

THE GREAT RESERVOIR

NO. 179

A SERMON
DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING, FEBRUARY 21, 1858
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AT THE MUSIC HALL, ROYAL SURREY GARDENS

“Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.”
Proverbs 4:23

IF I should vainly attempt to fashion my discourse after lofty models, I should this morning compare the human heart to the ancient city of Thebes, out of whose hundred gates multitudes of warriors were wont to march. As was the city, such were her armies, as was her inward strength, such were they who came forth out of her.

I might then urge the necessity of keeping the heart, because it is the metropolis of our manhood, the citadel and armory of our humanity. Let the chief fortress surrender to the enemy and the occupation of the rest must be an easy task. Let the principal stronghold be possessed by evil and the whole land must be overrun thereby.

Instead, however, of doing this, I shall attempt what possibly I may be able to perform by a humble metaphor and a simple figure, which will be easily understood. I shall endeavor to set forth the wise man’s doctrine that our life issues from the heart and thus I shall labor to show the absolute necessity of keeping the heart with all diligence.

You have seen the great reservoirs provided by our water companies from which the water which is to supply hundreds of streets and thousands of houses is kept. Now, the heart is the reservoir of man and our life is allowed to flow in its proper season. That life may flow through different pipes—the mouth, the hand, the eye—but still all the issues of hand, of eye, of lip, derive their source from the great fountain and central reservoir, the heart.

And hence there is no difficulty in showing the great necessity that exists for keeping this reservoir, the heart, in a proper state and condition, since otherwise that which flows through the pipes must be tainted and corrupt. May the Holy Spirit now direct our meditations.

Mere moralists very often forget the heart and deal exclusively with the lesser powers. Some of them say, “If a man’s life be wrong, it is better to alter the *principles* upon which his conduct is modeled—we had better adopt another scheme of living. Society must be remodeled so that man may have an opportunity for the display of virtues and less temptation to indulge in vice.”

It is as if, when the reservoir was filled with poisonous or polluted fluid, some sage counselor should propose that all the piping had better be taken up and fresh pipes laid down so that the water might run through fresh channels. But who does not perceive that it would be all in vain—if the fountainhead were polluted—however good the channels.

So in vain are the rules by which men hope to fashion their lives. In vain is the regimen by which we seek to constrain ourselves to the semblance of goodness—unless the heart be right, the very best scheme of life shall fall to the ground and fail to effect its design.

Others say, “Well, if the life be wrong, it would be better to set the understanding right. You must inform man’s judgment, educate him, teach him better, and when his head is well-informed, then his life will be improved.”

Now, *understanding* is, if I may use such a figure, the stopwatch which controls the emotions, lets them flow on, or stops them. And it is as if some very wise man, when a reservoir had been poisoned,

proposed that there should be a new person employed to turn the water off or on, in hope that the whole difficulty would thus be obviated.

If we followed his advice—if we found the wisest man in the world to have the control of the fountain—Mr. Understanding would still be incapable of supplying us with healthy streams, until we had first of all purged the cistern whence they flowed.

The Arminian divine, too, sometimes suggests another way of improving man's life. He deals with the *will*. He says, the will must first of all be conquered, and if the will be right, then everything will be in order.

Now, *will* is like the great engine which forces the water out of the fountainhead along the pipes so that it is made to flow into our dwellings. The learned counselor proposes that there should be a new steam engine employed to force the water along the pipes. "If," says he, "we had the proper machinery for forcing the fluid, then all would be well."

No, sir, if the stream be poisonous, you may have axles to turn on diamonds, and you may have a machine that is made of gold, and a force as potent as Omnipotence, but even then you have not accomplished your purpose until you have cleansed the polluted fountain and purged the issues of life which flow therefrom.

The wise man in our text seems to say, "Beware of misapplying your energies, be careful to begin in the right place." It is very necessary the understanding should be right. It is quite needful the will should have its proper predominance. It is very necessary that you should keep every part of man in a healthy condition—"But" says he, "if you want to promote true holiness, you must begin with the heart—for out of it are the issues of life. And when you have purged *it*, when you have made its waters pure and limpid, then shall the current flow and bless the inhabitants with clear water, but not till then."

Here let us pause and ask the solemn and vital question, "Is my heart right in the sight of God?"—for unless the inner man has been renewed by the grace of God, through the Holy Spirit, our heart is full of rottenness, filth, and abominations. And if so, here must all our cleansing begin—if it be real and satisfactory.

Unrenewed men, I beseech you ponder the words of an ancient Christian which I here repeat in your ear—"It is no matter what is the sign, though an angel, that hangs without, if the devil and sin dwell within. New trimmings upon an old garment will not make it new, only give it a new appearance. And truly it is no good husbandry to bestow a great deal of cost in mending up an old suit that will soon drop to tatters and rags, when a little more might purchase a new one that is lasting. And is it not better to labor to get a new heart, that all you do may be accepted, and you saved, than to lose all the pains you take in religion, and yourself also for want of it?"

Now, you who love the Lord, let me take you to the reservoir of your heart and let me urge upon you the great necessity of keeping the heart right, if you would have the streams of your life happy for yourselves and beneficial to others.

I. First, keep the heart FULL.

However pure the water may be in the central reservoir, it will not be possible for the company to provide us with an abundant supply of water unless the reservoir itself be full. An empty fountain will most assuredly beget empty pipes. And let the machinery be never so accurate, let everything else be well-ordered, yet if that reservoir be dry we may wait in vain for any of the water that we require.

Now, you know many people—(you are sure to meet with them in your own society and your own circle, for I know of no one so happy as to be without such acquaintances)—whose lives are just dry, good-for-nothing emptinesses. They never accomplish anything. They have no mental force. They have no moral power. What they say, nobody thinks of noticing. What they do is scarcely ever imitated.

We have known fathers whose moral force has been so despicable that even their children have scarcely been able to imitate them. Though imitation was strong enough in them, yet have they unconsciously felt, even in their childhood, that their father was, after all, but a child like themselves and had not grown to be a man.

Do you not know many people, who if they were to espouse a cause and it were entrusted to them, would most certainly pilot it to shipwreck? Failure would be the total result. You could not use them as clerks in your office without feeling certain that your business would be nearly murdered. If you were to employ them to manage a concern for you, you would be sure they would manage to spend all the money, but could never produce a profit. If they were placed in comfortable circumstances for a few months, they would go on carelessly till all was gone.

They are just the flats, preyed on by the sharpers in the world. They have no manly strength, no power at all. See these people in religion—it does not matter much what are their doctrinal sentiments—it is quite certain they will never affect the minds of others. Put them in the pulpit. They are the slaves of the deacons, or else they are overridden by the church. They never have an opinion of their own, cannot come out with a thing. They have not the heart to say, “Such a thing is and I know it is.” These men just live on, but as far as any utility to the world is concerned, they might almost as well never have been created, except it were to be fed upon by other people.

Now, some say that this is the fault of men’s heads—“Such a one,” they say, “could not get on. He had a small head. It was clean impossible for him to prosper, his head was small. He could not do anything. He had not enough force.” Now that may be true, but I know what was truer still—he had got a small heart and that heart was empty

For, mark you, a man’s force in the world other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man—if he be erroneous, then he is powerful for error. If the thing is in his heart, he is sure to make it notorious, even though it may be a downright falsehood.

Let a man be never so ignorant, still if his heart is full of love to a cause, he becomes a powerful man for that object, because he has got heart-power, heart-force. A man may be deficient in many of the advantages of education, in many of those niceties which are so much looked upon in society, but once give him a good strong heart, that beats hard, and there is no mistake about his power.

Let him have a heart that is right full up to the brim with an object and that man will do the thing, or else he will die gloriously defeated, and will glory in his defeat. HEART IS POWER. It is the emptiness of men’s hearts that makes them so feeble. Men do not feel what they are at. Now, the man in business that goes heart and soul into his business is more likely to prosper than anybody else.

That is the preacher we want—the man that has a full soul. Let him have a head—the more he knows the better. But after all, give him a big heart. And when his heart beats, if his heart be full, it will, under God, either make the hearts of his congregation beat after him—or else make them conscious that he is laboring hard to compel them to follow.

Oh! if we had more heart in our Master’s service, how much more labor we could endure. You are a Sunday school teacher, young man, and you are complaining that you cannot get on in the Sunday school. Sir, the service pipe would give out plenty of water if the heart were full. Perhaps you do not love your work. Oh, strive to love your work more and then when your heart is full, you will go on well enough.

“Oh,” says the preacher, “I am weary of my work in preaching. I have little success. I find it a hard toil.” The answer to that question is, “Your heart is not full of it, for if you loved preaching, you would breathe preaching, feed upon preaching, and find a compulsion upon you to follow preaching. And your heart being full of the thing, you would be happy in the employment.”

Oh for a heart that is full, and deep, and broad! Find the man who has such a soul as that, and that is the man from whom the living waters shall flow, to make the world glad with their refreshing streams.

Learn, then, the necessity of keeping the heart full. And let the necessity make you ask this question—“But how can I keep my heart full? How can my emotions be strong? How can I keep my desires burning and my zeal inflamed?”

Christian! there is one text which will explain all this. “All my springs are in thee,” said David. If you have all your springs in God, your heart will be full enough. If you go to the foot of Calvary, there

will your heart be bathed in love and gratitude. If you do frequent the vale of retirement and there talk with your God—it is there that your heart shall be full of calm resolve.

If you go out with your Master to the hill of Olivet and do with Him look down upon a wicked Jerusalem, and weep over it with Him, then will your heart be full of love for never-dying souls. If you do continually draw your impulse, your life, the whole of your being from the Holy Spirit, without whom you can do nothing—and if you live in close communion with Christ—there will be no fear of your having a dry heart.

He who lives without prayer—he who lives with little prayer—he who seldom reads the Word—he who seldom looks up to heaven for a fresh influence from on high—he will be the man whose heart will become dry and barren. But he who calls in secret on his God—who spends much time in holy retirement—who delights to meditate on the words of the Most High—whose soul is given up to Christ—who delights in His fullness, rejoices in His all-sufficiency, prays for His second coming, and delights in the thought of His glorious advent—such a man, I say, must have an overflowing heart.

And as his heart is, such will his life be. It will be a full life. It will be a life that will speak from the sepulchre and wake the echoes of the future. “Keep thine heart with all diligence,” and entreat the Holy Spirit to keep it full, for otherwise the issues of your life will be feeble, shallow, and superficial—and you may as well not have lived at all.

II. Secondly, it would be of little use for our water companies to keep their reservoirs full if they did not also keep them PURE.

I remember reading a complaint in the newspaper of a certain provincial town, that a tradesman who had been frequently supplied with fish from the water company—large eels having crept down the pipe and sometimes creatures a little more loathsome. We have known such a thing as water companies supplying us with solids when they ought to have given us nothing but pure crystal. Now, no one likes that.

The reservoir should be kept pure and clean. And unless the water comes from a pure spring and is not impregnated with deleterious substances, however full the reservoir may be, the company will fail of satisfying or benefitting its customers.

Now it is essential for us to do with our hearts as the company must do with its reservoir. We must keep our hearts pure—for if the heart be not pure, the life cannot be pure. It is quite impossible that it should be so. You see a man whose whole conversation is impure and unholy. When he speaks he lards his language with oaths. His mind is low and groveling. None but the things of unrighteousness are sweet to him, for he has no soul above the kennel and the dunghill.

You meet with another man who understands enough to avoid violating the decencies of life. But still, at the same time he likes filthiness. Any low joke, anything that will in some way stir unholy thoughts is just the thing that he desires. For the ways of God he has no relish. In God’s house he finds no pleasure, in His Word no delight. What is the cause of this? Some say, it is because of his family connections—because of the situation in which he stands—because of his early education and all that.

No, no. The simple answer to that is the answer we gave to the other inquiry—the heart is not right. For if the heart were pure, the life would be pure too. The unclean stream betrays the fountain.

A valuable book of German parables, by old Christian Scriver, contains the following homely metaphor—“A drink was brought to Gotthold, which tasted of the vessel in which it had been contained, and this led him to observe—We have here an emblem of our thoughts, words, and works. Our heart is defiled by sin and hence a taint of sinfulness cleaves unfortunately to everything we take in hand. And although, from the force of habit, this may be imperceptible to us, it does not escape the eye of the Omniscient, holy, and righteous God.”

Whence come our carnality, covetousness, pride, sloth, and unbelief? Are they not all to be traced to the corruption of our hearts? When the hands of a clock move in an irregular manner, and when the bell strikes the wrong hour, be assured there is something wrong within. Oh, how needful that the mainspring of our motives be in proper order and the wheels in a right condition.

Ah! Christian, keep your heart pure. You say, “How can I do this?” Well, there was of old the stream Marah to which the thirsty pilgrims in the desert came to drink. And when they came to taste of it, it was so brackish that though their tongues were like torches and the roofs of their mouths were parched with heat, they could not drink of that bitter water.

Do you remember the remedy which Moses prescribed? It is the remedy which we prescribe to you this morning. He took a certain tree and he cast it into the waters, and they became sweet and clear. Your heart is by nature like Marah’s water, bitter and impure. There is a certain tree—you know its name—that tree on which the Savior hung, *the cross*. Take that tree, put it into your heart, and though it were even more impure than it is, that sweet cross, applied by the Holy Spirit, would soon transform it into its own nature and make it pure.

Christ Jesus in the heart is the sweet purification. He is made unto us *sanctification*. Elijah cast salt into the waters, but we must cast the blood of Jesus there. Once let us know and love Jesus, once let His cross become the object of our adoration and the theme of our delight—the heart will begin its cleansing and the life will become pure also.

Oh! that we all did learn the sacred lesson of fixing the cross in the heart! Christian man, love your Savior more. Cry to the Holy Spirit that you may have more affection for Jesus. And then, however gainful may be your sin, you will say with the poet,

*“Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.”*

The cross in the heart is the purifier of the soul. It purges and it cleanses the chambers of the mind. Christian, keep your heart pure, “for out of it are the issues of life.”

III. In the third place, there is one thing to which our water companies need never pay much attention. That is to say, if their water is pure, and the reservoir be full, they need not care to keep it *peaceable* and quiet, for let it be stirred by a storm, we should receive our water in just the same condition as usual.

It is not so, however, with the heart. Unless the heart is kept peaceable, the life will not be happy. If calm does not reign over that inner lake within the soul which feeds the rivers of our life, the rivers themselves will always be in storm. Our outward acts will always tell that they were born in tempests, by rolling in tempests themselves.

Let us just understand this, *first*, with regard to ourselves. We all desire to lead a joyous life—the bright eye and the elastic foot are things which we each of us desire. To carry about a contented mind is that to which most men are continually aspiring. Let us all remember that the only way to keep our life peaceful and happy is to keep the heart at rest.

For come poverty, come wealth, come honor, come shame, come plenty, or come scarcity—if the heart be quiet there will be happiness anywhere. But whatever the sunshine and the brightness—if the heart be troubled the whole life must be troubled too.

There is a sweet story told in one of the German martyrologies well worth both my telling and your remembering. A holy martyr who had been kept for a long time in prison and had there exhibited to the wonderment of all who saw him the strongest constancy and patience, was at last, upon the day of his execution brought out and tied to the stake preparatory to the lighting of the fire.

While in this position, he craved permission to speak once more to the judge, who, according to the Swiss custom, was required to be also present at the execution. After repeatedly refusing, the judge at last came forward, when the peasant addressed him thus—“You have this day condemned me to death. Now, I freely admit that I am a poor sinner, but positively deny that I am a heretic, because from my

heart I believe and confess all that is contained in the Apostles' Creed (which he thereupon repeated from beginning to end).

"Now, then, sir," he proceeded to say, "I have but one last request to make, which is, that you will approach and place your hand first upon my breast and then upon your own, and afterwards frankly and truthfully declare, before this assembled multitude, which of the two, mine or yours, is beating most violently with fear and anxiety.

"For my part, I quit the world with alacrity and joy, to go and be with Christ in whom I have always believed. What your feelings are at this moment is best known to yourself." The judge could make no answer and commanded them instantly to light the pile. It was evident, however, from his looks, that he was more afraid than the martyr.

Now, keep your heart right. Do not let it smite you. The Holy Spirit says of David, "David's heart smote him." The smiting of the heart is more painful to a good man than the rough blows of the fist. It is a blow that can be felt. It is iron that enters into the soul. Keep your heart in good temper. Do not let that get fighting with you.

Seek that the peace of God which passes all understanding may keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus. Bend your knee at night, and with a full confession of sin, express your faith in Christ, then you may "dread the grave as little as your bed." Rise in the morning and give your heart to God, and put the sweet angels of perfect love and holy faith therein, and you may go into the world, and were it full of lions and of tigers, you would no more need to dread it than Daniel when he was cast into the lion's den. Keep the heart peaceable and your life will be happy.

Remember, in the *second* place, that it is just the same with regard to other men. I should hope we all wish to lead quiet lives, and as much as lies in us to live peaceably with all men. There is a particular breed of men—I do not know where they come from, but they are mixed up now with the English race and to be met with here and there—men who seem to be born for no other reason whatever but to fight—always quarreling and never pleased.

They say that all Englishmen are a little that way—that we are never happy unless we have something to grumble at and that the worst thing that ever could be done with us would be to give us some entertainment at which we could not grumble—because we should be mortally offended, because we had not the opportunity of displaying our English propensities.

I do not know whether that is true of us all, but it is true of some. You cannot sit with them in a room but they introduce a topic upon which you are quite certain to disagree with them. You could not walk with them half a mile along the public streets but they would be sure to make an observation against everybody and everything they saw.

They talk about ministers—one man's doctrine is too high—another's is too low. One man, they think, is a great deal too effeminate and precise. Another, they say, is vulgar—they would not hear him at all. They say of another man that they do not think he attends to visiting his people. Of another, that he visits so much that he never prepares for the pulpit. No one can be right for them.

Why is this? Whence arises this continual snarling? The heart must again supply the answer. They are morose and sullen in the inward parts—and hence their speech betrays them. They have not had their hearts brought to feel that God has made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth, or if they have felt that, they have never been brought to spell it in their hearts—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

Whichever may have been put there of the other ten, the eleventh commandment was never written there. "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." That they forgot. Oh! dear Christian people, seek to have your hearts full of love and if you have had little hearts till now that could not hold love enough for more than your own denomination, get your hearts enlarged, so that you may have enough to send out service pipes to all God's people throughout the habitable globe.

So that whenever you meet a man who is a true born heir of heaven, he has nothing to do but to turn the tap and out of your loving heart will begin to flow issues of true, fervent, unconstrained, willing, living love. Keep your heart peaceable, that your life may be so, for out of the heart are the issues of life.

How is this to be done? We reply again we must ask the Holy Spirit to pacify the heart. No voice but that which on Galilee's lake said to the storm, "Be still," can ever lay the troubled waters of a stormy heart. No strength but Omnipotence can still the tempest of human nature. Cry out mightily unto Him. He still sleeps in the vessel with His church. Ask Him to awake, lest your piety should perish in the waters of contention. Cry unto Him that He may give your heart peace and happiness. Then shall your life be peaceful, spend you it where you may, in trouble or in joy.

IV. A little further. When the waterworks company has gathered an abundance of water in the reservoir, there is one thing they must always attend to, and that is, they must take care they do not attempt too much or otherwise they will fail. Suppose they lay on a great main pipe in one place to serve one city and another main pipe to serve another, and the supply which was intended to fill one channel is diverted into a score of streams, what would be the result? Why nothing would be done well, but everyone would have cause to complain.

Now, man's heart is after all so little that there is only one great direction in which its living water can ever flow. And my fourth piece of advice to you from this text is, keep your heart UNDIVIDED.

Suppose you see a lake and there are twenty or thirty streamlets running from it? Why, there will not be one strong river in the whole country. There will be a number of little brooks which will be dried up in the summer and will be temporary torrents in the winter. They will every one of them be useless for any great purposes, because there is not water enough in the lake to feed more than one great stream.

Now, a man's heart has only enough life in it to pursue one object fully. You must not give half your love to Christ and the other half to the world. No man can serve God and mammon because there is not enough life in the heart to serve the two. Alas! many people try this and they fail both ways.

I have known a man who has tried to let some of his heart run into the world and another part he allowed to drip into the church, and the effect has been this—when he came into the church he was suspected of hypocrisy. "Why," they said, "if he were truly with us, could he have done yesterday what he did, and then come and profess so much today?" The church looks upon him as a suspicious one. Or if he deceives them, they feel he is not of much use to them, because they have not got all his heart.

What is the effect of his conduct in the world? Why, his religion is a fetter to him. The world will not have him and the church will not have him. He wants to go between the two and both despise him. I never saw anybody try to walk on both sides of the street but a drunken man. *He* tried it and it was very awkward work indeed. But I have seen many people in a moral point of view try to walk on both sides of the street and I thought there was some kind of intoxication in them—or else they would have given it up as a very foolish thing.

Now, if I thought this world and the pleasures thereof worth my seeking, I would just seek them and go after them, and I would not pretend to be religious. But if Christ be Christ and if God be God, let us give our whole hearts to Him and not go shares with the world.

Many a church member manages to walk on both sides of the street in the following manner. His sun is very low indeed—it has not much light, not much heat, and is come almost to its setting. Now sinking suns cast long shadows and this man stands on the world's side of the street, and casts a long shadow right across the road—to the opposite side of the wall just across the pavement.

Ay, it is all we get with many of you. You come and you take the sacramental bread and wine. You are baptized. You join the church and what we get is just your shadow. There is your substance on the other side of the street, after all. What is the good of the empty chrysalis of a man? And yet many of our church members are little better.

They just do as the snake does that leaves its skin behind. They give us their slough, their skin, the chrysalis case in which life once was, and then they go themselves hither and thither after their own wanton wills. They give us the outward and then give the world the inward.

O how foolish this, Christian! Your Master gave Himself wholly for you. Give yourself unreservedly to Him. Keep not back part of the price. Make a full surrender of every motion of your heart—labor to have but one object and one aim. And for this purpose give God the keeping of your heart.

Cry out for more of the divine influences of the Holy Spirit, that so when your soul is preserved and protected by Him, it may be directed into one channel and only one—that your life may run deep and pure, and clear and peaceful—its only banks being God’s will, its only channel the love of Christ and a desire to please Him.

Thus wrote Spencer in days long gone by—“Indeed, by nature, man’s heart is a very divided, broken thing—scattered and parceled out—a piece to this creature and a piece to that lust. One while this vanity hires him (as Leah did Jacob of Rachel), anon when he has done some drudgery for that, he lets out himself to another—thus divided is man and his affections.

“Now the elect whom God has decreed to be vessels of honor, consecrated for His holy use and service—He throws into the fire of His Word, that being there softened and melted—He may by His transforming Spirit cast them anew, as it were, into a holy oneness. So that he who before was divided from God, and lost among the creatures, and his lusts, that shared him among them, now his heart is gathered into God from them all. It looks with a single eye on God and acts for Him in all that he does. If, therefore, you would know whether your heart is sincere, inquire whether it be thus made anew.”

V. Now, my last point is rather a strange one perhaps. Once upon a time, when one of our kings came back from captivity, old historians tell us that there were fountains in Cheapside that did run with wine. So bounteous was the king, and so glad the people, that instead of water they made wine flow free to everybody.

There is a way of making our life so rich, so full, so blessed to our fellow men, that the metaphor may be applicable to us—and men may say that our life flows with wine when other men’s lives flow with water. You have known some such men.

There was a Howard. John Howard’s life was not like our poor common lives—he was so benevolent, his sympathy with the race so self-denying that the streams of his life were like generous wine.

You have known another, an eminent saint, one who lived very near to Jesus. When you talked yourself, you felt your conversation was poor watery stuff. But when he talked to you, there was an unction and a savor about his words, a solidity and a strength about his utterances, which you could appreciate, though you could not attain unto it.

You have sometimes said, “I wish my words were as full, as sweet, as mellow, and as unctuous as the words of such a one! Oh! I wish my actions were just as rich, had as deep a color, and as pure a taste as the acts of So and so. All I can do seems but little and empty when compared with his high attainments. Oh, that I could do more! Oh, that I could send streams of pure gold into every house instead of my poor dross.”

Well, Christian, this should teach you to keep your heart full of rich things. Never, never neglect the Word of God, that will make your heart rich with precept, rich with understanding. And then your conversation, when it flows from your month, will be like your heart—rich, unctuous, and savory. Make your heart full of rich, generous love, and then the stream that flows from your hand will be just as rich and generous as your heart.

Above all, get Jesus to live in your heart, and then out of your belly shall flow rivers of living water—more rich, more satisfying than the water of the well of Sychar of which Jacob drank. Oh! go, Christian, to the great mine of riches and cry unto the Holy Spirit to make your heart rich unto salvation. So shall your life and conversation be a boon to your fellows. And when they see you, your face shall be as the angel of God. You shall wash your feet in butter and your steps in oil. They who sit in the gate shall rise up when they see you and men shall do you reverence.

But one single sentence and we have done. Some of your hearts are not worth keeping. The sooner you get rid of them the better. They are hearts of stone. Do you feel today that you have a stony heart? Go home and I pray the Lord hears my desire that your polluted heart may be removed.

Cry unto God and say, "Take away my heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh." A stony heart is an impure heart, a divided heart, an unpeaceful heart. It is a heart that is poor and poverty-stricken, a heart that is void of all goodness, and you can neither bless yourself nor others, if your heart be such.

O Lord Jesus! Will You be pleased this day to renew many hearts? Will You break the rock in pieces and put flesh instead of stone, and You shall have the glory, world without end!

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