

you will remember how he illustrated this by saying that when he came to Christ he put his trust in him, and had a first-class ticket to heaven all the way through. "I did not get out to get a new ticket," said he; "no fear that my ticket would be exhausted half-way, for it was a ticket all the way through. I paid nothing," said Richard, "but that didn't matter; my ticket was enough; the guards came and looked in and said, 'Show your tickets, gentlemen;' they didn't say, 'Show yourselves,' but 'Show your tickets;' and they didn't come to the door and say, 'Now, Mr. Weaver, you have no business in that first-class carriage; you are only a poor man; you must come out; you are not dressed smart enough;' no, as soon as ever he saw my ticket, the ticket all the way through, that was enough and so"—well said that man of God—"when the devil comes to me and says, 'Richard Weaver, how do you hope to get to heaven?' I show him the ticket; he says, 'Look at your self;' no, I say, that I am not going to do; I look at my ticket. My doubts and fears say, 'Look at what you are;' ah! never mind what I am; I look to what Christ gave me, and which he bought and paid for himself, that ticket of faith which will surely carry me all the way through."—Well, that is about the end of the journey, you see, and so the ticket will run you to the end. Christ is the way to the end, too, but I want, to-night, to show you that he is the way to your end as well as to God's end. Christ has run the railroad right into heaven, but now does it run from where I am? because if not, if there is a space between me and where that railway stops, how am I to get there? I will not have a cab of Morality, for the axle is broken. I shall not get up into the great omnibus of Ceremonies, for the driver has lost his badge, and I am sure there will be mischief come of that. How, then, am I to get there? I cannot get there at all unless the road comes right here to where I am. Well, glory be to God, it does come to just where you are to-night, sinner. There wants no addition of yours—no preparing for Christ—no meeting Jesus Christ half-way—no cleaning yourselves, to let him give you the finishing stroke—no mending your garments, that he may afterwards make them superfine—no, but,

just as you are; Christ says, "I am the Way." But you say, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" "Do?" saith he; "do? nothing but believe on me—trust me—trust me now." Did I hear one up in those boxes in the top gallery say, "When I get home to-night I'll pray?" I hope you will, but that is not the Gospel. The Gospel is, trust Jesus Christ now; Christ is the way now—not from your chamber to heaven, but from this place, from the very spot where now you are, to heaven. I do say again, dear brethren, that I abhor from my very heart that new kind of legality which is preached by some ministers, who will have it that we must not tell the sinner to believe on Christ now, but that he must undergo a preparatory process of conviction, and the like. This is Popery back again, for it hath the very essence of Popery within it. Instead of that, I uplift my Master's cross before the dying and the dead—before the blind, the ruined, and the filthy. Trust Jesus Christ, and you are saved. Trust him now, and depend on him from this good hour. "But I have many sins"—he had many drops of blood. "But I am a great sinner"—he is a great Saviour. "But I am so black"—his blood is so efficacious it can make you white as snow. "But I am so old"—yes, but he can make you to be born again. "But I have rejected him so often"—he will not reject you. "O! but I am the last person in the world to be saved"—then that is where Christ begins; he always begins at the last man. "But I cannot believe that—" Cannot believe what? What did I ask you to believe? "I cannot believe—" Cannot believe what, I say again? My Master is the Lord from heaven, that cannot lie; and you tell me you cannot believe him! My Master never lied to angel or to men, and he cannot, for he is truth itself, and this is what he says, that whosoever among you will trust him to-night he will save you; and if you say you cannot believe him you make God a liar, because you believe not on his Son Jesus Christ. I charge you, by the day of judgment and by the flaming worlds, say not that the God who made you will lie with you. Sinner, there shall never be found in hell a spirit that could say, "I trusted Christ, and was deceived; I rested on the cross, and its rotten timbers cracked;