

The Gospel

The chief beauty of grace (God's totally undeserved love) is in the soul. It takes that which was hard, and cold, and repulsive, and makes it all over again. It pours upon one's nature what David calls "the beauty of holiness." It extirpates everything that is hateful and unclean... Jesus throws upon the soul the fragrance of a summer garden, as he comes in, saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" and he submerges it with the glory of a spring morning as he says, "I am the light."

I declare the grace of God to be the first and the last necessity. It is food we must take, or starve into an eternity of famine. It is clothing without which we freeze to the mast of infinite terror. It is the plank, and the only plank, on which we can float shoreward. It is the ladder, and the only ladder, on which we can climb away from eternal burnings.

The grace of God is abundant. It is for all lands, for all ages, for all conditions. It seems to under-gird everything. Pardon for the worst sin, comfort for the sharpest suffering, brightest light for the thickest darkness. ...If twelve thousand millions of our race should no cry out to God for his mercy, there would be enough for all; for those furthest gone in sin, for the murderers standing on the drop of the gallows...It is an ocean of mercy; and if

Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and all the islands of the sea, went down to it today, they would have room enough to wash and to come up clean.

Let no man think that his case is too tough a one for God to act upon; though your sins may be deep and raging, let me tell you that God's grace is a bridge not built on earthly piers, but suspended and spanning the awful chasm of thy guilt, one end resting upon the rock of eternal promises, and the other on the foundation of heaven.

Demetrius wore a robe so incrustated with jewels that no-one after him ever dared to wear it; but our King, Jesus, takes off the robe of his righteousness, a robe blood-dyed and heaven-impearled, and reaches it out to the worst wretch in all the earth, and says: "Put that on! wear it now! wear it for ever!"

**Thomas De Witt Talmage
(1832-1902)**

**Minister of Brooklyn Tabernacle, New
York.**