

SERMON BY MR. MOODY.

HEAVEN.

We give below Mr. Moody's discourse on Heaven, as reported in the columns of the *N. Y. Independent*, with a few unimportant passages omitted so as to bring it within the compass of our Magazine. [Ed. C. I.]

I want to talk this evening about Heaven. I was going to meeting a little while ago, and a friend said to me, on our way down: "What are you going to talk about to-night?" I told him that I thought I should talk about Heaven. And I noticed there was a scowl on his forehead; and I said: "What makes you look in that way?" "Well," said he, "I thought you were going to give us something tangible, something practical. I think Heaven is all a speculation; all a myth. It will be time enough to talk about Heaven and what it's like when we get there." And I find that there is a great many people that believe that, and they never think much about Heaven. I believe if we talked more about it and read more about it, this world wouldn't be so dull to us; it would be better for us.

A man told me, the other day, that all he expected of Heaven was on this earth. He didn't want any more Heaven, better than he had here. Well, it's a queer Heaven, if a man takes heed of the broken hearts and the thousands that are perishing, the thousands that are mourning over the afflictions they are passing through. I find this Book tells a different story. It tells us there is a Heaven and that it is located—a real place. It isn't just a myth; but it's a real home. Christ says; "I go to prepare mansions for you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again." Now, if he has gone to prepare mansions for us, we can't hear too much about it, nor about that state. If we only spend a few days here—as you may say, an inch of time here—and then eternal ages in another world, we certainly can't hear too much about that place where we are going; for I suppose there is no one in this Rink but that really means to make Heaven their home. May be you haven't started yet; and, if not, I hope you will start to-night. I hope there will be something said to-night that will lead your hearts, and direct you to that better world.

Now, when I was in England, a great many people wanted to come to this country, and they wanted to hear all about it—all about the climate, its institutions, its people—and wanted to hear what part of the country was best for them to emigrate to. And they couldn't hear too much about it. They would sit and drink it in, if I would talk about it, for hours; because they expected to come to this country, and were interested in it and wanted to know all about it. Now, they come here and spend a short time, and they are gone away for ever. Now, you and I are going to emigrate, by and by, from this world to another; and it seems to me it is the height of madness for us to rush on without inquiring anything about it. It is said to us that there is a Heaven and a Hell. If I read my Bible correctly, there are two highways through the world and there are two endings. There is one that is dark and wretched and miserable, and there is one which is light and glorious. One is bright and beautiful, and when leaving the world by it we shall go with a shout of victory on our lips; but the other is dark and miserable, and we leave it with a shout of mercy, coming too late, when the outer doors are shut forever. * * In the 8th chapter of I. Kings, 30th verse, let me read: "And hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of thy people, Israel, when they shall pray toward this place; and hear thou in Heaven, thy dwelling place. And when thou hearest, forgive." "*Hear thou in Heaven, thy dwelling place.*" God has a dwelling place. God is a person. God has a mansion. God has a home, and it is real. It is as real as any city we have in this republic. It is as real as any kingdom on the face of the earth. And a good deal more so; because these kingdoms shall all fade and pass away, but his throne shall never be moved.