"What must I do to be saved?" Acts 16:30.

In this question are involved all man's interests for the life that now is, as well as that which is to come. There was never a question proposed since the fall so important; never one that combined in itself so much that ought to awaken anxiety; never one about which men generally manifest so little interest; never one from which their interest is so easily turned away even after it may have been once excited; never one in which men affect to discover so much difficulty; and finally, never one which it is so easy to answer when the mind is fully awakened, and really in earnest to find the answer. There is one more re-
mark to be made; so profound is it, and so full of
weighty and eternal truth, that although I have just
stated it as one easily answered, yet it is true
it never could have been answered by all the
wisdom of this world combined. Like many
another truth when all its difficulties have
its nature been removed, and made clear, it seems
to be so plain simple, that the wonder is
how it could ever have been regarded as a
mystery: and it is only because the Eternal
source of infinite wisdom has revealed it
to mankind, that it has been understood
appreciated and embraced by any one.
at all. In treating the question today I shall
not attempt to dwell so much upon the
answer, as to illustrate the anxiety of mine
which the very asking of it evinces, and to enumerate the reasons which justify that anxiety.

There are three conditions in which we may suppose man to be placed, and in which it might be a most desirable matter for him to obtain the answer to this question.

1. His lot may have been cast in a land of heathenish darkness and superstition, and where in his blindness bowing down to wood, stone, of course will his soul many find no peace or rest to its anxiety. The question is natural but the answer comes not from nature or from
man’s devices. Though he might cry out for help to solve the grand problem, and apply to all the oracles of nature, Education, Art, Science, and philosophy—the only response was the miserable echo of his question: “What?”

2. He may be in the situation of a lost soul, a dwee—or a rich fool—or a man who had given his soul in exchange for the whole world and now cries out: “How shall I recover my squandered immortality and get back my lost vantage ground and my vanished opportunities? What shall
I do to be saved? No answer will be heard in that lone land of deep despair, save that given in God’s word, and which his memory, one of his tormenting friends, will bring to him in terrible emphasis. “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are “not only” not saved— but lost—lost forevermore! Too late! Too late! The door is shut! The voice from within cries— “Depart ye workers of iniquity. I never knew you.”

Or he may be still lingering by God’s mercy among the scenes of earth, and surrounded by the means of grace, and the privileges of religion, and in the land of hope and mercy, grace and prayer. Oh, that there were such in this assembly to
day! The sweetest notes that ring out on the ear of our anxious friends who have been praying for you, are those you give forth in this great solemn question, if indeed it is the genuine utterance of the anxiety of your soul.

But alas!

I hear no such question. All is silent, and the voice of an awakened conscience is hushed into stillness by the repressive command of the procrastinating spirit, or delusion drowned by the roar of the world's business; or silenced by the superior charms of its light flashing conviction of the siren song of earthly pleasure, or eclipsed by the blaze of the glare of surrounding allurements, and which are leading many a soul unconsciously, yet steadily down into the regions...
where reigns only the "blackness of darkness forever!" Now oh my beloved, my friend, at this very time I would fain break the spell that is upon so many. I would awaken in you my careless brethren, sons & daughters that anxiously upon this subject which you will assuredly feel one day—on that day when you will know of a truth that your path of life has led you to the verge of that bound where no travel can ever return; that world where light is shed on all questions, correction is given to all mistakes; where solutions are given to all problems; and where uncertainty in regard to your eternal destiny will vanish, and it may be too late. Solemn thoughts
like these of themselves were enough to impress upon every mind the necessity of waking up to the question before us. But were the question one referring to a station life; were it one referring to the safety of this material world around threatened with destruction, it would not be invested with that interest and grandeur which belongs to the single question "What must I, just one soul, do to be saved?"

We deem it a matter of desperate interest when two mighty and warlike nations are in deadly conflict, and the calculations are deep and profound among political statesmen what influences may result from the war upon the affairs of other nations. But the rearing up of Empires, their progress to fall—battles—conquests extension of territory
and enlargement of Power, great and important, as they are to the world 
in its present condition, are "as light as air, as in air"—rises upon the biles 
and suddenly to burst—when compared with the salvation of one single soul! These things 
are for time, transient, and passing away. But the soul of man is a thing for 
Eternity, beyond the reach of death, and destined to live this eternity, with all its years.

It is about this deathless tenant of the perishing clay tenement you inhabit, that our anxieties 
should be aroused, and must be aroused. Here is one consideration connected with this 
subject which enhances its importance. It is that this is an individual concern, there 
are millions of souls in this world all of
which are bound to ask this question. But each
must ask it for himself or herself. Each has
a complete distinctness of individual exist-
a separate being, - an identity of his own.
A particular path is marked out for each as
he travels on to Eternal World, and no two
the same path.

Life is in this sense
a broad plain traversed by as many millions of
tracks as there are inhabitants; and while no
one can live your-[life for you, yet it is equally
true that when you approach the grave, the
silent entrance to the other life, you will
know then what you might have known,
but refused to know that you must die
alone. No one can help you bear the pain,
the agony, the fierce conflict of nature wi-
dissolution. You must live your own life; travel your own path; die alone; render to the Judge upon the great white throne & yr individual account of the deeds done in yr body; and enjoy a special & appropriate share of the Heaven provided, or dwell in penal fires of the wrath of God in your own individual person. So that it is nothing to you in the way of concern that amid the many millions around us, nearly all soon careless, it is every thing to you, however that you be aroused, and that you give no sleep to it.

To intensify this anxiety it is needful that you call to remembrance the vanished past. The days of childhood youth & ripen years, pass in review, with their joys
and sorrows, their hopes and disappointments, their smiles and their tears. But such reflections produce no reformatory influence, only a pleasing sort of melancholy inspired by their recall. What ought to be done, however, and what will be done is to bring up out of their forgotten graves the sins of past life. This part of life is called poetically, “the dead past,” the time past.” It may be so. But it should not be forgotten by us, that there is to be a resurrection of deeds as well as bodies. On the “great day for which all other days were made,” we learn that “the Books will be opened; and among those books there is one wherein are recorded all the deeds done in the body whether they have been good or evil. The evil far predominate; the sins outnumbering the virtues, dark crowds of
imiquitous deeds done by you and forgotten, and supposed to be forgotten by God; buried out of sight, darker and darker as you grew older; and as they gather in countless numbers, and in all their aggravations, like some portentous cloud covering all the sky with gloom. It is this which makes the past of many indeed of most of us, terrible indeed. If it be true that no good deed is ever lost, it cannot be otherwise with the evil that it will.

It may be that, live forever also. We have lost sight of it in the making tide of years that have swept on it buried it from view. But let us not so deceive ourselves. That evil deed was recorded. It is not dead, but sleeps. At the last it will come forth to light, and if not washed away by a Savior's blood, it bites like a serpent, stingeth like an adder. I counsel you to bring them all up at once.
today. Look them in the face in all their hideousness, in all their aggravations, and in all their multitude. And when you remember that they are all sins against God, not merely wrong done to ye. fellow-man, done but primarily chiefly a wrong to the God of all truth and Holiness; and when we add to this that all sins and that we call small as well as those we call great—deserve God's wrath and curse both in this life and that which is to come; and furthermore, bear in mind that every sin is recorded, not one lost, and that we shall be judged according to the things written in the Book of God's eternal record. Oh, well may it be supposed that the lightness & frivolity of the young, with the worldliness and avance & covetousness of the men of middle life, and the stupor and deadness of some
which paralysis of memory would be brought to sudden
pause, and in the midst of the pressure of the
things around them that temporal and absorbing
(a deep anxiety might be aroused in every heart of
and yet persisting, they might redeem a brief
space of time wherein to consider this grand in-
quiry: “What must I do to be saved?”

So when the past comes up with its terrific record,
let us be reminded that the present of each one
of us is repeating the past at every moment;
what is present will very soon be past;
what we are doing and saying and thinking now,
will very soon be history; and one day or other
it will form part of the record to pass in
review before God’s bar of infinite Justice
and Wisdom unmoving; and it is nearly certain that what
we do now will be just what we were doing all the past.
Time is not halting a moment. If we desire to win it, if we desire to make no more such past as we have already made in the years that are gone, seize the flying moment, and bring before your mind the solemn thoughts of a Holy & offended God, and your condemnation as a rebel against Him; of the impending doom of the finally imminent of the world that is to succeed this world; how you are rapidly tending on toward that Spirit Land; and that the things you are doing now, are moulding your character & destiny for an unending scene of life beyond the grave.

3. And if you will surround yourself with the past and mingle them with those things now in actual existence & progress around you, their di-
Right influence will be to lead you to the contemplation of the future. If any man will allow himself time for serious meditation upon the various themes of solenn interest involved in his interests, in which he is profoundly involved, such as death, judgment, eternity; where shall be his future home—in heaven, or hell; whether he is to dwell among angels and glorified spirits, or with pious, accursed, and lost spirits; and remembers that the he is but a single individual he is under God’s eye; in this space of immensity just as clearly in the view of God as though he were alone, with eternity just before him, and all its final scenes of justice and judgment; it would seem that the question “What must I do,” would spontaneously burst from the lips.
II.
But that no effort may be left untried to induce in you, my hearers, this anxiety, let us multiply reasons why you should study this momentous question. I offer them as

One reason to arouse anxiety, the great truth that you are immortal. I do not propose to attempt any description of this element in our common nature. It is entirely sufficient that the truth is beyond controversy and you believe it that you shall live forever! I know a lost Eternity is called the Second Death; but it is everywhere well understood to imply that existence will underlie this Second death in order that the wretched victim shall be able to endure it. Such beings are to be gifted with immortality in order that they shall be enabled to endure
the inconceivable pangs and agonies of this second death: "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." The supreme horror of it, being that it is eternal. In the material world there is nothing so small but you conceive of it; there is nothing so great but you may compare this small matter with it. Both the drop of water and the Ocean; the grain of sand and this globe; a moment of time and a million of ages; are bounded, limited, circumscribed, and defined, so however minute the one and vast the other; however immense the diversity between these two, still they may be compared and contrasted. But all time is less in comparison with immortality than the drop to the Ocean, the sand to the globe, or the moment to millions of Ages. Be it remembered now that this attribute of Immortality is the possession of every human
being alike. Poor or rich, learned or unlearned, high or low in social position, or low in rank, prince or peasant, philosopher or idiot, great or mighty, humble and degraded, righteous or wicked, saint or sinner; all alike are gifted with immortality. Sick of life you may meditate suicide, but you cannot die! Tires of this world you may wish uncalled into another; but you only change the scene, and the mode of existence—life, immortal life still stretches outward and onward through the ever growing cycles of eternity. We cannot fully conceive its meaning—but were it possible to have the vastness of the idea projected into our minds, its gigantic shadow would so darken the scene, that the silence of a death-like solitude would fall
terror upon all that now marks the grandeur of this world; its revolutions, its outrages, its commerce, its diplomacy, its wars, its pleasures, its dark dens of iniquity, its defiance of law both of God and Man. This is what will take place in God's appointed time, "when God shall arise to shake terribly the earth," and to flash upon this guilty globe of ours the light of Eternity. Now if there were no more of you than this life shows you to be; if you were to die and rot in cold obstruction, sleep an eternal sleep, then your present attitude of utter carelessness and indifference would be consistent, and easily explained. But when you know yourself to be gifted with an eternity of existence, I see not how it is that you can repress that anxiety which prompts the question "What must I do to be saved?"
Then consider another reason: While you are slumbering, all God's Universe is awake in regard to this subject. The Adorable Trinity held mysterious councils from Eternity to devise the plan; the scheme was not devised after man lost his Eternal Life; but from all Eternity. This brought God's eternal Son down—this sent N. S. to earth, and for this He abides in it around you; this brought forth the Bible—precious book of revelation—wherein are recorded the lives of Patriarchs, the ministries of Priests, the predictions of Prophets; the teachings, miracles & conception of the God, Holy Son; the preachings of Apostles; and the glad tidings of the Gospel ringing in your ears from tab to tab; the Chief of God awake; the Spirit & the Bride—he that hearken all are awake today; "Come," and "Whoever will let him come is the universal cry from all God's chosen.
instrumentality, addressed to you, oh my fellow sinner.
and "what meanest thou, O sleeper?" etc. Nay more,
What is it to be saved? What is salvation? It is for
both worlds: Sin even, if pleasant at all, only for one
this!
followed by destruction. But if saved in xst. yours is peace
of conscience - "the sunshine of the breast" - peace with God
pardon, justification, sanctification, comfort under all
affliction; triumph over all spiritual enemies;
victory over death and the grave here! And then
holiness, purity, joy, unspeakable, full of glory;
communion with all the holy ones of the Uni-
iverse; perfect knowledge; uninterrupted Bliss; and
all this endless! This is salvation; - this is
Heaven faintly set forth, and surely it is well
worth that anxiety with which we lead you to ask how
you may obtain it. "What must I do to be saved?"
On the other hand, consider what is the destiny of one who fails to be saved. He substitutes eternal ruin, soul and body, for this blessed Heaven. God's Wrath comes, liable to all the miseries of this life to death itself, to the pains of Hell forever. No hope, no mercy, Remorse, Despair, faithful memory of lost opportunities; Conscious existence in Hell in literal and innumerable; and all this for Eternity! Oh how can you restrain the anxiety and repress the question: "What must I do?" But they are terrified into asking it; the better thus than not at all! As a last consideration I urge that every soul may be saved! You may! There is room for you. You have long refused — but God is patient. You have preferred the world — but Come, Jesus forgives. You have said "my way" but Come, the Spirit pleads. You have refused to pray — but Come! The Shepherd is in search of you, you have gone astray; but Come, the Good Shepherd is in search of you, angels are holding their harps in mute expectation, to rejoice over your return.