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Description

When once the soul has been brought to feel the reality of its condition before God-the depth of its ruin, guilt, and misery - its utter and hopeless bankruptcy, there can be no rest until the Holy Spirit reveals a full and an all-sufficient Christ to the heart. The only possible answer to our total ruin is God's perfect remedy.

This is a very simple, but a most important truth; and we may say, with all possible assurance, the more deeply and thoroughly the reader learns it for himself the better. The true secret of peace is, to get to the very end of a guilty, ruined, helpless, worthless self, and there find an all-sufficient Christ as God's provision for our very deepest need. This truly is rest - a rest which can never be disturbed. There may be sorrow, pressure, conflict, exercise of soul, heaviness through manifold temptations, ups and downs, all sorts of trials and difficulties; but we feel persuaded that when a soul is really brought by God's Spirit to see the end of self, and to rest in a full Christ, it finds a peace which can never be interrupted.

The unsettled state of so many of God's dear people is the result of not having received into their hearts a full Christ, as God's own very provision for

O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There, to an ocean's fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow Were
lustred with His love.

I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory
dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

O I am my Beloved's
And my Belov'd is mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner Into His ,
" house of wine."
I stand upon His merit;
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

The Bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on the King of grace.
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory

Of Immanuel's land.

48 pages – Pamphlet – Author: C. H. Mackintosh