

FEEDING ON CHRIST:

THE SOUL'S HUNGERING AND THIRSTING,

AND ITS

SATISFACTION.

BY THE

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BLESSED

ARE THEY WHICH DO

HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS;

FOR THEY

SHALL BE FILLED.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE MOUNTAIN-CREST.....	7
THE CRAVING.....	15
THE OBJECT OF THE CRAVING.....	16
THE SEAT OF THE CRAVING.....	28
THE SATISFACTION.....	32
THE FOOD.....	37
CHRIST AS THE SOUL'S FOOD.....	58
CHRIST THE ONLY FOOD OF THE RENEWED NATURE.....	83
THE SUPPLY ABUNDANT.....	87
THE CHRIST-FOOD ACCESSIBLE.....	92
THE CHRIST-FOOD SATISFYING.....	96
THE WELCOME.....	100
FEEDING ON CHRIST.....	106
FILLED WITH CHRIST.....	131
HOW MAY THIS FULLNESS BE MINE?.....	162
HOW MAY THIS APPETITE BE MINE?.....	183
THE JOY OF FEEDING ON CHRIST.....	199



FEEDING ON CHRIST.

THE MOUNTAIN-CREST.

FROM a certain point in Switzerland two narrow, deep-cut, steep-sided beautiful valleys diverge, enclosing between them a huge mountain-mass. One of these valleys brings the tourist in the course of seven or eight miles to the spot where the Dust-Brook, the Lauterbrunnen, leaps down nearly a thousand feet in snow-white knots, that like spirits of the waterfall chase each other through the air, and ere they reach the earth vanish into spray. The other valley conducts you to the glacier of Grindenwald. If now from either valley, at either of these

points, you climb the steep, sometimes precipitous, sides of the intervening mountain, you may stand at length on the very crest where the melting snows impartially divide their waters, sending these to the right, those to the left — at one time creeping, at another leaping, toward the valleys on either hand, through them to flow away to the distant sea.

And now beneath your eye, even in midsummer, lie large patches of snow which have resisted all the power of the sunbeams, and yet, strange to say, have not arrested the growth of many beautiful and delicate flowers. There may be seen the gentian mantled in its matchless blue; and there too, not only around the snow, but also coming up often through its chilly whiteness, that lovely little flower of which Ruskin in his *Modern Painters*, with graphic beauty of style, thus writes: "Passing to the edge of the snow, we find, as we are nearly sure to find, two or three little round

openings pierced in it, and through these emergent a slender, pensive, fragile flower (*Soldanella alpina*), whose small, dark purple-fringed bell hangs down and shudders over the icy cleft that it has cloven, as if partly wondering at its own recent grave, and partly dying of very fatigue after its hard-won victory."

And then, as if God delighted in contrasts, the stupendous proportions of the Jungfrau, white as if folded under an angel's wing, and more than twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, meet your lifted eye. And near by the Monch raises his gigantic form; and next the Gross Eiger, the great giant, thousands of feet across the base, and thousands of feet up to those splintered pinnacles that seem to pierce the sky—a bold, sheer, precipitous, cathedral-façade such as only God knows how to build.

But if moral things are greater than physical, and religious things greater than

the merely moral, and the high spiritualities of religion greatest of all, then, standing on the Mount of Beatitudes, and upon this beatitude—*Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness ; for they shall be filled*—that forms the very crest of the mount, we are farther up toward the stars, farther away from the marshy low-grounds, farther from the miasmatic hollows of common life, and face to face with richer beauties and loftier grandeurs than when standing on the loftiest ridge of the Wengern Alp.

In this beatitude we have a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and over against the appetite an abundant supply of the desired food. Here are aspirations as pure and lofty as are possible to man, and an inexhaustible supply of the food for which he sighs. Surely here, if anywhere, we are among the mountains! For the pulpit from which this matchless sermon was preached, and the cathedral in which the thronging multitudes listened to the

voice of the divine Teacher, was a mountain-top. And the sermon itself so combines all that formed the essence of religion under the old dispensation, and all that forms its substance and its soul under the new, that we may not unaptly liken it to a mountain loftier than Zion, loftier than Sinai, loftier than the one piled upon the other. And, with all these physical and moral grandeurs and sublimities, the Preacher's imperial majesty, dignity and authority fully harmonize. There must have been in the tone and manner of Jesus while delivering this discourse something that not only arrested the attention, but also startled the Jewish mind; something that evoked thoughts of the old prophets, of Moses, of Elijah; something that suggested the presence of a Reformer and the early advent of a reformation. For we are told at the close that the people were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the Scribes.

And if in this discourse we pass from the sublimely authoritative tone of the speaker to the matter of his teaching, we shall find no abatement of our interest and admiration. This "sermon" opens with seven masterly strokes which outline the great principles of the kingdom, as they operate both in the wide world without and in the individual heart within. We say *seven*, because, in fact, while the word *blessed* is uttered more than seven times, yet the beatitudes sketch no more than seven frames of mind or styles of character. The two beatitudes that follow are addressed to those who, having shown one or all of the characteristics previously given, have become in consequence the victims of persecution. The Master assures all such that they are blessed, not only in despite of the abuse outpoured upon them, but also by reason of it.

We are tempted to regard it as more than a mere fancy that these beatitudes

constitute, as it were, a mount upon a mount; and that this fourth beatitude, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness," is the crest of this mount upon a mount; for, as the fourth of seven, it is a central one with three on either side—the crest overtopping two acclivities. At the bottom of this mount on one side are the poor in spirit; and answering to these on the other side the peacemakers. Next above these on the one side are the mourners; and on the other the pure in heart. Then come on the one side the meek; and on the other the merciful. Then come the hungering and thirsting after righteousness, after full conformity with God in thought, word and deed—a righteousness which in its fullness will make them all these together, and that too in the highest degree—profoundly poor in spirit; ardent, warm-hearted peacemakers; mourners deeply penitent; glowingly pure in heart; meek

with all meekness, and merciful with all mercy!

In the prizes pledged to these various frames of mind and phases of character there seems to be a similar gradation, in obvious harmony with the figure of a hill, its two sides meeting at the summit. For these on the one side obtain the kingdom of heaven, those on the other the name of children; these have comfort, and those the vision of God; these inherit the earth, and those obtain mercy. Then between these two acclivities we find those who are filled with righteousness; and right sure may we be that they who are filled with righteousness lack neither the kingdom of heaven nor the name of children; neither any comfort God's Spirit can bestow nor any vision of God he can show; neither inheritance of the earth nor abounding mercy. For to those who are filled with righteousness most directly and emphatically comes the assurance, "All things are

yours: whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." 1 Cor. iii. 21-23.

And now, as the eye ranges along the sparkling crest of this Hill of Beatitudes, it fastens on two principal objects—a condition and a promise; a frame of mind and a blessing; a hungering and a filling; a craving and a satisfaction.

THE CRAVING.

THE two leading appetites of the animal nature are here combined to express a longing of the spiritual. This longing is not a hungering merely nor a thirsting merely, but a hungering *and* thirsting. Here again, as so often in Scripture, we recognize the world-wide scope and comprehensiveness of our holy religion. There is no sim-

plicity of childhood or depth of ignorance, no loftiness of pride or reach of learning, but has a clear knowledge of the meaning of these words—hunger and thirst; and just as widely as this knowledge reaches, so widely does this beatitude extend its proffer of satisfaction. Whoever of you, in all the world, know by experience what it is to hunger and thirst after righteousness, shall be filled.

THE OBJECT OF THE CRAVING.

THE one object of this twin craving is righteousness. For the precise meaning of this Scripture term we must of course resort to the Scriptures. In one connection or another it occurs in those pages hundreds of times. Still, whatever phases of meaning the word may have here and there, there are only two that any competent interpreter of the sacred Book would

suggest as indicated by it in this beatitude. These are, first, an *external* righteousness, and, second, a righteousness that is *internal*—a righteousness belonging to one, and yet available for another, and a righteousness inherent and available for him whose it is.

The first of these is illustrated in an oft-mentioned incident in Grecian history. A young man stood in court convicted of a certain crime, and about to be sentenced for it. Before the sentence had been pronounced a stir arose among the spectators; and all eyes glanced inquiringly for the cause. It was soon disclosed. A brother of the condemned one was making his way to the bar of the court, and ere long he stood in the presence of them all, holding up an arm without any hand upon it. No word did he utter. There was no need. All knew who that intruder was, and where that lacking hand had been left. All knew that the sword of the foe had cut

it off while it was dealing patriotic blows in battle for his country. The crowd was moved, the judges were moved; and without hesitation they deliberately set the heroic patriotism of that man over to the account of the guilty one, and because of this merit released the prisoner from the grasp of the law. Thus, the guilty one, by virtue of a merit which did not belong to him, received both liberty and life.

The gospel bearing of this illustration is seen even by the Christian child. We were standing before the bar of the omniscient, all-holy Judge, who is "of purer eyes than to behold evil," who cannot "look upon iniquity," and who "will by no means clear the guilty." Under the scrutiny of the Judge we were seen to be guilty—guilty of a deep depravity of nature, of a "heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked;" guilty of an active hostility against God, a carnal heart-enmity against God; guilty of innumerable transgressions, for

our iniquities had gone over our head. We had sinned and committed iniquity, and rebelled even by departing from God's precepts and his judgments; and we were actually under condemnation, condemned already,—when a stir arose in court; a brother, our Elder Brother, made his way to the bar, and then held up, not a handless arm, but two pierced hands; and he stood on two pierced feet, and his side was pierced with a ghastly wound, and his blood covered him. He had come from the garden, where, being in agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. He had come from the crowning, where Earth had hung upon his head those fruits of the fall, the briers and the thorns. He had come from the scourging, where the lashes had laid his flesh bare; and from Golgotha, where he had drunk the cup of gall and vinegar, of insult, mockery and death. "His

visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men ;” and as he stood there in that piteous guise the court deliberately took the merit and the woes of that guiltless Elder Brother and set them over to the account of us guilty ones, and thus set us free from condemnation for evermore ! Thus, as Chalmers writes, “There was a ransom found out by God. There was a surety accepted by God. There was a satisfaction which that surety rendered. There was an obedience undertaken for us by One who inhabited eternity, and with this obedience God was well pleased. There was a virtue which shone in spotless lustre even to his pure, penetrating eye ; and a merit which not only met the demand of his holy law, but also magnified that law and made it honorable. And all this apart from any obedience of ours. All this the produce of a transaction in which we had no share. All this a treasure existing in

the repositories of that place where the Father and the Son hold their ineffable communion; a righteousness, not rendered by us, but rendered to us.”

Thus, by virtue of a righteousness outside of ourselves, a merit in no sense or degree of our own acquiring, we are forever liberated from the condemning power of the law, and clad with merit to be rewarded with eternal life. Now we sing, and have reason to sing—

“Nothing either great or small
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died and paid it all,
All the debt I owe.
When he, from his lofty throne,
Stooped down to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
‘Tis finished’ was his cry.”

Now we sing, and have a right to sing, “I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of right-

eousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." Isa. lxi. 10.

But there is an *internal* righteousness, a righteousness that dwells in the soul, and wells up from its depths, and accrues to the soul's own advantage. It is that righteousness without which no man can ever see the Lord.

This righteousness is illustrated by that well-known series of facts already alluded to in Jewish history. In Jerusalem a man was accused, arrested, tried, condemned and executed. But, although the authority of two nations united in his condemnation, and the power of the most powerful nation of those times thrust him into his grave, and set its seal upon that grave, and placed a military guard to watch lest his friends should steal his body away, yet in less than forty hours he was walking the earth again alive and well! For he was not only innocent of the crimes

charged against him, but he was also innocent of all crimes. He was not only innocent of all crimes, but his whole life was one stream of virtue. He was not only externally virtuous, but he was also all-glorious within—holy as holiness, pure as purity; and though you bury holiness fathoms deep and pile all the mountains on its grave, it will fling those mountains into the sea and rise again in glory.

“ Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshipers.”

Now, here is an *internal* righteousness—a righteousness of thought and feeling, going forth into a righteousness of external life. And this is the righteousness which forms the object of this twin craving in the beatitude, and to which the satisfaction is promised. For that other righteousness, the righteousness of justification,

is an object of hungering to neither saint nor sinner. Not to the saint, for he is already in full possession of this righteousness; and why should he hunger and thirst for that which is already his? Indeed, the treasure of *external* righteousness which the believer calls his own is much larger than that on the ground of which he is free from condemnation. This possession of his is twofold. It consists, first, of the merit of that satisfaction which his Elder Brother rendered to law and justice in bearing the penalty of sin; and, second, it consists of the merit of that life of holy obedience wherein Jesus, though the source and author of the law, became subject to the law, and kept it in letter and spirit, in thought and word and deed. This merit the believer wears as a robe, a wedding-garment, which makes him "accepted in the beloved," and assures him of the benediction, "Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Our Elder Brother, before he went to death for us, went through life for us. Before he reached the garden of Gethsemane he had for three earnest years fought for us the battle of life. He was tempted in all points like as we are. As a member of a family, as a neighbor, as a citizen, he fulfilled all righteousness. He harmed no one. He caused no tears. During the three years of his public life he displayed all the glories of a perfect manhood. His obedience he carried to the last moment of his life. His cry, "It is finished," included the idea of a finished and complete obedience. And now millions are in heaven in the enjoyment of the reward of that obedience, and millions more on earth are recognized and accepted of God, and their names enrolled in his family record, simply because that wondrous One lived and died for them.

Now, we say that this twofold *external* righteousness is no object of longing to

the *believer*, for it is already in his actual possession, and he is every moment experiencing the benefits which flow from it.

To the *unbeliever* neither the one portion nor the other of this righteousness is an object of desire. As he is dead in sin, so he is also dead in spiritual sensibility. There are those who have "refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears that they should not hear. Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law and the word which the Lord of hosts hath sent." Zech. vii. 11, 12. There are those who have "the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them because of the blindness of their heart," and who therefore are "past feeling." Eph. iv. 18, 19. They who are in this condition hunger for no food in all the orchard of God.

But what of those who, under the operation of the Spirit, have been aroused from this insensibility and filled with alarm in view of their guilt and danger? Are they not hungering and thirsting after this justifying righteousness of Christ? Not if they are still in impenitence and unbelief. The one cry of their soul is for relief from danger, for an open gate to safety. They have no preference for the righteousness of Christ as the means of safety and a pathway to it. To the acceptance of that righteousness they are intensely averse. Hence they come to it only as a last resort. They accept of it only when every other resource has failed. For a long time they go about to establish their own righteousness, and will not submit themselves unto the righteousness of God. What they desire and long for is relief, rescue; and this rescue they will accept at the hands of any one else in preference to Jesus Christ.

And then, when once the soul reaches

the condition in which it is willing to be saved upon the terms offered in the gospel, willing to be delivered and accepted on the ground of Jesus' righteousness, there remains no time to hunger and thirst for this righteousness, for it is already at hand. Christ waits only to see the soul willing to be clad in this mantle of salvation to throw it at once upon the soul.

The object, therefore, of this twin craving—this hungering and thirsting—is an *internal* righteousness, a sanctifying righteousness, purity of heart, conformity to God, likeness to Christ.

THE SEAT OF THE CRAVING.

THE *seat* of this twin appetite is the *regenerate heart*. None but believers can experience this craving, for two reasons:

1. Hunger and thirst are functions of

life. They are a protest of life against its own extinguishment. They are a piteous petition of life for food for its nourishment. They are a call of life for that which shall enable it yet to live. But the dead do not hunger. The lifeless corpse may lie under a fig tree hanging all over with ripe figs, and with its eyes upon all that wealth of luscious nutriment; by its side may gush in exuberant affluence the cool, sparkling waters of the fountain; but neither the gleam from the fig-rind nor the music of the fountain will waken any hungering or thirsting in that cold, still heart. The dead do not, cannot, hunger or thirst.

But the nature unrenewed is dead—"dead in trespasses and sins." It is wandering out of the way of understanding, and therefore it remains in the congregation of the dead. Prov. xxi. 16. The Spirit of God lays his fingers on the wrist, but feels there no movement of spiritual pulsation. He puts his hand over the heart

and feels there no sign of vitality. In the eye he sees no tear of penitence, in the heart no flame of love or joy, in the understanding no conception of spiritual realities. Being thus spiritually dead, there is nothing in the unrenewed nature that can hunger or thirst for the viands on the table of Christ. Such a one may dwell in a very Eden of spiritual privilege:—the church-going bell rings on the ear; the music of gospel invitation and entreaty trembles on the air; the communion-table is spread before the eye; the prayers of the godly ever ascend in his behalf; father, mother, wife, or child beckon to the feast; but to the consciousness of such a soul all this is as the "*Te deum laudamus*" in the cathedral to the marble statues that fill the niches in wall or clustered pillar. Such souls do not, and they cannot, hunger and thirst after righteousness.

2. Hungering and thirsting for any particular article of food or drink implies

familiarity with its flavor. One may hunger in general, may be in anguish for want of food—so hungry that he would gnaw the bones that the dogs have left, so thirsty that he would drink from the stagnant, filthy pool. But if he longs for any particular kinds of food or drink, it is because in other days he has tasted and is familiar with their flavor. If he craves a fig, it is because he has learned by experience its luscious taste to the hungry mouth. If he longs for a draught of water from a particular spring, it is because, in times gone by, he has put its waters to his thirsty lips. And so it is with the cravings of the soul. No doubt the human soul may be very hungry. It may experience cravings which no food in the world's gift can satisfy. The world is full of such hungerings and thirstings. That Hindoo devotee who has gone from altar to altar seeking quietude for his disturbed spirit; Luther creeping on his knees up the steps of the Scala

Santa at Rome; those Romish pilgrims, passing from shrine to shrine in quest of peace of spirit; and multitudes in every age and every land who so eagerly quaff every cup of pleasure, ambition and fame,—are all of them tormented with spiritual hunger and thirst. But to the soul unrenewed by the Spirit of God specific hungering and thirsting for *righteousness* is impossible. Of this manna he has never tasted; a cup of this wine has never touched his lips; and therefore, knowing nothing of their flavor, for them he cannot hunger. Hence the *seat* of this twin craving is the renewed nature.

Here, then, we have a hungering and thirsting, a twin appetite, that clamors for satisfaction.

THE SATISFACTION.

FOR this craving there must be, somewhere in the storehouses of God, appro-

priate and adequate means of satisfaction. For God, by the operation of his Spirit, has caused the craving. And surely God has planted in no one of his creatures a vain hungering and thirsting after the non-existent and impossible. In the constitution of no beast that prowls in the forest or roams through the fields, of no fowl that flies or fish that swims, has God set an appetite doomed to crave in vain. Somewhere there is food appropriate and abundant for every hunger and every thirst. Especially is this true of man. Appetite unfed is anguish, and God made this world a paradise, not a desolate, dismal home of the famine-stricken. Thus, as there are physical appetites in man, so there are orchards and gardens and grain-fields abounding with fruit and food for his feeding. If there are physical thirsts in man, ten thousand bubbling fountains warble him a welcome to their treasures. Often in the Holy Word is our attention

called to God's fatherly care for man's physical wants: "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart." Ps. civ. 14, 15.

Nor is there any creature that is overlooked or neglected: "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." Ps. cxlvii. 9.

Jesus himself, in the very sermon that opens with the beatitudes, uses this argument to win from man confiding trust in God: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" Matt. vi. 26.

And with what fatherly love and matchless eloquence does he pledge himself to supply the wants of his famishing poor!—

“When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. That they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it.” Isa. xli. 17, 18, 20.

“Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.”

If, now, God has provided so fully for the wants of bird and beast, and for the body that perishes, can he have either forgotten or neglected the more pressing wants of the never-dying soul? Has he not taken the pains to send his Son to be born in a stable, cradled in a manger, tempted in

the wilderness, hunted through life like the partridge upon the mountains, and to be hunted down—hunted to the agonies of Gethsemane and of Golgotha, and hunted into the sepulchre? And then he has sent his Spirit to take of these things of Christ, and, with them as his instruments, to create anew these souls, in order that in them might spring up this hungering and thirsting. And on this twofold craving he has pronounced his benediction. Blessed are they that feel this hunger and experience this thirst! But how can a hunger and thirst for which no satisfaction is provided be the object of divine Love's benediction? He has pledged his word that the craving shall find satisfaction; and therefore nothing is more certain than that somewhere in God's treasure-house of grace there are means adequate and abundant to satisfy such longings. Whatever be the intensity of the appetite, it shall be filled to the full. The hungering

cannot overreach the provision. Somewhere in this mountain the Lord of hosts hath made for the hungry, thirsty soul "a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." Isa. xxv. 6.

THE FOOD.

WHAT is it? . Where is it?

To feed our natural appetites we must go out of ourselves—out into the orchards and vineyards, out into the grain-fields, out to the flocks and herds in the stall. To satisfy our thirsting we must go to the moss-edged well, out to the bubbling fountain. Whither are we to go to satisfy this twin craving of the renewed soul? Surely, out of ourselves. For never were the deserts more dry, never mountain-side more bleak and barren of food, than our sin-parched natures of all spiritual nutriment.

“I know,” writes even a Paul, “that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.” Rom. vii. 18. Yet it is for good things the soul is craving. Trusting in the arm of flesh, we are like the heath in the desert, like “parched places in the wilderness, a salt land not inhabited.” Jer. xvii. 5, 6. Nor can we resort to any devices of our own wit and wisdom; for thus we shall only hew out for ourselves cisterns, “broken cisterns, that can hold no water.” Jer. ii. 13. Not to our fellow-Christians can we look, for they are in the same plight with ourselves, and they answer us as King Jehoram in the famine at Samaria answered the cry of the mother whose son was demanded of her to be killed for food: “What aileth thee? If the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee? Out of the barn-floor, or out of the wine-press?” Not to the unbelieving world around, for they, gorged with worldliness, know neither what the hungering nor the food is like. Not to art or science, for

many of those who have dug deepest into the treasures of the one and have soared highest among the sublimities of the other are feeding their poor souls on the husks of unbelief and the garbage of immorality. Among all of them "it shall even be as when an hungry man dreameth, and, behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty: or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and, behold, he is faint, and his soul hath appetite." Isa. xxix. 8.

And still the hungering, thirsting spirit cries, "Whither shall I betake myself for this righteousness wherewith to fill the soul?" "The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not in me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for

jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls; for the price of it is above rubies." Job xxviii. 14-18.

Whence, then, is it to come? Where am I to find it? We certainly do not mistake when we say that from out that upper chamber in Jerusalem the answer comes to our ears. There is gathered a strange assembly. A supper is spread—a *last* supper, a parting meal. Thirteen men recline around the table. Before the sun goes down to-morrow two of those thirteen will have left the world—one by self-murder, the other by murder at the hands of others. On that table are bread and wine. From that festal eminence the eye of the Master of the feast ranges over a starving world, and ere the crucifiers seize him and nail him to the tree he will institute a feast to be spread in coming days in the midst of hungry circles in every quarter of the globe.

It is a feast that, however old, will be ever

new. Jerusalem will sink into ruins, but this feast will yet be spread. Huns, Goths and Vandals will wipe out the Roman empire as the servant wipeth out a platter, turning it upside down; but the platter on that table shall never be broken, its chalice never be overturned. New civilizations shall arise to adorn society or corrupt mankind; a new world shall be discovered; new artilleries shall pour their thunders; the printing-press shall flood the nations with light. Science shall search into all the deep things that are in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. Martyr-fires shall blaze from Jerusalem to Rome, from Rome to Britain, and from Britain to Madagascar; the heathen shall rage and the people imagine a vain thing; the kings of the earth shall set themselves, and the princes take counsel together against the Lord and against his Anointed; and still, amid all the changes of time and things,

this feast shall ever be spread—now in the secluded upper chamber, now in the lofty cathedral, now among the caves and dens of the mountains. And on that table men shall ever see in symbol the one only Food for the soul.

And now that first Last Supper is over. The bread has been broken, the wine poured out, the meal eaten; the long, loving discourse has come to an end, and all heads are bowed while the great Master prays. And in his prayer he pleads, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." John xvii. 17. But to sanctify is to make righteous with that *internal* righteousness for which the renewed man hungers and thirsts. This prayer, then, cries, *Feed, satisfy*, those hungering, thirsting ones with thy truth. But what truth? Truth about what? Undeniably, truth about that suppliant at that table. Other truth, truth about other things,—all is God's truth, "*thy truth*;" and other truth may

enlighten and instruct and build man up to a higher manhood; but what other truth *sanctifies*, makes holy, feeds with righteousness, or at least with anything like the power that dwells in the truth about Jesus Christ, and flows from it? Truth about him, do we say? Why not go further? *Why* not say at once, truth which *is* that suppliant; truth which that suppliant is? Did it not come from his own blessed lips while speaking at that very table, "I am the *truth*"? John xiv. 6. John said that Jesus was full of truth (i. 14), but Jesus adds, "I am the truth." John said, "Truth came by Jesus Christ;" Jesus says, "I am the truth." He said to those who believed on him, "The truth shall make you free." John viii. 31, 32. But he is the Liberator of man! Jesus calls the Holy Ghost "the Spirit of truth," but Peter calls him "the Spirit of Christ." 1 Pet. i. 11. "The Spirit of truth," saith Christ, "will guide you into all truth" (John xvi. 13), and he added, "He

shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and he shall show it unto you." v. 14.

We are only on the surface of things till we have dug down and found Christ as the underlying Rock. He is the Truth-rock underlying all things even in the old dispensation. The substratum of the truth in that golden mercy-seat, in tabernacle and temple, in that altar of incense, in that table of shew-bread, in that golden candlestick, in that brazen laver, in that brazen altar, and in those ever-bleeding sacrifices, the scape-goat and the slain goat, the atoning lamb, in all rites and ceremonies from Aaron to Caiaphas,—was *Jesus Christ!* Aside from him all was dumb, empty show, pantomime and masquerade.

“Sanctify them through thy truth; thy Word is truth.” But “in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by him. In him was life,” said

John (i. 1-4), and Jesus said, "I am the life."

The Chaldee paraphrasts, the most ancient Jewish writers, generally make use of the word *memra*, the *Word*, in those places where Moses used the word Jehovah. They say that it was the Word that created the world—that appeared to Moses on Sinai, to Abraham at Mamre, and to Jacob at Bethel. Thus as Caiaphas (John xi. 50) unwittingly prophesied of Jesus, so the Jews of old, unknown to themselves, lapsed into the truth about the *Word*. Jesus is the Word that God spake into the world for its salvation. As Christ is the underlying truth of the old dispensation, so he is the vital sap in the whole glorious tree of revelation. As the sunbeams radiate from the orb of day, penetrating space, illuming the world and vitalizing its forces, so Jesus Christ radiates from the centre of revealed truth and replenishes every particular truth with all its sanctifying energy.

As the radii of a circle all meet at the centre, so all sanctifying truths meet in Jesus Christ.

When, then, we have dug down to the solid rock, when we have traced the streams to their fountain-head, when we have penetrated through the shell to the kernel, we have found our way to the precious verity of this beatitude, and are ready to read it in all the fullness of its meaning: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after *Me*, for they shall be filled."

Let us recall the fact that it was at the sacramental table that Jesus prayed, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." There, before him, is the bread of which he had just said, "Take, eat; this is my body which is broken for you;" and there is also the wine of which he had said, "This cup is the new testament in my blood; drink ye all of it." "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after me." Upon that table are the bread for

the hunger and the wine for the thirst; each pointing with steady finger to Him who is at once the bread and wine, the one, sole, all-satisfying food of our spiritual nature.

Many other Scriptures and Scripture facts point us to Christ as the meat and drink of the soul. Paul tells us that Christ is our Passover. 1 Cor. v. 7. Christ is shown us in the paschal lamb. But that lamb was eaten. "And they shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire." Ex. xii. 8. Their eating of that lamb fed their souls with trust in God and with expectation of deliverance from their enemies, of provision for their wants and of ultimate entrance into the promised land. Christ is our Passover. On him we are to feed as the food of our souls; and not the meat only, but the drink also. For the Jews, when they celebrated the passover, though they did not drink the blood, drank wine, which represented the blood. And at the sup-

per Jesus said, "This cup is the new testament in my blood; drink ye all of it." Again we see Christ as the meat and drink of the soul, and again we hear the beatitude: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after me."

In the manna strewn by angels' hands for Israel in the desert does not Christ reappear as soul-food for man? To the Jews who demanded that, as Moses gave manna to Israel in the desert, Jesus should show some corresponding sign as a ground of the faith he challenged from them, he answered that the same God who gave the manna to their fathers now offered to their children his Son, as manna infinitely more precious. John vi. 31-35. Nay, does he not intimate that he was the spiritual truth that lay hidden in that manna—that that manna was in truth a type of him? "My Father giveth you the true bread"—the real, not the representative, manna from heaven. v. 32. When Israel first saw the manna on

the ground — a small, round thing as small as the hoar-frost, white like the coriander-seed—they went about asking one another, Manna! what is it? And when Jesus came they long puzzled themselves and one another with the inquiry, “Who is this?” Matt. xxi. 10. Still the old question: Manna! what is it? And Jesus answered their question: “Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.” John vi. 32, 33.

Paul also (in 1 Cor. x. 1-4) repeats the assurance that Christ is both the meat and drink of the soul: “Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea; and did all eat the

same spiritual meat; and did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ."

"The camp of Israel was pitched in Rephidim, and there was no water for the people to drink." Ex. xvii. 6. There was a rock in Horeb, and at God's command Moses, with his rod, smote that rock, and lo! the water came out abundantly. And the Spirit, by the pen of Paul, tells us that rock was Christ: "And they drank of that spiritual Rock, and that Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. x. 4. And the Rock, Christ, was smitten there at that Gethsemane (Marah) and at that Golgotha (Meribah), (Ex. xvii. 7), the place of murmuring and chiding and tempting of the Lord, where they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads, and the malefactors railed on him; and from that hour the true Israel, wending their way from their Red Sea of rescue to their Jordan-passage into their promised

land, have ever been drinking from the streams which issued forth at that terrible smiting.

He is the citron tree hanging full of fruit burnished with golden rind. Of him one prophet writes, "Behold the man whose name is The Branch." Zech. vi. 12. And another prophet, "There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots." Isa. xi. 1. "The citron tree," writes Dr. George Burrows, "seems to be here intended. The foliage is perpetual. Throughout the year there is a continual succession of blossoms, young fruit and ripe fruit. The fruit was of the color of gold, very pleasant to the taste and reviving to those who were ready to faint." Happy those who find him in their hungering! and more happy they who feed their hunger liberally upon his fruit! and most happy they who fill their souls with it! He is the full-hanging apple tree: "As the apple tree among the trees of the

wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." So sings the bride of Jesus in the Canticles. Solomon's Song, ii. 3. Dr. Burrows again writes: "The apple tree yielded a profusion of the richest fruits. It was sweet to the taste, of refreshing fragrance and of the color of gold." He alone can satisfy the cravings of the heart.

And now comes like a chime of silver bells on our ears those words of Jesus himself: "I am the bread which came down from heaven. The Jews then murmured at him, because he said, I am the bread which came down from heaven. And they said, Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How is it then that he saith, I came down from heaven? Jesus therefore answered and said unto them, Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him: and I will

raise him up at the last day. It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me. Not that any man hath seen the Father, save he which is of God, he hath seen the Father. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life. I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. The Jews therefore strove among themselves, saying, How can this man give us his flesh to eat? Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have

no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever." John vi. 41-58.

Jesus, then, is both the food and the drink. For as he said, "I am the bread of life; he that cometh unto me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst" (John vi. 35), so also he said, "In the last day, that great day of the feast, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." John vii. 37.

In Jesus healing diseases we see the one balm of Gilead for all our diseases. In

Jesus giving sight to the blind we see the one Light of the soul. In Jesus calming the storm we see the one only "hiding-place from the wind," the "covert from the tempest." Isa. xxxii. 2. In Jesus wiping the tears of Mary and Martha we see the only true consolation for the broken-hearted children of men—anointed to bind up the broken-hearted—"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." Isa. lxi. 3. And in Jesus feeding the five thousand in the wilderness we see the true meat and drink of the renewed nature.

So true is it, therefore, that Jesus Christ is the one real sustenance of the soul. Of him must we eat; of him must we drink; our hunger is to be fed on him; our thirst is to be slaked on him. He was born at

Bethlehem, the house of bread—he the bread in that house. He too is the well at Bethlehem's gate, and he the water in that well. Well, then, may we read this beatitude: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after *Me*; for they shall be filled."

There is a righteousness for us outside of ourselves, and there is a righteousness for the soul within; and Christ is both the one and the other. The former is a robe hung by the Spirit on the shoulders of the soul for its own joy, and to give it beauty in the eyes of God and the angels. It is a jeweled robe, for all Christ's obedience sparkles in it. And the righteousness within is a life. The Spirit of life from God has entered into them (Rev. xi. 11), and Christ is this life. Col. iii. 4. Twenty-five hundred years ago an inspired prophet wrote, "The Lord our Righteousness" (Jer. xxiii. 6)—righteousness to us, the external righteousness, the righteousness of justifi-

cation. And by it we are made "the righteousness of God." 2 Cor. v. 21. And this Righteousness is Christ—for he is the Righteous Branch—raised up unto David. "This is the name whereby he shall be called, *The Lord our Righteousness.*" Jer. xxiii. 5, 6. Seven hundred years after Jeremiah an inspired apostle wrote, "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us not only wisdom, and righteousness—the external righteousness—but sanctification also. God makes Christ both our justification and sanctification. "These," writes Dr. Charles Hodge in his commentary on this passage, "are intimately united as different aspects of the same thing. Righteousness is that which satisfies the demands of the law as a rule of justification; sanctification, or holiness, is that which satisfies the law as a rule of duty. Christ is both to us."

Whoever, then, hungers and thirsts after righteousness, hungers and thirsts after Christ.

CHRIST AS THE SOUL'S FOOD.

LET us now withdraw our eyes from every other aspect of Christ and fix them upon his being, character and work as the food of the renewed nature—the specific object of the twin craving referred to in the beatitude.

1. In this aspect we are to recognize *his perfect holiness*. He is “holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners.” Heb. vii. 26. Not a seam in his apparel, not a wrinkle in his robe, not a blemish in his character. He is not only immaculate, spotless, but positively, perfectly holy—every emotion, motive and thought as pure as the glory that ripples against the throne of God. Nay, he is holiness itself—our holiness, holiness unto us; for “of God are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God”—by God as the efficient cause and force—“is made unto us sanctification,” which is holiness. 1 Cor. i. 30.

But food feeds the life—animal food the animal life, mental food the mental life, moral food the moral life, religious food the religious life, Christ-food the Christ-life. A healthy frame by feeding upon strong meat accumulates muscle, nerve, force and energy of physical life; man grows to be a healthy and powerful animal. A vigorous intellect, feeding on mental food, gathering great thoughts, studying the stars and the earth-strata, the mountains and volcanoes, beasts, birds and flowers, grows to kingdom among men, and even after death “rules men’s spirits from the urn.” A high moral nature, pondering the great principles of right, duty and obligation, and putting those principles into practice, becomes the dew of heaven upon the great garden of common, secular interests among men. But mental life is far richer in its nature than animal life, and moral life far higher than mental life; and high over all these, as the heavens above the earth, is the life introduced into

man when he is born again—born not of blood nor of the will of the flesh, but of God. This is *the life of God in the soul of man.*

But *all* life must be fed; all life has appetite. Each style of life must be fed with food convenient for it and adapted to it. You cannot feed the mind on meats, bread and butter and fruits. A giant in frame may be a babe in intellect. You cannot feed the moral nature to vigor on mere intellectual food. Giants in intellect have sometimes been bond-slaves of immorality. Byron, while drinking every cup of fame, was drinking also every cup of shame. Neither can you feed the religious life on mere moral principle, for many a moralist has scoffed at the name of piety and cursed the name of God. This new life must be fed with its own food, and as it is the life of God it must be fed on holiness. To this are men chosen of God—“elect according to the foreknowledge of

God the Father, through sanctification” (which is holiness) “of the Spirit.” 1 Pet. i. 2. And this food is Christ. The life may be in us as a spark; so was it with the Corinthians. They were mere babes in Christ. 1 Cor. iii. 1. So was it with those Hebrews: “When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God.” Heb. v. 12. It may, however, be as a blazing sun. It was so in Paul and John. And the difference between these two grades of God-life is due to the difference in the proportion of Christ-food taken into the soul. The sick man loathes food, the strong man craves it. The babe in Christ takes food by the spoonful; the man in Christ takes it by the handful. He lives under the Christ-tree, and is ever plucking and eating the golden apples. Oh for more of this feeding on Christ, eating and drinking of this holiness!—this holiness infusing it-

self into the life of the soul and mingling with it—with its thoughts, its musings, its aims, motives, purposes, affections, volitions! As in the spring-time the sap flows through all the tree, urging the bud into leaf and blossom, and ripening the blossom into fruit, so in this our spring-time of life does this holiness within, when we feed hungrily upon it, flow through all the vitalities of the soul, issuing in buds, blossoms and all the bright, rich fruits of holiness—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

2. Then, as the food of the soul, Christ is *exceedingly attractive*.

To Eve in the garden the fruit of the forbidden tree was pleasant to the eye and a tree to be desired to make one wise. Gen. iii. 6. Much more pleasant to the eye of the renewed nature is the fruit upon this *unforbidden* tree. He is "fairer than the children of men." Ps. xlv. 2.

As the flowers receive all their beauty from the sunbeam, so the bride of Christ, his Church, wears only a beauty reflected from her Lord; but even she is "beautiful as Tirzah" and "comely as Jerusalem." Cant. vi. 4. What, then, must be his beauty! He is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." Heb. i. 3. David "was ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to" (1 Sam. xvi. 12); but the *Root and Offspring of David* "is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. Yea, he is altogether lovely." Cant. v. 10, 16. The morning star is beautiful; but of himself Jesus says, "I am the bright and morning Star." Rev. xxii. 16. The rose and the lily are beautiful, bright stars set by God's hand in the earth's green firmament; but Jesus says, "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." Cant. ii. 1. I, writes an Eastern poet, quoted by Dr. Burrows in his beautiful commentary

on Solomon's Song, and already cited more than once in these pages—"I, like Atthar, that famous poet, came out of the garden of Nischabur; but Atthar was the rose, and I am only a bramble." And the renewed soul in its holiest moods is ever ready to say, He is the rose, I but a poor bramble. The beauty of tabernacle and temple, the glory and beauty of Aaron's holy garments (Ex. xxviii. 2), the beauty of the breastplate of judgment, with all the cunning of its workmanship, studded with jewels, sardius, topaz and carbuncle, emerald, sapphire and diamond, ligure, agate and amethyst, beryl, onyx and jasper (Ex. xxviii. 15-20); the beauty of the golden candlestick, and of the Shechinah over the golden mercy-seat,—were all but dust and rust to the beauty of Immanuel. A glimpse of this beauty was vouchsafed to the chosen three on the mount when he was transfigured before them, and "his face did shine as the sun," "and his raiment became white and shining,

exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them." Mark ix. 3. The beloved disciple had glimpses of this beauty, the glory as of the *only-begotten of the Father*. And many a time have saintly spirits seen this beauty as they have worshipped on some mount of ordinances, some high sunny terrace of devout meditation, or kneeled in the praying-closet.

“ There, there, on eagle-wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.”

Cyrus the Great took captive in his wars a princess of surpassing beauty by the name of Panthea, the wife of Abradates, king of Susiana. And on a certain day, it is said, Cyrus, seated under the royal canopy and surrounded by his court and captains, summoned Abradates and his beautiful wife before him and asked the prince: “ What ransom are you willing to pay me for your bride?” “ *My life,*” was the answer. Touched by the loving

fervor of the reply, Cyrus dismissed them both without a ransom. And as they rode homeward in their chariot the prince could think of nothing but the glories of Cyrus's court and the magnanimity of his conduct. "Did you ever see anything like it?" he exclaimed. *Like what?* asked Panthea. *Like what? why, like Cyrus and the glories of his court.* *I did not see them,* she answered. *Not see them? Where in the world were your eyes?* *On the man,* she answered, *who said he would give his life for my ransom.* And as Abradates, with his wondrous devotion to her, eclipsed in Panthea's eye all the glories of that scene, so Christ, on some mount of high devotion, eclipses in the eye of the renewed nature all other scenes, however glorious in the world's view.

At such seasons, absorbed in contemplation of this chiefest among ten thousand, who not only *said* he would give his life, but *actually gave it* in all the tortures of

the crucifixion, the believing soul sings the song of the quaint old poet:

“Ne from thenceforth does any fleshly sense
Or idle thought of earthly things remain;
So full my eyes are of that glorious sight
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in naught else on earth can I delight,
But in the aspect of that felicitie,
Which I have written in my inward eye.”

Now in this beauty of Christ, as the meat and drink of the soul, consists its attractiveness to the renewed nature. It is the golden glory of the orange, it is the divine purple in the clustering grape, it is the odor of the fragrant citron. No wonder the new life longs for it, pants for it, as the hart for the water-brooks! No wonder if with this in view it loathes all other and grosser food! Wonderful that the new-born soul can think of aught but Christ, can allow the lip to say aught but Christ—Christ! Christ! A mother in Israel, relating to the writer her Christian experience, said, “Jesus came to me as at midnight I lay on my bed half dead with

anguish for my sin; and when I saw him and believed, such joy filled my soul that I could lie still no longer. I rose and paced my room, and wondered that Christians could think or talk of anything but Christ." Astonishing revolution! But yesterday he was a "root out of a dry ground, he had no form or comeliness, and when the eye saw him there was no beauty that it should desire him." Isa. liii. 2. To-day he is the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley; and now as the eye sees him there is no beauty in anything else that it should desire besides it. *Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.* Ps. lxxiii. 25. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes:

"Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love!"

Blessed they that hunger and thirst for this beauty, to live in them, flow through

them, beam from them, and clothe them with itself! Thrice blessed they that are filled with it!

3. In Christ, as the meat and drink of the soul, there is also an element of *power*.

In him is the power that *creates*—*All things were made by him*; and the power that preserves in being—*Upholding all things by the word of his power*. Heb. i. 3.

As Messiah, *all power is given unto him in heaven and in earth*. In this Messianic office he is *Christ the power of God*. 1 Cor. i. 24. And this power is to be especially put forth over, upon and in the souls of men. For it is especially over human minds and hearts that he is King. First and most of all, *souls* are his subjects. While yet in the flesh he made frequent and striking displays of power in *this* sphere of his dominion, both over souls as yet not grafted into him, and over those now branches of him, the Vine. He so im-

pressed the woman of Samaria with whom he talked by the well (John iv. 7-29) that she felt as if the recording angel had come down from heaven to read in her ears from his book the whole story of her impure life. He *told me all things that ever I did*. When to the armed band that came to arrest him, he said, *I am he! they went backward and fell to the ground*. John xviii. 6. Such a power has he over the minds, purposes and courage of even wicked men resolutely bent on crime!

What, in magnitude and energy, this power is, as awaiting and operating on his believing subjects, Paul tells us in that prayer of his for the Ephesian Christians (Eph. i. 15-23) where he writes of a power that is *to usward*. Ver. 19. It is a power that is stored in him as in an arsenal *for* us who believe. It is a power concentrated as in a focus toward us, waiting to pour itself into us. It is a table loaded with power, calling upon us, *Eat, O friends*; it is a

vast fountain of power, bidding us, *Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!*" The munificence of this store, its unstinted affluence, are shown us in glowing, mighty terms in that prayer—"I cease not to pray, that you, hungering and thirsting for Christ, may know what is the exceeding greatness of God's power in Christ to usward who are believing." It is a power like that put forth in raising Jesus from the dead and setting him at his own "right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the Church." Eph. i. 15-23. Such is the power that is to usward, inviting us to feed upon it to our hearts' content? This power is again set before us, in language that is crowded to bursting with thought, in Eph. iii. 14-20, where the writer first de-

tails the glorious things this power aims to accomplish in the heart of the saints: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." Eph. iii. 14-19.

These are the stupendous results he has been *asking* for the saints. And now he adds, *All this, above all this, abundantly above all this, exceeding abundantly above all this*—this power that is to usward, nay, that has wrought on, and *is now working in us*—is able to do.

An instance of this power in actual operation within believing souls we witness in that scene on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. Matt. iv. 18-22. At his call, *Follow me and I will make you fishers of men*, those fishermen, as if an electric shock had gone through them, dropped their nets, left their father, gave up their means of livelihood and followed him as sheep follow their shepherd. Again, Cleopas and his companion as they walked pensively from Jerusalem to Emmaus, exchanging their sad communications, felt their hearts on fire within them as the mysterious stranger poured his marvelous words into their ears. Luke xxiv. 1. Think, then, of the power of this mighty One who made the worlds, and from without so stirred the hearts of men, when, as the food of the soul, he is introduced into its very life! For the babe there is milk, for the strong man there is meat, for the renewed soul there is Christ, the power of God. Strong

meat builds up muscle and nerve; Christ builds up spiritual life. To the soldier animal and vegetable food imparts spirit, vigor, courage, power of endurance; Christ fed on by the renewed man makes him strong for God and good, fires him with zeal, fills him with energy, enables him to dare and triumph in the flames of martyrdom—yea, even to covet the martyr's crown. It was by virtue of the Christ-power in them, first working faith, and then working through faith, that the world's worthies, of whom the world was not worthy, "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection; and others had trial of cruel mock-

ings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented." Heb. xi. 33-37.

Add now the moulding, transforming force of this power infused into the human soul-life. Give food to the man who, through exhaustion, has dropped out of the caravan and lies famishing on the burning sands in the desert, and you have made a new man of him. Fill this one with strong drink and you have turned him into another being. Introduce, then, this mighty, all-holy Christ in large measure into a renewed man till he pervades all his being, and you have re-renewed him, making him more than ever dead unto sin, and more than ever alive unto righteousness—nay, alive with righteousness. When the battle flagged and the Gallic legions wavered, the appearance of Napoleon in their front on his

cream-colored charger baptized those soldiers with himself, infused him into them and made each legionary almost a Napoleon. And the Christian man, fed full of Christ, his spiritual organs eagerly assimilating him, becomes a human Christ. "Touch not mine anointed ones," my Christs, saith God by the lips of his inspired penman. Ps. cv. 18.

Blessed, then, are they which do hunger and thirst after this all-holy, all-beautiful, all-mighty Christ!

4. Christ, as the meat and drink of the soul, embraces other and exceedingly precious elements.

To attain the conception of a complete Christ, as offered for food to the soul's life, we must add to his holiness and beauty and power all that he did and suffered to prepare himself for the needs of hungering, thirsting souls. We must call to mind that if this *Bread of God* came to earth from heaven, he comes to us from the Bethlehem manger,

the Jordan baptism, the desert trial ; through all the weary ways of his life among men, the solemn ways of his devotions in which he “ offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears,” learning “ obedience by the things that he suffered ” (Heb. v. 7, 8); through all the sweet ways strewn with the flowers of his beneficence, healing the sick, cleansing the leper, raising the dead ; vocal with sayings such as man never uttered ; through Gethsemane, over Calvary, out of the sepulchre, and back again by his Spirit from the right hand of God, where he ever liveth to make intercession for us. For only through such a toilsome ploughing and laborious planting and sore pruning could the fruit be matured for the feeding of that great family whose names are written in heaven. To set those meats and fruits upon the family table at which we sit—parents, children, and friends to eat so joyously—the husbandman has toiled through heat and cold, the sailor has

been bruised and beaten by the storm, the baker and confectioner have expended strength, the servant has labored with tired hands and frame, and the ox and the lamb have been smitten. And to set this soul-food before hungering, thirsting spirits, Christ, who is this food, sailed over the angry sea, was pelted with the angry storm, was hunted by bloodthirsty men, spent whole nights in prayer, was crucified and slain, and was sepulchred with the dead. And the food we eat is compounded of all the wealth of his glorious being, all the treasure he amassed in his obedient life and in his fearful death. Among the last commands laid on Mosés during that forty days and nights' sojourn with God on Sinai's top was the charge, "Take thou also unto thee principal spices, of pure myrrh five hundred shekels, and of sweet cinnamon half so much, even two hundred and fifty shekels, and of sweet calamus two hundred and fifty shekels, and of

cassia five hundred shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary, and of oil-olive a hin : and thou shalt make it an oil of holy ointment, an ointment compound after the art of the apothecary ; it shall be a holy anointing oil. And thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel, saying, This shall be a holy anointing oil unto me throughout your generations. Whosoever compoundeth any like it, or whosoever putteth any of it upon a stranger, shall even be cut off from his people." Ex. xxx. 23-25, 31, 33.

And we seem to hear the same Jehovah saying to a greater than Moses, " My only-begotten, dearly-beloved Son, whom I give as my bread for life unto the world, take thou of thine infinite holiness, of thy matchless beauty, of thine unbounded power, and compound therewith the pain and humiliation of thy subjection to human ills, the weariness of thy toils, thy tears, thy groans and bloody sweat in the garden, the blood that trickled down thy face from the crown of

thorns, that flowed over thy body in the scourging, and down the cross from thy hands, feet and side, the bitterness of thine hour of despair, the echoes of that cry of anguish, and the blackness of that hour and power of darkness, and make therewith a loaf wherewith to feed all those myriads who, till time shall end, shall hunger and thirst after righteousness." Here, indeed, is the *Bread of God that came down from heaven.*

Or, to vary the figure, *Go thou, my Son,* and gather all the grapes, and reap thou all the grain that thou hast caused to grow out of that stable and manger at Bethlehem, upon the margin of the river where thou wast baptized, out of that wilderness where for forty days among the wild beasts thou wast tempted, along those highways where sun and storm beat on thy dear form, on the mountain-slope where thou didst pray from darkening eve till rising dawn, out of the Garden, out of Golgotha, out of the sepulchre, out of Olivet's top whence thou

didst ascend to thy home on high; and grind that grain, and make it into bread, and press those grapes into the wine-cup, and then go and put that loaf into the one hand and that cup into the other of that poor soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness, that he may be filled.

O thou blessed God, what food is here! Food not for angels, but for man—for fallen, rebellious, sinful man! Our first parents ate of the fruits of Eden, but on the banks of the river that watered that garden no fruit like this ever grew. Around Israel in the desert God “rained down manna,” and “men did eat angels’ food.” Ps. lxxviii. 24, 25. But around angels in heaven God never rained food like this. They never, as man does, feed on *this* Christ-food.

“Not angels round the throne
Of Majesty above,
Are half so much obliged as we
To our Immanuel’s love.

“ They never sank so low,
They are not raised so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

“ The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breathed a single groan.”

In heaven the angels may sing with all the exquisite harmonies of their ten thousand times ten thousand voices, and play on all their harps and high-sounding cymbals the music of the song, “Worthy the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing.” Rev. v. 12. But in *this* song they can never join: “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.” Rev. i. 5, 6. Nor in this: “And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art, worthy to take the book, and to open

the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Rev. v. 9. For *they* have never been redeemed unto God by Christ's blood—in that blood have never been washed from sin.

Blessed indeed are they who hunger and thirst after this Christ-Bread—this Christ-Wine!

CHRIST THE ONLY FOOD OF THE RENEWED
NATURE.

THE command bidding Moses make "the holy anointing oil" closes with the anathema, Whosoever compoundeth any like it, *shall even be cut off from among his people.* Much more, if any creature shall interpose between God and the soul, and attempt to compound a food to feed its life, will God cut off the innovater. Should this innovater be an apostle, or even an angel from heaven, even he could not escape the anath-

ema. So saith an apostle: "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." Gal. i. 8. *There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.* Acts iv. 12.

He alone who creates a life can create the food to feed that life. God is the Creator of all life, and he alone can give the food to feed the animal life and the vegetable life and every form of life. He is pre-eminently the Author of the life of God in the soul of man. And more than once did God call out of heaven to man, *This is my Beloved Son, hear him!* Luke ix. 35. As we, in obedience to this Author of life, listen to the Son, we hear him ever calling men to himself: *Come unto me. He that cometh unto me shall never hunger. Go anywhere else, apply to any one else, rely upon anything else, and your soul will starve.* By no toils or tears, by no works wrought in

your own strength, by no self-denials, no fastings, no hiding away in convent cells or monastic cloisters, can you compass the feeding of your soul. To the woman of Samaria, Jesus said, *Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again.* But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life. John iv. 13, 14.

“In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink.” John vii. 37. To me and to me only! “I am that bread of life.” John vi. 48. *I and I only! Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, YE HAVE NO LIFE IN YOU.* John vi. 53. Christ alone is the meat and drink of the renewed soul.

When those poor women were starving in Samaria (2 Kings vi. 26–29), had there

been a cruse of wine, a cluster of grapes, a crust of mouldy bread within their reach, they would not have resorted to the horrid expedient of giving up their darling babes to be eaten. And had God, in his infinite wisdom and pity for a starving world, seen in the wide realms of his universe any other supply for its necessities, surely he would never have given up his only-begotten Son, to be bruised and put to grief, that men might eat his flesh and drink his blood.

No mere formalities of service, no mere confession at the communion-table, no zeal in working, can make the soul fat and flourishing—can bring it up toward the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, and fill it with the fullness of God; nothing but feeding on Christ. We must feed upon his flesh, we must drink his blood. As members of his body we must draw into ourselves large supplies of the life of the body—as branches of the Vine we must eagerly

appropriate the vital sap that courses through the stem of the divine Vine!

THE SUPPLY ABUNDANT.

THERE is enough for each and enough for all. It must be so. For if God provides for the common wants of man and beast and bird, will he not much more for the being created anew by the power of the Holy Ghost and through application of the blood of his Son? The streams have been flowing from the mountains ever since the earth was made, and the ocean receives as full supply to-day as when those streams began to flow. If God thus pours his watery treasures through meadow and plain to make the flowers glad, will he give "by measure" to the flowers of piety with which he has caused his garden to bloom? If the tribes of men and all the four-footed tribes, all creeping things and flying fowl, when they have drunk till they can drink

no more, leave whole Amazons of crystal beverage yet flowing to the sea, shall there be stint or limit to the supply for thirsting souls? Every passing year a gracious God lays a whole earthful of fruit and grain at the feet of our twelve hundred millions of human beings; will he not then, with richer affluence still, pile bread upon the table of the children of faith? The sun, in God's hand, has been all these ages flooding the earth with his beams, and that sun is as bright to-day as when it made the roses and lilies in Eden sparkle in its beams. But Christ the Son of God is God's Sun also, the Sun of Righteousness, the righteousness for which we hunger; nay, he is God himself. Hence there can be no recess in the believing heart which those holy beams may not fill, and through the wide world no new created nature, whether in palace or hovel, tent or cave, on whom and into whom these beams do not pour themselves. No fewer sunbeams come

upon my orchard because so many fall upon my neighbor's. The treasures of this light that Enoch drank left none the less for Noah. The large measures that Moses appropriated left none the less for Elijah and Isaiah and Paul and John. The barrel of the widow of Zarephath was not a large one, her oil-cruise could hold but a small supply, and yet no draughts she made upon their contents left any the less behind. But in the barrel and cruise whence we drew our life, is all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

Scientists venture to assert that all the sunbeams that in far-off geologic ages fell upon those forests since turned into coal have been garnered up in that mineral as light and heat, and now all the furnaces and foundries are roaring with them, and all the factories are ringing with them, and all the steamers and railway trains are driven by them. Thus in our coal-mines lie embodied the chief elements of our present

splendid civilization. But in Jesus Christ, the Bread of God for the soul of man, is all the holy light and heat and life of God himself. Embosomed in him are all the stores of the divine holiness. Is there not enough for a finite need in an infinite supply? Manna was given in the desert and water gushed from the rock till human hunger and thirst hungered and thirsted no more. But that Rock was Christ, and that manna was Christ. Nay, God "rained down manna" in the desert (Ps. lxxviii. 24), and God bids, "*Seek the Lord* till he come and *rain* righteousness upon you." Hos. x. 12. And the rain had descended and the floods had come when He appeared who stood and cried, "If any man thirst"—any man, anywhere—"let him come unto ME and drink!" Saith God, *I will POUR water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.* Isa. xlv. 3. And the pouring had come when God in the person of his Son said to men, *He that believeth on me shall never thirst.* John

vi. 35. *The Bread of God*, saith Jesus, *is He which cometh down from heaven*. But by the mouth of Paul, the Spirit saith, *It pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell*. Col. i. 19. All fullness is in him, and hence in him is an infinite supply. All fullness *dwells* in him, and hence the supply is inexhaustible. For after all have drunk and eaten, still the same fullness remains. *In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily* (Col. ii. 9)—in bodily fashion, in the flesh we are to eat, in the blood we are to drink. John vi. 53–55. Right well grounded, then, is the call of Jesus: “I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.” Cant. v. 1.

THE FOOD ACCESSIBLE.

ABUNDANT as is bread upon the earth, it is not always accessible to those who need it. Owing to the confusion introduced by sin and the dislocations perpetrated by it, the food is sometimes on one continent while the hunger is on another. The highways of Persia may be covered with the dead bodies of men, women and children starved to death, while at the same time the highways of our happy republic are filled with wagons loaded with grain. In the city palace there is bread and to spare, while in the city lane children go supperless to bed.

Sad to say, owing to Christian supineness and lack of self-denying zeal, while to-day in Christian lands there is an abundance of spiritual food, in China and India and Africa souls are starving by tens of thousands. But to any who may read these lines this Christ-food is more accessible

than the bread upon the family table. It is before you and behind you, on your right hand and on your left. No need for us to ask, "Who shall ascend into heaven (that is, to bring Christ down from above)? or who shall descend into the deep (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead)? The word is nigh thee." Rom. x. 6-8. Will a mother say to her hungry child, "Why do you cry so in my ears for bread? Go and eat and be filled," when she knows very well that there is not a crumb of bread within reach of the suffering one? Did Hagar in the wilderness of Beer-sheba, when the water in the bottle was spent, say to her boy, "Drink now and cry no more." No, she laid him far off under the meagre shade of the shrub to die, while she lifted up her voice and wept in the anguish of a mother's heart. But the heart of Jesus is more tender toward his thirsting children than Hagar's toward her famishing boy. "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she

should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Isa. xlix. 15. Then surely he would not call and iterate and reiterate the call, "Come unto me and drink;" "He that cometh unto me shall never hunger, he that believeth on me shall never thirst;" "Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved," unless the bread and the wine were near at hand. We sit under his shadow, and all above us, within our reach, are the apples and citrons sweet to the taste. He has brought us into his banquet-house. Around us is spread a feast—a feast of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees, well refined. When Paul prayed that we might be *filled* with the fullness of God, he well knew that Christ, God's fullness, was within our reach. Christ complained, not there was no bread at hand to feed the life of the soul, but that men *would not* come to the table and eat. John v. 40. If any Israelite in the desert

went unfed, it was not because the manna did not lie thick around his tent, but because he neglected to gather it. If any man went thirsty there, it was because he neglected to dip his cup into the rock-stream that flowed sparkling by. And if to-day there is lack of the stalwart piety of old heroic times, if one is pale and another weak, one sickly and one asleep, this one with head bowed like the bulrush, that one sighing, "*Oh my leanness! my leanness!*" any one moaning—

"'Tis a point I long to know—

Oft it causes anxious thought—

Do I love the Lord, or no?

Am I his, or am I not?

"If I love, why am I thus?

Why this dull and lifeless frame?

Hardly, sure, can they be worse

Who have never heard his name.

"Could my heart so hard remain,

Prayer a task and burden prove,

Every trifle give me pain,

If I knew a Saviour's love?

“When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild;
 Filled with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?”

“If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mixed with all I do;
 You who love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you?”

—it is not because the manna does not lie in rich abundance around the tent of each one, but because he neglects to gather and feed upon it. The food is abundant, and as accessible as it is abundant.

Those hungering and thirsting after the Christ-food are ever encamped at Elim, where are more than twelve wells of water, and more than threescore and ten palm trees.

THE CHRIST-FOOD SATISFYING.

It is all-satisfying. Of what other food can this be said? Not of food for the body. The body of a woman was found

in a city garret, clad in rags and pale in death, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was "died of starvation." Poor soul! when a child in her mother's house the hand of love fed her to the full. But, alas! the feeding did not last. Elijah, in the strength of the meal the angel served to him under the juniper tree, went forty days. 1 Kings xix. 4-8. But what are forty days to a lifetime? The hour came when Elijah was as hungry as ever. Feed the covetous man with gold till he can no longer find a place to store it; make him as rich as Crassus and Cræsus combined; feed the ambitious man with power till his word rules a world; feed the one greedy of fame till his name has become a household word in millions of houses; and the famous man will pine for fuller applause, and the ambitious man weep for more worlds to rule, and the covetous man will still passionately call for gold! gold! more gold!

But hear the word of Jesus: "I am the

Bread of *life*." "I am the *living* Bread—" Bread that lives within the one who feeds upon it, lives there as bread to satisfy every craving; a well of water in him, springing into the life, unto everlasting life. John iv. 14. "He that cometh unto me shall *never* hunger;" "Whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall *never* thirst." John vi. 35; iv. 14.

Think of it! meat and drink to feed all the hungerings and all the thirstings of man's ever-craving nature! He that eateth of any other food whatever may yet starve. He that drinketh of any other fountain whatever may yet die of thirst. But he that eateth and drinketh of the Bread of God, which is Jesus Christ, shall never thirst nor hunger. But *never* is a long time. Our heart was once broken at the cry of a young widow as, sitting by the corpse of her husband, long a drunken, profligate, blaspheming man, cut off in the twinkling of an eye, she filled the room

with her wail: "Oh, for ever is so long, so long! for ever *is* so *long*!" Yes, for ever is very long. But whoso eateth and drinketh of the Christ-food shall hunger no more *for ever*. Not in this life, for "the Lord is his Shepherd, and he shall not want." Ps. xxiii. He will ever lead through the green pastures and beside the still waters. Not in death.

"All my capacious powers can wish
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

"I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death."

And surely not in heaven, in our home
among the many mansions; for

"There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the riches of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

O Father of Jesus, feed my hungry, thirsty, ever-living soul with this ever-living Bread!

THE WELCOME.

THE food is abundant, it is accessible and it is all-satisfying. Is there a cordial welcome for me at that table? There, in that princely mansion, a sumptuous feast is spread, and this one and that one is greeted by the host with a warm grasp of the hand and a most cordial welcome. But this one is a magistrate, that one a learned counselor; this one a great captain, that one a world-renowned artist; this one a poet, that one a statesman; but I am only a neighbor, unknown and poor. I am here upon a general invitation. Am I as welcome? I *may* eat and drink. Common hospitality and courtesy forbid my exclusion—forbid any manifest coldness of greet-

ing. But is not the host a little surprised to see me there, and a little chagrined? It is the *welcome* that gives sauce to the food and flavor to the viands. Am I welcome? Perhaps not there, but most surely here. The invitation is ample, and Jesus Christ does not know how to be other than sincere. And his invitation, if general, is also personal. It is addressed to me as honestly and sincerely as to John or Paul. Further, this is a family feast. Is any child less welcome than another to a father's table? Was any one less welcome than another to the manna and the water in the desert? And if the same to one as to another, was it not most cordial to all? Why did God, with the anthems of heaven ringing in his ears and all the bright spirit-forms of heaven before his eyes, come down to earth to bid Moses to that wondrous task, the smiting of the rock, and why each morning new create a manna shower, if his very heart was not in the eating and drinking of the food by

his children? Why, unless bright eyes and ruddy cheeks and strong frames were more pleasant in his sight than pallor and weakness and starvation? Why, unless his fatherly heart gladdened at their putting away their sighing and pining, and taking up the harp and song of joy and thanksgiving? And what has he put upon the table before our craving souls? What but his own Son—brought to that table garlanded with all the glories of the divine human nature, wreathed with all flowers of his beneficence, through toils and tears, through sweat and blood, through scourging and crucifying?

Welcome! If God ever grieves it is when men refuse to eat, and hardly less when his children satisfy themselves with a crumb or two, a fig and a grape, when their needs require a hearty and abundant feeding.

Welcome! Why otherwise has he by his Spirit called out from among their fellows thousands of men, and bidden them do

nothing else all their lives but invite men to this table, and, when they are there, labor to induce them to eat to the full by unfolding to them all the treasures of holiness, beauty and power this food will impart to those who eat according to their needs. He has made a great supper, and sent out his servants at supper-time along the highways and among the hedges to invite, urge and compel them to come in, and then stands and cries, "*Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.*"

Welcome! There in that family is a boy pale and growing paler, thin and becoming thinner, haggard and waxing more haggard still. He has no appetite. He loathes the sight of food. Every device within compass of parental love has exhausted itself to procure meat or fruit to tempt the appetite of that child, and all in vain. Medical skill has gone to its wits' end to create an appetite in that wasting form; all in vain. And now, lo! in some bright hour the child asks for food.

Is there now a welcome for that child at the family table? Welcome! welcome! Why, tears of joy rain down the cheeks of father and mother as they hear his call. With every mouthful he takes they give forth a hearty "*Thank God!*" And think you there is lack of hearty welcome on the part of God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, when, after having at such sacrifice provided food for the soul, after a watch and care often of many years, he, by the new creation, has induced an appetite, these children of faith are found eating and drinking with hearty relish? Can God bear the sight of so much sickly weakness among his saints, such pale faces and emaciated forms, such want of love, joy, peace and all the Christian graces, when the food to supply all these is so abundant and so accessible? It is the discipline, strength, and courage and prowess of the legion that fills the heart of the *Imperator* with pride. It is the fine form, the blooming cheek, the manly, womanly

power of the children, that fills the parent's heart with joy. And it is the full-hearted Christliness, such as can come only by a constant and abundant feeding on the Bread of God, that makes Heaven glad. What means the sigh from the heart of God?—"My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill: and he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a winepress therein: and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes. What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?" Isa. (v. 1, 2, 4). It means weariness and disgust at the feebleness of piety in the Church; such profusion of profession joined with such penury of practice; such abounding imperfections, such worldliness; truths

in the creed that might kindle life under the ribs of death, and a life so little unlike death. In the bosom of God there is a kind of loathing of such Laodiceanism. "I would, saith the Spirit, thou wert either cold or hot"—anything but this lukewarmness. Rev. iii. 15. Welcome to the Bread of God, that, taken into the life, feeds it with the beauty and power of holiness! Yes, ten thousand times ten thousand welcomes!

FEEDING ON CHRIST.

AT the word of Jesus, "The bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world," the Jews exclaimed, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" John vi. 51, 52. But devout meditation will easily feel its way to the proper solution of the question. To lay hold of a practical conception of the process expressed by the terms feeding on Christ, eating his flesh and drinking his blood, we must, of course, dis-

miss from our minds all the grosser notions involved in the common modes of eating and drinking, and find our way to an idea more spiritual and fundamental. Our animal natures really partake of food, not when we pass it through the mouth into possession of the digestive organs, but when the blood, *which is the life*, gathers its essence into itself and distributes it through the frame. And feeding on the Bread of God, on Jesus Christ, in the more comprehensive sense of the term, consists in transferring or receiving him into the life of the soul. In this act or process the renewed nature appropriates to the use of the soul all of Christ that is within its reach—his obedience, his atonement, his grace in all its fullness. While Christ as a righteousness out of ourselves, furnished to us for our justification, is not an object of spiritual hunger and thirst, for as such he is already in our possession, yet even as such we feed on him when

under the teaching and illumination of the Holy Spirit we gain new insight into the fullness and completeness of his work in our behalf, and of its effect upon us in removing our sins from us far as the east is from the west—when we acquire fresh and more vivid assurance that for us in all the wide universe, in time and eternity, there *is no condemnation*.

But the chief object of the hunger and thirst of the beatitude is Christ as our sanctification—*Christ in us the hope of glory*. For our justification—that is, for our pardon and acceptance with God—on the part of God, the righteousness of Christ is *imputed to us*; on our part, it is *accepted by us*. For our sanctification the grace of Christ is on the part of God implanted in us, and on our part fed upon by us. In both cases two spirits are at work—the Spirit of God in giving, and the spirit of man in receiving. In the language of an excellent old work, *Fisher's Catechism*,

“The matter of justification is the righteousness of Christ; but the matter of our sanctification is the fullness of Christ communicated, or grace imparted from him out of whose fullness we receive, and grace for grace.” John i. 16. Further, from the same, “Christ himself and not the believer is the subject of our justifying righteousness. It is inherently in him, but the believer himself is the subject of the righteousness of sanctification. It is implanted in him as a new nature.” We feed on Christ in a high and holy sense as the *matter* of our sanctification, as that holiness which makes us holy, when, through him, as he dwells in us, we grow more and more into his likeness, and we die more and more unto sin and live more and more unto righteousness. Thus, as we take the essence of our food into our animal life, so we take Christ as our sanctification into our spiritual life. And so of God, “Christ is made unto us sanctification.” I Cor. i. 30.

A child may be said to feed upon his father. That father is his model. That father is his example. The spirit and character of the father are reproduced in the son. The son repeats his father's language, takes up his father's opinions, acts over again his father's acts. His moral life feeds on his father—sometimes to his undoing, sometimes to his honor, sometimes to his salvation. So the renewed nature feeds on Christ. Christ is the believer's model. Christ is his example. He appropriates the life and character of Christ. He thinks the thoughts of Christ. He speaks the words of Christ. He beams, glows, palpitates with Christ. His spiritual pulse-beat answers to Christ's heart-throb.

The agent in furnishing Christ to the soul as its food is *the Holy Spirit*. For the little child—that miracle of form, feature and life—some one must prepare food; to the little one some one must

bring the food, else its body will waste away and its life will pass away. But no new-born babe is in itself more helpless than in itself is the renewed soul. Food must be provided for it—food adapted to its wants. And this food must be brought to it; and, further still, ability must be given to it to partake of that food. Now, God has furnished the Bread from heaven. Here it is, abundant, accessible and all-satisfying. Now comes in the agency of the Holy Ghost. His first act is to create the man anew in Christ Jesus, and thus the appetite is implanted. Then he may stimulate that appetite till, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, the soul shall pant for the Bread of heaven. But the hungry child may starve to death in the same room with its food. And the soul may pant and pine with abundance of food in sight unless the Holy Spirit present the food and enable the soul to feed upon it.

And this feeding the soul with Christ as

its sanctification, as the food, the nourishing, sustaining power—nay, the very life of all that is holy in man—is a chief, we had almost said the only, work of the Holy Ghost within the believing heart. This truth, respecting the official work of the Holy Spirit, was richly unfolded by Christ himself as he sat at the table with the bread which was his body at his one hand, and the cup which was his blood at the other—the cup and the bread the one only food of the regenerated soul. There he said, “I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; *even* the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.” John xiv. 16, 17. Further on in this discourse he specifies the object for which the Comforter was to come: “But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the

Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." John xiv. 26. And then (in chap. xvi. 13-15) the whole work of the Comforter is fully expounded in a brief, precious summary: "Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you."

The Spirit of God is here called *the Spirit of truth*—the Spirit officially put in charge of the truth for its administration, for its ministration to man. But, saith Jesus, "*I am the truth.*" The Spirit of truth is the Spirit of Christ for the ministration of the truth—Christ—to the new

man. He is sent *to guide you*—all you who believe—*into all truth*. Not absolutely all truth—not into the truth of astronomy and botany and political economy, but into all *the* truth—into that truth which is emphatically *the* truth. This is the truth about the Son of God—nay, which *is* the Son of God.

There is a storehouse of meat and drink, grains, fruits and fountains. Yonder a staggering, starving man is groping about for meat and drink. And here comes the angel of charity to take the sufferer by the hand and guide him into the treasure-house. He leads him into all food; yes, in to it. And God has stored up an infinite treasure of soul-food in his slain, risen Son, and now, saith Jesus, God sends in the person of the Holy Ghost a guide to take the hungering, thirsting soul by the hand and lead him into—in unto—all the truth respecting the work and worth of the Messiah. Put your hand in that hand if you too are

hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and you will soon find your way to fullness.

The Spirit is a teacher. "He shall teach you"—all you believers—"all things"—not things about the affairs of time and sense, but about Immanuel. He is a teacher nigh at hand: "He dwelleth with you and shall be in you." He is a teacher equipped with all knowledge: "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God;" "He revealeth the deep and secret things, he knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth *with him*." The light dwelleth *with him*, and he dwelleth *with us*. And this teacher is invested with all power over the mind and heart of the pupil. Mind is his realm. Hearts are his subjects. A Spirit, he deals with spirits.

How heavily and often the faithful teacher sighs over the dullness of his pupil! Oh, he cries, could I but infuse musical powers into this unmusical soul, mathematical talent

into this, quickness of apprehension and retentiveness of memory into that plodding creature! But what he cannot do with his pupil the great Teacher *can do* with his. He can quicken and strengthen all the powers of mind and heart; he teaches in the fullest sense of the word; he causes to know. Knowledge is insight, comprehension, possession of the truth. We do not know a thing when we merely hear about it or read of it. When we know a thing, we have mastered it. Jesus said at the table in that prayer which has been well called the "Holy of Holies" of the new dispensation: "This is life eternal, that they might *know* thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." John xvii. 3. This, then, is something more than reading or hearing of God and Christ—something more even than writing the truths of Christ and God as so many articles in our creeds and catechisms. It is a heart-possession of, a

soul-feeding upon, those truths. It is the work of the Holy Ghost as a teacher to convey this knowledge into the soul, and put as it were the arms of the soul's comprehension around those truths. It was for this profound and soul-feeding knowledge that Paul was ever sighing: "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith: that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. Not as though I had already at-

tained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. iii. 7-14.

It was for intimate, thorough heart-knowledge of Christ Jesus that Paul so hungered. It was knowledge of the power of his resurrection. It was conscious apprehension of that for which Christ had apprehended him. Toward this knowledge he ever pressed, hungering for this bread, thirsting for this cup, reaching forth one hand to grasp the former, and the other hand to grasp the latter.

Knowledge feeds the mind. Ideas, thought, truths nourish the mental nature. Fed with this nutriment, the mental powers develop.

Every teacher is a feeder; the Spirit of God as a teacher feeds the new man with knowledge of Jesus Christ.

The Spirit also *quicken*s the recollection. Jesus said at the table, "He shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever *I have said unto you.*" John xiv. 21. The memory stores away our experiences. But the memory may be a mere lumber-room, where a thousand things are hidden away that do us no good. They are in the memory, but not in the recollection—in the memory, but not before the mind. Now a truth, so far as any present influence on us is concerned, may as well be in a volume beyond the sea as in the memory and out of the recollection. It is only when a thought is before the mind's eye, in the present consciousness, that it is a force, that it acts on the heart, in the experience and conduct. If the thought of a terrible object is before me, I tremble. The thought of a beautiful

object sends a warm glow through my frame. If back upon my mind comes the thought of some sore bereavement, my tears start again. But it is only when a thought, a truth, an image is now present to my mind's eye that emotions start.

Hence the importance and value of the Spirit's work as a reminder. He goes into the chambers of the memory, and brings out the treasures there and plants them in the present consciousness. He gathers before the mind's eye the precious things of our past experience—all we have ever thought and felt of the power, beauty and glory of Christ, all the precious words he has ever spoken to us—making our hearts burn within us by the way; re-presents to view what we have seen of Christ in the closet, at the communion-table, in revivals of religion, when the very air was full of Christ; re-gathers to our view all we have ever conceived of the work of Christ—his works

and woes, his beauties and glories, all the ineffable wealth of his Messiahship, all the healing power of this balm for the wounds of the soul. In so doing the Holy Spirit feeds us over again with the food we have eaten in days and years bygone.

The great work of the Spirit is to feed the soul, and in so doing to glorify Christ. Not to add to his essential glory, but to unfold that glory to the soul for its admiration and appropriation. "He shall take of mine"—take up all the glories of my work, nature, relation to you, and adaptedness to your wants, and make you see it all. Now, when we gaze with admiration on a beautiful character we are drawn in some degree into imitation of that character. We are by nature chameleons; we take on the hue of what we admire. The laurels of Miltiades would not suffer Themistocles to sleep; he could not rest till like laurels wreathed his own brow. Catiline moulded those whom he gathered

round him into other Catilines. Vision of the glories of Christ transforms into his image. But this is not all. The Holy Spirit loves the glory of Christ, and loves to see it reproduced in those his blood has ransomed, and he works in man this reproduction. The sunbeams love the sun and as far as their nature allows turn planets and asteroids into other though lesser suns. The love and aim of the Holy Ghost is to turn believers into other, though lesser Christs. Thus it is that the Spirit of God enables us to feed on Christ and take him into our life. It is for this the more advanced Christian soul hungers and thirsts, and blessed, thrice blessed are such souls.

The organ by which we thus feed our new nature is *Faith*.

The Holy Ghost takes of the things of Christ and shows them to the soul. Now, when in the name of charity you enter the house of a poor, hungering family, and take from your basket the welcome loaf and

show it to the mother, what act on the mother's part is sure to follow? What but the forthputting of the hand to take the loaf? When to a devoutly hungering, thirsting soul the Spirit shows the Saviour—shows him as just what the soul needs, as the food, and the only food, that can feed its cravings—what follows if not an instant and thankful appropriation? Thus faith is the faculty that appropriates. When food for the body is passed into possession of the appropriate organs, some mysterious power distributes its essence among the various cravings of the animal nature for its nourishment and upbuilding. When the Holy Spirit passes the Christ-bread to the hungering soul, by faith it takes that food which now passes into the soul's better life, to augment the force of that life and make the soul Christ-like. Thus faith is a power of spiritual assimilation. This faith is a persuasion, a vivid conviction, that Christ, as offered in the gospel, is a complete

remedy for all the spiritual ills of man—that, appropriated by the soul, he hinders, chains, cripples its depravities, and sets the powers free from their tyrannous domination to go forth in all holy activities. Sin lurks in every soul like a serpent in the grass, ever ready to infuse its venom into our thoughts, aims, purposes, motives and affections; it lurks like a lion in the jungles, ever ready to spring upon the man and drag him to the ground. “I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.” Rom. vii. 18. “But Christ was manifest to destroy the works of the devil.” John iii. 8. And faith recognizes his ability and his readiness to do in the soul that for which he was manifested. It appropriates him as the antagonist of sin. Sin is the wound, Christ is the balm; and faith lays the balm to the wound. Sin is a power, and Christ is a power; and faith, acknowledging the soul’s utter helplessness in itself, puts this Christ-power into antagonism with the sin-power.

Thus the Spirit shows Christ to the soul, and by faith the new man feeds on Christ, and becomes mighty over the world, the flesh and the devil—mighty for God and good, and happy in its might.

Faith is an eye. By faith we see. "By faith Moses forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king, for he endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Heb. xi. 27. It is *by faith we gain access "to this grace wherein we stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God."* Rom. v. 2. The Spirit takes of the things of Christ and shows them to the soul, and it beholds his glory, and in the gazing it is transformed into his image. "We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." 2 Cor. iii. 18. Gaze upon the picture limned for us in these lines. First there is a glass, a mirror, a reflecting glass. Into that mirror the Christian is gazing. But the object he

sees is not his own face and form, but a glory like that over the mercy-seat between the cherubim. It is the glory of the Lord. Back out of that glass upon the gazer come beams of glory that not only illuminate, but also actually transform, him into likeness to the object in the glass. The longer he thus gazes the more thorough the transformation from one degree of glory unto another, and higher.

The face of the gazer has been veiled. But when he turned to the Lord (v. 16) the veil was taken away. One drops a diamond pin some evening on the carpet in his dressing-room. Standing between it and the gas-jet, his form intercepts the light and the pin is invisible. But now he turns, he changes his position, and lo! the diamond gleams like an angel's eye. That diamond is Christ. That man is the soul at first, not yet turned to the Lord. But now he turns and sees the Christ-diamond, and eagerly appropriates him.

The object of the vision is the glory of the Lord. The Lord is Christ. The glory is the glory of Christ. What a glory! It is the glory of a perfect manhood. It is the glory of the Godhead. It is the blended glory of Godhead and manhood. It is the glory of a perfect fulfillment of the law under which all men are born—the only glory of the kind ever achieved among the sons of men. It is the glory of heroic endurance and self-sacrifice—the glory of the atonement. It is the glory of an infinite holiness, of infinite beauty, of infinite power. What a glory is here!

The effect of this gazing is transformation into the same image. Beholding, he is transformed. He is penetrated and moulded. He is glorified without and within. Among the countless Madonnas in the galleries of the Old World there is one with the holy Child in the lap, and from the Child beams are streaming which light up the faces and forms of the whole

group of beholders. It is a very happy conception. It seems to embody the very idea of Paul. As we gaze on the glory of Christ we are bathed with that glory. As the young artist gazes on the works of Raphael and Guido and Michael Angelo, that his spirit may catch somewhat of the fire that blazes in them, so the Christian gazes on Christ, that he may be bathed in his life and penetrated by it.

The change is progressive—from glory to glory. Regeneration is instantaneous, justification is instantaneous, sanctification is progressive. Justification is an act. Sanctification is a work. First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. First the dawn, then the sunrise, and then the broad, bright day. *They go from strength to strength.* Paul at Damascus, a poor, blind, feeble believer; Paul at Rome, exclaiming, "I know whom I have believed." It is a walking on and on in the light, deeper and deeper into the light, the blood of Jesus

the while cleansing from sin. 1 John i. 7. The agent in this process of glorification is the Holy Spirit—“*As by the Spirit of the Lord.*”

It is the Spirit that discloses the vision. It is the Spirit that tears away the veil and enables us to turn to the Lord. It is he that makes the Spirit penetrable to the beams. It is he that disposes and enables us to gaze. The glory is the glory of the Lord. The Spirit is the Spirit of the Lord. So the Spirit is in the beams, and hence their transforming power. And thus it is we feed our souls with Christ.

Faith is the organ by which the food is appropriated. We are “sanctified by faith.” Acts xxvi. 18. The faith may be weak, like that of Thomas, who must feel the wounds in the hands and side of the Lord ere he would believe. It may be strong like that of Abraham.

Sometimes, owing to disease, a man is disabled from taking food except in the small-

est portions. Some have even starved from this cause. The believer with a weak faith is such a patient. He can appropriate of Christ only just enough to save the soul. But the Spirit can enlarge the faith. "Lord, increase our faith" is a most fitting petition for us all. And he can so increase it that we can take in a whole Christ. He can impart a faith that shall apply the balm to all the soul's wounds. He can make us competent, through faith, to such a feeding on Christ that, according to our human capacities, we may be filled with all the fullness of God. O Blessed Spirit! help us all to such a feeding.

FILLED WITH CHRIST.

"BLESSED are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." But Christ is that righteousness. Of God he is made unto us sanctification, internal righteousness, holiness.

Filled with Christ! The body filled, for the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost: "Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ?" 1 Cor. vi. 15. "Our bodies," writes Dr. Charles Hodge on this passage, "are the members of Christ, because they belong to him, being included in the redemption effected by his blood, and also because they are so united to him as to be partakers of his life." And the mind filled with Christ—the fancy, the imagination, the judgment, the reasoning powers, the will, the affections, the whole man.

On that field full of drooping flowers, sorely parched under the summer sun, God sends down a pouring rain. The precious nectar from the clouds sinks into the earth, nestles around the rootlets of the famishing plants, finds its way through the root into the stem, through the stem into the branches, through the branches into the leaves and petals, and fills the whole being of the plant. The plant is *saturated*. And this is the pre-

cise meaning of the word "filled" in the beatitude. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be saturated. Only think of a soul saturated with Christ! Only think of a Church composed of Christ-saturated members!

The dispensation under which we live is pre-eminently that of the Holy Spirit. The work of preparing the soul-food was completed when Jesus ascended on high, and from that time the Spirit has been carrying on the great work of feeding souls with the Bread of God. And the plentifulness of this feeding, this saturation with righteousness, was among the choicest and most frequent themes of the bards of old. Hosea tells of God's coming to *rain* righteousness on believers. Hos. x. 12. By the mouth of Isaiah (xliv. 3, 4) God promised to "*pour water* upon him that is thirsty, and *floods* upon the dry ground." This water is his *Spirit*, which he will pour on Israel's seed, which seed we are—his blessing on Israel's

offspring, which offspring we are. "And they shall spring up as among the grass, and as willows by the water-courses." And as willows by the water-courses are *saturated* with moisture, so shall they be with righteousness who hunger and thirst therefor. Elsewhere the same prophet specifies in exquisite terms the effect of this outpouring upon the soul: "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever." Isa. xxxii. 17. Nor is Ezekiel behind Isaiah in the beauty of his imagery when treating upon this charming theme: "And I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing." Ezek. xxxiv. 26. Malachi, two hundred years nearer the rising of the "Day-star from on high," writes: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith

the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Mal. iii. 10. Yes, the hungering, thirsting ones shall be so filled that there shall be no room to receive more.

And what kind of a filling was before the eye of the apostle Paul he takes care in many a place to inform us. For the saints which were at Ephesus, and for all the faithful in Christ Jesus, he prays: "Wherefore I also, after I heard of your faith in the Lord Jesus, and love unto all the saints, cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers; that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him: the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the

exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." Eph. i. 15-21. Then, again, in that prayer for the same people: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be

filled with all the fullness of God. Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." Eph. iii. 14-20. And once more in that eloquent exhortation to the Christians at Thessalonica, culminating in that earnest wish for their thorough sanctification: "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. Quench not the Spirit, Despise not prophesyings. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." 1 Thess. v. 16-24.

Filled with Christ! A soul, a Church filled with Christ! Fancy a score or two

of vessels of various material—gold, silver, marble, alabaster, tin, iron and clay; of various shapes—urn-shaped, cup-shaped, cylindrical, each unlike the others, and of as many sizes as shapes! And now an angel comes from heaven and fills them all with the precious oil of the upper sanctuary. Each vessel retains all its own original features, but each, like all the others, is full of the precious perfume. And what but such an array of vessels would one of our churches be if each member were full of Christ? Each one retains his own original native characteristics, but each is full of Christ. There is a garden containing a hundred different kinds of flowers, and down upon it comes one of God's gushing summer showers till every plant is saturated. The daisy is still a daisy, the rose is still a rose, and the lily is yet a lily. But they are all full of reviving, life-nourishing nectar from the clouds. Such a garden were a Church of Christ

upon which had been fulfilled the promise, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." Every member is still the same being that he was before, except that, like the others, he is like the Saviour. Paul is still the close-reasoning logician; Apollos still the eloquent orator; John, the same Boanerges, mighty for good; and Peter, the headlong, impetuous yet well-meaning Peter still. As the snow falls on the landscape, and while it obliterates none of the general features of the scene—the hills and knolls and hollows all remaining—yet whitens them all; so the baptism of grace, while leaving the general elements of character, disposition and temperament what they were before, yet mantles them all with the hue of the Son of God. The food of the soul shall enter into the mind and saturate all its powers, and yet leave ample room, and verge sufficient for their fullest, highest play. This

filling with righteousness has no effect in diminishing the number of legitimate callings among men. Society exists by necessity of human nature, and hence by ordination of God. Civilization is a natural product of society. Art and science are at once the product and instrument of civilization. And fullness of righteousness will only saturate, not abolish, the avocations that are involved in society and civilization. Christ in his kingdom has need of them all—merchants, mechanics, laborers, physicians, poets, sculptors, painters, men of science, jurists and statesmen. The millennium is not to be a millennium of monotony, but of variety. God abhors monotony. Progress effloresces in variety. The wild rose with its plain single corolla, transplanted from field to garden, becomes in time profusely double. No past civilization was so many-sided as is our own. In the early Church they had the sacraments, the Sabbath and the preaching of

the gospel; besides these, we have the religious press, the Sabbath-school, and a whole host of other instrumentalities for evangelistic and beneficent labors, giving scope for every possible variety of talent, gift and taste. As God is showing in the endless variety of creature, animal, vegetable, and mineral, the exhaustless affluence of his wisdom, refusing to do the same thing twice, refusing to make even two leaves alike, so our religion means to show that it is freighted with resources to fill to overflowing all the vocations of life, and all the varied talents and dispositions of man, with the life of Jesus Christ. So saith the beatitude: they shall be saturated. The righteousness within shall shine from the face, speak from the lip, move in the actions, glow in the life of every one who hungers and thirsts therefor, be he president, king or emperor, be he senator, judge or barrister, be he tradesman or artisan—whatever he may be.

This feeding of the soul on Christ will work a constantly progressive brightening of all its powers. The path of the just is as the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day. Ever the motto of the soul will be *excelsior*—higher and yet higher! Ever will it say with Paul, “Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” Phil. iii. 12–14. Nor will the soul well filled with Christ, for one moment dream of contenting itself with the purities and joys of a high inward life dissociated from a life of action in the cause of Christ. Faith without works

is dead, and a dead faith is a spurious faith.

The Christ-filled soul knows full well that "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James i. 27. And therefore it will have ever on its lip the words of Paul: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on" and practice "these things." Phil. iv. 8.

Here the question will naturally arise: Does not this saturation with Christ involve the possibility of perfection in this life? Is not a Christ-filled soul of necessity a perfect soul? Can Christ and sin dwell together in the same soul? If they cannot, Christ must be absent from myriads of

men and women whom we call Christians. For if one is a Christian at all, if he has passed from death unto life, then he is united to Christ, "member of his body and of his flesh and his bones." If Christ can dwell in living union with none but those who are free from sin, then none are Christians but those who are perfect. And this conclusion few will venture to affirm.

Undoubtedly, the language of Jesus and the Holy Ghost is very strong in some instances, almost startling. It merits frequent, deep, solemn, prayerful pondering on the part of those who honestly and heartily wish to know not the mind of man, but the mind of the Spirit. "Be ye," saith Jesus in the great sermon—"be ye therefore perfect, *even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.*" Matt. v. 48. Paul writes to the Colossians (i. 28): We preach Christ, "warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may pre-

sent every man perfect in Christ Jesus.” Again in Col. iv. 12: “Epaphras, who is one of you, a servant of Christ, saluteth you, always laboring fervently for you in prayers, that ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.” And James writes (i. 4): “But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.” And the Spirit, by the pen of Paul, bids us: “Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Rom. vi. 11. And by the same pen the Spirit writes of “being rooted and grounded in love,” of *knowing* “*the love of Christ which passeth knowledge,*” and of *being* “*filled with all the fullness of God.*” Eph. iii. 18. In 1 John iii. 9 we read: “Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.” And in chap. v. 18: “We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he

that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not."

Such passages as these demand careful and profound attention. They point to perfection. They bid us aim at perfection. It is certain that neither Christ on the one hand, nor the renewed soul on the other, can ever be *satisfied* with anything short of perfection. But it is one thing that the world craves artistic perfection, and that the young genius can never satisfy himself with any short of achievements like those of a Raphael, a Da Vinci, a Michael Angelo, and quite another that such perfection will actually be compassed by the enthusiastic aspirant. Upon this point we find in the writings of the loving and beloved John a passage brimful of instruction: "*But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.*" 1 John i. 7.

There is obviously presented here a con-

trast between the two modes of being that distinguish the Creator and the creature made in his image. "If we *walk* in the light, as he *is* in the light,"—he *is*, they *walk*. He is sublimely stationary, they are in motion. He is immutable, they are mutable. He *cannot* change; certainly not for the worse, and as surely not for the better, for he is now at the very best. We *must* change, for we are neither as good nor as bad as we may be, and we must become better or worse than we are. God *is*, *exists*—has his being in pure, unsullied, infinite light. We walk, we move, we go backward and forward, we turn to the right hand, to the left; we change in our aims, purposes, characters; we are always changing.

And now, inasmuch as God is—dwells in—the light, as the sun in the sky, as the heart in the bosom, and as in that light alone is purity, therefore if man will be pure, if he will receive the cleansing mentioned here, he *must walk in the light*. His thinking

must be under its rays; his motives must be under its beams; and his aims and his purposes and all the secret workings of his mind and his affections, his likes and dislikes, all the out-acting of his powers, all the going of the whole machinery that makes up his moral being,—all must be under the light, in the golden light of God.

And they may be; for to this earth this light of God comes down in many a pure broad beam. The Bible is one bundle of light-beams. Its every page is a cluster of light-beams. Its every doctrine, precept, promise and exhortation is one of these beams—all its pregnant words of instruction, all its tender words of love.

But of these God-beams there is one that outshines all the rest, as it is the light that is in them all. It is the very effulgence of God, “the brightness of the Father’s glory and the express image of his person.” “This is the true light which light-

eth every man that cometh into the world." It is he that saith, "I am the Light of the world."

It comes to this, then, that walking in the light is walking in Christ—is thinking, feeling, loving, disliking, speaking, acting in Christ—imitating him, being like him, growing like him. Hence, as every Christian is in Christ, as one cannot be a Christian and not be in Christ, every believer is in the light and is walking in the light. And as every one walking in the light is the subject of this cleansing, every believer is a subject of this cleansing.

But—mark it well!—in this Christian walking there are widely separated circles. In your imagination draw around the great glowing centre of all light and purity ever so many concentric circles. In one or other of those circles every Christian is walking. Look at John, with his head on Jesus' bosom, and then clinging to Jesus at the very cross; he is walking deep among the inner circles.

Look at Peter, following afar off; he is far out among the circles more dimly lighted. And according to the nearness of the circle to the centre is the brilliancy of the light and the force and thoroughness of the cleansing. And in those deeper circles near to God in Christ showers of beams fall around and irradiate the soul, and the mightier powers of the blood are cleansing. Afar off, among the outer circles, fewer light-beams fall and the cleansing powers are feeble.

That one, faithful to his sacramental vows, prompt and self-sacrificing in the discharge of duty; every day bathing his soul in the light that pours from pages of God's word; every day low at the mercy-seat in confession, thanksgiving and adoration, opening the doors and windows of his spirit to influences direct from the throne; every day careful of the secret workings of his inner nature; every day cherishing and cultivating "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gen-

tleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance ;" every day careful to harm no one, to help some one, careful to dart no sting into any bosom by any unkind, inconsiderate word ; every day refusing to open the lips in censorious words against others, nursing in his soul the charity that thinketh no evil ; ever ready to submit his will to that of his brethren for the common good ; seeking not his own, but the things of others,—that one, faithful, loving, true, forgiving, Christ-like—that one is walking in the light, walking deep in the light, walking deeper and still deeper *into* the light, and him the blood is cleansing and cleansing, and still cleansing.

Now, as to this *cleansing from all sin*. Two several cleansings from sin are specified in the holy word. The first is a cleansing from the defilement connected with the *guilt* of sin. The second is a cleansing from the defilement produced by the workings of depravity. The first is an external, the second an internal cleansing.

The external cleansing is that of justification, and this is instantaneous and complete, now and for ever. We are "justified by his blood." Rom. v. 9.

The second is an internal cleansing, the cleansing of sanctification. Of this we read in Heb. ix. 14: "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the Eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, *purge your conscience* from dead works to serve the living God?" And Paul (1 Cor. x. 16) writes: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the *communion of the blood of Christ?*" On this passage Dr. Hodge writes: "Paul is writing to believers, and assumes the presence of faith in the receivers." Those who are in possession of faith, and who are already justified, receive an additional and an internal benefit from the blood of Jesus.

Blood is life. The blood of Christ is the life of Christ, and this communion of the blood of Christ is a participation in that

blood. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye drink my blood ye have no life in you. Whoso drinketh my blood hath eternal life." John vi. 53, 56. Thus the blood of Christ, which is the life of Christ, becomes the food of the soul's new life.

The blood sprinkled on the soul justifies, and this sprinkling of justifying blood signals the moment when the soul is regenerated by the Spirit of God. And now the blood whose first droppings marked the moment of the new birth becomes the food, the principle, the life of the new life. Justification sprinkles blood on the soul. Regeneration, as it were, transfers this blood into the soul, and now sanctification, like a strong beating heart, diffuses, transfuses this blood as a cleansing, purifying agency through all the spiritual frame; and thus "Christ liveth in us."

Thus the text: "If we walk in the light." The verbs in this passage, let it be well marked, are in the *present* tense. If we

are walking, the blood of Jesus Christ *is cleansing*—cleansing while we are walking. But the unjustified are not walking. They are dead in trespasses and sins, or if they are walking, it is in the darkness, not in the light. Here, then, there is no allusion to the unjustified. The subject of the passage is exclusively the justified who are cleansed as they walk with the cleansing of sanctification. And this blood of Christ cleanseth one “walking in the light” from *all* sin.

We are now deep among the mysteries of godliness, and it behooves us to put our shoes from off our feet, for we are on holy ground. Here a small mistake is a very great mistake. Remember that the cleansing spoken of is a cleansing of souls already justified, and hence it is a cleansing of sanctification. Remember also that it is a cleansing in this world. It is a cleansing while we are walking, and therefore before we reach “the rest that remaineth for the

people of God." The verbs are in the present tense. The discourse is of the present world, without allusion to the world to come.

The question thus forces itself upon us, as to the precise meaning in this place of this word *all*. Is it to be taken in a restricted or in an absolute, unrestricted sense? Does the Spirit here say that he who complies with the condition specified is cleansed absolutely from *all* sin?

That this absolute meaning of the word "all" is impossible in this passage appears from the fact that the text contains no allusion to the *guilt* of sin. The cleansing here spoken of is that of sanctification, and therefore *assumes* the antecedent cleansing of justification. The text is addressed to those already justified. But in justification there is a mighty cleansing with the blood of Jesus. And all the sin that is removed in our justification is of necessity excluded from this "all" of sanctification. The word

“all” is of necessity to be restricted to the sin that remains in the soul after the soul is justified.

And now the question recurs: Does the Spirit here say that he who complies with the condition in the text is cleansed absolutely from all the sin that survives justification? If so, that one is free from all sin; he is as free from sin as the angels, as the sainted dead. No sin adheres to him. No sin hides itself in any recess of his being, and no sin shows itself in any act or thought or motive or emotion of his life. If he is cleansed absolutely from *all* sin, then is there no sin left in any form, shape or degree. He is walking in the light, and being cleansed from all sin, he is so transparent to the light that no ray is intercepted, is absorbed, is refracted from its course by any remaining trace of sin.

If this be so, he “loves the Lord his God with all his heart, soul, mind, strength, and his neighbor as himself,” and this every mo-

ment of his life; and if so, he must eliminate from the Lord's Prayer the petition that asks "forgive us our trespasses." If so, we must seek a new interpretation for many texts in God's word, such as "in many things we offend all—all of us offend." But he that is cleansed from *all* sin offends not. Then we shall have insuperable difficulty with the near context: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us." 1 John i. 8-10. "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." 1 John ii. 1, 2. Now the verb *have*, *we have*, is in the present tense, and we shall

be compelled to deliver it from the present into the past to make it harmonize with an absolute freedom from sin. The beloved John is speaking, and speaking, too, in the first person, putting himself alongside of those whom he addresses. Surely he was walking in the light, and was thus in actual experience of the cleansing in the text. Yet even he says, "If *we* say *we* have no sin," etc.

Nay, by this interpretation of this "all," we neutralize the text itself and make it meaningless. For, as we have said, the verbs are in the present tense; if we *are* walking the blood *is* cleansing. The walking and the cleansing are contemporaneous, are going on at the same moment. If we are walking, we are being cleansed while we are walking.

Now, if the cleansing were absolutely from *all* sin, then there were no sin left to be cleansed from, there can be no more cleansing; then it is no longer true that

while we are walking the blood of Jesus is cleansing, for the cleansing is all done and the text is self-neutralized.

The walking and the cleansing go together. If we cease to walk in the light the cleansing ceases, and if we cease to need cleansing the cleansing ceases; we have walked away from the cleansing; we have left it behind, and it can never again overtake us. And no more can it be true of us that "if we walk in the light the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from sin."

No! no! It is one of the most beautiful of gospel truths, this walking and this cleansing while we walk; the believer ever walking in the light, and as ever needing, so ever receiving, the cleansing of the blood of Jesus. If we are walking in the light the blood of Jesus is ever, ever, ever cleansing until we walk into heaven cleansed, and join the song, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sin—sin of con-

demnation, sin of defilement—in his own blood, and made us kings and priests to God and his Father.”

As, then, we cannot possibly take this word in its complete absolute sense, what is the thought embosomed in it by the Holy Ghost? In what sense are we cleansed from all sin? This “all,” as it alludes exclusively to sanctification, must point us to all forms of sin, and the degrees in which those forms have being and action in the life. It is a present cleansing, and as constant as the walking. It keeps even step with the walking. As one walks in this light, this blood, step by step, as he passes on, cleanses him from sin; cleanses his motives, aims, purposes; cleanses from selfishness, worldliness and all the subtle elements of sin that mar the purity of every Christian character; cleanses from evil passions, envy, jealousy, wrath, malice, evil-speaking, censoriousness, carelessness as to the feelings, interest, happi-

ness of the brethren; cleanses from all forms of sin, reducing their strength, wearing them out, and bleaching the character, the disposition, the tastes, and conforming to Christ the manners, the conduct; cleansing from sin within, and thus from its external manifestations; cleansing and still cleansing—always something left to cleanse, and always cleansing it.

To what degree may this cleansing go with those walking in the light?

Oh when we remember that this cleansing is through the operation of divine power, "the power that worketh in us," and when we remember that this power is the power of the Holy Ghost working with the blood of Jesus, we feel that it were sin to say that it may not and ought not to go very, very, very far. Although it will never in this life reach the length of a complete expulsion of depravities, yet that it *should* do a great and glorious work within the soul of the child of God, in repressing

and subduing, is obvious from many a scripture.

The truth is, that all time spent in discussing the question as to attainability of complete perfection would be much better spent in efforts to be better than we are, whatever we may now actually be. Does the true scientist ever waste his precious time in efforts to demonstrate the possibility that all the yet hidden mysteries of Nature may be unveiled to view? Or is he at all hindered in his progress or discouraged in his efforts at advance in knowledge by the reflection that the more he learns the more there remains to be learned? Does the sculptor throw down his chisel or the painter his pencil because of the hopelessness of surpassing a Praxiteles or a Parrhasius? And shall we be hindered for one instant in our way—nay, should we not bound onward with all the fleeter step—because we know that the path before us is to grow brighter

and brighter as we move onward toward perfect day?

But what then means this *saturation with righteousness*, this *fullness of God*? Evidently it means a fullness of our present spiritual capacities, coupled with the necessary and steady enlargement of those capacities under the expanding pressure of the present fullness for a larger fullness still. It means not an entire expulsion of the depravities that have struck through our being, but a baptism of power and holiness for the battling with those depravities and subjection of them under the power of an indwelling Christ. And this is the saturation promised to all who hunger and thirst after righteousness.

HOW MAY THIS FULLNESS BE MINE?

SOMETIMES, after a protracted field-withering drought, there comes a shower—not

a general but a partial shower. It passes over the country from west to east in a narrow, sharply-limited path, drenching with its watery treasures the belt of territory that lies just beneath it, while it leaves all on either side as dry as ever. Now we may fancy some poor flower just on the outside of this favored strip, drooping and ready to die, to look across the dividing line at its more favored sister filled full of the cloud-brought nectar, and bright and happy and fragrant in its fullness. And as it gazes it sighs, *Would God my place had been at your side when the gracious shower fell!* And how can any of us repress a wish like this as in our emptiness and dryness we set before our eye the spiritual condition implied in this fullness of righteousness—as we set before us the image pictured in the apostle's words, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless," that ye may know in

your own experience “what is the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe”—that ye may know in your own experience “the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God”? Well we know that there are at our communion-tables numbers of believers who, with their thoughts on Christ’s beatitude, their minds upon the apostle’s *fullness*, the conception before them of a child of God filled with Christ, sigh day by day, “Oh that I knew where I might find him! Behold, I go forward, but he is not there, and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.” Job xxiii. 3, 8, 9. They ever sing and sigh—

“Lord, I hear of showers of blessings
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

“ Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

“ Pass me not, O gracious Saviour !
Let me live and cling to thee ;
Fain I'm longing for thy favor ;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me.

How may I reach and enjoy this fullness? Has not Jesus put the response to such longings into the very heart of his beatitude. “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness.” Ah, here it is! It is the hungering and thirsting who are filled. That is, the supply is *according to the appetite*. This is the law of the kingdom; is it not a very general law?

You are invited with a hundred others to a sumptuous feast, and according to his taste and appetite each guest is supplied. One prefers one kind of food, another another; one asks for this kind of fruit, and one for another kind. Each gets what he

craves. One eats very little, one eats very largely, but each one gets as much as he wants. And here before us is the feast of life. The great table is spread, and guests are there by the million. One craves gold, nothing but gold; another craves popularity: it is the one thing for which his bosom burns. One seeks official position. This one craves social pleasure, and seeks it at balls and parties. The passion of that one is the opera or the theatre. Some burn for the maddening exhilaration of the wine-cup, and some for the garbage of licentious indulgence. This one is burning up with ambition for fame as a poet, painter, sculptor or prince in literature, and in the main each one obtains what he covets.

So is it within the sphere of vegetation. In a certain field plants are growing of twenty different varieties. Each one of these plants craves for its necessities a given species of mineral. One needs copper, another iron, another silica, another

phosphorus, and so with the others. Each plant gets what it craves and as much as it needs. Here, too, it is hunger that gets fed. It is the craving that finds satisfaction.

There in yonder school is a class, and in the class two pupils equal in native intellectual power. They study the same lessons and under the same teacher. But one of those pupils is far in advance of the other in knowledge. Why? Because one satisfies himself with barely getting through with the drudgeries of the prescribed recitation, while nothing satisfies the other but a thorough mastering of every lesson. The one craves knowledge, and he gets it. The other craves time for idle amusement, and he gets it. Again it is the actual hunger that is fed.

De Quincey tells a touching story of a family in Easdale, not far from Grasmere, in the north-west of England. There were the parents and six children, the eldest

child a daughter not eleven years old. The parents, returning from a public sale at some distance from their home, were overtaken by a snow-storm of unusual violence, and perished. The storm that buried the bodies of the parents in death buried also their cottage so deep that for days none of the neighbors could reach it. In that poor home there was a very meagre supply of provision. But now that oldest daughter, under the exigencies of that awful time, at once developed into a motherly woman. She husbanded the scanty fare and ministered it to the little brood according to their wants. But to which of those little ones did she give first and most? De Quincey has not told us, but we know just as well as if he had. It was to the hungriest. It was to that little one that cried most piteously for bread. Again it is the hungering that get the supply. But where is there a heart of pity so tender as that of our God? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord

pitieth them that fear him." Ps. ciii. 13. Poor Hagar in the desert, when the water was spent in the bottle, almost gave up the ghost in anguish over her famishing child. Yet God's heart is still more tender toward his children. "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Isa. xlix. 15. This God is our God, and he cannot bear to hear his children cry in vain for soul-food. He will hear the cry. The hungering and thirsting one is sure to be filled. The reason why so many are full of knowledge, and others full of wealth, is that their hunger for these is so intense. The reason why so many believers are spiritually so pale and thin and weak is the lack of the appetite for the Bread of God. The way to the filling lies through the craving. Hear your Father's call: "Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord: look unto the rock whence

ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged." Isa. li. 1. The call is to the hungering and thirsting, to those that follow after righteousness. And what is the appended promise?—"For the Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody." Isa. li. 3. Here is the very fullness of Eden. Again we read: "*It is time to seek the Lord till he come and RAIN RIGHTEOUSNESS upon you.*" Hos. x. 12. Here is promised a drenching shower of righteousness. To whom is this promise given? To those who are thirsty enough to seek for it as the drought-parched field seeks for rain.

But if there is to be a *scriptural filling*, there must be a *scriptural appetite*. The craving in the beatitude is not a hungering merely, nor a thirsting merely, but a hun-

gering *and* thirsting. The appetite, then, must be—

1. *Intense*. What is there for intensity like combined hunger and thirst? Under the pressure of hunger a mother has killed her own child and eaten it. 2 Kings vi. 28, 29. Driven by the ragings of thirst, a man has bitten his own flesh that he might moisten his lips with his own blood.

Now, however cautious we may be in over-pressing such figures, still the fact is full of significance that Jesus combines these two imperious appetites to express the craving that is to be satisfied with fullness of righteousness. And what saith the experience of believers?

A Christian minister once asked a brother with whom he was conversing, "Did you ever long for God till you thought you should die?" "No," was the reply, "Well," he said, "I have." "Oh," exclaimed the saintly Rutherford—"oh, how sweet to be wholly Christ's, and wholly in Christ

—to dwell in Immanuel's high and blessed land, and live in that sweetest air where no wind bloweth but the breathings of the Holy Ghost! Oh that we could know the power of godliness! Oh that I could feed upon Christ's breathing and kissing and upon the hopes of my meeting and his! Christ! Christ! nothing but Christ can cool our love's burning languor! O thirsty love! wilt thou set Christ the well of life to thy head and drink thy fill? Drink and spare not. Oh if we were clasped in each other's arms!" Surely here is a hungering and thirsting, and if ever a man was filled with Christ, that man was Samuel Rutherford.

Hewitson writes: "I laid myself, spirit and soul and body, before the Lord this day, praying him to be my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption—to fill my spirit with the Holy Ghost, to sanctify all the faculties of my soul and all the members of my body, to make me wholly

his own." And again: "O Lord Jesus! that I was holy as thou art holy!" Headley Vickers writes, "Oh that I had more of the mind that was in Christ Jesus! that the motive of my every action were love to Jesus!" David Brainerd was ever breathing out such longings: "All I want is to be more holy, more like my dear Lord! Oh for sanctification! My very soul pants for the complete restoration of the blessed image of my Saviour." And again: "I could do nothing but tell my dear Lord, that he knew I desired, nothing but himself and his holiness—that he had given me these desires and he only could give me the thing desired." And again: "Oh for holiness! Oh for more of God in my soul! Oh this pleasing pain! It makes my soul press after God." And again: "My soul breathed after God in sweet spiritual and longing desires of conformity to him." And yet again: "I found my heart go forth after God in longing desire of

conformity to him." Surely here is something like a hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

But how was it with the saints of old, who, however highly favored, lacked many a means of grace that we now possess—means of grace and stimuli that prophets and kings desired to have, yet had them not?

There is a desert—rock, sand, barrenness, desolation all around—not a rivulet, not a spring, not a green thing to indicate the presence of even hidden moisture. On the ground in the heart of that desert sits a man, the sun burning into his brain, his mouth parched, his whole frame burning up with thirst. Did ever a man hunger and thirst after God as that man longs for a cup of water? Many will say no! The thought is enthusiastic and extravagant. Well, then, what are we to do with such words as these?—"O God! thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul

thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is: to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. My soul followeth hard after thee." Ps. lxiii. 1, 2, 8. Is this enthusiastic extravagance, or is it the honest expression of a real experience? But the thirst here indicated is very intense. As Mr. Barnes writes: "The two words soul and flesh are designed to embrace the entire man and to express the idea that he longed supremely for God." Dr. Addison Alexander writes, "The act of seeking a thing early implies impatience or importunate desire. The soul and flesh together mean the whole man." And the writer of this passage knew what he was writing about, and drew more largely from his memory than from his imagination. These words, as we see from the heading of the psalm, were actually written in the desert in the *wilderness of Judah*. The sluggish intel-

lect thinks the man touched with semi-insanity who is with ravenous appetite all the while devouring books—who goes in quest of knowledge deep into tropical jungles, high into alpine recesses, away even among the murderous frigidities of arctic seas. We only show our ignorance first of the infinitely fascinating glories of Christ, and second of the godlike susceptibilities that lie in man when quickened by the Holy Ghost to longing desires for vision of those glories, if we class such utterances among mere enthusiastic extravagances. And will not these hungerings and thirstings be filled? Yes. “My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips: when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.” Ps. lxiii. 5, 6. Yonder on a burning Syrian plain is a gazelle—timid, delicate, sensitive, with its dark lustrous eye. The sunbeams are hot upon its

back, and wellnigh as hot the reflected rays beneath. It is almost dead with heat and thirst. At a short distance is water toward which it staggers, and as it staggers on it raises a piteous cry, almost a prayer to God for angel ministries to help it to the pool. And he who told of the longings of his soul for God in the following language had seen this sight: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?" Ps. xlii. 1-3. Let us not, then, excuse ourselves to ourselves for our spiritual languor, with the suggestion of extravagance in the figure of a combined hunger and thirst for the Bread of God, that is like those of our animal nature in a time of drought and famine.

There is a man urging his way after

God, but the night has overtaken him. He can no longer see. He fears he may miss the way, and now hear his piteous cry: "*Oh send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me.*" Ps. xliii. 3. What beauty in the thought! A soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and two angels, one of them, God's Light, leading him by one hand, and the other, God's Truth, leading him by the other, and the two conducting him to God's *holy hill and to his tabernacles*—to the place where

"Heaven comes down the soul to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!"

And shall not that soul be filled? "Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy; yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God." Ps. xliii. 4.

2. This craving should be *persistent* as well as intense.

There are two reasons why believers live at so poor and dying a rate. One is that

the appetite is so feeble, and the other is that it is so intermittent. It is keen to-day and dull to-morrow. In time of revival the craving is strong. In time of general coldness the soul contents itself with the husks of worldliness or the coarse food of a common, humdrum spiritual life. In the closet the craving revives a little; in the hours of secular life it declines. At the communion-table it is whetted again; during the interval between the communions it is blunted again. But this appetite should be continuous, and not intermittent. If you read, years ago, the thrilling narrative of Lieutenant Strain's expedition across the Isthmus, you remember that those starving men hungered by night as well as by day. In their dreams they saw nothing but tables loaded with luscious viands. So was it with the spouse of Christ: "By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. I will rise now, and go about the city in the

streets, and in the broad ways I will seek Him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" Cant. iii. 1-3.

And such craving will be satisfied. "It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth." Cant. iii. 4.

So also the Psalmist: "*I remember thee upon my bed; I meditate on thee in the night-watches.*" Ps. lxxiii. 6.

But may I not find some excuse for my spiritual languor and weakness in the fact that appetite is by its very nature intermittent? When we have just eaten our desert at the dinner-table we do not wish to sit down again and eat another dinner. This is true of the animal appetites, the appetites of the body, but is it true also of those of the mind? How is it with craving for wealth? When some morning

the merchant makes a ten-thousand-dollar sale, does he call his clerks about him and say, "*Now, boys, we have done a good day's work; let us turn out these other customers, shut up the store and go home*"? I trow not. The hunger to sell is more eager than ever, and when all the goods on the shelves are gone he will send for more. A rich and pious old saint used always at family worship to pray, "*O Lord, send us a sufficiency of the good things of this life.*" And when one asked him, "*What do you mean by a sufficiency?*" he answered, after a little puzzling thought, "*A little more than you have got.*" So it is with gold-hunger. How is it with thirst for knowledge? Professor Agassiz, we will suppose, makes to-day some grand discovery in science—a discovery that will fill the ears of the world with the sound of his name. Will he now say to himself, "*I have made my fortune as a scientist; I will retire and wear my laurels in rest and joy*"? Far from it. He will

be the next minute hungrier for knowledge than ever.

As with the mind, so with the heart. Do parents and children who truly love each other ever know any rest from love? Why, sometimes when the mother has lived with her daughter for twenty years, and then the daughter dies, the mother dies too of a broken heart. Two young hearts like kindred drops have mingled into one; and whenever did it happen that the young man, still overflowing with love, said to his future bride, "Come, now, my darling, we have loved one another warmly and for a long time; let us now cease a while in our love"? But Christ and the soul are lovers. He is the Bridegroom and the soul the bride. He says, "*Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem.*" Cant. vi. 4. The soul responds, "*Thou, my Beloved, art white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.*" Cant. v. 10. Hence cessation of love, cooling of affection, waning

and intermittence of appetite are unnatural, and are due to sin and unbelief and apostasy to worldliness. Ceasing to feed by faith on Christ or slacking of appetite is sad proof that the soul has been feeding on forbidden fruit.

HOW MAY THIS APPETITE BE MINE?

THE first step toward the acquirement of the appetite for the divine bread and the wine of the kingdom is the desire for it. Are there not multitudes of believers who are quite satisfied with just enough food to keep them alive? They are willing to stagger heavenward, spiritually pale and weak and sickly, provided they can at last stagger *into* heaven and not fall and die by the way. Such a feeding on Christ leaves more appetite for worldliness. They wish to go to heaven with religion in one hand and the world in the other. Their aim is to be

saved, and not to glorify and enjoy Christ on the way.

It may be asked if the desire for the appetite is not the appetite. Certainly it is not. In our homes are thousands of pale invalids who have intense desire for an appetite just because they have no appetite. "Oh," they say, "had I but an appetite, I could grow strong and recover!" This twin craving for Christ is a most legitimate object of desire, and this desire is an essential prerequisite for the appetite.

2. Then it will tend to awaken the appetite to *meditate much upon the food*—its holiness, its attractiveness, its power, its abundance, its soul-satisfying nature, its accessibility, and the joys of a copious feeding upon it—above all, its accessibility *to you*, and the readiness and ability of the Holy Spirit to feed *you* to the full. Shut your ears to the tempter when he cunningly whispers, "This may be possible for others, but not for you. A Paul and a John might

be filled, but you are neither a John nor a Paul." That tempter is now what he was from the beginning—a *liar*. As if there were a wound the balm in Gilead, the Messianic balm, could not cure! As if the Spirit, with Christ's work and worth in his hands, could master and fill one soul, but not another! Away with such Christ-accusing, God-denying unbelief, and harbor in your breast no doubt that whatever our holy religion has done for any soul it can do for you!

3. Besides, recall the feastings you have in other days enjoyed.

David had taken refuge from Saul in the cave of Adullam, and one day he was thirsty, very thirsty. His thirst called to his mind the well near the gate of Bethlehem, at whose clear cool waters many a time he had quenched his thirst in the days of boyhood when heated with play, and many a time when in riper youth he returned homeward from watching the flocks in the fields;

and the picture of the old well and the memories of refreshment associated with it overcame him, and he sighed aloud, "*Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well!*" 2 Sam. xxiii. 15.

Many of us can recall some moss-edged well of salvation at which we have drunk deep sweet draughts of spiritual refreshment. Many of us can recall the table spread in the wilderness where we tasted and saw that the Lord was full of grace. There was that precious revival of religion when light from the throne shone so bright around; when earth seemed so far away, heaven so near, Christ so dear and hope so bright and sweet; and when we thought we never again could enjoy any other and less gracious scenes. And there was that communion season, where over us we could see the love-banner waving and hear the wings of the heavenly Dove as they moved above our heads. There were those scenes in the closet when like John we reclined

our heads upon Jesus' very bosom. Can we not all think of oases larger or smaller in the desert when we hungered and thirsted, and were, for the time at least, partially filled? And now, by recalling those seasons and dwelling on them in our thoughts, we may reawaken our hungerings and sigh like David, "*Oh for another deeper, fuller draught of those precious waters!*"

4. Then be very careful not to *grieve the Spirit of God*.

It is a little remarkable that we so commonly assume that the commands, "*Grieve not the Spirit,*" "*Quench not the Spirit,*" are addressed almost exclusively to the unconverted, while in fact they are explicitly addressed to believers. Grieve not the Spirit, writes Paul (Eph. iv. 28-32), by any *corrupt communication, any bitterness, wrath, anger, clamor, evil-speaking, malice—want of kindness, of tender-heartedness or of a forgiving spirit*. And the reason for the charge is obvious. It is he alone that awakens the

appetite, he alone that stimulates it, he alone that brings the food, and he alone can impart the bread to the soul.

There is a bare, barren rock in the sea, and on it a shipwrecked mariner half dead with starvation. At peril of his own life another swims to the rock and brings the sufferer food. The food revives him, and his friend brings him more. But when the shipwrecked man has become strong enough, he meets that friend with reproaches, he heaps insult upon him, he assails him and drives him away. Now the foolish man must starve, for he has not strength enough to swim to the shore. If he attempt this he will drown. You say that this is an impossible supposition. Yes it is, in the sphere of secular life, but not in the spiritual kingdom. Jesus brought the bread of life to the Jews, and they killed him who brought it, and the nation starved. The people of Gadara besought him to depart out of their coasts.

Now, that wrecked mariner is man as he is by nature; only man by nature is not half dead, but wholly dead—dead in trespasses and sins. The friend that visits him is the Spirit of God. “He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings” (Deut. xxxii. 10, 11), so doth the Holy Spirit hover over the soul and bear it on his mighty wing. First, he quickens the dead soul, imparting to it the Christ-life. *You—saints at Ephesus and “faithful in Christ Jesus”—“hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins.”* Eph. i. 1; ii. 1. But life hungers. It must be constantly fed or it will die; and the Spirit brings the food from heaven, and through faith feeds the new life. He enables it to eat and drink and grow strong and Christ-

like. But the Spirit may be grieved; he may be hindered in his work. May he, then, be grieved utterly away? May a new-born soul be ever abandoned and left to spiritual starvation and death? Is it possible that the doom ever goes forth over the blood-ransomed soul, "*He is joined to idols; LET HIM ALONE*"? Hos. iv. 17. No; no fear of this.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

But can we be satisfied with a bare breath of life in us? Who that is a believer at all but sighs in his conscious feebleness,

"Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate—
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great"?

No; he will not leave us to starve to death. But he may be grieved and withdraw in a great measure his gracious influences, and

then our appetite will flag and our feeding become meagre, and we shall remain mere babes in Christ, far, very far, from "*the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.*" Eph. iv. 13. If, then, you are not content with paleness and feebleness and exposure to doubts and fears; if you are ill-content with a wretched Laodicean lukewarmness, neither cold nor hot; if you covet, at least, the appetite,—be careful to grieve the Spirit of God in no thought, word or deed.

"*Quench not the Spirit.* Despise not prophesyings. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." 1 Thess. v. 19–24.

Quench not the Spirit. The Holy Spirit

is a light. He comes to illuminate the soul. He takes the things of Christ and shows them to the soul, and he himself is the light in which we see what he shows. When the angels descended on the plains of Bethlehem, they shook light from their bright, holy wings upon the watching shepherds and upon all the surrounding scene; and when the Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, waves his wings over the soul, the light is showered round as from the golden face of a new-born morning, and in that light we see Immanuel in his beauty. "*Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.*" Isa. xxxiii. 17. Now, in our eye he hath comeliness, and when we see him thus there is beauty in him and we *desire him*. The appetite is sharpened. Should the sun break through the midnight, what a sudden glory would be on the landscape! When the Spirit shines on Jesus in the soul, lo! he starts out to view, the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the valley.

But how may he be quenched? Not in himself, but in the soul's eye—by any dust-cloud of sin. Anything sinful in the temper, among the passions, among the affections, in the heart, on the tongue, in the conduct, forms a stagnant pool from which vapors exhale and gather into clouds to obscure or extinguish the Spirit's pure, holy, life-giving beams. In its light the soul runs and is not weary, walks and is not faint, nay, mounts up with wings as eagle's. In the sin-gloom the soul gropes in the dark, feels its way slowly and painfully along, stumbles and strays, and, like Thomas, is unable to believe, and, like Peter, follows Jesus afar off and under temptation denies him. "Quench not the Spirit." One is lost in the woods in the thick dark night. Perils encompass him; pitfalls are at his feet; he cries out in his distress, and at his cry one brings a light to show him the path of life, and this man madly dashes the lantern from his benefac-

tor's hand. Such is he who quenches the Spirit.

The Spirit of God is a fire. Jesus baptizes "*with the Holy Ghost and with fire.*" Matt. iii. 11. "*Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you,*" said Jesus. Acts i. 8. And he came on that day when "*cloven tongues like as of fire*" "*sat upon each of them.*" Acts ii. 3. The Holy Ghost is a fire in the human soul. He is God in man. He fills with enthusiasm. Those believers in the times of Malachi speaking often one to another of the things of the kingdom, Jehovah listening while they spake; those early Christians who "*had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need; and they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with all the people*"

(Acts ii. 44-47); Peter facing the multitude in Jerusalem and crying, "Ye men of Israel, hear these words; Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know: him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain" (Acts ii. 22, 23); the apostles departing from their scourging before the Sanhedrim rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for Jesus' name (Acts v. 41); Paul writing, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh" (Rom. ix. 2),—were all enthusiasts. They were under the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost. It is this fire of God that puts life into doctrine and Christ into the life. It is this heat from the Holy Ghost that enables the new man to digest the soul-food and assimilate it.

But this fire may be quenched; it may be put out. "It may be quenched," writes Ellicott, "by a studied repression and disregard of his manifestations, arising from erroneous perceptions and mistaken dread of enthusiasm." A most pregnant hint. Many Christians are afraid of enthusiasm in others, and ashamed of it in themselves. They deprecate all excitement; they look with suspicion and half alarm upon revivals of religion. Men may be excited to madness in the gold-room, in the political campaign, but calm, cool, dignified, well-bred *propriety* must characterize our religious acts and emotions. There is in every Christian community a certain level of spiritual experience beyond which the timid soul dare not go, the sluggish soul does not wish to go, the worldly soul will not go, and beyond which the general public feeling will not allow any one to go if it can help it; and this, too, while all feel and know and acknowledge that the common

average of piety is miserably below what it ought to be and might be. Now, we grieve the Holy Ghost, we quench his light, we throw water on his fire, we bid him from us, when we consult human opinion rather than our own yearnings, as awakened by his influences, with respect to the heights toward which we will push in our pursuit of holiness, or as to the length we will go in our labors for Christ and for the souls of men. We grieve him, and he withdraws his gracious influences and leaves us to coldness and leanness and barrenness; leaves us to doubt and fear and miserable half-life in his kingdom. Grieve not the Spirit; quench not the Spirit; abstain from all appearance of evil; and then we may look to him to *sanctify us wholly*, to preserve blameless our *whole spirit and soul and body* unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen and amen.

5. Last, but not least, ask, beg, implore

Him who can give you this appetite to impart to you this precious boon.

He who created the soul anew, and thus laid the basis for the appetite for this divine food, is able so to stimulate the appetite that you too shall cry, "*As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.*" Ps. xlii. 1. He heareth prayer—the prayer even of the thirsting gazelle in the hot plain; the prayer even of the young lion that seeks his meat from God; the prayer even of the young ravens which cry; and will he not much more hear you, "O ye of little faith"? Sing, then, in his ear—

"Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

"I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

"Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well

As when thy richer grace I taste
And in thy presence dwell.

“Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

“Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.”

THE JOY OF FEEDING ON CHRIST.

THAT feeding on Christ is attended with happiness is told us in the very first and—according to the style of the ancients—the most emphatic word of the beatitude. The word *blessed* literally means *happy*—*Happy are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness*. And this first word, *happy*, is closely joined, through the intervening causal conjunction, with the last word, *filled*. Happy because they shall be filled, happy in the process of being filled, and happy in

the result. Thus the beatitude is a parenthesis, with happiness at each terminus. It is a celestial rainbow with golden joy at either end.

So indeed it must be. A mighty hunger feeding on abundance—what room for aught but happiness? What is the happiness of heaven but the filling of all the being with God? Is there no real delight in eating when you are hungry and in drinking when you are thirsty? Ask that famished gazelle if no delight goes with the cool water through its frame. Does no delight come to the gold-hunter when he finds a huge nugget of gold—no delight to the scientist when he comes upon a new grand truth? Yes; and there is soul-delight in feeding on Christ, becoming imbued with him, becoming like him. Ah, exclaimed the bride, "*I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.*" Cant. ii. 3.

It is the *highest possible human delight.*

There is delight in eating when you are hungry. There is delight in coffering the golden fruits of your toils. There is delight in the acquirement of knowledge. But these are beggarly compared with the delight of feeding the immortal nature on the bread of God, on righteousness.

It is a *perpetual* delight. Were the ocean conscious of thirst, what never-ending enjoyment would be its portion in drinking and ever drinking up the Euphrates and the Ganges and the Amazon! But Christ is the river that flows from the throne of God to satisfy the thirsts of the soul. No small enjoyment would be his who could hungrily feed all day at a sumptuous feast. Yet how groveling this enjoyment compared with that of feeding on Christ, and that for ever!

It is also an *ever-growing delight*. Other food satiates—this sharpens the appetite while it satisfies. The more of Christ we take into our renewed natures the larger

are our cravings ; and this process goes on for ever. Blessed, then, ten thousand times blessed—happy, ten thousand times happy—are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled—filled as Paul was filled when he wrote those Epistles, mentioning the name of Christ in them some six hundred times—five times in the first three verses of the letter to the Ephesians, writing it wherever he could find a place to put it in ; filled as he was filled when he wrote to the Corinthians, “*I determined not to know anything among you*”—anything of your towering Acrocorinthus, your gorgeous architecture, your statues and paintings—“*save Christ and him crucified*” (1 Cor. ii. 2), as when he wrote to the Philippians, “For me to live is Christ.” It is as easy, and by God’s grace now as natural, for me to think of Christ, to speak of Christ, to act for Christ, to worship Christ, to glorify Christ, as it is to live and breathe. “And to die is gain”—not that I

may escape from toil and sorrow; not even that I may take my harp and put on my crown; not even that I may mingle my songs with the ransomed on high; but that I may "be with Christ." Phil. i. 21, 23. Filled with Christ, the soul is satisfied as with marrow and fatness.

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

"Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity."

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."
Matt. v. 48.

“Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.” Rom. vi. 11.

“As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?” Ps. xlii. 1, 2.

“O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is; to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. My soul followeth hard after thee; thy right hand upholdeth me.” Ps. lxiii. 1-3.

“Oh send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy; yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.” Ps. xliiii. 3, 4.

“We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the Spirit of the Lord.” 2 Cor. iii. 18.

“I will *pour* water upon him that is thirsty, and *floods* upon the dry ground. I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring, and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses.” Isa. xlv. 4.

“But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you *all* things and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.” John xiv. 26.

“Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the

prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. iii. 8, 13, 14.

"That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." Eph. iii. 17-19.

"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." 1 Thess. v. 23, 24.

"My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips, when I remember thee upon my bed and meditate on thee in the night-watches." Ps. lxiii. 5, 6.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." Isa. xxxiii. 17.

"The Bread of God is He which cometh

down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die." John vi. 33, 35, 50.

"I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me even he shall live by me. This is that

bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever." John vi. 51, 53-58.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Phil. iv. 8.

"BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH DO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS; FOR THEY SHALL BE FILLED."

THE END.