

for a moment, to the supposition that it is something beyond your reach. It is within the reach of the meanest, vilest, darkest soul, that crawls on God's earth. Precious as it is to the saving of the soul, it is within your reach, ye bright eyed children, ye dim-eyed elders, ye weary sinners, ye hard-hearted hypocrites. It is what the laughing boy had amid the howling storm, when he chucked his marbles heedlessly on the deck, while the panting sailors held their breath :—He knew his father was at the helm, and *he could trust his father*. It is what that other boy had, who would venture to be suspended over the brow of the fearful cliff :—His *father* would hold the rope, and *he could trust his father*.

You believe that when Jesus became the propitiation He shed His blood for you. Surely you do, when God says, nay, takes the oath by Himself, that He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that they would turn unto Him and live! Surely you believe that all that God can do through the sacrifice of His Son Christ Jesus, has been done, when he adds oath to assertion, and entreaty to oath, and sends His mercy to run before you, and stand in your way as you rush heedlessly to destruction, crying, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" (Ezek., xxxiii. 11). When He sent His Son to bleed for you; when He sent His Bible to tell you of the gift of His Son; when the Holy Spirit came, and is now with you, moving upon you; when He spared you to hear the good news once again,—surely you believe that he loved you, and that Jesus gave Himself for you, suffered in your place, and became sin for you that you might become the righteousness of God in Him, (ii Cor. iii. 21).

If Jesus became your propitiation, you *feel that all is well*. That is faith. That is God's gift to you. God wishes you to accept it now.

What, in view of the necessities of man's case, and of the love of God to fallen man, can saving faith be, but a simple belief in your heart and mine, that Jesus has borne your sins and mine, "on His own body on the tree." For my single self, I feel that nothing in the present can save me from continual shuddering at the thought of coming death and eternity, but believing simply in the power of God to save me from *all evil*—present, past, and future,—through Jesus Christ; and his supreme delight to do so, every hour of my existence. Nothing can unite me in close friendship to my God and Father, but just the belief, that the blood of Christ Jesus shed for me has swept away everything that could stand between me and His love.