rosa and what happened the other day."

"Oh; And what did he recommend?"

"He indicated that Rosa probably did not know what she had done. If we should punish her for this episode it would be meaningless. She would, in all probability, remember nothing that had happened."

"What did he say to do?"

"He suggested that what she needed was more and still more love."

A few hours later Mona celled her close friend Anabel Craxton, in whom she had confided.

"My husband just this morning had a chat with Dr. Furness at the university," she began. "Mark had gone up there on a little errand and stepping into a room saw Dr. Furness alone. This gave them the opportunity to visit briefly." Then Mona told her friend what Dr. Furness had advised.

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"But," replied Anabel, "Dr. Furness is in Boston today. How could Mark have seen him?"

Mona replied that it was probably just before Dr. Furness left for Boston.

"No," replied Anabel, "Dr. Furness left for Boston last Friday. He will not be back until later this week."

Anabel was right. He had left for Boston Friday and was not yet back home. Since I had known and visited with the Black family many times prior to this experience, Mona sent me a taped story of the whole experience.

She stated that, on the basis of this amazing appearance of "Dr. Furness," she and her husband Mark, had decided that they would administer this love as never before to the heart of dear blind Rosa.

"Do you think it was an angel really, Pastor Coon?" Mona asked. And then she pleaded, "Please write me and tell me what you think."

Whether it was an angel, or whether Mark's eyes were so full of moisture that he mistook some other professor for Dr. Furness, we do not know. One thing seems certain: God sent someone; either human or angelic, to impress the "seal of love" principle on Mona and Mark. It is the antidote for the "mark of the beast."

My reply was, "I would suggest that you double check to make sure whether it was a case of mistaken identity." But then I added, "Regardless of whether it was a man or an angel, I would interpret it as you have—that of a messenger from the Lord of love at a time you needed special guidance." Then I played the tape again and learned that Mrs. Craxton had prayed for God to send an angel to encourage Mark. I say we are still in the age of miracles. What do you say? Angels have appeared in the likeness of men many times.

Considering again the title of this chapter, is it not time that those of us who profess the name of Christ cease trying to "play Holy Spirit"?

The title may sound somewhat crude. But it is worded this way to help us to awaken to the nature of the "mark-of-the-beast" principle. Whether that principle be applied in the form of mental pressure or by civil enactment, let us plead with God to give us grace to turn from it with all our hearts. The only way to be protected against the "mark of the beast" is to receive the "seal of the living God."

Otherwise we are prone to forget. Individuals we think in error may actually be following the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Unless we have earnestly sought God for guidance ourselves, why not heed the plea of Grace Care to "Just pray for me and shut up!"

"And grieve not the holy Spirit of God. whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

Dear Lord in heaven, You have promised that "in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." I ask that I shall be both quiet and confident that Your power and wisdom will be imparted to those whom I think are using poor judgment. I believe that "all power is given unto . . . [You] in heaven and in earth." I accept the quiet confidence that You can handle the problems of others far better than I and I receive the power Promised to "be quiet" and to mind my own business; in Jesus' power and name. Amen.

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Reflection: We have discovered that to refrain from being conscience for others is one of the most difficult mental and spiritual exercises. In your personal life and in your prayer group discussion may the Lord guide into a "live-and-let-live" attitude.

Great Bible Facts:

1. In growing "more and more" in love we are to "study to be quiet" "But as touching brotherly love ye need not that I write unto you: for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another. And indeed ye do it toward all the brethren which are in all Macedonia: but we beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more; And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you;" I Thessalonians 4:9-11.
2. "Brotherly love" includes doing our "own business" (I Thessalonians 4:9-11).
3. There is tremendous strength of character revealed when we are confidently quiet "For thus saith the Lord GOD, the Holy One of Israel; In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength: and ye would not." Isaiah 30:15.
4. There is a Seal of God. This seal is placed on us by the Holy Spirit "And grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Ephesians 4:30.
5. God, being love, gives man the power of choice: "He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." I John 4:8; "And if it seem evil unto you to serve the LORD, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the LORD." Joshua 24:15.
6. His seal, therefore, is one of love and is found in His ten commandment law. The center of His law of love is His holy worship day. It contains the three important elements of any legal seal, i.e., the name of the Lord. His authority or title, and the territory over which He presides. Of all Christians, Sabbath keepers should refrain from using mental pressure that resembles the mark-of-the-beast principle. "Bind up the testimony, seal the law among my disciples." Isaiah 8:16: "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it." Exodus 20:8-11: "And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name." Revelation 13:17).