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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.
THE MASTER'S PARTING COMMISSION.
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III.

SAVED OR LOST.

THE ONE ALTERNATIVE.

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

I WANT to call your attention to the same text that we had last night. I had really only just commenced with the text when it was time to close. Now before I begin, I want to ask a question of every man and woman in this room, and I should like every one just to take the question home with him—“Am I saved, or am I lost?” It must be one thing or the other. There is no neutrality about the matter. A man cannot be saved and lost at the same time; it is thoroughly impossible. Every man and woman in this audience must either be saved or lost, if the Bible be true; and if I thought it was not true, I should not be here preaching, and I would not advise you people to come if you think the Bible is not true; but if the Bible is true, every man and every woman in this room must either be in the dark or out of it, either saved or lost.

Last night, a man yonder told me that he was anxious to be saved, but Christ had never sought for him. I said, “What are you waiting for?” “Why,” said he, “I am waiting for Christ to call me; as soon as He calls me I am coming.” Now, I do not believe there is a man in London that the Spirit of God has not striven with at some period of his life. I do not believe there is a person in this audience but that has been called; I do not believe that there is a person in this audience but that the Son of God has sought for and is seeking for him.

HOW THE SAVIOUR SEEKS.

Now, for a minute or two, let us look and see how He seeks. There are different ways in which the Son of man seeks. He very often seeks through some faithful minister. Many of you have sat under faithful ministers; you have heard heart-searching sermons, and the truth has gone down deep into your hearts; you have been many a time touched, and tears have come down your cheeks, and you have felt “almost persuaded to be a Christian.” That is the Son of God seeking for your soul through that minister. You have heard a sermon sometimes that has roused you, so that you could not forget it, and for days you have been

under deep conviction. That is the way the Son of God seeks. Some of you have had a tract put in your hand, with a startling title, perhaps, "Eternity! where will you spend it?" and the arrow has gone home. You may have been troubled, and may have pulled out that arrow and tried to forget it. That is the Son of God seeking for your soul through that tract. Perhaps some of you have had a faithful Sabbath-school teacher who has wept over your souls in your earlier days, who prayed for you and plead with you to become Christians. That is the Son of God seeking for your soul through that faithful Sabbath-school teacher. Many of you have had godly, praying mothers, that have prayed all night for your soul. It is through the prayers of such a mother that the Son of God is seeking you. Many of you, perhaps, have been laid away upon a bed of sickness, and have had time to meditate in the silent watches of the night; the Spirit of God has come into your chamber, has come to your bedside, and you have been troubled about eternity and about the grave, and where you would spend eternity, and how it would be beyond the grave! That is the Son of God seeking for your soul. Some of you have lost friends. I doubt whether there is a man or woman in this audience who has not lost some loved one; it may be a praying mother, it may be a loved father, it may be a dear child; and when death came and took that one from you, you were greatly troubled. You might have taken that friend by the hand, and as he or she was dying, you might have said, "I will meet you in heaven." The Spirit of God strove in you for weeks and months, and yet the Spirit left you because you strove against and resisted the workings of the Holy Ghost. My friends, that is the way the Son of man seeks. Can you rise in this hall tonight and say that the Son of God never sought for you? Is there a person in this hall that can rise and say, "I have lived twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years, and the Son of man never sought for my soul"? I do not believe that man or woman lives in all London.

PRAYING FOR LONDON.

My friend, He has been calling for you from your earliest childhood, and He has put it into the hearts of God's own people just to call you together in this hall. This hall has been opened at great expense, and prayer is going up all over the Christian world for London. Perhaps there never has been a time in the history of your life when so many were praying for you as at the present time. That is the Son of God

seeking for your soul through the prayers of the Church, through the prayers of ministers, through the prayers of the saints, not only in London, but throughout the world. I have received news today in a dispatch sent across from America that all the churches nearly, in America, are praying for London. What does it mean? God has laid it upon the heart of the Church throughout the world to pray for London. It must be that God has something good in store for London; the Son of man is coming to London to seek and to save that which was lost, and I pray that the Good Shepherd may enter this hall tonight and may come to many a heart, and that you may hear the still small voice: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man will hear My voice and open the door, I will come in unto him and will sup with him, and he with Me." O friends, open the door tonight, and let the heavenly visitor in. Don't turn Him away any longer. Don't say with Felix, "Go thy way this time, and when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Make this a convenient season; make this the night of your salvation. Receive the gift of God tonight, and open the door of your heart, and say, "Welcome, thrice welcome into this heart of mine;" and He will come. You invite Him, and see how quickly He will come. My friend, He is come. "The grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation unto all men." Oh, that the loss of a soul may wake us up tonight, that we may know what it means! I believe the world is asleep—and the Church too. I do not believe there would be a dry eye in this audience if we could for five minutes get a glimpse of a lost soul. We mourn with men who have lost health; we pity them, we sympathize with them, and we say, "It is very sad." We mourn with men who have lost wealth, and we think it is very sad. But what is health, what is wealth, compared with the soul?

A TOUCHING CHICAGO STORY.

I was in an eye infirmary at Chicago, on the Sabbath before the great fire. A mother brought her little baby to the doctor—a child only a few months old—and she wanted the doctor to look at the child's eyes. He did so, and he said to the mother, "Your child is blind; it will never see again; you have neglected it; if you had brought it here three days ago I could have saved the sight." The moment the doctor said that, the mother pressed the little child to her bosom, and there was a wail that came from that mother that broke my heart. I wept, the doctor wept; we could not help but weep. She pressed her darling child to her

bosom. "My darling," she said, "are you never to see the mother that gave you birth? My child! my child!" It was a sight that would move almost any heart. But what is the loss of sight compared with the loss of a soul? I would rather a thousand times have these eyes dug out of my head, and go through the world blind, than lose my soul. I have a son, and no one but God knows how I love him; but I would see those beautiful eyes dug out of his head tonight rather than see him grow up to manhood and go down to the grave without Christ and without hope. The loss of a soul! Christ knew what it meant. That is what brought Him from the bosom of the Father; that is what brought Him from the Throne; that is what brought Him to Calvary. The Son of God was in earnest. When He died on Calvary it was to save a lost world; it was to save your soul and mine.

THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

A friend of mine in Chicago took his children out one beautiful day in the summer. They were the children of a large Sabbath-school, and they were to have a day in the country. There was a little boy on the platform of the railway-station, and by some mistake he fell down under the wheels, and the whole train passed over him. The train went back, and the body was found so mangled that the superintendent had to take off his coat to tie up the mangled corpse. He left it at the station, and, taking two of the teachers with him, went to the house of the parents. (The little boy was an only one.) When they got to the house one said to the others, "You go in." "No, I can't," was the reply. The superintendent wanted the teachers to go in, because he thought the parents would blame him; but the teachers refused to go. So the superintendent went in. He found the parents in the dining-room at dinner. He called the father out, thinking that he would tell the father first, that he might break the news to the mother. Taking him into another room, he said, "I have sad news to tell you; your little Jemmie has got run over." The father turned deadly pale. "Is he dead?" he asked. "Yes, sir, he is dead." Then the father rushed into the dining-room, and instead of breaking the news gently to his wife, he cried out like a madman, "Dead, dead!" "The mother said, "Who?" "Our little Jemmie." Said the young man who told it me the next day, "I cannot tell you what I suffered when that mother came rushing out to me, and said, 'Where is my boy? Where are his remains? Take me to them that I may see him.'

I told the mother that the body was so mangled that she could not identify it; and she fainted away at my feet.” Said he, “Moody, I would not be the messenger of such tidings as that again if you would give me all Chicago.” There is not a mother or a father in this hall but would say it is terrible to lose a beautiful child like that, to have it swept away so suddenly. Well, it is terrible, but, my friend, what is that in comparison with the loss of the soul?

A MORE TERRIBLE LOSS.

Suppose that child had grown up to manhood, and had died a drunkard, and gone down to a drunkard’s grave. See the hundreds and thousands in London reeling their way down, not only to the drunkard’s grave, but to the drunkard’s hell. I tell you, my friend, I would rather have a train a hundred miles long run over my boy, so that I could not find a speck of his body—I would rather have him die in early childhood, than have him grow up to manhood, and die without God and without hope. It is terrible for a man to die outside the Ark. It is a terrible thing for a man to die without hope and without mercy, especially in this Gospel land, where he is exalted to heaven with privilege, where the Gospel is proclaimed faithfully from Sunday to Sunday, yea, from day to day, and one might say, from hour to hour. Through the length and breadth of this great city, the Gospel has been proclaimed as faithfully, and perhaps more faithfully, than in any other city in the world. London, I say, is exalted to heaven with privileges, and it is a sad thing, indeed, that a man should go to hell from London, for then he goes down in the full blaze of the Gospel. He goes down from a Gospel land. He goes down to hell from a land where he has heard the glorious tidings of Christ and Him crucified. Yes; you say it is very sad to see a child like that swept away, or to see a little child lose its sight. You say it is very sad to see a man lose his wealth and become poor. It is very sad to see a man lose his reputation. But, my friends, bear in mind there is hope. A man can come to Christ if he has lost his reputation and his character. Christ will “receive” men who have not got any reputation; Christ will “receive” men who have not got any character; and they may have a seat in the kingdom of God. But, if a man dies without God, then there is no hope. You go to the grave and weep over it, and when the morning of resurrection shall come, that man will rise to everlasting shame and contempt. The star of Bethlehem will not shine over that grave. Oh, my friends, let us wake up, and let us haste to the rescue.

Let us, as fathers and mothers, see that our children are brought into the ark, that they are saved, that they are gathered early into the fold of Christ.

THE POOR DRUNKARD.

I was over in this country in 1872. About that time there was a young man who had come from the country to London. He was the only son of a widow. He was her prop and her stay; her hope and her comfort. Oh, how that widow loved that boy! How her prayers went up for him! When he came to this city his employer invited him to the theatre, and invited him to drink. I have met that mother since I have been on this trip, and she told me that the employer discharged that young man after he became a drunkard; that he refused to have him in his employ; that her son came home and died a poor drunkard. That mother is now weeping over that boy, and she mourns as a mother without hope, because it is said that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. Now, that is terrible. How many mothers have sons in London hastening to ruin! God wants you and me to go and tell them the glad tidings, to invite them to the Gospel feast. And there is not a man in all London so far gone but that Christ will save him. If we will just go and labor for them and pray for them, God will give us the privilege of winning many of them into His kingdom.

“SAVED!”

A few years ago—I think it was only two years this month—a vessel of the White Star line went to pieces on a rock off the coast of Newfoundland, and 500 men went down to a watery grave. There was a young man of great promise, having a large business in Detroit, who was on board that vessel, and soon after she went down there came a dispatch to Detroit to his wife and partner to say that he was lost. The business was suspended, and that young wife was thrown into deep mourning. Her heart was just broken, and the mother’s heart was bleeding that her boy had gone down, as they supposed. But in a few hours there came another dispatch over the wires, “Saved!” with his name signed to it. They felt so grateful, that they had the dispatch framed and put up in his office, and there it is. If you go into that man’s office now to do business with him, you may see that dispatch, “Saved!” Now, let the news flash over the wires to heaven tonight, sinner, that you want to be saved. You can be saved, if you will. God is able to save. God is

willing to save. God is waiting to save. Now, this night, make up your mind that you will be saved. Make up your mind that you will press into the kingdom. God invites you to come. He invites you to come just as you are. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

ROWLAND HILL AND LADY ANNE ERSKINE.

I have seen a story in print, I do not know whether it is true or not, but it illustrates a good point. I see our friend Dr. Newman Hall here tonight. The story I speak of is told of a predecessor of his, Rowland Hill. One day he was preaching in the open air to a vast crowd of people, when Lady Anne Erskine was riding by. She said to her footman, "Who is that man who is drawing so vast a crowd?" She was then told that it was the celebrated Rowland Hill. "Drive me," said she, "near the platform, so that I may listen." The man went on preaching, and, seeing by the lady's dress that she belonged to royalty, he turned to someone on the platform and inquired who it was. They told him it was Lady Anne Erskine. He continued his preaching, and then all at once he stopped and said, "My friends, I have got something today to put up for sale. I am going to sell it by auction." Everybody of course was startled to think that a man should stop in the middle of a sermon to sell something by auction. Said he, "It is the soul of Lady Anne Erskine. Is any one going to bid for her soul? Hark! Ah! I hear a bid. Who bids? 'Satan.' 'Satan, what will you give for this soul?' 'I will give riches and honor and pleasure. Yea, I will give the whole world for her soul.' Hark! I hear another bid. Ah! methinks I hear another bid. Who bids? 'The Lord Jesus.' 'Jesus, what will you give for this soul?' 'I will give peace and joy and comfort that the world knows not of. Yea, I will give eternal life for her soul.'" He then turned to Lady Anne Erskine, and said, "You have heard the two bidders for your soul. Which bidder shall have it?" It is said that she ordered her footman to open her carriage door, and, rushing in, she began to weep, and said, "The Lord Jesus shall have my soul, if He will accept it." Now that may be true or not; but there is one thing that I *know* to be true—that there are two bidding for your soul and mine. Satan bids, and he offers that which he cannot give. He is a liar and has been from the foundation of the world. I pity the man who is living on the promises of the devil. He will never satisfy. But the Lord Jesus is able to give all that He offers. He offers peace and joy and comfort that the world knows not of. He offers eternal life in the kingdom of God. He offers a seat in His mansions. We

are to sit with Him upon His throne. May God help you this night. Make up your minds tonight that you will not leave the Agricultural Hall until the great question of eternity is settled, until you have crossed the borderland, and pressed into the kingdom of God. Make up your mind to this. Make up your mind that this shall be the night of your salvation. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

THE BOY AND THE DARK MOUNTAIN.

A few years ago there was a little story going through the American religious press that touched my heart as a father. It was about the death of a little boy. The mother thought her little boy was safe in the arms of Jesus. She thought he was trusting sweetly in Christ; but one day as he drew along towards the chambers of death, she came into his room, and he said, as he was looking out of the window, "Mother, what are those mountains that I see yonder?" The mother said, "Eddie, there is no mountain in sight of the house." "Don't you see them, mother?" said he; "they're so high and so dark. Eddie has got to cross those mountains. Won't you take him in your arms and carry him over those mountains?" The mother said, "Eddie, I would if I could, but I cannot." Now, I want to say to you that there is a time coming when your mother cannot help you. There is a time coming when your friends cannot help you. When you come to the mountain, if you have not Christ, you must take that journey alone, for there will be no one to help you then. What will you do in the swelling Jordan, without a Savior, without Christ? but, if you have Him, He won't leave you. What does He say? "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Now, this little boy, instead of being troubled by a valley, was troubled by a mountain. The mother prayed with that little boy. Then she said, "Eddie, you must take your eyes off your mother. You must have your eyes upon Jesus. He will help you." The mother again prayed with him, and tried to get his little mind off from the dark mountain. All at once he said, "Mother, hark! don't you hear them call?" "Hear who, Eddie?" "Don't you see the angels just on the other side of the mountain? They are calling for me. Take me, mother, and carry me over the mountain." The mother said again, "Why, my boy, I cannot go with you; but Christ will be with you. He will take you safe over the mountains if you trust Him." Again the mother prayed for her little boy, for she could not bear to have him die in that state of mind, so troubled about the mountain. At length he

closed his eyes and he prayed, “Lord Jesus, be with me, and take me over the mountains.” Then he opened his little eyes, and said, “Good-bye, mamma; Jesus is coming to carry me over the mountains;” and the little sufferer was gone. Sinner, Christ has come tonight to carry you over the mountains. He will carry you safe. He will carry you over the mountains of unbelief, if you will only let Him. Oh! may God help you this night to press into His kingdom.