

Unpardonable Sin

by William P. Nicholson

The unpardonable sin is a sin of blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, where a person rejects the Holy Spirit's work in their life and refuses to repent, and it is a sin that cannot be forgiven.

Duration: 51:46

Scripture: Proverbs 1:20, Mark 12:31, Luke 18:11, John 3:19

Topics: "Repentance", "Eternal Destiny"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the fact that preaching the gospel is a serious matter because it deals with the eternal destiny of human beings. He shares a story from the American Civil War to illustrate the urgency of the message. The preacher highlights the dangers of living in sin and the need for repentance and brokenness before God. He warns that sinning away the day of grace leads to a lack of recognition of one's need for salvation. The sermon emphasizes the importance of responding to the love of God and the means of grace provided by Him.

Transcript

Now, if you've got your Bible, would you turn to Proverbs. Proverbs, chapter 1 and verse 20. It's very interesting to know that when Paul was a young man, he wrote the Psalms of Solomon.

And my, what fervor and, what fervor and zeal he had in his love for his Lord. He couldn't find language, he couldn't get language strong enough or warm enough to express all that he felt in his love for Christ. Then when he was a young man, getting on in years, succeeding in every way, he wrote the book of Proverbs.

You don't get any love song there. It's all kind of hard facts, business and all the rest of it. Teenage is gone.

The first love has been dying down. And then when you come to the book of Ecclesiastes, it's the end of an old, sensuous, old, back-striped letter. He says there wasn't a good woman among the thousands.

Why? Because the rockers were living with a gang the other way about. But there you've got the biography of a great man. In the Psalm of Solomon, how warm and enthusiastic his love for his Lord.

Comes into business and up to the neck in business, and everything's business under the sun. And then when you come to Ecclesiastes, you find a morbid, melancholy, soured, backsliding fellow. So you find

that there when you begin to read his words.

Will you listen to this? Proverbs 1 verse 20. Wisdom cries without. You see this wisdom as a person.

Wisdom cries without. She utters her voice in the streets. She cries in the cheap places of concourse.

In the openings of the gates. In the city she utters her words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, when ye love simplicity? And the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge. Turn ye with my reproof.

Behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, and I will make known my words unto you. Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand, and no man regardeth. But ye have said of not all my counsel, and would none of my reproof.

I also will laugh at your calamity. I will mock when your fear cometh. When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind.

When distress and anguish cometh upon you, then shall they call upon me. But I will not answer. They shall seek me earnestly, but they shall not find me.

For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord. My, that's an awful thing to think. God laughing at your calamity, and mocking when your fear cometh.

They would none of my counsel. They despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own ways, and be filled with their own devices.

For the turning away of the simple should slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them. But who so hearkens unto me, shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of him. Shall we have a wee word of prayer together? We thank thee with all our hearts, O Lord, for answered prayer during the days of this week that is past.

We praise thee that thou has been amongst us in thy risen power. We bless thee for every born again one that is come into their birthright privilege and blessing. Know now the joy and blessing and power of a spirit baptized, spirit filled life.

We praise thee for every one that has accepted thee as their savior. We pray that they may be well born, not born of flesh and blood of the will of man, but born of the Holy Ghost. But we do ask thee now in these closing moments of this new meeting that we may know that thou art here again, and we may see visible signs of thy presence, sinners being strangely and deeply moved, and men and women brought to seek to seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near.

Hear the prayers that are going up from many a heart's ears, and many a heart's eye near to the wide world over for our gathering now. And as we declare thy truth, and especially this solemn, solemn subject, may the Spirit of the Lord bear the message home with tremendous irresistible power. Thou knowest those that are careless, unconcerned, strifling away with time, playing with their opportunities, rushing to eternity without God and without hope.

O Lord, we pray that this night's meeting may be like a red signal in their face, stopping them in their mad careers, and grant that many may look back to this hour and this place and thank God who is there saved by thy grace. Undertake for us now. Our confidence is not in man or in the flesh, but our confidence is in

thee, thou blessed Spirit of God, and we pray that thy work of convicting of sins and of righteousness and of judgment may be accomplished here tonight.

We ask it in Jesus' name. And everybody said? In the gospel according to Matthew chapter 12 and verse 31. You'll find my topic as well as text this evening.

Wherefore I say unto you, remember these are the very words of Jesus Christ. Wherefore I, Jesus, say unto you, you who are not converted, many who are almost persuaded, many of you near to the kingdom, I say unto you, all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him.

You see, Jesus Christ, his deity, was clothed with his humanity. He mingled among men just as an ordinary man, and yet he was God manifest to the flesh. And the Lord can allow you and me, ignorant along that line, that we didn't recognize, we don't recognize.

But listen, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, that voice that said, My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, saw the light that he lived, heard the words that he uttered, such as man never uttered before, miracles that he performed, proof of his absolute deity, our God, God, Godhead. Shut your eyes on that. Turn your back on that.

Make light of all that. Whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come. I don't know, dear friends, a more solemn message for one man to bring to the attention of another than this subject, the sin that has no forgiveness, in this world, not in the world to come.

During the days that we've been here, I've been preaching from one angle and another regarding God's mercy, God's pardoning, God's forgiving. But tonight here's a message. The unpardonable sin, the sin that has no forgiveness, in this world or in the world to come.

It strains the amount of confusion there is in the minds of many regarding the unpardonable sin. There are those who tell us that it could only have been committed when our Lord was here on earth in the days of His life. It was evidently a committed sin then, for Christ revealed it clearly.

You remember what He said to Siddiq? Woe unto you, Chorazin. Woe unto you, Bethsaida. Woe unto you, Capernaum.

Exalted to heaven with privilege and opportunity shall be cast down into hell. Sixty years from the days those words were uttered, they were blotted out, that even all the antiquarians today that are digging for these ancient things can't even find a relic. God wiped them clean, for they could never be found.

Do you remember what He said to Jerusalem? O Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets and killest them that are sent unto thee, how often I would have gathered thee together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. Within forty-five years after the utterance of those words, Emperor Titus went through that city with a plan.

Not one stone left upon another. You can look around and see relics of antiquity all around us, one stone upon another. But so the judgment of God passed that the thing was leveled just like a ploughed tree.

The Pharisees and scribes of their day, the religious leaders of the day, the doctors of divinity, as we would call them today, ministered, and He said to these, ye shall die in your sins. Where I am ye cannot come. They had passed the hidden boundary between God's mercy and God's wrath and their doom and damnation fixed and sealed.

Judas Iscariot was called by Jesus Christ to become a disciple and a follower of Christ, just as Peter was and James and John were. He had just the same opportunity of getting converted as they had. He had every opportunity and advantage of knowing exactly who Jesus Christ was.

But never, never in his life did he ever acknowledge the deity of Christ. He could talk about Him as a rabbi, as a teacher, this, that, or the other, but never once to acknowledge His deity. There are only two unbloody Unitarians mentioned in the Bible, and each one of them is a murderer.

The first was Cain. He murdered his brother Abel. He didn't believe in the gospel of blood.

He didn't believe that there was no atonement for sin except by the shedding of blood. And here's the other one, Judas Iscariot. Never once to acknowledge the deity of the Lord.

Once he ignored the Lord Jesus, bet him at the communion table. Seven times he warned him. Seven times he warned him.

Far better, he said, you'd never been born, and to do what you were doing. Far better that a man, a millstone was hanged about your neck, and you were cast into the depths of the sea. Seven times warned him.

And now he's sitting at the communion table. He says, one of you will return. But the strange thing is that they never knew it was Judas.

They said, is it I? Not, is it Peter? Not, is it John? Every one thought they were a potential betrayer. Is it I? Judas looked into the face of incarnate love and truth, and he says, is it I? Jesus whispered, he didn't say it out loud. If he had said it out loud, Peter would have bashed him there, and he'd knock the face off.

For daring to betray his Lord. But he whispered to him and says, if you put your hand into this basin, Judas put his hand in, took it out, took it out. And we're told that Jesus said, what you're doing, what you're doing, do it quick.

And he went out. And John, with a shudder, leaves the record. It was night.

And the daylight never dawned upon his doomed and darkened spirit from that hour to that. How many times have you been warned? How many times have you been reprov'd? How many times have you been brought near to the kingdom and almost persuaded? How many times have you sat at the communion table? And like Judas, you clipped to him a prayer. The very face of Jesus Christ.

Judas demanded a price for Jesus. He got thirty pieces of silver. You would sell him for a hot crown dance, a pack of cigarettes, some triviality.

He's awful cheap on the market, this Jesus today. The way men's bargains can sell with it. But don't forget, dear friend, maybe tonight, maybe tonight I don't know, thank God I don't.

If I knew what was happening here tonight, I wouldn't preach. But there you are. Some of you facing Christ for the last time until you'll meet him at the great white throne.

What you're doing, do it quick. Find him. The record will be as the angel records it, that's your name in the book.

He went out. She went out. It was night.

The daylight never of hope or joy or peace or forgiveness never to dawn upon your doomed and damned spirit. It was a sin very common when Christ was here on earth. There are those in there confused about the matter and they say it rarely, if ever, this committed today.

So we've got to now paraphrase it. While the lamp holds out to burn, the greatest sinner may return, the biggest light concocted out of the heart of a man and inspired by the devil in him. Show me that in the word of God.

For you can repent when you like. That you can believe when you like. That you can turn when you like.

That you can be saved when you like. Try it! Try it! Don't think that I'm telling you something. Try it! Get up to your feet now and say, I'll come to Christ.

Just about the last thing you can do. You can't do as you like. With God and with salvation you can't come on your terms.

And you can't come on your terms. It's in God's terms. And it's in God's terms.

Harden not your heart as in the day of provocation. Now is the accepted term. Now is the day of salvation.

Now. Never here, never tomorrow. I've got no authority to say to you that tomorrow or nine o'clock tonight you can repent and you can believe.

No authority. You may be in your heart right now settling your destiny for damnation fixed as sure as God is on the truth. You're hardening your neck.

You're stiffening your will. You're rebelling against even the pressure of the Spirit of God upon you. He says, all right, let it go.

And you'll cross that hidden boundary line between God's mercy and God's wrath as we'll see later on. I've never spoken on this subject but someone, sometimes many in the audience think that they've committed that sin. The other night here a man came to me.

He's faced a figure of despair. He says, I've committed the unpardonable sin. He's begun to tell me a story.

He says, my friend, on the authority of God's word you haven't committed that sin. He's faced it up. He says, for three years I've been in hell.

Guilty of a particular sin. He says, I, all manner of sins Jesus says, all manner of sins shall be forgiven unto men but this unpardonable sin. You see, friend, the very fact of your distress and disquietude your unrest your conviction your fears are the surest evidence that you haven't committed this sin.

I'll show you later on when a man or woman has committed this sin there's no more sin. They laugh at everything. Wrap themselves around with a carnal security.

They all dwell further on the road to hell sixty minutes in the hour twenty-four hours in the day. But you're mourning. You're repenting.

You've got a broken heart. You're troubled. Surest evidence you're still in the state of grief.

You say, I wish to God I could believe that to be true. Put it to the test. You say, just repeat Jesus I've come.

See, what is this? Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. And glory to God you'll have the assurance and the witness and the evidence that your sins are blotted out and you're a child of God. But remember dear friends that if there is any confusion and contradiction about the matter there's none in the Bible.

There's none in the Bible. Those antediluvians the Lord said to give them a hundred and twenty years and one week. He said, my spirit shall not always thrive with man.

They labored building an ark and only eight people got in. And these that had built and built and built for all those years with bleeding knuckles and agonizing cries seeking to enter in. My spirit shall not always thrive with man.

Summer has ended and you are not saved still in your sins. Ephraim is joined to his idols. Let him alone.

Boast not of yourself for tomorrow. He that is often ripped through hardened at his neck shall be suddenly suddenly destroyed. Oh the word of God is clear dear friends.

He says, seek ye the Lord while while while he may be found. There were a lot of people in hell prayed as you'd never pray. Sought the Lord as you'd never pray.

And they're damned. Why? They sought the Lord when he wasn't there. God's not at your convenience or mine.

Where do you get it that God's a slave of anybody? A servant of anybody? Don't even call him when you like it. He's got to be there. Where do you get that? Seek ye the Lord while while he may be found.

Call upon him while while while he's near. He's near here tonight. Oh friends, don't let him go by.

Don't let him go by, I pray you. Don't let him go by. Seek the Lord while he may be found.

Call upon him while he is near. First of all, this is no ordinary sin. All manner of sin all manner of sin shall be forgiven unto men but this sin.

When I was a cadet in a sailing ship in the early days we had a third officer and that fellow never swore or cursed except by the Holy Ghost. He never used the name of God or Jesus. It was always the Holy Ghost.

And I've seen him on a yardarm in a living deal of wind trying to get campers in. And this blasphemy of that man and the awful oaths of the Holy Ghost until I've seen the sailor say look here mister if you don't cut that out we'll clean you off this road off this yardarm and send you to hell with your ghost. We cadets in the half deck we used to say he's committed an unpardonable sin.

Oh no. That's not it. All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men because bigger sin to call the name of God in vain or Jesus in vain as the Holy Spirit.

Three in one. One in three. Young fellow came to me one day in one of our meetings and he said I've committed the unpardonable sin.

This is how you look like. But would you kindly tell me what it is. And after a good little hesitation he came and brushed at his cheek he was guilty of a dozen.

This happened for years at hand. I said do you still believe in your Bible? Well I said listen Jesus said all manner of sin all manner of sin shall be forgiven unto men. That's not it.

That's not it. I was holding a meeting in a recovering church in Scotland one time. We've been to a church you can shake hands if you want to come in the door.

It's got a two story. There's a hole in the floor and the fellas are up in the gallery and the others are down here. And the pulpit is just getting you can see them both the way separate.

And I was roaring away in those days I had a voice on me like a bull of mace. You see as an old seller but I'm telling you to find these old days. But I was roaring away in this wee church and the door opens in the back and boy what I saw a great big fella about six foot four hair disheveled hanging down dirty and silky his eyes bloodshot and bleary his face a portrait of iniquity and devils his garments all lousy and bleak and he looked there and he saw the back end of the heel and sat down put his head there.

Whenever the service was over I noticed whenever they started to go near that aisle they all dodged the others. And man I was laughing with them in the wee church. I didn't like the show with the white fellas but the old people were there.

At last I went and I touched them and said, Hey! Hey! He looked with those big bleary eyes red hot eyes at me. He said, Aye brother although you're cast out by the devil and directed the very channels ahead glory to God if you've got any desire he could see. He took his old bonnet and went out.

I'm glad that got retrieved. I'd hardly got up at the wee foot but it started again there's the door opening again. He looked around then he got down to the pew put his head down.

I rolled away with it never bothered him but once or twice he lifted his head up and kind of looked and then down. I was preaching that morning or that evening on the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleansing from all sin all sin. I was bringing on the oil.

The oil disappeared and I'm left with that fellow again. I was dead scared. At last I went up and I gave him a shot says, Aye friend he looked at me says, You were lying tonight.

Says, I was not. Says, You were. Says, Don't you call me a liar.

Says, You lied. No I didn't. You said all sin.

Says, That's what God said. Says, Not all sin. Says, I won.

Says, The unpardonable sin. Says, Uh oh. Says, See I've committed it.

Says, That's why you live it. Says, If anybody does you live it. Says, I missed it.

Says, If you confide in me I'll tell you before God whether you have or not. So I sat for a while. You see I was born brought up in the highlands of Scotland.

My father was an elder. He was chief gamekeeper of the Duke of Sutherland's estate since I was a white boy. Since I was fond of the Duke's peasants now and again and I used to snare a few rabbits now and again.

And he said one night I was going along a date with my double barred gun to see what they what I had in the snare to see how many rabbits I could figure. Says, Just as I turned the corner one of the gamekeepers was there. Says, Without hesitation I took the gun by the double bar and I had him with a half of the gun blast his brains out and then that's when it started.

My God he says I can see it now I can see now. Says, I forgot to take my saddle down. I said, Are you gone crazy? Says, I want to ask you something.

In spite of all that you've done twenty five years you've spent in jail he was out on a ticket to leave. Says, For five years I've been out and I've never had a night's sleep except under dope or drink. I'm in hell.

Says, I listen. Have you still got faith in the in the old bible that you were brought up and have faith. Do you believe that Jesus could forgive you? Yes I do.

But I listen. All manner of faith and blessings shall be forgiven unto men but this till he was born and went out. By day the sweat was on me and I was glad to see him out.

Next night when I got up to the pulpit and hardly got started two comes in but my boy his wife his hair combed eyes bloodshot yes but Canada his garments faded tidy filthy yes tidy says, I come to tell you boys I couldn't get through quick enough I'm down to the ground and if I don't do it you know what happens. You see last night I was in the working men's lodging house and I lay in the bunk he says the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleansed me from all sin had my first night's sleep without soap and lint oh friend you may erase in hell give me the greatest death for I've ever lived give me the white wise sepulchre of a hypocrite of the deepest degree never mind what you're saying here's the proclamation of the God all manner of things shall be forgiven unto men only this no ordinary sin who are the people that usually commit this sin it's always religious people respectable people highly respected people cultured people who are the people that usually commit this sin it's always religious people respectable people highly respected people cultured people. You can't show me one message in that Bible that was a desperado, or a down-and-outer, or a hobo or a bum.

There were church members, church officers, church leaders, religious leaders of the day, Sadducees, Pharisees, Herodians. These are the ones. Sisters, born of God-fearing parents, brought up in the very lap of religion, baptized into covenant grace.

In your early days you came in by confirmation to your church, or by baptism to your church. You've gone through all the riches. You're living a decent life, respectable life, not converted, not born again, not saved.

You don't like those things. You believe as long as you do the best you can, and follow the light of your conscience, that that's all there is to it. You're the one that's nearest to sin, than all the desperados and hobos that's living today.

There's more hope for all the heartless, some of you beautiful women. There's more hope for all the drunken pimps that ever crawled along the streets on the road to hell, compared to some of you elders indeed. You've sinned against life.

You've shut your heart against the truth of God. You've stuck to your own preconceived unscriptural notions. You've denied the very blood of Christ and done death's fight to the spirit of grief.

That's the one. That's the one it can be. My divine angelic vision here tonight, I see a sight in this hall that'll break my heart.

On the forehead, God has set a mark, indelibly a mark, for man is yet as blind in the dark. I wouldn't like to see that. There is a line by us unseen, and it crosses every path.

The hidden boundary between God's mercy and God's wrath. To cross that line it is to die. To die as if by self, it does not dull the beaming eyes or pale the glow of health.

The conscience lives to the deed. The spirit light and gaze, that which is pleasing still may please, and tears be thrust away. But on the forehead, God has set indelibly a mark, unseen by man, for man is yet as blind in the dark.

But angels see that fatal sign, and tremble at the sight, and devils trace that lurid line with hellish delight. And yet the doomed man spots below, like Eden may have bloomed, he does not, will not, feel or know, or think that he is doomed. He thinks and feels that all is well, and every fear comes.

He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, not only doomed but damned. Oh, where is this mysterious bourne by which our path is crossed, beyond which God himself has sworn that he who goes is lost? How far may we go on in sin? How long will God forbear? Where does hope end, and where begins the content of despair? An answer from despair is sent. He that from God departs, while it is called today, repent, and harden not your heart.

Can we tell anybody that they sinned, they sinned, they sinned? Is there any way to defend us? I'll, I'll not, if I have the strength and the time to go up and down these streets nine times out of ten, I'll tell you this. Every effect this time must have an adequate cause. And when you really get saved, the effect is manifest.

You'll have the witness. You'll have a changed life, the outward evidence. And when you send away your day of grace, when you cross the boundary line, certain symptoms appear.

You can't avoid, you can't evade or escape it. And anybody with intelligent understanding of the word of God, they can tell just exactly where you are, what's happening. Let me give you some of these symptoms, dear friends.

First, when you send away your day of grace, when you commit the unpardonable sins, then there is never any inner response to any gospel of these. No more. Thy heart is cold and silent, and thy Saviour's pleading to please.

The one next day, stumbling and trembling, pale face. Here I am. You're as cold as a dust.

Not a move. Not a move. If I thunder at all the judgment of God, then the wrath of God fills you with indignation.

So I talk about the love of Calvary and the blood of Christ. You think that you can presume upon the love of God and by and by get away with it. But no response.

No response to the mess. No repentance. No pain.

No brokenness. All the means of grace that God has provided, absolutely unavailable. Like water spilled on the ground.

Another evidence is this. When you send away your day of grace, there is no further recognition of need. A man came to God one day and said, God, I thank Thee that I am not like other men are.

I give my good to feed the poor. I thank Thee of all I possess. I fast so many times a week.

No sense of need. No recognition of need. Wrapping the rags and relics of your own respectability, churchianity and boosted morality, you wrap them around you.

Say, thanks God, I'm not like other people. Whenever the spirit of God ceases to thrive with you, you get buoyed up and filled up with a bastard hope regarding the good deeds you've done and the kind of good life that you've lived. Let me appeal to those of you here tonight that are saved by the grace of God.

Isn't the recognition of need in your heart greater today than ever it was? Conscious of any sin or conscious of anything that may have been wrong? Aren't we under the pains of hell till we're under the cleansing blood and peace-seeking blood of Christ again? Not you. Not you. Say, I'm all right.

You didn't talk to me. I'm quite satisfied. I have a good God and I thank God for me.

He's all right and I'm all right and everything's all right on me. Another symptom, dear friend, is this. There is no repentance on account of sin.

I thank God every day of this that I can repent. The sweet grace of God. A broken, broken heart.

A contrite spirit. God says He never despises. But you stand up and say, Lord, nobody knows about it.

The sin's been done in secret and you can roll it around your tongue. You can riot in it. You can live with it.

The only thing that would annoy you is if you got caught in it or if you had to be punished on account of it. Immediate punishment. But no repentance.

Give any amount of remorse now and again. Go to jail there and you'll see a great deal of remorse. Go to the penitentiary and you'll find any amount of remorse.

Sorry for what they've done. Sorry for the consequences. Sorry for what they're suffering.

But no repentance. Go to jail and they're back at the same old thing again. The dogs to his vomit and the cows to her wallowing in the mire, it is the best.

You laugh at sin. You live in sin. You riot in sin.

Make a laugh at sin. The man or woman that's in a state of grief, the sense of sin cuts him like a knife. Like the sharp crack of a whip on his conscience until he's pardoned and blessed again and gone.

Another evidence is this. There's no realization of your danger. There's nothing but the skin in your ribs this moment and your soul in the bottomless pit of the lake of fire.

One heartbeat and you're damned and doomed for eternity. Doesn't bother you one bit. Men and women are dying so suddenly around us every day.

Not a moment's time. Off they're off. You may be the next.

Doesn't bother you. You'll lay your head on your pillow tonight as calm and collected as a child laying his head on his mother's arm. You'll laugh and you'll dance with your heels around until half the night's gone and there's nothing but one heartbeat between you and eternal damnation.

Laugh and laugh it off. No realization of danger. Man alive, those of us who are saved by the grace of God and being kept, we're shouting and singing and praising God that we're not in hell and that we're not on the road to hell.

That the danger is past. Oh, the love that clutters. Oh, the blood that butters.

And oh, the grace that is brought You! Ha ha! You don't believe in hell anymore. A kind good God. Would he put anybody and his children in hell? No, there's no children of God in hell.

Not one. Never has been. Never will be.

There's not a child of God on the road to hell. Who's on the road to hell? You. Brats of the devil.

Children of your father the devil. Who's in hell? Children of the devil. None of God's children in hell.

You wrap yourself around and say, oh, a good kind God, it'll be all right. No, no. The wicked shall be turned into hell and all nations that forget God.

How shall we escape when we neglect so great shall be? It doesn't cost you that. No sense of danger. Laugh it off.

We're doing a real joke. Hell's a naughty business. Obsolete kind of a thing.

We've been gotten by a lot of purpuritans going back a couple of hundred years ago to terrify and scare. But in this modern day we're living in, who can do away with the thing all again? Aye. Keep you comfortable, go to hell.

It'll not make hell any cheaper. And it'll not make hell any more dreadful to dwell in. Let me give you another one, friend.

I was going to give a whole lot more, but I'll give one more. When you've sinned away in your day of grace, boys, you hate. You hate that doctrine and you hate the preacher that was there to tell you.

For you to stand up here as I'm doing and tell you that you're a sinner, lost and ruined, the curse of God on you, a deceitful heart, you were born in sin and shaped in iniquity, you're totally depraved, absolutely devoid of any good in your heart and the possession of every sin and iniquity the world has ever known, and manage it, makes you curse your people. That you're told that you're the object of the wrath of God, and that when you die you're damned and doomed for eternity. Manage it for the death of it.

You listen as you go down there tonight when you're in the crowd down there. Listen to what you'll hear. You'll hear something like that.

And you'll be bigoted, you'll be bigoted, you'll call the preacher every name under God's head. He's everything but a gentleman, he's everything but a Christian, and he's not fit to be a preacher, anything under heaven. He's like that.

But if he'll get up and tell you, if you live a good life and do the best you can and join church, and take twenty shillings in the pound, you'll just feel like an old cat with a feet of cream. Say man, that's the thing. That's the thing.

Follow the lady of conscience, serve the golden rule, try to keep the ten commandments, and a good, kind God wouldn't send anybody to hell. God never sent anybody to hell except the devil, and his angels. Who goes to hell? Volunteers.

You're the boy that puts yourself in hell. God couldn't put you in hell. The devil couldn't put you in hell.

Men couldn't put you in hell. Sin couldn't damn you. In your faith, in your destiny, you can say to God, I respect and I refuse.

God can't change, but He ratifies your decision. You can't escape. Oh no, God never made you for hell.

God never made you made hell for you. He made it for the devil and his angels, and if you not break with the devil, you'll live with the devil and the damned through eternity. But you're the one that does it.

Why is this an unpardonable sin? Is there anything that God can't forgive? Is there any sin so strong that the grace of God can't overcome? Is there any sin so crimson-dyed that the blood of Jesus Christ can't wash, make white as snow? No, that's not it. Supposing that I had a row with Brother Thompson, let's say, and we just had a real good fight about it. And I come to Brother Thompson and I say, Brother, I forgive you.

He says, you keep it. I want only your forgiveness. I forgive you.

Now, your friend, that's the unpardonable sin. God offers you mercy. He offers you pardon.

He has given His Son to die for you in your room instead, and He freely offers, freely offers, without money or without grace, you see, to bring it back on His feet. Well, you can insult God. You can insult God, and He heals you the same as you do.

He'll bring it back on your feet, but don't forget what you did. So the unpardonable sin is the obstinate, possessive, deliberate, willful rejection of Jesus Christ as your sin. Until there comes a time when the opposite draws, and you feel your doom, and ensure your death.

I don't know how you feel, dear friends, but I'll tell you this. You wouldn't get up and preach as I'm preaching now. Expect to have a good night's sleep the night before.

The awful fact of preaching a gospel like that. Men are doomed, feeling their doom and damnation. But I'm looking in the eyes of some of you that are now fixing your destiny for heaven.

It's awful. It's awful. I wonder what I could do.

I thank you for your attention, for your patience, for your sympathetic attention. But I say, what am I going to do? What can I do to get you to give you of any desire at all? What can I do to keep you from rushing to your doom? In the American Civil War, there was a young lad there. He ran away from home.

He left his widowed mother. He lied to the authorities that he was on a certain age, and he was younger than that. And in those days, he had the drum.

And in one of the battles, they had shells, they had cannonballs. Hit him on the left shoulder and tore the arm off. Part of the body was badly damaged.

When they got the hold of the lad, they did everything they possibly could to stop the blood. The doctor said to the nurse, as the boy was lying there unconscious, he said, he was nearly hopeless. If these deliriums seize him, he's not held down in the bleak of death.

He sat there by the hour during the quiet night, hours of the night. When delirium would seize him, he would soothe, cool, quiet. And then he seemed to fall into a natural sleep.

Over in this cot here was a poor fellow, groaning, needing some assistance. She looked at the boy and seemed all right. Turned to help him.

She had hardly turned till the boy was up. He was mad delirious, one arm flashing around, going through that awful chart. The blood was beginning to pump.

She raised two men straight under the bandages and gripped their backs with her fingers and thumbs. Sent for the doctor. Consciousness was brought back to the boy.

The doctor just said, let him go. The weaned fellow looked up into the nurse's face and said, no, I can't die. Don't let me go.

I broke my mother's heart. I lied to my mother. I can't die.

She held as steady as she could. This lad tried to turn her face away. He was gone.

And the providence of God by hand has laid upon you here tonight. As long as I hold you, you're healthy. Maybe in a state of grief.

You've been pronounced with an addiction. You're doomed, maybe sick. You're dead.

It's an awful thing. While I hold you, there's hope. While I'm holding you, there's hope.

You're awful kneeling. You're awful kneeling. Almost persuaded.

Almost. I forgot to pronounce you that addiction. You put an awful burden and responsibility on me.

I can't trespass on the patience of God's feet. Take care you don't weary God. Take care.

Shall we have a wee word of prayer together? Friend, if I could settle it for you, I'd settle for you now. But I can't. God can't.

The devil can't. Your minister can't. Your mother and father can't.

There's only one that can settle that, not you. You're trembling in the balance. You're still in a state of grace.

You're anxious. You're concerned. You're disturbed.

Thank God. Thank God you're still in a state of grace. Oh, brother, sister, I beseech you, don't quench the spirit.

Don't put the light out. Don't kill your conviction. Don't strife with the Holy Ghost.

There are those of you, and your heart is cold and silent, and thy Savior's pleadings have ceased. No hope for you. You've fixed your destiny and you've fixed your doom.

But I'm talking to those of you who are anxious, who do feel your need, who have a fear of God. These are evidences that you haven't crossed the line. Oh, dear friend, don't cross that line today.

Give your soul a chance. What spite have you got against yourself? Why should you damn your soul when God has provided for your salvation? Oh, most persuaded, come, come today. Oh, most persuaded, turn not away.

Jesus' angels are in green leaves, red rice. Oh, wonder, come. Sing that verse softly again.

Oh, most persuaded, come, come today. Oh, most persuaded, turn not away. Oh, most, Oh, verse in all our heaven.

Oh, most persuaded, harvest is passed. God helps. Oh, most persuaded, doom comes at last.

Oh, most, cannot evade. Oh, most assured to say. Sad, sad, that bitter way.

Oh, most, man is terrible. But Lord, oh, dear friend, before we're dismissed, will you let me plead with you again? Don't, don't turn your back away. Don't, don't quench this spirit.

While you're still near, in your heart say, Jesus, I come. Just as I am, I come. He will in no way cast you aside.

I am the door. By me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved. I give unto them eternal life.

They shall never perish. Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. Oh, don't be frightened at first.

Don't be frightened to come to Him tonight. We pray thee, O Lord, that impressions that have been made and convictions that have been really begotten, Lord, may Satan not be allowed to trifle with thee. We pray that deepening anxieties may become unbearable and intolerable, until at last they're compelled to cry, I'll hold out no longer.

Lord, grant that some here tonight may have really come, really trusted. Heal them by thy Spirit. Assure them that their sins are blotted out, and they return to life.

Undertake for us, guide us as to what we should do and what they should do. We ask it in Jesus' name. Amen.

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