

which every man is entitled who comes and accepts it as the free gift of God to perishing sinners. That remedy is Christ, God's beloved Son. We had no sacrifice that could atone for our sins. The cattle on a thousand hills would not have sufficed, nor yet the incarnation and sacrifice of myriads of holy angels. But God spared not His own Son. He gave Him freely to be a sacrifice, and the Son gave Himself. Such the love of God—the love of Christ—in meeting our desperate need.

Oh! does this not touch a tender chord in your heart, dear Mr.——? On that stage coach your heart was touched by a little grace on the part of your two unworthy fellow-passengers when others seemed totally indifferent. We were not better than they, and if a little grace and compassionate sympathy was shown to one in need, it was only the fruit of God's grace in hearts that He had touched when they were as hard, perhaps, as any. And if you were touched by this little rivulet of God's grace flowing through two human hearts, what of that mighty ocean of divine love revealed in the cross! That love in all its infinite fulness is for you. Ah! there is no love like that. Many waters could not quench it; the floods could not drown it; the storm of divine wrath which fell upon the blessed Saviour on account of our sins, could not turn that love back in its course: it was love unto death; nay, love that lives beyond death, and

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