

TO A SICK AND DYING ONE.

Dear———

As I hear you are very ill, I come to pay you a visit with this little note, as I had not the advantage of talking with you when at ——; yet I have but few words to say to you, as what God has graciously set before us is very simple; and thankful we ought to be that it is so. And what is deepest is simplest, that is, *the perfect love of God.*

Our difficulty is to reconcile our state, sinners as we are, with His loving us. Now that is exactly what the Gospel shews us. Through that unspeakable fact of the death of the Son of God, His love has been shewn to us in what He did *for our sins*. He commends His love to us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. His love brought quite near to us *where we are*. Hence it is that it is *only when we know where we are*, that we understand this love; that is, when we have learnt by Divine teaching that we are mere sinners in ourselves, that in us (that is in our flesh) dwells no good thing, we find that Jesus in this love has come to us there, and, though the Holy One, has been made sin for us. Oh, what a thought that is! How it opens the heart to guileless confession of what it is, and *all* the sin that is in it, so that it gets rest and peace with God.

I trust you enjoy this rest of heart. The work of Christ is perfect: He knew all our sins and all