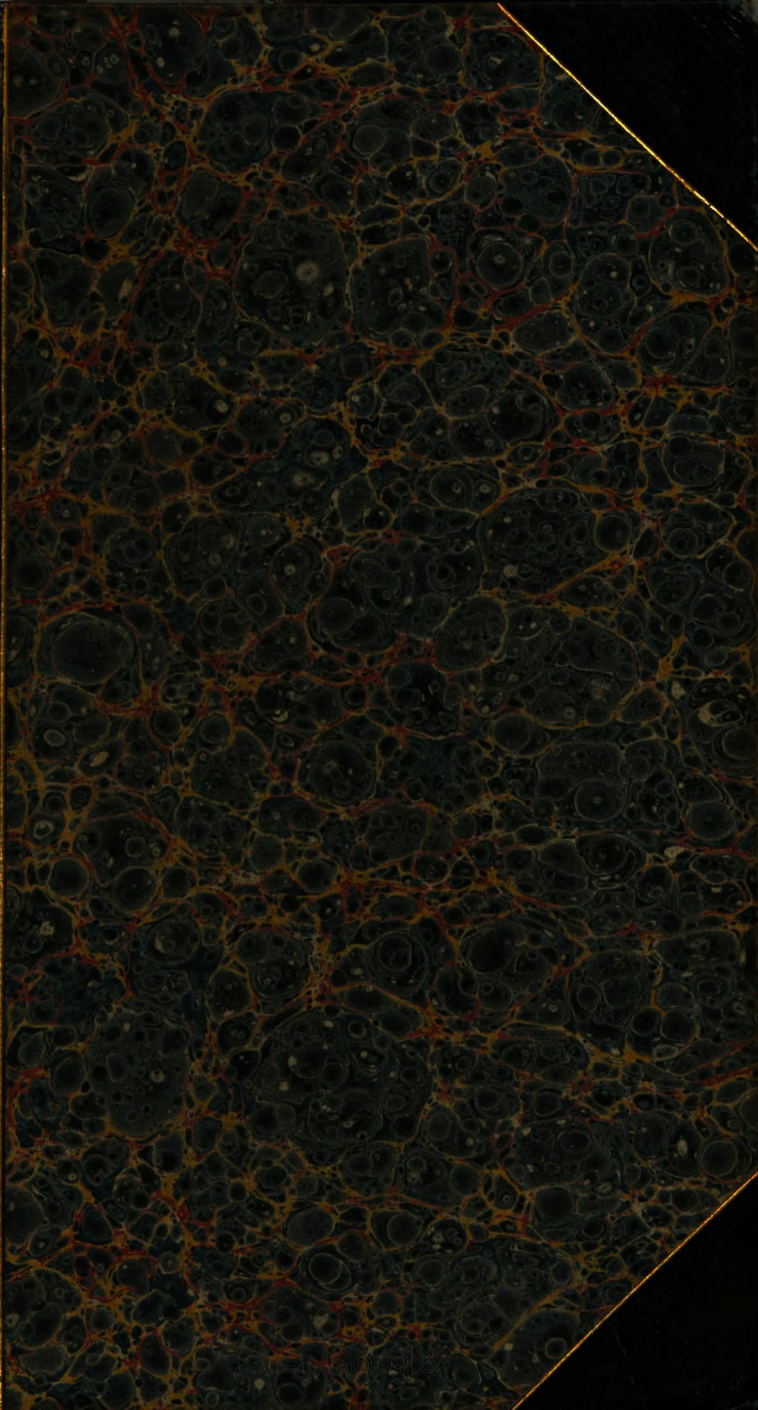


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VICTORY.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE

WESLEYAN CHAPEL, BRICK LANE,

SPITALFIELDS,

BY RICHARD WEAVER.

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John v. 4.

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VICTORY.

“And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.”—
1 John v. 4.

WE are told in the 11th chapter of the Hebrews, which I read to you just now, that “faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” If you ask many people at the present time who profess to be Christians whether they are saved, they say they hope they are. If you speak to them and say, “Well, my dear friend,” or “My dear brother,” or “My dear sister, *are* you saved?” they say, “I hope I am; I think I am.” Now I am told in God’s Word that faith is the substance of things hoped for, and if a man has got a thing why doth he yet hope for that thing that he has got? “He that believeth on the Son hath (not shall have, but *hath*) everlasting life.” We know there are a great many people who try to persuade us to believe different things from these, and they try to persuade us that it is not all of faith, but I believe that it is all of faith.

I know what some went and talked about the other night when I told the people they were not to go home to pray. But what I said then I rehearse again to-night. God Almighty has not said in his blessed Word that he that prays shall be saved, but whosoever believeth shall be saved. I know and love prayer as well as you, or else I would not pray; but “without faith it is impossible to please God,” and a man that is unconverted has not got faith, because faith is a taking God at his word; faith is a trusting in Christ. Christ is the foundation, and faith is the relying upon that foundation. Christ is the Saviour; faith is taking that Saviour to be my Saviour. Christ is life; faith is taking that life to be my life. I believe that prayer is a fruit of faith, and if there is no faith there will be no prayer; and you might pray from now till next year if you like, but if you have no faith you will never be saved. It is thy faith that makes thee whole; not that thy faith saves thee, but it trusts in what Christ has done to save thee. It is not the gas-pipe that gives the light; it is the gas; but then the gas-pipe brings the gas from the pipe in the street into the chapel, and so we get the light. Faith is not salvation, but faith is the channel, and then out of Christ the salvation comes to us.

Christ for me; that is the language of my heart again to-night, and I say now what I told you last night, that I always feel that I must preach about Christ, and then if I preach about Him I shall have the victory. I may talk to you about the old saints, but if I do not talk about Christ our meeting will be of no good. It is Christ that saves poor sinners, and if it is a Christless sermon I am sure it will be a useless sermon, because if there is no Jesus there will be no salvation. God has said, "This is the record, that he hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." So that if we keep the Son out, there will be no life, it will be all death; but if Christ be here, we shall have the victory.

What a blessed word that is—victory! It often stimulates me amidst the trials and conflicts I have to contend with in this world—victory. It often animates my soul as I am plodding my way through this poor sin-blighted world—victory. And if we were to stand on a battle-field where the bomb-shells and the balls were flying, and the spears were glittering, and the swords flashing before us, we should see men riding on their horses, and they would be cheered and animated by the thought of victory. Yes, and the Christian is on a battle-field, and the thing that cheers him is the thought of victory. God commands us to war the good warfare, to fight the good fight, and to lay hold of eternal life, and then by-and-by we shall have the victory. Victory means getting above difficulty and perplexity, over all the difficulties we meet with in this evil world, and over the great enemy we have to fight with.

Victory means getting the conquest over them all. And bless the Lord, people do get the victory, don't they? To be sure. We have seen it many times in our own houses. I have had to work in a coal-pit, and sometimes I have had to go to work in the morning without a bit of bread, and I have had to go and work hard, and then I have thought, "Oh, but I shall get the victory over poverty," and that has cheered me on. And you people here in business, you have been like that sometimes, haven't you? Circumstances have been bad with you sometimes, you could not see your way clear, everything seemed blocked up, your bills came in, and you trembled at everybody that came into the shop, lest it was somebody going to ask you to pay their bill. And then you have said, "Well, if I could but get another quarter, or a little time, I could work round again and get the victory." And so shall we get the victory. Bless the Lord, we are determined to fight on. We don't believe in scepticism, or anything else of that sort; and, bless the Lord, we believe that we shall get the victory over it. Victory. "This is the victory

that overcometh the world, our faith." May the Lord help us to think about it and rejoice in it.

If we begin to look at all the good old prophets and saints, and the men of God that ever trod on this sin-blighted world, if we begin to think about our good old forefathers, we shall see that they were all saved by faith, and that, bless the Lord, being justified by faith they had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Look at old Noah, who rode upon the billows of the mighty deep. What was it that saved him from being drowned? It was faith. God commanded him to do something, and it was believing God and taking God at his word that made him build the ark and ride safely on the bosom of the mighty deep. And I tell thee, my brother, that there is an ark now, the Ark of the everlasting covenant. It is not made of the gopher-wood, but, bless the Lord, it is made of a beam called Christ, and if thou gettest into it thou wilt be saved. The Lord help thee. We have all our ships, our Great Easterns, and our Great Westerns, and I remember when I was at Liverpool going to see the Great Britain. But they found the Great Britain would not sail, and they had to take her to pieces and make her up again; but, bless the Lord, we have no call to do that with the Gospel ship, for she can carry all her passengers safe to the better country. Many of us are passengers, cabin passengers, or on deck, or somewhere. May the Lord help you to get on board.

Then take the case of Enoch; what a good man old Enoch must have been. Sometimes I think I should like to see him, and if I cannot see him here, why, I shall see him up yonder. What a good man he must have been, for it says he walked with God. To be sure, I believe in that sort of religion—talking and walking with God. If we have got a dear friend in this world we like to walk and talk with him. I have my dear partner down in Lancashire, and we talk to one another through the post, and if I do not get a letter from her I think there is something the matter with her down at Manchester. We can talk with God through the post of faith, and glory be to God, it doesn't take long to bring a letter backwards and forwards. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." Enoch must have been a happy man, and that is a happy man who walks with God. What a blessed thing it is to walk by faith like Enoch did; he even overcame death, didn't he? Thou wast a happy man, Enoch, to ride in a chariot to heaven. Glory be to God, he walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.

Then take the case of old Gideon, he was down in a barn

threshing; as he is threshing there in the barn and turning the straw over and over, a strange being comes in and looks at him. Gideon looks up at him, and he says, "What dost thou come here for? Dost thou want me to sell my wheat to thee, or what dost thou want?" "No, Gideon, the enemies of the Lord and of the Most High are come up here, and I want thee to take a pitcher and a lamp and go out to battle." "Go to battle with a pitcher and a lamp! Let me go and get swords, and slings, and stones." "Nay, nay, Gideon; God saith He'll give thee the victory." "Then I'll go whether I have a pitcher and a lamp or not; if God will go with me I will go." And he did go and they that were with him; and when he and his host were there he cried, "Now, lads, let's break the pitchers," and they did break the pitchers, and the enemies of God were defeated. And glory be to God we can break the pitchers, and then the enemies of God will be defeated. May heaven help us. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." May God increase it to-night.

And then look at the good old Psalmist David. His father's name was Jesse, and he was a keeper of sheep. Look at him as he stands there with his staff in his hand leading the sheep out, and then look at him as he is there playing on his harp in the fields of Palestine yonder. What is that he is going to do just now? A ravenous beast comes and takes hold of one of the sheep. David puts by his harp, and up he gets and rushes after the old bear and says, "Stop, old bear; I come to thee in the name of the Lord, and I will hurl thee down." He takes the lamb out of his mouth and slays the bear. And he did the same with the lion. "Ah!" he shouted, "there is a greater than thee; the Lion of the tribe of Judah can defeat thee." He comes up to him and catches him by the beard and slays him, and gets the victory over him. Yes, and we have the lion out of hell to contend with; but glory be to God we can conquer him, for the Lion of the tribe of Judah is greater than he, and we shall get the victory through faith, for "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." God help us to-night.

Then there is the grand story of Joshua and Caleb. You talk about valiant men and men of fame; but give me old Joshua and Caleb. They were brave men. The children of Israel begin to tremble, and Caleb looks to Joshua and says, "Joshua, is thy heart as my heart?" "Yes it is, Caleb." "Then we are alike, and if nobody else will go with us, be of good courage, and if the men there are as big again as what they are we will go up, and we will have the land." Yes, and they did go up,

and then they went to Jericho, and then they knew that they were going to take the city, and that the walls would totter down. There were plenty of people at the time who would be ready to say, "Why, what are those fanatics going to do?" "Ah, we are going to take your city; we are but a few feeble men and we have no swords, and bayonets, and pikes; we only have some rams'-horns." "Ah," say the people, as they come and stand on the wall, "What is it they have got? Only a few rams'-horns; there is not one single silver horn among them." "Yes, but come down from the wall or else you will fall and be crushed to death." But then the seventh day comes round, and the faint-hearted Israelites begin to look at poor Joshua, and they say, "We have gone round six days, and we can't see a breach in the wall yet." "Ah," says Joshua, "the Lord didn't tell us there would be, but He has commanded us to go round on the seventh day, and He has said that He will give the city into our hands." So the people went round again, and then the seventh time the people began to shout with a great shout, and they all blew their rams'-horns, and there was an Armstrong gun from heaven that smote the wall, and down it all tumbled in a heap, and then the children of Israel could say that victory was theirs. The Lord help you. Bless the Lord, I believe we shall have the victory just now. I believe that scepticism shall be tumbled down, and that God will be all in all. Oh, may heaven bring it down, and may the Lord help us.

And then look at the three lads. Bless the Lord, they were brave boys, and had good courage; and when they would not bow down to the king's image, he commanded that they should be cast into the fiery furnace. He told them to bow down to the image, but they would not. How is that? "Well," they say, "we must serve the Lord; and if we are to be burned for it we don't care, for God will come and support us." And then they carry them to the furnace. Look at those three poor boys yonder, and as they are carrying them to the furnace I think we can hear them talking to one another; and one says to the other, "Look up now, Shadrach, for this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith; the Lord will come with us, and help us." Ay, and poor Shadrach began to take heart, and then they got them close to the furnace, and they could not put them in at first because the flames burned the men that had them, but at last they are pushed in by others. Ah, but they don't get burned, do they? To be sure they don't; and when the old king comes and looks down into the furnace, he sees four

there, and he says, "Did we cast three men into the furnace?" "We did, O king." "Lo, now there are four, and the form of the fourth is like unto the Son of the living God." To be sure; and I tell thee, my dear brother, that thy faith will help thee out of thy fiery trials. "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you as if some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

Then take the case of poor old Daniel too, when he went down into the den of lions. The old king had him put in there; and then when he came to look in, in the morning, he said, "Oh, Daniel, art thou there alive? I thought thou hadst been devoured." "Nay, O king, the God whom I serve is able to stop the mouths of these lions, and He sent and lockjawed them all." "But how is that, Daniel?" "Why, the Lord sent his angel and locked all their mouths!" Ah, bless the Lord, Daniel used to pray three times a day, didn't he? Ah, and we know something about this. We know what it is to have to do with the lion of the pit. But then we know that we have with us—

"The Lion of Judah, who breaks every chain,
And gives us the victory again and again."

Bless the Lord, "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." May the Lord increase it to-night!

And then we can turn our attention to the men who first went about preaching the gospel of Christ—Peter, and Paul, and John, who, with their grey hair and furrowed cheeks, went out preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. And what did they preach? "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Yes, and sinners were converted and devils were defeated, and many cried out, "The blood of Christ has saved me." Oh, may his power be here to-night, and may the Lord help us while we talk about Christ!

And then we call to our remembrance the times of the Reformation. In travelling about from town to town I have come into the places where our forefathers in the gospel used to preach, and I have felt glad to be there. I went to one place, called Kingswood, near Bristol, and I saw the place where Wesley and Whitfield had been, and before I went away a dear friend showed me where John Wesley used to be, a place called Kingswood College. When I went into one of the rooms I looked at a square of glass, and there I saw Mr. Wesley's own handwriting, and as I looked at that dear man's writing I thought how I

should like to buy the square of glass ; but when I began to talk of that they said they would not take five pounds for it. When the lady knew it was the poor collier, she asked me to pray ; and I knelt me down there and prayed on the very boards where Wesley used to pray. And after that, when I was going to preach, I thought of what I had heard about the colliers of Kingswood, and how the tears used to roll down their black faces when Whitfield was preaching to them. When I went to preach, they stood me on a form, and told me that that was the very spot where Whitfield used to preach ; and as I stood there, I prayed for God to give me the same power that he had ; and when I began to preach to hundreds of the people and to tell about the truth of God, and about Christ who died to redeem them, I saw the tears roll down the poor colliers' cheeks, and as they rolled down, the cry of the congregation was, " Lord, save me ! " I preached there two nights, and God blessed my labours, and the people said, " Richard Weaver, there has never been such days at Kingswood since the days of Wesley and Whitfield ; the Lord has blessed your labours, and we can say that we have got the victory. " Oh, the Lord help us ! " This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. "

Luther would never have gone to Worms if he had not had Christ with him ; but he did not care for all the popes and priests in the world, nor for all the devils in hell, because God was with him. He said that if there were as many devils as there were tiles upon the houses he would go ; and he did go, and thank high heaven, he overcame them all. Look at him as he stands yonder. I know the Papists don't like him much because he was their enemy. But he had the love of Christ in his heart, and he knew what the victory was ; he knew that this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith ; and that being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

And then look at old Calvin. If you don't see eye to eye with him, yet he had the love of Christ, and he knew that Christ died for sinners, and that being justified by faith we have peace with God. And then look at yonder man in Scotland, with sorrow on his countenance, but with love in his heart. He stands before the Queen, and she trembles, and bless the Lord, Christ triumphed in Scotland, and triumphs yet. And when we begin to turn our attention to Wesley and Whitfield, and to our forefathers, we ask how it was they did such great things. Why, it was through their faith ; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. And then we can remember poor old

Richard Baxter, and how he went out into Kidderminster and shouted, "Sinners of Kidderminster, here is a poor sinner like yourselves, but I am washed in the blood;" and he tells them of the love of Christ, and they cry, "Lord, save or I perish." Yes, and we have men in the present day; there is Spurgeon, and there are others who are gathering in the thousands, and pointing them to Christ, who taketh away the sins of the world; and we are gaining the victory, and we shall gain it, my soul believes it, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. May God help us to go on, my friends. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." I don't care for all the sceptics in England. Bless the Lord, we have faith, and we believe that we shall conquer and get the victory. Bless the Lord, the gospel is preached, and sinners of all sorts are coming and finding liberty. May liberty come to your poor hearts to-night. The Lord help us to get the victory.

Some people want to go to heaven to see the Lord, but I like to bring God down amongst us. I do not want to go to heaven yet; I'd like to stop here and do all the good I can, and try to stop the harm the devil is doing, and when I have done fighting here, then I'll go to heaven to see the Lord there. The Lord help us to live to Him, and to fight the good fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and then, bless the Lord, we shall get the victory, for this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. We all have our fights and our trials. Experience tells us that we have to fight valiantly. Ah, and bless the Lord, that is the soldier He likes, isn't it—the valiant soldier? Oh, bless high heaven, we are to be like sentinels, and we are never to go to sleep. You would not expect to go by Buckingham Palace and see the soldiers, who are always walking about there, asleep. I have not been about London much, but I remember going near St. James's Park, and seeing some men there with great high boots and white trousers, sitting on their horses; well, you would not expect to go there and find those men asleep. But how many Christians have fallen asleep who ought to be watching for souls; how many who profess to be believers have fallen asleep! May the Lord help us to keep awake. It is our duty to be awake and to stand on the watch for the enemy. You remember when the archangel was contending with the devil for the body of Moses, he said to the devil, "The Lord rebuke thee," and the devil was defeated at once. Yes, it is our duty to stand upon the watch-tower, watching for souls and watching against the enemy, with our swords ready drawn; ah, and the more the sword is dipped in the blood the better it will cut. May the Lord

bless us and help us. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." May the Lord increase it to-night.

If we have faith we shall have souls saved. People say to me, "How is it, Weaver, that the Lord blesses your labours so?" Well, I don't know, except it is because I trust in God. There is nothing else. Bless the Lord, I believe He will work here to-night. Only believe on Christ and you will be saved. It depends upon what God has done, and not upon what we do. I tell you He has done it all, and that He can save you. If anybody had told me years ago that I should have been saved, and should have done what I have, I should not have believed him. When I say to my wife sometimes, "Well, lass, I do not know how it is that people come to hear me, and how it is the Lord blesses my labours," she says, "Well, you know, you ask for it; you know you trust in the Lord, and that is how it is, and he that trusteth in the Lord shall never be confounded." Ah, may the Lord help us. We have been praying for God to make bare his arm in the present day, and I believe He will. Oh Lord, awake, awake; thine own immortal strength put on; with terrors clothed hell's kingdom shake, and bring the foe with fury down in London to-night. May God shake him out of your hearts.

I say to you all, the blood can save you. You have been sitting here perhaps a poor degraded character; too bad to live, too bad to die, too bad to go to prison; too bad to go anywhere, but just not too bad to go to hell. The blood can save you. May the Lord bless you. I knew a poor deluded drunkard, who blasphemed God's name, and ruined his family, and did everything that was bad. This man went home one night when his wife had been out washing; I think it was tenpence she had for her day's work, and the man said, "Give me that money." She said, "I want it to buy my children some bread for to-morrow, when I am out washing." He said he would have it, and they began struggling, and then he began to beat her; and his little child came in and got between her father and mother, and looked at the father and said, "Oh, father, don't beat my mother; beat me father, but don't beat my poor mother." The father looked at his little child, and pushed her out of the way, and struck her till the blood poured out of her little face, and she still cried to her father not to beat her mother, and then she said, "Lord, save my father." I was sent for while they were quarrelling in that way, and when I went into the house the poor man seemed cowed down, and ashamed of the wrong he had done. I knew that that poor woman was a child of God, and that God had given her liberty. When I went in the little girl said, "Mr.

Weaver, doesn't it say that whatever we ask in faith, believing, it shall be done?" "Yes, it does, my dear," said I. "Then let you, and my mother, and me, ask God to save my father," she said. "We love him, don't we mother?" "Yes, we do," said the poor mother. "Very well then, Mr. Weaver," said the little girl, "let us pray for him." "That is right," I said. And the little girl knelt down and prayed, and she said, "My friend Richard Weaver, and I, and my mother, agree to ask Thee to save my father. Oh Lord, save my father." She prayed and then her mother prayed, and while they were praying I got up and talked to him, and while I was talking to him I saw the tear begin to roll down his cheek, and he dropped the money out of his hands on to the floor, and at last he knelt down too. I told him though he had been a bad and wicked father, the blood could save him. He was there groaning for liberty, and prayed for ten or twenty minutes. At last the poor little girl put up her hands and she said, "Oh, my God, save my father this moment; save my father now." And as she prayed it pleased the Lord to set him free, and he jumped up and cried, "Glory be to God; I do believe; I do believe; I do believe." Ah, yes, "This is the victory that overcometh hell, even our faith." May the Lord help you to have faith to-night. The Lord save the transgressors. You that blaspheme his name, you that have lost your character, you that robbed your family to get drink, I tell you, have faith in Christ, and his blood will cleanse you. May God save thee, sinner.

Faith is the thing to have. If we never have faith we shall never have salvation, for without faith it is impossible to please God. May the Lord help you. He has not said that whosoever prays shall be saved, or whosoever feels shall be saved; but that whosoever believeth shall be saved, and whosoever believeth not shall be damned. The Lord help you to believe to-night. This is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith. I don't care who you are; what you are; how black you are; or what you have been. Perhaps you are a thief, and have been in yonder prison; I don't care if you have not got a character, if you come to Christ He will give you a character, and his Father will forgive you. May the Lord help you to come to-night. If you are the off-scouring of London; whatever you are, I tell you to come to Christ and be forgiven. Christ has come from heaven to earth to save poor sinners, and to take them to glory. God has commanded me to come and tell you that all things are ready. "Go and tell yonder starving people to come to the feast without money and without price; go and tell those people

who have no clothes to cover their nakedness, that there is a robe for them; go and tell yonder wicked people that there is pardon in the blood; go and tell yonder people who are dead like Lazarus, that I am come that they might have life." May the Lord help you to-night, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." There are plenty of people in the world that can live by feeling. I do not doubt that the dear people in this place have many persons among them, who can be very happy at class-meeting; but then it is not being happy in class here, it is being happy outside. It is not having love to Christ here; it is having love to Christ out in the world. There are plenty of people who can serve God sometimes, when everything goes right, but when dark clouds come on they give it up. I like that sort of religion that can say,

"Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face."

That is the thing; to trust God where we cannot trace Him. If we can trust Him then, we shall be sure to trust Him where we can see Him. The apostle says, "We walk by faith and not by sight," and so we must if we have true faith. Some people can have faith in God sometimes, but bless the Lord for a twenty-four hours a day, for a seven days a week, and fifty-two weeks a year faith; for a faith that we can always have all our lives, so that whenever death comes we shall be able to say, "Here we are; we are ready to go." May the Lord help us to have a faith like this.

I was riding along one day with a gentleman in a carriage. A fine place for the poor collier to ride in, wasn't it? But I do ride in carriages sometimes, and it makes me feel thankful to God that I am out of hell, and I can say, "Look what the grace of God has done; I should never have been here if it hadn't been for the grace of God." Ah, it is the grace of God that has done it all, and if it hadn't been for the grace of God, I should not have been in this pulpit to-night. As I was riding along by the side of that gentleman, he said, I will tell you a little story. There used to be a poor old woman living down in a little village near here, and she was a widow. When her husband died, she had six or seven young children, and one of them was a little babe. At last, she was on a bed of affliction, and she said to her children, "Well, my children, I shall soon have to leave you," and then she looked up, and said, "Oh, Lord, do Thou be a Father to my children; Thou hast been, and I believe Thou wilt." That poor woman had supported herself and her children by going out washing when she could, and now, when

she was on a bed of affliction, many of her friends neglected her. Ah, how many friends turn their backs then, don't they? To be sure. When we can give them a cup of tea, or anything of that, they will come and see us, but when we cannot, they leave us. Oh, may the Lord have mercy upon us, and help us to remember that we ought to love one another. But while this poor woman had been ill, and when her friends had neglected her, she got into debt. She could not pay her rent. Well, one night she came home from work, and the landlord came in, and he said, "Now, Mrs. So-and-so, if you don't pay your rent by twelve o'clock to-morrow, I shall send the bailiff to take your goods." The poor woman did not know where to get the money, and she knelt down and said, "Oh Lord, hast Thou not promised to be a Husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless? Thou hast been pleased to take my husband away from me Lord, wilt Thou not provide for my poor children? wilt Thou let my children be out of a home? Lord, give me bread for my children." The eldest boy heard his mother praying, and he said, "Mother, doesn't it say that whatever two or three agree to ask concerning his kingdom, it shall be done? Father said when he was dying, that if we were good boys and girls, God would be our Father, and if He is our Father, won't He give us bread?" and the boy knelt down and prayed, and said, "Oh Lord, Thou hast taken my father away, wilt Thou not take care of us? Oh Lord, bless my poor mother, Oh Lord, help her and comfort her." And the mother said, "God bless thee, my boy," and she knelt down again, and said, "Lord, I commend my children to thy care; Oh Lord, wilt Thou not bless us?" And the little boy jumped up, and put his arms round his mother, and said, "Whatever two of you shall agree to ask touching his kingdom, it shall be done," and he prayed again, "Lord, help us; Lord, bless us; Lord, open up our way," and as he was praying, there was a knock at the door; the woman opened the window, and said, "Who's there?" And a man said, "You must come down directly; the Lord has sent you this;" and when she went down stairs, there was a big basket, with as much as she could carry inside, and the man said, "The Lord be with you;" and the poor little boy said, "There, mother, didn't I tell you that God was our Father?" And the gentleman said, "Yes, Richard Weaver, that woman was my mother, and I was one of her little children, and God has kept his word to us." Bless the Lord, "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Oh my poor brother, thou that art in poverty and want, I tell

thee to believe in God and put thy trust in Christ; leave thy children with Him, and trust in Him, for this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. You young people that are here to-night, may the Lord save you and give you faith, and you shall have the victory over death. When you come to pass out of time into eternity the Lord will be with you. You have seen your mother die, haven't you, some of you? Some of you mothers have seen your children dying, haven't you? Haven't you got some of those you love gone to heaven? Ah, you remember seeing them die, don't you? They were poor, but they were rich in faith, and when they died they shouted, "Victory, victory!" Oh, glory be to God that they had such a death; that some of your daughters and children died shouting and singing. May the Lord help you and bless you. May the Lord be with you, and then when you come to die, and when your blood begins to stop, and your eyes begin to get dim, you shall be able to shout, "O death, where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." May God save and bless you all.

And you, poor unconverted sinner, where will you go? You that have no faith, what will you do when you come to die? Why, you will go to hell if you don't come to Christ now. The Lord help you and bless you. You have had friends that have died and gone to heaven, but you are going to hell. The Lord help you. I tell you unconverted people to-night that you are going to hell, and that hell will be your doom. The Lord help you, and may God save you to-night! Bless the Lord, you can be saved. The blood can pardon you. Christ is ready, the blood is ready, heaven is ready, the holy angels are ready, and everything is ready if you are but ready. Bless the Lord, hell can be defeated, and God can save the biggest sinners. Sinner, it will soon be too late! Once when I was at Liverpool, I saw a man who said that when he had another good spree he would decide for God. They took me to where he worked, and I expostulated with him; but he said, "No, I will have another spree on Saturday, and that shall be the last, and then I will decide for God. The Saturday night came, and when he had taken his money he said he would have one more spree and then he would stop, and that to-morrow he would be converted. He went to his house, and when he got to the door he reeled in, and his poor wife went to him, and he said to her, "Oh, tell Richard Weaver to-morrow that I am one day too late;

I am damned to-night! May God save me! but I am one day too late; I am damned to-night!" Sinner, to-morrow may be one day too late, and thou mayest be damned. May God help thee! There is time now. Bless the Lord, He can save thee now. May the Lord save you wicked ones to-night! Wouldn't you like to have the victory? If there is one here to-night that would like to have the victory let him hold up his hand. Can't we get a volunteer? (Several hands were held up.) Yes, bless the Lord, there is one yonder, and there is another yonder, and there are some more. May the Lord help you. I don't care who you are. You may have to live in some back place here in London, or in a dark, damp cellar in Spitalfields; but if you look there is a house with many mansions, and the way to it is through the blood. May the Lord help you to come to Him! Ah, there will be no Spitalfields' weavers there. I tell you the same, if you are rich or if you are poor; there is the same way for the rich and the poor; all must come through the blood. May God help you, and may you have faith in Christ, and then Christ will be with you while you are living, and you will conquer death and hell, and when you come to die you will be able to die shouting "Victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

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