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Gospel

Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

NET

Miss Miller

“ SAVED ”

‘ Oh, don’t use that word “ saved.” I don’t like it.’ So remarked a lady recently to an invalid friend of the writer, whom she was visiting, ostensibly to cheer and instruct. In the course of conversation the invalid had quoted the words of Scripture, “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved ” (Acts xvi. 31), and this was what the lady did not ‘ like.’

Now it does not matter what she, or anyone else ‘ likes ’; it does matter what God says. But her dislike to the *word* ‘ saved ’ proved the ignorance of the truth conveyed by it; she had never been saved herself. Have you ?

Think you that the wounded soldier who has been lying bleeding and helpless, and exposed to the enemy’s fire—that he objects to the word ‘ saved,’ when he has been tenderly carried into hospital, and tended and nursed back to health? Are his feelings those of ‘ dislike ’ to the comrade who, at the risk, and, perhaps, expense of his own life, rescued and saved him? Or the helpless passengers and crew of a torpedoed vessel, sinking rapidly into a watery grave—what think they of being saved, when at the risk of sharing their fate,

another ship hoves to, takes them aboard, and hastens to land them in safety at a home port?

Do they 'like' the word 'saved'? Or do they feel something more than 'liking' towards the captain that rescued them?

Or the occupant of the burning house, roused from slumber to find the staircase ablaze, and all exit cut off, does he object to the ringing cheer of 'Saved!' as the fireman places the escape at the window, and, hurrying him down it, lands him in safety in the street?

And these were saved from merely temporal, physical death. What about being "saved from wrath" (Rom. v. 9)—from the lake of fire—from the second death, from "eternal judgment"?

Beloved reader, at this the beginning of another year, you are either exposed to this, or you are 'saved' from it.

It was the custom in a Sunday School with which I was connected years ago always to sing, on the first Sunday of the year, some verses beginning:—

"What know I of the coming year,
Or what 'twill bring to me?—
Whether its close will find me here
Or in eternity?"

And it is a question both reader and writer do well to ponder. But link it with another, 'If its close find me in eternity, where shall I be?'

“ Where the tree falleth there it shall lie ” (Eccles. xi. 3) ; so now, at the beginning of the year, face the question, “ Where art thou ? ”

It was the first question addressed by a holy God to fallen man ; and it has rung down through the ages, and He addresses it to you by these lines : “ Where art thou ? ” If cut down, where you fall, there shall you be for ever ! *Where*, “ where art thou ” ?

“ He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life ; but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but *the wrath of God abideth on him* ” (John iii. 36). If you have never believed on the Son—on the Lord Jesus Christ—you are beginning this new year *under the wrath of God*. Dare I wish you a happy one ? Not while you remain there ! Oh, flee—flee from the wrath to come ! abiding on you now, and still “ to come ”—never to end—exhaustless wrath, unquenchable fire ! That is the description given of it by Him Who is the Only Deliverer from it—by Him Who alone knows it, for He alone has borne the weight of it. In the darkness of Calvary He could say, “ Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves.” He bore the judgment on the cross. He drank the cup of divine wrath, and “ God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood,

we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled we shall be saved by his life" (Rom. v. 8—10). Yes, He who died, the just for the unjust, who took the sinner's place under the wrath of God, is alive for evermore; He will never die again; and "by Him all who believe are justified from all things," for they are risen in Him. They are "IN CHRIST"—not "in their sins," not "under wrath." And they rejoice to exclaim, "God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with him" (I Thess. v. 9); for they "wait for his Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come" (I Thess. i. 10).

T.

"GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY"

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people" (Luke ii. 10).

To some shepherds at night, whilst keeping guard over their charge, there suddenly appeared

a bright light from heaven, for the glory of the Lord shone round about them ; and a voice was heard, not from one of themselves—it was an angelic voice, but in no strange language. It was an intelligible sound, and conveyed to them a wonderful meaning, for it brought to their ears and to their hearts glad tidings of great joy. And what was the message? Listen, and you shall hear, and may the words sink down into your heart, as you read this wonderful, soul-rejoicing message brought by the heavenly visitor !

“ Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.” What were these tidings? “ Unto you is born this day, in David’s city, a SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST THE LORD.” Never, to this moment, in all the world’s history, had such a message been given to the sons of men ! Isaiah, a prophet of Jehovah, had, some seven centuries before, announced his remarkable prophecy : “ Behold, the virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name EMMANUEL ” (Isai. vii. 14). And this name interpreted is, “ GOD with us ” (Matt. i. 23). Now, in the fulness of time the virgin (duly betrothed, and so in Jewish law Joseph’s wife, but “ before they came together) is found with child of the Holy Ghost.” Jesus is born into this world. Jesus, “ the Mighty God, the Father of Eternity,” became a babe, grew up into youth, and manhood, that He might die for wretched,

miserable *sinner*s, and we be saved by faith in His atoning death, and resurrection. Had He been *only* man, His death could not have met our case—could not have met the righteous demands of a Holy God in regard to our sins which call for divine judgment. From all eternity He was, and is the Everlasting God, and it is this which gives His death for us sinners all its *infinite* value and preciousness. No creature could make adequate atonement. Only God could atone for sin, and by becoming man—the Man Christ Jesus, the *only* Mediator between God and men.

But now I want you to think of what the angel said: “I bring you good tidings of great joy.” Here is the happiest message hitherto given “to all the people” of Israel. How was it received by the nation? For a time they might wonder what was meant. They had long expected their Messiah and King; and had not Daniel revealed the time? And indeed the expectation of some great advent was not confined to the land of Israel.

In the East, it was there, for from thence came the Magi who had seen His star. Think of what Balaam had said fourteen hundred years before, “There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel.”

In the West, also, men felt they were on the eve of some remarkable event. Not very long before the Saviour’s birth a Roman bard (I quote

the words of another) had sung " of a virgin, and an unprecedented offspring descended from high heaven, who should efface the traces of our crimes, and free from its perpetual fears the world—in whose days the lion would be no terror to the ox, and the deadly serpent should die."

Now is come the great Redeemer, the God-sent Saviour, who should by His death save His people from their sins! He is the only Saviour, there is no other. And if you have ever felt the terrible weight of all your sins, you must also feel and know that none but God can meet your case, and give you peace with Him. He, a Saviour now, will be the Judge of all mankind—of the living and of the dead hereafter—but not the Judge of him who now comes to Him in this day of grace, confiding in His death as the only means whereby a righteous forgiveness can be known, and enjoyed.

Oh, is not this " good tidings of great joy," indeed, that He has now appeared? And He came " to put away sin by the *sacrifice* of himself " for only thus can it ever be banished. We who believe can say, " Who his own self *bare our sins in his own body on the tree* " (1 Pet. ii. 24). Do you believe this? Have you believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? Is He *your* substitute from God? That is, can you say, ' He suffered the wrath of God for *me* ? ' Abraham believed God,

and it was imputed (or, reckoned) to him for righteousness. "Now it was not written for his sake alone, that it was imputed to him, but for us also, to whom it shall be imputed, *if we believe on him* that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, who was delivered up for *our* offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore," the apostle goes on to say, "being justified BY FAITH, we have PEACE WITH GOD THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST" (Rom. iv. 3, 23-25, v. 1).

The nation of Israel refused to believe the "good tidings." And what was the result? They were cast out of their land and perished, for they received Him not. But there were individuals here and there who received Him and were made glad. Did not the aged Simeon rejoice when, taking the Holy Babe in his arms, he could say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen thy Salvation"? Did not the dying robber also receive this Saviour? And what must have been his feelings to know that he was so soon to exchange the sufferings of earth for the glories of heaven, and to be *with* the SAVIOUR there? And how many others between this beginning, and the close, of the Saviour's life here had come to Him? Did not Zacchæus come—was he turned away? Blind Bartimæus also—was he afraid to come? He cast away his garment, arose, and came to Jesus.

“Him that cometh to me, I will *in no wise* cast out.” Blessed Saviour! Thou receivest sinners still.

“I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.”

Unto you, then, is the word of this salvation sent. Refuse it not, nor neglect it. For how shall we escape, if we NEGLECT SO GREAT SALVATION ?

“THE POWER OF GOD”

I suppose we all are more or less ready to admit, with Job, that God can do everything. He who spake worlds into being is surely the Omnipotent God. This same God is the Sustainer of all things, for by Him all things subsist. And “in Him it is that we live, and move, and have our being.”

The infidel prides himself in refusing whatever passes *his* understanding, and he appeals to the evidence of his senses. But how thoroughly irrational he proves himself to be. We have many of us perhaps heard the story of the sceptic who, asking a preacher if he preached to save

souls, and being answered that he did, asked him then: "Did you ever 'see' a soul?" "No." "Did you ever 'hear' a soul?" "No." "Did you ever 'taste' a soul?" "No." "Did you ever 'smell' a soul?" "No." "Did you ever 'feel' a soul?" "Yes, thank God." "Well," said the caviller, "there are four out of the five senses against one that there is no soul."

Do you think this was clever? Scripture tells us to "answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit" (or, eyes) Prov. xxvi. 5. And so the preacher, understanding that his interlocutor was a doctor of medicine, replied: "Did you ever 'see' a pain?" "No." "Did you ever 'hear' a pain?" "No." "Did you ever 'taste' a pain?" "No." "Did you ever 'smell' a pain?" "No." "Did you ever 'feel' a pain?" "Yes," said the doctor. "Well, then," rejoined the preacher, "there are, you see, also four senses against one to prove that there is no such thing as pain; and yet you know there is such a thing as pain, and I know that there is a soul."

Now the Bible tells us that "through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God," and that "the invisible things" of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even *His eternal power* and Godhead (or

Divinity) so that unbelief is left "without excuse" (Rom. I. 20).

When our Lord was here, He commanded the winds and the waves, and they obeyed Him. Here was the power of God. He commanded the unclean spirits, and they obeyed Him. He went about, anointed with power, doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil. But now He is no longer seen of men. The world rejected and crucified Him. But that cross on which the Lord of glory died is the turning-point in the wonderful ways of God. For the grace of God that *bringeth salvation* hath appeared. "We preach Christ crucified, unto Jews a stumbling-block, and to Greeks foolishness, but unto them which are the called, both Jews and Greeks, *Christ the power of God*, and the wisdom of God." And this is the gospel which the apostle Paul preached, not with wisdom of words lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." He was "not ashamed of the gospel," he could say to the Romans, "for it is *the power of God unto salvation*" and it is this power "to every one that believeth."

Now, my reader, is not this what you need? To carry your sins into eternity is to be lost for ever! No earthly power, no power of man, no rite can cleanse you from your sins. No self-sacrifice, nothing that you can do can avail you.

But salvation, God's salvation, is offered you in the name of the One that was crucified. He suffered in the sinner's stead. Can you take up the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and appropriate to yourself this future confession of the repentant Jews? Can you say, "He was wounded for 'MY' transgressions, He was bruised for 'MY' iniquities; the chastisement of 'MY' peace was upon Him; and with His stripes I AM 'healed'" (ver. 5)?

You must come to Him for yourself. It is an intensely personal matter. It will not do for you to believe only that He is a Saviour for others. Is He *your* Saviour? Has His precious blood made *you* whiter than snow? Are *you* made fit for His holy presence in heaven? Why not? God tells us that He is "no respecter of persons." Whosoever believeth on Him *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is (already) passed from death unto life.

" He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me."

Yes, " I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth."

AN EXPERIENCE

“ My agony of mind was now wrought up to its highest pitch, when suddenly I caught a glimpse of Christ on Calvary. Then I cried with the desperation of a drowning man, ‘ Lord, I believe ; help Thou my unbelief ! Lord, save, or I perish ! ’ And suddenly there was a great calm—the storm was hushed—the burden was gone, and I felt that God in Christ had forgiven me all my sins. ‘ Being justified by faith,’ I had ‘ peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ It is true that I had not that rapture or joy which some testify ; but I had the ‘ peace of God which passeth all understanding.’ Oh, yes ! the Spirit did bear witness with my spirit, that I was a child of God by faith in Jesus. I laid me down, and sweetly fell asleep ; and in the morning, when I awoke, I asked : ‘ Is this a dream ? ’ I knew and felt it was indeed a truth that I was justified freely by God’s grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.”

“ Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool ” (Isai. i. 18).

THE BIBLE

Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray !
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way !

Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high !
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky !

Pillar of fire through wa ches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day !
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay !

Pole-star on life's tempestuous deep !
Beacon, when doubts surround !
Compass, by which our course we keep,
Our deep-sea land to sound !

Riches in poverty ! our aid
In every needful hour !
Unshaken rock—the pilgrim's shade,
The soldier's fortress tower !

Our shield and buckler in the fight !
Victory's triumphant palm !
Comfort in grief ! in weakness might !
In sickness, Gilead's balm !

Childhood's preceptor ! manhood's trust !
Old age's firm ally !
Our hope, when we go down to dust
Of immortality !

Word of the ever-living God !
 Will of His glorious Son !
 Without Thee how could earth be trod,
 Or heaven itself be won ?

Yet to unfold Thy hidden worth,
 Thy mysteries to reveal,
 That Spirit which first gave Thee forth
 Thy volume must unseal !

And we, if we aright would learn
 The wisdom it imparts,
 Must to its heavenly teaching turn,
 With simple childlike hearts !

B. B.

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Gospel

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ONE HALFPENNY
NET

Charles Webb, known to us at Remembrance
"WHAT ARE YOU?"

It was Saturday night, and bitterly cold, an unusually keen wind blowing up the main thoroughfare of a well-known watering-place in the south of England.

Busy crowds passed to and fro, and in and out of the well-lighted shops, few stopping to notice, and fewer still to patronize a poor man, who, partially sheltering himself at the corner of a side street, offered for sale artificial camelias, white and pink, cleverly carved from a turnip, and then tinted, and attached to small sprigs of evergreen.

But most passers-by were too eager to finish their necessary marketing, and hurry home, to stop to buy from him; and hour after hour he stood there, or paced up and down, stamping his feet to try to get a little warmth. At length he was noticed by the Christian wife of the tradesman who kept the corner shop, and touched with pity for the poor ill-clad man (for he was wearing only an old cotton smock frock, but clean), she took him out a cup of hot cocoa with some food, offering him at the same time a gospel tract, and saying a few words to him, while he partook of her bounty, about the love of God to poor sinners, and the free

gift of salvation He offers through the finished work of the Lord Jesus.

To her surprise, as she spoke, the face, which was almost repulsive through injuries caused (as he afterwards explained) through falling down the shaft of a mine in America, became lighted with a bright smile, as he warmly responded to what she said, confessing unhesitatingly that the Lord Jesus Christ was his own long-known Saviour. Deeply interested, the lady inquired his story, and found that since his return to England he had worked as a painter, but the severe weather causing him to be out of work which he had tramped from place to place in the hope of obtaining, he had resorted to the carving of flowers out of turnips, to gain a scanty livelihood until he could follow his own employment, and only a few days before had arrived in the town.

Inviting him to a mission service held near the lodging-house in which he lived, he gladly promised to come, and the next day saw him there, his whole demeanour marking him as one who had a delight in the things of God.

His newly-found friends interested themselves in his behalf, and soon obtained employment for him with a builder of their acquaintance, to whom his conduct gave satisfaction while he continued in the town.

Sometimes on a Sunday they invited him to

their own home between the services, and it was on one such occasion that he remarked that he had been reading and greatly enjoying the words of the apostle Paul in 1 Corinthians xv. 10, "By the grace of God I am what I am!"

"Well, W——, what are you?" responded the master of the house. The writer was present, and will never forget (though it occurred over 30 years ago) the radiant smile that illuminated that disfigured countenance as he replied, "*Only a poor sinner saved by sovereign grace*"!

Dear reader, I pass the same question on to you; "*What are you?*" Can you give this poor turnip-carver's reply? Vastly different to him in almost every particular you may be in man's estimation, but in God's sight, even if rolling in wealth and laden with honour, the first four words of his answer at least are true of you—"Only a poor sinner!"

Yes, *a sinner*, for God has declared, "ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God!" (Rom. iii. 23). "There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not" (Eccles. vii. 20).

And what is sin? Lawlessness, doing what one likes—pleasing self, instead of pleasing God. And is not this what you have been doing all your life? Does not your conscience answer, Yes?

From the first time you kicked and screamed in

your cradle because not taken up when you wanted to be, through childhood, youth, manhood, and (it may be) till old age, have you not wanted your own way?—what you liked?—and that is *sin*! “An high look, and a proud heart, and the plowing of the wicked is sin” (Proverbs xxi. 4).

And what can you do to purge that away? to atone for that sin? to make amends to the God who created you for His glory and to carry out His purposes, for living as you chose without reference to Him or His will—yea, for your *rebellion* against Him? Good for you if you realize that you are truly a “poor sinner”—so poor that you are utterly bankrupt, and unable to meet the very least of His requirements!

For if His Holy Spirit opens your eyes to that—to see that in His sight you are “lost,” it follows necessarily that if you are to be right before God you must be placed in that condition by Another—you must *be saved*.

And blessed be God!—the God, against whom you have sinned, has Himself provided such a Saviour. From His own side, from His own heart He has sent His Son, One with Himself in everything—sent Him as Saviour—sent Him to become Man, and as the God-Man to stand in the sinner’s stead and bear the sinner’s judgment—to die “the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God.” He “came into the world to save sinners”

(1 Tim. i. 15) ; and “ there is none other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved ” (Acts iv. 12). “ God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him ” (Romans v. 8, 9). “ For I declare unto you the gospel . . . *by which also ye are saved* . . . how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures ; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day, according to the scriptures ” (1 Cor. xvi. 1—4).

Do you believe this ? Do you rest in it ? Do you put to your seal that God is true, and believe His record concerning His Son ? Then can you finish in truth the sentence of the poor turnip-carver, “ I am only a poor sinner *saved* by sovereign grace ! ” God grant it may be the confession of the heart of every one who reads these lines !

“ Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding !
 Ransomed souls, the tidings swell ;
 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding :
 Who its length or breadth can tell ? ”

“ Saved by Christ, we're free for ever—
 This the holy word declares ;
 Death, nor hell, nor ought can sever
 Jesus from the chosen heirs.”

T.



“ ARE YOU GETTING TIRED OF THIS OLD WORLD ? ”

A man who had some time passed what is called “ the prime of life ” was lying on a bed of sickness. His doctor, a Christian physician, realizing the evident near approach of death, after some time feeling the need of caution in speaking about the soul’s eternal interests to one who had always kept such subjects away from him, sought to prepare the way for directing the patient’s thoughts that way by asking him : “ Well ! are you getting tired of this old world ? ”

The answer he received was, “ I am tired of lying here.” These words proved not only to be the first of his part in the dialogue, but also the last, for neither the doctor nor anyone else heard him speak again. In a few minutes, or hours at the most, he passed away !

What a solemn contrast there is in his case with that of the happy old Christian woman, whose story has been often told. She was lying on her bed, prostrated with acute bronchitis, when one of her neighbours calling to enquire after her welfare, said to her, “ It must be very trying for you who have always been so active to be laid aside like this ; ” to which she replied : “ Oh, no ; it is the

Lord's will and it must be right ; when I was well it was, ' Betty, come here,' ' Betty, go there,' ' Betty, do this,' ' Betty, do that ' ; and now it is, ' Betty, lie there and cough.' "

The words of the dying man, " I am tired of lying here," are calculated, and that in a very solemn way, to call to mind the awful words of Isai. l. II, " Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks : walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have at mine hand. Ye shall lie down in sorrow."

We may read these words in connection with the first verse of the first Psalm ; " Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Verse 4 tells us " The ungodly are not so " ; and there is sad reason to fear that the poor dying man *had* followed a course which was characterized by

walking in the counsel of the ungodly,

standing in the way of sinners,

sitting in the seat of the scornful,

while there is also solemn reason to fear that his lying down was, in contrast with that of old Betty, a lying down in sorrow.

Thank God, we are not his judges, but we know that He who gives us the glorious gospel-invitations of Isai. lv., " 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," etc., is the same that delivers the solemn admonition of chap. I. II. He is the Judge, and everyone will yet own His just decrees, as Abraham said of Him : " Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ? "

Let every reader of these lines take to heart the all-important lessons taught in these scriptures concerning the counsel of the ungodly, the way of sinners, the seat of the scornful, and know for himself or herself the secret of the peace which was the portion of old Betty in the deepest depths of her trials, even the joy of the Lord as her portion, as it is written in Rom. v. 1—3, which enabled her to " glory in tribulations also." T.J.

" WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT ? "

This is a question which at times rises in every man's heart. His ways are affected by the end he has in view ; and this end is generally a question of profit or advantage. What do I gain ; or hope to gain, by my doing this or that ? Will it give me pleasure, or health, or wealth, or fame ? What is man not prepared to go through if only he can succeed in gaining the object he sets before him ? And so the matter resolves itself into the question before us, " What shall it profit ? "

Now our Lord, when here on earth, put this question to those before Him in the region of Cæsarea Philippi on the occasion of Peter's blessed confession of His person as "the Christ, the Son of the living God." Men's opinions differed then as they do to-day, and this not on a doubtful point, but in regard to One who came with irrefutable proofs of His mission and person. "A man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders and signs, which God did by Him." Who spake as never man spake—who commanded the winds and the waves, and they obeyed Him—who gave sight to the blind, hearing to deaf ears, speech to the dumb—healing the oppressed, casting out demons, and raising the dead.

Moses the law-giver wrote of Him; Isaiah the prophet predicted the Emmanuel that should come; Zacharias the priest declared the approaching visit of the "Dayspring from on high," and John the Baptist announced the presence of this One in the midst—not only His person, but His work—"The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Nicodemus "the teacher of Israel," who came to Jesus by night, confesses Jesus as "a teacher come from God," doing miracles which only one accredited by God could do.

So at once we are confronted by the fact that here is one who is duly competent to tell us the truth, so that we need no longer be in doubt.

And indeed it is sin to doubt when God speaks, for it is impossible also that He should lie. Search the scriptures—they testify of Jesus. Hear the angelic announcement—there is born “ a Saviour Who is Christ the Lord ” (Jehovah). The Father in heaven declares, “ This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him.” The words, and ways, and miracles of Jesus, all bear witness that He is Jehovah’s Anointed Messenger to man.

Hear then His appeal to you, “ What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and LOSE HIS SOUL ? ” To lose your soul is TO LOSE IT FOR EVER ! There are no chances beyond the grave. If you are not saved *here*, you cannot be saved hereafter. When man dies, if he dies a sinner, it is to find a great gulf fixed ; marking off the eternally blest from the eternally lost !

No wonder then that those who have bartered their souls for the momentary pleasure of a life here without Christ, will “ weep ” as they think of mercy thrust away by them ; will “ wail ” as they suffer the abiding wrath of a righteous and holy God, whose innumerable warnings and exhortations had been persistently refused ; and will “ gnash their teeth ” in mortification as they remember their folly in listening to, and believing, Satan the father of lies, and in despising the goodness and long-suffering of God.

Oh, what loss is this ! Will you not turn to

God now, at once, and be saved? Have you really made up your mind to be in the company of the devil and his angels, of the abominable, of the wicked, of liars, and FOR EVER? Pause and think for a moment. Is this to be?

There is another side. There is a bright and blessed paradise—the paradise of God. A glorious home for the good. And who are the good? Those who have come to Jesus confessing their badness, but believing God's word that tells of the forgiveness of our sins for all who believe in Jesus who died for our sins. He suffered the holy wrath of God for all who come to Him through Jesus. For Jesus is the way, and there is no other way, no other name given. But His name is given, and all who believe in His name have eternal life and the forgiveness of sins through the precious blood of Christ.

Let me once more appeal to you. All the wealth of a thousand worlds does not compass the value of your soul. What can a man give in exchange for his soul? Ponder Luke xvi. and then turn to Luke xv. Do as the profligate one did. Come to your senses, come to the Father, and receive His embrace and His welcome. Then everlasting joy is yours, and henceforth you will seek to do His will, to please Him in all things, because He has saved you and made you His child.

*Found among the papers of Susan Byron after
her death.*

**AN INVALID MOTHER'S LETTER
TO HER DYING SOLDIER-SON**

Low Street

Tilbury

Essex

July 10th, 1860

My dear and most beloved Son,

I now take the opportunity of writing a few lines to you once more and perhaps for the last time—God knows—as I feel it my duty to write and put you in mind that you are never likely to see me or any of us again in this world. I hope you will give your heart to the Lord that we may all meet in heaven. I hope these few lines will find you easy in body and well in spirit, waiting for your heavenly Master's call when He thinks well to fetch you home to glory. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. And, whether living or dying, you may be sure, my dear, I have prayed for you myself, but you must pray and believe for yourself. You have a soul that cannot die, and must live through the countless ages of the never-ending eternity; and for our precious souls to be lost—lost for ever! May the Lord bless you with His Holy Spirit and show you where you are, and again whether

you have peace with God. I trust you have, my dear boy. I pray to be forgiven if I have been too close with you, as I feel a great concern for your precious soul, that is of more value than the poor frail body which will soon moulder into dust. But that precious jewel—your soul, I mean. My beloved son, my blessed son, take your poor old mother's advice, and give yourself wholly to the Lord, body, soul, and spirit as a living sacrifice to your heavenly Father, in the name of His beloved Son Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and ever Blessed Saviour. He can save to the uttermost all that come unto Him in prayer. Cast yourself into His arms. Believe that He will take you entirely for His own, body, soul, and spirit, for He is the Friend of sinners. He will take more care of you than father or mother, sister or brother can do; and may the Lord bless you with His Holy Spirit and take you to heaven for His name and mercy's sake! And now I must conclude with a mother's advice to her dear dying son, and believe me to remain,

Your affectionate mother,

LUCY ADAMS

Father, Brother, Frederick, and sister Eliza send their kind loves to you, and may we all meet in heaven; and if I get there first I will look for you, and if you get there first, look for poor old mother. I mean to try and meet you there.

“ FATHER, THE HOUR IS COME ! ”

One hour there is in history's page
 Pre-eminent o'er all the past ;
 'Twill shine and shine from age to age,
 While earth, while heaven itself, shall last.

O'ercome by time's oblivious power,
 While earthly glories all decay,
 The memory of that blessed hour
 Shall never, never pass away.

A watchfire on a lofty hill,
 Conspicuous o'er the waste of years,
 That friendly beacon, blazing still,
 The weary, way-worn pilgrim cheers.

Thou'lt say—What deed of glory gave
 Such lustre to that single hour ?
 Go, ask the earth, the sun, the grave—
 Those all confessed its thrilling power.

Aye, wrapped at noon in deepest night,
 The trembling earth—it shook with dread !
 The sun at mid-day lost its light,
 The opening grave gave up its dead !

Child of the world ! 'tis not in thee
 To feel its heart-consoling power ;
 Dead—dead to God—thine eye can see
 No glory in that wondrous hour !

Christian ! 'tis thine alone to know
 And prize it more than all beside ;
 So bright with love, so dark with woe—
 The gracious hour when Jesus died.

THE PILGRIM'S WANTS

- I want that adorning Divine,
Thou only, my God, canst bestow ;
I want in those beautiful garments to shine,
Which distinguish Thy household below.
- I want every moment to feel,
That Thy Spirit resides in my heart ;
That His power is present to cleanse and to heal,
And newness of life to impart.
- I want, oh ! I want to attain
Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee !
That longed-for resemblance once more to regain ;
Thy comeliness put upon me.
- I want to be marked for Thine own ;
Thy seal on my forehead to wear ;
To receive that new name on the mystic white stone,
Which none but Thyself can declare.
- I want so in Thee to abide,
As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise !
The branch which Thou prunest, though feeble and dried,
May languish, but never decays.
- I want Thine own hand to unbind
Each tie to terrestrial things—
Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwined,
Where my heart too tenaciously clings.
- I want, by my aspect serene,
My actions and words to declare—
That my treasure is placed in a country unseen,
That my heart's best affections are there.
- I want, as a traveller, to haste
Straight onward, nor pause on my way ;
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance to waste
On the tent only pitched for a day.
- I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify Thee till I die ;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care,
And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh.

Charlotte Elliott.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD,
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY
NET

“THREE FALSE WITNESSES”

During the greatest trial ever held in an earthly court of law, we are told of Him Who was there arraigned “ Many bare false witness against Him, but their witness agreed not together.” “ At the last came two false witnesses.” “ But neither so did their witness agree together.” Yet in spite of such transparent misrepresentation and prying, the holy and harmless Prisoner was condemned to death. Men preferred then, as they prefer now, to believe the devil’s lies, however contradictory they may be, than to believe Him Who is the Truth itself. To get rid of Christ was Satan’s aim then; to keep sinners from coming to and trusting Him is his great aim now.

*From
a London
newspaper*

Quite recently, in a London Police Court, an old man made this statement: “ I am a God-forsaken old man. I have never been christened, and the old parson told me I should go to hell.”

Now that “ old parson,” whoever he may have been, was a “ false witness,”—false witness, No. 1. It was indeed true that the old man was on the way to hell—so are you, my reader—if you have never been turned “ from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.” But he was not going there “ because he had never been

christened." Millions of souls who have been christened—and confirmed too—are this moment in the place of torment : and many souls who have never been christened or baptised, are with Christ to-day in perfect bliss. Why, the very first soul that entered Paradise after the Lord Jesus Himself went there, was never christened. He passed from the cross, where his own evil deeds justly took him, to the Paradise of God—and the word of Him Who is the Faithful Witness is our warrant for saying so. "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise" (Luke xxiii. 43).

'But,' asks someone, 'does it not say that "baptism doth even now save us"?' No, dear reader, it does *not*. It says (1 Pet. iii. 21) that it is a "like figure" with Noah's ark of that which *does* save us "by the resurrection of Jesus Christ"—it is a figure of His death. So were the waters of judgment upon which the ark rode. It was faith in the word of God that led Noah to build and then to enter the ark (Heb. xi. 7). It is faith in Christ that saves now. "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved" (for it is the precious privilege of every believer to own this identification with the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus by baptism (Rom. vi. 3, 4)—"but he that *believeth not* shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16). Christening does NOT save; faith in Christ does.

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

So we will pass by the "old parson," and listen to another witness. He wears a bishop's dress—when he is not in khaki—and he is addressing a crowded audience in the parish church of a large town. What does he say? "Those who give their life for their country are sure of heaven"! There he contradicts the old parson, for many who have given their lives for their country have not been christened! Their witness does not agree. But is the bishop right? Let us listen again to the Faithful One, to the Truth Himself. "I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins: *whither I go ye cannot come. . . . If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins*" (John viii. 21, 24). And another, who was terribly afraid of being a false witness of God, wrote by inspiration, "though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing" (1 Cor. xiii. 3). Charity, love, as described in that exquisite chapter, is, as the poet has said:

"The portrait an apostle drew—
The bright Original was One he knew;
Heaven held his hand—the likeness must be true."

Yes, and the "Bright Original" is the Only Begotten Son, in the bosom of the Father, the One Who is Himself God manifest in flesh—and God is love! You may paraphrase the verse and say, "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not Christ, it profiteth me nothing." No,

*Bishop 39 London
while preaching at St. Peter's
Brighton*

without Christ, death for one's country does *not* save ; but faith in Christ does.

We will turn from the parish church, up one of the poorer streets of this big town, and we come to another and smaller edifice. Here, " a faithful witness " long proclaimed the truth of God, and sought to lead sinners to Christ ; but his voice is silent now, and he waits in His presence for the resurrection of the just. Another voice sounds through the old building now ; and it looks somewhat dirty and dilapidated—but what is this on the side wall ? It is new since we last passed by this way. We have never seen it before. A wooden tablet—on it a wooden crucifix—and round it the words : " Of your charity pray for the souls of those who have fallen in the war ! " And the bishop said they were sure of heaven !! And if they were not christened, the old parson declared they could not go there !!! Oh, the various voices of the false witnesses ! A greater preacher than any of the three—and " the preacher was wise,"— declared " Where the tree falleth there it shall be " (Eccles. xi. 3) ; and a Greater than Solomon—even He to whom we have referred the other witnesses and proved them false, has drawn back the vail, and pourtrays the present state of the departed dead : and He says between the saved and the lost " there is a great gulf fixed ; so that they which would pass from hence

*He will be
All shall
be taken
to him*

to you *cannot*, neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence " (Luke xvi. 26).

He—the Truth—declares they *cannot* pass ; their state is irremediably fixed.

My reader, " charity begins at home," it is said ; " of your charity " have you prayed for *yourself* ?—you may be saved NOW ; " now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." God is presenting Christ as a mercy seat, through faith in His blood, and " by Him all that believe are justified from all things." " He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar ; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record, that God hath given unto 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 " (1 John v. 10-12).

T.



" The law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never, with those sacrifices which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect. For then would they have ceased to be offered ? " (Heb. x. 1, 2.)

A WORD ABOUT GOD'S LOVE

Dear Friend, you who are reading this little book, do you know the love of God? Can you say with the apostle, "God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us"? Or on the other hand, are you among the many who "know not God," and are "without hope"? For it is well to bear in mind that "there is none righteous, no not one. For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." And further, God has definitely stated in His word, that the wages of sin is death. I would remind you of these things, my dear unsaved friend, for it is a matter of importance, as to whether we have proved the love of God.

Let me just draw your attention to God's love, as it is spoken of in the scripture of truth. Surely it is all summed up in John iii. 16: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I may tell you that this verse has brought joy to the heart of many a weary and troubled soul. As one meditates on these words, four outstanding facts are plain:

1. Divine love.
2. The measure and greatness of that love.
3. The recipients of that love.
4. Its purpose and result.

The announcement of God's love is surely amazing when we remember that it was to a world which, though He was its Creator, had doubted His word, had forgotten Him, and had finally refused to acknowledge Him.

But God does not merely tell of His love, He goes on to tell the measure of it, for He so loved the world, that he gave His only Begotten Son ; and surely His love was great, that He could give His own Son, to die for those who had sinned against Him.

And here we have the third thought, the recipients of God's love. And these are distinctly those who "believe." Does this include you, my reader? Can you say with the hymn-writer :

" I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the Cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free " ?

And now think of the result of that love, " that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh, matchless love ! Oh ! boundless love ! the love of God to sinful man, that he should not suffer the due rewards of his sins, if he will but BELIEVE ON THE SAVIOUR WHO

DIED, not only that he should be saved from everlasting punishment, from banishment from the presence of God, but have the gift of God—EVERLASTING LIFE, an eternity of bliss in the presence of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ!

Have you accepted this offer of mercy and grace, made so clear in John iii. 16? I would just say one word about the consequence of refusing it. The Christ of God, Who hung on the cross of Calvary, and now waits to receive you to Himself, will one day, at the Great White Throne, say to each one who has spurned and rejected His grace and mercy, "Depart, ye cursed, I never knew you." Oh, solemn thought. Be wise then, my friend. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

H. R.



"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John iv. 9, 10.)

“ IF I GO AWAY, I WILL COME AGAIN ”

These words of our Lord Jesus were spoken to those to whom He knew they would be a source of comfort, not of dread. His disciples—for these were they—had been distressed to hear that He was about to leave them. They had learnt to love Him—had felt the blessedness of His companionship. He had been their comfort in sorrow, their strength in weakness, their guide in perplexity, their protection in danger. “ Lord, to whom,” said Peter, “ shall we go? thou hast words of eternal life. And we believe and know that thou art the Christ, the Son of God.”

Sorrow indeed had filled their hearts, but the Lord said: “ I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no one takes from you.” Taken, crucified, and slain by wicked hands, He rose triumphant from the tomb, and appeared to them again, as He had said. Their sorrow was turned into joy; “ They worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.”

Now you may say, What has all this to do with me? Well, it has this to do with you, that I want you to ask yourself, ‘ Do I know such a One for

myself? Have I found such a Friend whose companionship is so sweet, that if I have Him not, I am lonely and disconsolate indeed?'

I take it for granted, my reader, that you have read in the Gospels the wonderful story of the Saviour's birth, His youth, His manhood, His death, His resurrection, and His ascension to heaven. "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." He is coming again to this world: "Every eye shall see him . . . and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." He cometh to judge the world in righteousness.

Would you be afraid to meet Him? Is this announcement one of terror to you? Or, can you say with the apostle. "Even so, Amen"? Fear hath torment. It is a terrible thing to be constantly in *dread* of one coming to see one. You are not afraid to meet your wife, your children, your father or your mother, your friend? Because you love them, and they love you. A guilty conscience makes cowards of us all. But—perfect love casteth out fear. Not my love to God, so cold and weak as it is, but God's perfect love to me. This is not a thing I do not know, if I have believed in the Lord Jesus. "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us."

My dear friend, let me challenge your heart and

your conscience. Where are you in this matter? Are you ready to meet Him who knows you so thoroughly that everything you have felt, thought, said, or done, is "naked and opened to the eyes of him with whom we have to do?" Oh, open your heart to Him; conceal nothing, confess what you have been, what you are, what you have done. Into His ear pour all. Come to Him, come now. And "him that cometh to me," He has said, "I will in no wise cast out." He will banish all your fears. He will make your heart joyful, and the words at the heading of this paper a constant comfort and cheer to you. To be in heaven with your sins would be no home for you. But if cleansed and forgiven, heaven is your home. And to see Him and to be like Him for ever will be the acme of bliss.

We seek your happiness: We seek this Saviour's joy in welcoming you. He is ready to receive you now, and soon to bring you into heavenly glory with Himself for ever.

Oh! come to the Saviour,
He's calling to-day!
How long wilt thou linger?
His voice now obey.
He's speaking from heaven
In love to thy soul;
His blood He has given—
Wilt *thou* be made whole?

“THE DOOR WAS SHUT”

MATT. XXV. 10

The Bible reveals to us not only the blessedness of all those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but also the unhappiness of those who have refused the proffered boon of heaven. “Ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins; whither I go, ye cannot come.” “He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.”

We are all guilty before God, for all have sinned, and all come short of God's glory. It is not what *we* think of our condition, of our sins, but what is God's estimate of our state. And He declares there is none righteous—no, not one. It is God we have to meet, to whom we all must give account. And it is His glory of which we all come short. Now if this be so and you cannot deny it if you believe the word of God, does it not show us that our case is hopeless. that we are indeed “lost”? What then *is* to become of us? Thank God, “there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayst be feared.” “Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity?”

It is not enough to know that Jesus was crucified,

The demons believe this, and they tremble. But they are not, and cannot be, saved. There is no salvation for them. "Not of angels taketh he hold, but of the seed of Abraham he taketh hold" (Heb. ii. 16 *margin*).

But have you appropriated His death to yourself? Have you personally come to Him as One who suffered in *your* stead before God—on whom all *your* sins were laid by God Himself; that on that cross Jesus bore your sins, that with His stripes *you* might be healed? Have you eaten His flesh and drank His blood, as the Lord said to them of Capernaum? This does not mean taking the sacrament or eucharist, as the Lord's Supper is sometimes called; for this had not been then instituted and was unknown. And when it was instituted, it was only for those who were His, not for those who *desired* to be His even. Comparing the accounts in the Gospels, we find that after the passover sop was given to Judas, Judas went immediately out, and then the Supper in remembrance of Jesus (not of Israel's deliverance as in the case of the passover, Exod. xii. 26, 27) was inaugurated for His true disciples—"Ye are clean," Judas excepted (John xiii. 10, 11). So also Acts ii. 38-42; xx. 7 shows us who were the participants of this "breaking of bread" as it is there called.

But now there is another side! What if God's

call to you is unheeded? if His mercy and grace are refused? A time is coming when it will be no longer as now, the door wide open, but it will be **THE DOOR SHUT!** How many then will knock for entrance, but in vain! They may plead many privileges once enjoyed. They may say "We have eaten and drank in thy presence! and thou hast taught in our streets!" Yes, His presence and His teaching, how blessed! But themselves unsaved, notwithstanding! "**I KNOW YOU NOT!**" Oh, think of it.

The Lord Jesus is coming, and is coming quickly, for these are His own words. Those who are His will welcome Him and rejoice. They will go in with Him to the marriage, and **THE DOOR WILL BE SHUT.** Others coming will find themselves **OUTSIDE.** Will the door open to them? No. **IT IS TOO LATE.** "Depart from me."

My readers, what do you intend? Do you *want* to be lost? to find yourself outside and not within? Do you prefer the weeping and gnashing of teeth, for this is the certain portion of those who have neglected this great salvation. It is not your sins that shut you out of heaven, but your refusal of the Saviour who came to deliver us from our sins. Will you not now repent, bowing to God's declaration of your ruin? Do look to Him who died on the cross for you. Rest your soul on Christ's atoning death, and all who believe

are justified—justified freely by God's grace, justified by His blood and no other. "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." For "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE

"Jesus saith I am the way, and the truth, and the life"
(John xlv. 6).

"I am the Way"—no other way is there
That leads to heaven and God—"I am the Way";
And having Me, though thou hadst wandered far,
Thou art not wandering now, but in the way.

"I am the Truth"—full oft thou'st been deceived,
And, many a time, beguiled thy heart has been,
Now, having Me, thou hast the truth received,
And freed art thou from the deceit of men.

"I am the Life"—once dead in sins thou'st been,
Though in dead works thine energies were rife,
But, oh, how dead! now Me thine eyes have seen;
And having Me, thou hast indeed the Life.

Lord Jesus! Thou alone my glory art,
Poor, weak, and erring, wherein can I boast?
I dare not trust the promptings of my heart,
But I can trust Thee, Thou dost save the lost.

W. N. T.

"He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John v. 12).

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD,
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY
NET

From the Life of Edmund Ouseley

THE MESSAGE AT THE " BERRIN "

" As the priest was reading mass, and the multitude were on their knees, a stranger suddenly rode up. Dismounting, he knelt in the midst of the congregation with manifest solemnity. As the priest went on reading in a tongue which the people knew not a word, the stranger caught up passage after passage, selecting, though unknown to his hearers, those portions which conveyed directly scriptural truth or solemn warnings. He suddenly turned the words from Latin into Irish, and repeated aloud after the priest. Then, with deep feeling, he cried at the end of each passage, ' Listen to that ! ' The priest seems to have been overwhelmed and awed, and the people completely melted. When the mass was ended, and all rose up, Mr. Ouseley, with a face beaming with affection, urged upon the people the necessity of having their peace made with God, telling them how they must become reconciled to Him, and that it was possible so to do by real repentance and true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

" As he was taking his departure, the crowd cried to the priest, ' Father——, who is that ? Who is he at all ? '

" ' I do not know,' said the priest : ' he is not

a man at all ; sure, he is an angel. No man could do what he has done.'

" Mr. Ouseley was forthwith mounted and gone.

" Long afterwards he met with a peasant, and accosting him, had a conversation, which we give :—

" ' My dear man, would you not like to be reconciled to God, to have His peace in your heart, and stand clear before the great Judge when He will come in the clouds of heaven to judge the world ? '

" ' Oh, glory be to His holy and blessed name, sir, I have this peace in my heart ; and the Lord be praised that I ever saw your face.'

" ' You have ! what do you know about this peace ? When did you see me ? '

" ' Don't you remember the day, sir, that you were at the " berrin " (burial), when the priest was saying mass ? '

" ' I do very well. What about that day ? '

" ' O gentleman, you told us then how to get that peace, and I went, blessed be His holy name, to Jesus Christ my Saviour, and got it in my heart, and have had it here ever since.' "

The above interesting narrative, related in the biography of a much used servant of God, long since passed to his rest—the account of whose own being " turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God " was given not long since in the pages of " Gospel Gleanings "—urges

me to enquire of every reader : " Have *you* been to the Lord Jesus, and got this peace ? Do you possess it ? or is this poor Irish peasant to stand up in the judgment, and condemn you ? " Once, and probably once only, had he heard how peace could be obtained ; but he went straight to Him Who gives it—and he got it ; and *he knew it*. All his life had he been taught that others were needed to come between his sinful soul and the holy Son of God ; the Virgin Mary or the saints—he must approach by them ; but as soon as he heard of Jesus, he went *straight to Him*, and he found Him as good as His word ? Have you ? If not, go to Him to-day !

In the midst of a world at war, with the cry : " No peace without victory " ringing in your ears, God's messengers, in His name, are proclaiming peace, and that on an unassailable basis, because *the victory is won*.

It is man, it is you, dear unsaved reader, who are at " enmity against God," not God against you.

It was peace, not war, that the angelic hosts announced on the plains of Bethlehem, when " God sent forth His Son," and the Holy Babe was born. The Word became flesh (Luke ii. 14).

And when that Blessed One began His public ministry, and " went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil ; for God was with him," God was still " preaching peace by

Jesus Christ " (Acts. x. 36). But it was true of Him, as of the Psalmist of old " I am for peace ; but when I speak, they are for war " (Ps. cxx. 7). " Crucify Him ! crucify Him ! " was man's only response to God's overtures of peace ; and the hatred of the human heart—your heart and mine—culminated in the murder of God's beloved Son !

Man may stand aghast at the butchery and the murders of the past three years ; may find no words to express his feelings at the wiping out of the Armenian nation, or the nameless cruelties perpetrated in other lands ; may print the headline of his newspapers : " The greatest crime in all history " when he announces the torpedoing of the " Lusitania," with its 1,400 odd hapless victims ; but what are they all compared to the murder of the Christ of God ? He came " preaching peace," and Calvary was man's answer !—*my* answer !—*YOUR* answer !

Think of it, if you never have before—man, guilty, rebel man, enslaved by sin, and a prey to Satan—murdering his Creator ! And beyond the spitting, the scourging, the crown of thorns, the nails, and the accentuated agony they heaped on Him—meditate, if you never have yet—on the strange dread darkness that hid the noon-tide sun. Man, sin, Satan, have done their worst : they can do no more : and God steps in. " Greater love " (oh, how the words have been perverted, and

made to teach the devil's lie!) "hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." It is all over then; he can do no more. "But God commendeth HIS love toward us, in that, while we were *yet sinners*, Christ died for us" (Romans v. 8).

It was the God-Man Who hung there, in the horror and the darkness—true Man, the perfect Man, and perfectly a Man; but more than man, "over all, God blessed for ever" (Romans ix. 5)—"the True God, and Eternal life" (1 John v. 20). And Him "Who knew no sin," in those three hours of darkness God "was made sin for us" (2 Cor. v. 21). "He was wounded for our transgressions; was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and by his stripes we are healed" (Isaiah liii. 4). Preaching peace was not all. He "made PEACE by the blood of his cross" (Col. i. 20). He offered Himself without spot to God: He made atonement for sins: He died to put sin away by the sacrifice of Himself; the enmity is gone—for sin is judged. He paid the price; "the wages of sin is death," and Jesus died, the Substitute for every sinner who believes in Him! The Victory is won! God is glorified; justice is satisfied; "grace reigns through righteousness!"

And "very early in the morning, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week" those who

sought Him in the grave found that "the God of peace" had "brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus" (Heb. xiii. 20); while that "same day at evening," the first word that fell from His risen lips as He stood in the midst of His own, was "Peace!" "And He showed them his hands and his side"—precious, incontrovertible proofs that the victory was won, and peace had been made by the blood of His cross! "Therefore, being justified by faith, we HAVE *peace with God*, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1). The Irish peasant has it; so may you, and on the same terms. Believe God's record of His Son; come to Christ, and you shall know peace.

T.



"Doth not WISDOM cry? and understanding put forth her voice?

"She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths.

"She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors, : UNTO YOU, O MEN, I CALL; and my voice is to the sons of men. . . . HEAR, FOR I WILL SPEAK OF EXCELLENT THINGS; and the opening of my lips shall be RIGHT THINGS" (Prov. viii.).

“NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME”

It was in a city warehouse. There were two persons talking—one a young man, the other middle-aged. But what a difference! The younger had, by the grace of God, believed on the Lord Jesus, and was what is known as a Christian. The other was an ordinary pleasure-loving, worldly-minded man.

At the moment of which I write, he was smiling, for he had given the Christian a “bit of Scripture.” In answer to a question, he had said, “Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.” But his smiles changed to a contemptible sneer, when the younger man replied, ‘Yes, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”’ At this point, business calling them away, they separated, and the incident was almost forgotten.

About three months after, the older man heard the same texts repeated by a man who was preaching in the street. Again, shortly after, they were brought before him while riding on a tram-car. The words seemed to burn themselves into his mind, causing him to feel something of their meaning. A week later, he heard the same two

texts being expounded at a street-corner in south London. The result was that, by the end of the meeting, he had believed, and knew the peace and joy of forgiveness of sins, and assurance of salvation. And he who had quoted the word of God idly and in order to cause merriment, now began to quote it to poor sinners like himself, with much earnestness.

Shortly after he was called to join the Army, and in a few weeks was sent to France, where, a short time ago, he lost his life. Did I say 'lost his life'? nay, really he found 'life.' For departing this life here, meant that he would be present with his Lord, to whom he owed so much. Had he died a year previously, matters would indeed have been different. But, as it is, he is now in the presence of Christ, enjoying the blessings secured to us by the Son of God, when He died on Calvary.

You, dear reader, will no doubt admit that this is an interesting story. But I bring this incident before you to remind you, that unless you have "believed," you are in a truly unenviable position. Like the one I have mentioned, are you not in need of a Saviour? For "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23). You may have persuaded yourself that you are righteous; you will say perhaps, that you have never harmed anybody; or, that you are as good

as many other people! But, in the sight of God, you are a sinner. And God in righteousness must punish for sins committed against Him. His word says, "The wages of sin is death." But, "God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Yes, the Christ of God, who was made in the likeness of men, died on the cross of Calvary, that you and I might "not perish, but have everlasting life." All that remains is for you and me, confessing our sins, to accept God's only way of salvation—the Lord Jesus Christ. He said, "I am the way." And now I would ask you, dear reader, have you accepted the proffered gift of God? Have you received the Lord Jesus Christ? Let me affectionately urge upon you the importance of accepting at once. For how uncertain are the times in which we live. If ever this life had its trials and troubles, surely it is at the present time. So then while you have the opportunity, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," for "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

H. R.

The Last Days of Dr. Edward Cronin
A BRILLIANT SUNSET

My dear —,

Many thanks for your kind and sympathetic letter. I gladly send you such few particulars of my beloved father's last days as come to mind.

Concerning what I might call his public life, you probably know more than I do ; but I would desire to bear testimony to his home, his family life, as being, in word and deed, most pure, holy, and consistent.

The Lord Jesus had always the first place in everything, and his greatest delight was, as all who ever stayed in his house know, to speak of and for the One who was such a living reality to his heart. During the past few months, or I might say since the time of my dear mother's death, this has been more and more noticeable than ever ; Christ so fully and perfectly satisfied his every desire and thought. When at times he had been calling to mind and weeping over memories of our blessed mother, he would chide himself for not being so occupied with the loveliness and beauty of Christ as to leave no room for grief. A verse he often said when lying down tired upon his sofa, was this :

“ I am weary ;
But, oh ; let me never repine,
Since Christ, in His love,
And His Spirit are mine.”

You may remember, when standing by the graveside, at our beloved mother's funeral, he repeated these verses: "I am the Resurrection and the Life," "As yet we see not all things put under Him, *but we see Jesus*" (Heb. ii. 9). These words seemed to be the keynote of his thoughts from that time.

On Thursday, January 26th, a very cold foggy day, he got severely chilled while driving to see a patient, passed a restless night, and one night, on getting out of bed in the dark, fell down and struck his head, causing copious nose-bleeding, which exhausted him a good deal. He remained on his couch all day Friday. On Saturday morning, feeling a little better, he drove to Peckham, to see a patient who had sent for him, and returned, much the worse.

Early on Sunday morning alarming symptoms were setting in, I sent for Dr. —, who kindly came over in the afternoon. My father was pleased to see him, but the little excitement caused by his visit seemed to be followed by increased feverishness, and decided symptoms of erysipelas of the head and face appeared. At times he suffered great pain and from most distressing restlessness; but through God's mercy he had good intervals of sleep. He got rapidly worse through Tuesday night, but he did not lose consciousness until an hour or so before his death,

which took place about eight o'clock on Wednesday morning.

During these last three or four days he lay on the sofa with eyes closed, and was constantly repeating sentences and words of scripture, with frequent ejaculations, such as "My God!" "Blessed Lord!" "He whom thou blessest is blest!" "Precious Blood!"

At intervals, when he was speaking, if asked if he wanted anything, he would answer: "I am not speaking to you, I am talking to my Lord." On one occasion he repeated these lines:

" I bless and praise the holy Three,
Jesus the Saviour died for me,
All glory, blessing, honour be
To the most holy Trinity! "

On the 23rd Psalm being repeated to him, at the 4th verse he said, "Yes, this may be the valley I am walking through; but it is not death to me, for Thou *art* with me." He more than once said, "I feel the staff of life is broken, but my life is hid with Christ in God."

Colonel — came in to see him on Sunday morning, and in reply to a remark made as to whether the Lord was going to take him, said, "Oh, —, I am not thinking of that, my pain is so great; but I know the blood has answered all, and He knows the way He taketh, and I will walk with Him."

He had read to him by his request, at different times, Psalms xlvi., xlvii., and xlviii., and he repeated some of the sentences and verses as if greatly enjoying them, especially the last verse of Psalm xlvii. : " For this God is our God for ever and ever ; He will be our guide even unto death." " Blessed God ! *that* He will." He also had read to him Heb. i.

One thing that struck us all during this illness was, that he never referred to any temporal matters. . . . My two sisters, and others, who had so tenderly nursed him, with myself, were with him during the whole of Tuesday night. Sometimes his mind seemed slightly to wander, but like a tired child turning homewards, his thoughts at such times were ever of Christ. He was constantly repeating the names of our Lord : " Jesus "—" Christ Jesus "—" Lord Jesus "—" *My Lord* "—" *My God* "—" Blessed Saviour," with evident delight and satisfaction.

About midnight he suddenly raised himself, and with his dear trembling hands pushed off his nightcap, in the well-remembered way in which he used to raise his spectacles, and began, in clear tones, to sing in his own accustomed manner :

" Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever,
Jesus Christ *is my* Redeemer,
Hallelujah! Amen, Amen."

He stretched out his hands to us saying, "Sing!" which we tried to do with quivering voices. He then said "Prayer!" upon which two of us prayed; and again he fervently said "Amen, Amen." There was such a look of peace and satisfaction on his dear countenance.

I said in his ear, "Is it victory through the blood of the Lamb, father?" and he repeated "Yes—blood of the Lamb." Some time after that I said to him, "Do you see Jesus, father?" He answered distinctly, "I do! I do!"

As his breathing was becoming very laboured and distressing, we knelt beside him, and asked the Lord to release the dear spirit quickly. He again said "Amen." The last words we could distinguish were, "For ever—for ever,"—and in a few minutes he was for ever with the Lord.

I am, my dear —,

Yours very sincerely,

Eugene C. Brown

"We are confident, I say and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

"Wherefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him."—(2 Cor. v. 8, 9)

THE OLIVE TREE'S STORY

"But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ" (Eph. ii. 13).

"Thou being a wild olive tree" (Rom. xi. 17).

"He made in the oracle two cherubim of olive wood [wood of the oleaster, or wild olive]" (1 Kings vi. 23).

An Olive tree, wild by its nature,
It grew on the untillèd land ;
No fruit, with its fatness as oil tree,
That Olive might ever command.
No presses with fats everflowing
Were found where that stunted tree grew ;
Uncared for, unkempt, and unowned,
None counted that Olive his due.

Enshrined in the innermost temple,
Enfolding the Ark of the LORD,
That Olive tree, useless and empty,
With worth beyond price now is stored ;
Unknown in the guise and the beauty,
Of the mightiest servants of God,
The "Cherubim's Chariot" ever
In the light of the glory there stood.

From the distant place unto the nearest—
From the useless most honoured to be—
That Olive tree, once wild by nature,
To-day is a picture of me :
Brought nigh where the glory is beaming,
To gaze on the blood-sprinkled throne—
To know that that place and that glory,
Through infinite grace, are my own !

Yes ! that is the Olive tree's story ;—
Uprooted from where it once stood,
Cut down by the axe of stern justice,
Heaven's beauty then stamped on its wood !
No longer alive in its wildness,
But clothed in God's righteousness now,
"The Gold" hiding all of that Olive,
And that, precious Saviour, art Thou !

H. C. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD,
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY

NET

Remark of Sidney Day when giving me a table
“IT IS YOURS”

A few days since, a friend calling at the house, after a little conversation, drew a small parcel from his pocket. Unwrapping it, he exhibited a useful and beautifully executed piece of workmanship, which we all greatly admired.

“Is that your own work?”

“Yes, and my own design too.”

“How beautifully you have done it!” and we turned it over admiringly.

“It is yours!” was his unexpected reply.

“Mine, S——?”

“Yes, it is yours,” he repeated.

“Thank you ever so much! I shall value it greatly”; and as it lies on my table, admired by all who see it, I know that “it is mine.”

The above is a simple incident, but it illustrates a great truth. Just as I became possessed of my friend’s handiwork a few days ago, so by the grace of God, more than forty years since, did I become possessed of God’s great gifts of eternal life, forgiveness of sins, and eternal salvation.

The thought, the plan, the design, the execution of the work which my friend gave me, were all his own, and the only part I had in the transaction was an empty hand that took what he held out, relying on his three little words, “It is yours!”

and in consequence, thanksgiving. And so it is that to the empty-handed, lost and guilty sinner, God in His grace, presents "His unspeakable gift," even the Lord Jesus Christ, and all that He is and has.

It was His eye that fathomed the sinner's need; His heart that formed the design by which man could be saved; and His hand that executed the marvellous plan. But at what a cost! It needed an infinite ransom to deliver even *one* sinner, for sin, no matter of what character, is an insult against His divine majesty, and must be expiated—and, "without shedding of blood is no remission." The fiat had gone forth, "the soul that sinneth it shall die"; then where could a ransom, a substitute be found? For "there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not" (Eccles. vii. 20).

As another has said, "there is 'great sin' (Ex. xxxii. 31) and 'greater sin' (John xix. 11), but there is no 'little sin,' because there is no 'little' God to sin against." But what the holiness and righteousness of God demanded, the heart of God provided! The same One Who through His apostle said, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27), had also declared through Elihu, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom" (Job xxxiii. 24). Yes,

“ there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus ”—“ the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts ” (Zech. xiii. 7) —“ Who gave Himself a ransom for all ” (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6).

Yes, He has executed the design! He has finished the work! “ When he had by himself purged our sins, he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high ” (Heb. i. 3). He had said, “ Lo, I come to do thy will, O God! ” and He carried it out fully and perfectly. It led Him to Calvary, there to “ suffer for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God ” (1 Pet. iii. 18), for “ He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed ” (Isa. liii. 5). His was the “ wounding,” the “ bruising,” the “ chastisement,” the “ stripes ”—not alone from the hand of man (though He suffered them all from lawless hands for righteousness’ sake), but—from the hand of God as the sinner’s Substitute, for “ it pleased Jehovah to bruise him; he hath put him to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin ” (Isa. liii. 10).

Such was the tale of those three hours of darkness, that wrung from Him the bitter cry, “ My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? ” for a sin-bearing Christ was enduring the wrath of a sin-hating God—and wrath without mercy.

“Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with ALL thy waves”—but He exhausted this wrath for all who believe in Jesus—“He *endured* the cross,” and crying, “It is FINISHED,” He bowed His head and dismissed His spirit. “No man hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death” (Eccles. vii. 8),—but Jesus had. “I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father” (John x. 18) He said, and He proved the truth of His assertion, by doing so! They came to the sepulchre only to find that “Jesus was risen early the first day of the week,” for “it was not possible that He should be holden” of death (Acts ii. 24). So in due time He “ascended up where He was before,” and faith delights to sing:

“Calvary’s Victim
Now adorns the throne of God.”

“Through this Man,” then, “is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins” (Acts xiii. 38). Do you not want it? Do you not desire to lay your head on your pillow to-night with the blessed assurance that all your sins, no matter what they are, are all forgiven? God tells you, “*It is yours.*” “By him all that believe ARE justified from all things” (Acts xiii. 38). “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth

Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life " (John v. 24).

Do you want everlasting life? God says, "*It is yours.*" Are you going, as the Jews at Antioch did, to "judge yourself unworthy of everlasting life"? (Acts xiii. 48). If you do, *you make God a liar*. Listen! He Himself declares, "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. 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 of God, hath not life" (1 John v. 10-12).

What would my friend have thought, if I had replied to his loving "*It is yours*", "No, it is not"? or, "I don't want it"? Would it not have grieved him? and would he not have replaced it in his pocket, with the determination "*It is not yours, and never shall be*"? Yet so—and infinitely worse—have you treated God, and His work, and His word, if you are still an unbeliever. Yet He lingers. Again, by these lines, He once more presents Christ to you, and His great salvation—and declares "*It is yours.*" But

" Soon that voice will cease its pleading ;

Now it speaks and speaks to thee.

Sinner, heed the gracious message—

To the Blood for refuge flee.

Take salvation,

Take it now and happy be ! "

T.

“ABRAHAM BELIEVED GOD”

(ROM. iv. 3)

For five hundred years did God wait before He put on record for us that a man “believed God,” or “Jehovah,” and that man was Abram. Much had taken place during the two thousand years since Adam fell when he confided in Satan rather than God. Adam was not “deceived,” but deliberately disobeyed God. And this has been the history of mankind ever since that day. This does not mean that there were not some who, sinners though they were, yet had been given to confide in God’s declaration that the Seed of the woman should bruise the serpent’s head. Here then was promise of a divine Deliverer. What glad news was this for faith to rest on! For faith “*believes God.*”

So by faith it was that Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain. Cain offered to God the fruit of the ground that was now under a curse. How could this be acceptable to a holy God, however strenuous might be Cain’s efforts to bring forth good?

Abel brought a victim, and so bowed to the truth that “death” had passed upon all men, and so all was now a ruin. He brings to God the death of a substitute, and with it the fat—its excellency. Not his own excellency but the

excellency and death of Another, by which he obtained testimony that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts.

So also with Enoch and Noah, and doubtless many others—they “believed God,” for their faith was real and true.

But we come now to Abraham who is definitely marked out by the Holy Spirit in the divine record, as one who “believed God.” Called out when, after the flood, Satan had succeeded in drawing men into the worship of himself—idolatry, Abram “obeyed” the call to go forth from his country and his kindred, into a land that God would shew him. He acted upon the word of God to him, and believing too the promise that a “seed” should be given him. After a time of sojourn in the land of Canaan, he is bidden to tell the stars if he is able to number them! and the LORD said, “So shall thy seed be!” And Abram “believed the Lord,” and it was reckoned to him as righteousness, so that all who believe are of his family, are his sons. Oh, the blessedness of “believing God!”

The “good news” to Abram was the promise of a numerous seed to him; and “he believed God.” The “good news” to you and to me is 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.”

Saved from "perishing," to have, instead, "life everlasting!" Can anything be more wonderful than this love of God? But this is not all that He gives. He gives peace, justification from sin, liberty of access at all times into His presence, delight in God, a home above where Christ is, to be with Him throughout eternity and like Him. to worship Him now and for ever.

O my reader, do "believe God." Turn away from your sins, from the world guilty of the murder of God's blessed Son who came to *save sinners*. Your conscience tells you, you are a sinner, not fit for God's holy presence. God's word declares the same. You are powerless to erase your sins, or even one sin. What are you going to do? You can do nothing. Believe what Jesus has *done*. He gave Himself for our sins. He is the propitiation, or atonement, for my sins. This was never made before He suffered on the cross to bring us to God.

Abram "believed God," and it was imputed to him for righteousness, and to us also it shall be imputed, if we "believe" on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, who was delivered up for our offences, and was 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 [or favour] wherein we stand,

and we exult in hope of the glory of God (Rom. iv. 22 to v. 2).

Abram believed in what God promised He *would* do. You are called to believe in a work that God has *done*. Abram looked forward—you are bidden to look back to Calvary, to Christ's "finished" work on the cross, and to God's having raised Him from the dead that our faith and hope might be in God (1 Pet. i. 21). Seek not to "add" to this perfect work anything of your own. For your "addition" would be detraction therefrom. To him that worketh not but *believeth on Him*—his faith is counted for righteousness (Rom. iv. 5).

Receiving^d God's salvation, it will be, ever after, your one ambition in all things to please Him Who has saved you with a holy calling. For in the knowledge of this salvation you can now give thanks unto the Father, and say, Who hath *made me meet* to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light; Who hath *delivered me* from the power of darkness, and hath translated *me* into the kingdom of His dear Son, in whom *I have* redemption through His blood—the *forgiveness of my sins!* (see Col. i. 12-14). Blessed indeed be His name!

IS PATRIOTISM ENOUGH?

The story of Nurse Cavell is known to many. Perhaps her last words, as recorded by the Chaplain who visited her in prison, have not received the attention they deserve. "Standing as I do," she said, "in view of God and eternity, I realize that *Patriotism is not enough.*"

Nurse Cavell was right. Nothing avails with God but Christ and His atoning blood. Nothing else can afford standing ground for a sinner. "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

Alas! there are preachers of the foremost rank in the religious world who have been at the front telling the soldiers that if they fall in battle their heroism will win them heaven.

Dying for your country in battle will NOT save your soul; but looking unto the LORD JESUS CHRIST WILL save your soul.

God's terms of salvation are the same in war as in peace: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

There is no mistaking the meaning of such words as these. God now requires souls to have faith in

His dear Son. If men ignore Him, and what He accomplished at Calvary on behalf of sinners, and seek to save themselves by patriotism or religious ordinances, they will discover that they have made a fatal mistake.

It is a grave offence against the men of Great Britain to tell them of false hopes. God's way of salvation is simplicity itself. Why seek to improve upon it? God demands from every man a frank acknowledgment of his sinful condition, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification (Rom. iv. 25). This, and this alone, will save men from "the wrath to come," and give them a place in heaven.

"Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing;
Doing ends in death."

Depend upon it, dear reader, Nurse Cavell spoke truly when she said, "*Patriotism is not enough.*"

See to it that your own faith rests upon a sure foundation.

"There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He [Jesus] only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in."

Reader, do not longer hesitate, but

"Come to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He has shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, Come!"

A. M.

HERE—HEREAFTER!

A woman lies dying! She has not had the many opportunities, perhaps, that some of you may have had, of hearing the gospel in all its blessed and divine simplicity as exactly suiting her case. But now that she is brought into the presence of death, and feels "the sands of time are sinking," she realizes that she is not fit to meet God. She is troubled about her sins. She is leaving this world, but if so, it is to enter upon another stage of existence, where all the faculties of the mind and of memory will be—not beclouded or dimmed in any way, as often here, but—in fullest vigour, and for ever.

Dying in her sins, her sins refuse to leave her. They cleave to her for ever and for ever. She will never be able to forget them! Never for one moment during that long, long, long, eternity will they pass from her memory. Their recollection will be appallingly vivid. There can be no respite there. "Their worm dieth not!"

No wonder then she is troubled! She is afraid to die—for after death is "judgment." And from this there is no escape for guilty man. It is the "great white throne" scene of Rev. xxi., where the dead, small and great, stand before God, and *every one* there is judged each one according to his works. Everything is brought up. Nothing

is forgotten. However long may have been the life down here, *all* is unveiled! And of all that vast throng, there is *not one* that is not cast into "the lake of fire," where also the devil has found his doom for ever. There will then be no Saviour to turn to! He is the Judge of all.

But have I no word of comfort for this dying woman? Yes, thank God, so long as she is here, this side the grave, I have a Saviour to offer her, and you also, my dear reader. The time is short indeed. But let me point you to One who was crucified here, in this very world—Who did no sin, neither was there any guile found in His mouth. He came from heaven to die for sinners—for you who, like this woman, are troubled about your sins. It was God who "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *who-soever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). Here is a divine Saviour, Who saves now all who come to God through Him. It is here that we can be saved, and here only is salvation offered.

Our Lord refers to a well-known scene that had taken place fifteen hundred years before, when the children of Israel, because of their rebellious speaking against God, had brought down his judgment, and they were bitten of fiery serpents (Num. xxi.). There they lay dying! What could they do? They were helpless, but they had still

their eyesight, For God had not taken this from them. He tells Moses to make a serpent of brass and put it on a pole. And Moses did so. What good could this do? Could this be a cure for a bitten Israelite? This was God's declared way of life for a dying Israelite—if any one bitten looked *there*, to the lifted up serpent of brass, he should live. And so it came to pass.

“*Look unto Me*”—and be saved. Jesus the Son of man was lifted up on the cross, that you might look there, might look to Him, and so *believing on Him* who there died for our sins, the Just for the unjust, might have, immediately, everlasting life. The dying thief looked to the Saviour and was saved. So may you. Does not this appeal to your helplessness? You are “without strength.” Without faith it is *impossible* to please Him. But believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. This may not be your way, but it is *God's way of salvation*—not an angel on whom to rest your faith, but on God's only begotten Son. Is He not worthy of your trust? Is not *His* work a perfect work? God has been glorified in the death of Christ, so that He can *righteously* forgive and welcome every sinner who comes to Him *through Jesus*. All rests upon *His* worth, *His* excellency. Trust not yourself, but trust *Him*. “The *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus

Christ our Lord." To as many as received *Him* gave He right to become children of God, namely, to them that *believe on His name*. And "him that cometh to Me (Jesus has said), I will in no wise cast out."

HEART BREATHINGS

In yon golden courts of glory,
 Sin and death are both unknown ;
 Streams of life and peace are flowing
 Ever from the Father's throne ;
 On that throne now sits the Saviour,
 " Brightness of God's glory," He,
 Who by blood hath heaven entered,
 Token of His victory.

'Twas indeed a mighty victory,
 Like of which hath never been ;
 Satan, death, and hell are conquer'd,
 Full atonement made for sin ;
 All the power of men and demons
 Could not keep Him in the grave ;
 Bursting thro' death's iron portals,
 Forth He rose, the lost to save.

Glorious " Captain of salvation !"
 Worthy of all praise art Thou ;
 Ceaseless homage will we render,
 As at Thy dear feet we bow ;
 Thou didst glorify Thy Father,
 Spite of suffering, shame, and scorn ;
 And, exalted by His glory,
 Far above all heavens art gone.

" Firstborn," Thou, of many brethren,
 Of Thy church the living Head !
 Gladly do the ransom'd worship
 Him " who liveth, and was dead " ;
 Far and wide Thy fame shall travel,
 Till all worlds shall own Thy sway,
 And, throughout eternal ages,
 All shall Thy blest will obey.

S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings

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F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD,
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY
NET

THE KING'S PROCLAMATION, AND THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION

On reading His Majesty's Proclamation restricting the use of bread and grain foods, other words came powerfully to mind, and another Voice was heard exclaiming, "Eat, O friends! drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!"

Wise, right, gracious as His Majesty's Proclamation is, and issued in the best interests of his subjects, one cannot but feel how repugnant it must be to his generous heart (so often proved in acts and gifts of tender thoughtfulness for the poorer of his people) to have to take such a step; and how the very words show the narrowness of man's resources, be he the wisest, the greatest, the best. Here is the mighty Sovereign of realms on which the sun never sets, compelled to request his people to refrain from consuming—not a needless luxury, but—only bread! His resources, vast though they are, are finite; and His Majesty, with all his kindness, generosity and self-denial, must issue this command, in his people's interests.

It is not our purpose now to point out to the reader *why* such shortage exists, though we would urge him earnestly to consider his own personal position and condition in the eyes of Him Who "reserveth unto us the appointed weeks

of harvest," and who, in His unerring wisdom, caused the smaller harvest and crops of the late season, while permitting man, with wanton havoc, to waste and destroy that which His bounty had provided. He has not yet said of this nation, as He said of Jerusalem (Isaiah iii. 1), "Behold, the Lord . . . doth take away . . . the stay and the staff, the whole stay of bread, and the whole stay of water," but, surely, His later words to her may well resound in your ears and mine, "Ye have seen also the breaches of the city of David, that they are many; and ye gathered together the waters of the lower pool; and ye have numbered the houses of Jerusalem, and the houses have ye broken down to fortify the wall. Ye made also a ditch between the two walls for the water of the old pool: but *ye have not looked unto the maker thereof, neither had respect unto him that fashioned it long ago.* And in that day did the Lord God of hosts call to weeping, and to mourning, and to baldness, and to girding with sackcloth; and behold, joy and gladness, slaying oxen and killing sheep, eating flesh and drinking wine: let us eat and drink, for to morrow we shall die!" (Isai. xxii. 9-13). Does this picture correspond with England's conduct as a nation? Does it correspond with *your* conduct, as an *individual*, my reader? You and I must give an account to God for ourselves. How have *you*

been affected by His chastening hand upon this nation, and upon you, as a part of it ?

Oh, if it has led you to think of your state before Him, to realize that all is not right between you and God, then I have another proclamation to announce to you—an invitation—a Royal Invitation, not a prohibition: “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!” (Isai. lv. 1). “In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink” (John vii. 37). “I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst” (John vi. 35). “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 that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world” (John vi. 51). “Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!” (Song of Sol. v. 1).

Ah, here is One with infinite resources—One Who can say, “Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.” For *if* the world gives, it *gives away*; but He gives liberally, satisfyingly—and still His supplies are the same for all who need them—for He is GOD. And God became man, that

you may eat His flesh, and drink His blood—that is, appropriate to yourself, by faith, all that His Person and His work, His life and His death; are. “Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood ye have no life in you” (John vi. 43). As the Risen One, now the Exalted One, before closing the last page of His Revelation He therein once more exclaims, “Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely!”

This is *His* proclamation—a satisfying portion indeed, for your heart and your soul, and an answer to every charge conscience raises—a sufficiency that has met the claims of the throne of God, as well as an excellency that has satisfied and delighted the heart of God! Here is One who having proved His love to you by giving up all, even His life, for you, now offers Himself, and all that He has, to you. And He is One who knows and feels and cares for the need of the body too; and while able to give that which is eternal, is not unmindful of that which is temporal. Did He not care for those who listened to His gracious words and “had nothing to eat” that they should not be sent away fasting? Has he not said, “Your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things; fear not therefore”? Is not then *His invitation* worth accepting? Prove Him and see! “They that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing.”

WILL YOU STOP AND THINK?

The unsaved sinner is like a person on the brink of an awful precipice, up to the very edge of which an enemy has seized him, and then, with fiendish subtlety, watches his opportunity to give him the fatal push that would plunge him headlong down the fearful abyss.

Now, what should we think of a person in such a condition who could remain unconcerned if he knew his danger? who, though faithfully warned of his position and of the enemy who was seeking his destruction, nevertheless gave no heed to the warning, manifested no desire to flee from the danger, or to escape from the hands of his crafty, cruel foe? Should we not justly conclude that he was a man insane, alike insensible to the danger of his situation, the kindness of his friend, and the treachery of his enemy?

Well, such, and more than such, is the condition and conduct of every unpardoned sinner who *neglects* God's "great salvation," who despises or trifles with the faithful warnings and the affectionate invitations of the gospel. He is on the very brink of the slippery precipice of the lake of fire. He is every moment exposed to the yawning gulf beneath. *Another step*, and his doom

may be sealed for ever. For who can tell what a moment may bring forth?

Yet, strange to say, he professes to know his danger, and dares to make light of it! Awful delusion! He believes the lie of Satan rather than the truth of God, and shuts his eyes to the danger he is in.

Such indeed is the awful condition, the imminent danger, of the neglecter of the "great salvation."

He may be kind, loving, gentle, moral, amiable. He may not openly despise or avowedly reject salvation, but in heart he neglects it—treats it with carelessness. And the only termination of such a course, if persisted in, is eternal condemnation.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation" (Heb. ii. 3)? Oh, what immense numbers there are of this class! Many of the most moral and well conducted amongst men are living in the utter neglect of God's great salvation! Oh, fearful condition! fatal delusion! And the great enemy of souls and salvation is doing his very utmost to hide from the view of his poor deluded victims the reality of their position, until it be *too late*!

Moreover, while the sinner's ear continues shut to the voice of God, and his heart closed to the love of God, he is in the hands of Satan, "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now

worketh in the children of disobedience." He is led on by him as his prince, and is energised by his spirit. He may think he has an independent will of his own, and may boast that he can think and judge for himself, yet all the while he is the merest dupe of Satan, and his captive.

Some he leads on very gently, getting them to believe that God's time for their conversion is not yet come, and that they must wait His time, He only can change the heart ; but in the meantime they may take their enjoyment, such as the world offers, in a rational way, honestly confessing they are not Christians yet, so that they are quite consistent. Such, alas ! are surely though quietly and orderly on the broad road as those who are rudely opposed. This is a subtle but most successful snare of the enemy. It well suits those who have a measure of light, but at the same time a real love of the world. Some who have less light and less convenience he pushes along, more roughly ; while others he drives furiously, and their race is soon run. But at whatever speed, and in whatever character they go, his only terminus is the burning lake, where there is weeping, and gnashing of teeth.

But, blessed be the God of all grace, so long as the soul is on this side of the lake it is in the place of hope. God is above Satan ; He is above all. He keeps the door of mercy wide open, night and

day, for the chief of sinners. "And let him that is athirst *come*; and *whosoever will*, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

The look of faith to Jesus is immediate deliverance. "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else" (Isai. xlv. 22). Many have been rescued by the Saviour-God, when on the very brink of hell, and plucked as a brand out of the fire (see Zech. iii.). He only can do it, and we must look to Him. We have many examples recorded in scripture, and set up as finger-posts, pointing out to us the way of escape, and the way of eternal life. Turn, for instance, to Luke xxiii. 39-43; Acts ix. 1-19; xvi. 23-34.

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think!
Before you farther go;
Why will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?"

Oh, that my reader might pause and listen to the voice of love! It is Jesus that speaks, and words of perfect grace fall from His lips. "I am come," He says, "to seek and save that which was lost." Oh then, turn to Him, ere you take another step! "Blessed are all they that put their trust in him" (Ps. ii. 12).

A. M.

CAN THE SINNER SAVE HIMSELF ?

This is an important question, is it not? And it is well to know the true answer to it. For I suppose we do not deny that we all have sinned, and come short of God's glory, and so are "sinners." God's word declares "There is none righteous, no, *not one*" (Rom. iii. 10). And your conscience does but tell you the same. If then, this be so, there arises also another question, Am I to remain a sinner for ever, or is there the possibility of getting rid of my sins? If there is this possibility how then can I be cleared of guilt and be just before God? Am I able to accomplish this or must it be the work of another? And again, can I have this sure knowledge of the forgiveness of my sins?

All these are important questions for my consideration, and especially so when I think of *eternity*. Where may the solution of these questions be found? The answer is, In God's written word. And "thy word is truth." Man's thoughts are vain, untrustworthy, sinful. God's word is sure and stable, yea it stands for ever. To the Bible then, thank God, we turn, for there is His answer to all these questions. What a wonderful book is the Bible! The Bible stands

out from every other book in the world as *alone* the word of God. It, and no other, is this. It is a *divine*, not a human, revelation. It tells me of the past, of the present, and of the future.

It tells me of a Creator who was never created ; who is " from everlasting to everlasting." Besides creating everything—for " without Him was not anything made that was made," He created man, but He did not create him a " sinner." On the contrary, Adam was created innocent of evil. He knew nothing but good. He was perfect in knowledge, so that God could entrust him with the naming of every beast of the field and every fowl of the air. But, tempted of the serpent he fell from his innocency, and became a transgressor, a " sinner." And death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

The Bible tells me of the present—that man is " lost " and needs a Saviour—that the Saviour, the Sent One of God, who died for sinners to bring us to God, is now in heaven glorified—that the Holy Spirit is here convicting the world of sin, of righteousness, and judgment ; and that God gives salvation without money and without price, to every sinner who comes to Him by Jesus ; and that " now is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation."

It tells me that the Saviour is coming for those that are His, that we who now believe

may be *with Him* for ever, spotless before the presence of His glory in bodies no longer marred as now, but like to Christ's body of glory—to reign in life for ever.

This is an eternity of bliss, of perfect happiness, for all that have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. But there is an eternity of woe, of suffering and misery, for those who die in their sins, refusing the great salvation that God now offers freely. Which eternity is to be yours, my friend? Which? For into eternity you must enter; you cannot avoid it. There is no escaping it.

A sinner! "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Ps. ix. 17)! The fearful [or, timorous], *and unbelieving* . . . and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death" (Rev. xxi. 8).

A sinner! "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God" (Jer. ii. 22). "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots" (Jer. xiii. 23)? "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the 'ungodly'" (Rom. v. 6). "The blood of ²Jesus Christ," God's Son, "cleanseth us from every sin" (1 John i. 7).

Can you then, my reader, in the face of these

scriptures—out of many others that might be given—deny your real state before God, the awful future that awaits you unrepentant, the helplessness and hopelessness of your efforts to effect a change? What then are you to do? Look now, look away from yourself to *Jesus*. He is God's Lamb, God's provision for you. His blood was shed for the remission or forgiveness of sins; and *by faith in His blood which makes whiter than snow*, the wickedest sinner who now comes to God through Jesus, may have the joy of the forgiveness of his sins.

“ This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ” (1 Tim. i. 15). “ Giving thanks unto the Father who hath made us meet . . . who hath delivered us . . . and translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son in Whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins ” (Col. i. 12-14). “ Forasmuch as ye *know* that ye were *redeemed* . . . with the *precious blood* of Christ ” (1 Pet. i. 18, 19).

Receive then the Lord Jesus as your (and only) Saviour, and these things are yours. “ Unto Him who washed us from our sins, be glory . . . for ever and ever, Amen ” (Rev. i. 5, 6).



WOUNDED AND HALF DEAD

Will you read with me a few verses in the tenth chapter of Luke, where we have the affecting incident of a Samaritan's compassion for a wounded and helpless man (vers. 30-35)? I wonder if you have ever recognised your own case in the man that fell among thieves who stripped and wounded him, leaving him half dead?

The two extremes of the man's journey were Jerusalem and Jericho. His back was to "the city of the Great King," and his face was towards the city of doom (Josh. vi. 26; 1 Ki. xvi. 34). No wonder it is an unhappy journey, that brings with it suffering and distress! "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end of it are the ways of death" (Prov. xiv. 12).

Helpless and suffering as was the man, and near to death, yet no countryman of his, passing by, bestowed a care! But a stranger appears. A Samaritan espies and shews real compassion. He comes near, and soothes his wounds, puts him on his own beast and brings him to an inn, and cares for his present and future wants. Such is JESUS; He is the good Samaritan—a Friend "that sticketh closer than a brother!"

Have you ever felt like this hapless man—stripped, and sore, and left half dead? Are you not unhappy, yea, miserable because of your sins

which rise up against you? In what direction are you going? Is it to the "heavenly Jerusalem," or are you on the "downward" path? Powerless to recover yourself, what can you do? Do you not feel

"Weary, and worn, and sad"?

Hear the Saviour saying "Come unto Me . . . and I will *give you rest.*" He can deliver you. He can save you. He knows your case exactly. "When we were yet without strength . . . Christ died for the ungodly." His blood atones for human guilt, and answers before a holy God for all your sins, if you do but now look to, and believe in, Him as your Substitute—as the One "who bare *our* sins . . . on the tree." Let everything go. Rest only on Jesus, and say,

"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."

THE REST AWHILE

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile."—*Mark vi. 31*

His word has come,
"Take up the cross I give and follow on,"
And if the road seems lone, or dark, or dim,
It leads to Him.

I may not know
The mystery of all my life below,
If pain and sorrow shadow all the road,
Beyond is God.

And I shall see
That face in light, that once was dark for me ;
And catch the radiance of that brow divine
Where thorns did twine.

I have been weak,
And left the battle front for calm retreat,
But still I keep my face towards the strife,
For Him—my life.

But yet awhile,
I must in quiet linger by the spoil ;
While others in the ranks are striving still—
It is His will.

I would be where
I still can shine for Him in silence there,
If not a star, yet still amid earth's dark,
A glow-worm's spark.

And if in tears
I miss my way, or tread 'mid brooding fears ;
Take Thou my hand, my Father and my Friend,
Right to the end.

It will be well
In other days the mystery to tell,
Of earth, and life, and the life's workings too,
When all is new.

Enough for now,
To feel God's diadem about my brow ;
To feel heaven near me as I live and move
In God's own love.

HEYMAN WREFORD.

[Can be had of the Publisher of this Magazine, price 1s. per]100.]

Gospel

Gleanings

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*Rev. Mr. Murchison, Chaplain
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“WHEN TO TRUST JESUS”

“Here is a little booklet I think you will like,” said a gentleman lately to a clergyman as together they waited for a tramcar. The clergyman took the offered paper, and read the title “When to trust Jesus.”

“That is NOW, is it not?” he remarked as he pocketed it. Shortly afterwards the same gentleman met another Christian friend, and offered him a copy of the same booklet.

“When to trust Jesus! Why, ALWAYS!” was his remark as he accepted it.

Now, dear reader, what is your attitude to this question? What do you know about trust in Jesus? Are you trusting Him yourself? Both these gentlemen spoke without hesitation of a matter which they knew experimentally for themselves. To “trust Jesus” was not a vague pious expression to them, but a deep reality. Both had found themselves in a condition of need, and in a position of danger from which they were unable to free themselves, try as they would. And try they did, only to find their own plans and their own efforts worse than useless, for “he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool” (Prov. xxviii. 26). Some stay or some trust, some hope my reader must have.

Are you trusting your own efforts, your own works, your own thoughts, your own heart, as you think of the day that is coming, when you individually shall stand in the presence of God there to give account of the things done in the body? *You* know what your past has been,—the secret things no eye but that of God and of yourself has seen—the sins of thought, and word, and deed—of commission and omission :—on what are you relying as an atonement for those sins? What does your heart suggest? Reformation? a turning over a new leaf? a better life in the future? Reformation will not blot out the past; turning over a new leaf may hide, but will not cleanse the blotted page: your own efforts will prove but as the banister rail on which an aged relative of the writer leaned when ascending the stairs—to find it was absolutely rotten! It will break when most wanted—and your fall will be infinitely worse than hers, if it lands you in the lake of fire to spend therein a Christless eternity! No! again God's word rings out, "He that trusteth his own heart" [and anything that comes out of it] "is a fool!"

But are you trusting religion—a form of godliness, and the prayers of others, living or dead? "Don't trouble, mother; I shall be all right; never fear. Think how you have prayed for me, and it is impossible all those prayers should be

thrown away" said a young man to his mother as she urged him to consider his latter end and flee to Christ. Her answer was (which I would pass on to you, if, like him, you are blessed with a praying, Christian mother), "My boy, you must not make a Saviour of your mother's prayers!" No, you dare not trust even them.

A Romish Cardinal lay dying, and those around his bed had been offering prayers to the Virgin for him, but the dying man took no delight in them. "It is safest to trust in Jesus," he said. Yes, it IS "safest." Nay more, it is SAFE.

"Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the LORD JEHOVAH is everlasting strength." He is "the Rock of ages" (Isaiah xxvi. 4). Smeaton's Tower might resist all the storms and waves that beat around and against the Eddystone, because not simply built on, but *in*, dovetailed in the rock itself: but the rock wore, and what then? But the Rock of Ages can never wear! "This is the true God and eternal life,"—the Eternal God Himself; and the soul that trusts in Him is safe for all eternity.

He may be trusted! He is worthy to be trusted! He is the Truth itself, as well as the Holy and the True; His words, His ways, express Himself. He has declared, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37), and He never has; He never will. "None of them

that trust in Him shall be desolate" (Psalm xxxiv. 22).

Is He your confidence, dear reader? Are you trusting in Jesus? Have you believed His word, that "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the Only Begotten Son of God" (John iii. 18). If you have not, then let me echo the clergyman's word at the beginning of this paper—"When to trust Jesus? NOW!" Who is it you are not trusting? And if you are not trusting Him you are making Him a liar! Could you insult an earthly friend more than by saying, "I cannot trust you"? "I don't believe you"? Listen! "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, for His wrath will soon be kindled. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him!" (Psalm ii. 12 R.V.). Perishing by His anger, or blessed through putting your trust in Him: one or other must be your portion; which shall it be? Decide, and trust Him NOW.

But it may be some one is reading these lines who is saying, "Yes, Jesus is my confidence. He is my Saviour, my only hope for eternity; but I have so many present cares, so many anxieties, I am overburdened." To such, nay, to all who

are trusting Him now, I would repeat the word of the second recipient of the booklet, "When to trust Jesus? ALWAYS!" Whose word did I say? Not his, but *God's*. He says, "Trust in Him *at all times*: ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us" (Psalm lxii. 8). There is nothing too great for Him Who made the worlds—"Who bringeth out their host by number: Who calleth them all by names, by the greatness of His might" (Isaiah xl. 26); and there is nothing too small for Him Who says "the very hairs of your head are all numbered" (Luke xii. 2). Well may your language then be, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee" . . . "In God have I put my trust; I will not be afraid what man can do unto me" (Psalm lvi. 3, 11).

T.

"VENTURING ON CHRIST"

Speaking in disapprobation of the use of the above words by many truly pious people, the late Dr. Simpson, of Hoxton College, remarked: "WHEN I CONSIDER THE INFINITE DIGNITY AND ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF CHRIST, I AM ASHAMED TO TALK OF VENTURING ON HIM! OH, HAD I TEN THOUSAND SOULS, I WOULD, AT THIS MOMENT, CAST THEM ALL INTO HIS HANDS WITH THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE."

THE POWER OF GOD'S LOVE

“ 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).

“ There is such power in God's love that it will save anybody that will take Christ.” These are the words of Dr. Torrey of Chicago, and he relates the following striking incident :—

Years ago, William Dawson was preaching in the city of London, and in the course of his sermon said, “ There is not a man in all London that Christ cannot save.” At the close of the meeting a lady missionary came up to him and said, “ Mr. Dawson, did I understand you to say to-night that there is not a man in all London that Christ cannot save ? ”

“ Yes, that is what I said.” “ Well,” said the lady, “ I have a man that I wish you would see. He says he is beyond salvation.”

“ I will go to him,” said Mr. Dawson. They went, and stopped before a wretched tenement. She said, “ Mr. Dawson, you will find him in the top storey, in an attic room. You had better go alone. I think he will talk more freely if nobody is with you.” Mr. D. commenced to climb the narrow, rotten stairway, and it seemed, as he went

from one storey to another, as if each floor were worse than the last. Reaching the top, he came to a room without any window, with the door hanging on one hinge, and entered. As his eyes got accustomed to the darkness, he saw there was not a stick of furniture in the room! Over in a corner, on a dirty pile of straw, lay a young man, with his back to the door. Mr. D. went quietly across the room, and said, "My friend!"

The man said, "You are no friend of mine; I haven't a friend in the world." "Yes, you have," said Mr. D.; "I am your friend, and, what is better, Jesus Christ is your friend, too."

He said, "Jesus is no friend of mine. I have broken every one of His laws, I have trampled Him under foot. I am dying, and I am going to hell. Jesus Christ is no friend of mine."

Mr. Dawson said, "Jesus Christ is the friend of sinners," and sitting down beside him, began to read to him out of the Bible how that, deep down as he was in sin, Christ loved him. The young man there and then turned from his sins, took Christ as his Saviour, and found pardon.

Then he turned to Mr. D., and said, "Mr. Dawson, my heavenly Father has forgiven me. I could die happy if my earthly father would only pardon me too."

"I will go and see him" Mr. D. said.

"No," said the man, "it would be no use. He

has had my name taken off the family register. He has not allowed anyone to mention my name in his presence for two years."

Mr. D. said, "I will go and see him anyhow"; and, obtaining the father's name and address, he started.

He found his way up to the West End of London, the most fashionable part of the town, to an elegant home. He went to the front door, and was shown into a reception room by a liveried and powdered servant, and sent up his card to the gentleman of the house. Soon a fine-looking old English gentleman of the old school came in, walked cordially across the floor, and held out his hand to Mr. D. But before taking it, Mr. Dawson said, "I have come to speak to you about your son Joseph."

The man dropped his hand as if he had been shot. He said, "My son Joseph! I have no son Joseph. I have had that young man's name taken off the family register. I haven't allowed anybody to mention his name in my presence for two years, and I want to say to you, sir, that if you have had anything to do with that young man, he will only cheat you, and if you have come to talk about him—Good-day."

He turned on his heel, and started for the door. Just as he was passing through the door, Mr. Dawson said quietly, "Well, he is your son, here, anyhow; but he won't be here very long."

The man turned and said, "Is Joseph dying?"

"Yes," he said, "your son Joseph is dying. I have not come to ask you to do anything for him; I am perfectly willing to pay his funeral expenses out of my own pocket; but he has taken Christ as his Saviour, his heavenly Father has forgiven him, and he says he could die happy if his earthly father would forgive him too."

"Forgive him?" said the father. "I would have forgiven him long ago if he had only asked me."

He ordered his carriage, and he and Mr. Dawson were whirled down to the East End of London. They reached the wretched tenement, and as they entered the room, the dying boy looked up and said, "O father! my heavenly Father has forgiven me, I could die happy if you would only forgive me too."

The father ran up and said, "My boy, forgive you! I'd have forgiven you long ago if you had only asked me." The boy was too ill to move, and that rich gentleman sat down upon the bare floor beside his boy's pallet of straw, and took his dying head upon his breast. The boy passed away full of joy, knowing that both his earthly father and his heavenly Father had forgiven him.

O men and women! God longs to forgive you to-night. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from

all unrighteousness." "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i.).

"When I kept silence," said David (Ps. xxxii.), "my bones waxed old, through my roaring all the day long. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah. I ACKNOWLEDGED MY SIN UNTO THEE, AND MINE INIQUITY HAVE I NOT HID. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD; and THOU FORGAVEST THE INIQUITY OF MY SIN."

We may learn from David's case what anguish he endured so long as he *kept back* from acknowledging his guilt. But there is no blessing for time, nor for eternity, without the confession here of our sins before God. He looks for truth in the inward parts, and where this is we acknowledge that we are "guilty before God."

Will you not then take words and say with David, "For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity: for it is great!" (Ps. xxv.)? Go to God thus honestly, and you will hear Him say, "I, even I, am he that *blotteth out thy transgressions* for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins" (Is. xliii. 25). Blessed be His name! And *you* will then say, "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity?" Yes. "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

“ REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD ”

I see Christ's heart yearning over poor sinners—not poor sinners' hearts yearning after Christ.

When the Lord Jesus meets a sinner, and gives him peace, the only thing that He thinks of is His own blood; and anything added to that, He would turn away from and repudiate.

Ah, there is no name to which Jesus of Nazareth responds more heartily than the name of Saviour. It has not become a common name to Him. He will not share it with any creature. He may have every glory, but above all is this name of Saviour between Him and God—He “ the Saviour God,” in whom is “ redemption through His blood ” !

Here indeed is something that has a voice to one's soul—the thought of that Saviour God, in whom we have redemption, being the One who is to have all glory !

When you get home, will your delight be in the glory of that Christ? Not only happy because you are saved, but because of seeing what *He is*—*what* a Saviour you have got! *Being* saved (blessed as it is) is nothing to the brightness of the glory shining out of the Saviour Christ! Because He is *what He is*, “ we have redemption through His blood.”

Will He ever lay aside His character of Redeemer? In "the Lamb in the midst of the throne" we see Him as the One whose redemption glory will still be seen, though we shall be realising a different part.

Israel, when in Canaan, realised a different portion from Israel in the wilderness. But this was still their glory, that they were the people of a Redeemer-God. When you get into glory, every one of you will be pointed to as a spectacle shewing forth the redemption glory of the Redeemer-God. God sees in redemption one of the thoughts dearest to His own heart. It shews out His highest glory, all centred in Christ according to His eternal purpose.

Is that glory in the person of Christ the thing that fills your soul? When telling over all the glories that attach to the person of that Christ, do you say, "Oh, that is the One in whom I have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins"?

"By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name.

"But to do good, and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased" (Heb. xiii.).

COMING TO JESUS—WHAT IT BRINGS!

MARK V. 1-20

Come to Jesus just now and you will learn something of what the poor unhappy man of our chapter realised by *his* coming, just as he was, in all his wretchedness. For while his condition had reference to his body and mind, yours speaks of what is far more serious and for eternity. You are suffering from the thralldom of your sins. To live from day to day in your sins is awful enough, but to die in your sins is to be shut up to them, and to be shut out of heaven, for ever.

But coming to Jesus, even while you read this short paper, will be to receive now a new life, a new happiness and joy such as you have never known before, and to have a bright prospect before you of a possession free from corruption and defilement, and which shall never, never pass away.

Let us just consider what a happy change was wrought in the wretched and pitiable man by his *coming to Jesus*. If he had been living in our days, he could have sung

“ I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.”

This will be true of you, if you will but *come to Jesus*. For "him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." Jesus has said it, and His word is sure.

This man of an unclean spirit had no home, wore no clothes, was restless, and violent, and tortured. None could do him any good, he was untamable (Mark v.).

But he *comes to Jesus!* See now what a change! The people come out from the city and find him "sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind." The wandering restlessness gone. The violence subdued and banished. A new light and power possess him. His state and condition completely altered.

He now desires to be *with Jesus!* and this desire shall be fulfilled; but meanwhile he must *speak for Jesus* to his friends, telling them of the Lord's power and compassion to him. There is no pretentiousness in this. Has he no friends to find out? to whom to speak?

And what of you? "Oh taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him" (Ps. xxxiv. 8).

Do you long to be with Jesus? He is coming to gratify this proper and holy desire, and soon.

Meanwhile, if saved, let us speak, serve, and live, for Him, under the constraining power of His love.

" IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS "

" In everything give thanks,"
 Since Jesus died and rose ;
 Yea, sits upon His Father's throne,
 Triumphant o'er His foes.

" In everything give thanks,"
 Dwell not upon thy care ;
 Christ's grace and strength sufficient are,
 He will thy burdens bear.

" In everything give thanks,"
 Since Jesus did the same ;
 Tho' scorn'd, rejected, and despised,
 Yet lowlier He became.

" In everything give thanks,"
 For 'tis thy Father's will :
 Dark days, or bright, alike but prove,
 " Love never worketh ill."

" In everything give thanks,"
 Whate'er thy lot may be
 No earthly circumstance can change
 Thy Father's love to thee.

" In everything give thanks,"
 Of Jesus ever sing ;
 In lofty, and yet loftier, strains,
 Oh ! let His praises ring !

" In everything give thanks,"
 To Him, Whose perfect ways
 Shall swell our Hallelujah-song,
 Thro' everlasting days.

S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD,
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY
NET

Related in letter from W. E. J. Thomas of Melbourne.

A DIAMOND WEDDING

Many and fervent were the congratulations that poured in upon Mr. and Mrs. L^{myself}, when it was known that the aged couple were celebrating their diamond wedding, for they had a large circle of personal friends, and many others knew and respected them for the sake of their gifted family. But among all the letters and gifts received, there was one which was unique. Its writer was an elderly gentleman whom they knew but slightly; and after very warmly congratulating them on their long and happy married life, he continued:—

“The next phase of experience lying before you and me is—Eternity! How do you look forward to this? Amongst the numerous congratulations which will pour in upon you, perhaps few, possibly not one, will even *name* this. All the more need that I should venture. If a good life were the passport, I should say nothing—for the world knows yours full well. *That*, however, is *not* the criterion, for Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners. The question is, have we found ourselves as lost ones at the feet of the Saviour?”

The aged gentleman listened as the letter was read to him, failing sight preventing him from perusing it himself; and then, instead of putting

it on one side with all the other warm felicitations and congratulations, he placed it in his pocket, and there he kept it.

But the question "How do you look forward to Eternity?" had entered deeper than his pocket—it had arrested his mind, pierced his heart and conscience, and made him own he had nothing to look forward to! Nothing?—ah, worse than nothing—"a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries"! He looked back over a long life. He recalled the sixty years of domestic happiness with her he loved so well, and the children with whom they had been blessed. He thought of his fellow townsmen, and his efforts to serve them, efforts that had been appreciated, and had brought him name and honour in the district in which he lived. Amiable, gentle, intelligent—all sorts of interests had circled around him for nine long decades—but they were all behind him—they had passed, oh, how quickly! and before him loomed—Eternity! And he had never thought of it! Oh, it seemed inexplicable to him now, as he reviewed the past, and sought to pierce the future, that that near approaching, and never-ending Eternity had, during all his life, been outside his scheme of things!

Has it been outside *yours*, my reader? Have you faced Eternity during your life, whether it has

been long or short? Few, very few, who read these lines, will be able to look back over ninety years, for few, very few comparatively, are permitted ninety years of time before they enter the measureless, changeless day of Eternity! But whatever your age, you have had time, and time enough, to face Eternity, and to prepare for it. Have you done so? Oh, the folly of neglecting it! You may deny it; you may imagine, as many fondly do, that when God speaks of Eternity, He does not mean it: that there is an end to it; and if a future state exists after death, that it is a state of probation, with another opportunity for man to be saved, since he has slighted, neglected, or refused, God's way of salvation in this life!

This is a common delusion, propounded by the "father of lies" to his miserable dupes. But what saith the Scripture? What saith the High and Lofty One Who inhabits eternity? "The devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and *shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever*" (Rev. xx. 10). "The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable . . . and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars *shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death*" (Rev. xxi. 8). "Depart from Me, ye cursed into *everlasting fire*. prepared for the devil and his angels . . . and

these shall go away into *everlasting punishment*, but the righteous into life eternal " (Matt. xxv. 41, 46). "*Eternal judgment*" (Hebrews vi. 2).

Ah, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37)—that which distinguishes him from the beasts, that which he possesses through the inbreathing of the Lord God Himself, and which,

"Immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

But Mr. L. was still in time, and in the "accepted time" too, the day of salvation—and *so are you*. He was aroused now to his eternal interests, late indeed, but not too late; and he was miserable. He knew none among his wide circle of acquaintance who could help him, and the faithful friend who had written the letter was in town miles away from his country home.

After about six months, however, he had occasion to go up to town for a brief fortnight, and took advantage of the opportunity to send word to his friend that he was there, and to ask him to call on him. And the daughter who wrote on his behalf added that the letter he had written had been carried about by her father ever since its arrival.

It was not long before his friend was with him, warmly welcomed, and told that failing sight at

the age of 91 had hindered him from answering the letter sent six months before. Putting his hand on his knee, the visitor looked into his face, and enquired :

“ Have you got peace ? ”

“ No,” was the frank avowal, “ I cannot say that I have,” and then he freely confessed what has been told above of the effect the faithful question of his friend had had. Now it was that friend’s joy to tell him of God’s way of salvation—how, in spite of his neglect, God had thought of him—had sent His Son the propitiation for his sins (1 John iv. 10) ; that “ Christ died for our ”—for his—“ sins according to the scriptures ; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the scriptures ” (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4), and that “ through this Man was preached unto him the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe were justified from all things ” (Acts. xiii. 38, 39), “ therefore being justified by faith, we *have* peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ ” (Rom. v. 1).

The Holy Spirit Who had used the letter to arouse and convict him of his danger and folly, now applied the blessed truths he heard from his friend’s lips in life-giving power : he saw the beauty and simplicity of God’s way of salvation ; he received it, he rested on it—he was saved. So too will my reader be if he, in true repentance

before God, now accepts God's testimony concerning His Son; "For this is the record that God hath given to us [believers] 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" (1 John v. 11, 12).

T.

"DIED ABNER AS A FOOL DIETH?"

This is one of the thought-arousing questions of the Bible. There are many others, as for example, the words of the Lord Jesus, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" Or the question by Elijah to the nation of Israel, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Or the question asked by Pilate, "What then shall I do with Jesus?" Also, the word of the apostle, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

All these are questions not to be lightly dismissed from the mind, for each is of vital importance to every one who meets them. But, to answer the question at the head of this paper, "Died Abner as a fool dieth?" one needs to ask two other questions, namely, How does a fool die? and, How did Abner die?

How does a fool die? Both from Old Testament and New (1 Sam. xxv. 25, 37, 38; Ps. xiv. 1; Luke xii.) we learn that a fool in the scripture, and therefore only real, sense of the term is one who lives in

1. entire forgetfulness of God's claims ;
2. absolute selfishness as to others ;
3. utter unpreparedness for the future.

As such an one lives, so he dies, and proves his endless folly. For "God is not mocked," and we are responsible beings, responsible to a righteous Judge Who can by no means clear the guilty, but must act in perfect righteousness whether towards men or devils, or to that Blessed One Who, in grace, died for guilty sinners. Though God loves each one and is not willing that *any* should perish, yet He cannot take man into fellowship with Himself without entire change of character or nature—"Ye *must* be born again." "All have sinned, and come short of His glory." Sin is the worst thing in the world. It brings both banishment from God and the punishment which it has made for itself; both "the outer darkness," and the "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish upon *every* soul of man that doeth evil." How awful then is your condition and position if still unrepentant! A sinner here, and without a Saviour for ever! Is there no help? Do you cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

There was a pious, but empty, wish uttered by a Bible fool that is echoed in many cases to-day, "Let me die the death of the righteous." Yet the speaker died as he had lived, an enemy of God's people, ignoring the purpose of God in blessing, although he had ample testimony to it (Num. xxiii. 10 ; xxxi. 8, 16).

How did Abner die? Not as a fool, but at peace with God's king ; laying hold on God's plan and purpose ; and in making a right use of his life in thus serving God's king.

Beware, my dear reader, of empty, vain, fruitless desires in the matter of your soul's welfare. "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace" ; 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).

The cross of the Lord Jesus Christ reveals the *need of the soul* ; for apart from Him we must have all perished in our sins ; and it also, thank God, displays the adequate provision for our need made by the love of God. Beware then, of living and dying as a fool, and so going to eternity unprepared. Look to the Saviour ; put your trust in Him ; rest your sinful soul upon the work done by Him Who alone was competent to undertake it, *and thou shalt be saved.*

W. G. T.

“SINNER ! GOD LOVES YOU”

“When about sixteen, I left home, which was not a very good one, and began gambling, such as bagatelle, dominoes, and other things of vice, which of course wanted a good deal of money to carry out, and my earnings were not enough.

“So, with companions as bad as myself, I took to thieving, and was taken up twice, found guilty, and had three months’ imprisonment.

“When there, I formed some good resolutions, thought I would not pick up with my bad companions again. But it was only in myself, so it did not last long, and I was as bad as ever again, or even worse, always wanting to be going to the theatre, or concerts, or some gay place of amusement; so about this time, having a brother in London, I thought I would go there. I told my mother my intentions, and she, thinking it best for me, as I should be away from all my companions, consented to let me go.

“But, after I came to London, I was as bad as before, going into all kinds of gay company, the theatres, and concerts, and every other gay place.

“After a time I was walking along the Blackfriars Road, when I saw a young man preaching the gospel. I stood up to hear him, and he said, ‘SINNER ! GOD LOVES YOU.’

“ It quite struck me, although I did not know what it meant. Yet I kept always thinking of those words. They seemed meant for me alone, but they were not so, for there were many more present.

“ Then he began to read John iii. 16, ‘ God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

“ But the word ‘ WHOSOEVER ’ he kept calling out. It was not some that were called, it was *all* that would *believe*. After a short time he said they would sing a verse or two of a hymn. It was that one which has the words :

‘ I do believe, I will believe
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the Cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.’

After that he said he was going to the Victoria Hall, which was close by.

“ I went home, got the Bible, found the verse and read it, and found the words he had repeated were the same.

“ Then I began thinking how God could love such a hell-deserving sinner as I had been. I fell down on my knees, and prayed to Him to shew me in what way I was to know that He loved me, and how I was to love Him.

“ I continued praying and praying until Sunday evening. I went to the Victoria Theatre, and heard

a dear young man preach—one who had been as vile a sinner as myself; and there I thought if God would forgive him, one who had stolen, and been a prize-fighter, He would forgive me.

“So, going home, I prayed, and continued praying all the week, asking God to forgive me.

“The next Sunday I went to the Victoria Theatre again, and heard the gospel preached, and stayed to the prayer-meeting. It was then that I knew my sins, which were many, were all forgiven.

“Then the young man that had preached the gospel to us took me by the hand, and began singing that beautiful hymn:

‘There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.’

“I then went home rejoicing in the Lord, and told many what He had done for me; and ever since I have been much happier than ever before. Thank God for it.”

A. A.



“Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.”

“We love Him, because He first loved us.”

(1 JOHN iv. 10, 19)

A CONVERSATION ON ETERNAL LIFE

'Have you got eternal life?' said a servant of Christ to an aged woman.

'No, sir; but I hope I shall.'

'How long before you expect to get it? For I suppose you are more than seventy years old!'

'Oh, yes, sir; I am beyond seventy.'

'Then when, may I ask, do you expect to get eternal life?'

'I do not know, sir; but my grandson says, I must come and have it now. And though I tell him there is a great deal to be done first, he always says there is nothing to do for it, but that I should come at once.'

'That is quite right. The truth is, that Jesus, the Son of God, has come down from heaven and done a finished work. Did you never hear that He said when He died upon the cross, "It is finished?" Well, how can there be anything for you to do, if He has finished the work of eternal redemption, and God now *gives* eternal life to all who believe in His name? God is now, then, giving people eternal life. He says, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Eternal life, then, is God's gift. And you surely do not require to do anything to obtain

a *gift*. If you did anything for it, it would be what you had earned, and not a gift. But I repeat that Scripture says, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." You have only, therefore, to come to Jesus the Son of God, by faith, and you will receive eternal life as God's free gift' (Rom. vi. 25).

'So my grandson says, sir.'

'Ah! but you must see that *God* says so in His blessed word, and rest on what God says, because God says it, for that is faith. Take God, therefore, at His word. Believe that He means what He says—"The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rely upon His faithfulness to His own word, and you will be happy. You will then know that all your sins are forgiven, and that you have eternal life, and will never perish. There is no time to be lost, for Jesus is quickly coming, and God says, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of salvation." So refuse no longer this gift, but come to Jesus at once. Come just as you are; come with all your sins and guilt; and remember, if you do not receive Jesus the Son of God as your Saviour, you must go to hell, and be lost for ever!

'Oh, sir! that would be terrible. But, sir, have you got eternal life?'

'Yes, my dear woman, through the grace of God, I have had eternal life for more than thirty

years. Think, then, again of those precious words, "THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE, THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD"; and may God bless this conversation to the saving of your soul.'

Dear reader! Have you thus come to Jesus, and received this marvellous gift of God—ETERNAL LIFE? Do you not know that Jesus said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and *I give unto them eternal life*; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand" (John x. 27, 28)?

Have you heard the sweet voice of Jesus the Son of God in the word of His blessed gospel? Did not He lovingly say "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28)?

Can you resist the claim upon your heart of such a voice of wondrous unutterable mercy? To think of the Son of God coming down from heaven, and unasked and unsought, in a world that only returned Him hatred for His love, that He should freely present eternal life and peace to every one that received Him, and heard His words. Again, He said, "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 [or judgment], but is passed from death unto life."

Oh, the preciousness of knowing that we have eternal life in Christ as a present possession!

"The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
He will not, He cannot, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
He'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

[*Extracted*]

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE

"*The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.*"—EPH. iii. 19

Can ye count me the leaves on the forest tree,
Or the sands on the sea-washed shore?
Or the flowers bedecking the fragrant lea;
Or the grains of the harvest store?
If ye can, I can tell you His love to me,
Who died for my sins on Calvary's tree.

Can ye number the locks of glossy hair
On the blooming, youthful head?
Can ye count me each particular star
Which shines when the day is sped?
If ye can, I can tell you His love to me
Who died for my sins on Calvary's tree.

Can ye number the blades of grass which grow
In the meadows all around?
Or the sparkling, glittering drops of dew
At the sun's uprising found?
If ye can, I can tell you His love to me
Who died for my sins on Calvary's tree.

Can ye count me the rays of light which flow
From the fount of light above?
Or the drops which, heaving to and fro,
O'er the ocean's caverns move?
If ye can, I can tell you His love to me
Who died for my sins on Calvary's tree.

Ye cannot! and oh, I cannot tell
The depth of the love divine
Which rescued my soul from death and hell,
And tells me that heaven is mine!
Deep, vast, unknown, is His love to me
Who died for my sins on Calvary's tree!

A. M.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD,
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY
NET

“THAT DREADFUL RAID!”— AND WORSE!

An open-air service was being held in a South Coast town, when the speaker referred casually to the recent air raids in London and elsewhere. Among his audience were a number of young girls, one of whom suddenly turned deadly pale and appeared about to faint.

“What’s the matter?” enquired her companions in surprise as they sought to assist her.

“Oh, that dreadful raid! I shall never forget it,” she gasped. The remembrance of the scenes she had passed through a few days before thus brought to her mind, completely upset and unnerved her.

It may be the reader has passed through the same alarming circumstances and can sympathise with her; but what we would bring before your notice is something infinitely worse than any raid that has taken, or can take place, yet an event that is sure and certain, and rapidly approaching, distinctly announced, yet unlooked for, unwanted—and when it takes place, will be terribly sudden and unexpected. We refer to the coming again of the Lord Jesus Christ in judgment. Foretold over and over again in the inspired word both by Himself and by His apostles

and prophets—repeated by thousands week by week in the Creed, as an article of faith—yet ignored, its expectation postponed, or mocked at! But as surely and as suddenly as German raiders have bombed London, so sure and more sudden will the coming of the Son of man be!

Listen! “The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power; when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believed (because our testimony among you was believed) in that day” (2 Thess. i. 7-10).

“Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also that pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him” (Rev. i. 7).

“Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon all” (Jude 14, 15).

“Then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory” (Matt. xxiv. 30).

If it was an awful, an alarming, an unnerving, and in some cases a deadly thing, to see a number of enemy airmen suddenly and calmly approaching on their mission of death and destruction in the midst of a busy morning, while everything seemed going on as usual—what will this be? “As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed” (Luke xvii. 26–30).

: Think of it, reader—to see the face of the Son of man—the Christ of God—the long-suffering, yearning Saviour, Whose gracious invitation has so often fallen unheeded on your unwilling ears—Whose sorrows and Whose sufferings even to death, are nothing to you—to see *Him* appearing in the clouds of heaven—above and beyond the height of the highest zeppelin or aeroplane—to see Him coming in flaming fire, taking vengeance! and *you*, His enemy!

Among the millions who saw the German

raiders, most escaped untouched ; all hoped to ; and those killed and injured, or personally affected by them were (however too sadly numerous) a very small minority to those who witnessed the raid ; but when the Christ of God returns, there will be no disinterested, no unaffected spectators of His advent ! “ *Every eye shall see Him,*” when He comes to “ *execute judgment upon all,*” “ *for when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them . . . and they shall not escape* ” (1 Thess. v. 3).

There will be no place of refuge then, no escaping from His all-searching eye—no getting off in a crowd ; but swift and sudden and unsparing judgment on all who are found His enemies. Do you not remember His own words “ *Those mine enemies, that would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me* ” (Luke xix. 27) ?

Yet He tarrys, and has tarried so long that men are saying (perhaps you among them), “ *Where is the promise of His coming ? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation* ” (2 Peter iii. 4), but “ *Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come and will not tarry* ” (Heb. x. 37). And why does He tarry ? Ah, He “ *is not slack concerning his promise . . . but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish,*

but that all should come to repentance " (2 Pet. iii. 9).

He is *waiting for you*, waiting to be gracious. This is the day of salvation, not of judgment ; and He Who will assuredly appear as the Son of man in heaven, when He takes to Him His great power and reigns, is now seated " far above all heavens " on the throne of the majesty on high—sitting there not as the judge of sinners, but as the Purger of sins (Heb. i. 3) ! He has appeared once in this world, and He finished the work He came to do. He came, not only to display all that God is, and all that man ought to be ; but more than that, to vindicate the claims of God's holiness about the question of sin. He glorified God in His death. He was a Martyr at the hands of lawless man for righteousness ; but He was the Victim at the hands of God for sin. He made full atonement. He died " the Just for the unjust to bring us to God " (1 Pet. iii. 18). " Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures . . . he was buried, and he rose again the third day according to the scriptures " (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4).

" Whom God hath set forth a propitiation through faith in his blood to declare his righteousness . . . that he might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus " (Rom. iii. 25, 26).

" Neither is there salvation in any other ; for there is none other Name under heaven given

among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

T.

THE AIR

Unhappily the minds of many have been much engaged of late with what is taking place in that wonderful part of God's universe, "the air," and it is not surprising when we realize the dangers that are abroad in it.

One looks beyond to the bright heavens, and feels saddened that their beauty should be intercepted for one moment by that which man has invented to bring destruction, terror and sorrow into the hearts and homes of many.

Dear reader, let me draw your attention for one moment to the all-important question raised by the solemn happenings of to-day.

From one cause and another, the uncertainty of life is constantly brought to our notice; hence it is of the utmost importance to you and to me to have the certain knowledge of the salvation of our immortal souls.

Hear once again! Are you, my unsaved reader, feeling uneasiness, an unmistakable terror at the

thought of your life perhaps being taken, and you suddenly ushered into Eternity, there to meet the God you have lived to forget, to ignore, and to dishonour. The One Who has mercifully sustained and provided the necessities of life for you, yea, far more, Who has provided a Saviour in His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, for you, that you might be eternally saved from your sins and their consequences, is He with Whom you must have a reckoning as to those things.

Well may you feel thus if you have not with a true confession of your guilty, lost condition as a sinner, come to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, asking Him to wash you in His precious blood which He shed on Calvary's cross for you and for me.

If you have not attended to this most important matter, why not run now with all haste to the covert of His wings? Then, come what may, it is only the body that can be touched; your soul will be in sure and safe keeping, "with Christ"; and your life shall be "hid with Christ in God." Once enter into the joy of His salvation, and you shall eternally rest in the safe shelter, and brightness of His Presence.

A dear aged Christian once remarked to me: 'Well, you know, ma'am, I've been thinking, that if the zepps do come, and we go home suddenly, it will be a lot better than to have a long illness

on a sick-bed ; we shall be quickly in His presence that way.'

'Yes! indeed,' I said, and I felt my dear-aged friend was enjoying the knowledge of the precious secret which every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ knows, even His "peace which passeth all understanding."

And now just a word of cheer to all such. What a wondrously blessed hope we have in connection with "the air." You will find it in 1 Thess. iv. 17, 18. Look it up, and revel in its delights, and its beauties, undimmed by any efforts of sin, the world or Satan! "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them (those who fall asleep in Jesus) in the clouds, to meet the Lord in 'the air': and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

What a blessed contrast to that which is taking place in "the air" now! May we who know the Saviour be expecting and waiting for that blessed moment!

K. E. *Peltman*



“ACCIDENTS INSURED AGAINST”

Reader, are you “insured”? If not, I am glad to be able to tell you that you *can* be if you will. The writer can stand and think of all the occurrences called accidents, and he knows that against the worst of them he is insured. Is it so with you? or would some sad catastrophe to-day find you the miserable rejector of Jesus Christ, and as such for ever lost? And now a word on this insurance.

It meets every case and covers all. *All* are sinners, Christ “gave Himself a ransom for *all*” (1 Tim. ii. 6). You are a sinner, Christ died for sinners and has borne judgment, punishment, and death, that “whosoever believeth on Him might have Eternal Life.”

There is nothing to pay.

Christ has paid all, not “with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with His own precious blood”—a price so sufficient and complete that nothing further can be demanded, and nothing more is required than acceptance on your part. His death has answered for all the claims made on you if you come now to God, pleading Christ’s atonement.

The policy is indisputable.

“God is not a man that He should lie,” and “God hath said and shall He not do it.” It is the Son of God who declared “He that heareth My word and believeth Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life”; and nothing can alter by any possibility that decree. Heaven and earth may pass away, but when all shall have passed, the one who is insured will remain, and stand forth as the proof that “God is unchangeable,” and that neither “principalities, nor powers, nor . . . any other created thing shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord” (Rom. viii. 38, 39).

Are you a careless one? Then beware of accidents. Are you a convicted sinner? Then at once accept the policy in God’s own word, and banish, this hour, all thought of salvation by any other means. Are you a sinner saved? Then be thou faithful unto death; and sure as Christ hath died, there is laid up for you a bright crown and white robe to wear through endless years of pleasure and delight.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
’Twas He that loved my soul;
’Twas He that washed me in His blood,
’Twas He that made me whole.
’Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
’Twas He that brought me to the fold,
’Tis He that still doth keep.

ANON.

THE DOOMED CITY AND THE RESCUED FEW

(JOSH. ii.-vi.)

Jericho—Rahab! What an instructive and striking record is here opened out before us in these interesting chapters! Let us just consider them a little, and may we be able to discern something of God's purpose in putting these incidents on record for us.

You know how God had promised His servant Abraham not only a numerous seed, when humanly speaking this was an impossibility, but also that this seed after a long time should occupy the land of Canaan, to which Jehovah would bring them after a servitude of some forty years in the land of Egypt (Gen. xv.).

Well, about 100 years after the death of Abraham, his descendants (about 70 souls) came into Egypt and multiplied rapidly. For long is his seed oppressed; but God remembers His promise, and appears for the deliverance of the chosen people. Meanwhile the inhabitants of Canaan have developed so enormously in wickedness that God must judge their evil ways, and drive them out. Two millions of the seed of Abraham are brought out of Egypt, led across a waterless and terrible wilderness and are now

in sight of the formidable stronghold of Canaan.

Encamped in Shittim, a place some fourteen miles east of Jericho, with the river Jordan between, their leader Joshua sends out two men to view the land, and they come secretly to Jericho, and enter the house of Rahab.

What must have been their surprise to learn from her that the fame of the crossing of the Red Sea some thirty-eight years before, and their recent vanquish of the two Amorite kings had struck terror into the hearts of the people of Jericho. If the people knew not that their city was doomed, Rahab, at any rate, accepts the position, however terrible. She realizes the danger. The danger was imminent. Jericho, in spite of its high walls, was about to fall. What should she do?

This is what she did. *She took sides with God!* She believed God's word against herself, her people, her country. What had she to plead? Was her character good? Alas, it was bad, as bad could be. She was a harlot! How could she look for consideration from a holy God that must judge sin? "There is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be feared" (Ps. cxxx. 11). "*By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not*" (Heb. xi. 31). She believed God's testimony. She received God's messengers. She fell in with *God's way of deliverance*, and accepted it for

herself, and proclaimed it to her kinsfolk. She confided in the word of the spies, and the oath of Jehovah. She severed herself from her people, her country, her king. She became a fool in men's eyes, but the fear of the Lord was in her case, thus, the beginning of wisdom. And wisdom is justified of all her children. She cast herself on the God of all grace. And He disappointed her not. "Look unto Me and be saved."

The blessing and security she desired, she desired also for others—for her kindred. But they must accept the same shelter as herself. The scarlet cord by which she had let down, from her house on the wall, the two spies whom she had received with peace and now sent away, was the token of safety for all who availed themselves of it. This was the divine means of shelter in her case—the house where was this token. Have you to find a house where is attached this scarlet cord? "Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven (that is, to bring Christ down from above)? Or, who shall descend into the deep (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead)? But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that is, the word of faith which we preach; that if thou shalt *confess* with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe* in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved*" (Rom. x. 6–8).

Oh, come as you are. Bow to God's judgment of your state. Accept His provision for your need. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

Christ Jesus is the propitiation for our sins. His blood cleanses from every sin. Through Jesus is preached the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified. He is the heavenly "token"—better than any "scarlet cord."

"Now is the judgment of this world." "The wages of sin is death"—"after death is judgment." "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

Doom impends, it is near. Escape for thy life. Flee to the Saviour, and deliverance and salvation shall be thine now and for ever. The time is short, but God's salvation from sins, from death and eternal judgment is offered you now in His name.

"In the refuge God provided,
Though the world's destruction lours.
We are safe, to Christ confided;
Everlasting life is ours."



FAITH'S RETROSPECT

Lord, Thine all-surpassing love
 My inmost soul doth deeply move ;
 And, in the shadow of Thy cross,
 All other things I'd count but dross.

There was a time, in days long past,
 When at Thy feet myself I cast ;
 Owning my folly, guilt, and sin,
 T'was then the light of heaven shone in.

Tho' such a sinner, Lord of all,
 On Thee I did for mercy call ;
 I listen'd, and I heard Thee say,
 " I've caused thy guilt to pass away."

By faith I gazed at Jesu's side,
 And knew that God was satisfied ;
 Cleansed by His all-atoning blood,
 Peace filled my soul—sweet peace with God.

Thus quietly my heart can rest,
 For ever leaning on His breast—
 My Saviour, Shepherd, Lord, and Friend,
 With Whom eternity I'll spend.

All that Christ Jesus is to me,
 God only knows. He's set me free ;
 And He is now my " All in all "—
 Adoring, at His feet I fall !

His loving Voice full well I know,
 He's more to me than all below ;
 His Spirit shall my footsteps guide,
 His faithful Word for aye abide.

Redeem'd at such tremendous cost,
 This living Christ is now my boast ;
 He sits as Saviour on God's throne,
 Then may I live for Him alone !

S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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—
ONE HALFPENNY
NET

“ SOME MORE SPREE YET ”

“ Well, you speak the truth ; and, at a future time, I do intend to be religious ; but I must have some more *spree* yet. I must enjoy life a while longer still.” So said the youthful, gay, and healthy R— in reply to some serious exhortations which I was addressing to him.

I had spoken to him of the claims of the Creator upon the creatures of His hand—of violated claims met by the shedding of the Redeemer’s blood—of the peace with God which faith in Him secures—of freedom from uneasy, anxious cares, and tormenting, terrifying fears—and of the genuine pleasantness of wisdom’s ways. He owned that what had been urged was true : yet still he smiled, and joked, and bid the peaceful message go its way. One concluding word of his, however, fell solemnly on my ear, and deeply affected my spirit. He exclaimed, whilst turning on his heel to leave me,—“ *But I shall perhaps rue of this.*” My hurried answer, so far as I remember, was, “ *Perhaps you will !* ” That day was Friday.

I saw him again the next morning. We traversed together one of the public walks outside the city. I dealt with him earnestly. My sympathies were wakened for him ; and I used every argument, and put before him every moving consideration that was within my power at the

time. Yet once more he answered me, that at a later period of his life he would attend to these concerns : but that he still meant to “ have some more *sprees* yet.”

That day passed over—a second day followed—a third succeeded—and then, suddenly, the startling question was proposed to me, “ Have you heard how poor R— is to-day ? ” All that had recently passed between us now rushed upon me ; and I said, with much emotion, “ No, indeed ! what is the matter with him ? I have not heard that anything has befallen him.” “ Have you not ? ” replied the inquirer ; “ Ah ! he is dead, or all but dead of the small-pox.” I sent to know the worst. Alas ! it was even so ! That very day—but three or four days after he had declared, and re-declared, that “ at some future time he did intend to seek the Lord ; but that he must enjoy *life* for some longer season, and have some more *sprees* yet ”—on that very third, or fourth day, that previously hearty, healthy, gay, and thoughtless youth drew his last breath, and suddenly expired !

On the previous Friday, he joked, and put off serious thought, and purposed future years of jollity and gaiety. On the following morning, during the conversation already mentioned, he had informed me of his having experienced, during the previous night, some symptoms of

indisposition. He had even told me that he had had passing suspicion of being threatened with an attack of the small-pox. He was better, however, he said, having used some active remedy ; so that not the slightest apprehension had passed through my mind, at the time, of his being in any real danger from that most dangerous disease. I treated him as one in an undoubted and vigorous state of health ; and I pressed upon him rather the importance of a well-spent life, than that of being prepared for an early death.

But four or five more setting suns had sunk into the west, ere the small-pox had accomplished its fatal work ; and, ere yet another week had fled, the disfigured, lifeless corpse of poor R— had been committed “ earth to earth, and dust to dust.”

The funeral knell that pealed forth over the remains of poor R— still speaks. It cries to all such as have ears to hear, “ TO-DAY ! TO-DAY ! To-morrow is not yours ! Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth ! TO-DAY ! TO-DAY ! To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.”

My friend ! I would speak to *you also*, of the claims of your Creator—of the claims of the Redeemer—of peace with God through Him—of a happy, peaceful, holy life—and of a glorious consummation of the whole in the presence of the blessed Saviour, at His appearing.

All else is vanity. The pleasures and pursuits of time and sense are vain, and transient, and delusive. No one knows what true *life* is, until he lives to God. They who suppose that those only enjoy life who live in the lusts and enjoyments of the world, are grievously mistaken. Those who fancy that the commencement of a life of faith is the conclusion of one's days of happiness, are thoroughly deceived. The exact opposite is the truth. There is no true joy—no real pleasure—no substantial happiness—apart from Jesus Christ—away from God. But to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as my own Saviour, and to know the pardon of sin through His blood, is indeed peace; it is indeed delight. To know God—to know Him as my Father, my Friend, my Guide, my Helper, my GOD—this is indeed to live! Life begins only when faith first works by love. When first the heart of a poor, wretched, hell-affrighted sinner, be he young or old, rich or poor, well or ill, lays hold by faith on the holy, crucified, and risen Saviour, and thus enters into rest, and certainty, and eternal life—then for the first time does he begin to “live,” and to “enjoy life.” There is no rest of conscience, no ease of heart, no peace to the wicked!

Dear reader! God now puts in a claim to you through Jesus Christ. He claims that you, with hearty, self-renunciation, and with admission of

your lost estate, do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. He claims that you do come to, submit to, yea, flee to and lay hold of, His only-begotten and well beloved Son, as your Saviour and your Lord, your righteousness and your life, your all-in-all, your "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." With Him—with this salvation—all is yours: without Him, nothing is yours but sin, and death, and hell!

Receive Him, and your sins are pardoned—your transgression is forgiven—your dread iniquity is covered—once for all. Receive Him, to the full confidence of your heart—embrace Him, to the peace of your conscience—and God Himself hath become *your* God, *your* Father, and you yourself have become an heir of glory, an inheritor of honour, immortality, and everlasting joys.

This is *life indeed*! All else that is great, and good, and truly to be longed for, will surely result therefrom. All that is wise, and rational, and noble; whatsoever things are, "pure and lovely, and of good report," will assuredly be found here, only here! Knowing the love of God to you, you will love Him in return. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." Thus will you live in the very element of true delight. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment." Here, then, is true joy, true

happiness. Reader, is it not so? O yes; you own it! Alas! so did poor R—. He owned that I had spoken the words of truth and soberness. But then, O reader! you perhaps are even now saying in your heart, as he said with the lip, that at some future time, some undefined, undetermined and utterly uncertain day—you too will turn to God, will flee to Christ.

Dear reader, do not tempt God! TO-DAY! TO-DAY! Judge me not severely. What if *to-night* you too should be attacked by some fierce and fatal malady? Do not flatter yourself that there is no danger. How know you that? What fatal malaria may not the next breath you draw convey into the most easily affected organs of your system? Thousands, as strong as you in the morning, have been laid low—are daily being laid low before the eventide. What, indeed, is man's life? A frail and fickle thing! A vapour, a shadow, a bubble, a dream, the flower of grass!

Reader, what say you? Stay! I warn you, in my Master's name—with the solemn recollection of poor R—'s sudden and appalling summons resting on my spirit—*I warn you too*. Do you still repeat his words: "I will have some more *sprees* yet; but perhaps I shall rue of this?" Alas, dear reader, *perhaps you will!*

I add one further word. All that I could learn of his behaviour or conversation during his brief

illness was this; that on one occasion, very shortly before his death, he had requested to be allowed to leave his bed, in order to kneel down to pray. All else is sealed until the dreadful day that shall clear up all such uncertainties.

Once more, dear reader, I cry to you, TO-DAY! TO-DAY! Oh! to-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart; as they did respecting whom of old God "sware in his wrath, that they should not enter into his rest."

“THE GREATEST SINNER IN EXETER”

An earnest Christian was once preaching the gospel in Exeter in the open air. A young woman was passing at the time and heard the words, "The greatest sinner in Exeter is welcome to the Lord Jesus Christ." It was a message from God to her soul. She went home and kneeling by her bed sobbed out, "Lord, I am the greatest sinner in Exeter. Oh, am I welcome to Thee?"

Some months afterwards a servant of God was called to see a dying woman. From the character of the neighbourhood and the house, he expected to find a sad case of a soul about to pass into eternity unsaved. He was surprised to see a face

radiant with heavenly peace. In fact, he was so surprised he could scarcely speak. At last he said, "What has made you so happy? Has anyone been to see you?"

"Oh, no," she said, "no one has been to see me. I have been here alone with the Lord Jesus."

She then related what she had heard; how she had come home and kneeled by that bed; what she felt led to say to the Lord, and the everlasting welcome she had found in His infinite love.

Thank God, the same loving Saviour and the same welcome is offered to you, dear reader. Do you see yourself a sinner, lost and guilty, needing a Saviour? If so, remember that "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10).

Extract



WILL ALL BE WELL?

How obsessed is man with the notion that if he but leads an outwardly correct life, all will be well within when he comes to die. For to him death is a certainty—sooner or later he expects to leave this world. And indeed he shall. But when he comes to die, it is instantly to find himself either with the good for ever or with the bad! Now which of these two destinations is yours?

Is not this a question that should be settled *at once*, for is not life here uncertain? Can you tell what shall happen to you on the morrow? You may be in the pink of health now, but is this a guarantee that you will be so to-morrow? "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. xxvii. 1). This is God's declaration in His word—the Bible.

Now if you were taking a journey, would you be content to remain in doubt as to the right direction in which you should go? Suppose you were going to New Zealand and were living in London. This would first necessitate your making for the coast. But would you go to *any* part of the coast? Would you not be careful to find out from what port the ship would sail for the distant land? and what boat you were to sail by, for not *every* boat goes to New Zealand? Yes, I think indeed you would make sure that you were going the right way to the place of embarkation, and were making for the right ship.

Well, my friend, you are on the road to ETERNITY. There is no question as to this. You are travelling to eternity! If you die in your sins, they will cling to you for ever 'and for ever, in "hell," where you will be with Satan, your deceiver, and his evil angels! and there too, you will be in torment under God's holy and righteous wrath.

Added to all your sinful deeds will be the crowning guilt of having refused the Son of God Who came into this world *to save sinners, and you would not be saved!*

We are every one going to eternity, but we are not all going to the same place. Some of us are going to a blessed home of rest and joy, where sorrow or grief can never enter. Some of us have been saved from our sins. Our sins do not cling to us, nor do we cling to them. We abhor them, and---they are gone!

How? Do you ask? Let me tell you. We have renounced absolutely the notion that if we lead an outwardly correct life all will be well. For what said our Lord to Nicodemus? "Ye must be *born again*" (John iii. 7). Have you been born again? If anyone could attain to heaven by ever so correct a life, would it not be "of works"? And the Bible plainly tells us salvation is "*not* of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 9; Tit. iii. 5). There is no "faith" in such a notion, and without faith it is impossible to please God. God is shut out, the Saviour and His atoning death are despised, and His word is denied.

It is "to him that worketh not but believeth on Him Who justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5). As to ourselves as children of Adam, "there is none righteous." We are all "guilty before God." But Jesus came

from heaven to die for the unjust, even for the thief on the cross. The robber turned away from himself to Jesus. He believed on Jesus. And he went to paradise in virtue of the Saviour's death for *him*. May you then cease from your "doing," and believe in Christ's "done." He finished the work and whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved.

From Mr. Bird's Diary

"CHRIST ONLY CAN SAVE"

"Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage." It was the king's commission, who made a marriage feast for his son, and would have that son honoured by every seat at his table being filled.

And it was the commission, too, granted to one, well known to the writer, whose delight for many years it has been, and still is, to invite "all, as many as" he "can find" to that "feast of fat things" which God in His grace has prepared for every poor sinner who will come and partake of it. So week by week, indoors and out of doors, at street corners, or on the beach, in common lodging houses, or in the old mission room in the heart of slum-land was he to be found, at the time of which I write, telling, "All things are ready. Come to the marriage."

Ready, because God in His infinite grace, from His limitless resources, has made full provision. Ready, because Christ has died, and made complete atonement for sin—satisfying all the claims of divine holiness against the sinner for him who believes—nay more, glorifying God in this very matter of sin—and having finished the work was raised from the dead and exalted by God's right hand, a Prince and a Saviour. Ready, because the Holy Ghost has come down, in answer to that finished work, and because Christ is glorified, to form the church which shall be the "Bride of the Lamb" when that marriage feast is consummated.

But, as in the parable, so did this servant of God prove, that "they made light of it." Foremost among those who chaffed and ridiculed when the message was given in the lodging-houses was poor R. A homeless tramp, and a terrible drunkard, he would have been debarred from the message had the commission been less wide than "as many as ye shall find"; for had it demanded *giving*, he had nothing to give; and had it demanded *giving up*, he was enslaved by a power and craving which no force of his own will could withstand. However much he might desire to give up his sin, the drink would not give him up; and the natural enmity of his heart against God found expression in his constant cavilling and his

generally annoying the one who brought the message "Be reconciled to God." "Come, for all things are now ready." Come—and receive, not give.

Still, week by week, the invitation fell on his unwilling ears, coupled often with another, to attend the various services held for such as he in the old mission room, but both were apparently unheeded.

One Thursday night, however, he turned up at a "Gospel Temperance Meeting," and greeted the missionary with the words, "I have come at last Mr. ——!"

"I am glad to see you," was the friendly reply, "and hope you have made up your mind to have done with the drink."

"Yes," he said, "I don't think I shall ever touch it again. But I have done more than that—I have given God my heart."

Eagerly the missionary inquired what he meant, and got the answer: "Last Monday I went to bed under the influence of drink. After sleeping some time I awoke in a state of mind that must have been the commencement of an attack of delirium. I fancied my poor old mother was speaking to me; and then all the evil of my life seemed to come to my mind. I was filled with horrible fear. What to do I did not know. Then I remembered what I had heard you say at different times; (yes, I used to chaff you, but

I knew it was all right !) so I went on my knees and prayed to God to receive me for Christ's sake, and He has ! I am full of peace now, and happy."

" Will you sign the pledge ? "

" No, I won't do that. I shall never drink, but I want to let others know that *Christ only can save.*"

Yes, dear reader, the testimony of this once drunken tramp is true—Christ ONLY can save. But Christ CAN save. And He can save you, whoever you may be. And He is willing to save you—not only from the judgment of your sins, but from the power of your sins. " Thou shalt call His name JESUS "—Jehovah, a Saviour—" for He shall save His people from their sins."

You cannot save yourself. " The supreme sacrifice," as men speak, of a brave man laying down his life for his country, has not a shade of merit in God's sight *as atoning for one sin!* for it is a forfeited life. " It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment." whether that death takes place on the battlefield, or in the hush of a sick chamber. And if you trust in it, it will be too late, when once you have passed into eternity, to retrieve that eternally fatal mistake. And you cannot help to save yourself. You cannot begin to make yourself better. If once the Holy Spirit disclosed to you your condition in God's sight, as he did to R. on his hard

bed in a common lodging-house, you would not attempt it. You would realize its hopelessness. But you would do what he did—and God grant you may do so, even as you read these lines, whoever and whatever you may have been or are. You would flee as a helpless lost sinner to God's provided Saviour, and accept with a bankrupt's empty hand, the rich provision He has made for you. He invites you. He wants you.

“Just as you are, and waiting not,
To rid your soul of one dark blot,”

He bids you come. And “him that cometh to Me, I will IN NO WISE cast out.” T.

TRUE WISDOM

Happy, indeed, are all those souls, who wisdom seek from
God,
Who find in Him their heart's chief joy; confiding in
His word;
Such souls can never downcast be: God's Spirit is their
guide,
And, listening to the Saviour's voice, no ill can e'er betide.
Their thoughts are clear, their judgment true; formed
by God's holy will,
Their souls are kept in perfect peace—love never worketh
ill;
Their eyes right onward look, and see that Christ is on
God's throne,
His grace and strength sufficient are, till, with Him,
they're at home.
They find that wisdom, love, and power, in JESUS all
combine,
And feasting on that Living *Bread*: that New, and
Living *Wine*,
Their every thought, and word, and deed, are but the
bright display
That, Spirit-taught, their path is clear; and Christ their
Strength and Stay. S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD,
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY
NET

THE WARNING

“ I have been staying at A—, and three times during that period we had the warning of air-raids, and you know what that means.”

“ Not by experience, through mercy, but I can understand.”

“ Well, it means that all the police, special constables, firemen, ambulance men, doctors, nurses, etc., hasten to their allotted station as soon as the signal is given. You see a fireman at every fire-call, in case the engine is wanted, and it means a certain amount of tension till it is all over.”

The above scrap of conversation set me thinking, and recalled to mind a solemn passage from the Word of God, twice repeated: “ I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at My mouth, and *give them warning from Me*. When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his evil way, to save his life; the same wicked man *shall die in his iniquity*; but his blood will I require at thy hand. Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he *shall die in his iniquity*: but thou hast delivered thy soul ” (Ezekiel iii. 17-19; xxxiii. 7-9).

And it is as a warning from God that this paper is put to-day in your hands, my reader.

There is danger ahead—there is death before you, and “after this the judgment” (Heb ix. 27).

You have sinned against God, and however clean your conduct in the sight of men, however upright, however moral, you have to do with One Who is of “purer eyes than to behold evil,” and He declares “The soul that sinneth it shall die,” and if your sins are upon you when that solemn moment comes for the wages of sin to be paid, you will “die in your iniquity,” “die in your sins.” Of such the lips of the Lord Jesus have declared “Whither I go ye cannot come” (John viii. 21). Oh, take warning! take cover!

It may be you have heard the warning of an approaching enemy, and with eager haste have availed yourself of the nearest shelter for your poor body from bomb or shell! You now hear God’s warning about your precious immortal soul—“Escape for thy life.” “Flee from the wrath to come!” “Because there is wrath beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot redeem thee” (Job xxxvi. 18). Oh, do not trifle with God! Do not put it off till a more convenient season! Such will never come. “Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold NOW is the day of salvation.”

But whither will you flee? Take cover!
Yes; but where?

What would you think of the one who, at the approach of hostile aircraft, preferred the cover of a glass conservatory to the shelter of bomb-proof concrete, when both were equally at hand? What does God think of the one who seeks the cover of his own good life or heroic death, to the eternal shelter He has provided through the death, and bloodshedding, and resurrection of His beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ? "He was wounded for our transgressions, *He* was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon *Him*, and with *His* stripes we are healed" (Isaiah liii. 5). "Whom God hath set forth a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness . . . to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness, that He might be just and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 25, 26). "That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have FLED FOR REFUGE to lay hold upon the hope set before us . . . whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus" (Heb. vi. 18, 19).

"Mark the sacrifice appointed,
See Who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, 'tis God's Anointed,
Son of man, and Son of God.

“ Here we have a firm foundation ;
Here’s the Refuge of the lost ;
CHRIST the Rock of our salvation,
His the Name of which we boast.

“ Lamb of God ! for sinners wounded,
Sacrifice to cancel guilt,
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Thee their hopes have built ! ”

But if you build anywhere else—if you attempt to take cover under anything except the finished work, the shed blood, of the Lord Jesus Christ, you *will be* confounded. Listen ! “ Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation ; he that believeth shall not make haste (or “ be ashamed,” Rom. ix. 33 ; or “ confounded,” 1 Peter ii. 6). Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet ; and the hail shall sweep away the *refuge of lies*, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place ” (Isai. xxviii. 16, 17).

Every other refuge, every other hiding place, every other hope, than the Lord Jesus Christ and the finished work of atonement which He accomplished on Calvary, is “ a refuge of lies ” ; for “ neither is there salvation in *any* other, for **HERE IS NONE OTHER NAME** under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved ” (Acts iv. 12).

O my reader! be warned in time. Thousands of false watchmen are about now, deceiving and being deceived, deluding precious souls into the belief that their own life or death can save them; that the careless, godless, Christless sinner who dies in the defence of his country is safe for eternity! Away with the awful lie! "Be not deceived: God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. iv. 7), and "the harvest shall be a heap in the day of grief and desperate sorrow" (Isai. xvii. 11), for "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccles. xii. 14).

There is NO SAFETY anywhere but in the Lord Jesus; there is no refuge anywhere else; there is no hope but in Him: but there is everything in Him. "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." "The Name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."

T.



"Wherefore also we make it our aim, whether at home or absent, to be well-pleasing unto him" (2 Cor. v. 9, R.V.).

A SOLDIER'S CONVERSION

I have greatly desired to put on record the facts connected with my conversion in the earnest hope that God may use them for the blessing of some of those who knew me well before the light of the grace of God and the love of my Saviour, had entered my poor, dark soul ; who knew me when the pleasures of the world were all the pleasures I cared for, and when, if the thought of ETERNITY ever crossed my mind, it was dismissed, as quickly as possible, as something not pleasant to think about. I was probably, in their sight, neither better nor worse than other men, who go occasionally to races, theatres, balls, etc., who play cards, sing comic songs, and try to enjoy the world, and to spend time with as little thought as possible about ETERNITY !

True it is that, now and then, at the end of a day which perhaps had been an unusually happy one (as then I thought), when I had perhaps returned home after a day spent on B—— race-course, or after an evening with friends of my own age, when the wine had gone freely round, or I had seen some attractive piece at a theatre, the thought *would* arise, ' Well, I've had a very happy day, but after all, IT'S A DAY NEARER TO DEATH AND ETERNITY.'

I say that thought *would* come, though I would

do all I could to dismiss it ; for it was not comfortable to think that each day brought me nearer to that moment when I MUST STAND BEFORE GOD, and I knew that *all was not right*, and that if I were to die I must stand before Him, with all the burden of my sins upon me ! I used to go occasionally to church, to read my Bible now and then (very seldom though, and not because I really loved it), and, in short, to do what I dare say most of those who read this are doing now, and thinking that in so doing they are going straight on the road to heaven !

O dear comrade, friend, and reader ! if there be but one among you who is going on thus, but one who has a thought that by your righteousness or morality you are earning a title to live for ever with Jesus—with Him who died to save *the lost* (not the moral, not the self-righteous), abandon at once, I implore you, your false and foolish hopes, for **THEY WILL LEAD ONLY TO HELL !** Your house is built upon the sand, and when the storm comes, the storm of God's judgment upon the world which has crucified His Son, and you have nothing to rest on more solid than your own good deeds, you will find how fatally you have been deceived when it will be *too late*. But to begin my story :—

In the month of November, I was lying upon my cot in —, when one of my comrades (one

who had often drunk very heavily with myself) came and asked if I would go with him to a prayer-meeting. I strongly objected, and began laughing at him for being so simple-minded. I asked why *he* went. He merely said that he thought it was good to go there, that if he did not get any good he did not think of getting harm, and that he did not see why he should *die like a dog!* And then, he left me to myself.

A short time after he had gone a thought struck me—why should I die like a dog? These words so filled my mind that I went to the prayer-meeting with him. There was a great number of persons present, so we had to take seats close by the speaker. He spoke with great power, which made me tremble.

This was the first prayer-meeting I had been to since I left my native home, some years before. The speaker also said that if we were to get rid of our sins we should have to be ‘mangled out.’

I felt that I should like to get rid of my sins, but I could not understand being ‘mangled out.’ I thought it was very hard to be treated in that way.

In the course of the service the congregation sang some very striking and touching hymns—

“Lord Jesus! I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee for ever to dwell in my soul.”

“Pass *me* not, O gentle Saviour.”

But the most touching hymn of all was

“ I have a sister gone before ;
Oh, how happy she must be !
Reigning in the New Jerusalem.”

That hymn brought to my mind my own dear sister, whom I had treated very cruelly, but who is now in heaven with her Saviour. Her last words before she died were,

“ Safe in the arms of Jesus.”

All this flashed across my mind, and I trembled. I would have given anything to have got out of that place, but was hemmed in so closely by the people that I could not. The hand of God was on me, the Spirit of God was striving with me. God was breaking me down ; and oh ! how can I ever bless and praise Him enough for it ?

The meeting came to a close, and I went home. I went to bed, but I could not sleep. While rolling and turning about, I tried to sing the hymns over again, tried to read my Bible, but could not. I was in great agony. All I could do was to weep, and weep bitterly.

After being in this state for a long time, something said to me, ‘ Pray.’ Instantly I jumped out of my bed and prayed very earnestly to God that He would, for Christ’s sake, forgive *all* my sins, and grant me peace.

I cannot say how long I was on my knees before God, but I do well remember that, when I rose up,

I was very happy. This was the first time I had prayed since I left my mother's home. The Lord granted me peace and I went to sleep very comfortably. Praise the Lord for ever.

When I awoke in the morning the devil came to me, tempting me, and filling my mind with all kinds of doubts and fears, telling me in every form that God would never forgive me on account of my past sins, which were many. I really felt like one 'in a mangle.' It seemed as if I were in the centre of it, and could neither get one way nor the other. Satan seemed to hold one arm, and Jesus the other.

This went on until the last minutes of the year were passing away, when I found myself pleading with God on my knees for full salvation—praise the Lord.

Going home the devil tempted me very sorely. Before getting into bed I pleaded with God very earnestly to reveal to me in some way or other that I might *know* my sins were all forgiven.

I prayed for a long time, but no sign came, and, being tired and worn out, I got into bed.

Just before rising in the morning—glory be to God for ever—a still small voice said to me, 'JESUS PAID IT ALL.'

My soul was filled with happiness, and I sprang out of my bed praising God with all my heart, and from that moment to this I have not the least

doubt or *fear* in regard to my salvation. God has been very merciful to me, and as long as He lends me breath I mean to use it for His service.

Not long after my conversion the time for the races and different worldly amusements came round; but through the grace of God I was enabled not only to refuse to go, but also to confess Christ to the comrade who had previously gone with me. He could not understand me! How should he? "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him" (1 Cor. ii. 14).

Extracted

GIVING UP CONFIDENCE

A Christian may easily cast away his confidence *if he gives way to sin*. Whenever a child of God wittingly does that which is evil, he cannot speak with God as he used to do. A child that has gone contrary to his father's order does not come rushing for a kiss at night. He may not be afraid even that his father will whip him, but he knows that he has grieved his father, and he feels unrest in himself.

You have lost your confidence when you have sinned, until you just get back and put your head into your Father's bosom and weep out the

confession, and then He is ready enough to forgive you, and then you are all right again, and confident again.

You cannot go and face men ; you cannot go and speak out boldly for Christ, when you have some sin unrepented of. That is sure to weaken you ; that sin hamstring the Christian. Sinning will make you leave off having full assurance, or else full assurance will be the death of your sin. God keep us pure, or else we shall cast away our confidence !

Again, if you Christian people *get into worldly associations*, do not you feel that they spoil your confidence ? You may have done no wrong in going to some party where you have spent the evening very merrily ; it may be, perhaps, a proper change for you for the time. But if it has gone at all too far, how do you feel on your knees when you kneel down to pray ? How in the morning, when you wake, has the recollection of your having spent your time so helped you in your private devotions ? You cannot then lift up your voice to God with confidence. If we do not do good to others, we generally get evil from them ; and, if we are in any company where we are not influencing for Christ, we are being influenced in some measure or other against Him. Wherefore, cleave to the company of His people, and seek, ever, so to be found that, if Christ were suddenly

to come, you would not be ashamed to be found where you are.

Worldly associations will tend to mar your confidence ; and so, I am sure, will *all crooked aims*. If a man lives in this world for anything but to glorify God, he loses confidence. Suppose you are living to get rich ; well, friend, you cannot always go and ask God for a blessing upon that—can you ? Because it may not be for His glory that you should be rich. Suppose you are living to be famous ; can you go to God and confidently say, ‘ Lord, make me famous ’ ? What promise can you quote for that ? The moment you get off from the one desire to live unto Him Who hath loved you and redeemed you with His blood, you get off the ground upon which you can safely and boldly stand.

Oh ! serve God ; fear Him, and you will have nothing else to fear. Keep straight on in this : ‘ Whether I live or die ; whether I am rich or poor ; whether I am obscure or famous, I will glorify God in this my mortal body till I die.’ Then you will have a blessed confidence.

When a man knows he is right, how calm he is ! Remember well the story of the Swiss martyr who was tied to the stake. The faggots were about him, and he who had the execution of his sentence said that he felt sorry that he had to burn him. The martyr said to him, ‘ Sir, I know it is not

ou—it is other men that are my enemies ; but,' he said, ' would you come here and put your ear close against my heart ? Hear how it beats—there, am I not more calm than you are ? '

And he that had to put him to death confessed that it was whose heart was fluttering. But the child of God, even between the jaws of death, was calm and still.

So will God keep you in perfect peace, if you put your trust in Him. But oh ! do not turn aside into crooked ways : for if you do, He will lead you forth with the workers of iniquity. C. H. S.

THE WELL

Ex. xvii. ; NUM. xx.

Upon the Rock he takes his stand,
The rod of God is in his hand ;
Around him press both man and beast
Dying of thirst, from great to least.
He lifts the rod, he strikes, and lo !
From the great depths the waters flow !
Life-giving streams to all, and free—
Fit type of Him on Calvary,
The Rock, the bed Rock of the soul,
By Whose deep stroke we are made whole.

The humbled, lowly Christ of God
On Whom then fell Jehovah's rod—
The Rock of Ages, from whose side
Flowed forth that holy cleansing tide
Of blood and water, witness clear
To all with eyes and ears to hear
Of full atonement, fully made,
When upon Him the guilt was laid.
The blood to meet God's holy due—
And water—moral cleansing too.

Ah, stand on Him—stoop, drink and live :
 These streams He'll freely, fully give.
 No longer weary, thirsty, roam
 Afar from God, from rest, and home.
 He called aloud "Whoever will
 May drink and live." He calleth still !
 'Tis free—no money and no price
 Have you to pay : faith doth suffice.

Before the Rock again he stands—
 Another rod is in his hands—
 With almond bud and bloom and fruit—
 Once dead, but now each living shoot
 In perpetuity shall bloom
 Before the Lord with sweet perfume.
 Telling of Him, the Christ of God,
 Once smitten 'neath Jehovah's rod,
 Now risen and ascended high—
 The Living One, no more to die :
 The great High Priest with glory crowned,
 For Whom no place too high is found !
 The noble towering Rock of strength—
 "Speak to the Rock," which through the length
 Of desert lands had followed on
 In faithfulness where they have gone.

We need not Moses' sin describe :
 In spite of it, a living tide
 Flows freely down that all may drink
 Who bow beside that River's brink.
 Oh ! hast thou drunk ! then sing with joy
 "Spring up, O well !" Oh, blest employ !
 Dug with the staves of death and life
 That well springs up with blessings rife !
 Sing to it, sing, until the day
 When (thirst for ever fled away)
 Beside the streams of Life, the Lamb
 Shall lead His flock—the great "I AM" ;
 And heavenly songs shall louder swell
 His praise, Whose greatness none can tell !

H. C. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD,
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY
NET

Told by Mr. Luther Norman

THE ALBATROSS

The following incident was related to the writer by a friend who had it from the lips of one present when it occurred, and it is introduced to the notice of readers of "GOSPEL GLEANINGS" not only as a remarkable instance of God's providential care, but also as an illustration of more solemn truths.

A vessel was ploughing the South Seas when suddenly the cry rang out, "A man overboard!" Instantly the captain gave orders for her to stop, and then he carefully tacked about while every eye was strained to catch sight of the poor fellow who, having lost his footing, had been plunged into the waves. But though the ship was put back far beyond the spot where the accident had taken place, no trace could be seen of the man.

Time was precious, but life was more precious, so first one side and then the other the vessel was turned, until an hour had elapsed since the sad cry had gone out. Still the captain waited. Still the helmsman, in response to orders from the bridge, tacked hither and thither, while the officers through their glasses, and keen-eyed seamen with the naked eye, scanned every wave in every direction.

A second hour passed—still the search seemed

useless, while every moment the chance of the man being rescued diminished. *Three hours* passed, and still no trace of their lost shipmate could be seen, and it seemed as though all hope must be given up. The captain and chief officer stood together on the bridge in consultation. What more could they do? Suddenly the captain exclaimed, "Did you see that? I believe poor Joe is there." For, as he spoke, an albatross appeared overhead and swooped down in an absolutely straight descent to the spot a short distance away.

Again the course was changed, and sure enough, close to the bird, whose keen vision had sighted him as a likely meal, was poor Joe. Eagerly a rope was thrown to him, but the numbed hands refused to grasp it, and exhausted by his long immersion the poor fellow was unable to do anything to save himself. But all the resources of the vessel were at the captain's command: one word from his lips, and a boat was being hastily lowered, manned by strong and willing hands. In a very few moments Joe was lifted into the boat, and then tenderly taken into the ship, where everything possible was done for his restoration, and he soon recovered from the effects of his misadventure.

Joe was *saved*. Yes, but Joe was *perishing*. It was salvation he needed, not help. And it is because my reader is in a similar condition to

poor Joe, that this little incident is related to him. The whole human race is divided by the word of God into two classes, "them that are saved, and them that perish" (2 Cor. ii. 15). In which of these two, does my reader find himself? Are you conscious that you have been saved—that you yourself have had to do with the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour? If you are still a stranger to Him—if you have never known His saving grace—if you are still as you always have been—alas! alas! you are *perishing!* Joe was as surely perishing the moment he fell overboard as he was three hours later—not so painfully conscious of it perhaps; not so hopeless—but equally helpless. He might swim, might struggle—but no effort of his own could lift him from those angry waves and place him on the vessel's deck.

Nor can you make yourself fit for God, and regain that state of innocence and sinlessness in which man was created. The whole human race has, in Adam its federal head, fallen overboard; and each individual must for himself either be saved—or perish. But as it was not the captain's wish that poor Joe should be lost, so God declares Himself "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter iii. 9). He has "devised means whereby His banished be not expelled from Him" (2 Sam. xiv. 14), and He waits to be gracious. Even as the captain waited,

waited, hour after hour, in the hope of saving his drowning seaman, so has God waited, and is still waiting—to save YOU. This very month—the close of another year—this, the last message sent you in A.D. 1917, tells how long, how patiently, He has waited ; and we who know Him “ account that His longsuffering is salvation ” (2 Peter iii. 15).

Many have proved it so during these past terrible months of distress of nations and perplexity, while God’s solemn call to men to repent has gone out so loudly amid the havoc of the war. Death! death! It has entered almost every household ; few, very few have passed through this year without some loved one being called into eternity. “ It is appointed unto man once to die, *but after this the judgment* ” (Hebrews ix. 27). Yet YOU have been spared ; God is still waiting for you ; you are perishing (if still unsaved), but you need not perish. “ If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness ; then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit : I have found a ransom ” (Job. xxxiii. 23, 24).

And as that bird came down, straight from the skies, just where the drowning man was, and, revealing his whereabouts, became a messenger of salvation and not of destruction, so has God the Holy Ghost come down to “ convince the world

of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." And if He makes you conscious of your sins, if He reveals to you your lost condition, and you say like Peter, "Lord save me, I perish," then shall you hear a Saviour-God exclaim, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." Yes, "there is one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6). "Believe" then now "in the Lord Jesus Christ"—take Him as the One who has suffered for your sins on the cross, rest all on His atoning blood; and thou shalt be saved. For He has bridged the distance between God and the sinner—has laid His hand on both—has made an atonement for sin, so full, so complete, that God is now "just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 26).

The hand that once was nailed to the cross of Calvary is now stretched out to you. The voice that then cried "It is finished" still pleads, "Come now, and let us reason together . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isaiah i. 18). "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 CLOSING YEAR'S APPEAL

Dear Friend,—We are now coming to the close of another year, and you have been spared, in the goodness of God, to once more hear or read of the Saviour Who came to die for sinners lost, that He might have meet companions in heaven for ever! Have you ever thought of it in this way?

Now, let me ask you, in love for your soul, how does this year find you? Are you still going on away from God, in your sins, without a thought, perhaps, of eternity? Would you treat anyone you know here as you are treating this Saviour, if you have not yet come to Him?

Here is One Who wants you. He came to seek and to save the lost. He says, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will *give* you REST." Is not this a word to encourage you? Have you not laboured long? And in vain! "Wherefore do ye spend . . . your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and *come unto Me*: hear, and your soul shall live" (Isai. lv. 2, 3).

Here you are invited to hearken, to "incline your ear," to "come unto Me." "Hear, and your soul shall live." And if we turn for a moment

to the New Testament, these are the words of the Lord Jesus Himself—" 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 (or, " judgment " —it is the same word as in verse 22) ; but is passed from death unto life " (John v. 24).

Oh, do turn away from your "labouring," from your working, for you cannot get forgiveness and salvation by any effort of yours. Just listen to these words of Jesus. Hear what He has to say. Does He call upon you to do some great thing? Can anything be simpler? Does it not meet all your inability to "inherit eternal life?" When we were yet "without strength," in due time, Christ died for the ungodly.

You may be ill. Every movement may give you pain. But if you are able to read this, you can LISTEN. Hear the word of Jesus. Receive it into your heart. Believe what He came to do. He came to die—to die for the "ungodly," to die for "sinners." "This is a faithful saying, and WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION, that Christ Jesus came into the world TO SAVE SINNERS" (1 Tim. i. 15).

Are you "saved"? If not, why not? Whose fault is it? Jesus came into the world. He came to save: He died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God. And is it that His coming,

and death on the cross, have not availed for you? There is no other way of being saved. If God's way of saving sinners is not accepted by you, you are lost for ever and ever. You will have companions indeed, but what companions! Read Rev. xxi. 8. Companions in misery, in wailing, in anguish, in torment, in gnashing of teeth at your folly in not coming to the Saviour, in not listening to what He had to say, and did say!

Once more the opportunity is offered you while it is to-day "Harden not, then, your heart. Believe the gospel, for it is God's *power to salvation, to every one that believeth.*"

You *know* you are a sinner. Heaven would be no home for you, were you to be taken there as you now are, unless you *have* come to Jesus, unless you have heard and believed His word. You are laden with your sins. No effort of yours can rid you of them. But One has appeared, to put away sin by the SACRIFICE OF HIMSELF. He died for your sins. He *gave Himself* a ransom for all.

" And did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to man's estate and dust
That guilty worms might rise ?

Yes, the Redeemer left the throne,
The radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy, love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

He took the guilty culprit's place
 And suffered in his stead ;
 For man—O miracle of grace—
 For man the Saviour bled.

' Blest Lord, what Heavenly wonders dwell
 In Thine atoning blood !
 By this are sinners saved from hell,
 And rebels brought to God."

The Saviour's death, the Saviour's blood, alone avail. He only could effect purification of sins, but He has effected it for all who believe. Through His blood we have forgiveness of sins.

Oh, rest not until you know Him as *your* Saviour, and can say, "*Who loved me and gave Himself for me.*" Then what happiness, peace and joy will henceforth be yours, for time and for ETERNITY !

E. G. G.



“ DEATH ”—“ ETERNITY ”

“ He took a piece of chalk and wrote on the pavement ‘ ETERNITY,’ and on the gate ‘ DEATH,’ and went to his work at the docks. *In two hours he met death*, to him in Christ a vanquished foe, and entered eternity, to be for ever with the Lord.”

(Extract)

" OMNIPOTENCE " AND " OMNISCIENCE "

How wondrous that " Omnipotence "
 Should deign my soul to bless !
 And that " Omniscience " me should love,
 Spite of my sinfulness ;
 Yet so it is, " He gave Himself,"
 To purge away my sin ;
 Astonished at His feet I fall,
 Whose Love my heart doth win.

" Omnipotence " !—its meaning deep
 The finite cannot tell ;
 But this I know, the " Infinite "
 Hath saved my soul from hell ;
 'Tis strange, yet true, " Omniscience "
 Salvation brought to me,
 And soon, within His royal home,
 Himself my song shall be.

" Omnipotence " all worlds sustains,
 In His almighty hand ;
 The armies of the living God
 Obey at His command ;
 " Omniscience " doth Creation rule,
 My inmost thoughts He knows,
 The comet's track, or blade of grass
 Alike His wisdom shews.

" Omnipotence " hath deck'd the sky
 With countless orbs of light ;
 " Omniscience " calls each star by name,
 And guides the eagle's flight ;
 This God is mine, Who knoweth all,
 And " doeth all things well " ;
 His power and love divinely blend,
 And who His ways shall tell ?

Yes, He is mine, the living God,
 Jehovah, Lord of hosts,
 The Ruler of the Universe,
 In Whom my spirit boasts ;
 He's won my heart ; He'll keep it too
 Till glory crowns His grace,
 Where God Himself the temple is,
 And I shall see His face.

Oh, precious thought, " Omnipotence "
 Doth lead me home to rest !
 Committed to His watchful care,
 I am for ever blest ;
 My feeble eyes may fail to see
 His purposes of love,
 But well I know " Omniscience "
 Will guide me safe above.

Oh ! matchless grace ! " Omnipotence "
 Once wept and died for me,
 A sinner vile, a ruined worm,
 He loves eternally ;
 " Omniscience," knowing all my need,
 Yet suffer'd for my sin ;
 His smile shall light my upward way,
 Till heaven I enter in.

S. T.

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