

no misery like sin, so is there no deliverance like that with which Jesus makes us free. Words will not tell it. Thought only can think it, and it must be thought out of an enlightened mind and a burning heart, dwelt on for a long, long while. The first moment after death is a moment which most infallibly come to every one of us. Earth lies behind us. The measureless spaces of eternity lie outstretched before us. The words of our sentence have scarcely floated away into silence. It is a sentence of salvation. The risk has been run, and we are saved. God's power is holding our soul lest it should die of gladness. It cannot take in the whole of its eternity. The least accidental joy is a world of beatitude in itself. The blaze of the vision is overwhelming. Then the truth that eternity is eternity. Yet all this is only what we mean when we pronounce the word salvation. How hideous the difference of that first moment after death, if we had not been saved. But oh, joys of joys, we have seen the face of Jesus ; and the light of his eyes, and the smile upon his face, and the words upon his lips were salvation.

Then let us be on God's side and belong to Jesus. Sin is our great enemy, as well as our great evil. Our uppermost thought, our only thought must be our salvation, the acquisition of redeeming grace, and the cross of Christ, our single wisdom. Let us pass from little love to much love, and from much love to more love. The right of Jesus to our love, to our best love, to all our love, is becoming plainer and plainer to us. His exceeding loveliness is growing more and more attractive, because it is revealing itself to us every day like a new revelation. What depths there are in Jesus, and how wonderfully he lights them up with the splendor of his eternal love ! Do we not feel every day more and more strongly that we must be for Jesus more than we are, that of all growing things divine love is the most growing, that all idea of limit to our love of Jesus, or of moderation in our service of him, is a folly as well as a disloyalty. He had the brightness of innumerable lives and the sweetness of innumerable sorrows, when he was but the expectation of longing Israel. What must he be now, when he has come, when he has lived, and shed his blood, and died, and risen, and ascended, and then came back again in all the unutterable