

in receiving the sinner. He shewed him that in the cross of Christ, "mercy and truth had met together, righteousness and peace had kissed each other;" that all the divine attributes were gloriously harmonized, that sin was put away and God glorified, that in the death of Christ all the claims of God, and all the claims of conscience had been perfectly answered.

This was enough. The squire found rest for his troubled soul. He believed the record and was made happy in believing. The bridge had been presented to him, and he instantly availed himself of it, to pass across that otherwise impassable gulf that separated him from God. He saw in Christ the One who fills up every point between the throne of God and the deepest depths of a sinner's moral ruin. He found his *all* in that very name which he had so strictly forbidden to be named beneath his roof.

May the Lord use this narrative of the German squire in bringing many souls to Christ!

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For myself—I speak as a man—I never found peace before God or conscious rest with Him until I was taught the force and meaning of that cry of Jesus of Nazareth—"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani." Never, until I understood that He who knew no sin had (then and there on the cross) been made sin for us; that we might become the righteousness of God in Him, could I rest as a sinner in the presence of a holy God? And, as I suppose, it is owing to the distinctive peculiarity of that.—His sorrow under the wrath of God—*not being understood* that so many christians have no settled peace at all.