

5. Agnain, *How have you treated that Holy Spirit that has been striving with you?* There is a gentle voice that has been speaking in your heart, and has been long speaking there. Some of you can remember the time when you knelt at your mother's knee, and poured forth your heart in childlike prayer. Your heart was soft and susceptible in those days. You wanted to belong to Jesus. You said you would give your heart to Jesus. Well, look down now on the long valley of your life. The history of your bygone years—what is it? "Ye uncircumcised in heart, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost, even as your fathers did." That is God's accusation against you. "I called, and none answered. I held out my hands, and none said, Here am I. They would have none of my counsel; they have striven against my Spirit." Oh, my friends, let us hang down our heads for shame, if this is indeed the Divine accusation against us. Where is the man or woman who has not again and again sinned against the grace and influence of the Holy Spirit?

6. Or, once more: *How have you treated that One who was content to take our place and to bear our sins—who for our sakes was smitten of God and afflicted?* On Calvary the darkness of Eternal death was around Him, and in His awful loneliness He uttered the cry, which went sounding throughout God's universe, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" He who loves you uttered that cry. The Saviour who came on Calvary, He looks you in the face as He says, "Can I do more? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." What do you see? His precious blood being poured forth, and you hear the cry of the Jews, "His blood be upon us!" True, indeed, has been the fulfilment of that imprecation. His blood has been upon that nation until now. But have we not been guilty of saying something like this? Remember that

AT THIS MOMENT CHRIST'S BLOOD IS ON US,
EITHER IN JUDGMENT OR IN MERCY.

It is on us to cleanse us from guilt, or it is crying out against base ingratitude. What hast thou done? Hast thou said, "I do not want to have anything to do with Thee. Keep Thy salvation to Thyself! I am so very respectable I do not want Thy blood to be upon me. Keep Thy gifts, and let me order my own way. I do not want that Jacob's ladder of yours to reach heaven with. Keep it! I can manufacture a religion of my own!" And all the while behold He stands at the door and knocks. Oh! that I could convince you of the love of Jesus! That I could bring you to feel the necessity of having that blood sprinkled upon your heart! "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Go and stand by that cross, and hear the voice of His

agony. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." As you stand there, are you not asked, What hast thou done? Hast thou not trampled on His blood as an unholy thing? Hast thou not grieved thy best friend? What hast thou done? Oh, see to it!

Only the other day I was talking to a young lady who could not feel any burden of sin. Every time I spoke of it she said she had no feeling respecting it. She did not feel it to be a burden. I said to her, "If you were in distressed circumstances, and I went away to a distant land to obtain a maintenance for you, and brought you back 3,000*l.* and laid it at your feet, and told you, I have undertaken five years of toil to get it; but now you will be able to go on your way with a happy heart. Suppose you were to take the cheque I placed in your hands and tear it up? She said, "Perhaps I should do it, for I am a proud woman." "Well, if you did so, you would only have yourself to thank for starvation." "It would serve me right," he replied. "Well, that is exactly how you have served the Lord Jesus," I said. "He has not laboured three or four years simply, but has given His life; He died for you. He stands before the door of your heart and pleads with you. He says, 'See what I have placed within your reach, here it is. All you have to do is to stretch out your hand and take it.' But you have treated Him with carelessness and indifference. Now what do you think?" She answered, "It is so." "Well, will you confess that you have sinned against the love of Jesus?" Next day I met her and said, "May I speak of sin as being a burden to you?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "you may use that word now." The plague of her own heart had come to light.

I do not know anything that will show me my own sinfulness so much as the love of Christ. Show me the man who is ungrateful to his friend, and I will show you one for whom we have contempt. Every unconverted man is a contemptible man, because he is sinning against his best Friend. There is nothing manly in sin, there is nothing womanly in sin. It is a despicable thing to sin, and so it merits deep damnation. What hast thou done? A very despicable thing when thou hast sinned. Shall we ask ourselves the question? Thank God we are not now asking it on the day of judgment! Let us judge ourselves. Let us open the book of our past life, and take a good look at it. You will soon drop it, and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

What are you going to do? Here again learn from what is written: "For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord." There will be plenty to tell you that