

ill-treated its Redeemer. You marvel at the patience which restrained him; you marvel also at the poverty he must have felt, the poverty of spirit, when they rebuked him and he reviled them not again; when they scoffed him, and yet he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He had seen brighter days; that made his misery more bitter and his poverty more poor.

Well, now we come to the third point—why did the Saviour come to die and be poor? Hear this, ye sons of Adam—the Scripture says, "For your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich." For your sakes. Now, when I address you as a great congregation you will not feel the beauty of this expression, "For your sake." Husband and wife, walking in the fear of God, let me take you by the hand and look you in the face, let me repeat those words, "for your sakes he became poor." Young man, let a brother of thine own age look on thee and repeat these words, "Though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor." Gray-headed believer, let me look on you and say the same, "For your sake he became poor." Brethren, take the word home, and see if it does not melt you—"Though he was rich, yet for my sake he became poor."

Beg for the influences of the Spirit upon that truth, and it will make your heart devout and your spirit loving—"I the chief of sinners am, yet for my sake he died." Come, let me hear you speak; let us bring the sinner here and let him soliloquize—"I cursed him, I blasphemed, and yet for my sake he was made poor; I scoffed at his ministers, I broke his Sabbath, yet for my sake was he made poor. What! Jesus, couldst thou die for one who was not worth thy having? Couldst thou shed thy blood for one who would have shed thy blood if it had been in his power?

What! couldst thou die for one so worthless, so vile?" "Yes, yes," says Jesus, "I shed that blood for thee."

Now let the saint speak: "I," he may say, "have professed to love him, but how cold my love, how little have I served him! How far have I lived from him; I have not had sweet communion with him as I ought to have had. When have I been spending and spent in his service? And yet, my Lord, thou dost say, 'for thy sake I was made poor.'" "Yes," saith Jesus, "see me in my miseries; see me in my agonies; see me in my death—all these I suffered for thy sake." Wilt thou not love him who loved thee to this great excess and became poor for thy sake?

That, however, is not the point to which we wish to bring you just now; the point is this, the reason why Christ died was "that we through his poverty might be rich." He became poor from his riches, that our poverty might become rich out of his poverty. Brethren, we have now a joyful theme before us—those who are partakers of the Saviour's blood are rich. All those for whom the Saviour died, having believed in his name and given themselves to him, are this day rich. And yet I have some of you here who cannot call a foot of land your own. You have nothing to call your own to-day, you know not how you will be supported through another week; you are poor, and yet if you be a child of God I do know that Christ's end is answered in you; you are rich. No, I did not mock you when I said you were rich: I did not taunt you—you are. You are really rich; you are rich in possessions; you have in your possession now things more costly than gems, more valuable than gold and silver.

"Silver and gold have I none," thou mayest say; but if thou canst say afterward, "Christ is all," thou hast out-

spoken all that the man can say who had piles of gold and silver.

"But," thou sayest, "I have nothing."

Man, thou hast all things. Knowest thou not what Paul said? He declares that "things present and things to come, and this world, and life and death, all are yours and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

The great machinery of providence has no wheel which does not revolve for you. The great economy of grace with all its fulness is yours. Remember that adoption, justification, sanctification, are all yours. Thou hast everything that heart can wish in spiritual things; and thou hast everything that is necessary for this life; for you know who hath said, "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content."

You are rich; rich with true riches, and not with the riches of a dream. There are times when men by night do scrape gold and silver together, like shells upon the seashore; but when they wake in the morning they find themselves penniless. But yours are everlasting treasures; yours are solid riches. When the sun of eternity shall have melted the rich man's gold away, yours shall endure. A rich man has a cistern full of riches, but a poor saint has got a fountain of mercy, and he is the richest who has a fountain.

Now, if my neighbor be a rich man, he may have as much wealth as ever he pleases, it is only a cisternful, it will soon be exhausted; but a Christian has a fountain that ever flows, and let him draw, draw on forever, the fountain will still keep on flowing. However large may be the stagnant pool, if it be stagnant, it is but of little worth; but the flowing stream, though it seem to be but small, needs but time, and it will have produced an immense volume of precious water.

Thou art never to have a great pool of riches, they are

always to keep on flowing to thee; "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." As old William Huntingdon says, "The Christian has a hand-basket portion. Many a man, when his daughter marries, does not give her much, but he says to her, 'I shall send you a sack of flour one day, and so-and-so the next day, and now and then a sum of gold; and as long as I live I will always send you something.' Says he, 'She will get a great deal more than her sister, who has had a thousand pounds down.' That is how my God deals with me; he gives to the rich man all at once, but to me day by day."

Ah, Egypt, thou wert rich when thy granaries were full, but those granaries might be emptied; Israel was far richer when they could not see their granaries, but only saw the manna drop from heaven day by day. Now, Christian, that is thy portion—the portion of the fountain always flowing, and not of the cisternful, and soon to be emptied.

But remember, O saint, that thy wealth does not all lie in thy possession just now; remember thou art rich in promises. Let a man be never so poor as to the metal that he hath, let him have in his possession promissory notes from rich and true men, and he says, "I have no gold in my purse, but here is a note for such-and-such a sum—I know the signature—I can trust the firm—I am rich, though I have no metal in hand."

And so the Christian can say, "If I have no riches in possession, I have the promise of them; my God hath said, 'No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly,'—that is a promise that makes me rich. He has told me, 'My bread shall be given me, and my water shall be sure.' I cannot doubt his signature, I know his word to be authentic; and as for his faithfulness I would not so dishonor him as to think

he would break his promise. No, the promise is as good as the thing itself. If it be God's promise it is just as sure that I shall have it as if I had it."

But then the Christian is very rich in reversion. When a certain old man dies that I know of, I believe that I shall be so immensely rich that I shall dwell in a place that is paved with gold, the walls of which are builded with precious stones. But, my friends, you have all got an old man to die, and when he is dead, if you are followers of Jesus, you will come in for your inheritance. You know who that old man is, he is very often spoken of in Scripture; may the old man in you die daily, and may the new man be strengthened in you.

When that old man of corruption, your old nature, shall totter into its grave, then you will come in for your property. Christians are like heirs, they have not much in their minority, and they are minors now; but when they come of age they shall have the whole of their estate. If I meet a minor he says, "That is my property."

"You cannot sell it, sir; you cannot lay hold of it."

"No," says he, "I know I cannot; but it is mine when I am one-and-twenty, I shall then have complete control; but at the same time it is as really mine now as it ever will be. I have a legal right to it, and though my guardians take care of it for me it is mine, not theirs."

And now, Christian, in heaven there is a crown of gold which is thine to-day; it will be no more thine when thou hast it on thy head than it is now.

I remember to have heard it reported that I once spoke in metaphor, and bade Christians look at all the crowns hanging in rows in heaven—very likely I did say it—but if not, I will say it now. Up, Christian, see the crowns all ready, and mark thine own; stand thou and wonder at it;

see with what pearls it is bedight, and how heavy it is with gold! And that is for thy head, thy poor aching head; thy poor tortured brain shall yet have that crown for its arraying!

And see that garment, it is stiff with gems, and white like snow; and that is for thee! When thy week-day garment shall be done with, this shall be the raiment of thy everlasting Sabbath. When thou hast worn out this poor body there remaineth for thee "A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Up to the summit, Christian, and survey thine inheritance; and when thou hast surveyed it all, when thou hast seen thy present possessions, thy promised possessions, thine entailed possessions, then remember that all these were bought by the poverty of thy Saviour! Look thou upon all thou hast and say, "Christ bought them for me." Look thou on every promise and see the bloodstains on it; yea, look too, on the harps and crowns of heaven and read the bloody purchase! Remember, thou couldst never have been anything but a damned sinner unless Christ had bought thee! Remember, if he had remained in heaven thou wouldst forever have remained in hell; unless he had shrouded and eclipsed his own honor thou wouldst never have had a ray of light to shine upon thee.

Therefore bless his dear name, extol him, trace every stream to the fountain; and bless him who is the source and the fountain of everything thou hast. Brethren, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

I have not done, I have three things now to say, and I shall say them as briefly as possible.

The first is a doctrine; the doctrine is this: If Christ in his poverty made us rich, what will he do now that he is glorified? If the Man of Sorrows saved my soul, will the man now exalted suffer it to perish? If the dying Saviour availed for our salvation, should not the living, interceding Saviour, abundantly secure it?

" He lived, he lives and sits above,
Forever interceding there;
What shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall sink us in despair? "

If, when the nail was in thine hand, O Jesus, thou didst rout all hell, canst thou be defeated now that thou hast grasped the sceptre? If, when the thorn-crown was put about thy brow, thou didst prostrate the dragon, canst thou be overcome and conquered now that the acclamations of angels are ascending to thee?

No, my brethren, we can trust the glorified Jesus; we can repose ourselves on his bosom; if he was so strong in poverty, what must he be in riches?

The next thing was a question, that question was a simple one. My hearer, hast thou been made rich by Christ's poverty? Thou sayst, "I am good enough without Christ; I want no Saviour."

Ah, thou art like her of old who said, "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, whereas, saith the Lord, 'Thou art naked, and poor, and miserable.'" O ye that live by good works and think that ye shall go to heaven because you are as good as others, all the merits you can ever earn yourselves are good for nothing. All that human nature ever made turns to a blot and a curse. If those are your riches, you are no saints. But you can say this morning, my hearers, "I am by nature without anything, and God has by the power of his Spirit taught me my nothingness."

My brother, my sister, hast thou taken Christ to be thine all in all? Canst thou say this day, with an unflinching tongue, "My Lord, my God, I have nothing; but thou art my all?" Come, I beseech thee, do not shirk the question. Thou art careless, heedless; answer it, then, in the negative. But when thou hast answered it, I beseech thee, beware of what thou hast said. Thou art sinful, thou feeblest it. Come, I beseech thee, and lay hold on Jesus.

Remember, Christ came to make those rich that have nothing of their own. My Saviour is a physician; if you can heal yourself he will have nothing to do with you. Remember, my Saviour came to clothe the naked. He will clothe you if you have not a rag of your own; but unless you let him do it from head to foot he will have nothing to do with you. Christ says he will never have a partner; he will do all or none. Come, then, hast thou given up all to Christ? Hast thou no reliance and trust save in the cross of Jesus? Then thou hast answered the question well. Be happy, be joyous; if death should surprise thee the next hour, thou art secure. Go on thy way and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.

And now I close with the third thing, which was an exhortation. Sinner, dost thou this morning feel thy poverty? Then look to Christ's poverty. O ye that are to-day troubled on account of sin—and there are many such here—God has not let you alone; he has been plowing your heart with the sharp plowshare of conviction; you are this day saying, "What must I do to be saved?" You would give all you have to have an interest in Jesus Christ. Your soul is this day sore broken and tormented. O sinner, if thou wouldst find salvation thou must find it in the veins of Jesus.

Now, wipe that tear from thine eye a moment, and look here. Dost thou see him high, where the cross rears its ter-

rible tree? There he is. Dost see him? Mark his head. See the thorn-crown, and the beaded drops still standing on his temples. Mark his eyes; they are just closing in death. Canst see the lines of agony, so desperate in woe? Dost see his hands? See the streamlets of blood flowing down them.

Hark, he is about to speak. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" Didst hear that, sinner? Pause a moment longer, take another survey of his person; how emaciated his body and how sick his spirit! Look at him. But hark, he is about to speak again—"It is finished."

What means he by that? He means that he has finished thy salvation. Look thou to him and find salvation there. Remember, to be saved, all that God wants of a penitent is to look to Jesus. My life for this—if you will risk your all on Christ you shall be saved. I will be Christ's bondsman to-day, to be bound forever if he break his promise. He has said, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." It is not your hands that will save you; it must be your eyes. Look from those works whereby you hope to be saved. No longer strive to weave a garment that will not hide your sin, throw away that shuttle; it is only filled with cobwebs. What garment can you weave with that? Look thou to him and thou art saved. Never sinner looked and was lost. Dost mark that eye there? One glance will save thee, one glance will set thee free. Dost thou say, "I am a guilty sinner?" Thy guilt is the reason why I bid thee look. Dost thou say, "I cannot look?" Oh, may God help thee to look now.

Remember, Christ will not reject thee; thou mayest reject him. Remember now, there is the cup of mercy put to thy lip by the hand of Jesus. I know, if thou feelest thy need, Satan may tempt thee not to drink, but he will not prevail;

thou wilt put thy lip feebly and faintly, perhaps, to it. But oh, do but sip it; and the first draught shall give thee bliss; and the deeper thou shalt drink the more heaven shalt thou know.

Sinner, believe on Jesus Christ; hear the whole gospel preached to thee. It is written in God's Word, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Hear me translate it—He that believeth and is immersed shall be saved. Believe thou, trust thyself on the Saviour, make a profession of thy faith in baptism, and then thou mayest rejoice in Jesus, that he hath saved thee. But remember not to make a profession till thou hast believed: remember, baptism is nothing until thou hast faith. Remember, it is a farce and a falsehood until thou hast first believed; and afterward it is nothing but the profession of thy faith.

Oh, believe that; cast thyself upon Christ, and thou art saved forever! The Lord add his blessing, for the Saviour's sake. Amen.