

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

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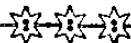
T WESTON, 53, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1910.

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Gospel Gleanings



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London :

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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

HOW MR. SPURGEON FOUND CHRIST

“**I** HAD been above five years in the most fearful distress of mind, as a lad. If any human being felt more of the terror of God’s law, I can indeed pity and sympathise with him. Bunyan’s “Grace Abounding” contains, in the main, my history. Some abysses he went into I never trod; but some into which I plunged he seems to have never known.

“I thought the sun was blotted out of my sky—that I had so sinned against God that there was no hope for me. I prayed—the Lord knoweth how I prayed; but I never had a glimpse of an answer that I knew of. I searched the word of God; the promises were more alarming than the threatenings. I read the privileges of the people of God, but with the fullest persuasion that they were not for me. The secret of my distress was this: I did not know the gospel. I was in a Christian land; I had Christian parents; but I did not fully understand the freeness and simplicity of the gospel.

“I attended all the places of worship in the town where I lived, but I honestly believe I did not hear the gospel fully preached. I do not blame the

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men, however. One man preached the divine sovereignty. I could hear him with pleasure; but what was that to a poor sinner who wished to know what he should do to be saved? There was another admirable man who always preached about the law; but what was the use of ploughing up ground that wanted to be sown? Another was a great practical preacher. I heard him, but it was very much like a commanding officer teaching the manœuvres of war to a set of men without feet. What could I do? All his exhortations were lost on me. I knew it was said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"; but I did not know what it was to believe on Christ.

"I sometimes think I might have been in darkness and despair now, had it not been for the goodness of God in sending a snowstorm one Sunday morning, when I was going to a place of worship. When I could go no further, I turned down a court and came to a little Primitive Methodist chapel. In that chapel there might have been a dozen or fifteen people. The minister did not come that morning; snowed up, I suppose. A poor man, a shoemaker, a tailor, or something of that sort, went up into the pulpit to preach.

"Now, it is well that ministers should be instructed; but this man was really stupid, as you would say. He was obliged to stick to his text,

for the simple reason he had nothing else to say. The text was, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." He did not even pronounce the words rightly, but that did not matter.

"There was, I thought, a glimpse of hope for me in the text. He began thus: "My dear friends, this is a very simple text indeed. It says 'Look.' Now that does not take a deal of effort. It ain't lifting your foot or your finger; it is just 'look.' Well, a man need not go to college to learn to look. You may be the biggest fool and yet you can look. A man need not be worth a thousand a year to look. Anyone can look; a child can look. But this is what the text says. Then it says, 'Look unto me.' 'Ay,'" said he, in broad Essex, "many on ye are looking to yourselves. No use looking there. You'll never find comfort in yourselves. Some look to God the Father. No: look to Him by-and-by. Jesus Christ says, 'Look unto me.' Some of you say, 'I must wait the Spirit's working.' You have no business with that just now. Look to *Christ*. It runs, 'Look unto me.' "

"Then the good man followed up his text in this way: "Look unto me; I am sweating great drops of blood. Look unto Me; I am hanging on the cross. Look; I am dead and buried. Look unto Me; I rise again. Look unto Me; I ascend; I am sitting at the Father's right hand. Oh, look to Me! look to Me!" When he had got about that

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length and managed to spin out ten minutes or so, he was at the length of his tether. Then he looked at me under the gallery, and I daresay, with so few present, he knew me to be a stranger. He then said, "Young man, you look very miserable." Well I did; but I had not been accustomed to have remarks made on my personal appearance from the pulpit before. However, it was a good blow struck. He continued: "And you will always be miserable—miserable in life and miserable in death—if you do not obey my text. But if you obey now, this moment, you will be saved."

"Then he shouted as only a Primitive Methodist can, "Young man, look to Jesus Christ." There and then the cloud was gone, the darkness had rolled away, and that moment I saw the sun; and I could have risen that moment and sung with the most enthusiastic of them of the precious blood of Christ, and the simple faith which looks alone to Him. Oh, that somebody had told me that before! Trust Christ, and you shall be saved. It was, no doubt, wisely ordered, and I must ever say:

'E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy wounds supplied for me,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall for ever be.' "

C. H. S.



THE CRY OF A BROKEN HEART

“CREATE in me a clean heart, O God ” (Ps. li. 10). Verse 17 tells us that this was the cry of a broken heart, one convinced of God’s requiring truth in the inward parts, yet finding nothing there but evil. It is not the consequences of sin that appal, but the sin itself ever before him. Has another shared his sin, and again another been wronged by it? It is as nothing to the one thought that outweighs every other—the sin is against God. “Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned.” This heart had thought itself capable of a little good maybe, but the last spark of hope is quenched by an awful outbreak of evil, as the letting loose of waters. It stands revealed like a boundless reservoir of pollution. It knew that every outflowing channel had hitherto been only the gall of bitterness ; there is no hiding now that the whole is corrupt. Its thoughts were only evil continually, itself deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

What a discovery ! The heart a great store-house of evil inclinations, only needing suggestion and temptation to turn desire into sinful action. Or a secret den where its likes and dislikes plot the dishonour of God. So the spirit is mortally

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wounded and cries to God. Through fear of the punishment of sin, the terror of the Lord may make the soul cry out in anguish; such is not the end of the way of repentance.

Here is that profoundest grief, utter disappointment with self, the discovery "I am not worthy," after searching the heart in vain for the least good. The soul knows not where to turn. There is nowhere to turn—but to God. It may only be a glimmer of hope, the heart saying, "If I perish, I perish," as it presents its need where only death is deserved. How welcome the gospel to such a one! It remains not doubtful whether He will show favour. "The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him," even that "God is love."

Do you, reader, recognise your own true need of this "clean heart"? Have you exhausted yourself and your resources in fruitless efforts to bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Thank God! this is the time that the soul, at its wit's end, comes to itself.

Awaking sadly from the sleep of folly and vain dreams is not yet to awake without hope. There's a refuge in God. Reformation of the carnal heart may not, cannot be; it is changelessly at enmity against God. But God can *create*. None ever cried from the depths, "Create in me a clean heart, O God," and was not heard.

He purifies the heart by faith (Acts xv. 9), even so that the Holy Spirit may abide there. So it was with Cornelius, the Gentile, and his friends, whom religious prejudice would have excluded from the blessing. If none but He can create a clean heart, who can resist Him when He does so? Peter found it impossible. God is more gracious than the best of men; His loving-kindness is amazing, above the thoughts even of His servants. He who is able, is also willing to cleanse without respect of persons.

Reader, fix your eyes upon the Crucified. "To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43).

As the artist thrusts his subject to the foreground of the canvas, but paints it last, this concluding verse of the record of Peter's preaching to Cornelius and others is the prominence of his gospel picture. You have seen the dark background—the judgment to come, and the sin that occasions it. See now the Anointed of God, powerful and holy, healing all that were oppressed of the devil, yet slain, and hanged on a tree. He died for you. The penalty of the sin that distresses you He paid.

"He bore, that we might never bear,
Th' Almighty's righteous ire."

Will you not mark well the precious "whoso-

ever ”? “ Through his name, whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.”

Looking to Him and believing, God will purify your heart. Nought shall separate you from His love. The submission of faith to accept what He has done, the heart obedience to God’s call to believe in Him will give you to be filled with gratitude and love that shall bind you for ever to Him. Having freed you, He will go before you in the way, and you shall follow Him. His word will be your law, your perfect law of liberty. Living by Him, you shall live for Him. Your heart purified will have no happiness except in pleasing Him. Is not this what you seek?

T. D.



HOW TO GET PEACE

“ And such were some of you ; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God ” (1 Cor. vi. 11).

ONE great principle interlines Christianity—salvation. When a soul is in its right place before God, resting on redemption, there is at once salvation and blessing. Some think a visible change must take place ere they can “ read their title sure to mansions in the skies.” But no, all is done, all settled, and we have only to enter into the enjoy-

ment of it. There is a direct line from the dust of the sinner up to Christ. There are difficulties until we get there, but the very moment you are in the dust, helpless and hopeless, then there is a direct line to a triumphant Saviour, to a risen Christ. There all is settled and never can be unsettled; the soul that is once there can never lose its place.

The reason so many have unsettled peace is that they have not got to the bottom of self; they are occupied too much with their own state and feelings. The Holy Ghost will not occupy a sinner about himself, though he will shew him his sins. I get no peace whilst looking at myself. Looking within keeps me from the enjoyment of the peace which Christ has made *by the blood of His cross*. And *He* who has entered into the glory of God, having found eternal redemption, is now my peace. Look then away from self to Christ. He has made atonement for our sins, and so completely, that He has now sat down at the right hand of God. Why is He there? Because His work is done. What work? The bearing of our sins. The ground of peace is what Jesus Christ has done; and His blood cleanses from all guilt the soul that believes on Him. Further, I am brought into the presence of God whiter than snow through the efficacy of His death for me—where there is no condemnation. For I am there in all the acceptance of Christ

Himself, and shall never come into judgment, as Christ Himself has said (John v. 24).

Another reason believers do not enjoy peace is that they have a legal mind, a mind that is still under the sway of the law, that has not got rid of the legal principle. The legal mind reasons up from itself to God instead of from God to itself. I am delivered from law as a principle before I can enjoy peace. A man who is under the law has lustings and law workings until he is brought free from all through free grace—then all is victory. Law takes the legs from under the sinner, grace takes the legs from under sin. All this will enable you to see the fulness and beauty of this verse 11 (1 Cor. vi.). The 9th and 10th verses are a picture of what some of the Corinthians had been up to the moment the grace of God reached them. Every intelligent reader will be struck with the force of the monosyllables of scripture, as the little word “*not*” in Rom. iv. This little word “*But*” is the line of demarkation between a sinner in his sins and a sinner saved. It shows the great difference between the two. Every soul stands on one side or other of this “*But*”; there is no half and half, no neutral ground. Make it an intense question which side of the apostolic “*but*” am I? Don’t say, I hope; I am striving to be on the right side; the only way is to be sure. Take your true place; acknowledge yourself spirit, soul, and body,

that you are ruined and undone. When you *are* there, what is it but that you are washed, etc.? Every soul that trusts in the blood is as white as the snow from heaven, as white as the blood can make it. When once God puts into your hand the cup of salvation He never withdraws it. You may fail to enjoy it; fail to drink the blessings which He has provided. "But, ye are washed." Who washed you? God. God has washed every believing soul in this assembly.

Then He says, "Ye are sanctified." This sanctification is the setting apart to God at once for ever, of the believer, at his conversion, and is as complete a thing before God as the justification. Here "sanctification" and "justification" are both put together. As is the one, so is the other—both are perfect. Many say, I know I am justified, but my sanctification is not complete; and think they are left here to complete it and get themselves fit for heaven. The devil succeeds in darkening souls immensely. On what authority does man take out this important word "sanctification"? It is as much the fruit of free grace as justification, and I have it all in Christ. The moment you truly turn to Him in faith you are taken from one side of the "but" to the other, and you are sanctified, and justified. As thus sanctified and justified, the believer is henceforth to walk as such, as a child of God, indwelt by the

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Holy Ghost, and this is practical sanctification or holiness which we are to pursue every day. And this will be growingly manifest in my walk as I look to the Lord Jesus. He is my life, and my object. Henceforth, for me to live is Christ. My desire in all things is now to please Him because I *am* His, and not in order to *be* His. The craft of the enemy is to rob you of peace. But Christ is our peace (Eph. ii. 14); as well as made unto us "righteousness and sanctification" (1 Cor. i. 30); and He is in the presence of God for me, in heaven, where all is sure. It may be compared to a parent who, when his son is leaving for school, furnishes him with a trunk in which he will find everything he can possibly need. So the believer has Christ, and in this precious casket I see all I require. I am complete in Him. Fit at any time to enter into the presence of God. "Giving thanks unto 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 his dear Son; in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins" (Col. i. 12-14).

C. H. M. (1862).



PEARLS IN DUNG-HILLS

IN 1866, in a room in a corner of a block of wretched buildings in Dundee, a weekly meeting for the preaching of the gospel was commenced. . . . The first convert was the most abandoned woman of the place. . . .

Helen S——, a vile, hopeless profligate, was one night missing. Her sister and another woman went out into the wilderness of lanes, courts and slums in search of her, but nowhere in any of her haunts could she be found. At length, in the middle of the night, she was found in a gutter, prostrate, all but dead. She was carried home, and laid upon her sister's bed, for she had no bed of her own.

As she lay there she was compelled, for the first time, to listen to the voice of prayer and praise, and to the simple story of redemption through the blood of Christ as a little homely meeting was being held in an adjoining room.

Helen S—— was deeply moved by what she heard. A week passed, her convictions deepened. . . . In the course of conversation with her, light from heaven dawned upon this benighted wanderer. "I have found the Saviour!" she suddenly exclaimed. She threw her arms around her visitor's neck, and broke out in loud praise

of her newly-found Saviour. . . . Soon she found a home of her own, which became the trysting-place of all earnest souls. . . . When she was received into church fellowship, I asked her some questions.

“ In those wild days of yours, Helen, were you happy? ”

“ Perfectly miserable, sir. Burnin’ coals in my breast a’ the time.”

“ What did you do to get rid of your misery? ”

“ I just made good resolutions, sir; I kent (knew) no better.”

“ You tried to turn over a new leaf? ”

“ A new leaf! Oh, yes; I am sure I turned over as many new leaves as would make the biggest book in the world; and bonny leaves they were. Each one was blacker than the other.”

“ Your resolutions did not stand? ”

“ Oh, how could resolutions of a sinner like me stand? They were like rotten tow in a blazing fire. It was a case of trying to cheat the devil with his own cheating silver.”

“ Did you never pray for help? ”

“ I could not pray, I durst not pray; but I made my wee lassie pray a little prayer she had learned somewhere. But when I came home the worse for drink, the poor bairn would look up in my face with an awful sad look, and say, ‘ Mither, we won’t say our prayers this night.’ I knew what

she meant, and it went to my heart like a knife, and I could bear it no more."

"What did you do then?"

"Oh, well, sir, one day I took this bit of a Bible" (here she showed me a boardless fragment of the Scriptures), "and I laid my hand on it, and swore a terrible oath that I would never taste drink again."

"How did you get on after that?"

"Ah! sir," replied Helen in a deep undertone, "that night was the worst night of all."

"What! Did you violate your oath?"

"Oh, yes, sir! It was no better than chaff in a storm of wind. A hundred oaths would have been all the same."

"How did you feel then?"

"I felt I had sold myself clean into the hands of the devil, and was lost altogether. Oh, if I was ever near"—Here she paused, deeply moved.

"How did you do after that?"

"Oh, sir!" replied Helen, with a voice full of dignity and feeling, "I just came to Christ, drink and a', and the first taste I got of His love in the pardon of my sins, the liking for the drink gaed (went) clean awa', and never came back."

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

Gospel Gleanings



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ONE HALFPENNY

“I NEVER KNEW THAT WAS IN THE BIBLE”

THE late Mr. Moody tells the following incident which took place during the American Civil War :—

“ After the battle of Murfreesboro, in the Civil War, I was stationed in the hospital. For two nights I had been unable to get any rest, and being really worn out, on the third night I had laid down to sleep. About midnight I was called to see a wounded soldier who was very low. At first I tried to put the messenger off, but he told me that if I waited it might be too late in the morning. I went to the ward where I had been directed, and found the man who had sent for me : I shall never forget his face as I saw it that night in the dim, uncertain candle-light.

“ I asked what I could do for him ; and he said that he wanted me to ‘ help him die.’

“ I told him I would bear him in my arms into the kingdom of God if I could, but I couldn’t ; and then I tried to preach the gospel. He only shook his head and said :—

“ ‘ He can’t save me ; I have sinned all my life.’

“ My thoughts went back to his loved ones in the North, and I thought that even then his mother might be praying for her boy. I repeated promise after promise, and prayed with the dying man ;

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but nothing I said seemed to help him. Then I said that I wanted to read to him an account of an interview which the Lord Jesus had one night while here on earth with a man who was anxious about his eternal welfare; and I read the 3rd chapter of John, how Nicodemus came to the Master.

“ As I read on, his eyes became riveted upon me, and he seemed to drink in every syllable. When I came to the words, ‘ As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up : that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life,’ he stopped me and asked—

“ ‘ Is that there? ’

“ ‘ Yes,’ I said.

“ ‘ Well,’ he said, ‘ I never knew that was in the Bible. Read it again.’

“ Leaning his elbows on the side of the cot, he brought his hands together in a firm grasp, and when I finished, he exclaimed—

“ ‘ That’s good. Won’t you read it again? ’

“ Slowly I repeated the passage the third time. When I finished, I saw that his eyes were closed, and the troubled expression on his face had given way to a peaceful smile. His lips moved, and I bent over him to catch what he was saying, and heard in a faint whisper, ‘ AS MOSES LIFTED UP THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS, EVEN SO MUST

THE SON OF MAN BE LIFTED UP : THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE ETERNAL LIFE.'

"He opened his eyes, and said, 'That's enough; don't read any more.'

"Early next morning I again came to his cot, but it was empty. The attendant in charge told me the young man had died peacefully, and said that after my visit he had rested quietly, repeating to himself, now and then, that glorious proclamation, 'WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE ETERNAL LIFE.' "



"EXCEPT!"

THIS word means much in the word of God, and we should not glibly pass over it. Let us consider, then, three passages where this word occurs.

1. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke xiii. 3, 5). Without repentance before God man, alas! must perish! Sin has so taken his heart away from God that unless repentant, he desires not the knowledge of God's ways. Instead of his face Godward, man has turned his back upon God; and if honest he must confess with the prophet Isaiah that "all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own

way ” (chap. liii. 6). It is therefore imperative that he repent, which not only means that he should be sorry for his sins, and seek for forgiveness, but that he should turn completely round from following the inclination of his own will, and seek God, with a desire to do His will. God looks for repentance towards Him, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. The blessing that comes in response to sincere repentance can only be bestowed in and through the Lord Jesus Christ, for it is His meritorious death and triumphant resurrection and ascension into glory that has made it possible for God, as a just God and a Saviour, to receive those who truly seek His face.

Without this repentance there can be no salvation ; and the Lord Jesus here solemnly warns that except ye repent, ye shall perish. Again, “ 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 ” (Acts xvii. 30, 31). The lost in hell will be there because they have crossed the threshold from time into eternity, *unrepentant* ! How solemn is this ! O reader ! I implore you to ponder it now before God.

2. “ Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God ” (John iii. 3). Why the necessity of a new birth ? We need a new life if we are to dwell for ever in the presence of God,

for God is holy and man is sinful and unfit for heaven. Death has "passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. v. 12; vi. 23). This proves man's hopeless plight by nature, and his terrible exposure to the just sentence of death. The impending sentence cannot be averted, but by the substitutionary death of Another. Blessed be God, a Substitute *has* been found in the adorable person of His own Son, for His death has secured the gift of everlasting life for all who believe.

"Ye must be born again" are the words of Him who came to seek and to save the lost. Do you ask what it means to be born again? Listen. The soul passes from death into life, and is saved, when believing God, and the testimony of His word to the divine efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. Not only born again, it is saved when it confides wholly in the propitiation for our sins made by the Son of God on the cross. Believing on God who justifies the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. "Marvel not—ye must be born again!"

3. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3). This truth, dear reader, is bound up closely with the truth of repentance. I own that it is considered an old-fashioned notion! Men no longer talk of conver-

sion, and even the pulpits of the land are filled with those who shrink from pressing this upon their audiences, from fear of offending. But the word of the living God stands true and binding as when first written—"Except ye be converted!" Sometimes, when tendering the question to those around us, "Have you been converted to God?" you meet with the retort, "I have always been converted!" But, dear reader, this is not true, for by nature we all are the children of wrath, even as others, and there must be conversion to God, to be entitled to enter into the kingdom of God. Oh! how many are lulled to slumber in a Christless condition of soul, falsely satisfied with the externals of religion, remaining unpossessed of the sweet blessings that belong to those who sincerely repent, and are converted to God. To receive the gift of God is to have now everlasting life through Jesus Christ our Lord. My reader, you must repent, or you will perish everlastingly; you must be converted, or born again, or you will never enter the kingdom of heaven, nor can you ever see God's kingdom!

Oh! don't be led away with the Satanic delusion that the word of God is played out. Professed ministers of the truth may lay themselves out to pander to the desire for false comfort and security, existing in the hearts of most of their congregations, by withholding these faithful utterances of

the word of God, but God has not withdrawn them. And must not God be true, though every man a liar? Consider then this word "Except." May God lead *you* to repentance, that so, hating your sins, you may flee to the Saviour who died for our sins, and who was raised again for our justification.

W. G.



"THREE SENSIBLE TEXTS"

"WE don't know what to call him, ma'am," said a poor woman to a lady visiting her, as they together admired the fortnight-old baby lying in his bed. "My husband's name is Tom, but my eldest boy is called after him." Her friend suggested other members of the family, and then the conversation turned on the awkwardness of several people bearing the same name, especially when living close together.

"This makes me so glad, Mrs. —, that when God speaks to us in His word He does not put your name or mine. If He did, we might think He meant some one else who bore the same name, but when God speaks to you and me He calls us by a name we must own to—'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*' (1 Tim. i. 15). That is your name and it is mine, and it

is a good thing if we put in our claim, and say as a little boy of four said, 'That means me.'

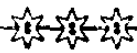
"But there is another word that we cannot get over, and that is the word 'Whosoever.' Let me read you three verses which all have that word in them, and I will begin backwards, and read its last occurrence in the Bible first." Opening the book on the last page, she read, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). "You know if you were very thirsty, and there is the water-tap downstairs, you would go and get a glass of water and drink: it is free for you to do so. And God says, 'Whosoever will'—whosoever wants to—'let him take the water of life *freely*.' But there is another 'whosoever' not far off. Ah, here it is—Rev. xx. 15—'Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.' Mrs. —, your name and mine are in one of those two verses. If we have taken the water of life (and thank God, I took it over thirty years ago!) our names *are* in the 'book of life'; but 'whosoever' every one else whose name is not there, shall be cast into the lake of fire. It must be the water of life or the lake of fire for everyone. 'Whosoever,' I, you, and everyone else, are included in those verses.

"But here is another text, '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). Here is the secret of God's invitation. He so loved, that He *gave*—gave His Son to be the Saviour, to bear His judgment against sin, so that ' whosoever '—your name and mine again—' believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' ”

The poor woman had listened seriously and solemnly, but all she said was, “ They are three sensible verses, ma'am.” Probably she used the word incorrectly, and without understanding its exact meaning, but her visitor only replied, “ They are sensible verses indeed. If this house were on fire, and the fire escape were outside, and some one absolutely refused to avail himself of it, what remains but to be burnt to death? And when God has provided such a Saviour and such a salvation at such a cost to Himself, if sinners will not accept it, what alone can remain for them? ‘ How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?’ ” Reader, in which of these three verses is *your* name found?

T.



BUT WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

SOME years ago one of H.M.S. on the East Coast of Africa sighted an Arab dhow, and being suspicious that she was engaged in the slave trade, a boat was despatched to make sure. The Arabs

saw the boat approaching, and knowing it was impossible to get away with their vessel they ran her ashore; when, instead of the Arabs getting away and leaving their vessel with her living freight, it was observed by those giving chase that the poor slaves were as anxious to get away as the Arabs themselves. The British sailors succeeded, however, in rescuing some of the slaves, and then discovered the reason why the poor deluded slaves made such efforts to get away from their would-be rescuers. Their cruel captors, the unmerciful Arabs, had told them that their pursuers were cannibals, who, if they succeeded in catching them, would certainly kill and eat them—a sufficient reason for their terror and haste to make good their escape.

One could understand a person of feeling, on reading such a narrative, being filled with indignation and pity—indignation at the cruel deception of the Arabs, and pity for the poor deceived Africans—little dreaming that, if an unbeliever, he is the subject of worse deception, and in the power of a more merciless and ruthless foe than the Arabian tyrant. The word of God informs us that Satan, the god of this world, is a liar. “When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it” (John viii. 44).

We meet him first as the subtle serpent in the garden of Eden, when, by his insinuation and lies,

he aspersed the character of God, and got man to believe that he would be a better friend to him than man's infinitely good Creator. So man, believing the lie, abandoned God and all His goodness, and became the bond-slave of his worst foe, and without the power to escape therefrom. The enemy insinuated that if God had loved Adam as He ought to have done He would not have withheld the tree of knowledge of good and evil from him! But what is the truth? God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Was ever love like this? Believing Satan's lie brought the fall, with all its fearful consequences. Believing the truth saves the soul, and gives eternal life with eternal glory.

The great adversary of God and man has an endless variety of lies to ruin souls, and to keep them from the Saviour. He tells one that God is morally indifferent to good and evil. But what is the truth? Instead of being indifferent to sin, sin is so obnoxious to God that nothing was adequate to meet His holy claims, or to clear man of his guilt, but the sacrifice of His beloved Son. The cross is the eternal testimony that God loves the sinner, but hates his sins. And if your sins are not absolutely forgiven, upon the ground of the atonement, eternal judgment for your sins will be your portion.

Another of Satan's deceptions is, that God is exacting, "hard," "austere," and thus seeks to fill the soul with despair. But what is the truth? Listen to the recorded utterances of the One in the bosom of the Father, who declared Him. "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Listen again to His lament over Jerusalem, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." Yet again, listen to that prayer going up from Calvary, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Once more, listen to the apostle Paul, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech by us, we pray in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

Another ruinous deception is that there is time enough yet. But what is the truth? God is certainly longsuffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. It is, however, to be observed that while God's

mercy endureth for ever, His longsuffering has a limit. He waits to be gracious, but He will not wait for ever. "When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, many will seek to enter in and shall not be able" (Luke xiii. 24-30).

O poor sinner, be warned of Satan's deceptions; think of thy guilt, and helplessness, and peril; and remember that God is a Saviour God, and His beloved Son will meet thy every need if thou only look to Him now.

J. A. T.



"NOTHING TO HOLD ON TO"

"IT is related of an atheist who was dying, that he appeared very uncomfortable, very unhappy, and frightened. Another atheist who stood at his bedside said to him—

" 'Don't be afraid. Hold on, man; hold on to the last! ' "

" The dying man said, ' That is what I want to do; but tell me what to hold on to! ' "

" Alas! the hypocrite's hope shall perish! Every man knows there is a God. Many know that God has spoken and does still speak to man through His word; and that word is the Bible. Herein is revealed a Saviour who died the just for the unjust. Here is made known God's sure

foundation—the Rock of Ages—and whosoever believeth in Him shall never be put to shame. He is the only, but all-sufficient Saviour, saving to the uttermost all that come to God by Him.”



THE DAY I FOUND MY SAVIOUR!

Drear all and constant chafing,
 Like some dark raging sea,
 So void of hope and comfort
 Wrought o'er my soul in me;
 Till His blest words of mercy
 Spake to my heart at last,
 The day I found my Saviour!
 And all my madness pass'd.

O precious, heavenly message!
 O words of tenderest grace!
 As if e'en while I heard them
 I saw His blessed face.
 Yea, and the more I harken'd,
 The heavens seemed ope above,
 And all the world around me
 O'erflowing with peace and love!

I mind me of the soothing
 At once that o'er me fell;
 But the full peace and gladness!
 All words must fail to tell;
 For 'twas a new creation—
 No mending of the old—
 The day I found my Saviour,
 And all His grace untold!

Oh! as I learn'd the wonder
Of all His love to me,
Threefold seem'd grown the splendour
That stream'd o'er land and sea;
And yet no dazzling radiance,
But clearer eyes that saw,
The light my soul still filling
With mingled joy and awe.

I've read of joy in heaven,
Mid all the sons of light,
Just as some soul is rescued
And won from sin's dark night;
And, sooth, are blessed angels
E'er circling near since then—
The day I found my Saviour,
Who died and rose for men.

While touch'd by all earth's sorrows,
Tho' less to earth akin,
I feel me each day nearer,
E'en nigh the gates within;
I seem to hear the voices
Still singing as they sang,
The day I found my Saviour,
And my new life began!

O change from gloom and sadness
To light and joy and peace!
O depth! O height! O boundless
Grace that never can decrease!
In Christ all fulness dwelling,
Lo, those that are His own,
E'en as His life partaking,
To share His glorious throne.

To Him who hath redeem'd me,
And wash'd me in His blood,
Who found me lost and wandering,
And brought me home to God;
To Him be deepest homage!
To Him be highest praise!
All blessing, might, and glory,
Thro' everlasting days.

E. H. II.

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

Gospel Gleanings



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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

BOUND FOR JUDGMENT; or LOOSED FOR LIBERTY

BOUND FOR JUDGMENT

NEEDLESS to say that all the Lord's parables are not only striking, but are intended to unfold truths of the deepest importance. The marriage of the king's son is one of them. God's purpose is to celebrate in heaven the marriage of the Lamb, and hence He sends forth His servants to call those who were bidden to the wedding, but we read "they would not come." This was the way that Israel treated God's loving invitation when Christ was here, and this is still their attitude, although redemption is an accomplished fact, since Christ has died and risen again.

God's super-abounding grace, however, is not thwarted by man's opposition, and hence other servants went forth with the good news that "all things are ready; come unto the marriage."

Positive refusal, however, at the first, and utter indifference now still mark the Jew; and for nineteen centuries the story of redeeming love has rung in their ears almost entirely unheeded. Spite of God's own words, "I have prepared my dinner; my oxen and fatlings are killed," the Lord Himself tells us how His grace is treated: "They made light of it, and went their ways."

Alas ! how true it is that men, both then and now, are all too busy with this world's passing dreams to take the smallest interest in, or care for the future. So one goes to his farm, another to his merchandise, and money becomes man's idol, which he fondly worships, while his soul, through neglect, is perishing. Not only this, but God's faithful servants who took the message of His love to these careless ones, were themselves spitefully entreated and slain. But when the king heard it he was wroth, and sent forth his armies, and destroyed these murderers and burned up their city (Matt. xxiii.).

But is God's abounding grace to find *no* response in this poor, dark world, where His own Son was Himself foully murdered and crucified by wicked hands? Nay, nay; the rejection of their Messiah by the Jew was but the occasion on God's part for the display of still further grace to the Gentile. Hence fresh servants are sent forth by the king, and this time the highways and hedges are searched that as many as are found, whether good or bad, may be invited to the marriage.

Dear reader, has not this loving invitation many a time rung in your ears? How are you treating it? Is it that you positively, and openly, reject God's grace; or are you utterly careless and indifferent? If you live, or die, in either of these conditions, there is nothing left for you but eternal

sorrow with only yourself to blame. Others, of all sorts and conditions, will most surely be found at that heavenly marriage, but the question for you is, "*Shall I be there?*" Forget not, however, that if you would be there, one condition is absolutely essential; and that is, you must personally wear the wedding garment provided by the king, which is His own free gift, and must be worn by every guest.

The hour draws nigh; and when the wedding was duly furnished with guests the doors of the banqueting hall open, and the king comes in. What a festive scene it is, and all in honour of the king's son! But, lo! a sudden change ensues, and a solemn silence creeps over the assembled company, as the king's eyes are suddenly arrested by the presence of "a man who had *not on a wedding garment.*"

Could there be a greater insult to the king than this, when all was free and when his love had not only spread the feast but provided the very garment which alone was suited to himself on such an occasion? Solemnly fell the words from the king's lips, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" And he was speechless. How could it be otherwise? Detected in his folly, and left without excuse, he is quickly sentenced. "Bind him hand and foot," is the king's command, "take him away and cast him into

outer darkness ; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

How infinitely solemn is the whole scene, and, oh, how unspeakably awful the sudden change from light to darkness ! Such, however, must necessarily be the certain doom of the mere professor ; and these are they who, in their folly, prefer something of their own to the garment of divine righteousness, which all must wear who will hereafter be found at the heavenly marriage of the king's son. " Bound for judgment " by the king's decree, the lifeless professor goes to his true home, which the Lord calls " outer darkness." Reader, *will you be there?*

LOOSED FOR LIBERTY

How vast is the contrast between the joy of a wedding feast, and the silence of the tomb ! Both appeal to our hearts, but, oh, in what a different way ! As regards the death of a believer, however, Scripture calls it " sleep " ; and, in the case of Lazarus Jesus says, " I go that I may awake him out of sleep." Yet whenever the " Prince of life " asserted His power, death was compelled to yield its prey. How wonderful are all the ways of Jesus, and how various !

Was not His word all-sufficient to prevent death when the nobleman's son was about to die in Cana of Galilee ? On the other hand, the little twelve-year-old daughter of Jairus had already expired

before the Lord reached the house; but as those gracious words, "Talitha cumi," fell from the lips of the Prince of life, death released its prey, and the damsel arose, and received food. On yet another occasion how sweetly blended were divine sympathy and power as the funeral procession of the widow's son passed out of the gates of the city of Nain on its way to the tomb. That tomb, however, was not reached that day, for the lonely widow's tears were dried by the comforting words of the Saviour; and, oh, the joy that filled the mother's heart as she beheld her only son restored to life and arising from the bier, responsive to the divine command of the Prince of life.

Such is Jesus, at whose word and touch sorrow and death alike flee away, and well may we rejoice as we read those precious words, "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." Yet, in obedience to His Father's will, and that the Son of God might be glorified, He, who is the "Resurrection and the Life," permits two days to elapse before He goes to Bethany. Weeping with those that weep, and fully entering, in His divine sympathy, into all the sorrow of those He so dearly loved, the Man of sorrows, groaning in spirit, draws near to the grave where His friend Lazarus slept. Giving thanks to His Father, the voice of the Life-giver breaks the silence, and as those mighty words, "Lazarus, come forth," burst from

His lips, the corrupting body, which had then been dead four days, leaves the cave, to the intense joy of the two dear sisters' hearts.

Thus death again is overcome by the Prince of life, for "he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin." "Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go." Life indeed is sweet, but liberty is sweeter still; yet, how many there are to-day who possess the one but not the other. To walk about, however, in spiritual grave-clothes seems strange indeed for those who will presently appear at the marriage of the king's son, robed in that royal garment of divine righteousness which the king's love has promised now for all who are willing to put it on. Yokes of bondage and legal doubts and fears are the spiritual grave-clothes which are seen on many to-day; but is it not better to "stand fast in that liberty wherewith Christ maketh free"? A risen Christ is now the believer's life; but peace, joy and liberty are what characterise the presence of the indwelling Spirit of God, who works in the hearts of all those who follow His teaching and guidance.

S. T.



ALL THE WORK IS DONE

How wonderful are God's ways of grace with man, and how perverse are the ways of man left to himself ! How significant are the words of Luke xiv. : " They all with one consent began to make excuse " ! We there see that if God did nothing beyond providing everything and inviting, not one of the human race would respond. How long He has lingered over this poor world, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance ! Yet the gospel, with all its sweet compassion, is still being pressed upon the poor sinner, in its simplicity, suitability and sufficiency.

We were sinners needing pardon, and the blood of Jesus Christ, God's beloved Son, was shed to bring it to us. " Without shedding of blood is no remission " (Heb. ix. 22). We were polluted by sin, and the only thing that could cleanse us was the same precious blood (Rev. i. 5). We were dead towards God, and God so loved that He sent His only begotten Son that we might live through Him (1 John iv. 9). Our every need was perfectly known, and God in His own perfect way provided to meet that need in all its vastness, for His own glory and the satisfaction of His own boundless love. But, oh, the cost to His beloved Son ! who can ever fathom ? To the saved those measureless sufferings will supply an infinite theme for eternal

praise and worship. His own heart will be gratified, for He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied. Yea, a joy transcending a creature's power to know, has resulted to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost (Luke xv.).

God has provided a great supper, in connection with which ALL THE WORK IS DONE. The Lord Jesus who did the work said Himself, "It is finished." The provision is perfect and everything is supplied, worthy of God and suitable to man—fallen, sinful, helpless man. There is nothing to do, nothing to pay, nothing to bring, nothing to promise. God Himself says, "Come, for all things are now ready." Could you imagine that God in this or anything else could be unreal? Could He do anything useless, or unworthy of Himself? No, no; be assured that here is something as free as the air we breathe, waiting for the sinner's response, quite gratuitous—all of grace, free, wondrous grace — "without money, without price."

Here is everything you need: purgation for the soul's guilt; peace for the convicted conscience; satisfaction for the longing soul; an infinite object for the heart and mind; eternal blessedness, eternal glory. Only come! simply receive! How can you question God's love or God's character? How can you doubt the sufficiency of Christ's infinite sacrifice? How can you draw back from such

grace and mercy? Do you think it possible that God will fail a soul that takes Him at His word? Oh, our wretched, unbelieving hearts! How they do distrust God, and still He waits to be gracious! What forbearance, what goodness, what long-suffering!

Surely this should lead to repentance! All down these nineteen centuries the Holy Ghost has been bringing in the guests, and "yet there is room." Yes, room for those who are on the highway to hell! Room at the gospel supper, room at that blessed feast of love, room in the Father's house on high.

Oh, friend, despise it not, nor make a vain excuse, but COME! Come as you are, with all your guilt and need, and, accepting His gracious bounty, just thank God and bless Him, and praise Him at once and for ever. Amen.

J. A. T.



THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR AND HIS SCEPTIC WIFE

"**Y**ou knew her," he said to me, "you knew, too, how happy we were together. Perhaps you did not know, nor did I at the time, that my darling Emily, when I married her, was an unbeliever! She had been carefully taught by her mother to disbelieve even the existence of a God,

and, in that house, from sister and mother, no word of prayer had ever ascended upwards. Sadly had Emily's mind been led astray. . . .

“ One day I asked her to accompany me in a visit to a dying young person, a member of my Sunday Bible class. The sufferer was reading the word of God, her own Sunday-school Bible. As we entered her room, an unearthly brilliancy sparkled in her eyes, a bright hectic flush mantled on her worn cheeks.

“ Emily sat down by the bedside of the dying girl. It was evident that the hour of dissolution was not far distant. I opened my Bible and read a few verses. ‘ And I saw a new heaven and a new earth ; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away ; and there was no more sea. . . . And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write : for these words are true and faithful. And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give

unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. But the fearful, and unbelieving'—a suppressed sob burst from Emily. Her pale face showed a deep emotion as I ended with the solemn words, 'shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death.' 'Inherit all things,' 'such is your blessed portion,' I said to the poor dying one. Oh, how great a contrast to those who shall have their part in everlasting woe!

"As we were returning from the dying girl's home, I said to my wife, 'Emily, have you ever thought of the difference between the believer's and the sceptic's deathbed?' . . . You may imagine the joy of my heart when, one day after this, Emily came to my side, and putting her arms around me, said, 'Darling Rob, will you pray with me now, and for me?'

"She began to study the life and character of the Lord Jesus, as revealed in the Gospels, and gradually that divine Saviour therein revealed rose in all His glorious beauty before her mind. . . His heart of loving tenderness, His endless compassion, His deep yearnings for the poor, wandering soul. . . .

"Her health, which had never been very strong, began to suffer. Her mother asked her to

spend a few weeks at their house for change of air, and at last she went, feeling herself much weaker. When I went over to the house, after a few days' necessary absence, I felt shocked at the great change that I perceived in Emily. The doctor said that it was a rapid decline, and he gave me no hope of her recovery. He was a good old man, and the morning he asked me to speak to him in the drawing-room for a few minutes, I cannot forget the manner in which he looked out at the window, as though regarding the flowers beneath, and then turned abruptly to me.

“ ‘W.,’ he said, ‘ your dear wife’s time here is, I fear, very short now. All things are possible to God.’

“ I sat down. A deathlike icy sickness grasped my heart. I burst into tears, and the old man stole silently away. When I entered her room, she looked up wistfully into my face. ‘ Rob,’ she said, ‘ tell me what the doctor said of me. Tell it all.’ I put my arms around the poor, fragile form. ‘ My darling,’ I whispered, and I began to weep. ‘ Yes, Rob, I see it now. He says that I must die. Darling Robin,’ she said, and she put up her poor, thin, worn hand, and wiped away my blinding tears. ‘ Don’t cry for me. Thank God, it is all right with my soul. JESUS HAS WASHED AWAY ALL MY SINS IN HIS OWN PRECIOUS BLOOD.’

“ One night—it was the last—the fire was burn-

ing low on the hearth, and I knew that my darling was dying. I was resting on the bed, sitting with my arm round her, when I heard her faintly whisper, 'Robin, raise me up.' I lifted her up, and the dim light of the candle fell upon her poor, pale face. 'Robin,' she whispered, 'Jesus has come for me now.' And then an indescribable gleam of love shot into her poor, waning eyes, and she threw her wasted arms around my neck.

" 'Oh, my darling,' she said, 'thanks be unto God that ever I met you—thanks be unto God that He has blessed you to save my soul by showing me JESUS. I am pardoned, darling. "COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST." I see Jesus,' she said, 'He calls me. Goodbye, my own darling.' She kissed my lips with such a yearning love, and then her head fell back. I laid her down. A sweet smile was on her lips. I stooped down, and heard her faintly whisper, 'Jesus'! And then I knew that my darling was dead."

R. W.



"But we see JESUS, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man" (Heb. ii. 9).

THOUGH I BE NOTHING

" My Father, can I learn so hard a task? "
 " You must. No more, my child, of you I ask
 Than He has done—
 ' My well-beloved Son! ' "
 " Must I be nothing? Must I nothing do? "
 " Nothing, my child; Christ has done all for you.
 You cannot buy—
 The price is all too high.
 Freely I give,
 Only ' Believe and live. ' "
 Enough! Give Thou the humble heart and I consent.
 Oh, make me nothing, and therewith content.
 My gain is loss,
 My trust is in the cross.
 Hold me; I'm weak, I fall;
 Be Thou mine all in all.
 Here give me, Lord, some quiet place,
 Where I can work, and yet behold Thy face.
 While Thou shalt bid me stay,
 Keep my feet steadfast in Thy way;
 They must not tire
 Till Thou shalt bid me " Come up higher ";
 I will be nothing still,
 That Christ alone the heaven of heavens may fill.
 Yet set me, Lord, a little glowing gem
 Upon His diadem,
 To shed my tiny ray,
 Among the splendours of His crowning day;
 Though unperceived, I still should like to shine
 A tribute glory on that brow divine.

And let me raise
 One little note of praise,
 Though hardly heard among the myriad voices
 When the redeemed church in Christ rejoices,
 That it may blend
 With angel hallelujahs that ascend,
 A lowly offering to my Saviour friend.
 Lord, I am nothing : Christ in all must shine,
 Do with me as Thou wilt, for I am Thine.

E. J. A.

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—
ONE HALFPENNY

THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN

IN the year when Queen Victoria was crowned the subject of this narrative first saw the light of day. His parents, who were in very humble circumstances, belonged to that class spoken of as “rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him.” In those days reading and writing were almost unheard of amongst poor villagers, and I am told that the boy’s parents did not learn to read until after their conversion.

It may appear strange to speak of “conversion” on the part of any one being unable to read the word of God—the Bible; but in their case, most evidently, faith came by hearing. They heard the gospel and believed the good news, so that ever afterwards their lives were bright in the conscious knowledge of the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, Lover and Friend. No mere, dry formality seems ever to have entered their lives; all was fresh and real.

The lad of whom we write, being the eldest of the family, had to go out to work when about seven years old, and was engaged by a large sheep owner as shepherd-boy, and was delighted to take home each Friday evening the one shilling and sixpence which represented his week’s work. As time rolled along his mother used often to read to

him those wonderful Bible stories about shepherds, until he began to feel quite proud of being himself a shepherd boy. As for the wonderful Book itself, who can tell the real value of it to that family? To the boy it was spelling book and dictionary combined, as well as the Book through which he believed God did really speak to those who lived in this world. His father used to speak of it as God's word settled in heaven, and a great impression of its wonderful contents was felt by the boy when listening to his father reading the last chapter of the prophet Malachi.

At that time a deluded would-be prophet was stirring the minds of many by affirming that in six months from a given date the end of the world would come. This announcement troubled the boy very much, not because of any conviction of sin, but because he had not experienced in himself any such change as the Bible stated must take place before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come. Young as he was, there was a kind of belief in the Book, and a fear that it would be sad for him.

Time passed, and this prophet's words proved worthless; but that which is of God remains and will be verified in its due time. Grace was then, as now, reigning, and it had taught the boy's parents to tread the heavenly road and also how to pray. Their own souls had been often glad-

dened and enriched from above through that which they had learned of God; and it was this which they sought to leave as an inheritance to their children.

Our shepherd boy was the subject of many prayers, and this seemed to call forth from the enemy of all good, his special force against what had been implanted by godly parents. For although studious and thoughtful, and accounted a "good boy," yet no sooner had his mother passed away than all that seemed to have moulded his character vanished, and his godly father's heart was filled with grief because of him. Nevertheless, a lasting impression was made on his mind, when his dying mother, after the singing of a favourite hymn, said,

"Jesus does make my dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on His breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Then, as if gazing into heaven itself, she spoke of heavenly light, and her happy spirit entered into rest. Her last words, "*Light! Light!! Light!!!*" thrilled the boy in a way he never forgot. His mother's God was a reality, but to him everything seemed blank. Hard thoughts of God filled his mind, and his own words written by him after his eyes were opened may give some indication of his after-course. "I strayed just like a

silly sheep. I strayed from counsel good. I often fell along the slippery path of sin. I fell near to a watery grave—near to an open hell; but God was even there. My life was preserved, and now through Jesus' precious blood my soul is saved."

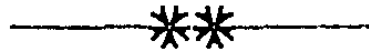
This covered a period of about ten years, during which he joined H.M. service as a soldier, and being smart he earned quick promotion and became drill-instructor. "Who would have thought," said he, "that the shepherd boy from the Wiltshire downs would ever be on Dover heights drilling the sons of English noblemen?"

But there he was, puffed up through his position by day, and drawn down by night, into those Satanic dens—the music-halls and dancing saloons—along to destruction.

There is one outstanding incident in his career which must be mentioned. When stationed at the old Anglesea Barracks at Portsmouth he received the news from home that a Mr. Mann, of Trowbridge, was to preach in the chapel at Portsea. The son wrote to his father a letter intended to flatter him and to stop this inconvenient spiritual solicitude for him. Before sending it, however, he offered to read it for the amusement of his comrades. Standing on the great iron barrack-room fender he commenced to do so, when in an instant the laughing ceased, for the fender pitched forward and the head of the strong young man was

fixed to the spiked point of the burning grate. He was quickly removed to Portsmouth Hospital and his life despaired of. When spoken to about his father, his conscience was terribly troubled, and he asked that if he died they would let it remain all untold, as he felt so unworthy of such a father. But God in mercy preserved and brought him back to his praying parent.

(To be continued)



FOUR IMPOSSIBILITIES

1—"IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR GOD TO LIE"

THE word of God declares that "All things with God are possible"; and yet that "It is impossible for God to lie." Hence the eternal importance of believing all that God says; for to doubt it is to make Him a liar. Let us weigh then His words, "Be still, and know that I am God." Again, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else." Not to believe this, is to be involved in everlasting sorrow, for "He that believeth not shall be damned." The slighting of God's word in the garden of Eden brought upon man universal ruin; and the Saviour declares, "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day."

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Now, when God promised aged Abraham that he should have a son, He kept His word, and “Abraham staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief . . . being fully persuaded that what God had promised He was able also to perform.” In due time, Isaac was born. A few years rolled away, and God, in order to test Abraham’s faith, told him to take his son, his only son Isaac, when but a lad, and offer him up for a burnt offering on mount Moriah. Abraham immediately obeyed, and came to the place which God had told him of. There he built an altar, laid the wood in order, 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, when lo ! a voice from heaven, “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.” A ram, caught in the thicket, proved the divinely provided substitute that day, and Abraham received back from the dead, in a figure, the much-loved son he had surrendered to the God who had given him.

This was faith indeed, and it brought its bright reward. For “the angel of Jehovah called to Abraham out of heaven the second time, and said, By myself have I sworn, saith Jehovah, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not with-

held 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."

Thus, by two immutable things—His word and oath—God confirmed His promise to Abraham, and has ever since been proving to all His creatures that "it is impossible for God to lie." Hence, whenever a soul is really converted, that soul, on the principle of faith, enters two families at the same moment—the family of God and the family of Abraham. For, "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise."

"God is not a man that he should lie, neither the son of man that he should repent. Hath he said, and shall he not do it; or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" All lies spring from Satan, for he is the father of lies; but all God's promises are "yea and amen" in Christ, who is "the truth"; and "faith" in every age sets to its seal that God is true. Now, by God's unalterable word and oath, is offered "strong consolation" to all who have "fled for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and sted-

fast, and which entereth into that within the veil. Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made a high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.”

Just as the manslayer of old found refuge from his pursuer, when once within the city gates, so doth the trembling believer find salvation to-day in the person of that living Christ who, as Son of God, and great high priest, has passed through the heavens, and sits in triumph at the right hand of God. Let us then doubt no more, but receive this gracious message from His own lips, “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.”

S. T.



REDEEMING THE TIME

THE following beautiful incident is related of Dr. Adoniram Judson, the well-known American missionary to Burmah, who laboured amongst the Karens during the early part of last century. He died in 1850.

“One evening a characteristic scene occurred. Announced to address an assembly in a provincial town, and a vast concourse having gathered from great distances to hear him, he rose at the close

of the usual service, and, as all eyes were fixed and every ear attent, he spoke for fifteen minutes, with much pathos, of the precious Saviour—of what He had done for us, and of what we owed to Him. And he sat down, visibly affected.

“The people are very much disappointed,” said a friend to him on the way home; “they wonder you did not talk of *something else*.” “Why, what did they want?” he replied; “I presented the most interesting subject in the world to the best of my ability.” “But they wanted something different—a story.” “Well, I am sure I gave them a story—the most thrilling one that can be conceived of.” “But they had heard it before. They wanted something new of a man who had just come from the antipodes.”

“Then I am glad they have it to say, that a man coming from the antipodes had nothing better to tell than the wondrous story of Jesu’s dying love. My business,” he went on to say with great animation, “is to preach the gospel of Christ; and when I can speak at all I dare not trifle with my commission. When I looked upon those people to-day, and remembered where I should next meet them, how could I stand up and furnish food to vain curiosity—tickle their fancy with amusing stories, however decently strung together on a thread of religion? That is not what Christ meant by preaching the gospel. And then, how could I

hereafter meet the fearful charge, ' I gave you one opportunity to tell them of ME; you spent it in describing your own adventures? ' "

Oh, the value of an immortal soul ! And oh, of how much more value is the Saviour's death that we might be brought to God now, and live, and serve, both now and for ever. Never so stupendous a gift as God's giving His only begotten Son ! And He waits now to give eternal life to the poor sinner who will but come just as he is, and receive the gift of God.

" If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." Will you not come and receive?



"PEACE WITH GOD"

" I THINK it is of great importance to observe that the blessing expressed in these words is not a *feeling*, but a *fact*—a fact altogether independent of our feelings.

" God has a controversy with sinners. We sometimes hear it said, that He cannot look upon sin but with abhorrence. The teaching of the word is, that *He cannot look upon sin at all*. So long as I am chargeable with it, I must stand at a distance from Him. I can have no intercourse or fellowship with God.

“ What am I to do? How is the controversy to be ended? Here it is :—The controversy is ended the moment I am justified; ‘ being justified,’ that very moment ‘ we HAVE peace with God.’ ”

“ What is it to be *justified*? I take it that it is just to be in such a position that God, looking on us, sees nothing in us that He can condemn.

“ THAT implies that I have made a thorough atonement for every sin I have committed; and, further, that I have yielded a perfect obedience to all the requirements of His holy law.

“ Have I ever done that? Ah! no. Can I ever expect to do it? The thing is impossible. Then I am lost. Yes, assuredly, that is my position.

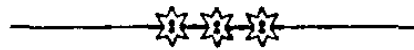
“ But now comes the cry :—Is there no one in the universe who can do for me what I never can hope to do for myself? And the gospel of God’s grace quickly brings me the answer :—Yes, there is such a one, and His name is JESUS. It was the very purpose for which He came into the world. By His life He fulfilled all righteousness truly, and by His death He poured out His soul an offering for sin.

“ But how can I make all this my own? The word of God has but one answer : it becomes ours BY FAITH. I can know of the work of Christ only on the testimony of God. That testimony I believe. That work meets my deepest and truest needs, and is offered me as a gift from God. I thankfully

receive it. It is as sure as the word and the oath of Him who cannot lie can make it; and therefore, with calm assurance, I rest upon it.

“ And now, what is my position? Accepting this gift from the hand of God, it becomes forthwith my own—mine, and it can never be taken from me; mine, as truly as though I had done the whole work myself, atoned for my own sin, yielded personal obedience to the law of God. God sees nothing in me now that He can condemn. I stand forth before Him, spotless as His own Son. And so I can now say, and I say it with unspeakable joy: ‘ *Justified by faith, I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.* ’ ”

W. P. M.



“**NOTHING ELSE WILL DO**”

“**T**HERE were three men handcuffed, guarded by policemen, in a third-class railway waiting-room, waiting for a train to come to take them to the gaol. The room was rather crowded. One was a respectable looking young man, who evidently felt his position deeply, and a tear rolled down, which with handcuffed hands he could not wipe away, so he concealed himself as best he could. A lady stepped forward and asked him kindly how he came to be in such a position. It was the old story—not a drunkard, but had taken

a little too much, fell asleep, leaving his horse and wagon, was summoned, sentenced, and fined £1 2s. or a week's imprisonment, and being unable to pay, was on his way to gaol. 'If I pay the fine for him,' said the lady to one of the policemen, 'would he be allowed to go free?'

" 'Certainly, madam,' the man replied; 'we have no business to keep him a moment, if the money was paid down.'

" 'Unfortunately I have not my purse with me, and have but a small sum; will you take this ring instead? It is worth a great deal more than 22s.'

" 'I cannot, madam,' said the officer; 'the ring may be worth many times the fine, but we must have Queen's coin, *nothing else will do.*'

" 'How am I to help you, then?' turning to the young man, she asked. 'The train will have started before I can get my purse, and I have nothing more with me!'

" 'The man's brother is here,' one of the policemen said; 'he has 9s., perhaps you could make up the sum that way.'

" 'Yes, they could—and the fine was paid, partly by these contributions; *and then* the prisoner was told that he might *go free*, because the law had been satisfied. At first it seemed too good to be true; but as the fact dawned, he turned to the lady and said, '*Oh, what can I do for you!*'

" 'You who read this, is *your* debt paid? God

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says, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' Your *life* is the price of your liberty, and how are you going to pay? The law demands your life as the *only coin*. Tears, or prayers, past or future, will never wipe out what you owe. Truly you may say—then what must I do to be saved?

"Though the greatest sinner on the face of the earth, God is able to save you, for Christ died on Calvary that we might live. We deserved death, He laid down His life for us.

"Suppose another man offered to give his life for you, to die in your stead, it would be of *no* avail, for his life is also forfeited for his own sin; but the Son of God, who was without sin, came into the world to die for us. Yes, and He did so—and God is waiting for you to claim Him as your Saviour. Cannot you do it now, and thank Him?

"That Christ died on the cross few attempt to deny; but until you come to claim what He has done thus in becoming *your* substitute, yes yours, it profits you *nothing*."



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BE OF GOOD CHEER

When troubles rise like angry clouds,
And sweep across our sky,
There comes a message from above,
"Be of good cheer, 'tis I!"

When woes, like raging billows, burst,
And shipwreck seemeth nigh;
Above the storm that voice we hear,
"Be of good cheer, 'tis I!"

Though sorrows deepen all around,
And death itself draws nigh,
Yet, o'er its waters dark, He speaks,
"Be of good cheer, 'tis I!"

Though love grows cold, and faith be weak,
To Jesus let us hie,
And prove the comfort of His words,
"Be of good cheer, 'tis I!"

When Satan doth his very worst,
And darts around us fly,
"Faith" lifts her shield, and Jesus says,
"Be of good cheer, 'tis I!"

When traitors to God's truth arise,
And men believe a lie,
Amidst our tears Christ speaketh still,
"Be of good cheer, 'tis I!"

"A little while," and, lo! He comes
In triumph from the sky,
Joy fills our hearts, that voice still rings,
"Be of good cheer, 'tis I!"

S. T.

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

Gospel Gleanings



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London :

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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN

(Concluded)

WHEN he reached his home the Wiltshire villages were again being stirred, but not now by the crazy predictions of a self-appointed prophet, but by the mighty work of God's Spirit in the hearts of poor sinners. It was the revival times, a revival not in word only, for in very deed new life through God's Holy Spirit was spreading its freshness and beauty far and wide. A weekly paper, then called "The Revival," was regularly telling the story of the irresistible force of God's grace in its subduing power through the word preached. It was the very springtime of new life where only darkness and death had been manifest. Not only was it clearly seen that sinners were being converted to God, but that, like a river the force of God's love in those who had received it, was in all freshness flowing through them to others; and as the gospel net was everywhere bringing up its objects of mercy out of darkness and sin, into the warmth and light of a Saviour's love, eyes were opened to the holiness of God, and hearts touched by His great love to sinners. Such men as these, instead of tampering with sin, shrank from their former ways and habits. Those who had been foremost in the service of Satan

were found now amongst their companions, clothed and in their right minds, telling, and showing by their lives, what great things God had done for them, and in their God-given ability standing up for Jesus, owning and confessing His blessed name.

This was the state of things into which the soldier lad found himself brought when he arrived again at the old home, and he disliked it so much that the folks there felt deeply the cold contempt with which he regarded them. An incident will illustrate this. One evening a preacher had been invited to take tea at the father's house, when in walked the young man. His looks so affected the preacher that calling the father aside he sought to be excused from staying, giving as his reason the wild defiant look of the son. "But," said he, "what we seem powerless to touch, we can ask God to do."

Accordingly, some little while later the father invited a few praying people to his house, and at the hour of prayer the young man, unconscious of the gathering, opened the door of the cottage and walked in. Before he could retrace his steps a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the kindly voice of one of the company sounded in his ears, "Stay with us; we love you, and God loves you."

By this simple, tactful means he was induced to sit down in a corner. A hymn was given out,

and the words which were so heartily sung by the assembled company made a deep impression upon him.

“Thou God of grace our Father,
We now rejoice before Thee,
Thy children we, and loved by Thee,
'Tis meet we should adore Thee.”

Then it was that for the first time he felt himself exposed before God and among His people as a sinner too deeply dyed to think of forgiveness. All was very real now. God loved those people, and those people loved God; and he—words cannot describe his feelings. “It seemed,” said he “as though the eyes of their Father-God were fixed on me.” He was filled with shame, and nothing could keep him in their company as he realised his sinful state. He went up to his bedroom only to feel more keenly his condition in the sight of a sin-hating God. His past mis-spent life passed in review before Him, and, for some days, remorse filled his mind. He thought of none now so much as those whom he had before despised. As for his former life and his old companions, all was like a blank. It was himself—what *he* was that mattered now.

Christian friends talked to him of the forgiveness of sins; but it was himself—a sinner—that troubled him. No amount of forgiveness could meet what he realised himself to be. He could see

nothing before him but banishment from God and from His people ; and to aggravate his condition the enemy instilled into his mind the idea that he was a " son of perdition," and therefore bound to perish. Not knowing any other like himself, despair now filled his soul. Being at this time back in the fields, he determined that he would see for himself what the Bible he had so long neglected said about it. So making his way home he took up the Book, but instead of his eye resting upon the " son of perdition," it fell upon a slip of paper which told of the Saviour's death for the worst of sinner as that which enabled God to justify the one who believes in Jesus. It was all of God to just meet his case.

His father, whose words had seemed of no effect before, wondering at the change, at once embraced him, saying, " Thy mother's prayers are answered ; thy soul is saved," and both of them fell on their knees together. There the Holy Spirit not only touched the hard heart, but the eyes were opened and Christ was endeared to the heart as his personal Saviour. From this time the presence of God with His people became a reality to the young man, and his delight in their company made it evident to all that he had passed from death unto life. His Bible, too, was now in general use amongst his fellow-workmen, as during the intervals of rest allowed in the field-work, he interested

them in its blessed contents, shewing how he himself had been delivered from the cruel bondage of sin into the happy liberty and service of love which he now enjoyed. E. T.



FOUR IMPOSSIBILITIES

2—"IMPOSSIBLE . . . TO RENEW THEM AGAIN
UNTO REPENTANCE "

PERHAPS no part of God's word has been more commonly misunderstood than the nine opening verses of Heb. vi., and many sincere souls have failed to grasp their solemn meaning. We must, however, distinguish between mere "profession" and "possession." To "profess" Christ, as thousands do, is one thing, but to really "possess" Him as a personal and loving Saviour is quite another. The Hebrew Christians were, however, just emerging out of the dark shadows of law, ordinances, and Jewish ritual; and, as the cross of Christ is, in God's account, the moral end of man in the flesh, they had to be taught the immense contrast between Judaism and Christianity. Alas! how many true believers there are to-day in gross darkness through not understanding the difference between the privileges of the Jew of old and the "better things" which grace has now made the common birthright of all Christians, through Christ's death and resurrection.

It is evidently impossible for there to be either growth or fruit-bearing apart from life in a risen Christ, and hence how solemn is the condition of those who are content to be found in a place where God's Spirit is acting, and yet, spite of privilege and light, still remain only mere "professors." Lest any one should be deceived by a prevalent error that a real child of God may be yet lost eternally, the Scripture above referred to clearly points out the amazing difference between the heaven-refreshed land which bringeth forth herbs and receiveth blessing from God, and that which, bearing thorns and briars, is rejected and "nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned."

The herbs, meet for those by whom they are dressed, represent the beautiful fruits of His grace, whereas the thorns and briars are the worthless fruits of the unrenewed heart. How appalling that any who were once enlightened, who had tasted of the heavenly gift, been made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and "tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come," should yet turn their backs on Christ and abandon the substance to go back to the shadow. To go back to Judaism, however, in any shape or form, and give up Christ and the gospel, would be to crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame; and, for all who deliberately did this, there could be no hope.

Simon Magus is a strikingly solemn instance of how far outward profession may go without the real knowledge of God. Privileged to be in the full blaze of gospel light, and a witness of the mighty power of God's Spirit, not only in the ousting of demons and the healing of many who were palsied and lame, but also in the conversion of souls, yet was he, after all, nothing but a mere "professor." His belief was mere head-belief, and was not the faith of a poor, lost sinner who had sought and found a Saviour. His subsequent baptism was but hypocritical pretence, and the empty bubble of his false profession quickly burst when he wanted to buy the Holy Ghost with money ! Peter's answer furnished ample proof, if needed, of the true condition of this religious sorcerer. "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter, for thy heart is not right in the sight of God . . . for I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity."

Surely here was a living sample of the soil that brought but thorns and briars ; whereas in the case of the enquiring eunuch of Queen Candace, whose interesting conversion is recorded in the same chapter, we have the things that accompany salvation, he having received blessing from God.

Sad indeed is it to think of the awful doom which

awaits every mere professor, and hence the utter impossibility of “renewing unto repentance” those who, having been within the privileged circle of responsibility, where God’s Spirit works, and tasted, perhaps with joy, some measure of God’s goodness, and witnessed the display of His mighty power, yet have then deliberately forsaken Christ; and, after knowing the way of salvation, have made shipwreck on the shores of eternity, with no possible means of recovery. Thus we learn how possible it is to taste the good word of God, as did Simon Magus, and yet not be quickened by it; possible to be resting only on law and ordinances for salvation, while refusing the Christ of God. And for all such there is nothing left but the blackness of darkness for ever!

Reader, wilt thou be found among those whose end is to be burned, or take refuge now in the finished work and precious blood of Christ, and thus receive, through God’s abounding grace, the abiding blessing He so freely gives? S. T.



SAVED FROM H.M.S. “SERPENT”

THE sad disaster of the loss of H.M.S. *Serpent*, off Cape Finisterre, on 8th of November, 1890, is still fresh in the memory of many, when only three out of 176 living souls were saved from an awful death.

It was my privilege to listen to one (probably now the only one) of the survivors telling the tale of his merciful deliverance, and I trust that the narrative here given may prove a blessing to all who now read it.

Leaving Plymouth Sound on the 6th November for her station, everything went well until the night of the 8th. It was a dark night and the sea rough in the Bay of Biscay, when, just after eight o'clock, a light was reported. Thinking this was a ship, the "Serpent's" course was altered to clear, but before anyone was aware she found herself on the rocks of the Spanish coast. The sea was so tremendously great that those on deck were almost immediately washed overboard, whilst some made for safety in the rigging, but only, alas ! to be soon lurched into the boiling surf and drowned. Listen now to the words of the survivor himself.

"I was coxswain of the lifeboat—the other two survivors were lifeboat's crew. I was thrown into the boiling surf, and lifted by the sea several times on to the rocks, and then carried off again, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces. Death with all its awfulness came before me, and, with it, all my past wicked and sinful life. I thought of my dear old mother in the little country cottage at Egg Buckland, and could see her as plain as possible praying for her boy. I then cried to the Lord to *have mercy on me*; and He heard my cry and

delivered me when I was just exhausted. A heavy sea then landed me on to a high rock where I could cling to a ledge, and there I stuck with the waves dashing over me and round about me, until I found the waters had turned and left me dry. I then took off my lifebelt and laid down and slept until the morning."

Thus was Fred Gould mercifully delivered by an unseen hand, and brought safe home again, in answer, shall we not say, to a mother's prayer?

Time rolled on, and Fred forgot the goodness and mercy of our God. But God, however, did not forget him, but some three years ago, led him to a little Mission Hall in Clare Street, Plymouth, to hear the gospel of God's saving grace. There God the Holy Spirit convicted him of sinning against the very One who had shown such love and mercy to him; and, praise God, he was led to repentance. Then he saw the great love of God in giving "*His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" Then he saw why he was saved from the wreck of the "Serpent"; and Fred believed that night as never before, confessing that Jesus was his Saviour and Lord. Thus he was saved the second time from "that old serpent" called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world (Rev. xii. 9). He now considers it a great honour to speak of the mercy of God, and to praise the Lord Jesus Christ

for His love and goodness to him, and invites you to

“ Believe God’s wonderful love,
Believe God’s wonderful love.
Salvation is free ; God sends it for thee.
Believe God’s wonderful love.”

Hear his testimony : “ I thank God, through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, my Saviour, that I have been brought from death unto life, and am persuaded that He is able to keep me from falling, and to present me faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. And He enables me ‘ to study to show myself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed ’ (2 Tim. ii. 15). I have found Him to be a dear loving Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”

Dear reader, do you know this wonderful Saviour? Do not put off thy soul’s salvation any longer, but remember that God declares,

“ The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I’ll never, no never, desert to its foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I’ll never, no never, *no never* forsake.”

“ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

C. H. C.



ON A SHOEMAKER'S BENCH

SUPPER was ended, but we were still sitting around the table, as indeed the most convenient place in the little apartment, threshing out certain questions which we had partly met together for the purpose of discussing. Then the conversation turned on personal matters, and the Lord's gracious dealings with one and another of us, either as to the soul's first awakening, or the later deliverance from the mists and confusions of human systems into the full light and liberty of the gospel. In the course of these narratives, one of our little party told his story, which, as correctly as I can, I shall now repeat.

“ It was neither in church nor chapel,” he began, “ nor anywhere else under the preaching of the gospel when the arrow of the Lord entered my soul. But one day, when sitting on my shoemaker's bench, the question was suddenly put to me by a fellow-workman, ‘ Ernest, are you saved?’ Then he related how taken aback he was by the question, the directness of it allowing no parley. It must be either ‘ Yes ’ or ‘ No.’ He had been very religiously brought up, and during a good part of his boyhood might have been called the chaplain of the family, for every evening just before separating for their different dormitories, the members of the family would be called together

in his mother's room—she already undressed and lying in bed—and a large book of family prayers given him from which he would read the portion for the evening.

“ Years, it is true, had passed since then, and whatever might have been his thoughts on spiritual matters he had never up to that day been deeply concerned. And now this question of questions ! It must, however, be answered. After a few moments' cogitation, the safest thing, he thought, was to make the answer as brief as possible. He therefore simply said, ‘ No ’ ; to which there came the instant rejoinder, ‘ What ! do you not believe that Jesus died to save you ? ’

“ ‘ Yes,’ he replied, ‘ I believe that Jesus died to save me, but . . . ’ and further speech was stopped. For just then there was an awakening of his soul he had never experienced before—fear growing into terror as to his real state and unfitness to appear before God, and then a yearning after a purer and higher life than he had hitherto lived. In short, the hour had struck for decision ; and, by the grace of the All-merciful, he was enabled then and there to yield himself to the Saviour.”

Thus was this beloved brother brought to know and follow the Shepherd ; and, ever since, his delight has been to go out at the Shepherd's command and bid other lost and wandering ones come.

Yet still the Shepherd is calling, and His gracious words are, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Will you then come at once, without delay?

E. H. H.



"NOT I, BUT CHRIST"

THE following lines were written by a sister in Christ to a lady whose son had for the first time stood up to tell forth the gospel of the blessed God, and were sent in reply to the mother's desire to know how it had pleased the Lord to use such a humble instrument.

The words from which he spake appear in Rev. iii. 20, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

"He held the lamp of truth that day
 So low that none could miss their way,
 And yet so high to bring in sight
 That picture fair, the world's great "Light."
 The lamp thus coming in between,
 The hand that held it ne'er was seen.

He held the pitcher, stooping low,
 To lips of little ones below,
 Then raised it to the weary saint,
 And bid him drink when sick and faint.
 The pitcher coming thus between,
 The hand that held it ne'er was seen.

He blew the trumpet loud and clear,
That trembling sinners need not fear;
Then with a louder note and bold
To raze the walls of Satan's hold.
The trumpet coming thus between,
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

And when the Master says, 'Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou,
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp,
Lay down the trumpet, leave the camp,'
Those weary hands will then be seen
Clasped in those pierc'd ones, *nought* between."

Oh ! that such might be the character of all those engaged in service for Him, and that the language of one used so mightily may be ours too. "For me to live, *Christ*" (Phil. i. 21).

S.



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Gospel Gleanings



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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

LETTER TO AN EVOLUTIONIST

My dear —

After all, men deceive themselves when they conclude that the acceptance or rejection of the gospel is an intellectual matter. It is only partly so. In immensely greater proportion it is a moral question: that is, a question of the relations of the soul to God; a question of one's individual responsibility as a sinner to a holy God. If I were to convince you by a chain of syllogisms of the truth of Christianity—that would be merely intellectual. The moral work—the reconciliation of your individual soul to God—would still remain to be done.

For you are a sinner. Needless is it to explain that this does not imply that you are either worse or better than other men, for “there is none righteous, no not one” (Rom. iii. 10). But the realisation of this, as regards myself, as an individual, is the beginning of Christianity in the soul. How glibly will men acknowledge that we are all sinners! But oh! how different indeed is the apprehension that there is an outstanding account between me and the Almighty, and that it is more than I am able to meet. Compared with this, the intellectual conviction of the truth of Christianity, is a small thing. You may have that, and yet not be a Christian at all (in the true sense of the word).

This is what Christ referred to when He said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3).

Since Christianity no one supposes an unholy God, though it was general before. But if a defiled and rebellious creature comes into judgment before a holy God the result can only be condemnation. Now this is man's true position: he is on the way to judgment, and a judgment that must be condemnation. "When thou goest with thine adversary to the magistrate, as thou art in the way, give diligence that thou mayest be delivered from him; lest he hail thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and the officer cast thee into prison. I tell thee thou shalt not depart thence till thou hast paid the very last mite (Luke xii. 58, 59). The apprehension of this serious truth affects profoundly a man's consideration of the gospel. If he wants a Saviour, there is a Saviour for him. If he is self-righteous, then he can afford to stand and dispute about the claims of Christianity. He can reject it, and go looking around the world for the best-seeming religion it can offer. But a Saviour is found in Christianity alone. New Theology has none.

Now, my dear friend, you will detect that instead of entering upon a philosophical discussion, I am putting before you the homely gospel of the salva-

tion of the soul—for I am deeply convinced that, Christianity being true, we only need the proper moral focus, to see the glorious orb in its beauty, and this is what the Lord Jesus said in other words : “ If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God ” (John vii. 17).

However, having put this, the plain gospel before you, I must not altogether refuse your challenge, lest doing so should be translated as weakness. You refer to evolution as a “ great fact,” and ask my attitude towards it. Well, you call evolution “ fact.” In my vocabulary it is theory; theory undiluted, theory pure. To illustrate. I heard a University authority lecturing, when he referred to the analogy between the anatomy of the bird and the reptile (with which, doubtless, you are familiar), pointing out that the bird was an advance upon the reptile. And this was mentioned as a case of evolution. Now the “ fact ” in this case is the analogy in the anatomy of the two; that is the truth; true science. But that the one species sprang from the other is pure assumption—pseudo-science. One is true Baconian philosophy; the other is—well, evolution! And when you place your “ evolution ” on the same platform with gravitation, the Copernican system, or the sphericity of the earth, you must excuse me if a smile—yes, a broad smile—overspreads my countenance!

But in this opinion do not suppose that I am

singular. Professor Mivart,* late Professor of Biology in University College, London, says, "With regard to the conception as put forward by Mr. Darwin, I cannot truly characterise it except by an epithet I employ with great reluctance. I weigh my words, and have present to my mind, the many distinguished naturalists who have accepted the notion, and yet I cannot call it anything but a puerile hypothesis."

Dr. Etheridge, of the British Museum—a famous palæontologist—says, "In all this great Museum there is not a particle of evidence of transmutation of species. Nine-tenths of the talk of evolutionists is sheer nonsense, not founded on observation, and wholly unsupported by fact. This Museum is full of proofs of the utter falsity of their views."

Professor Lionel S. Beale—who, you are aware, is in the first rank of scientists—says, "The idea of any relation having been established between the non-living and living, by a gradual advance from lifeless matter to the lowest forms of life, and so onwards to the higher and more complete, has not the slightest evidence from the facts of any section of living nature of which anything is known. There is no evidence that man has descended from, or is, or was, in any way specially related to, any

* See article entitled "The Collapse of Evolution" in "The Bible Student and Teacher" for January, 1905, New York. Also a most learned and interesting tract on "Darwinism: the Latest German Criticism of an Exploded Theory," by the Rev. Canon Mervyn Archdall, M.A., of Penrith, N.S.W., Australia.

other organism in nature through evolution or by any other process. In support of all naturalistic conjectures concerning man's origin, there is not at this time a shadow of scientific evidence" (June, 1903).

The late Professor Sir Frederick McCoy told me with his own lips that he rejected Darwinism and evolution. From all this, my dear —, while I am one who refuses absolutely to accept evolution, I can afford to pass by your rather broad assertion that those who deny evolution are in the same category as those who reject gravitation or the Copernican system, or who say that the earth is flat.

But the German scientists are beginning to have their eyes opened. Professor Fleischmann, of Erlangen, in his book, "Die Darwin's Chetheorie," states that "the Darwinian theory of descent has, in the realms of nature, not a single fact to confirm it. It is not the result of scientific research, but purely the product of the imagination." In "Die Maschinentheorie des Lebens," Driesch declares, "Darwinism belongs to history as does that other curiosity, the Hegelian philosophy. Both are variations on the theme 'How one leads an entire generation by the nose'—and are not exactly calculated to exalt our parting century in the eyes of later generations." Edward von Hartman says, in "The Passing of Darwinism," "In the first

decade of the twentieth century it has become apparent that the days of Darwinism are numbered."

But though I may smile at being classed with earth flattists because of my rejecting evolution, I now come to something too serious, too sad, for anything but the most solemn consideration. On the basis of such a thing as evolution you abandon God's blessed gift to mankind—the Bible! I cannot refrain from the poet's exclamation:—

"O Judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"

For such a thing as evolution you give up the historical truth of the Creation and the Fall of man; also, the loving and marvellous interposition of God for man's salvation by means of the Incarnation and Redemption! You reject the atonement for evolution! The historical record in the Gospels and the Acts of the resurrection and ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ—all are to vanish at the word Evolution!

Excuse my giving way a little bit to feeling; but as one who has known you for so many years, and who, along with recollection of old times, has for you the feelings of sincere friendship—as one, too, who thinks of the eternity—that solemn eternity—which has come so near to us, I would ask you to reconsider your position. What I would humbly counsel and recommend to you is, to get down upon

your knees and ask God's forgiveness for your hitherto rejection of His Son; for your morally siding with those whose cry has come down to us through the centuries—a voice borne along by one generation to another down to our own times, “Away with Him, away with Him, crucify Him.” Do not flatter yourself that you can be neutral. You must take sides. At this moment you are on one side or the other!

“He that is not with me is against me.” “No man can serve two masters.”

Would you like to go into eternity as one who belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ? Now is your time to decide. Do not allow the enemy of your soul to befool you with such things as evolution or other empty and vain substitutes for the truth. Darwin cannot give you eternal life: the Lord Jesus Christ can.

Believe me, my dear——

Yours very sincerely,

E. J. T.



THE LADY AND THE FRUIT

“**A** GENTLEMAN was travelling in an omnibus, carrying in his hand a small basket of choice fruit, when a lady entering, and seeing the fruit, freely expressed her admiration of its beauty and excellence, adding how glad she would have

been to have bought some like it, that she might have had the pleasure of presenting it to friends whom she was going to visit.

“ The gentleman at once very courteously offered his own for her acceptance. Much, however, as she would have liked to have the fruit, she would not accept it as a gift from a stranger, though she would gladly take it, she said, if he would permit her to pay for it. That, however, he declined, though still expressing his willingness to give it to her.

“ During some further conversation, the lady continued to show a desire to have the fruit, if by purchase. At last, the gentleman brought the matter to a close thus :—‘ Well, ma’am,’ said he, ‘ I must tell you that you must either have it *as a gift, or not at all.*’

“ She at length agreed to take it as he offered it, cheerfully acknowledging his kindness.

“ Just like man ! By reason of his fancied self-righteousness and ability to do something for or towards his own salvation, he is unwilling to accept of eternal life from God as a gift. The salvation of God must be taken as a gift ; and if you will not receive it as the gift of God, you will not have it at all, but must perish in your sins.”

“ The wages of sin is death ; but the GIFT OF GOD is ETERNAL LIFE, through Jesus Christ our Lord ” (Rom. vi. 23).

FOUR IMPOSSIBILITIES

3—" IT IS NOT POSSIBLE FOR THE BLOOD OF
BULLS AND GOATS TO TAKE AWAY SINS "

IF it be " impossible for God to lie," and for all
who deliberately abandon Christ to be renewed
unto repentance, as we have seen, so may we with
equal truth declare that :—

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain."

As to this, Scripture speaks with no uncertain
sound, and unfolds in every age the wonderful ways
of God. While all the types and shadows of the
past were meant to bring home to heart and con-
science, in ever-varying beauty, the one great
scheme of divine redemption; yet the one mighty
sacrifice of Christ, at Calvary's altar, is the only
righteous basis whereby the claims of justice are
met, and salvation secured for every believer.
Hence the law, being " only a shadow of good
things to come, and not the very image of the
things, could never, with those sacrifices which they
offered year by year continually, make the comers
thereunto perfect," and the constant shedding of
blood only brought out all the more vividly the
yearly remembrance of sins. Sin, of whatever

kind, is an offence to God, and He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

How little, alas! does the world think of this to-day; but God would not allow His ancient people to forget that sin and holiness cannot live together. So the blood of countless victims, constantly flowing from Jewish altars, which could never take away sins, was but the foreshadowing of that one offering of Christ, whereby alone sins and sin could be righteously removed. None the less was it the purpose of God, from the beginning of His ways with man, to indicate, in type, that "without shedding of blood is no remission." The coats of skin made by the Lord God to cover our guilty parents in Eden's garden was the earliest type, not only that sin's penalty involves both death and bloodshedding, but also that man must be clothed in a way that could fit him for the presence of God. Thereafter, Abel's lamb, Noah's burnt offering, the ram caught in the thicket on Mount Moriah, and the blood-sprinkled lintel in Egypt, all alike tell the same story that the blood, which is the life of the victim, must needs flow. Hence, on the great day of atonement, the goat on which the Lord's lot fell, brings out in type the intense reality of God's holiness and sin's judgment, for the high priest could not enter the "holiest of all" except with blood and incense, the precious tokens of the one great sacrifice of Christ, and the fragrance of His

adorable Person. That special goat had to die, for the claims of God in righteousness must needs be first met ere the sinner could (typically) be either cleansed or pardoned; and the "scape-goat," over whose head the sins of the people for one year had to be confessed, and then led away by a fit man into an uninhabited land, further illustrates the removal of sins from the camp where God dwelt. As atonement had to be made in this way, and there was but one to do it, so Calvary's altar is, in truth, the one and only place where, through the shed blood of God's lamb, atonement has been made, and sin's judgment borne by the man Christ Jesus, "Who gave himself a ransom for all."

Fulfilling, in His own person, the eternal counsels of God, that precious Saviour enters this scene of sin and death, exclaiming, "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not; but a body hast thou prepared me. In burnt offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure. Then, said I, Lo! I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God." "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all."

By that one offering, in contrast with all that had gone before, we learn three very precious and all-important truths, viz. :—

(1) "There is no more offering for sin" (Heb. x. 18).

(2) " There is no more conscience of sins " (ver. 2).

(3) " There is no more remembrance of sins " (ver. 17).

So that God, in perfect consistency with Himself, can now by His Spirit proclaim in every believer's ears those peace-giving words, " Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more." Blessed, glorious fact ! that He, who knew no sin, has, once for all, made propitiation for sins, by pouring out His soul unto death. He has taken His seat at God's right hand as the everlasting proof that " there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

Many years ago, a poor old collier fell down a mine, and, in so doing, broke one of his legs, the injury being so serious that it terminated fatally. While lying in much pain upon his sick bed God's Spirit wrought mightily in heart and conscience; light from above entered his soul, and by God's grace he found joy and peace in believing. On the day of his death the friends around his bed saw him suddenly sit up, and, gazing upward with a bright smile, heard from his faltering lips this sweet confession of faith: " There is nothing now between my soul and God; the blood of Christ has put it all away."

Dear reader, can you say this? If not, why not?

S. T.

“DO THYSELF NO HARM.”

THESE were the words of the messenger of God's blessed gospel to the Philippian jailor who was about to kill himself, thinking that all his prisoners had fled.

Paul spoke these words in the darkness, and unable to *see* what the jailor was about to do. What then led him to cry out loudly these arresting words? He was God's servant, and the Lord God to whom the darkness is as the light, saw all and knew the thoughts that had been awakened in the jailor's mind. And He it was who gave these words to be uttered by His servant that the terrified man should be saved from suicide.

But this was only the prelude to a greater blessing. Not only was the jailor's life preserved, but his soul was saved for eternity through the blessed gospel message. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” He *believed*, and also his household, and divine joy filled his heart and his house. “What a Saviour is Jesus the Lord !”

Have you, dear reader, had thoughts that death would end all your troubles? Be not thus deceived. It is but to plunge you into a place of deeper trouble that can *never* be removed or alleviated if you die refusing the only way of escape. “Come unto *me*,” said the Saviour when

here, “and I *will give you rest.*” And now that He, the Just One, has died for our sins, rest and forgiveness are yours if you will but repent by confessing your sins and confide in His precious blood that cleanses *now* (not hereafter) from all sin. “Do thyself no harm,” but “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”



“THE PATH OF LIFE”

Thy pathway led thro’ suffering, shame, and human woe,
 ’Mid sorrows deep that none beside could ever know;
 Gethsemane’s anticipative, earnest prayers,
 The bloody sweat, the agony, the cries and tears,
 That deeper indignation, and that fiercest wrath,
 And all the terrors that God’s holy judgment hath,
 The draining of that bitter cup which none could share,
 Which only God could give and only Thou couldst bear;
 All these were Thine, and Thou beneath the awful weight
 Of all this world’s load of sin, on darken’d Calvary’s height,
 Hung on the cross, where mocking men could satiate
 In league with hell their cruel scorn and fiendish hate.
 Thou there didst bend beneath the overflowing surge
 Of human enmity—with Satan there to urge,
 With hellish haste, malignant prompter of the world,
 Of all the scorn that at Thy sacred Head was hurl’d.

Such, Lord, Thy wondrous path to life—forsaken, lone,
 Uncheer’d thro’ death’s dark path where light had never
 shone;
 Bereft of all—what eye but Thine could surely see
 Right thro’ the grave to Resurrection-victory?

Whose power but Thine could then have borne sin's heavy
load,

And not be crush'd but conquering find the way to God?
Who else but Thou could now a mighty Victor stand
With glory, honour crown'd, Thou Man of God's right hand?

Thy path of life to pleasures led divinely given,
To joys that form and tune the highest joys of heaven;
For angels sing Thy mighty deeds on earth below,
And all the ranks of heaven with heighten'd rapture glow;
The spacious plains of earth shall soon take up the song,
And answering shouts the joyful chorus shall prolong,
From hill and dale shall rise throughout the wide domain
Thy thrice-repeated worthy, worthy, worthy Name.

And Thou for me the darksome power of death hast quell'd,
The grave is light, its pitchy darkness all dispell'd;
I follow on—if Thou shouldst call, triumphant sing:
Where now thy victory, O Grave—O Death, thy sting?

R. B. (Senr.).



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

ONE HALFPENNY

“WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?”

“WHAT must I do to be saved?” was the intensely earnest question of a really anxious soul, which brought the prompt reply, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.” If this meets the eye of one in real concern; one who wants to realise that he has something quite safe to rest on for his soul’s eternal welfare, and who is saying “Oh that I may be saved from making a mistake about this question of such tremendous import,” allow me to direct your attention to a few scriptures. When the apostle Peter was speaking to the council in Acts iv. about the impotent man who had been made whole, he said, “Be it known unto you all and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole. This is the stone which is set at nought of you builders which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.”

Here we have it clearly, solemnly stated that the One whom men crucified, the One whom God raised from the dead; the One who had been made

by God the head of the corner; the exalted One, is the only One through whom any poor sinner can be saved; and we want you to see from God's word, which is the only way to get divine certainty, that the Lord Jesus is an all-sufficient Saviour; able and willing to save any and every needy soul that looks to Him. Those that Peter was then addressing were responsible to know what the reference to the 118th Psalm meant—"The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner." The Lord Jesus, the One who had been testified of by all the prophets, had in God's appointed time been manifested. He went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil. He ever responded to the faith of any needy soul. There was everything in His life, His testimony, His works to win man's confidence and love; but He was refused and set at naught. Man crucified Him, but in that death God was glorified; atonement for sin was made, and a righteous ground laid for God to graciously save the chief of sinners. Peter tells us in his First Epistle, "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." Jehovah had said to Israel by Isaiah, "Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation stone, a tried stone, a precious stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste." That stone was rejected, but it was beyond the power

of Israel to stop the outflow of God's grace. It was well said by the apostle Paul, "Be it known therefore unto you that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it."

This blessed foundation, that which God has laid, this absolutely perfect resting place for the soul, which admits of no possibility of failure, is available for you. We say to you in the language of another—

"Venture on Him; venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good."

God now commands all men everywhere to repent, and where there is a bowing to God, that soul may drink in the truth of the gospel in all its blessedness, and find it a healing balm for the wounded conscience. The glad tidings makes no demands; but tells of life and righteousness, joy and peace, pardon and cleansing, security and glory for all who believe in our Lord Jesus Christ. It is accompanied with invitations, intreaties, assurances, warnings.

The Lord Jesus said (Matt. xxi. 42), "Did ye never read in the scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner: this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes? . . . and whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whomso-

ever it shall fall it shall grind him to powder.” The Herodians, the Pharisees, the Sadducees, may each in their turn seek, by falling on Him, to crush Him; but they were always broken. When, however, the time comes for him to deal in judgment, it will be in righteousness and final—ground to powder—lost without remedy—eternal.

J. A. T.



FOUR IMPOSSIBILITIES

4.—“ WITHOUT FAITH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PLEASE GOD

THERE is one unchanging truth which, like a golden sunbeam, shines through every page of Scripture, and finds expression in these all-important words, “ Without faith it is impossible to please God.”

Ever since Satan’s lie brought sin, sorrow, and death into the world, there has been **one** only way of blessing for man; it is to trust confidently in the God who created him for His own glory, and who gave His creature breath that he might seek, and find, His Maker. In all God’s ways with man, in the past, present, and future, nothing changes this immutable principle. In every age, from God’s first promise that “the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent’s head, down to the closing words of Christ, “Surely I come quickly,” faith shines clearly out before the

soul's vision as the clarion note of triumph and victory. Furthermore, God's Holy Spirit explains the true meaning of "faith" as the ground of assurance, "the substantiating of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It brings the soul into direct contact with God Himself; and rests, without a question, on His unfailing word, for, "it is impossible for God to lie."

Hebrews xi. is the Spirit's commentary on those Old Testament saints, who, from Abel downwards, were found, in their day, in constant touch with God. Strange to say, though true, the principle of faith is what is acted on, more or less, every day, in the many transactions of life, for moral chaos would ensue if man did not trust his fellow-man, and "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater."

Abel's offering; Enoch's walk; Noah's warning testimony; Abraham's pilgrim journey, and his offering up of Isaac; Sarah's trust in God's promise; Isaac's blessing of Jacob and Esau; Jacob's parting blessing of Ephraim and Manasseh; Joseph's dying instructions concerning his bones; Moses' choice of affliction with the people of God, rather than the pleasures of sin; and his esteeming the reproach of Christ above all the treasures of Egypt, are bright and fascinating gems in the coronet of faith which shed their lustre on the past, illuminate the future, and give strength

in the present evil day. Yes, faith means "victory all along the line," for it lifts the veil from the unseen, overcomes the world, believes what God says, rests on what Christ has done, listens to the Spirit's voice, soars above the dark clouds of earth, and folds its wings, like the dove, in perfect peace, upon the very throne of God.

Working by love faith removes mountains, and not only brings God into each circumstance of daily life, but gives the soul to feel the power of that Almighty hand that upholds the universe. If this grand muster-roll of God's worthies, handed down through the centuries, is recorded for our comfort and joy, what shall we say about the One who, the "Author and Finisher of faith," outstrips them all? The stars may shine in the firmament of heaven, but must needs pale their lesser lights before the splendour of that Sun whose transcendent glory eclipses every human thought. For Him alone, who "endured the cross, and despised the shame," is reserved the special seat of honour and glory at God's right hand. Let the eyes of our faith then "look off unto Jesus," for He alone is worthy to take His proper place upon the Father's throne. To Him is rightly given "all power in heaven and earth"; and, in His wounded hand, the mighty Conqueror holds the keys of death and of hades. While here below, none ever trusted God like the lowly Nazarene; and, from

the manger to the cross, the path He trod was one of absolute obedience and entire dependence on God. "Even Christ pleased not himself," and He alone could say, "The Father hath not left me alone, for I do always those things that please him."

It is from the lips of this dependent Man we hear those weighty words, "Have faith in God," and who shall ever count up all the blessings of those who walk by faith, and not by sight"? Ere we close this paper, let us briefly notice a few of them: Faith listens, like Samuel, to the call of God, and gladly answers, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Faith obeys, like the nobleman, the word of God, and receives the blessing, "Go thy way; thy son liveth."

Faith looks up, like the bitten Israelite of old; and, looking, the soul "passes from death unto life."

Faith cries, like the dying robber, "Lord, remember me," and obtains salvation, even at the eleventh hour.

Faith walks, like Peter, across the storms of life, and finds its haven in the arms of Jesus.

Faith endures, like Moses, "as seeing Him who is invisible," and knows no fear; "not even the wrath of the king."

Faith prays, like Elijah, earnestly, and "showers of blessing" are the divine answer.

Faith believes, like the two blind men, in the power of God, and at once proves His delivering grace.

Faith sings, like Hannah, "The Lord will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness."

Faith waits on God, like Simeon, and joyfully exclaims, when the answer comes, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Faith acts, like Rahab, and promptly "hangs the scarlet line in the window."

Faith triumphs, through obedience, and Jericho's walls fall down as the divine token of its victory.

Yes; every blessing God can give is at the disposal of faith, and it is the golden key that unlocks all the treasures of His boundless grace. Hence, dear reader, I beseech you now to have "faith in God," and you will then be able to sing:

"Faith always looks away from self,
To Jesus on the throne;
And says, "Because He's there I know
That all my sins are gone."

S. T.



DELIVERANCE

EXOD. XII.-XV.

THE stirring events of these chapters are an illustration of God's way of delivering souls from the bondage and power of sin and Satan, now fully made known in the gospel. First, the raising up of a deliverer and sending him on a special mission to Pharaoh, which might and should have been a peaceable one; then the judgment and destruction of the power of the enemy; and, lastly, the fulfilment of God's promises of blessing to His people Israel. The determined opposition of the king of Egypt had all been foreseen, and serves but to bring out the wonderful patience and forbearance of God, His changeless love toward His people, and finally, the completion of what was necessary for their salvation. How completely God fulfilled His own word, a comparison of the beginning and end of the 12th chapter will show (vers. 1, 2, 51).

But if the deliverance of Israel was complete, not so, as yet, their blessing; for God had pledged His word not only to bring them out of Egypt, but into the promised land, and this He effected in due course. How blessedly does all this point to what God has wrought in Christ, as now made known to us in the New Testament, and preached

in all the world for the obedience of faith. The gospel received is the power of God unto salvation. In these closing days of the dispensation may we prayerfully and earnestly present the simple yet grand and glorious truths of the gospel, "how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He was raised the third day, according to the scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 1-4) ! God will not modify or revise His glad tidings to suit the pride of educated man, whether scientific or religious. He was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself. But our reconciliation demanded the bearing of our sins by the Lord Jesus on the cross, for sin was the cause of man's alienation from God.

For the deliverance of Israel from Egypt, Pharaoh must bow to God's word, or he must be broken. His power must be broken and he himself swept out of the way. But a far greater difficulty than the opposition of Pharaoh presented itself to be first dealt with, viz., the laying of a righteous foundation for the redemption of Israel. When God came into Egypt for judgment what was to screen the Israelites from His judgment, seeing there could be no partiality or unrighteousness with God? "We are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth," says the apostle; and God had pledged Himself to the deliverance of His people. Yet, were they not sinners equally

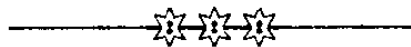
with the Egyptians? God ordained that Moses (type of Christ) should act as their deliverer, but the question of sin being raised, Moses could not settle that, nor could it be settled by power though it be divine. What was all the power of Pharaoh to God? And how could God, as Judge, be righteously kept out of the houses of the Israelites?

When a soul is awakened God is thought of as Judge, and rightly so, for God must judge sin, and man is a sinner. The conscience is alarmed, judgment is before the soul, and God's word only can speak peace. The believer fears meeting God in judgment even more than the sinner, because of his having a truer perception of what God is as holy and righteous. It was a true saint indeed, a man "after God's own heart," who wrote, "Hear my prayer, Jehovah, give ear to my supplications; in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness. And enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified" (Ps. cxliii. 1, 2). But the saint of the New Testament, having the whole truth as to sin and its judgment before his soul, is yet able to "exult in hope of the glory of God"! The displayed glory of God has for him no terrors, for Christ is the effulgence of that glory, and when He is manifested we (believers) shall be like, and with, Him. "And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed

abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost which is given to us."

The gospel makes known the final and permanent settlement on the cross between God and Christ of the great question of sin. It is not now Adam's transgression only, but what has the world done with Christ? Where is Christ now? At the right hand of the Majesty on high. And "God has made that same Jesus whom ye crucified both Lord and Christ." "Him whom ye slew and hanged on a tree, hath God exalted with his right hand to be a prince and Saviour, for to give repentance. . . and remission of sins" (Acts ii. 36; v. 30-32). God is satisfied with the work Christ accomplished on the cross, and in result the absolute deliverance of everyone who believes in Jesus is secured. "Be it known unto you . . . that through this man remission of sins is preached unto you" (Acts xiii. 38).

G. S. B.



ARE YOU REALLY HAPPY?

I AM writing this in the beautiful Isle of Wight, where every view seems lovely, and with the glorious weather of bright sunshine and refreshing breezes, it might appear impossible for one living here, or in the midst of similar beauties, not to be

perfectly happy and contented. And, indeed, God in His bountiful goodness does care for toiling man, that his mind and body might find rest and refreshment in the beauties of nature.

It is an ungrateful heart that can discern no cause for thankfulness to the Giver of every good, for these scenes of quiet and restfulness in a world of unrest and ceaseless round of worry and demand. But after all this—whether we consider the wonderful beauties of nature, or the ceaseless inventions of men—the world is not large enough to fill your heart with satisfaction and lasting joy. And have you not, dear reader, proved for yourself in some measure the truth of what I am now saying? How, then, indeed, if this be all, can you be really happy?

But *is* it possible, perhaps you say, for one to be *really* happy here? Well, I want to remind you of One, the Lord Jesus, who has been in this world and died for sinners such as you and me; that, believing in the propitiation made to God by the shedding of His precious blood on Calvary's cross, you and I, and all who thus believe, might be made truly happy now, and for ever, in the knowledge of our sins righteously blotted out, and of His love shed abroad in our heart by the Holy Spirit given to us. Come then to the Saviour and give Him the joy of welcoming you. "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out" are His own loving

words. Further, He said to the woman of Samaria, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him *shall never thirst*: but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 13, 14). Come to Him for this water, and you shall be "really happy."

And yet again, the same blessed Lord Jesus, who, after this interview with the woman at Sychar's well, went up to Jerusalem, to the feast of tabernacles, on the closing day of the feast, stood and cried, saying, "If any man thirst, let him *come unto me and drink*. He that *believeth on me*, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Does not this shew you, dear reader, how rich is the blessing that He is ready to give, and at once? Are you not encouraged then to come now, and prove for yourself how true are His words? He will not only give you the truly refreshing, and satisfying, living water, but make you a means of happy refreshment to others besides, without the diminution of your own full measure—a full cup and flowing over.



COMMUNION

O Lord ! how wonderful it is,
That I may walk with Thee ;
A sinner saved, thro' sovereign grace,
And from my sins set free.

Yes ; glory's light upon me shines,
All beaming from Thy face ;
At home with Thee in spirit now,
I find my favoured place.

Apart from earth's poor, idle, dreams,
Thou art Thyself my rest ;
For now, before Thy God, I stand,
In Thee supremely blest.

There's nought below can satisfy
The cravings of my soul ;
My life is hid with Christ in God,
His touch hath made me whole.

For ever, Lord, then fix my gaze,
Upon Thy wounded side ;
Till, in the Paradise of God,
With Thee I shall abide.

Then, changed into Thine image fair,
Eternal joys are mine ;
What will it be to see Thy face,
And in Thy glory shine?

S. T.

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

Gospel Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

JOHN KELLY'S CONVERSION

MORE than twenty-five years ago, a beloved brother in the Lord, now with Christ, asked me if I could make it convenient to call on a young man then living at Camberwell, in the south of London, who was unconverted and who, he feared, was dying from consumption.

Well do I remember that last Saturday of the closing year when, leaving my office, I made my way to the home of John Kelly, then a stranger to me. The brother above mentioned had told me that he thought I should find J.K. rather anxious about his soul. So, lifting up my heart to God for divine guidance, I went in the confidence that God would, in His mercy, give me the right message.

I had some difficulty in finding the house, and had almost given up in despair, when I was directed to an out of the way back street. Knocking at the door, it was opened by a pale young man of about two and twenty, who bore on his face the traces of some great sorrow. He invited me to come in, and led me along a dark passage into a tiny, scantily furnished room, where the embers of a small fire were slowly dying out in the grate. The room was indeed poor and wretched, but still more so was its occupant.

Taking a seat, I stated the nature of my errand, when suddenly J.K. burst into tears, and told me about as sad a story as I have ever listened to. It would appear that only nine short months before, he had married a young woman to whom he was most deeply attached, and, amidst his sobs and moans, he went on to tell me that on the Christmas day, just passed, he had laid his loved one in the grave.

His sorrow knew no bounds, and while I was doing all I could to comfort his broken heart, he rose from his seat, and on his knees cried aloud to God to have mercy on his soul. Never shall I forget those agonising shrieks, as, in the deepest distress, he exclaimed, "O God, save me now; I beseech thee, for Christ's sake, save me now." As he repeated the words again and again, I was so overcome that my poor heart fairly trembled, and kneeling beside him, I besought the Lord, amidst my tears, that He would indeed be pleased to reveal Himself to this deeply convicted sinner. After a short interval, we rose from our knees, and for a few moments he seemed quieter as I told the old, old story of the gospel of God's grace. Eagerly did he listen as I continued to press upon him the love of God, the uncertainty of life, his own ill-health, and the vital importance of a complete surrender. Completely overcome, he again fell on his knees, and cried bitterly, "O

God, I beseech Thee to save me now ; do save me now."

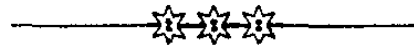
I felt it was a critical moment. The young man's face bore unmistakeable testimony of what was passing within. Bending down over him I said, " My dear friend, you and I may never meet again ; but *God is both able and willing to save you now* ; and this is His own message to you, ' Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin." My time was now gone, and as I bade him farewell, I besought him to rest his soul on the scriptures I had quoted, and he would find peace and joy through believing. " I will," was his quiet reply.

Thanking God in my heart, I bade him, Good-bye, little thinking I should see him no more. Two days later I heard from the one who had asked me to visit him that dear J.K. had passed from death unto life, that the dark clouds had all been chased away by the sunshine of God's love, and that he was thoroughly rejoicing in the Lord. My friend told me, further, that J.K.'s doctor had said that the young man's only chance of recovery was to go at once to his native place in the Isle of Man, and so he went. Six weeks after, however, the last gleam of hope had died away. A black-edged letter, received from his brother, brought me the sad tidings that J.K. had passed away, but his end

was perfect peace, and that in his dying moments he had borne most precious testimony to the grace that had sought and saved him.

Beloved reader, how is it with you? Time is short, and the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. Are you ready to meet Him? Or are you still lost and in your sins? Of one thing I am sure—that if you are as earnest about your soul's salvation as dear John Kelly was, you too will soon find out that *his* Saviour will be *your* Saviour without a moment's waiting, and that He is both able and willing to *save you now*. For His word declares that “*Now* is an acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2).

S. T.



THE UNSPEAKABLE GIFT OF GOD

JOHN IV. 1-29; 2 COR. IX. 15.

THIS chapter presents the Lord Jesus outside Jerusalem—outside the people of promise—among Samaritans, with whom Jews had no intercourse. Pharisaic jealousy had wrought; and Jesus, wearied, sat thus at the fountain of Jacob's well in Sychar. What a picture of rejection and humiliation! Nor was it yet complete. For if, on the one side, God has taken care to let us see

already the glory of the Son, and the grace of which He was full, on the other side, all shines out the more marvellously when we know how He dealt with a woman of Samaria, sinful and degraded.

Here was a meeting, indeed, between such an one and Him, the Son, true God and eternal life. Grace begins, glory descends; "Jesus saith unto her, "Give me to drink." It was strange to her that a Jew should thus humble Himself; what would it have been had she seen in Him Jesus the Son of God? "Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

Infinite grace! infinite truth! and the more manifest from His lips to one who was a real impersonation of sin, misery, blindness, degradation. But this is not the question of grace; not what *she* was, but what *He* is who was there to win and bless her, manifesting God and the Father withal, practically and in detail. Surely He was there, a weary man outside Judaism; but God, the God of all grace, who humbled Himself to ask a drink of water of her, that He might give the richest and most enduring gift, even water which, once drank, leaves no thirst for ever and ever—yea, is in him who drinks a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life.

Then the Holy Ghost, given by the Son in humiliation (according to God, not acting on law, but according to the gift of grace in the Gospel), was fully set forth; but the woman, though interested, and asking, only apprehended a boon for this life to save herself trouble here below. This gives occasion to Jesus to teach us the lesson that conscience must be reached, and sense of sin produced, before grace is understood and brings forth fruit. This He does in verses 16—19. Her life is laid before her by His voice, and she confesses to Him that God Himself spoke to her in His words: “Sir [said she], I perceive that thou art a prophet.” If she turned aside to questions of religion, with a mixture of desire to learn what had concerned and perplexed her, and of willingness to escape such a searching of her ways and heart, He did not refrain graciously to vouchsafe the revelation of God, that earthly worship was doomed, that the Father was to be worshipped, not an Unknown. And while He does not hide the privilege of the Jews, He nevertheless proclaims that “the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.” This brings all to a point; for the woman says, “I know that Messiah cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come, he will tell us all things.” And Jesus answers, “I that speak unto thee am he.”

The disciples come; the woman goes into the

city, leaving her water-pot, but carrying with her the unspeakable gift of God. Her testimony bore the impress of what had penetrated her soul, and would make way for all the rest in due time. "Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." It was much, yet was it little of the glory that was His; but at least it was real; and to the one that has shall be given.

W. K.



A MIDNIGHT CALL

THIS was a father's call to his son, a fine, promising lad, steady, obedient, and his father's right hand in the tinsmith work in which he early became an adept. And he is still his father's fellow-workman. But while most dutiful, and everything that should naturally fill a father's heart with joy, yet was there wanting something more than nature to fully satisfy that father's heart. In a word, the father earnestly desired to see his son born again, born from above, a new creature in Christ Jesus.

We can well conceive the yearning of that father's heart, himself an earnest worker in the gospel, and an instrument of blessing to many. Even as with the great apostle to the Gentiles in

regard to his kinsmen after the flesh, there must naturally be the deepest longing for the salvation of one so near and dear to him. Sparing no pains in training up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and calling on Him day and night on their account, no wonder he should irresistibly rise up one midnight, and, arousing his son, insist with earnest pleading and crying to God in his behalf, that he should decide for Christ without longer delay. And He who heard the midnight cry of His servants in the dungeon at Philippi (Acts xvi.) was again listening and ready to bless. Moreover, as He answered then in the salvation of the jailor and his house, so now was another answer vouchsafed in the breaking down of the barriers between that young soul and God. After two hours' wrestling, the mighty work in that boy's soul was done. Far beyond the starry vault, on that early morn, there was joy in the presence of the angels over another soul ransomed from sin and death, and made a child of God and an heir of glory.

.

The above was the father's story, and every syllable of it was confirmed by the son whom I saw a few weeks after. He is a nice, bright boy of about eighteen or nineteen, and confessed to some exercise of heart previously. But what helped him to decide that night and yield himself

to the Lord, was the solemn vision of judgment brought before his mind by Acts xvii. 31, one of many scriptures read by himself and father on that blessed occasion.

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 men, in that he hath raised him from the dead" (Acts xvii. 31).

E. H. H.



"CITED TO APPEAR"

"**T**HERE will be no appearance of this case, Sir, for the accused was found dead this morning." The words were addressed to a magistrate on the Bench of a Police Court; and, of course, the case was not heard. The "utmost penalty" of the law had been paid, and there was no more to be said about it.

"Found dead"—yes. The miserable woman had hanged herself. "I would rather die than appear in the police court," she wrote; and she had her preference. There was no appearance in the court; her offence was not made public there; she escaped the shame of exposure before her

neighbours. Ah! for time! but what about *eternity*? “ It is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this the judgment* ” (Heb. ix. 27). Cited to appear before an earthly magistrate, she escaped by taking her own life; but the soul that is cited to appear before God as Judge of all will find death to have been no escape, the grave no hiding-place; for death and hell shall deliver up the dead which are in them, and they shall be judged every one according to their works. “ I saw the dead great and small stand before the throne, 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 ” (Rev. xx. 12).

There, inscribed by the pen of God, stands the offence against Him and against “ the powers that be ” which He has ordained—the offence she tried to cover up by taking her own life. But, before an assembled universe, in that dread day, when heaven and earth shall have vanished, the poor guilty soul shall find, alas! itself exposed; exposed to the full light of the judgment of God, compelled to appear, and to give full account not only of such deeds, but of all deeds done in the body! A few shillings fine, a few days’ imprisonment, may be averted; eternity in the lake of fire, with the devil and his angels, the righteous wrath of a sin-hating God for ever and ever, cannot thus be escaped.

“ Oh, harsh! unkind! cruel! ” I fancy I hear some reader say; “ Don’t speak so of the dead.”

My friend, it is not I, but the word of God that so speaks; and it speaks of the dead in order to warn you, who are living. Be not deceived. “ After death the judgment ”—and that judgment is *eternal, everlasting*. “ The Son of man hath power *on earth* to forgive sins ” (Mark ii. 10), but there is no forgiveness for the sinner who refuses it here. It is here, and here only, that God offers forgiveness. “ Shall thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave?” is an unanswered question. “ There is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout again, etc., but man dieth, and wasteth away. . . . man lieth down till the heavens be no more.” Then will the guilty be raised for judgment and be consigned eternally to the lake of fire.

There is no salvation beyond the grave; no “ larger hope.” Here on earth is salvation offered to you, to-day, plenteous, full, eternal and free as the air you breathe. Here there is hope—a hope too that maketh not ashamed, large enough to embrace any and every guilty sinner who will “ flee for refuge ” to it. There is forgiveness of sins, there is plenteous redemption, there is the freest, fullest mercy—offered gratis, this moment, to you.

On what terms? Simply that now you plead “ *guilty*.” “ He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them

SHALL have mercy " (Prov. xxviii. 13). Confess them—to whom? to man? to a priest? Nay, " I acknowledged my sin *unto Thee*, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions UNTO THE LORD, and THOU forgavest the iniquity of my sin " (Ps. xxxii. 5). It is with God you have to do; with God alone. Against Him it is you have sinned; from Him, Him only, can you receive the pardon of all your sins. Tell Him your guilt, your sin, your misery; confess it all; you need not fear. He knows it already. And knowing it all—the blackness of your sins, the enormity of your guilt, it is God who says, " Come now, and let us reason together. . . . though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool " (Isai. i. 18).

God has already taken up the question of sin and sins. Alone, with His beloved Son, in the darkness of Calvary, He went fully into it, and settled it when He made " His soul an offering for sin," " Him who knew no sin He made sin for us." And that Holy One, the Lord Jesus Christ, has died for the putting away of sin by the sacrifice of Himself. " The wages of sin is death," and God brought Him into the dust of death, but He has also raised Him from the dead; and God declares to you this day, " Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all

who believe ARE JUSTIFIED from all things " (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

Hide your sins, and you perish, to be confronted by them in the day of doom, when there is no escape ! confess your sins now, and own them frankly, and you shall hear Him say, " I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions *for mine own sake*, and will not remember thy sins " (Isai. xliii. 25).

T.



THE MASTER'S LETTER

" **J**AMES,—I want you to come and see me at six o'clock, after you have left the Works. —Yours faithfully."

Promptly at the time the young man waited on his master, who had written him the above letter. When he entered the room, after a pause the gentleman looked up from his desk, and inquired, " Do you wish to see me, James? "

Somewhat surprised, holding out the note he had received, he said, " The letter, sir, the letter you sent me."

" Oh ! I see ; you got my letter. You believe I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once."

“ Yes, sir, surely ; what else could I do? ”

“ Well, James, you did quite right to come. See, here is another letter for you ; will you attend to that? ” At the same time his master handed him a paper which he had written. James took hold of the paper, and read—

“ COME UNTO ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ” (Matt. xi. 28).

As he read his lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he grasped his large red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and there stood, not knowing what to do. At length he said, “ Am I just to believe in the same way that I believed your letter? ”

“ Just in the same way,” was the reply.

That night James saw it all, and went home a happy believer in his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He saw that he had to believe God and give Him the same credit and confidence that he would give to the word or message of any trustworthy or business man.

“ If we receive the testimony of men, the testimony of God is greater ” (1 John v. 9).

EXTRACTED.



ALL FOR JESUS

All for Jesus, all for Jesus :
Strange that such a Friend should be
In the background, or forgotten,
Since He died to set us free.

Praise the Saviour, Praise the Saviour,
While the precious moments fly ;
Let no other name o'ershadow
His who stooped to bleed and die.

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
Heart and voice for Jesus now ;
Rich or poor, whate'er your station,
Lowly at His footstool bow.

All for Jesus, all for Jesus ;
Raise the gospel banner high.
God who sent His Son to save us,
Willeth not that men should die.

All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
In this world where sin abounds ;
One short life to live for Jesus,
Then the trumpet's joyful sound.

E. T.



ON SALE

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

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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

“YES, I WAS TRULY MISERABLE”

THE evening sun was rapidly descending, gilding the bold cliffs of the distant sea-washed Esterelles with a fringe of molten purpling fire, a felucca gently stole along the deep blue waters, a red-capped seaman occasionally raising his swarthy face above the low bulwark, as though listening to the sweet strains of music which floated from amid the orange grove around the frescoed walls of the old château.

Shadow after shadow in that mass of sunset tints warned me to seek the shelter and the wood fire of my lodging in the Maison d'Auxerre; and as I entered the Place Dominique, pushing rapidly past the side pillars, and the crowd congregated around them, I was making my way towards the post-office to deposit a half-forgotten letter, when the voice of a speaker, issuing from amid the crowd, arrested my attention.

“ Si! si vero! ” he cried. “ Yes! I was miserable! I was wretched. I could have envied even the very dog that ate the crusts I gave him, for I was dying—so the doctor told me—dying; leaving this beauteous world so young—ah! it was hard, hard to bear. Well, one day I had thrown aside my work, the sweet sea breeze playing in a tiny window had tempted me to do so, and to move

onwards. Many days before I had felt this burning pain in my heart, and I deemed that the air might do me good. I wandered towards the Villa Franca cliffs, until I felt wearied, and laid down beneath an olive tree. The great sea foamed beneath my feet, the sea bird floated overhead, the delicious perfume of the wild flowers wafted itself to my nostrils—yet, I was dying; and then, what a prospect awaited me! I saw the gloomy flames and tortured forms writhing in the fire that I thought was to purge them for heaven. Heaven! oh, how inaccessible that blessed land appeared to me then! How my past sins seemed to rise, phantom formed, between me and it. And then I thought of the fire of purgatory, and I knew how poor I was, not even leaving a centime behind me to buy a morsel for poor Filippo.”

A curious, nondescript species of dog looked up at this moment, and licked the hand of the speaker. “Poor Filippo,” I thought, “thy master will not long be with thee.” A harsh cough which had from time to time apparently given the young man much annoyance, now seemed as though it would utterly deprive him of the power of resuming his address. Pressing his right hand upon his heart, he feebly resumed:

“Yes, I was truly miserable. Oh, how wretched a prospect was futurity to me! A shadow passed between me and the sun—an old white-haired man

stood before me. 'You are unhappy, friend,' he said. I was silent, for was it not the truth? I felt something fall into my lap—the old man had passed on. I took up the five-franc piece, and hastened after him. 'Signor,' I proudly said, 'I am no beggar,' and handed it to him again; he seemed hurt and grieved, and hastily passed on. And so weary days passed on, wretched alternations of strength and weakness, till again, a month later, I lay 'neath the selfsame *aulivier* (olive tree) again.

"I believe that I must have fallen asleep. When I awoke I saw the old man by my side. We spake together; he asked me about my ailments, and then he spoke of my soul.

"A little book was in his hand; he opened it and read—

"*'Io vi lascio pace, Io vi do la mia pace; Io non vi la do, come il mondo la dà; il vostro cuore non sia turbato, et non si spaventì.'*
'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you' (John xiv. 27).

"'Dear friend,' he said, 'would you not desire to have this peace?'

"'Desire to have it!' I cried. 'Desire to have it! I would give all on earth to be freed from these tormenting fears of mine and to have *that* peace.'

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

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“ ‘ Listen then,’ said he, and he turned to St. Paul’s Epistle to the Romans. ‘ Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God ’ (Rom. v. 1, 2).

“ ‘ Think of these two passages, my friend, for a moment,’ he said. . . ‘ Take this little book with you, and pray earnestly this little prayer—

“ ‘ O Signor Jesu Christo, lavami nell Sangue Tuo,
E dammi il Tuo Spirito Santo.”

“ ‘ O Lord Jesus Christ, wash me in Thy Blood,
And give me Thy Holy Spirit.’

“ That night—a restless, disturbed night—I spent upon my knees. I asked earnestly for pardon through the precious blood of Jesus. I pleaded for the Holy Spirit to be given to me. And, blessed be God, *I found peace*. I believed what God had said He would do for me, and next morning *I was resting upon Jesus*.”

J. D. C.



“ The blood of Jesus Christ His [God’s] Son cleanseth us from all sin ” (1 John i. 7).

BELIEVER OR REJECTOR— WHICH?

LUTHER once said that John iii. 16 was "the Bible in miniature." And truly it is a most blessed and wonderful portion of God's word. "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." What a mine of blessedness we have here! The source of it all is God; the One to whom we are all responsible, and in whose hand is our eternal destiny. The full extent of man's depravity is known to Him. He knows the enmity and wickedness, and capability for evil of each human heart—the character and most minute detail of each sinful life. Yet knowing all perfectly, and the full measure of man's need, He so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son! He does what He does because He is what He is. "God is love," and the only adequate expression of it is His "unspeakable gift."

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him." God so loved as thus to act, and who can measure this wonderful love? Each redeemed one has some feeble apprehension of it, but the sum total of all would not be infinite, not even when we shall know

even as we are known. No, that boundless ocean of His love, "without bottom, brim or shore," will never be sounded. Think of it, God so loved!—oh, weigh it well—as to give His only-begotten Son. Oh, what goodness! What pity for our misery! What provision for our need! How worthy of God!

We needed one to make atonement. Every sacrifice in the Old Testament pointed to its necessity. We needed one to meet the claims of a holy, sin-hating God, one who could take up the tremendous question of sin, and settle it to God's glory. Where could this one be found? God alone can answer. He provided the Lamb, He found the ransom. The Lord Jesus Himself said, "Even so must the Son of man be lifted up," for nothing short of His sufferings, death, and bloodshedding, could meet the demands of God's holiness, or clear the sinner of his guilt. God in His love sent His only-begotten Son to accomplish all. The Lord Jesus came, and in His life and death glorified God, who raised Him from the dead, and gave Him glory that our faith and hope might be in God.

Think of *God's object* in giving His Son—"that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." This is not a hard condition. Will you in unbelief exclude yourself from the blessed results of the death of Christ? Think

of the consequences of *rejecting*; for if you die a rejector you will be eternally cut off from God and all good, and for ever united to your sin and misery, and your company shall be the devil and his angels!

Now is the day of grace in which, if you set your seal that God is true, you are secured from perishing and become a possessor of eternal life. May God in His own rich grace incline your hearts to receive it.

J. A. T.



"MERCY ON MY DEATHBED"

How many there are who do not mean to be lost, but are content to quiet their consciences by resolving to come to Christ upon their death-bed.

When a boy of about fourteen I was in church one Sunday, listening to the clergyman, when he said—

"My brethren, just before I came to service this morning, I attended the bedside of a poor woman, a member of this congregation, who was dying. I spoke to her about her soul, and she listened with great attention. When I pointed out to her the danger of meeting her God unforgiven, she *cried for mercy*, and a few minutes afterwards she died. I believe she has gone to heaven."

I may not have given the preacher's exact words,

but the impression they left on my mind was, that a man might live as he liked, and that on his death-bed he might *cry for mercy*, to be forgiven, and to go to heaven. As I sat in the church, I said to myself, "That is exactly what I will do, and I will enjoy life in my own way." I deliberately formed this resolution, and lived accordingly. I joined in all the pleasures going on around me, and tried to keep God out of my thoughts. If any one talked about the possibility of going to hell, "No, no," I used to think, "I am going to *cry for mercy* on my death-bed."

Years passed on. I joined the army, and, in 1870, sailed with my regiment for India. I lived a careless, godless life, trying to forget the eternity which lay before me. The thought *sometimes* would strike me, "What will be the end of the life I am leading?" But Satan always had my answer ready, "On my death-bed I am going to *cry for mercy*."

During the first year of my life in India, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, got wet through while shooting, and returned to the cantonment suffering from an acute attack of illness.

I was living at that time in the same bungalow as one of our regimental surgeons, G——, with whom I was on very intimate terms. When he came to my bedside to prescribe for me, I saw that he looked grave, so I said to him—

“What do you think of me, G——? Will you kindly tell me honestly if you think I am going to die, as I wish to know? ”

He replied with some hesitation, “ To tell you the honest truth, I think unless you take a decided turn for the better within an hour, you will probably be dead in two or three hours.”

“ Thank you,” I answered, “then will you kindly leave me by myself, and come back to see me at the end of an hour? ”

G—— left me alone. “And now,” said I, “the time has come of which I have thought so often; I must *cry for mercy*.”

I looked at my watch and noticed the exact time. After lying quiet for a few minutes to collect my thoughts, I looked again at my watch, and found that a quarter of an hour had slipped away. I was startled, but repeating to myself, “ Now I *must cry for mercy*,” lay back on my bed.

My thoughts flew to my home in England, and I wondered how those I loved would hear of my death, and what they would think and say, and again I looked at my watch. Only twenty minutes left! In deep distress I tried to think of the words in which I should “ cry for mercy,” but could not think of any words whatever. Then I sank down upon the pillow, and realised to my horror that I was so weak from my illness that, do what I would,

I could not collect my thoughts sufficiently to cry for mercy.

Once more I looked at my watch. Two or three minutes only of the hour were left me. I thought I should probably soon become unconscious. This roused me to a desperate effort, and raising myself on to my knees, I tried, as a last resource, to say the Lord's prayer.

I began "Our Father which art—," but this was all that I could remember. I was too ill to recall what came next, but fell down upon my bed in anguish, but fully realising that on my death-bed it was *too late to cry for mercy*.

It pleased God to spare my life, and some time after I heard the gospel of free and full salvation. The preacher pointed out that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and that if any man came as a sinner to Christ, believing in Him, and trusting in Him, that very moment Christ would receive him, however vile and sinful he might be, and would give him eternal life. "Now," cried he, "is the accepted time."

It flashed across my mind, "What folly to delay!" Through grace I came to Christ, and since that moment have been blessed with the knowledge of my perfect safety for time and for eternity.

You may take the water of life freely, "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).

E. H. F.



"HEAR, AND YOUR SOUL SHALL LIVE"

ISAI. LV. 3

THESE words, uttered by the prophet Isaiah, were addressed to the people of the house of David some 2,500 years ago—not to a people who had never heard of God, but to the most privileged nation on the earth. For there was no people who had witnessed such manifestations of the power and goodness of Jehovah on their behalf as the children of Israel. Even 700 years before, Moses had challenged them in such words as these—

"Did ever people hear the voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire, as thou hast heard, and live? Or, hath God essayed to go and take him a nation, from the midst of another nation, by temptations, by signs, and by wonders, and by war, and by a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm, and by great terrors, according to all that Jehovah your God did for you in Egypt, before your eyes? Unto thee it was shewed, that thou mightest know that Jehovah he is God; there is none else beside him.

Out of heaven he made thee to hear his voice, that he might instruct thee : and upon earth he shewed thee his great fire ; and thou heardest his words out of the midst of the fire. And because he loved thy fathers, therefore he chose their seed after them and brought thee out in his sight with his mighty power out of Egypt ” (Deut. iv. 33-37).

How had Israel acted in view of all these proofs of Jehovah’s favour? This is what the prophet had to say of them : “ Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, children that are corrupters, they have forsaken Jehovah, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward. . . . The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it ; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores.” How loathsome their moral condition in the eyes of Jehovah !

If this was a true indictment of the nation at the beginning of the prophecy, how greatly augmented was its guilt and state after the people’s rejection of their Messiah (as prophetically foreseen and announced in chap. liii.). Now, disobedient still, yet will Israel be brought in a day that is coming to true repentance and contrition of heart. Then will they in the spirit of supplication appropriate the words of this chapter, confessing that He was wounded for their trans-

gressions, bruised for their iniquities; that the chastisement of their peace was upon Him; and with His stripes they are healed. Then shall they sing, as in chap. liv., break forth into singing and cry aloud. Then it will no longer be as now, "Praise is silent for thee, O God, in Zion" (Ps. lxxv.). Then, too, in their new-found joy, will they call upon every one that thirsteth to come to the waters, and he that hath no money—to come, buy and eat—to buy wine and milk without money and without price (Isai. lv. 1). What a change from what now is! Now unbelieving, then believing; now scattered among the nations, then once more gathered out of all lands; now disowned, then glorified by Jehovah, the Holy One of Israel. They shall go out with joy, to be led forth with peace. Even the mountains and the hills shall break forth before them into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to Jehovah for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

Are you, my reader, content to hear of this glorious fulfilment for Israel, and be without the blessing for yourself? Why should you refuse or put off the yet deeper and fuller blessing for your own soul now? You have the word of Him who came to die, the Just for us unjust, to bring us

to God, that “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). “Incline your ear, and *come* unto me: *hear*, and your soul shall *live*.” “Him that *cometh* unto me I will *in no wise* cast out.” “Let him that is athirst *come*: whosoever will, let him *take* of the water of life freely.”



YONDER !

Out on the lonely cliffs,
 Across the restless sea;
 Doth memory's tide bring thoughts of love,
 From God's eternity.

Yes from the other side,
 “Hope,” like a beacon bright,
 Leadeth me on by a wounded hand,
 Far from earth's dreary night.

Lo! 'tis His face I see,
 God's home, God's rest, is there;
 Himself, in Whom all fulness dwells,
 Whose glory I shall share.

Worm of the dust am I,
 Yet for my sins He bled,
 His joy will be to bring me home,
 To where His feast is spread.

The sands of time run out,
The songs of heaven begin ;
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,"
All the redeemed shall sing.

Washed in His precious blood,
Spoil of His Cross am I ;
Robed in His beauty soon shall shine,
In Him to God brought nigh.

The *Morning Star* appears,
Earth's shadows flee away ;
The Bridegroom's voice calls home His Bride,
To realms of endless day.

Dead saints, with living, rise,
At that transporting word ;
Joy finds her consummation then,
"For ever with the Lord."

Ages on ages roll,
Yet shall I serve Him still ;
With unveiled face His glory see
Whose LOVE my soul doth fill.

S. T.



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

“THIS BLESSED BOOK!”

“‘**A**H, yes! here is the companion of my restless nights and toilsome days; here is the friend that speaketh to me of heaven and joy and peace; here is the Book that shews me that the pardoned sinner washed in the blood of Jesus goes at once into a Father’s home; here is the Book that shews me that the lost sinner goes at once into the dark caverns of everlasting woe in hell.’

“The speaker ceased for a few moments to restrain the violence of his cough. I glanced round at the upturned faces, each eagerly turned towards him. Tall, and very slight, a burning hectic spot upon the pale, thin cheek, black hair floating backward from his marble brow, the hand, anon raised high overhead with Italian vehemence, anon languidly sinking to his side, a voice sweet as music in his lower tones, then rising to a startling pitch, as he spoke of the miseries of everlasting despair—it needed not the sighs nor the half-uttered exclamations to convince me that his words were falling upon no unconcerned or listless ears.

“The three-cornered chapeau of a young, pale, care-worn Abbé met my view, as, amid the crowd, with varying emotions passing over his eager face, he stood drinking in the words of the young speaker; the grey watchcoats of some Sardinian infantry, the red caps of a few fishermen, the muleteer halting

his string of mules with tinkling bells, to listen to the words so strange and yet so musically rendered—amid that throng of dark-eyed Sardinians I felt that words like these were not falling to the ground.

“ ‘ Yes! in my dark garret have I pored over this Book—yes! in the sunny sunshine—yes! by the waves of the far-sounding sea—yes! while the stormy mistral howled over my lonely *mansarde*—here, in this blessed Book, have I found a Saviour’s love set forth so clearly, that even that little child might apprehend it. Here have I seen the Holy Spirit’s gracious promises; and *here*,’ laying his thin, wan hand upon his heart, ‘ here have I felt His life-giving power. This hard, stony heart of mine He has graciously been softening; and here stand I, a dying man, never more to see a summer’s sun, to tell to dying men the story of a dying Saviour’s love.’

“ ‘ Oh, come now to Jesus—see your sins laid all on Jesus. Ask for His Holy Spirit to take away your hard, stony heart, and to give you a heart to love Him, work for Him—and a heart to trust in Him, and even to die for Him.’

“ He ceased, laid his hand upon his breast with an expression of pain, and slowly left the crowd, side by side with the young Abbé.* The *pommes*

* The Abbé shortly after left the Church of Rome for the faith of the gospel.

du pin were brightly blazing in the grate when I re-entered my lodging, as I breathed a silent prayer that men such as this might be raised up through the length and breadth of sunny Italy to preach the glad tidings of a Saviour's love to fallen sinners.

“ It was a wild, stormy evening, the great waves of the tideless Mediterranean thundered upon the shingly beach; the wind howled dismally through the narrow lanes and past the strange old houses of the old quarter. My companion, grey-haired, tall, above the high stature of even tall men, pushed on regardless of the gale, and turning down a narrow *ruelle* or minor street, stood before an old weather-beaten edifice. Passing up the common stairway, he opened a side-door, and there, lying on a bed of straw, in a corner of the room, appeared a form well-known to me. I could not be mistaken—the dark, lustrous eye, the massive brow, the emaciated face, the musical hollow tones that uttered the salutation, ‘*Buon giou,*’ in the Provençal accent.

“ ‘ Dear friend, I have come to thee. How art thou this night? ’ The old man who thus spoke took the wasted hand in his, and looked down upon the flushed face of the young invalid.

“ ‘ It is well-nigh over,’ he said. ‘ I am now dying. Blessed be God, I am going home at last—home to Jesus ! ’

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“ The speaker paused, utterly exhausted. My friend held a little wine to his lips ; he sipped a few drops.

“ ‘Are you not lonely, friend—lonely, since father, mother, sister, all have forsaken you since you embraced the gospel truth? ’

“ A flush of indescribable emotion filled that wan cheek, a glance of holy joy flashed through his sparkling eyes, as, lifting up the little Testament that lay upon his bed, he cried with rapturous accents—

“ ‘ I am not alone, for Jesus is with me ! ’

“ The hand fell back upon the bed, the head wearily sank downwards, a few more parting, breathing sighs, a slight struggle, a change over the face, and there lay the dead Sardinian shoemaker and evangelist of the Place Dominique—a dog mournfully licking a dead master’s hand! Gone! gone to a Father’s home—

“ Home to the city, where the salutation

Of blood-washed harpers rings its raptured song;
Where the Lord Christ, the God of our salvation,
Ever is present His blessed flock among.

“ Home to the city, where the sun sets never,

For the Lord Jesus is its sun and shield;
Home with the loved ones, never more to sever—
All sorrow vanished, and all sickness healed.”

“ He sleeps beneath the grass upon the mount at whose base the sea unceasingly chants forth its requiem ; but, oh ! how blessed a welcome awaited

that poor, despised, abandoned Sardinian, forsaken by an earthly father for loving Jesus and His word, but made a son of the Lord God Almighty in the home where death has never come, sin never entered, sorrow never been felt, but joy, and peace, and rest, and ecstasy for ever and ever."

J. D. C.



THE PARADISE OF GOD.

THE abode prepared by God for man must have been beyond any of our present conceptions. We know as coming from the hands of the Creator it was by him pronounced very good. There were no defects, but in the wisdom and love of God it was adapted to man in a state of innocence. It was a garden of delight, the word "Eden" meaning pleasure or delight, but above and beyond all other privileges was the intercourse that man had with his Creator. Dependence on and obedience to God should have characterised man; but when God's love and truth were maligned by the serpent, man to exalt himself sided with the devil, and became a rebel against God, and a slave of his worst foe. A bitter experience ensued, for man became possessed of a guilty conscience, and the sense of guilt filled him with fear. The fall was truly terrible, and the consequences, who can tell how far-reaching? As far as man was concerned, but for God's gracious intervention, it was

irremediable. The arch-rebel had been triumphant in God's fair creation, and became possessed of material in fallen human nature to produce this present evil world, with its pursuits, its sorrows, its crimes, its wrongs, its oppressions, its pleasures, its lawlessness, its guilt.

But God for His own glory and in mercy to poor fallen man announced the glad tidings—the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, and it shall bruise his heel. Then four thousand years were allowed to run their course before the advent of this blessed Deliverer. The divine history of those forty centuries is given in God's inspired word. And what a history! A history of ever-increasing evil culminating in the crucifixion of the Lord of glory. But on God's side what long-suffering! what patient grace! Man's varied evil gave occasion to the God of all grace to display still further grace, and in the end where sin abounded grace did much more abound. The thing wherein men acted proudly, in killing the Prince of life, God was above them. Man thought evil against that Blessed One, but God meant it for good to man's salvation. "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." Yes, thank God, His Christ died for sins once, just for unjust, to bring us to God.

A very sweet example of this saving grace is recorded in Luke xxiii., where another paradise is spoken of, and we may be assured that, however beautiful and blessed the paradise of creation was in its pristine loveliness and blessedness, it bears no comparison to the paradise entered by the Lord Jesus after His death. We know from the apostle Paul's experience that no human language could express the blessedness and glories of the paradise of God. Truly, "only the blood washed ones go there; the ransomed and forgiven."

The subject of this saving grace referred to, is the poor dying robber; whose career had been so exceedingly bad, that in man's judgment he was reckoned too wicked to be allowed to live, and the poor man himself owned that he was receiving his righteous due. His was truly a desperate case, but he was not beyond the reach of God's mercy. There was repentance wrought in his soul: true repentance which brought forth fruit worthy of it; for he utterly condemned himself and justified the Lord Jesus; moreover, he had faith in the Lord Jesus for salvation, and asked to be remembered when the Lord came in His Kingdom; but it was given him to hear of grace beyond all human thought, for the Lord said unto him, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." And no one ever had a more valid title to the paradise of God

than that believing robber. That poor tortured body transfixed to the tree for a brief period was the earthen vessel which contained the precious treasure of a ransomed soul. Before the day had run its course the release came, and he, rescued from death and judgment, was absent from the body and in paradise, with his Lord and Saviour.

There is no question of merit in this man's case. Distinctly was all boasting excluded, and it was God's love and grace through the merit of the Saviour's blood which met fully and for ever each and every need of his guilty, lost and helpless condition. Let it be remembered that all who are saved are saved in the same way, that is, it is all of grace, pure, free grace.

O my friend, be besought to come to this gracious Saviour who responded to the faith of the guilty robber, then you too shall have a place in the paradise of God. Don't forget that because of sin man was driven out of the paradise of creation, but God has come in, and by His beloved Son so wrought that man can be righteously brought into a vastly superior place to that from which man fell. Drawn by that grace—drawn by the Father to His beloved Son—you will be received by Him, as truly as He received the poor malefactor in his time of extremity, for has not Jesus said, “Him that cometh to me, I will in *no wise* cast out”?
J. A. T.

“QUITE HAPPY.”

A WHILE ago, a young Scotch woman called on me in the way of business. She was tall and robust, but her pale look, her hectic flush, and bright eye told at once that consumption had commenced its sure and rapid work. Besides, there was sadness on every feature. After learning that she was a stranger in our large city, that her father and mother were old and poor, in Scotland, and after advising her at once, if possible, to return to her home, she cast on me a most heart-rending look. The big tears rolled down her cheeks, and she asked, with such tones as could only proceed from a distressed, aching heart, “Do you think my sickness is a decline?” The instant reply was, “Oh, if you knew what a dear loving Friend and Saviour the Lord Jesus is to just such as you, it would give such rest of heart that you would not be troubled a bit as to whether it is consumption or not.”

A few more such words, in the bustle of business, and we parted. Not hearing of her for some days, I concluded she had gone home to her parents; but a fortnight after I received a message that she was at the point of death. I found her utterly prostrate from hemorrhage, and unable to speak a word, but a smile indicated that she knew me. I whispered a few precious scriptures about

Jesus, and, to my surprise (oh, unbelief!) I observed an expression of joy, as of a sunbeam, pass over her face. Next day the crisis was passed, and she greeted me with gladness. At once I said, "Are you happy?" "Oh, yes; quite happy." "How long have you been so?" "Nearly a fortnight." "What made you happy?" "I can scarcely tell." "Has anyone been speaking or reading to you?" "No." "Are your sins forgiven?" "Oh, yes; all gone." "What makes you so sure?" Her strength was gone, she simply breathed out, "Jesus! Jesus! Whoever believeth on Jesus."

She lingered for three months after that, and some of the happiest moments in my life were spent in witnessing her simple joy and her longing desire to be present with the Lord. And see how the Lord ever gives a word in season. She had been a domestic in a private hotel, and she told me that for months before I spoke to her, every day after her work was done she would retire to her room and weep by the hour at the thought of all her hopes being cut off, and death coming upon her so early. Oh, what an answer to all this did she find in the loving heart of Jesus!

Before her sickness she had sent her wages to support her aged parents. Now she was cast upon the Lord, and richly did He provide for her. A little before she fell asleep in Jesus I asked if

she had any special object for which we should pray. She replied, "I am sometimes troubled about the doctor's bill, and how my poor body will get buried when I am dead." I read some of the words of Jesus setting forth His care, and some of the promises of the Father to answer every request in the name of Jesus; and then we together told both those matters to Jesus. At my next visit, without any surprise (more than I can say of myself), she told me that two gentlemen had called on her from the hotel to tell her not to be troubled about either the expenses of her funeral, the doctor's charges, or any expense attending her sickness, as the gentlemen on whom she formerly waited had arranged to meet it all.

And so they did. She fell asleep in Jesus; her precious dust was committed to the earth, and for all her need there was enough and to spare. I had never seen her before I spoke to her. One simple sentence, addressed directly to her heart, about Jesus the Lord was used to dispel the gloom of a broken heart, to draw her sweetly to Himself, and to give her a taste of that living water after which she never thirsted again. Oh, how many times have I heard her exclaim, "Happy! Happy as happy can be! Lord Jesus, come!"

H.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

I HAD been visiting at the Cottage Hospital for some months, principally in the "Kenyon" Ward, and had seen many cases, more or less interesting, pass out cured. But I rarely came down from reading or singing to the patients without turning into the sitting-room to have a few words with the matron, about whom there was to me an indescribable attraction.

She was a young woman about thirty; tall and graceful, with gentle brown eyes, and a winning smile which lighted up her face when she spoke. But the brilliant fluctuating colour, while it added to her personal attractions, told but too plainly a tale of the mischief working within. Still she seemed quite unconscious of this herself; and as she was very reserved as to her spiritual experiences, for many weeks I was anxious and unhappy about her, though the Lord in a special way laid her upon my heart in prayer.

After kindly assisting me to put up some texts upon the walls one Friday afternoon, I put the personal enquiry to her for the first time, "Do you know Christ as *your* Saviour?"

With some hesitation, the colour rising to her cheeks, she replied, "I hope so; I have not served Him as I ought; but I think I can say I do know Him."

“Then it is all well with you for time and eternity,” I responded, as I took her hand to say Good-bye.

A week passed before I was able to call at the hospital again. When I did so, it was to hear from one of the nurses the startling message, “The matron has been taken suddenly ill since yesterday, miss ; and wishes you to go up and see her.”

In a few moments I was at her bedside, listening to her account of her sudden attack, and her plans for removal to a convalescent home when she got over it. Then, anxious—perhaps faithlessly anxious—to have a clear testimony from her, I said, “And you are resting on Christ, on His finished work, dear?”

She looked up quietly as she replied, “I’ve—nowhere—else—to—rest ; please read—to me.”

I opened at John x., and as I came to those blessed words, “The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep” (ver. 11), her heavy breathing told she was asleep. It was getting dark, and snowing heavily ; and as my time was up, I rose softly and left the room, giving a promise to the nurse that I would call early next day.

Never shall I forget the sight which met me when I entered her room next morning. Tossing restlessly to and fro, laughing, muttering, singing, utterly unconscious of anything passing

around her, the scarlet cheeks and sparkling eyes told of the fever raging within.

“ She has been like that all night,” said the nurse. “ She knows no one, not even the doctor ; but, maybe, she’ll know you, miss.”

I bent over her. “ Do you know me, dear? ”

What a thrill went through me as those dull, unconscious eyes looked up at mine, and she muttered, “ Your hair looks nice.”

There then flashed through my mind the lines—

“ Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,” and laying my cold hand upon her forehead, I said, “ Well, you know Jesus—Jesus the Saviour ! ”

Oh, the power of that name ! How it breaks hearts now, as it shall bow knees hereafter ! Her dull eye brightened, and she bent her head as she replied, “ Yes, I—know—Him.”

These were the last coherent words I heard from her. She lingered some days in the same sad state (as regards her body), and then, as an early December evening was closing in,

“ Her spirit still mourning its fetters,
Was loosed by the hand of God.”

Reader, how little I thought, as I sat in her cosy private room that Friday afternoon, that I was talking to her then, calmly and quietly, *for the last time !* Talking of the hospital, of her

prospects, and of things which would never again be of interest to her ! Yet so it was.

And to you and to me, dear reader, there will come a day when we shall do everything *for the last time*. Can we tell how soon? This may be the last paper I shall ever write ! It may be the last you will ever read ! How solemn, yet how sweet, is the thought to me. Is it less so to you? And do you shrink from the thought as one of dread and gloom?

Ah, if you know not Christ as your Saviour, you may well shrink ! And the future—the future, perhaps, so near at hand—can only be “blackness of darkness” for ever ! “Because I have called,” are God’s own words, “and ye refused ; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded. . . I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh.” One more appeal He makes to you now through these pages. One more entreaty falls from His own loving lips —“Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?” Once more, and it may be *for the last time*, the unlimited offer reaches your ears—“I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.”

Will you accept, or do you reject, this salvation?

A. S. O.

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

Gospel Gleanings



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London:

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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

A STRAIGHT LINE TO CHRIST

THE late Emperor of Russia, when the railway was to be made between Moscow and St. Petersburg, employed a number of great engineers in making plans. He looked over many of their maps, and at last, like the practical man that he was, he said, "Here, bring me a ruler." They brought him a ruler: he took a pencil, and, drawing a straight line, he said, "This is the way to engineer it: we want no other plan than one straight line."

There are a great many ways of engineering souls to heaven; but the only one that is worth considering is this:—Draw a straight line to Christ at once. Did I hear one awakened soul say, "I should like to talk to Mr. ——"? By all means talk to him, but do not stop for that. Go to Christ first. "Oh, but I should like to talk with a good woman—a dear Christian lady." I recommend you to go to Jesus Christ at once, and see the lady afterwards. We may make our Christian workers into little priests if we do not mind. There must be nobody between a soul and Christ. Go straight to Christ. "Which way?" say you. Look and live.

C. H. S.



IS HE A STRANGER TO YOU?

“O THE hope of Israel, the saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldest thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night” (Jer. xiv. 8)?

Jehovah was a stranger in His own land. He was in the midst of His earthly people (ver. 9), but not then to bless them—in the fulness of His power unquestionably; but forbearing to save them from the dearth that pitifully reduced His beloved Israel to all but extinction. Why? “Behold, the Lord’s hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear. But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear” (Isa. lix. 1, 2). The estrangement here was on God’s part. The people’s iniquities must be, and were, imputed to them according to that law which could only ensure that “every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward” (Heb. ii. 2).

Again, in due time, Immanuel is in His land, visiting His people. Not now a presence unseen, however real, but a Man among men. And again a stranger!

All that could be done in the way the prophets speak of—chastisement under the law for their

sins—had been done. That law in the spirit of it was still their condemnation. But an alien mind was in them, and they saw not, so that this very law in the letter of it was a matter of national pride. It pleased the human mind (and does still) to use it for the culture of self-righteousness. Great promise of goodness as a consequence seemed to be, but no fulfilment when Christ appeared. Leaves in luxuriant abundance, but of fruit—nothing! It was a sad use to make of that severe schoolmaster God gave until Christ. Had they realised its inexorable authority and rule they would have been waiting for a Deliverer from the sin it effectually laid to their charge. But, blind to law, they were still more blind to Christ, and their misuse of it only inflamed their natural hatred of the true God, and fortified their hearts to resist His grace. He who came to save His people from their sins found His people, except a few, unprepared to be saved from their sins because they did not feel the necessity. Accordingly He who could meet every need from His fulness must press the need home that men might come to Him. He who alone on earth could forgive sins spoke and acted to convict of sin, that souls might seek Him, and learn His grace. In the great majority, alas! this was to bring to light the real enmity of heart to God that was concealed by religious profession.

Now, indeed, the strangeness, the alienation, is on the contrary part—on man's side. Man needed to be reconciled, as it is written, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them" (2 Cor. v. 19). How this manner of His coming deprives man of his last excuse! If power was restrained, appearing only on suited occasions at the call of grace, was it any less the power of *God*? If truth did not blaze forth and devour the adversaries, but enlighten the heart to discover its own sin, was it therefore not of God?

There was everything to win the heart in His raising of the widow's son, for instance, by His power in grace. Yet, had He come to condemn, He could have drawn every soul of man irresistibly before Him for judgment (as He will in its own day). Why were not all convinced that He with whom all things are possible, He who alone is good, was there present? Furthermore, it is in grace He answers the unspoken thoughts of a Simon the Pharisee—not by terrible things in righteousness. Was not that enough to bring the conviction of His glory? Yet how many will not believe till they believe and tremble before the records of omniscience—the books that will be opened at the great white throne. No, a hero-king, who would make their world better without raising the question of sin, would have been wel-

come, but the Christ of God was counted a stranger. "I am become a stranger unto my brethren, and an alien unto my mother's children" (Ps. lxxix. 8).

Did not Jesus choose "the good Samaritan" to teach this very thing of Himself? "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" is a commandment exceeding broad. The questioner (Luke x. 25-37) seems to have felt it so, as never before, now that he hears it confirmed by Jesus. "But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?" The only relief for his uneasiness that suggests itself to him is to try (lawyer-like) to circumscribe his responsibility by some narrow definition of the word "neighbour." What an overturning of his thoughts follows! Mercy is shown just where the need is. But who is it that is cited as the true exponent (and more) of that law of God? A despised stranger Samaritan! The Jew of the parable is robbed and dying, but he receives everything needed from an alien, who is rich in mercy. The answer Jesus gave, was it not framed to shatter all self-conceit and teach the lawyer that he needed One to seek and save him, instead of discussing a duty he had never fulfilled? That One was the rejected Stranger, with whom he stood face to face. The true Kinsman-redeemer was come—a Neighbour near to the place where he was. And none ever showed mercy like

Him. His path to the cross is strewn with the fragrant memorials of grace, and hanging there—the self-offered Victim for sin—the silence of death speaks the fulness of His love. “God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Rom. v. 8).

Reader, does your heart give ready acknowledgment to this, that *you* are such a sinner needing One to die for you—a Substitute? If not, the true Christ is yet a stranger to you, and in some way slighted and despised. The living Christ is still unrecognised by those who resort to the self-styled priests of our own day. In *Christ* is fulness; not only the oil and wine, the joy of present salvation, but provision for everything from this moment till He comes. Is He this to you?

He is a stranger to you who see no need of His shed blood to take your guilt away. Your cherished ideal is a shadowy Christ of your own imaginings. That other Christ who is a pattern only to men, and no substitute for the sinner, is not another, but a false one. The revealed Christ is the living One, that died for you, and lives for evermore.

Be not deceived to think the bitterness of death is past. Be warned ere He comes—ere that day when He shall sit as Judge whom now you condemn. “I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God” (Rev. xx. 12). “If thou,

Jehovah, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand'' (Ps. cxxx. 3)?

T. D.



“I KNOW ITS ALL RIGHT”

SUCH were the words of one who has just been called to her rest after suffering for several years. I wonder, if the Lord were to call you away, dear reader, could *you* say “I know it’s all right”? If not, why? The one who uttered these words had believed God’s testimony of One who came from the highest heights of glory down “to Calvary’s depths of woe” to save poor, lost and ruined sinners by bearing on the cross the righteous judgment of a holy God against sin. She knew that God had laid on Jesus “the iniquity of us all, and that God was so perfectly satisfied with the work of His beloved Son that He raised Him from the dead for our justification. Jesus Himself had declared that “He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come unto judgment, but is passed from death into life.” Therefore it was, when on account of her severe illness the doctor had to give her morphia to cause sleep, that she was able to say on waking up, “I was quite aware that I might not awake again here, but I knew it was all right.” She had taken God at His

word, fully casting herself upon Him. Like the apostle Paul, she would say, "I know whom I have believed."

The writer can remember the time when it was different with her. A few years ago, her dear husband had to undergo a severe operation; and it was while one was reading the precious word of God to him that she would quietly creep into the room to listen to the words which seemed so wonderful to her. From that time she has never missed attending a little meeting round God's word every week when possible. And doing this she was like the wise man that Jesus speaks of who built a house and dug deep, laying the foundation on a rock, God's written and living word. So when the storm came she was not shaken, but could say, "I know it's all right."

What comforting words for those she has left behind! Truly they sorrow not as those which have no hope. How little we all thought when we met at the Bible reading only one short month ago that it would be the last time we should meet on earth! She was then telling us of one who had been saying she was longing to meet her mother, and she had replied, "Oh, I think it should be Jesus we should long to meet, because your mother would never have been there if it had not been for Jesus." Dear reader, have you learnt this important truth that "Christ died for our sins accord-

ing to the scriptures," and that His precious blood shed on Calvary's cross has so satisfied a holy God as to sin, and our sins, that God is now acting righteously in justifying the one who believes in Jesus. "We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." "And by him all that believe are justified." Thus can God look upon the believer in Christ Jesus as accepted and complete in Him. If this is so with you, you will be able, like our dear sister, to say, "I know it's all right."

G. H.



TOO CHEAP

A PREACHER of the gospel had gone down into a coal mine, during the noon hour, to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. After telling them the simple story of God's love to lost sinners—man's state, and God's remedy—a full and free salvation offered,—the time came for the men to resume work, and the preacher came back to the shaft, to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation? The man replied,

"Oh, it's too cheap; I cannot believe in such a religion as that!"

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

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Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked,

“How do you get out of this place?”

“Simply by getting into the cage,” was the reply.

“And does it take long to get to the top?”

“Oh, no; only a few seconds!”

“Well, that certainly is very easy and simple. But do you not need to help raise yourself?” said the preacher.

“Of course not!” replied the miner. “As I have said, you have nothing to do but get into the cage.”

“But what about the people who sunk the shaft, and perfected all this arrangement; was there much labour or expense about it?”

“Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at great cost to the proprietor; but it is our only way out, and without it we should never be able to get to the surface.”

“Just so. And when God’s word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say, ‘Too cheap!’—‘Too cheap!’ forgetting that God’s work to bring you and others out of the pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a *vast cost*, the price being the death of His own Son.”

Men talk about the "help of Christ" in their salvation—that if they do their part, Christ will do His; forgetting, or not seeing, that the Lord Jesus Christ by Himself purged our sins, and that their part is but to accept what has been done.

SELECTED.



"PREACHER OF THE DESERT"

WHAT do these words mean? To understand them we must go back to the days of the wicked and cruel king Louis XIV. of France, who was persuaded by his Jesuit advisers in 1685 to revoke the Edict of Nantes, which had for about one hundred years preserved the religious liberties of the Protestants of France. What was the consequence of this? Nearly a million in the face of great difficulties succeeded in escaping from France to other countries—England, Germany, etc.; and to these new lands they brought, through their skill and diligence in crafts and agriculture, a great blessing. On those that remained the persecution was so severe that they seemed to be well-nigh exterminated, and the land was like a desert.

There were at the time very few preachers who were able to minister to the scattered flock; but amongst them was one who stood pre-eminent—Paul Rabant, who laboured incessantly for forty years, in constant danger of death. Yet in the provi-

dence of God he was permitted to pass peacefully away at the ripe age of eighty-four. This was in the very year (1795) in which the Constitution restored again to the Protestants of France their long-lost liberty of conscience.

But may we not draw from this some very useful lessons? In the history of the Huguenots we see, in spite of fiercest persecution, a people that yet throve and increased like the Israelites in the hard bondage of Egypt, who "multiplied and waxed very mighty." Thus we see how God can, and does, even in the most unfavourable circumstances (humanly speaking) preserve His own and carry on His work.

But let us turn to a Scripture example of a preacher of the desert in the days of our Lord. John the Baptist preached and lived in the wilderness of Judea. His clothing and food were also suited to the desert. There too did his hearers go to receive from him a heavenly message. They went where there was the least of earthly comfort that their minds and hearts might dwell on what was of God rather than on what was of nature. There they heard from John the glad tidings of the coming Messiah and His kingdom—they showed their readiness for the same by turning to God away from their sins, confessing them, and proving in life that the change was real. This was because grace worked in their hearts to show

them that death (typified in baptism) meant an end to the past and a start in the ways of God.

The preservation of the Huguenots in the desert, in spite of their enemies, was in its way not unlike the sojourning of the Israelites in the wilderness when God showed them His acts and to Moses His ways. How many a soul has been made to feel that in this world all is vanity, and it is the realisation of this that makes one ready to drink of the heavenly streams which never run dry. When no eye could see or mind could tell whence bread was to come, God sent it down from heaven. When Samaria was besieged by the Assyrians, God used the outcast lepers to find, and bring the news of, plenty at the very gates of the city.

I would relate an instance from the life of Paul Rabant to show how these despised and persecuted ones understood and obeyed God's mind in "resisting not evil." No less than ten thousand of the Huguenots were gathered in a valley of Bas-Languedoc to hear Rabant preach, when suddenly a few soldiers (fifteen or twenty) were seen who commenced at once to fire on the assembly. In a moment (as he says), at a signal from him, the multitude could have fallen on these few soldiers and have torn them to pieces. But no, as witnesses of the One who came not to "destroy" men's lives but to "save," instead of retaliating on their enemies they chose rather to flee, carrying

with them their dead and wounded, whilst now and again continuing the interrupted psalm.

What, let me ask, but a greater than any human power could have effected such a result? The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; He shows them His truth. This world must become to the heart as a desert before heavenly things can be appreciated. It was the cross—the death—of Christ which separated the converted Saul from the world and set his mind on heavenly things. The new nature in the believer is of God, and cannot therefore find its food in this scene; but the heavenly supply is abundant and never failing. For “eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him, but God *hath revealed* them” to those who, feeling their need and lost state, as also the emptiness of this scene, have by faith turned to the Saviour, and, believing in themselves no longer, have learnt to rest on Christ and His atoning work. Thus, cleansed by His precious blood, and made free from Satan, it is henceforth their joy to walk in His ways, obeying God’s word. To His name be all the praise who gives songs in the night to the travellers through the desert.

J. C. B.

WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB

BEFORE going to my daily duty some years back I was called on by a member of a family living about ten minutes' walk, to visit their father who was ill. God blessed the visit, or rather His word to the salvation of his soul. Oh, the grace of God to save sinners.

I had heard this man using foul language to his wife as I was one night passing from my work; so he could not boast of being good. He had lived far, far from God, but when exercised, took the place of *a sinner* and accepted God's salvation. I marked John iii. 16 in a Testament I left with him, and I put a text over his bed. He passed away to be with his Saviour not long after. His daughter was taken ill and wanted the same text put over her bed, and she too died happy in the Lord.

Thus father and daughter went to swell the praises of heaven unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood. To him be glory" (Rev. i. 5).

Dear reader, are your sins washed away in the blood of the Lamb?

A. C. W.

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

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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

BUDDHA, OR CHRIST?*

ON the deck of a great ocean liner far out upon the bosom of a tropical sea the passengers were in various ways trying to while away the time. The brilliant sun was shining overhead, reflected in dazzling brightness from a deep purple unruffled surface of the water beneath, while white awnings gave shelter from the burning rays. Many voices were ringing with jest and laughter; games of various kinds were in progress, and amusement reigned all around. In a quiet corner, somewhat apart from the rest, two passengers reclined on deck chairs, quietly reading. Presently one of them—a young lady—looked up, and addressing her fellow-passenger, asked, somewhat abruptly: “Have you ever read Arnold’s ‘Light of Asia’?”

“Yes, but I don’t care for it,” he replied.

“Don’t you think that Buddha was a wonderful character?” she asked.

“Yes. If all that is written about him is true, he must have been a man far above the men of his time.”

“But surely,” she said earnestly, “he must have been more than a man; his teachings are accepted by millions all over the world, and in the present day thousands are finding modernised Buddhism more acceptable than Christianity; and certainly

**From “With Tongue and Pen,” by kind permission.*

it seems to appeal to intellectual minds more than Christian teachings do."

"Ah, now, that's just where I differ from you," said her companion, rousing up; "Buddha was a man among men certainly, but Christ was the Son of God. Buddha offers men a system of morality at best, which, moreover, has proved utterly ineffective all over the world. Christ offers men pardon of sins, and peace with God, by virtue of the atonement He made for our sins. And the Bible tells us that on the ground of this great atonement, God who is holy and righteous, offers a full and free salvation to all without distinction of class, race, or moral condition. Now, how does this compare with what Buddha offers?"

"Oh," she said earnestly, a strange hunger coming into her eyes, "there is no comparison possible if what you say is right, but do you really believe it is true?"

"I not only believe but I *know* it to be true," he replied.

"But how can you *know* it?" she asked with a puzzled look.

"Why, how do you know you are alive?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, smiling, "I know I am alive because I feel myself alive; I can think, and speak, and feel, and, for instance, enjoy this glorious sunshine."

“That,” he said, “is just exactly how I know that all that the Bible says about Christ is true. I read there that ‘*all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,*’ and I *feel* it is true and I realise that *I* am a sinner. I read ‘*there is none righteous, no not one,*’ and, looking around me I can clearly see the truth of that, and I feel that I, like all others, am under condemnation. In fact, I feel that what the Bible says about sin and about myself is true; and my spirit cries out ‘What shall I do to be saved?’ Then I read in the Bible that ‘*all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him (Jesus) the iniquity of us all.*’ In fact, I read in the Bible of God’s wonderful plan of salvation; how He gave His Son to be the propitiation for our sins, and now offers a free pardon to every one who will accept it through Jesus Christ. I did this eighteen years ago, and I found I not only received pardon but peace and joy, and I *know* Him, and am constantly in communion with Him, and find He is my very life.”

Then, looking into her flushed face, he said, “May I ask you a straight question? ‘Does Buddha satisfy your soul?’ ”

“No,” she said, “but I long for this peace and assurance of forgiveness you have been speaking about.”

“ You may have it now,” he said, “if you will only ask for it and take God at His word.”

“Ah,” she said, sadly, “but you don’t know my difficulties. My mother is a Jewess, but has really no religion; my father, who died some time ago, was a Roman Catholic, and as such I was baptized, and that is all I ever had to do with religion. I never read the Bible, nor was I ever taught to pray; but the teachings of Buddha seemed to me something grand but beyond my reach. I do wish I could believe in Christ as you do.”

Seeing her earnestness, her fellow passenger sought to show her, briefly but clearly, first the claims of the Bible to be the inspired word of God, then the claims of Christ to be the Son of God, the Lord from heaven, the Living Word; how “the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us,” how those who saw Him beheld “His glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.” Then he showed her how Christ was not only “the Light of the World,” and incomparably beyond what Arnold calls “the Light of Asia,” but also “the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world”; who “His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness,” and how “there is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus.” Buddha, however great, was only

a man, a blind leader of the blind, who could only point men to a "Nirvana" of utter obliviousness, and who now was dead—but Jesus Christ had risen again from the dead and ascended up on high, and sat on the right hand of God, a living Saviour to save all who come to Him, and give them also eternal life.

The sun had set in golden glory, hastening from the firmament with a rapidity only seen in tropical skies; the fresh salt breeze blew gently, and a deep silence fell upon the speakers, who gazed across the rapidly darkening expanse of ocean. The Spirit of the Lord who, long ago, moved upon the face of the deep, was breathing upon the measureless expanse of a human soul. Was it to be the "Light of Asia," or the "Light of the World"? For a few brief moments an immortal soul hung in the balances, a human will quivered upon the brink of an abyss—an abyss the height, length, depth and breadth whereof measures the love of Christ. Behind—the old life, with its unsatisfied yearnings and its hateful sins; before—the cross of Calvary. And Christ came near; and far out at sea, upon the throbbing deck of the ocean liner, one more soul was gathered into the gospel net; and there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over another sinner saved from death.

Reader, have *you* yet found the Saviour? Is not He even now yearning over you, pleading with

you to turn to Him and live; to accept God's free gift of eternal life through Him who died and rose again?



AN OPEN DOOR

THE following is a short account of how the Lord opened the way for a young man who was very ill, to hear about the only "way of salvation." When I heard that he was ill I felt a desire to visit him, but rather drew back, as I heard that his mother was a Roman Catholic. However, I went, and was shown into the parlour where his father was lying dead, having passed away very suddenly. After sympathy with the bereaved, I asked to see the son, whom I found far advanced in consumption. I spoke to him of salvation through the precious blood of Christ; and, on my second or third visit, I said, "If God were to take you are you ready?" To my joy, he said, "Yes." I asked him on what ground was he resting. He made reply, "The blood." So we praised God together.

Visiting him again, I found his mother kneeling with a friend by the bedside with crucifix in hand. As I entered the room they got up, and, to my astonishment, allowed me to speak of him. I heard afterwards that they had tried to persuade him to die a Roman Catholic. But, thank God,

no one could *undo* what had been done through the precious blood that gave him peace with God. Dear reader, have you trusted this same precious blood concerning your own sins? *Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb* slain on Calvary? Nothing else can blot out your sins and make you fit for the unsullied light of God's holy presence. "The blood of Jesus Christ His [God's] Son cleanseth from all (every) sin."

A. C. W.



"SETTLED"

ONE can understand the feelings of a debtor, who—finding himself utterly unable to discharge his debt—receives back from the compassionate creditor his bill of indebtedness with the word "Settled" written across it and duly signed, etc. What a relief to a helpless man struggling to pay what he owes! You may be sure the receipt would be carefully put away on some file, perhaps, where he might find it at any time if the need arose.

Yet we live, alas! in a world of robbery and of change. We can well suppose, therefore, such a thing as the file being got at and the receipt stolen and destroyed. And, if the creditor should turn out to be a changeable man, he might make a fresh demand for the cancelled debt. For man is capable of anything. But oh, how different is

God in His *unchanging* righteousness and goodness—the Father of lights, from whom cometh every good giving and every perfect gift; and with Him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. The Psalmist could say too, “For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven” (Ps. cxix. 89).

For those who have to face, as we all have, ETERNITY—either an eternity of woe with Satan in the lake of fire, or of bliss with God in heaven, a “settlement” now of an issue so immense, without fear of displacement, must be of the first importance; and this assurance God’s word gives for the believer’s enjoyment. It was not a heavenly visitor, but “*the word of the Lord*” that came to Abram before he expressed his wish for a son of his own to be his heir. And again it was *the word of the Lord* that came unto him, “This shall not be thine heir, but he that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be thine heir” (Gen. xv.). And in that same chapter it is recorded that Abram “believed *in the Lord*; and he counted it to him for righteousness.” Abram confided in what God had said. In the same way to-day we have to do not with conjectures, priests, angels, or anything or anyone else, but with God’s word. “The word is nigh thee, and in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that is, the word of faith which we preach” (Rom. x. 8). I could never know by, or from, myself or others, how utterly bad, ruined, and

lost I am, but God's word reveals the fact. And it is an infinite blessing to bow to all God says about me, "Dead in trespasses and sins" and "by nature children of wrath." If I do not own "I have sinned," I make God a liar, for He says, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." If I do not own I am lost, I have no interest in Jesus, for the "Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost"; and He came "not to call the righteous but sinners." Hence, taking my place as a "sinner," I unquestionably say, He came to call *me*. Confessing I am "lost," I confidently say, He came to seek and to save *me*. And blessed be His name, His word is *settled in heaven*. To God's word I bow, judging me as a worthless and lost sinner as it does, but bringing me life and salvation because I believe the testimony of God who cannot lie nor change. Here, then, I rest, not on the depth of my repentance (for how could this be deep enough?) but on what God has declared in His imperishable word.

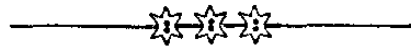
Then there is the other side. Peter says, "Forasmuch as ye *know* that ye were *redeemed* (not with. . . but) with the precious blood of Christ." Here, then, there is the *knowledge* of *redemption* which He came to give by the remission of sins; and the same apostle adds, "being born again not of corruptible seed but of incorruptible, by the living and abiding word of God." Verily,

“all flesh is as grass,” and the highest thoughts of the human intellect as the flower of grass. To faith the grass has withered, and the flower has fallen, “but the word of the Lord endureth for ever”; and to make for us, as it were, assurance doubly sure, it is added, “And this is the word which by the *gospel* is *preached* unto you.”

In the Gospel of John (and there only), an exceedingly blessed collocation, is used, “Verily, verily,” a sort of double oath as it were, coupled with the authority of the words of the Lord Jesus, “I say unto thee,” or “unto you,” as the need required. And to-day, when the right to have the known and enjoyed possession of eternal life is questioned, if not denied, how grand is the Saviour’s declaration, “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 condemnation (judgment), but is passed from death unto life.” “Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming and *now is* when the dead (dead in trespasses and sins) shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live” (John v. 24). What is this, of course, but eternal life? And to clench the matter further, “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life” (John vi. 47). This portion of God’s word also is *settled* in heaven. May the reader believe it, rejoice in it, and give

God the thanks due to Him. For "this is the record that God *hath given* to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (John v. 11, 12).

W. N. T.



POWER UNDER SUFFERING

SOME years ago I was sent for at midnight to go and pray for a young woman who was nearing her end in this world. When I arrived I found many of her friends gathered in the room where she was lying. I went to her bedside, and asked her if she knew Jesus as her Saviour. She said "Yes." We all knelt down, and had a solemn time of prayer. She afterwards grew worse, and her friends would often send for me to go and see her and pray with her.

Oh, what power prayer brings from God when human efforts fail! Divine power from heaven often comes in and gives comfort in answer to prayer. It was Sunday night when I first called, and she suffered much till Wednesday, or rather Thursday, morning, when she had terrible pain, throwing herself from one side of the bed to the other. Whilst thus suffering she, all of a sudden, said, "Let us sing." I thought she said,

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

So she and I sang a verse together. Her voice was strong in the midst of all her sufferings. At 4 a.m. she passed away from this scene to be with her Saviour, where suffering cannot enter, where all is praise and worship.

Dear reader, can you sing, "Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away"? If not, why not, since Christ died for the ungodly (Rom. v. 6)? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."



"THE FEARFUL AND UN- BELIEVING"

REV. XXI. 8

"BUT the fearful, and unbelieving!" Who are these? They are those who are afraid to trust God and who refuse to believe His word. Are you, my reader, one of this class? You may, perhaps, think that this is of little moment—that very little hangs upon the question whether you are of this class or not. But let me assure you that it is a most serious matter indeed; for it determines your condition for *eternity*—for weal or for woe!

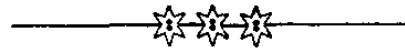
It may be of small import whether you trust in, or believe the word of your neighbour. Man is not a truthful creature, alas! The heart (we are told) is deceitful above all things. So let not your own heart beguile you. Believe the word of God. Receive its testimony as to yourself and others—that “there is none righteous, no, not one.” Receive its testimony as to God—that He “so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” You *need not* perish, for the Saviour has died for us unjust. You *may* perish, and will, assuredly, if you allow your timidity or fear to keep you from now coming to Him who has declared and “commends his own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.”

“He that heareth my word and *believeth* Him that sent me, hath everlasting life.” Uncertain as man is, you nevertheless concede to him a measure of confidence, and hesitate to reject his word altogether. But how are you treating Him that *cannot* lie? Are you despising His good news for you? Then are you lost for ever, and your part shall be in the lake of fire! God wants you to be *saved*, and to be with the Lord Jesus for ever. What is the hindrance? God says “All things are ready.” Then why wait a moment longer? Come now, confide absolutely in Him,

receive the eternal life and the forgiveness of all your sins now proffered you in Christ's name. "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

This may be, to you, a last appeal! Is then this appeal to be in vain? You may never have another opportunity of hearing this glad news of salvation for the lost! God only knows. But He is not only willing, but waiting, to save you NOW. Delay then no longer, but say,

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come."



SET YOUR MIND

"Set your mind (*margin*) on things above, and not on things on the earth." (Col. iii. 2).

How often is the mind
Engaged with earthly things!
How often do we find,
Our soul, alas! still clings
To something which a Father's love—
Who reigns in light enthroned above,
And seeing what we cannot see,
Right on into Eternity—
Has told us plainly in His word
No lasting joy can e'er afford,
Which only hinders in the race
To which He calls us by His grace!

How slow we are to learn
 The wisdom of His ways !
 Sometimes we think Him stern,
 And feel we cannot praise,
 When what *we* value and esteem—
 Maybe some fondly cherished dream—
 Is taken from us at a stroke !
 Although we pray Him to revoke
 The sentence which so harsh appears,
 Until His light our vision clears,
 And then we see *His* perfect way,
 Which leads to everlasting day.

Oh ! He would have our hearts
 Engaged with Him above,
 While He to us imparts
 The knowledge of His love.
 'Tis only when we're freed from earth,
 Its joy, its treasure, and its mirth,
 He can to us His love make known.
 Then up ! oh, let us not bemoan
 The loss of things so little worth,
 Belonging to this ruined earth !
 "For where your treasure is," saith He,
 "Your heart and mind will ever be."

E. T.



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