

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

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Gospel

Gleanings



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London:

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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!

WITH all our hearts we wish every one of our readers a happy New Year! “Blessed (happy) is he whose iniquity is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed (happy) is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile” (Ps. xxxii. 1, 2).

It was a happy new year to Noah, when on the first day of the first month, “he removed the covering of the ark and looked, and behold the face of the ground was dry” (Gen. viii. 13). The ground had been cursed because of man’s sin; the ground had been submerged beneath the waters of righteous judgment on that sin; but now, as Noah looked from his place of security from that judgment, he saw all trace of it gone, “the face of the ground was *dry*,”—not one pool remaining to tell of the destroying deluge. “There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus” (Rom. viii. 1). Does my reader know himself there? Has he, as a sinner justly exposed to the judgment of God, fled for refuge to the one Ark of God’s providing, the Lord Jesus Christ, on whom the full vengeance of the wrath of God against sin has been expended?—to Him, who, when His soul was made an offering for sin, cried, “All thy waves and thy billows are passed over me”—to Him who is now risen from the dead,

highly exalted and crowned at God's right hand? No vestige of the judgment remains for Him; no vestige of judgment remains for the sinner who trusts in Him. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word and believeth him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation (judgment); but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

It was the dawn of New Year's Day!—Israel had come out of Egypt, sheltered by the blood of the paschal lamb from the destroyer, saved from the power of Pharaoh by the waters of the Red Sea, and now "in the first month in the second year, on the first day of the month, the tabernacle was reared up" (Ex. xl. 17). God's dwelling place was in the midst of His redeemed people, and for the first time on that new year's day they gathered round it. If you are a Christian, let me ask, Why has God saved you, my fellow-believer? That you may be His dwelling place. "What! Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you" (1 Cor. vi. 19)?

What a new year!—a new era indeed!—when He takes possession. And not only is the body of each individual believer a temple of the Holy Ghost but believers collectively are God's temple (1 Cor. iii. 16; 2 Cor. vi. 16). And in the midst of God's redeemed ones He abides, the power of worship (Phil. iii. 3), of prayer (Jude 20), and of service,

“dividing to each one severally as He will” (1 Cor. xii. 11). May reader and writer know how to give the Holy Spirit His due place!

But, it may be, some may read this who sigh over happy new years long past when these truths were known and loved and enjoyed, but now—alas! Well, God has a new year’s day for you, beloved. Hezekiah, “in the first year of his reign, in the first month, opened the doors of the house of the Lord. . . . they began on the first day of the first month (2 Chron. xxix. 3, 17). God has not forsaken His dwelling place. The Holy Spirit still abides for ever in the heart He has sealed, but, like king Ahaz, “you have shut up the doors.” Perhaps, like him, too, you have an idol; perhaps you have tampered with God’s altar, and placed your confidence in something or someone else besides His beloved Son, and His *once* offered and perfect sacrifice. Ah, open the doors again! Let this be a happy new year. Clear out the dust, the dirt, and rubbish; confess all to Him: and the great joy of Hezekiah’s day shall be outdone in your renewed happiness and blessing.

Once more it is new year’s day (Ezra vii. 9), and a little band turn their backs on the land of their captivity and exile. “Upon the first day of the month began he to go up from Babylon, and on the first day of the fifth month came he to Jerusalem.”

Ezra and those with him were only a remnant, but “the good hand of his God was upon him”; and of the temple afterwards raised it is written, “the latter glory of this house shall be greater than the former.” To the returned remnant it was said, “The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come.” Poor and feeble though they were, their new year’s day marked the beginning of an epoch that saw the birth of the Messiah.

But that remnant knew a second new year. It is not enough to come out, a feeble few, to the Lord’s name; “let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.” “By the first day of the first month” they made an end (Ezra x. 17) of putting away that, which, while so near and dear to nature, was contrary to God and the plain direction of His word. That new year’s day—the last recorded in the book of God—saw broken hearts and weeping eyes and sorrowful homes; but it saw His name honoured, His glory vindicated, His word obeyed. May such be your and my new year’s day, dear fellow believer, until we change time for eternity, when every act of obedience shall receive its due reward.

T.



“NO MORTAL CREATURE EVER TOLD ME THIS BEFORE”

AS I passed a quiet lane, I saw an old woman coming towards me with a tattered cloak, and with a basket on her arm. I crossed the lane to meet her. She curtesied, and I offered her a tract. She shook her head, saying, ‘ Many thanks to you, sir; I would take it, and be glad, but I can’t read.’ We then spoke something as follows:—

“ ‘ What! not read at all? ’

“ ‘ No, sir, not a letter.’

“ ‘ But, suppose you take the tract, cannot you get somebody to read it to you? ’

“ ‘ No, your honour, I am a stranger; a poor friendless woman: they don’t know me, and the people at the lodging-houses don’t care about reading to a poor woman.’

“ ‘ Did you ever hear any one read? ’

“ ‘ Sometimes; not often.’

“ ‘ Did you ever hear any one read a little book something like this? ’

“ ‘ I don’t know that ever I did.’

“ ‘ Should you like to know what is in it? ’

“ ‘ Yes, if anybody would tell me.’

“ ‘ If you can spare time, I will read it to you now. Will you stay? ’

“ She seemed to think the offer was kind, and

she expressed her gratitude and her willingness to stay. We stood by the bank at the side of the lane, and at once began. I was so anxious that such an ignorant woman should understand, that I did not think the tract half plain enough, and therefore stopped to ask if she knew what it meant, and to explain it as I went on. She listened with great attention, and I noticed that she curtesied every time the name of Jesus was mentioned. When I had done reading, I told her of this, and asked her if she could tell me why she did so. She seemed rather puzzled with the question, and said, 'Why, you see, sir, in our country (Ireland) they always do; when the priest reads the name of Jesus,' (and again she curtesied,) 'then the men bow, and the women curtesy.' I said, Perhaps I can tell you more about that; so I quoted the passage in which the words are found, 'that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow,' etc. (Phil. ii. 10), and I tried to show her that such mere outward worship would not do; that we must confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father (verse 11); and that we must love Him and worship Him with our heart. 'I suppose then,' said I, 'that you know who Jesus Christ is, since you bow at His name?'

" 'Oh yes, He is the second Person in the blessed Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.'

“ Her knowledge of this seemed to me somewhat surprising. I quoted the other part of the passage in Philippians, and tried to show her how much love to sinners was in Christ Jesus, ‘who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men’; and not only so, but being found in ‘fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross’ (Phil. ii. 6-8).

“ I told her that Christ came into the world to save sinners. ‘Yes,’ said she, ‘He was born of the blessed virgin.’

“ ‘Now then,’ said I, ‘do you think Christ is your Saviour?’

“ ‘Well, ’tis to be hoped He will be.’

“ ‘I suppose you think yourself a sinner?’

“ ‘God knows I am.’

“ ‘So am I; we are both sinners: but how do you think we can be forgiven?’

“ ‘Well, sir, you see I go to the priest and he gives me absolution.’

“ ‘Do you think that is enough?’

“ ‘Why, no, sir; we must do penance when we have done wrong.’

“ ‘Is that all?’

“ ‘Why, no: you see we must do good works to please God.’

“ ‘That is your way; now I will tell you what I think about it. You have heard of the Bible?’ ”

“ ‘Yes.’ ”

“ ‘Do you think the Bible is God’s word?’ ”

“ ‘Oh, yes, I believe it is.’ ”

“ ‘Well, I have read the Bible, and I never read in it about going to a priest to get absolution. The Bible says, that Jesus Christ died for our sins; and teaches us that it is for His sake that God forgives us. The Bible teaches us to confess to God, but says nothing about confessing to a priest. It says, that “if we confess our sins he (God) is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness,” (1 John i. 9). The Bible says nothing about our doing penance, but that “Christ suffered for us,” which means, instead of us, when He, “his own self, bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness” (1 Pet. ii. 24).

“ ‘The Bible teaches us that we must do good works, but that our good works will never save us. Now, you see, it is not going to the priest, or doing penance, or doing good works that will save us, but Christ alone; and we must confess to God, believe that Christ suffered for us, and ask God for Christ’s sake to forgive us.’ ”

“ ‘Well, sir, but we must have good works too, to make up, you know.’ ”

“ I found it very hard to convince her that our own good works would not save us. I told her what God’s law said she ought to do, and asked if she had done all, or could do it all; and I tried to show her that all the world is guilty before God, and that no priest, or penance, or good works can save anybody. She seemed at last to have some new thoughts on the subject; for she clasped her hands, lifted up her eyes, and cried out in the most piercing tone, ‘ Oh, what is to become of us all.’

“ I replied, ‘ I will try to tell you; God will have mercy upon sinners, but we must receive mercy in His own way. It is because He is so kind and so good that I am saved, and there is the same way for you. The same Bible that tells us of God’s law, tells us too that “ 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). And Jesus said he came to seek and to save that which was lost, meaning just such poor sinners as we are. He was made a curse for us, and it is only by faith in his blood that we can be saved. So there is nothing for us to do first but to believe in Christ; and it is because Christ bore the punishment for us that we can be saved.’

“ She seemed to have been so taken up with notions of confessing to a priest, and doing penance, and getting absolution, and doing good

works, that she could hardly make anything of Christ's suffering for us. In trying to make her see my meaning, I continued, ' Christ saw that men were wicked sinners against God. He knew they could never save themselves, and He came to save them. He died for us on the cross, and so now God offers to pardon us—to give us absolution for his sake. We cannot hear God speaking, but He has given us His book, and that is as good as if we could hear Him; and there it is written, " Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved " (Acts xvi. 31). It says, that " we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace " (Eph. i. 7). There is nothing about going to a priest, and there is no need of it: the Bible says, " He that *believeth*. . . shall be saved " (Mark xvi. 16). We must go to Christ as our Priest, and He has said, " Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out " (John vi. 37).'

" The old woman had been most deeply attentive. Oh! that some congregations did but pay half so much attention! She seemed to have got something quite new. The tears stood in her eyes; she raised her hands, lifted her streaming eyes to heaven, and then cried, ' Lord bless your honour, no mortal creature ever told me this before! '

“ It is long since I have seen a face half so joyous. I have never preached the gospel with more anxiety, never with more pleasure; and I have never seen anyone who appeared to listen with so much attention, or receive it with so much thankfulness. She stood and wiped away the tears with the corner of her ragged apron: she said she should like to have the tract, and would try ‘any how’ to get somebody to read it to her. I gave her several tracts. I repeated to her the simple first truths of the gospel, and some passages of Scripture, which she thought she should remember. I told her to confess her sins to God, and to take Christ for her priest, as I had taken him for mine. I bade her remember that though we cannot see God, yet God can see us; and though we cannot hear Him, He can hear us wherever we are. When I had given her a trifling alms, and commended her to God and to the blessing of the Saviour, I went away, followed by her warmest thanks and blessings.

“ Let me ask, my reader, Have you received the gospel? Are you a believer in Christ? It will be of no use for you to boast of having more knowledge than this poor woman, if you do not improve it. Perhaps you do not go to the priest, you may not do penance, you may say you know better; but do not forget that it is not denying a false religion that will save you, but it is receiving the

true. Go then at once, if you have never gone before, to the 'Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world' (John i. 29)."

[Extracted]



"I'M GOING BY THE BOOK"

Two men, the one a foreman, the other, one of the carpenters under him, were standing on the deck of a steamship then on the stocks in one of the shipbuilding yards on the Clyde.

"Well, S——," said the foreman, "I have been anxious to have a conversation with you. I'm told you are one of those people who say they know for certain that they are saved. Is that true?"

"Yes," said S——, "quite true; thank God, I know I'm saved; in fact, there is nothing I'm more sure of, than that I'm saved."

"Well, now," said the foreman, "that is something I cannot see through, how any man can say that he is saved as long as he is in this world. I think it is rather presumptuous for any one to say so.

"I used to attend Mr. ——'s (so-called) place of worship, a good many years ago, where several of the leading men pressed on me to become a 'member,' but I could not, for I knew I was not a Christian, and told them so. In fact, I was dis-

gusted with them. I knew so many who went to that place, and pretended to remember the death of Christ, who were just as bad as I was. I left them and have never gone to any place since, for I concluded the whole thing was a sham, and that there was no reality in Christianity at all."

"Well," said S——, "I'm not at all surprised at you, but there is a reality in being saved, in being a child of God, and in knowing it. What is the breadth of this waterway?" The foreman, astonished at the apparently sudden change in the conversation, said, "Why, 14 inches all round, to be sure; what makes you ask that, when you know?"

"But are you quite sure that it is to be 14 inches?" said S——.

"Certainly."

"But what makes you so sure?" asked S——.

"*Why, I'm going by the book,*" and as he said so, he pulled a book out of his pocket, in which were marked the sizes and position of the various things on the deck. "I'm sure it is 14 inches, for it is here in the book, and I got the book from headquarters."

"Oh, I see," said S——; "now look here; that is exactly how I know I'm saved. *I'm just going by the Book.* It came from headquarters—it is God's Word. I found in here that I was a lost, condemned sinner, worthy of nothing but the

lake of fire; but I also found 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' (John iii. 16). I took God at His word, and I'm saved; and you, too, may be saved if you will, simply as you are, a lost, condemned sinner. Believe in Jesus; that is, trust Him as your Saviour, and you are saved; and then you can say without presumption, I KNOW I'm saved, for *I'm going by the Book.*"

Reader, can you say, on the authority of God's word, "I know I'm saved"? Profession without the new birth will never take you to heaven. Before it is too late, hear the voice of Jesus calling, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). "He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath everlasting life" (John v. 24).



THE JOURNEY HOME

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Her mantle round us flings,
Faith then delights to upward soar,
On Mercy's golden wings;
In quiet trust she takes her seat
On God's eternal throne;
And, peaceful, gazes on the face,
Of His beloved Son.

How sweet to know all power is His,
In heaven, as on earth,
A Father's love marks out the path
For all of heavenly birth ;
Both "grace and glory" will He give,
And nought of good withhold ;
To those who are upright of heart,
His ways He will unfold.

He calls us "friends" ; and though at times
The way to us seems rough,
His outstretched arms ; His ceaseless grace,
Will surely prove enough ;
The trial is to test our faith,
That it may brighter shine,
The dross from off the gold to purge,
Such is His way divine !

Then let us not hang down our heads,
But sing for evermore,
Of Him who knows our every need,
And worship and adore ;
As a " Refiner " still He sits,
And cannot be unkind,
Thus Faith her daily lesson learns,
And understands His mind.

Lord ! all Thy ways are ways of love,
For Thou art still the same,
Jesus, the Christ, God's Holy One,
All glory to Thy Name ;
Oh ! for a heart to do Thy will,
In these declining days,
To rise above earth's fleeting dreams,
And walk in "Wisdom's" ways.

S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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ONE HALFPENNY

"NO LONGER A PRISONER— BUT FREE"

MR. MOODY, in his book of "Anecdotes," etc., relates how, when in Ohio once, he was invited to preach in the State prison there. Eleven hundred convicts were brought into the chapel, and all sat in front of him. After he had finished preaching, the chaplain of the prison said:—

"Mr. Moody, I want to tell you of a scene which occurred in this room.

"A few years ago, our Commissioners went to the Governor of the State, and got him to promise that he would pardon five men for good behaviour.

"The Governor consented, with this understanding—that the record was to be kept secret, and that at the end of six months the five men highest on the roll should receive a pardon, regardless of who or what they were.

"At the end of the six months the prisoners were all brought into the chapel.

"The Commissioners came. The president stood on the platform; and putting his hand in his pocket, brought out some papers, and said:—

"'I hold in my hand pardons for five men.'"

The chaplain told me he never witnessed anything on earth like it. Every man was as still as death. Many were deadly pale. The suspense was awful; it seemed as if every heart had ceased to beat. The Commissioner went on to tell them

how they had got the pardon. But the chaplain interrupted him—

“ Before you make your speech, read out the names. This suspense is awful.”

So he read out the first name—“ Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon ”; and he held it out, but none came forward.

He said to the warden, “ Are all the prisoners here? ”

The warden told him they were all there.

Then he said again:—

“ Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon. It is signed and sealed by the Governor. He is a free man.”

Not one moved. The chaplain looked right down where Reuben was. He was well known; he had been nineteen years there, and many were looking round to see him spring to his feet. But he himself was looking round to see the fortunate man who had got his pardon. Finally the chaplain had caught his eye, and said:—

“ Reuben, you are the man.”

Reuben turned round and looked behind him to see where Reuben was. The chaplain said the second time:—

“ Reuben, *you* are the man.”

And the second time Reuben looked round, thinking it must be some other Reuben. The chaplain had to say three times:—

“ Reuben, come and get your pardon.”

At last the truth began to steal over the old man. He got up, came along down the hall, trembling from head to foot; and when he got the pardon he looked at it, went back to his seat, buried his face in his hands, and wept.

When the prisoners got into the ranks to go back to their cells, Reuben got into the ranks too; and the chaplain had to call him:—

“ Reuben, get out of the ranks; *you are a free man you are no longer a prisoner.*”

And Reuben stepped out of the ranks. HE WAS FREE!

Mr. Moody adds: “ That is the way men make out pardons; they make them out for good character or good behaviour, but God makes out pardons for men who have not got any character. He offers a pardon to every sinner on earth if he will take it. I do not care who he is, or what he is like. He may be the greatest libertine that ever walked the streets, or the greatest blackguard who ever lived, or the greatest drunkard, or thief, or vagabond. Christ commissioned His disciples to preach the gospel to *every* creature.”

Yes, it is “ Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely ” (Rev. xxii. 17). Could anything be freer? God commendeth *His* love towards us, in that, while we were yet *sinner*s, Christ died for us.” If the Lord Jesus had not

suffered for us—the Just for the unjust—God could not righteously offer us the forgiveness of our sins. But this—He is willing and waiting to bestow on every one that comes now to Him through Christ the way. It is His precious blood that cleanses from every sin.

Oh, believe what God says. Receive what He offers. Rest your faith on the Saviour's atoning death. Then will you indeed thank God for *His* unspeakable gift, and find your constant joy in living to Him who died for us and rose again—who lives on high and is coming soon to receive all who have believed on Him, to Himself in joy and rest for ever.



“WHO GAVE HIMSELF FOR OUR SINS” (GAL. i. 4)

READER, Friend, whoever you may be, do you know Him who gave Himself for our sins? Time is hastening us on to eternity, you and me, and with God we must have to do! And what about our sins? Is it no concern to you? In grace, in love to you, He made it His concern, for He “gave Himself for our sins.” His name—do you know it? Our Lord Jesus Christ. “The Son of God who loved and gave Himself for me,” so wrote the apostle Paul; and my heart re-echoes

with joy those precious words. Yes! He loved me, He gave Himself for me; and in His name let me speak a moment to thy heart. He "gave himself for *our* sins." Yes; He loved you too. The co-eternal, ever-blessed Son of God, who upholds all things by the word of His power—heaven, sun, moon, stars and earth. The universe is His own; for all things were made by Him and for Him, and soon He will come to reign in power and glory, whose right it is.

Yet He "gave *himself* for our sins"! It was not heaven, nor earth—not all the treasures of the universe, not angels. And He demands not treasures of thee. No works of righteousness, no sacrifice, no blood. No. He demands not. He gave, and it was His own self that He gave for our sins. Himself—the Father's treasure, the light of heaven's eternal glory for the evils of His loved creatures. And why? "He loved." We could not save ourselves. No other sacrifice would do. No other work could glorify a Holy God. No other blood than His had power to cleanse our guilty souls, "None can by any means redeem his brother or give to God a ransom."

The blood of bulls and goats could not avail. Nor could my own to cleanse away one spot of guilt of either mine or thine. And yet the ever-blessed Son of God, in boundless love to me and thee—He took a kinsman's place, a man to suffer

and to die, to give His life, a holy, spotless one, for our poor guilty souls. He gave Himself. Yes,

“ He took the guilty culprit’s place,
And suffered in his stead.”

And God is satisfied. Oh! come then, and put your trust in Him.’ There is such worth, such power, such merit in that one great Sacrifice, that though your sins be of the deepest dye, though they be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, for *His* blood cleanseth from all sin. But if thou art not satisfied, if you would seek some other way to merit heaven and find acceptance with thy God, then know God’s holy word declares there is no other way. No works, no merits of thine own will do. There is no other Name. “ For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved” (Acts iv. 12).



THREE QUIET TALKS WITH JESUS

IT is a wonderful moment in our life’s history when, like Jacob, we get “alone” with God, and listen only to His voice. “In the beginning,” that voice broke the silence of eternity; and the darkness fled at the Divine command, “Let there be light.” All down the stream of time, and in

every successive age and dispensation, that same almighty voice rings out its varied messages to man, until the last recorded utterance falls on our listening ears, "Surely I come quickly."

But the eternal Word, who was, and is, God, "was made flesh, and dwelt among us," and nineteen centuries ago entered this world which He had created, not only to die for sins, and for sinners, but that men might hear His voice, and live. Do not His own holy lips declare, "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloke for their sin"? "If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not sin; but now have they both seen and hated both me and my Father." He alone could say, "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice"; and even His enemies were forced to admit, "Never man spake like this man."

Blessing, however, both *then* and *now*, can only be found as His words are truly believed in the heart; and all is well when the sinner and the Saviour are in direct touch the one with the other. Thus it was with Nicodemus, who, in his short, but interesting talk with Jesus, discovered for the first time as well the absolute necessity of a new birth as also the equally imperative needs-be for the lifting up of the Son of man. Listening to that voice, the Jewish ruler learnt from the lips

of Him who was not only teacher but Saviour, his own utter ruin; and into that hitherto dark heart divine light was now shining. As the love of God, in the gift of His only begotten Son, dawned upon the ruler's soul, faith accepted the glad message, and Nicodemus was "born again." *Alone with Jesus*, he listened, believed, and lived,

Sychar's well tells its own sweet story of how Jacob's erring daughter learnt her own depravity; not in Samaritan worship (so-called)—still less by her own thoughts or feelings—but just in a quiet talk with that divine Prophet who read her through, as He laid bare the secrets of her wayward life. Not indeed to judge her, but to save.

How rich indeed was His grace! For David's greater Son had asked of a Samaritan outcast a drink of water, in order that *she* might ask and *He* might give, that "living water which springeth up into everlasting life." Yet all this mystery of love was only fully proved and enjoyed when the woman was alone with Jesus, and far from the busy hum of the city. Listening to that heavenly voice, peace filled her soul as she drank of that living water; and, as the direct result of that little talk with God's Holy One, she swiftly carried the glad tidings of her new found joy to others, in those memorable words "Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did, is not this the Christ?"

Another scene, equally rich in grace and truth, now opens before us, as we follow the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene. Spending the night upon the mount of Olives in communion with His Father, Jesus rises early in the morning to carry out that Father's will, and to set at liberty one of Satan's captives. As He sits in the temple teaching the people, the scribes and Pharisees bring Him a woman taken in the act of sin, which, under the Mosaic law, involved the death of the transgressor. Their one object was to tempt God's Holy One, that they might be able to accuse Him! But little did those religious hypocrites dream of the utter discomfiture which was so soon to expose their insincerity. Was the guilty one to suffer the judgment of her sin under the law of Moses? or "What sayest thou?" Pressed for an answer, Jesus lifts up Himself; and those heart-searching words ring through the temple, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." The true Light shone in all its exposing power; and the religious hypocrites, who loved darkness rather than light, fled from it, convicted in their conscience, but not converted. As the woman's accusers went out one by one till all were gone, the way was clear for "mercy to rejoice against judgment," and the moment had arrived when the sinner and the Saviour were alone. In the stillness of that quiet hour, again

that voice is speaking once more, "Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" "No man, Lord," was the guilty one's reply. Grace was about to triumph where sin had abounded; and then in words of holy and tender pity the Saviour spoke to that guilty soul, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Here revealed as light He lays bare the secret as well as the discovered sins. And to know Him *now* is to find Him a Saviour instead of a judge, as He must be hereafter to those who here refuse His grace.

May you, dear reader, get alone with Jesus, and confide yourself to Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Which are you; saved or lost?

S. T.



"I HATE THE NASTY SUN!"

"**I** HATE the nasty sun; it shews up all the dirt," said a grumbling servant maid to another, unconsciously giving the best commentary possible on more than one passage of Holy Writ. For not many would own so frankly their dislike of what reveals their own neglect of duty; yet at the bottom of every heart that has not been laid bare in the light of God's presence there lies the dread of discovery, and the consequent hatred of that which

would show things as they really are. In dull, dark weather the girl knew her half-swept rooms, neglected corners, and undusted shelves, might escape detection; but once let the sun shine—then her idleness and carelessness become patent to all. “This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil.” “For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprovèd.”

Why did men cast out and murder the Christ of God? Because He came a light into the world, and their deeds were evil. The *object* of the sunshine is not to shew up remiss servant girls, though that may be its *consequence*; it shines as the source of light and heat to the world. “God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world”—that was not the object of Christ’s coming, “but that the world through him might be saved.” “The Father sent the Son the Saviour of the world.” “God is light and in him is no darkness at all.” God’s beloved Son is the effulgence of His glory; so, if He come at all, He is of necessity the Light, the true Light that coming into the world lighteth every man.

“But men loved darkness rather than light”; they loved their sin, and they hated the light, and, as far as they could, they put it out on Calvary. They extinguished the light that exposed them, and

hanged the Lord of glory to the cross of a felon slave! "And there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened." Little as men thought it, yet the Light was shining brightest then. It was shewing up all,—all the enormity of man's guilt, all the weight of his sin,—everything was exposed in the presence of God, and "sin" eternally condemned. The Light detected all; the Light judged all. And from the lips of the Holy Sufferer burst the cry, "It is finished," and He bowed His head, and delivered up His spirit. And the Light shone again. "As it began to dawn toward the first day of the week" the Light that man thought extinguished by blood on Calvary rose again, and now the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shines in the face of Jesus. And the believer in Jesus knows that all he is and all he has done has been already exposed and judged; and the brighter the light the brighter the testimony to the precious blood and the perfect work that puts all away.

"He that doeth truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God." Reader, are you doing truth? Have you come to the light, that is, to Jesus with all your sins to have them washed away for ever in His blood? Have you been turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God? If not, come as a lost sinner to a waiting Saviour

to hear Him say, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven." But if you have already come to Him, His desire for you is that which His servant Paul prayed for the Philippians—"that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ" (Phil. i. 10). Some say that the meaning of the word here translated "sincere" is, "judged by the sunlight." If you have known all your sins exposed by the light in order that they may be all forgiven, it will be your delight to bring everything to the test of that light, to put away all contrary to it, judging yourself and your ways by the sunlight until the "Sun of righteousness shall arise."

T.



"JESUS LOVES ME"

I WAS returning with my Sunday School class, some few years back, from a day by the sea, when a little girl came to me and said, "Mr. —, do you know what hymn I like best?" "No," I said. She made the reply, "Jesus loves me."

I have often thought of those words, for it was the love of Jesus in dying on the cross that touched my hard heart many, many years ago, and broke me down to own that I was a sinner and needed a Saviour. Dear reader, has His love touched *you*? Have you heard His voice *calling* you, "Come unto me"? There will come a day when

He will call no longer. Then, many will wish they had come and got their sins washed away. So be ready to enter heaven where are the many mansions Jesus has gone to prepare for those who are saved (John xiv. 1-3).

A. C. W.



REST!

How full of meaning is this short word! And would you not like to be the happy possessor of all that this word conveys?

You know what it is to be troubled, as I hope, about your sins. You are uneasy because you are conscious how unfit you are for the presence of God to whom we *all* have to give account. This is a world of unrest in which we live. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. What feverish activity in the discovery and pursuit of something new! You try *this* for a while, but you are not satisfied. You turn to something else, and this again fails to satisfy. All your endeavours are futile. You have not REST. Is this not so?

Listen to the words of the blessed Saviour—“Come unto *me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, *and I will give you REST.*” And “him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” Is not this sufficient encouragement for you to come?

But it is to Him you must come. True, He is no longer here as visibly He was when these words were spoken. That was in Palestine. Would it be any comfort to be told you had to go to Palestine before you could obtain rest? That might be an impossibility for you. Thank God, it is not *there* you are invited to go—but to Him. And the Lord is nigh to all that call upon Him. Come then to Him now, and He will *give* you rest. You have not to labour for, but to receive, it. Despise not then this proffered blessing.



“THE CRUCIFIXION”

I ask'd the Heavens—“What foe to God hath done
This unexampled deed?”—The Heavens exclaim,
“'Twas Man! and we in horror snatch'd the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame.”

I ask'd the Sea—the Sea in fury boil'd,
And answer'd with his voice of storms—“'Twas Man!
My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,
Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran.”

I ask'd the Earth; the Earth replied aghast:
“'Twas Man! and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
That still I groan and shudder at the past.”

—To Man, gay, smiling, thoughtless Man, I went,
And asked him next—*He* turned a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

Gospel

Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

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ONE HALFPENNY

JUSTICE

NEAR the centre of Galway, a picturesque old city on the west coast of Ireland, stands a ruined house exhibiting the remarkable adornment of skull and cross-bones above its portal. If a stranger enquire the meaning of this, he will be told a strange story of the "wild times," when the Saxon rule in the "city of the tribes" (as the inhabitants call Galway) had to be maintained by the edge of the sword.

The chief magistrate of the city lived in that house. Rebellion was abroad, and the governor's son took up arms and led the rebels, but he was captured and imprisoned in his father's house. The rebels came to storm the house and release their leader. What was the father to do? Were the feelings of a father to triumph, or was justice to take its course?

Desperate diseases demand desperate remedies, and all rulers know that treason in troublous times may not be trifled with. Had that governor been able to reconcile a father's feelings, inclining him to mercy, with the stern requirements of justice, no doubt he would have done so; but mercy and justice have never been conciliated in any human tribunal. If a criminal is pardoned it is at the expense of justice. If he is guilty, the law demands that he be punished; and when the issues

are of immense importance justice must have its way. So it was in that old house in Galway. The father hanged his son from his window; and the skull and cross-bones on the wall remind passers-by that there justice triumphed over mercy.

Perhaps you may say, "What has all this to do with me?" Stop one moment! Are *you* a rebel? If rebellion against the authority and law of the land is a crime that demands the most extreme penalty that man can inflict, what punishment is due, think you, to rebellion against the Lord God, the Supreme Ruler of the universe—your Creator? His mercies have followed you every day of your life. Have you been base and ungrateful enough to rebel against Him? *You have*. All have sinned. Not one (save the Perfect Man) has done the will of God from his heart, but all have gone their own ways in active rebellion against God. God is more righteous than man. Can He slack justice for you? You know He cannot. How will He meet you then?

Let me take you to another scene. An innocent Man is hurried from court to court, and, although three times found guiltless, is taken by the hatred of men to a place called "The Place of a Skull," and is there crucified. He is the Son of God, the object of the ineffable love of His Father. Yet did His Father not only allow all this, but with full purpose and foreknowledge deliver up His Son

that He should die, as the Apostle Peter told the Jews (Acts ii. 23):—" Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken with wicked hands and crucified and slain." There, where the rebellion and hatred of man, His creature, rose to their greatest heights, God was working out His eternal purposes of grace and love. Behind the scene of mockery and cruelty there were deeper actings, for God was about to enter upon the holy judgment of sin when His Son who knew no sin should become a sin-offering. The justice of God was in action and there the sword of justice smote the Man that was Jehovah's "fellow," instead of smiting you, if you will but believe it (Isa. liii. 10; Zech. xiii. 7; 2 Cor. v. 21). There that prophetic cry of Psalm xxii. 1 was wrung from the lips of the suffering Christ, agonising in the deep anguish of His soul under the wrath of God against sin, hanging there a curse in the sinner's stead (Mark xv. 34).

Is this nothing to you? Have you not sufficient interest in it to turn up the Scriptures quoted above? The good news of the grace of God is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes it. Therein is the righteousness of God revealed, on the principle of faith to faith. Christ died unto sin once, and being now raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion

over Him. He that believeth is made a new creation in Christ Jesus beyond having all his sins blotted out by the blood of Christ. The righteousness of God must judge sin, but, for the sinner who believes, sin was judged in the person of Christ (Himself the sinless one), so that God is just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. If God justifies, who is He that condemns? (Rom. i. 16, 17; iii. 21-26; viii. 33, 34).

Will you not trust in the Saviour God? "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10). You have everything to gain by trusting in Christ, and what you lose is not worth counting, for it can only land you in hell for eternity. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Divine wisdom and power have done what no creature can do. "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." The infinite wisdom of God devised the plan, and His arm carried that plan into effect at the cross of Calvary. Thereby righteousness has been fully satisfied in judgment on the willing Substitute, and the love of God goes forth freely to the guilty. On this ground the gospel of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ is preached to you. It would be no glad tidings to preach repentance toward God if God

could not meet you, but blessed be His name, He can and will—nay, He delights to—meet all who come in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

One more word of solemn warning. Beware that thou *despise not* the riches of the goodness and forbearance and long-suffering of God, “not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance; but after thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God, who will render to every man according to his deeds.” “To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart.”

“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).

A. E. R.



In Psalm xxv. we have preferred a very remarkable request—remarkable in this respect that the speaker prays God to forgive his iniquity—not because it was small, as is generally pleaded by the suppliant, but because it was great! These are the words, “For thy name’s sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity: for it is great” (ver. 11). To man we should not thus plead. But it is worthy of God to forgive *great* sin, for *His name’s* sake. Confess then all to Him, and you will find that He is plenteous in mercy.

**“WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM
TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE
FREELY”**

REV. XXII. 17

FRRIEND, let thine eyes rest a moment on this precious text that its glad tidings may sink deep into thy soul.

Its words are of the very highest import as being one of the last offers of God's boundless love, closing the inspired volume of holy writ. When God was closing the Old Testament scriptures, His last pleading with Israel—His chosen yet rebellious people—was, “I have loved you, saith Jehovah.” They had rebelled, they had wandered, they had robbed God; and yet in view of all their departure from Him, and unfaithfulness, He pleads again at last, “I have loved you, saith Jehovah.”

How infinitely gracious still, after He has sent His only begotten Son into the world, and received Him back again to the heavenly glory—the rejected, crucified Son of man! Yet still He speaks in mercy. Yea, that same Jesus whom men crucified and hanged on a tree, raised by the glory of the Father, speaks from the Father's right hand. “I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify these things.” The testimony was one of judgment,

and soon His judgments will be in the earth, but He is waiting yet and His long-suffering is salvation, while the glad tidings of His grace are going out for whosoever will receive them.

Dear friend, will you receive Him? The salvation of God is free, and the good news of it given to us in the word of God is living water, free for souls thirsting, dying in their sins, and utterly helpless to save themselves.

“CHRIST HAS ONCE SUFFERED FOR SINS THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST TO BRING US TO GOD.” This is the water of life for you to drink and live. Oh! drink it *now*; drink freely, drink as deeply as ever you will; let go all works, all efforts of thine own and drink at mercy’s stream; so shall that free, full, boundless goodness of the Lord for ever fill and satisfy thy thirsty, needy soul. Yet once again I plead with thee to take the living water NOW. The time may come, or shall I rather say, *Eternity will come* when you may thirst in vain. In Luke xvi. we read of one beyond the reach of grace, praying with all the earnestness of everlasting misery for but one drop of water—but in vain.

Think of it. “That he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue.” The prayer of one once rich and increased with goods when here on earth, but now, too late, the gulf is fixed. God had called and he had refused. Clothed in his purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every

day, his heart was closed against the messages of Moses and the prophets. Often it may be on the sabbath day in the synagogue he had listened to God's invitation by Isaiah the prophet, "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." And now he cries in vain for the very smallest portion of that priceless gift of God. He had passed away from earth where mercy calls. But you, my reader, are still here. Death has not yet overtaken you. Here, and here only, is mercy offered you—not, hereafter. In another world, or state, it will be too late. If refused here, your eternal doom is unalterably fixed. But "*now*," says God's word—"now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." For you the water still is free without money and without price. "AND WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY." Will you take it?



"Whosoever drinketh of this water (Jacob's well) shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." These are the words of Jesus.

“THERE IS A GOD”

EARLY in the year 1831 Henry Reed of Australia had occasion to return to England, and took his passage in a vessel called the “Bombay.” He records his experience in connection with this voyage in the following words :

“Off Cape Horn the weather was severe, and we were in danger of sinking, and, like Paul and the crew and passengers who sailed with him, we lightened the ship by throwing overboard the cargo.

“It was during that night that God met with me. I went down into my cabin without any thought of eternity or my soul; but when I had shut the door, and was alone, in a moment my whole life appeared to pass in review before me. Things that I had forgotten came vividly to my mind; events that had transpired long before, and had apparently been blotted out of the book of my remembrance, came back with wonderful vividness. I saw all the mercies and all the deliverances, and when I saw them, oh, how astonished I was at the ingratitude of the wretch who had been watched over by that loving God, and had not even thanked Him!

“I now saw that it was God who had delivered me from shipwreck and bushrangers and natives

and sickness and venomous reptiles (for I was badly stung by a scorpion), and for the first time in my life I realised in that cabin that THERE IS A GOD. I professedly believed it before, but had never known it, never realised it. I knew there was a God, and that He was searching me, and bringing into remembrance my past life, and showing me His lovingkindness and sparing mercy. When I saw it, I wept bitterly.

“ Perhaps some will wonder at this marvellous arousing of my mind to eternal realities. The secret is contained in three words—a praying mother. I remember her saying to me, ‘ Henry, I always felt that I had hold of thee however distant; for I was conscious that I had hold of God, and that God had hold of thee.’ That mother was left a widow when I was about five years old; and during my boyhood, while sleeping in a little room adjoining hers, I have heard her groans and prayers in the middle of the night, for I believe she used to rise from her bed to plead with God for her family during the night-watches.”

Yes, there is indeed a God—a God who watches over every one of us, a God who hears a mother’s prayers, a God who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth* on Him should not *perish*, but have

everlasting life. Have you believed on Him? Will you not accredit this wonderful love of God? There is nothing comely in you or your ways that could attract God's love to you, for God is holy. He is light as well as love. The light of God discovers your total unfitness for His presence—your nakedness before Him. There is nothing in you at all suitable to the presence of His holiness—for sin has ruined what coming from His hand was once so "good" and beautiful. But His sovereign grace reveals God's pure and holy love to you in His adequate provision for all your need as a sinner who has, and does, come short of His glory. The love of God has its origin and reason in the heart of God. And as without shedding of blood there is no remission, so it must be not the blood of the *creature* whether in heaven or earth (even though it were the archangel), but the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which alone can, but does (thank God) cleanse from every sin. Jesus has died, and God is now *just and the justifier* of him that believeth in Jesus. Rest your soul on this and praise Him.



“Every knee shall bow to Me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.”

THE FIERCE DEMONIAK

(LUKE VIII.)

WHAT a striking picture is here before us of the awful power of Satan over man! Satan never gives happiness but misery, never contentment but starvation. Yet men will delude themselves with the thought that what is exciting must be happiness. There can be no true happiness for man in his sins. But there is real happiness for the sinner who comes to the Saviour that came to deliver from Satan's power and thralldom. Here was a man—and he was not alone, he had a companion in his misery (Matt. viii. 28)—who had been a long time possessed with demons, who wore no clothes, who had no home save in the tombs—an exceeding danger to every passer-by, and harmful to himself.

Think of it—a long time, no improvement! a miserable, pitiable object indeed. Beyond the reach of any earthly power to tame! avoided by all. Is there nothing that can meet his case? Yes, the Deliverer has come—the Son of God Most High! However many the demons that had taken possession of this man (his name is Legion, “for we are many”) they know they must obey the command of Jesus to come out of the man, as they also know they are to be tormented by

and bye. "The demons believe and shudder."

They ask to be allowed to enter into the two thousand swine that were feeding on the mountain, and this is granted. We are given to see thus the issue of their possession of the swine. The swine are driven to destruction; and this is a picture of the inevitable future of every one who remains the prey of Satan. The end is not life, but the lake of fire which is the second death. But here the blessed Lord intervenes in His pity and grace, and the wretched demoniac is delivered. Nearly destroyed, but—delivered!

And what is now seen? The man, no longer restless and enslaved, but freed from Satan's power, is "sitting"! Oh, what a change! What a calm is here! Peace, quietness and contentment! But sitting, where? At the feet of Jesus. How blessed! And if there, we see him "clothed, and in his right mind."

How comely is all this! And what a new experience! Clothed—no longer naked. In his right mind—no longer deranged. So it was with the prodigal son of Luke xv. "He came to himself." Then he arose, and came to his father.

And now, my reader, how is it with you? Are you not under the power of Satan, still in your sins, away from God? Are you not alienated from the life of God? Do come to the Saviour. He is waiting to deliver you. He came to destroy the

works of the devil. And by and bye there will be a new heaven and a new earth in the place of the heavens and the earth that are now—once in perfection as they came from the hands of God, but now defiled. But every trace of the serpent will be banished when he himself and his hosts and victims shall be cast into the eternal, never-ending, lake of fire prepared for him and his angels—not for man. God is waiting to give you the inestimable blessing of “eternal life,” and the forgiveness of all your sins, if you will but now believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Trust no longer yourself, but the Saviour. All hangs on the object of your faith, not on the strength of it. *He* is worthy of all trust, and the believing thief on the cross proved its blessedness, and was received to paradise. Such is the grace of God our Saviour.

The Saviour is yours, and heaven is yours, if you rest your soul on Christ and His redemption. Despise it not, I pray you. For to despise this great mercy is to perish in your sins. Then—then, an infinite ransom even will be powerless to avail you!



Now desirous of being with his Deliverer, the “once-possessed” is told to go home and tell how great things Jesus had done to him. For Jesus is God.

THUS FAR THE LORD HAS LED US

Thus far the Lord hath led us on—in darkness and in day,
Through all the varied stages of the narrow homeward way.
Long since, He took that journey, He trod that path alone;
Its trials and its dangers full well Himself hath known.

Thus far the Lord hath led us—the promise has not failed;
The enemy, encountered oft, has never quite prevailed;
The shield of faith has turned aside or quenched each fiery
dart;

The Spirit's sword in weakest hands has forced him to
depart.

Thus far the Lord hath led us—the waters have been high,
But yet in passing through them we felt that He was nigh;
A very present helper in trouble we have found—
His comforts most abounded when our sorrows did abound.

Thus far the Lord hath led us—our need has been supplied,
And mercy has encompassed us about on every side;
Still falls the daily manna, the pure rock-fountains flow,
And many flowers of love and hope along the wayside grow.

Thus far the Lord hath led us—and will He now forsake
The feeble ones whom for His own it pleaseth Him to take?
Oh, never, never! earthly friends may cold and faithless
prove,

But His is changeless pity and everlasting love.

Calmly we look behind us, on joys and sorrows past;
We know that all is mercy now, and shall be well at last.
Calmly we look before us—we fear no future ill;
Enough for safety and for peace, if Thou art with us still.

JANE BORTHWICK.

Gospel

Gleanings



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ONE HALFPENNY

“BUT NOT FOR HIMSELF”

(DAN. IX. 26)

WE are glad to give our readers the following interesting account of the conversion to God in 1868, as told by himself, of Mr. M. S. Bergmann, formerly a Jew (of the stock of Abraham), but now a Christian, a believer by the grace of God in the man-rejected, but God-exalted Messiah.

We are able to add that he is still living, and besides his ordinary labours in the gospel he has sedulously devoted his spare time for the last eighteen years in translating the Bible—both Old and New Testaments—into both German and Russian Yiddish, a task, we believe, now happily completed.

May God richly bless this work to the turning of many of Israel's sons to believe in the only hope of Israel—the One whom they pierced, now exalted a Prince and a Saviour!

Here is his story:—

“ I came to this land of light and liberty in 1886 from that terrible land of Russia. We Jews only know the Christians of Russia as the persecutors of our people. As a young man the Lord spoke to me, as He spoke to Abraham, ‘Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred . . . unto a land that I will show thee.’ The Lord led me to this land. I came with the bitterest feelings in my heart, hating the very name of Christ, and those who worship Him. When I had

been in London about two years, serving as a Rabbi in a small synagogue, the Lord laid me on a sick bed. Being alone in London, I was obliged to go to a German hospital. While there a dear Christian nurse came to my bedside, and said '*Ich bete für Siē!*' (I am praying for you!) That broke my heart. I never thought a Christian could pray for a Jew!

“When I was able to be up I looked about the hospital for something to read. I found a Hebrew Bible, and for the first time I made up my mind I would read it right through. There are various passages which a Jew is never allowed to read—passages pointing so directly to the Lord Jesus Christ that they are forbidden by the Rabbis under the penalty of a terrible curse. I began to read the ninth chapter of Daniel. I knew the first part by heart, but from the twenty-fourth verse onward, dealing with the seventy weeks, it is forbidden. The Rabbis say, ‘Their bones shall rot who compute the time of the end.’ I shook for fear as I read it. When I came to the words, ‘*Messiah shall be cut off, but not for himself,*’ I took the Bible, sacred Book as it was, and threw it away with a curse, for we Jews do not believe that Messiah is to be cut off. No, He is to reign for ever and ever.

“But though I threw away the Book, I could not throw away that little sentence. Wherever I

looked I seemed to see it in flaming letters—
'Messiah shall be cut off, but not for himself,'
I could not eat or sleep, and got weaker and weaker. No one knew what was going on within.
'Messiah, shall be cut off, but not for Himself.'
For whom then, if not for Himself? For whom shall Messiah be cut off? With this question burning within me I took up the Book again. I opened it at another forbidden passage, the fifty-third of Isaiah. With the exception of one verse both pages were completely blurred to my vision. The eighth verse alone stood out clear and distinct
'He was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.'

“Here, direct from heaven, was the answer to my question, For whom was Messiah cut off? *'For the transgression of my people.'* If He was cut off for God's people, for the Jews, then He was cut off *for me*, for *my* transgression! These two passages have been the means of my conversion. Healed in body and in soul, I left the hospital a converted man.

“That was in January, 1868, and ever since God has kept me as a witness among my own people in London. I have suffered a great deal of persecution from my own people. At one time they charged me with being a thief, and got me shut up for a night in a police cell. That was the happiest

night in my life, the very night of my Lord's own suffering and crucifixion, the first night of the Passover. My accuser has now himself become a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ in answer to prayer. I myself am here in answer to the prayer of that Christian nurse.

“When I ministered in the Synagogue I imagined that the people understood the prayers and the Scriptures which I read to them in Hebrew. But when I began to preach the gospel to my own people, I found that this is very far from being the case. The greater number of the people do not understand Hebrew, and they were absolutely without the Scriptures in a language that they could understand. For twenty-one years I prayed that God would raise up someone to translate the Bible into Yiddish. When the answer came it came most gloriously. I was pleading with the Lord alone. I seemed to hear quite audibly and distinctly the words, ‘Write my word for my people that understand it not.’ This was repeated twice. I got up, and taking my Bible, opened it at random, and asked the Lord to give me a message from the page. My finger was upon Habakkuk ii. 2—‘Write the vision, and make it plain . . . that he may run that readeth it.’ I took this as the Lord's answer to my twenty-one years of prayer, and that morning I sat down to commence the stupendous task.”

“STANDARD BREAD, ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE”

SUCH were the words that met our eyes as we entered the shop of our grocer, from whom we are in the habit of having Hovis bread prepared by the same maker, and which led the writer to enquire whether this article was not equally reliable with the one which the identical maker was now so extensively advertising. On the point being seen, the grocer smiled, but could vouchsafe no explanation. As my wife made the observation that she did not believe in people that advertise *themselves*, I remarked that there was One, our Lord Jesus Christ, whose words were absolutely reliable.

Yes, He is the “standard”—“the true light which coming into the world lighteth every man.” God’s standard measurement—“who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth,” “holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners,” and who by the very fact of what He is proves “all have sinned, and do come short of the glory of God.” Thank God, however, that though separate from sinners, Jesus ate and drank *with* publicans and sinners, and Himself justified His action in the blessed words, “They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that

are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners."

Moreover, He is *the "bread."* As He averred, "Moses gave you not the bread from heaven; but my Father giveth (not selleth) you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world" (John vi. 32, 33). As part of that world, and by nature like the rest, dead in trespasses and sins, has my reader ever thought of this gift of God to him, and accepted it? For it is "that a man may eat thereof, and not die" (ver. 50), so that he is welcome. And Jesus added, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if *any man* eat of this bread he shall live for ever; and the bread which I will give is my flesh which I will give for the life of the world" (ver. 51).

What infinite love, what abounding grace! Yes, it is for you. "*Whoso* eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life; . . . for my flesh is meat (food) indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." His death was needed by us, for "the wages of sin is death"; and His blood, for it is that alone that cleanseth, and from all sin. It is a spiritual appropriation of Him, and in this way of Him who died, shed His precious blood, and is now risen again. "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words

that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." Oh, receive them! They are, more than any human words, "absolutely reliable," and He is absolutely to be trusted in all He says or does. When they asked Him, "Who art thou?" this was His reply, "Even the same that I said unto you from the beginning"—or, "Absolutely that which I also say to you." His words represent Himself, and His message to you, lost sinner, is this, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Come then, and receive this life everlasting.

W. N. T.



"YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG MAN"

FIERCE and bitter are the assaults of Satan, who, as the god of this world, not only blinds the minds of those who believe not, but, in times of bodily weakness and suffering, frequently attacks God's own children, particularly if not firmly rooted and grounded in grace. And too often, alas! does he succeed with those that may be more or less anxious as to their soul's salvation. At such seasons, how necessary it is to look away from self unto "Jesus, the author and finisher of faith," who is now seated on the right hand of the Majesty on high!

Conversing, not long ago, with a sorely-trying child of God, the writer was cheered to know that help had come to his friend's soul through a simple illustration. And in the hope that God may graciously bless it to others, I will briefly state the substance of our conversation.

My friend had been telling me some of his bitter experiences, especially in the night season, when the enemy was most active. After expressing my sympathy and stating that, in common with most believers, I too was not free from his attacks, I sought to explain what I myself should do in similar circumstances. "Suppose," said I, "Satan were to come to me to-night, with his subtle wiles, and seek to trouble my soul with the sins of my past life, what, think you, should I say?" He hesitated, and seemed lost in thought. So I added, "This is what I should say: 'Well, Satan, what have you got against me?'" And I suggested what his possible reply might be—"You know what a vile, black sinner you are; how often you have sinned against light and love; in fact you are only fit for hell, and you know that right well." "Granted, Satan; I fully admit all that, but whatever you have got against me write on yonder wall." And as I gaze I see the tempter's hand writing sin after sin from childhood to youth, youth to middle age, and middle age to hoary hairs. How big the list! how ter-

rible the indictment! how appalling the number of those countless sins! My friend was now an eager listener, as I added: "Well, Satan, mind you write them all down; don't leave one out from the time of my birth till I die, or the Lord come to take me home; make quite sure you don't omit one single sin."

And lo! the grim hand of my bitter accuser writes on and on until the long black list is complete, and then, in his rage and cruel scorn, I hear the hiss of the serpent, "And what do you think of yourself now? Are not such as you fit only for the depths of hell, and everlasting burnings?" Turning to my hearer, who was drinking in every word, I asked him, "What do you think I should say to the tempter?" He hesitated, and then slowly answered, "I scarcely know." Looking into his face I added, "This is what I should say: Yes, Satan, all you say about me is, alas! only too true; but you have *come to the wrong man*. You must go to 'the Man' who sits upon the throne of God, and whatever charges you have against me, take your accusations there and talk to Him about my sins, for you've come to the wrong man. Christ is 'the Man' who, at the cross, made Himself responsible for all that I am, and for all that I have done. Go to Him with your charges against me, and you will get for your answer, 'The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan,

even the Lord . . . rebuke thee; is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?' Sheltered by His all-atoning blood, I now can say that the Man on the throne will tell you how He bore my sins in His own body on the tree, and He will remind you of that happy night when He redeemed me from your cruel bondage, and whispered to my poor trembling heart those peace-giving words, 'Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee,' and I believed it because it is impossible for God to lie. Yes, Satan, you have come to the wrong man."

It was time to go, but a few days later I met my friend again. And oh! how he gripped my hand with joy as he exclaimed, "How glad I am to meet you again; for only last night, when sorely tempted by the devil, your words came back to me with great power, and sweet was the peace that filled my soul as I said to him, 'You've come to the wrong man.'"

Hence, dear reader, with the eye of faith gazing through the opened heavens on "the Man" who sits upon the Father's throne, the true believer may surely say, in the language of Scripture, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who

shall separate us from the love of Christ?" His wounded hands and side and feet are the everlasting tokens of that quenchless love. And at peace with God the happy believer loves to sing :

" Though the restless foe accuses,
Sins recounting like a flood ;
Every charge our God refuses,
Christ hath answered with His blood."

S. T.



"BEHOLD, HE COMETH"

(REV. I. 7)

BEHOLD, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." And who is he that is coming? " Jesus Christ who is the faithful witness and the first-begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth." So wrote the beloved apostle John. And another prophet asks: " But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth?" He comes in judgment. " All kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." "All that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth." The dead, small and great, shall stand before Him, and from His face the heaven and earth shall flee away.

Friend, do you know the Lord, the coming King of kings and Lord of lords? And do you long to meet Him? Or does His coming wake but terrors in thy soul. The very mention of His name drew

forth from that beloved apostle's heart—though suffering for His name—a glorious burst of praise. “Unto him that loveth us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto his God and Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen.”

Yes, beloved reader, He who is coming with the clouds, whom every eye shall see, is the same One who once was pierced; taken by wicked hands and crucified and slain. Yet in His death (full though it was of man's deep cruel guilt and enmity) there was God's remedy for sin. A holy, spotless victim dying in the room of sinners, giving His life a ransom for the lost; and *His* blood cleanseth from all sin.

O matchless, boundless, unexampled love of God! to give His well-beloved, His only One, to suffer and to die for rebel sinners such as we. Yea, perfect grace of Christ Himself to leave the glorious heights of heavens above, and to stoop to poverty and shame and death for me and thee. “Though he was rich, yet *for your sakes* he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.” He came—rejected and despised, refused by man, the object of His love, and was received again to heavenly glory. Now crowned and seated on His Father's throne, the mighty conqueror of Satan and the grave; there He waits—a Saviour and a Prince—waits to be gracious! And in His

blessed name we plead with thee to-day. Believe !
Receive ! Be reconciled !

“ Behold he cometh.” Oh ! hasten then without delay. Flee from the wrath to come. Yea, flee to Him, to Him alone. The coming Judge is *now* the sinner’s refuge and shelter from the coming storm. He is the Mighty, Everlasting, Rock of Ages.

Hear now His gracious words:—“ Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” Oh, what a friend of sinners ! Yea, He is the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep, and whose own precious blood alone avails to cleanse from every stain.



“ **TELL THEM ABOUT JESUS** ”

“ **A** MONG the police of Eastbourne Mr. Jackson was in much favour, as they were acquainted with the genuineness and value of his work ; and, at several of their stations, he held weekly meetings for reading the Scriptures and prayer. His last visit was indeed paid to them. About noon on 31st October, 1883, he entered the Leeman Street Station of the Second Division of Metropolitan Police. At the request of a party of constables who were being photographed he was taken with them ; after which he distributed tracts, and gave a short gospel address to the men. We spent the evening with a party of friends in North London,

and himself sung with deep feeling—

‘ I am weary of loving what passes away ;
The dearest, the sweetest, the best, may not stay ;
I long for the land where all partings are o’er,
Where death and where time can part us no more.’

His emotion overcame him, and Mrs. Jackson finished the hymn alone.

“ That night the first symptoms of his disease were observed, and the next morning there was a consultation of physicians. A week of suffering and weakness followed, and he gradually sunk. His was holy dying, as his faith remained firm, and his anticipation of glory brightened with increasing weakness. When he could scarcely speak, he said, ‘ Tell them about Jesus’! In the day of his departure he said, ‘ I see Jesus!’ He repeated the name that is above every name. He exclaimed, ‘ All in the glory land.’ His last words of consciousness were, ‘ Help me, dear Jesus! I am going home—to die no more—Jesus.’ And so he passed away over to the other side in his seventy-sixth year.”

So it is the soul that has tasted that the Lord is gracious loves to proclaim to sinners and to saints His work, and to see Him who is indeed the fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. “ Chosen of God, and precious” to us also that believe in the preciousness. “ And he that believeth on him shall not be confounded.”

THE TRUE BREAD

True bread of life, in pitying mercy given,
 Long-famished souls to strengthen and to feed;
 Christ Jesus, Son of God, true bread of heaven,
 Thy flesh is meat, Thy blood is drink, indeed.

I cannot famish, though this earth should fail,
 Tho' life through all its fields should pine and die;
 Though the sweet verdure should forsake each vale,
 And every stream of every land run dry.

True tree of life! of Thee I eat and live;
 Who eateth of Thy fruit shall never die;
 'Tis Thine the everlasting health to give,
 The youth and bloom of immortality.

Feeding on Thee, all weakness turns to power,
 This sickly soul revives, like earth in spring;
 Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant hour,
 This being seems all energy, all wing.

Jesus, once dead and buried, now our Head,
 Thy church's life and Lord, Immanuel!
 At Thy dear cross we find the eternal bread,
 And in Thy empty tomb the living well.

H. B.



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Gospel

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London:

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—
ONE HALFPENNY

“THIS IS THE MAN WHO MADE NOT GOD HIS STRENGTH”

LET me tell you the story of a man who, acquainted somewhat with the gospel, was always ready to speak of religion, yet knew not its power—who, though he could tell you that Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and that he was a sinner, yet thought to get to heaven by his own works, and that the Saviour would make up for all his shortcomings.

The death of a neighbour brought him along with others to attend the funeral, and amongst them was a companion who, finding out the false ground on which his friend was resting, told him plainly that he was putting his confidence in self instead of Christ, and that so continuing he would perish.

This, as one may well suppose, was at the time anything but palatable to our friend. Nevertheless, he began to think that perhaps, after all, he might be deceiving himself, and that his self-confidence was untrustworthy. In his distress he went to hear the address of a neighbouring minister, who took for his text, “Lo! this is the man who made not God his strength” (Psa. lii. 7). Conscience at once reminded the man of Nathan’s words to David, “Thou art the man.”

The preacher pointed out in the course of his sermon how in many ways confidence might be

misplaced; some trusting in their performance of religious duties—reading, praying, attending the various services; others in the good opinion men had of them—of their uprightness in their dealings with their fellow men, etc., etc.; but that all this was like trusting to a rope of sand. There was nothing short of the Saviour and His finished work that could avail for the soul's deepest need. Here was indeed a strong tower where one might flee and be safe.

He concluded his discourse by warning the self-righteous of their state, and of the danger awaiting them; how dreadful it would be to find that, instead of entering heaven, they would hear those awful words, "Depart, ye cursed."

The discourse ended and the listener sat condemned. Retiring, he smote upon his breast, and, like the publican or tax gatherer of Luke xviii., he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He went home convicted, confessing that he was indeed "the man who made not God his strength." Truly, "the entrance of thy words giveth light: it giveth understanding to the simple."

Now was his self-righteousness being pulled down. His eyes were opened to see the delusion under which he had long lain. "No good in creature can be found." The work of the Spirit of God in his soul, thus begun, was carried on, until, abandoning self, he found rest and peace,

where only they can be found—in the Saviour who died. The Saviour died for sinners. He came to seek and to save—to save the lost—to save us from our sins. And by His atoning death on the tree, by faith in His blood, we are entitled to know the blotting out of our sins.

Thus was our friend brought into peace and holy liberty—no longer to have confidence or trust in self, but only in Another and in what Jesus has wrought to the glory of God and for our present and eternal blessing who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.



SAVED AT LAST

IT was my lately my privilege to visit a dear aged relative, who, alas! like so many to-day, had lived all his life “without Christ and without God in the world”; but he now was awakened to see that he was a lost and guilty sinner, and that the judgment of God was upon him. Greatly feeling his need he earnestly implored that some one might be sent for to help him to find a Saviour, so real was his agony of soul at that time.

Soon after, the Lord graciously sent one of His dear servants to put before him the glorious gospel of the grace of God, which, after a time, he gladly accepted, and in its fulness found settled peace through the finished work of that holy Saviour, “whom to know is life eternal.”

Eagerly he embraced the precious truths of the word of God. It was his greatest joy to have the Bible always near him, and he loved to read it so long as he had strength to do so. One day, when conversing with this servant of God, he freely owned what a sinner he was, and what a wasted life he had led; but added, "There is nothing like the blood of Jesus." He much enjoyed the story of the blood-sprinkled lintel, especially those words, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." When suffering much one day, he said to me, "All this has come upon me for my wicked life." Later on, he sat up in bed, and, holding his Bible in his poor, weak hands, sweetly bore testimony to the goodness of God in having saved him through believing His precious word. He then exhorted those near him to hold fast by it, and, turning round to me, added, "We are quickened together with Christ, and by grace are we saved."

The end was now drawing near; but the Lord kept him in perfect peace. At last it came; and, without a movement or a sigh, but with a sweet expression of victory over death plainly resting on his face, his ransomed spirit passed quietly into the presence of that precious Saviour whom he had so lately found. "Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out." Let us never forget the words of

Jesus, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again" (John iii. 7).



THE GOSPEL OF GOD CONCERNING HIS SON

(ROM. I. 1-3).

WHAT a wonderful statement! All of God, and all about Christ—Who He is, and what He has done! And oh! how wonderful its effect on those who receive it. It was to be preached among all nations; and no wonder, for through this gospel when believed the kindness of God is felt, the bonds of sin are dissolved, Satan is defeated, the sinner saved; and at the same time Christ as Saviour endeared to the poor sinner's heart. Then it is that the unsearchable riches of Christ fill up and satisfy the soul as nothing else can do.

Sure I am that others are exposed to the like dangers that surrounded me. Some may even now be seeking to free themselves from the sins that allure them on in darkness, as I so often had done, only to find things growing worse, until the redemption that is in Christ shined upon my soul. Then it was that as I believed I felt the power of God for me, and over me, for good. My eyes were now opened. I began to see that the very God against whom I had sinned—and whose word I had so neglected—not only cared for me, but was, in His love to me, setting forth in this good news

the death of His own Son as the propitiation for my sins. There I saw that the forgiveness of sins was freely offered me—the sinner—through the sufferings of Christ on the cross for me. I began to see that the dreadful thing in me called sin—sin the flesh—had been condemned in the sending of the Holy Son of God as a sacrifice for sin on the cross. What a change; nothing seemed before me now but love. In this way the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man overpowered me, and from thence my desire has been that others too may know Jesus as their Saviour. As a man among my fellows, I do so long for others to know, and taste the love that led Jesus to die.

My dear reader, whatever men may say, or do, or think, “the true light is now shining,” and in this blessed gospel of God’s grace Christ and His work are set forth by God clearly. As the sun in the heavens shines free for all, so is Christ the Saviour now evidently set forth. Nothing but His own precious blood could have paid the price of our redemption. This has been done—eternal redemption has been obtained—and God now comes forth as the Justifier of all those who believe in Jesus, and this freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ. I do trust that you, my friend, may see light in God’s light. Oh! that you may know the gift of God—of eternal life—and what Christ is to those who receive Him as the

Saviour of the lost. This is the love that God still commends, and that this love may be your portion and joy is the writer's earnest desire.

E.T.



“DO YOU LOVE JESUS?”

SOME years ago I was privileged to visit a young woman, who, as it proved, was on her death-bed. I had known her all her life—the child of Christian parents. She was bright and happy, and up to this had always enjoyed good health, but having caught a cold, she gradually grew worse. This evening she was tossing on her bed, evidently in much pain. At first I did not think she was conscious. Still, I put this question to her, “Do you love Jesus?” She said, “Yes.” I then said, “Does Jesus love you?” She replied, “Yes.” “How do you know He loves you?” She again replied, “He died for me.” What an unanswerable proof of His love! The next I heard was that she had gone to be with the One she loved.

My dear reader, if you were to receive the summons to depart this life how would it be with you? Could you say, “I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day”? This dear one could say, “He loved me.” The apostle Paul too could say, “I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live, I

live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20).

Do you believe you need such a Saviour? If not, the fact remains. For God has said that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Do bow to the word of God. Own yourself a sinner, and God's message to you is, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5).

Think, *Who* it is that shed His precious blood upon the cross. He who is God over all blessed for ever became man in order that He might die for men. The Saviour of mankind, the only begotten Son of God, suffered on the cross—not indeed to draw out God's love to man, but to manifest that love—Himself, the expression, proof and measure of it. The Lord Jesus in His death has vindicated all God's holiness and righteousness; and on the ground of that work once and for ever accomplished there, God can, and does, now pardon all who come pleading the person and work of the Saviour. Do not delay then to come; do not treat such a salvation lightly, I pray you, nor neglect "so great salvation." May God give you to see and own your need. Then you will be able to say truly,

"My sins, my guilt, in love divine,
 Confessed and borne by Thee;
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine
 To set Thy ransomed free."

W.T.

GOOD WORKS

Two remarkable men come before us in Scripture whose good works were of a high order. The account of one we have in the Old Testament, and of the other in the New. We refer to Job and Paul.

JOB

First then as to Job. Job was a thoroughly upright man and one that abhorred what was evil. And indeed no finer testimony can be rendered than what Jehovah Himself was pleased to give of him—"none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil."

If we turn to Job's own words—and they were not false words—we find some of the ways in which this perfectness and uprightness were seen. He was, as he says, a deliverer of the poor that cried, of the fatherless and friendless. An enemy of oppression he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame—a father to the poor, and a patient investigator of wrongs and a fearless judge against wickedness. Hospitable and generous, he opened his doors to the traveller though a stranger to him. Idolatry found no place in his eyes, but was sternly refused—he walked in the fear of the one true God. All this was without

hypocrisy—he was “perfect”—a truly converted man, and not a mere professor of religion.

But however Job might cling to these good deeds and to his uprightness of heart—for he says, he put on righteousness and it clothed him; that he held it fast and would not let it go; that till he dies, his integrity he will not remove—yet when Jehovah speaks how different is Job’s language! “Behold, I am vile.” “I have spoken . . . but I will proceed no further.” He no longer cleaves to his good life and ways as satisfaction. “Now mine eye *seeth Thee*, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” What a change! Man’s best works will not do to boast in or rest upon before God, however correct and beautiful in themselves. They are mixed with infirmity, “for there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and *sinneth not*” (Eccles. vii. 20). Whatever Job might have thought as to his having whereof he might boast, he had to learn that he had no such ground of works before God.

And, my dear reader, you and I have to *stand before God!* to give account to God! “All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags,” says the “evangelical” prophet. There is only one safe standing ground, and that is the Rock of Ages—the Saviour Son of God. Are your feet upon *that* Rock? “For who is God save Jehovah? or who

is a rock save our God?" "He only is my rock and my salvation." "Whosoever *believeth* on him (the Lord Jesus) shall never be confounded." "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him." The Lord Jesus, in His words to Peter, speaks of Himself as "this rock." So Peter, in his Epistle, says of this same Jesus, "a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence" to those who *being disobedient* stumble at the word. But *unto those that believe* He is indeed precious. May we then be ready to confess *our* nothingness, yea, *our* vileness. Then shall we prove the preciousness of the Saviour who died for our sins, and was raised for our justification. "Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God has set forth a propitiation through faith in his blood."

PAUL

Now we turn to Paul, the second of these men, whose history we have in the New Testament. He was known in his unconverted days as Saul of Tarsus. Although without divine life, he was not without religion. And we know too that he was anything but half-hearted in it. After the strictest sect of his religion he lived a Pharisee. Further, he was a most conscientious man in all that he did—and his outward service of God was from early days—as he says, "from his forefathers." His parents being Jews had taken care that the

Mosaic rite of circumcision in his case should be according to the due order. He was exceedingly zealous to suppress what he felt sure was opposed to the station and privileges of his race—nationally the only people of God on the earth. There had arisen in his day an entirely new association which the law of Moses did not acknowledge. The Jews were the designated people of God. They were Israelites, to them pertained “the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the [divine] service, and the promises.” Why then allow another and superceding religion? He verily thought he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and he did so. He acted in all good conscience; and he kept the law as far as its outward requirements were concerned. He was not an idolater nor an immoral man. He honoured his parents and the sabbath. Yes, as touching righteousness which is in law, he himself says, he was blameless. Here then was one who might have had confidence before God if any one could by works of man. But God’s word is plain. “By deeds of law (holy and just and good as it is) there shall be *no flesh* justified in his sight” (Rom. iii. 20).

But all this excellency as a Jew and good standing before his co-religionists, he found of no avail before God. The light of God’s word entered

his soul. He found that this righteousness would not do. What things he had formerly considered a gain to him, he now discards on which to rest. He needs a better righteousness than man's, however excellent. There is a righteousness of another class entirely, and this is through faith of Christ, "the righteousness which is [not of man, but] *of God by faith.*" This is not Christ's righteousness in the sense of His perfection making up for my imperfection or shortcomings. He is indeed the righteous One—the Holy One of God. Had He not been this, He could not have been a sin offering—"it is most holy." But God reveals *His* righteousness, which is the holy consistency of all His attributes in the *justifying* of the guilty sinner who rests all upon what Christ has suffered—"the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." This is faith. Not faith in self, but turning to, and confiding in, the only Righteous One. God has been so glorified in the laying down of Christ's life in atonement for sins that His *justice* now secures not only the acquittal of, but the receiving into fullest favour, the poor sinner that stands solely upon the efficacy—the everlasting efficacy of Christ's redemption. The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.

May the Spirit of God thus lead you to give up all confidence in self, so that you may be enabled

to say, in the words of the apostle, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy HE SAVED us."



A REPLY TO A QUESTION

ASKED ON BLACKHEATH

"ON WHAT REASONABLE BASIS, CAN A SENSIBLE MAN TRUST IN
A CRUCIFIED CHRIST?"

You ask on what basis our reason can rest
For boast of a Saviour in Whom we are blest!
We answer with gladness, Christ died in our stead,
Whom God has in righteousness raised from the dead.

All, all is of God, the gospel's so plain;
The Seed of the woman on Calvary was slain.
The promised Messiah, the Fountain of good,
Once died for our sins, and we're saved by His blood.

This then is the work upon which we rely,
And boast of a Saviour Whose love cannot die;
His death proves a rock that no tempest can shake;
We love Him, we praise Him, Who died for our sake.

No forced obligation—when judgment He bore—
The plan of salvation was purposed before;
Immanuel, "God with us," came forth here to do
A work of salvation for me and for you.

In Him we have found a real fountain of grace,
So fresh and so sweet, as His path we retrace;
The God Whom we worship—His counsels, His will,
His dictates of mercy, Christ came to fulfil.

And since He has come, as the prophets foretold,
 We taste of His blessings more precious than gold ;
 Through faith in His merits, new life we obtain,
 And those who possess it, its worth may proclaim.

The Lord is our portion, we joy in His love ;
 We boast of a Saviour now living above ;
 Though men may reject Him, the Faithful, the True !
 He died as a ransom for me and for you.

We rest on His merits. 'Tis this makes us bold ;
 We are saved through His blood—let the message be told—
 As debtors to mercy we love to proclaim
 That all is of God through the Lamb that was slain.

What more can we say—what more can we do ?
 But tell of our Saviour to sinners like you ;
 We pray that God's love may now enter your heart—
 That you in these blessings may thus have a part.

If you reason with God, He will open your eyes,
 And in grace He will teach you where true wisdom lies ;
 His love and His word your dark minds will unlock,
 And, like sensible men, you will rest on a rock.

E. T.

ERRATA

(in last number)

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Gospel

Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

BEAUTIFUL JUNE

THE beautiful month of June has come. We travel quickly. Sixty seconds a minute! Sixty minutes an hour! Some one may say, "Dear me! how quickly time flies." Here we are already in June, the sixth month of the year 1911. This month has been called "Leafy June," "The Month of Roses," and surely we cannot help admiring the beauties of nature on every hand! Do we not see the luxuriance of leaf and flower in great variety? although the curse of sin remains, and we are in the midst of a groaning creation. Can this be denied? But, my dear friend, and unsaved reader, pause a few moments and consider this—that if you will but trust in God, and believe in Jesus, who died for you a sinner, and whose precious blood was shed for sinners, then, this month, yes, this very month of June, shall be to you the beginning of months. It will be a new start altogether; a complete change to you and for you.

From bondage and misery and unrest and the uncertainty of life, to joy and gladness, and liberty and peace, and comfort—right on into eternity. Faith in the precious blood of Christ brings happiness and peace and rest as well as a shelter from the awful judgment to come. By faith we get assurance of salvation, and no condemnation now. We pass from death unto life the moment we

believe in Jesus; and this is a cause in itself of deep heartfelt praise and thanksgiving to God.

What are all the transient joys of earth? What are all the so-called pleasures of time and sense, compared to an eternity of bliss? For ever and for ever with the Lord! And not only with Him, but like Him, and that for ever. "Fulness of joy" and "pleasures for evermore," and all this made secure and sure the moment you trust in the precious blood of Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Will you miss it? I hope not.

"Free from the law—oh, happy condition!
Jesus hath bled, and there is remission!
Cursed by the law, and bruised by the fall,
Christ hath redeemed us once for all."

May this month of June be unto every unsaved reader the beginning of months. Why not? God's time is now.

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37).

It was during the month of June last year that the sister of the writer passed away from this world of sorrow to be with Christ, which is far better. Some little time before the end came, and after a very trying night of pain and unrest, in the morning, she being low-spirited and greatly depressed,

God gave her a very precious word of comfort from Psalm xvi.

It seemed to her like a living voice in her very ear, as she lay there on her bed of suffering, and so weary in her body.

The word given was this:—"In thy presence is fulness of joy; and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." This was indeed a great comfort to her soul, and thus she was comforted of God.

Oh, my reader, do you find comfort in God and His word? What else is there to comfort you now, day by day, and in the hour of death. Think now of these words:—"Pleasures for evermore," and "Fulness of joy." And all this love and grace and blessing is for all eternity, if you now accept the Saviour—instead of everlasting pain and sorrow and woe, the desert of us all, because of our many sins.

Think of the contrast, dear reader, between a saved soul and a lost soul! "He is comforted"—"Thou art tormented." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," for "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Believe and live. Then this month of June shall be to you the beginning of months. God grant it. Amen.

FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE BROAD ROAD

Too intoxicated to know what she was doing, or that she had no right there, a miserable creature, clothed in rags, entered unperceived the door of a private house, found her way into the empty dining room, and taking possession of the sofa, fell fast asleep. Darkness came on, the shutters were closed without the intruder being noticed; but when early the following morning the footman went in to open the windows, his astonishment may be imagined in discovering a woman, still in a drunken sleep; comfortably ensconced there! A terrible picture of shame and depravity she presented, with only a few rags about her, and with not merely a black eye, but half her face one swollen purple bruise. She could give no account of how she came there; so, not knowing what to do with such a creature, the police were called, and she was eventually brought before the magistrate. There her language and tone of voice betrayed that although so terribly sunk and held by the fetters of sin, she was a woman of education, and had been of refinement; and touched by her tale of sorrow, as well as her manifest shame and regret, the magistrate discharged her, on her promise to sign the pledge.

She was then taken to one whose delight it was

(and still is) to tell of a Saviour who came to seek and save the lost among the poor and outcasts. He listened to her story, and then said:

“ Well, Mrs. —, you have signed the pledge. Do you expect to keep it? ”

“ Yes, sir, I hope so. ”

“ How do you expect to keep it? ”

“ I shall pray, sir. ”

“ You are right ; God answers prayer. But now suppose you go on well for a month or two and then forget to pray and fall again, what then? ”

With a sigh that seemed to come from the very depth of her being she answered, “ I don't know what I could do then. ”

“ Ah ! ” he replied, “ I will tell you a more excellent way. ” And then he told her of One whom he knew, of One who had received him just as he was, years before ; One who came “ not to call the righteous *but sinners* ” ; who “ *receiveth sinners* ” ; who saves His people not only from the consequences and judgment of sin, but from sin itself, and who, in the words of the hymn, “ *Breaks the power of cancelled sin* ” ; but who, in order to save the sinner, had borne the judgment, had exhausted the wrath, had satisfied the claims of God, and who still says, “ *Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.* ” There was no need to tell her she was a sinner—she knew it ; no need to expatiate on the power and deadliness of sin—she had proved

it too well; but when she heard of a Saviour who would take her just as she was, who would claim her from her sins, and keep her from them, who had pledged Himself (and never could break it) to save all along the way those "who come unto God by him," she fell on her knees before Him, and then and there yielded herself, spirit, soul, and body, to Him. And He who says "him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" spoke to her heart the words He uttered long ago: "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace and be whole of thy plague." "*Thy* sins are forgiven."

Her new friend, who had thus been the means of introducing the Saviour to the sinner, did not forsake her, but most kindly found a suitable lodging and supplied her need until she could support herself by honest employment.

To obtain this he called one day on a gentleman of high social standing, who was greatly interested in the "temperance cause," and to him he related the foregoing account.

"And do you think she will really keep the pledge?" he queried.

"I am sure of it. She is a new creature; she has been born again," he replied.

"Whatever do you mean?" asked the gentleman. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Sir! you a member of the Church of England—

a churchwarden—never heard of such a thing! Have you never read the thirty-nine articles? Have you never read the third of John? ”

The gentleman was silent, and his visitor, fearing he had spoken too warmly, apologised for anything that sounded like disrespect, but added he must express what God had taught him.

“ My dear fellow! I am not offended. But you are putting new thoughts in my mind that have never been there before.” And the elderly, honoured gentleman, high in his country’s service, the churchwarden and temperance advocate, learned that he too must be “born again ”; that he needed a new nature, else he “should not see the kingdom of God ”; and learned too that it was for him—the perishing—that the Son of man had been lifted up; and believing on Him, he too passed from death unto life—a “ new creature.”

Reader! which side of the broad road are you? Greater contrast could hardly be between the degraded, drunken sot, and the respectable, religious gentleman; but both needed a Saviour; both were found by that Saviour; both are now being carried on His shoulders home “even to hoar hairs.” Will both rise up in the judgment against you a Christ rejector?

T.



ONE THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN A BROTHER

THERE is a picture drawn in Genesis xlv. 1-15— and where God draws a picture that picture is perfect—and how perfect is the image in the type before us, each heart that has tasted anything of the sweetness of the Antitype can testify. We will not look at the previous dealings of Joseph with the consciences of his brethren, nor at the results following, for I want now just to consider for a moment this scene—the revelation of Joseph himself—to these guilty, hateful, and self-condemned men, his brethren, and to consider it in the glorious Person of Him of whom the patriarch arch was but a shadow.

To start with, then, all these beauties emanated directly from the heart of Joseph. Pent up there his deep affection for those who had simply returned hatred for his love had been working and waiting—waiting till the moment when, self-condemned, they stood before him with nothing to plead but their own utter helplessness. Then it was he “could not refrain himself”—the pent up tides no longer could be restrained; out the billows of love must roll in its deathless ocean fulness. A faint likeness indeed of those eternal depths that now are overflowing from the heart of the blessed God to the vilest; the torrents of divine love which, unchecked, are pouring themselves on the thirsty

ground, since every barrier has been removed by the cross. The moment divine righteousness was satisfied the heart of God removed all hindrances to His presence, the veil was rent by His hand, and the Saviour God came out in the plenitude of His grace to meet the long loved, long lost sinner. And—to meet him alone! So here, no Egyptian official, however dignified, is allowed to intrude into the solitude of that meeting place; no inquisitive eyes may rest on that scene! “There stood no man there” to mar or distract that meeting. Instinctively we feel how out of place another’s presence would have been. No priest needed, no intercessor—no, indeed! Shall *we* allow any to force their presence into the sacred recesses of the audience chamber of “the great God our Saviour” when called to be alone with Him? He commands them to go out; the secrets of His heart are only for those who are the objects of its affection.

In the verses of our chapter let us notice five things in connection with the Lord Jesus:—(1) The person of the Son (ver. 3); (2) He is our kinsman (ver. 4); (3) the guilt of His people; (4) God’s purpose in it; and (5) the glory of Him whom they sold, but whom God sent.

No wonder that the declaration, “I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?” terrified them! Joseph, the father’s son, his delight and beloved one, the one whom they had hated, and now on the throne!

But grace has deeper depths to manifest, other secrets to unfold; secrets that no "house of Pharaoh" may overhear; and he who "wept aloud" now beckons closer to whisper only to their ears the remembrance of their guilt. Yet in unfolding it the son reveals their kinsman, it is as one "not making afraid" that he presents himself, "Joseph *your brother*"! "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he himself also took part of the same." "The Word was made flesh."

The truth must come out, however unpalatable; grace might hide it from others, but to them the solemn words must be uttered, "Whom ye sold"—yet blessed, thrice-repeated truth, "whom God sent" (vers. 4-8)! Man's guilt, your guilt, my guilt, is told out in deepest blackness at Calvary, though at the same moment the provision to meet it is presented also. God's side—He sent, sent the Saviour—to "save" not Egypt merely, but "your lives"—yours who sold Him, yours, who would not have Him!

Oh, gaze and adore! Be not wrapped up in your guilt, terrible though it be. Behold the Lamb of God. See God's purposes in Calvary, and know that our very sins that nailed Him to the cross are atoned for by the blood there shed for us who believe! What matchless grace! But more—the God who sent His only begotten Son is the God who "has made" this same Jesus whom ye crucified

both Lord and Christ!" It is the exalted One who speaks, with added glories on His brow, God's answer to Golgotha's shame and scorning. "*Wherefore* also God hath highly exalted Him." Not as the Son, which He ever was and ever is, but as the "sent One," the sold One, the humbled Son of man, these honours deck His brow. We see Him crowned with glory and honour. *Many* diadems shall crown His head (Rev. xix. 12).

In Joseph we read of his threefold honours:— (1) "A father to Pharaoh," words figuratively foretelling the intimacy of relationship with Him who fills the throne. "Therefore doth my Father love me." (2) "And Lord of all his house." "Whose house are we." Are you of it? Is He "thy Lord"?—then "worship thou Him!" (3) "And governor over all Egypt." Yea! the "Governor among the nations." However many gods amongst the nations, "to *us* there is *one* God the Father. . . and one Lord Jesus Christ."

Blessed unfoldings! Are they yours, my reader? Knowest thou this One, the true Joseph? Then "haste ye and go." Carry His message to thy home, to thy kindred, to those over whom His heart yearns. Bear His invitation, "Come down"—to be near Him—to be nourished by Him—and "tell of all my glory"! Yea, go! Go with His tears on thy neck, His kiss on thy cheek. Go in the sense of His love lavished thus upon thee; but

ere thou goest, open out thy heart to Him who has revealed His as thine—and commune, yea, “talk with Him.”

H. C. T.



THE CRY OF DISTRESS, AND THE ANSWER OF GRACE

Ps. cxviii. 5

“**I** CALLED upon the LORD in distress: the LORD answered me, and set me in a large place.”

What a contrast is here between the deliverances of men (few indeed, too) and the manner of God’s deliverances, His delivered ones being also many! —“a great multitude which no man could number.” For there is here not deliverance only, but a *large place* into which the answered one is now brought. Truly, God’s ways are above our ways.

“Distress.” Can there be in this world a greater distress than what is felt by the one into whose soul the word of God has entered and ploughed up the conscience? To find out how I stand as in the sight of heaven—guilty! “Guilty before God.” What an awful discovery is this! Yet, how true! Now is the truth made known in its fulness since Jesus Christ came, and died for our sins, and ascended on high. When here on earth the Lord Jesus told out the state of man in these words, “The Son of man came to seek and save that which is *lost*.” Have you taken this

ground before God—as one that is “lost”? If lost then, is there *no* hope? Yes, but only in turning away from yourself, or from any creature, to God above. “I called upon the Lord.” No other call can avail. Your case is too desperate for any man or angel to take up. “Look unto me . . . for I am God, and there is none else” (Isai. xlv. 22). The Psalmist called upon the Lord, and the Lord answered. Are *you* entitled to call? What saith the Scripture? “*Whosoever* shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved” (Rom. x. 13). Is not this plain, and encouraging? Be not heedless. God is waiting to hear your call. He knows your distress. He delights to answer the cry of faith. “Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed,” or confounded (Rom. x. 11). The references are given so that you may turn to them, and know that they are the testimony of God Himself in His word. “If we receive the testimony of men, *the testimony of God is greater*: for this is the testimony of God, which he hath testified of his Son” (1 John v. 9).

Not only is there “deliverance,” but entry into a large place. Why should God so go beyond our call? Because He delights, not only in mercy, but also in goodness—in grace. “Rich in mercy,” there is, moreover, the greatness of His love (Eph. ii. 4, 8). And all this righteously, because of His Son whom He gave and raised

again from the dead—" who was delivered up for our offences and raised again for our justification." " Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and we exult in hope of the glory of God " (Rom. iv. 24—v. 2). Is not this a large place indeed? And why not yours?

Believe, then, on God who justifies the ungodly. Then is faith reckoned to you as righteousness—"justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus " (Rom. iii. 24; iv. 3, 5).



SPIRIT-LED

Gracious Lord, Thy Holy Spirit
 Dwells within we know,
 Guiding, teaching and controlling,
 All the journey through;
 Yet we feel how oft we grieve Him
 By our own self-will,
 When, if we had been but subject,
 He had led us still.

Oft we've proved it, to our sorrow,
 That the flesh within,
 Loves to do its will and pleasure,
 Which, alas! is sin;
 But thro' grace, a mightier power
 Garrisons our hearts;
 He delights to honour Jesus,
 And sweet joy imparts.

Well we know that He hath sealed us,
 Till redemption's day ;
 Well we know without His power
 We could never pray ;
 Neither can we rightly worship,
 Save as He doth lead ;
 Oh ! for grace to be self-emptied,
 Lord, for this we plead !

Baptised by the self-same Spirit,
 We are not our own ;
 Members, Lord, of Thine own body,
 Thou, the Head alone ;
 Thus it is our souls Thou feedest
 With the bread of God ;
 Thus it is as thou directest,
 We obey Thy word.

So, too, in God's holy temple
 Dwells that holy Guest,
 Severally His gifts dividing
 As He deemeth best ;
 Oh ! to be divinely guided
 In the "house of God,"
 And to speak, or else be silent,
 Faithful to His word.

Give us grace, then, Lord, to listen
 To Thy Spirit's voice !
 Only as He works within us,
 Can our souls rejoice ;
 Thus, Thy holy mind discerning,
 Will our path be plain ;
 And we shall, in sweet communion,
 Find Thee all our gain.

S.T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

"IF ANYONE HAS SINS, I HAVE!"

HE was a cruel blood-thirsty savage, more cruel perhaps than the generality of his tribe, and for this reason carried out more successfully his duties as executioner to his chief, a Central African potentate, who knew no law save his own arbitrary will. Deeds of horror and of blood, which would make my reader shudder, were to this man but the every day duties connected with his profession, while on his own private account he had been known to murder many a victim in cold blood who had dared to offend him, and many a tiny infant too, whose only crime was that its existence hindered its slave-mother from carrying out to the full the arduous toil enacted from her.

But the "light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God" is shining, and beams of that light found their way even into "darkest Africa," to dispel the darkness of ages, and shed the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." The strange news of a Saviour God—so holy that He could not look upon sin; so gracious that in order to spare the sinner He had given His own Son to die, and bear the punishment instead; so righteous, that all the claims of His holiness being met, He had raised that Son from the dead, and seated Him at His own right hand in heaven, and through Him sent to those lost Africans the message of forgiveness, salvation and eternal life—that strange, glad story

was sounded out in the hearing of the King, his warriors, and his servants. . . .

Years passed, and still messengers from the God of Glory told to the sable tribes the message of his grace; some, a very few, had believed it, and had found it true. *They* knew their sins forgiven; the past all blotted out; *they* could, by the power of the Holy Spirit, who had sealed them, look up to the glory where their Sin-Purger is seated, and cry, "Abba, Father"; *their fellows* knew the white man's message was no idle tale, as they saw changed lives, holy living, and joy, such as they had never witnessed before.

One evening a little band had gathered together for prayer—the missionaries and those whose hearts had been opened to receive the word. One after another had prayed and spoken, when suddenly a swarthy figure rose at the back and began to address the meeting. "I have long wished to speak," he faltered, "but have hesitated, for if anyone has sins, I have"—a shudder passed through his astonished audience, as they recognised the aforetime executioner, and recalled many a ghastly crime too well remembered—"but why should I *not* speak?" he continued. "For against my many sins stands the full payment made by the blood of Jesus for us black people, and you white people too."

The meeting bowed in worship as they realised, as never before, the value of that blood which cleanseth from all sin, and could make "full payment for, could expiate, *such* guilt, and turn such a man "from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God." And was it so? Or was it merely a passing delusion, a phantom of a disordered brain? Ask the cannibal tribes around who first heard from his lips of a Saviour, even for such as they; ask the children he taught, the Christians he cared for, as, "in labours more abundant," he spent the few remaining years of his life, and then departed with great joy to be with Him who had loved him and washed him from his sins in His own blood.

My reader is not a blood-stained savage, but he is a sinner "guilty before God," and there is nothing that can atone for his sins, be they many or few, except the "full payment made by the blood of Jesus." Thank God, it is "for you white men too." Are you trusting it? Or, in the day that is coming, when "the Lord Jesus shall come to be glorified in his saints and admired in all them that believe," and that once ferocious savage shall come in the glory with Him, shining in the likeness of Christ, and with many another African as his "crown of rejoicing"—then, where will my reader be found? Among the number of those on whom vengeance

shall be executed as those that know not God, or in company with this once guilty sinner who came to the Saviour and proved the value of that precious blood that makes whiter than snow? Come to Jesus now, and you shall be saved as he was.



A ROYAL COMMAND, PROCLAMATION, AND PREROGATIVE

I.—A ROYAL COMMAND

WHEN Paul preached his wonderful sermon on Mars' hill; beholding, as he did, with sad heart, the ancient city of Athens "wholly given to idolatry," there were two solemn subjects of the deepest importance which he pressed upon his hearers.

"Jesus and the resurrection" were the two precious themes on which the Apostle dwelt in his striking and powerful discourse; and nothing could have been more suited to the Jews, philosophers, idolators, and pleasure-seekers who crowded round him on that eventful day. God, as Creator, had not only made the world, but given life and breath to all men for one specific end and object; which was, "that they should seek the Lord," and not bow down to worship idols of gold, silver or stone, "graven by art and man's device."

In his journey through the city the Apostle had "found an altar with this inscription, 'To the unknown God,' " and he proceeded to tell these idola-

tors that the One whom they ignorantly worshipped he would declare unto them. Now there can be no true knowledge of God apart from Christ, who came to reveal Him as Light and Love in the midst of a poor dark world that was, and still is, in open rebellion against Him. Hence Paul preached unto them "Jesus," whose blessed voice had stopped him in his mad career on the way to Damascus; and at the close of his discourse he announced God's Royal Command in these heart-searching words:—"The times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent. Because he hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath appointed; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

Six hundred years before, Nebuchadnezzar, the proud, idolatrous, Gentile king, had issued a Royal Command to all people, nations, and languages, that, at the sound of various kinds of music, they should fall down and worship the golden image he had set up on the plains of Dura; when, as we know, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego preferred being cast into a seven-times-heated fiery furnace rather than worship an idol instead of the one and only true God whom these three Hebrews loved and served; yea, the very God who now commands all men everywhere to repent.

Dear reader, have you yet obeyed this Royal Command, from which not one of Adam's race is exempt? The day of judgment is fast approaching; and at the bar of God there is no way of escape for any who have lived and died in their sins. Christ, the sinner's Saviour, made a full atonement for sins by the shedding of His precious blood, and has been raised from the dead by God Himself. As all who die must rise again, so Paul preached "Jesus and the resurrection" to those idolators. Some mocked, some procrastinated, some believed. To which of these three classes do you belong? Repent you must, or perish in your sins! Now, to the believer Christ's resurrection secures pardon, peace, life, righteousness and everlasting glory; but to the unbeliever it involves the absolute certainty of everlasting sorrow, in the depths of an endless hell. Repent then now, my friend, and believe the gospel, lest to-morrow be too late.

II.—A ROYAL PROCLAMATION

Before that day of judgment comes, however, "the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only [wise] God," has issued His Royal Proclamation; and sent it forth broadcast throughout the length and breadth of His world-wide dominions. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." This glorious message comes to

us by the Holy Ghost, through Paul's pen; and it is no idle tale, but a "faithful saying" concerning God's faithful Son and Servant, whom He sent into the world for the express purpose of saving sinners, and "for the putting away of sin by the sacrifice of himself." Thus is it worthy of "all acceptance," for the simple and obvious reason that it is good news sent to everybody by the God who cannot lie.

Nebuchadnezzar's Proclamation was unjust, tyrannical, and wicked; for thereby he falsely claimed for himself that worship which is due to God alone. But God's Proclamation comes not from Babylon's palace, but from heaven's courts, and is a message of mercy and free salvation to all, whether young or old, rich or poor. Have you heeded this Royal Proclamation, and do you believe it? For does it not intimately concern you? even your present as well as your future blessing? To you, personally, is this Royal Proclamation sent, for you are one out of the "all who have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Yes, Christ Jesus, the anointed Saviour, came into the world to save sinners." Hence it is preciously true that, just because you are a sinner, lost and guilty in yourself, He came to save you.

The question then arises, Do you really believe He came to save you? His death and blood shedding have settled every question between you and

God, and laid the righteous foundation whereby God can be just, and yet the Justifier of the one who believes in Jesus. Unsought and unasked, the Great Deliverer came and "suffered for our sins, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God." Will you then, dear reader, accept now the precious Saviour God has sent to save you?

III.—A ROYAL PREROGATIVE

If God's Royal Command rang out on Mars' hill, through the Apostle's lips, so likewise does that same faithful servant announce at Antioch God's Royal Prerogative; and so delighted were Gentiles to hear it, that they "besought" that those very "words might be preached to them the next Sabbath." How sweetly true it is that it is God's prerogative to show mercy to all alike, whether Jew or Gentile, for He delighteth in mercy and "judgment is His strange work" !

Would you like to know, dear reader, the special way in which He shows this mercy? If so, you can read the words for yourself in Acts xiii. 38, 39. "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that, through this man, 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."

How few, alas! believe the fact to-day that "by the works of the law shall no flesh be

justified," and that, "if righteousness come by the law, Christ has died in vain."

All the law can do is to curse and to condemn those that do not keep it; but "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Justification is more than pardon, though they go together, as God's divine prerogative. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God; who also maketh intercession for us." May you then, dear reader, be found among those who obey His Command, believe His Proclamation; and accept His Prerogative; and you will pass even now "from death unto life," and will spend the one bright, eternal day with Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost!"

S. T.



"MY STRENGTH, AND SONG, AND MY SALVATION"

PSA. CXVIII. 14.

THE LORD is my strength and song, and is become my salvation." Such is the utterance of the writer of this Psalm. Of whom, then, does the psalmist thus speak? "The LORD is

my strength and song." Generally where Lord is printed in capital letters in our Bible it means "Jehovah." But in this verse as well as in verses 5, 17, 18 and 19 of this same Psalm, it is not Jehovah but "Jah." "Jehovah" is the name by which He is known to His chosen people Israel as the One who has placed Himself in covenant relationship to them (Exod. vi. 2-4). But "Jah" is "the assertion of the necessary, continuous, eternal, personal existence of God," apart from any such special relationship to a peculiar people. Here we have what He is in His own essential eternal being. And so it is His catholic or general relationship to *every* creature, rather than to a favoured few.

"Jah is my strength and song." This is not an expression peculiar to the pious Israelite as was the writer of this Psalm. It is the language of faith, and God is no respecter of persons. Have you, then, whether Jew or Gentile—for all mankind are divided into these two classes, so that—to one or the other you belong—have you, whichever you be, "called upon Jah in distress" (verse 5)? Have you cried to God as a helpless, guilty sinner? "To this man will I look even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word" (Isa. lxvi. 2). "Jehovah is nigh unto *all* them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in *truth*" (Psa. cxlv. 18). The psalmist cried and

was *answered*. "Jah answered me and set me in a large place" (ver. 5).

Now in this fourteenth verse we have more. "Jah is my strength and song." Have you ever felt how helpless you are? When we were "without strength . . . Christ died for the ungodly."

How often have you tried to do better—to turn over a new leaf, as men say! But all in vain. You have not been able to please yourself even, much less to please God. For "without faith it is impossible to please him," and you have not yet turned to God, believing in Him. Oh, will you not then cease from your own works, which are powerless to save or even to make you better? You are without strength, because you are a sinner, a guilty sinner. Turn, believingly, to God, and you will find Him to be your strength; and not only your strength, but song. No longer trusting to self and your efforts, see a work already done for you. Christ has died; and by His death He has made purification for sins. You could not aid in this work in any way. He did it "*by Himself*" (Heb. i. 3), and because of its accomplishment He has taken His seat on high—"on the right hand of the Majesty on high." No higher place could He take. And "God has highly exalted Him and given him a name that is above every name." For He is worthy.

How good of God to send this Saviour, for nothing less than a Saviour could possibly avail, so utterly ruined and strengthless were we. But (Psa. cxxx.) with Him is "forgiveness (ver. 4), and "mercy" and "plenteous redemption" (ver. 7).

"Jah is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation." When were these words first uttered? When Israel had crossed the Red Sea and seen all their enemies "dead upon the sea shore." "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto Jehovah, and spake, saying, I will sing unto Jehovah, for *he hath triumphed* gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. Jah is my strength and song," etc. (Ex. xv. 1, 2). And these four words—Jah, strength, song, salvation—are here brought together and occur for the first time in Scripture.

Why this significance? Because the shelter of the blood, and redemption from the power of the enemy had now been set forth and experienced; and the redeemed soul can now therefore sing to, and of, the Lord. So we, also, who believe, resting on an eternal redemption found on Calvary, now sing a "new song" which shall never cease. We give "thanks to the Father who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; who hath *delivered* us from the power of darkness," and "in whom we have redemption, the forgiveness of sins—for, like pious Simeon,

we by faith can say, " Mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Truly, this Jah, the everlasting God, has become our salvation. The sinner who believes on God who raised up the Lord Jesus from the dead, exalted now by God's right hand a Prince and a Saviour, is justified; and being justified by faith, he has peace with, and boasts in, God through our Lord Jesus Christ. God is for us. And if God be for us who can be against us? is the language of the rejoicing and triumphant soul.

Exod. xv. speaks of a salvation once in the past celebrated by Israel, and they sang. Psalm lxvi. tells us that " praise is *silent* for thee, O God, *in Zion*," and so it now is. Driven out of their land (Matt. xxii. 7) because of their sins, and their crowning guilt of rejecting the Deliverer who came to His own, but His own received Him not, there is now, alas! no song on the lips of the Jews. But a day is coming when, repentant, they shall say, " O Jehovah, I will *praise* thee. . . Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for Jah Jehovah is my strength and song; and he is become my salvation " (Isai. xii.).

To you, my reader, is the word of salvation sent. Hear it then, believe it, and you shall find God to be *your* strength, and song, and *your* salvation.

SEEN OF ANGELS

What did ye see, ye wond'ring sons of light,
That one by one, uprising from your thrones,
Ye should come down into earth's wretchedness,
To listen to her groans?

What did ye see, when with sad, solemn gaze,
As though some startling vision had been given,
Ye turned your straining eyes to this dark world,
Ye who were used to heaven?

Ah! ye had waited long, with heads bowed low,
And souls in rapt expectancy attent;
For well ye knew a promise had been given,
But knew not what it meant.

And still those Eden memories had returned,
As vast unmeasured ages swept along,
And measured in the depth of many a heart,
The swelling thought grew strong.

Low whisperings had been heard, and seraph hands
Had trembled as they held the golden strings;
There seemed such heavy breathing on the air
Of deep mysterious things!

Words unfamiliar—Sin, and Death, and Blood,
Had found a stifled utterance, one by one,
Linked in some new strange meaning with His name—
The well-beloved Son!

What did ye see—long poised on steady wing
Where humble men were watching flocks of sheep?
Close folded to a virgin-mother's breast,
A little Babe asleep!

Ah! we in our poor world had heard of Love,
 And ye had sung it in your own bright heaven,
 And ever and anon from loving hearts
 New impulses were given.

New notes of praise were added to the song;
 But ye had never learnt the tale of Grace,
 Until ye saw its golden letters written
 Upon that Infant's face!

What did ye see? O Gabriel, to thine ear
 A word of wondrous import had been spoken,
 And on the echoes of a listening world
 That mighty word had broken.

And was it so that on that Baby brow
 Ye were to read the mystery all complete?
 And cherubim and seraphim to bow
 Before those Infant feet?

Hush, harps of heaven! It is too strange a song,
 Its notes may falter on th' unpractised string;
 Wait till a blood-bought church shall raise the strain
 That angels cannot sing.

C. P.



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

A HIDING-PLACE FROM THE WIND; AND A COVERT FROM THE STORM

IN the month of April, 1899, my wife and I were quietly strolling along the beautiful cliffs at Biarritz—gazing, with great delight, upon the blue waters of the Bay of Biscay which lay at our feet; lit up as they were with the golden sunshine of that spring afternoon. And with keen interest we watched the splendid white-crested waves as they burst in their rainbow-tinted lustre upon the rugged shore. Fair indeed was the scene, for all Nature seemed clothed in her loveliest garb; and little did we anticipate, as we continued our walk over those glorious hills, the extraordinary change that so shortly was about to take place in the weather.

Quite suddenly, however, the sky became overcast, the wind rose rapidly, and thick, black clouds only too plainly indicated that a tremendous storm was fast approaching; while the waves below were lashed into a white foam, as, with a thundering roar, they beat upon the rocks.

Quickening our steps, we hurried on to find, if possible, some place of shelter from the torrents of rain which were now falling; and at length, to our joy, we discovered, near the edge of the cliffs, a small stone wall, which was the only available

protection from the force of the wind that was now blowing a perfect gale. There, with great trepidation, and not knowing what might happen, we waited for considerably more than an hour, vainly attempting at intervals to reach a fence that lay some little way off, and which led to a few solitary houses that we could see in the distance. Every time, however, we attempted to leave the shelter of that wall some furious gust of wind would blow us down; and it soon became evident that it was our only place of safety.

Never shall we forget that afternoon's experience! For, while we were securely sheltered behind that wall, a small vessel was being dashed to pieces on the rocks below. How vividly, in that hour of suspense and danger, did we realise the precious truth of that lovely scripture, "A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the storm"! And truly fierce was the storm that raged around us that day; and it was with the greatest difficulty, and after being several times blown down, that at length we were enabled to reach the fence that led to a house, where (fortunately for us) a carriage drove up, which, after the discharge of its occupants, we were glad to hire. We eventually reached our hotel, truly thankful to God for His preserving care and mercy.

This is a true story, dear reader, and I hope it

may lead you now to take shelter beneath the precious blood of that divine Saviour, "the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all." Another, and a far more awful, storm is fast approaching, from which there is no escape; and it will swiftly burst upon the world of the ungodly, and overwhelm you in eternal judgment, unless you now take shelter in the "Rock of Ages," where that storm can never touch you.

God alone knows when that terrible storm will overtake this guilty world, where His well-beloved Son was, by wicked hands, crucified and slain; but His word solemnly declares that when men "shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape." What the Ark was to Noah and his wife and family in the days of the flood; what the blood-sprinkled lintel was to the believing Israelite in Egypt; and what the scarlet line was to Rahab and all her house, so is Jesus now to every poor sinner who flees to Him for refuge.

He Himself, as our Divine substitute and Saviour, has already passed through the fiercest of all storms, when He was bruised for our iniquities, and His soul was made an offering for sin. He could truly say, as the Divine Sin-Bearer, "Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. Thy wrath

lieth hard upon me ; and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves. Selah.” But that bitter storm has long since passed away ; and the One who, in deepest love to sinners, went through it all and glorified God as the willing Victim now sits as the mighty Conqueror upon the Father’s throne, having by Himself made purification for sins. Hence it is for you, dear reader, to “ flee now from the wrath to come,” and to find in that spotless and holy Man (who is none other than the Son of the living God), “ a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the storm.”

“ In the refuge God provided,
Though the world’s destruction lours,
We are safe, to Christ confided,
Everlasting life is ours.”

Every true believer is privileged to sing these precious words ; but “ how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?”

S. T.



THE MAN CHRIST JESUS

THROUGH this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins and by him all who believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

What a plain statement! This should surely command our serious attention. In such a statement, it is evident, dear reader, that through what the Son of God has done, you and I may both obtain from God the forgiveness of all our sins, not only as *we* know them, but as *God* knows them. If it were not so the forgiveness of sins never would be proclaimed. But there is forgiveness; and having tasted its sweetness, I do so long that you may know the blessedness of those to whom the Lord will not impute sin. And why are we blessed? The reason is plain. It is because we in faith have received the sent One of God whom God sets forth as the Saviour of sinners. Were it possible for Satan to accuse us of one act that God did not know, or for which the precious blood of Jesus had not power to atone, all would be for ever hopeless. For there is no other offering for sin that God can accept. But, thank God, the truth is that Jesus has made propitiation for sins and satisfied all the requirements of God's holiness, for

every one that believes ; and this too, according to the will and desire of God for us. Peace is now proclaimed through Jesus.

Before going further, I would ask you, my reader, Do you know anything of this peace with God through the work of Another? Are you a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? Be assured of this, that receiving Christ now is the only safety from the coming judgment, and the only security for an eternity of bliss with Christ in glory for ever.

This proclamation of forgiveness is sent to you in love, that you may, through faith in Jesus, not only know your sins forgiven, but may also find your joy in God as the Justifier of him who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ. The question, How can God clear the guilty and at the same time be just? has but one answer. It must be through the interposition of Another ; and that other, One that is divine, who has met all the claims of justice for those who rest on what Christ has done. Thus it is that mercy is held out to the sinner. The gospel, the glad tidings, now sounds forth from God, " I have found a ransom," and Jesus Himself declares the Son of man came " to give His life a ransom for many." This He has done, and the Holy Spirit tells us also that Christ gave Himself a ransom for all—to be told out in this our day, the fit time. Herein is shown that such was the power of Satan over us through sin, that nothing but the mighty

power of Divine love in Christ could redeem the sinner—and this again only through the sacrifice of His own life for our redemption. This then is the love that God commends—even His own love manifested in the death of Christ.

And now, dear reader, if this blessed one is received by you, the purpose of God in giving Him is in your case made good, and you are saved for time and for eternity. On the other hand, to slight such love, to neglect such a Saviour, is to remain in darkness, with the everlasting loss of all the benefits available for him that believes, and offered now to you through Jesus, whose precious blood cleanseth from every sin. Through this Man then is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins—without Christ your position is one of danger and darkness now, and the issue—eternal judgment.

I once was in danger, my sins were so many ;

I groaned as I felt there was judgment in view,
Until I beheld that great act of my Saviour,

In shedding His blood both for me and for you.

Oh turn to my Saviour ! Yes, turn to my Saviour !

In longsuffering mercy, He is waiting for you.

I often had heard of the way of salvation ;

As often had slighted the message so true,
Until my deep need made me thirst for a Saviour,
A Saviour just suited for me and for you.

But what I have found, ah ! no heart can discover ;

The gospel brings Jesus with glory in view ;
'Tis sweet now to rest on the work of another,
E'en Jesus my Saviour so suited for you.

With Jesus my Saviour I'm waiting for glory ;
 Grim death with its terrors no longer appal.
 The blood of the Lamb ever speaks in my favour,
 And proves that my Saviour is suited for all.

E. T.



“CHIEF” OF SINNERS

“THIS is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinner*s, of whom I am chief” (1 Tim. i. 15).

We read in Scripture, both in the Old Testament and in the New, of “chiefs” many, and of various kinds. For instance, chief butler, chief baker, chief ruler, chief singer, chief prince, chief among the publicans (tax-gatherers), chief of the Pharisees, etc., but here only do we meet with the designation, “chief” of sinners !

There have been, and are, many sinners in the world, but our attention is here called by the Holy Ghost to one who stands out above all as *chief of sinners* ; and who, knowing the rich mercy of God towards sinners, can speak thus faithfully of himself. It is not that the apostle Paul in writing to Timothy these words boasted in any way of his sins, but of the Saviour who came into the world to save sinners—to save such a sinner as Saul of Tarsus. Preachers may point to the

crucified robber whom the world condemned as unfit to live in it, as indeed the robber himself confessed—"we indeed justly; for we are receiving the due reward of our deeds," but *he* was not of sinners "chief." Saul, the blasphemer, the persecutor and injurious, is the man who writes these words—inspired by the Holy Spirit of truth—and writes them of himself! "Christ Jesus came into the world *to save sinners of whom I am chief!*" Yet this same man who conceals not the malignity of his heart in his unconverted days against the name of Jesus and His confessors, had been a very religious man indeed. He had lived a consistent life, according to what *he* had thought was right. But how changed are now his thoughts! And how had this come about?

Stricken down on his persecuting errand to Damascus, he had made the discovery that he was in antagonism to the One who spoke from heaven. He was a stranger to the grace and person of the Saviour! "Who art thou, Lord?" "I am Jesus, whom thou art persecuting." What a revelation to him! Overwhelmed, he could neither eat nor drink for three days. He had to learn there was nothing he could cling to of self or its doings. No, it is "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus *came into the world to SAVE sinners.* The SAVIOUR has come. He has died on

the cross, "the just for the unjust, to bring us to God." This he now believed, and believing, he was saved. Will you not be encouraged by this remarkable pattern of God's long-suffering and mercy to the chief of sinners, now to receive God's love, and henceforth praise and serve Him who loved and gave Himself for thee?



ASSURANCE OF ETERNAL LIFE

THERE was a young woman in distress of soul who had longed for some time to know, with certainty, that she had eternal life. From the various doctrines she had heard, she was perplexed to know how this certainty could possibly be enjoyed.

She said, "How am I to know that I am saved?" The words of Jesus were quoted, "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 amazing fact that it was Jesus who spoke these words of assurance, broke in upon her soul. She then said, "But my sins!" Then the words of the Holy Ghost were quoted to her, "Be it known unto you . . . that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and

by him *all* that believe are justified from all things," etc. (Acts xiii. 38). The change that took place was even manifested in her countenance. It was from the gloom of unbelief to the brightness and joy of simply believing God.

If an anxious soul reads these lines, let me ask, What can you want more than this assurance of the words of Jesus that, believing God, you have eternal life? Again, "And this is the record, that God *hath* given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life. These things have I written to you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye *have* eternal life" (1 John v. 11-13).

Are you oppressed with sins? Does the remembrance of them overwhelm you? Oh, look back at Jesus dying on the cross, the propitiation for sins. See Him raised from among the dead for the justification of all who believe God. For God has thus accepted the atoning sacrifice. And now does not God distinctly proclaim to you the forgiveness of sins? Does He not declare that *all* who believe are justified from all things? Then if *you* believe Him are you not justified, accounted righteous before God? Will *you* answer these questions now, in the presence of God?

“SOME ONE HAS DONE IT”

PERHAPS you exclaim, Done what? Once I was in darkness, yet longing for light; was steeped in the pleasures of the world and seeking for enjoyment here; setting my mind on things of earth. But one day, there came a fear, How shall I escape if I neglect so great a salvation? What could I do? Nothing. No, absolutely nothing! Longing for light, I see *now*. The Holy Ghost was convicting me of sin, and of my need of a Saviour. “They that hunger and thirst after righteousness *shall* be filled” was a verse I clung to, looking for more to be shewn. But, oh, when it came! Some One has done it! Yes, done it all. Jesus bore all my sins in His own body on the tree. He delivered me from the power of darkness. Jesus died for sinners. Jesus “loved me and gave himself for me.” Jesus has taken me out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock.” That Rock is Himself.

Should this meet the eye of a weary sinner, may you cast away your garment and take God’s word, resting upon His testimony to the work of His own beloved Son. “This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.” “God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.”

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin.



EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS OF SINS

SOME years back I visited an old man aged eighty-four, and was given to understand that he had been a man of the world and a fighting character. On my first visit he seemed very indifferent to eternal things, but he was afterwards taken ill, and I went to see him again. I said to him that eighty-four years of sins could be washed away by the blood of Jesus. I believe the word was blessed to him, for the next time I visited him he put out his hand to me. He had got very childish, and I could not make out much that he said. But his daughter heard him saying his prayers, which I suppose was wonderful for him. But praying truly is one of the first signs of divine life in the soul. The Lord's testimony to Ananias of the chief of sinners when he was converted was, "Behold, he prayeth." He departed this life soon after, and I trust went to be with Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. Not long after the daughter was taken ill with cancer, and she believed the message of salvation and became very happy in the Lord. I remember on one

occasion going to see her. She was suffering very much. Sitting by her bedside I said nothing, but started to sing a gospel hymn. Soon after she joined in the singing, and her face beamed with happiness. While she was ill, her husband met with a very bad accident to his right arm. This was trouble indeed, for he afterwards had to have it reset. She departed to be with her Saviour, to praise Him throughout all eternity for His great love in dying for her sins on Calvary, and giving her to know it.

Dear reader, Are your sins washed away by the precious blood of Christ? Are you *ready* if God should call *you* soon from this world? "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

A. C. W.



ONE "HEAD" . . ONE "BODY"

Oh! wondrous mystery of love!

What can with it compare?

Known only to the sons of light,

The Father's thoughts who share;

Thro' all the long, eternal past,

God's purpose clear we see,

To form a Bride for His dear Son,

Who one with Him should be.

'Twas love this wondrous thought devised,

To faith now fully known,

That Jesus and His church should be

In risen life made one:

One "Body," and one living "Head,"
 In righteousness divine,
 United by the Spirit's power,
 "For they," saith He, "are Mine."

If such the purpose of God's grace,
 Which all our thoughts exceed,
 Indifference to God's holy will
 We surely dare not plead;
 For if the "Head" directs the hands,
 Then let the hands obey;
 And willing feet, at Christ's commands,
 Walk humbly in His way.

Altho' confusion reigns around,
 With that we've nought to do;
 Obedient to our risen Head
 May we to Him be true:
 A single eye, a loyal heart,
 We pray Thee, give us, Lord;
 Then, home at last, Thy sweet "Well done"
 Shall be our bright reward.



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Gospel

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London:

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

ONE HALFPENNY

BLOOD-STAINED LEAF OF NOTEPAPER

MANY years ago, shortly after the Indian Mutiny, a lady was visiting a sick soldier in an hospital at Benares. Several Highlanders came in to see a dying comrade. She went up to them, and thanked them for coming so readily to protect the English who survived the horrible massacre which had attended the mutiny. She, however, reminded them of the danger which encompassed them, and of the probability of their falling, in one or other of the conflicts which lay before them, and urged them to look to Jesus, that, living or dying, they might be His.

Having prayed with them, and commended them to the protection of the God of battles, she distributed among them, as memorials of their interview, what books she had with her. For one man there was none. As they were about to start for Cawnpore, and she had no time to get such a book as she would have liked to present, she took half a sheet of notepaper, and wrote on it six verses from the fifth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and the hymn of John Newton's beginning with the words,

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!”

and giving it to him, said, “I will look for you in heaven.”

Walter was pleased to have in his possession something in the handwriting of so kind a lady. This was the means of leading him frequently to look at the leaf of paper, and read what was written thereon. God blessed the reading of His own truth to Walter's soul. Walter then told his comrade and friend, William, what a discovery he had made, and what a salvation he had found, and begged him to listen to the words that had been made the means of such blessing to his heart. They became the power of God to the salvation of William's soul also. The two now often read together the verses and the hymn, and blessed the memory of her who had written them.

They advanced to the final relief of Lucknow, Walter was shot through the chest, in one of the gardens whilst fighting his way with others through the streets and squares of that blood-stained city. William was perceived by his companion, but life was fast ebbing away. Pulling the much-prized leaf from his bosom, all stained with his blood, the dying man asked his friend to read the precious words, then whispered, "I'll meet her in heaven. Good bye, Willie," and expired.

Some weeks after this, the lady met William in a dying state in the same hospital at Benares, and learned from him these facts. Thus two souls were saved by a few verses of Scripture written on a half-sheet of note paper.

“*NONE OTHER NAME*”

SOME time ago Mr. B——, a young man, was walking down the City Road on his way to business in the City, when his attention was arrested by a group of persons around a poor blind man of colour, who was sitting begging on one of the canal bridges. Curiosity drew him to the spot.

The blind man was at that moment turning to his New Testament to read from it, for the instruction of those around him. This he was wont to do many times in the day. The passage he was seeking for was: “Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.” Whilst seeking for the passage he kept repeating the words: “There is none other Name.” “There is none other Name.”

Mr. B—— smiled at the poor man’s difficulty in putting his finger on the verse he wished to turn to, and passed on. But the words he had heard repeated remained with him and rang in his ears throughout the whole of the day.

Wherever he went and whatever he did, there were the words: “There is none other Name.” “There is none other Name.” He would gladly have forgotten them to think only of the things that successively asked for his attention, but he still seemed to be listening to the coloured beggar. He returned to his home in the evening, and tried

to employ himself as usual, but the words that had followed him all day followed him still. He repaired to his chamber and threw himself upon his bed. But the stillness of the bedroom rendered the voice which had addressed him through the day, and which addressed him still, only more distinctly and emphatically.

He was at last compelled to consider what it meant. The truth which the passage reveals flashed upon his mind. The surrender which Jesus asks for was made, and the Name which had thus singularly and unexpectedly been brought before him, and which had rung in his ears without cessation for so many hours, became to him the "Name" which is above every name—the sweetest of all sounds—as ointment poured forth.

Surely, then, no man need despair of doing good if the utterance of "There is none other Name" be sufficient under God to secure the salvation of a soul. Yet anyone who knows the words may utter them! The child may utter them as well as the man—the wayside beggar may speak them as any minister of Christ. Only let a man hold forth the word of life, and do so with the view of glorifying God and he will not fail to be the means and medium of life to others.

And now, dear reader, let me ask you, Do you believe there is *no other Name* whereby we must be saved? The word of God plainly declares there

is *no other Name*. Are you despising, or are you confiding in, that Name, *and in that Name only*? If the latter, salvation is yours, if you are a confessor of Jesus Christ. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Blest name, the Rock on which I build
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
Thou Prophet, Priest and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!"



"I THINK I CAN MANAGE IT"

IN the autumn of the year 1858, the writer was suddenly summoned to see a young man, who was supposed to be in a consumption. The summons was instantly obeyed, and I found myself in the company of an intelligent young man, of about 30 years of age. To smooth the way for the sub-

jects I had come to consider with him, I spoke for a little of more general matters—enquired after his health, and learned a little of his history. He had had his struggles in life, but had cultivated habits of morality, and had held on to business long after his state of health was fit for it. At last he had broken down, and become as an invalid an inmate of his maternal home; his mother and nurse being a widow advanced in years.

Gradually the object of my visit was introduced, and enquiries affectionately made as to his state of mind and his prospects for eternity. He spoke with thankfulness of having been preserved from open sin, but admitted that the world and business had engrossed his attention to the neglect of his soul's interests, and that now his prospects were uncertain and gloomy. He was unhappy—he was not at rest. I asked him why he should not be, if his life had been as he represented? He explained that though his conduct had been outwardly fair, he did not feel that he was fit to meet God. He was not good enough for that. But now he hoped that, withdrawn from the turmoil of business, he should be able to make his peace with God.

“ My dear friend,” I said, “ are you aware what you undertake; what God's requirements are ? ” He spoke of an amended life, of prayer, but evinced in all he said, that his whole thought was that of working out a righteousness of his own.

We still pursued the subject, and got to closer quarters. I endeavoured to show him that if God were to be thus met, He could not abate anything of His claims for a uniform and absolute obedience. To love the Lord his God with all his might, and his neighbour as himself, I showed him was the measure of these claims, and that this was God's requirement of His creatures, as such, whereas we were sinners, and had already broken this law in numberless ways, and what we needed was a Saviour. But all was vain; the thought had taken possession of his mind of improving himself in his retirement, and when I pressed him as to the hopelessness of the task, he said, "O yes, I think I can manage it!" and feeling that it was vain to attempt more, I shook hands and left him to try.

It was not long before my visit was repeated, and I asked him what progress he had made. "Well," he answered, "he was sorry to say, not much; when he attempted to pray, thoughts would intrude, and his mind would wander and he could not fix it; his heart was still in the world, and altogether he had made nothing out." I sought to show him that he was on the wrong track entirely, told him of a Saviour's love, how He had come to call—not the righteous, but—sinners to repentance. I quoted to him the passage, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent

His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." But all was darkness, not a ray seemed to enter. The love of God, and the blood of Jesus, and its atoning and cleansing power, seemed all inexplicable to him. He would try once more; and he repeated on parting, "I think I shall manage it."

My visits became more frequent, as the sufferer was rapidly sinking. He was no longer able to rise, and his concern became greater, but it was still to fit himself for God. He said he did not know how it was, but things seemed to get worse with him instead of better. He spoke of kneeling in bed to keep himself awake while he prayed, but he could not, and he began to doubt whether it could be managed, and to be in real and deep concern.

Meanwhile, earnest and united prayer was being made for him by a little circle of christian friends; and one of these whose heart was specially engaged on his behalf, and who undertook to pray at home during my visit to him, sent by me the little well-known leaflet, "Just as I am." We read it verse by verse and line by line.

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Gradually the light seemed to dawn upon his soul, and he said, "What—just as I am, without being

any better ? ” He was told that it was no better-ness of ours—no prayers, or tears, or reformation, but the precious blood of Jesus, that it had been already shed, that all was finished, that nothing could be added to it, and that all was a free gift to the vilest sinner who could truly say, “ O Lamb of God, I come.” “ Ah,” he said, “ then I see it is grace that can do all,” and his soul entered into peace, a peace confirmed indeed by further readings of the word, and clearer views of the blood of Jesus, but unbroken till the day of his departure, when his last words were, “ Grace *has* done all : ” and after a short pause, “ Lord Jesus, receive my soul.” And he breathed his happy spirit into the bosom of his Lord.

Reader, are you trying to manage the hopeless task this young man had undertaken in his last illness? Or are you still living in carelessness and sin, preparing thorns for your dying pillow, and if you repent not, preparing stings for the undying worm, and fuel for the everlasting fire? To spend a life in sin, and think to make it up by a few prayers on your deathbed—this is no preparation for anything but everlasting woe. To save our souls, it required that the Son of God should become a man, and die as an atoning victim on the cross. But the benefits of this wondrous and mighty work are not bestowed on careless sinners, or self-righteous imitators of God’s people.

These benefits are free to all, urged, pressed on all as a free gift; but if you, in your pride, reject the offer, and think you can manage the work yourself, what is to become of your poor soul?

God commands, as well as entreats, you to believe in this blessed Saviour, and be reconciled to God. Will you not hearken and submit, yea, submit yourself to the righteousness of God? God grant you may; and that instead of putting off these matters to a dying hour, thinking that all may be right at last, as through grace it was with this dear young man, may you remember that you may have no such opportunities as he. Flee then at once to the shelter of Christ's precious blood, and receive Him as your life, your righteousness, your object through life, your comfort in death (should you die), and, at last, the Completer of the whole work of grace by receiving us to glory with Himself. Amen.

W. T.



A CONVERSATION IN A BRIGHTON STREET

“**W**HAT a strange old gentleman your Highland chief is! Kind, indeed, he seems, but he holds very peculiar notions. Would you believe it, he acutally asked me if I knew my sins were forgiven, and that I have eternal life promised to me ”!

“ I should like so much to know, if I may, what was your answer.”

“ What was my answer? The only one possible! That, bad as I was, I hoped I should never be guilty of such wicked presumption as that. I am sure you would call it presumption, would you not?”

“ Presumption would be no word for it; the guilt of it would be so great and awful—if GOD had not said that ‘He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life’; and that ‘through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins’; and that ‘*by him all that believe are justified from all things.*’ ”

“ Indeed! ” he said, eagerly, “ where do you find that?” Then, without waiting for an answer, he added, in a tone of melancholy bordering on despair, “ If you could give me a good hope for another life, how I should bless you! For, as far as this life goes, I shall never know another hour

of happiness; and the knowledge that this misery is the result of my own fault only gives another stab to my wound."

He then briefly gave me the sad history of his past—the slavery to a despot who only exerted his power at rather long intervals, but at those times goaded him on almost to madness; the power of that temptation which "at the last biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." This it was which separated him from all he held dearest, and had thus blasted the happiness of his life.

Without a hope of the removal of that barrier, he had said within himself, "If I never see her face again, I will make myself worthy of her. Never more shall any stimulant pass my lips. From that hour," he added, "I have kept my resolution. But soon afterwards I lost my health, and I was sent home on sick-leave."

"Had your illness any connection with your teetotalism?"

"I doubt it myself; unless it may have arisen from the extreme suddenness of the change, and under such depressing circumstances as mine. However, be that as it may, when on my return I consulted a doctor in London, he said to me, 'You require a stimulant.' But I positively declined taking any. 'Then,' said he, 'if you don't, you will die.' 'Very good,' I replied, 'I would rather trust my life to God than my soul to the devil,

who would get it for certain if I ever tasted strong drink again.' ”

“ Then you are not afraid to die? ”

“ Indeed, I am afraid of death ; that is, of what must follow it—‘ after death, the judgment.’ ”

“ Still, though threatened with death, you have kept your resolution? ”

“ Yes, helped by this strengthening air, and cheerful place, I have battled successfully through this dreary year. But life is almost intolerable to me; and nothing but getting a good hope of another and a better life could make this one less gloomy and miserable. Can you prove to me that I might have such a good hope?”

“ Do you believe the record that God hath given of His Son?”

“ I believe what the Bible says.”

“ Do you? Thank God for that! Then all your fears are at a happy end. Not only can I tell you, upon its authority, of a good hope of a life worth living at the close of this, but of its certainty secured by the word of Him who is not a man that He should lie, neither the Son of man that He should repent. ‘For this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. And these things are written unto you that believe

on the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know that ye have eternal life*" (1 John v. 11-13).

A ray of hope lighted up the dark, despairing face; and as I left him he said, "I shall go to my own room, and read my Bible, and pray that God would show me if I may dare to believe that such great gifts as pardon and eternal life are point-blank offered to me."

That evening: . . . he said nothing with reference to himself until he stood alone with the pastor at the door to say "Good-bye." Then, in a low, earnest voice, he said, "Will you tell your aunt *I believe it?* I see it is all true. By believing in the Lord Jesus Christ I have the forgiveness of sins and life eternal."

EXTRACTED



"CHRIST IS ALL"

Matchless grace, surpassing wisdom,
Power and love with truth combine,
And in Jesus find their centre;
Blesséd Son of God divine!

Oh! what endless rest and gladness
At His holy feet I find;
And what infinite perfection
In His lowly heart and mind!

Grace it was that sealed my pardon
In His all-atoning blood;
Power that burst death's bars asunder,
And hath brought me home to God.

Love in His dear face is shining,
 Truth that meets my every need;
 Calvary's cross their full expression,
 What could e'er such love exceed?

Wisdom, too, ordained my blessing
 Long ere time itself began;
 Chosen in God's Well-belovéd,
 Fruit of wisdom's wondrous plan.

Holy Lord Thou art the centre
 Of all praise in heaven and earth!
 Gladly at Thy feet we worship,
 While we sing Thy peerless worth.

One with Thee in life eternal,
 Thou art now our strength and song;
 Thou, the Lamb, alone art worthy,
 And to Thee we now belong.

"In a moment!" oh, how quickly,
 Saviour, Lord, Thy face we'll see!
 Then, through everlasting ages,
 Ceaseless praise we'll give to Thee.

S.T.



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London:

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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

GRACE INCOMPARABLE!

WHAT grace on the part of God to tell us about the robber who was taken from a cross to Paradise! However useful narratives of known conversions may be to shew out God's gracious ways in dealing with souls, none can for a moment compare with the cases found in God's word; for there we get a divine selection, perfectly narrated, with no essential feature omitted, and nothing superfluous mentioned. The two thieves are spoken of in each of the Gospels, but there is no mere repetition. In Matthew's Gospel we get them echoing what others were saying, for we are told that "the chief priests mocking him with the scribes, and elders, said, He saved others, himself he cannot save. If he be the king of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now if he will have him; for he said, I am the Son of God. The thieves also, which were crucified with him, cast the same in his teeth."

There are here, then, two who were, as men speak, belonging to the criminal class, and not ordinary ones either, but two of the very worst, for the Romans reserved death by crucifixion for the worst of criminals. Now, for these men to

find at such a time pleasure in insulting the gracious, holy Son of God is a testimony of the Holy Spirit to their thoroughly hardened condition. The presence of God's beloved Son was a true test of man's state. Here it was demonstrated that the mind of the flesh is enmity against God—God come in grace! The chief priests, the scribes, the elders, the passers by, and the thieves could each find pleasure in mocking the holy, patient, suffering One. The unsuitability of these malefactors for the presence of the holy, sin-hating God few would question; and the scriptures teach plainly that God's righteousness apart from redemption would have meant for them eternal wrath.

Mark also, in his Gospel, testifies that the thieves reviled Him; but it is reserved for Luke to tell us of a mighty change effected in one of them, and this according to a blessed and perfect design. For in the accounts of the Lord's death as given by Matthew and Mark righteousness is prominent. In righteousness God's Christ, as the Sin-bearer, is forsaken. Hence the cry from the depths of Calvary's woe, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and God's answer in righteousness to the atoning sufferings of the Christ is the rent veil and opened graves.

But in the Gospel by Luke we constantly meet with incidents of superabounding grace, omitted

by the other Evangelists. Take a case mentioned in each of the Gospels, that of Malchus, whose ear was cut off by Peter. It is Luke only who records the Lord's gracious act of healing. So also it is Luke who gives that gracious prayer of the Lord for His murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Doubtless this was in the hearing of the two robbers, who likewise witnessed the testimony of His grace in those long hours of anguish. One has well said :—

"Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
And friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love."

He endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself. When He was reviled, He reviled not again. Though He suffered, He threatened not.

One may observe that whereas two are adduced in Matthew as adequate testimony, in Luke's Gospel we see it rather by way of contrast, as, for instance, in the case of the two debtors (chap. vii.), the two sons (chap. xv.), Dives and Lazarus (chap. xvi.), the two men who go up into the temple to pray (chap. xviii.). So in the same way we get in Luke the two thieves contrasted. If up to a certain point they were on the cross agreed in their animosity against the Lord Jesus, we now have evidence of a wonderful change. The eyes

of one had been opened to see what he was in his sins, and what the Lord Jesus was in His sinlessness and grace. So, while we read that one, in his unbelief proposed what without the Saviour's death was an impossibility, saying, "If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us," we read on the other hand that "the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? and we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss." It can be seen then that in this case the "fear of God" had taken the place of bitter animosity, and while thoroughly condemning himself he justified the One who was standing for God, though crucified. There was repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus, for turning to Him he said, "Lord, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom." The gracious Lord was ready then, as ever, to respond to faith. He had come to seek and to save that which was lost, and it was a real joy to the Lord to bless that dear soul, infinitely beyond his highest expectations.

In the days of His public ministry, when He had patiently and tenderly led a poor dark soul into the light, He said to His disciples, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of"—it had been real refreshment and joy to Him. And to tell this dying

man of the blessing He had in store for him was a joy beyond all our poor thoughts. Jesus said unto him, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." It is certainly striking that the malefactor should have seen the head that man had crowned with thorns adorned with a royal diadem, and equally so that he should have desired to be remembered by the Lord when He came in His kingdom; but whether it is great faith or little faith it is Christ alone that gives either its value. Here then there is a soul saved without any title to merit; without any rite or ceremony; without any human interference. In it no priest nor any so called church has a place, but the whole thing, from beginning to end, is distinctly a personal matter between the sinner and the sinner's only Saviour; and no saint in any age ever had a better title to the glory than the dying thief. For the alone title for any and every is the precious blood of God's beloved Son. None of Adam's fallen race ever went to heaven because they deserved to go there. None could ever be in the Paradise of God except upon the ground of redemption. Man was expelled, because of sin, from the paradise of creation, but here we have one of Adam's posterity, in himself "guilty, lost, and helpless," brought, because of redemption, in a perfectly righteous way into the Paradise of God. And the

way in which he was saved is the only way in which any can be saved, that is, it is all of grace, free grace. To have God's salvation we must have it on God's terms, which exclude all boasting; it is a salvation without works; we receive it without in the least degree deserving it. Thus all the praise, now and for ever, goes to the One who glorified God as to the question of sin by His sufferings and death. Salvation was too great and wonderful to be entrusted to any but His beloved Son. God laid help upon One who is mighty, and who at all cost to Himself became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him.

When we come to John's Gospel it is very manifest that the Holy Spirit is directing our attention to the fact that everything written concerning the Lord's death was then accomplished. "After this, Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst" (xix. 28). In perfect keeping with all this we get here the fulfilment of the Lord's words to the repentant thief. When the Lord Jesus said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," there were only a few hours to run, but no word of His could fall.

What an indescribable sweetness there is in those words "with Me"! Is it the disembodied state? Then it is, "with Me," or "at home

with the Lord." Is it the glorified state? Then it is, "So shall we be for ever with the Lord," or "be with me where I am"—with the One "who loved me and gave Himself for me," as each believer is privileged to say. Do not ask what will be the occupation of the redeemed in heaven, since we have been told that the Lord is going to have the believers with Himself for ever; for in this we have the sum total of all blessedness.

Now, dear unsaved friend, what are you going to do with this testimony of the Holy Spirit as to how a poor wretched robber was first made fit, and then taken to Paradise? If you turn away from such grace and love you are certainly without excuse. God has provided everything in His beloved Son, and, I was going to say, all is offered to you, but that word "offered" is too cold. In grace it is *pressed* upon you for your acceptance; and remember, it is written, "As many as received him (the Lord Jesus), to them gave he power to become children of God; *even to them that believe on his name.*"

J. A. T.



“THE LAST TRUMP”

ON the first occasion in which Scripture alludes to the “voice of the trumpet,” our thoughts turn back to Sinai’s burning mount, and we are there told that the gathered hosts of Israel “trembled,” and “when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice.” Amid the thunders and lightnings of that most solemn day, the voice of God was heard in the midst of the darkness and tempest, as He descended upon that fiery mountain top, and none dared draw near lest they should perish. “And so terrible was the sight that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake;” yea the very people who had promised, but a little while before, that “all that Jehovah hath spoken will we do,” entreated that the word should not “be spoken to them any more.”

The curses of a broken law who shall withstand? and full well we know that nothing but judgment and death can be the portion of those who would attempt to meet a holy God on the ground of the law’s demands. Alas! for those who broke it so wilfully, even before they had received it from the hands of the law-giver, for three thousand idolators perished that day in their sin and folly! What a mercy it is, dear reader, that “grace and

truth have come to us by Jesus Christ," and that the gospel of God's grace makes no demands on the sinner, but freely offers him eternal life and salvation on the solid, and peace-giving, ground of the finished work of His own beloved Son!

Silver trumpets afterwards had their special place in God's ways with His ancient people, and were used for the "calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camps." When it was a question of going to war with the enemy, an alarm was to be blown with both trumpets, and God had promised to save them; "but, when the congregation was to be gathered together," the significant command was only to blow, *but not to sound an alarm.*" They were also ordered to be blown on solemn days, at the beginning of months, and over burnt offerings and peace offerings. In a later day, when Israel's enemies were "as the sand by the seaside for multitude," Gideon's trumpet played its important part in the destruction of the Midianites and Amalakites.

Divinely guided, the gallant band of three hundred chosen men advanced in companies with broken pitchers, and burning lamps; and blew with their trumpets, to the awe-inspiring battle-cry, "The sword of Jehovah, and of Gideon." The trumpets, that day, gave no "uncertain sound," and victory was secured, not by human might or strategy, but by Israel's God. Twelve

hundred and fifty years later, Christ came, was rejected and crucified by a guilty world; but God raised Him from the dead, and from the throne where He now sits, the Spirit of God has come down, and the gospel trumpet has, through nineteen centuries, been proclaiming peace and pardon in a risen Christ. Yet "a little while," and then "the last trump" will summon from this earth every dead and living believer to meet the Lord in the air. It will be the "last trump," for there will NOT be another, and it is a military allusion to a custom that then obtained in the Roman army. The first trumpet sounded to awaken the sleeping hosts; the second was the "call to arms"; and the third (or last) trump was the command to "set forward." "In a moment," saith scripture, "in the twinkling of an eye," the trumpet shall sound, but it will *not alarm* those who hear it. No; that "last trump" will only arouse, and raise up from their graves, the sleeping hosts of the living God. "For none but the ransomed shall rise at the sound of that trumpet, and, with glorified bodies, the dead and living saints will meet, "in the air," the mighty Captain of their salvation. Yes, "the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with *the trump of God*; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and re-

main shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

This world-dividing event, dear reader, may occur at any moment; and what will be the deepest joy to every true believer will prove the solemn death-knell of everlasting sorrow to all who are left behind in their sins. "The last trump" will remove from this guilty world all the blood-bought family: and "blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God, and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." "But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished," and, when speaking of this second resurrection, the Lord's words are solemnly clear and plain that it is "a resurrection unto damnation."

Heaven and earth will then flee away before the face of Him that sits upon the great white throne; the books of judgment will be opened, and the dead judged according to their works. And death and hell are cast into the Lake of Fire.

This is the second death; for "whosoever is not found written in the Book of Life will be cast into the Lake of Fire." Reader, is your choice yet made for eternity; or are you still bartering away your never-dying soul for the passing pleasures of a

doomed world? Ere this day's sun shall sink beneath the western horizon, "the last trump" may sound; and, if not washed in the Saviour's blood, dark despair will fill your soul; and weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, will be your everlasting portion. Turn then now in this day of grace, to Him who "came to seek, and to save, that which is lost." His loving arms are open wide to receive you now, and His loving voice entreats you "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." *There is no rest in hell*; and remember that it is "*in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,*" the last trump shall sound, and Jesus will come. *Are you ready?*

S. T.



A WOULD-BE SUICIDE

"**M**R. M. was a man of considerable power and culture of mind. He was more or less familiar with several ancient and modern languages, and possessed a large amount of general information. He occupied a good position in society, and conducted a prosperous business, till misfortune came upon him. Then, alas, irregularity of life followed; and sin, degradation and shame were the consequences.

"His circumstances were now the reverse of

what they had been. But instead of manfully setting himself to rise above them, he yielded to the pressure which lay upon him, and sank into poverty and dejection.

“ Life now became a burden, and he resolved to end it. He accordingly left home one evening in December, 1859, with the intention of never returning. He walked in the direction of Regent’s Park, determined to add another to the long list of suicides of which that park has been the scene.

“ Passing along the Euston Road, with dejected looks and a heavy step, he was suddenly stopped and kindly asked by an individual who was a perfect stranger to him to attend a religious service in an adjoining room that had just been opened for a mid-day prayer meeting and the preaching of the gospel. The invitation being repeated and urged, and accompanied with the assurance that the room was neither a church nor a chapel, that the seats were all free, and that there was no collection, Mr. M. yielded to the stranger’s urgency, and made for the room, though with no willingness of step. He entered and took a seat near the door. His appearance arrested the attention of the preacher, who seemed to feel that he was brought in of God to be saved, and he was led to speak as if to him in particular.

“ At the close of the sermon a short prayer meeting was held, during which the preacher left the desk and mingled with the audience. He made for the spot where Mr. M. was, and knelt by his side. When the benediction was pronounced he spoke to him, and kindly and anxiously asked the question whether his soul was saved.

“ Mr. M. rushed from his presence and hurried from the place. But it was with a wounded conscience. The arrow of the Almighty was there. He hastened into the park, seeking for seclusion, but not now for the purpose of carrying his dire design into effect, but of reflecting on what he had heard. The night was spent by him in lone meditation, penitence and prayer. The morning dawned—but instead of seeing him a frozen corpse, it beheld him a seeker for mercy. Before many hours the mercy he sought and pleaded for was found and enjoyed.” For the same Lord is rich unto *all* that call upon *Him*. And “ whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.



IN YONDER REALMS OF LIGHT

High in yonder realms of light,
 Far above these lower skies,
 Fair and exquisitely bright,
 Heaven's unfading mansions rise ;
 Glad within these blest abodes
 Dwell the raptured saints above,
 Where no anxious care corrodes,
 Happy in Emmanuel's love.

Once the big, unbidden tear,
 Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
 Told, in eloquence sincere,
 Tales of woe they could not speak.
 But, these days of weeping o'er,
 Passed this scene of toil and pain,
 They shall feel distress no more,
 Never, never weep again !

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid the angelic lyres above,
 Hark ! their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love !
 Happy spirits ! ye are fled,
 Where no grief can entrance find,
 Lulled to rest the aching head,
 Soothed the anguish of the mind.

All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturbed repose ;
 There no cloud can intervene,
 There no angry tempest blows ;
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow in eternal rest.

DR. RAFFLES.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London :

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ONE HALFPENNY

“NOT RUBBISH IN GOD’S SIGHT!”

BORN in a common lodging-house, brought up a half-gipsy, gaining his living as a hawker, William A. might have been thought by the great ones of the earth mere “rubbish.” But even while rolling drunk in the gutter it was to be of him as of a former slave of sin and Satan, “He is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name”; and the grace of God, which magnifies itself in “choosing the base things, and the despised things, and things that are not,” claimed him as its own.

William was brought, as a lost, guilty sinner to the feet of Jesus, and it was true of him as of the Corinthians of old, “Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.” There was no mistaking the change. “Billy A. aint no hypocrite; we believes in him; he’s eighteen carat gold,” was the testimony of many of the poor and outcast, among whom his life was spent, and who would willingly have denied any reality in his Christianity if they could.

Trudging about, selling his goods, in the lanes and villages of the country or the streets of the town, it was his delight to tell, in his own simple way, of the Saviour who had delivered him from the power of darkness; and many will bless God

throughout eternity that they ever met the hawker William. Among these is a South Down shepherd, to whom the earnest man often spoke as they met on the quiet hill paths; but for long the countryman refused to yield to the message of grace. God was working, however, in his soul; and, one pouring wet day, the two men met face to face on the hillside. Much in prayer for the shepherd's salvation, the hawker noticed at once a change in his face. "Hallo!" he cried, "what has happened to you?" and the shepherd confessed that at last his stubborn heart had yielded to the tale of love so often told; he had believed God, his sins were forgiven, he was a saved man. The rain and the cold and the mud were forgotten as the two men knelt side by side on the soaking ground to give thanks to the God who had saved them both from sin and from judgment.

A Christian friend once met William standing in the road with a small parcel under his arm, counting some coppers in his hand. "Counting your coppers, William?" he asked. "Oh, sir," was the reply, "don't tell me my Father does not care for me! You know yesterday was wet, and I did not earn enough to pay for my night's lodging. Now look here—there's last night's lodging, and to-night's" (he counted them as he spoke), "and here's my supper. Does not my Father care?"

A few days later a well-known evangelist was holding special services in the town. It was an afternoon meeting, mostly attended by the well-to-do and leisure classes, but William was there. It was nothing to him to give up his hawking for a few hours, if thereby he could get a feast for his soul; albeit it might cost him his dinner. And there he sat, in the midst of that fashionable assembly, the sunlight falling on his upturned radiant face. A hush came over the meeting, the power of God was present, as the speaker told of Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand, but who feeds His flock like a shepherd. In low, earnest tones he spoke of His glory, till one heart there could bear it no longer, and "Bless Him!" burst from the hawker's lips. The preacher turned at the sound; he saw the face once bloated and disfigured by sin, lighted with a radiance beyond that of the sunlight which fell on it; and as he responded, "You may well say, 'Bless Him,' my brother," the whole assembly bowed with moved hearts before Him whose glory and whose love had so filled the soul of this one of His redeemed. William A. loved much, for he was much forgiven. What about my reader?

One Sunday afternoon William stood as usual in a lodging-house kitchen, with a servant of God whose companion he delighted to be; and after the gospel of God's grace had been told out, he

closed the meeting with prayer. "Lord," he said, "if Thou should'st call me away, I am ready, but these men are not. In Thy mercy spare them, and save their souls." Little did any then present think how soon he would be called away. On the following Tuesday morning, word was brought to that same Christian friend that William was dying in the hospital, and, deeply shocked, he hastened thither, to find it even so.

"How do you feel now, William?" he asked.

"God bless you, my brother; the Master is coming for me to take me home. Oh, to think of the grace of God to me, a poor hell-deserving sinner!"

"Yes, William, we are a rubbishing lot," replied his friend, quoting an expression often used between them.

"No," came the answer, with surprising energy. "I am not rubbish in God's sight in Christ. I am a king's son. I shall soon be amongst the countless multitude that no man can number, taken out of every kindred and nation."

After a pause of some length, he put out his hand to his friend, with the deepest expression of affection, saying, "God bless you, brother. We have had some happy times together on earth, but there are better to come!" And shortly after midnight he was "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

ANOTHER LIFE

“**I** NEVER knew until to-day that I needed another life.” These are the words that fell from the lips of a very religious man who, according to his own confession, had been a regular attendant at the parish church and a communicant for something like forty years. Clearly, he believed that by so doing he was meriting God’s favour, and through it would obtain an entrance into heaven at last. And indeed if this had been God’s way of acceptance, this earnest, persevering man must have won God’s favour. But we know that this is not God’s way, so that we need not feel surprised that all his doings sank into nothingness when once the truth as it is in Jesus shone in upon his soul.

It all came about in this way. A young man who had been born again by the word of God, and who had found the Lord Jesus to be the way, the truth, and the life to his own soul, was simply telling to others what he found recorded in God’s word on the subject of life—eternal life—and that this possession was the fruit of God’s great love to us. For “God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him.” As the young man pointed out a little of the meaning of our living through Jesus, the dear aged man saw, as he had never seen before, that it was

through Christ's suffering on the cross for our sins that the door of heaven was open for sinful men. Finding himself in God's presence as one for whom Christ died, everything was now changing in his mind as he heard and believed the truth. He felt—as he had never felt before—what his sins must have been to call for such suffering as Jesus passed through to save his soul and make him fit for God's presence. Is it any wonder that he began to love Him who, as he now saw, alone could meet his need as His Saviour?

These were the moments in which he was passing out of the darkness of death into the light and life of the Father's welcome. Now he was a partaker of what he never before felt—another life—born again by the word and Spirit of God, as his remaining days in this world proved. He believed the truth. The light and love of the truth was that which enriched his soul here in time, filling up his future with Christ in glory as his sure and certain hope.

In this little story the reader will see that nothing counts before God but Christ and His work, while a religion without Christ is the most blinding thing that even Satan can use to hinder us as sinners from receiving Christ as Saviour. How blessed to know that by the Son of God coming into this world sin has been atoned for; and by words which only the Son of God could

have expressed, a welcome into His own Father's arms are made known; while from the same blessed Person in glory the words have come down and are ringing in our ears to-day, "Who-sover will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Freely, oh, how blessed!

This is a day of good tidings,
Sweeter the news cannot be;
Forth comes the Father embracing
Poor wandering sinners like me.

Jesus as Saviour,
Died for our sins on the tree;
Forth comes the Father embracing
Poor wandering sinners like me.

This is the day for confessing
Sins in the presence of God;
This is the day for receiving
Pardon and peace through the blood.

Bring the best robe says the Father,
Shoes must be put on the feet,
Bring forth the ring with rejoicing,
The Father declares that 'tis meet.

Those who are homeless and friendless,
Now through the gospel may share
Blessing eternal, unchanging,
Why will men die in despair?

E. T.



“*INTO ETERNITY*”

How often do we hear of men hurried into eternity! In good health one moment, the next gone! Gone to meet God, saved or unsaved!

I had known a goods-guard for about twenty-three years, and for years he had received a Gospel Sheet Almanac with God's word of warnings and entreaties. So far as I can tell, there seemed to have been wrought in him no divine change, when one evening he passed my signal cabin and we spoke to each other. It was for the last time, for in about ten minutes he was knocked down by a motor and suddenly launched into eternity. How solemn, how sudden! He had talked about having his pension in nine months, and thought no doubt how happy he would be in his old age! But God's call came in an unexpected moment, and now, where is he? Who can say? If a believer, he is with Christ. If he died an unbeliever, he has perished in his sins—a lost soul for ever! Oh, what a voice to those who found his body on the line! “Be ye also ready.” *God* is speaking by these solemn, sudden calls, and it is the writer's hope that you who read this, if not yet saved, may come to repentance, and believe the glorious news of salvation without delay. Then, if called suddenly away, it will be but immediate bliss.

I know also a goods foreman who enjoyed good health till he was seventy. He then had two accidents, the last being fatal. But though he never spoke after it, happily he was ready and went to praise his Saviour in heaven. Another fine young man was taken ill and passed away in four days. His father would not leave him, and pressed him to accept salvation, which I believe he did. He said to me one night as I passed, "Mr. W—, these shunters want a tract." I said, "There are others beside them want tracts." Little did I think that I should not see him again. Yet another young man. The other shunters had not left him but a short while when they found him dead beside a wagon.

O dear reader, I could tell you of many such cases. I will conclude this with but one more. We were at the funeral of a station-master. A Mr. H— had not long before asked, "Who would be the next?" At the gates of the cemetery he fell down dead, but, praise God, he was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, how is it with you? Are you prepared to meet God? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ready if God were to call *you*? The matter must be faced. Look, and live *now*, to the Saviour who is willing to save your soul. Then, come what will, you will be ready.

PRODIGAL! COME HOME!

PERADVENTURE these pages may be turned over by some one whose life has hitherto been a course of self-pleasing, but to whom the days have come when he says, "I have no pleasure in them." You once were happy, you at least were gay; but you have lost your fortune, you have lost your popularity, or your good position; you have lost that large fund of hilarity and animal exuberance which made up for every other lack; or, sadder still, there has been taken away with a stroke the desire of your eyes, and now that the light of your life is extinguished, small is the joy which passing hours bring, faint the hope which the future awakens.

"Yet, dear friend, if you are wise, from this very season may date the best and most blessed time in all your history. Like the passenger through the tunnelled Alps, from the dark and the cold and the stifling air emerging on the broad light-flooded plains of Lombardy, it is by a way which they know not, gloomy and underground, that the convoy is carried which God's Spirit is bringing to the wealthy place; and your present grief you will have no reason to regret if it introduce you to God's friendship, and to joys which do not perish in the using.

“ It may not have struck you, but you have been trying to create your own Eden, and it was an Eden with the living God left out. For a time the experiment seemed to prosper, but if it is blighted you have no right to complain; and though it should never blossom again, even the howling wilderness does you a service if it makes you a pilgrim and turns your face to the better land. Affliction is God’s message. This mighty famine is no accident; it is God’s voice sounding through the far country, and saying to you **COME HOME!** ”

“ Yes, at this moment you are miserable. Disappointed with yourself, dissatisfied with your lot, in broken health, bereft of your dearest friend, you are in the position which, sooner or later, every one will find himself who has placed his happiness in things created or things external. But even at this moment there are many outwardly less favoured than you, who are contented and cheerful. You are invited to join them. Will you not go? It is ‘ bread ’ you need. You have fasted long, and your soul is weak. The word of God will give you strength and stamina. It is clothing you need. God will clothe you with the robe of His righteousness, and will adorn you with the garments of the great salvation. It is shelter you need. You will find it in the Father’s house. It is honourable employment you need. You will

find it in the Father's service. It is love you need. You will find it in the Father's arms.

“ Prodigal son! prodigal daughter! has not God been very kind to you? Is there a good thing you possess which has not come from His hand? Is it not in Him that you have lived and moved and had your being? Who was it that through the eyes of your mother smiled over your cradle, and surrounded life's outset with love and endearment? Who was it that for your first tottering steps spangled the turf with the daisies of spring and fanned your fresh face with its breezes? Who was it that in hushed and holy hours went on before you through the weekly days of rest and hymns and Jesus' sweet name, alluring you to glory, honour and immortality? And whose bright countenance was that which sometimes came so near your own, leaving a soft and pleasant glow, till one provocation after another rose up and darkened all the atmosphere and shut it out for ever? Oh, what a sin to go away from such goodness! What a sin to spend in self-pleasing the gifts of such bounty! What a sin to be a lover of pleasure rather than the lover of God!

“ Are you not sorry? In forsaking such a home and coming to this far country, have you not played the fool and erred exceedingly? In the life you have led, in the passions you have indulged, in the thorough estrangement of your heart from

Infinite Excellence, do you not feel that you have sinned against heaven, and that you are no more worthy to be called God's son?

“ And will you not arise and go to your Father? Is it not wonderful that He should still desire your return? ~~In His~~ house there is bread and to spare, and He invites you home. Arise and go.

“ Sobered by his altered circumstances, the prodigal was brought to his right mind, and in the way in which he spoke of himself he showed right feeling, and in the determination, ‘I will arise and go to my father,’ he came to a right resolution; but the whole was crowned and completed by his taking the right step—‘ he arose and to his father he came.’ Instead of musing any longer, he started up and at once commenced his journey. Disgusted with the far country, its swine, and its citizens, its harlots and riotous living, he instantly and for ever renounced them; and his heart full of shame and contrition with a timid, tender hopefulness, he had already commenced his journey.

“ That promptitude saved him. If the holy Spirit of God now moves you, let no pretext detain you; but breaking away from every snare in this propitious moment—and with full purpose of heart—give yourself to God. No time can be more opportune, and whilst God waits to be gracious, all that the devil asks is delay.

“ You are still in the world where pardon may

be found. God has not let you go. He has not forgotten you. It is His voice which calls you. It is His Spirit which is striving with your spirit. Notwithstanding all that you have done, He has not yet cast you off for ever. . . Oh, yield at last to God's mercy, and let these bands of love draw you home."

" ' Now is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of *salvation*. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' "

(EXTRACTED).



FROM JOHN NEWTON'S "CARDIPHONIA"

WHAT a poor, uncertain, dying world is this! How dark, how desolate, without the light of the gospel and the knowledge of Jesus! It does not appear so to us in a state of nature, because we are then in a state of enchantment, the magical lantern blinding us with splendid delusion.

Thus in the desert's dreary waste,
By magic power produced in haste,
As old romances say,
Castles and groves and music sweet,
The senses of the heathen cheat
And stop him in his way.
But while he gazes with surprise
The charm dissolves, the vision dies;
'Twas but enchanted ground.

Thus if the Lord our spirit touch
 The world which promised us so much
 A wilderness is found.

It is a great mercy to be undeceived in time; and though our gay dreams are at an end, and we awake to everything that is disgusting and dismaying, yet we see a highway through the wilderness; a powerful guard, an infallible Guide at hand to conduct us through; and we can discern beyond the limits of the wilderness, a better land, where we shall be at rest, and at home. What will the difficulties we meet by the way then signify? The remembrance of them will only remain to heighten our sense of the love, care, and power of our Saviour and Leader. Oh how shall we then admire, adore, and praise Him, when He shall condescend to unfold to us the beauty, propriety, and harmony of the whole train of His dispensations towards us, and give us a clear retrospect of all the way, and all the turns of our pilgrimage!

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London :

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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

“HIM SAY, SINNER, COME!”

AN awful hurricane had swept over the West Indies, devastating villages, destroying vegetation, and causing enormous loss of life and property. Sites which but a short time before had been covered by numbers of cottages and huts were now only desolate wastes of ruin, and the inhabitants that remained had barely escaped with their lives.

As one of a relief party, an English missionary visited some of the ruined villages, and among the heaps of rubbish discovered a few rough boards hastily put together to form some sort of screen, behind which lay the form of an aged coloured woman, dying from the effects of starvation and exposure. Everything she had loved and valued was gone; all earthly props had been shaken to their foundation, and without even a roof to cover her, she lay on the brink of eternity. Anxious to know if she had ever learned any truths of the gospel, he enquired of her, “Who is Jesus?” Slowly the dying lips answered, “Him say, Sinner, come!” Again he queried, “What did He do for us?” “Him die for we,” came her unhesitating reply.

Reader, under similar circumstances, with the light of eternity dawning on you, when earth is done with, and the things of this life—whether

in a palace or hovel—are slipping for ever from your grasp, would such be your answer? “What think ye of Christ?” A true knowledge of His Person is all-important, for none else but “He who is over all, God blessed for ever,” “the Word made flesh,” in whom “dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily,” and yet “the Man Christ Jesus,” could stand in the breach between God and man and meet all the claims of a holy God, and the need of the guilty sinner. But a correct head knowledge, even of such a truth, will save no soul. How does He, the holy One, stand in relation to you? The aged coloured woman knew His heart; she had heard two words from His own blessed lips: “Sinner, come!” and they suited her. She was a sinner—no doubt about it; no one else wanted her—but Jesus had said, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” It was enough for her. Yet more than this. In order that she might come to Him, with no barrier between, He had died to put away the sin that He might receive the sinner. She knew it; she *knew Him*; and behind her screen of boards she rested on that which shall never be shaken—His word and His work.

T.



A FINAL APPEAL

THE closing hours of 1911 are quickly passing away, and serious thoughts may well possess our souls, as we review the past and remember that Time's restless river is rapidly bearing us onward to the ocean of Eternity—but, whither, whither bound? Life's journey may end for any one of us, or mercy's door may close, before this present year is numbered with the past. Never were the words of Peter more fitting than now, when unrest, self-will, and disasters of every kind are rampant everywhere, and thrones and dynasties are trembling to their foundations—"The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer." May we ponder these words in our hearts, and remember that the apostle connects them with the solemn announcement that God is "ready to judge both the quick and the dead," and that every one "shall give account to Him."

Let me ask you then, dear reader, "How do you personally stand in relation to that solemn time of reckoning? and what account will you have to render of your life's doings in the presence of Him who is the Searcher of all hearts? If one of those described by Peter in his First Epistle (chap. iv. 3), who have "walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries," let me

earnestly beseech you to "consider your ways," in the searching light of the "great white throne"; and ere this closing year expires, let me lovingly entreat you to seek the Lord while He may be found, and to call upon Him while He is near. If, on the other hand, you are living a seemingly blameless life, let me remind you of the Lord's own words, "For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." If we believe the truth of this, is it not "high time to awake out of sleep," and to "consider our ways"? Both the living and the dead will come into judgment, though not at the same time, and if you stand in your sins before "the Judge of all the earth," remember that He makes no mistakes, for "we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth. Which then are you, as you read these lines—lost, or saved? You must be either one or the other. If still lost, do not forget that "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment," and Jesus says, "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." Death in no way stops our having to do with God. Judgment follows death, just as surely as night follows day; and from that final judgment there is no higher court of appeal.

Of Jesus, then, as a present Saviour, would I once more speak to you, ere the remaining hours

of the dying year pass into oblivion. He is not a Judge yet, but a present Saviour, and "he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." Scripture declares that "once in the end of the world (or age) hath he (Christ) appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." Yes, after four thousand years' trial, when all of Adam's race had been "weighed in the balances and found wanting," these words ring in our ears, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." How good, then, it is to know and believe that "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and to them that look for Him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Have you, dear reader, any real, personal interest in that one "offering for sin"? If not, I would re-echo the words of the Baptist, "Behold, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world," and earnestly entreat you to at once take shelter beneath His precious blood, "which cleanseth from all sin," lest, if you still delay, you be numbered with the dead before this year expires. He who came "to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," has met every righteous claim of a holy God, and, once for all, has Jesus borne and exhausted sin's judgment for all that believe on Him, on the cross where He died. Now He lives at the right hand of God, as the everlasting proof

that the sins of every believer are righteously atoned for and for ever blotted out by His shed blood.

But, though mercy still lingers, let us not forget that "the end of all things is at hand," and the dark clouds of judgment, which will suddenly burst upon a doomed world, may rise at any moment, for "when men shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." God alone knows when that judgment will be executed. Hence, dear reader, the deep importance of your being saved now. "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God; and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?" And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? "Awake then, O sleeper, and call upon thy God!" for "now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." Give yourself no rest until you have answered that solemn question, What shall *my* end be? Shall it be heaven or hell; Christ or Satan—for all eternity? "Choose you this day whom you will serve." Halt no longer between two opinions, but "if the Lord be God," and He is, "follow Him." "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Nay

rather, come at once to Jesus, just as thou art, and just now, and thou shalt freely be forgiven; and, passing from death unto life, shalt become a child of God and an heir of glory. Be in earnest, lest mercy's door closes while you are thinking of something else. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

S. T.



"THERE IS FORGIVENESS WITH THEE"

"MAN fancies that if he should reform and amend his life, he will be accepted; but there comes a voice from the throne of God—a voice which says, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' 'Having sinned, O man,' says God, 'I must inflict punishment for thy sin.' God is so inflexibly just that He has never forgiven, and never will forgive, the sinner without having exacted the punishment for his sin. He is so strictly true to His threatenings, and so unutterably severe in His justice, that His holy law never relaxes its hold upon the sinner till the penalty is paid, and vengeance has exacted its utmost farthing:

" 'Well,' says the sinner, 'I cannot redeem the past: what must I do? If I amend for the future, there is the dark catalogue of past offences still

pursuing me. Even if I run up no other debts, there are the old accounts. How can I get them paid? How can I get *past* sins forgiven? How can I find my way to heaven?' Then he thinks, 'I will seek to humble myself before God; I will cry and lament, and I hope, by deep penitence and heartfelt contrition, and by perpetual floods of tears, God may be induced to pardon me.'

"O man! though thy tears drop on the black list of thy sins one by one, they will not blot out a single sin. Those sins are engraved in brass. These tears are not a liquid strong enough to burn out what God has thus inscribed. Thou mightest weep till thy very eyes were wept away, and until thy heart were all distilled in drops, and yet not remove one single stain from the brazen tablet of the memory of Jehovah.

'Could thy tears for ever flow,
Could thy zeal no respite know,
All for sins could not atone:
Christ must save, and *He alone.*'

"There is no atonement in tears or repentance. God has not said, 'I will forgive you for the sake of your penitence.' What is there in thy penitence that can make you deserve forgiveness? If you *deserved* forgiveness you would have a set-off against your guilt. This were to suppose some claims upon God, and there would be no mercy in giving you what you could claim. Repentance, of

itself, is not an atonement for sin. What, then, can be done? Justice says, 'Blood for blood; a stroke for every sin, blood for every crime.'

"Thus saith the Lord, 'I will by no means clear the guilty.' The sinner feels within his heart that the judgment is just; like the man to whom I talked some time ago, who said, 'If God does not damn me, He ought. I have been so great a sinner against His laws that His equity would be sullied by my escape.' The sinner, when convicted in his own conscience, must own the righteousness of God in his condemnation. He knows that he has been so wicked, he has sinned so much against heaven, that God in justice *must* punish him. He feels that God cannot pass by his sin and his transgression. Then there must be an atonement, in order to obtain pardon, he thinks. Who shall effect it?

"Speed your way up to heaven. It is vain to ask it on earth. Go up there, where cherubs stand around the throne of God. Ask one by one the brilliant spirits, and say, 'Can ye offer an atonement?' God has said, 'Man must *die*'; and the sentence cannot be altered. God Himself cannot reverse it, for, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, it is irrevocable. Punishment must follow sin, and damnation must be the effect of iniquity. Thou blazing seraph! wilt thou quench thy glories for a moment and descend to hell?

But then it would not be for a moment! for thou shouldst tarry then for ever; thou must be eternal ages long in bearing the punishment of only one soul. Therefore, O seraph! I would not ask thee. Besides, thou art not a man; and the Scripture says, '*It shall die.*' No satisfaction would it yield if thou didst die. Ye angels! I have no hope from you!

"I must turn my eye in another direction. Where *shall* I find help? Where *shall* I find deliverance? Man cannot help me; angels cannot. Even Michael the archangel can do nought for us. Where shall we find forgiveness? Where is the priceless prize? The mine hath it not in its depths. Stars have it not in their brilliance. The floods cannot tell me as they lift up their voice; nor can the hurricane's blast discover to me the mystery profound. It is hidden in the sacred counsels of the Most High. Where it is I know not, until from the throne of God I hear it said, 'I am the Substitute,' 'Lo, I come, to do thy will, O God.' And looking up there, I see sitting on the throne a God and yet a man—a man who once was slain! I see His once scarred hands and wounded side. But He is the everlasting God. He says, 'I have forgiveness; I have pardon; but I purchased it with blood. This heart was riven for it; this precious casket of divinity was broken open for your souls. I had

to *die*, the Just for the unjust. Excruciating agony, pains unutterable, and woes such as ye cannot comprehend, I had to suffer for your sake.'

'And can I say, 'This amazing grace is mine?' Has He enrolled my worthless name in the Lamb's book of life? Do I see the blood mark on the writ of my pardon? Do I know He purchased it with such a price? And shall I refuse to say, 'Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered,' for 'There is forgiveness with *Thee*'? Nay; I must and will exult, for I have found this jewel, a jewel before which diadems do pale and lose their lustre. I have found a pearl of great price, and now I must and will esteem all things but loss for Jesus' sake; for having found this unpurchaseable mercy, this blessing which could not be bought except with blood—the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, I must shout again. 'Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.' For in Him—the Lord Jesus Christ—'we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins.' 'And by him *all that believe* are justified.' Yes, 'there is forgiveness with *Thee*, that Thou mayest be feared.' "

C. H. S.

ERRATUM

In Sept. No., page 142, line 6 from bottom, *For* Son
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