

Articles by D. L. Moody

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Anecdotes & Illustrations

- Christ never preached any funeral sermons.
- His is a loving, tender hand, full of sympathy and compassion.
- Take your stand on the Rock of Ages. Let death, let the judgment come: the victory is Christ's and yours through Him.
- The only man who ever suffered before Christ was that servant who had his ear cut off. But most likely in a moment afterward he had it on, and very likely it was a better ear than ever, because whatever the Lord does He does it well. No mm ever lost his life with Him.
- A great many people wonder why it was that Christ did not come at once to Martha and Mary, whom He loved, whenever He heard of their affliction. It was to try them, and it is the same with His dealings toward us. If He seems not to come to us in our affliction, it is only to test us.
- When the Spirit came to Moses, the plagues came upon Egypt, and he had power to destroy men's lives; when the Spirit came upon Elijah, fire came down from heaven; when the Spirit came upon Gideon, no man could stand before him; and when it came upon Joshua, he moved around the city of Jericho and the whole city fell into his hands; but when the Spirit came upon the Son of Man, He gave His life; He healed the broken-hearted.
- No matter how low down you are; no matter what your disposition has been; you may be low in your thoughts,

words, and actions; you may be selfish; your heart may be overflowing with corruption and wickedness; yet Jesus will have compassion upon you. He will speak comforting words to you; not treat you coldly or spurn you, as perhaps those of earth would, but will speak tender words, and words of love and affection and kindness. Just come at once. He is a faithful friend - a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

- There cannot be any peace where there is uncertainty.
- There is no, knowledge like that of a man who knows he is saved, who can look up and see his "title clear to mansions in the skies."
- I believe hundreds of Christian people are being deceived by Satan now on this point, that they have not got the assurance of salvation just because they are not willing to take God at His word.
- "But," a man said to me, "no one has come back, and we don't know what is in the future. It is all dark, and how can we be sure?" Thank God! Christ came down from heaven, and I would rather have Him, coming as he does right from the bosom of the Father, than any one else. We can rely on what Christ says, and He says, "He that believeth on Me shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Not that we are going to have it when we die, but right here to-day.
- Now, I find a great many people who want some evidence that they have accepted the Son of God. My friends, if you want any evidence, take God's word for it. You can't find better evidence than that. You know that when the Angel Gabriel came down and told Zachariah he should have a son he wanted a further token than the angel's word. He asked Gabriel for it and he answered,

"I am Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Lord." He had never been doubted, and he thundered out this to Zachariah. But he wanted a further token, and Gabriel said, "You shall have a token: you shall be dumb till your son shall be given you."

- When we know our Bible: then his that God can use us.
- When we find a man meditating on the words of God, my friends, that man is full of boldness and is successful.
- When a man is filled with the Word of God you cannot keep him still, If a man has got the Word, he must speak or die.
- Let us have one day exclusively to study and read the Word of God. If we can't take time during the week, we will have Sunday uninterrupted.
- Now, as old Dr. Bonner, of Glasgow, said, Lord didn't sell Joshua how to use the sword, but He told him how he should meditate on the Lord day and night, and then he would have good success."
- One thing I have noticed in studying the Word of God, and that is, when a man is filled with the Spirit he deals largely with the Word of God, whereas the man who is filled with his own Ideas refers rarely to the Word of God. He gets along without it, and you seldom see it mentioned in his discourses.
- Now I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but one thing I can predict; that every one of our new converts that goes to studying his Bible, and loves this book above every other book, is sure to hold out. The world will have no charm for him; he will get the world under his feet, because in this book he will find something better than the world can give him.

- What can botanists tell you of the lily of the valley? You must study this book for that. What can geologists tell you of the Rock of Ages, or mere astronomers about the Bright Morning Star? In those pages we find all knowledge unto salvation; here we read of the ruin of man by nature, redemption by the blood, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost. These three things run all through and through them.

- The most solemn truth in the gospel is that the only thing Christ left down here is His blood.

- A man who covers up the cross though he may be an intellectual man, and draw large crowds will have no ilk there, and his church will be but a gilded sepulcher.

- There is either of two things we must do. One is to send back the message to heaven that we don't want the blood of Christ to cleanse us of our sin, or else accept it.

- Into every house where the blood was not sprinkled, the destroying angel came. But wherever the blood was on doorpost and lintel, whether they had worked much, or whether they had worked none, God passed them over.

- A man who has not realized what the blood has done for him has not the token of salvation. It is told of Julian, the apostate, that while he was fighting he received an arrow in his side. He pulled it out, and, taking a handful of blood threw it into the air and cried, "Galilean, Galilean, thou hast conquered."

- Look at that Roman soldier as he pushed his spear into the very heart of the God-man. What a hellish deed! But what was the next thing that took place? Blood covered the spear! Oh! thank God, the blood covers sin. There

was the blood covering that spear-the very point of it. The very crowning act of sin brought out the crowning act of love; the crowning act of wickedness was the crowning act of grace.

- It is said that old Dr. Alexander, of Princeton College, when a young student used to start out to preach, always gave them a piece of advice. The old man would stand with his gray locks and his venerable face and say: "Young man, make much of the blood in your ministry? Now, I have traveled considerable during the past few years, and never met a minister who made much of the blood and much of the atonement but God had blessed his ministry, and souls were born into the light by it.

- There was never a sermon which you have listened to but in it Christ was seeking for you. I contend that a man cannot but find in every page of this book that Jesus Christ is seeking him through His blessed Word. This is what the Bible is for to seek out the lost.

- No man in the world should be so happy as a man of God. It is one continual source of gladness. He can look up and say, "God is my Father, Christ is my Saviour, and the Church is my mother."

- It is the greatest pleasure of living to win souls to Christ.

- I believe in what John Wesley used to say, "All at it, and always at it," and that is what the Church wants to-day.

- If we were all of us doing the work that God has got for us to do, don't you see how the work of the Lord would advance?

- There is no man living that can do the work that God has got for me to do. No one can do it but myself. And if

the work ain't done we will have to answer for it when we stand before God's bar.

- What makes the Dead Sea dead? Because it is all the time receiving, never giving out anything. Why is it that many Christians are cold? Because they are all the time receiving, never giving out anything.
- If Christ comes into our hearts we are not ashamed.
- I wish we had a few more women like the woman of Samaria, willing to confess what the Lord Jesus Christ had done for their souls.
- Believing and confessing go together; and you cannot be saved without you take them both. "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." If you ever see the kingdom of heaven you have to 'take this way.
- Satan puts straws across our path and magnifies it and makes us believe it is a mountain, but all the devil's mountains are mountains of smoke; when you come up to them they are not there.
- I do not know anything that would wake up Chicago better than for every man and woman here who loves Him to begin to talk about Him to their friends, and just to tell them what He has done for you. You have got a circle of friends. Go and tell them of Him.
- I can't help thinking of the old woman who started out when the war commenced with a poker in her hand. When asked what! she was going to do with it she said: "I can't do much with it, but I can show what side I'm on." My friends, even if you can't do much, show to which side you belong.
- I may say with truth that there is only about one in ten who professes Christianity who will turn round and

glorify God with a loud voice. Nine out of ten are still born Christians. You never hear of them. If you press them hard with the question whether they are Christians they might say, "Well, I hope so." We never see it in their actions; we never see it in their lives. They might belong to the church you go to, but you never see them at the prayer-meetings or taking any interest in the church affairs. They don't profess it among their fellows or in their business, and the result is that there are hundreds going on with a half hope, not sure whether their religion will stand them or not

- It is our privilege to know that we are saved.
- We shall draw the world to Christ when we are filled with religion.
- He that overcometh shall inherit all things. God has no poor children.
- I hold to the doctrine of sudden conversion as I do to my life, and I would as quickly give up my life as give up this doctrine, unless it can be proved that it is not according to the word of God. Now, I will admit that light is one thing and birth is another. A soul must be born before it can see light A child must be born before it can be taught; it must be born before it can walk; it must be born before it can be educated.
- If you receive Him it will be well; if you reject Him and are lost it will be terrible.
- Thanks be to God, there is hope to-day; this very hour you can choose Him and serve Him.
- Now just think a moment and answer the question, "What shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?"

- I believe in my soul that there are more at this day being lost for want of decision than for any other thing.
- One of two things you must do; you must either receive Him or reject Him. You receive Him here and He will receive you there; you reject Him here and He will reject you there.
- The mightiest man that ever lived could not deliver himself from his sins. If a man could have saved himself, Christ would never have come into the world.
- He came to deliver us from our sinful dispositions, and create in us pure hearts, and when we have Him with us it will not be hard for us. Then the service of Christ will be delightful.
- If you are under the power of evil, and you want to get under the power of God, cry to Him to bring you over to His service; cry to Him to take you into His army. He will hear you; He will come to you, and, if need be, He will send a legion of angels to help you to fight your way up to heaven. God will take you by the right hand and lead you through this wilderness, over death, and take you right into His kingdom. That's what the Son of Man came to do. He has never deceived us; just say here; "Christ is my deliverer."
- God will honor our faith.
- There is nothing on this earth that pleases Christ so much as faith.
- Faith is the foundation of all society. We have only to look around and see this.
- I believe there is no man in the world so constituted but he can believe in God's word. He simply tells you to believe in Him, and He will save you.

- When I was converted twenty years ago I felt a faith in God; but five years after I had a hundred times more faith, and five years ago I had more than ever; because I became better acquainted with Him. I have read up the Word, and I see that the Lord has done so and so, and then I have turned to where He has promised to perform it, and when I see this I have reason to believe in Him.

- All you have got to do is to prove that you are a sinner, and I will prove that you have got a Saviour.

- Do you believe the Lord will call a poor sinner, and then cast him out? No! his word stands forever, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

- If God put Adam out of this earthly Eden on account of one sin, do you think He will let us into the Paradise above with our tens of thousands sins upon us.

- The only charge they could bring against Christ down here was, that He was receiving bad men. They are the very kind of men He is willing to receive.

- "Lord, you don't really mean that we shall preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you, to those men that took your life?" "Yes," says the Lord, "go and preach the Gospel to those Jerusalem sinners." I can imagine Him saying: "Go and hunt up that man that put the cruel crown of thorns upon My brow, and preach the Gospel to him. Tell him he shall have a crown in My kingdom without a thorn in it"

- We must not limit the mighty grace of God.

- Grace means undeserved kindness. It is the gift of God to man the moment he sees he is unworthy of God's favor.

- A man does not get grace till he comes down to the ground, till he sees he needs grace. When a man stoops to the dust and acknowledges that he needs mercy, then it is that the Lord will give him grace.
- If you are ready to partake of grace you have not to atone for your sins-you have merely to accept of the atonement. All that you want to do is to cry, "God have mercy upon me," and you will receive the blessing.
- "The grace of God hath power to bring salvation to all men," and if a man is unsaved it is because he wants to work it out; he wants to receive salvation in some other way than God's way; but we are told that "he that climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber."
- When we get full of this grace we want to see every one blessed-we want to see all the churches blessed, not only all the churches here, but in the whole country. That was the trouble with Christ's disciples. He had hard work to make them understand that His gospel was for every one, that it was a stream to flow out to all nations of the earth. They wanted to confine it to the Jews, and He had to convince them that it was for every living being.
- If you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you are free
- There is no sin in the whole catalogue of sins you can name but Christ will deliver you from it perfectly.
- We are led on by an unseen power that we have not got strength to resist, or else we are led on by the loving Son of God.

- The trouble is, people do not know that Christ is a Deliverer. They forget that the Son of God came to keep them from sin as well as to forgive it.
- You say "I am afraid I cannot hold out." Well, Christ will hold out for you. There is no mountain that He will not climb with you if you will; He will deliver you from your besetting sin.
- Satan rules all men that are in his kingdom. Some he rules through lust. Some he rules through covetousness. Some he rules through appetite. Some he rules by their temper, but he rules them. And none will ever seek to be delivered until they get their eyes open and see that they have been taken captive.
- 'When Christ was on the earth there was a woman in the temple who was bowed almost to the ground with sin. Satan had bound her for eighteen years; but after all these years of bondage Christ delivered her. He spoke one word and she was free. She got up and walked home. How astonished those at home must have been to see her walking in.
- Praise is not only speaking to the Lord on our own account, but it is praising Him for what He has done for others.
- If we have a praise church we will have people convened.
- I don't care where it is, what part of the world it's in, if we have a praise church we'll have successful christianity.
- Every good gift that we have had from the cradle up has come from God. If a man just stops to think what he

has to praise God for, he will find there is enough to keep him singing praises for a week.

- We have in our churches a great deal of prayer, but I think it would be a good thing if we had a praise meeting occasionally. If we could only get people to praise God for what He has done, it would be a good deal better than asking Him continually for something.
- All should work and ask God's guidance.
- The world knows little of the works wrought by prayer.
- Let us pray, and as we pray, let us make room for Jesus in our hearts.
- Unless the Spirit of God is with us, we cannot expect that our prayers will be answered.
- David was the last one we would have chosen to fight the giant, but he was chosen of God.
- Every one of our children will be brought into the ark, if we pray and work earnestly for them.
- The impression that a praying mother leaves upon her children is life-long. Perhaps when you are dead and gone your prayer will be answered.
- I would rather go into the kingdom of heaven through the poor house than go down to hell in a golden chariot.
- I believe there are more young men who come to Boston who are lost because they cannot say no, than for any other reason.
- It ain't necessary to leave the things of this life when you follow Him. It is not necessary to give up your business, if it's a legitimate one, in order to accept

Christ. But you musn't set your heart on the old nets by a good deal.

- A great many people want to bring theft faith, theft works, their good deeds to Him for salvation. Bring your sins, and He will bear them away into the wilderness of forgetfulness, and you will never see them again.

- Do you believe that He would send those men out to preach the gospel to every creature unless he wanted every creature to be saved? Do you believe He would tell them to preach it to people without giving people the power to accept it? Do you believe the God of heaven is mocking men by offering them his gospel and not giving them the power to take hold of it? Do you believe He will not give men power to accept this salvation as a gift? Man might do that, but God never mocks men. And when he says "Preach the gospel to every creature," every creature can be saved if he will.

- Lift your eyes from off these puny Christians-from off these human ministers, and look to Christ. He is the Saviour of the world. He came from the throne to this earth: He came from the very bosom of the Father. God gave Him up freely for us, and all we have to do is to accept him as our Saviour. Look at Him at Gethsemane, sweating as it were great drops of blood; look at Him on the cross, crucified between two thieves; hear that piercing cry, "Father, Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." And as you look into that face, as you look into those wounds on His feet or His hands, will you say He has not the power to save you? Will you say He has not the power so redeem you?

Bible Marking

from *Golden Counsels* by Dwight L. Moody, 1899.

An old writer said that some books are to be tasted, some to be swallowed, some to be chewed and digested. The Bible is one that you can never finish with. It is like a bottomless well; you can always find fresh truth gushing forth from its pages. "No Scripture," said Spurgeon, "is exhausted by a single explanation. The flowers of God's garden bloom not only double, but sevenfold; they are continually pouring forth fresh fragrance." Hence the great fascination of constant and earnest Bible study. I thank God there is a height in the Book that I have never been able to reach, a depth that I have never been able to fathom.

Hence also the necessity of marking your Bible. Unless you have an uncommon memory, you cannot retain the good things you hear. If you trust to your ear alone, they will escape you in a day or two; but, if you mark your Bible, and enlist the aid of your eye, you will never lose them. The same applies to things you read.

Every one ought to study the Bible with two ends in view,-- his own growth in knowledge and grace, and passing it on to others. We ought to have four ears,-- two for ourselves, and two for other people. My Bible is worth a good deal to me because I have so many passages marked that, if I am called upon to speak at any time, I am ready. We ought to be prepared to pass around heavenly thoughts and truths, just as we do the coin of the realm.

Bible-marking should be made the servant of memory; a few words will recall a whole sermon. It sharpens the memory, instead of blunting it, if properly done, because it gives prominence to certain things that catch the eye, which by constant reading you get to learn by heart. It helps you to locate texts. It saves preachers and class-leaders the trouble of writing out notes of their addresses. Once in the margin, always ready.

There is a danger, however, of overdoing a system of marking, and of making your marks more prominent than the Scripture itself. If the system is complicated it becomes a burden, and you are liable to get confused. It is easier to remember the texts than the meaning of your marks.

The simplest way to mark is to underline the words, or to make a stroke alongside the verse. Another good way is to go over the printed letters with your pen, and make them thicker. The word will stand out like heavier type. [For example], mark "only" in Psalm 62 in this way.

When any word or phrase is often repeated in a book or chapter, put consecutive numbers in the margin over against each text. Thus, "the fear of the LORD" in Prov. 1:7, 29, and so on. Number the ten plagues in this way. In the second chapter of Habakkuk are five "woes" against five common sins.

When there is a succession of promises or charges in a verse, it is better to write the numbers small at the beginning of each promise. Thus, there is a sevenfold promise to Abraham in Gen. 12:2, 3, "1I will make of thee a great nation, 2and I will bless thee, 3and make thy name great, 4and thou shalt be a blessing, 5and I will bless them that bless thee, 6and curse him that

curseth thee, 7and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." In Prov. 1:22, we have 1simple ones, 2scorners, 3fools.

Put a cross in the margin against things not generally observed. For example, the law regarding women's wearing men's clothes, and regarding bird's-nesting, in Deut. 22:5, 6; the sleep of the poor man and of the rich man compared, Eccl. 5:12.

On blank pages at the beginning and end of your Bible, jot down texts to answer the various kinds of difficulties that you meet in talking to people in the inquiry-room: "can't hold out," "too great a sinner," "fear persecution," etc. Also on these blank pages write short Bible readings and outlines of sermons.

In addition to the examples already given, I find it helpful to mark,--

1. Scripture references. Opposite Gen. 1:1 write, "Through faith. Heb. 11:3," because there we read, "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God." Opposite Gen. 28:2 write, "An answer to prayer, Gen. 35:3." Opposite Matt. 6:33 write, "1 Kings 17:3" and "Luke 10:42," which give illustrations of seeking the kingdom of God first. Opposite Gen. 37:7 write, "Gen. 50:18," which gives the fulfillment of the dream. You can connect the prophets with the historical books, the epistles with the Acts, in this way.

2. Notes to recall a sermon, story, or hymn. Against Ps. 119:59,60, I have written, "The prodigal son's epitaph." The recalls John McNeill's sermon on those texts.

3. Railway connections; that is, connections made by fine lines running across the page. In Dan. 6, connect "will deliver" (v.16), "able to deliver" (v.20), and "hath delivered" (v.27). In Ps. 66, connect "Come and see" (v.5) with "come and hear" (v.16).

4. At the beginning of every book, a short summary of its contents, something like the summary given in some Bibles at the head of chapters.

5. Key-words for books and chapters. Genesis is the book of beginnings; Exodus, of redemption. The key-word of the first chapter of John is "receiving"; second chapter, "obedience"; and so on.

6. Any text that marks a religious crisis in life. I heard Mr. Meyer preach on 1 Cor. 1:9, and he asked his hearers to write in their Bibles that they were that day "called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord."

Do not buy a Bible that you are unwilling to mark and use. An interleaved Bible gives the most room for notes and suggestions.

Be precise and concise in your marking; for instance, Neh. 13:18, "A warning from history."

Never mark anything because you saw it in the Bible of some one else. If it does not come home to you, if you do not understand it, do not put it down.

Never pass a nugget without trying to grasp it. Then mark it down.

Christ All in All

Colossians

3:11- "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all.

CHRIST is all in all to every one who has truly found Him. He is our Savior, Redeemer, Deliverer, Shepherd, Teacher, and also sustains toward us many more offices, to which I desire to call your attention.

1. If we turn to Luke 2:10, 11, we find Christ is there announced as our SAVIOR: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

We learn to know Christ as our Savior, to meet Him on Mount Calvary, to look on Him as the bleeding Lamb of God, before we know Him as our Redeemer, Deliverer, and Shepherd. Now, looking round upon this vast assembly, I, who do not know the hearts of the people, cannot know whether you can say that Christ is your Savior. There are many, I trust, who can say this, and who rejoice in His salvation; while, without being uncharitable, I am afraid there are many who know nothing personally of Jesus as their Savior.

He is offered to every one of you today as a Savior; "God gave Him up freely for us all," that we all through Him might be saved. If you are belonging to this world, I can prove that you have a Savior. If you belonged to some other planet, such as the moon or any of the stars, then I could not say a Savior was offered to you; for it is not

revealed whether the people of these distant worlds, even if they are inhabited, require salvation or not. But this I know, that every man on this globe has a Savior offered him.

SALVATION FREE TO ALL

I have no sympathy with those men who try to limit God's salvation to a certain few. I believe that Christ died for all who will come. I have received many letters finding fault with me, and saying I surely don't believe the doctrine of election. I do believe in election; but I have no business to preach that doctrine to the world at large. The world has nothing to do with election; it has only to do with the invitation, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." That is the message for the sinner. I am sent to preach the gospel to all.

After you have received salvation, we can talk about election. It's a doctrine for Christians, for the Church, not for the unconverted world. Our message is "good tidings, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." All people, this Savior is proffered to you. Accept Him, and God will accept you; reject Him, and God will reject you. Your eternal destiny depends on your refusal or otherwise to accept the proffered Savior. The case is simply one of giving and taking. God gives; I receive. We must, then, first of all know Christ as our Savior.

2. But

He is still more: He is our REDEEMER.

Supposing I saw a man tumble into a river, and I were to jump in and rescue him, I should be a savior to him - I should have saved him. But when I brought the man

ashore, I should probably leave him, and do nothing further.

But the Lord does more.

He not only saves us, but He redeems us - that is, buys us back. He ransoms us from the power of sin, as if I should promise to watch over that rescued man for ever, and see that he did not again fall into the water. The Lord not only saves us from spiritual death, but He redeems us for ever that death can never touch us.

LIBERTY TO THE CAPTIVES

When I was at Richmond,

U.S., the colored people were going to have a meeting. It was the first day of their freedom. I went to the African church, and never before or since heard such bursts of native eloquence.

"Mother," said one,

"rejoice today. Your little child has been sold from you for the last time; your posterity are for ever free. Glory to God in the highest! Young men, you have heard the driver's whip for the last time; you are free today! Young maidens, you have been put up on the auction- block for the last time!" They spoke right out, they shouted for joy; their prayers had been answered, it was the gospel to them. In like manner Jesus Christ proclaims liberty to the captives. Some have accepted it; some, like the poor negroes, scarcely believe the good tidings; but it is none the less true. Christ has come to redeem us from the slavery of sin.

Now, who will accept of that redemption? There was one colored woman, a servant in an inn in the Southern

States, who could not believe she was free. "Be's I free, or be I not?" she asked of a visitor. Her master told her she was not, her colored brethren told her she was. For two years she had been free without knowing it. She represents a great many in the Church of God today. They can have liberty, and yet they don't know it.

3. Again, Christ is our DELIVERER.

The children of Israel were not only saved and redeemed from the bondage of the Egyptians, but they were also delivered, that they should not be led back again into bondage. Many are afraid; they think they are not able to hold on, and therefore shrink from making a profession. But Christ is able to keep you from falling; He is able to deliver you in the dark hour of trial and temptation, from every evil device of Satan, and from the snare of the fowler.

In Isaiah 49:24, we read: "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But thus saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." I will save him; I will deliver him. The children of Israel were saved from the cruel bondage of Egypt, they were led out of the land of Goshen; but still they were not fully delivered. The great host of the Egyptians was thundering behind them. It was not till they had passed safely through the Red Sea, which closing behind, them, swallowed up the host of the enemy - it was not till then that they were free, that they were delivered. And similarly in our times of danger we shall find it to be true of Christ, "He delivered my soul"; and again in Job 33:24, "Then He is

gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom. His flesh shall be fresher than a child's: he shall return to the days of his youth: he shall pray unto God, and He will be favorable unto him: and he shall see His face with joy: for He will render unto man His righteousness. He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." Here we have the saving, the redeeming, the deliverance from the pit. Man is fallen into the deep pit, he is kept there a lawful captive by one who is mighty. If he is to be brought back from the darkness of the pit to see the light, then we must have a ransom. Here God comes forward, and says, "I have found a ransom." Christ is the ransom, and He will deliver us. Sound out the cry, "Christ is our deliverer." He is mighty to save, He is able to deliver.

A LEADER

4. But now we need something more. Look back again to the children of Israel; when they had marched gloriously through the Red Sea, they had been saved, redeemed, and delivered; but was that all they required? No; they had been brought into the wilderness. What now do they need? They must have a way to go in the pathless desert. They required a leader. Then Christ is the way and the leader. Are we in difficulties, in doubt, or in perplexity? Christ is our way. "I am the way, the truth, and the life" (John 14:6).

I have heard some say,

"Well, if I am converted, and become religious, I don't know what church I would go to. There are so many different churches and denominations. I really don't know which is the right one." Hence some people are

bewildered, and do not know which is the true way. Well, I would say to such, Look only to Him who says, "I AM THE WAY." He is the only true way, and if you want to reach the kingdom you have only to follow Him. We may be in darkness, but He is able to lead us in the right path. He is the Shepherd of His flock. He will go before us and lead us. He is calling upon us to arise and follow Him, and He will lead us by a way we know not; He will guide us to the green pastures if we only look to Him.

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD

All that the children of Israel had to do was to follow the cloud. If the cloud rested, they rested; if the cloud moved forward, then they moved. I can imagine that the first thing Moses did, when the gray dawn of morning broke, was to look up and see if the cloud was still over the camp. By night it was a pillar of fire, lighting up the camp, and filling them with a sense of God's protecting care; by day it was a cloud shielding them from the fierce heat of the sun's rays, and sheltering them from the sight of their enemies.

Israel's Shepherd could lead them through the pathless desert. Why? Because He made it. He knew every grain of sand in it. They could not have a better leader through the wilderness than its Creator.

And, sinner, can you, in all your difficulties or doubts and fears, have a better leader than Jehovah? Oh, I do like that good old hymn: "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more." Yes, that is the true prayer of the bewildered sinner. God is able, and still more, He is willing, to lead us, and to feed us.

"Thou gavest them bread from heaven for their hunger, and broughtest forth water for them out of the rock for their thirst" (Nehemiah 9:15).

He is still as able to lead any of us as He was four thousand years ago to lead the children of Israel, "For I am the Lord; I change not." To every one of us He says, "Fear not, I will lead thee; I will help thee." Wonderful thing, is it not, to have God to help us on our way? In our Western countries, when men go out hunting into the dense backwoods, where there are no roads or paths of any kind, they take their hatchet and cut a little chip out of the bark of the trees as they go along, and then they easily find their way by these "blazes." They call it "blazing the way." And so, if you will allow me the expression, Christ has "blazed the way." He has traveled the road Himself, and knowing the way, He tells us to follow Him, and He will lead us safe on high.

5. Now we have seen Christ is our Savior, Redeemer, Deliverer, Leader, or Way. But He is more than all that; HE IS OUR LIGHT.

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." He shall have the very "light of life." Yes, it is the privilege of every Christian to walk in an unclouded sky.

But do we walk thus in an unclouded sky? No, most Christians are often in darkness. If I were to ask this congregation if they were all walking in the light, I believe there is scarcely one, if he spoke the true feeling of his heart, but would reply, "No, I am often in

darkness." Why is that? It is because we are not following Christ, and keeping close to Him. We are much in darkness when we might be in the light.

Suppose the windows of this building were all closed, and we were complaining of the darkness, what would any one say to us? Why, they would say, "Admit the light; open the windows all round, and you'll soon have plenty of light." Similarly we must let in Christ, who is the light, and open our minds to receive Him, and we shall soon walk in light. There is a great deal of darkness at the present time, even in the hearts of God's own people. But follow Him, and then you will have plenty of light. Then Christ will show to each of us that He is "The Light"; and He will do more, He will set us on fire with His light, that we also may shine as lights in this dark world.

May God help His own people to SHINE BRIGHTLY, to flash out of darkness, that men may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus. But remember, the world hates the light. Christ was the light of the world, and the world sought to extinguish it at Calvary. Now He has left His people to shine. "Ye are the light of the world." He has left us here to shine. He means us to be "living epistles, known and read of all men." The world is certain to watch, and to read you and me. If we are inconsistent, then you may be sure the world will take occasion to stumble at us.

The world finds plenty of difficulties on the way; let us see that we Christians do not add more stumbling-blocks by our un-Christlike walk.

God help us to keep our lights burning clear and brilliant! Out West a friend of mine was walking along

one of the streets one dark night, and saw approaching him a man with a lantern. As he came up close to him he noticed by the bright light that the man had got no eyes. He went past, but the thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind." He turned round, and said, "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes." "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern that people may not stumble over me, of course," said the blind man. Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.

6. Objectors have said that it's all moonshine about Christ's people being lights on the way. Well, that's just what we believe; we reflect the light of Christ.

REFLECTED LIGHT

Just like the moonshine, our light is borrowed light. When we are living in the light of our Savior we shine with His light: somewhat like the face of Moses, which shone after he had been in the mount with God. Let us live in an atmosphere of heaven, and we cannot help shining. But whenever we get downcast and weak in faith, then we are sure to lose our light.

I remember during the

American war I was in a prayer meeting. We were all very dark and gloomy. Things had been going against us for some time.

At last an old man got up, and said, "What is the matter with us, that we are downhearted and sad? It is simply our lack of faith. Moses, Joshua, and David were men strong in faith. They believed, and therefore God honored them. Whence comes our want of faith? God is

not dead. He is as powerful, as willing, to help today as ever He was. Why, then, are we not full of faith in Him? It is God-dishonoring to forget that He still has power, although our armies are defeated, and all seems dark and gloomy."

GET ABOVE THE CLOUDS

I will tell you what happened to me some time ago when I was out West. I wanted to reach the summit of one of the Western mountains. I had been told that sunrise was very beautiful when seen from the summit. We got up to the half-way house one afternoon, where we were to rest till midnight, and then set out for the top. Soon a little party of us started with a good guide. Before a great while it began to rain, and then it became a regular storm of thunder and lightning. I thought there was little use in going on, and said to the guide, "Guess we'd better turn back; we won't see anything this morning, with all these clouds." "Oh," said the guide, "I expect we'll soon get through these clouds, and get above them, and then we'll have a glorious view." So we went on, whilst the thunders were rumbling right about our ears. But soon we began to get above the thunder-cloud; the air was quite clear, and when the sun rose we had a splendid view of his rays as they tinged the hilltops; and then, as the glorious sunshine began to break on where we stood, we could see the dark cloud far beneath our mountain height. That's what God's people want - to get into the clear air above the stormy clouds, and to CLIMB HIGHER away up to the mountain peak. There you'll catch the first rays from the Sun of Righteousness far above the clouds and mists. Some of you may be in great darkness and gloom; but fear not, climb higher, get

nearer to the Master, and soon you'll catch His bright rays on your own soul, and they will sprinkle back upon others.

KEEP THE LOWER LIGHTS BURNING

We must live as children of the light, not as children of the darkness. If we are dark and sorrowful, how is the world to know that we are children of peace, and joy, and gladness? Our determination must be to keep our lights burning. A few years ago, at the mouth of Cleveland harbor there were two lights, one at each side of the bay, called the upper and lower lights; and, to enter the harbor safely by night, vessels must sight both of these lights.

These Western lakes are more dangerous sometimes than the great ocean.

One wild, stormy night a steamer was trying to make her way into the harbor. The captain and the pilot were anxiously watching for the lights.

By and by the pilot was heard to say, "Do you see the lower lights?" "No," was the reply; "but I fear we have passed them." "Ah, there are the lights," said the pilot; "and they must be, from the bluff on which they stand, the upper lights. We have passed the lower lights, and have lost our chance of getting into the harbor." What was to be done? They looked back, and saw the dim outline of the lower lighthouse against the sky. The lights had gone out. "Can't you turn her head round?" "No; the night is too wild for that. She won't answer her helm." The storm was so fearful that they could do nothing. They tried again to make for the harbor, but they went crash against the rocks, and sank to the

bottom. Very few escaped; the great majority found a watery grave. Why? Simply because the lower lights had gone out.

And with us the upper lights are all right. Christ Himself is the upper light, and we are the lower lights, and the cry to us is, keep the lower lights burning, that is what we have to do. In the place God has put us He expects us to shine, to be living witnesses, to be a bright and shining light.

While we are here our work is to shine for Him, and He will lead us safe to the sunlit shore of Canaan, where there is no more night.

7. But

Christ is more than our Light on the way; for He is OUR TEACHER.

What a wonderful thing to have a teacher sent from heaven. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him" (James 1:5).

"If any lack wisdom":

I am afraid there are a great many of us who lack wisdom, and even the best of us at times will be in perplexity. There are moments in the life of us all when we seem in a fix; we just stand still, and say, "What shall I do? I don't know what is the best way." Oh, leave it with God, He will Himself be our teacher! "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." Here is a wonderful teacher. He has had a school for many thousand years; He has had the best men in His school; but still there's room for another scholar there. His

college is not too full yet, and the teacher is the One sent from heaven.

Any one, every one in this assembly may join this school. Jesus will welcome you there. Are you in doubt about anything? ask Jesus; He will tell you.

Anxious sinner, seek the good teacher, as Nicodemus did: "Master, we know thou art a teacher sent from God." If you seek Him thus He will direct you. He will keep you, and lead you into green pastures and by the still waters. I met a woman the other day who was full of infidel doubts and fancies. She could not believe.

Reading for some time infidel works had thrown a dark and gloomy pall over her mind. It made me sad to see her in such a case. Some of you may be like her. I wish you would take Christ as your teacher, and then all darkness would flee away.

Christ is able to teach us. See how He taught the disciples. He never wearied of their learning from Him. So He will teach us if we will only listen to Him.

THE OLD JUDGE CONVERTED

I remember, as I was coming out of the daily prayer meeting in one of our American cities a few years ago, a lady said she wished to speak to me; her voice trembled with emotion, and I saw at once that she was heavily burdened by something or other. She said she had long been praying for her husband, and she wanted to know if I would go to see him; she thought it might do him some good. What is his name? "Judge -," and she mentioned one of the most eminent politicians in the State. "I have heard of him," I said; "I am afraid I need not go, he is a booked infidel; I cannot argue with him."

"That is not what he wants," said the lady. "He has had too much argument already. Go and speak to him about his soul." I said I would, although I was not very hopeful. I went to his house, was admitted to his room, and introduced myself as having come to speak to him about salvation. "Then you have come on a very foolish errand," said he; "there's no use in attacking me, I tell you that. I am proof against all these things, I don't believe in them." Well, I saw it was no use arguing with him; so I said, "I'll pray for you, and I want you to promise me that when you are converted you'll let me know." "Oh, yes, I'll let you know," he said in a tone of sarcasm. "Oh, yes, I'll let you know when I'm converted!" I left him, but I continued to pray for him. Some time subsequently I heard that the old judge was converted. I was again preaching in that city a while after that, and when I had done talking the judge himself came to me, and said: "I promised I'd let you know when I was converted; I have come to tell you of it. Have you not heard of it?" "Yes; but I would like to hear from you how it happened." "Well," said the judge, "one night, some time after you called on me, my wife had gone to the meeting; there was no one in the house but the servants. I sat by the drawing-room fire, and I began to think: Suppose my wife is right, that there is a heaven and a hell; and suppose she is on the right way to heaven, where am I going? I just dismissed the thought. But a second thought came: Surely He who created me is able to teach me. Yes, I thought, that is so. Then why not ask Him? I struggled against it, but at last, though I was too proud to get down on my knees, I just said, 'Father, all is dark; Thou who created me canst teach me.' "Somehow, the more I prayed the worse I felt. I was very sad. I did not wish my wife to come home and find

me thus, so I slipped away to bed, and when she came into the room I pretended to be asleep. She got down on her knees and prayed. I knew she was praying for me, and that for many long years she had been doing so. I felt as if I could have jumped up and knelt beside her; but no, my proud heart would not let me, so I lay still, pretending to be asleep. But I didn't sleep that night. I soon changed my prayer; it was now, 'O God, save me; take away this terrible burden.' "I didn't believe in Christ even yet. I thought I'd go right straight to the Father Himself. But the more I prayed I only became the more miserable; my burden grew heavier. The next morning I did not wish to see my wife, so I said 'I was not well, and wouldn't wait for breakfast.' I went to the office, and when the boy came I sent him home for a holiday. When the clerks came I told them they might go for the day. I closed the office doors: I wanted to be alone with God. I was almost frantic in my agony of heart. I cried to God to take away this load of sin. At last I fell on my knees, and cried, 'For Jesus Christ's sake take away this load of sin.' At length I went to my wife's pastor, who had been praying with her for my conversion for years, and the same minister who had prayed with my mother before she died. As I walked down the street the verse that my mother had taught me came into my mind, 'Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' Well, I thought, I have asked God, and here I am going to ask a man. I won't go.

I believe I am a Christian.

I turned and went home. I met my wife in the hall as I entered. I caught her hand, and said, 'I am a Christian now.' She turned quite pale; she had been praying for

twenty-one years for me, and yet she could not believe the answer had come. We went into our room, and knelt down by the very bedside where she had so often knelt to pray for her husband. There we erected our family altar; and for the first time our voices mingled in prayer. And I can only say that the last three months have been the happiest months ever I spent in my life." Since then that judge has lived a consistent Christian life; and all because he came to God, asking for guidance.

If there is one here today whose mind is filled with such infidel thoughts, go honestly to God, and He will teach you the right way through the dark wilderness of infidelity. He won't leave you in darkness or doubt. It is the devil's own work to lead men into such doubts; well he knows if he once gets them there he has them pretty safe.

It is Satan's work to keep you in ignorance or doubt. It is God's work to teach you. The teacher is Christ; He is appointed by God for this work. God help us all to accept Him as our teacher.

8. Now we have seen Christ as our Savior, Redeemer, Deliverer, Leader, Light, and Teacher. But He is still more; He is also OUR SHEPHERD.

A very sweet thought it is to me, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." There is not one here, except the very babes, who does not understand the work of a shepherd. He watches over his flock, protects them from danger, feeds them, leads them into the best pastures. In fact, the 23rd Psalm is just a statement of the duties of a good shepherd: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," etc.

You want to be fed; are you going to wander about seeking something to satisfy the cravings of your soul? Then, I tell you, you never will find anything to satisfy the longings of your heart. The world cannot, and never could, satisfy a hungry soul. The Lord Jesus can - He is the true Shepherd. He is seeking to restore your soul, to lead you back to the paths of righteousness. Even to death will He lead you, and safely through its shadow guide you to a better land. Mother, father, will you claim Him as your Shepherd? Young man, young woman, will you have Him as your Shepherd? My little child, will you have Jesus as your Shepherd? He will lead safely and softly.

You can, all of you, if you will. For "God gave Him up freely for us all," that He might have us for His flock. He will lead us through life, down to the banks of the Jordan; He will lead us across the dark river into His kingdom. He is a tender, loving Shepherd.

I sometimes meet people in the anxious inquiry-room who are nourishing hard, bitter feelings against God, generally because they have been afflicted. A mother said to me the other day, "Ah, Mr. Moody, God has been unjust to me; He has come and taken away my child." Dear afflicted mothers, has God not removed your children to a pure and happy life? You may not understand it now, but you will by and by. He wants to lead you up there. THE EASTERN SHEPHERD.

A friend of mine, who had been in eastern lands, told me he saw a shepherd who wanted his flock to cross a river. He went into the water himself and called them; but no, they would not follow him into the water.

What did he do? Why, he girded up his loins and lifted a little lamb under each arm, and plunged right into the stream, and crossed it without even looking back. Whenever he lifted the lambs, the old sheep looked up into his face and began to bleat for them; but when he plunged into the water the dams plunged after him, and then the whole flock followed. When they got to the other side he put down the lambs, and they were quickly joined by their mothers, and there was a happy meeting. My friend says he noticed the pastures on the other side were much better and the fields greener; and on this account the shepherd was leading them across. Our great Palestine Shepherd does that. That child which He has taken from the earth is but removed to green pastures of Canaan, and the Shepherd means to draw your hearts after it, to teach you to "set your affections on things above." When He has taken your little Mary, Edith, or Julia, accept it as a call to look upward and beyond. You, mother, are you weeping bitter tears for your little one? Do not weep! Your child has gone to the place where there is neither weeping nor sorrow. Would you have it return? Surely never.

Christ is our Shepherd

- faithful and loving. Though sickness, or trouble, or even death itself, should come to our house, and claim our dearest ones, still they are not lost, but only gone before. God help each one of us to have Him as our Shepherd.

If time permitted, I should like to take up the subject of Christ as our Justification, our Wisdom, our Righteousness, the Friend that sticketh closer than a

brother; but it would take a whole eternity to tell what Christ is to His people, and what He does for them.

I remember when I was preaching on this subject in Scotland, after I had done, I said to a man that "I was sorry I could not finish the subject for want of time." "Finish the subject," said the Scotchman, "why, that would require all eternity, and even then it would not be complete; it will be the occupation of heaven."

9. Once more, let us look at Christ as OUR BURDEN-BEARER.

Oh, I love to think of Him as the bearer of our burdens as well as our sin-bearer.

He carries our sins, although they are more numerous than the hairs of our heads. Great and terrible as these burdens are, God has laid them all on Jesus.

"O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee." That aspect of His burden-bearing we have already looked at in His work as Savior and Redeemer. I wish now to take up the sweet thought, which has been a great comfort to me.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Glorious, is it not, to know we have such a Savior? Can you feel that He has lifted your burden off your shoulders on to His own shoulder? Then you will feel light in heart.

A LIGHT HEART

On one occasion, after

I had been talking this way, a woman came forward, and said, "Oh, Mr. Moody, it's all very well for you to talk like that, about a light heart. But you are a young man, and

if you had a heavy burden like me you would talk differently. I could not talk in that way, my burden is too great." I replied, "But it's not too great for Jesus." "Oh," she said, "I cannot cast it on Him." "Why not? surely it is not too great for Him. It is not that He is feeble. But it is because you will not leave it to Him. You're like many others. They will not leave it with Him. They go about hugging their burden, and yet crying out against it. What the Lord wants is, you to leave it with Him, to let Him carry it for you. Then you will have a light heart, sorrow will flee away, and there will be no more sighing. What is your burden, my friend, that you cannot leave with Christ?" She replied, "I have a son who is a wanderer on the face of the earth. None but God knows where he is." "Cannot Christ find him, and bring him back?" "I suppose He can." "Then go and tell Jesus, and ask Him to forgive you for doubting His power and willingness; you have no right to mistrust Him." She went away much comforted, and I believe she ultimately had her wandering boy restored to her!

A MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED

This circumstance reminds me of a faithful father and mother in our country, whose eldest son had gone to Chicago to a situation. A neighbor of theirs was in the city on some business, and he met the young man reeling along the streets drunk. He thought, "How am I to tell his parents?" When he returned to his village, he went and called out the father, and told him. It was a terrible blow to that father, but he said nothing to the mother till the little ones had all gone to rest; the servants had retired, and all was quiet in that little farm on the Western prairies. They drew up their chairs to the

little drawing-room table, and then he told her the sad news. "Our boy has been seen drunk on the streets of Chicago - drunk." Ah, that mother was sorely hurt; they did not sleep much that night, but spent the hours in fervent prayers for their boy. About daybreak the mother felt an inward conviction that all would be well. She told the father "she had cast it on the Lord, had left her son with Jesus, and she felt He would save him."

One week from that time the young man left Chicago, took a journey of three hundred miles into the country; and when he reached his home, he walked in, and said, "Mother, I've come home to ask you to pray for me." Ah, her prayer had reached heaven; she had cast her burden on Jesus, and He had borne it for her. He took the burden, presented her prayer sprinkled with the atoning blood, and got it answered. In two days that young man returned to Chicago rejoicing in the Savior. What a wonderful thing it is to have Christ as our burden-bearer! How easy, how light do our cares become when cast upon Him!

Do you say Christ is nothing to you? If so, it is only because you won't have Him. He is to all who will accept Him a Savior from death, a Redeemer from the power of sin, a Deliverer from our enemies, a Leader through the wilderness; He is the way Himself, He is Light in the darkness, He is a Teacher to His people, He is the Shepherd of His flock, our Justification, Wisdom, Righteousness, Elder Brother, Burden-bearer.

He is in fact "Our all in all." Then come to Christ; oh, come today, The Father, Son, and Spirit say, The Bride repeats the call, For He will cleanse your guilty stains,

His love will soothe your weary pains, For Christ is All in All.

Christian Love

It speaks in Galatians about love, the fruit of the Spirit being love, joy, peace, gentleness, long suffering, meekness and temperance. The way this writer has put it -- and I think it is very beautiful -- is that joy is love exultant, peace is love in repose, and long suffering is love enduring. It is all love, you see, a gentleness is love in society, and goodness is love in action, and faith is love on the battle-field, and meekness is love at school, and temperance is love in training.

Now there are a great many that have got love and they hold the truth. I should have said they have got truth, but they don't hold it in love, and they are very unsuccessful in working for God. They are very harsh, and God cannot use them. Now let us hold the truth, but let us hold it in love. People will stand almost any kind of plain talk if you only do it in love. If you do it in harshness it bounds back and they won't receive it. So what we want is to have the truth and at the same time hold it in love.

Then there is another class of people in the world that have got the truth, but they love so much that they give up the truth because they are afraid it will hurt some one's feelings. That is wrong. We want the whole truth anyway. We don't want to give it up, but hold it in love, and I believe one reason why people think God don't love them is because they have not this love. I met a lady in the inquiry-room today, and I could not convince her that God loved her, for she said that if He did love her He would not treat her as He had. And I believe people are all measuring God with their own rule, as I said the

other day, and we are not sincere in our love, and we very often profess something we really don't possess. Very often we profess to have love for a person when we do not, and we think God is like us.

Now God is just what

He says He is, and He wants His children to be sincere in love; not to love just merely in word and in tongue, but to love in earnest. -That is what God does. You ask me why God loves. You might as well ask me why the sun shines. It can't help shining, and neither can He help loving, because He is love Himself; and any one that says He is not love does not know anything about love. If we have got the true love of God shed abroad in our hearts we will show it in our lives. We will not have to go up and down the earth proclaiming it. We will show it in everything we say or do.

VERY NICE TO THEIR FACES

There is a good deal of what you might call sham love. People profess to love you very much, when you find it is all on the surface. It is not heart love. Very often you are in a person's house, and the servant comes in and says such a person is in the front room, and she says: "Oh, dear, I am so sorry he has come, I can't bear the sight of him;" and she'll get right up and go into the other room and say, "Why, how do you do? I am very glad to see you!" [Laughter.] There is a good deal of that sort of thing in the world.

I remember, too, I was talking with a man one day and an acquaintance of his came in, and he jumped up at once and shook him by the hand-why I thought he was going to shake his hand out of joint, he shook so hard-

and he seemed to be so glad to see him and wanted him to stay, but the man was in a great hurry and could not stay, and he coaxed him and urged him to stay, but the man said no, he would come another time; and after that man went out my companion turned to me and said, "Well, he is an awful bore, and I am glad he's gone." Well, I began to feel that I was a bore, too, and I got out as quickly as I could. [Laughter.] That is not real love. That is love with the tongue while the heart is not true. Now, let us not love in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. That is the kind of love God gives us, and He wants the same in return.

Now, there is another side to this truth. A man was talking to me out here the other day that he didn't believe there was any love at all; that Christians professed to have love, but he didn't believe men could have two coats, and I think he reflected on me, because I had on my overcoat at the time and he hadn't got any. I looked at him and said: "Suppose I should give you one of my coats, you would drink it up before sundown. I love you too much to give you my coat and have you drink it up."

A good many people are complaining now that Christians don't have the love they ought to have, but I tell you it is no sign of want of love that we don't love the lazy man. I have no sympathy with those men that are just begging twelve months of the year. It would be a good thing, I believe, to have them die off. They are of no good. I admit there are some that are not real, and sincere, and true, but there are many that would give the last penny they had to help a man who really needed help. But there are a good many sham cases-men that won't work, and the moment they get a penny they

spend it for drink. To such men it is no charity to give. A man that won't work should be made to work. I believe there is a great deal more hope of a drunkard or a murderer or a gambler than there is of a lazy man.

TOO LAZY TO STAY CONVERTED

I never heard of a lazy man being converted yet, though I remember talking once with a minister in the backwoods of Iowa about lazy men. He was all discouraged in his efforts' to convert lazy men, and I said to him, "Did you ever know a lazy man to be converted?" "Yes," said he; "I knew of one, but he was so lazy that he didn't stay converted but about six weeks." And that is as near as I ever heard of a lazy man being converted, and if there are any here today saying they don't love us because we don't give them any money, I say we love them too well. We don't give to them because it is ruin.

Some years ago I picked up several children in Chicago and thought I would clothe them and feed them, and I took special interest in those boys to see what I could make of them. I don't think it was thirty days before the clothes had all gone to whisky and the fathers had drank it all up. One day I met one of the little boys for whom I bought a pair of boots only the day before. There was a snow-storm coining up and he was barefooted. "Mike," says I, "how's this? Where are your boots ?" "Father and mother took them away," said he. There is a good deal that we think is charity that is really doing a great deal of mischief; and the people must not think because we don't give them money to aid them in their poverty that we don't love them, for the money would go into their pockets to get whiskey with.

POVERTY SOMETIMES A BLESSING

It is no sign that we are all hypocrites and insincere in our love that we don't give money. I believe if the prodigal son could have got all the money he wanted in that foreign country he would never have come home, and it was a good thing for him that he did get hard up and to live on the husks that the swine ate. And it is a good think that people should suffer. If they get a good living without work, they will never work. We can never make anything of them. God has decreed that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and not live on other people.

But I am getting away from the subject. I only wanted to touch upon this subject because a good many are complaining that Christian people don't help them. I have sometimes fifteen or twenty letters a day, coming from Kansas, and Europe even, asking us to take up a collection. They say: "Here is a poor woman. Just get the people to give a penny apiece." Suppose we began doing that sort of thing. We should have to have somebody to look up this man or this woman and find if they are worthy. If we took up one collection, we would have to take up five hundred. I never found a person true to Christ but what the Lord would take care of them. I think it is a good thing for people to suffer a little until they come back to God. They will find that God will take care of them that love Him. A great many say, "Oh, I love God." It is easy enough, to say this, but if you do love God He knows about it, be assured. He knows how much you love Him. You may deceive your neighbors, and think you love God, and assume a good deal of love, when there is really no love in your heart.

Now it says in 1 Corinthians 8: "But if any man love God, the same is known of him." God is looking from heaven down into this world just to find that one man. God knows where he lives, the number of his house, and the name of the street he lives in. In fact, He has the very hairs of your head numbered, and He will take good care of you. He will not let any of His own children come to want, He will not let any of those that come to want suffer, He will provide for their wants if they are only sincere, but He don't want any sham work, When the Lord was here He was all the time stripping those Pharisees of their miserable selfrighteousness. They professed great love for Him while their hearts were far from God. Let us not profess to love God with our tongue and lips, while our lives are far from it.

DON'T KNOW THEIR OWN MINDS

Another class say, "I don't know whether I love God or not. I am really anxious to know whether or not I love God." Now, if you are really anxious it won't take you long to find out. You cannot love God and the world at the same time, because they abhor each other. They are at enmity, always have been and always will be. It is the world that crucified God's Son; it was the world that put God's Son to death. Therefore, if we love the world it is a pretty good evidence that the love of the Father is not in us. We may say our prayers and go through some religious performances, but our hearts are not right with God because we cannot love God and the world at the same time. We have got to get the world under our feet and the love of God must be first in our hearts or else we have not got the love of God.

The command we have is that he who loveth God loveth his brother also. Now, if we have got our heart full of enmity and jealousy and malice toward any of God's children it is a sure sign that the love of God is not in our hearts. To love a man that loves me that don't require any goodness; the greatest infidel can do that; but to love a man that reviles me and lies about me and slanders me-that takes the grace of God. I may not associate with him, but I may love him. I may hate the sin, but love the sinner, And that is one of the tests by which to find out whether you have love in your heart. The first impulse of the young convert is to love every one, and to do all the good he can, and that is the sign that a man has been born from above, born of God, and that he has got real love in his heart; and these tests God gives us that we may know.

CHRISTIAN LOVE OPPOSED TO WORLDLINESS

The question is, do you love the world? Had you rather go to a theatre than to prayer-meeting? Had you rather go to a dance than to commune with the godly? If so it is, then it is a good sign that you have not been converted and not born of God. That is a test. People want to know whether they love God or not; let them turn to that test and they will find out If your heart is set on the world and you had rather not be with God's people, it is a sure sign that you have not been born of God.

Well, there is another class of people who say, "I don't see if God really loves me and I love Him, why I am called upon to have so many afflictions and troubles." Just turn a moment to the 8th chapter of Romans, the 28th

verse: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to His purpose." It is not a few things; not a part of them, but all work together for good. Give a man constant prosperity and how quickly he turns away from God, and so it is a little trouble here, and a little reverse here, and some prosperity there, and taken all together it is the very thing we need.

If you just take your

Bibles you will find that God loves you. There is no one in this wide world, sinner, that loves you as God loves you. You may think your father loves you, or your mother loves you, or a brother or a sister, but let me tell you you can multiply it by ten thousand times ten thousand before it can equal" God's love. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Can you have greater proof of God's love and Christ's love? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Christ laid down his life for his enemies. Ah, my friends, it will take all eternity for us to find out the height and breadth and length and depth of God's love.

PROTECTED BY THE FLAG

How men with an open

Bible can say that God don't love them is more than I can understand. But the devil is deceitful and puts that into their heads. Let me beg you, beg you, go to Calvary and there you may just for a moment catch a glimpse of God's love. There was a man came from Europe to this country a year or two ago, and he became dissatisfied and went to Cuba in 1867 when they had a great civil war there. Finally he was arrested for a spy, court-

martialed, and condemned to be shot. He sent for the American Consul and the English Consul, and went on to prove to them that he was no spy. These two men were thoroughly convinced that the man was no spy, and they went to one of the Spanish officers and said, This man you have condemned to be shot is an innocent man."

"Well," the Spanish officer says, "the man has been legally tried by our laws and condemned, and the law must take its course and the man must die."

And the next morning the man was led out; the grave was already dug for him, and the black cap was put on him, and the soldiers were there ready to receive the order, "Fire," and in a few moments the man would be shot and be put in that grave and covered up, when who should rise up but the American Consul, who took the American flag and wrapped it around him, and the English Consul took the English flag and wrapped it around him, and they said to those soldiers, "Fire on those flags if you dare!" Not a man dared; there were two great governments behind those flags. And so God says, "Come under my banner, come under, the banner of love, come under the banner of heaven." God will take good care of all that come under His banner.

Oh, my friends, come under the banner of heaven today. This banner is a banner of love. May it float over every soul here, is the prayer of my heart. God don't will the death of any who will come under His banner of love. It is pure love, and sinner, may the love of God bring you into the fold is the prayer of my heart. I read once of a young man who left his father, and at last that father died and the boy came to the funeral, and there was not a tear that flowed over his cheeks during all the funeral. He saw that father laid down into the grave, and he did

not shed a tear. When they came to break the will, and the boy heard that the father had dealt kindly with him and had given him some property, he began to shed tears. When that boy heard his father's will read, his heart was broken, and he came to his father's God.

O sinner, if you want to find out God's love, take this last will and testament of Jesus Christ. He showed his love by going to Calvary; He showed his love by His death agony there. He loves you with an. everlasting love; He don't want you to perish.

O, may you love Him in return.

Does God Answer Prayer?

I suppose there has been no word on Christians' lips so frequently at this time as the word "prayer," and there is not one in this hall who has not thought often, during the last forty-eight hours, of the importance of prayer.

During this week of prayer, they are a great many not only thinking about it, but talking about it. When there is a special interest and awakening in the community on the subject of religion, then it is that a great many skeptics and infidels, and a great many mere nominal professors of Christianity - we will not judge them - begin talking against "prayer."

They say, "The author of the world doesn't change His plans because of these prayers. The world goes right on. You cannot move God to change His mind or His doings." You hear this on every side. These young converts hear it. I have no doubt that many are staggered by it, and when you kneel down you say, 'Is it a fact that God answers prayer? Is there anything in it?'

I think it would do us good in the week of prayer to take the word "prayer," and run through the Bible tracing it out. Read about nothing else. I think you would be perfectly amazed if you took up the word "prayer," and counted the cases in the Bible where people are recorded as praying, and God answering their prayers.

A great many think it is only the perfectly righteous and pure that pray. But you remember who it was who prayed in this fashion, "Lord remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." You remember that Christ answered the dying thief's prayer.

We cannot but notice that every man of God spoken of in the Bible was a man of prayer. You have therefore very good authority and encouragement for asking God to hear your prayers, and for praying on behalf of others, as we are daily requested to do. Many are surprised at these requests. But many mothers and fathers are rejoicing that they sent them in. The prayers offered up here have been answered, and their children have been saved.

Last night I was more confirmed in my views regarding the power of prayer than ever. "This is all excitement," some say; "it is got up by earnest appeals that work on the feelings of people, and move their impulses, making them uneasy and anxious." Now, for example, there was nothing said last night to speak of, and I never was more disgusted with myself than I was on Sunday -night. It seemed as if I could not preach the Gospel, as if my tongue would not speak. But still the number of inquirers was extraordinary.

Last night, when there was no speaking at all, and when I just came in and asked that any inquirers might follow me into the moderator's room, taking a few with me, and expecting to come in and ask out a few more when I had seen these, the number was so great that came out without solicitation that I did not need to return. I saw over a hundred inquirers last night, and there were from fifty to seventy that I had to close the door on, being unable to see them.

A great many who have not been at the meetings at all, have been converted in their own homes. God is working, not we. Oh! that we would keep ourselves down in the dust, and every one of us get out of the way,

and let God work. It would be so easy for Him to go into every dwelling in Edinburgh, and convict and convert ten thousand souls.

Look at the 6th verse of the 4th chapter of Philippians. "Be careful for nothing, but in everything" - mark that - "by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." He doesn't say He will answer all, but He says, "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."

He tells us to make our wants known; to make our requests known to Him by prayer and supplication. It is right to come and make our requests known. He has told us to come and pray for the conversion of souls.

It is said by many people that God does not do anything supernatural in answer to prayer; that the God of nature moves right on and never changes His decrees. Read the first six verses of the 20th chapter of 2nd Kings, and see - "In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death: and the prophet Isaiah, the son of Amoz, came to him, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live. Then he turned his face to the wall, and prayed unto the Lord, saying, I beseech Thee, O Lord, remember now how I have walked before Thee in truth, and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in Thy sight. And Hezekiah wept sore. And it came to pass, afore Isaiah was gone out into the middle court, that the word of the Lord came to him, saying, Turn again, and tell Hezekiah, the captain of my people, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David, thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears, behold I will heal thee; on the third day thou shalt go up unto the

house of the Lord, and I will add unto thy days fifteen years; and I will deliver thee and this city out of the hand of the King of Assyria; and I will defend this city for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake."

Was not that a direct answer to prayer? Hezekiah was only praying for his own life; we are come together to pray for the life of others, and not their temporal but their eternal welfare. He was not praying for Christ's sake as we now do, but we can come to-day and ask God to save the souls of men for Christ's sake, not only for our sake, but for the sake of the beloved Son. He loves to honor that Son, and to see Christ honored. We can come now and ask Him to save souls, that it might bring glory and honor to the Son of His bosom, and glory and honor to the Son He delights to honor. "I will," He says to Hezekiah, "defend the city for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake." That is only one instance.

Look also at Daniel praying. It was his prayers that took the Jews back to Jerusalem. It was his prayers that turned Nebuchadnezzar to the God of Israel, and brought Gabriel down from heaven to tell him he was greatly beloved. He had power with God.

See also how God answered

Jacob's prayers and Isaac's prayers. All through the Bible we have records of the answers to prayers. It would be terrible to think that God did not delight to answer prayer.

Turn to the 20th chapter of 2nd Chronicles. There we read that the Moabites, the Ammonites, and others coming against Jehoshaphat, he was afraid, "and set himself to seek the Lord," and that afterwards Judah "gathered themselves together to ask help of the Lord."

That is what we want - to seek the Lord not only here in the public assembly, but alone. If you have got an unconverted friend, and are anxious that he should be saved, go and tell it privately to Jesus, and if a blessing does not come, like Jehoshaphat, spend a few days in fasting, and prayer, and humiliation.

"If when evil cometh upon us, as the sword, judgment, pestilence, or famine, we stand before this house, and in Thy presence (for Thy name is in this house), and cry unto Thee in our affliction, then Thou wilt hear and help."

When I go into the streets, and see the terrible wickedness, and blasphemy, and drunkenness that is in them, it seems dark, but I look up and think that God can repel those dark waves of sin and iniquity. Let us pray that God will bless this land of Scotland, bless and save all the people in it. It would be a great thing for us, but very little for God. May God give us faith!

--Message delivered by Dwight L. Moody at the noon prayer-meeting, Edinburgh, Scotland, Jan. 6, 1874.

Heaven - Its Hope

Like all the other wonderful works of God, this Book bears the sure stamp of its author. It is like Him. Though man plants the seeds, God makes the flowers, and they are perfect and beautiful like Himself. Men wrote what is in the Bible, but the work is God's. The more refined, as a rule, people are, the fonder they are of the flowers, and the better they are, as a rule, the more they love the Bible.

The fondness for flowers refines people, and the love of the Bible makes them better. All that is in the Bible about God, about man, about redemption, and about a future state, agrees with our own ideas of right, with our reasonable fears and with our personal experiences. All the historical things are told in the way that we know the world had of looking at them when they were written. What the Bible tells about heaven is not half so strategic as what Professor Proctor tells about the hosts of stars that are beyond the range of any telescope - yet people very often think that science is all fact, and that religion is only fancy. A great many persons think that Jupiter and many more of the stars around us are inhabited, who cannot bring themselves to believe that there is a life beyond this earth for immortal souls. The true Christian puts faith before reason, and believes that reason always goes wrong when faith is set aside. If people would but read their Bibles more, and study what there is to be found there about Heaven, they would not be as worldly minded as they are. They would not have their hearts set upon things down here, but would seek the imperishable things above.

EARTH THE HOME OF SIN

It seems perfectly reasonable that God should have given us a glimpse of the future, for we are constantly losing some of our friends by death, and the first thought that comes to us is, "where have they gone?" When a loved one is taken away from us, how that thought comes up before us! How we wonder if we will ever see them again, and where and when it will be! Then it is that we turn to this blessed Book, for there is no other book in all the world that can give us the slightest comfort; no other book that can tell us where the loved ones have gone.

Not long ago I met an old friend, and as I took him by the hand and asked after his family, the tears came trickling down his cheeks as he said:

"I haven't any now."

"What," I said, is your wife dead? "

"Yes sir."

"And all your children, too?"

"Yes, all gone," he said, "and I am left here desolate and alone."

Would any one take from that man the hope, that he will meet his dear ones again? Would any one persuade him that there is not a future where the lost will be found? No, we need not forget our dear loved ones; but we fly cling forever to the enduring hope that there will be a time when we can meet unfettered, and be blest in that land of everlasting suns, where the soul drinks from the living, streams of love that roll by Gods high throne. In our inmost hearts there are none of us but have questionings of the future.

"Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place,
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love - best boons to mortals given -
Waved their bright wings, and whispered:
Yes, in heaven"

There are men who say that there is no heaven. I was once talking with a man who said he thought there was nothing to justify us in believing in any other heaven than we know here on earth. If this is heaven, it is a very strange one - this world of sickness, and sorrow, and sin. I pity from the depths of my heart the man or woman who has that idea.

This world that so many think is heaven, is the home of sin, a hospital of sorrow, a place that has nothing in it to satisfy the soul. Men go all over it and then want to get out of it. The more one sees of the world the less they think of it. People soon grow tired of the best pleasures it has to offer. Some one has said that the world is a stormy sea, whose every wave is strewn with the wrecks of mortals that perish in it. Every time we breathe some one is dying. We all know that we are going to stay here but a very little while. Our life is but a vapor. It is just a mere shadow. We meet one another, as

some one has said, salute one another, and pass on and are gone. And another has said, it is just inch of time, and then eternal ages roll on; and it seems to me that it is perfectly reasonable that we should study this book, to find out where we are going, and where our friends are who have gone on before. The longest time man has to live, has no more proportion to eternity than a drop of dew has to the ocean.

CITIES OF THE PAST

Look at the cities of the past. There is Babylon. It was founded by a woman named Semiramis, who had two millions of men at work for years building it. It is nothing but dust now. Nearly a thousand years ago, some historian wrote that the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's palace were still standing, but men were afraid to go near them because they were full of scorpions and snakes. That's the Sort of ruin that greatness often comes to in our own day. Nineveh is gone. Its towers and bastions have fallen. The traveler who tries to see Carthage, can't see much of it. Corinth, once the seat of luxury and art, is only a shapeless mass. Ephesus long the metropolis of Asia, the Paris of that day, was crowded with buildings as large as the capitol at Washington. I am told it looks more like a neglected graveyard now than anything else. Granada is now the housing place of lions and jackals. It was once very grand, with its twelve gates and towers. The Alhambra, the palace of the Mohammedan kings, was situated there. Probably the animals play with the monarchs' bones. Little pieces of the once grand and beautiful cities of Herculanaeum and Pompeii are now being sold in the shops for relics. Jerusalem, once one of the

grandest cities of the universe, is but a shadow of itself. Thebes - for thousands of years, up almost to the coming of Christ, the largest and wealthiest city of the world - is now a mass of decay. Very little of Athens and many more of the proud cities of olden times, remain to tell the story of their downfall. God drives His plowshare through cities, and they are upheaved like furrows in the field. "Behold," says Isaiah, "the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance; behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing. All nations before him are as nothing, and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity."

See how Antioch has fallen! When Paul preached there it was a superb metropolis. A wide street, over three miles long, stretching across the entire city, was ornamented with rows of columns and covered galleries, and at every corner stood carved statues to commemorate their great men, whose names even we have never heard. These are never heard of now, but the poor preaching tent-maker who came into its portals, stands out as the grandest character in all history. The finest specimens of Grecian art decorated the shrines of the temples, and the baths and the aqueducts were such as are never approached in elegance now. Men then, as now, were seeking honors and wealth and mighty names, and seeking to enshrine their names and records in perishable clay. Within the walls, we are told, were enclosed mountains over seven hundred feet high, and rocky precipices and deep ravines gave wild and picturesque character to the, city of which no modern city gives us an example, These heights were fortified in a marvelous manner, which gave to them strange startling effects. The vast population of this brilliant city, combining all the art and

cultivation of Greece with the levity, the luxury and the superstition of Asia, was as intent on pleasure as the population of any of our great cities are to-day. They had their shows, their games, their races and dances, their sorcerers, puzzlers, buffoons and miracle-workers, and the whole people sought constantly in the theatres and processions, for something to stimulate and gratify the most corrupt desires of the soul.

This is pretty much what we find the masses of the people in our great cities doing now. The place was even worse than Athens, for the so-called worship they indulged in was not only idolatrous, but had mixed up with it the grossest passions to which man descends. It was here that Paul it came to preach the glad tidings of Christ; it was here that his converts were first called Christians, as a nickname; the first time the name, was ever used, all followers of Christ before time having been called "saints " or "brethren." As has been well said, out of that spring at Antioch, a mighty stream has flowed to water the world. Astarte, the "Queen of Heaven," whom they worshipped; Diana, Apollo, the Pharisee and Sadusee, are no more, but the despised Christians yet live. Yet that Heathen City, which would not take Christianity to its heart and keep it, fell. Cities that have not the refining and restraining influences of Christianity well established in them, seldom do amount to much in the long ran. They grow dim in the light of ages. Few of our great cities in this country are a hundred years old as yet. For nearly a thousand years this city prospered; yet it fell.

I do not think that it is wrong for us to think and talk about heaven. I like to locate, heaven, and find out all I about it. I expect to live there through all eternity If I

was going to dwell in any place in this country, if I was going to make it my home, I would want to inquire about the place, about its climate, about the neighbors I would have, and about everything in fact, that I could learn concerning it. If any of you were going to emigrate, that would be the way you would feel. Well, we are all going to emigrate in a very little while to a country that is very far away. We are going to spend eternity in another world a grand and glorious world where God reigns. Is it not natural, then, that we should look and listen and try to find out who is already there, and what is the route to take? Soon after I was converted, an infidel asked me one day why I looked up when I prayed. He said that heaven was no more above us than below us; that heaven was everywhere. Well, I was greatly bewildered, and the next time I prayed, it seemed almost as if I was praying into the air. Since then I have become better acquainted with the Bible, and I have come to see that heaven is above us; that it is upward and not downward. The spirit of God is everywhere, but God is in heaven, and heaven is above our heads. It does not matter what part of the globe we may stand upon, heaven, is above us.

In 17th chapter of Genesis it says that God went up from Abraham; and in the 3d chapter of John, that he came down from heaven. So, in the 1st chapter of Acts we find that Christ went up into heaven (not down), and a cloud received him out of sight, Thus we see heaven is up. The very arrangement of the firmament about the earth declares the seat of God's glory to be above us. Job says, "Let not God regard it from above," and we find the Psalmist declaring, "the Lord is high above nations, and His glory above the heavens."

Again in Deuteronomy, we find, "who shall go up for us to heaven?" Thus, all through scripture we find that we are given the location of heaven as upward and beyond the firmament. This firmament, with its many bright worlds scattered through, is so vast that heaven must be an extensive realm. Yet this need not surpass us.

It is not for short-sighted man to inquire why God made heaven so extensive that its lights along the way can be seen from any part or side of this little world.

In the 51st chapter of the prophecy of Jeremiah we are told that: He hath made the earth by his power; he hath established the world by his wisdom, and hath stretched out the heaven by his understanding. Yet, how little we really know of that power, or wisdom or understanding! As it says in the 26th chapter of Job: Lo, these are parts of his ways: but how little a portion is heard of him? But the thunder of his power, who can understand?

This is the word of God. As we find in the 42nd chapter of Isaiah: Thus saith God the Lord, he that created the heavens and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth bread unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk within. The discernment of God's power, the messages of heaven, do not always come in great things. We read in the 19th chapter of the first book of Kings:

"And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice."

It is as a still small voice that God speaks to His children.

Some people are trying to find out just how far heaven is away. There is one thing we know about it; that is, that it is not so far away but that God can hear us when we pray. I do not believe there has ever been a tear shed for sin since Adam's fall in Eden to the present time, but God has witnessed that. He is not too far from this earth for us to go to Him; and if there is a sigh that comes from a burdened heart to-day, God will hear that sigh. If there is a cry coming up from a heart broken on account of sin, God will hear that cry. He is not so far away, heaven is not so far away, as to be inaccessible to the smallest child. In the 7th chapter and 14th verse of 2nd Chronicles, we read:

"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sins, and will heal, their land,"

When I was in Dublin, they were telling me about a father who had lost a little boy, and he had not thought about the future, he had been so entirely taken up with this world and its affairs; but when that little boy his only child, died, that father's heart was broken, and every night when he got home from work, they would find him with his tallow candle and his Bible in his room, and he was hunting up all that he could find there about heaven. And someone asked him what he was doing, and he said he was trying to find out where his child had gone, and I think he was a reasonable man. I suppose there is not a man or woman but has dear ones that are

gone. Shall we close this book to-day? Or shall we look into it to try to find where the loved ones are? I was reading, some time ago, an account of a father, a minister, who had lost a child. He had gone to a great many funerals, offering comfort to others in sorrow, but now the iron had entered his own soul, and a brother minister had come to officiate and preach the funeral sermon; and after the minister got through speaking, the father got up, and standing right at the head of the coffin, looking at the face of that loved child that was gone, he said that a few years ago, when he had first come into that parish, as he used to look over the river he took no interest in the people over there, because they were all strangers to him and there were none over there that belonged to his parish. But, he said, a few years ago a young man came into his home, and married his daughter, and she went over the river to live, and when that child went over there, he became suddenly interested in the inhabitants, and every morning as he would get up he would look out of the window and look over there at her home. But now, said he, another child has been taken. She has gone over another river, and heaven seems dearer and nearer to me than it ever has before.

My friends, let us believe this good old Book, that heaven is not a myth, and let us be prepared to follow the dear ones who have gone before. There, and there alone, can we find the peace we seek for.

SEEKING A BETTER COUNTRY

What has been, and is now, one of the strongest feelings in the human heart? Is it not to find some better place, some lovelier spot, than we have now? It is for this that

men are seeking everywhere; and yet, they can have it, if they will; but instead of looking down, they must look up to find it. As men grow in knowledge, they vie with each other more and more to make their homes attractive, but the brightest home on earth is but an empty barn, compared with the mansions that are in the skies.

What is it that we look for at the decline and close of life? Is it not some sheltered place, some quiet spot, where if we cannot have constant rest, we may at least have a foretaste of what it is to be. What was it that led Columbus, not knowing what would be his fate, across the unsailed western seas, if it was not the hope of finding a better country? This is what sustained the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers, driven from their native land by persecution, as they faced an iron-bound, savage coast, with an unexplored territory beyond. They were cheered and upheld by the hope of reaching a free and fruitful country, where they could be at rest and worship God in peace.

Somewhat similar is the Christian's hope of heaven, only it is not an undiscovered country, and its attractions cannot be compared with anything we know on earth. Perhaps nothing but the shortness of our range of sight keeps us from seeing the celestial gates all open to us, and nothing but the deafness of our ears, prevents our hearing the joyful ringing of the bells of heaven. There are constant sounds around us that we cannot hear, and the sky is studded with bright worlds that our eyes have never seen. Little as we know about this bright and radiant land, there are glimpses of its beauty that come to us now and then.

"We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through these enchanted bowers.
The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes the gates elysian.
But sometimes when adown the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gate swings inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.
And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story."

It is said by travelers, that in climbing the Alps the houses of far distant villages can be seen with great distinctness, so that sometimes the number of panes of glass in a church window can be counted. The distance looks so short that the place seems almost at hand, but after hours and hours of climbing, it looks no nearer yet. This is because of the clearness of the atmosphere. By perseverance, however, the place is reached at last, and the tired traveler finds rest. So sometimes we dwell in high altitudes of grace; heaven seems very near, and the hills of Beulah are in full view. At other times the clouds

and fogs that come through suffering and sin, cut off our sight. We are just as near heaven in the one case as we are in the other, and we are just as sure of gaining it if we only keep in the path that Christ has trod.

I have read that on the shores of the Adriatic sea, the wives of fishermen, whose husbands have gone far out upon the deep, are in the habit of going down to the seashore at night and singing with their sweet voices the first verse of some beautiful hymn, After they have sung it they listen until they hear brought on the wind, across the sea, the second verse sung by their brave husbands as they are tossed by the gale-and both are happy. Perhaps, if we would listen, we too might hear on this sea-tossed world of ours, some sound, some whisper, borne from afar to tell us there is a heaven which is our home; and when we sing our hymns upon the shores of earth, perhaps we may hear their sweet echoes breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of those who are pilgrims and strangers along the way. Yet we need to look up-out, beyond this low earth, and to build higher in our thoughts and actions, even here.

You know, when a man is going up in a balloon, he takes in sand as a ballast, and when he wants to mount a little higher, he throws out a little of the ballast, and then he will mount a little higher; he throws out a little more ballast, and he mounts still higher; and the higher he gets the more he throws out-and so the nearer we get to God the more we have to throw out of the things of this world. Let go of them; do not let us first set our hearts and affections on them, but do what the Master tells us_lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven. In England I was told of a lady who had been bedridden for years.

She was one of those saints that God polishes up for the kingdom; for I believe that there are a good many saints in this world that we never hear about; we never see their names heralded through the press; they live very near the Master; they live very near heaven; and I think it takes a great deal more grace to suffer God's will than it does to do God's will; and if a person lies on a bed of sickness, and suffers cheerfully, it is just as acceptable to God as if they went out and worked in his vineyard.

Now, it was One of those saints, and a lady, who said that for a long time she used to have a great deal of pleasure in watching a bird that came to make its nest near her window. One year it came to make its nest, and it began to make it so low she was afraid something would happen to the young; and every day that she saw that bird busy at work making its nest, she kept saying, "O bird, build higher!" She could that the bird was going to come to grief and disappointment. At last the bird got its nest done,, and laid its eggs and hatched its young; and every morning the lady looked out to see if the nest was there, and she saw the old bird bringing food for the little ones, and she took a great deal of pleasure in looking at it. But one morning she woke up and she looked out and she saw nothing but feathers scattered all around, and she said, "Ah, the cat has got the old bird and all its young." It would have been a mercy to have torn that nest down. That is what God does for us very often just snatches things away before it is to late. Now, I think that is what we want to say to church people_that if you build for time you will be disappointed. God says: Build up yonder. It is a good deal better to have life in Christ and God than any where else. I would rather have my life hid with Christ in God than be in Eden as Adam

was. Adam might have remained in Paradise for 16,000 years, and then fallen, but if ours is hid in Christ, how safe!

Heaven's Inhabitants

If there is anything that ought to make heaven near to Christians, it is knowing that God and all their loved ones will be there. What is it that makes home so attractive? Is it because we have a beautiful home? Is it because we have beautiful lawns? Is it because we have beautiful trees around that home? Is it because we have beautiful paintings upon the walls inside? Is it because we have beautiful furniture. Is that all that makes home so attractive and so beautiful? Nay, it is the loved ones in it; it is the loved ones there.

I remember after being away from home some time, I went back to see my honored mother, and I thought in going back I would take her by surprise, and steal in unexpectedly upon her, but when I found she had gone away, the old place didn't seem like home at all. I went into one room and then into another, and I went all through the house, but I could not find that loved mother, and I said to some member of the family, "Where is mother?" and they said she had gone away. Well, home had lost its charm to me; it was that mother that made home so sweet to me, and it is the loved ones that make home so sweet to every one; it is the loved ones that are going to make heaven so sweet to all of us. Christ is there; God, the Father, is there; and many, many that were dear to us that lived on earth are there - and we shall be with them by and by.

We find clearly in the 18th chapter of Matthew, and the 10th verse, that the angels are there: Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you,

that in heaven, their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

Their angels do always behold the Father's face! We shall have good company up there; not only they that have been redeemed, but those that have never been lost; those that have never known what it is to transgress; those who have never known what it is to be disobedient; those who have obeyed Him from the very morning of creation.

It says in another place, when

Gabriel came down to tell Zachariah that he was to be the father of the forerunner of Jesus Christ, Zachariah doubted him, he had never been doubted before; and that doubt is met with the declaration: "I am Gabriel, that standeth in the presence of the Almighty." What a glorious thing to be able to say!

It has been said that there will be three things which will surprise us when we get to heaven--one, to find many there that we did not expect to find there; another, to find some not there whom we had expected; a third, and perhaps the greatest wonder, will be to find ourselves there.

A poor woman once told Rowland

Hill that the way to heaven was short, easy and simple; comprising only three steps--out of self, into Christ, and into glory. We have a shorter way now--out of self and into Christ, and we are there. As a dead man cannot inherit an estate, no more can a dead soul inherit heaven. The soul must be resurrected in Christ. Among the good whom we hope to meet in heaven, we are told, there will be every variety of character, taste, and

disposition. There is not one mansion there; but many. There is not one gate to heaven, but many. There are not only gates on the north; but on the east three gates, and on the west three gates, and on the south three gates. From opposite quarters of the theological compass, from opposite quarters of the religious world, from opposite quarters of human life and character, through different expressions of their common faith and hope, through different modes of conversion, through different portions of the Holy Scripture, will the weary travelers enter the Heavenly City, and meet each other--"not without surprise"--on the shores of the same river of life. And on those shores they will find a tree bearing, not the same kind of fruit always and at all times, but "twelve manner of fruits," for every different turn of mind, --for the patient sufferer, for the active servant, for the holy and humble philosopher, for the spirits of just men now at last made perfect; and "the leaves of the tree shall be for the healing," not of one single church or people only, not for the Scotchman or the Englishman only, but for the "healing of the nations,"--the Frenchman, the German, the Italian, the Russian--for all those from whom it may be, in this, its fruits have been farthest removed, but who, nevertheless, have "hungered and thirsted after righteousness,; and who therefore "shall be filled."

An eminent living divine says:

"When I was a boy, I thought of heaven as a great, shining city, with vast walls and domes and spires, and with nobody in it except white-robed angels, who were strangers to me. By and by my little brother dies; and I thought of a great city with walls and domes and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew

at that time. Then another brother dies; and there were two that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die; and the flock continually grew. But it was not till I had sent one of my little children to his Heavenly Parent-God-that I began to think I had got a little in myself. A second went, a third went; a fourth went; and by that time I had so many acquaintances in heaven, that I did not see any more walls and domes and spires. I began to think of the residents of the celestial city. And now there have so many of my acquaintances gone there, that it sometimes seems to me that I know more in heaven than I do on earth."

WE WILL LIVE FOREVER

It says in the 12th chapter of John and the 26th verse: If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be.

I cannot agree with some people, that Paul has been sleeping in the grave, and is still there, after the storms of eighteen hundred years. I cannot believe that he who loved the Master, who had such a burning zeal for Him, has been separated from Him in an unconscious state, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou has given me." This is Christ's prayer.

Now when a man believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, he gets eternal life. A great many people make a mistake right there; "He that believeth on the Son hath--h-a-t-h--hath eternal life;" it does not say he shall have it when he comes to die; it is in the present tense; it is mine now--if I believe. He is the gift of God, that is enough. You can't bury the gift of God; you can't buy eternal life. All the grave-diggers in the world can't dig a grave large

enough and deep enough to hold eternal life; all the coffin-makers of the world can't make a coffin large enough and deep enough to hold eternal life; that is mine; it is mine!

I believe when Paul said "To be absent from the body and present with the Lord," he meant what he said; that he was not going to be separated from Him for eighteen hundred years; that spirit that he got when he was converted he got from a new life and a new nature, and they could not lay that away in the sepulcher; they could not bury that that flew to meet its Maker. It may be he is not satisfied, and will not be until the resurrection, but Christ says: "He will see then the travail of his soul, and be satisfied." Even the body shall be raised; this body, sown in dishonor, shall be raised in glory; this body which has put on corruption, shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. It is only a question of time. The great morning of the world will, by-and-by, dawn upon the earth, and the dead shall come forth and shall hear the voice of Him who is the resurrection and the life.

Paul says: If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. He could take down the clay temple, and leave that, but he had a better house. He says in one place: I am in a strait betwixt two; having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better; nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for me. To me, it is a sweet thought to think that death does not separate us from the Master. A great many people are living continually in the bondage of death, but if I have eternal life, death cannot touch that; it may touch the house I live in; it may change my

countenance and send my body away to the grave, but it cannot touch this new life. To me it is very sad to think that so many professed Christians look upon death as they do.

I received some time ago a letter from a friend in London, and I thought, as I read it, I would take it and read it to other people and see if I could not get them to look upon death as this friend does. He lost a loved mother. In England it is a very common thing to send out cards in memory of the departed ones, and they put upon them great borders of black-- sometimes a quarter of an inch of black border--but this friend has gone and put on gold; he did not put on black at all; she had gone to the golden city, and so he just put on a golden border; and I think it is a good deal better than black. I think when our friends die, instead of putting a great black border upon our memorials to make them look dark, it would be better for us to put on gold.

It is not death at all; it is life. Some one said to a person dying; "Well, you are in the land of the living yet." "No," said he, "I am in the land of the dying yet, but I am going to the land of the living; they live there and never die." This is the land of sin and death and tears, but up yonder they never die. It is perpetual life; it is unceasing joy.

"It is a glorious thing to die," was the testimony of Hannah More on her deathbed, though her life had been sown thick with the rarest friendships, and age had not so weakened her memory as to cause her to forget those little hamlets among the cliffs of her native hills, or the mission-schools she had with such perseverance

established, and where she would be so sadly missed. As some one has said:

There is a soft, a down bed;
Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose -- in heaven!
There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given.
There is a joy for souls distressed
A balm for every wounded breast,
Tis found alone -- in heaven!

KNOWING OUR FRIENDS

Many are anxious to know if they will recognize their friends in heaven. In the 8th chapter of Matthew and the 11th verse, we read: And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.

Here we find that Abraham, who lived so many hundreds of years before Christ, had not lost his identity, and Christ tells us that the time is coming when they shall come from the east and west and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God. These men had not lost their identity; they were known as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. And if you will turn to that wonderful scene that took place on the Mount of Transfiguration, you will find that Moses, who had been gone from the earth 1,500 years, was there; Peter, James

and John saw him on the Mount of Transfiguration, they saw him as Moses; he had not lost his name. God says over here is Isaiah, "I will not blot your names out of the Lamb's Book of Life." We have names in heaven; we are going to bear our names there, we will be known.

Over in the Psalms it says:

When I wake in His likeness I shall be satisfied. That is enough. Want is written on every human heart down here, but there we will be satisfied. You may hunt the world from one end to the other, and you will not find a man or woman who is satisfied; but in heaven we will want for nothing. It says in the 2nd chapter of the 1st Epistle of John, speaking to followers of Christ:

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as he is. "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

Moreover, it seems highly probable; indeed I think it is clearly taught by Scripture, that a great many careless Christians will get into heaven. There will be a great many who will get in by the skin of their teeth, or as Lot was saved from Sodom, so as by fire. They will barely get in, but there will be no crown of rejoicing. But everybody is not going to rush into heaven. There are a great many who won't be there. You know we have a class of people who tell us they are going into the kingdom of God, whether they are converted or not. They tell us that they are on their way; that they are going there. They tell us all are going there; that the good, the bad and indifferent are all going into the kingdom, and that they will all be there; that there is no

difference; and, in other words--if I may be allowed to use plain language--they give God the lie. But they say, "We believe in the mercy of God;" so do I. I believe in the justice of God, too; and I think heaven would be a good deal worse than this earth if an unrenewed man were permitted to go into it. Why, if a man should live forever in this world in sin, what would become of this world? It seems as if it would be hell itself. Let your mind pass over the history of this country and think of some that have lived in it. Suppose they never should die; suppose they should live on and on forever in sin and rebellion; and do you think that God is going to take those men that have rejected His Son, that have rejected the offer of His mercy, that have rejected salvation, and have just trampled His law under their feet, and have been in rebellion against his laws down here? Do you suppose God is going to take them right into His Kingdom and let them live there forever? By no means!

NO SALOONS IN HEAVEN

No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. Now let those mothers that have sons who are just commencing a dissipated life, wake up; and not rest day nor night until their boys are converted by the power of God's grace, because no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. These moderate drinkers will become drunkards; no man ever became a drunkard all at once. How the devil blinds these moderate drinkers! I do not know of any sin more binding than the sin of intemperance; the man is bound hand and foot before he knows it.

I was reading some time ago an account of snake-worshiping in India. I thought it was a horrible thing. I

read of a mother who saw a snake come into her home and coil itself around her little infant only six months old, and she thought that the reptile was such a sacred thing that she did not dare to touch it; and she saw that snake destroy her child; she heard its pitiful cries, but dared not rescue it. My soul revolted as I read it. But I do not know but we have things right here in America that are just as bad as that serpent in India-- serpents that are coming into many a Christian home, and coiling around many a son and binding them hand and foot, and the fathers and mothers seem to be asleep.

O, may the Spirit of God wake us up! No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God; nor rum-seller either. Bear it in mind. "Woe be to the man that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." I pity any professed Christians who rent their property for drinking saloons; I pity them from the depths of my heart. If you can never rent your property to better purposes you had better let it stand empty. This idea that all is going well, and that all are going into the kingdom of God, whether they repent or not, is not taught anywhere in the Scripture.

There will be no extortioners in heaven: those men that are just taking advantage of their brothers; of those men who have been unfortunate; whose families are sick; who have had to go and mortgage their property, and had snap-judgment taken against them by some man who has his hand at their throats, and takes every cent that he can get. That man is an extortioner. He shall not inherit the kingdom of God. I pity a man that gets money dishonestly. See the trouble that he has to keep it. It is sure to be scattered. If you got it dishonestly you can't keep it; your children can't keep it--they haven't got the power. You see that all over the country. A man that gets

a dollar dishonestly, had better make restitution and pay it back very quick or it will burn in his pocket.

SOME WON'T GET IN

In the days of Noah we read that he waded as it were through the deluge. He was the only righteous man, but according to the theory of some people, the rest of those men who were so foul and so wicked--too wicked to live--God just took them and swept them all into heaven, and left the only righteous man to go through this trial. Drunkards, and thieves and vagabonds all went to heaven, they say. You might as well go forward and preach that you can swear as much as you like, and murder as much as you have a mind to, and it will all come out right--that God will forgive you; God is so merciful."

Suppose the Governor of a State should pardon out every person that the Courts ever convicted, and are now lying in its jails and penitentiaries; suppose he should let them all loose because he is so merciful that he could not bear to have men punished; I think he would not be Governor of that State long. These men who are talking about God being so full of mercy, that he is going to spare all, and tall all men to Heaven, would be the very men to say that such a Governor as that ought to be impeached--that he ought not to be Governor. Let us bear in mind that the Scripture says there is a certain class of people who shall not inherit the Kingdom of God. Now, I will give you the sanction--I will give you the Scripture; it is a good deal better to just give the Scripture for these things, and then if you don't like it you can quarrel with Scripture, and not with me. Let no man say that I have been saying who is going

to heaven and who is not; I will let the Scripture speak for itself: "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the Kingdom of God?"

But the unrighteous--the adulterers, the fornicators and thieves--these men may all inherit it if they will only turn away from their sins. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts;" but if the unrighteous man says: "I will not turn away from sin; I will hold on to sin and have heaven," he is deceiving himself.

A man that steals my pocket-book loses a good deal more than I do. I can afford to let him have my pocket-book a great deal better than he can afford to take it. See how much that man loses that steals my pocket-book. Perhaps he may get a few dollars; or he may steal my coat; but he does not get much. See how much he has lost. Take an inventory of what that man loses if he loses heaven. Think of it. No thief shall inherit the kingdom of God. To any thief I would say: steal no more. Let him ask God to forgive him; let him repent of his sin and turn to God. If you get eternal life it is worth more than the whole world. If you were to steal the whole world, you wouldn't get much, after all. The whole world don't amount to much, if you have not eternal life with it, to enjoy yourself in the future.

Hell

A man came to me the other day and said: "I like your preaching. You don't preach hell, and I suppose you don't believe in one." Now I don't want any one to rise up in the Judgment and say that I was not a faithful preacher of the Word of God. It is my duty to preach God's Word just as He gives it to me; I have no right to pick out a text here and there, and say, "I don't believe that." If I throw out one text I must throw out all, for in the same Bible I read of rewards and punishments, Heaven and hell.

No one ever drew such a picture of hell as the Son of God. No one could do it, for He alone knew what the future would be. He didn't keep back this doctrine of retribution, but preached it out plainly; preached it, too, with pure love, just as a mother would warn her son of the end of his course of sin.

The Spirit of God tells us that we shall carry our memory with us into the other world. There are many things we would like to forget. I have heard Mr. Cough say he would give his right hand if he could forget how badly he had treated his mother. I believe the worm that dieth not is our memory. We say now that we forget, and we think we do; but the time is coming when we shall remember, and cannot forget. We talk about the recording angel keeping record of our life. God makes us keep our own record.

We won't need any one to condemn us at the bar of God; it will be our own conscience that will come up as a witness against us. God won't condemn us at his bar; we shall condemn ourselves. Memory is God's officer, and

when He shall touch these secret springs and say, "Son, daughter, remember" - then tramp, tramp, tramp will come before us, in a long procession, all the sins we have ever committed.

I have been twice in the jaws of death. Once I was drowning, and was about to sink, when I was rescued. In the twinkling of an eye every thing I had said, done, or thought of flashed across my mind. I do not understand how every thing in a man's life can be crowded into his recollection in an instant of time, but it all flashed through my mind at once. Another time I was caught in the Clark street bridge, and thought I was dying. Then memory seemed to bring all my life back to me again. It is just so that all things we think we have forgotten will come back by and by. It is only a question of time. We shall hear the words, "Son, remember" - and it is a good deal better to remember our sins now, and be saved from them, than to put off repentance till it is too late to do any good.

The scientific men say that every thought comes back again, sooner or later. I heard of a servant girl whose master used to read Hebrew in her hearing, and some time afterward, when she was sick of a fever, she would talk Hebrew by the hour.

Do you think Cain has forgotten the face of his murdered brother, whom he killed six thousand years ago? Do you think Judas has forgotten that kiss with which he betrayed his Master, or the look that Master gave him as he said, "Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" Do you think these antediluvians have forgotten the Ark, and the flood that came and swept them all away?

My friends, it is a good thing to be warned in time. Satan told Eve that she should not surely die; and there are many men and women now who think that all souls will at last be saved in spite of all their sins.

Do you suppose those antediluvians who perished in Noah's day - those men too vile and sinful for the world - do you think God swept those men right into Heaven, and left Noah, the only righteous man, to struggle through the deluge? Do you think when the judgment came upon Sodom that those wicked men were taken right into the presence of God, and the only righteous man was left behind to suffer?

There will be no tender, loving

Jesus coming and offering you salvation there - no loving wife or mother to pray for you there. Many in that lost world would give millions, if they had them, if they had their mothers to pray them out of that place, but it will be too late. They have been neglecting salvation until the time has come when God say, "Cut them down; the day of mercy is ended."

You laugh at the Bible; but how many there are in that lost world today who would give countless treasures if they had the blessed Bible there! You may make sport of Ministers, but bear in mind there will be no preaching of the Gospel there. Here they are God's messengers to you - loving friends that look after your soul. You may have some friends praying for your salvation today; but remember, you will not have one in that lost world. There will be no one to come and put his band on your shoulder and weep over you there and invite you to come to Christ.

There are some people who ridicule these revival meetings, but remember, there will be no revivals in hell.

There was a man in an insane asylum who used to say over to himself in a voice of horror, "If I only had." He had been in charge of a railway drawbridge, and had received orders to keep it closed until the passage of an extra express train; but a friend came along with a vessel, and persuaded him to open the bridge just for him, and while it was open the train came thundering along, and leaped into destruction. Many were killed, and the poor bridge tender went mad over the result of his own neglect of duty. "If I only had!"

A good man was one day passing a saloon as a young man was coming out, and thinking to make sport of him he called out, "Deacon, how far is it to hell?" The deacon gave no answer, but after riding a few rods he turned to look after the scoffer, and found that his horse had thrown him to the ground and broken his neck. I tell you, my friends, I would sooner give that right hand than to trifle with eternal things.

Tonight you may be saved.

We are trying to win you to Christ, and if you go down from this building to hell you will remember the meetings we had here. You will remember how these Ministers looked, how the people looked, and how it has seemed sometimes as if we were in the very presence of God himself. In that lost world you won't hear that beautiful hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." He will have passed by. There will be no Jesus passing that way. There will be no sweet songs of Zion there. No little

children either to pray for their impenitent fathers and mothers.

It is now a day of Grace and a day of Mercy. God is calling the world to Himself. He says, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

O, if you neglect this salvation, how shall you escape? What hope is there? May your memories be wide awake today, and may you remember that Christ stands right here! He is in this assembly, offering salvation to every soul. He is not willing that any should perish, but turn to him and live.

When I was at the Paris Exhibition in 1867 I noticed there a little oil painting, only about a foot square, and the face was the most hideous I had ever seen. It was said to be about seven hundred years old. On the paper attached to the painting were the words, "Sowing the tares." The face looked more like a demon's than a man's, and as he sowed these tares, up came serpents and reptiles. They were crawling up on his body; and all around were woods with wolves and animals prowling in them. I have seen that picture many times since. Ah! The reaping time is coming. If you sow to the flesh you must reap corruption. If you sow to the wind you must reap the whirlwind. God wants you to come to him and receive salvation as a gift. You can decide your destiny today if you will. Heaven and hell are set before this audience, and you are called upon to choose. Which will you have? If you will take Christ He will receive you to his arms; if you reject him He will reject you.

Now, my friends, will Christ ever be more willing to save you than He is now? Will He ever have more power than He has now? Why not make up your mind to be saved while mercy is offered to you?

I remember a few years ago, while the Spirit of God was working in my Church, I closed the meeting one night by asking any that would like to become Christians to rise, and to my great joy, a man arose who had been anxious for some time. I went up to him and took him by the hand and shook it, and said, "I am glad to see you get up. You are coming out for the Lord now in earnest, are you not?"

"Yes," said he, "I think so.

That is, there is only one thing in my way."

"What's that?" said I.

"Well," said he, "I lack moral courage. I confess to you that if such a man [naming a friend of his] had been here tonight I should not have risen. He would laugh at me if he knew of this, and I don't believe I have the courage to tell him."

"But," said I, "You have got to come out boldly for the Lord if you come out at all."

While I talked with him he was trembling from head to foot, and I believe the Spirit was striving earnestly with him. He came back the next night, and the next, and the next; the Spirit of God strove with him for weeks; it seemed as if he came to the very threshold of Heaven, and was almost stepping over into the blessed world. I never could find out any reason for his hesitation, except that he feared his old companions would laugh at him.

At last the Spirit of God seemed to leave him; conviction was gone. Six months from that time I got a message from him that he was sick and wanted to see me. I went to him in great haste. He was very sick, and thought he was dying. He asked me if there was any hope. Yes, I told him, God had sent Christ to save him; and I prayed with him.

Contrary to all expectations he recovered. One day I went down to see him. It was a bright, beautiful day, and he was sitting out in front of his house.

"You are coming out for God now, aren't you? You will be well enough soon to come back to our meetings again."

"Mr. Moody," said he,

"I have made up my mind to become a Christian. My mind is fully made up to that, but I won't be one just now. I am going to Michigan to buy a farm and settle down, and then I will become a Christian."

"But you don't know yet that you will get well."

"O," said he, "I shall be perfectly well in a few days. I have got a new lease of life."

I pleaded with him, and tried every way to get him to take his stand. At last he said, "Mr. Moody, I can't be a Christian in Chicago. When I get away from Chicago, and get to Michigan, away from my friends and acquaintances who laugh at me, I will be ready to go to Christ."

"If God has not Grace enough to save you in Chicago, he has not in Michigan" I answered.

At last he got a little irritated and said, "Mr. Moody, I'll take the risk," and so I left him.

I well remember the day of the week, Thursday, about noon, just one week from that very day, when I was sent for by his wife to come in great haste. I hurried there at once. His poor wife met me at the door, and I asked her what was the matter.

"My husband," she said, "has had a relapse; I have just had a council of physicians here, and they have all given him up to die."

"Does he want to see me?" I asked.

"No."

"Then why did you send for me?"

"I cannot bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind."

"What does he say?" I asked.

"He says his damnation is sealed, and he will be in hell in a little while."

I went in, and he at once fixed his eyes upon me. I called him by name, but he was silent. I went around to the foot of the bed, and looked in his face and said, "Won't you speak to me?", and at last he fixed that terrible deathly look upon me and said:

"Mr. Moody, you need not talk to me any more. It is too late. You can talk to my wife and children; pray for them; but my heart is as hard as the iron in that stove there. My damnation is sealed, and I shall be in hell in a little while."

I tried to tell him of Jesus' love and God's forgiveness, but he said, "Mr. Moody, I tell you there is no hope for me." And as I fell on my knees, he said, "You need not pray for me. My wife will soon be left a widow and my

children will be fatherless; they need your prayers, but you need not pray for me."

I tried to pray, but it seemed as if my prayers didn't go higher than my head, and as if Heaven above me was like brass. The next day, his wife told me, he lingered until the sun went down, and from noon until he died all he was heard to say was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." After lingering along for an hour he would say again those awful words, and just as he was expiring his wife noticed his lips quiver, and that he was trying to say something, and as she bent over him she heard him mutter, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." He lived a Christless life, he died a Christless death - we wrapped him in a Christless shroud, and bore him away to a Christless grave.

Are there some here that are almost persuaded to be Christians? Take my advice and don't let any thing keep you away. Fly to the arms of Jesus this hour. You can be saved if you will.

(Mr. Moody closed by reading the following piece of poetry, which, he said, had affected him deeply):

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time was o'er.
And we talked of my former living,
In the land of the evermore.
And I felt I should have to answer,
The question it put to me.
And to face the answer and question,

Throughout an eternity.
The ghosts of forgotten actions,
Came floating before my sight.
And things that I thought had perished,
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of life's dark record,
Was an awful thing to face.
Alone with my conscience sitting,
In that solemnly silent place.
And I thought of a far away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine.
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking,
Of the Judgment day to be.
But sitting alone with my conscience,
Seemed Judgment enough for me.
And I wondered if there was a future,
To this land beyond the grave.
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by.
For it was but the thought of a future,

Become an eternity.
Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away.
And I knew the far away warning,
Was a warning of yesterday.
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave.
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.
I have learned a solemn lesson,
Which I ought to have known before.
And which though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase.
And I try to fathom the future,
In the land where time will cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be.
That to sit alone with my conscience,
Will be Judgment enough for me.

Lost and Found

A great many people tell you,

"I will become a Christian when Christ comes and seeks me."

I was talking to a gray-haired man in my native town not long ago who, when I spoke to him about his soul, suggested that he would become a Christian when the Lord Jesus Christ came to him. He was waiting till Christ hunted him personally. And there is a class like him in every community.

Jesus Is Now Seeking Every Lost Person

What more would you like Him to do for you than what He has done already? What would you like God to do more for us? He sent to us the prophets, and we murdered them. He sent His Son from Heaven to be a sacrifice for us. He sent us the Holy Ghost, who is in the world to give us peace and happiness.

Would you like Him to send

His Son again to earth to suffer for your sins? My dear friends, what more are you waiting for? He has been looking for you and hunting for you from your cradle. I will tell you how He seeks.

There was never a sermon which you have listened to but in it the Lord was seeking for you. Some of you might have been asleep while the preaching was going on, but He was seeking you while you slept. Have not some of you heard a sermon in which your conscience was troubled? You went away, but you came back again. The Spirit of God came upon you again and again, and

you were troubled. Haven't you passed through that experience? That was the Son of God seeking for your soul.

You might have had a tract presented to you. You might have turned it off. It might have been headed with our same text. That was the Son of God seeking for your soul. He has used a four-page tract-sometimes just one page-to seek to convert a man.

He is seeking through the Bible.

I contend that a man can find in every page of this Book that He is seeking him through His blessed Word. This is what the Bible is for-to seek out the lost.

He seeks through His works;

He seeks through these ministers, through this building. What is this building for? That you may come and lay your sins right in this tabernacle-here where Christ is seeking for your souls. Do you think the Devil put it into the heads of those businessmen, in those times of great commercial depression, to put this building up?

It has not been put up to catch your money-no collection has been taken. It is not your money we are after: it is your soul.

Do you believe it was Satan who put it into the hearts of those ministers to preach the Word night after night? Was that the Devil's work? No. It is the Son of Man seeking for your souls. This building, these crowds ought to act as warnings to every man and woman walking these streets.

Another way He seeks you: In the silent midnight hour you have been troubled; you could not sleep. Your mind has been at work. The Son of Man has come into that

bedroom. You have felt Him knocking at the door of your heart, and you knew it was to save you. Many of you have passed through that experience. In that hour, the Son of God has sought you.

Many of you, in the sickroom of the loved mother (or loved wife or dear child), have felt the knock at your heart. You have been summoned from your room in the stillness of the night and have been told your loved one has passed away. You recollect an incident like this in your life. At that moment your heart has told you, you ought to be a Christian. That was the Son of Man seeking you.

At the grave of some lost one too you have heard a voice whispering, "Consecrate yourself to Him." That was the Son of God seeking you. Many must have experienced this. There has not been a day that He has not sought for you, and He still seeks for you.

Forget for a moment the preacher, forget for a moment all your surroundings, and pause to ask yourself, "Has not the Son of Man sought for my soul?"

I will stress again that He seeks for you. Has not the Son of Man been abroad in this community?

Go to Farwell Hall and see the crowds who go there every day; look at the multitudes who nightly assemble here. They don't all come to hear Mr. Sankey sing nor to hear me preach, for there are many far better singers and preachers. It is the Spirit of God who brings them.

Many of you, while in church listening to the preaching, got mad at something said in the sermon, and you have gone out. That was the Son of Man seeking your soul.

While in Philadelphia a man with his wife came to our meetings. When he left the service, he wouldn't speak to his wife. She thought it was very strange but said nothing and went to bed thinking that in the morning he would be all right.

At breakfast, however, he would not speak a word. Well, she thought this strange, but she was sure he would have gotten over whatever was wrong with him by dinner.

The dinner hour arrived, and it passed without his saying a word.

At supper not a word escaped him, and he would not go with her to the meeting. Every day for a whole week the same thing went on.

But at the end of the week he could not stand it any longer, and he said to his wife, "Why did you write Mr. Moody and tell him all about me?"

"I never wrote to Mr. Moody in my life," said the wife.

"You did," he answered.

"You're mistaken. Why do you think that?"

"Well, then, I wronged you; but when I saw Mr. Moody picking me out among all those people and telling all about me, I was sure you must have written him."

It was the Son of Man seeking for him, my friends. And I hope there will be one here tonight who will feel that I am talking personally to him. May you feel that you are lost and that the Lord is seeking for you. When you feel this, it is an invitation for you to be saved.

When I was taking my family south last summer, I heard of a man who would not go to church but would go to a

theater. He was a hard case-a drinking, swearing, gambling man. He heard that a minister was going to preach in a theater, so he went. When he heard the preacher, the man was convinced that he was preaching at him. He went out swearing and stamping. He told all the people outside that he had been insulted by the minister and intended to wait for him and give him a good licking.

When the minister came out, he was seized by the collar. The man greeted him by saying, "Sir, you have insulted me!"

"I don't know you, sir," said the minister.

"Why," replied the man, "you have picked me out among all those people and told them all about me."

It was the Spirit of God seeking him, and the result was that the Spirit got hold of him. Lately I heard he was going all through the South telling the people what God had done for him.

And, my friends, if you believe that anything I am saying applies to you personally, if you feel in your heart that you are a great sinner, it is the Son of God after you, seeking for your lost soul.

The Greatest Loss-Your Poor Soul!

One word in this text I wish you to observe-the word "lost." I wish you could realize its meaning. If it were really understood, there would be no dry eye in this assembly, and one wail would go up from this hall to Heaven.

You pity men who have lost wealth; you pity men who suffered loss in the Chicago fire; you pity men who, once

wealthy, are now almost starving. Such things naturally excite our sympathy. But what is all this loss of wealth to the loss of the soul?

You pity men who once occupied a great position in the world and who are now reduced to beggary. But what is the loss of position in comparison to the loss of the soul?

If a man loses wealth, character, reputation, he may gain it again; but oh, if he loses his soul, he can never regain it.

You pity those who have lost their children. You have, perhaps, been called to a funeral where the father and mother laid away their little child. You pity them; it is a terrible loss. But what is that loss in comparison to the loss of the soul? A little child born and taken into the loving bosom of Jesus is far better off than to have been reared and run the risk of losing his soul.

I was in an infirmary not long since where a mother brought a little child in. She said, "Doctor, my little child's eyes have not been opened for several days, and I would like you to do something for them."

The doctor got some ointment and put it first on one, then on the other, and pulled them open. "Your child is blind," said the doctor. "He will never be able to see."

At first the mother couldn't take it in, but after a little she cast an appealing look upon that physician, and in a voice full of emotion, said, "Doctor, you don't mean to say that my child will never see again?"

"Your child has lost his sight, and he will never see again," replied the doctor.

That mother gave a scream and drew that child to her bosom. "O my darling child," sobbed the woman, "are

you never to see the mother who gave you birth? never to see the world again?"

I could not keep back the tears when I saw the terrible agony of that woman when she realized the misfortune that had come upon her child.

A terrible calamity, to grope in total darkness through the world, never to look upon the bright sky, the green fields; never to see the faces of loved ones; but what was it in comparison to the loss of a soul? I would rather have my eyes plucked out of my head and go down to my grave in total blindness than lose my soul.

In my native town one afternoon a man went out to see to his stock. Seven o'clock came, and he did not return; eight o'clock came, and there was no sign of him; nine o'clock came, and still he did not come.

It was a dark night. The news spread through the streets that the man must have been killed. When the news was flashed, people did not fold their arms and say they would wait till daylight to seek for him. The old and the young men saddled their horses instantly, lighted their torches and went forth into the darkness to find the lost one.

They found him in the pasture, dead. They brought him into the little village. I never saw a community so excited and so grieved.

But what was that-the cutting from a man's life of say twenty years-to the loss of a soul?

A drunkard may go on through life in his mad career and go down to the grave, and no one will weep for him. His life is one long day of misery. None care for him while living, and none notice his ending.

Christ came to save that soul.

He stooped from the throne of Glory to the manger to bring that lost soul back again.

Oh, that you could realize what a lost soul is! He wants you to take the title of lost sinner: 'He came to seek and to save that which was lost.' And if a man will only know he is a sinner and cry from the depths of his heart, the Lord will come right to where he is.

Will You Admit You Are a Lost Sinner?

Mr. Needham told me this afternoon of a little incident that happened to him and his wife while in Massachusetts. While at Essex, in that state, someone told him that if they went up to a point on a mountain they would get a view of the country for twenty miles around.

They went up to the rock and came down. They started for home. They got out of their path, but they treated this lightly, thought it was a good joke, and went on laughing. I suppose if anyone had come and warned them of danger, they would not have heeded the warning. But they went on. Six o'clock came, and at last darkness settled down upon them. Here they were in the wilderness. They found they had lost their road altogether.

For some time they groped their way through the woods, the darkness growing deeper and deeper. They found themselves more and more bewildered. At last Mr. Needham got to the top of a tree and shouted, "Lost! Lost!" His cry of distress reached the villagers, and they came with their lanterns and torches to rescue them.

Oh, that some poor soul will feel that he has wandered out of the true pathway and will cry, "Lost! Lost!" The Lord Jesus will hear you and come right down to where you sit. He is looking for you. And if there is one here who has gotten into the wilderness, let Jesus hear your cry, and He will find you. He came to this earth expressly to rescue you.

Is there a poor drunkard here tonight who wants to come? Christ can save a drunkard just as easily as I can turn my hand. He can turn that cup of liquor from you as easily as you turn to it now.

Is there a poor libertine here tonight who wants to curb his evil passions? Christ can save you. Oh, may the Son of Man find some poor victim here tonight! There will be joy in Heaven over that poor wanderer who shall come home!

While in an eastern town at the time of the loss of the Atlantic on the banks of Newfoundland, a businessman in the town was reported lost aboard the ship. His store was closed, and all his friends mourned him as among those who went down on that vessel. But a telegram was received from him by his partner with the word "Saved." That partner was filled with joy. The store was opened, and the telegram was framed. Go into that store today, and you will see that little bit of paper hanging on the wall with the word "Saved" on it.

Let the good news go over the wires to Heaven tonight from you-"Saved"-and there will be joy in Heaven.

You can be saved-the Son of

Man wants to save you. He wants to save every soul within these walls-everyone willing to be saved.

There was among those who came to our meetings in New York a man who came every night but never seemed to get any light, never seemed to come any nearer God. I almost got tired of speaking with him.

But one night when some young men were giving their experiences, he got up. I wondered why, because the very last time I spoke to him he seemed more hopeless than ever. He got up and told how he had become a Christian. He said one day he was walking down Broadway and the street was crowded with people and carriages and horses. This thought came to him: If I only gave my consent, the Lord would save me. He said he gave it at once and he was accepted. (He was one of the most hopeless cases in the city.)

Give your consent and let the

Lord save you in His own way. Give your consent, and He will meet you. Just say, "O Lord, I consent to be saved; will You save me?"

There is a very good story told of Rowland Hill and Lady Ann Erskine. You have seen it, perhaps, in print.

While he was preaching in a park in London to a large assemblage, she was passing in her carriage. She asked her footman when she saw Rowland Hill in the midst of the people: "Who is that man?"

"That is Rowland Hill, my lady."

She had heard a good deal about the man and thought she would like to see him, so she directed her coachman to drive near the platform. When the carriage came near, Rowland Hill saw the insignia of nobility and asked who that noble lady was. Upon being told, he said, "Stop, my friends, I have something to sell."

The idea of the preacher's becoming suddenly an auctioneer made the people wonder; but in the midst of a dead silence he said:

I have more than a title to sell; I have more than the crown of Europe to sell-it is the soul of Lady Ann Erskine. Is there anyone here who bids for it? Yes, I hear a bid. Satan, Satan, what will you give?

"I will give pleasure, honor, riches-yea, I will give the whole world for her soul."

Do you hear another bid? Is there any other one? Do I hear another bid? Ah, I thought so; I hear another bid. The Lord Jesus Christ, what will You give for this soul?

"I will give peace, joy, comfort that the world knows not of-yea, I will give eternal life."

Lady Ann Erskine, you have heard the two bidders for your soul. Which will you accept?

She ordered the door of her carriage to be opened. Then she came weeping from it and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ.

He, the great and mighty Saviour, is a bidder for your soul tonight. He offers you riches and comfort, joy and peace here and eternal life hereafter, while Satan offers you what he cannot give.

Poor lost soul, which will you have? Christ will ransom your soul if you put your burden upon Him.

Twenty-nine years ago I made up my mind that Jesus would have my soul, and I have never regretted the step. And no man has ever felt sorry for coming to Him.

When we accept Him, we will want to be like Him. Your sins may rise up as a mountain, but the Son of Man can

purge you of them and take you right into the palaces of Heaven if you will only allow Him to save you.

A lady had a little child who was dying. She went into the room, and the child asked her, "What are those clouds and mountains that I see so dark?"

"Why, Eddy," said his mother,

"there are no clouds or mountains; you must be mistaken."

"Oh yes, I see great mountains and dark clouds, and I want you to take me in your arms and carry me over the mountains."

"Ah," said the mother, "you must pray to Jesus: He will carry you safely."

The sainted mother, the praying wife may come to your bedside and wipe the damp sweat from your brow, but they cannot carry you over the Jordan when the hour comes.

This mother said to her little boy, "I am afraid unbelief is coming upon you, my child; so let us pray that the Lord will be with you in your dying moments."

The two prayed. But the boy turned to her and said, "Don't you hear the angels, Mother, over the mountains, calling for me, and I cannot go?"

"My dear boy, pray to Jesus, and He will come; He only can take you."

And the boy closed his eyes and prayed. When he opened them, a heavenly smile overspread his face as he said, "Jesus has come to carry me over the mountains!"

Dear sinners, Jesus is ready and willing to carry you over the mountains of sin and over your mountains of unbelief. Give yourselves to Him; only grant your consent. It lies with your own will, and if you accept His offer, from the clouds of your transgressions you shall be lifted into the Heaven of joy and peace that the world knows not of.

Prayers

Our Heavenly Father, we pray thee that thou wilt give us more and more of the compassion of Christ. We read from the very beginning that he was moved with compassion, as this good Samaritan, when he met this poor, wounded and dying man. O God, give us the spirit of the good Samaritan! May we go from this building and hunt up many to-night, and tell them of Christ and heaven. May we go to the homes of the poor drunkards; may we go to the homes and hearts of gamblers, the homes of the fallen, the despised and the outcast, and tell them of Christ and heaven. O Spirit of God! come down upon this assembly, and may the Church of God find out who their neighbors are. And, O God, we pray thee that they may be filled with the Spirit of Christ, and that they may go and tell others the story of the cross. And, O God, we pray thee that hundreds and thousands in this city may be working to win souls to Christ. We pray that great things may be done in Boston the coming Sabbath. And not only on the Sabbath, O God; we will not wait for the Sabbath, but to-night, as thy servants meet in the different churches, O God, do thou meet with them! and we pray thee that there may be a quickening in the churches all over Boston, and all around in its vicinity. Do thou wake them up, that there may be a great work for them to do. And we pray that the day may be not far distant when many souls may be brought to Christ, and when this building shall be filled with those who are lost and want to be saved; and that the cry may go out from many anxious hearts. "What shall I do to be saved?" O Spirit of God, come down upon the assembly now, that the hearts of God's people may

be made one; and that they may all be brought to God and all be glorifiers and honorers of Christ! May we be holy ourselves and consecrate to him our best service. Now we pray for a numerous meeting tonight. May these Christian young men be fired with the Holy Spirit from on high. May they be like Joshua, strong in the faith, men of God. May the Christian young men of Boston be known for their piety. And O Lord, we pray thee that drunkards by hundreds and thousands may be saved by the regenerating power of God. May they be touched by the Holy Spirit, and may power be given them to overcome their terrible appetite. We pray that this meeting we had this noon may be the means of saving many, and that thou wilt bless it, as well as those we have in the future. We pray, O God, that many may go out every day and pray for these men, and show them the way of salvation. In the saloons, the billiard saloons, O God, mayest thou pour out thy mercy and make many men tremble for what they were about to do. O God, as we tarry at the second meeting, we pray that the Spirit of God may come upon us, and that this great audience may be hushed by the power of God. May we hear the voice of Jesus to-night! and as we listen may we be ready to go out and do his bidding. For thy name's sake. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for this beautiful Sabbath morning. We thank thee for the privilege we have of meeting with these friends and talking with them about thee and about thy work. Now, O Lord Jesus, give us a love for souls, give us a burning passion for souls. May that be the desire of our hearts; to lead some soul out of darkness to the light, out of bondage to liberty, to lead some poor wanderer out of the darkness

of this world to the blessed gospel. Thou hast witnessed this scene, these hundreds who have said that by thy grace they will try to lead one soul to thee. God, make us wise in all our work, and help us to bring some soul to thee. Help us to talk to people and to go right to work; and may we speak with power to these that have risen here and said they want God. May they not leave this house until their names are written in the Lamb's book of life, until they know that they have passed from death unto life. Make hark thine arm to help us, and may this be a token of a great and mighty harvest in the city of Boston. Quicken every one of those that have risen. God help us to pray for each other and around our family altars; in our closets, may there be one wail of united prayer to God; and may we see wonders and be made successful in winning souls to thee. Bless these teachers, as they go to their classes to-day; speak through them, use them in winning some souls to thee. We pray for thy blessing to rest upon the superintendents; may the grace of God come upon them afresh, and may the mighty power of God rest down upon them. And as they stand before their schools, may they be quickened with the mighty power of God, and thy Spirit speak through them. We pray for the ministers. Be with them; and as they stand up to preach thy blessed truth, may the Spirit of God speak through them and bless their efforts. And as we come together to-morrow, may there be glad tidings coming in from all parts of Boston; and may the work commence right here this morning, and flow over the city. And Christ shall have the praise. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest on each one of us who profess to be Christians. O Lord,

help us to love Christ more than we love ourselves: help us to be more like him in our way of life. Help us, O Lord, to walk humbly, prayerfully, consistently on, in the dust of our pilgrimage so that men may not stumble over us and say, "They profess only; they never do anything." o God, help us to live up to what we profess, through thee, in Christ Jesus, and may it be shown in each one of us. We pray for any that may have backslidden in this assembly, who may have wandered from God. This day fill them with regret that they ever turned their backs on thee. We pray that thou, O Lord, may meet them this day in this Tabernacle, and turn their faces to thee again. O God, they have wandered from thee; but do thou grant that this day they may meet the Lord of eternal life. We pray for those also without God and without hope. We pray for the unsaved in this assembly. O God, let them meet thee here and now. O God! touch their hearts. Open their eyes, that they may see their sin and know how great the sin is that possesses them; for Satan has blinded their eyes, O God, and they have abandoned thee. Make them to know how hard their hearts are. Open their eyes this day. O Lord, may the angels rejoice over souls saved this afternoon. May the wanderers, who have drawn back and rejected thee for years, open the door of their hearts and welcome thee in. We pray that the power coming forth from this meeting may be felt on the shores of eternity. O God of Adam and God of our Fathers, hear our cry and bring salvation; and may many this day receive the gift of God, and come down to this house and testify. We pray that thy blessing may rest on these mothers gathered here to-day. If they have children, who are rushing down to death and ruin, may God hear their cry, and may their children be turned from darkness to light, from Satan to thee. We pray that

thy blessing may rest richly on those who have gone to the overflow meeting. May the Spirit of God be poured out on this church and on all thy churches; and may many be drawn to thee and love thee. May the work go on through Boston, we pray thee, and all through New England; and Christ shall have the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon each one of us gathered here now and as we go hence. We pray that the Spirit of the Lord God may come down upon each one of us, and that we may each one of us turn away from every sin. O God, forgive us for our selfishness, forgive us for the stint of selfseeking. O God, keep us from this way, so that we may not be seeking sacred things for ourselves, but that we may bow ourselves in the dust before thee today. Help us to draw near to thee. We pray thee that thou wilt give us power from on high, for thou dost remember our frame; thou knowest that we are dust, and thou knowest how prone we are to wander. O God, give us the victory over ourselves; give us grace from above every day and hour to glorify thee. We pray now for thy blessing to rest upon us as we go hence. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we praise thee for thy blessed Word. We thank thee that thy Son didst formerly come down into this 'world; that He did so use his mighty power while on earth that he has power over devils and unclean spirits; that He can by a word cast out devils, and that He can save our sons and daughters, can save our children, can save our unsaved friends. O God, increase our faith to-day! O God, we pray that thou wilt come down upon this town with the power of thy word, and that we may have, strong faith in thee and thy promises. We pray thee that if any evil influence, or if

our sins keep back the great and mighty blessing that we want in this city, we pray that thou wilt bring it to light. We pray that the Holy Spirit may reveal to each one of us all our sins, that we may turn away from them and hate them with a perfect hatred; that thy Spirit may come with power upon our hearts and fill them with holy desires. O God, we pray thee that thy blessing may rest on all the churches of New England, upon this day of fasting and prayer. We pray that thy blessing may rest on all the fathers and mothers closeted with thee to-day, as they pour out their hearts in prayer for their children. O God, hear and answer their prayer, and may the joyful tidings of souls redeemed be coming in from all over New England before long. Let the summons of grace be everywhere heard, that the wilderness may blossom and the solitary places be made glad. O God, we pray thee that the churches in New England may be blest, that the mothers, heartbroken on account of their children, may be comforted, and may those who were in darkness see the blessed light of the sun. O God, come in power upon us, and pass through New England, that a cry may be raised hear ye in Boston-"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." God, hear our supplications here to-day, and answer our prayers; answer the many prayers that are going up to thee. Come, Holy Spirit, in thy mighty power, and convict our hearts of sin, and melt them and turn them from darkness to light. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon the words that have been spoken, and that the truth may be carried home to the hearts of the people and that they may seek the Lord, this night, while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near. Bring back the wanderers. Oh, may the prayers of thy people

be answered, and may there be a great harvest of souls here to-night. Go with us now, as we go to the inquiry room. May there be hundreds seeking the kingdom of God. O God of grace, hear our prayer, answer our cry, and save scores and hundreds to-night. (Amen! Amen!) We pray for the young men's meetings. May the Spirit of God come upon them, and a great army of young men be raised up to go out and publish the tidings of salvation to perishing men. o God, hear our prayer, answer our cry, and save souls, that Christ may be glorified. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon every one in this assembly. May we see hundreds to-night flocking into the kingdom of God. We pray for the young men who are just starting out on the voyage of life. Many of them are ambitious; many of them want to make a name; many of them are seeking wealth and pleasure and position. O God! may they seek thy kingdom to-night. If there is any poor drunkard here, may he give up his cup and seek the Lord. Oh, may there be many who shall turn to Christ and live. Help those fathers arid mothers who have unsaved children to pray now. Help these husbands to pray for unconverted wives, and these wives to pray for unconverted husbands. Heavenly Father, we know we may plant and others may water, but thou must give the increase. We cannot bring one soul into thy kingdom. O Son of God, let thy pitying eye rest on every lost soul here to-night. We pray thee, that they may no longer resist the Holy Ghost. Let this unequal warfare cease to-night. Wilt thou go with us, as we go to yonder church? May it be crowded with earnest seekers. May many cry out, 'What shall we do to be saved?' We pray that thy blessing may rest upon the young men's meeting. May the Holy Spirit

be there, leading young men away from the doubts and temptations of this great city to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world. And now, Holy Father, we once more lift up our hearts in prayer for a great blessing on the meeting tomorrow at 12 o'clock. O Son of God, may these poor drunkards hear how they shall be saved. Yea, may they believe to-night on the Lord Jesus and be saved. May they not wait until tomorrow. Oh, may there be a shout in the camp of the King tomorrow. May hundreds of drunkards be reclaimed tomorrow. O Son of God, visit this city of Boston; shake it to its very centre, and turn the hearts of the people back to thyself. And thy Son shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon everyone here that loves the Lord Jesus Christ; and we pray that thou wilt increase our faith to-day. Give us a strong faith in thee and in thy Word. Help us to realize what we have read about thee, that nothing is too hard for thee. We know that thou art able to reach infidels, scoffers, pantheists and atheists; that thou canst reach the abandoned and fallen and lift them 'up, and purify them in the precious blood of thy Son. And we pray that thou wilt do great things here in Boston during the coming days; may they be days of thy power. We ask not for the power of man, but for the power of God. May we have the Holy Ghost power in all our meetings. We pray that the Spirit of the living God may be here; and if there are any men or women that have come into this meeting who are thoughtless about their souls, we know that God is in our midst and may they so realize it, that there shall be a cry going up from the camp, from these scoffers and these infidels, asking, What shall I do to be

saved? We pray that the fear of God may fall upon Boston, and upon the hearts of the people. We thank thee for what we saw in the inquiry-room last night. We thank thee that thou hast commenced the work in the hearts of the people, and for the cry already coming up of, "What must we do to be saved?" Move right along in thy mighty power; and may the day be not far distant when there shall be a great multitude saved in Boston. And may the waves of salvation go out of this city all over the land; and may all New England be reached. May there not be a town in New England but shall receive a blessing from on high. We pray that on the day specially set apart for fasting and prayer there may be a prayer going up from many a closet and family altar to-morrow that shall reach heaven. May we not limit thy power O God, but expect great and mighty things. If there are fathers and mothers anxious for unsaved children, may they spend to-morrow morning in fasting and prayer; and they in their prayer say, "Search us O God and see if there be any evil way in us. Turn us away from evil things so that thou mayest hear and answer our prayers; for thou hast said that, if we regard and cherish iniquity in our hearts, thou wilt not hear and answer prayer. Help us each and every one to turn away from every sin, that we may lift up clean hands to thee, and our hearts be pure in thy sight, so that thou wilt answer our supplications. We pray for heaven's blessing upon the woman's meeting to-day. May the power of God be in that meeting. And we pray that the power of God may also be manifested at the young men's meeting, which is to take place this evening, and also for the meeting here this afternoon at 3 o'clock. When we shall talk about the Holy Spirit, let the Holy Ghost come down upon us and remain in our midst; and may our hearts be

all on fire with the holy fire; and Christ shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for sending Christ into this world to seek and save that which was lost. O Son of God! we thank thee that thou didst come for us, and thou hast laid down thy life for the sheep, Now we pray, O God, that every lost soul in this building may come home to-night; may they no longer reject the Lord of all grace; may they no longer reject him who came to seek and to save them. Help them this night, while they are trying to receive Christ in their hearts. May this be the hour and this the night they may be brought unto salvation. We pray that thy blessing may rest upon the words spoken in such weakness. We pray that the Spirit of the Lord may carry them home in power; that there may be many rise up and be drawn to God by these meetings; and that the Spirit of the Lord may be poured out to-night without measure upon this assembly. We pray that the Holy Spirit may touch every heart here to-night with a sense of their true condition, that they may no longer be blinded by sin, but that their eyes may be opened; that the blessed Savior, in all his glory and loveliness, they may this night see, led by the gift of faith, standing with outstretched arms knocking at the door of their hearts, and saying, "Open, and I will come in." May the Spirit of God speak to every heart here to-night. I have tried to speak to the heart of this people to-night, and have failed. O Son of God, do thou speak! May there be many of the lost who shall be found to-night. By the power of the Highest, may they be saved! Then when the voice of man shall be hushed, may the gentle, mild voice of Jesus be heard saying: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will, let him

hear my voice and open the door and I will come in and sup with him and he with me." O Son of God, knock at the door of the hearts of the unsaved here to-night. May they hear that mild, gentle knocking. May they hear that heavenly voice, and may they open the door just now, and see and welcome, thrice welcome, the Son of God in their hearts. O Spirit of the living God, come upon this assembly; give us one touch from heaven just now. May the dead live; may the lost be found, and may the wanderers return home. Mayst thou come to the young men's meeting to-night; may the power of the Lord be felt in that meeting; and may the young men turn unto thee and live. Come with us, O Lord, to the inquiryrooms! May the Spirit of the Lord God be with us, and may many believe on the Lord God, this night, and be saved; and Christ shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee that we have come and given our time at this noon-tide hour, to pour out our hearts in prayer to thee for these requests that have been read before us. We pray for these sons and these daughters, for these husbands and these fathers, and for these wanderers, and for all those who have been brought before us to-day. O God, hear our cry, for thy Son's sake, and answer our prayer, and the prayers of these dear friends for the unsaved. We know how sin has blinded them, how Satan has deceived them. We pray thee, O God, that thou wilt come and open their eyes, and show them their true condition, and plead with them for their salvation. We pray heaven's blessing to rest on these fathers and mothers who have come at this hour to pray, many with sad and heavy hearts-hearts burdened for the loved ones; and may they cast their burden on

the Lord Jesus Christ, Help them, O God, to make known their requests unto thee to-day; and while they are praying, may the answer come. May these friends for whom they are praying be saved. We pray that thy blessing may rest on all that was said and sung here and in the pulpits of Boston yesterday. May it be sown in good soil and spring up and bear fruit abundantly; and may hundreds and thousands be turned to thee. O Spirit of the Master, let thy work go on mightily in this city, and turn many from darkness to light. Now we pray that the words spoken here yesterday may be remembered. May thy word not return to thee void, but accomplish that for which thou didst send it. We pray that thy blessing may rest upon what was done here yesterday morning and afternoon, in the inquiry-room. May those who have not found peace find it now; while they are pouring out their hearts in prayer may the answer come, and may they be saved and redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. We thank thee for that blessed meeting of yesterday. Grant that many may rise up in eternity and thank God that he has led them to these meetings. Now we come to ask a blessing upon the meeting that is to take place here to-night. Bless, we pray thee, Mr. Cook, who is to preach. May the Spirit of God come upon him and anoint him with power from on high; and mayst thou give him physical strength and power; and grant that the Spirit may speak through him to-night, that many hearts may be broken, and the cry may arise from husbands and brothers and friends, "What shall I do to be saved?" May the King be with us to-night in the camp, and may his presence be felt, and may many be drawn to God. We pray thee that thy blessing may rest upon the friends meeting inquirers, that they may explain to them the way of the Lord and how to be saved

for Christ. Give us wisdom to-night from on high, and teach us the way of truth and life as it is seen in Christ; and may the work in Boston spread and deepen and extend all over New England; and Christ shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

O God, thou art in this building; help us all to realize it. Thou hast made this place terribly solemn to-night on account of thy presence. And now, O thou God of heaven, thou who didst find Adam in Eden, do thou find every one of his sons to-night in this building. May every one of us who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ act up to what we profess. May our eyes be opened to know where we stand, so that we may see ourselves, if we will, in the light of eternity. O God, keep us from self deception-from professing what we do not believe. Now, we pray for the wanderers here tonight; those that have backslidden; O God, call them home tonight; bring them back to the fold they have wandered from; may they return this night and this hour to the Lord and be saved. Now, we pray for those without God and without hope in the world. Oh, thou God of heaven, have pity upon them. May the Holy Spirit reveal unto them the blackness of their own hearts. Open their eyes, O God, that they may see, and point to them the way. Thou knowest how Satan has blinded them: how their wicked life has hardened their hearts. O Spirit of the loving God, come down upon this assembly to-night. May one wave of united prayer go up from this assembly. May men be crying out on the right hand and on the left, "Lord what shall I do to be saved?" Speak, Lord; speak to every heart here to-night. We have spoken and failed; O God, do thou speak. May every ear be unlocked, every eye be opened, every hard heart be softened to hear thy

gospel to-night! O Lord Jesus Christ, while we are waiting here to-night in silence, may thy voice be heard. May there be many here who may hear the mild and tender voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." May the weary find rest to-night; may the blind find their sight to-night, and may the hearts of infidels be touched and the hearts of skeptics be moved, and may there be many that shall be born into thy kingdom to-night. O God, hear our cry and answer our prayer, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray thee to open our darkened ears that we may understand thy word; and may the truth sink down deep into all our hearts. May every one within these walls become partakers of the grace of God. We pray that to-day thou wilt give us wisdom and light. O God! teach us how to break the bread of life to this perishing multitude; and may there be many today crying to God for mercy. Grant that many to-day may be willing to accept of Christ, to accept of the unspeakable gift of God. We pray for thy blessing to rest on all those who have lately come out on thy side. May they grow in grace and wisdom and knowledge, and not turn back to the dark world they have come from. And we pray for those that have been brought by the Spirit under the conviction of sin. May the way be made so plain to-day that they may now lay hold of eternal life and live. And thy name, blessed Savior, shall have the praise and glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for all the blessings we have received from thy bountiful hand during the weeks we have passed within these walls. We thank thee for all thou art doing in our midst. And now we come

again to pray that thou wilt do greater things to-night than any night we have met here. We pray that the Spirit of prayer may be in this assembly; that the spirit of curiosity may be laid aside, and that there may be one united wave of prayer go to heaven to-night, that thy Word may be blest to all that are strangers to grace. We know that we cannot raise their dead souls to the light of life; we cannot give the blind their sight, nor make the deaf hear, nor the dumb speak. But we pray that the Holy Spirit to-night may unstop the deaf ears, that they may hear the glorious news of the gospel to-night. We pray for those who are weary and heavy laden, that they may cast down their burdens at the feet of Jesus; and that they may hear the meek and gentle voice of the Lord Jesus saying, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," May the weary find rest here to-night; and if there are any that are heavy laden on account of sin, may they accept the Lamb of God to-night, who taketh away the sin of the world. May they look to him as their Lord and Savior. O Lord, we pray that the scales may fall from their eyes, and that they may see the Son of God, in all his glory and loveliness. In this hour, in this assembly, there may be some who have friends who have fallen; some who are mourning over loved ones stricken down by death; others there may be who are struggling with the evil one to-night, disheartened and discouraged. O Son of God thou blessed Savior, wilt thou reveal thyself to each one, that they may cast their burdens upon thee to-night, and lift up their hearts to thee for thy blessing. We pray that every heart may be open to-night, and be ready to receive the blessing from on high; that every hungry and thirsty soul may be brought to the waters of eternal life, and be filled. May thy blessing rest, O Lord, upon these

inquirers here to-night, seeking to find the way to Jesus. May the power of the Holy Spirit be revealed to them to-night; and may they accept thee as their Savior. We pray that thy blessing may rest upon the meeting to-morrow noon, and those who come here to pray for the intemperate. May a power from on high come upon those men and set them free, and may their fetters be snapped asunder. May the spirit of the Lord God come upon these men in the city of Boston who are hastening down to a drunkard's grave and making their homes dark and desolate. O Lord, look in pity upon them, and stretch out thy right arm and save them. May we see wonderful things here to-morrow, O Son of God. Plead thy cause and -make bare thy arm to save; and thy name shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest on each one in this assembly to-night. We pray thee that the careless may heed the words spoken here to-night; that the indifferent may be aroused from their sins; and when they go home may they ponder on the revelation of the law of which they have heard, and at last may they be led to look upon the Lord as their Savior and Master. O Lord God of grace, hear our prayer; answer our cry and save souls to-night by the hundreds and thousands. We ask thy blessing on the words spoken to-night. We know there may be many here with murder in their hearts, but may the words spoken burn down deep into their hearts, till they repent and are saved; and may the power of God be felt throughout this assembly to-night. We ask thy blessing on all the meetings to follow this service-the boys' inquiry meeting, the young men's meeting in the Berkeley Street Church; and as we go to the Clarendon Street Church, may the captives of sin we

find there go free. And thy name shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon all that have assembled in this hail at this hour; and that every man in this assembly that is without God and without hope in this dark world may be convicted of his sin at this hour. We pray that the Holy Ghost may do his work; and that there may be many that shall look back, in after years, to this hour and this hail, as the time and place where they became children of God and heirs of eternal life. We pray that thou wilt bless them; and wilt thou bless the gospel that shall be spoken this afternoon, and may it reach many hearts. May there be many led by the Spirit of God, this day, to the cross of Christ, there to cast their burden and their guilt upon him who came into the world to put away the sins of the world by the sacrifice of himself. And may there be many here who shall hear the loving voice of the Good Shepherd saying unto them, "Come unto me all ye that are burdened and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and may those that are burdened and heavy laden find rest in Christ to-day. May those that are cast down on account of their sins, this day be lifted up by the gospel of Jesus Christ. And, O God, we pray thee that thou wouldst snap the fetters that bind them and set the poor bondsmen free to-day; and may this be the day that they shall come unto thee. And thy name shall have the power and the glory forever. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee that thou dost answer prayer; that thou didst hear the cry of Saul, when from the depths of the heart he prayed "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" We thank thee that thou didst hear the prayer of the poor Publican, "God be

merciful to me a sinner," and didst send him to his house justified; that thou didst save Peter, as he was sinking in the water, when he cried unto thee, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" O God, there are many here who are sinking in the waters of affliction and trouble. In their darkness and trial, O Son of God, help them; and as they cry unto thee, reach out thine almighty hand and save them. May the rich blessing of thy salvation fall upon them as they cry, with the thief on the cross, "Lord, remember me;" and may many hearts be led to the Savior and profess Christ and him crucified. And help us, who call ourselves by thy name, O Lord, to love thee more. May we be as beacon lights in this dark world, so that none may stumble because of us. Son of God, advance thy kingdom here; and as we draw near the close of these meetings, hear us as we once more lift up our hearts to thee in prayer, that these closing meetings may be the best we have ever had. We pray that every unsaved soul here may accept salvation to-night. O Lord, open the eyes of all such to night. Cause the scales to fall from their eyes, that they may see, as did Saul, the power of God. Be with us as we go to yonder inquiry-room; bless the after meetings abundantly; and thy name shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee that thou hast made the way of life so plain, and hast said that all may be saved by trusting in thee. We pray that all this vast assembly here to-night may put their trust in thee. If any man who is a sinner shall come to thee this night with all his sins and lay them at thy feet, and dost trust thee, thou wilt put them away. We pray for all these fathers and mothers not born of the spirit, that they may put their trust in thee; and may these Christians this night,

while we pray, be led to lay hold of the Lord Jesus and live, and may they commence anew to trust thee, and may they gather their children into the ark and fold of Christ, that they may be with them in glory. We pray that thy blessing may rest richly on all who are gathered here this hour. As we go to the inquiry-room tonight, mayst thou go with us; and give us heavenly wisdom to-night to point these souls in the way to Christ. And as we talk with them, may there be many who may believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to-night and be saved. May many have their names written in heaven, to-night. O Son of God, we pray that thy arm may be bared to save these precious souls. Thou knowest how sin deceives them, how Satan blinds them, how they are made captives and led astray. Oh, may the Spirit of God come upon this assembly; may the power of the Holy Spirit fall upon us now, and make this place terribly solemn on account of thy presence. We pray for the scoffers and the skeptics here to-night, who are making light of what they hear. May some arrow from God's Word sink down into their hearts, so these lost and ruined ones may cry to God for mercy, to-night. We pray for all those who have come here out of curiosity. May the Spirit of God search them out to-night, and lead them from their sins to thee, from themselves to Christ. We pray that thou wilt bless us now as we separate; and if we never meet this audience again on the shores of time, may we meet at last at thy right hand, where is peace forever. May thy blessing rest upon all these meetings tonight; the boys' meeting, the men's meeting, the inquiry meeting, and Christ shall have the praise and the glory. Amen.

MR. SANKEY'S PRAYER

O God, we ask thy blessing upon all before us, but wilt thou especially bless our dear brother who is now passing through the deep waters of affliction. Grant, O Lord, that when he is tempted by the evil one away from the home of that little the gate, that he may see that to yield he must give up meeting his dear little one in the heavenly home. O God, may he receive grace from thee. There is not a man here but needs Christ, and we come to thee to-day, O our Father, that Jesus may come to every one here. We pray for those who have come here not expecting a great blessing. May our hearts be singing and go on through life singin praises unto thee. May the new life be planted here, O God, an as the beautiful golden hours go flitting away, may they be full of blessings. We ask it all for the dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.

Questions from God

"Where is thy brother?" Genesis 4:9

Here is a young man. He is the only son of a widowed mother, whose husband died and left her bankrupt. She has toiled hard to give her son an education. She has watched over him with the tenderest care, and he leaves home with high hopes of being a comfort and blessing to that mother in her declining years. He has gone down to college, and, as is so often said, he is "easily influenced." If he is easily influenced for bad, why not for good? Somebody has tempted him, and has led him into sins of which he had never dreamed. He has fallen into the depths of wickedness, and is fast reaping the wages of sin.

Many a young man has gone from a home like that, and before his college course has closed has been put into his coffin and sent back to his mother. Where is thy brother? Where is he? Is your answer going to be like that of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper? What is that to me? I have nothing to do with Abel. I shift the responsibility. I deny that I am responsible for anyone. I mind my own business, and let every man mind his. I am not going to take any interest in that man".

In a western city, some years ago, they tried to get a very influential merchant to throw his influence against the saloon. He was a temperance man and had a lovely family, but he thought it might affect his business if he should identify himself with prohibitionists. He had influence enough to have carried that town for no license; but he said it was none of his business, and would not interfere. The town voted for license.

A few months later he went to the station, with his carriage and his footman, to get his wife and daughter, who were coming from the East. The train failed to arrive, and soon it flashed over the wires that there had been a wreck, and that this man's wife and daughter were dead. When they came to make an investigation they found that the engineer was drunk.

Was it none of that man's business whether or not liquor was sold? Some years ago a man living on the banks of a lake, one cold night when the thermometer was below zero, heard a cry of distress. A man out skating had gone through the ice, and it is supposed that he had got hold of the ice, and kept his head above the water, and called for help. The man heard his cries, but said: "It is none of my business. It is a cold night, and I don't want to get up and go out. No one had any business to go out there skating, anyway."

The cries became fainter and fainter, and finally ceased. The next day the body was found. The man was foolish enough to tell what he had heard, and that whole population rose up in indignation and hounded him out of town. They said he wasn't fit to live among them. Everyone would say, "That is true"; and yet is he any worse than one who will see a young man go down through drink, and not lift his hand to help him? Where is thy brother?

There is a story told of a great storm on the coast. The life boat was being manned, and a mother came rushing down to the shore to find that her boy was going out in it. She cried: "My boy, it will kill me to have you go. You know you are all I have left. Willie was lost at sea. Don't go." But there was the wreck out there, and men on the

wreck, and he felt compelled to go and rescue his fellow men. The mother saw that boat rise and fall on the billows, and it seemed as if the storm would dash it to pieces, and all would be lost. At last they reached the wreck, and rescued the men. That mother listened, and looked out into the storm that seemed to be raging harder and harder. By and by the boat came near enough so that the son could call to his mother. He put his hand to his mouth, and cried: "Mother, I've saved Willie!" His own brother, whom they thought was lost, was on board. Oh, friends, have you ever tried to save anyone? I do not ask you if you have succeeded, but have you ever tried? God pity the man who never tried to save anyone! God pity him! If you haven't, make up your mind today that you will do it. Wouldn't you like to have the joy that they have in heaven over someone that repents? What a grand day this would be if you could be the instrument in God's hands of turning someone from darkness to light, and from the power of sin unto God!

You can join with Cain and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But, thank God, you can do something better than that. You can say, "By the help of God I will save someone, and my life shall not be a failure."

I was on the Spree when the shaft broke and knocked a hole in the ship's bottom. The stern sank thirty feet in mid-ocean, and for a whole week, if a storm had burst upon us, we would have gone down. One man was so bewildered and terrified that he jumped overboard. I remember how wretched I felt to think I couldn't help him, to see him left out there in mid-ocean, head above the waves, looking at us. The passengers took life preservers and whatever they could find, and threw them to him, but all fell short. I never forgot the look of

that man; it has followed me all these years. But what would you have said of me, if the life-line had laid right at my feet and I had refused to throw it to him? What would you say?

O, friends, the life-line lies at our feet. Men are sinking all around us. Let us throw out the life-line!

Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom someone should save;
Somebody's brother! oh, who then will dare
To throw out the Life-Line, his peril to share?
Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore,
Haste then, my brother, no time for delay,
But throw out the Life-Line and save them today.

Edward

S. Ufford

A father was told one day by a friend that his boy had got into bad company and was drinking. The father wouldn't believe a word of it, and was quite indignant with the man for telling him. But one night he thought he would wait until his son came in. It came to the small hours of the morning - it was a cold night in winter - and he heard someone trying to get the key into the door; he went to the door and found that it was his boy, drunk. He shut the door in his face and told him never to come back to that house; he was a disgrace to him.

Then he went to bed and tried to sleep, but his conscience rose up and smote him. The thought came, "Have I ever tried to save my boy? I have often put

strong drink before him on my table. Have I ever talked to him about a better life? Have I ever told him of a Savior?"

The man got up and dressed himself, and went out that cold night. He found the policeman on that beat, and hunted until he found the drunken son, and brought him home. When the boy was sober the father confessed that he hadn't done right himself, and asked his boy to forgive him. The result was that the boy was saved.

Do you know of anyone that is stumbling over you? You have been a professed Christian for many years, and you never have spoken to anyone about his soul. You have seen them go down all around you. Where is thy brother? Perhaps a letter written to him today may save him. Ask him to forgive you for not having spoken to him before, for not throwing out the life-line before. If he is easily influenced, say: "God helping me, I will influence him to be good and to be right."

Repentance

You will find my text tonight in the seventeenth chapter of Acts, part of the thirtieth verse: "And now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." I have heard a number of complaints about the preaching here in the Tabernacle, that repentance has not been touched upon. The fact is that I have never had very great success in preaching upon repentance. When I have preached it people haven't repented. I've had far more success when I've preached Christ's goodness. But tonight I will preach about repentance, so you will have no more cause of complaint. I believe in repentance just as much as I believe in the Word of God.

When John the

Baptist came to preach to that Jewish nation his one cry was "Repent! Repent!" But when Christ came He changed it to "The blood of the Lamb taketh away the sin of the world." I would rather cry "The blood of the Lamb taketh away the sin of the world," then talk about repentance. And when Christ came we find Him saying "Repent ye," but He soon pointed them to something higher - He told them about the goodness of God. It is the goodness of God that produces repentance. When upon the Day of Pentecost they asked what to do to be saved, we find Him telling men, "Repent, every one of you." When Christ sent His disciples out to preach, two by two, we find the message He gave them to deliver was, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom Of Heaven is at hand." It is clearly preached throughout the Scriptures.

There is a good deal of trouble among people about what repentance really is. If you ask people what it is,

they will tell you "It is feeling sorry." If you ask a man if he repents, he will tell you, "Oh, yes; I generally feel sorry for my sins." That is not repentance. It is something more than feeling sorry. Repentance is turning right about and forsaking sin. I wanted to speak on Sunday about that verse in Isaiah, which says, "Let the guilty forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." That is what it is. If a man don't turn from his sin he won't be accepted of God, and if righteousness don't produce a turning about - a turning from bad to good - it isn't true righteousness.

Unconverted people have got an idea that God is their enemy. Now, let me impress this, and I told you the same thing the other night, God hates sin with a perfect hatred; He will punish sin wherever He finds it, yet He at the same time, loves the sinner, and wants him to repent and turn to Him. If men will only turn they will find mercy, and find it just the moment they turn to Him. You will find men sorry for their misdeeds. Cain, no doubt, was sorry, but that was not true repentance. There is no cry recorded in the Scriptures as coming from him, "O my God, O my God, forgive me." There was no repentance in his only feeling sorry. Look at Judas. There is no sign that he turned to God - no sign that he came to Christ asking forgiveness. Yet, probably, he felt sorry. He was, very likely, filled with remorse and despair; but he didn't repent. Repentance is turning to him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

Look at King

Saul, and see the difference between him and King David. David fell as low as Saul and a good deal lower - he fell from a higher pinnacle, but what was the

difference between the two? David turned back to God and confessed his sin and got forgiven. But look at King Saul. There was no repentance there, and God couldn't save him till he repented. You will find, all through the Scriptures, where men have repented God has forgiven them. Look at that publican when he went up to pray; he felt his sin so great that he couldn't look up to Heaven - all he could do was to smite his heart and cry "God forgive me a sinner." There was turning to God - repentance, and that man went down to his home forgiven. Look at that prodigal. His father couldn't forgive him while he was still in a foreign land and squandering his money in riotous living, but the moment he came home repentant, how soon that father forgave him - how quick he came to meet him with the word of forgiveness. It wouldn't have done any good to forgive the boy while he was in that foreign country unrepentant. He would have despised all favors and blessings from his father. That is the position the sinner stands toward God. He cannot be forgiven and get His blessing until he comes to God repenting of all his sins and asking the blessing.

Now, we read in Scripture that God deals with us as a father deals with a son. Fathers and mothers, you who have children, let me ask by way of illustration, suppose you go home, and you find that while you have been here your boy has gone to your private drawer and stolen \$5 of your money. You go to him and say: "John, did you take that money?" "Yes, father, I took that money," he replies. When you hear him saying this without any apparent regret you won't forgive him. You want to get at his conscience; you know it would do him an injury to forgive him unless he confesses his wrong.

Suppose he won't do it. "Yes," he says, "I stole your money, but I don't think I've done wrong." The mother cannot, the father cannot forgive him, unless he sees he has done wrong, and wants forgiveness.

That's the trouble with the sinners in Chicago. They've turned against God, broken His commandments, trampled His law under their feet, and their sins hang upon them; until they show signs of repentance their sin will remain. But the moment they see their iniquity and come to God, forgiveness will be given them and their iniquity will be taken out of their way. Said a person to me the other day, "It is my sin that stands between me and Christ." "It isn't," I replied, "it's your own will." That's what stands between the sinner and forgiveness. Christ will take all your iniquities away if you will. Men are so proud that they won't acknowledge and confess before God. Don't you see on the face of it, if your boy won't repent you cannot forgive him, and how is God going to forgive a sinner if he don't repent? If He was allowing an unrepentant sinner into His Kingdom, there would be war in Heaven in twenty-four hours. You cannot live in a house with a boy who steals everything he can lay his hands on. You would have to banish him from your house.

Look at King

David with his son Absalom. After he had been sent away he gets his friends to intercede for him to get him back to Jerusalem. They succeeded in getting him back to the city, but someone told the King that he hadn't repented, and his father would not see him. After he had been in Jerusalem some time, trying his best to get into favor and position again without repentance, he sent a

friend, Joab, to the king, and told him to say to his father: "Examine me, and if you find no iniquity in me, take me in." He was forgiven, but the most foolish thing King David ever did was to forgive that young prince. What was the result? He drove him from the Throne. That's what the sinner would do if he got into Heaven unrepentant, He would just drive God from the throne - tear the Crown from Him. No unrepentant sinner can get into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Alas, some people say, "I believe in the mercy of God; I don't believe God will allow one to perish; I believe everyone will get to Heaven." Look at those antediluvians. Do you think He swept all those sinners, all those men and women who were too wicked to live on earth - do you believe He swept them all into Heaven, and left the only righteous man to wade through the flood? Do you think He would do this, and yet many men believe all will go into Heaven. The day will come when you will wake up and know that you have been deceived by the devil. No unrepentant sinner will ever get into Heaven, unless they forsake their sin they cannot enter there. The law of God is very plain on this point: "Except a man repent." That's the language of Scripture. And when this is so plainly set down, why is it that men fold their arms and say, "God will take me into Heaven anyway."

Suppose a governor elected today comes into office in a few months, and he finds a great number of criminals in prison, and he goes and says: "I feel for those prisoners. They cannot stay in jail any longer." Suppose some murders have been committed, and he says: "I am tender hearted, I can't punish those men." and he opens the prison door and lets them all out. How long would

that governor be in his position? These very men who are depending on the mercy of God would be the first to raise their voice against that governor. These men would say, "These murders must be punished or society will be imperiled; life will not be safe"; and yet they believe in the mercy of God whether they repent or not. My dear friends, don't go on under that delusion; it is a snare of the devil. I tell you the Word of God is true, and it tells us "Except a man repent" there is not one ray of hope held out. May the Spirit of God open your eyes tonight and show you the truth - let it go into your hearts. Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous his thoughts.

Now, my friends, repentance is not fear. A great many people say I don't preach up the terrors of religion. I don't want to - don't want to scare men into the Kingdom of God. I don't believe in preaching that way. If I did get some in that way they would soon get out. If I wanted to scare men into Heaven I would just hold the terror of hell over their heads and say, "go right in." But that's not the way to win men. They don't have any slaves in Heaven. They are all sons, and they must accept salvation voluntarily. Terror never brought a man in yet.

Look at a vessel tossed upon the billows, and sailors think it is going to the bottom and death is upon them. They fall down on their knees, and you would think they were all converted. They ain't converted; they're only scared. There's no repentance there, and as soon as the storm is over and they get on shore, they are the same as ever. All their terror has left them - they've forgotten it, and they fall into their old habits. How many men have, while lying on a sick bed, and they thought they

saw the terrors of death gathering around them, made resolutions to live a new life if they only get well again; but the moment they get better they forget all about their resolutions. It was only scare with them; that's not what we want to feel. Fear is one thing, and repentance is another. True repentance is the Holy Ghost showing sinners their sin. That's what we want. May the Holy Ghost reveal to each one here tonight out of Christ their lost condition unless they repent.

If God threw

Adam out of Eden on account of one sin, how can you expect to get into the Heavenly paradise with ten thousand? I can imagine someone saying, "I haven't got anything to repent of." If you are one of those Pharisees, I can tell you that this sermon will not reach your heart. I would like to find one man who could come up here and say, "I have no sin." If I was one of those who thought I had no sin to repent of, I'd never go to Church: I would certainly not come up to the Tabernacle. But could you find a man walking the streets of Chicago who could say this honestly. I don't believe there's a day passed over my head during the last twenty years but when night came I found I had some sin to repent of. It is impossible for a man to live without sinning, there are so many thing, to draw away the heart and affections of men from God. I feel as if I ought to be repenting all the time.

Is there a man here who can say honestly, "I have not got a sin that I need ask forgiveness for, I haven't one thing to repent of"? Some men seem to think that God has got ten different laws for each of those ten commandments, but if you have been guilty of breaking

one you are guilty of breaking all. If a man steals \$5 and another steals \$500, the one is as guilty of theft as the other. A man who has broken one commandment of God is as guilty as he who has broken ten. If a man don't feel this, and come to Him repentant and turn his face from sin toward God there is not a ray of hope. Nowhere can you find one ray from Genesis to Revelation. Don't go out of this Tabernacle saying, "I have nothing to repent."

I heard of a man who said he had been converted, A friend asked him if he had repented. "No," said he, "I never trouble my head about it." My friends, when a man becomes converted the work has to be a little deeper than that. He has to become repentant, and try to atone for what he has done. If he is at war with anyone he has to go and be reconciled to his enemy. If he doesn't his conversion is the work of Satan. When a man turns to God he is made a new creature - a new man. His impulses all the time are guided by love. He loves his enemies and tries to repair all wrong he has done. This is a true sign of conversion. If this sign is not apparent his conversion has never got from his head to his heart. We must be born of the spirit, hearts must be regenerated - born again. When a man repents, and turns to the God of Heaven, then the work is deep and thorough. I hope that everyone here tonight will see the necessity of true repentance when they come to God for a blessing, and may the Spirit move You to ask it tonight.

I can imagine some of You saying now, am I to repent tonight?" My friends, there are only two parties in the world. There has been a great political contest here today, and there have been two sides. We will not know before forty-eight hours which side has triumphed. There is great interest now to know which side has been

the stronger. Now, there are two parties in this world - those for Christ and those against Him, and to change to Christ's party is only moving from the old party to the new. You know that the old party is bad, and the new one is good, and yet you don't change.

Suppose I was called to New York tonight, and went down to the Illinois Central Depot to catch the ten o'clock train. I go on the train, and a friend should see me and say, "You are on the wrong train for New York. You are on the Burlington train." "Oh, no," I say, "you are wrong; I asked someone and he told me this was the right train." "Why," this friend replies, "I've been in Chicago for twenty years, and know that you are on the wrong train," and the man talks, and at last convinces me, but I sit still, although I believe I am in the wrong train for New York, and I go on to Burlington. If you don't get off the wrong train and get on the right one you will not reach Heaven. If you have not repented, seize your baggage tonight and go to the other train.

If a man is not repentant his face is turned away from God, and the moment his face is turned toward God peace and joy follow. There are a great many people hunting after joy, after peace. Dear friends, if you want to find it tonight, just turn to God, and you will get it. You need not hunt for it any longer; only come and get it. When I was a little boy I remember I tried to catch my shadow. I don't know if you were ever so foolish: but I remember running after it and trying to get ahead of it. I could not see why the shadow always kept ahead of me. Once I happened to be racing with my face to the sun, and I looked over my head and saw my shadow coming back of me, and it kept behind me all the way. It is the same with the Sun of Righteousness, peace and joy will

go with you while you go with your face toward Him, and these people who are getting at the back of the Sun are in darkness all the time. Turn to the light of God and the reflection will flash in your heart. Don't say that God will not forgive you. It is only your will which keeps His forgiveness from you.

My sister, I remember, told me her little boy said something naughty one morning, when his father said to him, "Sammy, go and ask your mother's forgiveness." "I won't," replied the child. "If you don't ask your mother's forgiveness I'll put you to bed." It was early in the morning - before he went to business, and the boy didn't think he would do it. He said "I won't" again. They undressed him and put him to bed. The father came home at noon expecting to find his boy playing about the house. He didn't see him about, and asked his wife where he was. "In bed still." So he went up to the room, and sat down by the bed, and said: "Sammy, I want you to ask your mother's forgiveness." But the answer was "No." The father coaxed and begged, but could not induce the child to ask forgiveness. The father went away, expecting certainly that when he came home that night the child would have got all over it. At night, however, when he got home he found the little fellow still in bed. He had lain there all day. He went to him and tried to get him to go to his mother, but it was no use. His mother went and was equally unsuccessful. That father and mother could not sleep any that night. They expected every moment to hear the knock at their door by their little son. Now they wanted to forgive the boy. My sister told me it was just as if death had come into their home. She never passed through such a night. In the morning she went to him and said: "Now, Sammy,

you are going to ask my forgiveness." but the boy turned his face to the wall and wouldn't speak. The father came home at noon and the boy was as stubborn as ever. It looked as though the child was going to conquer. It was for the good of the boy that they didn't want to give him his own way. It is a great deal better for us to submit to God than have our own way. Our own way will lead us to ruin; God's way leads to life everlasting. The father went off to his office, and that afternoon my sister went in to her son about four o'clock and began to reason with him, and, after talking for some time, she said, "Now, Sammy, say "mother." "Mother," said the boy. "Now say 'for." "For." "Now just say 'give." And the boy repeated "give." "Me," said the mother, "Me," and the little fellow fairly leaped out of bed. "I have said it," he cried; "take me down to papa, so that I can say it to him." Oh, sinner, go to Him and ask His forgiveness. This is repentance. It is coming in with a broken heart and asking the King of Heaven to forgive you. Don't say you can't. It is a lie. It is your stubborn will - it is your stubborn heart.

Now let me say here tonight you are in a position to be reconciled to God now. You are not in a position to deny this reconciliation a week, a day, an hour. God tells you now. Look at that beautiful steamer Atlantic. There she is in the bay groping her way along a rocky coast. The captain don't know, as his vessel plows through that ocean, that in a few moments it will strike a rock and hundreds of those on board will perish in a watery grave. If he knew, in a minute he could strike a bell and the steamer would be turned from that rock and the people would be saved. The vessel has struck, but he knows now too late. You have time now. In five minutes, for all you and I know, you may be in eternity. God hangs

a mist over our eyes as to our summons. So now God calls - now everyone repent, and all your sins will be taken from you. I have come in the name of the Master to ask you to turn to God now. May God help you to turn and live. Let us pray.

Shall We Meet Our Loved Ones Again?

This is one of the grandest chapters in the writings of Paul. It is especially grand to those who have lost friends. No sooner do loved ones pass away than the question arises, Shall we meet them again?

Paul answers this question and gives a consolation we can find so clearly stated nowhere else.

What a consolation to know, as we lay our friends away, that we shall meet them again in a little while!

As I go into a cemetery, I like to think of the time when the dead shall rise from their graves. We read part of this chapter in what we call the "burial service." I think it is an unfortunate expression. Paul never talked of "burial." He said the body was sown in corruption, sown in weakness, sown in dishonour, sown a natural body.

If I bury a bushel of wheat, I never expect to see it again, but if I sow it, I expect results. Thank God, our friends are not buried; they are only sown! I like the Saxon name for the cemetery -- GOD'S ACRE.

The Gospel preached by the apostles rested upon four pillars: the atoning death of Christ, His burial and resurrection, His ascension, His coming again. These four doctrines were preached by all the apostles, and by them the Gospel must stand or fall.

In the opening verses of I Corinthians 15, we get a clear statement from Paul that the doctrine of the resurrection is a part of the Gospel. He defines the Gospel as meaning that Christ died for our sins, but not

that only -- He was buried and rose again the third day. Then he summons witnesses to prove the resurrection:

"He was seen of Cephas [Simon Peter] then of the twelve: After that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles. And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time."

Now that is pretty clear testimony, strong enough to satisfy a candid inquirer. But the Greeks had no belief in the possibility of the resurrection, and these converts at Corinth had been reared in that unbelief. So Paul puts the question:

"Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?"

It was one of the false doctrines that had crept into the church at Corinth, because no orthodox Jew would ever think of questioning it.

To deny the resurrection is to say that we will never see more of the loved ones whose bodies have been committed to the clay. If Christ has not risen, this life is the only one, and we are as the brutes.

How cruel it is to have anyone love you if this be true! How horrible that they should let the tendrils of your heart twine around them, if, when they are torn away in death, it is to be the end. I would rather hate than love if I thought there will be no resurrection, because then I would feel no pangs at losing the hated thing.

Oh, the cruelty of unbelief! It takes away our brightest hopes.

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

IMMORTALITY

Mankind has natural

"yearnings after the infinite." Among the most primitive peoples philosophers have detected what has been well called "an appetite for the infinite," which belies the teaching that death ends all.

It is one of the points of difference between man and beast. Birds of the air and beasts of the field are much the same today as they were in Eden. They eat, sleep and pass their lives from sun to sun in unvarying monotony. Their desires and needs are the same.

But man is always changing. His desires are always enlarging. His mind is always planning ahead. No sooner does he reach one goal than he presses towards the next. Not even death itself can arrest him. A well-known infidel once said, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is not death, but the belief of man in his own immortality."

This presentiment of a future life has been beautifully illustrated by the feeling which grows within the bird when winter approaches, impelling it to travel towards the south -- "an impulse mysterious and undefined, but irresistible and unerring"; or to "the longing of southern plants, taken to a northern climate and planted in a northern soil. They grow there, but they are always failing of their flowers. The poor, exiled shrub dreams of a splendid blossom which it has never seen, but which it

is dimly conscious that it ought somehow to produce. It feels the flower which it has not strength to make in the half-chilled but still genuine juices of its southern nature. That is the way in which the thought of a future life haunts us all."

Philosophers have many facts to prove this universal reaching forward to the life beyond the grave. It is supposed that many funeral rites and ceremonies, for instance, are due to it. If the body is once more to be occupied by its spirit, it at once suggests itself that it must be protected from harm. Accordingly we find that graves are concealed lest enemies should dig up the remains and dishonour them.

Livingstone tells how a Bechuana chief was buried in his own cattle pen, then the cattle were driven about for some hours until all trace of the grave was obliterated.

But the body must be protected not alone from ill-usage, but also, as far as possible, from decay; and the process of embalming is an endeavour in this direction.

Sometimes, indeed, resurrection would be undesirable, and so we find that dead bodies are thrown into the water to drown the spirit.

Modern Egyptians turn the body round and round, it is said, to make the spirit giddy and therefore unable to retrace its steps.

Certain aboriginal

Australians take off the nails of the hands lest the reanimated corpse should scratch its way out of its narrow cell.

When the conception of a second life as a continuation of the present life is held, we find the custom of burying

inanimate things, such as weapons and instruments. The dead man will require everything beyond -- as he did this side -- death.

Not alone inanimate things, but animals are killed in order that their ghosts may accompany the ghost of the dead man. The Bedouins slaughter his camels over the grave of their dead comrade: indispensable in this world, it will be the same in the next.

From this, one step leads to the immolation of human beings. Wives follow their husbands; slaves are slain that they may continue to serve their masters. In the words of a poet:

They that in barbarian burials killed the slave and slew the wife
Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the second life.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

We only catch glimpses of the doctrine of the resurrection now and then in the Old Testament, but the saints of those days evidently believed in it.

Nearly two thousand years before Christ, Abraham rehearsed His sacrifice when on Mt. Moriah he obeyed God's call to offer up Isaac. Referring to this, Paul writes: "Accounting that God was able to raise [Isaac] up, even from the dead: from whence also he received him in a figure."

Five hundred years later we find God saying unto His servant Moses, "I kill, and I make alive."

Isaiah wrote,

"He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." Again, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they rise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

Ezekiel's vivid description of the resurrection of dry bones, setting forth in prophecy the restoration of Israel, is another evidence.

When David lost his child, he said he could not call the little one back to him, but that he would go and be with the child. At other times he wrote, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." And, "God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for he shall receive me."

The Patriarch

Job comforted himself with the same glorious hope in the hour of his deep sorrow. He who had asked, "What is my strength that I should hope? and what is mine end that I should prolong my life?" said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another:"

Job must have firmly believed that his body was to be raised to life again, hereafter, but not on earth, for he said again, "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stalk thereof die in the ground; Yet

through the scent of water. it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep."

In Hosea the Lord declares: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction."

In the last chapter of Daniel we have another glimpse of the same truth:

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." And his book closes with these words:

"Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

And typically, too, resurrection was set forth in the Old Testament. By the firstfruits offered the day after the passover-sabbath as a pledge of the whole harvest, the children of Israel were taught in type of the Messiah who should be "the firstfruits of them that slept."

Someone has said that the very first employment of Israel in Canaan was preparing the type of the Saviour's resurrection, and their first religious act was holding up that type of a risen Saviour.

AND IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

But what was referred to only at long intervals in the Old Testament became in the New Testament a prominent matter of fact and teaching. The word "resurrection" occurs forty-two times in the New Testament. Many times during His ministry did our Lord refer to the resurrection of all the dead.

The Sadducees once came to Him with a difficult question about the marriage relation hereafter; and Jesus said, "As touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

On another occasion

Christ said,

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompence be made thee. But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

When Lazarus died,

Jesus spake the consoling words to his sisters: "Thy brother shall rise again."

Martha replied,

"I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day."

Jesus then said unto her, "I am the resurrection and the life."

A SPLENDID GUESS

We see then that the belief in a future life did not begin with Christ.

But though the idea existed before Christianity, it was at best only "a splendid guess." The natural man cannot look across the narrowest grave and see what is beyond. Strain his eyes as he will, he cannot pierce the veil of death. It is ever before him, blighting his hopes, checking his plans, thwarting his purposes, a barrier that nothing can break down.

Ever since sin entered the world, Death has reigned, making the earth one huge graveyard. He has not rested for a moment. In every age and every country, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return" has been the sentence overhanging mankind. All the generations of men as they pass across the earth do but follow their dead.

Many unexpected things happen to us in this life, but death is not among them. We do not know how or when it will come, but come it will, if the Lord tarry.

We have heard of doctors who have performed wonderful cures, but all their skill and knowledge have been unable to undo the work of Death. In all these six thousand years since Death entered this sin-cursed earth, human means have failed to win back a single trophy from Death. Advancing civilisation, increased education, progress in commerce and art -- none of these things make us superior to the most degraded

savages. Death always triumphs in the end. The flow is always in one direction -- onward and never backward.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY CHRIST

What was unknown by the wisest men on earth was revealed by Christ. He "abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

"That undiscovered country," spoken of by the poet, "from whose bourn no traveller returns," is not an undiscovered country to the believer. Our Lord explored it. He entered the lists against Death in His own territory and came off more than conqueror.

The sceptre of

Death is universal still, but it is broken and shall one day crumble into dust. The Christian need no longer speculate about the future: certainty is reached beside the empty tomb of Christ. "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept." We can see the trace of His returning footprints.

TRIUMPH

And so we can join in the triumphant strain, "Death is swallowed up of victory." The sting of death is sin, and God has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. They which have fallen asleep in Christ have not perished, but we shall one day see them face to face.

What a Gospel of joy and hope we have, compared to that of unbelief!

The heathen sorrowed without hope, wrote Dr. Bonar:

To them death connected itself with no hope, no brightness, no triumph. It was not sunset to them, for that bids us be on the lookout for another sun, as bright as that which set. It was not autumn or winter, for these speak of returning spring and summer. It was not seed cast into rough soil, for that predicts the future tree or flower, more beautiful than the seed. It was pure and simple darkness, all cloud, shadow, desolation.

A shattered pillar, a ship gone to pieces, a race lost, a harp lying on the ground with snapped strings and all its music lost, a flowerbud crushed -- these were the sad utterances of their hopeless grief. The thought that death was the gate of life came not in to cheer the parting and brighten the sepulchre. The truth that the grave was the soil and the body the seed sown by God's own hand to call out the latent life; that the race was not lost, but transferred to another building and another city to be "a pillar in the house of God," that the bud was not crushed, but transplanted for fuller expansion to a kindlier soil and air; that the harp was not broken, but handed to a truer minstrel who will bring out all the rich compass of its hidden music: these were things that had no place in their theology, hardly in their dreams.

AN ESSENTIAL DOCTRINE

Some people claim that the question of a risen Saviour is not essential. Hear what Paul says:

"If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not

Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins."

I tell you, it is very essential. It is not a mere speculative question that we are dealing with; it is of the greatest practical importance. The resurrection is the keystone of the arch on which our faith is supported.

If Christ has not risen, we must impeach all those witnesses of lying.

If Christ has not risen, we have no proof that the crucifixion of Jesus differed from that of the two thieves who suffered with Him.

If Christ has not risen, it is impossible to admire His atoning death which was accepted. Someone has said that the power of Christ's death to take away sin is always conditioned in the New Testament with the fact of His resurrection.

If Christ has not risen, it is impossible to admire His words and character. He made the resurrection a test-truth of His divinity.

The Jews once asked for a sign, and He answered -- "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up" -- referring to the temple of His body.

On another occasion

He gave the sign of the Prophet Jonah: "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

Paul says, "Declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead."

"If He had not been divine," says one, "the sins of any one of us would have been a gravestone too heavy for Him to throw off; the claims of Jehovah's justice would have been bands of death too strong for Him to burst."

What would Christianity be without the resurrection? It would descend to the level of any of the other religious systems of the world. If Christ never rose from the dead, how do His words differ from those of Plato? Other men besides Christ have lived beautiful lives and have left behind them beautiful precepts to guide their followers. We should have to class Christ with these.

"HOW ARE THE DEAD RAISED? AND WITH WHAT BODY DO THEY COME?"

Turning back to the chapter, we find that Paul next deals with the question of how the dead can be raised and with what body they come. He says, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: But God" -- and all things are possible with God -- "giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory.

"So also," continues

Paul, "is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual The first man is of the earth, earthy. the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

We see the truth of Paul's illustration in the world around us. The analogy of nature does not indeed furnish a proof of the resurrection, but it affords illustrations of many things that are just as hard to explain -- yet we do not deny the facts.

Take a little black flower seed and sow it. After it has been planted some time, dig it up. If it is whole, you know that it has no life; but if it has begun to decay, you know that life and fruitfulness will follow. There will be a resurrected life, and out of that little black seed will come a beautiful fragrant flower.

Here is a disgusting grub, crawling along the ground. By and by old age overtakes it, and it begins to spin its own shroud, to make its own sepulchre, and it lies as if in death. Look again, it has shuffled off its shroud, it has burst its sepulchre open, and it comes forth a beautiful butterfly, with different form and habits.

So with our bodies.

They die, but God will give us glorified bodies in their stead. This is the law of the new creation as well as of the old: light after darkness; life after death; fruitfulness and glory after corruption and decay.

Thank God, we are to gain by death. We are to have something that death cannot touch. When this earthly body is raised, all the present imperfection will be gone. Jacob will leave his lameness. Paul will have no thorn in the flesh. We shall enter a life that deserves the name of life, happy, glorious, everlasting -- the body once more united to the soul, no longer mortal, subject to pain and disease and death, but glorified, incorruptible, "fashioned like unto his glorious body," everything that hinders the spiritual life left behind. We are exiles now, but then we who are faithful shall stand before the throne of God, joint heirs with Christ, kings and priests, citizens of that heavenly country.

A bright young girl of fifteen was suddenly cast upon a bed of suffering, completely paralyzed on one side, and nearly blind. She heard the family doctor say to her parents as they stood by the bedside, "She has seen her best days, poor child!"

"No, doctor,"

she exclaimed, "my best days are yet to come, when I shall see the King in His beauty."

OUR HOPE

That is our hope.

We shall not sink into annihilation. Christ rose from the dead to give us a pledge of our own rising. The

resurrection is the great antidote for death. Nothing else can take its place. Riches, genius, worldly pleasures or pursuits, none can bring us consolation in the dying hour.

"All my possessions for a moment of time," cried Queen Elizabeth when dying.

"I have provided in the course of my life for everything except death, and now, alas! I am to die unprepared" were the last words of Cardinal Borgia.

Compare with these the last words of one of the early disciples: "I am weary. I will now go to sleep. Good night!" He had the sure hope of awaking in a brighter land.

At the Battle of Inkerman a soldier was just able to crawl to his tent after he was struck down. When found, he was lying upon his face, his open Bible before him, his hand glued fast to the page by his life blood which covered it.

When his hand was lifted, the letters of the printed page were clearly traced upon it; and with the ever-living promise in and on his hand, they laid him in a soldier's grave. The words were: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

I want a religion that can comfort even in death, that can unite me with my loved ones. Oh, what gloom and darkness would settle upon this world if it were not for the glorious doctrine of the resurrection! Thank God, the glorious morning will soon break. For a little while God asks us to be the watchtower, faithful to Him and

waiting for the summons. Soon our Lord will come to receive His own, whether they be living or dead.

The Lord's Work

What men want in doing the Lord's work is (1) Courage, (2) Enthusiasm, (3) Perseverance, (4) Sympathy.

Courage

The man who is afraid, who holds down his head like a bulrush, is not the worker whom God will bless; but God gives courage to him whom He means to use. I have been all along with young men, and a great portion of my work these fifteen years has been among them, and I find that they generally fail for want of courage. There is any quantity of young men in Edinburgh just now whose lives are a blank to them, and who have not discovered that God sends us to do work for Him.

He can qualify them for that work. John Wesley said, "Give me thirty men of faith, and I shall storm the citadel of Satan and win it for Christ;" and he did it too.

Talk of Alexander being a great conqueror, he was nothing compared with that little man, Saul of Tarsus.

Once I had been fishing long, and caught nothing, and I almost got discouraged. My Sabbath services were barren one day, and I was greatly disheartened. My heart was down, and my head was down. In came a brother. "How does the work go on with you?" asked of a fellow-worker. "Splendidly," he said. "Great blessing on Sabbath." I told him my state of mind. He said, "Did you ever study the life and character of Noah?" "Yes; I know it by heart." "Well," said he, "study it again." And I did so, and found in him wonderful courage. For one hundred and twenty years that the ark was building, he

labored to get men to believe in God's righteousness. He did not get one, and I said, "What have I to be discouraged about after that?" So I went down to the prayer-meeting, and a man behind me clasped me by the hand, and said. "Pray for me, for I am in great trouble." And I thought what would Noah have given for encouragement like that! And a man rose up, and told that a hundred young men had just come to Christ in a neighboring town. What would old Noah have said to that? One hundred and twenty years, and no fruit at all; and yet he had courage to go on preaching!

All at once the clouds were all gone from my mind. If you get discouraged, keep it to yourself; don't tell any one about it; for you will just discourage others if you do. Be strong and very courageous if you would do anything for God.

Enthusiasm

We need more enthusiasm. The more we have the better. I have a great admiration for Garibaldi [who unified Italy in the 1870s], though I cannot, of course, approve of all his acts. When put in prison he said, "It were better that fifty Garibaldis should perish, than that Rome should not be free." This was the cause getting above the man; that is what we want. We want to forget ourselves.

There are one hundred thousand men waiting now to be brought to Christ, to be invited to come to Him, and shall we hang back? Let us have enthusiasm.

This formalism that abounds at the present day, is the worst ism of all - it is worse than all the infidelity and skepticism of the land.

I remember reading in some history of the ninth century of a young general who with only five hundred men came - up against a king with twenty thousand. And the king sent to him to say that it was the height of folly to resist with his handful of men. The general called in one of his men, and said, "Take that sword and drive it to your heart." And the man took the weapon, and drove it to his heart, and fell dead. He said to another, "Leap into yonder chasm," and the man instantly obeyed. Then, turning to the messenger, he said, "Go back and tell your king that we have five hundred such men. We will die but we will never surrender." The messenger returned, and his tale struck terror into the hearts of the king's soldiers, so that they fled like chaff before the wind.

God says, "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Let us have confidence in God. When men are in earnest they carry everything before them. The world don't read the Bible, but they read you and me.

Perseverance

The men who have been successful are not those who work by fits and starts, but three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. By the grace of God, these eighteen years I have been kept working for God. People complain how cold other people are: that is a sign that they are cold themselves. Keep your own heart warm, as if there were no other but you in the world. Keep working all the time at steady, constant work.

For the last eleven years I have not let a day pass without saying something to somebody of Christ. Make it a rule that never a day pass without speaking for Christ. People won't like it. If you are a living witness for

Christ it makes people mad against you. You will suffer persecution, and be spoken against, and yet they will send for such a man first when they are in trouble or on their death-bed.

The man that is popular with the world is not a friend of Jesus. You cannot serve two masters. The world hates Christ, and if you are a friend of the world you cannot be a friend of His. You may be sure that something is wrong with you when everybody is your friend. Every man here can win souls for Christ.

The public-houses in

America, are called "saloons." There is a hall with a bar, and behind, a dining-room, and above, sleeping-apartments, and in these saloons the young men congregate at night, and drink and gamble. There was a terribly wicked man who kept a saloon, whose children I was very anxious to draw to my Sabbath-school. So one day I called on this man and said, "Mr. Bell, I want you to let your children, come to the Sabbath-school." He was terribly angry, said he did not believe in the Bible, school or anything else, and ordered me to leave the house.

Soon after I went down again and called on this man, and asked him to go to church, and again he was very angry. He said that he had not been at church for nineteen years, and would never go again, and he would rather see his boy a drunkard and his daughter a harlot than that they should attend the Sabbath-school. A second time I was forced to leave the house.

Two or three days after

I called again, and he said, "Well, I guess you are a pretty good-natured sort of man, and different from the rest of Christians, or you would not come back;" so seeing him in a good humor, I asked him what he had to say against Christ, and if he had read His life: and he asked me what I had to say against Paine's "Age of Reason," and if I had read it. I said I had not read it: whereupon he said he would read the New Testament, if I would read the "Age of Reason," to which I at once agreed, though he had the best bargain: and I did so. I did not like it much, and would not advise any person to read it.

I asked Mr. Bell to come to church, but he said they were all hypocrites that went to church. This he would do, however: I might come to his house if I liked, and preach. "Here, in this saloon!" "Yes! but look here, you are not to do all the talking;" he said that he and his friends would have their say as well as I. I agreed that they might have the first forty-five minutes, and I the last fifteen of the hour, which he thought fair, and that was settled.

The day came, and I went to keep my appointment, but I never in all my life met such a crowd as when on the day appointed I went to that saloon - such a collection of infidels, deists, and reprobates of all kinds I never saw before. Their oaths and language were horrible. Some of them seemed as if they had come on leave of absence from the pit. I never was so near hell before. They began to talk in the most blasphemous way; some thought one thing, some another; some believed there was a God - others not; some thought there was such a man as Jesus Christ - others that there never was; some didn't believe anything. They couldn't agree, contradicted each other,

and very nearly came to fighting with one another before their time had expired.

I had brought down a little boy, an orphan with me, and when I saw and heard such blasphemy I thought I had done wrong to bring him there. When their time was up, I said that we Christians always began service with prayer to God. "Hold," said they; "two must be agreed first." "Well, here are two of us." And so I prayed, and then the little boy did so, and I never heard a prayer like that in all my life. It seemed as if God was speaking through that little boy. With tears running down his cheeks he besought God, for Christ's sake, to take pity on all these poor men; and that went to their very hearts. I heard sobs throughout the hall, and one infidel went out at this door and another at that; and Mr. Bell came up to me and said, "You can have my children, Mr. Moody." And the best friend that I have in Chicago to-day is that same Joshua Bell, and his son has come out for Christ and as a worker for Him.

There was a family which for fourteen years I had tried to draw to Christ, but they would not come, and I had almost given them up as hopeless. We have a custom on New Year's Day in America of calling on our friends and acquaintances, and wishing them the compliments of the season. Last New Year's Day I thought I should call on the old doctor, which I did, and I offered up just a short prayer. That week he and his wife came to Christ, and next week his son, and a few days after his daughter, and now the whole family are converted.

"This one thing

I do," said Paul. He had received thirty-nine stripes, and if he had other thirty-nine stripes to receive, "This one

thing I do" forgetting the things that "are behind, I press towards the mark." A terrible man he was - this man of one thing and one aim, and determined to go on doing it.

"To every man his work" (Mark 13:34). If blessing don't come this week, it will come the next, only persevere. Be of good courage, Christ will strengthen your heart.

Sympathy

To touch the hearts of men is needed too. Some men have courage, perseverance, and zeal, but their hearts are as cold as an icicle. Christ might have been born in a palace had He chosen, but poor men would have said He had not come for them; but He was born in a manger, lower than their own rank of life. The minister who speaks to people as if he were separate from them, that tells them what they should do, this and that, will not carry them with him. To speak to men from a higher platform is not the way to do them good. It should be what we do, - we poor sinners, and you. The milk of human kindness is a great element in bringing souls to Christ.

We have, in Chicago, a meeting for strangers; and it is most blessed. Every Monday night, seventy-five a hundred young men newly arrived in the city, assemble to find friends. A young man coming from the country to a situation, or to college in town, feels very lonely. He walks the street, and has no one, of all the crowds, to speak to him, and he is miserable. That is the time when his heart is softest; then, if any one speaks to him or shows him acts of kindness, he never forgets it. The devil watches for friendless youths like those; and the ensnaring paths of vice seem refuges from loneliness. Such a young man, walking along the street, sees a big

brown paper pasted on a boarding, or at a railway station, or somewhere else, having painted on it, "Strangers' Meeting to-night. All strangers invited to attend." So he goes, and meets a kind look and words of friendship, and it is better to him than anything in the world.

During our [civill] war, there was a Southern man who came over to a Wisconsin regiment, saying he could not fight to uphold slavery. Some time after, the mail from the north came in, and all the men got letters from their relations, and universal joy prevailed. This Southern man said he wished he were dead; he was most unhappy, for there were no letters for him. His mother was dead, and his father and brothers would have shot him if they could, for going against them. This man's tent-mate was very sorry for his friend, and when he wrote to his mother in Wisconsin, he just told her all about it. His mother sat down and wrote to her son's friend. She called him her son, and spoke to him like a mother. She told him, when the war was over that he must come to her, and that her home would be his. When the letter reached the regiment, the chaplain took it down to where this man was standing, and told him it was for him; but he said it was a mistake, that nobody would write to him; he had no friends, it must be for someone else. He was persuaded to open it, and when he read it, he felt such joy. He went down the lines, saying, "I've got a mother!" When afterwards the regiment was disbanded, and the men were returning to their homes, there was none who showed so much anxiety as this man to get to his mother in Wisconsin.

There are hundreds of young men who want mothers, and any kindness done to them will not lose its reward.

The Qualifications for Soul Winning

1. Shake off the vipers that are in the Church, formalism, pride, and self-importance, etc.
2. It is the only happy life to live for the salvation of souls.
3. We must be willing to do little things for Christ.
4. Must be of good courage.
5. Must be cheerful.

God had no children too weak, but a great many too strong to make use of. God stands in no need of our strength or wisdom, but of our ignorance, of our weakness; let us but give these to Him, and He can make use of us in winning souls.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Daniel 12:3.

Now we all want to shine; the mother wishes it for her boy, when she sends him to school, the father for his lad, when he goes off to college; and here God tells us who are to shine - not statesmen, or warriors, or such like, that shine but for a season - but such as will shine for ever and ever; those, namely, who win souls to Christ; the little boy even who persuades one to come to Christ.

Speaking of this, Paul counts up five things (1 Cor. 1:27-29) that God makes use of - the weak things, the foolish things, the base things, the despised things, and the things which are not, and for this purpose, that no flesh might glory in his sight - all five being just such as we should despise. He can and will use us, just when we

are willing to be humble for Christ's sake, and so for six thousand years God has been teaching men; so with an ass's jawbone Samson slew his thousands (Judges 15:15), so at the blowing of rams' horns the walls of Jericho fell (Joshua 6:20). Let God work in His own way, and with His own instruments; let us all rejoice that He should, and let us too get into the position in which God can use us.

There is much mourning to-day over false "isms," infidelity, and the like, but sum them all up, and I do not fear them one half so much as that dead and cold formalism that has crept into the Church of God. The unbelieving world, and these skeptics holding out their false lights, are watching you and me: when Jacob put away his idols, he could go up to Bethel and get strength and the blessing - so will it be with the Church of God. A viper fixes upon the hand of the shipwrecked Paul; immediately he is judged by the barbarians some criminal unfit to live; but he shakes it off into the fire, and suffers no harm, and now they are ready to worship him, and ready too to hear and receive his message: the Church of God must shake off the vipers that have fastened on hand and heart too, ere men will hear. Where one ungodly man reads this Bible, a hundred read you and me: and if they find nothing in us, they set the whole thing aside as a myth.

Again, a man who has found out what his true work is, winning souls to Christ, and does it, such is the happiest man. Not the richest are this - least of all those who have just got converted for themselves, and into the Church - lost what pleasure the world could give, and found none other. Job's captivity turned away when he began praying for his friends; and so will all who thus

work for others shine not in heaven alone and hereafter, but here as well, and now.

But you say "I haven't got the ability."

Well, God doesn't call you to do Dr. Bonar's work, or Dr. Duff's work, else He had given you their ability, their talent. The word is, "To every man his work." I have a work to do, laid out for me in the secret counsels of eternity; no other can do it. If I neglect it, it is not true that some other will do it; it will remain undone. And if, for the work laid upon us, we feel we have not the ability or talent necessary, then we have a throne of grace; and God never sends, unless that He is willing to give the strength and wisdom. The instruments He often uses may seem all unlikely, yet when did they fail? - when once? and why not? Because He had fitted them out as well.

He sent Moses to Egypt to deliver

His people - not an eloquent, but a stuttering man. He refuses a while, at last he went; and no man once sent by God ever did break down.

So was Elisha a most unlikely man to be a successor to the great prophet Elijah. Men would have chosen some famous man, some professor in the school of the prophets. God took one from the plough; but He gave him what was needed. Elisha had but to keep by his master to the end; and he received even a double portion of the Spirit. And if we want to get it, we too must keep by the Lord, nor ever lose sight of Him, should He, as Elijah Elisha, in one way or another try our faith.

And further, we must be ready to do little things for God; many are willing to do the great things. I dare say hundreds would have been ready to occupy this pulpit to-day. How many of them would be as willing to teach a dirty class in the ragged school?

I remember, one afternoon I was preaching, observing a young lady from the house I was staying at, in the audience. I had heard she taught in the Sabbath-school, which I knew was at the same hour; and so I asked her, after service, how she came to be there? "Oh," said she, "my class is but five little boys, and I thought it did not matter for them." And yet among these there might have been, who knows, a Luther or a Knox, the beginning of a stream of blessing, that would have gone on widening and ever widening; and besides, one soul is worth all the kingdoms of the earth.

Away in America, a young lady was sent to a boarding-school, and was there led to Christ; not only so, but taught that she ought to work for Him, By-and-by she goes home, and now she seeks, in one way and another, to work for Him, but without finding how. She asks for a class in her church Sunday-school, but the superintendent is obliged to tell her that he has already more than enough of teachers. One day, going along the street, she sees a little boy struck by his companion, and crying bitterly. She goes up and speaks to him; asks him what the trouble is? The boy thinks she is mocking him, and replies sullenly. She speaks kindly, tries to persuade him to school. He does not want to learn. She coaxes him to come and hear her and the rest singing there; and so next Sunday he comes with her. She gets a corner in the school of well-dressed scholars for herself and her charge. He sits and listens, full of wonder. On

going home, he tells his mother he has been among the angels. At first at a loss, she becomes angry, when a question or two brings out that he has been to a Protestant Sunday-school; and the father, on coming home, forbids his going back, on pain of flogging. Next Sunday, however, he goes, and is flogged, and so again, and yet again, till one Sunday, he begs to be flogged before going, that he may not be kept thinking of it all the time. The father relents a little, and promises him a holiday every Saturday afternoon, if he will not go to Sunday-school. The lad agrees, sees his teacher, who offers to teach him then. How many wealthy young folks would give up their Saturdays to train one poor ragged urchin in the way of salvation? Some time after, at his work, the lad is on one of the railway cars. The train starts suddenly; he slips through, and the wheels pass over his legs; he asks the doctor if he will live to get home; it is impossible. "Then," says he, "tell father and mother that I am going to heaven, and want to meet them there." Will the work she did seem little now to the young lady? Or is it nothing that even one thus grateful waits her yonder?

Another thing we want is, to be of good courage. Three or four times this comes out in the first chapter of Joshua; and I have observed that God never uses a man that is always looking on the dark side of things: what we do for Him let us do cheerfully, not because it is our duty - not that we should sweep away the word but because it is our privilege. What would my wife or children say if I spoke of loving them because it was my duty to do so? And my mother - if I go to see her once a year, and were to say - "Mother, I am come all this way to discharge what feel to be my duty in visiting you;"

might she not rightly reply - "My son, if this is all that has brought you, you might have spared coming at all!" and go own in broken-hearted sorrow to the grave?

A London minister, a friend of mine, lately pointed out a family of seven, all of whom he was just receiving into the Church. Their story was this: going to church, he had to pass by a window, looking up at which one day, he saw a baby looking out; he smiled - the baby smiled again. Next time he passes he looks up again, smiles, and the baby smiles back. A third time going by, he looks up, and seeing the baby, throws it a kiss - which the baby returns to him. Time after time he has to pass the window, and now cannot refrain from looking up each time: and each time there are more faces to receive his smiling greeting; till by-and-by he sees the whole family grouped at the window - father, mother, and all. The father conjectures the happy, smiling stranger must be a minister, and so, next Sunday morning, after they have received at the window the usual greeting, two of the children, ready dressed, are sent out to follow him: they enter his church, hear him preach, and carry back to their parents the report that they never heard such preaching; and what preaching could equal that of one who had so smiled on them? Soon the rest come to the church too, and are brought in - all by a smile. Let us not go about, hanging our heads like a bulrush; if Christ gives joy, let us live it! The whole world is in all matters for the very best thing - you always want to get the best possible thing for your money; let us show, then, that our religion is the very best thing: men with long, gloomy faces are never wise in the winning of souls.

I was preaching in Jacksonville, and, at the house in which I stayed, my attention was attracted by a little

boy, who bore a different name from the household, and yet was in all things and in all respects treated as one of themselves; to the other children he was "brother," and they were "brothers" and "sisters" to him, and with them he came up to the mother for the same good-night kiss.

By-and-by I asked the lady of the house who it was. She told me the father of the boy was a missionary out in India; some years before, father and mother had come home with their five children to have them educated. After being home a short time, the father resolved to return to India; wishing to leave the mother with the children till their education should be finished. She wanted to go back with him; he opposed to it, saying it was hard enough for him to leave them, for her it must be impossible. Still she wished to go, - she had received and been some blessing in India, and she would give up even all for Christ.

Ultimately it was arranged that the children should be received into various families, - treated as part of them, - and that father and mother together should return. So with the boy the mother came to this friend's and stayed a few days along with him. The night before she had leave, sitting with the lady of the house, she told her how anxious she was that her boy should receive the impression that his mother had for Christ's sake cheerfully left him behind, and that for this end she wished to leave him without a tear at parting. The struggle this would cost the lady well knew, especially as the boy was of a peculiarly amiable disposition.

Next morning, passing the door of the mother's room, the lady overheard a sobbing, struggling prayer for strength to do what was on her heart to do. In a short

time the mother came down with smiling, cheerful face; and looking so, she took leave of her boy, to go by rail some miles further on to bid a like farewell to another of her family. She went with her husband to India.

A short year after, a still, quiet voice came to her, to come up to meet her Saviour. And would not a welcome await her there, who had so loved Him here, and so cheerfully served Him?

"They that be wise shall shine, as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." (Daniel 12:3). The Lord help us as humbly, devoutly, and cheerfully to abound in His work!

--Sermon delivered by Dwight L.

Moody in Dr. Bonar's church, Edinburgh, Scotland, 7th December, 1873.

The Reward of the Faithful

I can speak from experience - I have been in the Lord's service for twenty one years, and I want to testify that He is a good paymaster - that He pays promptly. Oh, I think I see faces before me light up at these words. You have been out in the harvest fields of the Lord, and you know this to be true. To go out and labor for Him is a thing to be proud of - to guide a poor, weary soul to the way of life, and turn his face towards the golden gates of Zion. The Lord's wages are better than silver and gold, because he says that the loyal soul shall receive a crown of glory. If the Mayor of Chicago gave out a proclamation stating that he had work for the men, women, and children of the city, and he would give them a dollar a day, people would say this was very good of the Mayor. This money, however, would fade away in a short time. But here is a proclamation coming directly from the Throne Of Grace to every man, woman, and child in the wide world to gather into God's vineyard, where they will find treasures that will never fade, and these treasures will be crowns of everlasting life; and the laborer will find treasures laid up in his Father's house, and when, after serving faithfully here, he will be greeted by friends assembled there. Work for tens of thousands of men, women, and children! Think of it, and the reward. These little children, my friends, are apt to be over looked; but they must be led to Christ - Children have done a great deal in the vineyard. They have led parents to Jesus. It was a little girl that led Naaman to Christ. Christ can find useful work for these little ones. He can see little things, and we ought to pay great

attention to them. As I was coming along the street today I thought that if I could only impress upon you all that we have come here as to a vine yard, to reap and to gather, we shall have a glorious harvest, and we want every class to assist us. The first class we want is the Ministers. There was one thing that pleased me this morning, and that was the eight thousand people who came to this building, and the large number of Ministers who seized me by the hand, with the tears trickling down their cheeks, and who gave me a "God bless you!" It gave me a light heart. There are some Ministers who get behind the posts, as if they were ashamed of being seen in our company and of our meetings. They come to criticize the sermon and pick it to pieces. No effort is required to do this. We don't want the Ministers to criticize but to help us, and tell us when we are wrong. There was one Minister in this city who did me a great deal of good when I first started out. When I commenced to teach the Word of God I made very many blunders. I have learned that in acquiring anything a man must make many blunders. If a man is going to learn any kind of trade - carpenter's, plumber's, painter's - he will make any amount of mistakes. Well, this Minister, an old man, used to take me aside and tell me my errors. So we want the Ministers to come to us and tell us of our blunders, and if we get them to do this with us, a spiritual fountain will break over every Church in the city. Many Ministers have said to me, "What do you want us to do?" The Lord must teach us what our work shall be. Let every child of God come up to these meetings, and say, "Teach me, O God, what I can do to help these men and women who are inquiring the way to be saved," and at the close of the meetings draw near to them and point out the way. If men and women are to be converted in great meetings,

it is by personal dealings with them. What we want is personal contact with them. If a number of people were sick, and a doctor prescribed one kind of medicine for them all, you would think this was wrong. This audience is spiritually diseased, and what we want is that Christian workers will go to them and find out their trouble. Five minutes private consultation will teach them. What we want is to get at the people. Every one has his own particular burden; every family has a different story to tell. Take the gospel of the Lord to them and show its application; tell them what to do with it, so as to answer their own cases; let the Minister come into the inquiry room.

An old man - a Minister in Glasgow, Scotland was one of the most active in our meetings. When he would be preaching elsewhere he would drive up in a cab with his Bible in his hand. It made no difference what part of Glasgow he was preaching in, he managed to attend nearly every one of our services. The old man would come in and tenderly speak to those assembled, and let one soul after another see the light. His congregation was comparatively small when we got there, but, by his painstaking efforts to Minister to those in search of the Word, when we left Glasgow his Church could not hold the people who sought admission, and I do not know of any man who helped us like Dr. Andrew Bonner. He was always ready to give the weak counsel and point the way out to the soul seeking Christ. If we have not Ministers enough, let those we have come forward, and their elders and Deacons will follow them.

The next class we want to help us to reach the people is the Sunday school teachers, and I value their experience next to that of the Ministers. In the cities where we have

been, teachers have come to me and said, "Mr. Moody, pray for my Sunday school scholars," and I just took them aside and pointed out their duties and showed how they themselves ought to be able to pray for their pupils. Next meeting very often they would come, and the prayer would go up from them, "God bless my scholars."

In one city we went to, a Sunday school superintendent came to his Minister and said: "I am not fit to gather sinners to life eternal; I cannot be superintendent any longer." The Minister asked, "What is the reason?" and the man said, "I am not right with God." Then the Minister advised him that the best thing, instead of resigning, was to get right with God. So he prayed with that teacher that the truth would shine upon him; and God lit up his soul with the Word. Before I left that town, the Minister told me all doubt had fled from that superintendent's mind, and he had gone earnestly to work and gathered, from the time of his conversion, over six hundred scholars into the school of his Church. "God can bless, of course, in spite of schools and teachers; but they are the channels of salvation. Bring your classes together, and pray to God to convert them. We have from three thousand to five thousand teachers here. Suppose they said: "I will try to bring my children to Christ," what a reformation we should have! Don't say that that boy is too small, or that girl is too puny or insignificant. Every one is valuable to the Lord. A teacher, whom I found at our services when she ought to have been attending to her class, upon my asking why she was at our meeting, said: "Well, I have a very small class - only five little boys." "What," said I, "you have come here and neglected these little ones! Why, in that little tow head may be the seeds of a reformation. There may be a

Luther, a Wheaton, a Wesley, or a Bunyan among them, You may be neglecting a chance for them, the effects of which will follow them through life." If you do not look to those things, teachers, some one will step into your vineyard and gather the riches you would have.

Look what that teacher did in Southern Illinois. She had taught a little girl to love the Savior, and the teacher said to her: "Can't you get your father to come to the Sunday school?" This father was a swearing, drinking man, and the love of God was not in his heart. But under the tuition of that teacher, the little girl went to her father, and told him of Jesus' love, and led him to that Sunday school. What was the result? I heard before leaving for Europe, that he had been instrumental in founding over seven hundred and eighty Sabbath schools in Southern Illinois. And what a privilege a teacher has - a privilege of leading souls to Christ. Let every Sabbath school teacher say: "By the help of God I will try to lead my scholars to Christ."

It seems to me that we have more help in our revivals from young men, except from mothers, than from any other class. The young men are pushing, energetic workers. Old men are good for counsel, and they should help, by their good words, the young men in making Christianity aggressive. These billiard halls have been open long enough. There is many a gem in those places, that only needs the way pointed out to fill their souls with love of Him. Let the young men go plead with them, bring them to the Tabernacle, and don't let them go out without presenting the claims of Christ, and show them His never dying love. Take them by the hand and say: "I want you to become a Christian." What we want is a hand-to-hand conflict with the billiard saloons and

drinking halls. Do not fear, but enter them and ask the young men to come. I know that some of you say, in a scornful way: "We will never be allowed to enter; the people who go there will cast us out." This is a mistake. I know that I have gone to them and remonstrated, and have never been unkindly treated. And some of the best workers have been men who have been proprietors of these places, and men who have been constant frequenters. There are young men there breaking their mothers' hearts, and losing themselves for all eternity. The Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ asks you to seek them out. If we cannot get them to come here, let the building be thrown aside, and let us go down and hunt them up, and tell them of Christ and Heaven. If we get someone to preach to, let us preach, even if it be to one person. Christ preached one of His most wonderful sermons to the woman at the well; and shall we not be willing to go to one, as He did, and tell that one of salvation? And let us preach to men, even if they are under the influence of liquor.

I may relate a little experience. In Philadelphia, at one of our meetings, a drunken man rose up. Till that time I had no faith that a drunken man could be converted. When any one approached he was generally taken out. This man got up and shouted, "I want to be prayed for." The friends who were with him tried to draw him away, but he shouted only louder, and for three times he repeated his request. His call was attended to, and he was converted. God has power to convert a man even if he is drunk.

I have still another lesson. I met a man in New York who was an earnest worker, and I asked him to tell me his experiences. He said he had been a drunkard for over

twenty years. His parents had forsaken him, and his wife had cast him off and married some one else. He went into a lawyer's office in Poughkeepsie, mad with drink. This lawyer proved a good Samaritan, and reasoned with him and told him he could be saved. The man scouted the idea. He said: "I must be pretty low when my father and mother, my wife and kindred cast me off, and there is no hope for me here or hereafter." But this good Samaritan showed him how it was possible to secure salvation; got him on his feet, got him on his beast, like the good Samaritan of old, and guided his face toward Zion. And this man said to me: "I have not drank a glass of liquor since." He is now leader of a young men's meeting in New York. I asked him to come up last Saturday night to Northfield, my native town, where there are a good many drunkards, thinking he might encourage them to seek salvation, he came, and brought a young man with him. They held a meeting, and it seemed as if the power of God rested upon that meeting when these two men went on telling what God had done for them - how He had destroyed the works of the devil in their hearts, and brought peace and unalloyed happiness to their souls. These grog shops here are the works of the devil - they are ruining men's souls every hour. Let us fight against them, and let our prayers go up in our battle, "Lord, manifest Thy power in Chicago this coming month." It may seem a very difficult thing for us, but it is a very easy thing for God to convert rum sellers.

A young man in New York got up and thrilled the meeting with his experience. "I want to tell you," he said, "that nine months ago a Christian came to my house and, said he, wanted me to become a Christian.

He talked to me kindly and encouragingly, pointing out the error of my ways, and I became converted. I had been a hard drinker, but since that time I have not touched a drop of liquor. If any one had asked who the most hopeless man in that town was they would have pointed to me." Today this young man is the superintendent of a Sabbath school. Eleven years ago, when I went to Boston, I had a cousin who wanted a little of my experience. I gave him all the help I could, and he became a Christian. He did not know how near death was to him. He wrote to his brother and said: "I am very anxious to get your soul to Jesus." The letter somehow went to another city, and lay from the 28th of February to the 28th of March - just one month. He saw it was in his brother's handwriting, and tore it open and read the above words. It struck a chord in his heart, and was the means of converting him - And this was the Christian who led this drunken young man to Christ.

This young man had a neighbor who had drank for forty years, and he went to that neighbor and told him what God had done for him, and the result was another conversion.

I tell you these things to encourage You to believe that the drunkards and saloon keepers can be saved - There is work for you to do, and by and by the harvest shall be gathered, and what a scene will be on the shore when we hear the Master on the throne shout, "Well done! Well done!"

Let me say a word to you, mothers. We depend a good deal upon you. It seems to me that there is not a father and mother in all Chicago who should not be in sympathy with this work. You have daughters and sons,

and if work is done now they will be able to steer clear of many temptations and will be able to lead better lives here. It seems to me selfishness if they sit down inactive and say, "There is no use in this. We are safe ourselves, what is the use of troubling?" If the mothers and fathers of the whole community would unite their prayers and send up appeals to God to manifest His power, in answer to them there would be mighty work.

I remember in Philadelphia we wanted to see certain results, and we called a meeting of mothers. There were from five to eight thousand mothers present, and each of them had a particular burden upon her heart. There was a mother who had a wayward daughter, another a reckless son, another a bad husband. We spoke to them confidently, and we bared our hearts to one another. They prayed for aid from the Lord, and that Grace might be shown to these sons and daughters and husbands, and the result was that our inquiry rooms were soon filled with anxious and earnest inquirers.

Let me tell you about a mother in Philadelphia. She had two wayward sons. They were wild, dissipated youths. They were to meet on a certain night and join in dissipation. The rendezvous was at the corner of Market and Thirteenth streets, where our meetings were held. One of the young men entered the large meeting, and when it was over went to the young men's meeting near at hand, and was quickened, and there prayed that the Lord might save him. His mother had gone to the meeting that night, and, arriving too late, found the door closed. When that young man went home he found his mother praying for him, and the two mingled their prayers together. While they were praying together the other brother came from the other meeting, and brought

tidings of being converted, and at the next meeting the three got up and told their experience, and I never heard an audience so thrilled before or since.

Another incident.

A wayward boy in London, whose mother was very anxious for his salvation, said to her, "I am not going to be bothered with your prayers any longer. I will go to America and be rid of them." "But, my boy," she said, "God is on the sea, and in America, and He hears my prayers for you." Well, he came to this country, and as they led into the port of New York some of the sailors told him that Moody and Sankey were holding meeting in the Hippodrome. The moment he landed he started for our place Of meeting, and there he found Christ. He became a most earnest worker, and he wrote to his mother and told her that her prayers had been answered; that he had been saved, and that he had found his mother's God.

Mothers and fathers, lift up your hearts in prayer, that there may be hundreds of thousands saved in this city.

When I was in London, there was one lady dressed in black up in the gallery. All the rest were Ministers. I wondered who that lady could be. At the close of the meeting I stepped up to her, and she asked me if I did not remember her. I did not, but she told me who she was, and her story came to my mind.

When we were preaching in Dundee, Scotland, a mother came up with her two sons, 16 and 17 years old. She said to me, "Will you talk to my boys?" I asked her if she would talk to the inquirers, and told her there were more inquirers than workers. She said she was not a good enough Christian - was not prepared enough. I told

her I could not talk to her then. Next night she came to me and asked me again, and the following night she repeated her request. Five hundred miles she journeyed to get God's blessing for her boys. Would to God we had more mothers like her. She came to London, and the first night I was there, I saw her in the Agricultural Hall. She was accompanied by only one of her boys - the other had died. Towards the close of the meetings I received this letter from her:

"Dear Mr. Moody: For months I have never considered the day's work ended unless you and your work had been specially prayed for. Now it appears before us more and more. What in our little measure we have found has no doubt been the happy experience of many others in London, my husband and I have sought as our greatest privilege to take unconverted friends one by one to the Agricultural Hall, and I thank God that, with a single exception, those brought under the preaching from your lips have accepted Christ as their Savior, and are rejoicing in His love."

That lady was a lady of wealth and position. She lived a little way out of London; gave up her beautiful home and took lodgings near the Agricultural Hall, so as to be useful in the inquiry room. When we went down to the Opera House she was there; when we went down to the east end there she was again, and when I left London she had the names of 150 who had accepted Christ from her. Some said that our work in London was a failure. Ask her if the work was a failure, and she will tell you. If we had a thousand such mothers in Chicago we would lift it. Go and bring your friends, here to the meetings.

Think of the privilege, my friends of saving a soul, if we are going to work for good we must be up and about it. Men say, "I have not the time." Take it. Ten minutes every day for Christ will give you good wages. There is many a man who is working for you - Take them by the hand. Some of you with silver locks, I think I hear you saying, I wish I was young, how I would rush into the battle." Well, if you cannot be a fighter, you can pray and lead on the others. There are two kinds of old people in the world. One grows chilled and sour, and there are others who light up every meeting with their genial presence, and cheer on the workers. Draw near, old age, and cheer on the others, and take them by the hand and encourage them.

There was a building on fire. The flames leaped around the stair case, and from a three story window a little child was seen who cried for help. The only way to reach it was by a ladder. One was obtained and a fireman ascended, but when he had almost reached the child, the flames broke from the window and leaped around him. He faltered and seemed afraid to go further. Suddenly some one in the crowd shouted, and then a cheer went up. The man was nerved with new energy, and rescued the child. Just so our young men. Whenever you see them wavering, cheer them on. If you cannot work yourself, give them cheers to nerve them on in their glorious work. May the blessing of God fail upon us this afternoon, and let every man and woman be up and doing.

The Seven "I Will's" of Christ

When a man says, "I will," it may not mean much. We very often say "I will" when we don't mean to fulfill what we say. But when we come to the "I will" of Christ, He means to fulfill it. Everything He promised to do, He is able and willing to accomplish. I cannot find any Scripture where He says "I will" do this or "I will" do that but that it will be done.

1. The "I Will" of Salvation

The first "I will"

is to be found in John's Gospel, chapter 6 and verse 37: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

I imagine someone will say, "If I were what I ought to be, I would come. But when my mind goes over my past record, it is too dark. I am not fit to come."

You must bear in mind that Jesus Christ came to save not good people, not the upright and just, but sinners like you and me who have gone astray and sinned and come short of the glory of God.

Listen to this "I will"—it goes right into the heart: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Surely that is broad enough—is it not? I don't care who the man or woman is nor what his or her trials, troubles, sorrows or sins are, if that one will only come straight to the Master, He will not cast him out.

Come then, poor sinner; come just as you are and take Him at His word.

So anxious is He to save sinners that He will take everyone who comes. He will take those who are so full of sin that they are despised by all who know them; who have been rejected by their fathers and mothers; who have been cast off by the wives of their bosoms. He will take those who have sunk so low that upon them no eye of pity is cast. His occupation is to hear and save. That is why He left Heaven and came into the world; that is why He left the throne of God—to save sinners. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19:10). He did not come to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.

A wild and prodigal young man running a career headlong to ruin came into one of our meetings in Chicago. The Spirit of God got hold of him. Whilst I was conversing with him and endeavoring to bring him to Christ, I quoted Luke 19:10. Then I asked him, "Do you believe Christ said that?"

"I suppose He did."

"Suppose He did? Do you believe it?"

"I hope so."

"Hope so? Do you believe it? You do your work, and the Lord will do His. Just come as you are. Throw yourself upon His bosom, and He will not cast you out."

This man thought it was too simple and easy.

At last, light seemed to break in upon him, and he seemed to find comfort from it. It was past midnight before he got down on his knees, but down he went and was converted.

I said, "Now, don't think you are going to get out of the Devil's territory without trouble. The Devil will come to

you tomorrow morning and say it was all feeling, that you only imagined you were accepted by God. When he does, don't fight him with your own opinions, but fight him with John 6:37: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Let that be the 'sword of the Spirit.'"

I don't believe any man ever starts to go to Christ but that the Devil strives somehow to trip him up. Even after he has come to Christ, the Devil tries to assail him with doubts and make him believe there is something wrong in it.

The struggle came sooner than I thought in this man's case. While he was on his way home, the Devil assailed him. He used Luke, chapter 5. We read of a leper who came to Christ and said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." The Lord touched him, saying, "I will: be thou clean," and immediately the leprosy left him.

Any man or woman full of the leprosy of sin who reads this, if you will but go to the Master and tell all your case to Him, He will speak to you as He did to that poor leper: "I will: be thou clean," and the leprosy of your sins will flee from you.

The Lord and the Lord alone can forgive sins. If you say to Him, "Lord, I am full of sin; Thou canst make me clean"; "Lord, I have a terrible temper; Thou canst make me clean"; "Lord, I have a deceitful heart. Cleanse me, O Lord; give me a new heart. O Lord, give me the power to overcome the flesh and the snares of the Devil!"; "Lord, I am full of unclean habits"-if you come to Him with a sincere spirit, you will hear the voice, "I will: be thou clean." It will be done.

The God who created the world out of nothing, who by a breath put life into the world—do you think if He says, "Thou shalt be clean," you will not be clean?

Now, you can make a wonderful exchange today. You can have spiritual health in the place of sinsickness; you can get rid of everything that is vile and hateful in the sight of God. The Son of God comes down and says, "I will take away your leprosy and give you health in its stead. I will take away that terrible sin disease that is ruining your body and soul and give you My righteousness in its stead. I will clothe you with the garments of salvation."

Is it not wonderful!

That's what He means when He says, "I will." Oh, lay hold on this "I will"!

3. The "I Will" of Confession

Now turn to Matthew

10:32: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven": the "I will" of confession.

That's the next thing that takes place after a man is saved. When we have been washed in the blood of the Lamb, we get our mouths opened. We have to confess Christ here in this dark world and tell His love to others. We are not to be ashamed of the Son of God.

A man thinks it a great honor when he has achieved a victory that causes his name to be mentioned in the English Parliament or in the presence of the queen and her court.

How excited we used to be during the war when some general did something extraordinary and someone got

up in Congress to confess his exploits! How the papers used to talk about it!

In China the highest ambition of the successful soldier is to have his name written in the palace or temple of Confucius.

But just think of having your name mentioned in the kingdom of Heaven by the Prince of Glory, by the Son of God, because you confessed Him here on earth! Confess Him here; He will confess you yonder.

If you wish to be brought into the clear light of liberty, you must take your stand on Christ's side. Many Christians go groping about in darkness and never get into the clear light of the kingdom because they are ashamed to confess the Son of God. We are living in a day when men want a religion without the cross, the crown but not the cross. But if we are to be disciples of Jesus Christ, we have to take up our crosses daily—not once a year or on the Lord's Day, but daily. And if we take up our crosses and follow Him, we shall be blessed in the very act.

A newly converted man in New York came to pray with me. His burden was that he was afraid to confess Christ. It seemed that down at the bottom of his trunk he had a Bible. He wanted to get it out and read it to the companion with whom he lived, but he was ashamed to do it.

After he had carried the burden for a whole week and after a terrible struggle, he made up his mind, "I will take my Bible out tonight and read it." He did. Soon he heard the footsteps of his roommate coming upstairs. His first impulse was to put the Bible away, but then he decided he would face his companion with it in hand.

His roommate came in.

Seeing John at his Bible, he said, "Are you interested in these things?"

"Yes," John replied.

"How long has this been?" asked his companion.

"Exactly a week," he answered. "For a whole week I have tried to get out my Bible to read to you, but I have not done so till now."

"Well," said his friend,

"it is a strange thing. I was converted on the same night, and I too was ashamed to take my Bible out."

You are ashamed to show your Bible and say, "I have lived a godless life for all these years, but I will commence now to live a life of righteousness." You are ashamed to open your Bible and read that blessed psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." You are ashamed to be seen on your knees.

No man can be a disciple of Jesus Christ without bearing his cross. A great many want to know how it is Christ has so few disciples whilst Muhammad has so many. The reason is, Muhammad gives no cross to bear.

There are so few who will come out to take their stand.

I was struck during the Civil War with the fact that there were so many who could go to the cannon's mouth without trembling but who had no courage to take up their Bibles to read them at night. They were ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation.

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

"But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."-Matt. 10:32,33.

4. The "I Will" of Service

The next is the "I will"

of service.

There are a good many

Christians who have been quickened and aroused to say, "I want to do some service for Christ."

Well, Christ says, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

There is no Christian who cannot help to bring someone to the Saviour. Christ says, "And I, if I be lifted up..., will draw all men unto me"; and our business is just to lift up Christ.

Our Lord said, "Follow me, Peter, and I will make you a fisher of men"; and Peter simply obeyed. On that day of Pentecost we see the result. I doubt if Peter ever caught so many fish in one day as he did men on that day. It would have broken every net they had on board if they had had to drag up three thousand fish.

I read some time ago of a man who took passage in a stagecoach. There were first-, second- and third-class passengers. But when he looked into the coach, he saw all the passengers sitting together without distinction. He could not understand it.

By and by they came to a hill. The coach stopped. The driver called out, "First-class passengers keep their seats. Second-class passengers get out and walk. Third-class passengers get behind and push."

In the church we have no room for first-class passengers—people who think salvation means an easy ride all the way to Heaven. We have no room for second-class passengers—people who are carried most of the time, and who, when they should be showing their faith by their works, go trudging on giving never a thought to helping their fellows along. All church members ought to be third-class passengers—ready to dismount and push with a will.

John Wesley's definition of a church: "All at it and always at it." Every Christian is to be a worker. He need not be a preacher or an evangelist to be useful. He may be useful in business. See what power an employer has with his employees! Often a man can be as useful in a business sphere as in another.

There is one reason—and a great reason—why so many do not succeed at Christian service. I have been asked by a great many good men, "Why is it we don't have any results? We work hard, pray hard, preach hard, yet the success does not come."

I tell them, "Because you spend all your time mending nets. No wonder you never catch anything."

The great matter is to give invitations and compel sinners to come and thus pull the net in and see if you have caught anything. If you are always mending and setting the net, you won't catch many fish. Who ever heard of a man's going out to fish and setting his net,

then letting it stop there and never pulling it in?
Everybody would laugh at such a man's folly.

A minister in England came to me one day and said, "I wish you would tell me why we ministers don't succeed better than we do."

I brought before him this idea of pulling in the net: "You have to pull in your nets. There are many ministers in Manchester who can preach much better than I can, but I pull in the net."

Many people have objections to giving invitations, but I urge upon them the importance of offering people the chance to make a decision.

The minister said, "I never did pull in my net; but I will try next Sunday."

He did so, and eight anxious inquirers went into his study.

The next Sunday he came down to tell me he had never had such a Sunday in his life. He had met with marvelous blessing.

The next time he drew the net, there were forty. And when he came to see me later, he said to me joyfully, "Moody, I have had eight hundred conversions this last year! It is a great mistake I did not begin earlier to pull in the net."

My friends, if you want to catch men, just present the Gospel and pull in the net. If you only catch one, it will be something. It may be a little child, but I have known a little child to convert a whole family. You don't know what is in that little dull-headed boy in the inquiry room. He may become a Martin Luther, a reformer who shall make the world tremble.

God uses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. God's promise is as good as a bank note. And here is one of Christ's promissory notes: 'If you follow Me, I will make you fishers of men.'

Will you not lay hold of the promise and trust it and follow Him now?

If a man preaches the

Gospel faithfully, he ought to expect results then and there. It is the privilege of God's children to reap the fruit of their labor three hundred sixty-five days in the year.

"Well, but is there not a sowing time as well as a harvest?" you ask.

Yes, there is; but then, you can sow with one hand and reap with the other.

What would you think of a farmer who went on sowing all the year round and never thought of reaping? I repeat: we want to sow with one hand and reap with the other. And if we look for the fruit of our labors, we shall see it.

"I, if I be lifted up..., will draw all men unto me." We must lift Christ up, then seek men out and bring them to Him.

You must use the right kind of bait. A good many don't do this, then they wonder why they are not successful. You see them getting up all kinds of entertainment with which to try to catch men. They go the wrong way to work.

This perishing world wants Christ and Him crucified. There's a void in every man's bosom that wants filling

up, and if we only approach him with the right kind of bait, we shall catch him.

This poor world needs a Saviour; and if we are going to be successful in catching men, we must preach Christ crucified—not His life only, but His death. And if we are only faithful in doing this, we shall succeed. Why? Because there is His promise: 'If you follow Me, I will make you fishers of men.'

That promise holds just as good to you and me as it did to His disciples and is as true now as it was in their time.

5. The "I Will" of Comfort

The next "I will" is in John 14:18: "I will not leave you comfortless."

It is a sweet thought that Christ has not left us alone in this dark wilderness here below. Although He has gone up on high and taken His seat by the Father's throne, He has not left us comfortless.

In other words, He said,

"I will not leave you orphans." He did not leave Joseph. When they cast him into prison, "God was with him." When Daniel was cast into the den of lions, they had to put the Almighty in with him. They were so bound together that they could not be separated.

If we have Christ with us, we can do all things. Let us not be thinking how weak we are. Let us lift up our eyes to Him and think of Him as our Elder Brother who has all power given to Him in Heaven and on earth. He says, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Some of our children and friends leave us, and it is a very sad hour. But the believer and Christ shall never be separated! He is with us here, and we shall be with Him in person by and by. We shall see Him in His beauty. But not only is He with us, but He has sent us the Holy Ghost. Let us honor the Holy Spirit by acknowledging that He is here in our midst. He has power to give sight to the blind, liberty to the captive, and to open the ears of the deaf that they may hear the glorious words of the Gospel.

6. The "I Will" of Resurrection

Then there is another

"I will" in John 6:40; it occurs four times in the chapter: "I will raise him up at the last day."

I rejoice to think that

I have a Saviour who has power over death. My blessed Master holds the keys of death and Hell. I pity the poor unbeliever and infidel who has no hope in the resurrection. But every child of God can open that chapter and read the promise, and his heart leaps within him for joy.

The tradesman generally puts the best specimens of his wares in the window to show us the quality of his stock. When Christ was down here, He gave us a specimen of what He could do. He raised three from the dead, that we might know what power He had—(1) Jairus' daughter, (2) the widow's son, and (3) Lazarus of Bethany. He raised all three so every doubt might be swept away from our hearts.

How dark and gloomy this world would be if we had no hope in the resurrection. But when we Christians lay our

little children down in the grave, it is not without hope. We have seen them in the terrible struggle with death; but there has been one star to illumine the darkness and gloom—the thought that though the happy circle has been broken on earth, it shall be completed again in yon world of heavenly light.

You who have lost a loved one, rejoice as you read this "I will"! Those who have died in Christ shall come forth again by and by. The darkness shall flee away, and the morning light of the resurrection shall dawn upon us. It is only a little while, and the voice of Him who has said it shall come, shall be heard in the grave—"I will raise him up at the last day."

Precious promise! Precious

"I will"!

I had an unsaved brother for whom I was very anxious. For fourteen long years I tried to lead that brother to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

He was the Benjamin of the family, born a few weeks after my father's death. When he was seventeen, he had a long run of typhoid fever, and he never fully recovered from it.

I did everything I could to bring him to Christ. He was a young man of considerable promise. I know no one who could sit down and discuss against the divinity of Christ like that man. I was not any match for him in argument. But day by day I preached to him as best I knew how.

I think I never loved a man on earth as I loved that brother. (I never knew what it was to love a father, because he died before I remember.) Because he was

sickly, that drew my love and sympathy toward him; and oh, how my heart yearned for his salvation!

After preaching one night, I said, "Now if any of this audience would like to take up his cross and follow Christ, I would like him to rise." I cannot tell you what a thrill of joy filled my soul when that brother of mine arose! It seemed the happiest night of my life. I was full of joy and thankfulness.

Afterwards my brother and I worked together for a time. We talked of the Gospel. And in the summer we sat upon the hillside and talked of the old home.

After a year had passed,

I went to Chicago. He was to go with me. He bid me good-bye, and I said, "Samuel, I will see you in a few days, so I will only say good-bye till then."

A few days after, a telegram came, saying, "Samuel is dead." I traveled a thousand miles to bury him. I got more comfort out of that promise, "I will raise him up at the last day," than anything else in the Bible. How it cheered me! How it lighted up my path! As I went into the room and looked upon the lovely face of that brother, how that passage ran through my soul: "Thy brother shall rise again." Thank God for that promise! It is worth more than the world to me.

When we laid him in the grave, it seemed as if I could hear the voice of Jesus Christ saying, "Thy brother shall rise again."

Blessed promise of the resurrection! Blessed "I will"! "I will raise him up at the last day."

7. The "I Will" of Glory

Now the next "I will"

is in John 17:24: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am."

This was in His last prayer in the guest chamber on the last night before He was crucified on Calvary. Many a believer's countenance begins to light up at the thought that he shall see the King in His beauty by and by.

Yes, there is a glorious day before us in the future. Some think that on the first day we are converted we have everything. To be sure, we get salvation for the past and peace for the present; but there is the glory for the future in store. That's what kept Paul rejoicing. He said, 'These light afflictions, these few stripes, these few brickbats and stones that they throw at me—why, the glory that is beyond excels them so much that I count them as nothing, nothing at all, so that I may win Christ.'

And so, when things go against us, cheer up! Remember that the night will soon pass away, and the morning will dawn upon us. Death never comes there. It is banished from that heavenly land. Sickness, pain and sorrow come not there to mar that grand and glorious Home where we shall be by and by with the Master. God's family will be all together there.

Glorious future, my friends! Yes, glorious day! And it may be a great deal nearer than many of us think. During these few days we are here, let us stand steadfast and firm, and by and by we shall be in the unbroken circle in yon world of light and have the King in our midst.

To the Afflicted

If I were to ask this audience what Christ came into this world for, every one of you would say to save sinners, and then you would stop. A great many think that is all Christ came to do - to save sinners. Now, we are told that He came, to be sure, to "seek and save that which was lost"; but then He came to do more. He came to heal the broken hearted. In that eighteenth verse of the fourth chapter of Luke, which I read to you last night, He said that the Spirit of the Lord was upon Him, and that He was anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor, and in the next sentence He tells us, He is sent to heal the broken hearted. In another place we are told He came into the world to declare who the Father was, and reveal Him to the sons of men.

Tonight I want to take up this one thought - that Christ was sent into the world to heal the broken hearted. When the Prince of Wales came to this country a few years ago, the whole country was excited as to his purpose. What was his object in coming here? Had he come to look into our republican form of government, or our institutions, or was it simply to see and be seen? He came and he went without telling us what he came for. When the Prince of Peace came into this dark world, He did not come in any private way. He tells us that He came, not to see and be seen, but to "seek and save that which was lost" and also "to heal the broken hearted." And in the face of this announcement, it is a mystery to me why those who have broken hearts will rather carry them year in and year out, than just bring them to this Great Physician. How many men in Chicago are just

going down to their graves with a broken heart? They have carried their hearts weighted with trouble for years and years, and yet when they open the Scriptures they can see the passage telling us that He came here for the purpose of healing the broken hearted. He left Heaven and all its glory to come to the world - sent by the Father, He tells us, for the purpose of healing the broken hearted.

You will find, my friends, that there is no class of people exempt from broken hearts. The rich and the poor suffer alike. There was a time when I used to visit the poor, that I thought all the broken hearts were to be found among them, but within the last few years I have found there are as many broken hearts among the learned as the unlearned, the cultured as the uncultured, the rich as the poor. If you could but go up one of our avenues and down another, and reach the hearts of the people, and get them to turn out their whole story, you would be astonished at the wonderful history of every family.

I remember a few years ago I had been out of the city for some weeks. When I returned I started out to make some calls. The first place I went to I found a mother, her eyes red with weeping. I tried to find out what was troubling her, and she reluctantly opened her heart and told me all. She said, "Last night my only boy came home about midnight drunk. I didn't know that he was addicted to drunkenness, but this morning I found out that he has been drinking for weeks, and," she continued, "I would rather have seen him laid in the grave than have him brought home in the condition I saw him in last night." I tried to comfort her as best I could when she told me her sad story. When I went away from that house I didn't want to go into any other house

where there was family trouble. The very next house I went to, however, where some of the children who attended my Sunday school resided, I found that death had been there and laid his hand on one of them. The mother spoke to me of her afflictions, and brought to me the playthings and the little shoes of the child, and the tears trickled down that mother's cheeks as she related to me her sorrow.

I got out as soon as possible, and hoped I should see no more family trouble that day.

The next visit I made was to a home where I found a wife with a bitter story. Her husband had been neglecting her for a long time, "and now," she said, "he has left me, and I don't know where he has gone. Winter is coming on, and I don't know what is going to become of my family," I tried to comfort her, and prayed with her, and endeavored to get her to lay all her sorrows on Christ. The next home I entered I found a woman crushed and broken hearted. She told me her boy had forsaken her, and she had no idea where he had gone. That afternoon I made five calls, and in every home I found a broken heart. Every one had a sad tale to tell, and if you visited any home in Chicago you would find the truth of the saying, that "there is a skeleton in every house."

I suppose while I am talking, you are thinking of the great sorrow in your own bosom. I do not know anything about you, but if I came round to every one of you, and you were to tell me the truth, I would hear a tale of sorrow. The very last man I spoke to last night was a young mercantile man, who told me his load of sorrow had been so great, that many times during the last few

weeks he had gone down to the lake and had been tempted to plunge in and end his existence. His burden seemed too much for him. Think of the broken hearts in Chicago tonight! They could be numbered by hundreds - yea, by thousands. All over this city are broken hearts. If all the sorrow represented in this great city was written in a book, this building couldn't hold that book, and you couldn't read it in a long life time.

This earth is not a stranger to tears, neither is the present the only time when they could be found in abundance. From Adam's days to ours tears have been shed, and a wail has been going up to Heaven from the broken hearted. And I say it again, it is a mystery to me how all those broken hearts can keep away from Him who has come to heal them. For six thousand years that cry of sorrow has been going up to God. We find the tears of Jacob put on record, when he was told that his own son was no more. His sons and daughters tried to give him comfort, but he refused to be comforted. We are also told of the tears of King David. I can see him, as the messenger brings the news of the death of his son, exclaiming in anguish, "O, Absalom, my son, would that I had died for thee!" And when Christ came into the world the first sound He heard was woe - the wail of those mothers in Bethlehem; and from the manger to the Cross, He was surrounded with sorrow. We are told that He often looked up to Heaven and sighed. I believe it was because there was so much suffering around Him. It was on His right hand and on His left - everywhere on earth; and the thought that He had come to relieve the people of the earth of their burdens, and so few would accept Him, made Him sorrowful. He came for that purpose. Let the hundreds of thousands just cast their

burdens on Him. He has come to bear them, as well as our sins. He will bear our griefs and carry our sorrows. There is not a burdened son of Adam in Chicago who cannot but be freed if he will only come to Him.

Let me call your attention to this little word "sent." "He hath sent me." Take your Bibles and read about those who have been sent by God, and one thought will come to you - that no man who has ever been sent by God to do His work has ever failed. No matter how great the work, how mighty the undertaking; no matter how many difficulties had to be encountered, when they were sent from God they were sure to succeed. God sent Moses down to Egypt to bring 3,000,000 people out of bondage. The idea would have seemed absurd to most people. Fancy a man with an impediment in his speech, without an army, without Generals, with no record, bringing 3,000,000 people from the power of a great nation like that of the Egyptians. But God sent him, and what was the result? Pharaoh said they should not go, and the great king and all his army were going to prevent them. But did he succeed? God sent Moses and he didn't fail.

We find that God sent Joshua to the walls of Jericho, and he marched around the walls, and at the proper time those walls came tumbling down and the city fell into his hands. God sent Eliab to stand before Ahab, and we read the result; Samson and Gideon were sent by God and we are told in the Scriptures what they accomplished, and so all through the word we find that when God sent men they have never failed.

Now, do you think for a moment that God's own Son sent to us is going to fail? If Moses, Elijah, Joshua, Gideon,

Samson, and all these mighty men sent by God succeeded in doing their work, do you think the Son of Man is going to fail? Do you think, if He has come to heal broken hearts, He is going to fail? Do you think there is a heart so bruised and broken that can't be healed by Him? He can heal them all, but the great trouble is that men won't come. If there is a broken heart here tonight just bring it to the Great Physician, if you break an arm or a leg, you run off and get the best physician. If you have a broken heart, you needn't go to a doctor or Minister with it; the best physician is the Great Physician. In the days of Christ they didn't have hospitals or physicians as we have now. When a man was sick he was taken to the door, and the passersby prescribed for him. If a man came along who had had the same disease as the sufferer he just told him what he had done to get cured - I remember I had a disease for a few months, and when I recovered if I met a man with the same disease I had to tell him what cured me. I could not keep the prescription all to myself. When He came there and found the sick at their cottage door, the sufferers found more medicine in His words than there was in all the prescriptions of that country. He is a mighty physician who has come to heal every wounded heart in this building and in Chicago tonight.

You needn't run to any other physician.

The great difficulty is that people try to get some other physician - they go to this creed and that creed, to this doctor of Divinity and that one, instead of coming directly to the Master. He has told us that His mission is to heal the broken hearts, and if He has said this, let us take Him at His word and just ask Him to heal.

I was thinking today of the difference between those who know Christ when trouble comes upon them, and those who know Him not. I know several members of families in this city who are just stumbling into their graves over trouble. I know two widows in Chicago who are weeping and moaning over the death of their husbands, and their grief is just taking them to their graves. Instead of bringing their burdens to Christ they mourn day and night, and the result will be that in a few weeks or years at most their sorrow will take them to their graves, when they ought to take it all to the Great Physician.

Three years ago a father took his wife and family on board that ill fated French steamer. They were going to Europe, and when out on the ocean another vessel ran into her and she went down. That mother when I was preaching in Chicago used to bring her two children to the meetings every night. It was one of the most beautiful sights I ever looked on, to see how those little children used to sit and listen, and to see the tears trickling down their cheeks when the Savior was preached. It seemed as if nobody else in that meeting drank in the truth as eagerly as those little ones. One night when an invitation had been extended to all to go into the inquiry room, one of these little children said: "Mamma, why can't I go in, too?" The mother allowed them to come into the room, and some friend spoke to them, and to all appearances they seemed to understand the plan of Salvation as well as their elders. When that memorable night came, that mother went down and came up without her two children. Upon reading the news I said: "It will kill her," and I quitted my post in Edinburgh - the only time I left my post on the other side

- and went down to Liverpool to try and comfort her. But when I got there, I found that the Son of God had been there before me, and instead of me comforting her she comforted me. She told me she could not think of those children as being in the sea; it seemed as if Christ had permitted her to take those children on that vessel only that they might be wafted to Him, and had saved her life only that she might come back and work a little longer for Him. When she got up the other day at a mothers' meeting in Farwell Hall, and told her story, I thought I would tell the mothers of it the first chance I got. So if any of you have some great affliction, if any of you have lost a loved and loving father, mother, brother, husband, or wife, come to Christ, because God has sent Him to heal the broken hearted.

Some of you, I can imagine, will say, "Ah, I could stand that affliction; I have something harder than that." I remember a mother coming to me and saying, "It is easy enough for you to speak in that way; if you had the burden that I've got, you couldn't cast it on the Lord." "Why, is your burden so great that Christ can't carry it?" I asked. "No, it isn't too great for Him to carry; but I can't put it on Him." "That is your fault," I replied; and I find a great many people with burdens who, rather than just come to Him with them, strap them tighter on their backs and go away staggering under their load. I asked her the nature of her trouble, and she told me, "I have an only boy who is a wanderer on the face of the earth. I don't know where he is. If I only knew where he was I would go round the world to find him. You don't know how I love that boy. This sorrow is killing me." "Why can't you take him to Christ? You can reach Him at the Throne, even though He be at the uttermost part of the

world. Go tell God all about your trouble, and He will take away this, and not only that, but if you never see him on earth, God can give you faith that you will see your boy in Heaven."

And then I told her of a mother who lived down in the southern part of Indiana. Some years ago her boy came up to this city. He was a moralist. My friends, a man has to have more than morality to lean upon in this great city. He hadn't been here long before he was led astray. A neighbor happened to come up here and found him one night in the streets drunk. When that neighbor went home at first he thought he wouldn't say anything about it to the boy's father, but afterwards he thought it was his duty to tell. So in a crowd in the street of their little town, he just took that father aside, and told him what he had seen in Chicago. It was a terrible blow. When the children had been put to bed that night he said to his wife: "Wife, I have bad news. I have heard from Chicago today." The mother dropped her work in an instant, and said: "Tell me what it is." "Well, our son has been seen on the streets of Chicago drunk." Neither of them slept that night, but they took their burden to Christ. About daylight the mother said: "I don't know how, I don't know when or where, but God has given me faith to believe that our son will be saved and will never come to a drunkard's grave." One week after, that boy left Chicago. He couldn't tell why - an unseen power seemed to lead him to his mother's home, and the first thing he said on coming over the threshold was, "Mother, I have come home to ask you to pray for me"; and soon after he came back to Chicago a bright and a shining light. If you have got a burden like this, fathers, mothers, bring it to

Him and cast it on Him and He, the Great Physician, will heal your broken hearts.

I can imagine again some of you saying, "How am I to do it?" My friends, go to Him as a personal friend. He is not a myth. What we want to do is to treat Christ as we treat an earthly friend. If you have sins, just go and tell Him all about them; if you have some great burden, "Go bury thy sorrow," bury it in His bosom. If you go to people and tell them of your cares, your sorrows, they will tell you they haven't time to listen. But He will not only hear your story, however long it be, but will bind your broken heart up. Oh, if there is a broken heart here tonight, bring it to Jesus, and I tell you upon authority, He will heal you. He has said He will bind your wounds up - not only that, He will heal them.

During the war I remember of a young man, not 20, who was court-martialed down in the front and sentenced to be shot. The story was this: The young fellow had enlisted. He was not obliged to, but he went off with another young man. They were what we would call "chums." One night this companion was ordered out on picket duty and he asked the young man to go for him. The next night he was ordered out himself, and having been awake two nights, and not being used to it, fell asleep at his post, and for the offense he was tried and sentenced to death. It was right after the order issued by the President that no interference should be allowed in cases of this kind. This sort of thing had become too frequent, and it must be stopped.

When the news reached the father and mother in Vermont, it nearly broke their hearts. The thought that their son should be shot was too great for them. They

had no hope that he would be saved by anything they could do. But they had a little daughter who had read the life of Abraham Lincoln and knew how he loved his own children, and she said: "If Abraham Lincoln knew how my father and mother loved my brother he wouldn't let him be shot," That little girl thought this over and made up her mind to go and see the President. She went to the White House, and the sentinel, when he saw her imploring looks, passed her in, and when she came to the door and told the private secretary that she wanted to see the President he could not refuse her. She came into the chamber and found Abraham Lincoln surrounded by his generals and counselors, and when he saw the little country girl he asked her what she wanted. The little maid told her plain simple story - how her brother, whom her mother and father loved very dearly, had been sentenced to be shot. How they were mourning for him, and if he was to die in that way it would break their hearts. The President's heart was touched with compassion, and he immediately sent a dispatch canceling the sentence and giving the boy a parole so that he could come home and see that father and mother.

I just tell you this to show you how Abraham Lincoln's heart was moved by compassion for the sorrow of that father and mother, and if he showed so much, do you think the Son of God will not have compassion upon you sinner, if you only take that crushed, bruised heart to Him? He will read it. Have you got a drunken husband? Go tell him. He can make him a blessing to the Church and to the world. Have you a profligate son? Go take your story to him, and he will comfort you, and bind up and heal your sorrow. What a blessing it is to have such

a Savior. He has been sent to heal the broken hearted. May the text, if the sermon doesn't, reach everyone here tonight, and may every crushed, broken, and bruised heart be brought to that Savior, and they will hear His comforting words. He will comfort you as a mother comforts her child if you will only come in prayer and lay all your burdens before Him.

Tomorrow May Be Too Late

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." Isa. 55:6.

I have learned that when anyone becomes in earnest about his soul's salvation and he begins to seek God, it does not take long for an anxious sinner to meet an anxious Saviour. "Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart" (Jer. 29:13). Those who seek for Him with all their hearts, find Christ.

I am tired and sick of half-heartedness. I don't like a half-hearted man. I don't care for anyone to love me halfheartedly. And the Lord won't have it. If we are going to seek for Him and find Him, we must do it with all our hearts.

I believe the reason why so few find Christ is that they do not search for Him with all their hearts; they are not terribly in earnest about their souls' salvation.

Everything God has done proves that He is in earnest about the salvation of men's souls. He has proved it by giving His only Son to die for us. The Son of God was in earnest when He died. What is Calvary but a proof of that? And the Lord wants us to be in earnest when it comes to this great question of the soul's salvation. I never saw men seeking Him with all their hearts but they soon found Him.

It was quite refreshing one night to find in the inquiry room a young man who thought he was not worth saving, he was so vile and wicked. There was hope for him because he was so desperately in earnest about his soul. He thought he was worthless. He had a sight of

himself in God's looking glass and had a very poor opinion of himself.

One can always tell when a man is a great way from God for he is always talking about himself, and how good he is. But the moment he sees God by the eye of faith, he is down on his knees, and, like Job, he cries, "Behold, I am vile." All his goodness flees away.

The Lord Is Near Us Now

When men earnestly seek the Lord and are in earnest about their salvation, they will soon find Christ. You do not need to go up to the heights to bring Him down, or down to the depths to bring Him up, or go off to some distant city to find Him. This day He is near to every one of us.

I once heard someone in the inquiry room telling a young person to go home and seek Christ in his closet. I would not dare tell anyone to do that. He might be dead before he got home.

If I read my Bible correctly, the man who preaches the Gospel will not tell me to seek Christ tomorrow or an hour hence, but now. He is near to every one of us this minute to save.

If the world would just come to God for salvation and be in earnest about it, all would find the Son of God right at the door of their hearts.

More Precious Than Precious Jewels

Suppose I should say I have lost a very valuable diamond here worth \$100,000. I had it in my pocket when I came into the hall, and when I had done preaching, it was not in my pocket but in the hall somewhere.

Suppose I should say that anyone who finds it could have it.

How earnest you would all become! You would not get very much of my sermon for thinking of the diamond. I do not believe the police could get you out of this hall. The idea of finding a diamond worth \$100,000! If I could only find it, it would lift me out of poverty at once, and I would be independent for the rest of my days! Oh, how soon everybody would become terribly in earnest!

I would to God I could get men to seek for Christ in the same way. I have something worth more than a diamond to offer you. Is not salvation eternal life worth more than all the diamonds in the world?

Hellfire Necessitates a Holy Fire

People seem to forget that there is no door out of Hell. If they enter there, they must remain there age after age. Millions on millions of years will roll on, but there is no door, no escape out of Hell.

May God wake you up and make you anxious about your soul. People talk about our being earnest and fanatical about our being on fire. Would to God the church were on fire! This world would soon shake to its foundation. May God wake up a slumbering church!

What we want you to do is not to shout "amen" and clap your hands. The deepest and quietest waters very often run swiftest. We want you to go right to work; there will be a chance for you to shout by and by. Go and speak to your neighbor and tell him of Christ and Heaven. You need not go far before you will find someone passing down to the darkness of eternal death. Haste to his rescue!

What we want to see is people really wishing to become Christians, those who are in dead earnest about it. The idea of hearing one say in answer to the question, "Do you want to become a Christian?" "Well, I would not mind"!

My friend, you will never get into the kingdom of God until you change your language. Men should be crying from the depths of their hearts, "I want to be saved!"

On the day of Pentecost the cry was, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" These people were in earnest, and three thousand found Christ when they sought with all their hearts.

When men seek Christ as they do wealth, they will soon find Him. To be sure, the world will raise a cry that they are excited. Let cotton go up ten or fifteen percent before tomorrow morning, and you will see how quickly the merchants will get excited! And the papers won't cry it down either. They say it is healthy excitement; commerce is getting on.

But when you begin to get excited about your soul and are in earnest, then they raise the cry, "Oh, they are getting excited; most unhealthy state of things." Yet they don't talk nor write about men hastening down to death by the thousands.

There is the poor drunkard look at him! Hear the piercing cry going up to Heaven? Yet the church of God slumbers and sleeps. Here and there is an inquirer, yet they go into the inquiry room as if they were half asleep. When will men seek for Christ as they seek for wealth, or as they seek for honor?

As I have said, if life is in danger, how terribly in earnest people become. That is right; there is no doubt about that. But why should not they be as much in earnest about their souls' salvation? Why should not every man and woman wake up and seek the Lord with all their hearts? Then, the Lord says, you shall find Him.

Seek Christ Earnestly

There is a story told of a vessel that was wrecked and was going down at sea. There were not enough lifeboats to take all on board. When the vessel went down, some of the lifeboats were near the vessel. A man swam from the wreck to one of the boats, but they had no room to take him on. When they refused, he seized hold of the boat with his right hand, but they took a sword and cut off his fingers. When he had lost the fingers of his right hand, the man was so earnest to save his life that he seized the boat with his left hand. They cut off the fingers of that hand too. Then the man swam up and seized the boat with his teeth. Now they had compassion on him and relented. They could not cut off his head, so they took him in, and the man's life was saved. Why? Because he was in earnest.

Why not seek your soul's salvation as that man sought to save his life?

Will there ever be a better time?

Will there ever be a better time for the old man whose locks are growing gray, whose eyes are growing dim, and who is hastening to the grave? Is not this the very best time for him? "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

There is a man in the middle of life. Is this not the best time for him to seek the kingdom of God? Will he ever have a better opportunity? Will Christ ever be more willing to save than now? He says, "Come; for all things are now ready" not "going to be," but "are now ready."

There is a young man. My friend, is it not the best time for you to seek the kingdom of God? Seek the Lord; you can find Him now. Can you say that you will find Him tomorrow? Young man, you know not what tomorrow may bring forth. Do you know that every time the clock ticks, a soul passes away? Is not this the best time for you to seek the kingdom of God? My boy, the Lord wants you. Seek first the kingdom of God, and seek Him while He may be found.

Multitudes Can Be Saved!

About thirty years ago a great revival swept over this land. A great many men stood and shook their heads; they could not believe it was a healthy state of things. The church was not in its normal state! The church from Maine to Minnesota and on to California was astir.

As you passed over this great republic, over its Western prairies and mountains, and through its valleys, as you went on by train, passing through its cities and villages, you could see the churches lit up. Men were flocking into the kingdom of God by hundreds.

In a year and a half or two years, more than half a million souls were brought in. Men said it was false excitement, wildfire, and it would pass away. But, my friend, it was grace preceding judgment.

Little did we know that our nation was soon to be baptized in blood, and that we would soon hear the

tramp of a million men, that hundreds and thousands of our young men the flower of our nation would soon be lying in a soldier's grave. But, my friend, it was God calling His people in. He was preparing our nation for a terrible struggle.

Supposing you could win the world; what would you do with it? Would it be worth as much as Christ? Let everything else be laid aside, and make up your mind that you will not rest until you have sought and found the Lord Jesus. I never knew anyone to make up his mind to seek Him but that he soon found Him.

At Dublin a young man found Christ. He went home and lived so godly and so Christlike a life that two of his brothers could not understand what had wrought the change in him.

They left Dublin and followed us to Sheffield, and there found Christ. They were in earnest.

But, thanks be to

God, Christ can be found now. I firmly believe every reader can find Christ now, if you will seek for Him with all your heart. He says, "Call upon me."

Christ Turns No One Away

Did you ever hear of anyone calling upon Christ with the whole heart, that Christ didn't answer? Look at that thief on the cross! It may have been that he had a praying mother, and that his mother taught him the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. He had heard Christ pray that wonderful prayer, "Father, forgive them." And as he was hanging on the cross, that text of Scripture came to his mind: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."

The truth came flashing into his soul. He said, 'He is near me now. I will call on Him. Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.' No sooner had he called than the Lord said, "To day shalt thou be with me in paradise." That was his seeking opportunity, his day.

This Is Your Opportunity Now

My friend, this is your day now. I believe that every man has his day. You have it just now; why not call upon Him just now? Say, as the poor thief did, "Lord, remember me." That was his golden opportunity, and the Lord heard and answered and saved him.

Did not Bartimaeus call on Him while He was near? Christ was passing by Jericho for the last time, and Bartimaeus cried out, "Thou son of David, have mercy on me." And did not the Lord hear his prayer and give him sight?

It was a good thing

Zacchaeus called or rather the Lord called him; but when the Lord called, he came.

May the Lord call you, and may you respond: "Lord, here am I; You have called, and I come." Do you believe the Lord will call a poor sinner and then cast him out? No! His Word stands forever: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37).

I was glad when that man I told you of said he felt as if he were too bad. Men are pretty near the kingdom of God when they do not see anything good in themselves.

At the Fulton Street prayer meeting a man came in, and this was his story. He had a mother who prayed for him he was a wild, reckless prodigal. Some time after his

mother's death he began to be troubled. He thought he ought to get into new company and leave his old companions, so he said he would go and join a secret society.

He thought he would join the Odd Fellows. They made inquiry about him, and when they found he was a drunken sailor, they blackballed him. They would not have him.

He went to the Freemasons.

He had nobody to recommend him. When they inquired and found there was no good in his character, they blackballed him. They didn't want him.

One day someone handed him a little notice in the street about the prayer meeting. He went. He heard that Christ had come to save sinners. He believed Him; he took Him at His word; and, in reporting the matter, he said he "came to Christ without a character, and Christ hadn't blackballed him."

My friend, that is Christ's way. Are you without a character, with nobody to say a good word for you? I bring you good news. Call on the Son of God, and He will hear you.

Let us be in earnest about the salvation of our children and friends. Warn that young lady. Yes, Mother, speak to that daughter. Father, speak to that child. Wife, speak to your unconverted husband. Husband, speak to your unconverted wife. Do not let anyone say, "Nobody cares for my soul." I never saw parents burdened for their children but that the children soon became anxious to be saved.

What Are You Going to Do?

Before I close,

I want to ask you once more: What are you going to do? If the Lord is near, won't you call upon Him? Don't let some scoffer keep you out of the kingdom of God. There may be a scornful look upon his face. Perhaps he makes light of what I say. Don't mind him. Don't look to him, but look right up to God and ask Him to save you.

Every true friend, if you could get his advice, would tell you to be saved now.

Ask your minister,

"Had I better seek the kingdom of God now?" What will he tell you? "By all means, don't put it off another minute."

Ask your godly, praying mother, "Is it best to seek the kingdom of God now?" Will she say, "Put it off one week, or a month"? There is not a Christian mother in this land who would say that. I doubt if there is even an unconverted mother whose advice would be to put off becoming a Christian.

Ask that praying sister of yours, that praying brother, any friend you have, whether it is not the very best thing you can do. And then cry to Heaven and ask Him who is sitting at the right hand of God, and who loves you more than your father or your mother or anyone on earth who loves you so much that He gave Himself for you ask Him what He will have you do, and hear His voice from the throne, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

And then shout down to the infernal regions, and ask those down there. What will they say? "Send someone to

my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place.'

Heaven, earth and

Hell unite in this one thing: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Don't put it off. Call upon Him while He is near. And if you call upon Him in earnest, He will hear that call.

You May Call Too Late

I have no doubt that those who would not pray when the ark was being built, prayed when the Flood came; but their prayer was not answered.

I have no doubt that when Lot went out of Sodom, Sodom cried to God; but it was too late, and God's judgment swept them from the earth.

My friend, it is not too late now, but it may be at twelve o'clock tonight. I cannot find any place in the Bible where it says you may call tomorrow. I am not justified in saying that. "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation."

Those men of Jerusalem, what a golden opportunity they had with Christ in their midst! We see the Son of God weeping over Jerusalem, His heart bursting with grief for the city as He cried, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Thou that stonest the prophets, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood, but ye would not.'

He could look down forty years and see Titus coming with his army and besieging that city. They called upon God then, but it was too late, and eleven hundred thousand people perished.

Now Is the Time to Be Saved

Now is a time of mercy. It may be I am talking to someone whose days of grace may be few, to someone who may be snatched away very soon, who may never hear another gospel sermon, who may be hearing the last call. My friend, be wise! Make up your mind that you will seek the kingdom of God now. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

Christ is inviting you to come: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, may we all find rest in Christ now! Do not let anything divert your mind, but make up your mind this hour that you will settle this great question of eternity.

What Must I Do to Be Saved?

Suppose you do not want to hear a sermon (on this last night) so much as you want to know how to be saved. I want, if I can, to answer that question, "What must I do to be saved?" There is no question that can come before us in this world that is so important; and I think that there is not a man in this audience to-night who does not feel interested in it.

I heard a man, when he was going out the other night, saying: "I do not believe in sudden conversion. I do not believe what the preacher said to-night, that a man could come in here a sinner, and go out a Christian." Now, I want to say that I do not believe in any other conversion. I do not believe that there ever has been a conversion in the world that was not instantaneous, and I want you to mark this: not but what many cannot tell the day nor the hour when they were converted. I will admit that: they may not know the time; but that does not change the great fact that there was a time when they passed from death unto life; that there was a time when they were born [ABCOG: begotten] into the kingdom of God. There must have been a minute when their name was written in the Book of Life. There must have been a time when they were ere lost, and a time when they were saved; but we may not be conscious when the change takes place. I believe the conversion of some is like the rising of the sun, and of others like the flashing of a meteor. But both are instantaneous, really, in the sight of God. There must be a time when life begins to rise; when the dead soul begins to live.

Now, this evening I want to take up some of the Bible illustrations. In the first place, there is the ark. There was a minute when Noah was outside of the ark, and another minute when he was inside. And, bear in mind, it was the ark that saved Noah: it was not his righteousness; it was not his feelings; it was not his tears; it was not his prayers. It was the ark that saved him. If he had tried to make an ark of his feelings, or of his prayers, or of his life, he would have been swept away: he would have been drowned with the rest. But, you see, it was the ark that saved him.

When I was in Manchester, I went into the gallery one Sunday night to have a talk with a few inquirers; and while I was talking, a business man came in, and took his seat on the outskirts of the audience. I think, at first, he had come merely to criticize, and that he was a little skeptical. At last I saw he was in tears. I turned to him, and said, "My friend, what is your difficulty?" "Well," he said, "Mr. Moody, the fact is, I cannot tell." I said, "Do you believe you are a sinner?" He said, "Yes; I know that." I said, "Christ is able to save you"; and I used one illustration after another, but he did not see it. At last I thought of the ark, and I said: "Was it Noah's feelings that saved him? Was it Noah's righteousness that saved him, or was it the ark?" "I see it, now," said he; "I see it." He got up and shook hands with me, and said: "Good-night: I must go. I have to go away by the train to-night; but I was determined to be saved before I went. I see it now."

A few days after, he came and touched me on the shoulder, and said, "Do you know me?" I said, "I know your face, but do not remember where I have seen you." He said, "Do you not remember the illustration of the

ark? I said, " Yes." "It has been all light ever since," said he. "I understand it now. Christ is the Ark; He saves me; and I must get inside Him." When I went down to Manchester again, and talked to the young friends there, I found he was the brightest light among them.

Let me take another illustration.

There was the blood in Goshen. God says, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." Now He does not say, "When I see Moses' feelings, or the feelings of the people, I will pass over you"; or, "When I see you praying and weeping, I will pass over you"; but, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." It was the blood that saved them, not their righteousness. And a little child by that blood in Goshen was just as safe as Moses or Aaron or Joshua or Caleb. It was the blood that saved them. Look! there is the Jew taking the hyssop. He dips it in the blood, and strikes it on the doorpost. One minute it is not there: the next it is there. The moment the blood is there they are saved. God says, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." Some people say, "If I were only as good as that minister I should feel so safe" or, "If I were only as good as that mother in Israel who has been praying fifty years for the poor and unfortunate, should I not feel very safe? " My friends, if you are behind the blood, you are as safe as any man or woman who has been praying for fifty years. It is not their righteousness and good works that are going to save them. They never saved any one. God says, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." [ABCOG: Moody understands "pass over" to mean "bypass". It can also mean "hover over to protect"] And when I am sheltered behind the blood, then I am saved; and if I am not sheltered behind the blood, I am not saved. That was instantaneous, was not

it? God says, "When I see the blood, it shall be a token, and I will not enter." Death came down and passed over Egypt; and where the blood was on the doorpost he passed by; but where the blood could not be found, in he went and took the victim away. The great palaces could not keep out death; wealth and position could not keep out death. He went and took the Crown Prince of Egypt; he took the richest and the poorest, the highest and the lowest. Death makes no distinction, except a man is behind the blood.

My friends, be wise to-night, and get behind the blood. The blood has been shed. The blood is on the mercy-seat; and while it is there you can be saved. God is imputing to His Son your trespasses and sins. He says, "I will look at the blood on the mercy-seat." Press in, my friends; make haste and get in tonight; for the Master of the house will rise up by-and-by and shut to the door, and then there will be no hope.

Take another case. When Israel went over Jordan, God told Joshua to have six cities of refuge; three on each side of Jordan. They were to be built on a hill, where they could be seen at a great distance, and the gates were to be kept open day and night. All obstacles were to be kept out of the way, the highway was to be kept in repair, the bridges and everything in good condition, so that nothing should hinder a poor man flying to the city of refuge. If a man killed another in those days, it was considered a great disgrace if the nearest relative did not take vengeance. "An eye for an eye, and a booth for a tooth." If a man killed another, the next kinsman was bound to put him to death. But if he could escape to a city of refuge he was tried, and if it was found he had not intentionally killed the man, he might live.

Now for my illustration. Suppose

I have killed a man. I am out away in the woods working, and my axe slips out of my hand, and kills the man working with me. I know that his kinsman, his brother, is not far away. The news will soon reach him that I have killed his brother. What shall I do? I start for the city of refuge, over there away on the hill, ten miles off. I run - and we are told that in those days there used to be signposts with the word " Refuge," written in great red letters, so that a man might read as he ran; he need not stop. I have been told that there was a finger pointing towards the city, and a man who could not read might see the hand. A man does not have to learn to read before he can be saved. I see that hand; it is pointing to the city of refuge. The gate is wide open, but it is ten miles away. I leap over the highway. I do not look behind, to the right hand or to the left. I do not listen to this man or to that man, but, like John Bunyan, I put my fingers in my ears. The avenger has drawn his sword, and is on my track. I leap over into the highway; and, pretty soon, I can hear him behind me, Away I go, over that bridge, across that stream, up that mountain, along that valley, - but I can hear him coming nearer and nearer. There is the watchman; I can see him on the wall of the city. He gives notice to the inhabitants that a refugee is coming. I see the citizens on the wall of the city watching, and when I get near I hear them calling, "Run, run! Escape, escape! He is very near you! Run! escape!" I press on; leap through the gate of the city; and at last I am safe. One minute I am outside, and the next I am inside. One minute I am exposed to that sword; it may come down upon me at any minute: the next minute I am safe. Do I feel any difference? I feel I

am behind the walls: that is the difference. It is a fact. There I am. The avenger can come up to the gates of the city, but he cannot come in. He cannot lay his sword upon me. The law of the land shields me now. I am under the protection of that city; I have saved my life; but I had no time for lingering.

A great many of you are trying to get into the city of refuge, and there are enemies trying to stop you, But do not listen to them. Your friends tell you to escape. Make haste! Delay not for a single moment!

In our country, before the war, when we had slavery, the slaves used to keep their eye on the north star. If a slave escaped to the Northern States, his old master could come and take him back into slavery. But there was another flag on American soil, and if they could only get under that flag they were for ever free. It is called the Union Jack. If they could only get as far north as Canada they were free; therefore they kept looking towards the north star. But they knew if they only got into the Northern States, there might be some one ready to take them back. So it is with every poor sinner who wants to come to Christ. Many men do all they can to hinder him; others will cheer him on. Let us help every man towards the north star. A man has escaped: perhaps he swims across the Mississippi river, or crosses the Ohio river in a little canoe. The master hears of it, and he takes his hounds and sets them on his track, and begins to hunt him down. The slave hears the hounds; and he knows that his master is coming to take him back to slavery. The line is a mile or two away. He escapes as fast as he can. He runs with all his might for the frontier, over hedges and ditches and rivers; away he goes for Canada. By-and-by he comes in sight of Canada. He can see that

flag floating in front of him; and he knows that if he can only cross the line before his master and the hounds overtake him, he will be free for ever.

How the poor black man runs! leaping and bounding along; and at last, with one bound, he goes over the line. He is free! One minute he is a slave; the next minute he is a free man, under the flag of Queen Victoria, the British flag! (cheers [ABCOG: by British crowd]) - don't cheer, my friends, but come to Christ - and your laws say that no man under that flag shall be a slave. One minute he is a slave; the next minute he is a free man. One minute it is possible for his old master to drag him back; the next minute he shouts, "Free!"

If Christ tells us that we are free, we are free. My friends, Christ is calling to-night. Get out of the devil's territory as quick as you can. No slave in the Southern States had so hard a master as yours, nor so mean a master as Satan. Take my advice tonight, and escape for the liberty of your soul.

I can imagine some of you saying

"I do not see how a man is really going to be converted all at once." Let me give you another illustration. Look down there. There are two soldiers. Now, if you bring those soldiers up to this platform, and ask them how they became soldiers, they will tell you this - that one moment they were citizens, and the next minute soldiers. What was it that made them soldiers? It was when they took the Queen's shilling. The moment they received that shilling they ceased to be citizens, and they became soldiers. Before they received that shilling they could go where they pleased; the next minute they came under the government and under the regulations

of the army, and they must go where Queen Victoria sends them. They did not have to wait for the uniform. The minute they received the shilling they became soldiers. What made them soldiers? Receiving the shilling. What makes a man a Christian? Receiving Christ. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not: but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

Now, the gift of God is eternal life. Who will have the gift to-night? When I was down in Manchester I asked that question, and a man shouted in the meeting, "I will! " Who will have it now? Is not there some man here in London, as there was in Manchester, who will say that he will have the gift? Is it not a wonder to have to plead with so many to take the gift? "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life." Who will have the gift now? (Many responses of "I will"; "I will.")

I can imagine one man down there who says "How about repentance? How about getting into the ark or the city of refuge before repentance?" My friend, let me ask you what is repentance? It is right-about-face! I think these soldiers understand that expression. Some one has said that every one is born with his back to God, and that conversion turns him right round. If you want to be converted, and want to repent, I will tell you what you should do. Just get out of Satan's service, and get into the Lord's. Leave your old friends, and unite yourself with God's people.

In a few days, if nothing happens,

I expect to go to Liverpool. If, when I am in the train, my friend Mr. Shipton says, "Moody, you are going in the wrong train, - that train is going to Edinburgh" - I should

say, "Mr. Shipton, you have made a great mistake; somebody told me the train was going to Liverpool. You are wrong, Mr. Shipton; I am sure you are wrong." Then Mr. Shipton would say, "Moody, I have lived here forty years, and I know all about the trains. He must have been very ignorant or very vicious who told you that train goes to Liverpool." Mr. Shipton at last convinces me, and I get out of that train and get into the one going to Liverpool.

Repentance is getting out of one train and getting into the other. You are in the wrong train; you are in the broad path that takes you down to the pit of hell. Get out of it to-night. Right-about-face! Who will turn his feet towards God? "Turn ye, for why will ye die?" In the Old Testament the word is "turn." In the New Testament the word is "repent." "Turn ye, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" God does not want any man in this audience to perish, but He wants all to be saved. You can be saved now if you will.

There is another illustration I wish I had time to dwell upon and that is about looking. There is that serpent in the wilderness. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man also be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Look here! Just give me your attention for a few minutes. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." How long does it take a man to believe? Or, if you will, how long does it take a man to look? Some people say they believe in educating people to be Christians. How long do you educate children to look? You hear the mother say, "Look," and the little child looks. It does not take a child three months to learn to look. Look and live! You need not go to college to learn

how to look. There is not a child here but knows how to look. Christ says, "Look unto me; for I am [ABCOG: the way to] God, and there is none else."

There is the brazen serpent on the pole. God says to the children of Israel, who are dying of the bite of the fiery serpents - "Look, and live!"

Now, there is nothing in looking at a piece of brass which can cure the bite of a serpent. It is God who cures it, and the looking is the condition. It is obedience; and that is what God will have.

One moment the poor sufferer is dying; the next there comes a thrill of life through his veins, and he lives: he is well. My friends, look to Christ, and not to yourselves. That is what is the matter with a great many sinners; instead of looking to Christ, they are looking at the bite.

It is not looking to the wound; it is looking to the remedy. Christ is the remedy of sin. What you want is to look from the wound to the remedy - to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith. Who will look tonight, and live? Turn your eye to Calvary; believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.

Where Art Thou?

THE very first thing that happened after the news reached heaven of the fall of man, was that God came straight down to seek out the lost one. As He walks through the garden in the cool of the day, you can hear Him calling “Adam! Adam! Where art thou?” It was the voice of grace, of mercy, and of love. Adam ought to have taken the seeker’s place, for he was the transgressor. He had fallen, and he ought to have gone up and down Eden crying, “My God! my God! where art Thou?” But God left heaven to seek through the dark world for the rebel who had fallen — not to hurl him from the face of the earth, but to plan him an escape from the misery of his sin. And he finds him — where? Hiding from his Creator among the bushes of the garden.

The moment a man is out of communion with God, even the professed child of God, he wants to hide away from Him. When God left Adam in the garden, he was in communion with his Creator, and God talked with him; but now that he has fallen, he has no desire to see his Creator, he has lost communion with his God. He cannot bear to see Him, even to think of Him, and he runs to hide from God. But to his hiding place his Maker follows him. “Where art thou, Adam? Where art thou?”

Six thousand years have passed away, and this text has come rolling down the ages. I doubt whether there has been anyone of Adam’s sons who has not heard it at some period or other of his life — sometimes in the midnight hour stealing over him — “Where am I? Who am I? Where am I going? and what is going to be the

end of this?" I think it is well for a man to pause and ask himself that question. I would have you ask it, little boy; and you, little girl; and you, old man with locks turning gray, and eyes growing dim, and natural force abating, you who will soon be in another world. I do not ask you where you are in the sight of your neighbors; I do not ask you where you are in the sight of your friends; I do not ask you where you are in the sight of the community in which you live. It is of very little account where we are in the sight of one another, it is of very little account what men think of us; but it is of vast importance what God thinks of us — it is of vast importance to know where men are in the sight of God; and that is the question now. Am I in communion with my Creator, or out of communion? If I am out of communion, there is no peace, no joy, no happiness. No man on the face of the earth, who was out of communion with his Creator, ever knew what peace, and joy, and happiness, and true comfort are. He is a foreigner to it. But when we are in communion with God, there is light all around our path. So ask yourselves this question. Do not think I am preaching to your neighbors, but remember I am trying to speak to you, to everyone of you as if you were alone. It was the first question put to man after his fall, and it was a very small audience that God had — Adam and his wife. But God was the preacher; and although they tried to hide, the words came home to them. Let them come home to you now. You may think that your life is hid, that God does not know anything about you. But he knows our lives a great deal better than we do; and His eye has been bent upon us from our earliest childhood until now.

“Where art thou?” I should like to divide my audience into three classes — the professed Christians, the Backsliders, and the Ungodly.

First, I would like to ask the professors this question, or rather let God ask it — Where art thou? What is my position in the church, and among my circle of acquaintance? Do my friends know me to be, out and out, on the Lord’s side? You may have been a professing Christian for twenty years, perhaps thirty, perhaps forty years. Well, where are you tonight? Are you making progress towards heaven? And can you give a reason for the hope that is within you? Suppose I were to ask those who were really Christians here to rise, would you be ashamed to stand up? Suppose I should ask every professed child of God here, “If you should be cut down by the hand of death, have you good reason to believe you would be saved?” Would you be willing to stand up before God and man, and say that you have good reason to believe you are passed from death unto life? Or would you be ashamed? Run your mind back over the past years: would it be consistent for you to say, “I am a Christian;” and would your life correspond with your profession? It is not what we say so much as how we live. Actions speak louder than words. Do your shopmates know that you are a Christian? Do your family know? Do they know you to be out and out on the Lord’s side? Let every professed Christian ask, Where am I in the sight of God? Is my heart loyal to the King of heaven? Is my life here as it should be in the community I live in? Am I a light in this dark world? Christ says, “Ye are My witnesses.” Christ was the Light of the world, and the world would not have the true Light; the world rose up and put out the Light, and now Christ says, “I

leave you down here to testify of Me; I leave you down here as My witnesses." That is what the apostle meant when he said that Christians are to be living epistles, known and read of all men. Then, am I standing up for Jesus as I should in this dark world? If a man is for God, let him say so. If a man is for God, let him come out and be on God's side; and if he is for the world, let him be in the world. This serving God and the world at the same time — this being on both sides at the same time — is just the curse of Christianity at the present time. It retards the progress of Christianity more than any other thing. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me."

I have heard of a great many people who think if they are united to the church, and have made one profession, that will do for all the rest of their days. But there is a cross for everyone of us daily. Oh, child of God, where are you? If God should appear to you tonight in your bedroom and put the question, what would be your answer? Could you say, "Lord, I am serving Thee with my whole heart and strength; I am improving my talents and preparing for the kingdom to come?" When I was in England in 1867, there was a merchant who came over from Dublin, and was talking with a business man in London; and as I happened to look in, he introduced me to the man from Dublin. Alluding to me, the latter said to the former, "Is this young man all O O?" Said the London man, "What do you mean by O O?" Replied the Dublin man, "Is he Out-and-Out for Christ?" I tell you it burned down into my soul. It means a good deal to be O O for Christ; but that is what all Christians ought to be, and their influence would be felt on the world very soon, if men who are on the Lord's side would come out and

take their stand, and lift up their voices in season and out of season. As I have said, there are a great many in the church who make one profession, and that is about all you hear of them; and when they come to die you have to go and hunt up some musty old church records to know whether they were Christians or not. God won't do that. I have an idea that when Daniel died, all the men in Babylon knew whom he served. There was no need for them to hunt up old books. His life told his story. What we want is men with a little courage to stand up for Christ. When Christianity wakes up, and every child that belongs to the Lord is willing to speak for Him, is willing to work for Him, and, if need be, willing to die for Him, then Christianity will advance, and we shall see the work of the Lord prosper. There is one thing which I fear more than anything else, and that is the dead cold formalism of the Church of God. Talk about the isms! Put them all together, and I do not fear them so much as dead, cold formalism. Talk about the false isms! There is none so dangerous as this dead, cold formalism, which has come right into the heart of the Church. There are so many of us just sleeping and slumbering while souls all around are perishing. I believe honestly that we professed Christians are all half asleep. Some of us are beginning to rub our eyes and to get them half-opened, but as a whole we are asleep.

There was a little story going the round of the American press that made a great impression upon me as a father. A father took his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and, it being a hot day, he lay down under a beautiful shady tree. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to its father and saying, "Pretty! pretty!" At last the father fell

asleep, and while he was sleeping the little child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was, "Where is my child?" He looked all around, but he could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill, he looked around and shouted again. No response! Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there upon the rocks and briars, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his child. While he was sleeping his child had wandered over the precipice. I thought as I heard that, what a picture of the church of God!

How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men, are sleeping now while their children wander over the terrible precipice right into the bottomless pit of hell. Father, where is your boy tonight? It may be just out there in some public house; it may be reeling through the streets; it may be pressing onwards to a drunkard's grave. Mother, where is your son? Is he in the house of the publican drinking away his soul — everything that is dear and sacred to him? Do you know where your boy is? Father, you have been a professed Christian for forty years; where are your children tonight? Have you lived so godly, and so Christ-like, that you can say, Follow me as I followed Christ? Are those children walking in wisdom; are they on their way to glory; have they been gathered into the fold of Christ; are their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life? How many fathers and mothers today would be able to answer? Did you ever stop to think that you were to blame; that you had not been faithful to your children?

Depend upon it, as long as the church is living so much like the world, we cannot expect our children to be brought into the fold. Come, O Lord, and wake up every mother, and may everyone of us who are parents feel the worth of the souls of the children that God has given us. May they never bring our gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, but may they become a blessing to the church and to the world. Not long ago the only daughter of a wealthy friend of mine sickened and died. The father and mother stood by her dying bed. He had spent all his time in accumulating wealth for her; she had been introduced into gay and fashionable society; but she had been taught nothing of Christ. As she came to the brink of the river of death, she said, "Won't you help me; it is very dark, and the stream is bitter cold." They wrung their hands in grief, but could do nothing for her; and the poor girl died in darkness and despair. What was their wealth to them? And yet, you mothers and fathers are doing the same thing in London today, by ignoring the work God has given you to do. I beseech you, then, each one of you, begin to labor now for the souls of your children!

A young man, some time ago, lay dying, and his mother thought he was a Christian. One day, passing his room door she heard him say, "Lost! lost! lost!" The mother ran into the room and cried, "My boy, is it possible you have lost your hope in Christ, now you are dying?" "No, mother, it is not that; I have a hope beyond the grave, but I have lost my life. I have lived twenty-four years, and done nothing for the Son of God, and now I am dying. My life has been spent for myself; I have lived for this world, and now, while I am dying, I have given myself to Christ; but my life is lost." Would it not be said

of many of us, if we should be cut down, that our lives have been almost a failure — perhaps entirely a failure as far as leading anyone else to Christ is concerned? Young lady! are you working for the Son of God? Are you trying to win some soul to Christ? Have you tried to get some friend or companion to have her name written in the book of life? Or would you say, “Lost, lost! long years have rolled away since I became a child of God, and I have never had the privilege of leading one soul to Christ?” If there is one professed child of God who never had the joy of leading even one soul into the kingdom of God, oh! let him begin at once. There is no greater privilege on earth. And I believe, my friends, there has never been a time, in our day, at least, when work for Christ was more needed than at present. I do not believe there ever was in your day or mine a time when the Spirit of God was more poured out upon the world. There is not a part of Christendom where the work is not being carried on; and it looks very much as if the glad tidings were just going to take, as it were, a fresh start, and go round the globe. Is it not time that the Church of God should wake up and come to the help of the Lord as one man, and strive to beat back those dark waves of death that roll through our streets, bearing upon their bosom the noblest and the best we have? Oh, may God wake up the Church! And let us trim our lights, and go forth and work for the kingdom of His Son.

Now, Secondly, let me talk a little while to those who have gone back into the world — to the Backslider. It may be you came to some great city a few years ago a professed Christian. You were member of a church once, and a teacher in the Sabbath school, perhaps; but when you came among strangers you thought you would just

wait a little — perhaps take a class by and by. So you gave up teaching in the Sunday school; you gave up all work for Christ. Then in your new church you did not receive the attention or the warm welcome that you expected. and you got into the habit of staying away. You have gone so far now, that you are found in the theater, perhaps, and the companion of blasphemers and drunkards. Perhaps I am speaking now to someone who has been away from his father's house for many years. Come, now, backslider, tell me, are you happy? Have you had one happy hour since you left Christ? Does the world satisfy you, or those husks that you have got in the far country? I have traveled a good deal, but I never found a happy backslider in my life. I never knew a man who was really born of God that ever could find the world satisfy him afterwards. Do you think the Prodigal Son was satisfied in that foreign country? Ask the prodigals in this city if they are truly happy. You know they are not. "There is no peace, saith my God to the wicked." There is no joy for the man in rebellion against his Creator. Supposing he has tasted the heavenly gift, and been in communion with God, and had sweet fellowship with the King of Heaven, and had pleasant hours of service for the Master, but has backslidden, is it possible that he can be happy? If he is, it is good evidence he was never really converted. If a man has been born again, and has received the heavenly nature, this world can never satisfy the cravings of his nature. Oh, backslider, I pity you! But I want to tell you that the Lord Jesus pities you a good deal more than anyone else can. He knows how bitter your life is; He knows how dark your life is; He wants you to come home. Oh, backslider, come home tonight! I have a loving message from your Father. The Lord wants you, and calls you

back tonight Come home, oh wanderer, this night; return from the dark mountains of sin." Return, and your Father will give you a warm welcome. I know that the devil has told you that God won't have anything to do with you, because you have wandered away. If that is true, there would be very few men in heaven. David backslid; Abraham and Jacob turned away from God; I do not believe there is a saint in heaven but at some time of his life with his heart has backslidden from God. Perhaps not in his life, but in his heart. The prodigal's heart got into the far country before his body got there. Backslider! tonight come home. Your Father does not want you to stay away. Think you the prodigal's father was not anxious for him to come home all those long years he was there? Every year the father was looking and longing for him to return home. So God wants you to come home. I do not care how far you have wandered away; the great Shepherd will receive you back into the fold tonight. Did you ever hear of a backslider coming home, and God not willing to receive him? I have heard of earthly fathers and mothers not being willing to receive back their sons; but I defy any man to say he ever knew a really honest backslider want to get home, but God was willing to take him in.

A number of years ago, before any railway came into Chicago, they used to bring in the grain from the Western prairies in wagons for hundreds of miles, so as to have it shipped off by the Lakes. There was a father who had a large farm out there, and who used to preach the gospel as well as attend to his farm. One day, when church business engaged him, he sent his son to Chicago with grain. He waited and waited for his boy to return, but he did not come home. At last he could wait

no longer, so he saddled his horse and rode to the place where his son had sold the grain. He found that he had been there and got the money for the grain; then he began to fear that his boy had been murdered and robbed. At last, with the aid of a detective, they tracked him to a gambling den, where they found that he had gambled away the whole of his money. In hopes of winning it back again, he then had sold the team, and lost that money too. He had fallen among thieves, and like the man who was going to Jericho, they stripped him, and then they cared no more about him. What could he do? He was ashamed to go home to meet his father, and he fled. The father knew what it all meant. He knew the boy thought he would be very angry with him. He was grieved to think that his boy should have such feelings towards him. That is just exactly like the sinner. He thinks because he has sinned, God will have nothing to do with him. But what did that father do? Did he say, "Let the boy go?" No, he went after him. He arranged his business and started after the boy. That man went from town to town, from city to city. He would get the ministers to let him preach, and at the close he would tell his story. "I have got a boy who is a wanderer on the face of the earth somewhere." He would describe his boy and say, "If you ever hear of him or see him, will you not write to me?" At last he found that he had gone to California, thousands of miles away. Did that father say "Let him go?" No; off he went to the Pacific coast, seeking the boy. He went to San Francisco, and advertised in the newspapers that he would preach at such a church on such a day. When he had preached he told his story, in hopes that the boy might have seen the advertisement and come to the church. When he had done, away under the gallery there was a young man

who waited until the audience had gone out; then he came towards the pulpit. The father looked, and saw it was that boy, and he ran to him, and pressed him to his bosom. The boy wanted to confess what he had done, but not a word would the father hear. He forgave him freely, and took him to his home once more.

Oh, prodigal, you may be wandering on the dark mountains of sin, but God wants you to come home. The devil has been telling you lies about God; you think he will not receive you back. I tell you, He will welcome you this minute if you will come. Say, "I will arise and go to my Father." May God incline you to take this step. There is not one whom Jesus has not sought far longer than that father. There has not been a day since you left Him but he has followed you. I do not care what the past has been, or how black your life, He will receive you back. Arise then, O backslider, and come home once more to your Father's house.

Not long ago, in Edinburgh, a lady who was an earnest Christian worker, found a young woman whose feet had taken hold of hell, and who was pressing onwards to a harlot's grave. The lady begged her to go back to her home, but she said no, her parents would never receive her. This Christian woman knew what a mother's heart was; so she sat down and wrote a letter to the mother, telling her how she had met her daughter, who was sorry, and wanted to return. The next post brought an answer back, and on the envelope was written, "Immediately — immediately!" That was a mother's heart. They opened the letter. Yes, she was forgiven. They wanted her back, and they sent money for her to come immediately. Sinner, that is the proclamation, "Come immediately". That is what the great and loving

God is saying to every wandering sinner — immediately. Yes, backslider, come home tonight. He will give you a warm welcome, and there will be joy in heaven over your return. Come now, for everything is ready.

A friend of mine said to me some time ago, Did you ever notice what the prodigal lost by going into that country? He lost his food. That is what every poor backslider loses. They get no manna from heaven. The Bible is a closed book to them; they see no beauty in the Word of God.

Then the prodigal lost his work.

He was a Jew, and they made him take care of swine; that was all loss for a Jew. So every backslider loses his work. He cannot do anything for God; he cannot work for eternity. He is a stumbling block to the world. My friend, do not let the world stumble over you into hell.

The prodigal also lost his testimony.

Who believed him? I can imagine some of these men came along, natives of that country, and they saw this poor prodigal in his rags, barefooted and bareheaded. There he stands among the swine and someone says to another, "Look at that poor wretch." "What," he says, "do you call me a poor wretch? My father is a wealthy man; he has got more clothes in his wardrobe than you ever saw in your life. My father is a man of great wealth and position." Do you suppose these men would believe him? "That poor wretch the son of a wealthy man!" Not one of them would believe him. "If he had such a wealthy father he would go to him." So with the backsliders; the world does not believe that they are the sons of a King. They say, "Why don't they go to Him, if

there is bread enough and to spare? Why don't they go home?"

Then, another thing the prodigal lost was his home. He had no home in that foreign country. As long as his money lasted, he was quite popular in the public house and among his acquaintances; he had professed friends, but as soon as his money was gone, where were his friends? That is the condition of every poor backslider in London.

But now I can imagine someone saying,

"There would be little use of me attempting to come back. In a few days I should just be where I was again. I should like very much to go to my Father's home again, but I'm afraid I wouldn't stay there." Well, just picture this scene. The poor prodigal has got home, and the father has killed the fatted calf; and there they are, sitting at the table eating. I can imagine that was about the sweetest morsel he ever got — perhaps the nicest dinner he ever had in his life. His father sits opposite; he is full of joy, and his heart is leaping within him. All at once he sees his boy weeping. "My son, what are you weeping for? Are you not glad to have got home?" "Oh, yes, father; I never was so glad as I am today: but I am so afraid I will go back into that foreign country!" Why, you cannot imagine such a thing! When you have got one meal in your Father's house, you will never be inclined to wander away again.

Now let me speak to the Third class.

"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" Sinner, what is to become of you? How shall you escape? "Where art thou?" Is it true that you are living without God and

without hope in the world? Did you ever stop to think what would become of your soul if you should be taken away by a sudden stroke of illness — where you would stand in eternity? I read that the sinner is without God, without hope, and without excuse. If you are not saved, what excuse will you have to give? You cannot say that it is God's fault. He is only too anxious to save you. I want to tell you tonight that you can be saved if you will. If you really want to pass from death to life, if you want to become an heir of eternal life, if you want to become a child of God, make up your mind this night that you will seek the kingdom of God. I tell you, upon the authority of this Word, that if you seek the kingdom of God you will find it. No man ever sought Christ with a heart to find Him who did not find Him. I never knew a man make up his mind to have the question settled, but it was settled soon. This last year there has been a solemn feeling stealing over me. I am what they call in the middle of life, in the prime of life. I look upon life as a man who has reached the top of a hill, and just begins to go down the other side. I have got to the top of the hill, if I should live the full term of life — threescore years and ten — and am just on the other side. I am speaking to many now who are also on the top of the hill, and I ask you, if you are not Christians, just to pause a few minutes, and ask yourselves where you are. Let us look back on the hill that we have been climbing. What do you see? Yonder is the cradle. It is not far away. How short life is! It all seems but as yesterday. Look along up the hill, and yonder is a tombstone; it marks the resting place of a loved mother. When that mother died, did you not promise God that you would serve Him? Did you not say that your mother's God should become your God? And did you not take her hand in the stillness of the

dying hour, and say, "Yes, mother, I will meet you in heaven!" And have you kept that promise? Are you trying to keep it? Ten years have rolled away: fifteen years — but are you any nearer God? Did the promise work any improvement in you? No, your heart is getting harder: the night is getting darker; by and by death will be throwing its shadows round you. My friend, Where art thou? Look again. A little further up the hill there is another tombstone. It marks the resting place of a little child. It may have been a little lovely girl — perhaps her name was Mary; or it may have been a boy — Charley; and when that child was taken from you, did you not promise God, and did you not promise the child, that you would meet it in heaven? Is the promise kept? Think! Are you still fighting against God? Are you still hardening your heart? Sermons that would have moved you five years ago — do they touch you now?

Once more look down the hill. Yonder there is a grave; you cannot tell how many days, or weeks, or years it is away, you are hastening towards that grave. Even should you live the life allotted to man, many of you are near the end, you are getting very feeble, and your locks are turning gray. It may be the coffin is already made that this body shall be laid in; it may be that the shroud is already waiting. My friend, is it not the height of madness to put off salvation so long? Undoubtedly I am speaking to some who will be in eternity a week from now. In a large audience like this, during the next week death will surely come and snatch some away; it may be the speaker, or it may be someone who is listening. Why put off the question another day? Why say to the Lord Jesus again tonight, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for Thee?" Why not

let him come in tonight? Why not open your heart, and say, "King of Glory, come in?"

Will there ever be a better opportunity?

Did not you promise ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty years ago that you would serve God? Some of you said you would do it when you got married and settled down; some of you said you would serve Him when you were your own master. Have you attended to it?

You know there are three steps to the lost world; let me give you their names. The first is Neglect. All a man has to do is to neglect salvation, and that will take him to the lost world. Some people say, "What have I done!" Why, if you merely neglect salvation, you will be lost. I am on a swift river, and lying in the bottom of my little boat.

Down yonder, ten miles below, is the great cataract. Everyone that goes over it perishes. I need not row the boat down; I have only to pull in the oars, and fold my arms and neglect. So all that a man has to do is to fold his arms in the current of life, and he will drift onwards and be lost.

The second step is Refusal. If

I met you at the door and pressed this question on you, you would say, "Not tonight, Mr. Moody, not tonight;" and if I repeated, "I want you to press into the kingdom of God," you would politely refuse: "I will not become a Christian tonight, thank you; I know I ought, but I won't tonight."

Then the last step is to Despise it. Some of you have already got on the lower round of the ladder. You despise Christ. You hate Christ, you hate Christianity; you hate the best people on the earth and the best

friends you have got; and if I were to offer you the Bible, you would tear it up and put your foot upon it. Oh, despisers! you will soon be in another world. Make haste and repent and turn to God. Now, on which step are you, my friend; neglecting, or refusing, or despising? Bear in mind that a great many are taken off from the first step; they die in neglect. And a great many are taken away refusing. And a great many are on the last step, despising salvation.

A few years ago they neglected, then they got to refuse; and now they despise Christianity and Christ. They hate the sound of the church bell; they hate the Bible and the Christian; they curse the very ground that we walk on. But one more step and they are gone. Oh ye despisers, I set before you life and death; which will you choose? When Pilate had Christ on his hands, he said, "What shall I do with him?" and the multitude cried out, "Away with Him! crucify Him!" Young men, is that your language tonight? Do you say, "Away with this gospel! Away with Christianity! Away with your prayers, your sermons, your gospel sounds! I do not want Christ?" Or will you be wise and say, "Lord Jesus, I want Thee, I need Thee, I will have Thee?" Oh, may God bring you to that decision!