

# The Law of Moral Gravitation

by A.W. Tozer

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*The sermon teaches that people go to their own place after death, determined by the law of moral gravitation, which is based on their nature and character.*

**Duration:** 43:32

**Scripture:** Daniel 12:13, Acts 1:15-25

**Topics:** "Moral Gravitation"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher begins by emphasizing the concept of stealing and how it affects our lives. He then shifts to expressing gratitude towards God for creating us and making us human beings. The preacher acknowledges that while he would prefer to focus on the goodness of God, he feels compelled to address the universal law that everything finds its own place, which is currently disrupted by sin. He poses the question of where our place will be and highlights the importance of being comfortable in a company that talks about Jesus, as that will be the focus of conversation in heaven.

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## Transcript

...to speak on the law of moral gravitation, and the ninth one, the fifteenth verse, and on. In those days Peter stood up, and he said, Men and brethren, this scripture must needs have been fulfilled which the Holy Ghost, by the mouth of David spake concerning Judas, which was guide to them that took Jesus. For he was numbered with us and had obtained part of his ministry.

Now this man purchased a field with a reward of iniquity, and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out. And it was known unto all the dwellers of Jerusalem, in so much as that field is called in the proper tongue, a soldomah, this to say, the field of blood. For it is written in the book of Psalms, Let his habitation be desolate, and let no man dwell therein, and his office let another take.

Wherefore, of these men which are accompanied with us all the time, that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John unto the same day that he was taken up from us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection. And they appointed two, Joseph, called Barsabbas, and Matthias. And they prayed and said, Thou, Lord, knowest, which knowest the hearts of all men, show which of these two thou hast chosen, that he may take part of this ministry in apostleship, from which Judas, by transgression, fell, that he might go to his own place.

And they gave forth their lot, and it fell upon Pius. He was numbered with the eleven. Now, verse 25 is the verse that I want particularly to point to tonight.

The apostleship, from which Judas, by transgression, fell, that he might go to his own place. Now, that's the text. And I want to talk about the operation of the law of moral gratification.

The teaching in this verse, uttered by the apostle in prayer, is undoubtedly that Judas went where he went because he belonged there. Now, that's very plain. It doesn't take a profound mind to see that.

He fell away from the apostleship, that he might go to his own place. Now, he was called elsewhere son of perdition. And therefore, without being angry or abusive, or even careless about it, we have a right to conclude that since he was son of perdition, when he died and went to his own place, he went to perdition.

Now, this isn't pleasant, and I don't like to talk about such things, and I wish I didn't need to. But this is the conclusion we arrive at from the scriptures. That this man went where he went because he belonged where he went.

No one got angry with Judas, and in a fit of temper, threw him into perdition. Justice, and righteousness, and nature, and moral intelligence, and the cosmic fitness of things, put him where he went, as naturally as it's possible to think. His nature had fitted him for that place, and he went where he was fitted to go.

Just as a bird is fitted for the air, and therefore spends a good deal of its time in the air, just as a fish is fitted for the water, and when a fish goes to the water, it goes to its own place, and when a bird goes to the air, it goes to its own place. And an earthworm, when it burrows in the earth, is burrowing in its own place. And that's no reflection on the bird.

God made the bird to go there. And by law of natural gravitation, it goes where it belongs. And no reflection on the fish, nor the earthworm.

God made them. They were fitted, one to burrow blind in the earth, and the other to swim in the water. Now there is a law of God that runs through all this universe, that everyone and everything will finally go to his own place.

I want you to hear this. And you know that my method of Bible teaching and preaching is not to quote everlasting verses of Scripture and say Peter said this and John said that, but to read some verses and then try to find out what they meant. And this is what the Holy Ghost meant when he said that Judas fell from his apostleship, that he might go to his own place.

What a horrible incongruity it would have been if Judas could have continued in his apostleship belonging in perdition. Now about Daniel it says almost the same thing. The last verse of the book of Daniel says, Daniel, rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the day.

And another version says, stand in thy allotted place at the end of the day. Daniel, when the end of the day has come, will find himself automatically in his own place. And Judas will find himself automatically in his own place.

And so will every one of us find ourselves in our own place. Now the problem is, where is your place and where is mine? I think that I have said this many times, but I doubt whether it gets a hold of people, that the judgment will not decide the destiny of Daniel or Judas. We're looking forward to a judgment that shall

decide the destiny of man.

No. The judgment will simply confirm that which the moral operation of things already has declared. It may come as a surprise to men.

It may come as a surprise to a lost man to find at the judgment day that he's lost, in that he thought he was saved, he was a Church member, he thought he was good enough. But as far as God is concerned, there will be no weighing of evidence at the judgment bar. Don't think of the judgment of God as being a court trial where there will be lawyers for the defense and lawyers for the prosecution and witnesses on both sides and a jury or a judge.

No. There will be a just and gentle monarch who will be judge, without a doubt. But all he will do will be to declare that which all the moral evidence has shown down the years and during the lives of the person who is affected.

The judgment will not decide the destiny of Daniel. Thou shalt arise, said God, O Daniel, and shalt stand in thy allotted place. Look at another passage of scripture in the Bible and notice what it teaches there.

All but most the same thing. There is a rich man and there is Lazarus. We know that the rich man died in hell and lifted up his eyes, and we know that Lazarus died and went to Abraham's bosom.

We assume that because Lazarus died and went to Abraham's bosom, therefore he was a very poor man and a beggar, that the poor men and beggars go to Abraham's bosom, and the rich man died and went to hell, rich men go to hell. Now, our Lord never taught this here. This has been introduced there.

It's not there. The rich man went to hell not because he was rich, but because he belonged there. He went to his own place, that's all.

Abraham was also rich, and the Bible declares that he was. The Bible says Abraham was rich in camels and asses and sheep and goods and servants born in his own house, and he had much goods. Abraham was a rich man, but Abraham also was a man that got delivered from his riches and held them as if they weren't his and got saved from them and lived a rich man in the earth, but a man completely free from the foul pollution of riches.

And then there was Job. Job also was a rich man, and God stripped him, but God gave it all back to him sevenfold, so he's richer at the end than he was in the beginning. And yet Job was a man after God's own heart and a man that God called attention to in the very heaven itself and said, have you seen my servant Job? Now, this rich man who went to hell went there, I say, by natural gravitation, by a moral magnetic attraction.

He went there just as a bird goes to the air, a fish to the water, and the earthworms were burrowing in the ground. Then there was Lazarus, and it came to pass that Lazarus also died and went to Abraham's bosom. Now, why did Lazarus go to Abraham's bosom? Because he was poor? No, because if that were the case, then a man's financial status would determine his place, and it doesn't.

It may determine his place in the world, I grant you that. The man's rich enough, why, he'll be able to make a place for himself among men, but you know the song they used to sing in the village Sunday meetings, the rich man was there, but his riches, when death came, had melted and faded away. A poor man, he stood in the judgment, his debt was too heavy to pay.

That was an old bass solo they used to sing in Sunday's day, and it was perfectly sound theology and good sound philosophy. Lazarus did not go to Abraham's tender bosom because he was poor, for the very man whose bosom he went to had been rich while he was on earth. The very Abraham who opened his bosom to Lazarus had been a rich man, and the poor man he took into his bosom was way down, way down on the financial scale below him.

Then think of the blind beggars. Now I say blind in quotation marks who aren't blind at all. Think of them.

They put a tag on their chest to help the blind, but as soon as they get around the corner they take it off and go look at the movie. They're not blind, they're just beggars, they're poor, and think of the people who come where it's permitted to the doors and bang on the door and say that they haven't had anything to eat. They're poor, but they're liars.

So you can be a liar and a voluptuous and vicious pervert and still be as poor as a church mouse. So poverty didn't put Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, and riches didn't put the rich man in hell. They both went where they belonged.

Now I'm glad to be able to say that to you tonight, my dear friends, that when you die you will go where you belong. You will not have an angry god grab you by the skirt of the neck and hurl you in a fitted temple into hell. You will not have a god in a burst of sentimentality pick you up and sweep you into hell and dramatically like an actress making an entree into an act club.

You will go where you belong, ladies and gentlemen. There is a place which is called your place. Judas went to his own place, and God never allowed a creature to come into the world that he didn't have a place for.

And he never allowed a creature to live or die that didn't have a natural place. And in the moral world, there is a place where we gravitate to naturally. Heaven has for the soul, for Lazarus' soul, a magnetic attraction.

Now a part of that song we sang tonight, a different verse, a different stanza of it, the celestial country, which we sang of Jerusalem the golden, talks about the sheep flock from the goat herd shall part on either hand. And then he says this beautiful thing. He says, these, that is the sheep, the goats, these shall pass to torment, and those, that is the sheep, shall triumph then.

The new peculiar nation, blessed number of blessed men. Jerusalem demands them. They paid the price on earth and now shall reap the harvest in blissfulness and mirth.

The glorious holy people who evermore relied upon their chief and savior, the king, the crucified. Jerusalem, that's heaven, demands them. It was the poetic way of saying heaven.

Heaven demands them. The man Lazarus couldn't have gone to hell any more than an English sparrow could have swum ten feet down across the Atlantic Ocean. It's not the sparrow's place.

He doesn't belong there. He doesn't gravitate there by the law of nature. He belongs up on a telephone wire on the eave of a house chirping and quarreling and flying around.

That's where he belongs. Whales and fish belong in the water. But sparrows belong in the air.

And Jerusalem demanded. Abraham's bosom had a moral attraction for the man Lazarus. And he went there by a demand.

Jerusalem demands him. And I believe there are people walking around on this earth. I think there are people listening to me tonight.

That heaven demands you. When you know your heart no longer beats and you're finished with this earthly pilgrimage, there'll be no question of where you'll go. Heaven demands you.

You'll belong there by the law of moral gravitation. You'll go there as a steel filing will leap to a magnet. You'll go to your own company.

You'll go to your own place. And thou shalt sleep and thou shalt rise and stand in thine allotted place at the end of the days. I believe there are people maybe here tonight.

I hope not. But I believe there are people here that hell demands. Hell demands them, I say.

As the carrion demands the buzzard, and as the darkness demands the sinner, so hell demands some people. Now, I hate to do this and I want you to forgive me, but I want to ask, where are you demanded? What's demanding you? Where is the attraction so strong that as soon as you stop breathing, you'll zip there instantly? Where do you belong? Does hell demand you or does heaven? Well, now, some people say, well, Mr. Tozer, hell doesn't demand me, because in hell there will be murderers and I never could feel at home there. In hell there will be drunkards and I couldn't feel at home there, and there will be sex perverts there, and I couldn't feel at home there, and there will be assassins and they're hateful and I couldn't feel at home with them.

No, your heart revolts against them and so does mine. Your heart revolts and you wouldn't feel at home there, but let's remember that in perdition the majority of people are not murderers. The majority of people are not drunkards and perverts.

The majority of people who are demanded by perdition, demanded by a law of moral gravitation, they've got to go when they go. Most of them are not whoremongers. They stayed clean from all that.

Most of them are not assassins. Most of them are not malicious. They forgave people before they died.

Most of them are not drunkards. If they drank, they controlled it. They were not wallowers in the streets.

And would you feel at home among those who tell white lies and then shrug and laugh? Well, they'll be there. All the white liars will be there. Those who say, well, it's a white lie.

The secretary who lies for her boss and says he's in conference when he's at a ball game or he's not in when he actually is in. The secretary who lies for her boss. She's telling a white lie.

She'll be there. For all liars shall have their part. All liars, all colored liars shall have their part.

The black lie of a Judas or the white lie of a secretary. The merchant who says these goods are fresh when he knows he's had them on his hands until he's begun to wonder if he can get rid of them. That kind of white lie.

The man who cheats on his income tax and tells a little lie about this. Goes out and spends \$15 loosely and says it was to pay for a lunch for customers. Well, they're white lies, but white liars shall have their part in the lake of fire.

You see, there's no magnetic. Heaven has no magnetic attraction for them. Heaven does not demand the liar because there's an Indian compatibility there.

They couldn't go there because heaven wouldn't have them. And then there's the cheater and the lustful fellow and the fellow who's got soiled speech and who can't talk in a pot even, who can't talk with a goof in a car without borderline dirty jokes. Now, that fellow will be there and the lustful fellow will be there and the worldly will be there and the godless will be there and the prayerless and the irreverent, they'll all be there.

And you'll get along with them now and some of you even seek their company. And you're here tonight, somebody brought you, but tomorrow you'll seek the company of the white liars and the soiled people with soiled speech and the worldlings who know more about Elvis Presley than they do about David with his heart. And you seek their company because you belong there, you see.

Now, I'd think this over, my brethren. I wouldn't take anything for granted. Now, I want to ask you, would you feel at home in heaven? And I hope you can all stand and say yes.

I'm not going to vote you. I wouldn't embarrass you. I'm going to preach two weeks, one week from tomorrow at Moody Bible Institute to the faculty and students on courtesy in the life of a minister.

Somebody told me I knew nothing about it, but they've asked me to speak on the subject and I'm going to do it. So I wouldn't be so discourteous as to vote you. But I do want to ask you the question, would you feel at home in heaven? For after all, the heart goes to its home.

Being let go, they went to their own company. The sailor who leaves the ship goes to his home. The sailor boy, the soldier boy in Germany or the far east, the wires home or cables home.

He wants to come home. I know the awful homesickness of the military service. I was in for a short while in one of the wars.

And I know the horrible homesickness. I know it. Your home demands you.

It creates a vacuum. It sucks you back to where you belong. The boy's released.

He immediately hits out for home, hits out for the old familiar place. That furniture he thought was a little tacky when he left looks like it if it was made of gold when he comes back. Things he used to complain about when he went before he went.

Now he thinks that it's a gorgeous palace when he comes back. Your home demands you because your heart is there. And I want to ask you, would you feel at home in heaven? Would you feel at home in an atmosphere of perpetual worship? For that's what heaven is going to be, an atmosphere of perpetual worship.

When I think how much drum beating and bell ringing and chime playing and tender organ playing we have to do to get people in the mood, even to sing a worshipful song in this world of ours. And I think how many sermons it takes to get a fellow in a mood to even think spiritual thoughts. Well, I wonder about some people when they get to heaven where they live in an atmosphere of perpetual worship.

Now, I don't think that heaven is going to be a place where God's on a throne and every other creature on their knees. I don't think that at all. We'll have too much to do.

There'll be a lot to do. Oh, we'll have real saints to paint from, Magdalene, Peter and Paul, and we'll paint for an age of the city and we'll never get weary at all. The poet said we'll have lots to do there, but it'll be done in an atmosphere of pure worship.

It'll be done in an atmosphere of doxology. And some of you are bored to death with worship. There are people that have been going to this church for years and years and yet haven't learned to like the type of songs we sing.

They want something else. They want a rock and roll Elvis Pelvis type of song that they have in the hall in some places. They don't want this other thing.

Oh, couldn't we have some of the G.O. numbers like, Thank you, Lord, for saving my soul. And, well, now that's worship, brother. And the other thing is it's just a cheap imitation, and there'll be none of that in heaven, but I don't think there'll even be any of that in hell.

I'll take that back. No, I don't think so. But some people are bored to death with a prayer meeting.

Check on yourself, man. When have you been in your last prayer meeting? It's boring. Some people say, well, I don't do any way closer to conduction.

Well, you'll be conducting about half the time. McAfee conducts them. Moore conducts them.

Case conducts them. Visitors conduct. Other people conduct them.

Well, that's just a hypocritical hide, blind to hide behind. You simply don't feel at home in a prayer meeting. And so when you die, do you think that that perpetual prayer meeting up there is going to demand you? It didn't demand you down here.

If it did, you were surprised you didn't feel the magnetic attraction, and you never showed up once. You showed up at every banquet, but you never showed up at any prayer meeting. And then you want me to believe that you're going to die and go right sailing off to heaven like a Niki guided missile straight to the throne of God.

The throne of God will have an atmosphere of glorious worship around it. And if you're not at home here in an atmosphere of worship, how would you be at home then? There are some people to whom heaven would be an insufferable bore, and they'll never get there. Never, never, never.

For there's a law of moral gravitation that'll put every one of us where we belong. And then I wonder whether you'd be at home in a place where God is enough. For most people, God isn't enough.

They have to have God and something else. But God is enough in heaven. The beatific vision, the sight of his face will be enough.

I wonder if you would be at a home where all the conversation is about the Lamb. All the conversation up there is about the Lamb. And we redeemed sinners will be telling the unredeemed, that is, those who didn't have to be redeemed, the holy ones, we'll be telling them about our experiences and how we fell and were brought back again.

And the angels that desire to look into these holy things, their eyes will shine as a Jerry McCauley and a John Newton and a John Bunyan and a Billy Sumney, or you or me, tell the story of redeeming love. And the song that Brother McAfee sings sometimes says that the angels cannot sing because they never knew what it was to fall. But we know and we can tell them.

And the conversation will be about the Lamb. And you're embarrassed when anybody talks about Jesus in a company where you are, and yet you're a Christian. Well, do you think that you're going to feel at home where everybody talks about Jesus? Where nobody will mention the Yankees? Nobody will mention politics? Nobody will mention cards? Nobody will mention the latest TV fad? Nobody will mention anything.

Everybody will talk about Jesus. You're not at home in a company like that now. How could you be at home in a company like that then? I ask you, what demands you? What is it that pulls your heart by moral magnetism? And I want you to think over now, these two places, which is your place.

But somebody says, Mr. Tozzi, you're presenting an either-or, and it isn't fair. You are making a block of black and a block of white and setting them together and say, take your choice. But the fact is different.

I believe that I expect to change. I know that heaven doesn't demand me now because there's nothing in me that's like heaven. I know it.

But I expect to change and be fitted for heaven. Well, then I want to ask you a question. When will that change take place? It didn't take place last year, did it? We're coming to the end of 1956, and it didn't take place.

It didn't take place last month or this month, and we're nearing the end of November. It didn't take place last week, and it didn't take place yesterday. And it's not taking place tonight.

When's that change going to take place? You successfully resisted that change up to now, and you found your pleasures and your interests elsewhere. How can you hope then that that change will ever take place? But you say, Mr. Toter, that it'll take place in death. I suppose that it's hard to conceive of anything sillier than that.

Is death going to do what the blood of the Lamb couldn't do? If I die of polio, is polio going to sanctify me? Is a heart attack that knocks me over on the sidewalk going to make me fit for heaven? Is there anything in leprosy that's going to make me a pure man if I'm not a pure man now? Going to change my attitudes from earth to heaven and from here to there and from man to God and from sin to righteousness? No. It's foolish to think that death will sanctify anybody or death will purify anybody. But our friends the Catholics say that purgatory is the place, and they frankly admit up to now they could have gone along with me.

Any Catholic theologian would have gone along with me up to here, and he'd have said, You're perfectly right, sir. You're perfectly right. By a law of gravitation, we'll go where we belong.

But if you're not quite ready for heaven, why, there's a place called purgatory where you can get ready. Well, now, I wish that were so, and I'd like to believe it. It would be to take a lot of pressure off of a lot of people.

But tell me, I hold a Bible in my hand. I hold a Bible in my hand. Not only do I hold a Bible in my hand, but up in my study I have Catholic Bibles, whole Catholic Bibles.

Not one line anywhere, not one line that you say there's a scripture that you partisans throw out, and in that scripture it teaches that. That's not so. I know the books, and I've read the books that the Catholics put in.

They're called the apocryphal books, and there's not one line in the apocryphal scriptures that says there is a cooling off place or a heating up place or a purgation, a place where you can make a fellow ready for heaven who isn't ready now. Not a place. And on the other hand, I don't want to be humorous about this, but it does have a strain of facetiousness in it.

Because you see, in order to get out of purgatory, you have to have masses, and in order to have masses, you have to have money. So I could visualize a man dying just before the stock market blew up, and he expected his rich friends to bail him out, and just 20 minutes after he died, the stock market blew up and the depression came, and his friends would lose everything and wouldn't have money to pay for masses. How do you expect to get out, brother? If you're in purgatory and you think that if you have no moral attraction for heaven now, your attraction's the other way, but you're still a Christian, you've been sprinkled and worked over and massaged and have things done to you, then you expect to go to heaven.

But you say, I'm not fit to go, but they'll get me out of purgatory by the masses. And suppose that there's a law passed suddenly that no masses dare be said, and there will be when the Antichrist reigns. Or suppose that, I say again, your folks who pay for your masses suddenly get so poor they can't pay for state.

And I'm telling you this, if it comes to a difference between eating or saying a mass to get you out, they'll eat. They'll eat. Don't be too starry-eyed about all this.

They'll eat. Not only they'll eat, but they'll buy automobiles too. And cars and coats, and they'll just let you roam.

Now, my brothers and sisters, to think that if I have a nature that doesn't fit me for heaven now, and there's no moral tug in my heart toward that place, but that an honest examination proves that the moral tug's in the other direction, and yet I hope to make it by that halfway house we call purgatory, we'd better watch that. The simple fact is there's not a word of truth in it, and there's nowhere in the Bible it was made up by men who stood up and said Latin masses are drunk, the choirboys had to hold them up to keep them from tumbling down. It was made up by men who had nothing else to do.

And there's not a line in the Bible. After death, the Dutchmen. And Lazarus died and went to the bosom of Abraham.

When the rich man died, and hell, he lifted up his eyes. No halfway house there. Each went to his own place.

Where is yours? Somebody says, Mr. Tozer, again you're wrong. I've accepted Christ. I've accepted Christ, and by accepting Christ, I have a mantle, a cloak, I have his righteousness attributed to me.

I know, I know that I feel at home among white liars and cheats. I know that I chuckle at dirty jokes. I know that I'm a bit whirly.

I know that I'm somewhat perilous. I know that I'm a bit bored in a prayer meeting. I know that I don't have, I don't, I don't feel at home in an atmosphere of worship, and I get embarrassed a little when they talk

about Jesus in a group.

I admit all that, but I've accepted Jesus, and that's all I need. Listen, where does your heart belong? You accept Jesus, you say, and it didn't change your heart? You accepted Jesus, and it didn't change the inner life of you? Why, Paul didn't talk that way about it. Paul said, if any man be in Christ, he's a new creature.

Old things have passed away, and oh, everything's become new. And the old gravitational tug that used to pull him that way, he accepts Christ, and now it pulls him toward this way. Now, isn't it possible that this accepting Christ fools a lot of people? They think merely that going through that is all they need.

Well, that's all they need, provided a change takes place. But if a change doesn't take place, then we only think we've accepted Christ. We only think we're converted.

Paul said, if any man be in Christ, he's a new creation. And those old things will pass away. Now, I don't expect young Christians to be as rich and wonderful as old Christians.

Oh, I got a letter from Brother Rimel, who used to be among us here, helped us put this building up, and one of our fine men, in a physical condition, made him move to Arizona, where the climate was hot and dry, and he's all right there. But I got a letter from him, and you that knew him, and he wouldn't mind a bit, and he may even hear me say this, because he's taken on tape, and he gets the tapes. I didn't think about that, but I'm going to go on.

And this good Brother Rimel, why, I remember him when he was a pretty sharp-spoken fellow, pretty tactless, and he would grin when he hears this, as he does, pretty tactless fellow. He could walk up to you, look you in the eye, and tell you your pedigree about as nicely as anybody. Got a letter from him the other day.

Oh, what a tender, beautiful letter it was. How rich and kind and friendly and cordial and warm it was. And he says, I don't, no matter where I go or who I hear, nobody will ever take your place in my heart, Brother Tozer, in your sermons and your preaching, and the dear people back home.

Why, he's down there in Arizona, but his heart's back here. All you'd have to do would be to cut his shoelaces, and he'd fly back here by moral gravitation. God has given that fellow a new, rich thing.

He's getting to be a middle-aged man now. And that's the way it ought to work. That's the way it ought to be.

Some of you accepted Christ ten years ago. But you're still, still, if you were suddenly to die, all you'd have would be the hope the personal worker gave you. You're not a new creature.

Nothing's changed in you. You're not different. Ah, my brother, true salvation fits us for heaven, and heaven demands us.

And the man who's been renewed by the operation of the Holy Ghost in true conversion, heaven demands that man, and he could not go to hell. He could not go to hell. Heaven demands him.

Heaven is a vacuum into which his soul will rush when he dies. Because morally that's where it belongs. Spiritually that's where it belongs.

But you say, what shall I do then? And I say, repent. That was what the prophets all said. That was the first thing John the Baptist said.

That was the first thing Jesus said. That was the first thing Peter said at Pentecost. The first thing Paul said when he was filled with the Holy Ghost later on in Acts.

And that's what they preached all down the years. That was the first thing Finney said, and the first thing the great revivalists have said, repent. Repent.

If your heart is still unfitted for heaven, then you need to repent. Because when you repent, really repent, and change, and believe, and seek, and ask, and knock, and find, you'll find there'll be a wonderful gravitational tug. Judas fell from his apostleship that he might go to his own place.

I'm so sorry. His own place was purgatory. Or not purgatory, but that worse state.

What do they call it? Limbo. I think that's the pun, isn't it? Well, anyhow, you don't get out of there. They throw the key away.

But purgatory, there's a chance. No purgatory there. No purgatory for Judas.

Punish him. Punish him. I'm so sorry.

I wish it were otherwise. But I can't change God's word. And the scripture tells me that I'm to be a good servant of Jesus Christ, and a good minister, and tell the whole truth.

And I'd like to preach on the goodness of God and the 53rd of Isaiah. And the book of John for the rest of my life. But I can't do it.

I've got to tell people there is a law that permeates the universe from the far star to the soul of man. And it is that everything finds its own place. And right now, we're all mixed up because sin has come into our human world.

And for the time being, we're all mixed up. But as soon as we're dead, or as soon as judgment comes, everybody will find his own place. Where is your place? Brother McAfee told me he heard a song on the radio.

I'm sorry, I didn't hear it in the second hand, and I can't tell it as well as he could. He was so horrified, he was physically sick. He said he heard a group sing about the great production in the sky.

The great show. That is being put on in the glory land. Who all was there? Al Jolson was there.

The Polish girls that used to kick the moon down. And Jean Harlow. Yes, and all the rest.

They were all there. And it said, the greatest production in all of life. Shouldn't it be when God was the director of putting it on? You see, brethren, a lot of those people have accepted Christ, they said.

But that didn't change them. Not a bit. What did Jean Harlow belong up there? What did Al Jolson belong up there? What is Earl Carroll doing up there? What is Al Capone doing up there? What are they doing up there? They would be out of their place.

There's Peter. Oh yes, Peter belongs there. Sure, Peter.

Old clumsy, tumbling Peter. He belongs there because God did what Peter said, gave him the nature of God. And Paul, old fiery eyed Paul that breathed out threatening and slaughtering.

That Paul there? Yeah, that Paul. He belongs there. Why? Because he said, I am the least of the apostle and I'm worthy to live and I ought to die.

But God in his mercy saved me. He belongs there. There they are, that grand parade.

Do you want me to tell you something, friends, tonight and close? I had this in my notes and took it out. But I want to say this to you. If justice without mercy were done, and there were no cross and no Christ and no Redeemer, it would be the inevitable operation of the law of God that I should go to hell.

I, A.W. Toye, I in my natural life, in my nature, I belonged there and belong there as certainly as the earthworm in the earth. And if only justice were done, kind justice, but justice, without a Redeemer and without a cross and without a Savior, I wouldn't belong in heaven any more than I belong not a thousand times as near as I belong eating beside the Pope in Rome or the Queen in England. I'm not a member of that outfit and I'd be out of place there.

I wouldn't belong there. But oh, grace, sweet grace, supernal, has all my sins washed away. And by that infinite grace of God, I feel the upward tug.

Not by nature, not by education, not by character, not by merit, not by virtue, not by faithfulness, not by prayer, not by any of those things, but by the infinite mercy of God that changed me. I wanted you to know that's the way I felt about that. I wanted you to hear me say, for if I died without an advocate above, I'd plunge instantly by the law of moral gravitation to hell.

But there's another nature that stirs within me. There is, every Christian is pregnant, spiritually pregnant with a life that stirs and moves and kicks within him. It's another life from another world, and he can't go to hell.

He goes to God's heaven as a bird rushes to the air or as air rushes into a vacuum. The seat of God is in him. Oh, my friend, is that your condition? Can you say it's true of you? If you can't, then I say, repent, believe, quit your sins, throw yourself out on the mercy of God, and God will renew you within and put within you his own nature, and the root of the matter will lie in you.

And oh, you won't be a perfect saint. There'll be a magnet. I have on my desk a horseshoe magnet somebody gave me as a paperweight.

A very heavy thing, for as little as it is, very heavy and powerful. And when I set it down on a little desk, thing I get kidded about up there, it has everything, paper clips and rubber bands and thumbtacks and bobby pins that I pick up here and there over the churches I walk through and all sorts of things. I put that magnet down there.

Some of those things jump to it at once. Others lie there unconcerned. They go where they belong.

Steel leaps to steel. But the buttons and the pennies and other things that aren't steel, they just lie there unaffected. So heaven is a magnet that some people feel its pull and leap to it.

Heaven demands them. What demands you? Let's pray. God, our Father.

God, our Father. Thou hast made us, and we're glad. Glad we were ever born.

Glad our tired mothers ever brought us into the world. Glad that we ever saw the sunrise. Glad that we learned to speak and see and hear.

Glad, oh God, we're glad we're alive. Glad we're human beings, not earthworms or bugs. Glad thou didst make us in thine image.

Oh, we're glad tonight. Father, we've sinned. We've suffered.

We've been, we've disappointed thee and disappointed our friends. Disappointed ourselves. Tumbled around, and we can look far down the mountain where we wandered many years.

Often troubled in our journey by the gross of doubt and fears. And it's all true of us. But we thank thee for redemption in his blood.

We thank thee for the best and dearest Father who loved us and who loved. And who in pollution saved us and from our pollution laid and delivered us. We thank thee, thank thee, Lord, tonight for redemption.

Thank thee for redemption. Now, Father, for these eight persons who've asked us to pray. Father, would thou search them as with a candle.

Would thou search them as with a candle. And grant our Father, we pray, that before they close their eyes and sleep tonight. That any doubt they have will be swept away as, as the bells of the sea sweep things from rocks.

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