

we were, when He gave Himself for us, and has put all away, made us, if our sins were as scarlet, *as white as snow.*

Think of your being really white as snow before God, and you are bound to believe that, because it is the sure and revealed value of Christ's blood. Death has put an end to all that we were in God's sight.

And now trusting you have this peace, and assured it belongs to you, let me speak of another thing, the love of Him who has done this work for us. Think of Him, of His love, of His becoming a man for us, of His willingly going to death for us, that we might escape, how He must have loved you to do it! Do you think He loved you so as to do it? What a wonderful thought that the Son of God should love a poor thing like you, and want (He wants nothing) to have you with Himself, for your happiness, and as a part of His own, the fruit of the travail of His soul?

So what a difference this makes of death: it is not dying as some think it, *it is going to Him*, to One we love, to One *we know*, to One who has loved and loves us: it is departing and being with Christ.

If your soul has peace, think much of Him and His love, and may He be very near you. He refreshes the spirit, raises above weakness and pain to think these are but outward things for a little moment, and what we are going to lose is only sickness and what is mental and perishable, to be with One who has loved us in spite of all, and takes us