

The Guest.

O thou Guest, so long delayed, Surely, when the house was made, In its chambers, wide and free, There was set a place for thee.

Yet thou hast not kept the tryst, Other guests our lips have kissed; Other guests have tarried long, Moved by sunshine and by song;

Down our garden—path has strayed Young Romance in light arrayed; Joy hath flung her garlands wide;

Pain, with pallid lips and thin, Oft hath slept our house within; Life hath called us loud and long, With a voice as trumpet strong.

For we know that, soon or late, Thou wilt enter at the gate, Cross the threshold, pass the door, Glide at will from floor to floor.

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Visitor Pulpit.

HIGH DOCTRINE AND BROAD DOCTRINE.

A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

First, I shall bid you view that goodly mountain, and then we shall sail into that pleasant loch.

1. Consider, then, with reverential joy

THE ETERNAL PURPOSE.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, when He found that the mass of the people rejected Him, turned round upon them, and said, "Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep."

I saw the other day, round a gentleman's park, a very strong and lofty palisade, and to complete the exclusive apparatus a superabundant number of tenter-hooks were nailed upon the top of the fence, and a liberal quantity half-way up.

The good man set forth the truth in the most awkward and pernicious manner possible; not making thereof steps for earnest climbers, but tenter-hooks for unwelcome intruders.

direction. Oh, that I could hope that all my present hearers would come to Jesus at once!

First notice, carefully, that if all that the Father giveth to Christ shall come to Him, then

SOME PEOPLE SHALL SURELY COME to Christ; and why should not you be among them? Suppose there is a plague in the city, but there are some people predestinated to be healed.

I hear one say, "Suppose I am not one of God's elect." To him I answer, "Suppose you are." Better still, suppose that you leave off supposing altogether, and just go to Jesus Christ and see.

In the next place I find that those that come to Christ, according to this text, come because of the Father and the Son. Read it. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me."

NOTICE, THIRDLY, THAT THESE PEOPLE ARE ALL OF THEM

SAVED BECAUSE THEY COME to Christ. Observe the words—"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." They are not saved otherwise than by coming to Christ.

"Oh," says one, "I sometimes wish that I knew whether I was one of God's elect." Why should you wish to know anything out of its truth, when you can learn every truth that you need by studying other truths which lead up to it?

YOU SHALL KNOW

that you were given to Christ; for none come to Him but those who are His, and by their coming to Him

they give the best evidence of their election. You know what the brother in Cornwall said to Malachi, who was rather a stout Calvinist. He said, "Now, Malachi, I owe you two pounds. Before I discharge the debt, I want you to tell me whether I am predestinated to pay you."

So much about that huge, overhanging mass of rock. Of that I am going to say no more; only under its lee I have anchored long ago, and at that anchorage I mean still to remain.

II. Now we enter into smooth water; the mystery is opened, let us partake of the joy of it. We have, in the second place, to speak to you for a little time on

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." You may forget my first head if you like, especially if you are troubled by it, but I earnestly beseech you to recollect the second.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." This is one of the most generous Gospel texts that I do remember to have met with between the covers of this book. Generous, first, as to the character to whom the promise is made.

The old man took the fair-haired child upon his knee, and threaded his fingers through its locks, and said, "Young child, God keep you from the sin into which I have plunged. My old life is full of evil. It is now almost over, and I am past hope. Would God I were a child again!"

Lo, the angel of mercy whispers to any one in that condition, "You may be a child again!" The man a hundred years of age may yet be made a child; and he that is a gray-beard in infamy may yet become a babe in innocence through the cleansing power of the water and the blood which flowed from the riven side of Jesus.

NO LIMIT TO THE COMING.

The only limit to the way of coming is that they do come to Christ. I have known some come to Christ running to Him—a willing, speedy, earnest pace. You read of that in the Gospels. They were so glad to hear of a Saviour that they flew to Him at once.

a sudden to Him to-night—if you make a dash for Christ—He will not cast you out.

Alas! a great many, when they come to Christ, advance very limpingly. They are burdened with a huge load of sin and fettered with doubts and fears, and so they make slow progress. They do not look to Jesus and live, all at once. They keep looking here and looking there, instead of looking to Him.

YOU ARE A SORRY SET.

Thirdly, there is no limit here as to time. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" is a glorious, free utterance, compassing every age. There may be some little children here; indeed, I am glad to see boys and girls mingling with the congregation.

IF ANY HERE ARE IN THE OPPOSITE

EXTREMITY OF LIFE,

I would remind them that "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" applies to the aged as well as to the young. I heard it said by a minister—a very earnest man—that if persons were not converted before they were five and forty, he hardly believed that they would ever be converted afterward; and he gave it as a note of his observation that he had not seen any persons converted after five and forty.

Who shall dare to say that there is an age after which God's grace does not work? I challenge any one to bring a text which looks that way; furthermore, I challenge the truth of any observations which arrive at such a result. My own preaching has been such that young and old in equal proportions have attended it, and in equal proportions they have been saved.

Though you cannot do much for any Master, He can do everything for you. Though you have only a little time to live on earth, you will have all eternity in heaven through which

you can praise Him. I am sure you will be one of the most eager at that work. I think you will be like an old woman of my acquaintance. When I spoke to her about her conversion at an advanced age, she said, "Sir, if the Lord Jesus Christ ever does save such a poor old sinner as I am, He shall never hear the last of it."

So I shall close here, dear friends, with just a word or two of further encouragement by noticing the personality of my text; for in this a part of the liberality consists. Do you observe that the first part of the text began with, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me."

YOURSELF ALONE;

if you come to the Lord Jesus He will not cast you out. You cannot doubt this.

Faith is simply to trust Christ; and trusting Christ brings with it the new life, and salvation from sin. I sometimes put it in Watts's way—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, On Christ's kind arms I fall."

But after I had once been preaching, a young man said to me, "Sir, I cannot fall." "Oh dear," I said, "then I do not know how to talk; for I meant not a thing you could do, but the cessation of all your efforts, just falling, or if you will see it better, just tumbling down—because you cannot stand upright; and that is it."

Have you never read the story of the good ship that had been a long time at sea, and the captain had lost his reckoning; he drifted up the mouth of the great river Amazon, and after he had been sailing for a long time up the river without knowing that he was in a river at all, they ran short of water. When another vessel was seen, they signalled her, and when they got near enough for speaking they cried, "Water! We are dying for water!"

DONE ENOUGH FOR ONE LIFE-TIME,

for you have undone yourself by your doing. That is not the question. It is, "Lord, what hast thou done?" And the answer is, "It is finished. I have done it all. Only come and trust me." Sinner, you are in a river of grace and mercy. Over with the bucket, man, and drink to the full; for you will never exhaust the stream of grace.

That river runs near to you to-night. Stoop down, you thirsty one, and drink and live. But you say, "I must feel different from what I do now." But you need not; come with your bad feelings. "Oh, I have not yet a broken heart," says one. Come to Christ, and He will break your heart. "But I do not feel my need as I ought." Come to Christ and He will help you to feel your need. "Oh, but I am nobody!" You are the very person that Christ delights in, for to you He will be everybody.

EMPTY BASKETS WANTED.

Do you see that beautiful tree in the orchard loaded with fruit? It is a pear tree. From top to bottom it is covered with fruit. I think I never saw such a sight; every branch is bowing down. Some boughs are ready to break with the luscious burden. As I listen to the creaking

boughs, I can hear the tree speak. What does it say? It says, "Baskets, baskets, baskets! Bring baskets!" Now, then, who has a basket? "I have got one," cries your friend, "but it is of no use, for there is nothing in it." Bring it here, man; that is the very kind of basket the tree wants. A person over there says, "Oh, I have a basket—a splendid basket. It is just the thing. It is full from top to bottom." You may keep your basket to yourself. It is of no use to my loaded tree. Where is there an empty basket? Who has an empty basket? Come along with you; come and pick from the tree as long as you like. Bring all your baskets. Bring thousands and thousands of baskets, all empty, and fill them all! Do you notice as we fill the baskets that the fruit begins to multiply? There is more when we have filled the baskets than there was at first, for this inexhaustible tree produces more and more fruit, as fast as we pluck from it. What is wanted by the Lord Jesus is an empty soul to receive out of the fulness which God has treasured up in Him.

God bless every one of you, for His name's sake. Amen.

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