

unceasing attractive energy on the planets which circle round him, so did the Sun of Righteousness, which had indeed arisen on Paul with a brightness above that of noon-day, exercise on his mind a continual and an almighty energy, *constraining* him to live henceforth no more unto himself, but to him that died for him and rose again. And observe, that it was no temporary, fitful energy, which it exerted over his heart and life, but an abiding and a continued attraction; for he doth not say that the love of Christ *did once* constrain him; or that it *shall yet* constrain him; or that in times of excitement, in seasons of prayer, or peculiar devotion, the love of Christ *was wont* to constrain him; but he saith simply, that the love of Christ *constraineth* him. It is the ever-present, ever-moving power, which forms the main-spring of all his working; so that, take that away and his energies are gone, and Paul is become weak as other men.

Is there no one before me whose heart is longing to possess just such a master principle? Is there no one of you, brethren, who has arrived at that most interesting of all the stages of conversion in which you are panting after a power to make you new? You have entered in at the strait gate of believing. You have seen that there is no peace to the unjustified; and therefore you have put on Christ for your righteousness; and already do you feel something of the joy and peace of believing. You can look back on your past life, spent without God in the world, and without Christ in the world, and without the Spirit in the world—you can see yourself a condemned outcast, and you say: "Though I should wash my hands in snow-water, yet mine own clothes would abhor me. You can do all this, with shame and self-reproach it is true, but yet without dismay, and without despair; for your eye has been lifted believingly to him who was made sin for us, and you are persuaded that, as it pleased God to count all your iniquities to the Saviour, so he is willing, and hath always been willing, to count all the Saviour's righteousness to you. Without despair, did I say? nay, with joy and singing; for if, indeed, thou believest with all thine heart, then thou art come to the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputed righteousness without works—which David describes, saying: "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not sin." This is the peace of the justified man. But is this peace a state of perfect blessedness? Is there nothing left to be desired? I appeal to those of you who know what it is to be just by believing. What is it that still clouds the brow—that represses the exulting of the spirit? Why might we not always join in the song of thanksgiving: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and why art thou disquieted in me?" Ah!

my friends, there is not a man among you, who has really believed, who has not felt the disquieting thought of which I am now speaking. There may be some of you who have felt it so painfully, that it has obscured, as with a heavy cloud, the sweet light of Gospel peace—the shining in of the reconciled countenance upon the soul. The thought is this, "I am a justified man; but, alas! I am not a sanctified man. I can look at my past life without despair; but how can I look forward to what is to come?"

There is not a more picturesque moral landscape in the universe than such a soul presents. Forgiven all trespasses that are past, the eye looks inwards with a clearness and an impartiality unknown before, and there it gazes upon its long fostered affections for sin, which like ancient rivers, have worn a deep channel into the heart—its periodic returns of passion, hitherto irresistible and overwhelming, like the tides of ocean—its perversities of temper and of habit, crooked and unyielding, like the gnarled branches of a stunted oak. Ah! what scene is here—what anticipations of the future! what forebodings of a vain struggle against the tyranny of lust?—against old trains of acting, and of speaking, and of thinking! Were it not that the hope of the glory of God is one of the chartered rights of the justified man, who would be surprised if this view of terror were to drive a man back, like the dog to his vomit, or the sow that was washed to wallow again in the mire? Now it is to the man precisely in this situation, crying out at morning and at evening, How shall I be made new?—what good shall the forgiveness of my past sins do me, if I be not delivered from the love of sin?—it is to that man that we would now, with all earnestness and affection, point out the example of Paul, and the secret power which wrought in him. "*The love of Christ* (says Paul) *constraineth us.*" We, too, are men of like passions with yourselves: that same sight which you view with dismay within you, was in like manner revealed to us in all its discouraging power. Nay, ever and anon, the same hideous view of our own hearts is opened up to us. But we have an encouragement which never fails. The love of the bleeding Saviour constraineth us. The Spirit is given to them that believe; and that almighty agent hath one argument that moves us continually—THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

My present object, brethren, is to show how this argument, in the hand of the Spirit, does move the believer to live unto God—how so simple a truth as the love of Christ to man, continually presented to the mind by the Holy Ghost, should enable any man to live a life of Gospel holiness; and if there be one man among you whose great inquiry is, How shall I be saved from sin—how shall I