

sentiment now, but of sad, stern reality ; nor of any poor or humble man's need, but of the rich and great man's need as much — how many a heart is parched and fevered and panting with thirst after happiness ! Is there any fountain that can quench that painful thirst ? And there is one that says, “ drink of the water that I will give, and thou shalt thirst no more.” And again he speaks of one who had wandered, hungering, in a land of exile, and who says, “ how many hired servants of my father have enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father ; and will say, father I have sinned.” And he went, and “ his father saw him a great way off,” and met him, and bedewed with tears his returning child. Is it all figure — beautiful indeed, but only figure ! To multitudes it is no more. Few men or none, are so pure and good as to have experienced the full reality. It is figure ; but with infinite depths of meaning. How else but in figure, *could* the Saviour speak to a sinful and sensual people ? For this cause he *says*, that he spake in parables. And these parables are yet waiting for the light of other ages to clear them up. These figures, the depths of eternity only will fully open and unfold and disclose. This is no extravagance, at least with me. A fanatic if I seem to any one, yet certainly I was never more in earnest.

Let me then attempt to show you what I mean—darkly to show you what I think, is the meaning of these stupendous teachings. Let me suppose then that I could send any one of you from this house to-night, and that the moment he touched yonder threshold, a change should pass over him such as our Saviour required — that he should then and there become a perfect regenerated man ;