

Or you might go to that pious man, Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, and study his sermons; but it is not in that pious man's mind to fathom the depths of redeeming love. Bless the Lord, his love is unspeakable. You might follow that mighty champion of the Cross, George Whitefield, who held people, as it were, over the bottomless pit, and terrified them, and then told them of the heights and depths of redeeming love; but they were depths which he could not fathom; and while his bones are bleaching in the cold grave, the God of Love still remains the same mighty theme and fathomless mystery. You might sit at the feet of that sanctified man, Mr. Wesley, who sacrificed everything that he had in this world for the love he had for perishing souls, but he would tell you that he could not fathom the depths of redeeming love. You may go with the Tinker of Bedford, and read his *Pilgrim's Progress* through from beginning to end; but the love of God he could not fully describe. Oh, bless the Lord, his love is both unspeakable and unfathomable; and as these mighty men could not fathom the depths nor scale the heights of redeeming love, it is not likely that a poor illiterate coffer can. But I do know that "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son."

If I had wings, and could fly from this dull to-night right up to yon blood-washed throne about the throne, to Abel, that first martyr, who has been singing, "Worthy is the Lamb" for so many thousand years, and ask him about the love of God, he would tell me that we have it set forth in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, "God so loved the world." If I could go to that wise man Solomon, as he sits on a glorious throne up yonder, and if I were to range over the celestial plains of the celestial country, and ask every blood-washed soul how much God loves us, they would say we have it in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, "God so loved the world." If I were to go to the angels, the Cherubim and Seraphim, in the angelic world, and talk to them about the love of God, they would be at a loss to tell me how much God loves us. They could only point to the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, and say, "God so loved the world." If I could enter the celestial company to-

night, and go to that mighty champion and preacher of the faith once delivered to the saints—the Apostle Paul, and say, "Paul, Paul, Paul, how much does God love us?" he would tell us, "There are lengths and breadths, and heights and depths, that pass knowledge, which I have not been able at present fully to comprehend. The knowledge of this love is not within the compass of my mind to understand, much less to tell you, how great, how high, how deep, is God's love in redeeming sinners by the death of his beloved Son." But, bless God, my dear friends, that we have it stated in the good old book, that "God so loved the world," and if God loves the world, he loves you, my beloved friends that are here this night.

I know something about the love of earthly friends. I know what it is to have the love of an affectionate, tender-hearted mother; and I have been reading a letter to-day from my brother, and from my poor old father, seventy-eight years of age, which deeply affected my heart. And, oh, when I take a retrospective view of my past life, and take my mind back to the time when I was led by the hand of a praying mother to church, to hear the word of the living God declared on Sunday, and when I think how she would take me to her knee, and teach me that beautiful prayer, "Our Father, which art in heaven," when I think of the love of that poor old and affectionate mother towards me, it almost overwhelms me as I remember the blackness of my ingratitude towards her. I can remember the time when she put her hands upon me, and said, "God bless thee, lad." A father now myself, I can tell how it was that poor old mother loved her prodigal son. Let me tell you I like to see a mother putting her hand upon the head of her little one, and teaching it that prayer, "Our Father." Oh, what a beautiful thing it is for children to call God their father. I can remember the time when my mother taught me that beautiful prayer, and I shall never forget it. When I was converted, I could not pray much besides. I was preaching one time, and a young man was, through God's grace, converted. As soon as he found peace and pardon, he said, "Oh, Mr. Weaver, will you allow me to pray?"