

"Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
 "For drops of *finite* happiness.
 "Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
 "In streams of pure perennial peace,
 "Thou, Lord of life, the *fountain* art."

He has obtained glimpses of the Divine character but they do not satisfy him, and he exclaims with Moses, O Lord, show me thy glory.

"A glimpse of love cannot suffice,
 My soul for all thy presence cries."

This is in some sort the experience of the true and faithful Christian; he cannot live without his God, he cannot live without obtaining more and more of spiritual blessing. Yes, brethren; fervency of spirit is a characteristic of that professor who is not turning back to the beggarly element of the world. This fervour leads him to pant, 1st. after close communion with God. Now, alas, it is feeble, and too often interrupted. But he would have God as his *friend*; he would see him face to face without an intervening veil; he would have fellowship with the Deity, — oneness of view, oneness of desire, oneness of affection: he would talk with God and would have the Divine Being to dwell in him and to walk in him, and to converse with him by whispers of his grace and love. Is the Christian, then, when he thus desires, panting after streams of blessedness which have never been or which can never be found? No: Abel found these streams as they bubbled at a source far back in the wilderness of time, and they flowed down with increased and yet increasing bulk, from Abel to Enoch, whose panting soul partook of them and was satisfied, and still they pursued their course through the valleys of time and Noah and Abraham and Israel were refreshed and satisfied. — these living streams followed the children of the Patriarch throughout their wanderings in the wilderness, and as Moses and Joshua and Caleb thirsted and panted, and sought for them, they too found this river of the water of life, drank and were filled—and onward and onward still it flowed, invigorating the souls and quenching the spiritual thirst of thousands as it passed along, until the pantings of David are heard as he cries "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, &c." Rolling along the desert world it reached Isaiah, who stood on its banks gazing upon its ample flow, and then crying "Ho! every one that thirsteth, &c." And now, reduced by drought almost to the dimensions of a stream, it passed through the world heeded but by twos and threes who

nevertheless visited its yet pure and refreshing waters and were satisfied: but the Son of God came and brought with him a plentiful rain of saving grace, and the divine river swelling out to more than its wonted bulk, flowed on with increased rapidity and blessing, and as it flowed, thousands and myriads in the days of the apostles, and myriads and millions more in the days which followed them, thirsted and panted, drank and lived—again, drought visited the world, and the river which was so large as to satisfy the thirst of an empire, became once more a feeble stream wending its way along the retired and little frequented valleys of the Waldenses.—until Luther explored and found it and drank of its life-giving streams; and while he cried to others "Come ye to the waters," down fell the blessed gospel rain and filled the river's bed, and as it pursued its course it flowed through Germany, and into England and Scotland, and then to this continent where, like another Amazon, it began to pour out its vast resources; and now these streams of grace are so abundant and abounding that there is not a soul that thirsts for righteousness and pants for God that may not be, that is not, filled.

Do not imagine that God is far from any one of you; he is near at hand. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." There is in God, in his Love, in the Gospel, in the rich treasury of the Holy Ghost, ample scope for the most ardent and comprehensive Christian desire; cultivate, then, the appetite for divine fellowship, for communion with God. Cultivate it from day to day in your closets, and the greater the blessings which you receive, the greater will be your desires for more, the closer the union with Christ and the fellowship with God that you enjoy, the more earnest will be your pantings for fuller and more intimate communion.

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.

How blessed an experience was that of David. "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God: how great is the sum of them. If I could count them they are more in number than the sand. When I awake I am still with thee."

2dly. Observe, again, that the faithful Christian longs for a deeper impress upon his heart of the divine image. In this sense he "pants after God." The human embodiment of this image he discovers in the spirit and actions, the whole life of Jesus