

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

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Gospel

Gleanings



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—
ONE PENNY
NET

*Sold by W. E. J. Thomas
of Melbourne, in a
letter.*

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

“WHAT ABOUT YOUR ETERNAL FUTURE ?”

He was a pleasant young gentleman, except on one subject ; but as that was the one dearest to the heart of his friend, it may be supposed they had not much in common. He was a Jew : his friend was a Christian—not simply a baptized inhabitant of a Christian country, but one who personally belonged to Christ and knew it ; given to Him by the Father ; redeemed and purchased by the Saviour’s precious blood, and sealed by the Holy Spirit. Conscious that he was a lost and guilty sinner, he had accepted the Saviour’s invitation “ Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ” (Matt. xi. 28) ; and he had obtained rest for his conscience and heart too. Hence he delighted to speak of the Saviour Who had done so much for him ; but the Name that was sweeter and dearer to him than any other brought nothing but scorn and hatred from his otherwise agreeable acquaintance, to whom Jesus of Nazareth was only an object of scorn and contempt. So bitter was his opposition to the gospel that his friend left him alone, feeling that it was useless—and worse, for it only called forth his blasphemy against the Christ of God.

Thus fifty years passed, and one day two aged men met casually. The one had spent fifty years in Judaism—a religion of works, divinely established but now set aside, its fulfilment being found in Him in Whom “The shadows of the law are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.” His heart was still unsatisfied; his conscience troubled; his sins unpardoned.

The other had spent those fifty years in the companionship of a living, loving Saviour, “disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious.” Each year as it rolled by only revealed to him more of the excellencies of the One Who had satisfied his heart, and Whose blood had purged his conscience from dead works to serve the living God. And as he looked at his friend’s face he thought “I’ll have another try.” And so he began to tell him of a remarkable conversion, and then said in a solemn tone, “And what about *your* eternal future?”

The Jew was silent: how could he answer? The law, as says the great apostle, having only a shadow of good things to come, could never make the corners thereunto perfect (Heb. x.); the utmost it could offer was a remembrance of sins year by year, and an annual absolution. But now “without sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim,”—with no way of approach to the true God and

no means of obtaining an answer from Him, and not even a false and idolatrous worship to hide behind as a refuge of lies—what could he say? He might hear of others—Gentile dogs—turning to the One Whom *he* considered an apostate, and finding in Him an answer to all their needs, and to all their questionings about time and about eternity.

ETERNITY! Ah! he was no infidel. He knew well there *was* an eternal future before him, when he must meet the God of his fathers. But how? “What about *your* eternal future?” The words sank into his heart and conscience as an arrow from the Almighty; and in bitterness and despair the proud Jew turned to the One he had so long slighted and despised, and found in the gospel of God concerning His Son the answer to all his need. He took up the language of his own prophet “He is despised and rejected of men, a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised and we esteemed Him not. . . . But 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,” and he found in Jesus of Nazareth not only his Messiah, and his King, but his Saviour, his Lord and his God—the One Who had stood in his place as his Substitute, and borne his sins in His own body on the tree.

Oh, what a revulsion of feeling—nay, of being—after seventy-four years of bondage and darkness and uncertainty! Very vivid was his sense of the grace which the God of his fathers had thus shown him “who was before a blasphemer and a persecutor and injurious”; very great his joy in the Lord Who had at last saved him. For six months this continued, and then he passed away to be with Christ. Saved only just in time! Six months of happiness here, when he might have had fifty years!

Reader, we stand at the beginning of another year. What about *your* eternal future? You too have to face it. The fiat may have gone forth, “This year thou shalt die!” If so, and this New Year’s Day is the last you see, what about your eternal future, I repeat? Are you a Christ rejector, or a Christ receiver? “As many as received Him (be they Jews or Gentiles) to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name” (John i. 12). All hinges on Christ, and your treatment of Him—

“As Jesus appears in your view,
As He is beloved or not,
So God is disposed towards you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.”

“Now”—January 1919, “is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation.” You may not have six months, six weeks, six days, or six

hours to live—nor may the day of salvation have six hours more to run! Then “acquaint NOW thyself with Him and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee” (Job xxii. 21). “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.”

T.

TO-MORROW !

“Boast not thyself of to-morrow” (Prov. xxvii. 1). To-morrow will come; on that point there is no doubt. *But will you be here to meet it?* The day is sure, but your interest in it is altogether uncertain. We have facilities for knowing the past and experiencing the present, but none for discerning the future. We know well, each in his own immediate sphere, what was yesterday, and what is to-day, but we know not at all what shall be to-morrow. The uncertain things are not the day and its nearness, but our life and our condition when it arrives.

To count on to-morrow so as to neglect the duty of to-day is in many respects, the greatest practical error among men. None have a wider range,

and none are charged with more dreadful consequences. Whether the work in hand pertain to small matters or great—to the sowing of a field or the redemption of a soul—for every one who deliberately resolves not to do it, a hundred tread the same path, and suffer the same loss at last, who only postpone the work to-day with the intention of performing it to-morrow. “Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”. This proverb contains only the negative side of the precept; but it is made hollow for the very purpose of holding the positive promise in its bosom. The Old Testament sweeps away the wide-spread indurated error; the New Testament then deposits its saving truth upon the spot. The law declares that *to-morrow is the worst time* for making the decisive choice, and the gospel proposes *to-day as the best* for making the choice on which the interests either of time or eternity depend. Solomon warns us to distrust the future, and Paul persuades us to occupy the present hour. “Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2).

“To-morrow” is the devil’s great ally, the very Goliath in whom he trusts for victory. “Now” is the stripling whom God sends forth against him. A great significance lies in that little word. It marks the point on which life’s battle turns. That

spot is the Hougomont of Waterloo. There the victory is lost or won. Men do not often join issue against God on the person of Christ, or the ministry of the Spirit; on the ground of acceptance or the necessity of faith. On all these points and many others the carnal mind readily acquiesces in the doctrine of scripture, like willows bending to the breeze, but resists Christ's claim to be admitted *now*, as a rocky shore resists the onset of the waves. The worldly will freely agree to be Christians to-morrow, if Christ will permit them to be worldly to-day.

The NOW which divine mercy presents to man, instead of their own false TO-MORROW, represents in one view a line running through all time, and in another a point touching only the present moment. One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The two representatives are congruous, and each is, in its own place, important.

W. A.



HOLDING ON, OR HELD?

It was Monday morning, after an extremely inclement Lord's day, when an aged clergyman and a railway servant met in a carriage on the L.B.S.C.R. The clergyman made some remark about the weather of the preceding day, to which the railwayman replied :

" It was rough, sir, but it did not prevent my attending my place of worship."

" Oh, you do attend a place of worship then ? "

" Yes, sir."

" Then you know Christ as your Saviour ? "

" I do, sir."

" That's right my good fellow. Hold on to Christ."

" Ah sir, I've given that up. I tried for years to hold on, but I always let go ; so now I let Him hold me."

" 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. My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one " (John x. 27-30).

" Hold Thou me up and I shall be safe " (Ps. cxix. 117).

COMING !

Who does not know the deep real joy in expectation of a loved one coming back, who has been long away ?

How many at the present time are waiting and longing for the return of dear ones. Straining every nerve, as it were, to be ready for the home-coming of those who have been long absent, and who, it may be, have been through many dangers.

Some have been gathered into the bright Homeland above, having sought and found the blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who "came into the world to save sinners."

Others still left to us are coming, and we are waiting to welcome them. Dear reader, have you ever read in your Bible, the precious word of God, that the same One who once came into the world to die for sinners upon the Cross of Calvary, and after being raised again by the mighty power of God ascended up to heaven, is coming again to gather His own loved and blood-bought ones, and take them out of this weary, sin-stricken world to be for ever with Him ? It may be you are careless and totally indifferent to these things ! Your soul is unsaved, and you have no desire to know the Saviour of sinners ! Oh ! hopeless and sad condition to be lost for ever !

Let me take you for a moment to a scene in a little garret at the top of a house, dimly lighted by a little window in the corner. Upon a little bed is lying an old man who had been a donkey-driver, but now is ending his days in this world, waiting and watching for the One who loved him and gave Himself for him. He has little of this world's goods, but he has riches untold in Christ, to Whom he came as a lost, guilty sinner for pardon and peace.

Before going to sleep at night he requests that the blind may be drawn aside from the window, that he may catch the first glimpse of the Lord, should He come in the night. So real and bright was his faith and hope that He would soon come and take him to be for ever with Himself.

At length this happy child of God was released from his weary body, and fell asleep in Jesus, and he is now enjoying the Presence of his Lord.

Dear reader, may this wonderful event, the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, of which we read in 1 Thess. iv. ; 1 Cor. xv., and John xiv., which is the brightest hope of the child of God, but which is solemn beyond expression for those who are unsaved and unready to meet Him, find you ready and waiting for Him, lest you are amongst that number who will be left behind for coming judgment, and consequently will be eternally lost!

The Lord Jesus sends to you His own loving

invitation to-day. "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

K. E. P.

THE UNHEEDED SIGNAL

Mr. Moody tells us that in 1881, when he was in the north of England, a fearful storm swept over that part of the country. A friend of his, a minister at Eyemouth, had in his congregation many fishermen of the place. Owing to the very stormy weather, the fishermen had been detained in the harbour for a week; when at length the sun shone out in a clear, blue sky, it seemed as if the storm had now passed away.

Forty-one boats left the harbour on that day for the fishing ground, although before they started out the harbour master had hoisted the storm-signal, and warned the men of the coming tempest. They were begged not to go, but disregarding his warning, away they went. They saw no sign of the coming storm. Nevertheless, in but a few hours, it swept down on that coast, and very few of those fishermen returned. There were five or six men in each boat, and nearly all were lost in

that dreadful gale. Out of the minister's congregation, it was believed that only three men were left!

These fishermen were in this way ushered into eternity because they did not give heed to the harbour master's warning!

My dear friend, may I plead with you? God has told us in His Word—the Bible—that there is a "judgment to come" for all who, believing not the gospel, die in their sins. The holiness of God, for He is "light," demands the punishment of sin. But God desires your justification, and eternal happiness with Himself above. How can this be?

Let me tell you. Because of His love to you, a sinner, God gave His only begotten Son, Who suffered on the cross for sins, the Just One for us unjust, to bring us to Himself, and that believing on Him I may have now everlasting life and never come into judgment. This sent One of God is the *Deliverer from the wrath to come*. But—he that believeth not shall be damned, and the wrath of God abides on him.

Thus warned, will you not flee to Jesus? Oh, come to Him now. You might never have another opportunity. But *now, this moment*, if you will come to Him as a guilty sinner, accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as the One Who suffered *for your* sins, I can promise on the authority of His

own word, that He will not refuse you ; He *will in no wise* cast you out (John vi. 37).

When Jonah was sent to the Ninevites to tell them " Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown," this heathen people accepted the warning—they " believed God." They gave heed to the message and turned from their evil way, and Nineveh was saved from the threatened judgment. Will you have this people to be a testimony against you ? They bowed to Jonah's preaching. Shall it be that you refuse to heed the warning of *ETERNAL judgment ?*

Oh, " believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The Philippian jailor believed, and he was saved. So with all his house—they too listened, they believed, and they were saved, and rejoiced in God. What a happy morning was this for them. And you shall find like happiness and joy, if you will do the same.

May God bless this appeal to you, by giving you to decide this moment to come to Jesus—to receive Him as God's Saviour for you. Then will you praise Him now and for ever. You will seek to please Him in everything you do, because He has saved you and loves you now and everlastingly.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

Fear not, my child, to tread the narrow pathway
 Wherein I lead thee, though a shadowed way ;
 I know thy way. Thou shalt not be in darkness,
 For I lead onward to the perfect day.

Who wait upon the Lord shall find renewal
 Of failing strength. As eagles thy shall rise
 On pinions strong ; shall run and not be weary,
 And walking shall not faint. Then lift thine eyes

To Him Who trod the narrow way before thee ;
 Who, for the joy before, endured the cross,
 The shame despising. Looking unto Jesus
 Press forward, counting all things else but loss.

With patience run the race that's set before thee ;
 Run—for thy Lord requireth no delay ;
 With patience : for it may be long to travel,
 Although at last it lead to endless day.

Perchance thy path may seem both dark and shadowed,
 While others have bright sunshine and fair flowers ;
 Thou lookest from thy shadow to their brightness,
 Thou thinkest, " They have none but golden hours."

Dost think I know not best, my child ? I lead thee,
 Canst thou not trust thy Shepherd's love and care ?
 Dost doubt thy Father's tenderness and wisdom ?
 Dost think thy pathway might have been more fair ?

Dost crave to tread the sunlit, flowery pathway ?
 Dost fear to tread a shadowed path, with Me ?
 Dread not the lonely way, O my beloved !
 Thou shalt not walk alone. I'll be with thee.

Thou shalt have sunshine breaking through the shadows,
 Along thy path shall spring fair fragrant flowers ;
 For sweetest flowers grow oft in shady places,
 Who choose My ways know precious golden hours.

I know where sunlight breaks through leafy shadows,
 I know where all the fairest flowerets grow,
 And I Myself will guide thee, My beloved,
 The beauties of this way to thee I'll shew.

Where sunbeams glance on dancing leaves above thee,
 And flicker on the quiet stream below,
 In solitude and quiet I will lead thee,
 There thou shalt learn what else thou couldst not know.

K. I. & B.

Naught of self to mar His glory,
 Naught of sin to make it dim,
 Just a glorious, glorious shining
 That the friends around see Him.
 Resurrection joys abounding,
 Every morning mercies new.
 Every day his conscious presence,
 All my life one interview.
 Soon he'll come, then I shall see Him,
 See my Lord—the crucified ;
 What a glorious day is breaking—
 He and I quite satisfied.

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ONE PENNY
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“I AM GOING HOME TO JESUS”

The daughter of a travelling tinker, she had lived a roaming life, literally a child of the hedgerows, with very little sense of right and wrong, ignorant and vicious. Then while still in her teens, a fine strapping girl, she came to B—, and passed as the wife of a scene shifter in the theatre. Depraved as she was, she heard in the little mission room near her miserable home of One who had come from heaven into this world to save sinners—sinners such as she, and who in order to save them, had borne the penalty due to their sins for all who come to Jesus ; and having finished the work and made full atonement, was raised from the dead, and now at God’s right hand welcomes all who come to Him.

This was just the Saviour she needed, and the poor girl welcomed the news, and confessed the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. But her life was a very hard one. She married the man with whom she had been living, but gradually she gave up the mission services, and her interest in divine things grew less and less. She had little to help her, and a cruel foe who was ever on the alert to injure and stunt the divine life of which through grace she was now a possessor, through the “cares of this life” had so choked the good seed it seemed almost withered.

But not so. The One who had come from

heaven to save her, and had gone to the cross and borne her sins there, and shed His own blood to put them all away, was living to save her in the power of an endless life. The Advocate with the Father was interceding for her: the Great High Priest was bearing her name on His shoulders and His heart before God. Nor could He plead in vain. The Shepherd was seeking His own sheep, and to prevent further wandering, hedged up her way. But it was a thorny hedge indeed.

Christmas was approaching, but what a mockery the words "a merry Xmas" were to her and hers! Without food or firing, she and her husband lay in bed to keep themselves warm, and there they were found by the "messenger, one of a thousand" who twenty years before had pointed her to the Saviour. His kindness in supplying their immediate need reflected his Master's longsuffering mercy, and told of the welcome He had to bestow, Who, "if we confess our sins is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And the poor woman was soon again found among those listening to His word, this time accompanied by her husband.

But want and overwork had done their mischief, and the once fine, healthy girl soon lay on a bed of sickness, which she knew could have but one termination. Months passed, and that end drew near. Then again that messenger approached her,

and God so ordered it that she was alone when he called. Then she confessed that while anxious to be delivered from the pain she endured, she was very uneasy with regard to the future, as she felt how inconsistent her life had been.

“ Well, Mrs. S—,” was the reply, “ If our hope rested on anything we do, I am afraid the best would be without hope, especially when we read that having offended on one point we are guilty of all ; but thank God, our foundation is surer than that . Jesus died to redeem us. He has made atonement for sin ; and “ if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” Not in His love as ignoring it and passing it by, but *strictly just in FORGIVING us* because the price has been paid and therefore we are free.”

Like dew from heaven the blessed reminder of the Saviour’s finished work fell on the ear and sank into the heart of the dying woman, silencing all the questions of an accusing conscience ; for if God is satisfied, is not the believer satisfied too ? This poor soul was ; and she told those around her afterwards that every doubt was gone, and she was longing to be with Jesus.

The afternoon of the next day was closing in when again the visitor stood by her side. She was very low, but there was no mistaking the joy in her face. “ I shall not see you again,” she whis-

pered, "so will wish you goodbye till we meet in glory with Jesus." And two hours after, with the words on her lips, "I am going home to Jesus," she fell asleep.

A few weeks after as the visitor passed the door, the bereaved husband asked him in, and said that since his wife's death he had not only been filled with grief at her loss, but the thought would come that all her life he had been the one to hinder her in her effort to live for God. "I can see how I have been a stumbling stone in her way," he confessed, "and yesterday . . . I could endure it no longer, so I prayed to the Lord to put me right and enable me to say her Saviour was mine, and God has heard my prayer and saved my soul. I did think I was all right before, but somehow I did not understand that I must give up what was wrong. I know how I have tried you in the past, but your kind Christian patience with me has convinced me that there was more in the gospel than I was willing to admit. It was an argument I could not get over."

"I am not surprised," was the reply, "for I felt the Lord was striving with you, and have earnestly prayed that the sorrow might be a blessing to you. Let us thank Him together."

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things are passed away; behold all things are become new" (2 Cor. v. 17). T.

A STRIKING CONVERSATION

I've just been listening to a conversation between a man in heaven and a man in hell.

D— had been a selfish, proud, godless man. With plenty of money, and all he thought necessary to enjoy life, he lived for self—apparently giving no thought to the needs of his fellows, or the claims of his Creator. It was no wonder therefore, that when he died, he found himself in hell !

Some folk don't believe in hell : but D— actually found himself there ; if he did not believe in it before, he certainly did now—for he was in torment—his body had been buried, and no doubt they gave him a real grand funeral ; but he was oblivious to all that : he was in hell : he the real man—the one who had inhabited that body—he was in eternity and in torments.

Tortured by his thoughts : his remorse : and the wrath of a sin-hating God : his portion is awful. And there is nothing to mitigate torture of that sort now. While on earth there were opiates and narcotics that the enemy used to stifle his conscience and to quiet his mind : but now all that is over. *Even Satan has no power in Hell !*

And in hell the powers of vision seem different to what they are on earth—for the man sees into heaven ! and there beholds one whom he had known even if but slightly, when on earth.

L— had been a very poor man—exceptionally poor—without friends, and suffering from greivous sores. But he must have been a God-fearing man, for he was taken straight to heaven when he died ; and it was there that D— saw and recognised him.

D— noticed also that L— seemed to be in rather close proximity to Abraham, and so he takes the liberty of appealing to Abraham to send L— to minister to him, that his torture might be relieved somewhat, if but for a moment.

This, however, is denied, as absolutely impracticable, there being, as Abraham tells him *a great gulf fixed*—an impassible space between heaven and hell !

Have you considered that my reader ? If you have neglected the salvation of your soul hitherto, oh, remember that death seals your doom if you die in your sins ! That “ great gulf ” separates the lost from the saved, and that for eternity.

Thus being convinced of the hopelessness of his own case, D— turns his thoughts to his brothers who were still alive upon earth ; and begs that L— might be sent with a message to them ; for he knew their godless lives and rightly feared they would share his doom unless they repented.

But again his request is denied, for, says Abraham, “ They have the Scriptures ” and that is quite enough.

And surely, dear reader, you will agree that the

Word of God ought to have more authority over a man than the words of his own fellow-creature—even if he were one that had been in eternity.

And so this remarkable and solemn conversation ended. And as I ponder the questions of Dives, and the answers of father Abraham, I marvel that men of to-day, in this enlightened country of England can live on in thoughtless Godlessness when God in His Word has so plainly warned them of the danger ahead.

“Stop, poor sinner! stop and think,
 Before you farther go!
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe? .

Once again I charge you, Stop!
 For, unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware, you drop
 Into the burning lake.”

T. W.

Between W. J. R. Parrott (Driver) & his fireman

A CHAT ON THE FOOT-PLATE

“I don’t mind telling you, Jack,” the fireman began, “but no matter how late it is before we leave work, I dare not go to bed without asking God to forgive my sins.”

“And does He do it, Ned?”

“Yes, I believe so,” in a somewhat dubious tone.

“That’s remarkable,” responded the driver.

“ What is ? mate.”

“ That you should say that, when God declares, ‘ Their sins and iniquities I will remember no more,’ and that ‘ as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.’ God never looks behind Him, Neddy, and He says He has ‘ cast all our sins behind His back.”

“ But mustn’t I confess my sins ? ”

“ You are thinking of your sins as a sinner. God bids you look to Calvary and tells you they were there. You knew your father, didn’t you ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Well, when you disobeyed your father and did what he told you not to do, what did you expect ? ”

“ A leathering.”

“ But if you went to your father and told him what you had done, would you expect a leathering then ? ”

“ No, he’d forgive me.”

“ And so it is with God, Neddy. ‘ If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.’ ”
(1 John i.)

“ I never know’d that afore ! ” exclaimed the fireman.

And has my reader known this before ? Known what it is to hear—as that paralysed man heard, when, let down in his couch through the tiling, he

lay helpless at the feet of Jesus, those blessed words, " Son, thy sins be forgiven thee " ! As truly and as really has the Son of man now " power to forgive sins," as in the days of His flesh ; and " through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins " (Acts xiii. 38) to-day. It is God's sovereign proclamation, and almost the last words that fell from the lips of the risen Saviour ere He ascended to God's right hand were " that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His Name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem " (Luke xxiv. 47). And Peter, when carrying out that commission declared " Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance . . . and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of these things, and so is also the Holy Ghost, Whom God hath given to them that obey him " (Acts v. 31, 32).

Yes, in His Name, the name of Jesus, forgiveness is *preached*, and by Him it is *given*. Therefore faith can say exultingly, " In Whom we *have* redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace " (Eph. i. 7) .

Amid the thunderings of Sinai, Jehovah proclaimed Himself as " forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty (Ex. xxxiv. 7)—Who while forgiving it,

cannot make light of it ; and the very fact that it is “ through His blood ” we have it, proves that the guilty now can only be cleared because the Guiltless One suffered. He “ bore our sins in His own body on the tree ”—therefore, and only so, can God forgive them.

Then, is it true of my reader that “ God in Christ hath forgiven you ” (Ephes. iv. 32) ? Say not that it is a matter of attainment—the far away pinnacle of Christian experience to which some time you hope to climb—nay, it is the birthright privilege of the youngest and weakest babe in the family of God—“ I write unto you, little children, because your sins *are forgiven you* for His Name’s sake ” (1 John ii. 12). Yes, blessed be God, they are forgiven, and shall never be remembered against the one who believes in Jesus—who trusts God’s record concerning His Son, and bows to His verdict concerning himself. It was the ones who had nothing to pay who were “ frankly forgiven.” (Luke vii. 42) ; and of the greatest debtor the Divine Creditor declared, “ Her sins which are many are *all* forgiven ” ; while to her He repeated “ Thy sins *are* forgiven.” She did not give Him the lie by refusing to believe it. Dare you do so, if a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ ?

T.



HOW HE PAID HIS DEBTS!

In the early part of last summer (1918) a business man whose happy privilege it is to devote his spare time to the service of God, was spending a few days in a rural village in Hampshire, and on the second Lord's day of his stay, he called together the people of the district, for an open air meeting, and addressed them somewhat as follows :—

“ God has graciously given us a beautiful summier evening for our out-door meeting, dear friends, and, I am very thankful to see so many who have responded to our invitation, because I am anxious to pay my debts. I don't mean that I owe either money or goods, to any one in your village. If you ask the good people with whom we lodge, or your tradesfolk, I don't think you will find that we owe them anything, and we should hardly have come a second time into your midst had we left unpaid debts at our first visit. It is not in that sense that we owe you anything, but in the sense of these verses, which we have just read to you from God's word in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where the inspired apostle Paul says :—

“ I am debtor both to Greeks and barbarians, both to wise, and unwise ; so as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that

are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to Greek' (Rom. i. 14-16).

"Now in what sense was Paul debtor to people he had never seen, or who had no claim whatever upon him? Why, just this. He had such a sense of the greatness of the grace with which the Lord had met him, when in the blindness of unbelief, and of the power of the gospel to meet every need of man's heart and conscience, that he felt he owed it to every one he could reach, to make known what the glad tidings of God can do for everyone that believeth. He was ready by every means in his power, according to the ability and gift God had given him, to proclaim God's salvation to all sorts and conditions of men, Jew or Gentile, bond or free, wise or unwise, rich or poor, ignorant or learned.

"And it is just this way, because we have enjoyed rest and change, the quiet and peaceful surroundings of your little village, that we felt we were indebted to you to use this opportunity to tell you what we have found in this same precious gospel of God to satisfy our present need, and answer all the questions of heart and conscience as to our future destiny.

"I am not at all anxious to preach you a sermon, but in these troublous times in which we are

living, it is of the deepest importance to know what God's salvation really is. You see in verse 16, which we have just read, the gospel is declared to be God's power unto salvation to everyone that believeth—whomsoever and whatsoever he may be. God is not searching this world to find good people to-day, for there are none good, no not one ; but in the words of the Lord Jesus Himself, is calling ' not the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'

“ You see Paul knew the adaptability of the gospel to every kind of need, and he longed to impart the blessing of it ; and he knew also the righteousness of God and that every form of evil must come under His judgment sooner or later, however forbearing towards evil God may appear at present to be. Once, this Paul was a bigoted Jew, a fierce persecuting young Pharisee, despising Gentiles, whom he regarded as outside the pale of God's mercy, and ready to persecute even to death, the poor despised followers of Jesus ! Now he had tasted the grace of God, he had heard the voice of Jesus, speaking from heaven, not in tones of thunder or even in just condemnation of his ignorant zeal, but in words of mercy and love, and what a change this had wrought. He was ready to proclaim the good news of a full and free salvation, and ' preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.'

“ Through the mercy of God we are here in the midst of most peaceful surroundings to-night, under the open canopy of heaven, without a sight or sound to disturb us, but scarcely a hundred miles off, in countries professedly Christian like our own, the people are groaning under all the horrors of war ; and there is scarcely one perhaps in all this company who has not suffered in family or friends, from bereavement or other anxiety as to those they love.

“ All this, dear friends, should solemnize us, and lead us to consider how we stand with God. Suffer me to appeal to you, as I may not pass this way again, and we may never see each other again in this world. To some of you this gospel of God is familiar—thank God for that—but to the unsaved in this company, those who have never faced the direct question of how they stand with God, let me beseech you to accept God’s offer of salvation and blessing in Christ, while God is waiting in longsuffering grace to accept all and any who will come to Him through Jesus. You will never be more in need of salvation than you are to-night, never more welcome to God, never more fit to be saved. I thank God for this opportunity of bearing my testimony in this village, that the salvation of God is something worth having, not only, or chiefly, a religion to die with, but a real power for help and blessing in

every-day life, whatever the difficulties of life may be, and a solution of every question between the soul and God."

Christ for life, Christ for death, Christ for the conscience, Christ for the heart, Christ all and in all.

Reader, have *you* this salvation ?

T. R.

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Gospel

Gleanings

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ONE PENNY
NET

Conversion of W. & M. Thackeray, related by her at the time he felt asleep.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF TWO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS

Over fifty years ago, two teachers in the chapel Sunday School casually met. They were unknown to each other except as teachers, and had never had any intercourse, scarcely aware of more than each other's name. But now the young man stopped. He was deeply troubled, and meeting one whom he recognised as a fellow-worker, he supposed himself sure of her sympathy. He was returning from a preachers' meeting, but alas! instead of "striving together for the faith of the gospel" they had been disputing and quarrelling; and the young man's spirit was sorely grieved. He felt the dishonour done to the Name of Christ by those professing to be His servants, and expressed his sorrow with an earnestness and sincerity that fairly astonished Miss ——. To her it was nothing to be grieved about that the "Rev. Mr. This and That" should quarrel—rather a joke than anything serious; but as she listened to the young man bewailing the sin of it, a view of life altogether different to anything she had known opened before her, and scarcely knowing what to reply, she exclaimed (and meant it) "I wish I was as good as you!"

They parted, and the young man mused over her words. She wishes she was good? Then she has not got peace: she does not know the forgiveness of her sins. She has not full assurance, and the result of his impression was a letter received by her a few days later. It began:

“ My sole object in writing is that another should enjoy what I enjoy,” and he went on to tell her what that enjoyment was, and how he had obtained it.

His story was a remarkable one. Brought up among those who deny the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, he was but a youth when a word in Genesis i. 26 arrested him as he read the chapter: “ Let us make man.” “ us ”! Whom did the Creator God thus associate with Himself in His crowning act of creation? “ us ”! Then there must be Another co-equal with God! And before that one little word indited by the Holy Spirit of God, and sent with living power to his soul, the whole fabric of Unitarian teaching instilled throughout his boyhood, fell in a shattered heap of ruins.

So strong was his conviction of the truth thus revealed to him, and so distinctly taught throughout the whole word of God (does my reader dare to doubt it? then let him turn to Prov. xxx. 4; Isaiah l. 2-7; Zechariah xiii. 7; Matthew i. 20-23; John i. 1-18; x. 24-38; Romans ix. 5; Colossians i. 15-20; ii. 9; Hebrews i. 1-12—a few of the

many passages that state this most momentous of all truths, and which first occur to memory), that although but recently apprenticed to a respectable trade through the generosity of leading members of the chapel, he wrote to them, and told them he could no longer attend there, as he was firmly convinced that Jesus Christ was the Son of God.

But though thus convinced of the truth of His divinity, and willing to suffer for it, if need be, he was still a stranger to the One Whose divine glory had thus been made known to him. *Why* did the Word become flesh? What connection had he personally with the mystery of the Incarnation?

As time went on, the Holy Spirit Whose word had so wonderfully shown him the glory of the Person of Christ, let another ray fall on another object, and that his own heart. The intellectualism to which he had been accustomed vanished, and he saw himself a lost, guilty sinner, unfit for the presence of God, and unable to do anything to fit himself for that presence—corrupt through and through, without a particle of good—*dead* towards God—“dead in trespasses and sin.” Oh, the contrast—the immeasurable distance between himself, so lost, so vile, and a holy God! Who could bridge it?

Then he learnt *why* “God was manifest in flesh,” and more wonderful still, *why* the fiat went

forth "Awake O sword . . . against the man that is My Fellow." "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself" (2 Cor. v. 19), and "having made peace by the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself" (Col. i. 20). God alone could bridge the distance, and He, becoming Man, in the person of the Lord Jesus had "laid His hand upon both"—the holy God, the guilty sinner. But it cost His life! "The wages of sin is death"; the holiness and majesty of God's throne *must* be vindicated—and the cross of Christ declares they have been! Atonement, propitiation, a full satisfaction to all the demands of divine justice, all made to the full by Him Who by the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, standing in the sinner's stead, the Just for the unjust! All this the young man learnt, and by faith appropriated to himself

"I'm the sinner whom Jesus came to save."

was the language of his heart, and he adoringly owned Him as "*my* Lord and *my* God."

And this was the burden of the letter he addressed to his fellow teacher, when her aspiration to be "good" led him to believe that she had not thoroughly owned herself "bad," and rested as a helpless sinner on the finished work of the Lord Jesus. Little had he thought that the one thus addressed was an entire stranger to Him, Whose servant she professed to be—that she was uncon-

verted, and had never been born again, and what she needed was *life*, before she could enjoy peace. But God's eye was on her. Her first glimpse of what that life really is, what "the divine nature" of which believers are "partakers" (2 Pet. i. 4) means, in its purity and hatred of sin, had been given when the young man expressed his grief and shame at what was unworthy of Christ, and sin in his fellow-believers; and she felt the difference between them, and the lack in her own being. His letter deepened the conviction, and subsequent interviews were used of God to bring her, too, to rest simply and entirely on the finished work of Christ. She had no doubt as to His Godhead, but she could now say, "God MY SAVIOUR."

By and by, she received another letter. "Marriage is honourable in all," but "only in the Lord" is the injunction of the word of God to the believer. Drawn together as the two had been by the closest spiritual ties, was it unnatural that he should seek her as his partner in life? That that second letter was not sent without seeking God's guidance in the matter, I am very sure, and over fifty years of married happiness has abundantly proved it. Now they are parted for a little while, while he sleeps through Jesus, and she awaits here the coming of the Lord.

But what of their courtship? "We corresponded about our experience," she told the writer,

“ sometimes it was happy, sometimes sorrowful, but as we learnt more of Christ, we gave that up, and wrote of Him.” Yes, they learnt that He Who died for them, is alive for evermore, delivered for their offences, but raised for their justification, nay more, “ ever living to make intercession for ” them. And they learnt that the experience wrought by the Holy Spirit *in* them, was no “ sure resting place ”—a progressive, and consequently incomplete work ; but the work of Christ *for* them on the Cross being a finished, is a perfect work, and there they rested. So may my reader. Yet more blessed still :

“ Thou Holy One of God,
The Father rests in Thee ;
And in the value of that blood,
Which speaks to Him for me,
The curse is gone, through Thee I'm blest ;
God rests in Thee—in Thee I rest.”

T.

“FOUND NAKED”

Many years ago, there lived in South London a young man, whose parents were godly Christians ; but he himself, though a great sufferer in body, had no serious thoughts about his never-dying soul ; in fact, he greatly resented any attempts made by relatives or friends to bring him to a saving knowledge of God's grace.

Being specially asked by his parents to visit him, I found, to my sorrow, that (like Gallio of old), ‘*he cared for none of these things.*’ Sin, death, coming judgment, heaven and hell, were all alike “*idle tales*” to him ; for “the god of this world” had, alas ! completely blinded his heart and mind to eternal realities ; and he was dying in his sins. A few days before his death I was led, no doubt by God's Spirit, to read to him those solemn verses in 2 Cor. iv., v.

“Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look not at the things which ‘are seen,’ but at the things which are ‘not seen’ ; for the things which are ‘seen’ are temporal ; but the things that are ‘not seen’ are eternal.

“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of

God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven ; if so be, that being clothed, we shall not be found naked."

I explained to him four remarkable expressions in this scripture, as follows :—

- (1) "Unclothed"—the tent taken down, *i.e.*, at Death.
- (2) "Clothed upon"—with a "resurrection" body—for saint or for sinner, but oh, with what a difference !
- (3) "Clothed" with Christ Who is made unto us Righteousness, and in which believers only will appear before Him. The believer has this righteousness now, in Christ risen, but then it will be manifested in a glorified body, like unto Christ's.
- (4) "Found naked"—the awful condition of every lost sinner, of every one who has not Christ, whether young or old, rich or poor. All who die "in their sins" shall stand "in their sins" before the Man Christ Jesus, Who will then sit as Judge upon the Great White Throne ; and who will judge every one "according to their works" (Rev. xx. 11-15).

Turning to my unconverted friend, I said, "You may scoff at these things now, but when the judg-

ment of the wicked dead takes place you will, if here unrepentant, be there! . . . 'found naked'! All the sins of your life will then be brought to light; and your 'secret sins' known only to God and yourself, will all be remembered against you for eternal judgment. 'Can you lightly dare to face such a terribly solemn ordeal as that? 'Found naked,' in the unsullied light of that 'Great White Throne'! you will then discover, to your eternal sorrow, that the very One, Whom you now refuse as your Saviour, will be your Judge. There will be no escape: but, dismissed from His holy presence, the 'lake of fire' will be your portion for an endless eternity!"

Those two words, "found naked," proved, by God's Spirit, to be the arrow of conviction to his soul; and, not many days after, he found peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; and "fell asleep" in Jesus—a wondrous trophy of the Saviour's cross!

Dear reader, how is it with you? Are you, as a poor lost sinner, trusting in the precious blood of Christ for pardon, and peace? or will you be "found naked" at the Great White Throne? Let me earnestly implore you to come to Jesus now. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation"!

S. T.

TIME—ETERNITY !

Let Paul's " Now is the accepted time : behold, NOW is the day of salvation " (2 Cor. vi. 2) represent time, and Solomon's " Boast not thyself of TOMORROW " represent eternity. In this aspect, To-day, and not To-morrow, is the day of salvation for mankind.

When we compare Time with Eternity in relation to the hopes of man, serious misconceptions sometimes steal in under the guise of a more advanced spirituality. People search for comparisons to indicate how very small this life is, and how very great is the life to come. Imagination is put upon the stretch for the means of expressing how much Eternity exceeds in importance the present Time. In one point of view and for one purpose, this is right. But in another point of view and for another purpose it is wrong. This life is in one aspect the least, and in another the most important period of our destiny. This life is in one sense the smallest, and in another sense the greatest thing to man.

When you separate the two, and look at them apart, as distinct and rival portions, Time for an immortal is a very small thing, and Eternity inconceivably great. No comparison can do justice to the difference between them. No imagina-

tion can measure how far the infinite future exceeds in importance this passing scene. But when you consider Time and man's life on earth as the beginning of his Eternity—that part of it which gives direction and character to all the rest—then, though it seems a paradox, it is nevertheless true, that the present life is the greatest treasure entrusted to man. This earth is a more important place for us than any that our feet will ever stand upon, for **HERE ALL IS LOST OR WON.**

Time, considered by itself as a portion, is very insignificant; but in its own right place it is more important than Eternity itself. In all the universe there is no spot so significant as this globe on which mankind dwell. On it the issues of Eternity for all the human race are **FIXED.** *Here* in our nature (but sinless nature) Emmanuel wrought deliverance; and *here* all His people are born and nourished and trained for His Kingdom. This life is the germ of immortality; this earth is the nursery for heaven.

You have seen the tiny blossom of the fruit tree opening in early spring. After basking a few days in the sun, it fades and falls. A germ is left behind on the branch, but it is scarcely discernible among the leaves. It is a green microscopic speck that can scarcely be felt between your fingers!

If a hungry man should pluck and eat it, the morsel would not satisfy. Although he dreams of

eating, when he awakes, his soul is empty. The germ, as to present use, is a sapless, tasteless nothing. Grasped now as an object and end, it is the most worthless of all things; but left and cherished as the germ of fruit, it is the most precious. According as it fades or thrives will the husbandman have joy or sorrow in the harvest.

This life is the bud of eternity. If it is plucked and used as the portion of a soul, that soul will be empty now, and empty for ever. If the husbandman should gather all the germs green, while they are tiny, tasteless atoms hidden among the leaves, he would be disappointed at the time, and destitute at last. He would gather worthless things in spring, and have nothing to gather in harvest. This life, taken and used as the portion of an immortal being, is green and sour and hurtful. If you pluck it at this stage, you will taste no real sweetness at the time, and possess no ripened store at last. But while the present world thus abused (or used as one likes) is worthless, rightly used it is beyond all price.

Here is generated, cherished, ripened, the life that will never die. Time, from the creation of man to the final judgment, is in God's sight as one day, and that day is a high day in the calendar of heaven. On it, at early dawn, man was made in God's image, and lost that image by his own sin. On it, at high noon, the Son of God took human

(but sinless) nature, and died, the Just for the unjust. Ere its evening close in darkness, "the whole family of God" will have been born and educated for glory. This day, in the midst of eternity, though it seems small like a lone star in the blue sky, is greater than human thought at its utmost can measure. Man signalizes this day by making it a day of perdition! God signalizes it by making it a "DAY OF SALVATION."

This view of the earth would make pilgrims at every stage treat it reverently as holy ground. This view of life would infuse a heavenly wisdom into the spirit, and conduct of the living. Time's one great day begins with the creation of man, and ends with the day of God; but already in His sight that expanse is nothing more than a point; and to ourselves, when from Eternity we look back, it will seem a speck upon the infinite. As one star differeth from another in glory, this day will shine more brightly than all the rest, for it is the bride's birthday. It is the date attached to every name in the Lamb's book of life.

W. A.

THE SURE FOUNDATION

I'm resting for salvation
 On Christ the Lord alone ;
 He is God's sure Foundation—
 His precious Corner-stone.
 On Him alone I'm building—
 The Rock elect and tried ;
 When all things else are yielding
 God's Chosen shall abide.

'Twas God laid that Foundation
 For men to build upon.
 He's written condemnation
 On every other stone.
 To sand each one shall crumble
 When by the storm assailed ;
 The pride of man He'll humble
 When all his hopes have failed.

The kingdoms all are shaken ;
 The world in terror reels
 In fear, to be o'ertaken
 By pangs e'en now it feels.
 Would'st thou be swamped in horrors
 Of God's great Judgment Day ?
 Then, by approaching terrors,
 I urge thee, " Flee away !

Flee to the Rock, Christ Jesus !
 In Him thou mayest rest—
 The smitten Rock of ages—
 Go, hide thee in His breast !
 He bore the storm of judgment,
 Its waves all broke on Him ;
 Beyond it now triumphant
 He lives and reigns supreme.

Build then alone on Jesus !
 And haste thee ; flee to-day ;
 There is no time to linger—
 There's danger in delay.
 But He's the sure Foundation—
 God's precious Corner-stone.
 Peace, pardon, rest, salvation
 Are found in Him alone.

H. C. T.

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NET

“THE BEST LOVE STORY.”

On unwrapping a parcel enclosed in newspaper recently, the writer's eye fell on the above heading, followed by letters from various readers of the journal, each telling what they considered most worthy the name.

Many and diverse were the opinions recorded, most assigning it to some work of fiction, either classic or modern ; one declaring Socrates' love of, and death for, Truth, as the finest ; another referring to Holy Writ and the wooing and winning of Rebekah in Gen. xxiv. ; while still another maintained that one's own love story must be the best to each individual heart.

But there is one story that outshines all these mentioned, one not even hinted at by the many there expressing their opinions ; yet one surpassing in wonder and beauty the most fascinating of novels—a story that is true and “ truth is stranger than fiction ” ; a story that forms the substance of which every true love story (whether recorded or not) has been but the shadow : a story that concerns you, dear reader, for you are the object of the love of which it tells ! Can it prove uninteresting ?

“ The Best Love Story ” ! Here it is—told by the One Who knew the love as none other ever

could, and Who never exaggerated in one syllable He uttered, the Holy and the True—the Truth Himself :—

“ 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).

Can any story equal this? You have heard it so often, it falls perchance almost meaninglessly on your ear. You learnt it at your mother's knee: you repeated it in the Sunday School: it is so often repeated you “ know all that,” and you are ready to throw this paper down in sheer disgust! But stay! Ponder it for five minutes, and see the setting of this story.

Whose is the love? “ *God* so loved ”! God the Creator, the Eternal I AM, the One Who could say “ To whom then will ye liken me? or shall I be equal, saith the Holy One ”? (Is. xl. 25). “ God so loved ”!

And *whom* did He love? A favoured few? A chosen nation? Yes, “ I have loved *you* ” saith the LORD to Israel; but that is not the *best* love story! If it were, alas, for Gentile nations! Nay, the Son Who is in the bosom of the Father declares, “ God so loved *the world*.” My reader, you are part of it! The world, that by wisdom knew not God; the world, that lieth in the wicked one: the world, that is guilty before Him: that

world *He loved!* Contrary to Him, enmity against Him, fallen, sinful, vile—yet *loved!*

And *how* did He love? “God so loved”! Only two letters, yet what do they not express? He “so loved . . . that He gave.” The measure of the love is the GIFT it provided. Estimate the gift, and you fathom the depths of the so!

What or Whom did He give? He gave His only begotten Son! “*His* Son, His well-beloved,” the One Who was ever His delight, rejoicing always before Him—He gave *Him*—gave Him up to die! Gave Him to be “the Propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the whole world.” Gave Him to make atonement—propitiation—to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself—gave Him that “*Whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.”

Beloved reader, if you realize you are perishing—that you deserve and may shortly experience the just punishment of God on account of your sins—this is good news for you! The God you have sinned against, Who hates, condemns and must eternally punish the sin, loves His creatures, yea, so loves the world that He has provided a way by which anyone in that world—no matter how vile, how loathsome, or how good and gracious—anyone, “*whosoever* believeth on Him” whosoever gives credence to this wonderful, unheard of, unexampled love, and giving credence bows in

adoring gratitude before Him Who has thus been given—"whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"We have known and believed the love that God hath to us." Reader, have you?

"Christ also loved the church and gave Himself for it." It was no unwilling Victim Who stood in the breach. If the Love of God to a guilty world is seen in the giving of this Well-beloved, it is seen too in Him Who is the Gift—Christ "Who is God over all, blessed for ever." Christ loved the church and give Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it by the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing."

Yes, those who "believe the love that God hath to us" know this love of Christ too. It is not merely they "shall never perish"—blessed assurance! yet a negative blessing. Here is a positive one. Loved and purchased by His own blood, cared for, cleansed, set apart, watched over daily and hourly, while passing through the world, "the church which is His body" shall become the Bride, and "the Best Love Story" of all shall be consummated in the courts of heaven, when the anthem shall swell through them "Let us be glad and rejoice and give honour to Him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath

made herself ready " (Rev. xix. 7) ; and adoring hosts of every family in heaven and earth shall know " that Thou didst send Me, and hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me." T.

" LOST, ETERNALLY LOST ! "

Such were the words uttered by a dying woman in a Canadian city several years ago. She had been aroused to soul-concern, and desired salvation while she lay on a sick-bed. She promised, if God would restore her health, that she would become a Christian. Her prayer was answered. Instead, however, of accepting Christ, she procrastinated, and now she is dying. The past is recalled, and the great day of reckoning looms up before her, and as she thinks on her guilt and madness, exclaims : " I am lost, eternally lost ! " and passes into Eternity.

Is the reader lost or saved ?

WHICH !!!

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

THE JEWESS AND THE HYMN

“ For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins ” (Heb. x. 4).

A young Jewish woman was recently passing a building in which the gospel of Christ was being preached. Attracted by the singing she entered the porch to listen. She was very much surprised when she heard the preacher read out the hymn :—

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

The mention of “ Jewish altars,” struck her. She had never expected to hear anything like that in a Christian place of worship. But she was still more surprised when she heard the next verse read :

“ But Christ the Heavenly Lamb,
Took all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.”

She became deeply interested. She had long felt a need of something when thinking of her soul and its sins, but had never suspected till now what that something really was.

She listened with rapt attention to the reading of the remainder of the hymn, and the truth of the atonement expressed in the lines read and sung

entered her conscience and resulted in her coming out boldly as a confessor of the despised and rejected Christ of God.

Do you know by blessed experience the cleansing peace-giving power of the blood of Jesus, reader? (Col. i. 20 ; 1 John i. 7). Do you know that it has taken your guilt away?

One of the few things called precious in the Bible is "the blood of Christ" (1 Peter i. 19). Without it there is no remission of sins, nor any atonement for the soul (Lev. xvii. 11 ; Heb. ix. 22). That precious blood, then, is the sinner's only hope and plea. And those that refuse to trust it must bear their own merited punishment in the lake of fire FOR EVER. Trust it, sinner, NOW!

Then may you be able to sing

" My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
For all my guilt was there."

C. K.



“ DOUBTERS ” OR THE SCEPTIC

“ I’m perfectly honest, but I really can’t believe in what I don’t see.” How often have men thus addressed us when preaching Christ, in the open air !

But alas ! for them, their honesty is anything but perfect ! They have only to consider for a moment, and they must admit that their statement will not stand examination.

“ Have you ever seen your own brains ? ” I’ve heard a preacher reply ; and that is but one way of answering the sceptic—generally a young man inflated with thoughts of his self-importance.

To be sceptical about what your friends tell you, would be an insult to them : even to be sceptical about the newspaper reports is oft-times counted as bad form ; but to be sceptical on religious matters—to doubt the accuracy of the statements of Holy Writ—to call in question that which God has been pleased to make known to us—that is accounted manly ! something to glory in !

But look at it in its true colours, and we find ourselves face to face with the first step towards that German doctrine the fearful results of which have been so manifest in this terrible war.

To doubt the truthfulness of the record of scripture is to cast a slur on the whole Book.

To cast a slur on that Book, is either to deny its Divine origin and Author, or to set oneself in direct antagonism to God. In either case this would mean an attempt at the deification of man and the overthrow of God's authority, and as a result—lawlessness, frightfulness, and all manner of enormities !

But mark you, O sceptic ! Could any hand but one divinely guided have penned the words of Holy Writ ? Is not that Book incomparable ? Tell me of another that has stood for centuries the attacks of foes of every class. Think how it has multiplied notwithstanding every effort of papist, infidel, and higher critic, to destroy it. All the artillery that Satanic agency could suggest has been used against it : it has been torn, burned, and buried—its readers have been imprisoned, put to the sword, and burnt at the stake—those professing to be friends have joined the infidels in using discoveries of research and science to endeavour to overthrow its statements. And yet there it stands, in its solitary grandeur ! The "impregnable rock of Holy Scripture" as Mr. Gladstone termed it, stands, unaltered and unalterable—never out of date, always fresh, revered by friend, and dreaded by foe. Innumerable multitudes have found salvation, comfort, food, strength, and God, from its pages. The laws of this land have been framed by it : the savage

and cannibal have been civilized by it : and where it is read and obeyed, peace reigns, and righteousness rules.

Its prophetic statements regarding the present condition of Israel, Egypt and Babylon, have been or are being fulfilled, to the very letter.

No other book can boast of such antiquity, of such accuracy in science, history, or biography, and yet it makes no pretence of being a scientific, historical, or biographical work. No other book gives such a true and thorough picture of God and man, and yet no book is so loved by the godly and hated by the sinner.

Divine ! indeed it is—there is no room for doubt on that subject ; and by it, O sceptic, you will be judged in the day that is coming, unless you repent and believe the gospel. “ Heaven and earth shall pass away ” said our Lord, “ but my words shall not pass away ” (Mark xiii., 31.)

T. W.



AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

In the spring of 18— a gentleman, whom we will call Mr. N., well known to the writer, lost his loving and faithful wife - a severe loss to him, for though in the prime of life, he was reduced to a state of weakness and suffering by intemperance, and greatly needed her patient, gentle care.

Overwhelmed by sorrow and self-reproach, and not willing to hear the voice of God in this trial, he hastily left his home to seek comfort and cheer from his son-in-law, who, he said, "was always a merry fellow," and who alas! had often joined him in laughing at the Bible, and those who believed it.

It was a long journey, and he arrived at the house in great exhaustion, only to be still further distressed; for upon enquiring for Mr. W. of the servant who opened the door, she answered, "Master is dying!" Frightened by Mr. N.'s agitation, and his haggard look, the girl left him at the door, and went upstairs to tell her master's sister. Miss W. soon appeared, and recognizing Mr. N. invited him in. He sank upon a chair, and gasped out, "Is it true that T. is dying?" "Yes," she answered, "quite true!" He raised both hands, and exclaimed in agony, "Oh dear! Oh dear! what shall I do? To come from one scene of death to another, what *shall* I do?"

“ Mr. N.,” said Miss W., “ dear T. is dying, but that is not all, he has found eternal life in Jesus Christ, and is rejoicing in hope of being soon with Him.”

She then related to him the particulars of her brother’s conversion ; his conviction of sin, and earnest cry for mercy and forgiveness, his confession and anxious question, “ I know that Jesus died for sinners, but did He die for *me* ? ”

She told him too, how he had found peace and joy in believing God’s word as to the efficacy of the precious blood of His beloved Son. Mr. N. listened intently, and before she had finished, startled her by crying out, “ Miss W. do you think it possible that Christ died for *me* ? ”

Reader, have you ever asked that question ? Do you feel your need of a Saviour ? Do you acknowledge that you are a sinner ? and do you believe God’s word that “ without shedding of blood is no remission ? ” Then listen to the truths put before this anxious soul—the words of Him who was about to give Himself a sacrifice for sins. “ 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). “ Him that cometh to Me I will in *no wise* cast out ” (John vi. 37).

I cannot tell you all that passed that morning, but a few days afterwards it was my privilege to

sit by Mr. N.'s bedside, and read God's word and speak of His boundless love, to an eager and attentive listener. The shock of his wife's death, and the anticipation of losing his son-in-law, proved too much for his enfeebled frame, and it was evident that his days were numbered. The portion I read was Luke xv., and I shall never forget his emotion, as he ejaculated at intervals, "Wonderful! why did I never see it before? It is not law-keeping; they used to tell me I must keep the law, and I could not, and then I gave up altogether, and went back to the world." (He had been a professor in early life). "Oh! what a sinner I have been, what a prodigal! The Father received him, and He will receive me, won't He?" Shortly after that he could say, "God has received me;" and in a few days he died, peacefully resting on the efficacy of the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ. And you too, dear reader, may know the cleansing, peace-giving power of His precious blood, if you will but come to God through Him. Come *now!* I entreat you, or you may never again have the opportunity.

Do not put off repentance till a death-bed, for, upon a death-bed you might never lay! God speaks to you *to-day!* If you refuse to listen, "Beware lest he take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee?" (Job xxxvi. 18)

WHAT THE BELIEVER HAS

NEW BIRTH—"Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye MUST be born again" (John iii. 7).

LIFE—"Ye will not come unto me that ye might have LIFE" "The wages of sin is death, but the GIFT of God is ETERNAL LIFE through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23).

FORGIVENESS—"In whom we have redemption through HIS blood, the FORGIVENESS of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. i. 7).

PEACE—"Being justified by *faith*, we have PEACE with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1).

RECONCILIATION—"And you, *at one time* alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet NOW HATH HE RECONCILED (Col. i. 21).

RIGHTEOUSNESS.—"Who (Christ) of God is made unto us wisdom, and RIGHTEOUSNESS and sanctification, and redemption, that according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the LORD" (I Cor. i. 31).

GLORY OF GOD—"We rejoice or boast in hope of the *glory of God*" (Rom. v. 2).

JOY IN THE LORD

A risen Christ is on God's throne,
His cross hath given me rest ;
And, in abiding righteousness,
God's love is now expressed.

Once in the lowest depths He lay,
Of sorrow none can tell ;
But now the crown of glory wears,
And " doeth all things well."

His precious blood gives lasting peace,
His death avails for all ;
The " chiefest of ten thousand," He,
At Whose dear feet I fall.

I know the guidance of His eye,
The grasp of His right hand ;
Who, in His wisdom all divine,
My upward path hath planned.

Enrich'd from heaven's own treasury
Of grace, I've reach'd the spring ;
Full well I know my Father's heart,
And of His Christ I'll sing.

With idols what have I to do ?
His welcome voice I've heard ;
'Tis thus I'm freed from every care,
Confiding in His word.

" A little while," I'll see His face,
Who calls His sheep by name ;
And, through the riches of His grace,
Shall sound abroad His fame.

S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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—
ONE PENNY
NET

*Excerpted from
"The Power of Truth" by Wm. Carter*

A REMARKABLE ENTERTAIN- MENT

On Tuesday, we gave a tea to outcasts ; and indeed those who came were truly outcasts. Scores came with scarcely any clothing on their bodies, and no shoes on their feet. They were in a most loathsome, filthy condition, the very worst specimens of fallen humanity ! One half of those present were of this class.

There was also a great number of the lowest class of thieves, many of whom had just come out of prison. We only began to distribute the cards of invitation the day before.

One special statement made on the tickets was

" NO PERSON OF GOOD CHARACTER WILL
BE ADMITTED "

so that they came professedly as all bad, and no good. If we could have accommodated a thousand, the place would have been crowded. We had to close the iron gates for want of room. The scene while the tea was being served out was only a repetition of what we have had before in the Hall upon like occasions. They pounced upon the provisions like hungry wolves, and ate like savages. They laughed, stamped their feet, rattled the cups and saucers, and hallooed out, " Hurrah ! "

This went on all the time the tea continued. When they had eaten up all we had to give them, with great difficulty we gathered up the cups and saucers: that is, as many as we could get, for although we look out sharp, we always lose a great number, for they pocket them.

In the midst of the uproar, we began to sing,

"The pearly gates are open, and you may enter in,"

and then I introduced to the people "W—" a returned convict. He began by saying,

"Many of you know me. There is a man sitting there that I was in penal servitude with at Portsmouth, and there's many of you that's been in the Model Prison with me, and other jails; indeed, there's but one prison in London that I have not been in, and I can't tell you how many I have been in about the country, nor how many times I have stood my trial at Newgate.

"And this is how I passed my life, till eleven months ago, when I was invited to come to this Hall to a similar meeting to this, and it suited me, for a bigger rogue, thief, or vagabond than I was never walked London streets. I came into this Hall that night, and sat over there, as vile a sinner as ever lived. My wife was in the hospital, and I did not care whether she came out dead or alive. I solemnly declare that, up to that night, I did not know what love was. I had no love for my wife,

children, myself, or anybody else. This is truth, before God. My heart was as hard as a stone, until I heard Mr. C— preach Jesus.

“ Oh ! I shall never forget, when the thought came into my mind, that there was a God, and that He loved me, a vile wretch like me ! For the first time in my life, to my remembrance I felt the tears trickle down my face. All my sins rose up against me, and I went home most miserable, and so I continued for several days, until Sunday morning, when I came to this Hall, and saw them break bread.

“ It was the first time in my life that I willingly went to church, and while I was looking on, a costermonger sitting near to me said, ‘ We have nothing to do with this.’ But that moment I felt I *had* something to do with it, for I plainly saw that Jesus died for me, and that all my sins were forgiven.

“ That is now eleven months ago, and I have honestly worked for my bread ever since. Don’t you think I get anything by coming to this Hall ! The Lord knows I never get a shilling. Mr. C— has got nothing to give us ; I get blessing to my soul, and that is why I come. I am now out of work, and I am resolved rather to bury my days in a workhouse, than do that which would dishonour the Lord Jesus. I have one strong desire, and that is to go and tell the convicts about Jesus.

I would do anything that was lawful to accomplish this. I would not mind being shut up with them, and spending the remainder of my days among them for the sake of telling them of God's love in the gift of Jesus."

He then sat down. C— then stood up to speak. He burst into tears, and sobbed out :

"My heart is full, my dear fellows. I do love you, and yet God knows I never knew what love was till I went into the Victoria Theatre, and heard from dear Mr. C— about God's wonderful love in the gift of Jesus. Till then I never had love for my wife, or children, or anybody. I can truthfully say, I never knew anybody to love me, till I found out that GOD LOVED ME. I was brought up in a workhouse, and at ten years of age, I was taken out, and sent to sea ; I ran away from that, and tramped the country for seventeen years, robbing and plundering all I could.

"I have been often in prison. My chief pleasure consisted in dog fighting, cock fighting, and man fighting. I have been so battered about, that upon several occasions I have laid in hospitals, never expecting to come out alive. Once, in Bartholomew's Hospital, when the physician told me that I should die before morning, I laughed at him and said I hoped I should, for I knew nothing about God, neither did I know that I had a soul which must live for ever. I was indeed an outcast.

“ I have walked from London to Birmingham with only one halfpenny, and no one would give me a bit of bread. I slept under hedges and in ditches, and when I robbed anybody, and got a few pounds (and often I have had £50) I would spend it all in drink and afterwards have been nearly starved.

“ My only reason for mentioning all this is to prove to you, my dear fellows, that none of you can possibly be worse than me. For seventeen years I was one among you, and often I have been like some of you are to-night, without a shirt on my back, or stockings on my feet, not fit to be touched with a prong. Now see what grace has done for me, a poor outcast, that no one would have anything to do with !

“ It is now two years since God, for Christ’s sake, pardoned all my sins. The grace of God has transfigured me from a lazy, drunken, wandering outcast, to an industrious, sober follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.”

These men did not tell out their lives in a boasting spirit, but contrariwise. Most of them wept while they spoke, and I believe they did it only to show those present that they had been quite as bad as they, and that God Who had saved them was equal to save the vilest of sinners in the Hall . . . and I believe it was the means of awakening hope in the hearts of many of these forlorn, degraded

creatures, who had been for a long time hopeless.

With my heart full, and my breast big with emotion, I read a portion of the fifteenth chapter of Mark; spoke to them affectionately of God's love as manifested in the gift of Jesus, and the Lord helped me by His Spirit.

Many of the most hardened thieves, who had maintained a firm and unflinching look while the young converts were addressing them, now wept, and some hid their faces. One, especially, a black man, was much affected. He declared that if the Lord could save such fellows as those who spoke, he could save him and anybody! And this is true. He can and is ready to save you. Will you come to Him? "Him that cometh to Me," says Jesus, "I will in no wise cast out." Blessed Saviour! Just as I am, I come.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast'
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him my resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'Behold, I freely give
 The living water—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.'
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him."

Extract

“ONE THING IS NEEDFUL”

LUKE x. 42

One thing! But are there not many things that are needful? Do we not need food and raiment, and many things that are necessary to our existence in this world? Yes, truly, and the bountiful hand of God supplies us day by day with all these things. The very air we breathe is His gift; the health and strength, and the capacity to earn the daily bread are most surely His gifts. Do you thank Him for them, dear reader, or do you take them as a matter of course, and forget the Great Giver of all?

In the Gospel of Luke (chap. x. 39), we find one sitting at the feet of the Saviour of sinners, listening to what He has to say to her. Amidst the busy rush and toil of life, she had found time to pause and listen to His voice, that voice that alone can speak forgiveness of sins to the guilty conscience, and peace to the troubled heart. We are not privileged to know all that flowed from the hallowed lips of the Saviour as Mary drank in the life-giving stream: but ere she leaves His blessed presence we hear Him saying, “One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.”

Have you, dear reader, heard the voice of Jesus? Have you ever paused in the midst of the busy

scenes of life to hear what He has to say to you? It may be that you know you are not ready to meet God, and have never settled the question of your soul's salvation. If you come to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, and confess you are a guilty, lost, sinner, you are just the one He came to save, and believing that He died to save you, you will hear His voice saying to you, "Thy faith hath saved thee: go in peace" (Luke vii. 50). His words when down here on earth were full of tender pity and grace to those who felt their need of Him, and now in heavenly glory He waits to be gracious to the repentant one.

How different will be His words that will fall upon the ears of those who now put off, and neglect the "one thing needful!" "Verily I say unto you, I know you not" (Matt. xxv. 12). Indifference to the importance of the "one thing needful," and unbelief, are hurrying men and women to their eternal ruin. Oh! pause and think ere it be too late!

Things of time and sense will soon be beyond your grasp; how needful then to have a firm grip of that which can never be taken away from you! Be assured you are in possession of eternal life, through the Lord Jesus Christ! Choose now that "good part," and you shall know "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

M. E. P.

GOD'S CARE

I was terribly hard up, having had to sell nearly everything to pay expenses before I came home. I was very anxious to set up my Gospel Room with twelve forms, and also, as the cold weather had set in, I badly wanted a waistcoat. I did not know what to do, whether to buy the forms or the waistcoat; but the tailor's price decided me in favour of the forms; he asked fifteen shillings for the warm garment I required, so I gave up all hope of buying it for a month or two, and, in the meantime, made this need a matter of prayer.

I just told the Lord how that in Egypt, by turning my house into a soldiers' and sailors' Meeting house, I had completely emptied the family stock; and that now, being in delicate health, I was feeling the cold of England very much.

I prayed God would guide one of His children to send me the waistcoat needed, and that very week I received a letter from Colonel D.'s lady, saying, "Knowing, dear J. H., that you are not strong, and feeling I should like to do something for the Lord, I was impressed to knit you a warm woollen waistcoat, and send it herewith, hoping it will fit."

Well, I was dumbfounded! I had not written to Colonel D. for months, and here, through his wife, God had sent me a splendid, warm waistcoat, worth a dozen tailor's make.

When preaching a little while ago, I told the people about this answer to prayer. Amongst them was a Christian named J.W., who never loses a chance of speaking a word for the Master. He had a wife, and, I think, eight children, and having spent beyond his means in the Lord's work, he was just then hard up for a suit of clothes.

Hearing the story about the waistcoat, he went home, saying to himself, "Well, here is my suit of clothes shabby and threadbare; why not tell my Father, and ask Him for a new suit?" No sooner said than done.

The next day, as he was walking down the street to his work, a gentleman at the other side of the road beckoned him to come across to him, and then said, "John, I think your clothes are beginning to look shabby; go to the tailor, and get measured for a new suit, and put it down to my account."

J.W. was simply overwhelmed at this proof of God's care over him. Encouraged afresh to make known his requests to God, he remembered that his poor-fund was very low, so that when visiting the needy, he had little to give them. He therefore laid that matter before God, and lo! that same day he received by post a £5 note with the words, "For your poor-work."

May God increase our faith in His power and in His love!

*Scpt. J. Hines.
Reprinted from Faithful Words*

A SOLEMN WARNING

A short time ago, the writer had the opportunity of visiting an aged man, who was thought to be about to depart into eternity. Not knowing anything about this poor man, I only desired to tell him simply of God's love in the gift of His Beloved Son, Who upon the cross died for sinners.

Having read John iii. 16, and 1 John iv. 9-10, I pointed out to him the wondrous love of God, in giving Jesus to die for his sins, and the wondrous expression of that love manifested in the cross. Then I besought him to look in faith to Jesus ; that blessed One who died for him. After a little prayer that the light of the glorious gospel might shine unto him, I left him with God.

A few days after, I was led to his bedside again, when to my joy his first expression was, " I never saw it like this before. How good of God to send you !" But dear reader, I learnt that this dear man had been trained up, so to speak, in religion, and even had been preaching, and praying for others, but when face to face with death and eternity, found himself without Christ, and in despair, or to use his own words, " He had not the right thing." Well, it pleased God to spare him, and bring him down stairs again, and I trust through faith in the gospel, that he had settled peace. This I leave with God.

Now, dear reader, is there not a message from God in the above to you? Are you occupied with seeking the welfare of others, without being saved yourself? I pray you to first be sure as to the salvation of your own soul. If not saved, naught will avail. Oh! think of the foolish virgins, no oil in their lamps, lights out—in darkness. Eternally lost, lifeless, hopeless, helpless. Alas! the door shut, and they outside. "I know you not" (Matt. xxv.). Oh! dear reader, it is, "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life" (1 John v. 12). Mere empty profession is of no avail. What about thy many sins. Oh! look in faith to the Saviour upon the cross, "Who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death . . . that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man" (Heb. ii. 9). Yes, for thee, He died for thee! Oh! look in faith to Him, and say from thine heart, "The Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). If you believe in Jesus, you are entitled to say "He, in death, bore the whole of God's righteous judgment due to my many sins (1 Peter iii. 18). He met by His blood every claim of God for me, paid the whole penalty of my sin (both root and fruits) upon that cross, to the absolute vindication of God's righteousness, and withal His grace declaring Him to be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii.

25-26). By His death He brings to thee, all that thou art in need of from God, " Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved " (Acts xvi. 31).

Oh! dear reader, can it be that thou art careless, and indifferent about thy immortal soul? " How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation " (Heb. iii. 3). 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 (2 Thess. i. 7-9). Oh! may the cost of the rejection of the gospel weigh upon thy conscience, and lead thee to repent and believe the gospel (Mark i. 15).

E. J. L.

" 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 ! ' "

RANSOM; REDEMPTION FORGIVENESS!

“None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a RANSOM for him” (Ps. xlix. 7).

“If there be a messenger with him . . . 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.”

“He (God) looketh upon men; and if any say I HAVE SINNED, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not! He will DELIVER his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light” (Job xxxiii.).

“The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to GIVE HIS LIFE, A RANSOM, for many” (Matt. xx. 28).

“There is one God, and *one* mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a RANSOM for all” (I Tim. ii. 5, 6).

“In whom (Christ) we have REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD, THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS, according to the riches of His grace” (Eph. i. 7).

“Be it known unto you . . . that through this man (Christ Jesus) is preached unto you the FORGIVENESS OF SINS. And by Him, all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses” (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

“Being justified freely by His grace through the REDEMPTION that is in CHRIST JESUS” (Rom. iii. 24).

DIVINE COMFORT

After storms—the sunshine,
 After war—sweet peace,
 After suffering—gladness,
 God will give—release.

After trials—patience,
 After weakness—strength,
 After disappointments,
 God brings home at length.

After sin—redemption,
 After darkness—light,
 After sorrows—glory.
 After faith, then—sight.

After Calvary's anguish,
 After Jesu's pain,
 Lo ! a Voice from heaven,
 " I will come again."

After this life's journey,
 After tears and woe,
 Comes that happy morning,
 When to Christ we'll go.

Then, " caught up " to meet Him,
 We shall see His face :
With Him, like Him, ever :
 Trophies of His grace !

Then—heaven's anthems ringing,
 Through those courts above,
 We shall know the fulness
 Of His changeless love !

S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings

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London

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

ONE PENNY
NET

“NO PERSON OF GOOD CHARACTER ADMITTED”

When reading the account in GOSPEL GLEANINGS for May about “A Remarkable Entertainment,” I was struck with the notice on the invitation cards.

“NO PERSON OF GOOD CHARACTER ADMITTED”!

What a curious statement! How many of the readers of the account would have cared to have sought admittance there on such terms?

And I seemed to see those iron gates open, and the hall, with its gallery and square wooden pillars (where the writer has often in the past told of the love of Christ to the little ones) all ready for the expected guests—the bags of food prepared for each, the steaming caldrons of tea—all ready: but would any accept it on *such* terms? Ah well, those preparing that entertainment knew what they were doing! Those they catered for had no character to lose, no reputation to maintain; they were bad, and they knew it, and as outcasts and vagabonds, hungry and cold, they came to partake of the repast provided freely for them.

And then the dingy London street faded from memory, and instead of the massive iron gates, there rose the vision of the Pearly Gates of which they had sung that night—the pure lustrous portals of the city of pure gold, as transparent glass,

irradiating the glory of Him who sits on the Throne "like a jasper and a sardian stone" for "her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal." And while over those ever-open, pure and pearly gates the notice stands, "There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie," it seemed as if the words had been transmitted from those old iron gates to heaven, and side by side the message ran, "No person of good character admitted"!

And gazing in, ah, who were there? Who could enter in through the gates into the city? Surely there were faces seen before! The jail birds and the thieves, and the drunkards, the outcasts, and the loathsome—those who had crowded into the old Hall that wintry day—defiled, defiling, and abominable—the people of bad character they were there, crowding the courts of the New Jerusalem!

And not one person of good character within! Not one there admitted on the plea of respectability! not one inside because a Church-goer, a Bible student, a maker of long prayers, or a communicant at the Lord's Table! Not one there because moral and upright, paying twenty shillings in the pound, and defrauding none! Not one there because "quite as good as my neighbour!" Not one there because slain in the defence of his country! Not one there because

he made "the supreme sacrifice"! But Saul the persecutor is there; the woman "that was a sinner" is there; the drunkard and the harlot; the profane and impure—they are there! the people without a character!

And "Hush!" they are singing! Sweetly that heavenly music falls on the ear,

"Unto Him that loves us and washed us from our sins
in His Own Blood—to Him be glory."

'Paul! how came you hither?' "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners of whom I am chief. Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me as chief, Jesus Christ might show forth all longsuffering, for a pattern to them that should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting."

'Peter! thou Galilean fisherman, from whose lips have fallen oaths and curses in the denial of thy Lord, How camest thou here?' "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

'John! thou also wert Peter's partner in the ship, and doubtless in sin, ready enough to call down fire from heaven on those that offended thee, How camest thou in?' "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love . . . Herein is love with us made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment, because as He is, so are we in this world."

And not one of those myriads of redeemed ones but tells the same tale! They came without a character—or rather, with a bad character—they came, confessing their sins as lost sinners, to Christ, and because He died for sinners, they got the salvation they needed.

But not the righteous! No. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners." If you have a good character you don't want Jesus, and He did not come for you. He came for *sinners*, not the righteous. If you are "not as other men are," you won't do for Jesus. If you are wrapping yourself in any robe of your own manufacture, you will have no place at the marriage feast—

"Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to save."

Are you a sinner? Then for you He came! Are you guilty and lost? Then He is seeking you! Have you nothing to plead, no extenuating circumstances, no claim for mercy—your mouth stopped, and yourself "Guilty before God"? Then listen! "To him that worketh not, but believeth in Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." "He hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "And such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord and by the Spirit of our God." T.

THE GOSPEL THROUGH THE TELEPHONE

The gospel of Christ has been sent in various ways by land and sea, and it has been printed in many languages, and it has been preached through the telephone.

A servant of Christ stands before a telephone in one of the London and South Western Railway Stations, and sounding the call, waits for a reply along the wire. The alarum sounds—

“ Mr. W—, are you there ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ I should like to sing you a little hymn.”

“ Yes, go on.”

The Christian sings into the telephone and the gospel song flashes along the wire to his friend's ear at the other end.

“ Whosoever heareth, Shout, shout the sound
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found,
Whosoever will may come ! ”

“ Those are good words,” is the comment.

“ Yes, I want to ask you a question. A very important one.”

“ What is it ? ”

“ I sang to you that “ Whosoever will may come,” you have been in this world a long time and have

had a good many opportunities to come to Jesus, have you ever definitely come to Him for pardon, life, and salvation? "

" That is a very straight question, many people would tell you a lie to get rid of you," was the reply.

" Yes, listen to the poet," and the Christian sang

" 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."

" He, the poet was not ashamed to confess He came to Jesus, it was his delight."

" Well I have been to many places, and heard many men, but to answer your straight question, I have never come to Jesus yet."

" Then listen! ' Come unto Me,' is His word to you now, ' and I will give you rest,' and ' him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.' "

" Yes, those are good words."

" Now let me sing to you again,"

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

" That is good."

" Now I have a few words on my heart I want to send you: ' For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.' A mes-

senger was sent to a village of the Samaritans to make ready for Jesus to come there, but they did not receive Him, and when James and John saw this, they said, 'Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them?' And He rebuked them and said, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.' Yes, He came from heaven to save us. Some in the country of the Gadarenes, to whom He came, prayed Him to leave their coasts; but the man who had been healed and set free, prayed that he might be with Jesus. Do you see in this scripture what men are before conversion? They don't want Jesus, but when they are converted they want to be with Him."

"Yes, I believe it all as you have said," was the answer. And may God bless this gospel effort for Christ's sake.

A. A.

"If God put Adam out of the earthly Eden on account of *one* sin, do you think he will let us into the paradise above with *tens of thousands* of our sins upon us?" (*Extract*).

THE RED TICKET

In the corner of a London tram-car sat a poor, ragged, miserable looking little boy. No cap covered his rough head, and from his appearance you might have thought he had no right to be where he was.

I watched him, wondering how he came to be in the car, half suspecting that he had slipped in unseen, and that when the conductor came in, the ragged little passenger would be turned out. But as I was looking at him he moved his hand, and then I noticed that he held a small red ticket. That ticket had been bought from the conductor, and gave the poor little boy not only a right to ride in the car, but to ride the whole distance the car travelled. But now the question was, how could such a wretchedly poor little boy afford to ride in the tram-car? While I was still thinking about it, the conductor entered, and seeing me looking at the little fellow, he said,

“That poor little chap was lost on Clapham Common, and a gentleman found him and put him in my car and paid me to take him all the way back to Blackfriars, where he lives.”

Now I understood it all. He had wandered farther and farther from home, till he was miles away and unable to find his way back! And then

I thought of God's word which tells us, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." And so we have all been lost and could never find our way back to God, but One looked down from His glorious home in heaven and His eye pitied, and He came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

Now before the kind gentleman could take that little boy home the price had to be paid, and before ever we could have a title to go to heaven Jesus had to pay a very heavy price; you know what that was, "The cost, His precious blood."

Some of the passengers in that tram-car had *white* tickets, but these took them only *part* of the way. The little boy's was *red*, and that would take him all the way. So the "precious blood of Christ" gives His people a title all the way to heaven.

That little boy had only to step into the car and take the ticket. What would you have thought if he had refused the gentleman's kind offer and turned away? Would you not say he was very foolish, and deserved to wander on the desolate common all that dark, cold night?

But now tell me, dear reader, have *you* accepted the offer of the Lord Jesus Christ? He offers you a full salvation, eternal life, and a home in heaven. That little boy had no cause to fear in that car; he had as much right to ride as the richest man in

London, because his fare was paid and he had the ticket. So although you may be only a child, if you "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, thou shalt be saved," as truly as the oldest man.

? E. Collier

"SAVED!"

"At the time of the loss of the *Atlantic* on the banks of Newfoundland, a business man was reported lost. His store was closed, and all his friends mourned for him as among those who went down on that vessel.

"But a telegram was received from him by his partner, with the word "SAVED," and that partner was filled with joy. The store was opened, and the telegram was framed; and if you go into that store to-day, you will see that little bit of paper hanging on the wall, with the word "SAVED" upon it.

"Let the news go over the wires to heaven to-day from you. Let the word "SAVED" go from YOU, and there will be joy in heaven." "For with *the heart* man believeth unto righteousness, and with the *mouth* confession is made unto SALVATION."

“NOT CAST OUT! THANK HIM! PRAISE HIM!”

It was a very sad day for Mrs. S— and her family, when the doctors pronounced her case to be hopeless! The internal growth from which she had for many months been suffering must, in their opinion, speedily prove fatal, and if there was any question to be settled it had better be attended to at once!

Alas! alas! there WAS a question to be settled—a most momentous one—for there is no subject of so great importance to the sinner as the salvation of his soul. Were he alive to his true condition as such he would think of no other, feel interested in no other, until the one all important question was settled on a solid basis.

Poor Mrs. S—, like many, had rejected the concerns of her soul and lived for nearly sixty years heedless of God's great love which has been revealed in the gift of His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John iii. 16).

Several Christians had from time to time called to see the dear sufferer, but she turned a deaf ear and hardened her heart until at length she refused to see any one, and told her daughter not to admit another Christian to her room. But God Who in

the riches of His mercy and grace willeth not the death of the sinner but rather that he should repent and turn unto Him and live, was watching over this poor soul and yearning to bring her to Himself.

One of God's dear children just at this time was staying in the neighbourhood and hearing of the illness of Mrs. S—, was led to go and see her. The daughter forgetting the mother's request, admitted the stranger; and as the sweet story of Jesus and His love in dying for us upon the cross, was told out earnestly and affectionately to the poor invalid, she listened without giving any response. As the visitor rose to leave the sick room those gracious words which once fell from the lips of Jesus, were repeated, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

From this time the suffering one appeared restless and uneasy; the Spirit of God had applied the word, and pierced the conscience. God's light shining into her heart and revealing to her her real state as a guilty, lost and helpless sinner, she was often heard to utter in broken sentences, "Him that cometh—no wise cast out—unto Me." Before leaving the locality the visitor was constrained to call again, and from a full heart earnestly sought to lead the unsaved one to Jesus the Saviour of sinners, Whose arms were wide open ready to receive her and give her rest. As the two parted never again to meet upon earth, the same gracious

words were spoken, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." The dying woman became even more restless than ever, until one night her attendants were startled to hear her cry out in an ecstasy of joy, "NOT CAST OUT! THANK HIM! PRAISE HIM!"

The instant the poor sinner looked with the eye of faith from herself to the loving Saviour and trusted His precious blood which cleanseth from all sin, she saw and believed that her sins which were many, were all forgiven. A seeking sinner and a loving Saviour had met, and a link was formed between them which shall never be broken; eternal life was hers through faith in His finished work. She now desired that all should come to her room that she might tell out what great things He had done for her. Her bright and happy testimony was noised abroad among her neighbours and friends, many of the Lord's own people were encouraged and strengthened by this lovely display of God's boundless grace to one who had so long refused to listen to His voice and open her heart to receive His word.

Two souls, known to the writer, were at the time converted through the instrumentality of this new born soul. As the outward man decayed, she continued bright and happy in the Lord, until in the gentleness of His love He took her to be with Himself for ever.

Dear reader, let me ask you if you are among those who are neglecting God's great salvation! If so, turn to Him now. He is waiting to receive you, and to give unto you eternal life. What a prize to win, but alas! what a prize to lose. Do not slight His love any longer. Come to Him now, "Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).



SO MANY HYPOCRITES!

You say, "I won't become a Christian because of so many hypocrites in religion."

My friend! Hypocrites will not be found in heaven; and if you don't want to be associated with hypocrites in another place, your only way is to believe in Christ now.

Are you (like the Jews) going about to establish a righteousness of your own? Does not God say, "There is none righteous—no, not one"? And so long as you refuse to bow to God's Word, can you claim in the face of this declaration (Rom. iii., 10) that you are not, even yourself, acting as a hypocrite? I know you recoil from the implication. But "he that doeth truth *cometh to the light.*" "God is light." If we confess our sins He [God] is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness (1 John i.).

JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH!

"The Lord is there,"—EZEK. xlviii. 35

A[Globe of crystal—radiant as the light,
Reflecting beams too bright for mortal sight ;
Transparent gold—what can with it compare ?
Oh, hear the city's name—"The Lord is there."

Its gates of pearl gleam with celestial rays,
And ne'er are closed through everlasting days :
Its bulwarks form a structure rich and rare—
List to the city's name—"The Lord is there."

No temple there—the Lamb the temple is ;
He is the source of all the deathless bliss ;
The worshippers in person now draw near—
Sinless and pure they come—"The Lord is there. "

No night is there—the eventide is light,
Bathed ever in God's own effulgence bright—
Darkness comes not within that city fair—
Jesus—the Lamb—the Light—"The Lord is there."

Within those walls behold a happy throng,
Who tune the harp, and raise the joyful song ;
Upon their cheek no more is seen a tear,
Sorrow can enter not—"The Lord is there."

Upon their foreheads read a glorious Name—
The Name of Him Who bore the cross of shame ;
Who died to bring them to that glory fair ;
His Face they see, for He, their "Lord is there."

They serve Him now, with nought of sin to spoil—
No enemy to fight, no foe to foil ;
Peace reigns supreme ; to praise is turned prayer ;
All that they wish they have—"The Lord is there."

Oh, blissful rest ! The Father's house on high,
Prepared for those by Jesus' blood brought nigh ;
Where He with us His glorious throne shall share
Throughout eternity—Our "Lord is there."

H.C.R.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

ONE PENNY

NET

THE BIGGEST SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!

He was a London costermonger—a short, thickset man, with black curly hair that looked as though a comb had never been through it—and with only one eye. Unable to read, he had grown up in ignorance and vice, robbing even his parents so constantly that they turned him out of doors. And now, on a Sunday evening, he and a companion are strolling aimlessly along, for the morning sales and the afternoon sleep are over, and they have nothing to do till the public houses reopen.

“Let’s go in here,” says his companion, “and listen to what this man’s got to say; he’s a good sort of chap.” So in they went, and for the first time, that costermonger found himself at a gospel service. And this is how he afterwards described it.

“I was never so surprised in my life! I felt so queer as I was sitting there. I began to be afraid when I heard that I should have to meet God, and though I did not know who He was, I was frightened. But when I heard that God was love, and that He had but one Son, and that He gave Him up to die for poor costermongers, it broke my heart, and so it did this other chap’s that went in with me.”

My reader, have you ever had such a surprise? Doubtless you are not ignorant, as this man, who did not know there was a God, and had never heard the name of Christ except in oaths. But would it be a surprise to you to be told that you yourself have to meet God? And have to give an account to Him of everything done in your body, in thought, or word, or deed? Yet His word declares it—Rom. xiv. 11, 12; 2 Cor. v. 10.

YOU *have to meet God. When?* “Oh, that’s a long way off—at the last day. There is plenty of time!” Is there? The biggest surprise of your life may be to receive the same message that Hananiah did of old: “*This year thou shalt die*” (Jer. xxviii. 16). Or more startling still, “*This night thy soul shall be required of thee!*” Oh, what a surprise! Planning, arranging for years to come, in good health and vigour—and suddenly to be summoned into the presence of God. And the day will come. Slowly, but unremittingly the years creep by: each one brings the moment nearer; and His warning is, “Because I will do this unto thee, prepare to meet thy God!” Do not, I beg of you, let that moment take you by surprise.

But that poor costermonger had another cause for wonder—never so surprised in his life indeed! The God he knew not, but the God he had to meet, and render an account to of his whole life, that God

was love—not vengeance—not hatred, but LOVE ! And that surprise broke his heart ! Has it yours ? You are found to-day in a world God loves. Hastening to judgment, yet loved by Him ! and so loved that the Object of His heart, the One Son of His bosom, was delivered up to death and to judgment, in order that you might go free.

God Who is holy, Who is righteous, Who is “light,” Who is “love,” has Himself provided the only ransom that can avail. God is a Saviour God, and He is able and willing to save you to-day, if you will but come to Him. But He cannot save you after death, if you refuse Him while you live. You may meet Him now, and meet Him in peace ; meet Him in the person of the Substitute He has appointed—the Lord Jesus Christ, His beloved Son ; and meeting Him here and now, you shall hear from His own lips, “Thy sins be forgiven thee. Go in peace.”

What a surprise, indeed ! To deserve wrath, and obtain mercy ! To expect vengeance, and find love ! To look for indignation, and prove grace reigning through righteousness This may be your surprising experience, my reader, as it was that poor illiterate costermonger’s It broke his heart ; may it break yours, for His word declares, “A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise. ! ”

T.

*Notes of the ministry
of W. J. A. Taylor*

SALVATION

There can be no blessing without repentance. I must face my sins. "This Man receiveth sinners." But God has laid a foundation, and whosoever believeth in Him, Jesus Christ, God's foundation, shall never be ashamed. There is no other foundation, no other name given, on which I may rest for salvation. But in that Name there is salvation for everyone who now comes to God through Jesus.

Resting on His atoning work, I see my sins all gone, and, no longer "a miserable sinner" as once, we are now "saints" by calling of God, and to walk as such. "If any man sin," supposes the possibility, but not the practice. The responsibility of the Christian is "that ye sin not."

If I receive the One whom God has sent, I have divine life. Zacchæus received the Saviour gladly. He welcomed Him. The Lord knew all that was passing in his heart, and called His own sheep by name. There had already been the work of the Holy Spirit in Zacchæus to bring him to Jesus.

People often take it as evidence of his true conversion that he promised to give half his goods to the poor. It was *his practice*, not a promise. But it had not brought salvation to him. It only

came that day. He got it in Christ. There is nothing "to do" for salvation; nothing "to pay"; nothing "to promise." It is God's free gift to those who will receive it.

Zacchæus' words were proof of all exercised conscience, and of divine life in his soul. But this life does not necessarily give me joy and peace at first. Rather, am I given to feel my wretchedness, that so I may turn to "the blood of Jesus Christ," God's Son, that "cleanseth from all sin." "As many as *received Him*, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 12). All hangs upon the reception of the Saviour Whom God has sent. Can you be too confident in trusting the word of God? You would not doubt your dearest friend! What! "Don't be too confident?" True—if it is in myself. Self-confidence leads to a fall, but, "always confident," in Christ.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," but it is the call of faith entirely. Mere lip call will not do. "Many shall say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord," but He will say, "I never knew you." "There is life in a look," but it is the look of faith. In Num. xxi. the one that looked lived, but it was the look of faith and expectancy. On the cross the Lord felt intensely that "they look and stare upon Me,"—the look of heartless unbelief. So there is the

difference between " a look," and the look of faith ; and between " a call," and the call of faith.

We cannot mix anything of ourselves up with what the Saviour has done. This, and this exclusively—the finished work of Christ—is our only way of acceptance with God. There never will be one in heaven who deserves to be there. Christ must have all the praise. We may boast in God to any extent, but as far as self is concerned, God has excluded every bit of boasting. The precious blood will be our only title to the glory, whoever we are. Where can we get a more simple example than in the atonement money. One and threepence ! To be among God's redeemed ; no matter how rich, one must not bring more ; and the poor must not bring less. Nothing counts but Christ. Comparatively there are bad and good, but both need alike the Saviour's cleansing blood."

We cannot bring it home too pointedly as to what is needed. Let the most moral pick out the best action of his life ! If tried by that act even, he would be lost for ever.

It would be a poor thing if we had to sing, " Unto Him that loved us, and to ourselves, be glory ! " It would destroy the whole harmony of heaven ! No,

" The only song in that blest place
Is ' Thou art worthy, Thou alone ' ! "

“GOD IS SATISFIED WITH JESUS.”

Many years ago, at a Special Address to Children, a dear young girl was awakened by God's Spirit to see her own deep need of a Saviour ; but remained in a more or less anxious state of soul, for three years, before she enjoyed settled peace with God. This was graciously vouchsafed her through a conversation with one of her aunts—a very godly woman.

When first awakened, I had given her one of my letters for children, but she had not answered it, as she could not then do so truthfully. When however she did so, her confession of Christ was very sweet and real. After recounting her many doubts, fears, and exercises of soul, she added these words, which gave me the greatest joy . . . “ But when I look upward and remember that GOD IS SATISFIED WITH JESUS, I am quite assured and happy.”

In those few words, she thus happily expressed the whole gist and power of the gospel of God's grace. Yes, faith delights to own that God is satisfied with Jesus—yea, so perfectly satisfied that He has raised Him up from among the dead, and given Him glory—the everlasting proof to angels, men, and demons, of His divine pleasure

and satisfaction with that finished work on Calvary's cross. There the serious question of sin was for ever settled, so that God can now be, and is, the *justifier* of every one that believes in Jesus, who, of God, is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption."

Not only was every claim of justice fully met ; and every demand of holiness vindicated: but, as a result, every believing soul, young or old, is thus divinely and eternally saved ; and God Himself for ever glorified. .

Yes, Calvary's cross is the divine answer to every accusation of sin or Satan, and when the Man Christ Jesus bowed His blessed head in death, exclaiming " It is finished," the " Veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom "—to prove God's everlasting delight and satisfaction in the death and accomplished victory of His own beloved Son.

Then, dear, anxious, troubled soul, if " God is satisfied with Jesus," ! let me ask you, " Are YOU satisfied with Jesus : and if not, why not ? All has been done that had to be done, and nothing can be added to that work of atonement or taken from it. As the words of a well-known hymn puts it :—

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

One thing I know, dear reader, that when you are of the same mind as God about Jesus, you will not only be satisfied, as well as saved, but your whole life will be changed. Why? Because you will then have an object for your whole heart, mind, soul and spirit to delight in that will fill you with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

That joy will never cease throughout Eternity—because, where God finds His rest and satisfaction, you too will find Jesus. May it be so—for Christ's sake.

"All taint of sin shall be removed ;
All evil done away ;
And I shall dwell with God's Beloved,
Thro' God's eternal day."

S. T.

ONLY A DREAM

I had been listening to the earnest tones of a servant of the Lord, who had been urging his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. He had been speaking of the dreadful night in the ages gone by when God passed through the land of Egypt in judgment, at the same time passing over in mercy all those who were sheltered by the blood.

I retired to rest, and slept, and dreamed. I thought I was walking on the railway and came to a very narrow part with only a single line ; when, to my alarm, I heard in the distance a train coming. I looked eagerly round for some place of safety ; but high brick walls were on either side, so close it seemed, that I felt I should be crushed to death if I got ever so near them. Suddenly my eye rested on a mound of earth close to one of the walls, on the top of which were piled a quantity of boxes.

Ah ! I thought, if I can only get up there, I shall be safe *above* the danger. I began to climb, and after great exertion gained the top, when, on looking down, I saw another traveller walking along the rails ; in an eager, warning voice I cried out to him, " Don't you hear the train coming ? He stopped and listened, and, with a cry of fear, said, " Yes " ; and immediately began to climb to where I was standing. " Oh ! pray," I said, in an agony of dread, " find *yourself* a place of safety, don't come here, there is only room for one, and don't you see the boxes on which I stand are already beginning to give way with my weight ? "

" Oh ! " he said, " I don't think, after all, there is any need for you to be frightened, the train's coming, it's true, but the line branches off before it reaches here, and it's just as likely to go the

other way as this, I shall stay where I am, and take my chance."

But as he spoke the words, I heard the increasing noise of the advancing train : I saw it pass the line of which he spoke, and knew in a few moments more he and I too would be crushed beneath those awful wheels. For one moment I raised my eyes above me, and discovered, to my joy, a brick projecting from the wall ; eagerly I clutched it with both hands, for the boxes were sliding from under my feet, when, to my horror, it crumbled within my clasp, and, with a cry of agony, I fell headlong down. The fright awoke me, and I found, with a beating but thankful heart, it was " only a dream."

How I thanked God that my feet were firmly fixed on the " Rock of ages," and that when the mighty train of His judgments sweep through this poor world I shall be safe (with all those under shelter of the blood) above them all.

But, dear reader, where will you be ? You have heard again and again that judgment is coming, and may be, like me in the dream, have believed it, and have been trying to put yourself in a safe place ; you may have climbed up very high on your mound of good works, your morality, your amiability or your respectability, but if you are not under shelter of the " blood" they will all, like the boxes, fall when you need them most.

You may even be so sure of the warning judgment that you may warn others, but that will not save yourself.

Like the projecting brick, *all* will crumble within your grasp ; or perhaps you may be amongst that number who hear about these solemn realities, and, like Felix of old, for a time tremble, but are so blinded by the great enemy of God and man, that you say, " I don't think it will come *my* way, I'll take my chance."

Oh ! wake up, we beseech you, and be blinded no longer ! Flee for refuge to that blessed One Who gave His life's blood that you might be safely sheltered from the terrible storm of *the* judgment which will too surely overtake all those who refuse his proffered mercy, and love.

Listen, oh ! listen to those tender pleading tones of love, which are still saying to you in infinite compassion, " Why will ye die ? " May your language henceforth be

On *Christ* the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking *sand*.

M. A. S.



“ REPENTANCE TOWARD GOD AND FAITH TOWARD OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST ”

ACTS XX. 21

Repentance and faith are inseparable where there is reality. There is no genuine repentance without faith, nor is there true faith without repentance.

Repentance toward God is the soul judging itself, and confessing its ways as in His sight. It is not mere regret or remorse, but that “after-thought,” or judgment on reflection, formed by God’s working through His word to which conscience bows, as self and its past ways are judged before God. It is never apart from a divine testimony, and hence from faith. God’s goodness, not His judgment only, leads to it, and godly sorrow works repentance unto salvation not to be regretted, as the sorrow of the world works death. “I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight,” “God be merciful to me, the sinner”—such is its confession and cry in a broken and contrite spirit. The gospel, the good news of grace is God’s answer.

Faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ is the soul receiving the good news God sends concerning His

Son. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

The Holy Spirit Who works all that is good in the soul takes care that repentance and faith shall co-exist. There may be difference in the outward development. Some souls may manifest more deeply the sorrow of repentance; others may be abounding in the peace and joy of faith. But whenever it is a true operation of God, there cannot but be both. We must allow for the different manifestations in different persons. No two conversions present exactly the same outward effect, some being more simple, others going through the dealings of God more thoroughly. It is well when the repentance toward God is as deep as the faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ is unhesitating. All this goes happily forward with the soul. But this is far from a common case. In most, as far as we can see, faith may be somewhat feeble, and consequently the soul is not a little tried with the sense of its sinfulness before God. In such circumstances self-occupation is apt to cloud the heart.

The spiritual eye is to be set on Christ as the object of faith, but with scrutiny of self subjectively before God, and hence comes a real judgment of sins and sin. There may not be peace, and there is not when this self-judgment with sorrow of heart begins; but faith in a God revealed

to the conscience is surely there, though not yet rest by faith in the accepted and appropriated work of redemption. When Christ's work and God's grace are better and fully known, the self-judgment of repentance is so much the more profound. In this case the judgment seat of Christ, however solemn, is no longer an object of dread. All is out already in conscience, and the flesh is judged as a hateful thing, and so evil really, that nothing but the cross of Christ could be an adequate dealing with it ; but there it is now known that our old man was crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be done away (not merely one's sins be forgiven), so that we should no longer serve sin ; for He that died has been justified from sin. As surely as death has no more dominion (sin never had) over Christ, Who having died to sin once for all, lived unto God ; even so we also who believe may, and should, reckon ourselves dead to sin but alive to God in Christ Jesus. Believers now died with Him.

W. K.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

—
ONE PENNY

NET

*wreck of "La Marie Reine" in 1875, while we
lived in Portland*

OFF PORTLAND BILL

"Will she get round? Will she get round?" The question passed eagerly from lip to lip, as anxious eyes peered through their glasses that wild, stormy Sunday.

"The wind's in her favour, and she ought to get round the Bill"; and the watchers on the Chesil Beach fondly hoped the vessel, tossed so wildly on those angry breakers, might pass from that awful West (or, as locally known, "Dead Man's") Bay into the peace and safety of Weymouth harbour.

But the experienced coastguards shook their heads; and to the onlookers with only the naked eye, it was ominously apparent that the barque was drawing nearer and nearer the dreaded rocks, in spite of the wind that ought to have carried her away from and past them. And those with glasses knew why. The wind *was* in her favour, but she had no power to answer to it, and all the efforts which her almost exhausted crew could make could not piece together the tattered sails that hung in ribbons from her broken masts.

She was doomed, and they knew it. She could not help herself, and her crew could not save

themselves, though as she drifted nearer and nearer in shore, two of them vainly tried, by jumping over and attempting to swim, to reach the land. It only hastened their destruction. No, all on board were perishing, and they knew it.

Why! with a sudden shriek and a bang, a rocket rose from the shore; did those drowning men hear it above the storm? Did they see it, as it rose high in the air and passed over their heads? What could it mean?

A slender cord had fallen from it, which numbed hands eagerly caught, and dim eyes grew bright with excitement as they read instructions attached to it, and printed in their own language. Simple enough! Only, "Make the line fast and haul it in!"

Did they need urging to obey? Soon the line grew heavy, and the great hawser made its appearance, and then the "breeches buoy" or "cradle," and two and two those half-drowned men were borne in safety to the shore. Saved by a power outside them! Saved by trusting themselves to the means provided by an unseen and unknown saviour.

But there was one there who was not saved. Injured by a falling spar, he had been lashed to the mast; and refusing to be other than the last man on board, the captain went down with her, because he would not avail himself of the means of safety, while he could. Poor fellow! his idea

of honour cost his life ! Take care that *your* idea of honour—of propriety—of self-consequence, does not *cost you your soul* !

What is your soul ? The word has been used of late as though it simply meant one's honour and probity, but it means infinitely more than that. It is the undying, eternal part of your being, my reader, the inbreathing of the Creator God, and immortal as the God Who gave it, for " the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life ; and man became a living soul " (Gen. ii. 7).

" The sun is but a spark of fire—
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The soul—immortal as its Sire
Shall never die ! "

It will exist for ever *somewhere*, but where ? Unless saved, you are *perishing*. Not in the sea of oblivion, but under the billows of the wrath of God, in a never-ending "lake of fire" shall your soul righteously spend eternity, unless SAVED—saved in this world in which you now are living. For *here only* can salvation be offered you.

As surely as those poor French sailors would have been engulfed in the angry waves off Portland Bill, had they not been rescued by a power outside them, so surely shall you perish in " everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power " unless you too are saved.

But God has provided salvation. Just as on that iron bound coast, where no life boat could be launched, the rocket apparatus stood all ready to save the perishing, so the Lord Jesus Christ is "set forth" by God "a propitiation through faith in His blood," and the sinner who now believes in, and rests, in Him, as those drowning men trusted and rested in the "cradle," is saved eternally.

The law said of old, "This do and thou shalt live"; but man was incapable of keeping the law; and it did but prove his helplessness, as the favourable wind proved the terrible plight of the doomed vessel.

You do not need a helper; you need a Saviour. And a Saviour—God has provided One, even "our Saviour Jesus Christ." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). He has been to the cross, and "through the Eternal Spirit, He offered Himself without spot to God," His soul was made an offering for sin "when He stood in the sinner's stead, and "by Himself purged our sins"—ours, who believe on Him. But God has provided one *Only* Saviour. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." All other means, prayers, alms, church-going, penances—however excellent they might appear—are useless for the saving of the soul,

Jesus alone, Jesus *alone*, Jesus **ALONE** can save. None others! Make no mistake. He *can*, He will. "By Him **ALL** who believe are justified from all things." **ARE** you? If so, you can say He *died* to save you; He *lives* to save you; and He is *coming* to save you—spirit, soul, and body, to be *with* Him for ever.

T.



THE POWER OF GOD'S WORD

(A TRUE STORY)

Some few years ago, a Christian lady, having decided that she ought to try and put into practice her faith in the efficacy of God's Word to bring souls into the true light—that she ought to work as well as pray for her Jewish acquaintances—bought some Marked New Testaments to circulate among some of the Jewish ladies in her own town.

Several of these little books had gone out with kind personal notes inside them, and one day the last of the first series was ready. The lady started on the errand, but the Lord interposed, and turned aside her footsteps. Apparently, it was just a

friend's need of a walk along the sea coast that took her in another direction. In reality, the Master of her life was sending her whither He would.

The walk lengthened beyond her strength ; so bidding her friend " good-bye," she sat down in a shelter on the sea-front to rest awhile. Only one other person sat there with her, and that one was sitting, white and still, with closed eyes. A few moments passed in awed silence, then the tired lady timidly inquired : " Are you ill ? Can I do anything for you ? "

The eyes opened ; they were dark and despairing ; the lips moved, and a voice, hollow and sad, said : " Yes, I am ill—I am dying, but no one can help me with that."

Swift as thought, came the gentle answer, " Christ only ; but what a comfort that He can ! "

Suddenly new life seemed to vibrate through the frail form. Anger, that almost paralysed her hearer, rang in the scornful tones of the stranger ; the dark eyes blazed with brilliancy. " Do not mention *that* Name to me ! The imposter ! The enemy of our race ! The accursed one ! "

With each nerve throbbing from anxiety to help, the Christian woman paused, uncertain how to answer. Close to her was one near to another world ; she dare not lose the opportunity ; nevertheless this bitter animosity seemed to freeze the words upon her tongue.

Falteringly, she began: "Have you ever read the New Testament?"

"Never!" came the sharp response in the same scathing accents.

"Is that quite fair? To us who know the Book and love it, your conduct seems like condemning a person unheard. You are dying, you say—the New Testament tells of a beautiful life beyond this. Oh, do read it"—holding it out to her.

A strange expression flitted over the sick woman's face. "What do you know about dying?" she said. "You are in good health and strength. Stand where I do, then you will know.

WHAT 'NO HOPE' MEANS."

Again the tragic notes thrilled the listener's heart. "I do not yet know what death is," she said, tenderly; "but I know something of life. I have had some heavy trials to live through—trials which I could not have borne without my Saviour's help. I could *not live* without Him, so I could not dare face death without Him. But as He is sufficient for life, I am sure he will be for death. Oh, do read about Him!" And again she held out the small parcel.

A weird smile lighted up the sad, thin face. "Well, nothing can hurt me now. At any rate, you mean well." And the Jewess took the packet, slipping it into a bag by her side.

Just then another lady hurried up. Noticing only the invalid, she placed her arm around her, and taking up the bag, guided her across the road into a house on the other side. The inspired volume had started on its mission.

* * * * *

A year went by, and again the Christian lady was on the sea-front. As she walked along, someone eyed her curiously, but with an unfriendly gaze which made her feel uncomfortable, though she knew not why. Turning to retrace her steps, they met again, and this time the other paused, asking, abruptly : " Are you Miss —— ? "

" Yes."

" Then I have a message to give you. Do you remember giving a New Testament to a sick lady in a shelter here a year ago ? "

" Yes."

" Well, she is dead. As she was dying, I promised her if I ever met you I would tell you that she died in peace, trusting in your Jesus Christ. I was a fool to promise her, but I did it, and I have kept my word ; but I curse you for giving the Book to her : you have destroyed her soul."

She was turning to go, when the Christian lady stopped her. " The Testament—where is that ? "

" I have it, I promised her to keep it ; but no one shall ever see it—it shall do no more harm."

Quickly she walked away, leaving no chance of an answer ; and her hearer went home, so shadowed by the terrible looks and words of hatred, that for days she could hardly give thanks for the precious soul that had been redeemed and was in glory.

* * * * *

Many months sped on their way, marked only by the silent prayer for that Jewish sister still in darkness. Then, one morning, a letter arrived in a strange hand-writing, with a strange post-mark. It was brief, and unsigned. It said: "Your Jewish sister thanks and blesses you. I, too, have read that New Testament, and found the true Messiah.

PRAY THAT I MAY BE FAITHFUL⁵;

all here are against me, especially my husband. He has taken the Book from me—pray for him also. Yours in the love of Christ."

* * * * *

More months sped away—then another missive came. "When this reaches you I shall be with my precious sister before the Throne. I am dying, as she did, of consumption ; but I want you to know that I have been kept true, and that I have my dear copy of the New Testament again. Last week my husband gave it to me. He has said no word, but he is all kindness and love. I asked him if he had read it ; he only said : "Ask no questions,' so

I am praying on in hope. Continue your prayers for him."

Day by day that request was complied with, though the petitioner knew neither the name nor the abode of the one for whom she prayed. But the Hearer of prayer knew, and sent one more answer. Two texts of Scripture written on a card came in a foreign envelope. One of them was: "My Word shall not return unto Me void"—a text which speaks convincingly of the hidden power which lives in the inspired Word of Divine Truth.

The future history of the Book whose work has been described is known to Israel's Redeemer alone. This little story of its past service is published to cheer the hearts of those who are lovingly "sowing the seed beside all waters."

Thou canst not toil in vain,
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall nurture and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky.

H. S. T.



Memory Notes of Address by W. N. J. Cole

"A MAN BORNE WITNESS TO"

(1) A convicted sinner's testimony to Him. "Come see a *Man* which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" (John iv. 29). The wonderful incident recorded in this chapter is a blessed illustration that "the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "He must needs go through Samaria," and then "wearied with His journey sat thus on the well." There a meeting took place—not a large one—only two present, a sinner and the Saviour. During that interview, Omniscience showed He knew her through and through——

"Her life of sin by Him made known
Tells her she stands with God alone."

But if Omniscience read the whole of the dark secrets of her life, Omnipotence was there, able to put away the sin and save the sinner. But now, a few pages further, and in chapter xix. we find a further testimony, viz.,

(2) An unjust judge's testimony to Him "Pilate saith unto them, Behold *the Man* I find no fault in Him" (verses 5, 6). Picture the scene! The Man Who had sat on the well is here, surrounded by His enemies. He is crowned with thorns, He is robed in purple in mockery. He has given "His back to the smiters, and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair," and

the hand that had touched the leper, and dispelled the leprosy—that had clasped the fever-stricken, and cured the fever instantaneously—that hand bears a reed instead of a sceptre! “Behold the Man”! “the Man Christ Jesus” coming forth to die! The hatred of man to God, the enormity of his guilt, his utter alienation from Him, were never so seen as when the cry rang from the surrounding crowd, “Crucify, crucify Him.” “I find no fault in Him,” is the heathen judge’s verdict, yet “he delivered Him unto them to be crucified.” Ah, thus only could the seeking Saviour save the lost! Himself must die; the Holy One must be made sin. And He has died; the words have rung from His dying lips, “It is finished”; and the soldier’s spear has witnessed the fact, when from His pierced side “forthwith came thereout blood and water.” “He that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye also might believe.” “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

(3) A faithful servant’s testimony to Him. “Through *this Man* is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things” (Acts xiii. 38, 39). The One Whom “they took down from the tree and laid in a sepulchre” is not there. “God raised Him from the dead,” and one who had seen Him

in the glory at the right hand of God exclaims :
 " We declare unto you glad tidings." Oh, the
 gospel means " glad tidings." and what tidings so
 glad as these that " through this Man is preached
 unto you the forgiveness of sins ! " " Unto *you*,"
 my reader ! Oh, do you accept it ? Do you
 believe it ? do you welcome such good news ?
 Forgiveness for all the past—for all His light has
 made manifest to your conscience ! If you do,
 " by Him all that believe *are justified* from all
 things " ! Forgiveness in His Name is *preached*
to you to-day ; if you believe it you receive the
 benefit of it—" *all that believe ARE justified !* "
 My reader, *are you ?*

But the same lips that bore witness to His
 marvellous grace, and the result of His finished
 work at Antioch, bore another testimony in
 Athens to

(4) God's purpose concerning Him. " God
 . . . now commandeth all men, everywhere to
 repent : because He hath appointed a day in the
 which He will judge the world in righteousness
 by *that Man* Whom He hath ordained ; whereof
 He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He
 hath raised Him from the dead." (Acts xvii.
 30, 31). It was God's message to the intellectual,
 knowledge-seeking, religious Athenians. Great
 idolaters ! rather than miss one object of worship,
 they would erect an altar " to the unknown God."

But the God they knew not, knew them thoroughly, as He knows you, and in solemn accents He calls them to repent. "Judgment is before him, therefore trust thou in him" (Job xxxv. 14). The Man Who in grace could tell a convicted sinner "all that ever she did," and yet invite her to "come hither," is the One to Whom as Son of man, and *because* He is Son of man, all judgment is committed (John v. 22, 27). The day is fixed; His resurrection is the seal of His appointment as Judge; then, as His lips read out from the unerring record of His books all that ever each sinner there before Him has done, the fiat will go forth, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!" Awful contrast to the gracious invitation "Come hither," uttered by those same lips at the well of Sychar!

That invitation still goes forth to-night; still in His Name God preaches forgiveness; still "by Him all that believe are justified," "that we may have boldness in the day of judgment, because as He is so are we in this world" (1 John iv. 17). May you, my reader, believe the testimony that God has given of His Son!

JOHN iv.

At Sychar's well a sinner met
 The Sent One from above,
 And from His lips astonished heard
 Of God's so wondrous love.

His word—it reached her sinful heart,
 And to her conscience proved
 The need of mercy, which to her
 His sovereign love bestowed.

She journeyed to the well to fetch
 The water, creatures need ;
 But ere she left did she partake
 Of streams of life indeed !

Then conscious of a new-found joy
 Forgot her errand there,
 And hasted back to tell the news
 That other hearts might share.

The Saviour tarried—wondrous grace !
 Until she came again ;
 And at her bidding others came
 To see the wondrous Man.

They listened to His gracious words,
 And proved the story true ;
 " Samaria's erring daughter " told
 Of Him, whom now they knew.

They welcomed Him with open heart,
 Then homeward sped their way,
 With Jesus as a welcome Guest,
 Who deigned with them to stay.

And from His gracious lips there poured
 The words of truth divine,
 Which made their hearts with joy abound,
 And peace which calms the mind.

And thus the gospel message shed
 The light of life divine
 Into dark minds, by nature blind
 To glories so sublime.

Christ came to earth in lowly guise
 To do His Father's will,
 And though He's now exalted high
 He welcomes sinners still.

H. J. C.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

—
ONE PENNY

NET

THE FIVE CARD SHARPERS

A friend of mine was coming on a train once when five of the nine in the carriage began to play cards ; they were evidently sharpers, and before long challenged others to play with them, but all declined. At last they turned to my friend and said——

“ We can see by your face that you fully understand the game ; come, take a turn.”

“ I did know the cards once,” he said, “ but it is so long since I played that I forget.”

“ Nonsense !” they said, “ you could win all our money, if you only tried.”

“ Perhaps that would not be very much,” he replied. “ Any way, I will not attempt. Five of you are enough for your game. We will look on.”

As they still pegged away at him, he at last said——

“ Gentleman, I tell you I cannot play ; but there is one thing I can do.”

“ What is that ? ” they asked eagerly.

“ I can tell fortunes.”

“ Capital ! Will you tell ours ! ”

“ Yes, if you wish it. But I warn you it may not be very flattering.”

“ What card do you want ? ”

“ The five of spades, please,” and it was handed to him with expectation of great sport.

"I shall require one other thing if you don't mind," he further said.

"What?" they asked a little impatiently.

"A Bible."

They could not produce one.

"No, but you had one once," said the fortune-teller, "and if you had followed its precepts you would not have been what you now are. However I have one," and to their dismay he produced it.

A pistol would hardly have been a more unwelcome object. But the fortune-teller began:

"Gentlemen, you see these two pips I have laid at the top of your card! I wish them to represent your two eyes; this one in the middle, your mouth; and these other two, your knees. Now, in Rev. i. 7 I read:

'Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him.'

The speaker is the Nazarene, who shed His blood for sinners like you and me; and with your eyes, that then shall see Him, you will have to stand before Him to be judged. That is the future of your eyes," he continued.

"Now concerning your mouth and knees, let me read Phil. ii. 9—12:

'Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in

heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth ; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.'

From this I foretell that your knees will bow to Jesus, and your tongue that used to carelessly say, 'Gentle Jesus' and 'Our Father,' will have to confess that He is truly Lord of all. Yes, your eyes will see Him, and when you see Him, your knees will grow weak, and you will fall before His Majesty."

They got more than they bargained for ; but he gave them some more.

"Gentlemen, that is only the first reading of this card ; now for the second, if you please. These five spades represent five actual spades that are already made and may ere long, dig the graves of you five sinners, and then, if still unsaved, your souls will be in hell, crying in thirst for a drop of water and you will wish you had never been born" (Luke xvi. 19-31).

The five card sharpers were getting more and more fidgety ; but it was useless, for they could not get out, as the train would not stop until it reached Reading.

"Gentlemen," continued the fortune-teller, "you may escape this terrible future, and my fortune-telling not come true, if you will do what I did, and perhaps I was the worst of the six. My eyes saw

Jesus dying upon a cross for me, in my stead, bearing my doom. I thanked Him. My *tongue* confessed Him Lord, and my *knees* bowed to Him in lowly submission.

If you do this, I can foretell the very reverse of all I have said. I have told your fortunes as I promised, and if I am right you ought to cross my palm with a shilling apiece, but I do not wish your five shillings ; I will be content if even but one of you will promise to trust the Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin."

They would neither pay nor promise ; but, as the train pulled up at Reading, they tumbled out as if the carriage had contained a small-pox patient, leaving my friend in possession of the " five of spades."

" Stop," he cried, " here is your card," which he tossed after them.

* * * * *

Ten years passed away when my friend walking near his home at Shepherd's Bush, London, was accosted by some one saying, " Good evening, sir."

" It is a good evening, if all your sins are forgiven " was the rejoinder.

" Yes, and I am glad you are still at it," replied the stranger.

" Still at what ? "

" Telling fortunes."

" That is not my line."

“ Well, you told mine more than ten years ago.”

“ I think you are mistaken,” said my friend.

“ No ; anyone who has once seen you can never **m**istake you.”

He then recalled the ride from Oxford.

“ Ah ! I remember, and you left like a lot of cowards, without paying the fortune-teller.”

“ I am your payment. Your words have come true of three of us ; the three spades have dug three graves. The other one I saw at Reading a few days ago ; he is anxious to be saved from the fortune you foretold, and is attending religious meetings. Indeed, as I parted with him I said,

‘ Sam, don’t forget the five of spades.’ ”

“ And what about yourself ? ”

“ When you saw me in that railway carriage, I was downright miserable. Mother had just died, and I had been with her shortly before. Calling me to her bedside, she had said to me,

‘ William, kiss your mother, and I leave you this scripture—

“ Behold, He cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see Him ” (Rev. i. 7).

When you quoted those very same words, it seemed as if my mother rose up and frowned upon the cards. The text followed me, but I drank, and drank, and drank again though continually I heard,

‘ Every eye shall see Him.’

At last I went to California, for the gold diggings. As soon as I landed, having nothing to do I stopped to hear some singing. The singers formed a little procession, and I followed to a mission. When the young man got up to speak, he gave out as his text those very words :

‘ Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him.’

It was more than I could stand ; and that night I bowed my knees in submission, saw Jesus as my Saviour, and with my tongue confessed Him.”

Was not that “ one ” good cheer and good payment for the fortune-teller ?

“ As I live, saith the Lord, Every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God ” (Rom. xiv. 11).

“ God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish, but have everlasting life ” (John iii. 16).

“ 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).

ABOUT " LEAVE "

The question of leave is one of deep interest to most employed persons, and the case of two colleagues in a London office recently was no exception to this rule. An increase of three days' leave for the current year had just been announced, and for the moment formed the subject of conversation. But little did either of the speakers anticipate that one of them would, within the next few days, be laid hold of by the hand of death, and the soul so suddenly would " take leave " of the body without any question of " permission " being raised !

Yet so it was ; and so indeed may it be with any one of Adam's race alive to-day. Death is no respecter of persons, he claims the great as well as the insignificant, the rich as well as the poor, the saint as well as the sinner.

Says a wise writer in the Old Testament, " There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit, neither hath he power in the day of death : and there is *no discharge in that war* " (Eccles. viii. 8).

But is there nothing which can introduce a gleam of hope upon the darkened horizon of man-

kind? Is there not a deliverer strong enough to overcome this dread foe called Death? Thank God, we may know of One Who has met the holder of this power of death, the devil; One who is able to deliver those who through fear of death are subject to bondage (Heb. ii. 14, 15). This Deliverer Himself went down into death, but within three days He rose again, the mighty Conqueror of death and Satan.

“ He Satan’s power laid low;
Made sin, He sin o’erthrew;
Bowed to the grave, destroyed it so,
And death by dying slew.”

Reader, dost thou know Him as thy Deliverer from sin and Satan’s power, from the wrath to come, and the “second death?” Christ Jesus, the despised Nazarene, is the One of Whom we speak, and by Him, through His word and His Spirit, God is speaking to the whole world in these last days. The Lord Jesus Christ is He Who is able to save to the uttermost those that come unto God by Him” (Heb. vii. 25). Believing on Him the “sting” of death will be removed, and when life’s journey comes to its close, death will be found to be but a servant to usher your soul out of time into an eternity of bliss to be for ever with Jesus in the paradise of God.

Extracted from "The Shipwrecked Mariners"

THE SAILOR LOST AND FOUND

On the morning of the 25th of February, 1857, the dawning light disclosed a scene of the deepest distress on the broad expanse of the North Sea. Racked in body and tortured in mind, four successive days had James D—— and his companions strained their eyes in search of a sail. Death was apparently approaching.

The suffering from cold was intense. Their position on the mast, the only remains of their vessel, which had foundered, and to which they were lashed, being such as to preclude the possibility of their moving. Wave after wave dashed over them; hour after hour rolled on; but not one speck betokening a sail darkened the horizon.

Apart from the consciousness of present suffering, there might be traced on the countenances of all but James D—— a fulfilment of the truth, "the wicked have no bands in their death." There appeared a sullen carelessness of what was to be, when the last sigh had been drawn, and the spirit had returned to the God who gave it. Occasionally the awful silence which reigned on the face of the waters was broken by the expression of a hope

from one of the sufferers, that " they would fare as well as their neighbours, were they unable to weather the present storm."

No such ill-founded hopes lessened what appeared to be the dying agonies of James D——. The terrors of " the worm that dieth not, and the fire that never shall be quenched " seemed to be placed before him, and with bitter groans, as he gazed around, above, beneath, he exclaimed, " I am a lost sinner, for I have sinned against light. My mother's prayers and advice I scorned, and now my soul is damned—I am without hope."

But deliverance was at hand. " A sail! A sail! " was feebly uttered by one of the sufferers. There were two men on that mast whose hearts were never to throb again, either in expectation of woe or joy; the waves had done their appointed work and the souls of J. O—— and F. T—— were in eternity.

A few moments of intense anxiety was still the portion of the surviving crew, for it was by no means certain that the vessel saw them; but soon she appeared to be bearing down on them, and James D—— and his three companions rescued from destruction, were carried below—James D—— in a state of insensibility.

Again the bright morning light streamed in upon a scene of suffering, in which James D—— bore his sad part. The dead and the dying were

around, and again his countenance bore the marks of despair.

“ Now,” he cried out as he tossed about on his feverish bed, “ now I am indeed without hope ; the good resolutions I made on the mast have been broken, and now the Lord will laugh at my calamity and mock at my fear ; for oh ! how often have I refused His gracious invitations.”

Days passed on when in the ordering of God’s providence, a captain in the navy was led to the bedside of James D—— ; but oh, how changed was he from the hardened sailor of other days !

“ Sir,” said the sufferer, as his visitor enquired whether he had a “ good hope through grace,” “ Sir, I have a hope which is an anchor to my soul both sure and stedfast. I have been led to cast anchor on the Rock of Ages, and all the waves of time, and all the storms of eternity shall be unable to remove me. This illness, sir, has been blessed to me, through the goodness of God ; a book of sermons sent to me by Mr. —— was the means of bringing me to Jesus, my ONLY hope, my precious Saviour. I was the child of many prayers ; they were registered on high : they are now answered.”

In the course of conversation, Captain—— asked him what were his feelings when lashed to the mast.

“ Oh sir,” he replied, “ they were awful, I have hardly dared to bring them to my recollection !

At times, from the excessive cold, I was really insensible ; but there were moments of horror quite indescribable ; hell seemed to accompany every wave ; and each wave brought hell more vividly before my eyes."

Captain—— asked him if he did not try to pray.

" No, sir," was his answer, " Satan would not *allow* me to pray ; he whispered to me, You have nothing to do with prayer, there is no hope. This is all I can remember, for by the time the vessel that picked us up, hailed us, I was insensible to all outward things."

About two months passed, when in one of Captain—— visits, James D—— informed him with a sad countenance, that there was a proposition to remove him to ——, many miles from his present scene of suffering.

But one thought seemed to distress the dying man. " Sir," he exclaimed with deep feeling, " I shall lose your visits ! "

After a moment's pause, as faith and hope asserted their power to make up for every loss, he added with a look of earnest thankfulness, " I leave this place with that which can never be lost !

James D—— is now in the enjoyment of everlasting bliss. Reader ! Are you seeking *that which cannot be lost*,— a saving interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend ?

[*Extracted.*]

Related by W. J. R. Parrott

A SONG OF PRAISE AND ITS RESULT

Two trains from different parts of the country, steamed slowly into one of the large London Termini some time ago ; and the engine drivers, after finishing their work, each sought the mess room of the depôt, to partake of a needed meal, while awaiting their return journey home.

It was the Lord's Day, and both belonged to Him, by new birth, by gift, and by purchase ; and they rejoiced in the knowledge of it. As slaves of old born in the house were their master's property, by birth ; so these two men—having been born again by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever (1 Peter i. 2, 3) ; or in the language of the Gospel of John (chap. iii. 5) " born of water and of the Spirit," gladly owned His claims upon them. They rejoiced to know they were also individually the gift of the Father to the Son (John xvii. 2), and more—" bought with a price," righteously the possession of the Purchaser, and not only so but *redeemed*, set free from their former condition to serve their new Owner in newness of life.

Abiding with God in the calling, wherein they had been called, though unable through the duties

connected with that calling to devote that first of [the] week solely to His worship and service as they would have desired, their hearts nevertheless were at leisure to commune with Him ; and as they thus met in the mess room, “ out of the abundance of the heart ” their mouth spoke of Him, and His praise. Sweet was their conversation together as they partook of their needed meal ; and then, their hearts burning within them, like the two going to Emmaus, they began to sing hymn after hymn, telling of His praise.

Sweetly those strains ascended above the noise and bustle of the busy station around them, and the roar of the great city surrounding that, to the very throne of God—music in His ears to Whom no Name is so fragrant as His beloved Son’s—‘ A sweet savour of Christ to God ! ’ ” But another was listening too !

A coal heaver passing by heard the unaccustomed sounds, and gently opening the door, put his head inside. He was noticed, and invited in. Stepping inside, he listened to their conversation, as the two men spoke of the One who had loved them while they were sinners, and in order righteously to give effect to that love had sent His beloved Son to die in their stead, bear the punishment of their sin, and make a full atonement by His precious blood.

The coal heaver stood rivetted with a bewildered

look on his grimy face ; at last, saying " I have never heard anything like this before," he turned and went away to his work.

Two or three days afterwards, one of the drivers was at the depôt again, when a mate of the coaley came up to him asking, " What did you do with Jack—— on Sunday ? We cannot make him out ! " No, Jack had heard words whereby he should be saved ; for it pleases God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe ; and he had received the message so unexpectedly heard, not as the word of men but of God.

Time went on, and one day Jack caught sight of the driver again and hastened to him to hear more. After some conversation, the driver said, " I have a little Testament in my bag, would you like it ? " Jack gratefully accepted it, and they parted.

Some time elapsed, and again they met. " Did you read the book Jack ? " asked his friend.

" No, I cannot read," was the reply, " but I asked my wife to read it to me, and now through it she too is converted ! "

T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

—
ONE PENNY

NET

Confession of William Day, told by his father

A STREET ACCIDENT, AND WHAT IT CALLED FORTH

It was a wet morning in South London, as father and son rode together in a van. By and by the lad said. "Father, I need a new pair of leggings, and there is a shop, just here where they have them. May I get a pair?"

"Yes, my boy, I'll stop for you."

And the father reined in the horse to stop as soon as he could in that busy thoroughfare. But the ground was slippery and on an incline, and the horse could not pull up as soon as the lad, at any rate, wished. With the impatience and energy of a boy in his teens he jumped down while the van was still in rapid motion; his foot slipped, and he fell, as his father thought, under the wheel.

With terrible anxiety, the father brought the horse up as quickly as he possibly could, sprang down, and hurried back, expecting to see a crowd round his boy's prostrate and perhaps lifeless body; but no trace of the lad could he see. No

crowd, no commotion—the double stream of traffic proceeding as usual! And then, with his parcel under his arm, he spied the boy tripping gaily to meet him.

“O Will, I thought you had fallen under the wheel!” he exclaimed.

“No, Father, I fell behind the van, and was not hurt at all,” he explained.

When both were again seated the father asked solemnly, “Suppose, my boy, the wheel had gone over you, and you had been killed, where would you be now?”

“In heaven, father.”

“How do you know that, my boy?”

“Because I believe in Jesus, father, that He died for me, and I know my sins are all forgiven.”

And then it came out how the seed sown by that Christian father (and mother too) had been watered by an earnest Sunday School teacher and, being good seed, the seed of the word, and falling on good ground in that young heart, was thus springing up, a tiny green blade of confession of Christ.

Good ground! Why, was he better than other boys of his age? Nay, kept by the shelter of that Christian home from the snares and temptations to vice that many boys are exposed to, Will had nevertheless a nature as bad as the worst jail-bird of the London slums; but the Holy Spirit

had ploughed up his heart and conscience, and showed him that he was a lost sinner, and he had been honest about it. His heart was "good ground" because it was a broken and a contrite one; he had received the word, he had understood it; and the first indication his father had of the work going on inside was the confession of faith in Christ called forth by that accident.

Reader, accidents happen every day. By 'bus, or tram, or train, by land, or water, or air, when walking quietly along, or standing at one's very doorstep, and souls are daily being hurried into eternity. Many a fall less apparently dangerous than Will's has been fatal; and who knows whether you may be the next victim? Death often gives no warning of his approach. But God warns you of what comes "*after death.*" It is not the end. *You will not die like a dog!* No, "it is appointed unto men once to die, but AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT" (Heb. ix. 27).

You must appear before God to give an account of the things done in your body. Are you prepared to do so? But that judgment will not be to determine *whether* you are saved, or lost—whether your eternal destiny will be the paradise of God, the heaven of heavens, where Jesus is—or the place of unending torment—the lake of fire! prepared for the devil and his angels. In one or other you must spend—not a century, or a mil-

lennium, but ETERNITY! And that destiny must be fixed here, BEFORE you die. At the judgment of the great white throne, where the dead, small and great stand before God, there is but one issue. *All* are thence consigned to the lake of fire for ever.

God has "no pleasure in the death of him that dieth," and "judgment is His strange work," though His holiness demands that He executes it. But He delights in mercy, and in order to shew the riches of that mercy to you, He has sent His beloved Son, not as Judge, but as Saviour; and in order to spare you, has not spared Him, but delivered Him up to death and to judgment. On the cross, where man put Him in his hatred and rebellion, God made His soul an offering for sin; and laying upon Him our sins we who believe can say, God judged Him in our room and stead. All has been borne; the wrath has been executed, atonement made, and the Saviour is risen and exalted, and at God's right hand to-day. He waits to save *you*. He invites you to come to Him: He offers you *now* the free pardon of all your sins, and the knowledge of salvation through it.

"Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Oh, accept it, and you will have the assurance which Will had as he fell in that muddy London street, that if the wheel

had passed over him, he would have gone straight to Jesus.

* * * * *

Several years passed by, and then death again approached, heralded now by months of sickness. The tender blade of his boyhood had developed into the "ear" of quiet unobtrusive service for his Lord in early manhood, and now was ripened and fit for the garner. And death had no terror. He sang

"For ever with the Lord!

Amen, so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word—

What joy His face to see!"

and within ten minutes had entered into that joy!

Reader, if you would die the death of the righteous, you must be made righteous now.

From an Address by M. N. J. Cole

THREE DIVINE HANDWRITINGS

There are three handwritings spoken of in the word of God, each written by the finger of God—the first, on tables of stone; the second, on a palace wall; the third, on the temple floor.

"And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the

tables" (Exodus xxxii. 16). And what was written we are told in Deut. v. 22—the ten commandments—the lowest standard a holy God could give. But it was a "handwriting of ordinances that was *against* us"; it was "holy, and just, and good," but man to whom it was given was unholy, unjust, and wicked, and thus it became a "ministration of *death*" (2 Cor. iii. 7). "Had there been a law given that could have given life, verily righteousness had been by the law;" but it could not, for there was no ability in man to answer to it, therefore it became "a ministration of condemnation." "As many as are of works of law, are under a curse; for it is written; Cursed is *everyone* that continueth not in *all* the things that are written in the book of the law to do them" (Gal. iii. 10).

It was a night of revelry, and the impious young king with his thousand lords and the women of his court were drinking and carousing without hindrance. Unmindful of the enemy at his gates, he would recall his grandsire's former victories, and calls for their witness in the golden vessels taken from Jehovah's temple at Jerusalem. Holy vessels, set apart for the service of God! they are filled and drained amid the ribald laugh, the coarse joke, the impious praise of Bel of Merodach, or other Chaldean deity. They were cause of jest to Belshazzar and his minions; but they spoke to

God of His beloved Son, and they were precious in His eyes. " *In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote*" (Dan. v. 5). Only four words—but unintelligible to the affrighted monarch. "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin"—"Numbered! numbered! weighed! divided!" "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it," "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting," "Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

"Weighed in the balances, and *found wanting.*" Weighed in the balances of that holy law, God's first handwriting, what shall a second declare of you, my reader? Can you balance that standard weight? "A just weight and balance are the Lord's" (Proverbs xvi. 11). You may go over each commandment as Saul of Tarsus could, and write over each item "paid," till but one of the ten remains unsettled; but the last one outweighed the credit—"thou shalt not covet"—and Saul of Tarsus, the best boy in the school, the finest scholar, "above my equals in my own countrymen," was "*found wanting.*"

Weighed, found wanting, and the *numbering finished*. The last day of the king's reign come: the last of life's hour-glass passing—no hope of reformation, no time to repent—"that night was

Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain." And *this* night, thy soul may be required of thee; what if "found wanting?"

But a very different scene witnessed the third divine handwriting. Early morning in the temple courts, and Jesus of Nazareth, the lowly and despised One, the homeless Stranger, having spent the night on the Mount of Olives, is again in His "Father's House," sitting down and teaching. But His discourse is interrupted. A company of highly respected and learned men bring to him a guilty woman, caught in the very act of sin. She had broken the seventh commandment—"And Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned, but what sayest Thou?" "But *Jesus stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground*" (John viii. 6). What did He write? Words that have never been read. But those eyes which as a flame of fire shall discern the innermost thoughts of the heart, are fixed on the ground; His face is hidden from them, and only their persistent questioning brought one flash to shine upon them—and it shone into their very conscience—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." "*And again He stooped down and wrote on the ground.*" And as He writes, the accusers disappear. He rises, and finds Himself alone with the guilty woman. "Hath no man condemned thee?"

Ah, they dared not. The finger that had written "Thou shalt not commit adultery" whilst writing on the ground had written *their* condemnation on their own consciences; the light was "too perfect and too pure for mortal darkness to endure," and they shrank from it. "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." He had not come to condemn but to save; He would not, and they went out! But He made no light of her sin. The day is coming when He will condemn the guilty, but meanwhile He waits—waits for repentance, waits to save the sinner while judging the sin. And in order so to do, He was brought into the dust of death. He, the guiltless, bore the doom of the guilty; He who had magnified the law and made it honourable was made a curse for those who had broken it; and the nails that fastened His holy hands and feet to the tree of shame cancelled for ever that "handwriting of ordinances that was against us." The penalty has been paid; justice is satisfied; and the Voice from the Throne exclaims "Write; for these words are true and faithful . . . I will give unto him that is athirst of the Fountain of the Water of Life freely."

Conversation between G. A. H. P. & M. E. J.

“BLOTTED OUT”

“Look at the sea, my dear,” said one lady to another as they stood near their bedroom window.

“Oh, isn’t it lovely! how dark a blue it is! And isn’t it clear? There’s a ship on the horizon—and another, and another! It is beautiful!”

An hour later and the two ladies sat in a shelter on the parade. The sea was still blue, the coast-line clearly defined, and they chatted to each other of various points of interest.

They turned westward. “Oh, how it is raining out in the channel!” exclaimed one. And they watched the angry cloud, as it rapidly came nearer, blotting out the ships on the horizon and the fair view, until the eye rested on nothing but the dark grey mist.

“Does it not make you think of the words, ‘I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions; and as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me, for I have redeemed thee’ (Isaiah xlv. 22)?”

“Yes!” And the two gazed and mused on the wonderful words.

Ponder them too, dear reader! It is God Who speaks. ‘I have blotted out’—I, the God against whom thou hast sinned, whom thou hast forgotten and defied—I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions; and as a cloud,

thy sins." Gaze on the impenetrable mist of the next thick cloud that darkens thy horizon ; peer if possible into gloomy depths and realize those marvellous words. " Thy sins "—have they ever caused thee five minutes' anxiety ? Ah, in the dead of night, or when a sudden and ghastly death seemed imminent—when conscience pricked and startled, the fact " I must meet God " would assert itself—" thy sins," ah, who could cover them ? Who could hide them from His face ?—" I have blotted out "—" I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions FOR MINE OWN SAKE, and will not remember thy sins " (Isaiah xliii. 25).

There is the secret. It is not for thy sake, poor, wretched, guilty rebel as thou art ; not for anything of thine—not in view of any merit—for thou hast none—not because of your tears or prayers, or entreaty, however right are all these, but " FOR MINE OWN SAKE."

What will bring God most glory—to pardon thy sins, or to punish them ? Pass them by He cannot : to ignore them, His holiness, majesty and righteousness forbid. But He has found a way whereby He can righteously blot them out—put them from His sight—forgive and forget them—for He has said, " Their sins and iniquities I will remember no more " (Heb. x. 17).

But the cloud that summer evening passed

away, and again the sea, and the ships and the coast appeared, at first faintly, but soon as clear as ever. Is that how God blots out?

(Wreck of the Sargasso, witnessed by the children of Mr. J. J. J.)

Over forty years ago, on a bright March day, a group of little faces watched a magnificent vessel, as, with all canvas spread, she made her way to the great port only a few miles distant. Again the thick cloud, borne by a terrific squall of wind, passed with awful suddenness over the gay scene, while the eddying snowflakes blotted out every object more than a few feet from the window. It was only for a few minutes, and the children continued watching: they saw the blue sky reappear, as the thick cloud passed; they saw the familiar objects on shore mantled with the melting snow—they looked to sea.

“Father, where is the ship? they queried.

Ah, where? And the mourning in hundreds of English homes on the following day answered the question. Gone for ever. Blotted out, and gone—buried in the depths of the sea. That is how God blots out sins, dear reader. “Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea” (Micah vii. 19). They will never appear again in judgment against you.

And how does God do this? What is it which thus blots out and puts away the guilt of the believer? Blood—and blood alone. “The blood

of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin " (1 John i. 7).

" He hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him " (2 Cor. v. 21).

" Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures, and He was buried, and He rose again the third day according to the scriptures " (1 Cor. xv. 2). This is the gospel, " the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world " and He died as the propitiation for sins—died to make atonement—to satisfy in righteousness all the claims of God's throne—to offer a sacrifice which avails for any and every sinner if you will but come to Jesus. And on the ground of *this* atonement, for *there is no other*, His death on the cross, when He said, " It is finished "—on this ground, and this only, God declares to you, " I even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for *mine own sake*, and will not remember thy sins." " I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." Will you come to Jesus—now? " Him that cometh to ME," He has said, " I will in no wise cast out." Blessed Saviour, " Just as I am, I come."

What is thy response to such mercy? Dost thou believe the record God is thus giving of His

Son, or art thou making Him a liar by disbelieving Him? (1 John v. 10).

“Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe *are* justified from all things” (Acts xiii. 38, 39). It is His royal proclamation. Believe it; accept it; prove its truth by resting on it—the word of the unchangeable Eternal I Am!

But there is another side. This paper, as it drops from your hand, leaves you either a believer or a rejector—resting on the word of the living God, or rejecting it, which? Listen! “Beware therefore lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets; Behold ye despisers, and wonder and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you” (Acts xiii. 41).

Beware! Your unbelief will not alter the finished work of Christ; or its God glorifying, sinner-saving results; or detract a jot from the eternal verity of His statement; but *it will hinder your participating in the benefit of it*. There is but one alternative—to have one's sins blotted out as a thick cloud, by God Himself, and now; or dying in those sins, to be raised in those sins, and judged for those sins, as one to whom the mist of darkness—the blackness of darkness—is reserved for ever (2 Pet. ii. 17; Jude 13). Which?

HEART BREATHINGS

What matchless glories dwell in Christ,
The Father's blessed Son ! ;
The Universe proclaims His worth,
The victories He hath won.

Each glittering star that sheds its light,
From yonder deep blue sky,
Asserts the wisdom, love, and power,
Of Him Who came to die.

Gaze, O my soul ! with reverence gaze,
Upon that blood-stain'd cross ;
It was thy sins that brought Him there,
Then count all else but dross.

Faith's simple look at His dear side,
That wounded was for thee ;
Hath brought thee settled peace with God,
For all Eternity.

'Twas here that Truth and Mercy met,
God's claims were satisfied ;
A trophy of His grace am I,
And He is glorified.

Accepted in a risen Christ,
And in Him fully blest ;
My heart hath found her ceaseless joy
Where *God* hath found His rest.

And now I'm waiting for that hour
When His dear face I'll see ;
And, in His image bright, I'll shine,
Thro' God's Eternity.

Then endless praise my lips shall fill,
I'll worship and adore ;
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away—
With Christ, what want I more ?

S.T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

ONE PENNY

NET

An incident in the early Christian history of
W. J. R. Parrott

OVERHEARD AT VICTORIA

STATION

It was about mid-day one Monday, several years ago, as the Hastings express ran into Victoria (London), and, his duty done for the time being, the driver left the engine. But his step had lost its wonted buoyancy, and the usually bright face was clouded. Not very long before, he had been the slave of sin and the tool of Satan, hurrying as fast as time could bear him to an eternity of woe. But as surely as Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus was arrested by the power of the glorified Jesus of Nazareth, and "turned from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God," so had this man been suddenly stopped in his career of sin and shame, laid hold of by the Lord Jesus Christ, and made a new creature in Him. "Old things," the drink, and the passion, the shame and the misery, were "passed away, and behold, all things were become new." And instead of the cursing and swearing and blasphemy of those former years, a new song—the song of

redemption, had been put into his mouth, even praise unto our God.

But that song was silent that Monday. A terrible conflict had been raging within, as he drove the train carefully as ever ; the roaring lion from whose jaws he had been plucked had been sorely worrying the poor sheep he could never now destroy, and doubts and fears and despondency had usurped the place of the love and joy and peace he had enjoyed.

It happened that on the previous Lord's Day he again, like the one referred to above, had "assayed to join himself to the disciples," and had sought to be admitted to what he believed to be the table of the Lord. Either the one to whom he applied was "afraid of him and believed not that he was a disciple," or, moving in a very different social position, did not understand his fervent yet ungrammatical statements, but the end of the conversation was to make him feel he was not understood, and to doubt if he were a child of God at all. It was a little thing, but the enemy took full advantage of it, and during the remainder of that day, and through a sleepless night, and now half through another day, Satan had tried his utmost to "sift as wheat" his former slave and victim.

"But I have prayed for thee." Though he knew it not, a living, loving Saviour at the right

hand of God was pleading his cause there, a Great High Priest "passed through the heavens" to the very throne of God, was bearing his name, however poor and despised it might be, on His shoulders and on His heart; and He was about to say, "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

As he crossed the platform he noticed a fellow engine driver and a navy in close conversation, and, as he approached, saw the navy give the other a sermon by the late C. H. Spurgeon.

"What! do you read such stuff as that?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, and very good stuff too," was the reply. So he waited to hear their conversation. It was evidently about some mutual friend who had been forsaking the assembling together of God's people, and whom the navy had been visiting.

"He said he didn't feel fit to go to the Lord's Supper, but I told him to read the first chapter of John, and see what is written there."

He little knew that the simple remark was God's message to another soul, whatever its effect may have been to the one to whom it was first made.

"The first chapter of John! I'll go home and read it," and with a consciousness that God had something there that would meet his need he resumed his duties, and returned to Hastings.

Hastening home, he opened his Bible and eagerly

found John i. But he had not gone far, when he almost gave a shout, as the enemy fled, conquered by the word of God in the hands of the Spirit. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. And *the light shineth in darkness ; and the darkness comprehended it not.*"

His Lord had been here, and He had been misunderstood. That was what the word conveyed to him. What matter then if he was misunderstood too? It was fellowship with Christ! Ah, he had been "darkness," and how dense that darkness had been none but himself knew; but now he was "light in the Lord"—the light had indeed shined in, and made him light—he knew it; and he fell on his knees to give thanks for it, and to ask for grace to walk according to it.

"A word spoken in due season how good it is! Unconsciously to the speaker, it had, by directing his attention to the living word of God, thus been the means of restoring the joy and peace of this tried child of God, that joy and peace disturbed by the unwise though learned expressions of the preceding day. Surely every child of God who reads this will exclaim, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips!"

And if any peruse this who are saying "Our lips are our own, who is lord over us?" let them remember "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of

judgment." "For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

"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." Do you believe God's word?

T.



*Incident related by the late J. Dudley Smith of
Hennington, to whom it occurred*

DOES IT PAY?

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die
(I Cor. xv. 32).

"Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat?
or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we
be clothed? . . . for your heavenly Father
knoweth that ye have need of all these things"
(Matt. vi. 31, 32).

What can be a greater contrast than the language

of the careless man of the world, and the experience of the care-freed Christian, recorded in these two verses? Does it pay to be a Christian? Are they better off than other people? "The majority seem poor; they have bad health, and troubles perhaps worse than others: their life seems so dull, they don't go in for pleasure: they are all kill-joys, and their life is not worth living. No, I shall not pretend to be religious; a short life and a merry one for me!"

Is this my reader's thought? "I'll make the most of to-day, for I don't know what may be to-morrow; if I die, I am done for, and there is an end of me."

Such is the language of many. If it is yours, are you SURE about it? Are you certain that when the breath passes from your frail body, that you *will* cease to be? Have you proof positive that there is no eternity? If you are wrong and the Bible should be true, and you wake up too late in an awful place of torment from whence there is no escape, who will have the laugh then? you, or the Christians you despise?

"Their's is an unhappy, joyless life," is it? How comes it then that more happiness lights up the countenances of the Christians than of the theatre-goers, the race-frequenters, the sportsmen, or even the millionaire? There is a restlessness, an anxiety, a sort of insecurity in their faces, that

somehow the Christians lack ; while with the Christian there is a calmness, a peace, and often a joy in his countenance, sought in vain in their's. Ah, if appearances are true, the Christian has the best of it, somehow, even here !

The writer's mind goes back to a friend known in youth. F.D.S. was an old man then, but ever since a lad in his teens he had been known as a Christian. One verse from the Bible, unexpectedly brought to his notice had turned him completely round, while still serving his apprenticeship ; and as journeyman, and as master, he had continued in a straight course as an upright and God-fearing tradesman, not ashamed to confess Whose he was, not only on Sunday but on Monday too, and any other day of the week.

Once, on going to work, as he crossed Trafalgar Square, he found crowds beginning to assemble for the sad pageant of the day, the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington. Dropping his bag of tools at his feet, and doffing his cap, he stood at the foot of Nelson's monument, a plain straightforward working man, and told the crowds around, solemnised as all were by the thought of the death of Britain's mighty victor, of a Conqueror Who had won a greater victory than Waterloo, of Him who had died and risen again, and Who has the keys of death, and of hell.

Some listened curiously ; others sneered ; he

delivered his message and went his way. The full results of that address will be seen in eternity, if he saw none in this life.

But when the writer knew him he was old. Many years of successful business life lay behind him—a big family had been brought up respectably, and he had never been known to be behind with his payments.

“A Christian must owe no man anything,” he said, so as surely as quarter day arrived, so surely was his rent paid, directly it was due.

But one winter it was different. A time of trade depression affected him as it did others; strength and vigour failed in him as in others; he was “plagued as other men,” and when he looked at his accounts that dreary December, he found to his grief he had not the wherewithal to pay the rent due at Christmas.

For the first time in a long tenancy, he must ask his landlord to wait! There was nothing doing in his trade during a frost. But he could pray. His Lord and Saviour told him, “Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things,” and bade him “make your requests known unto God.”

He did so, and the result was his heart was kept in peace, and instead of fretting, he was calm and happy. None knew the secret need: he told God, and no one else.

Only a few days to Christmas, and a violent knock at the door!

“ Please will Mr. S—— come at once to Mrs. ——’s and stop up a mouse’s hole; it is eating her mince pies!! ”

Smiling at the urgency of the message, and at leisure, he obeyed, thinking a few pence thus earned, better than his enforced idleness. He must do it thoroughly, however, and trace the little intruder all the way possible; so he took up a part of the kitchen flooring more effectually to block its ingress.

To his astonishment the whole of the beams underneath was one mass of “ dry rot,” and the floor absolutely unsafe. He called the lady, who had never suspected any such dilapidation; and instead of the few pence anticipated, the result was a cheque for £20! and this in time to pay his Christmas rent!

Ah, my reader, “ Godliness IS profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come! ”



A DEATH GRIP OF "WHOSOEVER"

A Gospel preaching, held by two evangelists, has just closed, when an old woman of over four-score years, with deeply-wrinkled forehead, came up to them.

Taking hold of the hand of one, she said, "I was so glad you told them about 'WHOSOEVER.' I like that word. For a year and a half I was in despair. I was ten times more guilty than the devil. A thousand times I had the offer of salvation, and I despised the blood; but Satan never had the offer after he fell. But when I heard that word, *I laid hold of 'whosoever' with a death grip*, and I made up my mind I'd carry it with me to hell, rather than let it go."

"How long ago is that?" they asked.

"Some sixty years," was the reply.

Dear reader, how is it with you? Have you ever known what it is to be in despair? Conviction of sin is a solemn reality. Those who have passed through it can well enter into the words of this aged Christian. To have before your soul the terror of the Lord, glorious in holiness (Exodus xv. 11); the broken law, with its awful curse attached (Gal. iii. 10); a sin-burdened conscience; death, judgment, and the lake of

fire your impending doom, staring you in the face morning, noon, and night, is a dread reality indeed.

And oh, what inexpressible relief at such a moment, and in such a condition, to hear the joyful sound of the gospel, telling how "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). Who would not lay hold of it with a death-grip?

Picture to yourself a man overboard from a ship in mid-ocean, and about to sink beneath the waves and find a watery grave, when suddenly a rope is thrown to him—his only possible chance of escape; see the death-grip with which he seizes it in his desperate eagerness, and you will get a faint idea of the grip of faith with which, as this aged woman described it, she gripped the "whosoever" of the gospel of God. Eternity depended upon it. To miss it would be to spend eternity in hell; to grip it, eternity in glory with Christ. At one moment the devil's captive, reduced to desperation, the blackness of darkness for eternity right before her, with the full consciousness in the presence of the Holy One of richly deserving that awful doom, when suddenly the "whosoever" of His boundless grace sounds upon the ear. And as she so graphically described, she *laid hold of it with a death-grip*.

It was the grip of faith, and God's blessed answer went along with it, "That WHOSOEVER believeth in Him should not perish" (John x. 28). No, never. God declares it. No sinner ever did, or ever will perish who believes on Him.

Have you believed? For sixty years this aged Christian had rested upon, and enjoyed this precious promise of God. She knew that she would never perish, but that everlasting life was hers. She gripped God's "whosoever," and with it this priceless gift; and the mighty hand of the Lord gripped her for everlasting glory (John x. 28, 29; 1 Peter v. 10).

Beloved reader, have *you* done the same? Perish you must, perish you will, if you go on without Christ. Another step may be the fatal one—off the precipice of this world, into the vast depth of an eternal hell! God has said it, and He cannot lie. But lay hold this moment, poor, despairing, Christless soul, of the blessed "whosoever" of the gospel of God, and all fear of hell shall for ever depart from your soul, and everlasting life become your portion now (John vi. 47). "WHOSOEVER" is a world-wide gospel word that includes all, and excludes none, outside of which no sinner upon the face of the globe can possibly get. Hence it must mean you; therefore lay hold of it, we beseech you, with *a death-grip*, ere it be too late.

E. H. C.

OLD ROBERT,

OR

“THEY ARE THERE, AND I AM GOING THERE”

This dear old Christian, whom I used to visit, lived in a small cottage, in a quiet country village. Though poor in this world's goods, he was rich in faith, and heir of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love him” (James ii. 5). He knew much of the value of the precious blood of Christ, the efficacy of which had made him fit for the very presence of God.

He was unable to read, and as I was one day reading the word of God to him, on coming to that passage, “It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not” (Lam. iii. 22), he exclaimed, “It is indeed a great mercy that I am not in hell : it is wonderful that the Lord Jesus should die for a wretch like me !”

“Yes” I replied, “it is not of *our works*, neither prayers, tears, or anything whatever, that we could do,” we were without strength, but in due time Christ died for the ungodly (Rom. iii. 6). We cannot mend *that work* ; it is done perfectly ; both to satisfy God's righteous demands, and also to put away sin.”

He realised much of the Lord's presence during

his illness, and greatly enjoyed listening to His Word, "having a desire to depart and be with Christ; which is far better" (Phil. i. 23).

Once I said to him, "What is the difference between you here on this sick bed and those who are with the Lord in glory?" "Oh," he said, "only this, they *are there*, and I am *going there*. I would not change my position for the whole world; I am going to my eternal home in heaven." Soon after he was "for ever with the Lord." How sweet it is to have *Christ* as the centre of attraction for the heart. He is the object of God, the Father's delight; the One who disclosed His mind and purposes here below. "The brightness of his glory and the express image of his person" (Heb.i.3).

Dear reader, may the Lord Jesus Christ be *your object* and *your portion*, now, and for ever.

"O Lord, Thou art enough
The mind and heart to fill;
Thy life—to calm the anxious soul;
Thy love—its fear dispel."

W. B.

TURMOIL AND REST

Amid the changing scenes of Time,
Its conflict and its din,
The many disappointed hearts,
That broken are with sin;
The slaves of Satan come and go,
With chains of guilt opprest;
Altho' a voice from heaven declares,
"Come unto *Me* and *rest*."

How is it, Lord, the tolling throng
 Prefers sin's heavy load ;
 Rather than trusting in the blood
 From Thy dear side which flow'd ?
 Yet, sad to tell, alas ! 'tis true,
 Of *Christ* they will have none !
 Altho' on Calvary's cross He bled,
 And all the work is done.

Why is it, then, Thy love O God,
 Should give to me a place
 Within the kingdom of Thy Son ?
 'Tis surely all of grace !
 Once dead in trespasses and sins,
 As *Satan's slave* I lay ;
 But, brought from darkness into light,
 I'm now a child of day.

The light that shines from yonder throne,
 Illuminates my heart ;
 My Saviour is the Son of God,
 From whom I ne'er can part.
 The storm may rage around me here,
 As thro' life's waste I roam ;
 But for *His voice* I'm listening still,
 Who soon shall call me home.

There, in the paradise of God,
 My soul hath found her *rest* ;
 Communing with the One I love,
 With Him supremely blest.
 The One who rules the universe,
My Father, is, I know ;
 My hand in His, He guides me still,
 And 'tis to Him I go.

S. T.

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

ONE PENNY

NET

Letter lent me by W. J. R. Parrott to make use of

AN OLD SALT'S LETTER TO A YOUNG CONVERT

If it was a great wonder (and it was) to all his mates and acquaintances when Jack P—, the drunken railwayman, was converted, it was a far greater wonder to himself, and the determination of his heart was

“ Now I will tell to all around
What a dear Saviour I have found.”

To be “ turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God,” to have new desires, new hopes, new joys, infinitely superior to anything he had known before ; to be so radiantly happy with the knowledge that his sins, though many, were forgiven ; and righteously too, because Another had borne the punishment due to them to have that One, as a living, loving personal Saviour and Friend, and to know the God he had formerly hated and defied as his *Father*—oh, it was grand ! Nothing else was worth speaking of, and so all he come in contact with must hear something of the marvellous grace of the wonderful Saviour Who had saved such as he.

As he went to work one summer morning along the cliffs, while the sun sparkled on the dancing

waves of the English Channel, and the birds warbled their morning song, he met an elderly man sauntering along, evidently enjoying the solitude, and the beauty of the scene. So of course he bade him "Good morning" and remarked on the weather; and then, since "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," what more natural than to tell the stranger that the God Whose beauteous works of creation lay around them, had "reconciled him to Himself by Jesus Christ," and made him a "new creature." It was only for two or three minutes they conversed, for his time was pressing; but it was long enough for both to discover that they were fellow-believers in the Lord Jesus. Perhaps too, it was long enough for the elder to see that the young convert, in his earnestness and joy, still had much to learn; at any rate, though they parted never to meet again on earth, shortly afterwards Jack P— was surprised by having a letter handed to him at the depot, the writer of which he could not trace, but afterwards learnt was the stranger he had met on the cliff, a retired sea captain. It ran:—

24th August, 1885.

Mr. —, *The Engine Driver*—

My dear Friend,

I have just heard of you from a young lady, who will kindly give you this note [who she was

Jack P— never knew]. O my friend, how I pray for you that the blessed Spirit will in much mercy teach you, keep you, guide and direct you; for your time, as also mine, is short. We know not the day, or how we may be called, and as our bodies fall they will for ever lie— heaven or hell. . . . Now to me, my friend, humble self-abased Christians—who are taught to drink deep into self-knowledge, whose eyes of given faith are toward Christ and what Christ is made of God to them—are so jealous of the pride of the flesh as they are of its sinfulness. Believe me, my friend, this is a safe state. Such have little reason to murmur because *they* do not experience those high flights and those transporting ecstasies which appear to arise from nature and sense, because they lead to glorying in the righteousness of the flesh. Flesh is proud, and too prone to glory. Yes, even in the presence of God. But our given faith in Jesus cuts off all glorying in the flesh, as now viewing all salvation out of ourselves in Christ. To me this is the very essence of the faith of all God's elect. Yet, my friend, while in the flesh, remember we are daily exposed to the workings of pride, which hide at times the view of Jesus, and tend to self-exalting and self-glorying. But what pains doth the loving Spirit take to humble us! In mercy, he shows

us, by line upon line, and precept upon precept, by prophets and teachers "In the Lord all God's children are justified and shall glory." Am I made wise unto Salvation? Glory to Jesus! He is my wisdom. Again, am I righteous in the sight of God? Glory to Jesus! He is now my only righteousness—friend, not obtained by my works, but by God's free gift in mercy. Am I sanctified? It is only through my given faith in Him by the blessed Spirit. . . . I say, profession of Christ, without affection to Him, leaves the heart in dead formality. For what is religion without the affection? or what the highest pretension, or even the greatest depth of knowledge, without love to our dear Saviour? Glory to Jesus! He is my redemption. He hath bought me; He hath conquered for me. Dear friend, in whom then should I glory but in Jesus alone? Friend, as it was in the beginning, again believe me, so it is now. Jesus silences guilty fears, and perplexing doubts in the minds of all His disciples. Glory to Jesus! . . . in Him all my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, yea, and redemption centre. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." It pleased the Spirit to bear witness of, and to glorify Jesus only. Friend, shall we glory in the fruits of the Spirit, as the foundation of hope, and the cause of our acceptance with God?

No, that were to deceive ourselves. The Holy Spirit produceth no fruit in us to this end. To me, this is contrary to His office. But by the blessed Spirit we glory in Christ alone, and . . . I daily pray to be filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ . . . to the glory and praise of God.' I fear I shall tire you reading so much truth. May the blessed Spirit in mercy bless it to you, and to all that read it or hear it read. Amen.—Yours, etc., H.R.

“ What Jesus is of God to me
And not what in myself I am
Shall all my glory daily be,
That I am righteous in the Lamb.”

Jack P. never answered the letter, but he kept it. He did not at the time see all it implied, though he assented to it all, and perhaps some young believers who read it now are like him. But thirty-four years have passed since it was penned, and when Jack P— turned it out from its hiding place the other day, and read it again, after thirty-four years' experience of his own heart, as well as of the faithfulness, grace, and restoring mercy of Him Who had kept him all these years, he saw far deeper meaning in the truth “ he that glorieth, let him glory *in the Lord* ” ; and he passed the letter to me saying, “ Use it as you will.” May God use it to *you*, dear reader, is the earnest prayer of the present writer !

T.

A "VESSEL OF MERCY"

Susan P. was the only child of godly parents, who carefully watched over her education according to the divine instruction to parents to bring up "in the fear and admonition of the Lord."

It was not until she was about 20 years of age that her mother died, and then Susan learnt how her mother had been her *all*. The void now created in her young heart was such that none but the Lord could fill.

It was not in vain that the excellent Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, so noted for her care for the poor prisoners of Newgate, was led to lay her hands on Susan's head, and doubtless commended her to the God she loved.

Soon after her mother's death, Susan went to hear an address on Rom. ix., on "The vessels of mercy prepared by God unto glory." These wonderful bodies of ours, formed of earth by the hand and power of God are formed to be inhabited by an immortal soul; and, as rational and intelligent beings we are according to the marvellous wisdom and long-suffering of God either prepared by God's good Spirit to serve Him as "vessels of

mercy," or if left to ourselves may become the slaves of Satan, "vessels of wrath fitted to destruction."

Dear Susan saw herself to be an object of divine love, a love that led the blessed Son of God to come from His throne of glory to this earth that He might rescue us from the grasp of God's great enemy and ours. How her heart at once responded to the precious gospel of God's grace! And the Holy Spirit of God gave her to receive the Saviour, and to find joy and peace in believing in Jesus.

From that moment, when she learnt what her Saviour had done for her, her life with all its varied gifts was laid at His blessed feet. Her little drawing-room was open to receive any of the Lord's people, as she sought to lead all into the joy she so fully proved.

Well do I remember the first visit I paid her, when with her precious Bible on her knees she sought to help my own soul, just emerging from "darkness into light, "from the power of Satan unto God." How she did seek to help me, offering to be to me a sister.

A neighbouring hospital soon found my friend a regular visitor. A class of children was formed from the upper grades of society, and thousands of tracts were distributed—many from her own pen. Eternity alone will reveal how many souls she was used in blessing to, until the home-call came and she

was taken into rest. Her body now reposes on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, in the little village of Arcachon. Her last hymn she repeated was

“Plenteous grace in Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin.”

Then to a friend she said, “Jesus is here—how lovely He is!” and her spirit departed to be with Christ—absent from the body, she was “present with the Lord!”

M. F. N.



THE END OF 1919

Yes, the year is dying, and this is the last number of “GOSPEL GLEANINGS” that will bear this date. Nineteen centuries has God’s gospel gone out—His message of love and salvation to a perishing world—but “My Spirit shall not *always* strive with man,” He has said. Yet He lingered. For 120 years longer He preached righteousness by the lips of one whose name was

“ Rest ” ; but the message was disregarded. *And it ceased.*

Who knew it was the last time the invitation to the one divinely appointed Shelter should be given? Who knew that the Door, so long invitingly open, should that day be closed? But so it was. “ And as it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man.”

There was the sound of revelry in the world's greatest capital, as there is in the greatest capital of the present world to-night—the laugh, the dance, the song, the foaming bowl, the gilded saloon; and the warnings of approaching disaster fell on deaf or heedless ears, but a Divine Hand traced in letters of fire the awful fiat—“ Numbered *and finished,*” and ere morning the doomed city had fallen, and its monarch was with the dead.

With awful speed this closing year has rushed by. Gaiety, pleasure, madness, reckless indifference to anything but the excitement of the passing moment has marked it; and now its closing month finds the reader and the writer *a year nearer eternity,* and if unsaved, *a year nearer judgment.* “ Because there is wrath beware lest he take thee away with a stroke, then a great ransom cannot redeem thee ” (Job xxxvi. 18).

“ God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because he hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by

that Man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead " (Acts xvii. 31).

My friend, ere the year closes, halt! beware! listen! repent! God *commands* it—you have no alternative. You must meet God sooner or later. His "stroke" may fall, and take you hence—to stand, a disembodied spirit, in the presence of the God you have forgotten—to repent too late, for "*then* a great ransom *cannot* redeem thee." It *CAN to-night*. And it has been paid. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all" (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6). "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

"We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. i. 7). And you may have it too, NOW. But *don't delay*. "The year of grace 1920" may never come. It may be "1920, *the year of judgment*." The day is appointed! the Judge is ready (1 Pet iv. 5)! Beware!

M.C.G.

SUNSHINE.

One tiny gleam of sunshine
 Brings joy to hearts opprest ;
 But living in God's sunshine
 Gives His own peace and rest—
 The sunshine of Christ's presence
 Is heaven on earth to me ;
 Cleansed by His blood atoning,
 I'm happy, saved, and free.

O God, there's no one like Him,
 Nor can with Him compare :
 He's sweeter than the lily,
 And all its fragrance rare—
 He's of Thyself " the fulness " ;
 And who His worth shall tell ?
 My forehead soon shall bear His Name
 Who " doeth all things well."

Ere long, I'll gaze with rapture
 Upon His blessed face ;
 Like Him, and with Him, ever—
 A trophy of His grace !
 From those dear eyes are shining,
 Rays from the glory bright ;
 Oh ! how I long to see Him :
 I'm precious in His sight.

S. T.

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