

"Though ye have lien among the pots ye shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold." (Ps. 68-13.) Though ye have gone far from God and wasted your substance in riotous living, and are in famine and want and engaged in drudging and feeding on grovelling pleasures and feel that you are unworthy to be called a son, yet O return to the Lord and the Lord will return to you, and fall on your neck and kiss you; and though ragged and filthy and wearied and hungry, he will put the best robe on you—a ring on your finger—shoes on your feet—kill the fatted calf, and receive you to everlasting communion, and you will be called the son of God. "Behold what manner of love the father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God."

In the first place we would call your attention to the title of "Sons of God."

1st. How honorable, how great, how exalted. How anxious men are to show their relationship to some person of great rank or learning or genius—to some king or prince or lord—to some philosopher or poet, to some celebrated statesman or discoverer. But my soul contemplate the honor that is bestowed upon thee unworthy so thou art—vile as thou hast been—a rebel—a traitor as thou wast—that the Lord of Glory, the King of kings—the High and Holy One should deign to receive thee to his intimacy, to his favour, to the enjoyment of himself; that he should lift thee out of the mire of sin and wickedness and place thee beside himself; that he should deign to allow a soul that was in league with Satan to regain its alliance to himself; a heart that was filled with sin to be given as a consecrated thing to his service; a mouth that spoke bitter things against him to praise him, a body that was filled with unrighteousness to become a temple for the holy Spirit to dwell in.

O how high the condescension that he should stoop to poor worms of the dust and lift us up to such nearness to himself; that he should compel the poor and halt and the lame and the blind to come to the feast provided, and become his guest; yea, children, that he should lift up the beggar and set him with princes.

The world may not acknowledge thy honor or thy greatness; it may dispute thy title and not value thee or it; but O remember it knows us not because it knew Him not. It did not know the only begotten Son; how much less should it know and acknowledge us, who are unworthy of the name.