

impossible; that would take days and weeks and months, so I am going to ask you to do the next best thing. I am going to ask everyone that is not a Christian to forget all about everyone else. Don't look on me as preaching a sermon to the multitude, but just think that you and I are having a personal conversation together, that you are talking to me, and I am talking to you, and not to anybody else in the hall, and put to yourself this question, 'What am I waiting for? Why do I not come out on the side of Christ to-night?' Now we are going to have a few moments of silence and of prayer; I am going to ask every Christian in the room to pray God to help men and women to be honest; and I ask you who are not Christians to put this question to yourselves, 'What am I waiting for?' Let us have silence.

[Here, for about a minute, was an interval of silent prayer. Dr. Torrey then continued as follows]:

Every man and woman that is not a Christian, put the question to yourself,—'What am I waiting for? What is the real reason why I don't come out and confess Christ openly to-night?' Be honest. Have you answered the question? Then I will take up your answers one by one.

Some of you have said, 'I am waiting till I am convinced that the Bible is the Word of God, and that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, before I accept Christ as my Saviour and confess him before the world.' Now, I want to make a fair offer to every man and woman that made that answer to-night. If you will come to me at the close of this meeting, I will show you a way by which you can find out for yourself that Jesus Christ is God's Son. Now, if you are an honest sceptic, you will accept this offer, and if you do not accept it, never say again that you are a sceptic; you are a humbug. Of course, if you are a mere trifler, I have not time to waste upon you; but if you are a sincere doubter, I had rather speak to you than to anyone else in the building, for I have yet to find the first sincere doubter, the first atheist, the first Christian Scientist, the first Theosophist, that really wanted to find the way of truth and I could not find a way to show him. All over the world there are agnostics and atheists whom it has been my privilege to lead to Jesus. Now, if you are honest, you will accept that offer, and if you don't accept it, you will know for once that you are not an honest sceptic.

I went to a man at the close of a meeting like this one night. He was standing between two chairs at the further end of the building, and I walked up to this gentleman and said, 'Mr. B. [he was one of the most highly esteemed men in the place], why are you not a Christian?' 'Oh, well,' he said, 'I'll tell you. I don't boast about it, as so many in this town do, but I don't believe in it.' I said, 'Don't you believe there is a God?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I have never given up faith that there is a Supreme Being.' 'Well,' I said, 'if there is a God, you ought to surrender your will to his will. Will you do it? Will you take your stand upon the will of God, to follow it wherever it goes?' He said, 'I am trying to do that now,' and I believe he was. I said, 'That's not what I asked. Will you take your stand upon the will of God to follow it wherever it goes?'

'Well,' he said, 'I have never put it quite that way yet.' I said, 'Will you put it that way to-night?' He said, 'I will do it.' I said, 'Another thing. Do you believe God answers prayer?' 'No,' he said, 'I don't. I have lived many years asking that question, and I have come to the conclusion that God does not answer prayer.' However, after a little more talk with him I got him to offer up this prayer: 'O God, if there is any God, show me that Jesus Christ is thy Son, and if thou wilt show me that he is, I will confess him before the world.'

At the meeting the Sunday evening following I saw that gentleman into the prayer mission, and just as soon as I threw the meeting open, this man rose to his feet and said he now believed. He had been honest with himself, he had done just what he promised to do, and he said, 'My doubts are all gone. I don't know why, but they are gone.' You say, 'I doubt that story?' Well, try it for yourself.

Another man came across the street to me one night just at sunset, for, though he was an agnostic and I was a Christian minister, we were great friends. I don't believe that Christians ought to keep off somewhere where nobody of the ordinary kind can touch them. We are the salt of the earth, and we can never get on by putting the salt into one box and the meat into another. Well, suddenly he turned to me, as the sun had gone down, and there followed on a peculiar glow, and he felt the influence of the hour. He said to me suddenly, 'Mr. Torrey, I am 66 years of age; I have no one to leave my money to,'—he had quite a lot of it. 'I cannot take any of it with me, and I would give every penny of it if I could believe as you do.' He was an agnostic. 'Very well,' I said, 'I can tell you how—very easy.' 'Come in the house,' he said (we were standing on the doorstep of his house), and we stepped into the house, and I asked his wife for a sheet of paper, and wrote on it: 'I believe there is an absolute difference between right and wrong, and I hereby take my stand upon the right, to follow it wherever it carries me. I promise to make an honest search to find whether Jesus is the Son of God. If I find that he is, I promise to accept him as my Saviour and confess him as such before the world.' I said, 'Mr. H., read that. Will you sign that?' 'Why,' he said, 'anybody ought to be willing to sign that. What you ask me to sign is what my own conscience tells me I ought to do.' I said, 'Will you sign it?' He said, 'Anybody ought to be willing to sign that.' I said, 'Will you sign it?' He said, 'I'll think about it.' He never did sign it; he died as he had lived, without God and without hope; he went down into the darkness of a Christless eternity; but I ask you, whose fault was it? A way out of darkness into light had been shown, that he confessed his own conscience told him he ought to be willing to take, but he would not take it. Oh, are there men who are atheists and agnostics here to-night? Very well, so I used to be; but I was an honest man, and when the way was pointed out, I promised to see where it led, and, thank God, it led out of darkness and desolation into a clear faith that cannot be shaken, that this blessed Book is God's Word, and that the Christ in that Book is the Son of God.

'Well,' someone else says, 'I believe in the Bible just as much as you do, but I am waiting till I have enjoyed the world enough.' There are a great many of that kind in London; some of them have grown old and grey in that direction, and when they get tired of the world, they are going to turn to Christ. Their idea is this: After a while a man will grow tired of the world, and can give it up without an effort. That is a great mistake. The trouble about the world is this, that the longer you live for it the less enjoyment you get out of it, but the tighter its grip becomes on your shuddering soul. There will never be another night when it is so easy to give up the world as to-night. You know that is the case with a drinking man. There is pleasure in his first glass of beer, or wine, or champagne; the man feels like two men; but as the man goes on drinking there is less and less enjoyment in it, but the more complete the slavery becomes, until the man is at a place where he loathes alcohol as much as any prohibitionist, knowing it is robbing him of his brain-power, robbing him of his manhood, robbing him of the respect of the community, robbing him of the affection of his wife, robbing him of the confidence of his children, that it is taking the bread out of his children's mouths and the clothes off his wife's back, yet this man, hating alcohol, will march up to the bar and take a glass of liquid damnation, and drink it to the dregs. 'Yes,' you say, 'that is true.' It is as true of the love of money. The slavery of money is as hard and as degrading as the slavery of strong drink. It is harder to break; I had rather undertake to save ten drunkards than one money-lover. When a man takes to accumulating money, there is pleasure in the first ten pounds a man lays aside, the first hundred pounds, possibly the first thousand pounds, but as the man goes on accumulating, there is less and less pleasure, until there is none at all; but the man is a slave of the lust for gold.

It is just the same with a lift of pleasure. The first dance, the first card-party, the first theatre, why, the excitement of it, the pleasure of it, the exhilaration of it, are quite great; but as one goes out more and more, and it is a constant race from the dance to the theatre, and from one place of pleasure to another, there is less and less pleasure in it, but more and more complete does the slavery of it become every day. Oh, men and women, the time will never come when you have enjoyed the world enough. Furthermore, there is more joy in Jesus Christ in 24 hours than there is in the world in 365 days or 365 years. Try it, anybody. Furthermore, suppose while you are waiting until you have enjoyed the world enough, you are called out of the world. What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? One night I walked down the aisle of a meeting almost like this, and at the further end of the aisle two people were standing, singing, and I turned to one young lady, and said, 'Why don't you become a Christian to-night?' 'Oh,' she said, 'I enjoy the world too much,' and I looked her in the eye and simply quoted God's Word, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' and passed on. The meetings went on, the last night