

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

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Gospel Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

JESUS OF NAZARETH

V.

I CONTINUED studying the Old Testament, and the more I read it, the more I saw that being a Jew would never save me, and that I must have something better than my fastings and prayers. God told me in His word that which I deeply realised, how that I was born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and I often implored Him to “wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin” (Psa. li. 2). Neither did I ask Him in vain.

More than eight months had passed without my looking into the New Testament, but my conscience would not let me rest any longer. The glorious prospect of life eternal which had been opened before me in the gospel filled my heart with restless yearnings day and night. Jesus was the only object of my meditations, and I resolved to read His word again, and it was during this second reading that it pleased God to open my eyes to see, and my heart to receive, the Lord Jesus as my Redeemer. No pen can adequately describe the intense joy of my soul—I was quite overcome with the love of the lovely Jesus. I fell on my knees, but my heart was so full with the consciousness that all my sins were forgiven that all I could say was, “Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!”

Two months had elapsed since this happy change

of being born again, and my becoming conscious of the new creation in my soul. No one can imagine how deeply I felt for my poor wife, and how earnestly I prayed for her conversion; yea, with tears I besought the Lord, if it pleased Him, to make her feel her sins, and to lead her to the Friend of sinners, the Lord Jesus Christ. I felt I must tell her of the great change which had taken place in me, and of my anxiety to make a public confession of my faith in Christ. How to do it I did not know. I knew her enmity against the Lord Jesus Christ, and especially so since her father's death. The loving smiles she once gave me when I used to come home in the evening were now few and far between. This coolness I deeply felt. She more than once told me that she thought I hastened her father's death by grieving him in loving that Jesus more than I did him; and that the whole family thought so was very clear from their behaviour towards me whenever they met or saw me. There was certainly a change for the better in her behaviour during the last week. She was more cheerful and more like herself. This I attributed to the improved health of our beloved child.

One evening when I came home, to my great joy she received me with her usual loving salutation, and I thought that this was the providential time when I could best communicate to her the desire of my heart, and I asked the Lord to help me.

After the children were in bed, and we were quietly talking together, I said, "My dear, I have something to tell you which I hope will neither displease nor grieve you. You must have seen that I am not what I once was; in fact, I am a Christian, and am anxious to confess Jesus publicly."

She looked in my face, and gave me one of her own loving smiles, and said, "How very strange! This evening I purposed opening my mind to you on the very same subject, and I will now tell you how it all has happened. After my father's death I was, as you know, in great distress of spirit. I loved him dearly. He had been a good father to me, and the loss of him made me partly so indifferent to you. About a month ago I found the hiding-place of your New Testament, and at first I said to myself, 'He shall never see that again, it shall go into the fire,' and as I was about to commit it to the flames, I thought I would just see what rubbish there was in it, and the first words my eyes fell on were these; 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.' I could not credit my own eyes, and I looked again. 'Yes,' I said, 'they are there, those precious words.' I was in 'trouble,' and I 'believed in God,' and, must I believe in Jesus too? I cannot describe what comforting thoughts these were to my wounded spirit. I read the whole chapter, and I felt so happy that, instead of putting it into

the fire, I replaced it where I found it, with the determination to read it again, and this I have done every day since; and all I have discovered in it has been wisdom and love. But I had no real peace until this morning, when I read Matthew xxvii. I wept bitterly over what Jesus suffered for sinners, and while I was reading and weeping, I thought I heard a sweet, loving voice, saying, 'It is all for you; I have endured all this for you.' 'For me, Lord,' I said, 'then I will believe; help Thou my unbelief.' I then sobbed for joy, and I felt such peace in my soul which I had never experienced before," and here my dear wife burst into tears again.

It was an affecting sight. I was not in the least prepared for this unexpected and joyful news. My cup of blessing appeared to be too full for me, and we wept together like children. I kissed my dear wife as I had never kissed her before. It was the kiss of mutual love in the gospel, and for the first time we bent our knees together to praise God for His matchless grace towards us. I could scarcely sleep for joy. I awoke early next morning with a peace in my soul to which worldlings are strangers, and went to the office with feelings that I was what I really felt myself to be, the happiest man in the world. "What more do I want?" I often repeated to myself, as I was hurrying along the busy streets of this great city. "I am a Christian; I

know I am, for God's Spirit bears witness with my spirit that I am a child of God. My dear wife has passed from death to life, being born from above, and now my only desire and prayer to God is to see our dear children loving and serving that precious Jesus whom we love, and that my little Moses may become a preacher of the gospel."

(Extracted)



AN ABUNDANT ENTRANCE

MY grandfather died when his children were all comparatively young, but from the lips of one of them I have heard with interest and pleasure of his conversion and triumphant departure to be with the Lord.

He was disabled for a year before, and during this time had great yearning to know more of the things of God. While he possibly could, he attended the parish church, but found nothing to satisfy his soul with the assurance of a salvation he so much desired.

Unable to read himself, he was dependent on the little time his busy, hard-working wife could spare for the reading of the word of God; and Satan harassed him with doubts and fears. "Oh!" he would exclaim, "if only I could but get just inside those pearly gates—but no! I can never be where Jesus is."

Three weeks before his death he was confined to his bed, and only one week before, he astonished my grandmother when she went in to him, by declaring with a radiant face that God had spoken to him. "He told me," he went on, "that He knew I had long been a repentant sinner, and that I should not only *just* get inside, but should have an abundant entrance."

After this vision, as grandmother would call it (and truly it was a manifestation of the light of God's truth to his poor doubting soul), he was changed from a trembling sinner to a rejoicing saint.

All who came in to see him heard of his wonderful Saviour, who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. Nor did he hesitate to tell some of the error of their ways, shewing them it would profit them nothing to gain the whole world and lose their souls.

He spoke seriously to his elder children, laid his hands tenderly on the little ones and prayed for them all. His last words, uttered with such love and longing, were, "Come, my Lord Jesus! Come, my Lord Jesus!" and soon he who little more than a week before had feared he could never enter where Jesus was, had gone to be with Him for ever more.

Are you, reader, burdened with a sense of guilt yet yearning for a right of entrance into that ever-

lasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour? Hear, then, the word God has caused to be written:—
“Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God.” Come, then, to this Saviour, believing what God has said concerning Him—for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly.

A. E. S.



“I PITY YOU POOR PEOPLE!”

THESSE were the words of a man as he looked upon a company of people listening to the gospel in one of the back streets of London. “I have been,” said he, “in nearly all parts of the world, and everything convinces me that there is no God.” Little did he think that on that very night his own eyes would be opened to see himself a “fool” in God’s sight (Ps. xiv.). But so it was, for he was given to feel the power of the gospel which hitherto he had been despising. He was to all appearance by birth a gentleman, and in his profession a British officer, yet, as we have seen, an infidel in everything pertaining to God. But then, as ever, God has His own blessed way of dealing with even such as he, however superior to other men they may feel themselves to be. If all his observations had up to now left him with-

out God, he that night was to be in company with one who could tell him what he had found in Jesus, the Saviour God.

Both these men had been in the service of Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria as soldiers, but one of these was a Christian, and, addressing his friend, he said, "Your position in the Queen's service was far superior to mine, yet before God we were both alike sinners that needed a Saviour. And, thank God, a Saviour has been provided for us." Brought thus in close touch with each other by this conversation, the officer, with his reasoning powers, was kindly met by the Christian's assurance that it was impossible to understand aright so long as he refused to believe in Him whom God had sent into the world to give us an understanding, that we might know Him that is true. Nothing so reasonable that you should remain in darkness if you refuse the light!

As they together stood near the officers' quarters, they had heard the clock strike ten—and now it struck eleven, when the Christian said he must go. "Now," said he, after once more referring to their former condition when they both were sinners—"guilty before God," "look me in the face as a man, and tell me that I am lying; or, that God has wrought a change in me through the contents of that book which you now reject."

These words went home—the conflict ceased;

the man's eyes were opened. There he stood self-condemned. He felt that he had been fighting against God, and soon the confession of his mouth revealed what was working in his heart. The simple but mighty working of God's Spirit brought out of this convicted man before the midnight hour what no other power could have effected, and his confession shewed that while Satan can, and does indeed, blind "the minds of them which believe not," the moment the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ reaches the heart the conscience is awakened, and the soul turns to God.

Yes, dear reader, God is revealed as light as well as love. There must be the righteous judgment of sin, if God is to freely and richly bless according to His heart of love as made known in the gospel of His grace. Here is the source and foundation of all blessing to man, proclaimed first in the words of Jesus, "God so loved the world that he *gave* his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to judge the world; but that the world through him might be saved." What mind of man could have conceived such a thought? But the Son of God has declared it, in word and deed, for the cross of Christ is its proof. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us,

and sent his Son the propitiation for our sins.”

God had spoken through the prophets, of the time when Christ should come—when all our iniquities would be laid upon Him; when His soul would be made an offering for sin. All this has now been done, as prophets foretold. The penalty of sin has been borne by One on whom death had no claim, and whom death could not hold. Redeeming love has triumphed. The Redeemer who died is now risen, and believing souls are free through His atonement for sins; and the Holy Spirit is given as the seal. We have redemption through His blood. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. Thus is He the Saviour of sinners, and become the Author of eternal salvation to all who obey Him.

Now comes the vital point for each of us! Are we of those who have heard His voice through the gospel—the voice of the Son of God? Then have we eternal life who have believed in His name, and, knowing the grace of God in truth, can say, we “have received the spirit of sonship, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.” In face of all the taunts of the enemy the feeblest soldier in faith's battlefield can go forward in the assurance that as the gospel is God's power unto salvation to every one that believeth, so is it God that worketh in him both to will and to do of His good pleasure. And our help for the journey is

from the Captain of our salvation, in whom alone,
if wise, we trust.

O Jesus, precious Saviour!
Be Thou our Guide and Friend!
And help us through life's turmoil
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, guard us by Thy counsel,
Preserve us in Thy ways,
And use us, Lord of glory,
In shewing forth Thy praise!

O Jesus, precious Saviour!
Work Thou within each soul
That love which causeth others
To come and be made whole;
In blessing, Lord, oh, bless us,
And use us as Thou wilt—
For us, O precious Saviour,
Thine own life's blood was spilt!

O Jesus, precious Saviour,
Thou lover of the soul!
How sweet the joy of serving
Where Thou hast all control!
How cheering is Thy presence,
And, oh, how sweet the word—
“For ever!” Yes, for ever!
“For ever with the Lord!”

E. T.



“Behold, I lay in Sion, a chief corner stone,
elect, precious: and he that believeth on Him shall
not be confounded. Unto you therefore which
believe, He is precious” (1 Pet. ii. 6, 7).

“SOVEREIGN GRACE”

IT is beyond one's power to write adequately of the grace of Christ. The holiness of His nature, the richness of His love, the dignity of His person, the greatness of His power, the magnificence of His glory, are seen in Him of whom it is written, “For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.”

I see this “Holy One of God” deigning to come into this sinful scene to save poor fallen man, condescension unequalled, unparalleled! associating with publicans and sinners that He might win their hearts. What sovereign grace!

I see Him asking a drink of water of a Samaritan woman, that He might discover to her her sinful condition and thus reach her conscience; that He might display unexampled grace which brought out the confession, “Come see a man, which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?” What sovereign grace!

I see Him allowing a woman of the city to enter His august presence unbidden, to wash His feet with tears, and to wipe them with the hairs of her head, that she might hear the forgiveness of her *many* sins. What sovereign grace!

I see the devilish, murderous crowd come out

with swords and staves to take Him, the high priest's servant's ear cut off, and even *at such a time* He puts forth His hand and heals. What sovereign grace!

I see a dying robber meeting with his just dues, yet turning to the Saviour with the look of faith. I hear his words, "Lord, remember me." And in a moment the gracious heart of Christ responds, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." What sovereign grace!

Scourgers, scoffers, mockers, robbers, murderers were all present to witness the indescribable death of that blessed One, and to hear such words which only the eternal Son of God could utter:—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." What sovereign grace!

Everything in every place speaks of God's wondrous grace to man. Take a penny. Does it not bear witness to the grace of God in putting His Majesty King George V. on the throne? If I look at the daisy (what flower so simple and so common?)—I see the grace of God in causing it to grow so that the dear children may have something to tell them of the favour of God.

If, again, we think of the favoured privileges of Israel—all these were by the grace of God. Yet this grace would not be limited to that nation, but would reach to one and another outside its commonwealth; as we may instance the case of the

widow of Sarepta for one, and Naaman the Syrian for another. I see the character of it in David and Mephibosheth. The manner of it I see displayed in Christ who meets the sinner's deepest need.

O unsaved one, you *are* like Naaman! You *may* be like Mephibosheth!—made like unto a king's son, to eat bread continually at the king's table, by the sovereign grace of God.

C.H.C.



“ WHO CAN TELL ? ”

The cry arose in days gone by,
 “ Who can tell ? ”
 For judgment swift was drawing nigh,
 Mark it well !
 While Ninevites in sorrow heard
 Their doom pronounced through Jonah's word,
 Their king exclaim'd, with conscience stirred,
 “ Who can tell ?
 Yes ; who can tell if God will turn,
 Who can tell ?
 Our evil ways His eyes discern,
 And knows them well.
 In forty days His wrath will fall,
 Unless, self-judged, on Him we call ” ;
 So his decree went forth to all,
 “ Who can tell ? ”

That king at once proclaimed a fast,
 Mark it well !
 For forty days it was to last,
 “ Who can tell ? ”
 So, turning from their evil way,
 Those Ninevites in sackcloth lay,
 And mightily to God did pray,
 “ Who can tell ? ”

Repentant in the dust they lie,
 Mark it well!
 "It may be, God will hear our cry,
 Who can tell?
 Perchance He may our City spare,
 Hope yet may shine through dark despair,
 We can but trust His pitying care,
 Who can tell?"

Swift came the answer from God's throne,
 All was well;
 His love was speedily made known,
 Mark it well!
 Yes; God did from His anger turn,
 And six-score thousand sinners learn,
 Grace triumphed over judgment stern;
 All was well!
 That grace has lingered till to-day,
 "Who can tell?"
 Though men God's gospel don't obey,
 Mark it well!
 Yet at the Cross by faith we see
 What Christ endured for you and me;
 And Jesus died to set us free;
 All is well!

The worth, poor lost one, of thy soul,
 "Who can tell?"
 But Jesus lives to make thee whole,
 Mark it well!
 This world, with all its pleasures fair,
 Its wealth and fame, its jewels rare,
 Can never with thy soul compare,
 Then—don't rebel;
 While mercy lingers still for thee,
 All is well;
 Christ's blood, so freely shed for thee,
 Saves from hell.
 Faith in God's saving grace divine
 Brings rest and peace, which shall be thine,
 And in Christ's image thou shalt shine,
 All is well.

S.T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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ONE HALFPENNY

JESUS OF NAZARETH

VI.

I HAVE already said that my fellow clerks were Jews, with whom I was on the best of terms until I refused to join them in their blaspheming against Jesus. More than once I felt it my duty to tell them of Jesus who came into the world to save sinners; but whenever I tried to do so I failed in the attempt for want of resolution, and many times I wept bitter tears over my sense of ingratitude to the loving Saviour who so loved me as to die for me. I thought of my fellow countryman, the apostle Paul, whose character I so greatly admired and studied—how bold he was for the gospel when he made Felix “tremble” as he reasoned with him of “righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.” Then I thought of the Jews who were ashamed of the Lord Jesus, whom they rejected as their Messiah, and of their being confounded and scattered to the present day. But those who believed in Him I considered had received all the blessings predicted by Moses and the prophets. Paul, as a Jew, believed in Christ, and enjoyed an abundance of grace, so that, being filled with that happiness which the gospel produces, he could say that he was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. How could I be ashamed of

Him who gave His own life-blood for my soul? No, no; I was resolved, cost what it might, never to be disloyal to my Saviour any more.

On the morrow, a conversation arose about the Day of Atonement, which was to be solemnised in a few days by humiliation, repentance, fasting and prayer. I asked the Lord to help me to say something to them, and He graciously did so. I drew near to them and said, " Pardon me, the law of God demands perfect obedience, and pronounces death upon the least deviation from its injunctions. Now where is the man that can lay claim to a sinless nature, to a soul unsullied by the slightest offence? You might traverse the whole universe, and everywhere you will find the traces of our fall, and the blighting effects of sin. No, there is no merit, as the prophet says, in fasting, and no release from guilt through the sacrifice of the lips; the exigencies of our nature require a worthier atonement, and the justice of God an ampler satisfaction. Not even the sacrifice of the offspring of our affection can bring us back to the lost favour of a just God, and to the heaven we have forfeited by our sins. An atonement commensurate with divine justice alone could silence the rigour of the broken law. This sacrifice the believers in the Messiah have, for we read that ' He was wounded for our transgressions, was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him;

and with his stripes we are healed.' The Messiah has thus offered up Himself as a spotless sacrifice for sin, and in consequence of this sacrifice those who receive Him into their hearts by faith have all their sins forgiven. I firmly believe that Jesus is that Messiah of whom Moses and the prophets wrote."

Here I was interrupted by one of them, who said, "We have a sacrifice, we offer a cock on the Day of Atonement for our sins."

I told him I was aware of that fact, and asked him to show me a single passage in the Bible where it says that a cock should be offered on the Day of Atonement. The practice, I told them, was a mere Rabbinical invention, and utterly unavailing for the great and important end for which it was designed.

"He is mad," said one.

"No, he has turned a Methodist preacher," said another.

"Let us kick him out of the place, as we did that other apostate," said a third.

And at last one came towards me, saying, "This blaspheming Meshumad must have a blessing for this"—and putting his two hands on my head, said—"May his days be few, and his children soon be fatherless, and his wife a widow!"

"That is right, Joel," they all shouted, "give him no mercy; he does not deserve anything better."

Notwithstanding this, I could, from the bottom of my heart, bless them who thus cursed me, and pray for them who thus despitely used me.

Nothing more was said to me that day, and no one spoke to me afterwards except when anything went wrong in the office. I always was the guilty one; indeed, I was the scapegoat of the place. Now and then I had it whispered into my ear, "Meshumad, eh," and once or twice I found bits of bacon in my overcoat pocket. Although I was quite left to myself I could see that their hatred to me increased daily, and I told my wife so more than once. One morning, as I came into the office, I heard a general muttering among the clerks, but nothing was said or done to me until I had an occasion to fetch one of the ledgers, which was as much as I could carry in my arms, and as I was passing one of them, as he stood by his desk, he put out his foot and tripped me, and I fell heavily to the ground. For a moment, as I lay bruised and helpless, I really thought that both my arms were broken. The noise of my fall and the roar of laughter which it occasioned, brought Mr. Smith from his room, who kindly came to my assistance. When I arose I turned to Moss, and told him that I thought it was very unkind to behave in such an ungentlemanly manner; he might have broken my arms.

Addressing himself to Mr. Smith most angrily,

he said, "I have not touched him, sir; he did it to quarrel with us."

Mr. Smith looked at my arms, and as he saw the right one swelling very rapidly, told me to wash my face, which was covered with blood, and go home. At the same time he advised me to call at the first chemist's shop to have my arm attended to, which I did. The chemist, on looking at it, said that it was a very bad sprained wrist, which was worse than a broken arm, and added, "You have something that will cripple you for a few months."

On arriving home, my wife was greatly alarmed on seeing my arm in a sling and marks of blood on the front of my shirt. I told her what had happened, and to comfort me she said that I ought to rejoice that the Lord Jesus counted me worthy to suffer a little for His sake.

I felt convinced that she was quite right. My arm was so very painful during the night that I had but little rest, and I remained in bed all the next day. The day after I called at the office merely to show myself, and Mr. Smith, on seeing me, asked me into his room. After expressing his sorrow to see my arm in that condition, he told me that he had that morning received a paper signed by all the clerks, to say that I must leave the office or they would. "I am told that you believe in Christ," he said, "and as all the gentlemen belonging to the firm are Jews, and you know how that

poor man fared who only said that he thought that Jesus was as great as Moses, I think you had better leave quietly, and if you are sincere God will open a way for you." He handed me a cheque for the amount due to me, with the additional sum of a month's salary, and on leaving he put two pounds into my hand from his own pocket as a mark of his sympathy, and said, "Whenever you want a reference—apply to me."

I was rather sorry to leave the place where I had been employed for the last twelve years; at the same time I felt, with my present views of Christ, it would have been impossible for me to remain there much longer, and I could only say, "Lord, Thy will be done."

On coming home, whether my wife saw anything in my countenance or not, I do not know, but on meeting me she said, "So they have sent you away! have they?" and before I could reply she said, "I thought they would. Never mind, dear; He who has given His dear Son has promised to give us with Him all things. After you left this morning I felt you would not remain there much longer; and in reading Matthew vi. I was much comforted with the last few verses, where it says, 'I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink,' and so on to the end of the chapter. God will care for us, I am sure of that."

I blessed God for having given me such a ministering angel in my dear wife; she always had the right word for the right place. I had changed the cheque on my way home, so I gave her all the money, and as I did so she observed, "I must make the most of this," and indeed she did, and how she did it I really did not know, and I sometimes said, "Sarah, the money I gave you is like the widow's cruse of oil."

We were greatly blessed with an evangelical ministry, for the Reverend T. B., our pastor, was truly a converted man. His only aim was to preach Christ, and Him crucified, to perishing sinners, as their only hope of refuge. As a preacher he had a remarkable influence over his congregation; and what he said in the pulpit was so evidently his own conviction and what he believed to be the truth, that you could not help feeling he had the good of souls at heart. He was a great lover of the Jews, and spoke, in the pulpit and out of it, of the immense debt Christians owed to that people. He used to say, "When we see a Jew let us never forget that all the prophets and all the apostles were Jews, 'and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.'" He loved to dwell on the fact that through the fall of the Jews salvation came to the Gentiles, but there was a day of blessing still in reserve for them, when they as a

nation shall look upon Jesus whom they pierced. He often said he never could understand how people calling themselves Christians, and professing to read their Bibles, should so rob the poor Jews as to take from them all the promises of mercy and blessings, and apply them to themselves as the "spiritual" Israel! while all the predictions of wrath were left to the real Israel, the Jews. He thought that this one-sided way of expounding the Holy Scriptures must tend to perplex the Jews and to shut them out from the sympathy of their Christian neighbours, to place obstacles in their way, and to drive them from Christ instead of drawing them to Him.

Extracted



ANOTHER JEWEL FOR THE MASTER'S CROWN

A FEW years ago, it pleased God to lay the writer aside by a severe affliction, and for some time little hope was entertained of her recovery. But our ever gracious God and Father had His own divine ends in view in raising her up from the bed of sickness; and, feeling sure of this, the desire of her heart was that she might be privileged to do something for the Lord.

Soon after her recovery, a man who lived in the town, and whose duty it was occasionally to call,

said that his wife was very ill—in consumption—and that he did not think she could live very long. He was asked whether any Christian friend had been to see her, but as he said that no one had been, a promise was then made to call that day (D.V.).

On arriving at the cottage, a young woman named Alice came to the door. Making known to her my purpose in calling, I was introduced to the invalid—a sister of hers. The sick woman's face bore sad traces of intense suffering and grief. I told her that her husband had informed me of her serious illness, and that I felt sure the Lord had a purpose in sending me to see her. At first she did not care to say much, and her manner at times seemed rather repulsive; but when I enquired if she were a believer in the Lord Jesus, she said "No." I then quietly said, "What will become of your soul if you were to die?" She did not reply. I read to her portions from God's word, when I told her of His great love to poor lost sinners, such as she then was; that He was just waiting to be gracious to her—that if she would only believe His word He would fill her soul to overflowing with His own deep, wondrous, peace and joy. She listened most attentively, and her countenance began to wear a happier expression.

Two days later I saw her again; and this time a bright smile was on her face. The following are

her own words. She said, "After your visit I was most unhappy. I knew I was not saved, and if I had died then I should have been lost. Oh! the agony of soul I was in I never shall forget. The perspiration was rolling off my face. I was too ill to read the scriptures you had been speaking about, but I asked my sister to read them to me." They were these:—

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; 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).

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

"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).

"And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him" (John iv. 50).

She continued, "As this last scripture was being read, peace and joy entered my soul, and I said to my sister, 'Alice, I am saved. I do believe that Jesus died for me, and now my burden is gone.' Tears of joy ran down my face; I had never felt so happy before."

When she had finished telling me the sweet

story of this great and glorious change that had so recently taken place in her heart by the gracious working of God's Spirit, words completely failed to express my thankfulness to God for bringing her so truly and readily to Christ, her Saviour.

Yes, through faith in God's word, she had not only found peace, but also joy, in believing. "I can praise Him now," she said; "yes, I can praise Him, for now I know my sins, which are many, are all forgiven, and I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." And all who knew her were able to testify of her joy in the Lord.

As time passed, she became weaker in body, but oh, how bright within! Death to her had lost all its terrors; heaven grew brighter, and the coming of the One whom she so ardently loved filled her whole soul with joy.

It was a great privilege to see her daily, until she was called home. Upon one occasion she said, "I am always glad to see you; I shall never forget the day when first you spoke to me about Jesus. How I do pray that the Lord may bless you, and make you a blessing to others, as you have been to me." I replied, "The Lord knew how weak the poor earthen vessel was, and how real the desire was to do something for Him. His grace has been sufficient, and His Almighty power has wrought the work of salvation in your precious soul, for which we shall bless and praise Him

throughout eternity." She replied, "Oh, I want to praise Him now for His great love in saving my soul!"

Her end was now fast approaching, but the treasure in the earthen vessel was shining brighter than ever. Shortly before she died she said to her sister, "O Alice, He has come!" Upon being asked who she meant, she said, Oh, there is Jesus—look! He has come to take me home." And, as she lay gazing at the heavenly vision, a sweet smile rested upon her face, and quietly she passed away into the presence of her Lord.

There is a rest, O precious thought!
 With Thee, blest Lord, above;
 Salvation's joy to us is brought,
 Fruit of redeeming love.

That rest remains with Thee, blest Lord,
 Thy presence fills the scene,
 Where Thy dear saints shall ever be,
 No cloud, nor spot between.

O rest most precious to the soul
 That rests, O Lord, in Thee;
 To rest in Thee while ages roll,
 Through God's Eternity!

S.R.



THE QUEEN'S PARDON

SHORTLY after Queen Victoria came to the throne, she was waited on by the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, one of her min-

isters, who brought in his hand the death-warrant of a soldier who had been tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death.

It was the duty of the sovereign at that time to personally sign the death-warrant of all who were to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The young Queen was greatly moved. It was the first time she had been called to affix her name to the dread document, and the tears filled her eyes as she asked the Duke with great earnestness—“Have you nothing to say on behalf of this man?”

“Nothing ; he has deserted three times,” replied the Iron Duke.

“Oh, your Grace, think again,” said the agitated Queen, in pleading tones.

“Well, your Majesty, he certainly is a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke as to his good character, so he may be a good fellow in private life.”

“Oh, thank you!” exclaimed the Queen, as she lifted her pen and wrote across the death-warrant the one word—“Pardoned”—appending her own beautiful signature, “Victoria” beneath it.

Yet that act of royal grace is as nothing compared with the sovereign grace of God, now proclaimed to sinners in the gospel. In one important particular it is a contrast to it. There was something good that could be said about the condemned soldier. But in the light of God’s glory,

we have all sinned and come short. The verdict concerning all of us is—"There is none righteous, no, not one." "There is none that seeketh after God. There is none that doeth good, no not one." (Rom. iii. 10-12). "They are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6). Yet—wonder of all wonders!—the very God against whom we have sinned becomes the Justifier. "It is God that justifieth"—not merely pardons, but justifies. The Queen could pardon; she could not justify. But the royal grace of God "justifieth the ungodly" (Rom. iv. 5). Do you ask how? Let God Himself answer. "Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 24). Yes, this is the divine basis! The blood of Christ has atoned for sin, and God is just "and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 26). Glorious gospel! Wondrous grace!

My dear friend, will you not receive this testimony? Are not these good tidings for you? Oh, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. "Through this one [the Lord Jesus Christ] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

C.H.C.



MY FATHER KNOWS

My Father knows the way He takes,
 Unseen by mortal eye;
 Yet he who walks alone with God,
 Like Enoch, knoweth why.

My Father knows the way He takes,
 Oh! may His way be mine;
 And then together shall we walk,
 In fellowship divine.

My Father knows the way He takes,
 Which leads me to *His rest*;
 Accepted in His Christ am I,
 Chosen, redeemed, and blest.

My Father knows the way He takes,
 And whispers, "Thou art Mine";
 Hence, from all care am I relieved,
 Because His way's divine.

My Father knows the way He takes,
 Up to His home above;
 If rough at times that path should be,
 "Faith" knows each step is "Love."

My Father knows the way He takes,
 His glory shines afar;
 For, midst earth's shadows, "Hope" awaits
 "The Bright and Morning Star."

My Father knows the way He takes,
 How perfect is that way!
 Which leads from this world's empty dreams
 To realms of perfect day.

My Father knows the way He takes,
 What joy! 'Twill not be long;
 Then, in the image of His Son,
 I'll sing heaven's glory song. S.T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

JESUS OF NAZARETH

VII.

SUNDAY came, it was the second Sunday since I had left the office, and I felt rather cast down in spirit, but was much comforted by the services of the day. The Lord sent me a message from His word by His servant and beloved minister, and I felt as though both the sermons were for me. Had the preacher known my mind, or had he witnessed the recent scene in the office, he could not have described it better than he did on Sunday. The text in the morning was from Ps. xxiii. Among other good things he said, "What can they want who have Jehovah for their Shepherd? He knows and pities their weakness and their sorrow; and He will certainly, if they trust Him, guide them through all, and give them all things that are needed for their spiritual and temporal welfare. You who have tasted that the Lord is good have nothing to fear. 'The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.'" This was indeed a "feast of fat things" to my hungry soul.

In the evening Mr. B—delivered a most powerful discourse from Matt. v. 10-12. "You are blessed," he said, "if you are persecuted for Christ's sake. They may imprison you, strip you of your estate, exclude you from all places of profit and trust; they may torture you, revile, and say

all manner of evil against you falsely; you may be powerfully assailed; things may be laid to your charge that you are guiltless of! if all this, however, is for righteousness' sake, then is it for Christ's sake. He is interested in the work of righteousness, therefore I say, 'Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.' Do they call you by offensive names? Rejoice, and be exceeding glad that you are as your Master whom they called Beelzebub, and in all your sufferings look especially to your Lord and Master, and see what He endured for you, lest you grow weary and faint in your minds, and yield to impatience and recriminations under your lesser trials."

On returning home I said to my wife how strong my faith had become, and that I believed I could now make any sacrifice for Christ's sake.

"Ah, Samuel," she said, "we may think ourselves strong, but, when tested by God, our strength may prove to be perfect weakness. Peter thought once that he could go with his Lord to prison, and to death, and yet he denied Him thrice. I think our strength is in looking continually unto Jesus as Peter did when he walked on the sea; but taking our eyes off Him we shall cry, as he did, 'Lord save me, or I perish.'"

My arm improved but slowly, and it was more than eight months before I could use it to any

advantage. . . . The money I brought home, with the little we had saved besides, was all gone. . . . I wrote to my uncle and appealed to his generous heart. . . . He opened my letter and put it into another envelope and returned it to me without paying the postage.

Soon after this I received a visit from a very learned Jew. He told me that as my uncle had heard of my poverty, he had sent him to argue with me on the errors of my way, and to try to bring me back to Judaism.

“You see,” he said, “the wretched state you have brought on yourself by believing on that Jesus. There is still time for you to recant, and your uncle is quite willing and ready to help you and your family.”

I told him to thank my uncle for his kindness, at the same time to assure him that as I did not become a believer in Christ for the sake of gain, I could not think of leaving Him on account of my poverty, and that I would rather be poor with Christ than rich without Him, which he evidently could not understand, for he kept on saying, “Rather be poor with Christ than rich without Him! This is against reason. You see,” he said, after a pause, “it is just as your uncle so very forcibly remarked to me. When you believed, he said, in the one true God you lived in affluence, but since you have believed in three

Gods you have lost all, and you are now in abject poverty. This very fact, he thought, ought to convince you that your doings are displeasing to the God of Abraham.”

“ I must beg your pardon,” I replied. “ Christians do not believe in three Gods, as the Jews imagine they do, but in the triune Jehovah or in a Trinity in Unity. I admit that the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity is one of the principal objections of Jews against the Messiahship of Jesus ; and while I also admit that we cannot comprehend how the Godhead subsists in a plurality, because this is far above man’s reason which, being naturally limited, cannot grasp infinity, yet if it can be clearly proved, as I am persuaded it can, that a plurality of persons in the Godhead was taught by Moses as well as by Jesus, then the Jews must either acknowledge this doctrine as perfectly consistent with that of the unity of God ; or if, on account of it, they will reject the religion of Jesus, they must, on the same account, reject the religion of Moses also. You, as a Hebrew scholar, must know that God is frequently spoken of in the scriptures in the plural number. Moses, in his history of the creation of man, tells us (Gen. i. 26) that Elohim (which is the plural form) said, ‘ Let *us* make man in *our* image, after *our* likeness.’ ”

Here he interrupted me and said, “ I know that

Elohim is a plural form of Eloah, but this manner of speaking is only adopted to express the excellency of the Divine Being, as with an earthly monarch; or God may have spoken it, which it is very probable He did, to the holy angels."

I told him it was absurd to suppose God speaking in the style of a king, when He was not exercising the functions of a king, but of the Creator of the universe, and before there was a king or even a human being in the world. Besides, it was not the custom of kings to speak in this dignified style, neither before Moses' time, as appears from Abraham's interview with Abimelech, king of Gerar (Gen. xx.) nor in Moses' own time, as appears from his interview with Pharaoh, king of Egypt (Exod. v.-ix.), nor for some hundreds of years after Moses' death, as is evident from the decrees and proclamations of Babylon and Persia (Dan. iii., iv. and v.; and Ezra i., iv., vi. and vii.), among whom if anywhere we might expect to find this dignified form of speech; but on the contrary, they speak in the singular number: 'I, Nebuchadnezzar,' 'I, Darius,' 'I, Artaxerxes.' This, I think, is very conclusive. Neither were the words, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness,' addressed to holy angels, for this would necessarily imply that angels were to be joint creators of man along with God, and that man was to

be created in the image of both God and angels, which would flatly contradict what is said in the very next verse, 'So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.' You will, I am sure, agree with me that the words, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness,' and those in Gen. iii. 22, 'And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us,' must have been addressed by one person of the Godhead to the other person of it, and consequently Moses taught that there is a plurality of persons in the Godhead, and Christians believe that Jesus is the Immanuel, God with man, or God and man, in one person."

After a pause, he earnestly said, "Sir, your argument has not only silenced me, but in some measure convinced me. I know not what is the matter. I find a strange and unwonted working within my mind. I came here for the express purpose of bringing you back to Judaism, instead of which you have almost persuaded me to be a Christian."

I implored him not to stifle his convictions, not to be ashamed to be truth's captive, and to be conquered by it. "Truth is mighty, and will prevail." What if you should from this day forward become a Christian? You will never repent it. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

He grasped my hand, and with great emotion said, "I wish I could believe as you do. Good-bye," thus speaking, he gave me a beautiful pencil-case as a souvenir of the pleasant conversation we had together, and so we parted.

(Extracted)



"A MIRACLE OF HEALING"

SENT to work in a coalpit at the age of five, where he drove a locomotive when only nine, Samuel J. grew up in ignorance and vice. God and His word, His grace and His truth, were absolutely unknown to him, while sin had its willing slave and Satan a passive captive in this poor Yorkshireman until he reached the age of forty. Then, as in another of the same age long ago, a miracle was wrought through the power, and to the glory, of the once crucified but now risen and ascended Son of God.

A drunken bout, a fall, a broken limb, and removal to Sheffield Hospital of necessity put a stop to his course of active evil, and through grace, a final stop. As he lay on his bed his attention was attracted by a pretty illuminated card hanging on the wall opposite. Unable to read, he wondered and enquired what was writ-

ten on it, and for the first time there fell on his ears the wonderful words :

“ THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST, GOD’S SON,
CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN.”

Once heard they were never forgotten. “Sin”—“all sin”—ah, how much of this *he* had ! There was no need to impress on him that *he* was a sinner—he knew it too well. But it was not simply conscience that told him so now, but the Holy Spirit of God convicting of sin, and His goodness leading to repentance.

“The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s son, cleanseth us from all sin” ! As a drowning man clings to the rope thrown to him, so did Samuel J. trust himself to these precious words of God Himself, and proved their efficacy. To him they came with the same power as those once uttered by Peter: “In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise and walk.” *He* arose from his sick bed cleansed from all sin by the blood of Jesus, henceforth to walk in His name.

His first act on leaving the hospital was to buy a wedding ring and a large type Bible ; to marry the woman against whom and with whom he had sinned ; and then to feed and strengthen the new life he now possessed by faith in the Son of God, by reading His word. His spelling book and text book was the Bible, and he soon learned to read fluently.

Employed then as an engine driver on the L.B. & S.C. Railway, he believed he could best glorify the Lord who had redeemed him by his careful attention to duty, and his felt responsibility towards the lives of his passengers; and while he made the line ring with his fervent songs of praise as he drove along, his punctuality was such that the gentlemen who daily went to town by his express would say, "J, we could set our watches by you."

For many years now that voice has been silent here. He rests in the presence of the Lord who loved him and washed him from his sins in His own blood; and throughout eternity the songs begun on earth will resound in glory from those once defiled but then raised and glorified lips, "Thou art worthy . . . for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

Will the reader join that chorus? The blood that cleansed Samuel J. the desperate, ignorant sinner, can cleanse the refined, the educated, but yet guilty sinner wherever found who trusts it, and Him who shed it; but "without shedding of blood is no remission." "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul."

T.



A TRUE STORY

PASSING through Deptford (London) one day, I saw, sitting on a counter in a shop, a man looking dreadfully ill and apparently soon to pass out of time into eternity. I could not but enter the shop, hoping the Lord would be pleased to give me a word from Himself which might prove a blessing to this man's soul. I soon engaged him in friendly conversation; and remarking how poorly he looked, he admitted that he was very bad. I said, although his body might die, yet he had a never-dying soul which would live for ever, and *where*. He became interested and eventually asked me if I would answer him two questions. I said I would do my best. He asked me if I preached that all men were sinners by nature? I called his attention to what God had said in His word—that all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. . . that all the world was guilty before God (Rom. iii.). But the poor man said, "You also preach that God is Almighty?" "Yes," I said, "that is quite true also." He replied, "If God is almighty, why did He permit sin to come into the world?" I told him I would answer that question by another: "Suppose," said I, "you were called up in the night and were told that your house was on fire, what would you do?" He replied, "I would

try to escape." "But would you not first try and find out where, and how, it commenced?" "Not me," he said. I replied, "Your never-dying soul is far more important than your body, yet you are waiting to find out how sin came into the world. You see the results of sin in your poor body and in all creation. I then shewed him God's remedy for sin, and exhorted him to flee to Christ the only refuge for poor sinners, reminding him that his time seemed to be very short. I quoted Isa. i. 18, "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Trusting the Lord to bless this feeble effort to win a soul from death, I left my card, hardly knowing at the time why I did so. Only a few days after, his son invited me to call and see his father. I thanked God and went. I found him greatly distressed about his sins. I told him how thankful I was to find him in that condition, because I had brought a remedy for the cure of sin. I asked him if he believed the Bible to be the word of God. He said, "Yes." "Then," I said, "I have a message of God to you," and quoted to him these words, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of

whom I am chief ” (1 Tim. i. 15). He appeared to receive the message; and after referring to other scriptures, I left him. In a few days he passed away, trusting in Jesus.

“ O sinner, seek His face, whose wrath thou canst not bear; Fly to the shelter of His cross, and find salvation there.”

“ How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? ” (Heb. ii. 3).

H. D.



ENERGY, MERCY, REST

“ It is not of him that *willeth*, nor of him that *runneth*, but of *God* that sheweth *mercy* ” (Rom. ix. 16).

“ Come unto me all ye that *labour* and are *heavy laden*, and I will give you *rest* ” (Matthew xi. 28).

HOW we admire energy and endurance! and what a large value it has in all man's undertakings, whether it be the personal energy of an individual or an organisation, or even the mechanical energy that carries the airman through space, or pulls us more ordinary individuals through the tubes or along the highways to our suburban homes. Energy and speed are characteristics of to-day. As I write, the hearts.

of mankind beat with an admiration that is well nigh universal for the energy and endurance of those brave men lost amid the southern snows, though their efforts ended in heart-breaking disaster.

And what of their eternal destiny, and *yours*? In the light of revealed truth it is sad to note the energy put forth willingly, yet how mistakenly, to secure eternal reward. Men still ask, "What must I *do* to be saved?" and are as ready as Naaman was of old to do some great thing. Rituals, alms, penances, sacrifices, self-denials, all these will men do and give to satisfy their consciences, but in vain. "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth *mercy*."

Mercy, the free and full expression of infinite love. God sees you a helpless sinner, whose efforts can merit nothing, a debtor with nothing to pay. An alien and a stranger from Him, your coin has no currency in His realm. Yet He loves you. He willeth not the death of the sinner. He sent His Son to seek and save the lost.

"Cast your deadly burden down,
Down at Jesus' feet."

He calls you to Himself. Leave off all your efforts, He needs them not. Mercy is free. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not

bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" Your labours can never satisfy God. Nor do they please you. They will never save your soul. God alone can save you, and that by His mercy, through His beloved Son. He has laid help upon One that is mighty, and that blessed One calls you to-day. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

C. M.



GOD'S WAY WITH MAN

'Tis not in rush and bustle,
'Tis not in noise and din,
'Tis not in wild commotion,
We learn God's thoughts of sin ;
But in those quiet moments,
With God we spend alone,
That light shines down from heaven,
Revealing what we've done.

'Tis not by might nor power,
God's servants can prevail,
But only by His Spirit ;
All else must surely fail.
'Tis in the strength of Jesus,
Alone the foe we meet ;
Or unrepentant sinners
Can bring to His dear feet.

'Tis not in storm or tempest,
 But in the "still small voice,"
 Which brings the Saviour's pardon,
 That trembling souls rejoice ;
 'Tis not by fear of judgment
 That sinners' hearts are won,
 But by the love of Jesus,
 And through the work He's done.

'Tis not by mere excitement,
 Still less by human plan ;
 'Tis not by choirs or organs,
 God sends good news to man ;
 'Tis by His Word and Spirit,
 That souls are "born again " ;
 The praise belongs to Jesus,
 Who suffer'd death and shame.

'Tis not by tears or feelings
 Our troubled hearts find rest ;
 'Tis not by "works" or "doings"
 Our guilty souls are blest ;
 'Tis by the wounds of Jesus
 Like music from afar,
 The cry from Calvary's altar,
 We find out what we are.

'Tis there, thro' pain and suffering,
 The hiding of God's face,
 The bitter storm of judgment,
 We learn His way of grace ;
 A willing Victim bearing
 Sin's dark and awful load !
 Thence peace to sinners cometh—
 Straight from the heart of God.

S.T.

Gospel Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

JESUS OF NAZARETH

VIII.

MONTH after month passed without the least sign of my procuring any employment. The cloud of adversity seemed to grow deeper and deeper every day, and sometimes blind unbelief would harass me by suggesting, How could all things be working together for good to those that love God? But faith triumphed over all.

One morning our little Leah returned from the baker with two loaves, and said that she was told to say that as we now owed for three months' bread, no more would be given until the bill was paid. The grocer sent a similar message, and the landlord sent us a notice that afternoon to say that we must leave the house next quarter, and if the rent was not paid before then, the furniture would be distrained for it. The trial of my faith was not yet complete. My dear wife, who told me the day before that three of our dear children were not well, now informed me that they were sickening with fever. This deeply grieved me, and went to my very heart. . . I loved my dear children, and felt that I could not supply them with proper medical assistance. I commended them to the care and keeping of Him who said, "Suffer the

little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

More than once I thought of calling on my pastor, Mr. B. to make our distress known to him; but—as I had heard it repeatedly said, not only by unbelieving Jews, but also by professing Christians, that it was a delusion to believe that a Jew was ever really converted to the Lord Jesus Christ, for (it was said) those who professed Him did so from hypocritical motives, either to gain money or an advantageous situation, although I could refute such unjust assertions—I refrained from calling upon him. I loved Christ because He was the very Saviour whom I needed, and I would rather have starved than any one should have said that I became a Christian for the sake of gain; and my wife also was of the same opinion.

The two loaves which Leah fetched in the morning did not last long. The one that was left we gladly would have eaten for our supper had it not been that our dear children would have had nothing the next morning. I was quite at my wits' end to know what to do. The first week I spent in going from office to office, and the next in going from shop to shop in Oxford Street, offering myself as a light porter or to do anything, but everywhere I was told, “We are full.” The children were in bed, and we were sitting round a few embers in the grate, reading Isa. xliii., when,

having finished that beautiful chapter, we talked over our present distress.

My wife calmly said, "You see, Samuel, the same God who 'is able of stones to raise up children unto Abraham,' can raise us up friends where we least expect them. I cannot believe that God should have been so gracious as to reveal His dear Son to us, and then permit us and our dear little ones to starve, which we shall be bound to do if you do not find some employment at once; but you know He can do great things in a little time. Besides, you must remember that God has promised, as we have been reading, that He will never leave His people nor forsake them, which I take to mean that He will be with them in their persecutions, in their poverties, in their sickness. I firmly believe that all our trials and present sorrow and sufferings are sent us to wean us from the world and bring us to a more intimate acquaintance with Himself, and to a greater experience of His goodness to our souls. Let us think of what Mr. B. said last Sunday. 'The refiner,' he said, 'does not intend to lose one atom of his gold, but he puts it into the fire to purge away the dross'; and I believe that our loving Father has most gracious designs towards us in sending these heavy trials and deep sorrows. No, Samuel, I cannot believe that the Lord Jesus, who gave His most precious life for us, will let us starve. It is now

our extremity ; but who knows that to-morrow may be His opportunity to do for us more than we may be able to bear.”

After committing ourselves and our little ones to the care of the Lord Jesus Christ, that “ Good Shepherd,” we retired to rest without anything to eat. The next morning I left home without breakfast, and how I felt can be better imagined than described. I made my way into the city, and seeing a lady carrying a large paper parcel I thought of earning a few pence. I touched my hat and most respectfully said, “ Please shall I carry it for you? ” She gave me such a defiant look, as much as to say, “ Mind your own business and I’ll mind mine,” that I had no courage left in me to offer my services to any one else. I wandered about I did not know where. Everything and everybody seemed to be busy around me ; I alone was idle. I felt the pangs of hunger most keenly and tears came into my eyes as I wondered whether there was another man like me in this great city, who was in such distress and want as myself. I thought, ‘ Has the Lord forgotten to be gracious to me? Is His mercy toward me clean gone for ever? ’

I was drying my tears when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and on looking round who should I see but Mr. S. He shook me heartily by the hand and kindly asked

after my arm, and whether I had done anything since I left them. I told him that I had been unemployed ever since, and that I was afraid that there was but very little prospect of finding anything for a long time to come. Whether he saw that I had been weeping I do not know, but he kindly took me by the hand, and said, "I am going to have my luncheon and should be glad of your company." There was no need of asking me twice that morning to have something to eat. I felt so faint when I came into the restaurant that I believe had I not met Mr. S. when I did I must have fallen down in the street. While I was partaking of a plentiful dinner, Mr. S. said there was a place, "and if it is not filled up I think you will be the very man for it." He handed me his card, and said, "I have a great mind to send you there, it is in Cannon Street; I will write the address on my card. Ask for Mr. G." And, looking at the clock and putting a sovereign into my hand, he added, "You must be off at once or you will miss him; he leaves at twelve o'clock and I see you have only a quarter of an hour." I was so overpowered at this mark of God's goodness that I could not find words to express my gratitude to this kind friend. He evidently saw this, for he said; "Never mind thanking me, run as fast as you can or you may be too late."

Fast walking is no novelty in London, but I

wonder what the people must have thought of me as they noticed my anxious haste, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and scarcely stopping to take my breath. I arrived just in time. Mr. G. received me very kindly and asked when and why I left my last place. I told him the whole story, to which he listened with great attention. He also asked me how many languages I knew, and having been told that I could speak five but could only correspond in four, he thought that would do, saying "I shall see Mr. S. this afternoon, and if I entertain your application, you will hear from me by to-morrow's post." I thanked him and left. No one but God knew my feelings as I left the office. My heart was full of gratitude to my heavenly Father; and if I wept this morning for hunger, I now shed tears of joy. I was completely broken down, and all I could say was "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

(*Extracted*)



"MAKE FOR THE GATE!"

ONE fine Sunday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, a relative of the writer was returning from her Bible class along a quiet road in a Surrey town, bordered by the hedges of the large gardens surrounding the gentlemen's residences on either side. All seemed particularly peaceful; very few people were about, and she was enjoying the quiet and

solitude, when suddenly her meditations were interrupted by a shout, "Make for the gate! Make for the gate!"

She started and looked round; no one was in sight. "Make for the gate!" What gate? Were the words addressed to her? If so, by whom? These and similar questions rapidly crossed her mind; but before thought could frame her answer, again the words fell, more loudly, more imperatively and clearly, "Make for the gate!" And now she could distinguish hurried though distant footsteps; and feeling sure the injunction was addressed to her, she hastily entered the nearest gate—a small tradesmen's entrance in the thick-set hedge, and closed it behind her. Hardly had she done so, when an infuriated bull dashed past the spot, followed by several panting drovers. In safety, but only just in time, and with profound thankfulness for her escape from danger (for, if memory serves aright, the beast badly gored someone else before it was captured) the lady watched all go by, and then when all was again quiet, went on her way.

Reader, circumstances around you may seem as fair and as peaceful as that country road seemed that Sunday afternoon; but if you are still on the broad way that leadeth to destruction the voice of an unseen Speaker is calling to you, "Make for the gate!" "Enter ye in at the straight gate, for

wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat" (Matt. vii. 13). "Enter ye in at the straight gate!" It is the voice of entreaty as well as command—the voice of One who knows your danger, and who has provided one way, one only way of escape. "I am the Door," declares the Lord Jesus; and that Door stands wide open. You need no prayers, no tears, no almsgiving to open heaven's portals. Divine love and divine justice have already swung them wide—the love that sent the Son to die, and the justice that accepted His sacrifice—wide enough to admit any sinner, however great, who comes just as he is, to take refuge within.

"Oh, enter, enter now!"

Come then in all your need as a guilty sinner, bowing to God's word that tells us we have all sinned, and we come short of His glory—God "looketh upon men; and if any say I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not, He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." A ransom has been found—Jesus gave Himself a ransom for all. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.

T.

A DOCTOR'S DEATH BED

FOR the past week it has been my lot to watch by the bedside of a dying man. Even as I write this I pause, listening for the fluttering breath, which sometimes seems to cease altogether, and then to resume its panting for life.

Of the gentleman's history I know little, having only recently made his acquaintance. He was a brilliant man of the world, and an eminent physician, with a large practice in the West of London. A few years ago he retired into the country, but paralysis overtook him, and at the ripe age of eighty years, he now lies on his death-bed. The last illness came suddenly, and he soon became unconscious, and has not roused from that state for more than a few minutes at a time.

At any moment he may be ushered into eternity, to spend it—where? What is the state of his soul before God? I cannot tell.

A friend said to me, "He has always led a good life, and has been a regular church-goer." What is that, in the awful presence of death? "Except a man be *born again*, he cannot see the kingdom of God." He has been a man much admired and respected, clever in his profession, and valued by many friends, but of what avail is it all now that he stands on the brink of eternity, if *without Christ*, who gave His life a ransom?

I spoke to him of the Saviour's love, and of His

death upon the cross as the perfect sacrifice for sin, by which God can righteously offer salvation to all who will accept it as His gift, but the dim eyes showed no sign of intelligence, and I have little hope that my words penetrated the poor brain. Once, when I repeated to him that well-known verse, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," he fixed his eyes on me with a look so pitifully appealing that my own eyes filled with tears. He made a great effort to speak, but the attempt was unsuccessful. What his thoughts were I cannot tell, for he immediately lost consciousness, and has not regained it since.

Why do I tell you this? It is that you may see the folly of putting off until a more convenient season. This poor old man surely had time in all his eighty years in which he might have turned to Christ for the forgiveness of sins, and his soul's salvation, but the opportunities slipped by, and now it is, apparently, TOO LATE. Eighty years—wasted! Lived in health, luxury, and worldly enjoyment, but without God, and without hope. How infinitely sad!

Friend, are *you* counting upon living to a ripe old age, when, after making the most of this world's pleasures, you will turn to the Lord before it is too late? You may ignore the still, small voice that pleads with you to be reconciled to God,

but some day you will wish you had listened, for He has said, " My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

Will you take an affectionate warning, reader? I write this, as it were, from the very presence of death. There is an awful stillness in the room, with the hush of expectancy awaiting the summons of the dread angel. How different it would be with one who could say, " To depart and be with Christ is far better " ! Oh, *don't wait*, counting upon making your peace with God upon your death-bed. If you will only believe Christ has already made peace through the blood of His cross, and it only remains for you to accept the salvation God offers so freely. The word of God declares that " He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life " (1 John v. 12). " In this is manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins " (1 John iv. 9, 10).

Is it worth the risk you run in putting off? Think of the poor old doctor and his sad end, and don't let the Saviour say to you, " Ye *will not* come unto me that ye might have life." " Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."*
L, P.

* The doctor passed away a few hours after this was written.

AN ITALIAN AND HIS WIFE

ONE Sunday I was in search of a Bible which I had lent. I knocked at a door to enquire if I had left it there. The door was opened by an Italian whose wife was in bed with a very bad cough. They asked me in. After sympathising with the sufferer I began to speak of my Saviour, and was listened to attentively. But when I spoke of our sinful nature, the man said "I have never done wrong." "Oh! but," I said, "God in His word says that we are 'GUILTY BEFORE GOD.'" He then produced a nice Italian Testament, and as I was anxious to know if he could read, I asked him to read something to his wife, which he did.

When I called again I found the woman's interest had been awakened, and the Testament was kept on the table for whenever I might call. One day when I went to see her she had put it under her pillow because the priest had called, and he had told her it ought to be burned. She however said, "It is a good book; I will not have it burned."

A neighbour told her she ought not to receive my visits because I was a Protestant. She answered, "That lady only speaks of Christ."

One day when I called, to my great surprise, I was told that the Saviour had appeared to her, and said, "Listen to the lady who speaks French!"

She pointed to the corner of the room where the Saviour had appeared, and wanted her husband to look, but he saw nothing. I have reason to believe that she passed happily away. The husband was an organ grinder, and I saw him several times. I think he also was led to read his Testament. He had been in Garibaldi's army, and was present at the taking of Rome after a siege of seven months. During the siege a box was brought, on which was written: "The property of the Church." The besiegers insisted on opening it and found it to be poisoned daggers!

But, dear reader, with the entrance of the army, God graciously allowed the British and Foreign Bible Society to send a small cartful of the Scriptures in the Italian tongue that the people might be able to have and read the word of God which is able to make wise unto salvation. Singular to say, the only shop available for a depôt for the sale of these Bibles was, I believe, one close to the Vatican.

The Lord be praised for such mercies, and may He bless every effort to bring His written word before every man, woman, and child.

But now I want to speak to you of the Bible—the wonderful word of God. How good is He that He should deign to speak to us sinful creatures as we all are by birth and in our ways. We are only living here for a short time at the longest.

There is another world to which you are all hastening. What kind of a world is it? Is it where Satan shall be? or where God shall be all in all? Can any one say?

Well, this book it is which alone solves all these questions. It tells us that we have all wandered from God, and are unfit for His presence, for God is HOLY, and we are sinners. But it also tells us that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Think what God has given! He gave His well-beloved Son. It was not an angel He gave, but His Only Begotten. And He calls you to believe in Him, and if you do, you shall never perish, but have a life that is everlasting, that shall have its issue in heaven with Christ in *paradise*. But this is not all. If your sins now righteously shut you out from heaven where Jesus is, you may here know all your sins forgiven, so that no sin of all your life shall stand against you henceforth. Is this really true? It is. This blessed book, God's word, says, that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. For He suffered once on the cross for sins—Himself the holy and righteous One—for us unrighteous, that we might be brought to God. And this now.

Such is the testimony of God's word. Do believe it. Come then now to God, as you are. Believe

in the Lord Jesus Christ, who atoned for human guilt when crucified, and YOU ARE SAVED, henceforth to live a new life. Now will you seek to please Him in all things, who *has* saved you freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. May this be your portion now.

S.G.A.



ETERNITY :—

ISAI. LVII. 15.

ETERNITY, ETERNITY! what human eye can scan?

'Tis GOD Himself inhabits it—then measure it who can?

Eternal *bliss*, or endless *woe*! Oh, pause and think, I pray—
Redeemed to God, or lost in hell! then make your choice
to-day.

Not less, in contrite hearts, God dwells, that tremble at
His word;

In all who rest in Christ alone, and trust His precious blood;
Time's fleeting shadows pass away! Then come to Jesus
now!

Your soul in glory aye shall dwell, if to God's grace you
bow.

Reader, where will you spend YOUR eternity?

S.T.

Gospel Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

JESUS OF NAZARETH

IX

I WAS busily preparing to leave for the Continent, when on a Saturday morning I received a note from a dear lover of Israel, asking me to be present, if possible, the next day (Sunday), at the baptism of one of my brethren according to the flesh. I gladly accepted the invitation, and went. At last I saw two gentlemen coming from the vestry, and I was overjoyed as I recognised one of these to be Mr. Moss, who tripped me in the office and caused such trouble years ago. On seeing him I was ready to leap for gladness, and run to him, and I made several attempts to do so, but as that would have caused an uproar, prudence told me to remain quiet until the service was over. No pen can describe the deep gratitude which I felt to God for having graciously heard and answered my poor prayers in bringing at least one of those who were unkind to me, to acknowledge the Lord Jesus thus publicly.

I had witnessed the reception of several Jews into the visible church of Christ before, and whenever I did so I always felt the great solemnity of the service, but never before did I experience such deep emotion in my soul, nor enjoy such close communion with my adorable Saviour as during this

most touching service. There stood the very man who, a little more than four years ago, blasphemed the precious name of my adorable Lord; but the Holy Spirit had done His work since then in subduing his proud heart, and he was now bowing his head in humble submission to the once crucified, but now exalted Redeemer, whom he, like myself, once greatly despised.

This was another living proof of the power of the gospel of the grace of God overcoming the prejudices of birth and education. He who converted St. Paul and converted me, could and did convert Moss too. There is nothing too hard for the Lord; He can melt the hardest heart, and I saw tears flowing freely from the eyes of my late enemy. After he had been baptised in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the minister preached a most appropriate sermon, which was listened to with breathless silence by the congregation, from Daniel ix. 24: "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness."

He went on to say that the true Messiah promised unto the Jews is here spoken of. "That there is a time limited for His coming, and that this time is long since past and gone is very evident. There can be no doubt that Jesus was

that Messiah of whom the prophet speaks. It was He who finished sin, He has taken away transgressions and made an end of sin. He made reconciliation for iniquity, and has brought in everlasting righteousness. In turning to John xix. 30, we see that He has done all this in His blessed person. 'It is finished,' said the dying Saviour, and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost. Surely it is of the greatest importance to every man, whether Jew or Gentile, to ascertain what was finished at that solemn moment! and, blessed be God, we who believe in the precious name of Jesus are not left to mere conjecture concerning this momentous question. It was Christ's glorious victory on the cross, from which are issuing all these inestimable blessings which He procured for all believers, when He exclaimed, 'It is finished.' Can a sweeter melody enrapture a sinner's ear, or is there another word in the Bible so much calculated to call for the loudest acclamations and grateful hymns of praise of the redeemed mankind? The Messiah was 'to finish transgression, and to make an end of sins.' By His precious blood the Lord Jesus Christ blotted out that obligatory bond of Mosaical ordinances and ceremonies, which carried in them a secret accusation of our guilt, and cancelled it utterly, nailing it to His cross (Col. ii. 14).

"The Messiah was 'to make reconciliation for iniquity.' God was, in Christ, reconciling the world

unto Himself (2 Cor. v. 19). He who did no sin, His own self bore our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Pet. ii. 22, 24). The Messiah was 'to bring in everlasting righteousness.' This Christ has been 'made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption' (1 Cor. i. 30), and we are for His righteousness' sake graciously acquitted and mercifully accepted. When we hear our Lord Jesus, the true Messiah, exclaiming 'It is finished,' He says to us, 'I have done that for which I came, I have both suffered and procured all that you require for your salvation; I have fulfilled the law for you; I have triumphed over my enemies and yours; I am become the death of your death, and life of your life. Nothing remains but for me to go and prepare your eternal mansions, and I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also' (John xiv. 2, 3)."

Although I enjoyed the sermon exceedingly I was truly thankful when the minister pronounced the benediction. I was getting rather impatient, for I was anxious to shake Moss by the hand and congratulate him on this happy event.

At the close of the service I saw my brother Moss re-entering the vestry. I followed him, and then a most affecting scene took place, which will not easily be effaced from my memory. On seeing me he could not believe his own eyes, as he after-

wards told me, but when he was sure that it was I, he fell on my neck and with sobs implored my forgiveness. I told him that I had nothing to forgive him; that had been done long ago; the only thing that I had against him was that he did not come to Christ before this. He accompanied me home, and he then gave me the following most interesting account of how the Lord had led him to Himself.

“After you left I often said to the other clerks there was something in you which we did not know or understand. There was such a sweetness in your disposition, such a peace and patience in all you did and said, of which we knew nothing, and many times have I secretly wished to be of like mind with yourself.

“One Sunday evening I passed by a church, and at the sight of the congregation going in an indescribable sensation came over me, preventing me from proceeding on my way. I stood still and looked at the people; and a voice seemed to speak to me, saying, ‘Should you not seriously inquire into the truth of the gospel? Do you not consider it worth while to ascertain the truth, whether Jesus was a seducer of men, or whether He indeed is the Saviour of the world? How will you justify yourself before the righteous tribunal of God, seeing you have wilfully closed your eyes against the light of the gospel? Do you not think it wicked to

condemn Jesus as an impostor, whom the Christians believe to be their Saviour, without first examining His claims to the Messiahship?' With these important inquiries in my mind I walked up and down before the building, not knowing what to do. My conscience became very uneasy, and at last I resolved to enter a Christian place of worship for the first time in my life. I was greatly struck with the solemnity of the worshippers and the earnestness of the preacher, a sight I had never witnessed before. I shall never forget the impression that first beautiful hymn made on my mind, which was the first sung during the service.

“ ‘ Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altar slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.

‘ But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all my sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.’

“ The sermon was preached with much power from Hag. ii. 9. ‘ The glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former, saith the Lord of hosts.’ ‘ And if you turn,’ said the minister, ‘ to Mal. iii. 1, you will find that he testifies to the same effect. “ And the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in.” It is a scriptural fact that the latter temple was far

inferior to the former. It was not comparable with it for magnificence of structure; hence it is that those Jews who had seen the first house wept with a loud voice when they beheld the foundation of the second laid (Ezra iii. 12); it grieved them to think what a disproportion there was likely to be betwixt the former and the latter house.

“ ‘ Besides the magnificence of the fabric there were sundry privileges which added a glory to the former, but which were wanting in the latter, viz., the fire from heaven to consume the sacrifices, the Urim and the Thummim, the ark of the covenant, and the cloud filling the temple—these were the chiefest glory of the first, and were wanting in the second temple. There was nothing that gave the latter house this preference, or rendered it more glorious than the former, yet my text tells us “ that the glory of the latter house shall be greater than the former ” and that “ the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple. ” That the Messiah is the subject here spoken of, and whose coming the ancient Jews long looked for, and prayed for, is granted by many learned Rabbis themselves, among whom is Kimchi, whose words are very expressive. “ This is the King, the Messiah, and this is the Angel of the covenant. ”

“ ‘ Now, how has the messenger of the covenant, or the Messiah (as the Jews apply the above passage) appeared in this latter temple, which was

thus to be dignified by His presence? If scripture has been fulfilled, who can be that Messiah, but our Lord Jesus Christ, who actually did appear in that very temple, at various times, in the course of thirty-three years. He appeared in the temple when eight days old (Luke ii. 22). When He was twelve years old He was sought by His parents. "They found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers" (Luke ii. 47). On another memorable occasion He entered the holy precincts and "cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of money-changers, and the seats of those that sold doves, and said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves" (Matt. xxi. 12, 13), upon which occasion the chief priests and the scribes and the chief of the people sought to destroy Him (Mark xi. 15-18). This Jesus, my brethren, is the Messiah who manifested Himself during the standing of the second temple, and if the Jews expect another Messiah they will be grievously disappointed. The second temple being long since utterly destroyed, it must needs follow that the Messiah has long since come.

"The minister here closed this most interesting service with earnest prayer to the God of Abraham

to lead many of the house of Israel to acknowledge Jesus as their Messiah to the salvation of their souls!

“ I cannot describe the felicity which overwhelmed my heart when, at the close of the service, I returned from the church, having witnessed the sincerity of the divine service of the Christians, and the earnest and solemn attitude which accompanied it, and I said to myself, ‘ If this is the religion of Jesus which I have been taught to despise, the sooner I make myself acquainted with its claims the better it will be for my future happiness.’

(Extracted)



A TRACT—THE MEANS OF BLESSING

FOR the encouragement of the tract distributor, and of those who so kindly contribute of their ability and substance to the proclamation of the gospel, by means of tracts, I wish to tell how real cheer was brought to me recently by the testimony of a sailor who some two years ago had been given a tract in the Naval Barracks at ——. This tract spoke of two things that God had joined together which no man could put asunder, viz:—

“ BELIEVE ” and “ HATH. ”

He related how he had read the tract through again and again—that he had believed what the

tract had set forth from the word of God, and therefore he could now say he had eternal life, and would not be brought into judgment, for so the Lord Jesus had declared in John v. God thus had graciously blessed the reading of this tract to his salvation.

This was indeed joy to me, for many hundreds of tracts had been distributed in these barracks during the past sixteen years, and I had often wondered whether the results justified the effort. Here then was the first testimony that had reached my ears of any of these tracts being the means of blessing to the readers of them.

Often had I been despondent and at times almost inclined to withhold my hand from distributing them, but I praise God for this sailor's testimony. It has re-kindled fresh desire to serve in this little way our blessed Lord and Master who would have us to "occupy" till He come.

The day following I related the circumstance to a fellow Christian, telling him of my cheer, and he also shared my joy, inasmuch as he had contributed to the "Tract Fund." Strange to say, the very next Lord's Day, he heard another sailor recount a similar circumstance. He said that, six months ago, whilst about to enter the canteen in the Naval Barracks, he was given a tract, headed "Stop and Think." This he did, and instead of entering the canteen to have his pint of beer he

read the tract, which was the means of blessing to his conversion. A double joy was this to me; may the reading of this magazine be also a joy to you!

Dear unsaved one, the time is short, and God speaks in various ways through His beloved Son, who said, "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 out of death into life" (John v. 24). Just believe it as the sailor did and you will be saved.

C.H.C.



THOSE PRECIOUS FIVE MINUTES

"**W**ILL you please take this box of tomatoes to Mr. H. with my love. I know he is fond of tomatoes."

These were the words of my own dear wife, herself suffering acutely from cancer, who, just as I was starting for the hospital, thoughtfully gave me this loving commission.

Arriving there I was holding forth the word of life in the different wards, when presently taking out my watch, I found that I had just ten minutes to spare; and so started off to visit the particular ward in which I was to fulfil my loved one's commission.

I delivered the box of tomatoes to Mr. H. and with it my wife's loving message. I stood talking with this patient for about five minutes, seeking to

strengthen his hand in the Lord, as he was, happily, a believer in Christ.

Presently I observed that the visitors at the other end of the ward had left, and I was now the only one remaining. Turning round, I said before all the patients, "Would you like me to sing a hymn?" A patient at the other end of the ward promptly replied, "Yes, sir; I do like to praise God." We sang,

"The Saviour lives no more to die."

When finished I went round to collect the hymn books, and was taking the one this patient had been using, when I said to him:

"Can you say your Saviour lives no more to die?"

"I wish I could, sir; I am not a Christian."

I thus found myself brought face to face with one desirous of salvation. In about five minutes I was due to leave the ward. So making the best use of the opportunity I said:

"My sins were laid on Jesus when He suffered on the cross. Were your sins laid on Jesus then?"

"Yes."

"Where is Jesus now?"

"In heaven."

"Are there any sins upon Him now?"

"It's my opinion He has been bearing them ever since."

“No! I will tell you what the word of God says about that:—‘As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us!’ When John Baptist saw Jesus he said, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.’ The soul that believes this is entitled to say, ‘The Lord laid my sins on Jesus; He has borne them away; they are gone! gone for ever!’”

Each fleeting moment was now precious. I asked, “Have you ever asked Jesus to take possession of your heart?”

“Yes; hundreds of times.”

“Now ask Him; tell Him you are ready to receive Him. Ask him to take possession of your heart, and He will come in. He has Himself said, ‘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 sup with him, and he with me.’ Let me tell you what will happen the moment you receive Christ. You cannot have Christ in your heart, and your sins too. Receive Him, and leave all else to Him, and He will cleanse you from your sins by His own precious blood. He will do it; you cannot do this yourself.”

My time was passing rapidly—he still lacked assurance of faith. Now I asked him,

“Have you heard the word of Jesus?”

“Yes.”

“ Do you believe the Father sent Jesus? ”

“ Yes, I believe the Father sent Jesus. ”

“ Then God says you have everlasting life. It was Jesus who said it. I will repeat the whole verse, ‘ Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life. ’ ”

The clock was striking; my time to leave had come. I held out my hand and said,

“ Good-bye; God says you have everlasting life. ”

A.J.



THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE WAS RENT IN THE MIDST

LUKE xxiii. 45.

Within his tent the Patriarch sat, in Land of Uz of old,
Where prone before the Lord he oft his heart's desire had
told;

For sons and daughters, in their feasts, burnt offerings he
had made,

That each one might remember God, most earnestly he
prayed.

On such a day, while thus he sat, a messenger drew near,
Upon whose heels another pressed, who woeful tidings bore :
The Patriarch's flocks and herds alike of camels, asses,
sheep,

Were stricken or were ta'en away, with those who did them
keep;

While, saddest news of all that day, he heard with utmost
pain,

The desert wind their dwelling smote—his sons and daughters
slain !

Then Job arose, his mantle rent, he fell upon the ground,
And owned the right of Him who gave, to take away and
wound.

* * * * *

Through Salem's gate a concourse moves ; what tongue pre-
sumes to say,

Who is the One on whom the Cross is laid that solemn day?
To Golgotha His footsteps wend, His Cross is there up-
reared :

'Tis Jesus, who to cancel sin, has in God's time appeared.

The soldiers take His vesture, but no rent they make
therein,

His life He yields (none taketh it) a sacrifice for sin.

His blood is shed, the work is done ; " 'Tis finished " now
He cries,

While for the unjust dies the Just, a holy sacrifice ;

And in the midst the temple-veil is straightway rent in
twain——

Blest Lamb of God ! Thine be the praise—Thy work is not
in vain.

Thy precious blood for sins of all who trust Thee doth atone,
The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son ; that blood avails
alone.

The parted veil rent in the midst, the mercy-seat reveals ;
While never more its mystic span the holiest conceals.

The Patriarch's mantle-hem once more was, like his sorrows,
healed ;

The Temple-veil rent from the top, the mystery revealed,
The way into the holiest, a new and living way,

Iniquities and sins alike, for ever put away,

By Him who sits upon the throne, whom heavenly hosts
adore ;

The One who liveth, and was dead, and lives for evermore.

T.J.

Gospel Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

JESUS OF NAZARETH

x.

“**T**HE following Sunday I did not go to the church. It was the week of preparation for the celebration of the great Day of Atonement, which the Jews call the ‘awful days.’ I spent that week in much prayer, fasting, and weeping, in order that on the Day of Atonement my name might be enrolled in the book of life, and be blotted out of the book of death, wherein the Jews believe their names to be found without ‘prayer, penitence and alms.’ I went to the synagogue as usual, but at the close of the day I felt, as I had never before, that my fasting, prayers and tears had not atoned for my sins, which I knew required forgiveness. My conscience was aroused, but my wrong-doing stared me in the face, Judaism gave me a consciousness of sin in feeling that I had transgressed the law of God, but could not point me to a Mediator by which I could be freed from its condemnation.

“ This made me so very wretched that I was quite ill the next day, and unable to leave my bed for some hours. As the people with whom I lived were great church-goers, I went downstairs in the evening in the hope of being instructed and edified by their conversation. I told them how I felt, and I fully expected to receive some comfort or Chris-

tian advice from them; but, alas! seeking Christians, I found infidels. Mrs. E——, who was a lady of a very excitable temperament, and, as I afterwards learned, had a great horror of practical Christianity, in reply to my inquiries, coolly remarked:—

“ ‘I have noticed something strange about you within the last week or so, and my advice will be that you should see a doctor and not neglect yourself; if neglected, the consequences may prove to be serious. At the same time,’ she said, with an air of self-sufficiency, ‘I must tell you, Mr. M—, I have no sympathy with people changing their religion. St. Paul says, “Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called,” and I say let everybody remain in the religion he was born. I can tolerate a heathen becoming a Christian, but I do not see why a Jew should leave his religion, which is as good as any other. There was a collection in our church last Sunday to convert your people, and not a penny did I give towards it, although the plate was put under my nose. I did not care for that; they could not get anything out of me. I did not see why we should meddle with the Jews; they are harmless, inoffensive, and a good set of people. The friend whom I consider the best Christian in the world is a Jew, that is my husband’s partner, and I daresay there is not a more honest, straightforward gentleman than he;

and I am not ashamed to tell you, Mr. M—, that it was that gentleman who took my husband by the hand, and made him what he is. It is a great pity we cannot leave the Jews alone. They do not try to convert us, and I don't see why we should disturb them by trying to convert them. As to myself, I believe they are as safe for heaven in believing in Moses as we are in Christ.'

“ ‘ My dear,’ said Mr. E— to his wife, ‘ you need not put yourself into such a state of excitement; Mr. M— is not going to be a convert to the Jews’ Society, he has nothing to gain by becoming a Christian. I can see what is the matter with him; a few evenings at the theatre will soon dispel the gloom which is evidently on his mind. Is that not so, Mr. M—?’ he asked.

“ I could not make any reply; in fact, I did not know what to make of them, and I retired to my room greatly disappointed and unhappy. As I could not shake off my convictions, it is easy to imagine what were my feelings. I was longing for Sunday to come. I was anxious to hear and learn more about Jesus, who had already become so very interesting to me.

“ The blessed day arrived, and I was at the church doors before they were opened. The service appeared more solemn and impressive to me than on the previous Sunday. I was atonished with another extraordinary text, for the first Sun-

day's discourse was so applicable to my position. Gen. xlix. 10: 'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.' He went on to say: 'By sceptre and lawgiver is meant the ruling and legislative power that in the process of time did settle and centre in that tribe of Judah; it began in David, who was of that tribe, and continued for some centuries. Though there was some variety in the form of government, yet the law and polity among the Jews were the same. By Shiloh is meant the Messiah. This might be proved from the signification of the word, as also from the following words, "To him shall the gathering of the people be," or, as some read it, "To him shall the obedience of the nation be." Now to whom can this be applied but to the Messiah, unto whom it is elsewhere promised, the nations of the earth were to be blessed in Him (Gen. xii. 3; Gal. iii. 8). The Jewish doctors thus render, or rather paraphrase upon this prophecy: "Kings shall not cease from the house of Judah, nor doctors that teach the law from his children's children, until the time that King Messiah do come, whose kingdom the earth is, and all the nations of the earth shall be subjected to Him." From the words thus explained I say, if the sceptre and lawgiver have departed from Judah, then is the Messiah already come. The

Jews cannot but acknowledge that for centuries there has been no such thing as a tribe of Judah in any national or political institution. It is evident, beyond all contradiction, that the whole Jewish nation has been scattered over the face of the earth, and had for many generations no law and no government of their own amongst themselves. This is not only confessed, but lamented by some of their most learned Rabbis, who on Hosea thus write: "These are the days of our captivity, wherein we have neither king nor priest of Israel; but we are in the power of the Gentiles, and under the power of their kings and princes." I say, if there be any truth or certainty in the text, then Shiloh, or the Messiah, is already come, and the Lord Jesus is that Messiah, who (Isaiah liii. tells us) was wounded for our transgressions, who was bruised for our iniquities . . . and with whose stripes we are healed. The fountain of Christ's love is open to all and for all; whether Jew or Gentile, all must come to Him for salvation, and none can be saved without coming to Him as the atonement for their sins.'

"My heart was softened and penitent at these words. All my sins came before me, and I felt myself a lost sinner before God, and that night I had no sleep. I was in the greatest agony of soul. The text, 'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh

come,' was ringing in my ears, and ever saying to myself: 'Has not the sceptre departed from Judah? Where is the lawgiver from between his feet? Has Shiloh come?' I tried to pray, but could not, or rather was reluctant to pray in the name of Jesus. I wept bitterly before God, and implored Him, for the sake of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, His friends, to send me peace, but no peace came. The very heaven appeared brass to me. The struggle of that moment I can never forget.

“ At last I opened my Bible, which I had bought the week before, and the first words I saw were these: '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.' Light from heaven broke in on my dark and troubled spirit; I saw in Jesus the Messiah, the Saviour of my soul, and was enabled to cry out in devout admiration and praise, 'My Lord and my God!' No sooner had I offered this prayer than my burden was removed; the peace of God which passeth all understanding entered into my soul. I felt that the Lord Jesus Christ was crucified for me, to redeem my soul from death, and innumerable as my sins were, He had graciously washed them all away with His atoning blood; and, blessed be God, the truth that brought peace to my conscience has day by day increased and become precious to me.

“ When the great change which had taken place in me became known to my family, they first used gentle means with me in the hope of bringing me back to Judaism ; but finding I grew bold by preaching the gospel to them, they resorted to harsh treatment. It was a season of deep trial to my soul, but nothing could move me from the love of God in Christ Jesus my Lord. This state of things increased my ardent desire to confess the Lord Jesus Christ before the world. And oh ! Mr. M—,” he said in conclusion, “ I cannot describe to you my inward joy, not only of meeting you as a Christian, but that the Lord has enabled me, this day, to bear testimony to that gospel which has proved to be to me ‘ the power of God unto salvation.’ ”

Here my dear friend ceased. I had listened with deep emotion to the recital of his search after truth and his ultimate conversion, and our eyes were wet with tears of joy as we clasped each other’s hands in gratitude to God.

But my next anxiety was, if possible, to find some suitable situation for my friend, who had made every sacrifice for his new principles.

The very next day Mr. G— asked me whether I knew anyone who could replace me in the office. Mr. M— at once occurred to me as most suitable to fill the position I occupied, and I related to Mr. G— the interesting service I had witnessed

yesterday, to which he listened with deep attention, and at last he said, "He will do, Mr. M—; send him here whenever you like." I communicated with my friend that evening; he saw Mr. G— on Wednesday, and was accepted; and the day I left for the Continent I saw him sitting at my desk, contented and happy.

A fortnight passed before we again met. I was then sitting quietly by his bedside, when he turned to me, and said, "What a blessed thing it is to lay quite still and let the Saviour do everything."

Beloved reader, are you ready to receive Christ? to cease from all efforts of your own, and to let the Saviour do everything?

He lingered on many weeks after this, suffering very acutely, yet growing in grace and in the knowledge of his God and Saviour; to whose saving power and mercy he delighted to bear testimony. When he at length passed away, he had a joyous entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And I fervently thank God for those precious five minutes during which he first received the truth as it is in Jesus.

(To be continued)



“DO YOU SEE WHERE YOU’RE GOING?”

ONE fine summer afternoon in the year 1849 a company of five, my only brother and I being of the number, took a ramble from the town of Eastbourne over the downs to Beachy Head. Everything to be seen and heard was calculated to fill the mind with thoughts of the power, the wisdom and the goodness of God. The ocean waves were rolling in from the British Channel and breaking on the shore beneath us. The sea view included the fishing boats in the offing, and farther away were to be seen the outward bound and homeward bound ships. Looking landward, we could discern the farm homesteads, the cottages, the waving corn, the cattle in the meadows and the flocks of sheep on the downs; while seagulls and landbirds contributed their share to the charms for ears and eyes. Thus we extended our ramble to very near the highest point of this celebrated headland, and then turned again with our faces towards home.

We were still upon a high portion of the cliff top when a circumstance occurred to divert the attention, and although it had engaged my notice, so it was that I turned my head in an opposite direction and, with considerable alarm, I noticed that my dear brother was drawing very near to the edge of the cliff, indeed, he was but two or

three paces away from it. I therefore said to him : “ E—, do you see where you are going ? ” Truly alarmed at the danger of his position, he at once turned away from the cliff edge and rejoined his companions, while we all, with hearts solemnised by thoughts of the peril he had been in, continued our homeward walk.

What a voice, dear reader, this true narrative has for you and me. It would be difficult to imagine more charming and delightful scenes or healthy occupations than were ours on the afternoon referred to, and yet how suddenly were these pleasures threatened with the most distressful termination. It was by having his attention drawn away to something else, that his thoughts were diverted from the dangers which were so near to him, that my brother was nearly involved in their realisation ; and it is thus that the Bible bids us to flee to the Almighty Saviour, who died for our sins and rose again for our justification, who is the sure refuge of all who put their trust in Him. Let me, then, ask you in the same spirit as I put the question to my brother :—“ Do you see where you are going ? ”

Many who read these lines have probably wandered over the same ground, and I trust the poor description above given will enable all to realise the circumstances sufficiently to enable them to appreciate the moral which they convey.

At the time referred to neither my brother nor I was able to say we knew the joy of the Lord's salvation, but six years after, God in His mercy gave to each of us this unspeakable blessing, and the following year my dear brother was called away from the scenes of this life to be "for ever with the Lord." As I write these words I recall one of his last utterances. A Christian friend had called to visit him on his bed of sickness, and while speaking to him, the servant appeared at the bedroom door bearing a phial of medicine and saying, "The doctor has sent a composing draught." At this moment the friend was uttering the name of Jesus and my brother looked up at him, saying, "That is the best composing draught." Yes,

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
As soft as downy pillows are."

"His name is as ointment poured forth," and God declares that there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

T.J.



A BICYCLE ACCIDENT

I WAS sitting in a summer house in a nice large garden with a friend of mine. It was one spring evening, and everything was quiet. After we had been sitting for a long time without speaking, my friend said, "Although I have been a

regular church-goer all my life, I do not know the rest of soul that has come to you through knowing Christ as your Saviour.”

This was a great surprise to me, as I had known him all my life, and that his parents had been strict on his attendance at church and Sunday school. Often I had asked him to come to our little room where the gospel of the grace of God was preached. And now availing myself of this further opportunity, I again asked him. After a while he consented, if it were only to see what our preaching (as he said) was like.

He came. There the Lord graciously met him, and through the preached word he found the rest his soul so much needed and longed for. This joy was his through believing that Jesus Christ died on the cross for *him* and for *his* sins.

My friend was in a situation at B——, to which he used to cycle every morning, arriving home again in the evening. He had no certain time for getting home, as he was employed by a doctor. A short time after he had found his Saviour he was returning home after his day's work, when he passed another villager on a bicycle who asked him to go slowly and he would catch him up. A little further on he passed the brother of this man, who also remarked the same thing to him. However, before either of these had time to overtake him he had to go down a very steep hill. At the bottom

of this hill a wagon which had been used for carrying faggots of wood had been left standing across the road instead of being drawn on one side. Moreover, there was no light as there should have been, for the wagon's lamp had been out for some time, and there was therefore no proper indication of danger to any that might be following that way.

Cycling down the hill my friend ran into the rod of the wagon, which broke several of his ribs and pierced his heart. He fell from his bicycle and broke his neck. All this happened in a few seconds, and my dear friend who a minute before was in the enjoyment of excellent health, was now ushered into eternity without warning. An eternity of what? Was it an eternity of joy and bliss with his blessed Saviour whom he had learned to know but a short time before? Or was it to be in that awful place "where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched"? (Mark ix). Of him as a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, we can say, his eternity was to be spent with his Saviour and Lord.

How is it with you? Were you, my dear reader, to have an accident such as this, where would your eternity be spent? If you are undecided, make a decision now. For in God's word (the word of Him who cannot lie) we read, "Behold, now is the accepted time. Behold now is the day of salvation." Do you ask, "How can

I get this salvation?" Read John iii. 15. This is one of the many passages in God's word in which the way of salvation is made very clear. There need be no doubt; it is just simple faith in the finished work of Christ. He suffered for sins once, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God.

Make sure of *your* eternity, not only in case of accidents, for we know not what a day may bring forth, but also that you may be prepared to meet the Lord if He should come before anything happened to you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." For to you is the word of this salvation sent.

J.H.P.



MY SAVIOUR

There is nought in this world that I long to see,
But my Saviour who doeth all things for me;
It is of His love to speak I am bold,
For Jesus my Shepherd has brought to His fold
One who so sinful and wandering astray,
Did heed not the Shepherd's voice, went its own way,
Yet in love did that Shepherd on Calvary's tree
Shed His own life's blood to ransom e'en me;
And now in that day which is coming so soon
With all the redeemed ones that are His own
I shall be there and His worthy name praise—
My own precious Redeemer—for me He hath saved.

E.F.A.

“ I HAVE CHRIST—WHAT WANT I MORE ? ”

In the heart of London city,
 'Mid the dwellings of the poor,
 These bright golden words were uttered,—
 “ I have Christ ! what want I more ? ”

By a lonely dying woman,
 Stretched upon a garret floor,
 Having not one earthly comfort,—
 “ I have Christ ! what want I more ? ”

He who heard them ran to fetch her
 Something from this world's great store ;
 It was needless—died she, saying,
 “ I have Christ ! what want I more ? ”

But her words will live for ever ;
 I repeat them o'er and o'er,
 God delights to hear me saying
 “ I have Christ ! what want I more ? ”

Oh, my dear, my fellow sinners !
 High and low, and rich and poor ;
 Can you say with deep thanksgiving,
 “ I have Christ ! what want I more ? ”

Look away from earth's attractions,
 All earth's joys will soon be o'er
 Rest not, till each heart exclaimeth,
 “ I have Christ ! what want I more ? ”

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—
ONE HALFPENNY

JESUS OF NAZARETH

XI.

SOME weeks afterwards, when in Paris, I was walking along the Rue Rivoli, when I saw a gentleman approaching me whose face I thought I knew, and coming nearer I at once recognized the very man whom my uncle sent to bring me back to Judaism. I stopped him, and after having begged his pardon for so doing, said, "I think I have had the pleasure of seeing you in London."

"It is very possible," he replied, "but I have no recollection of ever having met you."

"That may be," I rejoined, and without saying another word, I took from my pocket the pencil-case he had given me, and holding it before him, said, "Do you know this?"

"What!" he exclaimed in great astonishment and delight, "are you Mr. M—? How happy I am to meet you again. I am truth's captive at last; a Christian, a happy Christian."

He took me by the arm and on his way home said, "When your uncle told me that you had become a Christian I answered that it would be easier to make me fly than to persuade me to believe in Jesus, but now I see what is impossible with man is possible with God."

Arriving at his residence he introduced me to

his Christian wife, who said that she had known me by name long before, her husband having always spoken of me in the most affectionate way. He then gave me the following account:—

“The conversation I had with you on that memorable day I called on you I could not drive from my mind. Your parting words, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,’ clung to me, and I could not get rid of them. My conscience became alarmed, and I accused myself for not having lived a strict Jew. I had of late eaten Teraphath or Gentile food, which I knew was wickedness. I had not been so regular in my attendance at the synagogue services on the sabbath days of late, nor put on my phylacteries during morning prayers, which I ought to have done; and so to quiet my conscience I solemnly resolved, yea vowed, to become more religious. I fasted once every week, repeated my Hebrew prayers with tears, and when I thought I had not pronounced a word exactly as it ought to have been I went over them a second time; I showed kindness to the poor, etc., and all this to my disappointment did not satisfy my troubled conscience or allay my fears. I felt ‘Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me’ (Psa. xl. 12). I had no peace nor

rest, and wherever I went I carried with me a sense of misery. I felt something of what Job must have done when he said, 'The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit: the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me' (Job vi. 4). Many times did I wish that your uncle had visited you himself instead of sending me. The very idea of becoming a Christian made me shudder, and yet secretly my desire was to become the disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

“One day as I was in great mental distress I thought there could be no harm in my reading the New Testament. If it really was what I had been taught, *i.e.*, a fabrication of falsehood, then it could have no power over me; but should it not prove to be false, then I thought my duty was diligently to examine its claims. With trembling hands I opened the sacred volume. No Gentile Christian can readily understand what a Jew's feelings are when for the first time he reads the New Testament, and prays in the all-prevailing name of Jesus. In reading carefully I was very much struck with the truthfulness of the whole narrative. Jesus appeared to me to have said and done exactly those things which an impostor would not say and do; and after mature deliberation I was compelled to come to the conclusion that Jesus was the promised Messiah, and that the New Testament is

equally with the Old the word of God. When I used to read Moses and the prophets, I always found that which I could not understand; but the New Testament sheds a radiance on every page of the Bible, making that clear which was once dark and mysterious to me.

“ I had often read the account of the brazen serpent (Num. xxi. 6-9), but had never understood its spiritual import until I read in the New Testament, ‘ 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 everlasting life ’ (John iii. 14, 15). I could at once see that what the brazen serpent was to the poor wounded Israelites, Christ’s forgiving love was to me a perishing sinner.

“ I was more than once affected to tears when I read the lamentation of the Saviour over Jerusalem, ‘ O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which 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 ! ’ (Matt. xxiii. 37). The account of His crucifixion astonished me greatly; yea, I was amazed at His meekness and love, and I can never forget the impression His dying prayer for His murderers made on me, ‘ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. ’ When I read these things I said, ‘ Truly

this was the Son of God' (Matt. xxvii. 54). The Lord enabled me to see the connection between His sufferings and my sins, and His gracious invitation to sinners in Matt. xi. 28, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I went to Him as I was; all I brought to Him was my sins, and them He washed all away in His precious blood, and sent me away rejoicing.

“ Having found the Messiah of whom Moses and the prophets wrote, I was anxious to communicate His love to my relatives and friends, and to make a public confession by baptism. This I communicated to my family, and my mother, on hearing that her only son had become a Christian, hurried many miles in deep distress to see me.

“ She spent a whole day with me, while I strove to show her that Jesus was the true Messiah, but all in vain. She then said, as she had spent so much time in hearing my arguments in defence of Christianity I must accompany her home, that she might invite some of her Jewish friends to argue with me on my erroneous views. We travelled by the same train, but my mother was so bitter against me that she would not share the same carriage. Here I felt that a deep estrangement had taken place, and the family chain was broken.

“ Arriving at our destination, a private room was engaged at an hotel for the interview, and

here for three long hours my mother and the Chief Rabbi of the city employed every art of persuasion to make me recant, but the Lord enabled me to stand firm and stedfast in the faith. These were sad three hours, they were the most painful I experienced in all my life, my dear mother being in tears all the time, while the Rabbi used every argument in his power against my becoming a Christian, but nothing could shade my faith in the gospel; neither the Rabbinical threats, nor the rationalistic sophistry could move me, and the Lord Jesus enabled me to remain faithful to the truth. I was baptised in the name of the Lord Christ, and eventually some of my family also became Christians, and my mother was reconciled to me, and what is more, at her death a New Testament was found under her pillow.”

And now having added his story, I feel that my own must here close. More I could have said, but sufficient has been recorded to show to my readers how greatly my brethren according to the flesh need their prayers and efforts, and how richly blessed is any word, when uttered in faith and simplicity, to their inquiring hearts. Besides this, I cannot help feeling that this truthful story of the faithfulness of God in helping His children in times of affliction, must tend to strengthen the trust of many who know what it is to pass through deep waters of trial.

Since my conversion, I have had one burning desire in my heart, that is, "to spend and be spent" in the service of my precious Saviour, by winning souls for Him from among scattered Israel, and by encouraging my Gentile brethren to make more earnest efforts in their behalf. He has already graciously given me many souls for my hire, and seals to my ministry, and I still look to Him to make these my last days my best and brightest in His blessed cause.

Looking back, I see the faces of those angel attendants, goodness and mercy, which follow the Christian all through his life's journey; and I thank God that the prospect before me as the remaining years pass on, is of the mansions which the Lord hath prepared for those that love Him.

(Extracted).



THE LORD'S TIME

DEEPLY troubled about her condition as a lost sinner, and fearful of the doom awaiting her, if she passed into eternity unforgiven and unsaved, a young girl recently sought counsel of the aged minister whose services she attended, and whom she greatly respected and loved. It was difficult, even to him to express her need, but at last she managed to confess her unhappiness, and her longing to know—as others knew she was well aware

—that her sins which were many were all forgiven. The old man meant to be kind, and wished to comfort her; but, alas, he knew not how; and simply told her “The Lord’s time had not come.”!

The Lord’s time had not come! and he a professed minister of the gospel!! The Lord’s time had not come, when the word of God declares, “Behold, NOW IS the accepted time, behold NOW IS the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2)! The Lord’s time not come, while on the page of inspiration is written, “Come NOW and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool” (Isaiah i. 18). “Acquaint NOW thyself with him and be at peace” (Job xxii. 26).

But, it may be, some readers of “Gospel Gleanings” are like this young girl—aroused by a sense of their condition as sinners unfit for the presence of a holy God, and subject to His judgment. And some perhaps are being lulled by the devil’s opiate, administered to her by her aged teacher: “The Lord’s time for their deliverance has not come.” To such these words are specially addressed. There was an occasion—only one—when the Lord Jesus did declare, “My time is not yet full come but your time is alway ready” (John vii. 6). And it may be the aged minister thought he was quoting this, as perhaps you have thought it applied to your

case, that with you, in some mysterious fashion after you have had a full measure of distress and doubt, "the Lord's time" will come, and you will get peace and happiness. But was the Lord Jesus speaking of giving rest to a troubled sinner when He said, "My time is not yet come"? Let us turn to the word of God and see. Instead of that being His subject the Lord was answering the taunt of His unbelieving brethren, "If thou do these things, shew thyself to the world" (John vii. 4).

That was the time which had not then come—the time of His manifestation to the world. They were "of the world" and at any time were ready for its praise and glory; He was not of it—was rejected by it; and thank God, His time to shew Himself to it had not then come, nor has it yet. Instead of shewing Himself to the world, He went to Calvary, and there, despised and rejected of men, He offered Himself without spot to God. His holy soul God made an offering for sin, and the full penalty of His wrath against it was borne by Him. "He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. v. 21). And never, since that dread moment when "the darkness sought His woes to hide" from the scoffing multitude, has He "shewn" Himself "to the world."

To many witnesses whom He had chosen (even five hundred at one time) did He “shew himself alive by many infallible proofs “after his passion,” but the world has seen Him not. The day hastens when “in his own times He shall shew, who is the blessed and only potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords” (1 Tim. vi. 14), when “every eye shall see him, and they also that pierced him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him” (Rev. i. 7). Then “the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ” (2 Thess. i. 7, 8), and thus as *Judge* shall He “shew himself to the world.”

Thank God, my unsaved reader—you who hitherto have not obeyed the gospel,—that that time has not yet full come! Nevertheless, it is coming, and each day, as it passes, brings it nearer.

But why should you delay? Why risk meeting Him as Judge who invites you to meet Him now as Saviour? “In Christ’s stead we pray, Be 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” (2 Cor. v. 20. 21). “Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins and by Him all that believe

are justified from all things ” (Acts xiii. 38, 39). Yes, “ justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth a propitiation (or, mercy seat) through faith in His blood, to declare . . . AT THIS TIME his righteousness, that he might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus ” (Rom. iii. 24, 26).

Dost thou believe on the Son of God? Dost thou believe the record that God gave of His Son? “ Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life ” (John v. 24).

Believe and have. To refuse to believe, to hesitate, to doubt, to put off for a more convenient season, is to make God a liar.

T.



THE “CAPITO”

THE “capito” is a contrivance made for a very humble use; it is simply a tin mousetrap; but although employed for so common a purpose, it possesses features which may not unworthily illustrate some very solemn facts and principles. Let us then consider its construction and use sufficiently to enable us to appreciate the comparison referred to. It consists of a canister placed beside

a structure of tin and wire, which exhibits the following features. The entrance to this structure is through an opening of the full width of the front. Upon this entrance the user is instructed to scatter a little flour. The mouse having been thus enticed to enter, finds itself in a chamber from which he cannot return, as his entrance displaces the wire which supports the door, and this now falls and closes behind him. But a passage leads to where tempting bait is nearly but not quite within his reach, and to reach it he climbs an upright channel, once more cutting off his own retreat by an artfully contrived obstacle; and having reached the top platform, so balanced that his weight causes it to tilt, he thereby falls into the canister. This canister being partly filled with water, his condition is now truly helpless and hopeless. One thing more remains to be told. As the platform tilts, it causes the door, by which the mouse entered, to rise, and present the same attractions to another of his tribe as those which have proved so fatal to himself.

Assuredly the "capito" furnishes the grounds of more than one solemn reflection. First, we notice the allurements for the little animal to enter the wide door; as the Saviour says: "Wide is the gate and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat" (Matt. vii. 13). And just as the passages of the

“capito” are made attractive with bait, and in his vain efforts to secure it the mouse climbs the upright channel, so the sinner pursues after the things of this life and reaches after its honours, occupied with the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, until (unless awakened by the Spirit of God to a sense of his need and danger, he finds deliverance through the gospel) he proves that the “end of these things is death.”

So we read in James i. 15, “When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.” But the solemn lesson does not end here; for the tilting of the platform re-erects the entrance door, so that the “capito” is once more fitted to ensnare and betray to its death another mouse. It is thus again that the scripture says: “No man dieth to himself” (Rom. xiv. 7). The context of this sentence makes its twofold aspect, very striking in relation to the life and death both of the believer and the unbeliever. Respecting the former we read again in Rev. xiv. 13, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.”

But how solemn the contrast in the death of the unbeliever. The history of the kings of Israel affords many solemn examples of those who did evil in the sight of the Lord, causing Israel to

sin, and left behind them altars to Baal and other stumbling blocks wherewith the people were caused to sin against the God of their fathers.

How many an infidel author has found the remembrance of his writings, circulated beyond his power to recall them, like thorns in his dying pillow, while his deluded readers have continued to receive soul damage from their perusal, and so his works, in this awful sense, do follow him. Dear reader, we leave these suggestions with you, trusting that the Lord, who is the searcher of all hearts, will graciously use them to your profit. As the "capito" reminds us of the threefold forms of soul delusion—the world, the flesh, and the devil—may we turn therefrom to the one Almighty Deliverer from their power, Jesus Christ, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!

T.J.



THE HEART OF GOD

My soul hath found the living spring,
 The source of all her joy,
 The river of eternal peace
 Which nothing can destroy;
 The ocean of unbounded love,
 Unstained by earthly clod,
 Which floweth on for evermore:
 It is the "heart of God"!

Beyond this world's fast fleeting scenes,
 Its darkness and decay,
 Above the glory's highest heights,
 In realms of endless day;

Where vulture's eye hath never seen,
 Nor foot of man hath trod,
 My ransom'd spirit upward soars,
 And finds her all in God.

Yes, God Himself, the living God,
 It is His heart I know ;
 His hand, which holds the universe,
 And guideth all below ;
 That heart and hand are both for me,
 In love and power divine,
 And, though I'm but a pilgrim now,
 In glory I shall shine.

How wonderful ! The living God
 Should be my Father too,
 And, tho' I'm but a feeble child,
 He faithful is, and true ;
 Accepted in His Son am I,
 And all my sins forgiven ;
 By Jesu's blood I'm now made nigh,
 His home is mine in heaven.

'Tis wonderful, that such as I,
 So guilty and undone,
 Should in the Christ of God be blest,
 Have life in His dear Son !
 Yea, more than life, full fellowship,
 And knowledge of His will ;
 For, since I've proved the heart of God,
 His love my soul doth fill.

All praise to His most holy Name,
 With rapture shall I sing,
 When many sons to glory bright
 My Saviour home shall bring ;
 Arrayed in His own comeliness,
 They'll in His beauty shine ;
 And prove the truth of His own words :—
 " Father, all mine are thine."

S.T.

ERRATUM IN LAST NUMBER.

Page 89, *delete* the last three paragraphs.

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Gospel Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

“A TRUE WITNESS DELIVERETH SOULS”

PROV. XIV. 25

IT is expected of a witness in English courts of justice to speak “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,” in regard to the matters on which he is examined. These matters are often such as to involve questions of life or death. The liberties of the nation have sometimes been dependent on truthful witness-bearing; but the subjects to be treated of in these pages relate to more important interests still. Eternal life or everlasting death, the salvation or perdition of your never-dying souls, is what depends on your understanding those subjects aright, and on your being rightly affected concerning them. Or, if already saved, our fruitfulness to God and usefulness to man will be in exact proportion to the degree in which we understand the word of God and are subject to it and filled with it. On such subjects it would be a bold undertaking to speak “the whole truth.” “The truth” we do trust through God’s mercy these pages will exhibit; and that, by His blessing, “nothing but the truth” may be permitted to appear; but the subjects to be gone into are so vast and so important that more than any mortal’s tongue or pen could say would be required to express “the whole truth” thereupon.

Happily for us we have something better to rest upon than the witness of men ; and happy shall we be if our pages should be used of God to bring His testimony into contact with the souls of our readers. God Himself has become a witness, and to believe his testimony is deliverance indeed. It is life from the dead. It is certain salvation. Who so worthy to be believed as God who cannot lie? "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater." And we do receive the witness of men every day of our lives. We could not pass through life, or attend to the simplest affairs without believing our fellow-men. And shall we not believe God Himself? And if any reader should say, "Yes, but I am no scholar ; these things are too deep for me," will that reader turn from the page before him to the First Epistle of John, the fifth chapter and eleventh verse? We give the words, but would far rather you turned to the place and saw them for yourself in God's blessed word. "And this is the record (literally, the witness) that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son."

Can you not understand this? Could it be more simply told? Where is there a poor man in trying circumstances who could not understand if a friend should say to him, "Here is a sum of twenty pounds? It is given you by one who feels greatly for you, and it is contained in this letter. In re-

ceiving the letter you will receive the sum that it contains''? Where is the person so situated who would not instantly put forth his hand, and with hearty thanks receive the gift held out to him? It would be but the affair of a moment or two, and take less time than the writing or reading this description of it requires. Dear friend, as God is true, he holds out to you, not a paltry sum of money but, eternal life. It is not contained in any packet or cover, as the money might be; "this life is in his Son." To believe God's witness; to take Him at His word; to welcome the gift of His Son and of eternal life in Him; to believe that it is ours, because God thus gives what we in our hearts thus receive; this is to be saved, to pass from death unto life. This mighty change takes place the moment we believe God's witness that He hath witnessed of His Son. May you, dear reader, if as yet a stranger to these realities, undergo this change before you lay this paper aside.

"But if it be so easy to be saved, why do so many live and die unsaved?" It is indeed enough to astonish heaven and earth that such love should be rejected, such blessedness despised and refused. But returning to the case we supposed; the poor man to whom the money is held out, instead of thankfully receiving it, might reply, "No, I don't believe that anyone cares so much for me. There is some treachery in it, and I won't have anything

to do with it." Or, he might say, "No, I have always worked for my living, and I will not be indebted to any one for such a gift. I will go to prison and starve, and see my family starve, rather than accept your gift." Or, again, he might reply, "Why do you insult me by supposing me so poor? I have my own reasons for the appearances which lead you to think me in need. Pray, keep your gifts to yourself." Once again, he might say, "No, I dislike the giver, and though I might have accepted relief from another, I will not accept it from you. I disdain both the giver and the gift." Or, last of all, he might make a difficulty of the way in which the gift is bestowed. "If I might have the enclosed sum without the letter which is said to contain it, I should not object. Shew me the money apart from the letter, and I will be glad of it. But I don't like to touch that letter. I don't believe it contains any such sum."

Thus you see, dear reader, in how many ways a man might reject the witness of his fellow man in an affair affecting his present temporal interests. True, there are not many who would act thus; for men are wise about the things of this life, however they may treat their souls and God's wonderful provision for them. Are you on any ground or in any way similar to those we have supposed rejecting God's witness to His Son? The world has deceived you, and you have deceived yourself, and

your heart has got suspicious of everything and everyone. Oh! do not suspect the sincerity and freeness of God's love. "Let God be true and every man a liar." Do not cherish the pride which would rather have eternal life as wages than as a free gift. "The wages of sin is death," and this is all that we have earned; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Can anyone be ashamed to receive life as a gift from Him to whom we already owe everything? Work as hard as possible in gratitude to this bounteous Giver, when once you have received eternal life. But in this He must be the Giver. We can be receivers only. Happy to be such, we might well suppose. Or are you really unconscious of your need? Have you no sins to be forgiven? no soul to be saved? Can you do without eternal life? God grant you to consider your state, and no longer to disdain His bounty and His love. We do not forget that, left to ourselves, we are all "haters of God." But that which alone overcomes this hatred is the love of God in the gift of His well-beloved Son. Do not, we beseech you, turn this love, this gift, into a stumbling-block, and spurn the life God gives because He gives it in His Son.

Alas! there are many who do thus reject God's witness and refuse the life, the eternal life, held out by Him to poor perishing souls. If they could have it through ordinances, or works, or human

merit, or in any way apart from Christ, they would not be sorry. But for self and man to have no place; to receive eternal life in Christ, only *in and through* Christ, having none but Christ in whom to glory or to boast; this is the stumbling-block to human pride. But to think of the patient love which still bears such scornful refusals from the myriads of mankind, and continues to press on men's attention "the witness of God, which he hath testified (witnessed) of his Son!" May this love break the heart of any reader who has not yet believed this witness, and believing it at once through grace, may he rise from the perusal of this paper to fall on his knees and adore the God of all grace for having given him His Son and given him eternal life in Him.

W.T.



"WHAT ABOUT YOUR FUTURE?"

I FIRST met her in a hospital ward. She seemed cheerful, and would lie still, attentively listening as I sat and spake before all of Christ the Saviour, and of "the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort." And when we had improved our acquaintance, I felt convinced from her demeanour and remarks that she knew that God is true. But in her case long patience after sowing the seed was needed.

The servant of the Lord must be content to sow beside all waters, and often in barren soil. He may also be called upon to exercise long patience in watering the seed already sown; but, in due time God gives the increase, and the time for reaping comes.

She of whom I now write had improved in health, and had left the hospital; and we were together going towards a large room in which I had been privileged to set forth at different times the truth as it is in Jesus.

“Some of them,” she said, “make fun of you after you are gone. They don’t understand you like we do.”

My reply was to the effect that I was happy to go on holding forth the word of life, although some might make fun.

Presently we met again in the hospital. She was not only looking very ill, but also very downcast. Remarking to her, “I am very sorry to see you back here again,” she replied, “Some time ago they brought my brother up to die, and now they have brought me up——”

I said, “You say, they brought your brother up to die, and now they have brought you up. Now then, let us look the thing fairly in the face. Supposing they have brought you up to die—What about your future?”

Her answer was a look indicating anxiety of

soul. She realised her own soul's need as never before, and she had opened her heart thus freely, hoping for help Christwards.

“The Lord laid my sins on Jesus, when He suffered on the cross. Were your sins laid on Jesus then?”

“Yes.”

“Where is the Lord Jesus?”

“In heaven.”

“Are there any sins upon Him now?”

She seemed scarcely able to answer; so I endeavoured to show her that the Lord Jesus could have no sins upon Him now, not even her sins; and if she would receive this she was entitled by faith to say He had borne all her sins away, and they were removed as far as the east is from the west! They were gone, and gone for ever!

Are you ready to receive the Lord Jesus? He stands at the door of your heart and knocks, seeking admission. If you hear His voice, and open the door, He will come in. And He will wash you from your sins in His own blood. Thus all the sins of your lifetime will be gone. You cannot do this; He alone can cleanse you; and He will, if now you will receive Him, confiding in His atoning work.

I left her to ponder over the good news.

The next Sunday, on reaching her ward, I made straight for her bedside, but a nurse interposed,

and led me away to see another patient, slowly sinking, but saved, thank God!

Then coming back to my friend, I found she too had received the Lord Jesus, to her soul's salvation, for she was now resting on His accomplished redemption, and no longer uncertain as to her future.

The Lord graciously restored her health, so that she was able to leave the hospital. Yet we sometimes meet on my visits still to the hospital. As I greet her, her face beams with happiness, and she is following on to know the Lord. We have a few words together concerning the things that are Christ's, and she dearly loves to pay an occasional visit to her old friends in the hospital. We have now a common joy in anticipating a glorious eternal future—"for ever with the Lord." Often do I recall that Sunday when "What about your future?" was a question she could not then answer. But now, how different!

Dear reader, could you answer with joy of heart if you were asked point-blank, "What about your future? May her Saviour be also yours! but this can only be by taking God at His word, and with the heart believing His testimony to the person and work of His beloved Son.

A.J.



A GREAT SUPPER

(LUKE XIV.)

IT goes without saying that all that God does, and is, must needs be great; for He is a great God, as, in fact, all His thoughts, words, ways, and works alike prove Him to be from all eternity to all eternity. Hence it is evident that when He opens His bounteous hand, and spreads the *Gospel Feast*, the supper He invites the sinner to partake of must needs be "great." Yes, the very One who called creation into being—the Eternal Son of God—is He, from whose blessed lips the glorious fact is declared, "A certain man made a great supper, and bade many." Here divine love shews its holy activity in the midst of a selfish, dark, and starving world. But, mark it well, dear reader, it is "at supper time," the last meal at the close of the day, when the shadows of night are falling, that the servant is sent out to say to "them that were bidden, Come for all things are now ready."

This glorious invitation was, no doubt, primarily sent to Israel as a nation, after Christ's rejection, in accordance with His divine command that "repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations," but "beginning at Jerusalem"; and for nearly nineteen centuries have those golden words of grace been ringing in

the ears of a lost and guilty world, "Come, for all things are now ready." Yes, ever since redemption's mighty work was accomplished at Calvary, followed by Christ's exaltation to the right hand of God, and the coming of the Spirit at Pentecost, the glad tidings of a full and free salvation have gone forth. But how have they been received? Let scripture answer: "They all, with one consent, began to make excuse."

Alas! the heart of the natural man despises grace; and anything, therefore, will do as an excuse; and the three great reasons for non-acceptance of the invitation to God's great supper are as ready to-day as they were at the beginning. "I have bought a piece of ground," says one; "and I must needs go and see it; I pray thee have me excused." Yes, earthly power sways the minds and actions, not only of nations, but of individuals; and the "pride of life" as much shews itself to-day in the one who wants to explore his worldly possessions as it did in the case of Nebuchadnezzar of old. Another, equally polite in his refusal, having bought "five yoke of oxen," excuses himself by saying, "I go to prove them." This supposes "wealth," and the Lord searchingly points out in His sermon on the Mount, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Was there ever, since the world began, a greater thirst for power, and lust for gold, than now?

and so strong a hold have both these things on the hearts of men that they have no desire at all for the great feast which divine love has spread.

But there was yet a third excuse, even more emphatic than the other two, because it was a point-blank refusal on the part of the man who, having married a wife, boldly said, "Therefore I cannot come." "Natural affection" comes first, with the natural heart; and well does Satan know how to make that, which though right enough in itself, is only, alas! too often made a plausible excuse for refusing God's great salvation. There is no greater snare than this, for young or old; and thousands go down to eternal perdition who have deliberately refused the wooings of divine love for some mere earthly affection.

But the Provider of the feast, though justly angry, is not to be hindered in the action of His grace; and the overflowings of that grace are further shewn by the command to "go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind." Yes, it is only when a deep sense of real need is felt in the soul that there is any true desire for the "great supper" which God has provided. Hence those who in themselves have no resources, who are wounded by sin, and have neither strength nor sight—the shipwrecked ones on the shores of time—these are they who make no "vain excuses,"

but are only too glad to sit down at the royal feast which divine love has spread; there, not only "to taste and see," but also to prove, that "the Lord is gracious." And the servant said, "Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."

Ah! who shall fathom the exceeding riches of God's grace? That mighty heart of infinite compassion knows no bounds; and, for the third time, the decree goes forth, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled," for that almighty heart of infinite love will only be satisfied when "He shall see of the travail of his soul" in the coming day of glory. Meanwhile, all those who refuse the invitation to the "great supper" of God's great salvation do so to their own eternal sorrow; and, amid the ceaseless wailings of the lost, will for ever regret the vain excuses once made on earth which caused them to despise and refuse the pleadings of God's grace.

God's house, however, will not be half empty, as some have foolishly supposed, but full to overflowing; yet the only sure way of your being there, dear reader, is to unreservedly accept now His glorious invitation; for thus the holy record runs, "Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled." Christ Himself is that "Living Bread," and God would have us taste His

own joy and delight in His Son. What, may we ask, has God so richly provided for the poor sinner who will just take Jesus now? Let His word and Spirit supply the answer: Mercy, pardon, peace, justification, eternal life; yea, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, and countless blessings more, all shall be yours as a free gift if you will only accept them now. Love and light and joy are there; but outside there is nothing but "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Will you then still refuse such royal bounty, and perish in your sin? God forbid!

"Pass in, pass in! that banquet is for thee,
That cup of everlasting love is free,
Room, room, still room!
Oh! enter, enter now."

S.T.



"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER"

HEB. XIII. 8

I went to the house of the sick and the dying,
Where the stricken with fever together were lying,
And the porter turned up to the name in the book
Which I asked for, and said, with a pitiful look—
"Very ill; may be visited!—that is the order,
And you know well your way, round by yon garden border."
So I followed that way to the bedside of one

Who had lately confessed to the Lord as her own.
 The limbs were all feeble, the forehead was aching,
 And sleep—so desired—was the eyelids forsaking.
 I asked her if then there was one little word
 In her heart, as she mused on her Saviour and Lord.
 “Yes; oh, yes!” she replied, “for His love changeth
 never—

Jesus Christ the same yester, to-day, and for ever!”
 What a pillow, I thought, for a heart that is aching,
 As a view of the scene I was silently taking.

There were burdened in heart, there were light in the head,
 And the little one put, with its doll, into bed.
 The new patients coming, the old patients leaving,
 The night-nurse the vigils of day-nurse relieving;
 But in One was no change, though unseen yet not hid,
 He whose visits, at all times, no rules may forbid;
 The One who once died, but for ever now liveth,
 The Saviour of each who in Him but believeth,
 Who taketh the little ones up in His arms,
 And rescues the aged from all their alarms;
 From whom death, life, height, depth, nor aught creature
 can sever—

Jesus Christ, the same yester, to-day, and for ever.

T. J.

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—
ONE HALFPENNY

THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE TOWN

IT was the first week in August, and hundreds of boys and girls, and men and women too, were enjoying themselves on the beach and promenade of a fashionable watering-place in the south of England. Thousands too were thronging round the race-course at the other end of the town—all bent on happiness of some kind. The “pleasures of this life” and the “pleasures of sin” were being eagerly sought after by numerous crowds, but oh, how elusive they were proving! The former, “but for a season”; the latter, like apples of Sodom, fair enough outside, but only ashes when possessed. So it is not to the sun-lit beach, or to the gay throng and rabble on the race-course that I would ask the reader to accompany me, but to a narrow, dingy street in the centre of the town, where—not duty, but the privilege of serving the Lord of glory, took the writer that afternoon.

Almost forgetting she held a Bible and bundle of tracts in her hand, she had just knocked at a door in the almost deserted street, when she was startled by a voice behind her saying, “Give me a tract, lady. And I want a gospel one,” with strong emphasis on the word “gospel.” Turning hastily, she found a rough-looking working man, his clothes covered with saw-dust, pushing a truck,

which he rested on the kerb behind her. Choosing one entitled, "Saved for nothing," she handed it to him, saying, "Will that suit you?" But she was not prepared for the burst of eloquence that followed. "Saved for nothing! Yes, that's it, lady. But there are many who think they can be saved for something. They are like Naaman, who came to the man of God with his horses and chariots, and thought the rivers of his own land far better than the waters of Israel. As the servants said to him, 'If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing would'st thou not have done it?' There was salvation waiting for him; yes, saved for nothing."

"But it has cost God everything," returned the writer.

"Yes, lady. It cost God His Son. I have not been well" (a statement his appearance fully confirmed), "and was lying down this morning, reading Colossians i. It says there, 'It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell, and in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,' and I just lay back and closed my eyes, and said, 'Blessed Lord, and of Thy fulness have all we received.' Look at the crowds going up to the races. To them He is only a root out of a dry ground, but oh, I love that verse in the song of Solomon,—He is 'altogether lovely.' 'Altogether,' lady—all about Him!"

And as I looked at the calm pale face, lighted up with holy joy, and felt the clasp of that rough, toil-worn hand, in spite of the soiled clothing and the heavy truck, and the suffering body, I felt that I had met the happiest man in the town—a man, not only satisfied himself, but one whose cup was full to overflowing. And when I meet him again, as I shall do soon, in the glory of God, when the suffering and the toil is for ever over, it will only be to find that the pleasure that was filling his heart that August afternoon is “pleasure for evermore.” Christ Himself “the God of the gladness of my joy.”

T.



ALONE WITH GOD—STRUGGLING OR CLINGING?

GEN. xxxii.

IT was truly a wonderful moment in Jacob's history when, at the break of day, he found himself “alone with God.” Only a short time before, as he went on his way, the angels of God had met him; and, when he saw them, he exclaimed, “This is God's host,” and forthwith he called the name of that place “Mahanaim.”

Those heavenly messengers, however, did not apparently inspire Jacob's heart with courage; for, shortly afterwards, in going to meet Esau,

he displayed the greatest cowardice by sending on before him all his belongings—even to his wives and family—and sought to appease his offended brother by a present. God, however, had a solemn lesson to teach His wayward child; and it could only be fully learnt when he and God were “alone.” Hence we read that when “Jacob was left alone,” by the ford Jabbok, “there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.” Solemn thought for you and me, dear reader, that during the darkest hours of that eventful night, Jacob was struggling with God; only, however, to discover the absolute impotency of the finite in the presence of the Infinite!

Yet, truth to tell, this is alas, the secret history of many souls. In their folly, they contend with God; and will not be controlled. Thus it was with Jacob; for the struggle continued all night till the dawning of the day, when the patriarch suddenly discovered that the One with whom he was contending was no mere man. In the glimmering morning light, the fingers of the Lord God Almighty suddenly touched the hollow of Jacob’s thigh; and so put it out of joint that, to the end of his days, he could never forget the divinely solemn lesson of the utter helplessness of man in attempting to struggle with God.

Again, let me ask you, my reader, whether you have ever yet learnt your own personal guilt, and

total ruin, as a poor lost sinner, in the presence of a holy God; and also your own utter inability to save yourself by anything that you can do? Tears, prayers, good resolutions, penances, law-keeping, baptisms, sacraments and religion in its ten thousand different forms, are all of no avail; for, if there be one lesson more distinct than another, which Calvary's Cross teaches us, it is the total ruin, helplessness and moral end of man in God's sight; and God's complete and unsparing judgment there of sin in the flesh. Sin, root and branch, there met its holy and righteous judgment when Christ on the cross as the divine Sin-Bearer, was wounded for our transgressions, and bore the chastisement of our peace. This is the utterance of faith. Without shedding of blood, too, there could be no remission, and Scripture further declares that it was "when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." Jacob never really learnt the utter nothingness of the flesh till the hollow of his thigh was touched "in the sinew that shrank" by the finger of God at the ford Jabbok. That dislocated limb brought the patriarch's struggles to an end in the early morning light; and when the voice of his Conqueror exclaimed, "Let me go, for the day breaketh," faith took the place of self-will in Jacob's soul; and the earnest cry came from his lips, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Struggling

with God had come to its natural end; and “clinging to the Mighty One” was then, and still is, the only way of blessing, whether for Jacob, or ourselves. “Faith ever finds all her resources in the living God, and man’s very impotency is but God’s opportunity to fully bestow the longed-for blessing.

Such was Jacob’s condition, and when asked his name, he at once tells it. But the Divine Wrestler, though refusing to disclose His own Name, nevertheless revealed Who and what manner of person He was, as He exclaimed, “Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for, as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed...And he blessed him there.” Needless to say, that Blessor was the very One Who had previously changed Abram’s name to Abraham; and who, in a later day, said to Simon Peter, “Thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A Stone.” Little wonder is it, therefore, that Jacob should call the name of the place where he received the blessing, “Peniel,” for (said he), “I have seen *God* face to face; and my life is preserved.” Yes, Jacob had now learnt his lesson alone with God, and had proved that faith it is that wins the day, and human efforts are in vain. Of this the sinew that shrank, in the hollow of his thigh, was the abiding token. “Without faith it is impossible to please God”; and as the ivy

clings to the oak, and the limpet to the rock, so may you, dear reader, cling only and absolutely, to Him who is mighty to save, and will save you now.

S. T.



UNKNOWN—WRITTEN IN HEAVEN

SHE was sitting up in bed as I approached a patient, who was a complete stranger to me. Lying open on her bed was a New Testament, with which was bound the Book of Psalms.

Instead of formally introducing myself, I took up her book, turned to Psalm xlii., and read, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: When shall I come and appear before God?" Then, turning to Ps. xliii., I went on to read, "For Thou art the God of my strength: why dost Thou cast me off? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy? Oh, send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy; yea, upon the harp will I praise Thee, O God my God."

Laying the book down upon the bed, I turned towards her and said, "Do you know your sins forgiven?"

With a look which expressed a most intense inward anxiety, she replied, in a tone of extreme sadness, "That is what I have been wanting to know for years."

Thus suddenly being brought face to face with one longing for salvation, as grace enabled me I set forth Christ and Him crucified. I showed her from God's own word that Christ had made full atonement with His own blood for all her sins, and that God in Christ had freely forgiven her all. She listened as one long athirst, as the Spirit gave me utterance. I felt inwardly conscious that the Lord was there and then blessing the word spoken, to her precious soul.

The next Lord's day, on entering that ward, I made straight for her bed, to find it occupied by another. In my desire to help her Christ-wards I had asked her no questions as to her name, or particular ailment. The effort to meet her soul's so pressing need had so engrossed me that I could not recollect her features sufficiently to describe to others whom I sought. To the best of my recollection I never saw her but that once. But what a privilege, if only once, of pointing this very anxious one to the Lord Jesus Christ!

I thought possibly she had been moved to

another bed; so I crossed over to the other side of the ward, and went and sat down beside one whom I supposed to be the one I was seeking. But no, it was another fresh patient, and she too, thank God, desired salvation. Again it was mine to point a poor lost sinner to Him who came to seek and to save the lost, yet it proved to me no small comfort to see how the Lord had guided me to another anxious one. In her case I had the joy of seeing the precious fruit of the testimony borne Sunday after Sunday. Each week her growth in grace, and in the knowledge of her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, was apparent. She desired to thank me for helping her into liberty; I told her the Lord had already given me joy for her sake, and that it was now her privilege to herself thank God for all His exceeding great mercy to her. In her case also, I do not even know her name, or more about her than that I found her out to be an anxious one, seeking salvation, to whom the Lord blessed His own word. Sufficient for me is the precious assurance that the name of the last one spoken of is written in heaven; as I hope the name of the one just spoken to is also.

Beloved reader, have you the joy of knowing that your name is written in heaven, in the Lamb's Book of Life? None else can enter that holy city, new Jerusalem.

A. J.

THE LOST SHEEP

IN the year 1844, as a young London schoolboy, I was spending the Midsummer holidays with a kind uncle and aunt at a farmhouse in Sussex. The attractions of the farmyard, the garden and the fields yielded me abundant occupation, to which the kindness of my elder friends imparted a most delightful character.

One morning, as we sat at the breakfast table, the farmer (as I shall now call my uncle) told me that he wanted me to go with him and look at some sheep which he had bought and which arrived at his farm the evening before. The number of sheep which he had bought was twenty-three, but, without telling me how many there should be, when we reached the meadow, he asked me to count them and tell him how many I made of them. This I did, and said: "There are twenty-two." "Yes," he replied, and that is what I make of them, but there should be twenty-three; there is one missing; what shall we do? I said, "We must try to find him."

He then led me to the bottom of the field, beside which ran a brook of water. In some parts the water was clear, but in others it was covered with water-weeds and "flags." He told me to look along the brook and see if the sheep was there. So I began the search, and after I had gone some distance I heard him call, and turning round I saw

him pointing with his walking-stick to something which I had mistaken for watery bubbles amongst the weeds. He said, "What is that?" On looking attentively I discovered and answered, "It is the sheep." What I had mistaken for watery bubbles was the wool on his back, and with his head buried amongst the flags I did not recognize him. Then the farmer asked me, "What shall we do now?" I replied, "We must pull him out." He said, "Do you think we could?" I answered, "I do not know."

Two fields away, on the other side of the brook, was one of his men named Diplock, at work. So the farmer called loudly, "Diplock! Diplock!" The man came to the opposite side of the brook, and his master said, "One of these sheep has got into the brook. Diplock replied, "So he be, poor fellow." He then got down into the water, took hold of the sheep, and lifted his fore legs up on to the bank where we were standing. The farmer laid hold of one ear and one leg, and I the other ear and leg, while Diplock, placing his shoulder well under the sheep's quarters, enabled us to get him on dry land again. At first he looked most miserable, his legs stained with mud, for the brook was little more than a ditch, and the water was running out of his wool. But, as he began to recover from the stiffness in his legs and to feel the warmth of the

sun, he moved two or three steps, while the other twenty-two sheep all looked towards him; then as he seemed to be sufficiently recovered to move faster, he uttered a cheerful bleat, and trotted as well as he could to join the flock of his companions.

While we were walking home, the farmer, who was a thoughtful Christian man, and took several opportunities to try to turn to my profit the lessons suggested by the occurrences on the farm, explained to me that these twenty-three sheep had always lived on a hill farm, where there were no ditches, and they had been used to drink out of shallow ponds cut like saucers in the chalk, so that they were in greater danger of falling into the ditch. There are many lessons we may learn from this little narrative.

Does it not remind us of what the Lord Jesus said about the ninety and nine sheep that went not astray, of the one that was lost, and the joy of the owner who went after it until he found it? Then, how he laid it on his shoulders rejoicing and called his friends and neighbours to rejoice with him, because he had found the sheep which he had lost! Jesus said: "Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." There were two things done for the sheep that fell into the ditch, which remind us of what the Lord Jesus said to

Zacchæus: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10). The farmer and I sought and found the sheep, but we could not save him until Diplock came, and went down "where he was" (Luke x. 33). Read the whole parable (verses 25-37). So we all three had our joy in seeing the sheep that was lost safe again in the flock.

A great preacher wrote, about 250 years ago:—

"When seeking your lost cattle, keep in mind,
That thus Christ Jesus seeks your souls to find."

and with these verses he concludes one of his dissertations, which I trust may be the heart response of some of the readers of this little story:—

"Why should I shun Thee? Blessed Saviour, why
Should I avoid Thee thus? Thou dost not chase
My soul to slay it; Oh, that ever I
Should fly a Saviour that's so full of grace!

Long hast Thou sought me, Lord, I now return,
Oh, let Thy bowels of compassion sound;
For my departure I sincerely mourn,
And let this day Thy wand'ring sheep be found."

T.J.



HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED ***“WONDERFUL”***

How wonderful! Jehovah spake,
“Light” into being came,
And countless worlds, at His behest,
His wisdom did proclaim;
The “Morning stars together sang,”
God’s sons did shout for joy;
While angel hosts obey’d His word,
Such was their sweet employ.

How wonderful! The Mighty God
Should care for even me,
How wonderful! His Blessed Son
Should die to set me free:
How wonderful the work He did,
The sacrifice He made;
How wonderful that by His blood
May ransom price was paid!

How wonderful the love God sheds
Abroad within my heart;
How wonderful His Spirit’s power,
Which now He doth impart;
How wonderful the daily grace,
That keeps me on the road,
How wonderful the peace within,
For ’tis “the peace of God”!

How wonderful the place to which
He drew my willing feet;
How wonderful to worship now
Before the “Mercy-Seat”;
How wonderful those Glory-rays
Which light my pathway home;
How still more “Wonderful” *His Name*,
Who all these things hath done!

My God, I worship and adore
 The grace that made me Thine,
 For, like Thy Christ, I soon shall be,
 Yea, in His image shine :
 How wonderful to dwell with Him,
 Who put my sins away,
 And sing for ever of His love,
 Through God's eternal day !

S. T.



“ Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

“ Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread ? and your labour for that which satisfieth not ? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

“ Incline your ear, and come unto me ; hear, and your soul shall live.”

(Isa. lv. 1-3).

“ Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.”

(John vi. 37).

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—
ONE HALFPENNY

“WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?”

SURELY the Pharisees were never put to a more heart-searching test than when the despised Nazarene asked them that deeply solemn question, “What think ye of Christ? whose son is He?” Their ready answer was, “The Son of David.” “Then saith he unto them, How then doth David in spirit call him Lord? saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right hand till I make thine enemies thy footstool. If David then calleth him Lord, how is he his son? And no man was able to answer him a word; neither durst any man from that day forth ask him any more questions.” No wonder they were silent, for on a right answer to that all-important question depends the whole truth as to His glorious Person; not only as regards Israel and the kingdom, but, in its still wider application, to every child of Adam, to the church, and to the world. The very ones who but just before had artfully sought to “entangle him in his talk” were now themselves put to silence; and that very silence was the most striking proof of the blinding power of Satan, and the dark unbelief of their own hearts.

Let us then face this question seriously, dear reader, “What think ye of Christ?” and gather up from scripture some striking instances as to

what one and another thought of "the man Christ Jesus"! When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, He asked His disciples, saying, "Who do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" And they said, "Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some Elias, and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets." Here then, was great divergence of thought among those with whom the Lord came in contact; and Jesus adds, "But who say ye that I am?" And Simon Peter answered and said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus answered and said unto him, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." This was a true confession to Christ's person, divinely revealed; and on that solid rock, Jesus said, "I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

John the Baptist bare a similar record when he announced that the One upon whom he saw the Spirit descending was the Son of God; but he further testified, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The guileless Nathanael, when assured that the omniscient eyes of Jesus had seen him under the fig-tree, gladly adds his own testimony to that of Peter and the Baptist: "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel"; and a fourth witness is found in the Roman centurion, who exclaims, as

the dying Christ yields up His spirit, with a loud voice at Calvary, "Truly this man was the Son of God."

Come with me now, dear reader, and let us listen to what the women have to say about this precious Christ of God. Before the birth of that holy babe, whose name is "Jesus," what does His virgin mother declare with sacred joy? "My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

Follow me also in spirit to Sychar's lonely well, where Jacob's erring daughter was astonished that a Jew should ask drink of her, who was a woman of Samaria. What does she think of Christ, as the secrets of her heart are laid bare in those searching words, "Thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly?" "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet" is her answer. Then, having drunk of the living water which Jesus gave her, she goes her way into the city, and saith to the men, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" Later on, when on His way to Bethany's grave, the voice of Martha rings in our ears, "Yea, Lord; I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." Nor was Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven demons, slow to add her testimony to the rest; as, in response

to the angels' question, "Woman, why weepest thou?" she saith unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Truly Christ was everything to that weeping woman; and the moment His holy lips breathed her name she saith unto Him, "Rabboni; which is to say, Master."

But not alone from men and women's lips was witness borne as to the person of Christ; for angels and demons have alike declared that Jesus was, and is, the Son of God. What, alas! had His enemies to say in their blind hatred and religious malice? The chief priests and elders, moved with envy, give full expression to their thoughts when, with one consent, they cried aloud, "Let him be crucified!" and persuaded the multitude to choose Barabbas, the robber and murderer, and destroy Jesus; and a howling mob, in their frenzy, shouted in the ears of the vacillating Pilate, "His blood be on us and on our children." Only a little while before the high priest had impiously declared his thoughts of Christ, when he dared to charge God's Holy One with "blasphemy" because He had told him the simple truth that He was both Son of God and Son of man.

Having thus briefly reviewed the thoughts of Christ's enemies as well as His friends, let us gaze upwards and listen to what God thinks of His dear Son and His anointed Servant. The heavens are

opened as the baptized Jesus comes out of the water; and as the Spirit of God, descending like a dove, abides on that obedient Man, the Father's voice declares from heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased"; thus confirming the previous testimony of Isaiah, "Behold my servant, whom I uphold, mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my Spirit upon Him; He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles."

Yet again, on the mount of Transfiguration, the same voice comes from the excellent glory, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Let me ask you then, dear reader, "Have you yet heard Him; or are you preferring your own thoughts of Christ?" The same test applies to you as it did to Pilate when Jesus told him that He had come into the world to bear witness unto the truth, and added, "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." "Hear, and your soul shall live." "He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life." "My sheep hear my voice; and I know them, and they follow me." And "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of my hand."

Having perfectly glorified God both in life and in death, and having, as the Lamb of God, put away

sins by the sacrifice of Himself, God has shewn to all the world His thoughts of Christ, in that, as the God of peace, He has raised Him from the dead, and crowned Him with honour and glory at His own right hand. Up yonder, in the heavenly places, yea, in the very highest heights of glory, sits the lowly Nazarene, whom the world mocked, rejected and crucified. God Himself has reversed all that man has done, and has raised His own beloved Son, the Man Christ Jesus, from among the dead, and set Him at His own right hand, "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

Let me ask you then, dear reader, as you meditate on these things, "What think you of Christ?" Is He anything to you, or nothing? Is He to be your Saviour now, or your Judge by-and-bye? Will you come to Him now just as you are, with the burden of your sins, telling Him how lost and guilty you are, or will you put it off till another day? Will you trust His precious blood which "cleanseth from all sin," or will you still go on unsaved and unrepentant, till death overtake you, and you meet Him at the Great White Throne?

The issue lies entirely with yourself, for "as the tree falls so it lies." Mercy now, judgment then; grace now, but eternal punishment then, from which there is no escape. Make your choice to-day I implore you, lest your eyes should never see to-morrow's sun. What think you of Christ?

If He has fully and eternally satisfied all God's righteous claims of justice, and fully met every demand of holiness, what more do you want? Why not rest then now upon His glorious person and His finished work, and you will be able to say, like His servant Paul, He is "the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." Once more I ask you, in the light of eternity, "What think you of Christ?"

S.T.



WHY SHOULD YOU NOT BE SAVED?

NO doubt you have heard different people in the open air and in halls and other places get up and say that they have been born again, that their sins are forgiven, that they now are saved. As you have listened to these statements, have you not thought within yourself, "I wonder whether this is really true or not. Are these people given the power to live a different life by just believing that God is able to save them, and that He has

saved them through faith in His word and in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross?" Now, if you have your doubts about this there is one thing I should like to tell you and that is, that it is indeed true as we know from the Bible, the word of God. But if salvation is offered you now—for now is the day of salvation—there is a judgment to come for all who refuse it, although this may perhaps seem incredible to you. Nevertheless the issue is certain. Oh, will you not believe God's word, which cannot lie? He tells you the truth as to your real state before Him, as verily "guilty." Then no longer rebel, but bow to Him confessing you are a sinner, and that Jesus came to save sinners. He willeth not the death of any but that all may be saved. Receive Him as your Saviour. He receives sinners, however bad, and refuses none. Him that cometh to me I will *in no wise* cast out. Why not get down on your knees now and ask God to save you? Don't start asking yourself whether the Bible is true, just take God at His word. Believe, and you shall be saved just now. I myself was once living in sin away from God, just as you now are. But I came to myself. I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for me, and instantly I knew my sins forgiven. This same blessedness shall be yours if you will but come to Jesus now, *just as you are*, and rest your soul absolutely on Him, who bore our sins

in His own body on the tree. He died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God. May God give you to trust Him thus—resting all upon what Christ has suffered on the cross. It is His blood that cleanseth us from every sin, and makes the believer whiter than snow. 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).

H.W.G.



THE STONEMASON'S ANSWER

SEVERAL years ago, in the course of some building operations at a factory in which I held an official position, I was one day watching a stonemason engaged in bedding the base stone used to support an iron column, upon which was to rest one corner of an entablature, to which, in due course, would be attached the bearings, etc., of heavy running machinery. With thoughts of the importance of this corner-stone being secured in its place with firmness and accuracy, I made the following remark :—

“ Now, mason, mind you bed that stone to a sixteenth of a hair of your head—that will be near enough.”

If there was an element of foolishness in the form of my observation, there was certainly, I felt, none

in the reply which he made. Indeed, as I have recalled his words from time to time, I have felt more and more their fitness and importance. Looking up from his work, he said: "Yes, that will be near enough for the stone; but unless you and I are nearer than that, we shall be outside."

How solemn is the truth which these words convey! They call to remembrance numerous scriptures which speak of "the Rock," the "Foundation stone," the "Corner-stone," etc.

Let us endeavour to bring them to the light of some of those scriptures. Amongst the last words of Moses, "the servant of God," and David, "the sweet psalmist of Israel," as also in the twenty-eighth chapter of the prophet Isaiah, we find abundant testimony to their scriptural soundness.

The first witness to whose evidence we will give attention is Moses. In Deut. xxxi. 1, 2, we find he "spake these words unto all Israel. And he said unto them, I am a hundred and twenty years old this day," etc. Here then, we have a witness such as those whose testimony is regarded to carry the greater weight with the judges in the tribunals of all nations—an old witness whose character for integrity is known to all. The last verse of this chapter reads:—"And Moses spake in the ears of all the congregation of Israel the words of this song, until they were ended." From the "words of this song," comprised in chapter xxxii. we take

the evidence of Moses, the first of the three witnesses; but, before speaking thereof particularly, let us notice the comment of scripture on this witness.

In the next chapter (xxxiii.) we read: "And this is the blessing, wherewith Moses, the man of God blessed the children of Israel before his death." How it reminds us of Gen. xlix. which tells us how the patriarch Jacob called unto his sons and said, "Gather yourselves together that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days," with the promise of the coming of the Lord Jesus, under the name of Shiloh, which means "rest" and "security," uttered in the blessing wherewith he blessed Judah. How this all points forward to that other scene in Luke xxiv. 50, 51, where the Lord Jesus, after His resurrection, having spoken to His disciples of all things being fulfilled in Him which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Psalms, and in the prophets, and, having opened their understanding that they might understand the scriptures, He led them out as far as to Bethany and lifted up his hands and blessed them. The Spirit of God in the next chapter of Deuteronomy (xxxiv. 7) reiterates that Moses was a hundred and twenty years old when he died; his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. Shall we not attend to the testimony of such a witness. Here it is (read the precious

introduction in vers. 1, 2), Deut. xxxii. 3, 4:—" I will publish the name of Jehovah ; ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the ROCK, his work is perfect."

The next witness is David, and he is thus introduced to us. " Now these be the last words of David. David the son of Jesse said, and the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet psalmist of Israel, said " (2 Sam. xxiii. 1). In the preceding chapter he says:—" The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer ; the God of my rock ; in him will I trust ; he is my shield and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge, my Saviour." Thus does he extol the greatness and the perfection of the salvation of God, using the various emblems of the Rock, the Fortress, the High Tower, etc., so well-known to him in the practical details of his own life. How the firmness of the rock is thus beautifully associated with the defence of the fortress built thereon, conveying the thought of the double security of him who is sheltered there. And thus he continues and presents to us the sevenfold blessedness of the people whose God is Jehovah:— (1) The Rock, (2) The Fortress, (3) The Deliverer, (4) The Shield, (5) The Horn of Salvation, (6) The High Tower, (7) The Refuge ; all these reveal Him as THE SAVIOUR.

The third witness is the prophet Isaiah. In

chapter xxviii. 14, 15, he says:—"Hear ye the word of the Lord, ye scornful men, that rule this people which is in Jerusalem. Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us; for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves." Thus he exposes the futility of any help or hope in ourselves or our fellow men. The same declaration is found in Psa. xlix. 7. "None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." The prophet continues (Isa. xxviii. 16), "Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste" (or "be ashamed" or "be confounded," cf. Rom. ix. 33; 1 Pet. ii. 6).

What faithful warnings and blessed assurances are given us concerning our attitude toward this only sure foundation for our soul's eternal welfare. "Jews require a sign and Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, unto Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Gentiles foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God" (1 Cor. i. 22-24).

In the Jewish measures we find the cubit, the

span and the handbreadth. The "cubit" is the measure from the tip of the middle finger to the elbow; the "span" from the tip of the thumb to that of the little finger with the hand spread wide open; and the "handbreadth" the width of the closed hand. Two handbreadths make a span, and two spans make a cubit, as anyone can demonstrate with his own hand and arm. In the Eastern bazaars the cloth sellers may be seen thus measuring their materials for the customers. In Judges xx. 16, we read of seven hundred chosen men left-handed who could sling stones "at an hairbreadth and not miss." This reminds us of the words in which the stonemason witnessed to the glorious perfection of the work accomplished on Calvary when Jesus cried, "It is finished, and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost" (John xix. 30).

"It is finished"—yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need:
Tell me, is it not?"

How glorious the person! how perfect the work!
"The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

"On Christ salvation rests secure,
The Rock of Ages must endure;
Nor can that faith be overthrown,
Which rests upon the Living Stone."

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. iii. 11).

T.J.

**“ A BRUISED REED SHALL HE
NOT BREAK, AND THE SMOKING
FLAX SHALL HE NOT QUENCH ”**

ISA. XLII. 3.

Behold My Servant, saith the Lord,
The One whom I uphold ;
Elect according to My word,
Whose goings were of old.
Who doth His flock in pastures feed,
And by still waters takes ;
He will not break a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax.

Him Nicodemus sought by night ;
At Sychar's well, by day,
Samaria's daughter heard aright
The Lord of glory say :
“ I living water give indeed,
That thirst for ever slakes ;
I will not break a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax.”

The leper sought a cure to find,
Before Him, as he lay ;
One reached His garment hem behind,
And healed went away ;
“ Whom I make free is free indeed,”
He said—the truth so makes—
“ I will not break a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax.”

O Lord, Thy love divine we own,
The riches of Thy grace ;
While myriads bow before Thy throne,
And seraphs veil their face.
To us the word is sweet indeed,
And of Thy grace partakes :
“ He will not break a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax.”

T. J.

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—
ONE HALFPENNY

THEN THIS IS YOUR TRUE HEIRLOOM

THE words were spoken by a young Chinese student, who was residing in England under the auspices of his own Government, and who favoured me with a visit of two or three days. During one of our conversations, having appealed to the Scriptures and turned to the portions referred to, I made the remark, "This was my dear father's Bible." He immediately said, with evident sincerity, "Then that is your true heirloom." I believe he was genuinely desiring to know more of these things, and after he had left my house he wrote to explain a part of his conduct, in not conforming to the act of kneeling during family prayer, giving as his reason that, "not having yet accepted the Christianity," he felt it would be an act of inconsistency to do so. As a result of enquiries I subsequently made respecting him, I believe he shortly afterwards returned to the land of his birth. God grant that he has known the blessedness of being the subject of the second birth (John iii. 3-18).

How much there is in the words he said, and the circumstances under which he said them, that is fitted for profitable reflection. Does not the fact that the speaker, who by his own confession was enquiring into these things, lend a peculiar force to the declaration, "Then that is your true

heirloom"? Here was a stranger, who had been brought up amid the schools of Confucius and the shrines of Buddha and Laou-tsz, making acquaintance with those who accept the scriptures of the Old and the New Testaments as the word of the living God; apart from every consideration of his own estimate thereof, saying to one who acknowledged them to be such, and especially of that copy which had been the daily counsellor of a departed parent, gone to the presence of that Saviour to whom those Scriptures bear witness, "Then this is your true heirloom."

What an exhortation do these words convey to the one to whom they were addressed and to all in like circumstances, to study more carefully and prize more highly the words and teaching of that book. They were uttered in a room containing numerous other relics of that departed parent, several of which would be regarded, in the light of the ordinary estimate of values, as being worth much more; yet how justly did this stranger appraise as of transcending value that one treasure, the word of God. How often we find ourselves in danger of being engrossed with the things which are seen and temporal, and thereby neglecting those things which are unseen and eternal. At such times how well fitted to recall us to the scriptural view of the one and the other are the words of my Eastern

visitor when he said of the Bible, formerly so regularly and lovingly read by my departed parent, "Then that is your true heirloom."

In his Chinese home he had been accustomed to see the memorial wooden tablets with their carved recesses for the visitation of the souls of departed parents, before which, on certain days, votive gifts and offerings, with priestly incantations, would be presented. These ancestral memorials would be treasured heirlooms, and in contrast with such there appears to be a special fitness in the use of the word "true"—"Then this is your *true* heirloom." I do not expect again to meet the speaker, but I trust that many of the readers of this simple narrative will with me realise somewhat the profit of their application in our daily exercises and conversation, and so the truth of what the poet has written:—

"Oh, blest be the goodness and love of the Lord,
For the gift of His holy, His heavenly word!
'Tis the ground of my hope and the shield of my faith,
A lamp to my feet and a light to my path.

How sweet is the hope which the Bible supplies
In the day when the billows of trouble arise!
How happy the soul who in Jesus believes,
When the Father of spirits the spirit receives!

A mother may leave the dear child of her love,
The hills may depart and the mountains remove;
But, blest be the gift, and adored be the Giver!
The word of the Lord endureth for ever."

T. J.

THINK! THINK! THINK!

MY DEAR FRIEND

Has it ever struck you that you will (unless you are the Lord's) one day, sooner or later, have to die, and will have to stand before God? Has any friend spoken to you with regard to your soul? Have you ever given your mind to serious thought about it and your destiny for *eternity*, where all is fixed? Have you ever read of the rich man in the twelfth chapter of Luke's Gospel? If not, just try and take in these few words. "And he (Jesus) spake a parable, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully, and he thought within himself saying, What shall I do? because I have no room where to bestow my fruits. And he said, This will I do; I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

And again, in another Gospel we read, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" I am not trying to be dramatic, neither am I trying to work on your emotion, but I would ask you to think before you

go any farther, and to think seriously. If you read God's word to you, you will see it there far plainer than I can write it.

You have a soul, and when God calls you what shall your answer be? Will it be a bitter cry of "TOO LATE! LOST FOR EVER"? Or will you be able to say, "Saved through the blood of Jesus Christ"? My dear reader, Think! Think! for your own sake, Think! Weigh up in your mind what you have read. On one side, this world's goods, they may be large or small—money, pleasure, concerts, theatre, hippodrome, or anything else. On the other side, saved through the blood of Jesus, happiness that this world cannot give, and life everlasting with God and His blessed Son, the Lord Jesus, who died for you. Once again I would ask you, or, rather, God asks you, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" May God bless you.

Yours very sincerely,

A. F. B.



THE WEDDING GARMENT

THE events which the Lord Jesus brings before His hearers in this parable (Matt. xxii.) are intimately connected with the parable of the husbandmen which precedes it. There we see the

rejection of Christ by the Jews, which takes us up to the cross—the rejected stone to become the head of the corner—and therefore assumes the death, resurrection and ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now Christ is glorified, and the gospel proclaimed with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, first to the Jew, then to the Gentile. Everything is now provided by God, for the good and blessing of the creature, in the gospel, but the Jews made light of it. They turned their backs upon God's gracious provision; yet the very one whom they had crucified and slain, whom God raised from the dead, still lingered over the nation, and would have returned to them again on the ground of their repentance. The same hatred, however, was manifested towards His servants as towards Himself. "The remnant took his servants and entreated them spitefully and slew them," "and they stoned Stephen, calling upon and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And James the brother of John was killed with the sword. Therefore the disciples that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word, and "the word of God grew and multiplied," and the Gentiles were reached with the gospel. In Acts viii. one believed and was baptised, but the Lord's all-seeing eye soon detected the counterfeit (Simon the sorcerer); a figurative man, surely, of one who has not on

the wedding garment provided by God. He was not clothed with Christ.

When the King of England holds a levee every person invited appears in the dress authorised by the King. None who understood the invitation would ever think of presuming on the grace of His Majesty by appearing in any other attire, be it ever so costly and well fitted. The one who dared to do so would not only incur His Majesty's sore displeasure, but would never be invited again. Similarly officers in His Majesty's service must wear the uniform of their rank on all occasions. When Royalty are present, full dress must be worn. To adopt any other than that authorised would bring shame and punishment to the offender. Likewise our blessed Lord gives this illustration to warn the self-esteemed, proud make-belief, who considers himself good enough for the King's presence without the wedding garment. With remorse and shame he will be bound hand and foot and cast into outer darkness; there shall be the weeping and the gnashing of teeth.

O unsaved one, how awfully solemn! when you have heard the gospel call so often and refused the many entreaties, the many beseechings, the many loving appeals to come to Christ. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, with tears I earnestly implore you to accept Christ, the wedding garment, the One whom God has provided for every

sinner that he may be in every way fitted for His holy presence. Could there, think you, be a greater honour than being present at the marriage supper of the Lamb (Rev. xix.)? To behold the beauty and glory of Him who shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.

May you, through believing, be able to reiterate the breathings of David in the 17th Psalm: "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Our Lord Jesus Christ will be satisfied with you and you will be satisfied with Him throughout the ages of eternity. Do not delay, but come!

C. H. C.



GOD'S PRICELESS GIFT

I WAS hurrying out of the hospital, having some miles to walk before tea-time, and had got some way down the corridor, when an attendant with whom I had just shaken hands called me back, saying, "There is a dying man in the 'Sep' ward, he can scarcely speak, but I thought you would like to see him."

"Thank you," I said, and immediately entered.

I had seen the poor man often, but in a different ward. Many times he had heard me telling out "the old, old story, Of Jesus and His love," that never wearies with the telling, but he had main-

tained a reserve throughout, so that I knew not if in his case the word preached was mixed with faith in him as he heard it.

Wishing to know if he realised his soul's great need, I began asking him, had he prayed to God for mercy? Had he yet cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner"?

In a tone expressive of intense earnestness, the dying man speedily answered,

"I have been crying to God for mercy!"

"Has He heard you?"

"I don't know."

"Still continue to cry to Him; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. Pray to God to save you for Christ's sake. He will hear and answer your prayer, and save your soul. The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

He was too weak and exhausted to say more than just a word or two in reply; but as I spoke of the gift of God he held up both hands just as a child will do to receive some precious gift. His was the silent attitude of one very eager to receive there and then the priceless boon. Commending him to the Lord I withdrew; he could bear no more.

I never saw him again, but enquired of the attendant who had called me back to see him as to his passing away.

“ After you were gone,” he said, “ he presently asked me for a Bible, and I brought him one. I said all I could to him. He died on Friday, and I believe he has gone home to heaven.”

I thanked him very cordially for his information, and told him how, when I told him of God’s priceless gift, he had held up both hands in his eager desire to receive it. That he did receive eternal life, even at the eleventh hour, I doubt not. But while I praise God for His abounding grace towards him, may I ask you, dear reader, why not accept God’s priceless gift now? While you have health and strength He waits to bestow upon you this gift. The *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Prayers will not save you, but believing only. BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou shalt be saved*.

“ Take it now, and happy be.”

A. J.

The conversion of Dudley Smith, of Newington

GOD’S SHORTHAND MESSAGE

NEARLY seventy years ago a young man sat alone in a London back kitchen one Sunday afternoon. Apprenticed to a builder, with whom he lived, he was desirous of acquiring anything that might be useful in his calling, and therefore had set himself to study shorthand. It mattered little to him that it was “ the Lord’s day.” He

might have said with Pharaoh, "I know not the Lord"—nor did he wish to. Moral, respectable, intellectual, yet was he "without God and without hope in the world" as far as anything beyond the grave might be. And so the "first of the week" was to him, as also to so many to-day, his own day, not the Lord's—a day of freedom from business, to do as he liked with—to be spent in sleep, or in pleasure, at home or abroad, as the case might be; without one thought of that which marks that day from all others.

Whether you believe it, whether you heed it or no, every "first day of the week" as it recurs, announces to you the solemn fact that the Man whom the world crucified as a malefactor has been raised again from the dead, and the God who raised Him has appointed Him to judge the world that murdered Him. Picture palaces, concerts, golf, and a thousand other things may occupy on that day, but they cannot hinder its warning voice, that judgment is approaching.

But that voice was unheard and unheeded by the young apprentice, as it, perchance, has been by you. Sunday was a "leisure afternoon," and Pitman's shorthand was not to be acquired by anything but careful practice; so what could be better than use the day for that purpose?

Yes, but oh, to be uninterrupted! Other young men shared his bedroom; they would be in and out

dressing. That would be distracting; his master used the parlour that day, and there he was not wanted. The kitchen was his usual sitting-room, but the Sunday dinner had left that to be "cleaned up" by the busy housewife. There was no place left but the scullery! And to the scullery the young man betook himself, borrowed a kitchen chair, and shutting the door, sat himself down well content to study. With exercise book and pencil he eagerly turned long- into short-hand, and then vice versa. But this was slower work! He could only transcribe letter by letter, but gradually he made them out, and the words grew beneath his pencil, and as they did, fixed themselves in letters of fire on his heart:—"W-h-o-s-o-e-v-e-r t-h-e-r-e-f-o-r-e sh-a-ll c-o-n-f-e-ss m-e b-e-f-o-r-e m-e-n, h-i-m w-i-ll I c-o-n-f-e-s-s a-l-s-o b-e-f-o-r-e m-y F-a-th-e-r wh-i-c-h i-s i-n h-e-a-v-e-n. B-u-t wh-o-s-o-e-v-e-r sh-a-ll d-e-n-y m-e b-e-f-o-r-e m-e-n, h-i-m w-i-ll I a-l-s-o d-e-n-y b-e-f-o-r-e m-y F-a-th-e-r wh-i-c-h i-s i-n h-e-a-v-e-n" (Matt. x. 32, 33).

And the Holy Spirit whose words Pitman had thus used as an exercise used them to awaken a sense of sin in the young man's heart. "I have never confessed Christ! So I am going to be denied before His Father!" It was a cry of agony. The shorthand lesson was forgotten as the youth faced thus unexpectedly the long, long eternity before him. Denied by Christ before His Father!

Denied entrance to His presence, to His home—shut out with the lost for ever! Oh, the horror of such a prospect! A bowed head and a bowed heart were before God in that scullery, and a cry of anguish went up, “God, be merciful to me, a sinner.”

There had been former afternoons when, as a boy, he had attended Sunday school. The lessons there had been unheeded; the texts repeated never were fixed in his memory; it all seemed lost effort on his teachers’ part. All but one thing—one little seed had entered; one precious text—only one—remained in memory’s keeping. But the same Holy Spirit who had so wonderfully used the verse from Matthew x. to awaken conscience, now used the verse from John iii. which He had lodged in the boy’s memory years before; and in response to his cry for mercy the answer came:—“God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“Lord, I believe!” And then and there the young apprentice trusted himself to the Saviour God had sent, and was saved. When tea time came it was a “new creation” who left the scullery, a confessor of the Lord Jesus, and a bond-slave of His too.

To kneel by his bedside and pour out his heart in prayer before those who shared the room was

his first confession, and it brought scorn and obloquy on him, from them and from his master ; but it soon passed off, and throughout a long life it was his joy to testify to the Lord who died for him and rose again, and to confess His name “ in season and out of season.” T.



GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT

(1 JOHN III. 24)

That Holy Spirit, who of old
Did o'er the waters move,
Delights, as ever, to unfold
The wonders of God's love.

Oh ! for His quickening touch and power,
In these poor, Christless, days !
Renewing sinners' hearts, that they
Might walk in “ Wisdom's ways.”

Altho', perchance, we may not hear
Of “ Pentecostal ” showers ;
Yet the same holy power remains
For Israel's God is ours.

Yes, 'tis the Holy Ghost alone
Convinces men of sin ;
He loves to shine in poor dark hearts,
That He those hearts may win.

'Tis His delight to bring God's word
In living, saving power,
Home to the consciences of men
In this bright gospel hour.

'Tis He who quickens into life,
'Tis He who giveth peace,
By leading souls to Him, who died
From sin to give release.

When we were "born again," 'twas by
 The Spirit of the Lord,
 Who now indwells the blood-bought ones,
 And doth sweet joy afford.

'Tis that same Spirit, too, who seals;
 Yea, guides our feet along;
 And, to "one body," doth baptize,
 All who to Christ belong.

By Him we pray, by Him we sing,
 By Him we worship too;
 By Him we serve the living God,
 With whom we have to do.

By Him we're taught, if taught of God,
 Our Comforter, our Stay;
 By Him we wait our Lord's return,
 To usher in the Day.

'Tis He who rules the "house of God,"
 "Whose house," thro' grace, are we;
 Then, to the Holy Comforter,
 May all saints subject be.

God's Spirit is not one of "fear,"
 But "love," and of "sound mind";
 And, as we listen to His voice,
 What blessed rest we find!

The "power" that saved us at the first,
 Will keep us to the end;
 Yea, raise our bodies, when the Lord
 Shall to the air descend.

Then be it ours to know His touch,
 And by His power be "filled"!
 So shall we learn the mind of Christ,
 And all our fears be stilled.

"He shall teach you all things; and bring all things to
 your remembrance."—John xiv. 26.

S. T.

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—
ONE HALFPENNY

THE RAT-CATCHER CAUGHT

HE was a desperate character, deeply sunk in sin, altogether too bad to be made any better. But vile though he was, one Eye pitied, and one Heart yearned for him; and God, who is "rich in mercy," was about to display those riches in a vessel of mercy "which He had afore prepared for glory." If ever "vessel of wrath fitted for destruction" was made anew even as it seemed good to the Potter to make it, this man was he. A sudden stroke of paralysis laid him helpless on his miserable bed, in the wretched hovel he called "home"; and thither came a messenger of mercy, who had often tried in vain to reach his ear and conscience.

"Who told you to come?" fiercely demanded the poor man, as his visitor entered.

"No one told me to come. I heard you were ill, and so I came to see you," was the kind rejoinder.

"Then you can go again," he most ungraciously replied, and but that he was helpless, he would have compelled his visitor to do so.

"I am not going till I have told you what I think of you," the latter responded, who felt this might be his only chance of delivering his message; and amid the man's oaths and curses he stayed long enough to say, "I don't wonder you are paralysed, after the life you have led," pointing out

God's mercy in not taking him away with a stroke, as He might have done. And then rapidly he told him of another paralysed man who was brought into the presence of Jesus when He lived on earth,—"and you need what he got, his sins forgiven." No response but oaths greeted him, and he left—thankful, however, for that one opportunity of telling the fast-bound slave of sin of a Deliverer, although it fell on closed ears.

But God is "long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." He lingered over this poor wretch, and raised him up again to a measure of health. He has lingered over you my reader, how long? The very date of this magazine, "December, 1913," tells that He has lingered to the last month of another year, but He will not always wait. You may never see 1914; your last chance, your last offer of mercy, may be this now before your eyes.

Oh, as you read of the marvels of His grace to another slave of Satan (albeit the chains wherewith he binds you, my reader, may not be as loathsome as those wherewith he bound the rat-catcher, yet, if the Son has not yet made you free, you are still a slave, bound by the golden fetters of this world's pomp, and wealth, and glory, or the silken meshes of pleasure, and hurrying down to destruction) may your heart respond to His love, and may you know that "the Son of Man hath power on

earth to forgive sins," and has forgiven, even yours !

Time passed, and one day the same messenger of God's grace had occasion to visit a dying publican. The only entrance was through the bar, and there he espied the rat-catcher, drinking with a boon companion. Side by side, then, equally low in circumstances as in sin—but that companion, reader, had been the trusted representative of a respectable commercial house ! The building was old, and as the missionary read and talked to the dying man, words uttered in the bar reached his ear, and he soon became conscious that the two men there were plotting against his life. What a picture ! Death rapidly approaching to claim its victim in the room above, and murder plotted and planned in the bar below ! Having delivered his message, commending himself to the care of His God, the missionary faced his would-be murderers, and eventually got safely into the street, though for nearly an hour he had had to stand with his back to the counter, not daring to take his eye off those who, refusing his Master, hated himself.

Again time slipped by, and walking in the street, the missionary was suddenly accosted by the rat-catcher.

" Mr. ——, speaking straight, as one man to another, will you do me a kindness ? Will you lend me twopence ? "

“ And speaking straight to you, as one man to another, what do you want twopence for? A pint of beer? If so, you have come to the wrong man.”

“ No, Mr. —, I don't. I am starving; I want to buy some bread.” Ah! the prodigal had “ spent all ” now. His drinking companions were gone, his occupation was gone; he had come to an end of all his resources.

Assuring himself by a few kindly, well chosen words that the man was speaking the truth, his friend entered the nearest baker's shop, and buying a loaf presented it to him. Taking it, the man poised it on the palm of his hand, and looked earnestly, first at it, then at the donor.

“ Do I understand, sir,” he said at length, “ that you lend me this loaf? ”

“ No, I give it to you.”

“ Do you remember coming to see me when I was laid up? ”

“ Perfectly.”

“ Do you remember what happened in the bar, when you went to see —, when he was dying.”

“ Yes. I don't muddle my brains with liquor, and have a very good memory.”

“ And, remembering all that, you will lend me this loaf? ”

“ No, I give it to you,” again repeated the missionary.

“ Then don't be surprised if you see me at the Mission Hall on Sunday ! ”

“ I'm not surprised at anything that happens there ! ”—and they parted.

Sunday night came, and the rat-catcher was true to his word. Attentively he listened to the news of salvation waiting for and offered to him, the door of his heart being opened by the kindly act of a few days before. That loaf freely given in his dire need by the man whom he had tried to murder, made him willing to accept God's free gift, the “ Bread of God, come down from heaven ”; and as simply as he had taken the loaf did he accept God's gift, when the Holy Spirit made him understand how freely it was offered. The rat-catcher was caught !—caught by the chains of love, and a new life showed itself out in the old surroundings, as this “ brand plucked from the fire ” witnessed throughout his remaining days of the gift given and accepted, until he was taken from his dreary hovel to the presence of the Lord, testifying, to the end, of His grace, and full of gratitude too to the one who had brought him such good news.

T.



“ Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.” “ Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”

A CLOSING APPEAL

THE sands in the hour-glass of the departing year are swiftly running out; and, 'ere they reach the vanishing point, it would be well for all who read these lines to ask themselves the solemn question, "How do I stand with God?" in view of the possibility that my eyes may never witness the dawning of the New Year.

Eternity, with all its tremendous realities of life or death, may well arrest my steps, as my soul looks onward to the unseen world that every moment draws nearer. The stream of Time is fast approaching the ocean of Eternity; and the great question, "Am I saved, or am I lost?" demands an immediate answer. Many unexpected things have happened during the present year of grace, which may well make us "Consider our ways," in the light of the Omniscient eyes that read us through and through. Empires rise and fall; the schemes and ambitions of men lie silent in the dust; and crowds of faded leaves everywhere remind us that the groans of the sick and the anguish of the dying are now hushed in the presence of the "king of terrors."

Is it not high time, dear reader, to awake out of sleep, and seriously to think of where you are going to spend "ETERNITY"? The passions of evil men, the unbroken self-will of countless millions, and the ever-increasing grasp after filthy

lucre, that have characterised the now closing year, all tell their own sorrowful tale, not unmixed, alas ! with a vast amount of mere lifeless religious profession; while the cry of the ante-diluvians still rings in our ears, who said unto God, " Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." Yet, as in the days of Noah, so is it now; and the judgment of a doomed and God-rejecting world draws nearer every hour. Everything around us declares, in unmistakable tones, that " the end of all things is at hand "; hence, dear fellow-believer, it is good for us that we be " sober, and watch unto prayer." Notwithstanding all this, and the " waxing worse and worse " of " evil men, and seducers," yet God's long-suffering grace still lingers over His guilty creatures; and Mercy's door still stands open wide. The blood of His crucified Son still pleads for pardon for lost and ruined sinners.

But oh, dear reader, let me lovingly ask you, " Have you, for yourself, ever yet truly felt your own personal guilt, and your own deep need of salvation; or are you still content, as blinded by Satan, to go on living in sins, until you die in sins, and are for ever lost? " If ye believe not that I am He," saith the Son of God, " ye shall die in your sins " . . . and—" after this, the judgment." Have you ever yet spent even ten minutes at the feet of Jesus, owning and confessing your sins,

with the earnest cry going up from your soul to Him, " Lord save me " ? Why not fly at once for mercy to that precious Saviour who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification; and whose loving entreaty still rings in your ears, " Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest " ? But, if you still refuse to listen to that voice, " How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation ? " Nothing in this world can ever satisfy the cravings of your immortal soul; hence the awful danger of your being still further engulfed in the surging whirlpool of fleshly excitement and sinful pleasure, which will, ere long most surely drag you down to everlasting woe, and eternal burnings.

Delay no longer, I implore you, but come at once to Christ, just as you are, just where you are; and just now, for to-morrow may be too late ! If you doubt His love, listen to His dying prayer, " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." As risen and glorified, He waits with open arms to receive and save you now; and the very moment you rest your guilty soul, in simple faith, on His atoning blood, you will be able, like thousands more, to sing from your heart,

" Oh ! depth of Mercy, can it be,
That precious blood was shed for me,
For me, for me,
That blood was shed for me ? "

" Behold ! now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation. " S. T.

A HEAVENLY VISION

(REV. iv., v., and xix.)

[Tune—"Onward, Christian Soldiers"]

Light, and Love, and Worship
 Fill yon Holy Place ;
 Countless hosts of angels
 Fall before His face ;
 Cherubim and Seraphim
 Loud their anthems raise,
 Elders, . . . Living Creatures,
 Chant Jehovah's praise !
 Worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Is the Lamb once slain,
 All Creation joining
 In the sweet refrain.

Heaven's vaults are ringing
 With the seraphs' song,
 Glory, honour, power,
 Lord, to Thee belong !
 Hark ! those Living Creatures
 Rest not day or night,
 Holy, Holy, Holy,
 Sing they with delight :—
 Elders rise and worship
 Him Who once was slain ;
 "Thou alone art worthy,"
 Is their ceaseless strain.

Countless eyes are gazing
 On the great " I Am " ;
 Countless tongues proclaiming
 Glory to the Lamb :
 From all nations gather'd,
 They to God belong ;
 " Kings and Priests " He's made them,
 This their glad " New Song " :—
 " Thou alone art worthy,
 Thou for us wast slain,
 By Thy Blood redeeméd,"
 Is their sweet refrain.

Hush ! . . . the moment cometh !
 Of supreme delight ;
 See the Bride adorning,
 In that Glory bright :
 'Tis the marriage morning
 Of the Bridegroom's joy ;
 Day of His own gladness,
 Bliss without alloy !
 In His joy rejoicing,
 Countless millions sing,
 Honour give to Jesus,
 Saviour, Lord, and King.

Radiant, in His beauty,
 Blameless in His sight ;
 Without spot, and holy,
 Robed in purest white :
 Hark ! those Hallelujahs
 Loud as thunders roll,
 Through those courts of glory,
 From each ransomed soul.

In the Lamb rejoicing,
 Countless millions sing,
 Honour give to Jesus,
 Saviour, Lord, and King.

S. T.

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