

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME VIII

London
T. WESTON, 53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1908

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Gospel Gleanings



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London :

T. WESTON, 53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY

“HE DIED FOR ME”

DURING the disastrous war between the Northern and Southern States of America, a traveller, when visiting those scenes of desolation, entered what may be called a soldier's cemetery—the place where the slain had been buried after the battle of Chickamauga. The visitor's attention was arrested by a man planting flowers on one of its lonely and humble graves. He softly drew near, feeling that the scene was hallowed by such memorials of tender love.

“Is it a son that lies buried here?” kindly enquired the stranger. “No,” was the reply. “A son-in-law?” “No.” “A brother?” “No.” “A relation?” “No,” was still the brief reply. “Whose memory, then, may I venture to ask, do you so sacredly cherish?” Pausing a moment to give vent to his emotion, he gave the following account of the young volunteer whose memory and remains were so dear to him:—

“When the war broke out, I was drafted to go and join the army. No draft money was given me, and I was unable to procure a substitute, and made up my mind to go. Just as I was leaving home to report myself for duty at the conscript camp, a young man whom I had known called on me and offered to go in my stead. ‘You have a large family,’ he said, ‘which your wife cannot

support when you are gone. I am a single man, I have no one depending upon me, I will go for you.' He went. In the battle which was fought here, the dear generous young man fell dangerously wounded. He died in the hospital, and was buried here. Ever since his death it has been my desire to visit the place of his interment, and having saved sufficient money for the purpose, I arrived yesterday, and to-day found his grave." Having concluded his touching story, he again bent over the grave, planted another flower, and, we doubt not, watered it with his tears.

The enquirer passed on, but his heart was too deeply affected with a sight, such as he had never seen before, and such as he is not likely ever to see again, to go far away. He returned to look once more on that sacred spot. But, oh! what now met his eyes! A sight that heaven itself would look down well pleased to see. Not only was the volunteer's grave now garlanded with flowers, but a rough board was placed at the end of the turf, on which were simply carved these few, but touching, weighty words—

“HE DIED FOR ME.”

Nothing more. Nothing could be added without marring its perfectness. We know not which to admire most—the grateful love, the refined taste, or the sublime sentiment, of this

remarkable, poor man. It stands alone, we hesitate not to say, in its great idea, amongst all the epitaphs in the world. Surely he must have known Him who died the sinner's substitute; and the confession of faith, which has been long on record, "*Who loved me, and gave himself for me.*" There is only one great original. But, oh! what a lesson, what an example, what a rebuke, to me, to thee, my reader, to all mankind!

The volunteer died in generously taking his poor neighbour's place and saving him from the consequences of joining the Southern army; but the blessed Lord Jesus Christ died to save us from the consequences of sin—eternal misery. Not merely from poverty and suffering in this life, but from the torments of hell for ever; where the worm dies not, and the fire is not quenched. "If one died for all," as the scriptures plainly teach—though all will not be saved, for all men have not faith (2 Cor. v. 14; 1 Tim. ii. 5, 6; 2 Thess. iii. 2)—who then can be guiltless if grateful honours are not shewn to His name? We are not asked to garland His tomb, or to inscribe our faith on His cross; but we are asked to believe in His love, and in His dying in our stead. And faith will always make His love and His death as personal as Paul did; "*who loved me, and gave himself for me.*" Not merely, He died for *us*, or *them*, but "*He died for me.*"

“I’M THE SINNER THAT NEEDS THE SAVIOUR”

WHAT more touching and yet true words, uttered by a dear woman who felt her need of this blessed Saviour? She wept as she repeated them.

A servant of the Lord had been speaking with much power on Luke vii. 37-50, as a wonderful instance of the grace of God, the blessed Saviour and the poor sinner meeting, and how completely her heart was won.

As the woman listened to this thrilling narrative, she too was attracted, and after their little meeting was over she told the preacher with the tears flowing, “I’m the sinner that needs the Saviour.”

The Lord hearkened and heard, and gave her the still more blessed assurance that He needed her. As the blessed gospel was put before her, she found joy and peace in believing.

Dear reader, have you learned, like this dear woman, to say “I’m the sinner that needs the Saviour?”

If so, the same loving welcome is yours.

H.



“HOW AM I TO COME TO JESUS?”

BUT how am I to come to Jesus? Here is just the one thing I do not see. If I saw Him before me, I could arise and come to Him; but I do not really know what to do, or what you want me to do. If I knew it, I would do it. I want only to know it.”

He said this with unusual earnestness and anxiety.

“I am glad that you have thought about this question. I hope that it can be made clear to you. The best way is to take you to God’s book. You remember what took place when the woman came behind Jesus, and touched the hem of His garment. She felt her own sad condition. She believed He could cure her. She struggled to Him through the crowd. She touched His garment, and was made whole. Now this woman was one who did come to Jesus.”

“Yes: it is plain.”

“But why do you say that it is plain? Tell me this—What was there in that act of hers that leads you at once to perceive that she came to Jesus? It was not her making her way to Him through the multitude. It was not the mere fact of touching Him. Others were touching Him.”

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“No : there must have been something more.”

“Is it not clear that this was no common touch—a touch not by the fingers, but something else? *Did not her heart go out to touch the heart of Jesus?* Did she not put herself in such contact with Him that *the soul* was the instrument, and *not the finger*? Here, then, is my conclusion. To come to Jesus is to do what this woman did. Try to put yourself in her place. Try to enter into her feelings, and to realize what she felt. If you can do this, you will understand what is meant by coming to Jesus.

“Observe three things about her: she felt how utterly diseased and helpless she was, and loathed herself. Is not this your case? She fully believed that there was within her reach a mighty and a loving Saviour, able and willing to save her. This is what I ask you to believe. She did not cease until she touched Him, and sent her soul out to Him in that touch. This is what I am urging upon you. This is coming to Jesus.”

“This does make it very plain. It is all plain now.”

“I will ask you a question. If Jesus were now here present before our eyes, what would you do? Would you go away?”

“Oh, no! I would go to Him, and fall down and touch Him, and cry, *Be merciful to me a sinner.*”

“But is He not here? Why not now? Do go and send out your heart and soul on this errand—

to touch Him, and be saved. He is close at hand. He is waiting for this touch from you."

And so the scales fell off those eyes, and he touched Jesus with as true a touch as did the woman of old. The dead was alive: the lost was found.

And now there was a change obvious to all. That dark, reserved, almost sullen man, was eager to speak and tell the good news to all. Is it not always so?

After a very few days his disease increased with fatal rapidity. He was stretched on a dying bed, and went through much suffering; but to the last there was simple joy and honest faith; and he loved to bear testimony to every one in that shape that was so dear to his own soul: "Only touch Jesus, as the woman did, and as I have done. This is all. Do this, and you shall be saved."

G. S. S.



BELIEF OR REJECTION!

THE one grand distinction, before God, by which a man's state and destiny are determined, is the *belief* or *rejection* of the truth. To *believe* is to be saved; to live and die in *unbelief* is to be sealed up in hopeless and endless condemnation. True faith and certain salvation; continued unbelief and eternal misery; are inseparably linked

together in the word of God. It is not sacramental efficacy or priestly absolutions ; it is not by human effort or self-restraint ; it is not by our own merit or our own exertions, and surely not by the merits or endeavours of our fellow creatures, that we can be saved : it is by grace through faith. “ If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed ” (Romans x).



THE INFIDEL FATHER OR THE PIOUS MOTHER:—WHICH?

IN the United States of America, infidelity found an active champion in the well-known Colonel —, who made an open profession of his disbelief of revealed religion. It happened that a daughter of the Colonel's, to whom he was much attached, became ill. During the progress of her disorder, Dr. — was one day dining with the Colonel, and after dinner, having adjourned to the Colonel's library, some deistical publications were introduced by the Colonel to the Doctor's notice. While they were occupied in looking at them, a servant came to announce that an alarming change had taken place in his daughter, and that his

presence was required in her bedroom. Thither he went, accompanied by Dr. ——. As he approached her bedside, she took his hand, and said, "Father, I feel that my end is drawing near; tell me, I entreat you, am I to believe what you have taught me, or what I have learned from my mother?" Her mother was a sincere Christian, and had spared no opportunity of instilling christian truth into the mind of her child. Her father paused a moment, he fixed his eyes on his dying child, his countenance changed, his frame seemed convulsed to its very centre, while his quivering lips could scarce give utterance to the words, "Believe, my child, what your mother has taught you." The struggle was too great, the conflict between the pride of human reason and the swelling of parental affection in the heart was more than he could bear, and even over his stubborn mind the truth prevailed.



SIMPLE, BUT ALL-SUFFICIENT

I WANT to relate to you the story of the conversion of Annie H——. Some few months ago a dear Christian friend and I were holding gospel meetings in the town of F——. On the particular night of which I speak we had finished speaking of the wondrous tale of the salvation of God, and

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were just looking up to God in prayer to bless the word to precious, never-dying souls.

A fellow-believer in Christ gave out a hymn beginning—

“ Hark ! hark ! hear the glad tidings !
 Soon, soon, Jesus will come,
 Robed, robed in honour and glory,
 To gather *His ransomed ones* home.

Dear reader, many of those present could sing that hymn with all their hearts. The Lord Jesus Christ is coming (*it may be TO-DAY*) to snatch all His blood-washed ones away to heaven to be with Himself for ever (see 1 Thess. iv. 15-18). When that happens, then it will be said that “ they that were ready went in with him to the marriage : *and the door was shut* ”—(Matt. xxv. 10). Are you made ready by the blood of Jesus Christ, which alone can fit you for that time ? You know that well-known hymn beginning, “ There is a gate that stands ajar.” The love of the heart of God has thrown *wide open* the way to heaven. It is much more than ajar now ; but when Christ comes for His own, it will be *shut* forever.

Dear Annie knew that if Jesus were to come it would not be glad tidings for her, as she was not ready. She thought of her sins, of coming judgment, and saw herself in the sight of God a guilty, hell-deserving sinner. Her soul's anguish was so great, that she could restrain her tears no longer.

They literally coursed down her face. Thank God, they were the tears of *repentance* on earth, not the scalding tears of biting *remorse* in hell.

I went up to her and asked her what it was that so troubled her. With much difficulty she told me, through her sobs, that she wanted to be ready for Jesus when He came. I found out that she was truly repentant for her sins, and was eager to get rid of them. So it was with great joy I pointed out to her those simple but all-sufficient verses, which declare so plainly the way of salvation—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house" (Acts xvi. 31). "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life" (John vi. 47, also John iii. 16-36). She now saw that all she had to do was to trust Christ and His work, declared to her through God's word, and salvation was hers. As she drank in the precious truth of a free salvation I could see how it calmed the tempest within. The tears still flowed, but they were now the quiet tears of joy.

I said to her, "Shall we sing—

"Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!
From sin and from sorrow set free;
So happy that He is my Saviour,
So happy that Jesus loves me"?

She said, "Do please." And smilingly, through her tears, she sang with all her heart her first song

of praise to Him Who first loved her and gave Himself for her. Dear reader, do as dear Annie did. Trust in Christ. And her future—heaven's joy—will be yours. If you still refuse, what an awful eternity you are madly drifting on to—hell, with all its woes!

“O worldling, give ear while the saints are near!

Soon must the tie be riven:

And men side by side, God's hand shall divide

As far as hell's depths from heaven.

“The children of day are summoned away,

Left are the children of night;

Sealed is their doom, for there's no more room,

Filled are the mansions of light.

“What an awful cry will rend the sky—

Open to us, O Lord!

Oh, ye sinners, ere the door be shut,

Let *that* cry in faith be heard!”

A. J. P.



A TELEGRAM.

As I was standing on the platform of one of the stations of the S.E. & C. Railway, waiting for the train to London, I noticed, amongst others who were also waiting for the same train, a gentleman, to whom had suddenly been handed a telegram, by, as I judged, one of his employès, who had hurried up to catch his master, and was standing by out of breath.

The master opened the envelope and read the telegram. Then, after saying a word or two to the man, who then left him, he quietly put the telegram into his pocket and remained still waiting.

A few minutes later, however, I observed him leaving the station, so that when the train came up he was no longer there. He had evidently changed his purpose, and so abandoned his original intention of going to London—at any rate by that train, for I did not see him again.

Now, I could not but reflect—why should the handing to him of a telegram have so changed the current of his mind. There had been no physical force brought to bear upon him. There was no secret electrical energy in that red paper so suddenly given to him. What was it then that effected such a change? We know not what the message was, but one thing is very clear—there was a message, and of importance. And this message he had not only read, but he *believed* it; and the effect was seen at once—that instead of going by the train for which he had, but a few minutes before, been waiting, he now considers it wise *not* to do what he had purposed, and so turns round and leaves the station, and is no longer an intending passenger.

This is a simple incident, and one that we know has similarly occurred to many others at times. Then, why do I bring it before you? It is because I would ask you, my dear unsaved reader, to consider

the wonderful "message" that God is now sending to you as you read this paper. This message is not sent you in a sealed envelope, but has been uttered by the Lord Jesus Christ, and it is this—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

Perhaps you have often read or heard these words, but you have never yet *believed* them. For if you had, what a complete change in all your life would have followed. How is it possible to believe such a love as this and be unmoved by it? It is the sense of "*His great love*" which begets love in us to Him. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that *He loved us*, and sent His Son the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10). The believer can say, "We have known and *believed* the love that God hath to us," and "we love Him, because He *first* loved us" (1 John iv. 16, 19).

And God has manifested His love towards us in the gift of His only begotten Son, that we might not only have now eternal life, but the everlasting forgiveness of our sins. For Christ "died for our sins," the just one for us unjust, and has been raised again for our justification. And it is by faith that we are "justified" freely by His grace.

The judgment of our sins must be borne. But if I am to answer for them I am eternally lost! Who then can answer? Jesus only—God's eternal Son.

Will He? Nay, He has already "suffered for our sins," so that now, through Jesus, is proclaimed "the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

Oh, will you now believe this wonderful message? "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

Then indeed, will you have turned round, and no longer living to yourself, your joy and purpose will be to live to Him who died, and for us rose.

This you cannot do in your own strength, but "by the faith of the Son of God," of whom you can, believing, now say, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). The Holy Ghost is given to them who have believed that we may now do those things that are pleasing in God's sight. "Without faith," the scripture says, "it is impossible to please Him." May you then now, no longer delay but, believe and your soul shall live eternally. "He that believeth on Me," says the Lord Jesus, "shall never die." Believest thou this?

"Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror."

E. G. G.



No. 50, New Series

February, 1908

Gospel Gleanings



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T. WESTON, 53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY

CONVICTED AND—JUSTIFIED.

A YOUNG Christian had been asked to visit a young man in ill-health, who had been laid aside and unable to follow his employment for some time. There was much in the case to call out human sympathy, for the sick one "was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow"; moreover, the mother had been quite dependent on her son for support.

Our Christian friend embraced the first opportunity of calling at the address given to him, and found himself face to face with a bright, intelligent young man about his own age. But the lustre of the eyes, the hectic flush, and short breathing, all told that consumption was deeply seated in his constitution. In course of conversation the sufferer said he had assisted his father in his business for some years, until his father's death, when, young as he was (then only eighteen), the weight of the business had devolved upon him. However, he struck out manfully to do the very best he could for his beloved mother, but the strain proved too much, and resulted in the breakdown of his health.

After listening to his sorrowful tale, the visitor introduced the more serious subject of the young man's standing, as to his soul, before God, and was told by the sick one that on the advice of some

who had visited him from the chapel across the way he had prayed long and earnestly to God for mercy, in the hope that, some day, his prayers would be answered. The young Christian then read aloud Romans iii. down to the 23rd verse, and, with his heart up to the God of all grace to use His own word for blessing, took his leave, promising (God willing) to call again at an early date.

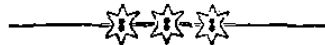
On his next visit all was changed. Romans iii., by the blessing of God, had done its work in the young man's soul. Reliance on his own efforts had been abandoned, a deep sense of need had been created, and with the sense of utter helplessness there was an earnest longing to be relieved of the burden of guilt on the conscience. Never did thirsty soul drink more eagerly the cooling draught (Prov. xxv. 25) than did this dear soul drink in God's good news "concerning His Son Jesus Christ our Lord"—the sent One of the Father as Saviour of the world; the One who in wondrous grace became a man, "the Son of God, the Son of man, with loving tender heart"; the One who had every perfection divine and human; who, in obedience to the Father, laid down His precious unforfeited life, and in His death perfectly glorified God in all His nature and attributes, meeting God's highest claims and man's deepest needs. This anxious soul saw that this way of saving was truly

glorious—worthy of God in every particular, and in every way suitable to the guilty, helpless sinner. He confessed with the mouth Jesus as Lord, and believed in his heart that God had raised Him from the dead; and according to God's word was a sinner saved by grace.

His pilgrimage was short, but, in all his weakness and suffering, he proved the sufficiency of the Lord's grace until he was taken home by the One who had redeemed him, to wait there till the resurrection morning.

If these words should meet the eye of an anxious soul, let such an one be assured of God's readiness to shew like saving grace to all who rest on His immutable word in its testimony to Christ and His finished work. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved."

J. A. T.



"There is none righteous, no, not one; there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. . . . Destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of *peace* have they not known; there is no *fear of God* before their eyes.

"But now the *righteousness of God* . . . is manifested, . . . even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon *all them that believe—being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus*" (Rom. iii. 10-24).

“DOST THOU BELIEVE ON THE SON OF GOD?”

JOHN IX.

SCRIPTURE abounds with questions of all kinds; but so far as man is concerned there is surely none of greater importance than the one which stands at the head of this paper. This question was asked by One who had performed the wonderful miracle of opening the eyes of a man who had been born blind, and who had already confessed before his neighbours and friends that “a man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Síloam and wash; and I went and washed, and I received sight.” This was in itself a good confession, but further testimony quickly followed, when he declared this same Jesus to be “a prophet”; and, amidst the jeers of Christ’s enemies, boldly asserted, in the full assurance of faith, “Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I *was* blind, *now* I see.”

Pharisaic reviling was now freely heaped upon the man whose eyes were opened, and who was not afraid to own it; but brighter still shone his faith when their callous sneers only resulted in calling forth the further, but yet more precious, truth, “Since the world began was it not heard

that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing. They answered and said unto him, Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out." Yes, the religious world of that day had agreed among themselves that "if any man did confess that Jesus was Christ he should be put out of the synagogue." As then, so is it now, that the mere religionist is a bitter foe to God and His Christ. Hence the synagogue door was rudely shut in the face of this faithful confessor, only, however, to bring him into closer touch with his almighty Deliverer. "Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when He had found him, He said unto him, *Dost thou believe on the Son of God?*" This is the one great crucial question for each, and all, of Adam's race; and none can ever taste, or know, the joys of God's salvation who do not honestly confess that Jesus the Christ is, in deed and in truth, "the Son of God."

On this divine foundation, everything rests for time and for eternity; and, amidst all the ten thousand dogmas of these last and closing days, faith only can give the true answer to Christ's question. Face to face with his glorious Deliverer, the man whose eyes were now open answers Christ's question with another: "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on Him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou

hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee." He, who is Himself "the truth," now opens the spiritual eyes of the one who has just confessed Him as Lord, and light from the glory of God fills his heart, as this further revelation entered his soul. It was none other than the Son of God Himself who thus spoke to him, and, as this stupendous truth was borne in upon his spiritual vision, he exclaimed, "Lord, I believe"; and he worshipped Him.

Dear reader, nineteen hundred years have nearly rolled away since this wonderful event took place upon this earth; but a fact still more wonderful rises up before my soul, as I meditate on the death and resurrection of the One who opened that blind man's eyes. "We know the Son of God has come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know Him that is true" (1 John v. 20). It was He alone who could say, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again. . . . I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father" (John x. 17, 18). It was by His own triumphant rising from among the dead that Jesus has been "declared the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness." It is His blood alone which cleanseth from all sin. Do you then feel your need of Him; and are you resting now by

faith on His finished work and atoning sacrifice? Do you know Him, not only as "a man called Jesus," but as "the Son of the living God"? Were He not truly such, in both His person and His work, He could be no Saviour to you.

If you do not, in this day of grace, own Him as such, and as a poor, lost, guilty sinner bow now at His feet as your Saviour, you will hereafter be compelled to own Him, not only as God's Son, but also as the Son of man, when you stand before Him in the day of judgment. It was God who sent His Son, the Saviour of the world; and, to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, is life eternal. Be not then like the Pharisees of old, who, having asked of Jesus, "Are we blind also?" received this answer from His holy lips, "If ye were blind ye should have no sin, but now ye say, We see, therefore your sin remaineth."

All is simple, dear reader, if once you realise your ruined, lost, and helpless condition, and confess your blindness. Then, and then only, will your blind eyes be opened by power from on high, and you will gladly confess, in common with all true believers, that "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Meanwhile, the question now awaits *your* answer, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

S. T.

ASSURANCE OF SALVATION.

YOU say, "It never came with power and life to my soul, that He died for me." If you mean, you never had any extraordinary sudden manifestation, something like a vision or a voice from heaven, confirming it to you, I can say the same. But I know He died for sinners; I know I am a sinner; I know He invites them that are ready to perish; I am such an one; I know, upon His own invitation, I have committed myself to Him; and I know by the effects, that He has been with me hitherto, otherwise, I should have been an apostate long ago; and, therefore, I know that He died for me; for had He been pleased to kill me (as He justly might have done) He would not have shown me such things as these.

I know that I am a child, because He teaches me to say, Abba, Father.

If I must perish, would the Lord
Have taught my heart to love His word?
Would He have given me eyes to see
My danger and my remedy?
Reveal'd His name, and bid me pray,
Had He resolv'd to say me nay?

I know that I am *His*, because He has enabled me to choose Him for *mine*. For such a choice and desire could never have taken place in my heart, if He had not placed it there Himself. By

nature I was too blind to know Him, too proud to trust Him, too obstinate to serve Him, too base-minded to love Him. The enmity I was filled with against His government, righteousness, and grace, was too strong to be subdued by any power but His own. The love I bear Him is but a faint and feeble spark, but it is an emanation from Himself; He kindled it, and He keeps it alive; and, because it is His work, I trust many waters shall not quench it.

Far be it from me to arrogate infallibility to myself, or to any writer or preacher; yet, blessed be God, I am not left to float up and down the uncertain tide of opinion, in those points wherein the peace of my soul is nearly concerned. I know, yea, I infallibly know, whom I have believed. I am under no more doubt about the way of salvation than of the way to London. I cannot be deceived, because the word of God cannot deceive me. It is impossible, however, for me to give you or any person full satisfaction concerning my evidence, because it is of an experimental nature. Rev. ii. 17. In general, it arises from the views I have received of the power, compassion, and grace of Jesus, and a consciousness that I, from a conviction of my sin and misery, have fled to Him for refuge, intrusted and devoted myself and my all to Him. Since my mind has been enlightened, everything within me and everything around me, confirm and explain to

me what I read in Scripture; and though I have reason enough to distrust my own judgment every hour, yet I have no reason to question the great essentials which the Lord Himself hath taught me.

The gospel is a salvation appointed for those who are ready to perish, and is not designed to put them in a way to save themselves by their own works. It speaks to us as condemned already, and calls upon us to believe in a crucified Saviour, that we may receive redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of our sins. And the Spirit of God, by the gospel, first convinces us of unbelief, sin, and misery; and then, by revealing the things of Jesus to our minds, enables us, as helpless sinners, to come to Christ, to receive Him, and to behold Him, or, in other words, to believe in Him, and expect pardon, life, and grace from Him; renouncing every hope and aim in which we once rested, "and accounting all things loss and dung for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ" (John vi. 35; Is. xlv. 22, with John vi. 40; Col. ii. 6).

I think you want one thing, which it is not in my power to impart. I mean, such a sense of the depravity of human nature, and the state of all mankind considered as sinners, as may make you feel the utter impossibility of attaining to the peace and hope of the gospel in any other way, than by renouncing all hope of succeeding by any endea-

vours of your own, farther than by humbly waiting at the throne of grace for power to cast yourself, without terms and conditions, upon Him who is able to save to the uttermost. We must feel ourselves sick before we can duly prize the great Physician, and feel a sentence of death in ourselves before we can effectually trust in God, who raiseth the dead.

One thing is needful : to have our hearts united to the Lord in humble faith ; to set Him always before us ; to rejoice in Him as our Shepherd and our portion ; to submit to all His appointments, not of necessity, because He is stronger than we, but with a cheerful acquiescence, because He is wise and good, and loves us better than we do ourselves ; to feed upon His truth ; to have our understandings, wills, affections, imaginations, memory, all filled and impressed with the great mysteries of redeeming love ; to do all for Him, to receive all from Him, to find all in Him. I have mentioned many things, but they are all comprised in one, a life of faith in the Son of God. We are empty vessels in ourselves, but we cannot remain empty. Except Jesus dwells in our hearts, and fills them with His power and presence, they will be filled with folly, vanity, and vexation.

JOHN NEWTON.



“THE GRACE OF GOD THAT BRINGETH SALVATION.”

TITUS II. 11

GRACE is something more than mercy. We can all understand, when once the light of God has entered the soul, discovering to us what we are in His sight, that, as poor sinners, we need mercy. And, thank God, He is “rich in mercy,” and “the same Lord of all is rich unto *all* that call upon Him” (Rom. x. 12, Eph. ii. 4). How encouraging is this for you, if you have never yet called upon Him from the bottom of your heart! He refuses none so calling, but welcomes.

It is because we are “guilty before God” that we need mercy. But “grace” is the energy of God’s heart in seeking objects on which He may bestow His favour. This might be shewn where there is no question of guilt. If I am a criminal, it is, Shall I find mercy? But suppose I am, not a criminal, but an honest, reputable citizen—it is then not a question of the bestowal of “mercy.” Yet I might very well, through the kindness of one greatly above me, be taken into his special favour, called forth not by my need, but entirely as springing out of the heart of my benefactor.

This may serve to point out somewhat of the difference between these two words “mercy” and

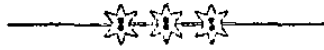
“grace.” But whilst we may thus speak as between man and man, it is otherwise as between God and man. We can never but be objects of mercy, for we are *all* sinners in the first instance; and even when through believing in the Saviour we can say, in truth, “according to His mercy He *saved*” me (Tit. iii. 5), and are therefore no longer sinners, but saints (though often failing, alas!), yet do we still look “for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life” (Jude 21). This too is for us at the end of our journey, as we have already “received mercy” now whilst on the way.

But what I particularly desire to press here is, that it is God Himself delighting to make us (unworthy as we are in ourselves) the objects of His “grace” or favour. It is Himself who receives us thus “to the praise of the glory of His grace.” It is the joy and satisfaction of His heart so to bless us, both now and for ever.

And this *grace* of God is “salvation”! How great, too, is this salvation! For salvation means, not that we are hoping to be saved, but that we know that we are saved now, and can give thanks to the Father who “*hath made* us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; who *hath delivered* us from the power of darkness, and *hath translated* us into the kingdom of the Son of His love; in whom we have redemption,

the forgiveness of sins " (Col. i. 12-14). Oh, neglect it not, for otherwise how shall we escape? Rest not, then, I pray you, dear unsaved soul, until you can truly say, " According to His mercy He saved " *me*. So will you give thanks to God for the unspeakable gift of the Lord Jesus Christ, " who gave Himself a ransom for all " (1 Tim. ii. 6).

E. G. G.



" WHERE WILT THOU BE ? "

The Lord invites thee still,
Then haste ! His call obey ;
Or—waits thy stubborn will
For " more convenient " day ?
Oh ! say, where wilt thou be—
Where spend eternity ?

Thy race may soon be run,
The death-dew on thy brow,
Or—soon the Lord may come,
To Whom each knee must bow ;
Oh ! say, where wilt thou be—
Where spend eternity ?

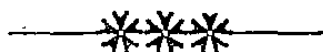
Ye without oil—mere name,
Still *on your way to buy* :
But " *while they went* " He came
And took His own on high.
Oh ! say, where wilt thou be—
Where spend eternity ?

He comes to take His own
 His home of joy to share;
 Wilt *thou* be left alone—
 Alone in blank despair?
 Oh! say, where wilt thou be—
 Where spend eternity?

Who the remorse can tell
 Of those then left behind?
 Gospel—they knew so well!
 Message—so oft declined!
 Oh! say, where wilt thou be—
 Where spend eternity?

“Thou in our streets hast taught,
 “Thou by Thy servants called”—
 “Depart!—I know you not,”
 They hear with hearts appalled.
 Oh! say, where wilt *thou* be—
 Where spend eternity?

No further hope is theirs—
 Only the devil's lie;
 Their cries, their groans, their prayers,
 Unanswered from the sky.
 Oh! say, *where* wilt thou be—
 Where spend ETERNITY?



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Gospel Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

“I’M GOING—I DON’T KNOW WHERE”

HE was a watchmaker by trade, a steady, skilful, sober man, doing well in his business, and respected because of his moral, orderly behaviour ; but he was *an infidel*. He considered the Bible to be a book only fit for women and children. He was “too wise to be frightened with stories about hell.” He was too upright a man, in his own estimation, to need a Saviour. Thus his life passed away, till he reached the period of middle age, when suddenly he was smitten with a stroke of paralysis, which deprived him of power to walk or discern persons or things around him, and he was laid upon his bed, uttering one mournful cry—
“*I’m going, I’m going, I don’t know where.*”

For forty-eight hours incessantly, this one dreadful sentence proceeded from his lips—at first with frightful rapidity, so as to scare his friends away from his bedside, but gradually, as his strength declined, the same sad words were uttered in slower tones. Hour after hour, for two nights and days, nothing else was heard in his chamber, till at length the words—“I’M GOING—GOING—I DON’T KNOW W-H-E-R-E,” were slowly and with difficulty ejaculated; and with them he breathed his last.

Reader, do *you* know where you are going? Are you on the way to destruction? Or are you in Christ, and therefore on the way to God? Would you not think it madness for anyone to get into a railway train without inquiring where the train was going? If, by mistake, a man found himself in a wrong train, would he not eagerly seek to get out at the first station and retrace his steps as soon as possible? Are you leaving the consideration as to where you are going till you lift up your eyes in hell, and find yourself in hopeless perdition.

I beseech you, stop, and ask yourself—" *Where am I going?* " If you can say, "To heaven, and to God"—the Lord be praised! If to ruin and damnation, at once turn to Christ. Believe on Him and you shall be saved, even now, immediately. Believe that God has visited upon Christ the judgement of sin which His holiness required. Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. Trust then in Him, believe now in Him and your sins shall be blotted out. His love shall melt your stubborn heart, and ere long you shall reach the blessed haven of rest—the mansions of glory which He has gone to prepare for all who believe in Him.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Prov. xiv. 12.

Anon.

THE PLACE OF DANGER AND THE PLACE OF PEACE.

WE remember meeting somewhere a very striking incident which occurred on one of those vast and trackless prairies which abound on the continent of America. A party of travellers were making their journey under the conduct of an experienced guide, when suddenly they perceived him halting and looking very anxiously behind him. He stooped down and put his ear to the ground that he might assure himself of the true state of the case. That practised ear soon caught the dreadful sound of fire. The prairie was in flames behind them; and, what was most appalling, the wind was rapidly driving the flame after them, so that in a few minutes they must be consumed.

Quick as thought, the intelligent guide struck a light, and set fire to the prairie in front of his party, thus clearing a space on which he placed every one of them. There they were perfectly safe from the devouring flame, for the simplest of all reasons, that they were standing on ground already cleared by fire. They had been transferred, in a moment, from a place of imminent danger to a place of safety—from a place in the which they were, of necessity, filled with anxiety and terror, to a place in which they might lie

down and sleep in perfect repose and perfect security. It was impossible that the fire could touch them inasmuch as it had already done its work. The very flame which they once dreaded had cleared for them a place of safety. The once dreaded enemy had become their best friend. The danger was past and gone.

Now, in all this, we have a beautiful illustration of that true place of safety in which the believer stands. He too, like the travellers on the prairie, has been in a place of danger. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27). "Every one shall be salted with fire" (Mark ix. 49). There is judgment coming. The flames of divine wrath are rolling on in terrible volume, and must, ere long, overtake all who are in their sins. Men may not believe this: but it is true. They may seek to forget all about it; but that in no wise alters the weighty fact. They may try to put off the solemn moment, but it is of no use. Every throb of the pulse brings them nearer and nearer to that terrible hour in which "the dead, small and great, shall stand before God." The great day of reckoning is at hand—the day of vengeance must come. It is only a question of time. The acceptable year, the day of salvation, will soon close. The door of mercy will be shut and shut for ever and the devouring flame of God's righteous

indignation shall roll over all who die in their sins.

Reader, where art thou? On what ground? Art thou on the ground of judgment, or on the ground of safety? Art thou in thy sins or in Christ? Do not turn aside the question. Look it full in the face, just now. It must be met; meet it now. Do not put it off for a single hour. You know not the moment you may be summoned away into eternity, and if you die in your sins, the flames of hell must be your everlasting portion. Escape for thy life!

Dost thou inquire as to the way of escape? Hast thou been brought to ask, from the very depths of a broken and repentant heart, "What must I do to be saved?" If so, we have good news to tell thee—balmy tidings to bring to thine ear and to thine heart. Jesus has cleared the ground for His people. He has met the fire of divine wrath, and quenched on their behalf, the flames of divine judgment. He took the sinner's place, died the sinner's death, bore the sinner's judgment, paid the sinner's penalty. He was made sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him. All who simply and heartily believe in Him are as safe as He is. There is no judgment for them because the judgment has done its work on Him in their stead.

Thus it stands. Here is the place of safety—the only place. "There is no condemnation to

them that are in Christ Jesus." How can there be, seeing that He was condemned in their stead? He went down under the full weight of their sins, and has taken them clean off the ground of judgment, and placed them on the ground of divine and eternal security. He has settled every question that could possibly be raised between God and the believing soul, and, having done so, He has become our subsisting righteousness before God. It is as impossible that any charge of guilt could be made good against the believer, as against the risen Saviour. He did once stand charged with guilt; but He has put it away for ever; and now all who believe in Him are in a place of perfect safety, where judgment can never overtake them, because the judgment is past and gone for ever.



"DO IT NOW."

I HAVE in my Bible a small card which was slipped into my letter-box some time ago along with a cycle advertisement. On one side was a printed table of prices, and on the other were the words, "Do it now." I have often thought of these three words, "Do it now," for they were obviously intended to invite attention, and in my case, indeed, had secured it.

How many times, too, has it been borne in upon me that in the affairs of this life men are very persistent in their endeavours to attract both eye and mind to things which promise either fame or money. No effort is spared and no expense considered too great, if only the end be reached.

If we turn to the word of God, we find how He, too, has displayed, if similar yet infinitely greater, persistence in His desire for the well-being and everlasting blessing of poor fallen man.

In the world all is confusion. Crime and sorrow, pain and death, are seen on every hand, and one stands appalled at the awful condition of God's once fair creation, and unavailingly do we look for any adequate remedy in the power of man to offer. Here we see man oppressing and over-reaching his brother, using every effort for the attainment of wealth, power, or distinction, regardless of the cries and tears of those whom he would use as his tools by which to gain his purpose.

Man too, on every hand, denying God, and propounding schemes from which may be eliminated the necessity of an omniscient controlling power in the universe.

We are asked to believe that the Infinite Being, Who by His word called things into existence, is regardless of His creatures' groans, and that the purpose of creation has been for ever frustrated!

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

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But has God forsaken His handiwork? Has He, Who commanded light to shine out of darkness, surrendered His purpose in regard to man because of his departure from Himself? Is it so, that because we have gone so grievously astray, we are left to ourselves—as well and deservedly we might have been—uncared for and unpitied, and without hope? For the answer to this let us see what is recorded in the very first pages of the inspired history.

In the third chapter of Genesis we read of God coming down to speak with Adam and Eve, after their sin in disobeying His word, and announcing One to come that should bruise the serpent's head—the future Deliverer from Satan's power—in Whom they could hope—henceforth the only but all-sufficient hope and confidence of every contrite soul.

All through the successive periods of God's trial of mankind there shines out—dimly perhaps, but nevertheless perceptible to the eye of faith,—One to be born, Who should judge the world in righteousness, and fill the earth with blessing and glory, as the waters cover the sea. And in the New Testament we find yet more, even that He will bring in new heavens and a new earth in which righteousness shall dwell. But this same One was foretold as “despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,”

by Whose stripes (His believing people can say) we are healed.

Yes, the God Who might righteously have destroyed for ever His ungrateful and rebellious creatures for their despisal of His goodness and rejection of His provision for man's happiness is He Who has provided the only effectual remedy for man's sin and ruin by sending forth into this world His beloved Son to die for our sins. He it is, too, Who has with the utmost persistence and long suffering pressed upon mankind His divine message of grace. God's love has been manifested in the gift of His only begotten Son, and is now proclaimed far and wide so that all may know. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

God in His grace is still calling you to hear His voice, that you may repent and believe the gospel, and be blessed now and for ever.

May not we too in view of the coming wrath upon every unrepentant and unbelieving soul, urge you, dear reader, to flee to Him in this the day of salvation, Whose death has so glorified every attribute of God's nature, that God has, for our justification, raised from the dead the Lord Jesus Who was delivered up for our offences, and has with His right hand exalted Him a Prince and a

Saviour to give repentance and forgiveness of sins.

God is "*just and the justifier*" of every believer in Jesus (Rom. iii. 26). "Behold, *now* is the accepted time, behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). Will you not turn away from every other, and look only to Him, and be saved?

H. W. R.



WHAT IS YOUR TITLE?

IF the wearing of crimson and ermine renders a man a peer of England,—he was one. If the possession of documents of official appearance creates a peer,—he was one. If claiming a seat gives right and title to it,—he had it. Yet the man who, possessing all these qualifications, swept up the House of Lords on January 29th, 1908, looking like a peer and asserting that he was one, was rejected and turned ignominiously out as a stranger and intruder, ere, in solemn state, His Majesty King Edward VII. took his seat among the Peers of his realm. You read, no doubt, the incident in the daily papers, and you pitied the man for his foolishness in thus attempting to enter such a place with no valid title there; but, my friend, are you sure that you have a title to be found among a mightier, brighter throng, when in far more solemn

state the King of kings and Lord of lords ascends His throne amid His holy myriads? "He shall come to be glorified in His saints and to be admired in all them that believe." Are you a peer in that realm? Claim you to be a "saint," and a "believer"? Perhaps you shrink from the former name, and the latter conveys little to you; but you say, "We are all Christians in this country, and, anyhow, I am as good as my neighbours,—as good as you any day." Perhaps so, dear reader, and better too. Your outward life may be blameless; you may be admired and held up as an example to many. Your robe may be as gorgeous and as correctly made as that of him of whom we have spoken; it may have cost you much—effort, time, prayers, money; but "the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart" (1 Sam. xvi. 7). An outside profession of Christianity is no title to heaven.

But, perhaps you urge, I can produce my certificate of church membership—christened, confirmed; I have been regular in my attendance at the means of grace. Church membership on earth is no guarantee of membership of "the church of the firstborn ones which are enrolled in heaven." Then what is an unimpeachable title to stand in the presence of God? What is the only title that gives entrance there? It is the person, the work, the

blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God. He is the title, the only title whereby any sinner can approach a holy God. He has taken the sinner's place—He has borne and exhausted the wrath of God against sin. He has said, "It is finished," and in answer to that work God has raised Him from the dead, and seated Him at His own right hand, and in Him, in His perfection, His beauty, His holiness, God beholds the vilest sinner who trusts in Christ.

It is not any work of yours that gives the smallest title. But faith in His once finished work gives a perfect title, and the *only* one. It gives a *birthright* title, for "as many as received Him to them gave He power to become children of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 12), and it gives a *conferred* title, conferred by God Himself, for He has "predestinated us unto the adoption of sons by Jesus Christ to Himself according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 5, 6)—a title which gives its owner "boldness in the day of judgment, because as He is so are we in this world" (1 John iv. 17). Reader, is this title yours?

T.



“*HAVE YOU PEACE?*”

I ONCE heard an evangelist tell the story of his being invited to tea at the house of a Sunday School teacher.

Whilst there he had occasion to go upstairs, and on the looking glass he spied, worked out in crochet work, the word “Peace.” He came down and said to his kind hostess, “I see you have the word ‘Peace’ on your looking glass upstairs. May I ask if *you* have this peace?”

The word went home to her heart and conscience; and for the moment she felt offended that such a question should have been put to her. For was she not a Sunday School teacher? Was she not an assiduous worker in the school? Did she not regularly attend the services? Ah, yes, all true, but—she knew not this “peace.” She could not truly answer “Yes” to the question put to her by her kind and solicitous guest.

She was truly aroused, and cried to God that she might know this peace, and she found it by believing on Him who “made peace!” by the blood of His cross. “Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” *Is this peace yours?*

SALVATION.

My soul, what a precious salvation,
Thy Saviour has purchased for thee !
O yield Him thy heart's adoration,
For none is so worthy as He.
He sought thee, when thou wast pursuing
The road that leads downward to hell ;
Arrested thee, saved thee from ruin,
That thou in His glory might'st dwell.

O ! tell through the breadth of creation,
That Jesus the Saviour has come,
To secure an eternal salvation,
A rest, and a heavenly home.
Tell him that is aged and wrinkled,
Whose locks have grown hoary in sin,
There's enough in the blood that was sprinkled,
To make FULL ATONEMENT for him.

Tell him that's grown hard in rebellion,
That Jesus entreats him to come ;
Tell also the thoughtless and gay one,
Tell all, that for all there is room.
Yea, tell them, without an exception,
" Whoever believeth shall live."
Though guilt may have stained every action,
" The blood of the Lamb " cries " forgive."

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

It speaks to the conscience that's troubled,
 And tells of forgiveness of sin,
 Yea, tells of a pardon that's doubled,
 Of cleansing without and within.
 It tells (my soul, hear it with wonder),
 That He who could punish for sin,
 That He who could crush with His thunder,
 Laid down His own life to redeem.

It tells that God's wrath and just vengeance,
 (Man's only desert,) fell on Him,
 It tells of the sinner made righteous,
 That for him was the JUST ONE made sin.
 It speaks to the sinner forgiven,
 And quells all his deadliest foes,
 'Tis seen by his Father in heaven,
 And mercy unceasingly flows.

Receive this free mercy, receive it,
 No money, no price He demands;
 The God of all grace loves to give it,
 Accept then the gift at His hands;
 And taste of that precious salvation
 Which Jesus has bought with His blood,
 Yield Him thy full heart's adoration,
 Who only is SAVIOUR AND GOD.



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

"GOD IS NOW HERE,"

OR

THE INFIDEL AND HIS BOARD

THE owner of that pretty little cottage was an *Atheist*. As regards this world he was very prosperous ; a carpenter by trade, he had plenty of work, health, and strength, and all he wanted. For years he lived despising God. He had a loving, praying, pious wife, but she had a long, long time to wait before her prayers were answered, though at last they were answered, and in a wonderful way too. One other treasure the carpenter possessed—a dear little girl, whom he loved with as fond a love as father ever bestowed on a child ; but, alas, such was his hatred of religion, that, notwithstanding the entreaties of his wife, he would not hear of her even going to school, lest she should learn to read *her Bible*, and be taught about the *Christian's God* ; so the little girl lived untaught save by her gentle mother, who ceased not to pray that her husband's heart might be softened to receive the truth.

At last God's time of converting grace came. The carpenter was taken ill, he became more and more so ; his wife's fears were aroused. " Oh ! if he should die," thought she, " what *will* become of his soul? " She prayed, and prayed, and when

she saw the strong man becoming weak as a child, she determined to go to the minister, and entreat him to visit her poor husband. That minister had long striven in vain to speak words of truth to the atheist, but he had resisted his every approach with insult and scorn. Now this messenger of peace at once rose joyfully to go with the anxious wife; but no sooner did the sick man get a glimpse of him, than he assailed him with oaths and curses, and bade him begone and never darken his door again. The man of God, seeing it was useless to remain, mournfully left the wretched man, inwardly praying that he might yet turn and repent.

The terrified wife came in for no small share of abuse at daring to fetch the minister. Meekly she bore it all, and continued lifting up her heart in prayer for her husband. Presently he exclaimed, "I'll never let that man into my room to talk to me of his God, in whom I don't believe. Bring me a board and a piece of chalk." The wife obeyed, and what were her feelings of horror when she saw his hot, fevered fingers slowly write in capital letters, "GOD IS NOWHERE." "Place this," said he, "at the bottom of my bed, that I may see it every time I open my eyes, and that all who enter may see my creed." The poor wife dared not expostulate, and tremblingly did as he bid her; then she sat apart, still pleading forgiveness for her hardened husband. The fever increased until delirium

came on, and the life of the atheist was in imminent danger. Death seemed at the threshold.

Then shone forth the character of the minister; he came to the chamber of disease. His presence was unnoticed now, for reason was obscured. He at once decided to take the little girl to his own home that she might be out of the way of infection; he strengthened the sorrowing wife and prayed with her. The little girl was received as a sacred loan by the minister's wife, who determined to make the most of the short time she might be with her, and teach her lessons of truth. She found her an apt and willing learner; she took her to the Sunday School, where, for the first time, she heard the word of God read and explained to the assembled children. She was allowed to be present at family worship, and heard with delight her loved father prayed for that he might recover.

Ere long God, in His infinite mercy, arrested the hand of death. The fever abated, then was subdued. The poor man was pronounced out of danger. The wife's heart overflowed with gratitude. The minister praised God in the congregation. The first request the sick man made was that his treasured little girl might be brought to him, and the doctor promised that, if all went on well, in a little time he might see her. Days passed and the sick man gained strength, but he shewed no gratitude to God, and his eyes still fell on the words of

that terrible board at the bottom of his bed, for his wife had not dared to run the risk of exciting him by removing it. At length, permission was given for his little girl to see him *for only a few minutes*. Those few minutes were pregnant with eternal import ! She was placed on a pillow near her father ; and that heart, which was at enmity with God, was softened with the tenderest emotions towards the child.

“ Well, my pet,” said the carpenter, “ where have you been while father has been lying ill? ”

“ Oh ! ” said the little one, “ I’ve been so happy ; the minister’s lady is so kind ; I love her so. The minister took me away, and has been so good to me : and they have taught me to read, and given me a book full of beautiful pictures ; and I can read ever so many little words. ”

The father listened with delight to his sweet, artless prattler ; then said, “ You can’t read much yet, I should think. Could you read to me the words on that board at the bottom of my bed? ”

“ Oh, yes, father, let me try,” said the little one ; and she began slowly spelling and repeating each letter—G O D I S—she then stopped, got very red, looked again, then said, “ Oh, father, I’ve got it—GOD IS NOW HERE,” and added, “ Yes, father, so He is, and He’s been here all the time you’ve been so ill. ”

“ You must go now, darling,” said the father, in a low, choking voice. The door was closed, a burst of repentant tears followed; and sounds, blessed sounds, which rejoiced the angels in heaven, came from that sick man’s room—sounds of prayer, sounds of deep contrition for sin. The requests of the loving, praying wife, long ungranted, but not forgotten, were now fulfilled: the atheist became a penitent. Satan was taken in his own snare; the *very same letters* he had tempted the sinner to write, were the *selfsame* letters employed for that sinner’s conversion! He now called on God, the living, the prayer-hearing God, for mercy; he was awakened to a sense of his transgressions, he was broken-hearted before God, and he now earnestly desired to see the minister. That messenger of love and kindness at once went to him, shewed him the way of access to Jesus, and had the joy of beholding him rise from that bed of sickness a new man in Christ.

In Romans, Colossians, and Ephesians we get three stages of advance; in Romans, dead *with* Christ and alive through Him; in Colossians, dead with Him and risen with Him; in Ephesians, dead in trespasses and sins, quickened together, raised up together, made to sit together in Him in heavenly places.



THE ONLY PLACE OF SAFETY

WHEN God was about to bring judgment upon the earth He provided a place of safety for those who trusted in Him (Gen. vi. 14-18); so now that "God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness," He has provided full redemption and salvation from the wrath to come for all who believe in the name of His Son Jesus Christ (Romans i. 16; iii. 24-26).

In the days of Noah there was but one place of safety, and that was the ark (Gen. vii. 23); and now there is but one way of salvation, and that is CHRIST. There was safety in the ark for whoever was in it; and there is salvation in Jesus, for "through His name *whosoever* believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43). None could perish who were in the ark, for the Lord had shut them in; so those who are in Christ by faith "shall never perish"—"shall not come into judgment, but" are "passed from death unto life."

Noah believed that the flood was coming, not because he saw any sign of it, for he saw none, but simply because God declared that it should come: "By faith, Noah, being warned of God of things *not seen as yet*, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house." When the dreadful judgment came, those who believed God

were safe in the ark ; those who despised the word of God were overtaken and destroyed in the midst of all their thoughtlessness.

Dear reader, to which of these classes do you belong? Are you now taking refuge by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the true Ark of safety, or are you carelessly enjoying the pleasures of sin? Let me entreat you not to neglect the message of forgiveness through the precious blood of Christ. Take heed that you do not despise this day of His grace, lest the day of His righteous anger come upon you. Believe now, and be *saved*.



THE PENZANCE LIFE-BOAT

IN the town of Penzance, on the coast of Cornwall, was to be seen a very beautiful specimen of the patent self-adjusting life-boat—that marvellous provision, made by the genius and benevolence of modern times, for the poor shipwrecked mariner. It is not now our purpose to enter upon a description of this magnificent structure. The reader can easily lay his hand upon some volume which will give him far more accurate and scientific information about it and other life-boats than we could attempt to offer. It is to a very melancholy incident in the history of the Penzance

boat that we here desire to call the reader's attention.

Many years ago, in one of those tremendous gales which occasionally visit our coast, a shipwreck occurred in the middle of the night. The signals of distress were heard, and speedily answered by the gallant crew of the Penzance life-boat. On reaching the wreck, a few miles from the town, they were called to witness a spectacle of unusual sadness. The captain of the ill-fated vessel, under the influence, no doubt, of ardent spirits, was standing amid the appalling scene, and, with oaths and imprecations, refused to enter the life-boat—madly refused to avail himself of the messenger of mercy—of the kindly succour brought nigh to him in the moment of imminent danger. And not only did he refuse to enter the life-boat himself, but, drawing out a revolver from his pocket, he threatened to shoot the first man who should dare to step from the sinking wreck on to the life-boat. Vain were the entreaties, the arguments, and the appeals of the coastguard men. The frantic captain, bent on his own and his fellows' destruction, obstinately refused to leave the wreck. Six of the ship's crew, either influenced by the captain's arguments or terrified by his revolver, and perhaps themselves under the influence of drink, joined with him in his mad purpose not to enter the boat.

At length, the commander of the life-boat, sadly and reluctantly issued the order to his men to row to shore with such of the ship's crew as had wisely consented to accompany him.

And now comes the heart-rending part of this sad tale. Far on in the night—that dark and stormy night—there was a momentary lull of the storm; the crew of the life-boat were still lingering on the shore, unwilling and unable to retire to rest amid such a scene of terror and danger, when lo! they heard the death-wail wafted across the surging waters, “Life-boat! Life-boat! Life-boat!”

Once more those gallant fellows pushed off and made for the wreck. But, alas! it was “TOO LATE.” The wretched captain and his six men had sunk beneath the boiling surf. They had, under the influence of a mad fatuity, refused the succour and safety which had been so generously brought to them and so earnestly pressed upon them; and when it was TOO LATE, they had vainly called for the rejected life-boat. They went down, and in a few hours their bodies were washed upon that very shore which they might have trodden in health and safety but for their own blindness and folly.

Reader, we need scarcely ask thee the question, “Of what does this sad tale remind thee?” It is too plain—too pointed—too telling to render any such question needful. Art thou unconverted,

unsaved? Then remember thou art in thy sins, in thy guilt, and in imminent danger of the lake of fire. We do not want to write harsh things or to indulge in vehement denunciation of wrath, judgment, and hell-fire. But we do want thee just to reflect for a few moments upon the affecting incident above recorded. Was not that captain—were not his men most culpable in refusing the life-boat? Dost thou not think that the agonizing cry of “Life-boat! Life-boat! Life-boat!” issued from hearts filled with bitter self-reproachings because of their stupid folly in having rejected the proffered aid?

No doubt it did. But, oh! dear fellow sinner, remember that thou, too, art in a wreck, and in danger of sinking beneath the eternal surges of the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. And further remember that infinite love has brought near to you, not indeed a patent self-adjusting life-boat, but a Divine and all-sufficient Saviour. God has given His Son from heaven, He has bruised Him on the cursed tree for thy salvation. And now He beseeches you to come to Him—to step from the sinking wreck into the life-boat of His providing, that you may never perish. Oh! do not refuse! do not hesitate! come now! come just as you are! Do not let any intoxicated captain, do not let your own heart persuade you to cling to the wreck. Listen to the voice of God—the voice

of Jesus—the voice of the Eternal Spirit, inviting, yea beseeching, you to come at once, and find safety and peace, salvation and refuge, in that blessed One who hung on the cross, was buried in the tomb, and is now on the throne of the Majesty in the heavens, exalted there as a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins to all who will only put their trust in Him.

Dear friend, be persuaded *now*, lest, when it is too late, thy death-wail be heard issuing from the dark waters of death, calling out, “Life-boat ! Life-boat ! Life-boat !” What would those poor sailors have given for another opportunity of stepping into the life-boat? When, at length, they really awoke to a sense of their true position, and found the ship going down, with what transports of delight would they have hailed the vessel of mercy ! But, oh ! those awful words, “Too late ! *too late !* TOO LATE !”

May God, in His infinite mercy, lead thee, beloved reader, this moment, to flee to Jesus, to turn now thy back upon hell, and thy face to heaven. May He bless to thy precious soul this touching incident of the Penzance Life-boat !



TRIUMPHS OF GRACE IN THE CROSS

NEVER had man's hatred to God been displayed as it was in the death of Christ. When indignation is aroused by some exciting tale of man's cruelty or injustice towards his fellow-man, you will hear people exclaim with astonishment at the divine long-suffering—amazed that God should bear with a world where such deeds are enacted ! Bear with it ! Once God looked down from heaven to witness the murder of His well-beloved Son ! The very mercy He had shown to others, was used by the rabble as a taunt against Himself. “ He saved others,” they said, “ Himself He cannot save.” Such was the scene on which God once looked down. And what ensued ? The instant destruction of the murderers, and of the world they represented ? No ; it was on the cross that man's *fullest* enmity was met by the outflow of God's *fullest* love. The blood shed by man's wicked hands was accepted as the atonement for human guilt ; and the proclamation was issued, that whosoever of all man's guilty race should confide in that precious blood, should receive forgiveness of sins, and association in life, blessedness, and glory with the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. What language can set forth the grace which is here dis-

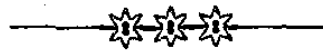
played? The ministry of reconciliation to a world guilty of the murder of God's well-beloved Son is surely the expression of transcendent, sovereign grace. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself"; and when that world had met His overtures of peace by the murder of His incarnate Son, instead of taking immediate vengeance He sends a new embassy, who exclaim, "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Nor is this a mere continuance or repetition of the overtures made previous to Christ's death. The proclamation of pardon is now based on that fact. Men's wicked hands were, indeed, the instrument of Christ's death; but what the gospel proclaims is God's part in that wonderful transaction: "For He (God) hath made Him (Christ) to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Well, indeed, may it be said, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound!"

So, dear reader, if you cast your soul on Christ, believing the record which God has given of His Son, you will find that every foe has been encountered and overcome by Him, and that you have but to share with Him the spoils of the victory won by His arm alone. Is it the law you fear? "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the

law, being made a curse for us." Is it wrath you dread—God's wrath on account of sin? Christ has endured it in our stead. "Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and Thou hast afflicted me with all Thy waves," was His language on the cross. Is it sin that oppresses you? "Now, once, in the end of the world, hath He appeared, to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." Does death make you afraid? He died, "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. Is it God's holiness that penetrates you with alarm? It is God Himself to whom the atoning work of Christ was presented, and so satisfied is He with that precious sacrifice, that He has raised Jesus from the dead and placed Him at His own right hand. It is God Himself who proclaims to you the virtue of Christ's all-cleansing blood, declaring that "by Him all that believe are justified from all things." "It is God that justifieth." Is it the yoke of sin by which you are galled? "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under law, but under grace." So complete is Christ's victory, and so blessed its results to the sinner that believes in Jesus, that, like the apostle, he may say, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Life, righteousness, sonship; the Spirit itself as seal, unction, earnest; and full participation with Christ

in all the blessedness and glory to which, as the risen man, He has been exalted, are among the treasures with which those are enriched who receive God's testimony to Him.

W. T.



Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love or joy or inward grace,
Or meekness for the heavenly place—
O guilty sinner, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest :
Christ brings relief to hearts opprest—
O weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross :
His grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears ;
'Tis *mercy's voice salutes thine ears*—
O trembling sinner, come!

R.S.C.



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

NO SONG!

OR

TRYING TO GET TO HEAVEN WITHOUT A SAVIOUR

SEVERAL years ago, as I was passing out of a meeting one evening, a lady sought me and asked me to go with her and see her husband, who was quite sick. On the way she told me he was anxious about his soul, knowing he would soon have to die. When I entered the room I found him sitting in an easy chair, as he could not lie down without coughing. After a few words about his bodily sufferings, I asked him about his soul; did he think his sufferings would end when his body yielded and death came?

“ Well,” he said, “ I think my chances for getting to heaven are pretty good.”

I felt he was not real, so I said : “ Do you believe heaven is a reality? ”

He said “ Yes.”

“ Is it true there is a hell? ”

He replied, “ Yes, I believe it.”

“ And you have an immortal soul that will soon be in one or the other of those places for ever? ”

“ Yes,” he said, earnestly.

“ You just now said you thought your chances for heaven were pretty good ; you believe heaven is

a reality, and hell is a reality, and your precious immortal soul will soon be happy in heaven for ever. You must have some reason for it. Will you please tell me what it is? ”

His voice was weak and I waited for his answer as it came slowly. It was this: “ Well, I’ve always been kind to my wife and children, and I have not intentionally wronged my fellow men.”

“ That’s all very good,” I said, and it is nice to be able to say that; but now tell me, what kind of a place do you think heaven is, and what do they do there? ”

“ Well,” he said, “ I think there is no sin or sorrow there. It must be a happy place, and I think they sing there a good deal.”

Turning to Rev. i. 5, I said: “ Yes, they do sing there, and I’ll just read you a song they sing. It is this: ‘ Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.’ You see, they are praising their Saviour, the One who loved them and died for them. I’ll read it again: ‘ Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.’ I want you to take notice; they have not a word to say about what *they* have done. It is all about what *HE* has done. He loved them and died for them. Now, suppose you were up there, and had got there in the way you say, because you had been good to your family, and so on. There would be one sinner in heaven that

had never been washed from his sins in the blood of Jesus; you could not join in the song they sing, could you? ” (See Rev. v. 9, 10.)

I waited for an answer. His head had dropped and his eyes were turned to the floor. I shall never forget his look as he raised his head and turned to answer me. It was as one waking out of a life dream. He was now coming face to face with eternal realities, and his only reply was :

“ Well-I-nev-er-thought-of-that-before.”

“ But,” I said, “ God has, and He has written a verse for persons just like you, who are willing to take their chances, as you said, on their good works, and are deceiving themselves by the false hope of getting to heaven in that way. I’ll read the verse. It is the 4th verse of the 4th chapter of Romans : ‘ Now unto him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace but of debt.’ Let me explain this : When you were well and could work, you received your wages because you had earned them. You were under no special obligation to the man that paid you. You would come home to your wife and say, ‘ Here is what I made to-day.’ You could talk about what *you* had done, and what *you* had got, and you would not have a word to say about the man who paid you. That is just what God means by that verse. ‘ Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt.’ If you could get to heaven by

what you have done, there would be no grace about it. You would know nothing of God's love as shown in Jesus. You could not sing 'unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood,' for you would be there without a Saviour and you would have no song. Do you think you could be happy? "

He was now ready to give up his ground, and for the first time frankly owned what his wife had said, that he was anxious about his soul and wanted to have the question settled. He fully confessed that in spite of all the good he claimed, he was a sinner and needed a Saviour. It was with joy I read to him this scripture (1 Tim. i. 15): "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He repeated, "To—save—sinners! —to—save—sinners!"

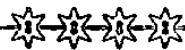
"Yes," I said, "to *save* sinners—not to *HELP* sinners to be saved, but to *SAVE* sinners. He is not a helper, but a Saviour, and God's word is to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly; his faith is counted for righteousness. And again, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' " He did believe. I left him that night, after reading other scriptures to him, with a new hope—not based on what he had done, but believing what God says about what Christ has done.

I called the next morning to see him. As I entered he looked up with joy in his face and said :
 “ Oh, I’ll have a song now. It will be ‘ unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.’ ”

He was with us about a week afterward, and fell asleep, happy in the Lord.

Reader, will you be able to sing that song? Or will you have to say, “ I am tormented in this flame? ” It will be one or the other. “ He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned ” (Mark xvi. 16). And again : “ He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him ” (John iii. 36). And again : “ Verily, verily I say unto you, He that heareth My word and believeth Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life ” (John v. 24).

J. H. W.



“NOW I AM FREE”

AT the close of the preaching I stated that if any were anxious about their souls, I should be happy to speak with them in the adjoining room,

while those who could remain, in the large room, would continue in prayer for the Lord's blessing.

Scarcely had I entered the side room, when a young and well known friend came up to me in great earnestness of spirit, exclaiming, "Now I am free! Now I am free!" As I grasped her hand and looked at her, questions were unnecessary. The brightness, the decision of her countenance, and the fervency of her words, were enough to satisfy the most anxious or questioning mind. I could only look at her and say, "Is it you? Is it you? Bless the Lord—His name have all the glory!"

I had often talked with her about spiritual things; but her natural tendency was to reason and speculate. She was what would be called a reader and I had been dreading the hurtful influence of the books she read. So that, putting all things together in my own mind, I was astonished as well as delighted.

After recovering from our happy surprise, and having indulged ourselves in a few exclamations of thankfulness, we began to realise our new position and relationship.

"And now, tell me," I said, "has all this blessed work been done to-night?" "Yes, to-night, and I may say, in a moment. As you were repeating those words, 'Christ gave Himself a ransom for all—He put into God's hands the ran-

som price of our redemption, and God having accepted that price, He now proclaims the good news : Deliver from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom—I have it in my hand.’ Then I said to myself, I must be free. If Christ has *paid* the ransom, and if God has accepted the ransom, I am free; and from that moment I was perfectly happy, and could only praise the Lord. *I know I am saved!*” And she looked all she said. And much more she said, and much more I enquired; but I can only give in substance what will answer the end of publication. The reader will be satisfied to know that all proved a blessed reality. I have seldom seen the truth take a more thorough hold of a heart at the moment of conversion, or at any moment; and time has proved that it was not the shallow joy of the stony ground hearer, but the deep and permanent joy of God’s grace in the heart. Her joy soon became the joy of many; just as the joy of each in heaven will become the common joy of all throughout eternity.

Oh ! that the same blessed truth, in God’s hands, may become the means of the happy deliverance of every soul that reads this brief record ! And why not? we ask. Is it not as true now as then? Is it not as true to thee, dear reader, as to her? Is it not as true to all as to one? Most assuredly ! Christ gave Himself a ransom for all—that is, He paid a price adequate to the redemption of all; and

God accepted the price. Surely then, believing this, thou art free, and righteously free on God's own ground. This is God's grace to all who believe in Jesus. Hence we read, "Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, *Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom.*" God foreseeing the work of Christ from the beginning, ever acted towards the believer according to its completeness (Job xxxiii. 24; Romans iii. 25).

Could better news ever be made known to thee, my fellow sinner?—for sinner thou art, and the bondslave of thy sins. Chains stronger far than brass and iron bind thee to thy cunning but cruel master. Twenty millions of British gold struck from many a fettered limb the galling chain of slavery, about 30 years ago, and filled the British dominions with the song of Jubilee. But twenty thousand millions could not break the chains of unbelief that now bind thee to the love of sin, the pleasures of the world—the drudgery of Satan. The power of God alone can do this, and that without money and without price from thee. The price was paid on Calvary—the atonement was offered unto God—reconciliation is ours through faith in the atoning work. Heavy indeed was the ransom price that Jesus paid, but redemption to us is as free as the air we breathe. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that

hath no money ; come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price '' (Isaiah lv. 1).

Whether, then, wilt thou have thy freedom, or hug thy chain? This is the question. The perfect liberty of the children of God is set before them in the gospel. " If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed " ; are the assuring words of Jesus Himself. But if He be rejected in unbelief, the chains of sin and slavery remain. Satan may succeed in concealing the chain from thy sight now, and he may allow thee to think, and even to boast, that none are so free or so independent as thou art ; that outward profession is nothing, seeing thou art light in heart. Thus he deceives, and thus he strengthens the chains of thy slavery.

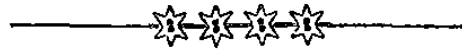
" Deliver him from going down to the pit," is the cry of love, of divine, eternal love. Oh ! that fearful word, " the pit "—" going down to the pit." The very thought of a pit, of being cast forsaken into a pit, is too awful to think of. The very thought of it makes the whole frame shudder, and the flesh creep on the bones : or, as the prophet says, " When I heard, my lips quivered at the voice ; rottenness entered into my bones " (Hab. iii. 16). I know it may be said that the word " pit " in Job means the grave. Be it so ; but of what, I ask, is a Christless grave the emblem?

Surely of a pit deeper far than the grave, and out of which no soul ever escaped. No chain can ever be broken there. Oh, then, dear reader, in the name of all that is fearful to contemplate, and of all that is blessed to anticipate, look at once to Jesus, He only is the deliverer from the thralldom of Satan. He died to ransom thee from the power of the grave; He died to set thee free; He has in righteousness paid the adequate price of thy redemption; God has accepted the ransom and is satisfied; He asks no more; He asks no ransom from thee; He says, "I have found it." Why then, O why, shouldst thou despise liberty—the glorious liberty of the children of God? *Awake*, AWAKE, AWAKE, from the awful sleep of sin—the lullaby of hell! *Arise*, O ARISE, and shake from thy long enslaved soul the captive's chains! Another day and it may be too late; another hour and thy chain may be riveted in the depths of hell for ever. The danger is great; it is imminent; it is irreparable; it is thy soul—thy immortal soul; no appeal can be too loud, too long, too earnest; eternal liberty or eternal slavery is the mighty issue.

But what can I say more? Christ has paid the ransom in His own precious blood. God has accepted the ransom; wilt thou be free? Free through faith in the great Redeemer; righteously, honourably, gloriously, happily, eternally free! The faith that looks in simplicity of heart to Jesus

can honestly say, "Now I am free! Now I am free!" "We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. i. 7).

"Drawn by such cords we'll onward move,
Till round the throne we meet,
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Saviour's feet."



FOUR FOOLS

1.—THE AGNOSTIC

"**T**HE fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; but fools despise wisdom and instruction." "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity; and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?" "As a man thinketh *in his heart*, so is he," are wise words, spoken by the wisest of men; and God always looks at the heart. Now the fool spoken of in the 14th Psalm has a large family to-day, and the so-called "Agnostic" has doubtless many children in every part of the habitable globe. But, adds the Spirit of God, "They are

corrupt; they have done abominable works; there is none that doeth good." The infidel's heart has got no place in it for God, and hence his vain mind and darkened understanding blind his heart through ignorance; and, being "past feeling, he gives himself over to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness."

Yet God, in His grace, has given man countless proofs of His existence, and heaven, earth, sky, and sea, alike proclaim the glory of His handiwork. The flashing comet, and the tiny blade of grass equally declare His power and wisdom, and the smallest insect, as well as the mightiest lion that roars in the forest, proclaim to all but the fool that their creator is God. Angels, who do His bidding; and demons, who "believe and tremble," both alike acknowledge His existence, but it is man only, the grandest of all His works, who dares in his folly to say, "*No God* for me."

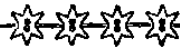
What do you say, dear reader? Has God got any place in *your* heart and life, or are you still an unbeliever? Not only has the God who loves you revealed Himself in creation, but fully manifested Himself in "the Word, who was made flesh," His only Begotten, well-beloved Son. To know Him and Jesus Christ whom He has sent, is life eternal; but if you possess not this knowledge you are still a lost sinner, and "dead in trespasses and sins." The believer, however, is privileged to

say, “ We *know* that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may *know Him* that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son, Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life.” Reader, do you thus *know Him*? If not, your mind is still blinded by the god of this world, and it is this terrible fact which hinders the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, from shining into your heart. “ But we preach Christ crucified ”; and the light from the glory of God still shines on that dark spot at Calvary, where man consummated his guilt and folly in the murder of God’s Holy One. Notwithstanding this, the perfect sacrifice, once offered on that altar, has fully, and for ever, met every claim of divine justice, and is God’s own answer, in perfect love, to all man’s hatred.

Then, “ turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die. As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth.” No longer, then, dear reader, close your ears to the wooings of divine grace. But remember that the day is fast approaching when God will no longer show mercy, but will laugh at the fool’s calamity, and mock when his fear cometh. Beware, lest you die in your sins, and stand hereafter at the bar of judgment as simply an unbelieving fool ! But “ if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice

for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver,
and searchest for her as for hid treasures;
then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord,
and find the *knowledge of God*."

S. T.



SEVEN "PRECIOUS" THINGS

Seven "precious" things, in truth there are,
Which fill my heart with joy,
Transport my soul with endless peace
That nothing can destroy.

Which first in order shall I place?
But God's most holy Word,
Which "precious" was in Samuel's day
To all, in faith, who heard.

Yes, ere within the temple old
The lamp of God went out,
The youthful seer a listener was,
God's Word he could not doubt.

That Word doth to my soul reveal
The love of Him who died,
The virtues of that "precious" blood
Which pour'd from His dear side.

'Tis at His cross my soul doth learn
How Christ is "precious" too;
So Peter proved, and millions more
Who find God's Word is true.

The gospel of the grace of God
Proclaims this blessed news;
And "precious" faith lays hold of Christ,
Who none will e'er refuse.

God's promises are "precious," too,
As we in faith receive;
And Jesus is more "precious" still
To sinners who believe.

Faith draws to Christ, God's "precious" stone,
On whom His church is built;
And "precious" are we in His sight,
For whom His blood was spilt.

Then let us dwell in unity,
Yet true to Christ remain;
Like "precious" ointment will it prove,
If we God's truth maintain.

S. T.



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T. WESTON, 53, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Gospel Gleanings



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London :

T. WESTON, 53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY

AN ARROW SHOT AT A VENTURE

A PARTY of gay young officers was walking up and down the Newbridge platform awaiting the arrival of the up train to Dublin, where they were going to a ball.

As the train came up to the station, with the conservativeness of railway travellers, they looked into each first-class compartment to find one empty. At length they decided on a carriage in which a gentleman sat reading. It was such an ordinary occurrence to see a traveller reading, and they were so occupied with one another, laughing and talking together, that they did not at first notice the book he was intent upon, or had they seen it was the Bible they might not have chosen him as their companion.

Soon after leaving the station they began to smoke; the one sitting next the gentleman saying, "I hope you don't object to smoking?"

"Indeed I do."

"Then so much the worse for you." At which sally they all laughed.

He said nothing for a time. Then, leaning over to the officer next to him, he inquired, "Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Shut your mouth," was the ready rejoinder.

Quietly looking the officer in the face, he said,

“ If you don’t believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you’ll be damned.”

“ Who asked you your opinion? Don’t be annoying us.”

“ My not annoying you will not alter the fact. If you don’t believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you’ll be damned.”

“ What business have you speaking to us? We don’t want your cant.”

“ Your not wanting my cant does not alter the fact. If you don’t believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you’ll be damned.”

“ Let us sit on him.”

“ Your sitting on me will not alter the fact. If you don’t believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you’ll be damned.”

“ Shove him out of the window.”

“ Your shoving me out of the window will not alter the fact. If you don’t believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you’ll be damned.”

It was getting too hot for the young fellows, and the train coming to a station they cried, “ Let us get out of this into another carriage, and leave the old hypocrite to himself.”

He followed them to the door, and spoke aloud after them : “ You leaving this carriage does not alter the fact. If you don’t believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you’ll ALL be damned.”

Some years passed; and this gentleman was

travelling in England by the L. and N.W. Railway. At Chester he went into a refreshment room, and while there a military-looking man came in. He looked at our friend once or twice as if to make sure he was right, then stepping over to where he stood, said, "Pardon me, if I don't greatly err, we have met before. Do you recollect travelling in Ireland by the G.S. and W. Railway, and a party of young fellows getting into your compartment at Newbridge?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, I am one of that party, and the one who sat next to you, to whom you addressed your question. I was thoughtless and worldly then, and we were all engrossed with the gaiety of the scene we were going to that night. But your sole answer to our many insults, "If you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you'll be damned,' lodged in my heart. I went with the rest, and dressed for the ball; but I could hardly see to attire myself properly, your words swam before my eyes. I attended the ball, but could enjoy nothing, for every voice seemed to re-echo your sentence. I could endure it no longer. I pleaded indisposition, and withdrew. How I cried for mercy! And, thank God, I saw that if the terrible negative was awfully true, the grand positive, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved' (Acts xvi. 31) was happily none the less

so. And, like the Philippian jailor, I 'rejoiced, believing in God' '' (ver. 34).

Have you ever thought, dear reader, that simple and easy as is the way of salvation, *so also is the way of damnation*—"He that believeth not, shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16)?

"Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke. Then a great ransom cannot deliver thee (Job xxxvi. 18).

J. C. R.



GOD GIVING UP HIS SON

"**H**EREIN is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10). With this and kindred passages many in these days are familiar; and by such simple statements of God's word many a soul has been cheered, and been sent forward on its way rejoicing in the consciousness of a love never before known, or invigorated for further service after tasting afresh of its sweetness.

There are three aspects in which this wonderful subject may be viewed. God's act in giving His Son for us; the Son's act of obedience unto death, though a voluntary surrender on His part; and the result of that death as it concerns us—propitiation for our sins. We say, "as it concerns us," be-

cause there are results of that death to be taken into account quite apart from its beneficial aspect towards us. God has been glorified by that death of His Son on the cross (John xiii. 31). Love from the Father has flowed out to the Son, and exaltation has been given to Him who stooped so low (John x. 17; Phil. ii. 6-11). With the beneficial character of the sacrifice of Christ many of our readers are surely familiar. Some, too, well know and gladly own the place of honour now given Him who came to do God's will. But perhaps the third aspect—God giving His Son for us, what that was to Him—is not so frequently thought of. To this, therefore, we would direct the reader's attention for a little—requesting him to turn back, in the pages of the word, to a transaction which took place on Mount Moriah centuries before the temple was built, and nearly two thousand years before the wonderful proof of God's love to sinners was manifested on the cross.

“And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham : and he said, Behold, here I am ” (Gen. xxii. 1). Since the day that Isaac was weaned, and Ishmael turned out of the patriarch's encampment, no communication that we read of had been vouchsafed by God to him. What would God now speak to him about? He had received the promised heir in whom his seed should be called. He saw him

growing up the child of his old age—a figure of resurrection. All that he looked for was bound up with the existence of Isaac; and that rightly so, according to the divine word. He enjoyed in his son all that he was taught he could receive of the promised blessings on earth; for his seed must be sojourners in a land not their own, four hundred years, before the country in which he pitched his tent could be parcelled out among his descendants.

Now God speaks to him—breaks a long silence—not, as often before, to promise something fresh, but to ask something from His servant. “Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.” What a word for the father was this! “Thy son, thine only son Isaac”—the long waited for heir, the promised seed, his only son. And not only was he reminded of the lad’s relationship to him, but the affection of his heart must surely have been deeply stirred, as he heard the words, “whom thou lovest.” Every word must have added poignance to his sorrow. All that Isaac was is thus recalled to him, when asked to surrender him as a burnt offering. Such a trial none had undergone before. It was something new, which none had heard of before Abraham’s day. Abraham, however, did not hesitate.

Isaac was all that to him ; but if God claimed him as a sacrifice, he would not withhold him. So we read, “ And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went into the place of which God had told him.” He did not delay till noon, or procrastinate till it was too late to start. He rose early, got everything ready, and started forth on his journey. How beautiful was his obedience ! nothing was allowed to interfere with the fulfilment of the command, so on the third day they approached the spot. Again, we read how perfect was his obedience ; for, leaving his young man with the ass, “ he took the wood of the burnt offering and laid it upon Isaac his son ; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife ; and they went both of them together.” Nothing was forgotten ; the wood, the fire, the knife, the three requisites, besides the victim Abraham carefully provided. They reached the spot, and the last proof of his obedience was offered. “ He bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son ; ” for God never enjoined the burning of a living victim, that was a parody on the original idea of a burnt offering, which men were instigated by the enemy to practice.

At this instant a further communication from God is made. "And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven and said, Abraham, Abraham : and he said, Here am I. And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from Me." The trial was over, the proof of his obedience was complete, and the lad was spared. A substitute of God's providing in Isaac's place, and Abraham received his son as from the dead. God took knowledge of His servant's act, and was satisfied. But after all, had Abraham refused to surrender his son, he would have sinned. In thus complying with God's command he only discharged a duty, a trying duty surely, but still his duty. God had a right to demand the child, and Abraham had no right to refuse him. Could he have looked for a reward for doing his duty? Impossible. Was it not enough that Isaac was spared? Could he have solicited a favour for being obedient? God, he learned, was satisfied with his obedience, must he not have been satisfied with the substitution for his son?

Here, however, something more comes out. God teaches him, and us also, what substitution is. He would also give him to know He was satisfied with his obedience, and He would have him and us to

know what He thinks of such an act as the giving up to death of a son, an only son. So again the angel speaks, "By Myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son : that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore ; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies ; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed ; because thou hast obeyed My voice." No earthly blessing was too great for him who had done this thing. Thrice in this short account have we the words of God, "Thy son, thine only son." The yielding him up was in God's eyes, though an act of obedience, of such value that He would heap favours upon him. He would shew, by what He had sworn to give him, what He thought of this act.

Here then we have an indication of what the giving up of an only son is in God's eyes. This history of Abraham brings it out—the word of the angel sets it forth. And if the act of Abraham, which it would have been sin to have refused, called forth such manifestations on God's part of what He thought of it, what must the giving up His Son, His only Son—an act of pure grace—be in His eyes?

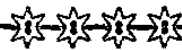
Reader, have you ever regarded the history of

Abraham's offering up his son in this light—that here in a figure we have, beforehand, expressed what the giving up *His* only Son is in His estimation? Have you ever considered how great an act of surrender it was? and the fearful ingratitude of which those are guilty who despise the gift, and slight the proof of God's unvarying love?

“ O wondrous hour ! when, Jesus, Thou,
Co-equal with the eternal God,
Beneath our sins vouchsafed to bow,
And in our nature bore the rod.

On Thee, the Father's blessed Son,
Jehovah's utmost anger fell ;
That all was borne, that all is done,
Thine agony, Thy cross, can tell.

Thy cross ! Thy cross ! 'tis there we see
What Thou, beloved Saviour, art ;
There all the love that dwells in Thee
Was labouring in Thy breaking heart.”



“OH, I SEE IT NOW!”

IT is very sad to find so many in these so-called Christian lands who, whilst calling themselves Christians, and being members of some one of the many denominations, yet know not their sins forgiven, and have not peace with God. Such was the case with the one of whom I am going to write.

Whilst preaching the gospel some five or six

years ago in the north of Scotland there was an aged woman who used to come very regularly, and as she listened to the story of the love of God and of the cross of Christ, the big tears would roll down her wrinkled cheeks. On my getting acquainted with her, I found that she had been a widow a great many years, had brought up several children most respectably, and had been long a member of the Established Church of Scotland. But, alas ! she knew not the Saviour. Her sins were not forgiven. She had not peace with God.

She kept on coming to the preachings, but never seemed to get any comfort or blessing. Well do I remember visiting her in her humble abode, and after pointing her to the finished work of Christ, and setting forth the gospel in every way I could think of, she replied, " Well, I must be more earnest and do my best." My heart sank within me, and the thought passed through my mind, " It is no use ; she cannot understand it. I will not come again." Such were my thoughts as I walked towards my lodgings, pondering her case, when, just as if someone were speaking to me, there came the words, " You are not treating that old woman rightly. You are speaking to her intellect ; speak to her heart."

The following day I called again, and taking a chair I said, " Was it not a wonderful thing, Mrs. —, that God, whom we had sinned against,

should send His own beloved Son for the very purpose of putting away your sins and mine? ”

“ Yes,” she replied, “ that was a wonderful thing.”

“ Now, tell me,” I said, “ did Jesus fail, or did He succeed? ”

“ Oh,” she replied, “ He never failed ! ”

“ Well, then, what about your sins? ”

There was a moment's pause, and then came the words, “ Oh, I see it now ! Jesus came for the very purpose of putting them away, and He has done it.”

The darkness of years was gone in a moment. The light of the gospel shone into her soul, and she was saved and had peace with God about all her sins.

Since that eventful moment how often have we conversed together about that precious Saviour—

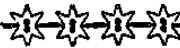
*“ Who came from heaven's highest glory
To Calvary's depth of woe,”*

in order to put away our sins, and make us His very own. How sweet and precious those words, “ His own ” !

Now, my reader, let me ask : Are you a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? If so, allow me to ask another question, viz., What has Jesus done for you? “ Oh,” you say, “ He has died for me.” Then your sins are forgiven, and you are saved. “ Ah ! but I cannot say that,” you reply. Now let

me suppose a case. A man has committed a crime for which He is righteously condemned to die. One who loves him takes his place and dies for him. What, then, would this do for him? If he really believed that to be so, would it not set him free? You say, "Yes." And so we may say with the apostle Paul, "The Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). Believest thou this? Then, thank God for His unspeakable gift, and live henceforth to Him who died for thee.

G. R.



FOUR FOOLS

2.—THE RICH WORLDLING

(Luke xii. 16-21).

THE parables of Christ are better than all the sermons of men, and speak with a voice that may well awaken the careless ones from their carnal ease. This present evil world, with all its wealth, and pomp, and pride, is just the very place where the natural man, led away by his covetousness, can easily forget God. Hence the solemn warning conveyed in Christ's words: "Take heed, and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." "The love of money," Scripture tells us, "is a root of all evil,"

and greedy thirst for gold has led its countless victims down to the pit of eternal perdition. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." If the eager desire for present gain was ever active in the mind of the Jew, surely, none the less, in these latter days, does the Gentile manifest the same grasping spirit.

And we shall do well to take in the solemn import of the Lord's words in Luke xii., "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, saying, *What shall I do*, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?" The anxiety that filled the worldling's mind was not as to where to get his next crust of bread. On the contrary, it was where could he find space enough to garner the bounteous harvest God had given him. The barns he then possessed were all too small to receive such overwhelming plenty. So, after due consideration, his well-matured plans were thus expressed, "*This will I do*: I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits, and my goods."

Such were his intentions, but alas! in all his thoughts God was not, and only present enjoyment and selfish ease filled his covetous heart. Further, he adds, "I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, be merry." Mark

the reasoning of that carnal mind ! “ Much goods ! ” Quite true. “ Many years ! ” Quite false. “ Take thine ease ! ” Another miscalculation. “ Be merry ! ” Alas, alas ! they were but mere words from a “ fool’s ” lips.

The eyes of a heart-searching God were on that worldling. And, as the shades of evening fell, these solemn words from the eternal world rang in his ears : “ Fool ! this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided ? ” A few short hours settled his eternal destiny ! Gripped by the icy hand of death, the worldling leaves behind him all his riches, and his pleasures ; and as a lost and guilty sinner, he goes that night to meet the God he had forgotten and despised ! Dear reader, this is no fairy tale, but a living picture, drawn by the divine hand of Him with whom we have to do. Are you, when death’s summons comes, ready to meet God ? or, will you hear from His own lips those awful words, “ Thou fool,” which, for all who hear them, will mean eternal sorrow in the lake of fire ? “ O ye simple, understand wisdom ; and, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart. . . . Receive my instruction, and not silver ; and knowledge rather than choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies ; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it ” (Prov. viii. 5, 10, 11). S. T.

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—
ONE HALFPENNY

“LOOK UNTO ME . . . AND BE SAVED”

ISAI. XLV. 22

ONE Lord's Day afternoon when passing through the sick ward in the town hospital in G—— I gave a gospel magazine to one of the invalids. By the way she thanked me I perceived she must have known me. I said to her, “I suppose I ought to know you as you seem to know me.” Her husband, who was sitting by, told me that his wife was known before her marriage as L.G., and then I recognised her as a Sunday scholar of many years before.

I enquired if she was saved, but the answer was “No.” I pointed out to her how terrible a thing it was not to be saved, and asked leave to read a few verses to her from John iii. “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.” I said a few words about our being sin-bitten ones, and how that the Lord Jesus was lifted up for us on the cross. She asked me to come again.

On the following Sunday I was able to do so, and saw her for a few minutes only. I learnt that she had had a very restless night, and she was then lying very quiet. Her husband and daughter

(a young girl of about thirteen) were with her. She was very weak, and the doctor was not sure that she would last through the next night. It was a very solemn moment !

Three or four Christians had been asked to pray for her ; and now on this my second visit, the words I gave to her were these, “ Look unto Me and be saved.” I sought to press this upon her in connection with the verses that had already been read, as God’s message to her at the eleventh hour. And I asked, Would she not trust that precious Saviour? She tried to say two or three words, but the only one I could catch was “ *Trusting.*” Oh ! what a joy it was to hear it, and what cause for thankfulness.

I then begged the husband to ask her, which he did in a loving way, “ Are you trusting in the Lord? ” She bowed her head in assent twice, and he exclaimed, “ I am glad.”

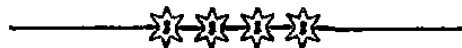
She lingered till the Thursday, and then passed away to be with the Saviour on high, on the 16th January, 1908. When I asked Mrs. N. (who helps the nurses) about this dear departed one, she replied, “ Yes, thank God, she died happy in the Lord.”

And now, dear reader, have you looked away from your poor wretched self, from all your own works and efforts, to Him the Saviour, who died upon the cross for our sins that we might have

full forgiveness and be saved now and for ever? Let me ask you to listen to what He has said, "Lo I am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for My own sake, and will not remember thy sins" (Isai. xliii. 25). And when on earth, this same one said to a miserable and wretched woman—a sinner indeed, but who came to Him *just as she was* with all her sins—"Thy sins are *forgiven*." "Thy faith hath *saved* thee: go in peace."

Oh, then, will you not now look to Him? Do not hesitate. "Incline your ear, and come unto *Me*: hear, and your soul shall live." Then will you be ready, when the summons comes to you, to leave this scene for a brighter one. One thing is sure, the Saviour is coming, and coming quickly. Are you ready?

S. S.



FOUR FOOLS

3.—THE RELIGIOUS HYPOCRITE

THE most scathing invective that ever fell from the lips of Christ was reserved for His denunciation of those who "drew nigh unto Him with their lips, but whose hearts were far from Him." Mere lifeless profession is one of the great devices of the enemy of souls, who well knows

how to transform himself into an angel of light. It was the religious leaders of Christ's day who were the most prominent in their hatred of the Lord's teaching; and it was through envy and falsehood that the scribes and Pharisees delivered Him over to the civil power.

It was when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things which Jesus did, that they were sore displeased as the "hosannas" of the children rang in His ears; and vainly did they seek to catch Him in His words, when He ruthlessly exposed their hollow profession. Great in his zeal for the tradition of the elders, was the Pharisee, who, having asked the Lord to dine with him, " marvelled that He had not first washed before dinner." And the Lord said unto him, " Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness."

" Fools ! " added the Son of God, " did not He that made that which is without make that which is within also? . . . Woe unto you, Pharisees ! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. . . . Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them " (Luke xi. 37-44).

Whether it be the proud conceit of Simon, who understood not the grace of Christ in forgiving the sinful woman who wept at His feet, or the contemptuous sneers cast on the publican by the self-sufficient Pharisee who went up to the temple to pray, the Lord's words to all such religious hypocrites apply with equal force to-day. "Fools!" "Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so, ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. . . How can ye escape the damnation of hell" (Matt. xxiii.)? No wonder is it that the Searcher of hearts should call them "fools," and put them in the same category as the infidel and the careless worldling!

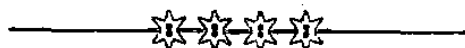
Let us then, dear reader, take heed to the Lord's solemn and warning words. For God demands truth in the inward parts; and it is there He would have us to know wisdom. "Whoso hearkeneth unto Me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil" (Prov. i. 33). Real, however, we must all be with God, for it is with Him we have to do; and, sooner or later, all who are unreal now and content to wear the garment of a false religion, will be stripped of all their filthy rags, and, as they stand before Him, will be "found naked."

The end of all this mere profession is solemnly depicted by the Lord in the case of the five virgins, with their oil-less lamps, whom He calls "foolish"; whereas the other five, with their brightly burning lamps, He justly calls "wise"; for when the Bridegroom came they were "ready." Yes, they were ready, and, as having the lamp of God's salvation and possessors of the oil of His Spirit, they went in with Him to the marriage. And "*the door was shut.*" When mercy's door closes it will prove the eternal doom of all religious hypocrites, and to the bitter but unavailing cry of "Lord, Lord, open to us," the only answer they receive will be, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

Dear reader, ere yet it be too late, cast away your garment of self-righteousness, and take from God's own hand the divine righteousness He offers you now in Christ, and then, as a true believer, you will be able to sing:—

"Clad in this robe, how bright I shine,
Angels possess not such a dress;
Angels have not a robe like mine,
Jesus, the Lord, my righteousness."

S. T.



SALVATION, LIBERTY AND PASTURE

JOHN X. 9.

“**I** AM the door : by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture.” What a wonderful fulness there is in this but one verse of holy scripture ! They are the words of the Lord Jesus. Let us consider for a moment what it is that Jesus says.

“**I AM THE DOOR.**” We all understand what is meant by a “ door.” It is the only legitimate way of entrance. And the Lord Jesus here presents Himself as the only way of entrance into blessing for any soul that is anxious to receive the boon. In the first verse of this chapter we have “ the door ” into the (Jewish) sheepfold, and we are told (ver. 2) that the one who enters by that door is “ the shepherd of the sheep,” Jesus Himself, who goes in to lead out the sheep that were in “ this fold.” “ I am the good shepherd : the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep,” and the sheep are His. By that door which leads into the sheepfold you are not invited to enter. He has entered there and has led out the sheep that were within “ the fold.” But you are invited to enter into illimitable blessing and liberty divine by, or through Him, as He says, “ I am the door ”—not of the sheepfold, but—“ of the sheep ” (ver. 7). The sheep-pen is gone, and there is now no longer a

“ fold,” as once there was, but “ one flock, one shepherd ” (ver. 16). If through His unfailing mercy there are still with us under-shepherds (see Pet. v. 2-4), yet only of One can it be said, “ I am the good shepherd.”

“ BY ME IF ANY MAN ENTER IN HE SHALL BE SAVED.” Oh ! what blessed news is this for any needy soul to hear. “ If *any man* enter in ” ! Have *you* entered by Jesus? If not, why not? And will you not enter now? You may enter, for it is open to any man. “ Christ is the way,” the *only* way for salvation. “ There is no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved.” In His name is salvation. “ Thou shalt call his name Jesus [Jehovah, a Saviour], for he shall save his people from their sins.” And what if you do enter by Him? You shall be *saved*. This is the blessed assurance of the Lord Jesus Himself, and will you not believe what He says? Again, He has said, “ Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out ” (vi. 37). Can you longer stay away? “ Oh ! enter while there’s room.”

“ AND SHALL GO IN AND OUT.” No longer bondage but the blessed liberty of grace. You have long enough been the slave of Satan, and liberty you have not known, nor can you ever know it so long as you are in his service, for Satan is a hard task-master indeed. But this Jesus is the great

Deliverer from the bondage and power of the enemy. He proclaimed deliverance to the captive, and sets at liberty them that are bruised (Luke iv. 16-21). Further, this liberty is of entrance into the holiest by the blood of Jesus (Heb. x. 19), that we may now worship the Father, who has made us meet to be there, and this too made known to us by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. But if there is entrance *in*, there is the going *out* in service to others, a ministry of reconciliation and of the Spirit who now dwells in the Christian as the seal of his faith in Christ, and the earnest or pledge of what is to come.

“AND SHALL FIND PASTURE.” Here is food and plenty. Not like the prodigal (so-called) in the far off land of famine, where he found himself in want but “no man gave unto him.” As another long ago observed, Satan never gives. How different with God, who gives freely, but it is to faith! Can we find a fuller recital in such few words of the great and marvellous blessing awaiting the soul that comes to Jesus and enters by Him, who is “the way, the truth, and the life” (John xiv. 6)?

Dear reader, salvation, liberty and food are here offered you by and through the Lord Jesus. Will you believe His words, and receive the blessing for now and for ever? Then will you worship and adore. Then will you be glad to tell others what great things He has done for you.

PEACE AT LAST!

A NOBLE-LOOKING soldier lay in the same ward. "I want to speak to you about religion," he said, as I stood by his bedside. "I have made up my mind," he continued, "with an earnest resolution to serve God and do my duty—not with the feeble resolution of a boy, but with a man's determined purpose, that henceforward I will do right." At some length he told me what he was going to do; he spoke about his vows, his purposes, his plans. All was about himself, not one word about Christ the Saviour.

Having listened to him quietly, I said at last, "Then you are at peace, my friend!"

"Oh, no," he said, "my agony of mind only increases."

"Why so? Have you not kept your vows?"

"No, I cannot," he answered despairingly.

"Had you not better, then, try again, or can you think of no way of making up the account?"

He shook his head hopelessly and said, "I know not what to do."

"My friend," I replied, "stop your vowing. Satan has enticed you on to one of his quicksands, where you are fast sinking down to hell. Your house is on the sand. You cannot be your own

Saviour. Listen to God's way of saving sinners. Jesus Christ—God manifest in the flesh—came into the world to *save sinners*, not to *help* them to save themselves. His work was finished on the cross eighteen hundred years ago, and He has left you nothing to do but to receive by faith the benefit of what He has done. “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” (John iii. 36; Acts xvi. 31).

“But must I not do something?” he asked. “Can I believe on Christ and become a child of God, and to-morrow go back to the world and live like the other soldiers?”

“God forbid,” I cried. “‘How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?’ When you become a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus, God gives you the nature, the heart of a child, and the Holy Spirit to dwell in you, so that you no longer love the sins you once delighted in; and you have the power of the Spirit to resist the flesh, your old nature.”

After some other questions and answers, the Lord gave him to see, not only that he was a lost sinner, but that Christ had borne the judgment of sin on the cross, and that all who believed in Him were saved. Still his mind was not clear, for, though he had lost confidence in vows and resolutions, the enemy had thrown him on his feelings.

“ Must I not have happy feelings,” he said—as thousands say—“ before I know that I am happy? ”

“ No,” said I. “ On the contrary, you must believe before you can possibly feel happy. Peace comes from believing, and not believing from peace. You are to believe *simply because God says so*, and not because you feel happy. Were happy frames and feelings the foundation of your faith, you would drift about at their mercy. But God’s word is a rock that cannot be moved. It is when we are dwelling, neither on our feelings, nor our faith, but on the *object* of faith, Christ Jesus, that we are brought into peace and joy.”

It was now evident that the Holy Spirit had led him to the Saviour, though he still inclined to look into his own heart for happy feelings. This led to the close of our conversation.

“ Do you believe the testimony of God concerning Christ? This is the question, and not the evidence of happy feelings. These are changeable as the wind. Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and that God gave Him to be the Saviour of the world—the great propitiation for our sins? Take your thoughts completely off yourself, and look to Jesus. Do you believe in Him? ”

Now he answered earnestly, “ With all my heart I do.”

“The Lord’s name be praised—to Him alone be all the glory. And now, Can you believe what God says concerning them that have this faith? ”

“What is it? ” he asked eagerly.

“ ‘He that believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God.’ ‘He that believeth hath everlasting life.’ And observe, my friend, it is not *can* have, *may* have, or *shall* have, but *hath* everlasting life. When we believe in Jesus, and surrender the heart to Him, we have perfect peace, we are sealed with the Holy Spirit. What a salvation ! Full pardon, everlasting life, peace with God, and only waiting for glory.”

In parting, I said to him, “May I not leave you now with the happy assurance that you know, on God’s testimony, that you have eternal life as a present possession? ”

After a pause, he raised his eyes and said, with deep feeling, “Yes, you may. I have eternal life through faith in Jesus.”

May these scraps of such an important conversation, and with such important results, be made a great blessing to all our readers.



THE HEART AT REST

“ The Lord is my portion, saith my soul ; therefore will I
hope in Him ” (Lam. iii. 24).

My heart is resting, O my God !
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart has found the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Yes, the frail vessel thou hast made
No hand but Thine can fill—
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And from Thyself they rise ;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
Thus a new song is in my mouth,
To long loved music set :
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have but tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known—
For fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I cannot see ;
But He who bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest ;
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be weak is best ;
My soul reposeth on Thy truth,
Who hath made all things mine,
Who gently bends my froward will,
And makes it one with Thine.

I will give thanks for suffering now,
 For want, and toil, and loss ;
 For the death that sin makes hard and slow
 Upon my Saviour's cross.
 Sometimes I long for promised bliss,
 But 'twill not come too late—
 And songs of patient faith may rise
 From the place wherein I wait.

Mine be the reverent listening love,
 That waits all day on Thee,
 With the service of a watchful heart
 Which no one else can see :
 The faith that in a hidden way
 No other eye may know,
 Finds all its daily work prepared,
 And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God !
 My heart is in Thy care,
 And while it finds its joy in Thee,
 Can trust Thee every where ;
 The heart that ministers for Thee
 In Thy own work will rest ;
 And the subject spirit of a child
 Can serve Thy children best.



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Gospel Gleanings



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London :

T. WESTON, 53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY

AN ARROW FROM THE QUIVER OF GOD

A LADY was once distributing tracts on board a steam-packet, and, amongst others, she handed one to a gentleman. She passed along the deck, and as she returned she was deeply pained to see him tear the tract in fragments and fling it overboard. She simply said, as she walked past him, "*You will have to account for that.*"

The gentleman thought no more of the matter. The tract was flung upon the waters, as he imagined, and he forgot all about it. But not so the living God. He had not forgotten either the tract or the man who had torn it up. He caused a little scrap of that torn tract to be blown by the breeze into the gentleman's bosom; and that very night, as he was undressing to go to bed, the fragment of the tract fell out of his bosom. He took it up. It was but a very small scrap, but it was just large enough to contain two words of immense weight and deep solemnity, namely, **GOD** and **ETERNITY**; and along with these two words, the lady's pointed utterance came back to his memory, "*You will have to account for that.*"

Thus, then, this gentleman had before his mind those three grand and solemn realities, God—Eternity—Judgment—tremendous words ! He lay down, but not to sleep. There was no sleep for his eyes, or slumber for his eyelids that night. He was full of tossing to and fro till the morning. The words, God, eternity, and “you will have to account for that ” rang in his ears, and sounded deep down in his heart.

He arose from his couch and sought to drown his anxiety in the cursed intoxicating cup. But it would not do. He awoke from his wine only to feel with augmented force those solemn words, “ God !—Eternity !—Judgment to come ! ” In short an arrow from the quiver of God had entered his soul. He had thought to get rid of that little tract—to drown that silent messenger. But no ; God had His eye upon him. God sent the breeze and caused it to blow that identical scrap of the torn tract into his bosom. Of the scores of scraps into which the tract had been torn, not one would do but that very one, because it contained the very words which the Eternal Spirit meant to use as an arrow to pierce his soul.

How marvellous are God’s ways ! Who but an atheist could doubt that the hand of God was in that breeze which blew that little fragment into the gentleman’s bosom ? Blessed be His name, He knows how to reach the soul ; and when He begins

to work, nothing and no one can hinder. He had His eye upon that precious soul, spite of all its enmity and all his efforts to turn aside the arrow which sovereign grace had aimed at his heart. The gentleman thought to get rid of the tract; but God was determined that just so much of the tract should lodge in his bosom as contained the arrow that was to be lodged in his heart. In vain did the gentleman seek to get rid of his impressions, to stifle his convictions. His misery increased, his anxiety became more intense. There was but one thing which could heal his wound and that was the precious balm of the gospel, the soothing virtues of the blood of Christ. He was brought under the sound of the gospel, and his troubled soul found rest in the finished work of Christ.

And now, reader, what sayest thou to these things? Hast thou ever felt aught of the awful solemnity of those words, "God—Eternity—and Judgment to come?" Remember, we earnestly pray thee, thou hast, sooner or later, to meet God—to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. Do think of this! Think of what it will be to meet God out of Christ—to stand, in all thy sins, before the great white throne, where every man will be judged according to his works—to spend a never-ending eternity in the dreadful flames of hell.

Eternity! What an overwhelming word! Say, beloved reader, art thou prepared for it? If not,

why not? Why delay another moment? Why not flee now—just now, to the arms of a Saviour-God who stands ready to welcome thee to His bosom? Oh! do come, we earnestly beseech thee! Come to Jesus, just as thou art. Trifle not with thy precious, immortal soul. Suffer not the god of this world any longer to blind thine eyes, and deceive thine heart. Let not the pleasures of sin and the fascinations of the world any longer detain thee. Flee from the wrath to come. Time is short. The day of salvation will soon close, the acceptable year of the Lord will speedily pass away from thee. The door of mercy will soon be closed upon thee for ever.

Do, oh! do, dear fellow sinner, listen to the warning note once more sounded in thine ear. God calls thee. Jesus calls thee. The Eternal Spirit calls thee. Turn not away thine ears. Say not, "Time enough." Thou knowest not what the next hour may bring forth. It may be thou wilt never see another sun rise; and oh! the thought of being cut off in thy sins and consigned to an everlasting hell is intolerable. We long for thy salvation. We would entreat thee by all that is grave, solemn and momentous, to come this very hour to Jesus. Trust Him and thou shalt never perish. Believe in Him and thou shalt be saved. May this paper prove to thy precious soul an arrow from the quiver of God!

THE PERSON OF THE DELIVERER

I RECENTLY came across the undernoted incident, and desire to use it as an illustration of the heading of this paper.

It seems that many years ago a poor washer-woman who, with others, earned a scanty living by washing at the riverside near Glasgow, and whose only possession was the tub in which she carried on her business, fell into the Clyde. The river being deep and the current strong, her danger was imminent as no help apparently was at hand. Suddenly, however, a man, a well known swimmer who had saved many lives, plunged into the water, and by extreme exertion, and well nigh at the cost of his own life, succeeded in rescuing the object of his solicitude.

The old woman had been so long under water that animation was suspended, and no little effort was required before consciousness returned. When it did, what do you think were the first words that coming from her lips made known to those around her that she had really come back, as it were, from death to life? Well, it was not any expression as to her feelings while in the jaws of death, or of anxiety as to her home, her family, her friends—nor of her joy in being rescued. No, her words

were these, " Oh, how I want to see the man that saved me." He heard, and was at once at her side. Then she said, " Oh, sir, you've saved me; and I've naught in the world save yon tub; but, oh! if you'll take it, you are welcome with all my heart." The man, astonished and gratified, made no reply, but taking off his hat, he went round collecting from the assembled crowd. Quickly coming back, he poured all he had received into her lap, making her rich in a way she had never in her life either experienced or expected.

Reader, has this no voice for you? Do you know what it is to be " without strength," lost, drowned in your sins, and that, because it was so, Jesus, the Son of God, became the Son of man in order " to seek and to save that which was lost " ? Have you really acquainted yourself with that Blessed One who, like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, having found one pearl of great price, " went and sold all that He had and bought it." He left the throne of glory and came down here, where He had no place to lay His head; yet going so into the depths to deliver sinners that He exclaimed, " All Thy waves and all Thy billows are gone over me " (Psalm xlii. 7). Yes, indeed, so it was, that in order to save you and me from the judgment to come, Christ " once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God " (1 Pet. iii. 18). That suffering under the

judgment of our sins on the cross extorted from Him the agonising cry, “ My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” (Matt. xxvii. 46). Trusting Him, you are on the Rock of Ages, which can never be moved. Believing Him and the mighty work He accomplished when He made purification for sins, you have redemption, the forgiveness of *your* sins (Col. i. 14). Thus are *you* saved now and for ever—not from a watery grave, but—from eternal judgment and the lake of fire. Old things will have passed away, and all become new, as we are now in the risen and ascended Christ, “ who of God is made to us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption ” (1 Cor. i. 30).

But what about Himself? He asks no reward, but shall we not delight to give up our “tub”? And like blind Bartimaeus, the blest and happy beggar, shall we not cast away our garment and follow Jesus in the way?

He has not only saved us, but has poured all His spoils into our lap. We were once heirs of wrath, but are now heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. Speaking of His own to the Father He says, “ The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them ” (John xvii. 22). If it be so, and it is, must not the language of our hearts also be that we shall not be satisfied until we too see His face and His name shall be in our foreheads (Rev. xxii. 4)?

W. N. T.

“GOD DID IT”

A LITTLE boy had been repeating the hymn, “I lay my sins on Jesus,” when his mother said to him, “Darling, have you laid your sins on Jesus?” “No,” said the child, with great emphasis and decision, “I have not laid my sins on Jesus; *but God did it.*”

What an answer, coming from the lips of a child of under three years! How great the difference between my laying my sins on Jesus, and God’s doing it! The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah declares that “Jehovah laid on him [Jesus] the iniquity of us all.” And we find the same precious truth stated by the apostle in 2 Corinthians v., where he tells us that God made Christ “to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might become the righteousness of God in him.”

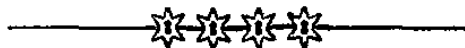
This is a point of immense value and importance in the atonement of Christ. It shews God acting for us, not only in giving His only begotten Son that we might live, but also in bruising Him on the tree for our sins. “It pleased Jehovah to bruise him.”

Yes, “God did it.” The work is His from first to last. He knew what was needed and He provided it. He knew the demand, and He met it. He knew what was to be done, and He did it. This

is the only true foundation of peace. It is not enough to be able to say that, "I lay my sins on Jesus." True enough, no doubt, so far as it goes; but then I do not know the ten thousandth part of my sins. My conscience has never seized the full amount of my liability, the depth of my guilt. Human conscience is one thing, divine righteousness quite another. God's estimate of sin is very different from ours. There are thousands of sins that have never come within the range of my conscience—thousands more that have passed clean off the tablet of my memory. What of these? And then the root of all these; what of it? What of the mighty claims of the throne of God—the claims of His nature, the demands of His holiness? Is it not evident that before ever a divinely awakened soul can find settled peace he must be led into the depth, fulness, and power of that one brief sentence—"God did it"? Such an one must know and believe that God Himself has taken the whole matter into His own hands, and settled it in such a manner as to glorify Himself throughout all ages. He has been glorified with respect to sin, by the infinitely precious sacrifice of Christ. It is He Himself who says, "I have found a ransom."

Reader, what sayest thou to all this? Couldst thou give the same answer, if asked the same question? Dost thou now heartily believe that

God Himself has found a remedy for thy ruin—an atonement for thy guilt—a perfect righteousness in which thou mayest stand before Him? This is the solid foundation of the soul's peace. Nothing else will do. It is not our works, our ~~alms~~, our prayers, our religious duties, our church-going or chapel-going, our frames, feelings, or experiences. Not any of these things, nor all of them put together, can give the soul peace. The believer knows that God has met his case by His own work; that God Himself laid all his sins on Jesus, who bore them and put them away for ever, and is gone into heaven without them. This, we repeat, is the true and only foundation of the believer's peace, and it is fully and forcibly set forth in those three words: "GOD DID IT."



FOUR FOOLS

4.—THOSE WHO DENY THE RESURRECTION



"AWAKE to righteousness and sin not, for some have not the knowledge of God; I speak this to your shame." Alas! there were those at Corinth who said "that there is no resurrection of the dead"; but on this vital and fundamental truth the whole of Christianity rests, for "if Christ

be not risen, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God, because we have testified of God that He raised up Christ, whom He raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised; and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins" (1 Cor. xv. 14-17).

The serpent's hiss is heard all around, and, sad to say, there are many so-called theologians in our own land who do not hesitate, in their impious folly, to call in question the glorious truth of resurrection. The Sadducees of old have many followers to-day, but the Lord, when here, rebuked their folly by saying, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God. But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead but of the living."

Job, even in his day, had no doubts as to the sublime truth of resurrection, for did he not say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand in the latter day upon the earth. And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God?"

Hundreds of years after, Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ, exposes the heterodoxy of

Hymenæus and Philetus, “who, concerning the truth, erred, saying that the resurrection is past already, and overthrow the faith of some.” The same beloved apostle did not hesitate to press this solemn truth upon his hearers at Mars’ hill, when he beheld the city of Athens “wholly given to idolatry.” In that powerful discourse God’s devoted servant preached to Epicureans and Stoics, Jews, philosophers and Athenians alike, the grand and all-important truth of “Jesus and the resurrection.”

Spite of those who mocked “when they heard of the resurrection of the dead,” Paul declared, in the power of the Spirit and with no uncertain sound, the tremendous fact that “God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all in that He hath raised Him from the dead.” Later on, in his letter to the Corinthians, the apostle remarked, “But some will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? *Thou fool*; that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. And that which thou sowest thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain. . . . But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body. . . . So

also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." Yes, let men say what they will, the truth remains; and as sure as day follows night, so surely does resurrection follow death; and all who deny this, Scripture calls "fools."

There is a resurrection unto *life*, in which all believers share; and there is also a later, or second, resurrection unto *damnation*, in which all unbelievers have their part. A thousand years, it is true, separate the two resurrections; but there *will* be, there *must* be, two. Reader, should you die before Christ comes, in which of these two resurrections will you be found?

Ere closing this paper, let me contrast the believer's *blessings* with the unbeliever's *woes*. In a risen Christ all believers, even now, stand "accepted"; yea, through grace, they are the privileged possessors of eternal life, divine righteousness, and unclouded peace. His resurrection and ascension to the right hand of God are the measure of our complete and perfect acceptance "in the beloved"; for in Him we stand, with death and judgment behind our backs, and life and glory ours. Who then shall condemn those whom God has justified in a risen and glorified Christ?

Born *twice*, they may die *once*, or they may not die at all. Should they fall asleep in Jesus before He comes, their resurrection, like His, will be from among the dead, and as they rise to meet Him in the air they will be changed in a moment into His own image, and shine for ever in glorified bodies fashioned like His own.

If you, dear reader, miss this first resurrection, you will have to take part in the second. Living in sin, and dying in sin, you will be raised again from the dead in your sins, and your resurrection, as an unbeliever, will be unto damnation. You may refuse, as many do to-day, to believe this, but it nevertheless remains true, whether you believe it or not, and the tremendous reality of it will be personally proved by yourself as you stand before God, at the last great assize, a lost, a ruined, a judged, and a doomed sinner. Do not any longer expose yourself to the charge of being called "*a fool*" by God, but be wise in time.

Come then to Jesus now, and trust in His atoning blood before it is too late—and the Father's house, the rest of God, and the smile of Christ, shall be yours for ever.

S. T.



“GOD LOVES YOU!”

MANY of our readers may perhaps have met with the incident of a little girl who, on seeing a poor man being taken to prison by a policeman, ran across the road, and looking up into his down-cast eyes, quietly said, “God loves you.”

These touching words came as a surprise to the unhappy man. If he had ever heard such words before, it was now they entered the poor man’s heart. “God loving me!” he thought to himself. “Why should He love me?” Yes, why indeed? But this is the manner of God. “God commendeth His love to us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us?” (Rom. v. 8). Is not this love wonderful? And have you, my dear reader, ever considered it? If not, ponder it now. Believe and receive it into *your* heart. We who are saved can say by God’s grace, “We *have known and believed* the love that God hath to us. God is love” (1 John iv. 16). If you believe this love with your heart, you too will be able to appropriate these words, and will know yourself as no longer a “miserable sinner,” but as a rejoicing saint of God “Who hath *saved* us, and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace.”

Despise it not, but consider it, believe it *now*, and bless God for His unspeakable gift of Jesus.

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Gospel Gleanings



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London:

T. WESTON, 53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY

THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION

My wife said to me, "I am going to that prayer meeting to-night. Mother is all changed and so is sister, and I would like to see what they do at that meeting." I felt much annoyed, but only said, "Well, wife, if you go, you are a great fool, but go if you will, they will not get me to go." She tried to persuade me to go with her, but I would not listen. I got very angry, and yet I felt afraid to say to her, "You must not go." I was very sullen and spoke little all that afternoon.

When my wife had gone to the meeting I became most miserable. I could not stay in the house, so wandered out and got to the back side of the meeting house. I tried to hear what was going on. I felt afraid my wife would get changed, and somehow thought she would. I stood awhile and began to think, "Well, there is reality in those people." I could not stand longer, so again wandered home most unhappy. I went to bed. My wife returned about ten o'clock, but I took no notice of her. She came to the side of the bed and said, "Oh! are you sleeping, Sandy? I must tell you I am saved," and she fell on her knees and praised God for saving her—she prayed for *me*! My whole soul was stirred, but pride and the devil would not let me own I was miserable. At last I said, with the perspiration bursting all over me,

“ What do you *feel*, Jean? ” “ Feel ! It’s no feeling, Sandy, that saves a woman ! it’s just believing. I believe that God speaks the truth when He says that Christ died for *my* sins. The Bible says if I believe this, He will give me eternal life—now I do believe it and I will never come under the sinner’s judgment, for another verse says, ‘ There is *no* condemnation to them that are *in* Christ.’ Oh, believe that, Sandy, and you will be saved and we will both then be so happy.”

How the devil did try to keep my mouth shut and prevent my owning that the Spirit of God was convincing *me* that I needed a Saviour ! At last I said, “ Now, wife, pray that *I* may be saved.” She prayed, and such a power of the Spirit came over me that I thought I saw the Saviour on the cross. I cried out, “ Oh, Jean, I see my Saviour and His wounds bleed for *my* sins.” She cried, “ Hold to that, Sandy,” and we prayed together that *all* my unbelief might be taken away. She thanked God that I was saved, then I did it, too, and we slept none that night for the joy of thinking that we would never come into judgment, but that we as brands had been plucked from the burning.

The day after his conversion he went to the prayer meeting and there made *full confession* of what God had done for his soul. He took his place amongst the ranks of the saved. Reader, how is it with you?

EXTRACTED.

ETERNAL LIFE: WHAT IS IT, AND HAVE I GOT IT?

IT is worthy of observation that we find only one mention of everlasting or eternal life in the Old Testament—Daniel xii. 2, where it refers to those who “sleep in the dust of the earth.” We are indebted for the revelation of it to a later dispensation. It is a New Testament doctrine, and, blessed be God, a present fact.

Passing over Matthew, Mark, and Luke, who rarely mention it, and always connect it with the future, it is only in the writings of John—the Gospel and First Epistle bearing his name—that we find it revealed and unfolded fully. Paul speaks of it, as recorded in the Acts and in Romans, &c., but the Holy Ghost has evidently made John to be specially the exponent of this personal, heavenly, divine doctrine of our eternal life in Christ, while Paul gives us some additional revelation in Timothy and Titus, as to its being the subject of promise before the world.

Turning to John's Gospel, we find the Lord, for the first time, presenting the doctrine to Nicodemus, and in the most striking way. The lifting up of the brazen serpent by Moses had been the typical rehearsal of this gift of eternal life, the determinate purpose of God's heart, with

a view to which, and for its fulfilment, He had in the fulness of time sent forth His Son, the incontestable demonstration of His love to the world, so that whosoever believeth in should not perish, but have everlasting life.

At the close of that third chapter, John the Baptist, who had doubtless gathered the doctrine from Christ, is seen communicating it in the most definite way in connection with faith, to his own disciples and certain of the Jews. In chapter iv., to the woman at the well, the Lord presents it in connection with the Holy Ghost—the living water. And to His own disciples in relation to the ingathering of the fruit by those who toil for Him in the ripe fields that wait for harvesting. In chapter v. 24, the Lord emphatically and solemnly, as indicated by the words “Verily, verily,” presents it as the immediate, present, and necessary result of faith in Him. The following chapter, which gives us the feeding of the five thousand, and the teaching of Christ as to the truth of His own person being the true manna, the true bread, bread of God, and bread of heaven, shews the connection between feeding upon Him and everlasting life which He was giving—who was the sealed one of God the Father—for that object. The 40th verse goes on to the personal act of Christ in raising up at the last day those who have the everlasting life—which here He

pledges Himself to supplement with resurrection.

But this same chapter deepens the subject to our souls in the 53rd and 54th verses, in its manifest connection with the redemption work of Christ—the alone basis for God's wondrous purpose of grace, so blessedly laid in the death of His Son; the lesson taught us evidently being that the possession of eternal life synchronizes with our personal association with Christ in the knowledge of Him in redemption who is the Son of the living God, who has the words of eternal life, and other than whom we have none to go to, as Peter confesses in verses 68 and 69.

In a remarkable scripture in chapter xii., the Lord teaches us that in sending Him, His Father had given Him "a commandment" (ver. 49) adding "and I know that His commandment is life everlasting." What a blessed picture of grace is this, the Father gives His behest to the Son whom He is sending into the world; and what is it? Not the exaction of His rights from ruined debtors. Not the execution of His sentence on rebels against His authority. Not reproach, and reproof, and denunciation, and threatenings of judgment and wrath. No! but one word, but one commandment, and that alike for all. God's behest to Christ concerning a lost world, God's commandment concerning those who are dead in trespasses and sins, is summed up in this one

blessed word—"Life everlasting." "Whatsoever," Christ adds, "I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak."

So in communion with His Father in chapter xvii., He speaks of the power given Him over all flesh, "That he should give eternal life" to as many as had been given Him, more fully spoken of in the next verse—"This is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent"—together shewing out the connection between the eternal life as the plenitude of divine power and as the revelation of the Father and the Son.

Full of the same thought, in 1 John i. 2, he says, "For the life was manifested, and we have seen it and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." But a marked advance is seen here, the eternal life being identified with Himself, who in the Gospel is seen as the revealer of it only. In chapter ii. 24, 25, continuance in the Son and in the Father is predicated of the eternal life according to promise. In the last chapter (vers. 10, 11) he sums up the record that God gave of His Son—"God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son"; affirming too, that he had written these things to believers in the name of the Son of God, that they might know that they had it—the eternal life, closing the

Epistle as he began it by identifying that life with the Son Himself (ver. 20), "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life."

We have thus traced the subject through these writings of the apostle John. Let us in conclusion ask the reader if, through faith in Him around whom every aspect of it clusters, who is its centre and its bounds, he has possessed himself of that eternal life concerning which God has spoken in His own word, and about which, in character with its deep significance, He speaks to us in so blessed and varied a way. Its nucleus is the person of the Son of God, and its circumference the infinite value and eternal efficacy of the work of Him who was also Son of man! He who has by the Holy Ghost presented it in the Gospel, as an evangelist, that we should understand it, takes pains in the Epistle, as an apostle, that our hearts may be fully assured that we have got it. We see it connected with the will and purpose of God before the world; alike with His promise and His commandment; and in the gift of His Son in grace this was the avowed object He had in view, manifested alike in the person and in the work of Christ—even life everlasting! Have I got it?

AN AWFUL RESOLUTION

“ I INTEND to make a million of money, even if I go to hell for it.” Such were the words that were spoken over fifty years ago by a landowner in the West of England, at a banquet given on his behalf. The speaker had been left an orphan at an early age, and on attaining his majority was given a grand dinner by his tenants and friends. One of the company, in proposing his health, expressed the hope that he would have long life and prosperity. In responding to the toast, he thanked them for their kind wishes, and capped his speech with the words that have been already quoted. The gentleman, however, really meant what he said. Night and day he worked and planned, with the result that his speculations and investments were pre-eminently successful. With wealth came friends and honours, and he was eventually chosen to represent in Parliament one of the divisions of the county in which he resided. But, with all his possessions, he was far from being happy.

By-and-bye, the “ M.P.” became suddenly and seriously ill. Medical aid was summoned. The physician observed that the case was serious, and asked for a consultation with another practitioner. The sick man was told that his illness might terminate fatally, and he was advised to settle his

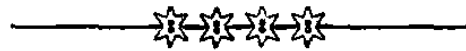
business affairs. The following Thursday was fixed upon for this, and the patient appeared most anxious that his life should be prolonged until then.

“ Doctor, I’ll give you £100,” said he, “ if you will keep me alive till Thursday.” He was assured that all would be done for him that medical skill could accomplish. Next day he said he would give him £1,000 if he were successful. The doctor replied as he did on the previous occasion. This, however, did not satisfy him, and he swore dreadfully. Soon after this an old servant, who was in attendance, rushed out of the room, saying, “ I could bear to hear my poor master curse and swear, but I cannot remain with him while speaking as he does now. He says he has seen a dreadful creature, who has come to take him away.” The relations on entering the sick chamber, saw that death had preceded them, and had carried off its victim, leaving nothing but the clay tenement.

On his estate being wound up, it was found that he had made exactly a million of dollars. “ How sad ! ” says one. Yes, indeed, it was very sad and solemn. Many are hotly pursuing wealth. They have no idea of becoming millionaires, but they are determined “ to make money.” They have an ambition to die rich. And what then? They will be compelled to leave their wealth behind. After death comes the judgment, and after judgment the

lake of fire. Oh ! reader, ponder the words of the Lord Jesus. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul" (Mark viii. 36)? If you were to become as rich as a Rothschild, or a Vanderbilt, and lose your soul, what a calamity that would be ! It would, indeed, be an irreparable and eternal loss. "For what shall a man give in exchange for his soul" (ver. 37)?

A. M.



SAFE ANCHORAGE

WE want the reader to take his Bible and devote a few minutes to a passage in the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews (ver. 7—15). We would ask him to read it carefully and earnestly; for we are persuaded that, if he is really anxious about his soul's salvation, he will find in this scripture the true ground of peace—divinely safe anchorage. We are not going to offer any lengthened exposition of the passage, but merely a very brief statement of its contents. We believe the reader will find three great subjects or branches of truth presented; namely, I. The will of God; II. The work of Christ; III. The witness of the Holy Ghost. In other words, we have the source, the channel, and

the authority of the soul's full and everlasting salvation. We have the eternal Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—engaged in the great work of laying the foundation of peace. This, surely, is something worthy of serious thought.

I. And first, then, as to the source of salvation. It is of all-importance to the anxious soul to lay hold, with clearness and power, of the fact that the glorious plan of redemption had its origin in the will of God. Redemption was no after-thought with God. He, blessed be His name! was not taken by surprise when man fell. He had not then to sit down and devise what He would do. The plan had been drawn long before. Far back in the eternal counsels of His infinite mind, the whole matter was weighed and settled. Such is the evident force of Hebrews x. 7: "Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God." From before all worlds—before the entrance of sin, it was ordained that Christ should come and do the will of God, and that will had respect to man's salvation.

This is an immense fact for the heart to seize. It proves so blessedly the love of God to the sinner. He might have left us to perish, as we justly deserved because of our sins; but instead of that, no sooner had sin entered than forth came the glorious plan of redemption through the bruised

Seed of the woman—a plan laid in the mind of God from all eternity, and written down in the volume of the book.

II. To carry out this marvellous plan, the eternal Son came forth from the glories of heaven to do the will of God, cost what it might. It was His meat, as He said, to do it. He came down from heaven, not to do His own will, but the will of His Father; and—all praise to His name!—He has done it. He has perfectly accomplished the will of God. He has finished the work, and thus laid the solid foundation of our peace. What all the sacrifices under the law could not do, Jesus, by His one offering, did. “Above when he said, Sacrifice and offering and burnt offering and offering for sin thou wouldest not, neither hadst pleasure therein; which are offered by the law; then said he, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God. He taketh away the first that he may establish the second. By the which will we are sanctified [set apart], through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once. And every priest *standeth daily* ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins: but this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool. For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified” (vers. 8-14).

Here we have the channel through which redemption flows to us, namely, "the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once." It is not through the church—not through the sacraments—not through rites and ceremonies—not through the ordinances and offices of religion—not through works of righteousness of any sort whatever, prayers, fastings, alms, or aught else of man's doing or devising, but "through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once." Mark the force and import of the word "*once*." There can be no repetition of the sacrifice. To think of a continual sacrifice for sins is to deny the plain statement of the Holy Ghost in Heb. x. If we are to be guided by God's word, the believer can say that his sins have been put away by the one perfect sacrifice of Christ on the cross. The proof of this is seen in the fact that Jesus is seated on the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. The daily standing of the Jewish priests has been displaced by the eternal session of the Son of God—the many sacrifices of the Levitical ceremonial by the one offering of Jesus Christ. The priests under the law could never sit down, because their work was never done. Jesus, having finished His work, has sat down for ever. Here lies the true secret of rest for the conscience. Christ is seated. He will never again rise to address Himself to the work of sin-bearing. When He rises, it will be for salvation of the body (we have already salva-

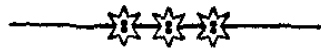
tion of the soul)—to receive His people to Himself, and then to execute judgment upon His foes.

III. And now one word as to the authority on which we receive this perfect redemption—this full salvation. It is the witness of the Holy Ghost, which, be it carefully noted, is the word of God, the holy scripture. “Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us: for after that he had said before, This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin” (vers. 15-18).

Hence, then, if it be asked, “How do you know that your sins and iniquities are all put away?” We reply, “By the witness of the Holy Ghost—the *testimony of holy scripture*.” This is a point of cardinal importance. The authority on which I rest for the salvation of my soul is as truly and as absolutely divine as the channel through which that salvation flows, or the source from which it emanates. It is not the voice of the church—the decrees of general councils—the dogmas of the schools—the opinions of the Fathers—the commandments, the doctrines, or the traditions of men; neither is it the frames, feelings, or imaginations of our own minds. It is not any of these

things nor all of them put together which constitutes the ground of our belief in the forgiveness of sins and eternal salvation; it is the testimony of holy scripture. True, it is by the grace of the Holy Spirit we receive and rest in that testimony; but it is God's word we believe, else it would not be divine and saving faith at all. A faith that does not rest simply on the word of God is a spurious, worthless, delusive faith. True faith is that which believes God, and rests in what He says because He says it. If I want something of man to accredit God's word—to assure me that God has spoken—then I am not a believer at all. Saving faith—the faith of a Christian man—is built upon God's word and nothing else.

Beloved reader, we beseech thee to weigh the foregoing remarks. There is nothing novel or striking in them; but there is that which is able to save thy precious soul, and to give thee a peace which not all the craft of Satan, or all the sophistry of men ever disturb. May God bless His own word!



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

AN AWFUL END!

THIS solemn and awful fact which I now relate took place some years ago.

Mr. L—— was living without hope and without God in the world—like the vast multitude to-day who are on the broad road that leadeth to destruction—having his fill with pleasure, worldly society and sin, when one day, whilst in the very height of gaiety and fashion, he was taken seriously ill with no hope of recovery. His wife saw very plainly that he was sinking and rapidly nearing the border of eternity. Deeply anxious about his soul's eternal welfare, she went to fetch a Christian woman who had just recently been converted and was happy in the Saviour's love, knowing that she now had eternal life through faith in the Son of God, and that she was cleansed from her sins by the precious blood of Jesus (1 John v. 12, 13; Rev. i. 5).

When this Christian woman entered the room where the sufferer lay, Mr. L—— fixed his eyes on her and asked, “What have you come for?” She said in her kind, loving, and gentle way, “To tell you about the love of God, to speak to you about Jesus the Son of God, who came into this world to seek and to save sinners; and to read to you from God's word.” What do you think was Mr.

L.'s response to this visitor's longing for his soul's salvation? "I don't want you, either to read to me from the Bible, or to pray with me, or to speak to me about the love of Jesus."

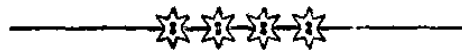
Oh, how sad! In this way did he refuse the proffered mercy. He rejected the love of God, the precious blood of Jesus. Thus he preferred death rather than life, eternal misery rather than everlasting happiness! Unbelief is a terrible thing, it is a millstone hanging round a man's neck, dragging him down to hell and the lake of fire. It is that which shuts the door of heaven against a man, and opens to him hell's door. "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool," says the wise man (Prov. xxviii. 26). Far better to take the great heart of God and believe in His wonderful love (John iii. 16).

The dying man lingered but a short while. The last words from his parched lips were, "Hell, hell, hell!"

Dear reader, let this awful end of Mr. L—— be a most solemn warning to you. For we read in the prophecy of Isaiah (xxxiii. 14), "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Then let heaven and hell stand before thee in all their realities and remember that word, "*Everlasting.*" "Heaven," or "the lake of fire"! Which is to be thine eternal dwelling-place?

To-day is the time to make thy choice. To-morrow may be too late. To-day we point you to the cross with the Son of God there uplifted, suffering, bleeding, dying; and all for sinners. Oh, what stupendous mercy! Jesus says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." May you come *now* and receive this rest for time and for eternity! God grant it may be so, to His praise and glory. Amen.

W. B.



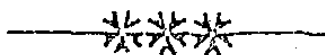
FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

WHEN I was in trouble and soul concern, God would not let me learn of man. I went everywhere to hear, but nobody was suffered to speak to my case. The reason of this I could not tell *then*, but I know it *now*. I was made to believe that part of my salvation was to be inherent—something called holiness in myself, which the grace of God was to help me to. And I was to get it by watchfulness, prayer, fasting, hearing, reading, sacraments, &c., so that after much and long attendance in these means I might be able to look inward and be pleased with my own improvement, finding myself growing in grace a great deal holier, and more deserving of heaven than I had

been. It was sweet food to a proud heart. I feasted on it, and to work I went. It was hard labour and sad bondage, but the hopes of having something to glory in of my own kept up my spirits. I went on striving, agonizing (as they call it), but found myself not a bit better. I thought this was the fault, or that, which being amended I should certainly succeed, and so set out afresh, but came to the same place. No galley slave worked harder or to less purpose. Sometimes I was quite discouraged, and ready to give all up, but the discovery of some supposed hindrance set me to work again. Still I got no ground. This made me wonder, and still more when I found myself going backward. Methought I grew worse. I saw more sin in myself instead of more holiness, which made my bondage very hard and my heart very heavy. The thing I wanted, the more I pursued it, flew farther and farther from me. I had no notion that this was divine teaching and that God was delivering me from my mistake in this way; so that the discoveries of growing worse were dreadful arguments against myself, until now and then a little light would break in and show me something of the glory of Jesus; but it was a glimpse only—gone in a moment. As I saw more of my heart and began to feel more of my corrupt nature, I got clearer views of gospel grace, and in proportion as I came to know myself, I advanced

in the knowledge of Christ Jesus. But this was slow work; the old leaven of self-righteousness (now christened holiness!) stuck to me still, and made me a very dull scholar in the school of Christ. But I kept on making a little progress, and as I was forced to give up one thing and another on which I had some dependence, I was left at last stripped of all, and neither had nor could have aught to rest my hopes upon that I could call my own. This made way for blessed views of Jesus. Being now led to very deep discoveries of my own legal heart, of the dishonour I had put upon the Saviour, of the despite I had done to the Spirit of His grace, by resisting and perverting the workings of His love. These things humbled me. I became very vile in my own eyes. I gave over striving; the pride of free will, the boast of mine own works were laid low; and as self was debased the Scriptures became an open book, and every page presented the Saviour in new glories. Then were explained to me these truths which are now the very joy and life of my soul.

W. ROMAINÉ



THE BLOOD WHICH SPEAKS

UNSEEN by human eye, Abel fell—the anger of Cain had spent itself upon its victim—the earth was stained with human gore, and the only tongue, as Cain doubtless thought, that could have witnessed against him was motionless beside him. Death, which entered the world by sin, now received its first victim. Did Abel supplicate for his life? That probability will never be known on this side of the grave. No human ear overheard what passed between the brothers, and now the awe-inspiring stillness of death was undisturbed by Abel's voice. Evidently Cain thought his work was a success, for when God asked him, "Where is Abel thy brother?" he boldly denied all knowledge of what had but recently taken place. But the second question must have instantly dispelled all hopes of security and immunity from punishment. "What hast thou done?" proved that God knew of the deed; and the announcement, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground," told of a witness against him of which he had never dreamed.

The blood which he had shed had a voice which God heard, and He interpreted it to Cain. All was open to God, and to His ear it had spoken. Abel had not accused his brother, nor cried to God for

vengeance ; but his blood, poured out on the earth, spoke in terms which the Creator could understand. One made in the image of God, though in Adam's likeness, had fallen to the ground, the victim of jealousy and hatred ; and whilst to Cain all seemed quiet, God heard what he did not, and took immediate steps in respect to it. He passed sentence on the murderer without interposing any delay ; and that sentence, applying as it did to Cain's existence on earth, held out no hope of its remission, nor even of relaxation of its penalties ; for God acted not according to what Cain thought or felt about the matter, but according to what that blood was in His sight ; as He heard the voice of his brother's blood, when to Cain's dull ear everlasting stillness had settled down on the scene. The justice of God's action no right-minded person could or would question. Cain had sinned, and he must suffer for it.

The blood cried to God, the blood of a righteous man. Of Abel's righteousness there can be no doubt. God's acceptance of his sacrifice attested it, and the Lord Jesus afterward affirmed it (Heb. xi. 4 ; Matt. xxiii. 25). Could not that blood then avail before God on Cain's behalf ? No. Abel was righteous, yet he needed a sacrifice for himself, as his offering shadowed out. Therefore he never could atone by his merits for his brother's sin, nor could they be placed to Cain's account.

“None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give unto God a ransom for him” (Psa. xlix. 7), declares the Psalmist; yet, if any saint could have helped by his merits a sinner on earth, here we should say was the opportunity for it. It was the first sin committed against a fellow creature, and God, not man merely, acknowledged the one who died as righteous. But all Abel’s righteousness availed not for Cain. God acted not according to Abel’s merits, but according to what that blood spoke of. So inviolable was the sentence and immediate was the judgment. He knew all along what Cain would do; but, till the blood of Abel was shed, the ground was not laid on which He could act. When, however, Cain showed what he was and the blood had cried to God, action forthwith took place, for God responded to that voice. A fugitive and a vagabond was Cain to be on the earth, and the ground which he had cultivated with such success should henceforth refuse to reward his toil. Daily then and hourly would he be reminded of the condition into which he had been brought when that blood had been shed, a condition which never would alter, for it was based on what had taken place.

Thank God we read of the blood of another which likewise speaks. In this the two have a resemblance; but, speaking better things than that of Abel, tells us of a difference. It is called the

blood of sprinkling, a term which the Hebrews would understand. Their forefathers had been sprinkled with blood in company with the book of the covenant, a token that they accepted the responsibility of the terms of the covenant, and would submit to the penalty if they broke them. The blood of sprinkling speaks, we read. It has a voice, which, like that of Abel, God has interpreted, and a voice to which all do well to give heed, for it speaks of better things than his did. Pardon, peace, redemption, a standing before God in the holiest—these are some of the better things of which it bears witness. “This is my blood of the new testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins,” the Lord said to His disciples the night before He suffered. From His lips they heard something about His blood. “In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins,” is the statement of the apostle Paul concerning himself and others, when writing under the guidance and by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. “By him to reconcile all things unto himself, having made peace by the blood of his cross,” we read of in Colossians; and “boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus,” we are told of in Hebrews (Matt. xxvi. 28; Eph. i. 7; Col. i. 20; Heb. x. 19).

Abel's blood spoke, and judgment ensued. The blood of sprinkling speaks (for its voice is never

silent), not of man's deserts, but of God's favour; for whilst witnessing of man's guilt, who acted after that spirit of Cain, we learn from God Himself that it avails to put away sin. The contrast between the blood of these two is great. Thank God it is so, but the principle of action on His part we learn is similar. He delayed not to speak and act when Abel's blood cried. He acts now in accordance with what the blood of His Son declares. Abel's blood cried to God: the blood of sprinkling has a voice to God, and speaks to us. That cried for vengeance; this tells of God's judgment against sin having been undergone, so that He can now righteously act in grace. Irremediable was Cain's condition after God passed sentence upon him; irrevocable are the blessings of all who believe on His Son. Immediate, too, were the results for Cain; not less so are they for those redeemed by the blood of Christ; for that which is based on bloodshed can take effect at once, and will never, never alter.



“See that ye refuse not him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven” (Heb. xii. 25).

THREE NAILS

1.—THE NAIL OF DEATH

WHEN the mighty hosts of Sisera, the proud captain of Jabin, king of Canaan, with his 900 chariots of iron, had been discomfited before the Lord, and his army lay dead upon the battle-field slain by the sword of Barak the son of Abinoam, Sisera himself fled away on his feet to the tent of Jael, but it was only to end his days by the hand of a woman, for it is written that “Jael, Heber’s wife, took a *nail* of the tent and a hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples and fastened it into the ground; for he was fast asleep and weary: so he died.” “She put her hand to the nail and her right hand to the workman’s hammer, and with the hammer she smote Sisera; she smote off his head when she had pierced and stricken through his temples.” “So let all thine enemies perish, oh, Lord! but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.”

Yes, how true it is that, when least expected death and judgment overtook Sisera, and a *nail*, wielded by a woman’s hand ignominiously ended his days on earth! What a solemn warning is this to all God’s enemies to-day, who, ere long, will most surely be overtaken by death and judg-

ment amidst their carnal ease and apathy ; “ for when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape.” In Sisera’s case it was just a tent nail that did it, as he lay fast asleep and weary ; but with all those who die in their sins they will awake to meet God in judgment at the great white throne, and then—the lake of fire for ever !

2.—THE NAIL OF THE SANCTUARY

Many years had passed away since the death of Sisera, and Israel had been carried away into captivity as a result of their sins, when Ezra, the priest and scribe, came up to Jerusalem, according to the good hand of his God upon him, for “ he had prepared his heart to *seek* the law of the Lord, and to *do* it.” Feeling deeply as he did the worldly state of God’s ancient people, and their unholy affinity with strangers, he rent his garments and plucked off his hair, and, overwhelmed with grief, fell upon his knees and confessed the people’s sin in these solemn words, “ Oh, my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God ; for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass has grown up into the heavens. Since the days of our fathers have we been in a great trespass unto this day, and for our iniquities have we, our kings, and our priests, been delivered

into the hand of the kings of the lands, to the sword, to captivity, and to a spoil, and to confusion of face, as it is this day.”

Here was a full confession as to their state before God, followed by true self-judgment, which is the invariable forerunner of blessing, leading to confidence in God, as expressed in these words, “And now, for a little space, grace hath been shewn from the Lord our God, to leave us a remnant to escape, and to give us *a nail in his holy place*, that our God may lighten our eyes, and give us a little reviving in our bondage.” Well may we exclaim, How wondrous is God’s mercy; and “His ways are past finding out.” Who would have thought that after so many years of complete departure from Himself He should not only lighten their eyes, and revive their spirits, but in His infinite grace should give such a people “a nail in His holy place,” or (as the margin reads), “a constant and sure abode” in the sanctuary? Truly, “mercy thus rejoiced against judgment,” and a repentant people again proved the faithfulness and love of God. Separation from the people of the land and from the strange wives was the divine result of their humiliation, and, obeying the word of the Lord through Ezra, the whole congregation said with a loud voice, “As thou hast *said*, so must we *do*.”

3.—THE ROYAL NAIL

Two hundred and fifty-five years before the days of Ezra, God had sent a marvellous message of grace through Isaiah the prophet, foretelling, not only the advent of His own beloved Son, but His wondrous humiliation and death, as well as the subsequent glories of His coming kingdom. In connection with the latter He has said, "I will clothe him with thy robe, and strengthen him with thy girdle; and I will commit thy government into his hand, and he shall be a father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and to the house of Judah. And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder, so he shall open and none shall shut, and he shall shut and none shall open. And I will fasten him as *a nail in a sure place*, and he shall be for a glorious throne to his Father's house. And they shall hang upon him all the glories of his father's house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups, even to all the vessels of flagons." Who can question that this *Royal Nail*, on whom alone Israel's future blessing hangs, is none other than Christ, their Messiah; yea, the Son of the living God; and that to Him belongs, as David's greater Son, the key as well as the throne of the house of David? Yes, not only do Israel's hopes but the hopes of the church and of all the blood-bought family hang upon that royal Nail, which God Him-

self has fastened in a sure place, and this very earth, the scene of His rejection, shall yet witness, in the bright and coming day, the glories of His world-wide kingdom. His throne, as Son of man, shall stand for ever, and His dominion stretch from pole to pole, for our God has decreed that to Him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father. This groaning earth shall yet be delivered from the cruel bondage of Satan by that royal Nail which God has fastened in a sure place, and all creation shall praise Him in the day of His exaltation and regal splendour.

“ Royal robes shall soon invest Thee,
 Royal splendour crown Thy brow ;
 Christ of God, our souls confess Thee
 King and Sovereign even now ;
 Thee we reverence, Thee obey,
 Owning Thee our Lord alway.”

Dear reader, is this precious Saviours *yours*, and have you yet confessed Him as your Lord? If not, do so now, in this the day of His grace.

S. T.



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Gospel Gleanings



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London :

T. WESTON, 53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY

“I AM GOOD, AM I NOT?”

A BELIEVER in the Lord Jesus Christ, engaged in a hospital, was sent to nurse a lady who had come from New York on a visit with her family and was now found to be dying of cancer. The nurse felt at the time very much depressed under the idea that she was leaving what seemed to her a larger sphere of usefulness merely to attend upon one lady.

However, she got to the house, and was shown into the room where her patient lay, who seemed a very kind and gentle person. Sitting up that night she spoke to her of Jesus, but the patient appeared to take no notice; nevertheless she persevered with prayer to God to open her eyes, that she might see her danger and her need of Christ. For a time that prayer seemed unanswered, for on the following day, instead of giving any heed to her kind nurse's remarks, she appeared to be entirely occupied with worldly affairs. In the evening her husband happened to remark to the nurse, as he sat by his wife's bedside, "My wife is so glad to have you, she is quite delighted to think both of you will be able to go away together in a month." Thinking that the patient was asleep, the nurse replied, "Ah, poor thing, I'm afraid she will never go back to New York"; but the husband, perceiving that

his wife was awake, put his hand up to hinder her from saying any more.

That night she was very restless, for she had overheard the remark and it troubled her, although she said nothing on the subject. Nurse, who took the opportunity of a sleepless night to speak again to her of Jesus and His blessed work, made some observation which called forth from her patient the remark, "*I am good, am I not?*" to which she replied, "You know you are a sinner, don't you?" "I am not," said the dying woman, "I am good. I am very patient, I never murmur, I do not indeed love Jesus, but I never saw Him, and how can I love Him? He has not been kind to me; I love only my husband and those who are kind to me."

Poor creature! Her husband, it seems, was an infidel, and had instilled his wicked notions into her mind, so that she pretended that, because she had never seen Jesus, she could not love Him, and would not believe that "the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man" had "appeared" in that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Again on the following day the nurse, anxious for her salvation, spoke to her frequently about Christ, but she still persisted in saying, "I am good." About five o'clock on the Sunday morning she said, "Nurse, am I not good?" She replied, "You are very patient and bear pain very well,

but still that does not alter your condition as a sinner before God." To her nurse's glad surprise, she asked her to pray for her, which she did most earnestly, beseeching the Lord to reveal Himself to her dark soul, and show her the light of His divine love. After this she fell asleep, and on awaking said, "Come now, tell me honestly why you said last night I should never go away to New York." Nurse was startled at her asking the question, and hesitated a little before replying, but she pressed for an answer, saying, "Come, be quick, tell me, I want to know, for I've got a lot to do before I die!"

Feeling that she was really dying, although no one told her so, but rather gave her to understand she would be well in a month and able to go back to her own home, nurse dared not trifle with her, but honestly said, "I am afraid you never will get better."

Turning to her husband, she asked him if he thought she was dying. He answered decidedly, "No," and sought to hinder the nurse from saying anything further.

How terribly cruel is this practice so commonly pursued with dying persons, even by those who are not infidels! Rather than disturb the patient, they would let the dying sink into eternity wholly unconscious that so solemn a change is at hand! "The rich man died, and was buried; and in hell he lift

up his eyes, being in torments." What a sudden and awful change !

Well, before the middle of the day, which was Sunday, she was taken so much worse that concealment of the truth was no longer possible, and as they all stood by her bedside she turned and said, " Nurse, if you are a Christian, pray for God to have mercy on me." This she did fervently, and then, feeling a little better for the moment, the dying woman said to those around her, " You ought all to go down on your knees and thank God I am spared a little longer."

What a change was this in one of whom it could have been said with truth but a few hours before, " God was not in all her thoughts." But a greater change was at hand, for the darkness was passing, and the true light about to shine into her heart.

Towards evening of the same day she turned suddenly to her nurse and said, " Will God forgive me? *I am a sinner, SUCH a sinner ! I always thought I was good, but now I know I am not.*" Thus the Lord had opened her eyes at last, and you may judge how gladly her nurse told her that it was sinners the Lord Jesus came to save, not those who said they were good. Long and earnestly did nurse speak with her about the Saviour and His love to poor lost sinners, until at last she fell asleep. When she awoke she said, " I think it was the Lord sent you to me ; may God bless you ; I

am now resting in His blood, in His love; His blood has washed me."

When shortly afterwards her son came into the room, she said to him, "Sonny, mamma is dying; she is going to heaven to be with the Lord Jesus; she is now at rest with God." Her son replied she was all right, for she was always good. But she said, "No, I thought so once, but now I know that I was nearly lost." She spoke also to her husband about Christ, begging of him to meet her in heaven, and to come to Jesus. All night on Sunday night she prayed and praised God, and was calm and happy. On the Monday morning she said, "What a happy night I've had, I do love Jesus now; He has done so much for me." Her mother, who was a believer, replied, "You will soon be with Jesus." Her last words were, "The blood, mother," and then she sank to rest, trusting in the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, that "cleanseth from every sin" (1 John i. 7). Thus her end was peace, not by her own works, but by the blood of the cross.

But five short days have passed since nurse first came to her, a messenger from God to a dying sinner. Those who have fellowship with the "joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one* sinner that repenteth" will be thankful that she was enabled by grace to be faithful from the very first moment of her arrival, and to persist to the

happy end. It was *grace* that sent and sustained her, and it was *grace* that gave the sweet reward—a sinner saved eternally by the blood of Christ. “Unto Him that loveth us and washed us from our sins in his own blood . . . to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen ” (Rev. i. 5, 6).



FORGIVENESS OF SINS

PRESENT full assurance of soul is the spring of the purest affection and of the freest service. Indeed it is necessary to each of them. The present forgiveness of sins is to be asserted with all confidence.

I ask, What has been the business of the blessed God in this world of ours, if not for the very end of putting us into such a condition? Our *sins* brought Him here—and then, *the putting away of our sins* gave Him His history here, after He had come among us. He died and rose from the dead. For what do I see in that history—the death and resurrection of the Son of God—if I see not the blotting out of my sins?

As soon as ever sin entered, He was foretold—not as a Lawgiver but—as the Holy Sufferer and the Vanquisher of Satan. This is seen in the very first prophecy. It is as a Saviour, as the Purger

of sins, He is now revealed—the then mystery of His bruised heel and the serpent's bruised head—His death and resurrection as the Lamb of God and the Son of God. And what, again I ask, do I see in these great facts, if I see not the remission of sins? How can I, with any reason, with any simplicity of mind, stand before the cross of Christ and not apprehend the purging of sins there? If I do not apprehend that, everything should and must rebuke the darkness of my heart. Did not the rent veil, accompanied by the rent rocks of the earth and the opened graves of the saints, tell out that the death of the Son of God then accomplished had restored man to God, casting up a highway from the prison-house of him who had the power of death up to the bright heavens, and the throne of the majesty there? Did not the empty sepulchre follow in its appointed day, to bear like witness, and to tell that God was satisfied with the death of Christ, and that it had atoned for sins and made reconciliation? And then did not the gift and presence of the Holy Ghost come, in its due Pentecostal hour, to seal the same great fact? And I further ask, What was the preaching, the gospel, the testimony of the apostles immediately afterwards, as we have it in the book of the Acts? Surely it is remission, forgiveness of sins, upon the virtue of the blood or death of Jesus, to all who will receive Him.

All this is truly and indeed so. And now, our souls are to keep this blessed fact of our sins gone, as in the foreground. It is not to be treated as something which we might be able to descry in the hazy, misty distance, after some anxious scrutiny. It is to be set in the foreground, where the rent veil, the resurrection, the Pentecost, apostolic preaching and apostolic teaching have already set it, that we may apprehend it as in the very light of noonday, and possess ourselves of it with all assurance.

“ Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins ” (Acts xiii. 38).

“ In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace ” (Eph. i. 7).



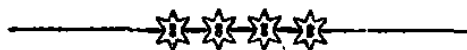
Eternal life, forgiveness of sins, salvation, peace and glory !

These, dear reader, are yours, if you but now come to Jesus just as you are, in all your sins, but confessing them at His feet, who died for you.

Will you not then turn to God in true repentance and faith in His word, and receive this blessing ?

“NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION”

DEAR READER,—Have you yet received the knowledge of salvation by the remission of your sins? This is a deeply personal and an all-important question. But if not, what then? Be still careless? God forbid! Come to Jesus now! You may never have another opportunity. Time is short. Life is uncertain. Eternity is at hand. The Judge is at the door. Think of your soul—how great its value! How awful its danger! Think of your sins—how numerous! How great! How aggravated! But all may yet be forgiven. God is love. Christ has died. Christ has risen. His blood cleanseth from all sin. *There is no limit to the power of the blood of Christ.* The Spirit of God is working mightily. God's people are praying for you, and God answers prayer. Thousands of souls are being saved—still there is room. Come, then, to Jesus. Come at once. Come just as you are. Come just now. Everlasting perdition may be the awful alternative of delay. Come in the firm faith of His own word—“Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.”



WILLIAM L——'S CONVERSION

WILLIAM L—— had a praying mother. When he was eighteen years old his father and sister were drowned. Great a grief as this was to the godly mother, a greater still lay upon her heart—her unconverted son. She pressed him about the need of his soul; but this, and the knowledge of her prayers for him, only brought him an uneasy conscience. At length, finding it unbearable to remain, and in the absence of a father's restraint, he resolved to get away to America. This he did at the age of 23, in the year 1857. Almost the first words addressed to him there were by a stranger, who said, "You are running away from your mother's prayers." Was not this a voice from God that reached him there? Determined to continue, he covered hundreds of miles in his wanderings, and though seeking rest he found it not. From one end of the country to the other he roamed, mostly on foot, and enduring much hardship. But God, who "speaketh once, yea, twice," gave further warning if unheeded. He was cutting wood with another man in a large forest, miles away from civilisation, and had only a waggon for sleeping place. Awaking one morning, about four o'clock, he found his mate moaning in agony, and without speaking a word the man died. As he

assisted in burying him there the old disquieting thoughts rose again, to be again dismissed.

Still he went on till he found himself penniless. Nothing was left in his carpet bag but an unused Bible, which his mother gave him at parting. It seemed foolish and useless to carry them farther, but with conscience still at work, bidding some kind of care for the treasure, he climbed a tree and there left the irksome burden high among its branches.

The great civil war was now threatening, and his thoughts turned to quitting America. With difficulty he worked his way to New Orleans, and the first ship he could board was for England. He had no money, but after a few weeks, the desire to return home growing more intense, he shipped in desperation as an able-bodied seaman. The fraud was quickly discovered, the mate being so enraged that he drew his knife and threatened to kill him. His consequent sufferings are almost indescribable, and after a six weeks' voyage he reached Liverpool in 1861. How like the prodigal he was! In rags, broken in health, in debt, and without money. But his spirit was unbroken, for though glad to let his mother know of his arrival, and glad to be brought home to Doncaster by the kindness of his brother, he gave an emphatic "No" to his mother's request that he should kneel with her in prayer.

For thirteen more years he was the subject of her prayers. Then, after attending revival services for some time, the Holy Spirit so convicted him of sin that he became quite miserable. He thought to ease himself by encouraging class meetings at his house; then by going to the penitent form; but these things did not, could not, bring him a step nearer salvation. He was five months in this condition, till early one morning, the 5th of March, 1874, previous to descending the coal mine where he worked, he read John iii. 16—"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Later, when he had almost finished his day's labour, and still in the bowels of the earth, he said, "I believe all that I am asked to believe." Immediately light flooded his soul, and a voice said to him, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace."

Is peace with God yours, dear reader? It can never be until you believe God's word as He caused it to be written. To the unconverted man, resting solely on the word of God appears like walking on the water! it is no support to him. But it is God's witness, and "heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away" (Matt. xxiv. 35). Open your heart to receive it in the simple resolve of faith. How can you doubt God?

To William L—— all things had become new. Nor was evidence wanting. Whilst in America he had become indebted to the amount of £35 in our money. When converted this gave him no rest till he had written and found out his creditors. Then he paid all—nineteen years after the debts were contracted. He has often prayed that the Bible he left in the forest might be used to someone's blessing. He is living to-day, over three score years and ten, and still has great delight in visiting the villages around his house distributing gospel books and tracts, seeking to lead others to the Saviour.

H. C. B.



“AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT”

REJECTERS of Christ; cold empty professors; foolish virgins; a few more words and tears for you. Think of these words, “And the door was shut.” What will this world be to you when that door is shut? What will be the value of this world's riches then? What pleasure will you find in sin then? What will the applause of men and the flatteries of Satan be worth then? Think, O think, dear reader; think seriously on that coming, solemn hour! Look that day in the face, and

tell me, what is there in the wide range of thy thoughts and visions worth having when compared with Christ? If Satan's world be thy choice here, Satan's hell must be thy portion hereafter. And oh, remember the time is short: the door will soon be shut, and shut for ever.

Haste, then, O thoughtless, careless sinner; delay not; forget not; but at once, and with thy whole heart, flee to Jesus. He is waiting to receive thee; ready to pardon thee; willing to save thee. He invites thee to come to Himself; hear then His voice of love—"Hear, and your soul shall live" (Isa. lv. 1-3).



"MY RESTING PLACE"

SHED not a tear for me,
O weep not that I die;
I am alone, where I would be,
In perfect peace I lie;
A refuge have I found through grace,
And Jesus is my resting-place.

The storms of life are o'er,
The conflict soon shall cease;
Doubts interpose no more—
Now I have perfect peace;
This refuge I have found through grace,
And Jesus is my resting-place.

His precious blood was shed,
Sin's deadly wound to heal;
To the full fountain led,
This perfect peace I feel;
This refuge I have found through grace,
And Jesus is my resting-place.

Nought else have I to plead,
No other claim to show;
In Christ is all I need,
His perfect peace I know;
That refuge I have found through grace,
And Jesus is my resting-place.

No painful thoughts annoy,
Jesus is ever nigh;
No fears disturb my joy,
In perfect peace I die;
This refuge I have found through grace,
And Jesus is my resting-place.

Shed not a tear for me,
Weep not that I am gone;
I am where I would be—
Before my Father's throne;
This refuge I have found through grace,
And Jesus is my resting-place.

M. J.



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Gospel Gleanings



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London :

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—
ONE HALFPENNY

WHO WAS RIGHT— THE BARRISTER OR THE BOY?

NINETY-EIGHT years of age ! and yet in the full possession of his faculties, and enjoying fairly good health ! But the end must come sooner or later, and the aged barrister to whom the opening remarks relate was conscious that to him the end must come *soon*. Was it to be wondered at that his mind, still clear and astute, turned to the future, or that he enquired of the daughter who sat by him, “ My dear, are you afraid to die ? ”

“ No, father,” was her answer.

Somewhat surprised, he enquired, “ Why not ? ”

“ Because I know my sins are forgiven,” she replied.

“ Impossible ! ” said he. “ No one can know his sins are forgiven till the judgment day,” and the old lawyer shut the matter up.

.

Within five minutes’ walk of the house where this conversation took place, on the same day, a class of poor children had gathered round their Sunday school teacher.

“ Some people tell you you cannot know your sins are forgiven until you die. Is that true ? ” she enquired. “ No, teacher,” resounded from all sides. “ Well then, when does a sinner know his sins forgiven ? ” she asked again. An instant’s

pause, and then clear and distinct came the voice of a little lad of eleven years : “ Teacher, when you kneel down *and tell God that Jesus died for you.*” And through that teacher’s mind floated the words, “ I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.”

But was the little lad right? “ Oh dear no, that will never do,” responded the solemn member of the Calvinistic Chapel hard by, to whom the teacher related the incident. “ There must be the experience and the Spirit’s teaching first. It is not so easy as all that.”

Of course there must be the Spirit’s teaching, but was not the child right and the elders wrong? For what saith the Scripture? There we have the touch-stone, the answer to every difficulty.

I wonder with which of the three answers my reader is mostly in accord? Forgiveness of sins is a momentous question for you and for me. Of sins we have a long black list, of thoughts and words and deeds, long forgotten it may be, and yet all to be brought out again in the day when God will judge the secrets of men. Forgiveness of sins ! Can it be known before that day? Is it possible to say calmly, as the barrister’s daughter did, and to know as a fact, that they are all forgiven? And, if it is possible, is it only to come

at the end of years, it may be of penance, or of prayer, of agony and wrestling, as the highest hope and greatest good attainable but by few? Or, can it be that the child after all “knew more than the ancients”? There is but one place where we may seek a direct answer to this all-important question. The God against whom we have sinned, and who alone has a right to pardon—has He spoken? He has, blessed be His name! Listen then to the words of His apostle, “Be it known unto you, therefore, that through this Man (God’s Holy One, Jesus, the Saviour) *is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins*, and by Him all who believe are justified from all things” (Acts xiii. 38, 39). God is proclaiming forgiveness. He is announcing it to all men! Do you believe Him? Do you ask how it is possible? “Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust” (1 Pet. iii. 18), and by Himself He purged (or made purification for) sins (Heb. i. 3). “We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins” (Eph. i. 7). And the same God who declares that “without shedding of blood is no remission” (Heb. ix. 22), now proclaims Himself just and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus (Rom. iii. 26). Further, John, the last apostle, says, “I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for *His name’s sake*” (1 John ii. 12).

Oh, yes, the child was right. "For His name's sake," because Jesus died and rose again, I am justified. Yes, "all who believe are justified." God says so. But what is it "to believe"? To tell *Him*—and if you are down before Him in the sense of your guilt and need, it will be no mere lip confession, to tell Him that Jesus died—not for everybody, which is indeed true; not for some people only—but for *you*. Yes, you, you, the sinner, with no claim but your sinnership—you, the individual sinner (who must stand to be judged by Him for all your sins, if you refuse His propitiation for sins). For you, for your sins, His Son has given Himself. Has my reader then bowed to the Saviour who suffered on the cross, and, confessing his sins at the Saviour's feet, acknowledged to God that Jesus died for you that you might live and be saved now and for ever? If so, you will prove the effect of the Spirit's work within you, and He will witness with our spirit that we are children of God. Then too shall we know the blessedness of the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given.

T.



THE TWO THRONES

WE want the reader to turn aside with us, for a few moments, and look at two thrones which are presented in the pages of inspiration;

one in the sixth of Isaiah, and the other in the twentieth of Revelation. We shall do little more than introduce them to his notice, in the very words of the inspired penman, and then leave him to muse upon those solemn realities, in the immediate presence of God.

1. "In the year that king Uzziah died, I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphim : each one had six wings : with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts ; the whole earth is full of his glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. Then said I, Woe is me ! for I am undone ; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips : for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

Here, then, we have something peculiarly solemn. We have the throne of God, and the effect produced by that throne upon the heart of a man of like passions with ourselves. It is a serious thing to find oneself in the presence of God—to see ourselves in the light of His throne—to hearken to the sound of a voice that could move the very posts of the door. This, truly, is real work. All

is laid bare here. Man sees himself in his true condition. He sees the deep moral roots of his being. He sees not only his acts, but his nature; not only what he has done, but what he is. He sees not only the negative but the positive; not only what he is not, but what he actually is.

Thus it was with Isaiah, when he got a view of himself in the light of the holiness of God. He discovered *himself*. He found out what he was, and the tale was easily told—the confession was brief, pointed, and profound. “Woe is me! I am undone.” This was the sum of the matter. It took in everything. It was no mere lip profession—no formal statement of an unfelt truth that “We are all sinners.” Ah! no; it was deep and thorough work. The depths were reached. The arrow had entered the soul. Isaiah saw himself, in the presence of the throne of God, an utterly undone man.

Now, reader, this is precisely the discovery which you must, sooner or later, make with respect to yourself. It is only a question of time. It may be days, months, or years, but the moment must come when you shall find out the truth as to your condition—when you shall discover that you, too, are “undone.” How dreadful to make this discovery when it is too late!—to find out that you are not only undone, but lost for ever!—to be obliged to give utterance to those accents of deep

and horrible despair, “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and *I am not saved!*”

But, mark, this need not be. The throne at which we are now gazing has a special feature attached to it—a peculiar fact connected with it. There is an altar near at hand. Thanks be to God for this precious, this consolatory fact! There is grace and salvation for the guilty and undone. The guilt which the light of the throne reveals, the grace of the altar removes. “Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar; and he laid it upon my mouth and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.”

What grace shines in all this! What mercy in the fact that we can now have to do with a throne which has an altar attached to it—a throne of grace! The Lord be praised! Oh! reader, we beseech thee come now to this throne. Come, just as thou art, all guilty and undone. Remember that grace is enthroned. This is a most weighty, telling, powerful fact. Grace is triumphant. “It reigns through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. v. 21).

2. But we must turn to another throne of which we read in Revelation xx. “And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there

was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, *according to their works*. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and *they were judged every man according to their works*. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. AND WHOSOEVER WAS NOT FOUND WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF LIFE WAS CAST INTO THE LAKE OF FIRE ” (vers. 11-15).

This is a throne of judgment. No grace, no mercy here. We look in vain for an *altar* in the vicinity of this throne. There is no such thing to be found. It is a scene of unmingled judgment. We have the claims of the throne—alas! alas! unanswered claims—without any of the provisions of the altar. “The *books* were opened”—those solemn records of the life and conduct of each. Yes, of each one in particular. There will be no such thing as escaping in the crowd—no getting off with mere generalities. The judgment will be intensely individual—awfully personal—“*every man according to his works*.”

Reader, mark the character of the judgment: “According to his works.” It is a fatal mistake to think that people will be judged *only* for reject-

ing the gospel. No doubt, the rejection of the gospel, wherever it has been heard, leaves people on the ground of judgment ; but the judgment will be, in every case, according to a man's works. The inspired apostle, most distinctly, teaches us, in Eph. v. 3-6, and Col. iii. 5, 6, that the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience, on account of certain sins which he specifies. In short, how plain, from scripture, that each one, "small and great," will be judged according to his works. Solemn truth ! Every one who dies in his sins—dies unrepentant, unconverted, unbelieving, will have to give an account of all his deeds. All will stand out, in terrific array, on the tablets of memory and conscience—all seen in the light of that throne from which nothing is hidden, and from which none can escape.

How dreadful to stand before the throne of judgment ! How many a "Woe is me !" will break forth from the countless myriads who shall stand before that throne ! But there will be no altar there ! No flying seraph ! No live coal ! No mercy ! No provision of grace ! What then ? "The lake of fire !" It cannot be otherwise, if the judgment is to be "according to every man's works." Fire unquenchable, and the never dying worm, must be the consequence with all who stand before the great white throne of Rev. xx. Men may deny this. They may try to put it from them.

They may reason about it. But all their reasoning, and all their philosophy, and all their learning, and all their criticism, can never shake the clear and solemn testimony of holy scripture. That testimony proves beyond all question, first, that those whose names are in the book of life, shall not come into judgment at all, because Christ was judged in their stead. And, secondly, that those whose names are not written in the book of life, shall be judged according to their works, and—appalling thought!—"cast into the lake of fire."

Oh ! beloved reader, flee, we beseech thee, from the wrath to come, and accept *now*, God's full salvation.



"TIME ENOUGH"

"A YOUNG lady lately came to me anxious about her soul. Her family, being all worldly and anxious to put her off thinking of religion, told her that, in the similitude—the householder and the labourers—of Matt. xx.1-16, the labourer who came in at the eleventh hour, received as much as those who worked from the beginning; from whence they argued that it was *time enough* for her when she became old, or was taken ill, to think of her soul."

Now, we can have little difficulty in tracing to its proper source this miserably false interpretation

and application of our Lord's solemn and beautiful parable. There is nothing about the soul's salvation in the passage ; it is a question of service. Our Lord is speaking to His disciples, who were already His own ; and He is shewing them that the most excellent work is that which is done without any reference to wages or reward, *as a motive*, but in the sweet assurance that the Master will give what is right.

What a fatal mistake to apply this parable to the matter of the soul's salvation ! And the idea of using it for the purpose of hushing the anxieties of an exercised conscience, is something perfectly shocking. There is a very wide difference indeed between a labourer in the Lord's vineyard, and a sinner in his guilt and misery. The former shall receive his reward according to his Master's sovereign goodness. For the latter, there is nothing before him but the eternal flames of hell—appalling thought !

But oh ! how dreadful to whisper in the ear of such an one, " Time enough ! " There is certainly no such word in the Bible, from beginning to end. It is Satan's opiate to lull souls into a slumber, which may be interrupted, in a moment, by the arrow of death. It is a poor thing to talk of old age or a lingering illness, for who can count on either the one or the other ? How little did those persons who, many years ago, stepped

on board the "Normandy" at Southampton, think that, in three hours, their bodies would be at the bottom of the ocean, and their souls in eternity! We know not the moment when the hand of death may snap the thread which connects us with this present scene of things. We may be called away without so much as a moment's notice. Who has got a lease of this present life? "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Alas! alas! it is to be feared that multitudes around us will have to exchange their slothful "Time enough" for a heart-rending "Too late!"

Reader, art thou one of those who say, or think if they do not say, "Time enough"? If so, let me entreat thee, most earnestly and solemnly, to hearken to a warning voice. Pause, for a moment, and consider. God says, "*Now* is the accepted time, and *now* is the day of salvation." No foundation, here, for "Time enough"; no, nor elsewhere in the inspired volume. To imagine that the call of labourers into the vineyard at the eleventh hour has aught to do with the soul's salvation, is, we repeat, fatally false.

Nor this only. It is at once dangerous and basely selfish to calculate upon old age or a death-bed repentance. There is not the slightest warrant for any such thing. And, even though there were, is it not truly contemptible to think of giving

the best of our days and the prime of our energies to the service of sin and Satan, and then, when death approaches, and we can no longer enjoy the world and gratify our desires, to think of turning to Jesus? Is He not worthy of the best of our days, and all our powers? Shall we live for self and the world as long as we possibly can, and reckon upon looking to Christ when the king of terrors shall approach.

What sayest thou, beloved reader? Dost thou see the baseness and the folly, the fallacy and the danger, of all this? If so, then we call upon thee, most urgently and solemnly, to come *now*, just as thou art, to Jesus. Fling far away from thee Satan's "*Time enough*," and act on God's "*Now*." Be assured there is no time to be lost. Every step you take, in your present course, is a step in the direction of "the lake of fire that burneth with brimstone." Oh! do come, this moment, to that gracious Saviour who stands, with open arms, ready to receive all who come to Him, and who has said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out."

Oh, haste! Oh, haste! make no delay,
 At once to Jesus come;
 Remember! *now's* the accepted day,
 Oh, enter while there's room.



A SUDDEN CHANGE

(LUKE XVI.)

How sudden!—in one moment the scene changes. Now clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day: but death comes—and what then? In a moment the whole scene is changed. From royal robes and kingly fare to the depths of misery in hell, where worlds could not purchase one drop of cold water. “The rich man died and was buried.” His funeral may have been as stately as his life; but, “in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.” Long before the pompous ceremony was over, his eyes were opened to his awful state. What a change for him! But alas! alas! it is his last change! He is fixed now for eternity, and he knows it. His eyes are opened. They were willingly closed against the truth in time, but he can close them no more for ever.

Unbelief may now dream about the punishment of the wicked not being eternal, but the false dreams of time will have no place in the lake of fire. “Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?” is the bitter wail of the hypocrites, or false professors in Zion (Isa. xxxiii. 14). They own it as now their *dwelling* place; the bitter wail can fall on no ear of mercy now—can bring

no hand to help—yet in hopeless agony they still cry, “Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?” Oh! that awful word—that heart-rending thought—“*dwell with everlasting burnings.*” Better far be as a poor Lazarus with faith in Christ, than a rich man without it, though possessed of all the wealth of this world.

What a change for Lazarus, and how sudden! Near the rich man’s gate he used to be laid, full of sores. What a contrast! The one faring sumptuously, and attired in purple and fine linen; but alas, without God—he lived for himself. The other, a poor beggar—loathsome, in poverty, in suffering, friendless. But he believed God and lived for Him. A change comes, and suddenly the beggar dies. Nothing is said about his funeral, perhaps he had next to none. But, he “was carried by the angels unto Abraham’s bosom.” The once rich, but now poor, man “in hell lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom.” Reader—O reader—which will be thy place—thy future—thy eternity? Let Christ be thy happy choice *now*—thy loved portion—thy rest—thy confidence. He died for sinners such as the rich man and Lazarus—such as thee and me—but only they who put their trust in Him are saved. *Blessed*, BLESSED, BLESSED, are all they that put their trust in Him!