

Quotes on Saints

by

Richard Baxter

A real living Christian doth live for God, and is upon the motion to his eternal home: *There* is his heart; and that way his affections daily work: When he findeth his soul down, he windeth it up again, and straineth the spring of faith and love...For as he that Loveth God and waiteth for the sight of his face in Glory, must needs take all that to be against him, and naught for him, that would keep him from God, and deprive him of that beautiful vision, so he that knoweth what it is to love God, must needs know by constant sad experience, that the world is the great with-drawer or hinderer of that love. When he sets himself in any holy employment to mount his soul into a more heavenly frame, and to get a little nearer God, he feeleth himself too much entangled with inferior objects; these are the weight that presseth down, and the water that quencheth the sacred flames.

They (*the saints*) feel in themselves a low esteem of all things in this world, and a high esteem of God in Christ. They would count it an happy exchange to become more poor and afflicted in the world, and to have more of Christ and his Spirit, and of the hopes of a better world: To have more of God's favour, though more of man's displeasure: It is God that they secretly long for, and groan after from day to day! It is God that they must have, or nothing will content them. They can spare you all things else, if they might have him.

Children are glad of toys, which a wise man hath no pleasure in... The world is too low to be the joy of a Believer: His higher Hopes do cloud and disgrace such things.

The strength of Christians is the honour of the Church. When they are inflamed with the love of God, and live by a lively working faith, and set light by the profits and honours of the world, and love one another with a pure heart fervently, and can bear and heartily forgive a wrong, and suffer joyfully for the cause of Christ, and study to do good, and walk inoffensively and harmlessly in the world, are ready to be servants to all men for their good, becoming all things to all men in order to win them to Christ, and yet abstaining from the appearance of evil, and seasoning all their actions with a sweet mixture of prudence,

humility, zeal, and heavenly mindedness – oh, what an honour are such to their profession! What an ornament to the Church; and how serviceable to God and man!

He therefore that is Crucified to the world must needs be wise: And, whatever his knowledge or reputation may be, he that wants *this* must needs be a fool. Is that a wise man, that knoweth the times and seasons, and how to do this or that in the world, and knoweth not how to escape damnation, nor where his safety and happiness must be sought? And is not he a wiser man that can see the snares that are laid for his soul, and so escape the burning Lake: then he that will sell his Saviour and his soul, for a little pleasure to his flesh for a moment?

All the Saints of God are in the way to glory: but his suffering Saints are in the nearest way. All his servants are unspeakably gainers by him: but his sufferers are in the most thriving way.

When a man can strip himself of all the pleasures and profits, and honours of this world, first in his estimation, and love, and resolution, and then in the actual forsaking of them at the Call of God, because of the firm belief and hope that he hath of the fruition of God in Glory, as purchased and promised by Jesus Christ; this is a Christian, a Disciple of Christ, a true believer; and none but this.

O the everlasting admiration that must surprise the saints to think of this freeness! “What did the Lord see in me, that he should judge me meet for such a state? That I, who was but a poor, diseased, despised wretch, should be clad in the brightness of this glory! That I, a creeping worm, should be advanced to this high dignity! That I, who was but lately groaning, weeping, dying, should now be as full of joy as my heart can hold! yea, should be taken from the grave where I was decaying, and from the dust and darkness where I seemed forgotten, and be here set before his throne!

For as self is the chief interest of an unsanctified man; so Christ and the will of God is the chief Interest of the sanctified: for he hath destroyed the contradictory Interest of self, and renounced it, and hath taken God for his End, and Christ for the Way, and consequently for

his highest Interest: so that he hath now no business in the world but God's business; he hath no honour to regard but God's honour; he hath none to exalt but the King of Kings; he knows no gain but the pleasing of God; he knows no content or pleasure but God's pleasure: for the life that he now lives in the flesh, he lives by faith in the Son of God, that hath loved him and given himself for him.

The carnal man hath his senses quick in discerning and savouring the things of the flesh, but to the things of the Spirit he is dead and senseless. And contrarily the Spiritual man is dead and senseless to the things of the flesh, and hath no savour in those things that are other men's delights. He tasteth no more sweetness in their pleasures then in a chip. He wonders what they can see or taste in the things of the world, that they so run after it. To be Rich or Poor do but little differ in his eyes; To be high or low is all one to him, considering these things as accommodations of the flesh; though still he valueth any condition according to the respect it hath to God; and so that is the best condition to him that best accommodateth and advantageth him for God's service. *He* taketh the *fleshes* Interest to be none of *his* Interest; and therefore that which only concerneth the *flesh* concerneth not *him*. You look on a poor praying self-denying Believer, but you look before you on a Saint that shall reign with Christ... You see them *sow their seed in tears*, but see it not springing up, nor do you foresee the joyful harvest. You see them following Christ through tribulations, bearing his Cross and despising the shame; but you see them not yet set down with him on their thrones. The fight you see, but the triumph you see not. You see them tossed at Sea, but you know not how sure a Pilot they have; nor do you see the riches of their freight. You see sickness or persecution unpinning their corruptible rags, and death undressing them, but you see not the clothes which they are putting on. You see them laid asleep by death; but you see not their awaking; nor the rising of their Sun, when the Righteous shall have dominion in the morning. The man that is dead to the world you see; but you see not the life that is hid with Christ in God, nor their appearing with him in Glory, when Christ who is their life appears. Your unbelieving souls imagine there will be no *May* or harvest, because it is now Winter with us: You think the Rose and beauteous flowers which are promised us in that Spring, are but delusions, because you know not the virtue of that life that's in the root, nor the Powerful influence of that Sun of the Believers. You see the dead body, but you see not the soul alive with Christ, retired into its Root. You see the Candle put out, and know not

whether the flame is gone, and think not how small a touch of the yet living soul will light it again.