

you what the dear people did? They doubted, and doubted, and doubted, till they found themselves in heaven, and then they could doubt no more!

“And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb’s book of life.” A touching and beautiful verse. Our hearts can feel how much that defiles enters them now. Look at a young Christian—bright and happy: an older Christian looks on, and is glad to see that young heart fresh in the love of Christ—that bright joy springing up there. But a mournful thought crosses his soul when he thinks how soon something may creep in if Christ is not completely its object. So also with a company of Christians walking together; the sharp corners that scratch each other arise, and jealousies enter, if Christ is not all. Ah, I say, take care; man’s evil is still in the scene and Satan’s lie. But in the church of God on high, nothing enters but those who are the objects of the love of Christ.

In xxii. 1–5, you have her relative condition; that is, what she is towards the world below—the vessel of grace. The river of full blessing from God takes its rise in the city from the throne of God and the Lamb: only one tree—the tree of life—is there. The tree of responsibility is gone forever. Have you any responsibilities as children of Adam? Not one! Christ united in His own person the principles of the two trees—life and responsibility. He took up and bore the latter for us, as poor sinners, and having done so, He became our life. Have I no responsibilities then? You say. You never had so many, but they are on another footing;—to be what you are—a child