

A RECEIPT IN FULL.

Do you remember the story of Martin Luther when Satan came to him, as he thought, with a long black roll of his sins, which truly might make a swaddling-band for the round world? To the arch-enemy Luther said, "Yes, I must own to them all. Have you any more?"

So the foul fiend went his way and brought another longer roll, and Martin Luther said, "Yes, yes, I must own them all. Have you any more?" The accuser of the brethren, being expert at the business, soon supplied him with a further length of charges, till there seemed to be no end to it.

Martin waited till no more were forthcoming, and then he cried, "Have you any more?" "Were not these enough?"

Ay, that they were. "But," said Martin Luther, "write at the bottom of the whole account, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

Brethren, this was a receipt in full, stamped in such a manner that even Satan could not question the correctness of it. However many or however few, all our sins are gone when the atoning blood comes in. I have an ugly thing in my study; it is a piece of iron, with a sharp point to it at the top, and the bottom is formed of a rounded piece of wood. It is not an ornamental object, especially as it holds impaled upon it a fine selection of bills, which are inclined to get yellow and dusty.

Bills are horrible things, but though I have a file of them they never horrify me in the least, for though they are very many, and some of them are for large amounts, yet there is not one of them but what has Her Majesty's head in the corner, with the name of the creditor to whom I have paid it. I have no fear of these records either day or night; in fact, it is a comfort to keep them now that they are discharged.

When I look at the old file I think of my old sins, pierced through by my Lord, and kept in my penitent memory as a witness to the value of His blood which has set me free from sin's tremendous debt. Here is the receipt for them all—"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Some reader, I dare say, can look at many a file of his transgressions. Are the bills all receipted? Are your sins all blotted out? Then you can bless the name of the Lord that the plague of your heart is gone. You are not afraid to live or afraid to die; for perfect pardon, irreversible pardon, pardon which makes a sweep of all transgression and sinks it as in a bottomless sea, from which it never can be washed up for ever—pardon, perfect pardon is yours in Jesus Christ. How sweetly this now rings out! Is there any music of silver bell that can equal it? Pardon! Pardon!—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

"Go where you will, your soul will find no rest but in Christ's bosom. Inquire for Him, come to Him, and rest you on Christ the Son of God. I sought Him, and I found in Him all I can wish or want."—*Rutherford.*