

Such is the career, such the condition of every sinner—his career, downward—his condition death. What is to be done? Can he keep the law? Alas! he is not able to move. Can the “priest” do aught for him? Alas! he has no sacrifice, and no ability to rise and get one. Can the “Levite” not help him? Alas! he is so polluted with his wounds and bruises that neither Levite nor priest could touch him. In a word, neither law nor ordinances can meet his case. He is utterly ruined. He has destroyed himself. The law has flung him overboard as a defiled, good-for-nothing, condemned thing. It is useless talking to him about the law, or asking him will he take it as a means of justification, a rule of life, or the power of sanctification. It has cursed, condemned, and set him aside altogether.

Now, it is when a man is really brought to this that he is in a position to see the moral grandeur of the gospel. It is when he has discovered his own guilt, misery, and ruin, and also his entire inability to meet the just and holy claims of the law, or profit, in any wise, by the appliances of the legal system in its most attractive forms, that he is prepared to appreciate the ample provisions of the grace of God. This is most strikingly illustrated in the scene before us. When the poor man had got down from Jerusalem to Jericho, from the city of God to the city of the curse; (Josh. vi. 26; 1 Kings xvi. 33, 34,) when he lay stripped, wounded, and half-dead; when both priest and Levite had turned from him and gone their way; it was just then that he was in a position to