

Many called Christians know nothing of Christ as a near, ever-present Saviour, however correct their ideas may be as to His person and offices. But this christianity Christ does not acknowledge, nor does the world respect it. If I would really be a Christian, it is not sufficient to start up and say I will do this—I will give up that; the truth is, the stream of this world's affairs runs too steadily against us. We may lay hold on the oars of duty and effort, and row and row; but the current runs too strong; old habit drags us back. Is the case hopeless then? By such means, quite. A man is often willing to apply to Christ for assistance, who has never been so deeply humbled as to feel he must have Him as a complete Saviour, who takes *him* in as he is, all his wasted past and helpless present clinging round him. Yet, till I feel thus humbled, I do not know what sin and salvation mean—I don't understand the A B C of them even. One of two alternatives I must adopt: either give the Lord Jesus this commanding place within me, yield to Him, come right down before Him, out of all my