

ance; and all this we get by means of the good Samaritan, who gives life. And now, having a life, all our wants are supplied.

The good Samaritan was riding, but he got off his beast, and put the poor man on it. They changed places: so Jesus came down from heaven to earth, and took us so to speak, with Him up to heaven. The good Samaritan changed places with the poor man; and Jesus, who was in the bosom of the Father, passed by angels, came and laid hold on the nature of miserable man. He became a man—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; He took me up, and all believing sinners. He bore in His own Person the punishment due to our sins—He took our place in death. And having died for us, all who believe are saved. He died as an atonement, and we who believe have now no atonement to make. We are as He is—justified, accepted, and seated with Him in the very presence of God. He gives us His life, and His peace: the love which He had with the Father is ours. He changed places with us. "The glory which Thou hast given me," He says, "I have given them." And all this is for poor perishing sinners. No wonder is it that we sing, "Happy day!" for we have joy, ah! yes, joy, joy! When He gives us to know something of all this it makes us happy.

But the good Samaritan does more yet. He brings him to the inn: gives him wine: heals his wounds: and pays for all. Next morning the poor man rings the bell, and will pay. But the innkeeper says, "You have nothing to pay." "What," he says, "nothing to pay?" "No, nothing to pay." "What, not for the beast," (for he knows now how he was brought into the house of wine, and healing, and rest). "Nothing." "And nothing for the wine?" "No." "Nor for the oil?" "Nothing." "Who paid for me?" "The good Samaritan." "What, when I used to despise and hate him! I would have no dealings with him. I did nothing but hate him!" "True, he saw you were all that, but he said to himself something like this, 'Ha! when I have restored him, he shall have a harp, and a crown upon his head, and no one will praise me with greater zeal; and if he could not at first find me in heaven, he would go and search all heaven to find me.' Thus he, the good Samaritan, had a thought also of Himself,—of the joy that was set before Him.

There are many in Paris, in your dear France, like that poor man. But the good Samaritan is in Paris. He is here to-night. Jesus is here. Don't you know, believe, and feel He is here? Blessed Samaritan! Good Samaritan! He is looking down into your hearts. He sees you are unhappy. He sees

you are left for dead. He sees Satan has robbed you, robbed your heart. The world has robbed you; you have no peace, for you know you are wicked; but He is looking on you in love. Do you not seem to see Him? He is wiping the dust from your eyes; and He tells me to give you wine—the gladdening news of mercy; spiritually speaking, I am an innkeeper; this house is an inn. Only imagine a crown upon your forehead, and a harp within your hand to praise the Samaritan. And we shall all praise Him together. All know one language! And one song! O, how blessed even to talk of it. Beloved Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, if all this be true, you may be saved to-night. The wine of God's love takes effect at once. This is His blessed wine—the truth about Jesus, which He gives to-night. See how it takes effect. I one day said to a young man who was looking very gloomy—

"What's the matter?" "Ah, Sir, my sins!" "What about your sins?" "I shall be lost." "Can you read?" "Yes." "Will you read this verse.—All we like sheep have gone astray. Have you gone astray?" "Yes"—and am very unhappy.—And we have turned every one to our own way." "You have turned to your way? A drunkard has turned to his own way, an infidel has turned to his way, but God says, 'All have turned to their own way.' He told me, with tears he had." "Will you read the next line.—The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Is that true?" "Sir, may I believe it?" "You will be lost if you do not believe, but if you do believe you will be saved." "May I believe?" "Can you believe what God says?" "May I believe it?" "You will be lost if you don't." And that face so long and full of tears, became like the face of an angel, as he said, "I believe." "Then you are saved?" "Yes." "And are happy?" "Yes." "And at peace with God?" "Yes." He had drunk the wine of the good Samaritan. And the healing oil had been applied. Precious wine! blessed oil!

May the blessed Jesus reveal Himself to you to-night, for think, now, if He bore your sin there is—if you believe in Him—no hell, no suffering, no judgment for you. You are saved. It is the *great thing* to be saved! We are as Christ is, members of the body of which He is the Head. When He comes to sway His sceptre, we shall come with Him. Or, if He come in judgment, we shall judge with Him; when He makes His public appearance to the world, we shall appear with Him. O, infinite blessedness—to have Him; to be made like Him; to be forever with Him; to be no more sinful, or distrustful, but holy and happy. Wonderful! All earthly stars