

## A BLAST OF THE TRUMPET AGAINST FALSE PEACE.

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(Concluded from page 397.)

4. A fourth set of men have a kind of peace that is the result of resolutions which they will never carry into effect. "Oh," saith one, "I am quite easy enough in my mind, for when I have got a little more money I shall retire from business, and then I shall begin to think about eternal things." Ah, but I would remind you that when you were an apprentice, you said you would reform when you became a journeyman; and when you were a journeyman, you used to say you would give good heed when you became a master. But hitherto these bills have never been paid when they became due. They have every one of them been dishonoured as yet; and take my word for it, this new accommodation bill will be dishonoured too. So you think to stifle conscience by what you will do by-and-bye. Ah, man, but will that by-and-bye ever come? And should it come, what reason is there to expect that you will then be any more ready than you are now. Hearts grow harder, sin grows stronger, vice becomes more deeply rooted by the lapse of years. You will find it certainly no easier to turn to God then than now. *Now* it is impossible to you, apart from divine grace; *then* it shall be quite as impossible, and if I might say so, there shall be more difficulties in the way *then* than *even* there are *now*. What think you is the value of these promises which you have made in the court of heaven? Will God take your word again, and again, and again, when you have broken it just as often as you have given it? Not long ago you were lying on your bed with fever, and if you lived you vowed you would repent. Have you repented? And yet you are fool enough to believe that you will repent by-and-bye; and on the strength of this promise, which is not worth a single straw, you are crying to yourself "peace, peace, when there is no peace." A man that waits for a more convenient season for thinking about the affairs of his soul, is like the countryman in Esop's fable, who sat down by a flowing river, saying, "If this stream con-

tinues to flow as it does now for a little while it will empty itself, and then I shall walk over dry-shod." Ah, but the stream was just as deep when he had waited day after day as it was before. And so shall it be with you. You remind me by your procrastination of the ludicrous position of a man who should sit upon a lofty branch of some tree with a saw in his hand, cutting away the branch on which he was sitting. This is what you are doing. Your delay is cutting away your branch of life. No doubt you intend to cover the well when the child is drowned, and to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen. These birds in the hand you are losing, because their may be some better hour, some better bird in the bush. You are thus getting a little quiet, but oh, at what a fatal cost! Paul was troublesome to you, and so you played the part of Felix, and said, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season I will send for thee." Conscience was unquiet, so you stopped his mouth with this sop for Cerberus; and you have gone to your bed with this lie under your pillow, with this falsehood in your right hand—that you will be better by-and-bye. Ah, sir, let me tell you once for all, you live to grow worse and worse. While you are procrastinating, time is not yet staying nor is Satan resting. While you are saying, "Let things abide," things are not abiding, but they are hastening on. You are ripening for the dread harvest; the sickle is being sharpened that shall cut you down, and the fire is even now blazing into which your spirit shall be cast for ever.

5. Now I turn to another class of men, in order that I may miss none here who are saying "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." I do not doubt but that many of the people of London enjoy peace in their hearts, because they are ignorant of the things of God. It would positively alarm many of our sober orthodox Christians, if they could once have an idea of the utter ignorance of spiritual things that reigns throughout this land. Some of us when moving about here and there in all classes of society, have often been led to remark, that there is less known of the truths of religion than of any science, however recondite that science may be. Take a lamentable instance, the ordinary effusions of the secular press, and who can avoid remark-