

## SALVATION.

BY D. L. MOODY.

WHAT IS CHRIST TO YOU?

**W**HAT is He willing to be to you, if you will have Him? Won't you be made heirs of heaven, joint heirs with Christ—to reign with Him for ever and ever—to be *His*—to be with Him where He is—to be what He is? Think, then, of what He is, and of what He gives. You don't need to trouble yourselves at present about what you have to give up. Receive Him, and all these things will appear utterly insignificant.

I used to think of what I would have to give up. I dearly loved many of the pleasures of this earth; but now I'd as soon go out into your streets and eat the dirt as do those things. God doesn't say, "Give up this and that." He says, "Here is the Son of my bosom—receive Him." When you do receive Him, everything else goes. Stop that talk about giving up; let Christ save you, and all these things will go for nothing.

Mark the words, "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power." Now, my friends, will you go with this man? You have often heard about Christ; you know as much about Him as any one on this platform perhaps; but did you ever know a man or woman who regretted receiving Him?

No man ever regretted receiving Christ; but I have heard of thousands who have been followers of the devil, and have regretted it bitterly. And I notice that it is always the most faithful followers of the devil who are regretting it most.

## TAKE JESUS.

My friends, accept my advice, and take Jesus with you. Remember, He is the gift of God offered to *whosoever*. You belong to that class, don't you? Just take Him; that's the first thing you have to do. When you go to cut down a tree, you don't take the axe, and commence to hew down the branches. No, you begin right down at the root. So here, you must take Christ, and then you will get power to resist the world, the flesh, and the devil.

## SALVATION IS A FREE GIFT,

and it is a free gift for us. Can you buy it? It is a free gift, presented to "whosoever." Suppose I were to say, I will give this Bible to "whosoever"; what have you got to do? Why, nothing but take it. But a man comes forward, and says, "I'd like that Bible very much." "Well, didn't I say 'whosoever'?" "Yes; but I'd like to have you say my name." "Well, here it is." Still he keeps eyeing the Bible, and saying, "I'd like to have that Bible; but I'd like to give you something for it. I don't like to take it for nothing." "Well, I am not here to sell Bibles; take it, if you want it." "Well, I want it; but I'd like to give you something for it. Let me give you a penny for it; though, to be sure, it's worth twenty or thirty shillings." Well, suppose I took the penny; the man takes up the Bible, and marches away home with it. His wife says, "Where did you get that Bible?" "Oh, I bought it." Mark the point; when he gives the penny it ceases to be a gift. So with salvation. If you were to pay ever so little, it would not be a gift.

## "WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION."

Surely you can trust God: You must have a very poor opinion of God if you cannot trust Him. You have only to come to Him thus—receive Him, trust Him. What more can you do, and what less can you do than trust Him? Is He not worthy of it. Now, let us think of one passage of Scripture: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." That is Christ standing at the door of your heart, knocking; and He says, "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Will any one pull back the bolts, and say, "Enter, thou welcome, thrice welcome One. Blessed Saviour, come in." God grant that all may do this!

Love to God induces an atmosphere in us in which all feelings find their summer, and so their ripeness. Around no other one centre of the human soul will all our faculties gather in submission and obedience, but the will about love.

## SAMMY HICK'S PRAYER.

**S**AMMY HICK, the good eccentric English blacksmith, was in the habit of praying for persons by name, with what some would regard as undue familiarity. The late "Billy Dawson," who knew him personally, mentioned in my hearing, for example, that stopping once at the house of —, in Lancashire, Sammy prayed thus at family worship for the cook, who was exceedingly ugly: "O my Lord, convert Betty—she'll look five pound better!" and thus for the brother-in-law of his host, "My Lord bless—bless—Thou knowest—I forgot his name—the big fat man that lives at top o' the hill!"

Sergt. R—, an English Methodist, when in Ireland, related the following. I give it as it was told to me. Sammy and some brethren visited a certain village for the purpose of establishing a prayer-meeting. They secured a room, but it proved too small for the purpose. One day it was proposed that Sammy should go to a nobleman in the neighbourhood to solicit aid towards the erection of a chapel. Consenting to the proposal of his brethren, on condition that they would go to their knees and continue in prayer until his return, the simple-minded zealous man went to seek an interview with the nobleman. His lordship was at home. With great difficulty Sammy got ushered in to his presence, when this scene occurred:—

Sammy: "My lord, the people in — are very wicked; and if we don't get a chapel, they'll all go to hell and be damned. Now, I am come to ask your lordship to give us a subscription to build the chapel."

Nobleman (eyeing his strange visitor): "Oh, you may go about your business; I have no money for you."

Sammy: "But, my lord, you have plenty of money, if you like to give it. And you know, my lord, they are prying for my success yonder."

Nobleman: "Then I'll give you no money."

Sammy: "Well, my lord, you won't hinder me praying with you?"

Nobleman: "I don't want your prayers."

Sammy: "O, my lord, it wouldn't do to part without prayer."

So saying, he fell on his knees, his lordship sitting still in his chair, not a little amused by this time.

Sammy: "O Lord, thou knowest the people in — are very wicked, and, if we don't get a chapel, they'll all go to hell, and be damned. Thou knowest that his lordship here has plenty of money if he likes to give it. Now, Lord, give his heart a touch, and let him give us a subscription to build the chapel."

Nobleman: "Did I ever hear such prayers! Well, there's a pound for you. Now go about your business."

Sammy: "O Lord, he has got a touch. Now give him another touch, for Thou knowest he could as easily give us ten pounds as one pound."

Nobleman: "Well there are five pounds for you. Will that do?"

Sammy: "Bless the Lord, his heart is growing soft. Now, Lord, touch him again, and let him increase the subscription."

Nobleman: "There are ten pounds for you. Now are you satisfied?"

Sammy: "Glory be to God! Ten pounds will go a great way to build the walls; but, Lord, what will we do for the roof? Thou knowest his lordship here has plenty of timber on the estate, growing and dry. Now touch him again, and let him give us the timber for the roof."

This petition also was granted, and Sammy "went on his way rejoicing."

—Prayer Meeting Advocate.

How shall we keep our boys home-loving; how keep them from the temptations which he in wait for them out of doors? One way is the way indicated above. The craving for excitement which exists in almost every human being must be met and gratified, not smoothed as though it were itself a sin. Let the home be gay and attractive as well as pure and pious. Let the song follow the psalm, the prayer harmonize with the daily acts of self-forgetfulness and courtesy.