

establishment the tables were smashed. The dice and cards were in the fireplace, smoldering.

He staggered across the street to his home, walked upstairs, and sat down heavily in the chair in his room. His wife called to the little girl, "Maggie, run upstairs and tell Daddy breakfast is ready." The girl walked slowly up the stairs. Half afraid, she stood at the door and said, "Daddy, Mamma said breakfast is ready."

"Maggie, darling, Daddy doesn't want any breakfast."

That little girl didn't walk; she flew down the stairs. "Mamma, Daddy said, 'Maggie, darling,' and he didn't—"

"Maggie, you didn't understand. Go back upstairs and tell Daddy to come down." Maggie went back upstairs with her mother following. The man looked up as he heard the child's step, spread his knees out and said, "Maggie, come here."

Frightened and trembling, she slowly walked up to him. He lifted her, put her on his knee, pressed his face against her breast, and wept.

The wife, standing in the doorway, didn't know what had happened. After a while he noticed her and said, "My dear, come here."

He sat her down on his other knee, threw his big arms around the two whom he loved but had so fearfully abused, lowered his face between them, and sobbed until the room almost shook with the impact of his emotion.

After some minutes, he controlled himself, looked up into the faces of his wife and child and said: "Wife, daughter, you needn't be afraid of me anymore. God

has brought home to you a new man, a new daddy." The same night that man, his wife, and their child gave their hearts to Christ.

It is true. "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin*" (I John 1:7). For "*Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; . . . He was buried, and . . . He rose again the third day according to the scripture*" (I Corinthians 15:3-4). Believe and accept the cleansing blood of Christ shed for your sins. God in His infinite mercy will forgive all of your sins. You are assured, on the basis of the promise of God, that for time and eternity, all of your sins are cleansed and washed away in the blood of Christ.

"*Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out*" (Acts 3:19a). Repentance is a change of mind resulting in a change of attitude and action; it is a change of purpose and priority. The man in this true account repented of his sins and put his faith in Jesus Christ. So must you! A heartfelt prayer such as, "*God be merciful to me a sinner*" (Luke 18:13) can settle your relationship with God for all eternity. Do it now!

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# Is there any Hope . . .



## for a man like me?

One night as an evangelist was walking into the church to hold a revival meeting, a man came up to him and asked, “Are you the preacher?”

“Yes.”

“I wonder if you will do me a favor. When the service is over tonight, will you come home with me and talk to me about my soul?”

“Gladly. Please wait for me.”

The evangelist walked inside, and some of the men stopped him. “What did the man want?”

“He wanted me to go home with him.”

“Don’t do it.”

“I am sorry, but I promised, and I must go with him.”

When the service was over, the evangelist started out the door. The waiting man took his arm and said, “Come with me.” They walked three or four blocks, turned into a side street, and walked down an alley. At the second house the man stopped. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a key, and unlocked the door. He turned to the preacher and said, “Come in.”

As the preacher walked into the room, he noticed that there was carpet on the floor, a mantelpiece, a desk, a swivel chair, two armchairs, and nothing else. There was a thin board partition all round the room except where the fireplace was. When he turned around, the man had locked the door, reached into his back pocket, and pulled out a revolver. “I don’t intend to do you any harm,” he said. “I just want to ask you some questions. Did you mean what you said in your sermon last night, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin?”

“Yes, God says so.”

“Reverend, you see this revolver? It has killed four people. It is mine. Two of them were killed by me, two by my bartender in a brawl in my saloon. Is there any hope for a man like me?”

The evangelist answered, “*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.*”

“Sir, another question: In back of this partition is a saloon. I own it and everything in it. We sell every kind of liquor to anybody who comes along. Many times I have taken the last penny out of a man’s pocket, letting his wife and children go hungry. Many times women have brought their babies here and pleaded with me not to sell any more booze to their husbands, but I have driven them out and kept right on selling whiskey. Is there any hope for a man like me?”

Again the evangelist replied, “God says, ‘*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*’”

“Another question: Behind this other partition is a gambling joint, and it is as crooked as Satan. There isn’t a decent wheel in the whole place. It is all loaded and crooked. A man leaves the saloon with money left in his pocket, and we take his money from him in there. Men have gone out of that gambling place to commit suicide when their money and, perhaps, entrusted funds were all gone. Is there any hope for a man like me?”

“God says, ‘*The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.*’”

“One more question, and I will let you go. When you walk out of this alley, turn to the right toward the street, and look across the street. There you will see a two-story brownstone house—my home. I own it. My

wife is there and my eleven-year-old child, Margaret. Thirteen years ago I went to New York on business. I met a beautiful girl. I lied to her. I told her that I was a stockbroker, and she married me. I brought her here, and when she found out my business, it broke her heart. I have made life a hell on earth for her. I have come home drunk, beaten her, abused her, locked her out, made her life more miserable than that of any brute beast. About a month ago I went home one night drunk. My wife got in the way somehow, and I started beating her. My daughter threw herself between us. I slapped that girl across the face, knocking her against a red-hot stove. Her arm is burned from shoulder to wrist. **Reverend, is there any hope for a man like me?**”

The preacher took hold of the man’s shoulders, shook him, and said, “O son, what a black story you have to tell! But God says, ‘*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*’”

The man said, “Thank you. I am coming to church tomorrow night.”

The evangelist went home and went about his business. The next morning, about seven o’clock, the saloon man started out of his office and crossed the street. His necktie was awry; his face was dusty, sweaty, and tear-stained. He had taken that swivel chair and smashed the mirror, the fireplace, the desk, and the other chairs. He had smashed the partition on each side. Every bottle in that saloon was shattered. The sawdust was swimming ankle-deep in a mixture of beer, gin, whiskey, and wine. In the gambling