
Sunday, July 8, 2018
Did You Know?

A Conversion Story

One of the powerful conversion stories handed down to us is that of Charles Spurgeon, the great British pastor from the 19th century.

Spurgeon grew up in a Christian home, prayed and read his Bible every day, but had not trusted in Christ as his Savior. He describes his childhood like this: "I was years and years upon the brink of hell -- I mean in my own feeling. I was unhappy, I was desponding, I was despairing. I dreamed of hell. My life was full of sorrow and wretchedness, believing that I was lost." When he was 15 years old he was on his way to church, but was diverted to attend another church because of a snowstorm. At that church a lay-person preached because the minister didn't show up due to the weather.

Here are Spurgeon's own words of what happened next:

Now it is well that preachers be instructed, but this man was really stupid. He was obliged to stick to his text, for the simple reason that he had little else to say. The text was—"**LOOK UNTO ME, AND BE YE SAVED, ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH**" (Isaiah 45:22). He did not even pronounce the words rightly, but that did not matter. There was, I thought, a glimmer of hope for me in that text.

The preacher began thus: "This is a very simple text indeed. It says 'Look.' Now lookin' don't take a deal of pain. It aint liftin' your foot or your finger; it is **just 'Look.'** Well, a man needn't go to College to learn to look. You may be the biggest fool, and yet you can look. A man needn't be worth a thousand a year to look. Anyone can look; even a child can look.

"But then the text says, 'Look unto Me.' Ay!" he said in broad Essex, "many on ye are lookin' to yourselves, but it's no use lookin' there. You'll never find any comfort in yourselves. Some say look to God the Father. No, look to Him by-and-by. Jesus Christ says, 'Look unto Me.' Some on ye say 'We must wait for the Spirit's workin.' You have no business with that just now. **Look to Christ.** The text says, 'Look unto Me.' "

Then the good man followed up his text in this way: "Look unto Me; I am sweatin' great drops of blood. **Look unto Me; I am hangin' on the cross. Look unto Me, I am dead and buried. Look unto Me; I rise again.** Look unto Me; I ascend to Heaven. Look unto Me; I am sitting at the Father's right hand. **O poor sinner, look unto Me! look unto Me!**"

When he had managed to spin out about ten minutes or so, he was at the end of his tether. Then he looked at me under the gallery, and I daresay with so few present, he knew me to be a stranger. Just fixing his eyes on me, as if he knew all my heart, he said, "Young man, you look very miserable." Well, I did, but I had not been accustomed to have remarks made from the pulpit on my personal appearance before. However, it was a good blow, struck right home. He continued, "And you will always be miserable—miserable in life and miserable in death—if you don't obey my text; but if you obey now, this moment, you will be saved." Then lifting up his hands, he shouted, as only a Primitive Methodist could do, "**Young man, look to Jesus Christ. Look! Look! Look! You have nothing to do but look and live!**"

Do the same.

Soli Deo Gloria.
Pastor Peter