

fort here. What comfort is a changeless love! A man came one day to Lord Shaftesbury, bringing a note from the governor of the Manchester jail, saying that the man who bore the note was utterly incorrigible, and had spent twenty years of his life in prison. Lord Shaftesbury talked kindly to the man, and then said: "John Spiers, shall I make a man of you?" "Yer can try, but yer can't do it," was the discouraging reply, "though I will try too." Lord Shaftesbury placed the man, in a reformatory where the discipline was severe but good, and in three days went to see the man, asking, "Shall we go through with it and save you?" "If yer can," was the answer now; and Lord Shaftesbury placed his hand lovingly on the poor fellow's shoulder, saying, "By God's help we will." Two years afterward this man was met by a friend of Lord Shaftesbury's, clad in good clothing and filling a trusted and honored situation. "Ah!" he said, "it was the earl's kind words did it. That was a new way. I never had a kind word or a loving look given me in my life before, or I might have acted very differently." And there is for us the immutable kindness of the changeless Christ. Here is light on the mysteries of Providence. Over our chastisements, which seem now so strange, there arches the benignant and loving "afterward" of the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

(b) Since Christ is immutably the same, He is changeless in *His promises*. You remember about Mr. Feeble-Mind in Bunyan's "Pilgrim." Then said the poor man, "I am a sickly man, as you see. I have travelled from the town of Uncertain, where I and my father were born. I am a man with no strength at all of body nor yet of mind, but would, if I could, though I can but crawl, spend my life in the pilgrim's way. When I came to the gate that is at the head of the way, the Lord of the place did entertain me freely; neither objected he against my weakly looks nor against my feeble mind, but gave me such things as were necessary for my journey, and

bid me hope to the end. When I came to the house of the Interpreter I received much kindness there. And because the Hill of Difficulty was adjudged too hard for me, I was carried up that by one of his servants. When I was come to Assault Lane, then this giant met with me, and bid me prepare for an encounter. But alas! feeble that I was, I had more need of a cordial; so he came up and took me. I conceited he should not kill me. Also when he got me into his den, since I went not with him willingly, I believed I should come out alive again. For I have heard that not any pilgrim that is taken captive by violent hands, *if he keep heart-whole toward his Master, is to die by the hand of the enemy.*" So steady are the promises of the immutable Christ even to Mr. Feeble-Mind and Mr. Feeble-Faith.

(c) Since Christ is immutable, He is changeless in *His power*. That power of which the resurrection is the utmost specimen and proof is the unrelaxing power at the beck of those who trust.

*Some of the inevitable facts of which the immutability of Christ is ground and reason:*

(a) I must adjust *myself* to this Christ. Since Christ is immutable, He must always be the same in the hatred of sin and in terms of deliverance from it. I must adjust myself to Him, nor expect He can to me. "I remember," says Dr. Maclaren, "away up in a lonely valley, where, beneath a tall black cliff, all weather worn and seamed, there lies at the foot, resting on greenward that creeps around its base, a huge rock that has fallen from the face of the cliff. A shepherd was passing beneath it, and suddenly, when the finger of God's will touched it and rent it from its ancient bed in the everlasting rock, it came down leaping and bounding from pinnacle to pinnacle, and it fell, and the man that was beneath it is there now, ground to powder. Oh, my brethren, that is not my illustration. That is Christ's. Therefore I say unto you, since all that stand against Him