

out your hand, and you can grasp it.

TO WHOM WILL YOU GO?

You cannot go to the world—to formal religion. Then to whom? If death and judgment are drawing every moment nearer and nearer, and if that precious thing which we call time is slipping away, and the work of life is not done, what are you doing? Let us reason together. Have you not lived long enough in sin? Ask yourselves, in the name of reason: Lord, to whom shall we go? I will tell you some places to which you will have to go. You will have to go to the darkened house of adversity. Your riches may be turned into sorrow, and what then? By-and-by you will have to face the last enemy, and the cold chill waters of Jordan will be at your feet, and the world will reel under you, and the life you are now living will pass away like a dream of the morning. Then, to whom will you go? To whom will you then lift your eyes in the dying hour?

Oh, mock not your soul with the hope that you can go in sin, and be plucked as a brand from the burning. God is, indeed, merciful; but God forbid that we should slight His mercy! In the ears of such a speaker let the solemn words sound,—“God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” In the dying hour, to whom will you go? When the books are opened, on what advocate will you call? Who shall plead for you, and say a word for your trembling spirit? In that last hour will you look the Saviour in the face, on whom you have turned your back? Nay! the very sight of Him will appall you. The thought of His wounds will awaken painful memories, as the reflection will be borne in on you that those wounds were for you; that blood was shed for you, and that it is again all this you have sinned; and that through the blood of Calvary, through the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit, you have broken your way, and secured your own eternal perdition.

To whom shall we go, when the last awful moment comes, and the judge says “Depart!” and in that solemn word you find your doom, and the glories of heaven fade from your vision, and you drop, into the depths of despair? To whom will you go? To whom? No preacher is there with a Gospel message. No ray of hope lights up the gloom of that world into which you have forced your way. The only song that shall ever be heard will be that of weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. What is your answer, then, to the question you have been repeatedly asked, “To whom will you go?”

Friends, everlasting life is within your reach. Do not count yourselves unworthy of it. Now that the message is so near, now that Christ is

pleading so affectionately, come to Jesus. Confess your guilt and gaze up into His face, saying, as Peter did, “I am all guilt, all condemnation, there is nothing in me but deserves thyrown; but Thou hast the words of everlasting life. I believe these words, and I trust my soul into Thy keeping, my case into Thy hands, and Thou shalt receive me from the grave of corruption into the glorified place of Thy love, set my feet upon a rock, and make my goings secure.”

I was recently talking to a minister at Oxford, who told me two anecdotes bearing upon one subject. “When I was a young man,” he said, “I was listening to a powerful sermon in a Scotch church. When I came to dine at the table of the minister, I met the stranger who had preached this morning. ‘The sermon which had been preached was the subject of our conversation, and I remarked,—‘Well, my dear sir, you will be glad to know that there was one person who appeared deeply interested.’ ‘Was there?’ he asked. ‘The man I refer to sat three or four seats from the pulpit. Did you not see him?’ He had proceeded no further than this, when, to his surprise, he saw the venerable minister of the church hide his face in his hand. He was in tears. Very sorrowfully he presently said,—‘My dear young friend, that man is always there. Thirty years ago he was almost persuaded to be a Christian. He was “all but,” yet not quite. Now he comes regularly, and if I preach an affecting discourse, down goes his head, and out comes his pocket-handkerchief; but if at the close of the service you had followed him to the gate, he would have talked about anything else. That old hoary-headed man is hopeless, although his tears seemed to tell you that he was affected.’ That came of trifling with convictions.”

Another anecdote. “I remember another instance. I was preaching on the text, ‘There is one thing needful.’ At the close of the service I met a beautiful girl, a leader of fashion. In the course of conversation with her, I said, ‘One thing is needful, will you accept it?’ ‘Mr. McPherson,’ she said, ‘I will.’ We went into the vestry, and poured out our souls together. Three months afterwards I was sent to see her on her death-bed. She had been seized with illness; but I learned that these three months had been spent in the enjoyment of God’s love. The Master was now going to call her home, and everything was ready. She could scarcely gasp out the words, ‘Oh, Mr. McPherson, was it not a good thing that I took the one thing needful that night?’ So she died with peace and confidence.” Think of these things.