

rather think that Eliab went out in a frightful rage. How his eye would flash and his cheek burn, as with bowed head, he who came so full had to go out so empty!

Why did not Eliab get Samuel's gift? "Ah!" says the spirit of God, virtually, "just because he was *too big*. Too big for the place, too large; he made too big a show in the spirit. And a number of us are kept from Christ, and kept out of the kingdom, for the very same reason up to this good hour. My brother, yes; and my sister—for in this matter of pride there is no distinction—if ever you come into the kingdom you must bow yourself a little. You pull yourself up too much, and strut about with too great a display. Let me, as your friend, tell you that neither God nor man will ever make much use of you at this rate. The days are coming—bless God, the days are come!—when with all the badness of our times there is a kind of rough, ready, genuine sincerity about us, and I think it is going to deepen, so that no man will be selected for high place who has simply show and appearance and name. It was not a walking policeman for a pantomime who was wanted, it was a king; and Eliab would not have done for a policeman even. If you are going to be proud and lifted up, man, you will do for the devil, and will come to the devil's reward at the end. But the Son of God will do without you.

If there is anything, my brother, that God sets Himself against, it is this. Listen, I am not exaggerating, "A high look is an abomination unto God;" and that is what makes me tremble for some people when I am preaching the Gospel. Unless my judgment utterly fails me, you have not a gracious look, my poor lad; it does not seem as if the humbling and subsequently elevating grace of God had ever scratched the surface of your pride. There is a veneering over you, and would to God, as your friend, I could strip that paint off! That is why I say the straight thing. There is to be "A Straight Talk," as I read in the notice, next Sabbath afternoon; I will give it you before that time: the straight talk is on, and I hope you you are listening, for nothing else will do in these days but very straight talking indeed. I sometimes wonder as a natural man, that the people come back to me at Regent Square. But they do. It is a wonderful thing that straight talking, in God's name, does not empty churches; no, blessed be God! it fills them. People come back to be battered and pounded where you struck them last week; to get it all over again; for I do believe that where we are honest with the sure truth of God, though men may feel badly, and even say hard things against the

preacher, in the secret soul there is a bell ringing responsive to the truth. I know it is rasping, it is irritating to be made to feel "I could pitch my book at that Scotchman's head, although he is, I believe, telling the truth. Fire away, my friend! only let me be faithful. Eliab lost the throne, not because election is favouritism and selection of a capricious and arbitrary kind, but in mercy to himself, and the kingdom, and cause of God, Eliab was sent out; he would not do.

Now, will you remember that the Lord Jesus Christ, for whom I plead to-night, looks upon the heart, and a high look and a lofty look are an abomination unto Him. He will go past us, notwithstanding all our physical inches, and all our intellectual endowment, and He will take somebody out of the gutter, lift up that soul, and show that He is beholden absolutely for nothing to pride of mental or bodily girth. He is beholden to Himself, and to Himself alone. Be humble, my brother, be lowly and resist pride. "He giveth grace unto the lowly." If you won't take it from the Bible, turn up your Shakespeare and his splendid list of king-becoming graces; and as you read them, you will very likely come to the conclusion that Eliab was very poor in their direction.

But before Samuel got to David he had more to do with other sons of Jesse. He came Abinadab, the second; and he said, "Neither has the Lord chosen thee." Then came Shammah—he passed by and out. And seven sons of Jesse, in they came, and out they went—*exeat omnes*. Now, why did these lose it? Look at that procession—shall I call it the "rogues' march"—and I ask, what was wrong in them? Well, I think this is it: Eliab lost it because he was too big, too much concerned with himself, too proud; he would not do. And I rather think these other sons lost it because they were away at the other extreme; while Eliab was too big, they were "ower sma"—too small, too little. Do not go about flaunting about like a peacock, drawing all eyes to yourself and your strutting. But, on the other hand, and as much on the other hand—would God I could be as "straight!"—do not be a nobody. Do not be a round O, a mere decimal; and do not be thus, because life has in it one splendid, golden, glorious opportunity that should compel every man to be bright and eager, and on the lookout for it, as it comes within his reach.

But these seven sons of Jesse—oh, well, I suppose they were just like a great many of ourselves. They were not proud like Eliab, not ambitious with an unholy, blown-up ambition; we can think of them as being too far the other way. When they