

Then, in conclusion, let me remind you—and it makes my own soul almost reel when I think of it—that God holds us responsible. He holds you responsible for all the good you might do if you had it. Do not deceive yourself. He will have the *five* talents with their increase. He will not have an excuse for *one*, and you will not dare to go up to the throne, and say, "Thou wast a hard Master, reaping where Thou dost not sow, and gathering where Thou hadst not strewn. Thou biddest me to save souls when Thou knewest I had not the power."

What will He say to you? "Wicked and slothful servant, out of thine own mouth will I judge thee. You knew where you could have got the power. You knew the conditions. You might have had it. Where are the souls you might have saved? Where are the children that I would have given you? Where is the fruit?" Oh! friends, these are solemn and awful realities. If I did not believe them I would not stand here. Oh! what you might do! Who can tell? Who would ever have thought, twenty years ago when I first raised my voice, a feeble, trembling woman, one of the most timid and bashful the Lord ever saved, the hundreds of precious souls would be given me? I only refer to myself because I know my own case better than that of another; but let me ask you—supposing I had held back and been disobedient to the Heavenly vision, what would God have said to me for the loss of all this fruit? Thank God much of it is gathered in Heaven, people have sent me word from their dying beds, that they blessed God they had ever heard my voice, saying that they should wait for me on the