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No. 11.

TIMES OF REFRESHING



MORNINGS

(IN DUBLIN.)

Tuesday Noon Prayer Meeting.

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METROPOLITAN HALL.

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NOON
TUESDAY PRAYER-MEETING,
METROPOLITAN HALL.

THE service commenced by singing—

“Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise.”

Mr. Smith then read the 13th of John's Gospel. “Now before the feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that His hour was come, that He should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own, He loved them unto the end.”

He said, “Wherever we see Jesus, the Son of God, He is always the same in His love. Every scene revealed of Him tells of the unalterable ONE: the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Having loved us in the past—in a dateless eternity, whilst in the bosom of the Father—He loved us still while on earth. In transfiguration and glory on the holy mount, or in crucifixion and shame on the cross, it was all the same. And, oh! His love is as endless as it is timeless. As to man, his love comes and goes—is full of vicissitude. Society, wealth, an evil world, the flesh, or the atmosphere we breathe, may change it in a moment. It is not so with Jesus. His is the only perfect love

on earth—a flower which never dropt its beauty, or lost its fragrance. It bowed in the night-shade of Gethsemane, and amidst the hell of Calvary, but it remained in perfection through it all. What a love is it to rely upon! The only perfect love.

‘Earthly friends may fail or leave us:
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend can ne’er deceive us.
Oh, how He loves !’”

Having spoken of the love of Christ to His Church, and pausing at verse 5, “After that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples’ feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded,” he remarked three things.

“1. That these feet which Jesus thus washed were the *feet of disciples*. For our acceptance and perfect holiness before God, Christ Himself is everything we need.

‘He my Redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness.’

But down here, in this wilderness, our feet are in constant contact with the earth, and are, therefore, in contact with what encumbers and defiles. Many imagine that because of this contact with its corresponding defilement, they are *not* disciples. What would you say of your child who, because of his soiled condition, declared with sorrow that he was no more one of your family, and could not, as aforetime, go in to the family circle, or again sit at its table. According to such a rule, who could remain a child even for a single day?

“2. There are *daily defilements*.

“Where was the pilgrim in eastern lands, or the child of weary foot that could walk, except in contact with a road that left daily traces of itself?

“Our path, dear believers, lies over a world full of defilement. Every day we are in close contact with its evils, their influences and issues. And it will be so till the end. Jesus knew this. He provided for this. ‘He keepeth the feet of His saints.’ There is a sense in which they are *His own feet*. ‘For, as we have lately seen, ‘we are members together of His body, His flesh, and His bones.’ Can the *Head* be regardless of the members? Can it allow any neglect of their condition? Oh beautiful lesson this! ‘I,’ saith Jesus, ‘am going to my Father, you are to remain a little while here. See this towel, this basin, this water; behold an image of my care over you, how when inside the vail I will undertake to meet all your necessities. And in doing this it is but an expression of my love, which will be the same then as now; and also of my care of my own—for ye are not your own, ye are my disciples, members of my body—ye *are* my body.’ We say, Oh beautiful lesson! beautiful as it reflects on Him; and beautiful in what it secures to us. For—

“3. What are the advantages which this washing contains? There is the one we have named, that it *cleanses*. But is there not another? As long as we are pilgrims, we shall need the *refreshment* it gives. Nothing is so refreshing as the cleansing of the feet, especially in eastern countries, where the heat and the dust

render constant ablutions necessary. Thus the feet of Jesus Himself were often soothed and eased after (patient laborer that He was) that He had been all day going through cities or villages attended by the multitude; coming to such a resort as Bethany, first, the washing of His feet; then the couch; then the supper; then a disciple leaning on His bosom, indulging his love at the very fountain of love. Now, not only are we cleansed, we are refreshed. The Truth does both of these. So also our Bethanys of Christian fellowship. Personal communion with our cleansing High Priest within the vail refreshes us. The very services of this Hall; the hymns we sing—such as, ‘Here is no rest, no rest;’ or, ‘I would commune with Thee, my God;’ or, ‘Now I have found a Friend;’ or, ‘One there is above all others;’ all refresh us.

“And are not our souls refreshed by the constant anticipations we have of that

—‘Land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign?’

For, ‘there,’ there, is rest. There, there, is unbounded fellowship. How blessed is the prospect! for there we shall walk with Eve; and talk to Rebecca; and listen to the seraphic Isaiah; and be in company with John—the beloved John, who reclined on the bosom of Jesus; and Mary—that Mary that anointed Him; and behold the tearless Jeremiah, and David, and Joseph, and Abraham. And oh! when we speak of our future companions, where can we stop? They are a multitude. But,

beyond all others, we shall see Him before whom we shall cast our crowns, and tune our harps. Yes, we shall gaze upon Him, 'the chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely.'

"Many other lessons are taught by this priestly act of Jesus—that of washing His disciples' feet; for, if Jesus washed His disciples' feet, we ought to wash one another's feet. The same mind which was in Him, should be also in us—the mind of love, condescension, watchfulness, and sympathy. May the Lord the Holy Ghost give us a blessed realization of *the truth*, to-day, that even *now* it may not only cleanse but refresh our spirits."

LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING FOR CONVERSION.

There were many letters, each of which told of the writer's conversion.

One writer says, "I desire to return humble, yet hearty thanks to God, for what He has done for me, in opening the eyes of my understanding to see Jesus. I wonder at myself how I could have lived so long without Christ. I cannot describe my present joy and happiness. Will you pray that my faith may be strengthened, for I am very weak; but feel sure that He who hath begun the good work, will perform it until the day of Christ."

Another writes, "Will you praise the Lord for me. Since I attended those meetings, the Lord has revealed Himself and His dear Son to me. O the preciousness and joy of being able to say—

"Now I have found a friend;
Jesus is mine."

Ask the Lord's people to pray earnestly that I may be kept by the power of God."

Next, "I was without Christ before coming to those meetings; and cannot tell you the great change which the Lord has wrought in me. Jesus has become precious to my soul; and you, dear sir, were the means of bringing me to know the truth as it is in Jesus. Will you return thanks to the Lord for me."

Next, "I cannot write as I desire to do. The feelings of my heart no words can express, when I think what the truth you preach has become to my soul."

A London friend writes to this effect. "I know it will give you and the dear friends at the Hall and Kingstown great pleasure to hear that, since our visit to the County of Surrey, there have been signs of a 'Time of Refreshing'; and already there are a few drops of a coming shower in our village, where I stayed a fortnight. We held a meeting, at which I gave them an account of the Lord's work in your neighbourhood; and then prayed for the Promise of the Father. The first indications of a revival of the Lord's work here were after a sermon, preached by an Independent minister in a Wesleyan Chapel, which shows, I think, how good it is for Christian watchmen to work one with another. This blessed work has broken out in the Congregational, the Episcopalian, and the Wesleyan Churches. Some of the clergy, aristocracy, and gentry seem opposed to it; but there are more with than against us. And *the Lord is on our side*. Pray for us, that the Lord may send forth the light of His glorious Gospel where darkness and ignorance reign."

Next, "I am one whom the Lord Jesus has brought to Himself; and now my heart yearns to do something for Him who hath done so much for me. I can sing with Mary, ' My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.' "

Another writes, "At one of your meetings I was brought to know, through the Word preached, that my sins are forgiven me. Will you return thanks to God."

Next, "You may remember speaking to a young lady about her soul; she was then convinced of sin, and attended your meeting last Tuesday; and, after leaving, while walking to the train, Jesus was revealed to her. Oh, what a blessed work is going on in our midst."

"The inmates of a public bank desire to return thanks to Almighty God, for preserving them from the great peril of fire with which that establishment was threatened."

Next, "A sister returns thanks for her brother, whose conversion she believes to be in answer to prayer."

Next, "I came up from the country in a bad state of health, believing myself to be on the very brink of eternity; but in a short time could go out, and was led to the Hall, where I got peace and joy in the Lord Jesus. Will you now return thanks to God for my restoration to both bodily and spiritual health. I am one who will always remember, with gratitude, your services in the Metropolitan Hall."

LETTERS OF PERSONAL ANXIETY.

There were many letters from individuals

under great personal concern for salvation. A few of which were read.

One writes, "I am deeply anxious, and earnestly solicit the prayers of the Lord's people. Oh, do pray for me ! My soul is overwhelmed with the longing desire it hath after Jesus."

Next, "And will you pray for me. I have attended your meetings, and find I need a Saviour, but fear I am too wicked. I am miserable. I cannot find Jesus. My heart is hard. I hope I shall soon be able to believe. Will you also pray for my eldest sister, who is anxious."

Next, "Will you pray for one who cannot pray for himself; that his eyes may be opened, and his ears unstopped; that the light of the glorious Gospel may penetrate his dark soul."

Another writes, "Will you and the Lord's people pray for me. I am in a state of deep spiritual distress. I am twenty years of age. Oh, that God may meet with me to-day; for I cannot rest without Christ. I am truly longing to find Jesus. My brother and sister have both been recently converted."

These few extracts represent all the other letters of personal anxiety; it is just the one burden—"Jesus ! we want Jesus."

As samples of another class—a mother writing from *Somersetshire*, says, "I entreat the prayers of the Lord's people for the conversion of my son, a youth of nineteen. If I could I would bring my beloved boy over, to be present at your meetings, with the hope and full expectation of his being converted; but I cannot do it; but I throw him upon your prayers and

sympathies. Oh, dear sir, he is my *only* son ; and his soul is precious in God's sight. Plead for him as a sinner who needs a Saviour."

One writes thus from the Hydropathic Institution, Blarney, "I send requesting prayer for this establishment. There are one hundred and thirty here at present, very few of whom are on the Lord's side ; the rest are worldly ; and some are very near eternity. Some were converted at your meeting in Clare."

A young man writes from *New Zealand* thus, "Will you and the Lord's people pray for me, that though at the other side of the globe, I may share in the blessing so richly descending upon you."

After the reading of the letters, a gentleman stood up, (Fred. Wills, Esq., of Bristol,) and asked the prayers of all present for himself and friend — both of whom had come hundreds of miles, to pray that the Spirit of God would quicken their own souls, and upon their return home make them instrumental in quickening the souls of others.

Before engaging in prayer, the Holy Spirit's aid was invoked in the verse—

" Come, Holy Spirit."

After much prayer, in which the individuals represented by letters were specially remembered, also the many anxious persons present, the twenty-sixth hymn was sung—

" I heard the voice of Jesus say—
Come unto me and rest."

Mr. Smith then addressed the meeting.

NOTES OF THE ADDRESS.

"I desire to direct your attention to that declaration made by our Lord to His disciples—

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—JOHN xii. 32.

"The Lord of life and glory had already a few glimpses of the joy set before Him—a few drops from the cup of salvation. As an earnest of life from the tomb, He saw Lazarus, who sat down with Him to meat just before the passover. Then He had a gleam of His glory yet to come after the order of Melchisedec, who was king of Salem—king of peace. The voices were prophetic of those who came out to meet Him, crying 'Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' He knew, that as king, He should yet stand forth, the infinitely glorious and glorified One! the glorified Son of Man! the King of kings, and Lord of lords! And that from the river to the ends of the earth, men of every color and hue—of every tongue and tribe—shall flock around Him, and shout the true 'hosannah!' and sing the true 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!'

"He had a glimpse, too, of the joy of the time when men shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down in the kingdom. Yes, He had it in those Greeks of whom we read in this chapter, who came to the disciples saying, 'Sir, we would see Jesus;' for they were an earnest of all those Gentile nations yet to come to see the 'brightness,' and of those kings who would be allured by His glory.

“ Meanwhile, Jesus must die ; hence He said, ‘ Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.’

“ Let me direct your attention to two things in the text. First, the event specified—‘ And I, if I be lifted up ;’ and secondly, the influence of that event—‘ will draw all men unto me.’ And as we consider it, may God reveal this truth to your minds, and may Jesus become exceedingly precious to many hearts, drawn by the inexpressible love and power of His cross ; and may He be so lifted up, that the promise, ‘ I will draw all men unto me,’ may be known and felt by every one of us.

“ In the first place, as to *the event*. When did the lifting up of the Lord of light and glory have its beginning ? From eternity He was lifted up—elevated in the mind of God, as He said, ‘ Lo, I come to do thy will, O God.’ When He left the bosom of the Father, it was to accomplish that which was ‘ written of Him.’ And then as to the Father, it was the dearest and most wondrous idea which ever entered His mind—to lift up Jesus—to give the dear Son OF HIS LOVE. Far back then, in the ages of eternity, ‘ God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life ;’ and when, as time began down here, and ‘ all the sons of God shouted for joy,’ it was not so much the display of God’s omnipotence, wisdom, or sovereign skill, shown forth in creation, which called forth their songs—it

was because that through the Son of Man on this very earth—in His being lifted up for salvation—the highest glory would be brought to that Being in whom they so delighted.

“God lifted up Jesus when the blood trickled down from Abel’s dying sacrifice. There we have atonement through suffering. And when God redeemed Israel—brought them out of Egypt, and caused them to pass through the Red Sea dry-shod; and gave them the tabernacle wherein, though veiled and dim, redemption was seen—Jesus was lifted up; and all the rites and ceremonies of the Levitical age were just the opening up, and detailed manifestation of salvation through Christ; in other words, it was God Himself lifting up to the eye of needy man the provision of His love in the gift of His Son. Everything told of Christ.

“As I was engaged in my own private reading this morning, I came to the verse where Moses says, ‘A Prophet shall the Lord raise up unto you, of your brethren, *like unto me*.’ I thought, what does it mean? ‘*like unto me*.’ Why not like unto Enoch, or some other? why not like unto *Aaron*? and I looked at it in this way—In the dispensation under which Moses and Aaron lived, God had so ordered that Aaron, though high priest—and in that respect represented Christ—could not enter into the holy place *without* blood; for dying for man, and as the God-Man, Christ could not enter into the holiest as man’s representative until atonement for sin had been made, and the blood sprinkled, as it were, before the Lord. This He did when He entered heaven—object of His Father’s love,

and the joy of His Father's heart—having done perfectly His Father's will. So much for Aaron. But now as to Moses. Among many other resemblances, Moses COULD approach God *without blood*. He spoke often with the Lord face to face, as a man with his friend; and here we see Jesus in His righteousness, as Son of God, made a Prophet *like unto* Moses, though far above him in His absolute and essential perfection. He, 'who knew no sin,' could have gone back to heaven at any moment without blood, *without dying*—could have entered the holiest in His own essential righteousness, and by virtue of His Godhead. Thus, in Moses—who could approach God in peace, without blood—have we a lifting up, in shadow, of His own essential perfection and rights. In His likeness to Aaron it was all in the light of what He was for man, as a sinner, in His work.

"But now let us rather step aside, and see the lifting up of Jesus as He hung upon the accursed tree. Oh! there never was such a lifting up as that! There were others who were lifted up; but none were so illustrious as this. They were at most men—this man was the God-Man. They were sinners—this the sinless One. They born in sin—He knew no sin: Yet He hung there as *the guilty One*—suffered as the guilty One—bled as the guilty One—died as the guilty One. What a spectacle! How disinterested! How wonderful!

'See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!'

‘Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my heart, my life, my all.’

Other men, in all ages, have been lifted up, but no such events accompany *their* death. The earth shook and quailed beneath the curse and weight of *His* cross—the heavens gathered blackness—the day became night, as if frowning over so sad a scene.

‘Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut *His* glories in,
 While God, the mighty Saviour, died
 For man—the creature’s sin.’

That solar orb seemed as if it dared not shine upon such a death. Why the very dead rose out of their graves; and there—see! in the temple, as the priest was alone, engaged in the evening service of that temple, (little knowing, in his lone condition, what was going on outside,) an invisible hand, before his own eye, rent the veil in twain, from the top to the bottom—emblematic of the glorious fact that the King of heaven, by virtue of *His* cross, had now ‘opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.’ Ah! was there ever such a lifting up? Come and see it, all ye anxious, seeking sinners—‘Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.’ Come, behold the greatness and humiliation of Him who said, ‘I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.’ Come, see His death and victory! Come, see your own death—He died *for you*; your victory—He will live again for you.

“And now He Himself had said, ‘Thou wilt

not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.' Yet must He lie in the *place* of corruption. The agent in this is Joseph of Arimathea. I have been, thought he, a secret disciple of Jesus for some time, and perhaps I shall never have another opportunity of showing my love to Him. Oh ! I can bear it no longer—I will go at this eleventh hour and make confession of my love. Accordingly, when all others had forsaken Him, he went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus ; and having taken down the precious but mangled remains from the cross, he wrapt it in fine linen, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out of a rock, and which was intended a vault sacred to his own family. Yes, there (and it will not be forgotten of him) 'he laid Him.' But as He whom they styled 'that deceiver,' had spoken, while yet alive, of resurrection, His enemies must needs set a guard of Roman soldiers (forty men) to watch the corpse of the crucified One. They rolled a great stone, and even sealed that stone. They had thus a three-fold security. But on the first appearance of the third day, very early in the morning, God, who heard the dying cry, 'It is finished,' 'quickened him' as He lay in His grave, and then raised Him from the dead. Devoted women came—Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, and looked down into the open, empty sepulchre. Ah ! how calm and how orderly was everything ! not at all as if its occupant had either been stolen away, or rising, went out of it in a hurry ; for there lay the napkin *folded*, and angels—se-

renely posted—one at the foot and another at the head, where the body had lain. Beautiful power this! and possession! in the very place of death! and of corruption! But now no death, no corruption. They sat calm and dignified, and the place was like the place of a battle when the victor returns and looks upon it with feelings of satisfaction, and triumph and joy!

“ But although so much was there, Mary Magdalene wanted more—she wanted the blessed Jesus Himself; and as she turned, she saw a man standing by her; and supposing him to be the gardener said to him, ‘Sir, if you have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.’ How impetuous and presumptive oftentimes is real love! It was so in Mary, a poor weak woman. She imagined if she only knew where the corpse was, she could carry it away. The supposed gardener said, ‘*Mary!*’ Ah! how she must have started at the sound of her own name! Then, as she turned her wondering gaze up from the tomb, and her eyes met His, she fell down before Him saying; ‘*Rabboni!*’ and oh! she felt—for there wasn’t time for thought—Let me kiss His feet! let me embrace Him! let me feast myself upon His love! ‘*Mary,*’ He said again, ‘Touch me not. I am not ascended to my Father *yet.*’ You will have many opportunities of kissing my feet—plenty of time to indulge your love; but not now. Think of others a little *now*; as the angel said, ‘Go your way, tell his brethren, *and Peter.*’ Mark that! ‘*and Peter,*’ oh, love so tender, so infinite, so changeless! ‘*and Peter!*’ for he was the one

who had cursed, and denied Him, and who, had it been another's love, might deem himself uncared for now ; therefore the mention of Peter. ' Go tell them I AM RISEN FROM THE DEAD.'

" And now, a little while afterwards, He had yet a further ' lifting up.' On one day, when they were all happy together, He took His disciples to the top of a mountain ; and when on its summit, a cloud gradually descended, and parted, He—the Son of Man—entered it, and ascended in it up on high to His Father and His God ; and all the way up, as far as the eye could reach, the sorrowing ones below watched Him—on and on, the cloud went, till He was received out of their sight ; for beyond the parted sky, as the great High-Priest for man, was He lifted up from earth to heaven—from outside the camp, where He had offered Himself in sacrifice for sin to His place within the veil, where He took the blood. The everlasting gates flew back upon their hinges as He entered, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand of the armies of heaven shouted aloud, as they clap their wings in triumph to hail Him back again among them—the conqueror of hell, and death, and the grave. Hark ! as He enters how they cry, ' Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.' And still they cry, ' Who is the King of Glory ? The Lord, mighty in battle, He is the King of Glory.' And loud and long they sing, ' *Thou ART* the King of Glory, O Christ ! Thou art the King of Glory, O Lord.' Ah ! dear friends, is

not this a lifting up? a lifting up from the cross to the crown—from earth to heaven—from the place of sin, and death, and the grave, to the very highest throne His Father could give Him, where He now sits, far above all principalities; where He now sits, to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins.

“But now consider, secondly, *the influence of this event*—‘I will draw all men unto me.’ Not that all will be drawn. I have a letter here asking me what right I have to say that thousands who once sat in worldly merriment and sin in this Hall are now in hell. I said it, because I know that thousands—the mere votaries of earth—never yield to the attractions of the cross, and are therefore *not* saved. And alas! though I lift up Jesus to-day, and tell you the meaning of His life and death, His resurrection from the dead and His ascension to heaven, yet if you know Him not for yourselves—if you believe not on Him—you, notwithstanding your great privileges and opportunities, will die in your sins—die a child of Satan—a victim of his malice—an heir of damnation. Alas! there are thousands in hell who once heard of the lifting up of Jesus, as you do now; but they died unconverted, unsaved.

“Without controversy on this much-controver-
ted text, it is the power of the cross alone which
can draw sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ; and
'all' who have ever been saved, have been saved
by faith in Christ; yes, every sinner, of every
dispensation—from Adam, down, down through
the long line of patriarchs, prophets, priests
and kings—men of every state and condition,

of every shade and color—have been drawn to Jesus, by the power of faith exercised on the testimony of God concerning Him. Nothing else attracted *me*. When I was a child, I often heard the story of the nativity of our Saviour; but that did not draw me. I read of the heavenly glory, as it shone on Tabor; and though I marvelled and wondered, yet it never drew my heart to Jesus. And though I often heard, in conversation, of the complex nature of Jesus—of the person of Jesus, of heaven, and life, and immortality, of the Father's house and the many mansions—yet nothing drew me, nothing softened my heart—which was still hard, or converted my soul—which was still dead, ah no!—

‘ It was the sight of Thy dear cross,
 First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
 And taught me to esteem as dross,
 The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.’

I can appeal to every Christian here, and to you, dear young converts, that you never found rest, peace, hope, comfort, or joy, till you got your arms right round the cross of Jesus. Once there you should rejoice in singing (having Jesus as your title)—

‘ Now, I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 And bid farewell to every fear,
 And dry my weeping eyes.’

Let me say to all inquiring souls, that the meaning of Christ's incarnation, suffering, death, and ascension into heaven, was simply this, that He wrought *the righteousness of God*; and that that righteousness is now *imputed to every sinner who believeth*. Oh, what a word is it! that He

who knew no sin, became sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God. *That*, even the righteousness of God, is what before God we now are if we believe. A gentleman who sat next me in the train coming up from Kingstown, putting a tract into my hand said, 'Sir, that is just what I want.' Oh yes, said he, I want to *feel* my sins and my need of Jesus a great deal more than I do.

"So this man you see *longs* for feeling; while others, whose letters I have received, cannot sleep at night because they have *so much* feeling. Thus Satan works. He comes to one, and says, 'Ah, you are too wicked to be saved; you have already what you deserve—a hell within you. You are a very devil; and no devil was ever saved yet.' And so the poor soul goes on, wretched and miserable—trying by its own religiousness, may be, to get rid of such deep feeling; but to others, he says, 'You cannot be saved, for you have no feeling.'

"All this is *self*. Both want to bring their *improved* selves to Jesus. He tells them to come as *sinners*. They want to come as *saints*. They imagine He died for the *righteous*. He says, the *ungodly*. You must come to the end of self. You may try it till Doomsday to perfect self, but you will never come up to the mark required by God. You may go on your knees, and remain on them till they are worn bare, but will never, by your own working, find what you are seeking for. You will find all you want in what? In **CHRIST**—in 'the righteousness of God in Him'—which righteousness you, on believing, have, and are before God. A wondrous thing

truly is this ! I have all in Christ—acceptance, life, righteousness, holiness, eternal life. Do you ask, How can I get this ? Simply by believing. You have only to believe, and it is yours.

“‘ Now,’ then, ‘is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.’ Come, sinner—come to rest and joy in this righteousness. Come to Christ, and every thing you want, for time and for eternity, will be yours. Time is short. A note I have just received reads thus—‘ One who has got a great blessing by attending one of your meetings, is now in the presence of her Saviour at home in the Promised Land. She died in Brighton ; and her sorrowing brother is now present.’ So it is—one after another sleeps in Jesus. Friend after friend departs. Peace to their memories ! They are at rest with the Lord.

‘ Sometimes I seem to stand
Wrapt in the radiant land,
Singing with the sinless band.’

“‘ Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.’ Oh, then, sinner, let me entreat you, for the time is rapidly coming when you must exchange those seats you now occupy for the judgment seat—and your earthly homes for eternity—a long, long eternity, to be spent either in heaven or in hell. O sirs ! there is but a breath between your soul and eternity—only a breath between you and heaven or hell. But—

‘ While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.’

Oh, that I could take you all, as it were, in my own arms, and put you into the arms of the

blessed Jesus. O ye men of business, who have come in here from Sackville-street, and Dame-street, and William-street; and ye visitors; and ye strangers; and ye mere spectators; and you standing at those passages and doors, if we never meet on earth again, I call you to record, that when I point you to the Lamb of God, and to the righteousness of God, as I have done to-day, I am clear of your blood. Behold, Jesus is as close to you now as he was to the thief on the cross who, when bleeding—suffering—dying—turned his dying eye to Jesus, and heard his Saviour say, ‘To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.’ Oh! yield to the cross of Jesus. Yield to His dying love and power. Yield to the fountain of His blood.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may you, tho' vile as he,
Wash all your sin away.'

We know that many will yield.

“Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom’d Church of God,
Are saved to sin no more.”

'For I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto me. 'Even so, Lord Jesus.' Amen."