

# Redeemed And Released



Dr. A.J. Gordon was pastor of a church in Boston many years ago. One day he met a little boy out in front of the church carrying a rusty bird cage in his hands. Several little birds were fluttering around on the bottom of the cage as if they knew they were going to be destroyed.

Dr. Gordon said, "Son, where did you get those birds?"

They boy answered, "I trapped them out in the field."

"What are you going to do with them?, the preacher asked.

"I'm going to take them home and play with them and have some fun with them."

"What will you do with them when you get through playing with them?" Dr. Gordon asked.

"Oh," said the boy, "I guess I'll just feed them to an old cat we have around the house."

Then Dr. Gordon asked the boy how much he would take for the birds.

"Mister, you don't want these birds. They're just little old field birds, and they can't sing very well."

Dr. Gordon said, "I'll give you two dollars for the cage and the birds."

"All right," said the boy, "It's a deal; but you're making a bad bargain."

The exchange was made, and the boy went whistling down the street, happy because he had two dollars in his pocket.

Dr. Gordon took the cage out behind his church, opened the cage door, and the birds flew out and went soaring into the sky, singing as they went.



The next Sunday Dr. Gordon took the empty bird cage to the pulpit to use it in illustrating his sermon. He told his congregation all about the little boy and what had happened to the birds. Then he said, "That little boy said the birds could not sing very well. But when I released them from the cage, they went singing away into the blue, and it seems that they were singing, 'Redeemed, redeemed, redeemed.'"

O my friends, you and I were like those little birds, Satan had us in the cage of sin and was taking us to Hell. Then Jesus went to the cross and paid the price for our release and our redemption. Now when we come to Him in simple faith, we too can sing, "Redeemed, redeemed, I've been redeemed."



## The Rapture!

We shall not all sleep-what ineffable bliss!  
Some living today who may taste even this:  
The rapture, the glory, the sudden surprise-  
One moment a mortal, the next, in the skies;  
One moment oppressed by earth's sorrow and strife,  
The next in the brightness and fullness of life;  
For changed all shall be  
When the King in His beauty we see!

We shall not all sleep - O my soul, is it thou?  
For thee, yes, for thee is this hope, even now!  
A moment, a twinkling; ah, nothing between  
The thin veil that hides, ere the vision be seen,  
He cometh! He cometh! Awake, O dull ear,  
There's shouting in Glory! The Blessed is near!  
And changed all shall be  
When the King in His beauty we see!



## "FINIS" (The End)

No matter what else you are doing-  
From cradle days through to the end-  
You're writing your life's secret story;  
Each day sees another page penned,  
Each month ends a thirty-page chapter,  
Each year means the end of a part,  
And never an act is misstated,  
Nor ever a wish from the heart.  
Each day when you wake the book opens  
Revealing a page clean and white.  
What thoughts and what words and what actions  
Will cover its surface by night?  
God leaves that to you- you're the writer;  
And never one word shall grow dim  
Till someday you write the word "Finis"  
And give back your life-book to Him.