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ADDRESSES AND LECTURES
OF
D. L. MOODY,
WITH A
NARRATIVE OF THE AWAKENING
IN
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

(SUPPLEMENTARY ISSUE.)

ADDRESSES AND LECTURES IN THIS VOLUME.

GOD'S HUMAN INSTRUMENTS.
CHRIST SEEKING THE LOST.
SAVED OR LOST.
MAN SEEKING FOR GOD.
THE CALL TO SELF-EXAMINATION.
THE NEW BIRTH.
A SERMON ON ONE WORD.
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II.

CHRIST SEEKING THE LOST.

“For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.”—LUKE xix. 10.

To me this is one of the sweetest verses in the whole Word of God. In that little short sentence we are told what the Son of God came into the world for, we are told what His mission to this dark world was. He came not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. He did not come to make men wretched, He did not come to make us miserable; but He came to save that which was lost. Now, when a prince, and especially a crown prince, comes to London, what a royal reception you give him; and the question is raised, what is he come for? Now, here is the Prince of Heaven coming down into this dark world. What is He come for? Why, we are told that He came to seek and to save that which was lost. And every man or woman in this audience is either lost or found. You are either saved or lost. And bear in mind that Christ takes the place of the seeker. No sooner did the news reach heaven that Adam had fallen in Eden than God came down to him. Adam ought to have gone up and down the garden of Eden crying out, “My God, where art Thou? I have sinned, I have sinned and fallen.” Instead of that he went away and hid himself, and God came down, and His voice was heard in the garden of Eden, “Adam, where art thou?” It was the voice of Christ, the voice of love. But Adam had gone away frightened, and God took the place of the Seeker, and from the time of Adam’s fall until the present, God has always taken the place of the Seeker. No man or woman in this audience has been saved but that He sought them first. We do not seek after Him until He first seeks after us. We do not go to Him by nature. Our nature is to go away from Him, as with Adam when he hid away from a loving God- Read what we have in the 15th chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke. It is not the lost sheep from the fold hunting up the Shepherd, but it is the Shepherd seeking after the lost sheep. Whoever heard of a sheep which had strayed from the fold hunting after the shepherd? And so Isaiah has told us, “All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way,” and the Great Shepherd has come down after us.

THE LOST PIECE OF MONEY.

And then, in the portion of Scripture I have read to you, there is that woman who had lost the piece of money. It was not that piece of money seeking its way back into the woman's pocket; but it was the woman lighting a candle and taking a broom, and sweeping diligently until she found it. I can just imagine that some one had paid that woman a bill that day, and had given her ten pieces of silver. When she retired at night, she took the money out of her pocket to count it, and seeing the bulk looked small, she said to herself, "Well, this don't look like ten pieces; I must have lost one piece; where have I lost it?" She begins to think where she has been that day. "I have not been out of the house; it must be somewhere in the house," she says. Then she goes and lights a candle, and gets a broom and sweeps the floor, and raises a great dust. And so it is when the Holy Spirit begins to seek after a soul; there is some great commotion. So she begins to search and grope around; she moves the chairs, the sofa, the table, and all the rest of the furniture, and looks in every corner until she finds the piece. Who was it that rejoiced—the piece of silver or the woman? the sheep that was lost or the shepherd that found it? It was the woman that rejoiced over the lost piece; it was the shepherd that rejoiced over the lost sheep he had found. And so we find it is here. Christ takes the place of the seeker. "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." What Adam lost in Eden, I find in the second Adam. When God put Adam in Eden, He bound him strong to the throne of God with a golden chain. When Satan walked in, he broke the chain; but the second Adam came to seek and to save that which was lost. What the first Adam lost for me I get in the second Adam. He came to seek and to save that which was lost.

THE STORY OF BARTIMEUS.

Now let us go back a little before the text. I am very often blessed in my own soul by taking a text all round. In the 18th chapter of the gospel of St. Luke, you will find Christ is going into Jericho; and as He drew near the gates of Jericho there was a poor blind man who sat by the wayside, begging people to give him a farthing, and crying out, "Have mercy on a blind man!" This poor beggar met a man, who said to him, "Bartimeus, I have good news to tell you." "What is it?" said the blind beggar. "There is a man of Israel who can give you sight." "Oh, no," said the blind beggar, "there is no chance of my ever

receiving my sight. I never shall see. In fact, I never saw the mother who gave me birth; I never saw the wife of my bosom; I never saw my own offspring. I never saw in this world, but I expect to see in the world to come.” The man said, “Let me tell you, I have just come down from Jerusalem, and I saw that the village carpenter, Jesus of Nazareth, and I saw a man who was born blind, who had received his sight; and I never saw a man with better sight. He does not have to use glasses now, and he was born blind.” Then, for the first time in this poor man’s heart, hope rises, and he says, “Tell me how the man got his sight?” “Oh,” says the other, “Jesus first spat on the ground and made clay, and put it on his eyes”—why that is enough to put a man’s sight out, to fill a man’s eyes with clay —“and then He told him to go and wash his eyes in the Pool of Siloam, and he would receive his sight. And then, Bartimeus, He does not charge you anything, you have no fee to pay; you just tell Him what you want, and the poor man has as much influence as the rich. It does not need dukes, or lords, or influence; you just call upon Him yourself; and if He ever comes this way, don’t let Him go back without your going to see Jesus.” And Bartimeus said, “I will indeed do so, and ask Him for my sight.” I can imagine him being led by a child to his seat as usual, and that he is crying out, “Please give a blind beggar a farthing.” He hears the footsteps of the coming multitude, and inquires, “Who is it passing? What does the multitude mean?” They tell him it is Jesus of Nazareth passing by. The moment he hears that he says, “Why, that is the Man that gave sight to the blind.” The moment it reached his ear that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out at the top of his voice, “Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me.” Some of those who went before—perhaps Peter was one of them—rebuked him, thinking the Master was going up to Jerusalem to be crowned King, and did not want to be distracted. They never knew the Son of God when He was here. He would hush every harp in heaven to hear a sinner pray; no music would delight Him so much. But the blind man lifted up his voice and cried still louder, “Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me;” and the prayer reached the ears of the Son of God, as prayer always will, and they led the poor blind man to Him. The Lord grant that each one here in this Agricultural Hall may cry out, “God, have mercy upon me a sinner; God, have mercy upon this soul of mine;” and the Lord Jesus will be good to you. Well, when Jesus heard the blind beggar, He commanded him to be brought unto Him. So they ran to him and said, “Be of good cheer, the

Master calleth thee; He hath a blessing for thee.” When Jesus saw him He said, “What can I do for you?” “Lord, that I may receive my sight.” “You shall have it;” and the Lord gave it to him. “Ask, and ye shall receive.” Oh, may sinners cry out tonight, “God, give me my sight; God, be merciful to me a sinner.” And now the beggar followed with the crowd, glorifying God. I can imagine he sang as sweetly as Mr. Sankey; no one sang sweeter than he when he shouted, “Hosanna to the Son of David;” no one sang louder than this man who had received his sight. Then he follows on with the crowd, which we see pressing into the gates of the city. I can imagine when he gets into the city he says to himself, “I will go down and see my wife ”—having, of course, after those years of blindness, a curiosity to see what his wife looked like, also to see his children.

THE CONVERSION OF ZACCHAEUS.

As he is passing down the street a man meets him and turns round and says, “Bartimeus, is that you?” “Yes, it’s me.” “Well, I thought it was, and yet I thought my eyes must deceive me. How did you get your sight?” “I just met Jesus of Nazareth outside the walls of the city, and I asked Him to have mercy upon me, and He gave me my sight.” “Jesus of Nazareth! is He in this part of the country?” “He is already on His way to Jerusalem. He is now going down to the eastern gate.” “I should like to see Him,” says the man, and away he runs down the street; but he cannot get a glimpse of Him, being little of stature, on account of the great throng round Him. He runs to a sycamore tree, and says to himself, “If I get up there and hide, without any one seeing me, He cannot get by without my getting a good look at Him.” A great many rich men do not like to be seen coming to Jesus. Well, there he is in the sycamore tree, on a branch hanging right over the highway, and he says to himself, “He cannot get by without my having a good look at Him.” All at once the crowd burst out. He looks at John—“That’s not him;” he looks at Peter—“That’s not him.” Then he saw One who was fairer than the sons of men. “That’s Him.” And Zacchaeus, just peeping out from amongst the branches, looked down upon that wonderful, yes, that mighty God-Man, in amazement. At last the crowd comes to the tree, and it looks as if Christ was going by; but He stops right under the tree, and all at once He looks up and sees Zacchaeus, and He says to him, “Zacchaeus, make haste and come down.” I can just imagine Zac-

chaeus says to himself,—“ I wonder who told Him my name. I was never introduced to Him.” But Christ knew all about him. Sinner, Christ knows all about you; He knows your name and your house. Do not think God does not know you. If you would try to hide from Him, bear in mind you cannot hide from Him. He knows where each one of you is; He knows all about your sins. Well, He said to Zacchaeus, “Make haste and come down.” He may have added, “This is the last time I shall pass this way, Zacchaeus.” That is the way He speaks to sinners,—“This may be the last time I shall pass this way; this may be your last chance of eternity.” He may be passing away from some soul tonight. Oh, sinner, make haste and come down and receive Him. There are some people in this nineteenth century who do not believe in sudden conversions. I should like them to tell me where Zacchaeus was converted. He certainly was not converted when he went up into the tree; he certainly was converted when he came down. He must have been converted when he came down. He must have been converted somewhere between the branches and the ground. The Lord converted him just right there. People say they do not believe in sudden conversions, and that if a man is converted suddenly he won't hold out, he won't be genuine. I wish we had a few men converted like Zacchaeus in London; it would make no small stir. When a man begins to make restitution, it is a pretty good sign of conversion. Let men give back money dishonestly obtained in London, and see how quick people will believe in conversion. Zacchaeus gave half his goods to the poor. What would be said if some of the rich men of London did that? Zacchaeus gave half his goods all at once; and he says, “If I have taken anything from any man falsely, I restore him fourfold.” I think that is the other half. But to get Christ is worth more than all his wealth. I imagine the next morning one of the servants of Zacchaeus going with a check for £100, and saying, “My master a few years ago took from you wrongfully about £25, and this is restitution money.” That would give confidence in Zacchaeus' conversion. I wish a few cases like that would happen in London, and then people would not go on talking against sudden conversions.

THE COMPLAINTS OF MODERN PHARISEES.

Now Christ becomes the guest of Zacchaeus, and while he is in his house the Pharisees begin to murmur and complain. It would have been

a good thing if all those Pharisees had died off with that generation; but, unfortunately, they have left a good many grandchildren behind them, living down here now in the afternoon of this 19th century, who are complaining "This man receiveth sinners."

Many men complain because the Lord saves men for nothing, but the Lord deals in sovereign grace. But while they are murmuring and complaining on every occasion, Christ uttered the wonderful words of my text for tonight, "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "I did not come to condemn Zacchaeus, to make him wretched; he is wretched enough now. I did not come here to torment him, I came to bless and to save him." When Christ commenced His ministry in the wonderful sermon on the mountain, there is blessing, blessing, blessing. He came to bless man, and poor Zacchaeus needed blessing, and He first gave it him. If there is some poor Zacchaeus here tonight, or if there is some poor blind beggar here tonight, He will bless you. The Son of man is come for that purpose; He left Heaven and a throne for that. He came "to seek and to save that which was lost;" and so the vilest man in London can be saved if he will be. The Lord is able and willing to save. "He is come to seek and to save that which was lost." A man must believe he is lost before he can be saved. One reason why many are not saved is because they do not believe they are lost. They fold their filthy rags of self-righteousness about them, instead of acknowledging that they are miserable sinners.

PREACHING IN THE TOMBS.

While I was occupying the Fulton-street pulpit in New York, the governor of the City Tombs Prison said he would like to have me go down and talk to the prisoners. After the prisoners were all brought in, I found there was no chapel in connection with that prison, and I had to talk to them in their cells. I talked from a little iron railing running right across the narrow passage-way, to some three or four hundred prisoners, and could not see a man. I had never had that experience before. After I had done, I thought I would like to see who I had been talking to, and how they had received the interpretation of the Gospel. I went to the first door and looked in the little window of a cell where the inmates could have best heard me. There were some men playing at cards. No doubt they had been playing all the while I had been preaching. They did not want to hear. Some men came here tonight out

of curiosity; they do not want to hear the glad tidings, and they do not believe the Gospel's good news. Well, these men had been playing cards all the while I was preaching. I said, "My friends, what is your trouble?" "Well, stranger, false witnesses appeared against us. We are innocent." I said to myself, "Christ cannot save anybody here; there is nobody guilty." I went to the occupiers of the next cell and asked why they were there. They said, "We got into bad company, and the man who done the deed got clear, and we got caught." I said, "Christ cannot save anybody here." I went to the next cell and asked how it was with them. They said, "False witnesses went into court and swore falsely." I said, "Christ cannot save anybody here." I went to the next cell and said, "How is it with you?" The reply was, "The fact is, the man who done the deed is very much like me. I am perfectly innocent." I never found so many innocent men in a prison in my life. It seemed that the magistrates who sent them there were the only guilty ones.

THE PENITENT PRISONER.

I began to get discouraged, but when I had got almost through I found one man with his elbows on his knees and two streams of tears running down his cheeks. I looked in at the little window, and I said, "My friend, what is the trouble?" He looked up with despair and remorse on his face, and said, "My sins are more than I can bear." I said, "Thank God for that." "Aren't you the man that has been talking to us? I thought you said you was a friend; and you say you are glad my sins are more than I can bear." "Yes." "I don't understand your friendship if you are glad my sins are more than I can bear." "I will explain it to you. If your sins are more than you can bear, you will cast them on One that will bear them for you." "Who is that?" "It is the Lord Jesus;" and I stood there at that prison door and preached Christ, and held up Christ for that poor wounded man, who was believed to be the worst man in the whole prison of the city of New York. After telling him of Christ I got down and prayed. After I prayed I said, "Now you pray." He said he could not pray; it would be blasphemy. But the man put his head on the pavement, and, like the publican, without even lifting his eyes towards heaven, he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." After prayer, when he got up, I took his hand, and he gave me a good warm grasp of the hand; a hot tear fell on my hand, which burned down into my soul. I got so interested in the man that before I started for the hotel, I said,

“I will pray for you tonight, and I would have you join me in prayer at the same time.” That night, while I was praying in my hotel, as I told him I should pray for him at a certain hour, it seemed as if I knew that God was answering my prayer. I could not leave New York and go back to Chicago until I had seen that man. No sooner did I fix my eye on the man’s countenance, than I saw that a great change had taken place. Remorse and gloom had fled away, and the face of the man was streaming with celestial light. He seized my hand, and tears of joy trickled over his cheeks. I said, “Tell me all about it;” and he said, “Last night, when in my cell praying—I do not know the exact time, because when I came to prison, they took away my watch, but I think it was about midnight—the Lord Jesus took away the burden, and set me entirely free; and since then I am the happiest man in the whole city of New York.” And I believe he was, for he told me of the love, joy, and peace that none but one that had received the Lord Jesus knew anything about. After I had talked and prayed with him some time, I bade him good-bye.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LOST.

Now, my friends, can you tell me how it was the Lord Jesus came into that prison, and passing one cell after another, went to that one cell and set the captive free? It was because he believed he was lost, that he had sinned and come short of the glory of God. He called to God for mercy, and God dealt him mercies. If there is a man or woman in this audience tonight who believes they are lost, I have good news to tell them—Christ will come after you. He came to save you, He came to bless you. Now, do not let this night pass, my friends, without just accepting salvation as the gift of mercy from a loving God. He wants to deal out mercy and grace for every soul here. The Son of man is come—what for? To seek and to save. And do you think He is not able to save? And is He not willing to save? There is not a man in this audience but knows deep down in his heart that Christ is able and willing to save. My friends, let Him save you tonight while you are on praying ground; while God is talking to you, and offering you salvation without money and without price. The gift of God is eternal life. That is the gift tonight. Who will have it? Who will take the gift? Who will accept the gift of God? Who will receive it? While I am talking to you, lay hold on eternal life. While I am speaking to you, just receive the gift of God, and go on your way rejoicing. Now, I have no doubt that while I am

speaking to you, there are a good many of you that have got friends praying for you; I have received a good many letters, especially from mothers, stating that they have sons in London, and praying that the Holy Ghost might win their souls to Christ. Maybe some of those sons are here now. One of these young men spoke to me last night, and told me his mother was very anxious that he should attend these meetings. I have remarked the great number of young men who come to our services. I never saw more young men at a meeting than I see tonight. I may be speaking to more young men than ever I spoke to in my life. How comes this, that there are so many young men here? Perhaps they have in the country a loving mother praying that the Holy Ghost may convert their hearts; or a loving sister, or a loving father, or brother, pleading hard for their salvation. Well, if you have got these friends that are diligent for your salvation, treat them kindly, for you will not always have them.

A YOUNG MAN'S TALE.

I went to a meeting in Chicago a few years ago, and a young man got up and said, "Will you allow me to speak to these young men?" "At first, as he was a stranger, I thought I wouldn't; and then I thought he might have a message from God, so I said, "Say on." And that young man just pleaded with those young men, and said, in closing his speech: "If any of you have fathers, or mothers, or Christian friends, who are diligent for your salvation, treat them kindly, for you will not always have them. I was an only son, and I had a godly father, who went down to his grave praying for me, for I was a wayward boy. After father died, mother began to be more anxious than ever. Sometimes she would weep over me, and say, 'Oh, my boy, if you were only a Christian I should be so happy.' Some nights I heard her in her chamber weeping, and crying to God for her boy. I could not stand it any longer, so I had to leave home. I must become a Christian, or get away from home. So I ran away. It was a long time before I heard of her, and then I was told she was sick, and the thought came stealing over me, 'She may die. I will go back.' And then I thought, 'If I go back home, I will have to become a Christian. I cannot live at home with mother without becoming a Christian; I will not go.' The next time I heard from that mother I heard she was much worse. Then the thought came to me, 'If my mother died, and I should never see her, I should never forgive myself.

So I started off. There was no railway into the village, and I had to take coach. I got to the village about sundown; the moon had commenced to shine. My mother lived about a mile and a half from the little town, and to get home I had to go by the old village churchyard, so I thought I would go and look at father's grave, and see if there was any new-made grave. As I drew near my heart began to quake. I could not tell why. The moon showed me a new-made grave, and then for the first time in my life the question occurred to me, 'Who is going to pray for my lost soul now? Father's gone and mother's dead.' I took up some of the earth and found it was just damp, and I threw myself on my mother's grave, and there I spent the night. I did not move until the break of day; but before I left that grave, my mother's God had become my own. And, young men, I believe God, for Christ's sake, forgave me that night, but I never forgave myself." Young man, if you have a praying mother or a praying father, treat them kindly, for you will not always have them; they will soon all be gone, and that voice which is now pleading day and night for your soul will be hushed in the grave. Therefore, this night, while they 'are praying, seek the kingdom of God; and it won't take an anxious sinner long to meet an anxious Saviour. Let your hearts be lifted up now, friends, to Christ in united prayer for every unsaved soul in this hall this night; and now let us all have a few moments of silent prayer.