

Gospel gleanings.

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Gospel

Gleanings



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London

F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD,
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ONE PENNY

NET

Conversion of Mr. & Mrs. Saml. Jones at Cheltenham.
A MOMENTOUS SUNSET

Sam was not a "bad" boy. Merry, bright and mischievous as other boys no doubt, and fond of play like his brothers, yet down in the bottom of his young heart he had a trouble. He attended Sunday School, and sang in the choir; and do what he would, some words in one of the lessons simply haunted him. They were, "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come."

"The day of judgment is coming,"—this was the trouble that pressed on the boy's heart.

"But there will be warnings," he mused: "I shall know when it is coming by the sun and the moon."

Still, whenever he heard the day of judgment spoken of, Sam listened anxiously. "I must get ready before it comes." One preparation for it would be to be confirmed, so after due preparation and attending confirmation classes, the bishop's hands were placed on the fair, curly head, and Sam took upon himself the vows made on his behalf by his godparents in his unconscious babyhood, that he renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil. And that day Sam was enticed to

smoke his first cigarette! So much for that preparation for the coming day that he dreaded!

He grew up, left home, and after some years found himself in a cathedral city the other side of England, a steady, respectable young man, engaged to an equally respectable young woman whom he left at the door of a Dissenting chapel every Sunday evening, where she attended with her parents, while he went on to one of the city churches, still occupying a place in the choir.

But the change from childhood to manhood had not obliterated the old anxiety. That dreaded day of judgment was nearer by several years than when its terror first haunted him; and often, after he had seen his beloved one home after an evening stroll, and the moon looked red through the mists hanging over the low-lying meadows, the question would arise, "Is it beginning to turn into blood?"

Don't laugh at him, my reader. "The day of the Lord *will* come." It is appointed, and each year as it rolls by brings that appointed day nearer.

Are *you* any more ready for it than Sam was? The very date of this new year tells that over nineteen centuries have passed since the words rang in the ears of the most intelligent and learned body of men the highest seat of knowledge could produce. "God now commandeth ALL MEN,

EVERYWHERE, TO REPENT, because He hath appointed a day in 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).

Yes, for nearly twenty centuries the day has been fixed, the Judge has been ready (1 Peter iv. 5), although men are saying (as foretold they would), " Where is the promise of His coming ? "

Why has He delayed? Because the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation," and He is " not willing that ANY "—THAT YOU—" should perish, but that *all* " (yourself included) " should come to repentance " (2 Peter iii. 9).

One Sunday evening, Sam sat as usual in his place in the choir. But his thoughts were not on the sermon to which he was supposed to be listening. He was looking earnestly at the west window opposite him, where the sun was setting with unusual grandeur. A thunderstorm had but recently passed over the city, and the heavy electric clouds, lighted up by the setting sun, formed a grand spectacle, surmounted by a rainbow.

" That is not natural. There is something ominous there. That sky must mean the day of judgment is close at hand. Shall I see the Judge descending on those clouds ? "

The thought was agony. "O God, I am not ready! What shall I do? But I must get ready at once. I must, I will be a Christian, and be one now. But how? What must I do to be saved?"

The service ended, he met his fiancée as usual, and then and there told her his firm resolve that henceforth he would be a Christian, and so live that whenever the day of judgment might come, he would be ready for it.

She was surprised. "Very well, Sam. You go your own way, and I will go mine," she said, in no way prepared to give up her life of "innocent pleasure" (as she would have called it) for the dull monotony of the religious life he was determined on.

But Sam was determined. "No dear, we must go to heaven together. I cannot bear you to be lost." And so graphically did he paint the coming danger, and urge her to escape it, that before they parted that night she was as earnest as he.

But how set about it? How could they become real Christians? Neither could help the other: and though one attended church and the other chapel, neither could answer that all-important question.

"Well, what real Christian do we know, who could tell us?"

"There is Miss —— in my workroom. I'll ask her and let you know to-morrow night."

And so the next day, Miss —— was surprised

to be asked. "What must we do to become Christians?" She heard the story.

"Bring your young man to my lodgings to-morrow night," she said.

And when her duties in the workroom were over, Miss —— hurried to a prayer meeting, and telling the story, begged them to pray for the young couple, and that God Himself would send them a message of salvation that following evening.

So at eight o'clock on the Tuesday evening, Sam and his fiancée went to Miss —— lodgings. Those with whom she lived were "real Christians" too; and as Sam himself told me, "We entered that house condemned sinners; we left it, God-justified saints."

Yes, they heard that "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus iii. 5); that "to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5); for they are "justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 24). They heard that "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); that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures"

(1 Cor. xv. 3); so that "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); and that He has declared "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word and believeth Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death into life" (John v. 24). "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" (1 John iv. 17).

Sam and his young lady believed it. Together they "set to their seal that God is true"; together, yet as individuals having to do with God for himself and herself, they accepted the salvation offered by God, through the Lord Jesus Christ. And believing on Him, they became "heirs together of the grace of life."

It was a new era to them---the beginning of a new life, that has gone on, and is going on, as, helpers of each other's joy in the Lord, they wait together, not for the day of judgment, but for God's "Son from heaven, Whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come."

THE DEVIL'S MARTYR

The Lord Jesus has had many who, from Stephen downwards, have given their lives for Him, and have gone through torture and flame to a seat on His throne. And in losing brief life they have gained eternal rapture—"glory, honour, immortality."

Can it be that the devil has those who die for him? Yes! his martyrs belong to both sexes and to all grades of society, whose sayings and doings are recorded day by day in the columns of the newspaper.

On yonder bed, in that chamber of death, lies a young man, descending to an early grave in suffering and shame. He had health, opportunities, and fair prospects, but sin beckoned, and he followed. He forgot the God of his salvation, "he planted pleasant plants; but the harvest is a heap in the day of grief and desperate sorrow" (Isa. xvii. 10, 11). He sowed to the flesh (his wild oats), now in part he reaps the harvest. He served the devil, and now his sins have brought him to an untimely end; in part, for "the wages of sin is death."

And so hell is filling. Men used to die by fire and sword for Christ; now they die by drink and licentiousness for the devil. Christ's martyrs are

crowned with glory and eternally blessed; the devil's martyrs are tormented here and damned everlastingly. Who would not choose Christ, and be free? "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Satan has no old pensioners permitted to end their days in peaceful idleness, they must keep on to the last—no rest! but each day driven nearer perdition! Mark the haggard countenance of the debauchee, his trembling gait—let his end remain a secret. Listen to the ravings and shrieks of yonder drunkard in delirium tremens—he imagines he is being dragged to hell by fiery snakes. Surely the sins of such are open beforehand, "going before to judgment" (1 Tim. v. 24).

We have read of a person going to a blacksmith, saying, "I want you to make me a chain." The blacksmith toils hard and gets the work finished. The person calls, and says, "Yes, it is a good chain, but not long enough." The blacksmith toils away again, adding link to link. The employer calls again, and still insists that the chain is too short. Says the blacksmith, "I can do no more, my iron is all gone, and my strength too, I have added the last link. "Now," says the man, "I will pay you your wages"; and taking the chain, he binds the blacksmith hand and foot, and casts him into his own furnace of fire. Such are the wages paid by Satan to his martyrs!

Bishop Ryle says, "There are two ways of coming down from the top of a church steeple, one is to jump down and the other is to come down by the steps, but both will bring you to the bottom. So also there are two ways of going to hell: one is to walk into it with your eyes open—few people do that,—the other is to go down by the steps of little sins. "Errors," "secret faults," then "presumptuous sins," then "the great transgression" (Ps. xix. 12-13).

Jeremy Taylor has well described the progress of sin in the devil's martyrs: "First, it startles him, then it becomes pleasing, then easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed! Then the man is impenitent, then obstinate, and then he is damned." "The devil only wants to get the wedge of a little allowed sin into your hearts, and you will soon be all his own. Never play with fire, never trifle with little sins."

Reader, do you desire to be saved? Are you tired and sick of being one of the devil's martyrs? Behold then the way of escape, accept as a sinner the free salvation offered to *thee* in the person of the Lord Jssus Christ. Confess your sins to God. He knows them all. Believe on the Son of God who died for sinners, "the Just for the unjust to bring us to God." Take Him as *thy* Saviour. Trust Him with your soul. His blood can make the foulest clean. It cleanses from all sin.

Some rivers have their sources within a few yards of each other upon the summit of rocky mountains. A breath of wind either from east or west will decide into which stream the rain-drops fall. But when once they have commenced their downward course upon the mountain side, no power can arrest their progress. Sinner, you stand on the top of the mountain. On the one side of you lies the ocean of God's love—boundless, and stormless. On the other side a muddy, inky stream rushes from your very feet, the Atlantic of God's wrath. Perhaps this paper is the breeze which will decide into which stream you are carried.

May the Lord save you, is the prayer of the writer; "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or bad" (Eccles. xi. 9; xii. 14). The end of the devil's martyrs is the lake of fire—the wages of sin. "The gift of God is eternal life." The future of all who accept God's gift is "for ever with the Lord." And He Who says, "Where I am there ye shall be also," is true, and cannot lie.

J. M.

From a reading by W. J. A. Taylor

THE DEATH OF STEPHEN, AND OF HIS LORD, CONTRASTED

“Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.” There is a measure of reproduction in Stephen, of what was seen on Calvary; but the Lord could commit, according to the prophetic word, His spirit to the Father. There is propriety, from one filled with the Spirit, and prevented from making mistakes.

When he prays for himself, Stephen is standing; but there is something more—“he knelt down.” They were stoning him, but you could not have anything more peaceful; it is a wonderful testimony to what the grace of God can do. We, Christians, are told, whatever the pressure or trial, “Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds by Christ Jesus,” and it is exemplified here. You could not think of greater cruelty; yet on the saint’s side, the most blessed composure and peace.

He spoke with a loud voice, but not because it requires a loud voice to be heard in heaven. It does not say he cried so about himself. There is testimony here—a living out of what the Lord

taught—an echo of what we have heard on Calvary. “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.” There is remarkable correspondence.

But there is something very weighty in this. In the Lord’s experience—and take Psalm xxii. as giving us the sum of His experience on the cross—what a contrast to this! Here there is no cry or anguish: all is perfect peace. This upsets altogether the notion of those who make the Lord’s death simply a pattern of love. He suffered at the hands of lawless men, and the devil was allowed to do his worst, so everything conspired to make the Lord’s cross truly dreadful: but there was more. God was above them, and the Lord Jesus suffered at the hands of God. He suffered, as Stephen did here, at the hands of man for righteousness; but the Lord suffered also at the hands of God for sin. He stood there for us—the objects of His love—stood there as our Surety.

It is well to see the contrast. No doubt, when the Lord had drained the cup, we get Him in perfect peace and quietness dismissing His Spirit. He had drunk the cup. Death itself was a part of what He had to endure: “The wages of sin (not His, but ours), is death,” so He gave up His Spirit, and there was a dead Body on the cross. It was His dead body that was pierced, and there was God’s answer in the outflow of blood and water. It is guarded in a very wonderful way. I cannot

remember it anywhere says, *He* fell asleep. He is "the Firstfruits of them that slept." Is there not a reason?

He bowed His head—the act of a worshipper—His last act.

I think God ordered Stephen's loud voice that those around should realize that the teaching of the Lord was being carried out—he prayed for his enemies. Here is a true Christian—a pattern Christian. In the Lord's case the great point in the loud voice is that it proved He dismissed His Spirit—there was no exhaustion. He laid down His life. It was an additional cause of the Father's love (John x. 17). He found pleasure Himself in thinking of the Father's love to Him before the foundation of the world—a perfect love; but here we have an added cause.

“MORE WEALTHY THAN YOU!”

A wealthy gentleman was one day taking a walk in the country, and seeing a little cottage by the roadside, entered and found an old woman living by herself. The room was almost devoid of every comfort, just an old table and chair were the only furniture she possessed, and on the table a very old well-used Bible.

After a few introductory words the gentleman asked the old woman in what way he could help

her. "Oh, thank you, sir," she replied, "I am more wealthy than you! Indeed, I wish you shared my riches; you have money, but I have Christ, which is far better. When you die you must leave your money behind you; but I have Christ with me always."

"Well! would you like a new Bible, yours is so worn?" asked the visitor. "No thank you," she replied, "I have had this Bible since I was three years old, and I hope, when I am gone, my children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, will read and value it as much as I do." The gentleman was astonished, but said, "Good-bye," and resumed his walk.

G. Ruel



"LOVEST THOU ME?"

"Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."—JOHN XXI. 17.

"Feed my lambs."—JOHN XXI. 15.

Not love Thee, dearest Lord!
How could I help, indeed?
For Thou hast aye a word
For all my need.

Not love Thee always first—
Thee always first and best!
I never cease to thirst
For Thee, my Rest.

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

Not love Thee, O my own !
 Didst Thou not speak to me,
 When I was tired and lone ?
 I *must* love Thee.

Not love Thee, watchful Guide !
 Without Thee I must stray ;
 If e'er I leave Thy side,
 I lose my way.

Not love Thee, gentle Friend—
 My Friend for every day !
 For Thou dost never send
 Thy child away.

Not love Thee, Lord, my Lord !
 Thou knowest how I love ;
 Yet find I scarce a word
 My love to prove.

Not love Thee, gracious King !—
 Thou gavest all for me :
 What treasures can I bring,
 My God, to Thee ?

O Jesus ! e'en could I
 Bring Ocean's wealth to Thee,
 What poor return for Thy
 Great love to me !

I bring my *love* to Thee,
 'Tis all I have to give :
 Oh, may I faithful be
 The while I live !

Oh, teach me, even me,
 Thy precious lambs to feed :
 To guide them home to Thee
 Were joy indeed !

R. .J

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ONE PENNY
NET

Sold by W. J. R. Parrott

ONE STEP, OR TWO ?

It was the year 1877, and famine had laid hold on South India. Thousands were dying for lack of bread; and pestilence followed, as always. Cholera and other diseases were rampant, and death was stalking throughout the land. None knew when they might not be brought face to face with him, nor when his icy hand might be laid upon them; and yet many disregarded all warnings, careless of the fact that "it is appointed unto men once to die, *but after this the judgment,*" and only saying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

For the convenience of European travellers, "rest houses" are built in country places on the railways; and into one of these, at a place called Cuddapah, some eighty miles from Madras, merrily rushed a young railway employé, glad to be freed from the restraints of duty, and only intent on enjoying himself in congenial company, as he discovered several other men were already there before him. So boisterously singing and laughing, he broke in on the company.

"Hush! be quiet!" His merriment was instantly stopped, and as he gazed on the serious

faces of those present, he realized his hilarious entry was ill-timed, and enquired what was wrong.

“One of our company is dying in there,” pointing to the door of the sleeping quarters. The newcomer was a kindly man, and he lost no time in making his way to the dying man, if perchance he might help him. What a sight met him! A young English soldier lying there alone—no doctor, no nurse, no medicine, no one to care—dying in all the agonies of cholera, and in its latest stage. And yet there was a peaceful home where a loving father, a tender mother, wept and prayed for their boy—but that home was far away in London. He had left it, longing to get away from the good advice and care of those parents, throwing off all restraint; and in order to have his own way and “fling,” had put himself under the sterner discipline of the Army. He could not do as he liked then: drafted to India, he must obey, whatever the orders given; and as he marched under that tropical sun, in that famine-stricken land of drought, he realized his mistake. Oh, that he were back again! Oh that he were once more in that home of comfort and rest and love!

He *came to himself*, as another prodigal long before. And he resolved that he would also “come to his father,” that earthly parent whom he had wronged and scorned. But how? As worthy of him of course: he would (and did)

break off his old ways and evil habits : he would be sober and diligent ; he would save his pay, and so eventually have the means to get home, and then, not till then, he would return.

Poor boy ! he took one step—he came to himself, but he never came to his father. Stricken with cholera on the march, he reached the Cuddapah rest-house, only to die—to die alone, left by his comrades who feared the infection, and while solemnized by his fate, would risk nothing to help him ; while the stranger who went to him could do no good, and administer no comfort. He too was a prodigal, and at that time had not even taken the first step of repentance. He could not tell the dying youth that Another Father—the God against Whom he had sinned—was waiting there to receive him, and in order to do so righteously, had sent His own beloved Son to bear the wrath of God against sin, and to pay the utmost farthing His holiness demanded. He could not tell him the work was finished, the way opened, and the Father's arms extended to welcome him just as he was. He did not know it ; and he saw the poor young fellow pass into eternity without a hope.

But the solemn sight did not move him. He still went on with his evil course, farther and farther in the paths of sin, and away from God, till ill-health arrested him, and he was invalided to England. A few years later, and he too came

to himself. But that which made him realize his misery was the tale of the Father's love as seen in Jesus—the fact that His Beloved Son had been made sin for him, and that His finished work was so perfect, He could take a dying robber straight from a gibbet to the paradise of God! And he had sinned against *such love*, refused and rejected *such great salvation!*

He came to himself in an agony of grief, exclaiming "Father, I have sinned!" There was no attempt to make himself fit for his Father's presence: in the consciousness of his guilt, laid bare in the light of God's love streaming from Calvary, he could only sob, "God be merciful to me, the sinner." And the next moment the Father's arms were round his neck, the Father's kiss was on his cheek—he *had come to his Father*, for the Father had come to him in the Person of His beloved Son, just where he was, under guilt and condemnation; and he sprang from his knees in the knowledge that he was forgiven, justified, reconciled to God by the death of His Son.

"The father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet," and he stood (and stands) in all the beauty of God's *best* robe—not second best, but BEST—better than the spotless robe of innocence Adam wore in the

garden—the “best robe” of God’s own righteousness—the Lord Jesus Christ, “Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption” (1 Cor. i. 30) : with an endless pledge of everlasting love as a seal upon his hand ; and a perfect God-given standing in His very presence. That is coming to the Father.

Reader, have you come ? Have you taken that first step and *come to yourself* ? Do you realize you are a lost sinner, and have to do with a holy God ? If so, delay not to take the second step. “He arose and *came to his Father*.” The way is open. Jesus says, “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by me” (John xiv. 6).

“ You may come. The vilest sinner
Is the Saviour’s prize ;
Art thou welcome ? ’Tis to save thee
Jesus dies ! ”

T.



VICTORY

“ A minister was visiting an aged man who for many years had been stricken with paralysis, and was now approaching the river of death. The minister wanted to know how he felt in prospect of the great change which was imminent, and asked the aged pilgrim if he were at all afraid.

The invalid could not speak, so the minister handed him a pencil and a piece of paper. With trembling hand the old man attempted to write, but failed. A second attempt only produced a few illegible scratches.

Then a sudden gleam of light overspread his dying features, as for a third time seizing the pencil he began painfully to print in Roman characters the one word, “ Victory.”

“ Ah,” said the minister, “ I know the text you mean, ‘ Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ ”

The dying man smiled, and nodded his head. He was meeting death, thanking God for the victory He had given him over self, the flesh, the devil, and even death itself.”

Extract

THE COAST-GUARDSMAN

“ Well, Jennings, so you have buried the poor fellow, who died the other day ? ”

“ Yes, Sir, he’s buried, and a solemn time it was ; I felt it very deeply.”

The last speaker, a powerfully-built man, whose bronzed face told its own tale, had been a sailor, and was now a coast-guardsmen. As he spoke there was a trembling of the voice, which, coupled with a tear, hastily brushed away by his horny hand, revealed the kind heart hidden beneath that rough jacket.

“ Were all the men at the funeral ? ”

“ All that could be spared from the different stations within reach were there, Sir.”

“ Where was he buried ? ”

‘ In the old churchyard, Sir ; we all fell in and marched there. The men seemed to be cut up about it. We all liked poor Bill. The service was very solemn, and I wondered who’d be next.

“ As we come out o’ the churchyard, my mate, who was walking next me, said, ‘ What wonderful words they was, how beautiful, “ In the midst of life we are in death.” ’

“ ‘ I know some better than that, mate, ’ ” says I.

“ ‘ What are they ? ’ said he, looking kind o’ astonished. ”

“ ‘ Why, in the midst of *death we are in life.* ’ ”

“ I suppose, Jennings, your friend, was still more astonished ? ”

“ That he was, Sir, but it give me a chance of telling him what a real thing Eternal Life was, and, though the poor sinner might be surrounded with death, yet believing in Jesus, he had life. ”

“ It must have struck him very forcibly. ”

“ I believe it did, and I am looking to God to teach him the truth of it. ”

Good old Jennings ! he little knew what method God would take to teach this lesson.

Not long after this we were alarmed by hearing that poor Jennings had met with a sad accident, and lay dangerously ill in consequence. As soon as I could I hurried down to see him. I found him lying on his bed, in great agony. After praying with him, I gathered from his lips the following history of his being hurt.

“ You see, Sir, there was no moon last night, and as I come away from the boat-house, after making my report, I hurried up the hill, and as I got into the Chine Road, under the trees, I could hardly see my hand before my face. I had got about half way along the road, and, as I was walk-

ing on the edge of the raised path, my foot slipped. In a moment I was down. It was a funny sort of a thing that give me my hurt."

"What was that, Jennings?"

"Why, Sir, the distance wasn't very great, but in falling the muzzle of my pistol struck on the curb of the high path, and the butt struck right up under my ribs, and seemed to strike my heart."

"Poor fellow! that must have hurt you terribly."

"Well, it did, Sir, and although, after a little sleep, I was able to go down and do my morning duty, I got so bad in the after part of the day that I fainted, and was obliged to be helped home, and here I am, Sir, helpless, and every' now and again feeling as if rats were pulling the strings of my heart, and gnawing my inside."

Commending him to God, after seeing he had necessary things, I left him. Even then I did not realise how ill the poor fellow was. The next day I was sent for, and on arriving at the house found his poor wife weeping bitterly.

"Oh! he's going to die, he's going to die," she said.

After quieting her I entered his room. One of his comrades was there helping to nurse him. A single glance at my poor friend's face shewed me that death was written there. Oh! how changed in a few brief hours. He recognised me, and held out his hand.

“ Glad you’ve come,” he said. “ I’m going home fast.”

“ Jennings, do you remember your words the other day ? ”

For a moment he could not answer, a paroxysm of pain shook his strong frame as the wind quivers the leaves of the aspen. As soon as it had passed he smiled, and said slowly.

“ In the midst of death we are in life.”

“ Tell me, dear Jennings, is it real to you now ? ”

I shall never forget his reply—

“ In awful agony ! awful agony ! but in deepest joy ! It’s all right with Him,” and he pointed up. Again his body was torn with anguish, and the sweat rained from his brow, through his suffering.

Seeing his poor wife weeping, he said, “ Don’t cry, Liz, God will take care of you——Come here, give your heart to Jesus——Promise you will join me there.”

The poor wife sobbed out, “ I will.” Then with a smile, and look of earnest love, he greeted some of his mates, who silently gathered in the room to take farewell.

“ Dear mates, I’m going—I’m dying fast, but I’m in life.”

Holding out his hand to each, he drew them in turn to him, and looked on them long and lovingly.

“ Oh ! mates, do get hold of my Saviour, do trust in Jesus. Shall I meet you up there ? Re-

member, Jesus says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' It might have been your lot to a' laid here like this, but thank God its one that's ready."

The scene will never pass from my mind. Strong men bowed their heads and wept like children. Presently Jennings motioned me to kneel. I knew what he meant, and earnestly pleaded that God would save the wife, provide for her and the children, save the friends, and give quick and happy release to his suffering child.

For a moment there was silence, broken only by a sob from one man, and half-suppressed groans from the poor sufferer. Then, taking his hand once more, I said,

"Good-bye, dear Jennings, you are in His hands."

"Aye, for ever!"

As I left the room, I took a last look—he smiled and pointed up.

A few brief hours and he was "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

There was a very large gathering of coast-guardsmen, and others, at his grave.

Well I remember the solemn service. One read those wondrous words—

"O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is SIN! and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God

who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ " (1 Cor. xv. 55-57).

Then an earnest preacher pointed to the coffin, covered with the Union Jack, " The mightiest nation on earth might well hesitate " said he, " to fire a shot at that coffin, for the might and power of England would rise to protect the honour of the flag which covers it. Dear friends, a poor sinner, a dead sinner, covered by the banner of God—' His banner over me was love '—is safe, though all the powers of hell and earth combine against him. God protects the honour of His flag, and shelters all beneath it."

Have you trusted in the blood of Jesus ?

Are you under God's banner ?

If so, " If God be for us, who CAN be against us ? " (Rom. viii. 31).

Dear reader, forty years have passed since these events, yet they live, and speak to you. Without further comment, I ask, Can you say, " In the midst of death *I* am in life ? " If not, there is One Who says to you, " I give . . . eternal life " (John x. 28). May God guide you to Him.

H. L.



“ A FAITHFUL SAYING ”

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

“ I don't accept your statement ! ” You may have said so to a fellow-man, whose words you have disapproved for some reason or another ; but dare you say so to the living God ? This is His word, worthy of all credence—worthy to be accepted by all, from the king on his throne to the pauper in the workhouse—a “ faithful saying,” tried and proved and found true, inspired by God and written down by one who had himself experienced the verity of it—“ Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

That was why He came—His mission here. “ I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,” He himself declared. “ I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me . . . And this is the will of Him that sent me, that everyone which seeth the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day ” (John vi. 38, 40).

Yes, "the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many."

He came for sinners; He came to save them—not to judge. He came to do the will of God, and that will was that poor, guilty, rebel sinners, deserving nothing but eternal wrath at His hand, should be saved—saved from their sins, and from the consequences of them.

But then life was forfeited: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." The wages of sin is death." Therefore the precious unforfeited life of the Son of God, the Son of man, the Man Christ Jesus, must be laid down—He gave His life a ransom for many.

The work He came to do is done. The price has been paid; the ransom accepted. The holy life laid down on Calvary has been taken again by the Captain of salvation, and

"The One who once lay in the grave
Is risen again from the dead,
Has taken His seat on the throne,
And proved that His work is complete;
The heavens have opened with joy,
To give Him His glorious seat."

And the chiefest of sinners tells you so! He has proved it himself, and he tells you so. Will you accept it? Will you accept Him? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou* shalt be saved.

ADORATION

Oh, the preciousness of Jesus
 To the heart that knows His name !
 That has tasted of the sweetness
 There eternally the same !
 Jesus ! Saviour ! Lord most holy—
 Thee our ransomed souls adore !
 Thou from wrath eternal saved us ;
 Made us Thine for evermore !

Oh, the worthiness of Jesus,
 Seated on the Father's Throne !
 Heavenly beings all uniting
 Him the Incarnate God to own !
 Worthy in Essential Being ;
 Worthy as the Son of man ;
 Worthy as the Lamb once offered
 To fulfil redemption's plan !

Oh, the perfect love of Jesus,
 Far transcending human thought !
 Love that gave Himself to save us,
 Love that us from ruin brought ;
 While eternal years are passing
 More and more that love we'll know—
 More and more the depths exploring,
 More and more His praises shew.

H. C. T.

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London

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PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. 4.

—
ONE PENNY

NET

*Conversion of W. Philips of Bourne-mouth, during address
by Charles Stanley in Belle Vue Assembly Room, 1876*

HOW THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE WAS ARRESTED

She was an energetic, busy woman—the mother of a large family, and her husband a prosperous man. He lived to make money, and the children to spend it, as they said, in pleasure, but alas! it was often in the pleasures of sin: and as they grew up to manhood and womanhood, their mother had many a heartache over their conduct. But of her, as of the rest of the family, it might have been said “God was not in all their thoughts.” Yet they were in His thoughts, little as they knew it; and in spite of their forgetfulness of Him, and their sinful and often shameful conduct, He might have said to some of them as He did of old, “I know the thoughts that I think toward you, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an end and expectation” (Jeremiah xxix. 11). And He made known His thoughts to the mother when and how she least expected it.

It was Sunday, and a fine afternoon; so being a leisure day, she donned her best clothes, and went out for a stroll. If memory serves me rightly, her husband and children had gone out first, and she had arranged to meet them at the

Pier. At all events, she was alone and taking a short cut which led from the Public Pleasure Grounds to the sea front—it was quiet, and no one was about—when suddenly the sound reached her of someone speaking, and she found the voice proceeded from a public hall the side of which she was then passing.

Large windows, wide open because of the heat, were shaded by drawn Venetian blinds; and wondering what was going on, she paused under one of the windows, and listened. Someone was preaching, and she who never entered a “place of worship,” or had the slightest regard for religion, felt constrained to listen—just out of curiosity—to what was going on.

And there she learned God’s thoughts toward her—“*thoughts of peace*”; that sinner though she was, the enmity was on her side, not His; and in order to reconcile her to Himself, He had devised the way whereby “righteousness and peace have kissed each other,” and she might enjoy both. She heard that “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;” that “God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them” . . . “for he 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. 19-21) ” ; that “ He was wounded for our transgressions, was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed ” (Isaiah liii. 5) that He was “ delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification ” (Rom. iv. 25), that “ through him is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things ” (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

“ To you five young ladies sitting there, to *you* is the word of this salvation sent ” ! the same speaker had exclaimed on a former occasion, as he turned to a row of young ladies sitting together among his audience, and to all five it had come as a direct message from God, and they had accepted it, and rejoiced in it—some to this day ; but though he did not personally address his unseen hearer, as she stood there on the pathway, God spoke to her, and the blessed news of His love as shown in the gift of Jesus, laid hold of her—she was arrested, she was apprehended,—laid hold of by Christ Jesus. His love, the love of God, broke her down : she received the message for herself, and there, on the gravel walk, she passed from death unto life, from the power of darkness to the kingdom of God’s dear Son.

It was a “ new creature ” who met husband and children at tea-time that day, and the change was

manifest to them all. Yes, salvation had come to that house, and before long some of the family were also rejoicing in the knowledge of their mother's Saviour as theirs. Would that I could say *all* of them !

But I do say to you, dear reader, that the message that arrested her, is true for you. The grace that saved her can save you. " To *you* is the word of this salvation sent." " Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU shalt be saved " too !

“ IF THOU KNEWEST THE GIFT OF GOD ”

(JOHN IV. 10).

It was no matter of chance or accident that led the blessed Son of God, the Saviour of sinners to Sychar's well that day ! We read in the 4th chapter of the Gospel of John, 4th verse, He must needs go through Samaria, and that being wearied with His journey He sat down at the well.

It was not long ere there came a woman to that spot to draw water. She had often done the same before, and little did she think to meet the heavenly Stranger, the Blessed Saviour there that day. She

knew him not, but He came there to reveal Himself to her. What infinite condescension it was on His part to ask her to give Him water to drink ! He who had all resources at His command, who created all things, yet in infinite grace He draws her into conversation by this means. There was nothing in her to draw out His love and tender compassion, a poor sinful one, but there was everything in His heart of love and grace and pity towards her, and He says : “ If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.”

What a golden opportunity was hers at that moment ! She in all her sinfulness and need brought immediately into contact with the One who could provide her that “ living water ” ; those refreshing streams of mercy and grace that would pardon and save her soul and give her all that she needed for Time and Eternity.

It may be that some who read these lines have never felt that they are guilty sinners in the sight of God ; have never realized their need of the Saviour, and so have never come to the Lord Jesus Christ for pardon and cleansing through His precious blood shed on the cross of Calvary.

It may be you are careless and indifferent about your state ; you are living as if this life were all, forgetting that there is an Eternity beyond,

and that "after death" comes "the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27).

He who sat at Sychar's well and spoke of the living water, of which he who drinks shall never thirst again, is now in heavenly glory, and offers you pardon and cleansing, yes, and everlasting life.

Do not stay longer away from such a Saviour, such a Friend, who will take and bless you and satisfy your heart's deepest longing.

Come to Him now, and do not longer risk being shut out for ever from His presence, then to be where hope and mercy never come!!

H. E. P.

LIFE MUSIC

A large company of mourners were seen following the body of a young man to the grave. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. As we stood around his grave and spoke of God's saving grace to him, and remembered, too, that this grace still extends to others, we could not help singing that favourite hymn,

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till every ransomed saint of God,
Be saved to sin no more.

The cemetery to which they had borne him was just outside the town in which Jim had lived. The pretty river, winding its course to the sea, about five miles distant, looked calm and beautiful, answering as it were to that peace which Jim had now entered, and of which Isaiah speaks, when addressing the children of Israel, "Oh! that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."

He had been in deep trouble, and God gave him full deliverance by showing him that our Lord Jesus had borne his sins and satisfied God. Jim had looked, believed, and lived.

Calm peace took possession of his heart and continued unbroken; on the morning of the next day after believing, he was found, like the eunuch of old, "going on his way rejoicing"; while the pain of the poor body was greatly increased.

On the afternoon of the same day, he was visited by two christian friends, and it was his joy to tell one whom he had not previously seen what great things God had done for his soul; and when thanksgiving had been yielded to God on his behalf from full hearts, the poor sufferer immediately broke out praising God with all his soul, for the pain was then gone, and his heart was so full he could not keep in the joy, and he began to sing the following hymn:—

“ There is a fountain filled with blood,
Which flowed from Jesu’s veins,
And sinners washed in that blest flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

I can believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there *may* I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.”

He stopped ; and then said, “ Why, I have been singing those beautiful lines, but I *know* my sins ARE washed away. I am so happy ! I am so happy ! ”

His friends in the room beneath hearing him singing, came quietly into his room as he continued, “ Thank God my sins ARE all forgiven. I never knew before such joy as this ; the blessed, happy joy of the Christian, a child of God ” ; and again he continued :—

“ I can believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.”

“ And I know it won’t be long either. I’m going safely home.

Oh ! how happy I shall be
When He wholly sets me free.

But I can't help thinking about you all that will be left behind when I'm gone ; for you are none of you ready to meet God. And neither was I till last night, but I am now. Jesus has died, and He has saved my soul, and made me so happy ; and if only all of you knew this happiness, you would not go on as you do now. I speak plain, and 'tis the words from my dying lips. I must tell you, you are all going the wrong road ; you are all going as I was ; we were going to hell together. But thank God I'm saved, and I do wish you would all give your hearts to God, or it will be too late by-and-by for you. You think perhaps, I don't know you, but I know you all, and I know what I'm saying too. I see *you* over there, A—, and I know you ain't prepared to die, you have never given your heart to God, and you won't be here many more years. Why don't you seek the Saviour now ? Seek Him now."

Then addressing another he said, " You are on the wrong road too ; you don't think or care, any more than I did, about these things, but, if you don't alter, you will have no hope of heaven."

Then calling another by name, he said, " I don't always see you, but I know full well the way you are going on. God will have you give account for it all, and then you will have to spend eternity in hell if you don't alter. I tell you again I know what I'm saying, and I'm happy too, for I was on

the road to hell myself only yesterday, but I'm going to heaven now ; but I keep on thinking of you for I know you are all wrong, and once more with my dying lips I warn you. I shan't be with you long, and I want to see you give up your sins and come to Jesus, just as you are. He will receive you all, if you will only come ; and you, dear mother, too ; you are there, and you have never given your heart to God, why don't you ? why don't you now ? He will have you, I know you are not ready either, no, none of you are ready but Mr. — and me."

If the power of God was ever felt it was felt then, as the friends watched with wonder, and with tears that which was displayed in Jim. Strange notes indeed from what was to them an untuned harp, strange expressions from the lips of one, who in his past career had been found standing in the way of sinners and sitting in the seat of the scornful. Strange entreaties, strange warnings, from one who had himself hitherto cared for none of these things ! they could only look and marvel.

There was a solemn silence for a few minutes, as they who watched him looked and wept ; the words he had spoken were ringing in their ears (would that it had reached their hearts !), when, addressing one who had told me only the day before of Jim's need, I said,

“ Well, aunt ” (for so Jim called her), “ how about the change you said Jim needed, has he got it now ? ”

“ Yes, he has.”

“ And who gave it him ? ”

“ You did.”

“ Is that so, Jim ? ” addressing the dying man.

“ Oh no, Mr. — never gave me the change, he never could ; 'tis God Who has changed my heart, and made me so happy, and *I cannot tell you* how happy I am.”

“ Ah well, Jim, 'tis only what His word has before shown us, “ We rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

Jim passed away very shortly after this, happy to the last.

Reader, do you say, “ Let my last end be like his ? ” Trust Jim's Saviour, and you will have Jim's peace. “ Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ ” (Rom. v. 1).

T. H. T.

“ THE ESCALATOR ”

Some little time ago I was standing in one of the large underground railway termini of London. It was early in the morning and there was a steady stream of men and women passing hurriedly along to their several business houses in the city. So eager was each one to reach the required destination at the appointed hour that the ordinary courtesies of every day life were for the time being set aside.

One thing that struck me was that each person *knew* his or her destination. But there was something which made a still greater impression on my mind as I stood there watching the surging crowd gradually disappearing down a small tunnel just in front of me. Engineers had placed there an escalator, and each step was crowded as the staircase moved on its downward way. There it was surely and steadily, hour after hour, carrying thousands of men and women to the trains below whereby they reached their employment.

What a picture it seemed to me of that which is going on in this world to-day, and thousands of men and women are being swallowed up daily in the awful quicksands of death. Some there are who

have taken the statistics of this and other countries and they tell us that more than 100,000 persons die every day. Think of it for a moment my reader, and let the fact come home to you that while you spend 15 minutes reading this book 1,000 souls will have passed from time into eternity to meet their God.

Think, my reader, that before the sun rises again, your call may have come, and you may find yourself in hell awaiting the judgment seat of Christ.

Let me ask you this plain question. Is your destiny settled? If you were to die to-day, where would you spend eternity? Is it that you are utterly regardless of the eternal welfare of your soul? If so, you are on the slippery "brink of everlasting woe," and unless you heed God's voice of warning, your portion throughout eternity will be with the devil and his angels in the lake of fire!

Oh, do let me point you before it is too late to the Jesus who on Calvary's cross died for sinners; who died that you might live; who bore God's righteous judgment of sin that your eternity might be one of happiness. Do not rest I beseech you, until this all-important question has been settled in your own soul before God; for not to-morrow, but to-day, is the day of salvation.

Remember, death may take you away at any

moment, and if you refuse to heed the gracious voice of God offering you mercy and salvation through the precious blood of Jesus you will for ever regret it. Then what remorse and suffering will be yours !

Will you not then now believe God's word and trust yourself to Christ Jesus, who gave His life a ransom ? Resting on God's unchangeable word you will be able to say that salvation, eternal salvation, is yours, that should you die to-day heaven will be your destiny for ever.

“ For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.”

E.A.P.

“ Leaving the strait and narrow way,
Going the downward road to-day.
What shall the final ending be.
Where will you spend eternity ?

Turn and believe this very hour,
Trust in the Saviour's grace and power.
Then shall your joyous answer be—
Saved through a long eternity.”



“GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY”

Some few years ago, a believer in the Lord Jesus, a blacksmith, was sent by his employer to assist a man to fix a gatepost.

This was a departure from his usual work, but God who moves in a mysterious way was working behind the scenes. “The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.”

On reaching the spot where the man was at work, he spoke to him of Christ and His great salvation. The man looked at him with a peculiar countenance of surprise and gratitude, and said, I am very glad you have come and spoken to me of these things for I fully made up my mind to hang myself this very day, having got the rope ready to carry out my intention. After further conversation as to the willingness of Christ to receive the guiltiest and vilest of sinners, he was led to rest in the atoning BLOOD OF CHRIST for peace and salvation.

Both men knelt down in prayer and praise, thanking God for this great interposition of His grace and providence in rescuing this poor sinner from the awful sin of self-murder and eternal woe. He lived some years after his conversion, and died trusting in Jesus and His precious blood that cleanseth from ALL sin.

C. D. J.

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F. E. RACE, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD,
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ONE PENNY
NET

Related by M. G. Y. Bird

THE RATCATCHER'S FRIEND

“Do you see that man, Sir? When my pockets were full of money (and I used to earn a lot of money ratcatching), I had plenty of friends. But now *he* is the only friend I have: he comes to see me and sits by me. That man is the only friend I have—and yet I tried to kill him, and meant to, too, but I could not stand his eye.”

Such was the utterance of a dying poverty-stricken, paralysed man, to a gentleman whom his “only friend” had brought to see him. Small wonder he marvelled at his friend’s forbearance and love, faint reflection as it was of the love of another and still greater Friend to Whom he had introduced him, and to Whom we would fain introduce you, dear reader, if you are still a stranger to Him.

H—, the ratcatcher, had been an awful character. The “friends” he had, when his pockets were full, were such as well understood how to empty them, and fill the publican’s till; and might well have been fiends, for the treatment he meted out to his poor, miserable, deaf and dumb wife. This stirred the missionary of the district, and he longed to deal with the heartless drunkard—I had almost written ‘brute.’ And had he not sunk below the level of a brute? But the ratcatcher was too wary.

to give him any opportunity. At length a partial stroke of paralysis laid him helpless on his bed, and the missionary sought him out.

“ Who told you to come here? I don't want you.”

“ No, but I want to talk to you.” And in spite of his oaths, and threats, and orders to leave the house, the missionary kindly, but very firmly, spoke to him of his cruelty, his sin, and his accountability to God. “ Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.” H— preferred the deceitful kisses of his deadly enemies, and strongly resented the faithfulness of his true friend. He recovered, harder in heart than before, and planning revenge on the one who had dared to bring his sin home to his conscience.

At length an opportunity occurred. The missionary, visiting a sick man in a public house, overheard the conversation of two men in the bar (one of whom was H—), through which he must pass to gain access to the street, and soon became aware that he was the subject of their talk, and that they were planning a personal attack on him, with the avowed object of murdering him, so soon as he came downstairs. Committing himself to God's protection, he at length went down, and standing with his face towards them, managed after some three quarters of an hour, parrying their abuse and offensive remarks, gradually to

edge his way to the door and escape ; but his life was in extreme danger, he knew.

Time passed, and he and the ratcatcher had not met again. At length, one cold day, a ragged miserable object approached him.

“ Mr. —, speaking as man to man, will you lend me twopence ? ”

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

“ No, Mr. —, I want a loaf of bread. I am starving. ”

“ What a man sows he reaps, and I am not surprised you are in this destitute condition ; but if you really are in need of bread, I will gladly give you some,” and entering a shop close by, the missionary bought a loaf, and placed it in the dirty, shaking hand.

The man held it up, turned it round, and looked at it. At last he spoke.

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

“ Perfectly.”

“ Do you remember what took place at “ The Golden Boot,” when you went to see S—— ? ”

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

“ You remember all that, and yet you lend me this ? ”

“ No, I do not *lend* it. I *give* it to you. I am very sorry for you, and I willingly give it.”

“ Well, Mr —, don't be surprised if you see me at your Mission Hall on Sunday ! ”

“ Oh, I am not surprised at anything ! ” was the reply of one too wise to give an impression that he had sought to buy his attendance.

But Sunday came, and so did H——. The ratcatcher was caught. The grace that could meet him in his dire need, and supply it, with the full knowledge of his past hatred and criminal intent, had melted him down—beautiful reflection, as well as fruit, of the love of God shed abroad in the heart of His servant—the love that goes out to the most unlikely and most undeserving ; the love that, because it cannot make light of sin, yet in order to save the sinner, provided a ransom, a Saviour who died to put it away. Of that love he heard in the Mission Hall, and as the gift of the loaf of bread had banished for ever his animosity towards the faithful missionary, so the gift of Jesus—God's unspeakable Gift—given for a world of sinners—given for him in all his guilt and misery—as that Gift was presented to him his antagonism to God, his hard thoughts of Him melted and disappeared ; he accepted the Gift ; he believed in Jesus, and he became indeed a new creature in Christ, witnessing by life as well as lip, what a Saviour had found him.

T.

Memory notes of address by W. N. J. Cole
CÆSAREA

How much of memory clings around the name of certain places! What important events in one's own history are recalled by the bare mention of the locality in which they occurred! And to the lover of the word of God, what memories cling round certain places mentioned there! Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Gethsemane, Calvary, Olivet—how sacred the thoughts aroused by each, and the scenes their mention brings before the heart of the believer!

And among other places, Cæsarea recalls many a notable event, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.

There Philip the evangelist settled after the wonderful success of his gospel testimony to the Samaritans, recorded in chap. viii., and terminated by his being sent from the crowded city, the large audiences, and the great joy attending his ministry, to a lonely desert road, to meet one man—an anxious sinner, returning unsatisfied from a visit to the house—once the place of "prayer for all nations," but "left desolate," for He Whose house it was had been cast out, rejected, slain. And to that darkened heart, yearning for light on the sacred page before him—from the scripture he was reading (Isaiah liii.) had the evangelist preached

unto him Jesus. Name above every name! Answer to every enigma! Satisfaction for every craving! Accepting, believing, confessing, the eunuch had "gone on his way rejoicing."

But what the effects of the evangelist's stay at Cæsarea were, we know not. There, shortly afterwards resided Cornelius, the Roman centurion, and to him and the company gathered in his house "present before God, to hear all things which are commanded of God" to be told by Peter, did the apostle of the circumcision "open the door of faith to the Gentiles," inasmuch as God Himself had "granted to the Gentiles repentance unto life."

And thither, years afterwards, came another apostle, the apostle of the uncircumcision, but not as a preacher telling far and wide the story of God's great love revealed in Christ. With the strange companionship of seventy horsemen to guard him "Paul the prisoner" had come to Cæsarea, where for two long years he was to languish as a captive. How many may have had access to him to whom he could tell his message there we know not, but to three men—notable typical characters, we know he spoke with no uncertain sound.

First, Felix (chap. xxiv.) the Roman governor—unjust, unscrupulous, ready to receive a bribe, living in sin, without God, and without hope in the

world. Stay—*he had a hope*. So had Paul who confessed before him he had “hope toward God,”—the hope of resurrection, when just and unjust shall stand before Him. But what was the hope of Felix? *Money!* money to be given by the apostle! Vain hope! Paul could—and did—speak to him of faith in Christ, or righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, and Felix *trembled*. Yes, the haughty Roman trembled. His conscience was troubled. But he shrank from it. He waited for another “convenient season,” leaving an innocent man to languish in gaol, when he would have liberated him for money; his hope was unrealized, and the curtain fell on Felix, the procrastinator.

Very different was his successor in office—Festus, a blunt, open Roman, stern, but just, who had no intention of having his cells filled with untried, uncondemned captives. But this was a case beyond him. The apostle appealed to Cæsar, claiming the protection of the powers that be “ordained of God for the punishment of evil doers, and the praise of them that do well”; but what crime could the governor allege against Paul? Puzzled, he appealed to Agrippa, and together the king and the governor listened to the apostle’s defence—not of himself, but of the gospel he preached. The sufferings of Christ, the resurrection of Christ—madness to the haughty

Roman! But not to the king. He knew the prophets, he knew the historical truth of the apostle's words—he knew! Yes—"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" "Almost—but lost!" Almost a Christian, but altogether unsaved! Almost persuaded, altogether unbelieving! Solemn, solemn position.

Who was the most guilty—the voluptuous, money-worshipping, procrastinating Felix, putting off the thought of eternity to a more convenient season; the upright, stern man of the world, irreligious, careless of God, but just before men, esteeming faith in a glorified Christ to be madness; or the well-read prophet-taught Agrippa—living in open sin, in spite of his knowledge—almost persuaded, but not quite?

All three will stand before a just tribunal; and the Saviour they heard] of when on their judgment seat from the lips of His prisoner (not theirs) will mete just judgment to them—eternal judgment, my reader, to these three rejectors of His mercy. And whose will be the sorer sentence? Will you be with them? Or will your portion be with the eunuch, the centurion, the prisoner for whom (because in Christ) there is no condemnation? "He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death into life."

“ BEFORE ABRAHAM WAS ”

In ordinary biographies, a birth is the beginning. It was in the year 1483 that the mind to which we owe the Reformation commenced its existence ; for it was then that Martin Luther was born.

It was in London that the career began to which England is indebted for its great epic poem, and that other from which science received its mightiest modern impulse ; for it was there that Milton and Bacon first saw the light of life.

Having told us this, the biographer feels that he has begun at the beginning ; and with this statement coincides the consciousness of the individual himself. For, whatever the old philosophy may have dreamed about the pre-existence of spirit and the transmigration of souls, no man could ever seriously say that he had led another life before he was born. No man could ever tell incidents and experiences which had occurred to him in a state of existence anterior to the present. With us, to all intents, our birth is our beginning.

In the whole history of our species there has been only one exception. That exception occurred in

the Holy Land nineteen hundred years ago. There was a Prophet in Galilee remarkable for the profusion and splendour of His miracles, and yet more remarkable for the beautiful innocence and majestic elevation of His entire career; and among the other peculiarities of a character unique and outstanding this was one—He was constantly and familiarly speaking of a life which He had led elsewhere; and though He had been born at Bethlehem in the reign of Augustus, it was evident that He never regarded that birth as *His* beginning.

Speaking always of God as His Father, on the eve of His expected martyrdom He concluded a solemn address to His chosen friends in these unusual words: “The Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God. I came from the Father and am come into the world: again, I leave the world and go to the Father.”

And so far back did that existence extend which He had spent elsewhere, that His words once leading the Jews to think that He claimed an age anterior to ancient Abraham, He not only allowed it, but in words of deep significance answered, “Before Abraham was, I AM.” Nay, so remote was that anterior existence of His, that He speaks of it as *older than creation itself!* And in the freest and most unreserved forth-pouring of His soul, which the record has preserved—in that

prayer which wound up the work given Him to do, and amidst whose closing accents He passed to the final conflict—in the explicitness of a high conjuncture, and in the fervour of filial confidence, His language is all aglow with recollections of that blissful association with His Divine Father which He had enjoyed in the depths of a dateless eternity. “And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.” “Unto the men which thou gavest me . . . I have given the words which thou gavest me, and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me.” “Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me ; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.”

In harmony with this consciousness of His own is the style of His inspired biographers. True, they relate His birth ; but with them *His birth is not His beginning*. It is His arrival from another sphere ; it is His inauguration in human nature. It is an advent, an incarnation ; it is not a new being called forth from the regions of nonentity. It is our world receiving a pre-existent visitor ; enshrining a celestial occupant ; and when they chronicle the fact, the Evangelists use language which at once lifts our eyes from the cradle, and

sends our imaginations backwards far beyond the reign of the Cæsars.

In the prophetic description of His birthplace Matthew quotes the words of Micah, of which the full context is, " But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel ; whose goings forth have been *from of old, from everlasting* " (chap. v. 2). And he does not scruple to apply to the infant born there the words of Isaiah vii. 14, " Behold, a [or, the] virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel " (or, ' God with us '). And in his allusion to the same great incident, John tells us, " IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD, AND THE WORD WAS WITH GOD, AND THE WORD WAS GOD." " AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH." (John i. 1, 14).

J. H.



“ WE WOULD SEE JESUS ”

A man, blind from his birth, a man of much intellectual vigour and with many engaging social qualities, found a woman who, appreciating his worth, was willing to become his wife. Several bright beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved their parents.

An eminent French surgeon, while in this country, called upon them, and examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him,

“ Your blindness is wholly artificial—your eyes are naturally good, and could I have operated upon them twenty years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now, though it would give you much pain.”

“ I can bear that,” was the reply, “ if but it will enable me to see.”

The surgeon operated, and the result was gradually successful ; first there were faint glimmerings of light, then more distinct vision.

The blind father was handed a rose ; he had smelt one before, but he had never seen one, then he looked in the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him ; and then the children

were brought, whom he had so often fondled, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears.

He then exclaimed, "Oh, why have I seen all these before enquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor." And when he was pointed out to him, he embraced him with tears of gratitude and joy.

So, when we reach heaven and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories we shall not be content with a view of these. No, we shall say, "Where is Christ"—He to Whom we are indebted for what heaven is? Show us Jesus, that with all our ardent, grateful love, we may adore and praise Him through endless ages.



"ALWAYS I AM WITH THEE"

Echoing down the ages
 Strong and sweet and clear,
 Scribed in sacred pages
 Come these words of cheer.

Are the trials trying?
 Is life's pathway drear?
 "Always I am with thee!"
 Be ye of good cheer.

E.A.Q.B.

A MOUNTAIN-TOP REVERIE

"Alone with Christ"—how sweet !
 What could there sweeter be
 Than just to worship at His feet,
 Who shed His blood for me ?

"Alone with Christ"—how sweet
 To listen to His voice—
 That voice which spake at Calvary !
 Well may my soul rejoice !

"Alone with Christ"—how sweet
 To lie upon His breast,
 And know the beatings of that heart,
 Where I have found my rest !

To know that He is mine,
 And I am His for aye !
 That I shall in His beauty shine
 Thro' God's eternal day !

Such fellowship—how sweet !
 What can with it compare?
 The One Who gave His life for me,
 Gives me His joys to share !

Chagford, near Dartmoor,
 26th October, 1919.

S.T.

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PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. 4.

ONE PENNY
NET

*Charles Berkeley Chappell. Born March 13th 1841,
'fell asleep' April 9th 1928 'C.B.C.'*

What a tale the above initials recall ! What a history of seventy-nine years spent in sin ; a fortnight in grace ; eternity in glory !

" An all-round man " of splendid ability, remarkably intellectual, an artist of no mean skill, versed in science, and speaking some five languages fluently, he might have been a power for good, and surely few had more prospect of a happy and prosperous path in life than he.

But alas ! God was not in all his thoughts. Brought up in a God-fearing home, he was impatient at its restraints ; and as a child would ask Why it was wrong to do on Sunday what was right any other day ? The claims of the Lord's day were nothing to him, or that God's will was the standard of right and wrong ; and as an old man of 78 he could maintain " I hate the word ' must,' I don't like to be compelled to do anything." Self-will, rebellion against authority, divine or human, seemed to characterise him.

Yet he was not exactly irreligious. A so-called " Free Christian Church " claimed him for years as one of its most zealous office-bearers. Energetic and ardent in temperament, as treasurer he was a power in the place, working far into the night to advance its " cause,"—a cause as far removed

from the cause of God as darkness is from light. Denying the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, refusing His claims as Son of God, ignoring the question of sin, and scorning the truth of atonement, ignorant of their need of a Saviour and refusing His salvation, counting His blood an unholy thing, they were far from Christianity—nay, were anti-christian. Established, as they supposed, “for the worship of God and the good of man,” they ignored His word “that all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son honoureth not the Father which hath sent him” (John v. 23). Thus they closed the door of salvation against themselves, since He has declared, “If ye believe not that I am, ye shall die in your sins” (John viii. 24); “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me” (John xiv. 6); “neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved” (Acts. iv. 12).

But sorrow came to C. B. C. One after another his sons and his daughter died of consumption in the bloom of youth; and unable to bear the blank caused by their loss in all he had been associated with, he gave it all up, and lapsed into absolute atheism and free-thought.

“He was a rapid free-thinker, and offensive in

the way he forced it on others," was the testimony of an intimate friend.

And as the years passed, still more sorrow came. For the sake of his wife's failing health, he gave up one after another of his intellectual, scientific, and artistic pursuits, until, to use his own word, he was simply "existing"—the companion of a broken, unhappy woman, whose "religion" he had upset and left her hopeless for time and eternity. Then the great war broke out; the house they were living in was sold; and, unable to find another, he and his wife took apartments in the house of a widow.

He soon saw she was a Christian, and it was not long before he avowed his denial of the Godhead of the Lord Jesus, and got her into an argument.

"How do you know the Bible is the word of God?" he demanded, as she answered his statements by appealing to it.

"Because it has revealed to me God's heart, and my own, and none but He could do that," she replied, "and by it I have been born again."

"Are you satisfied about it?" he retorted.

"Absolutely satisfied with my Saviour—not with myself. Are *you* satisfied?"

"No!" and the unhappy man turned away.

Months passed; they seldom met, for she avoided him; but she prayed for him, and endeavoured to show by her conduct some little

reflection of the Lord she served and Whom He knew not.

“ Well, this is true Christianity,” he exclaimed at last, as she put herself out to serve them in some matter.

Then his wife died, and the old man was left alone—without a relative to care for him, and the only friend he trusted miles away on a sick bed. Then he came to an end of himself. All had failed him; and he turned to the word of God for comfort. Hour after hour he read it; and when circumstances led to his again removing, the only place available was in a Christian Institute, where he was surrounded by earnest workers, all praying for his soul. He attended their services: he argued; he blasphemed.

Then God laid His hand on him. Alarming illness came suddenly on him, and he was brought face to face with death. Kind friends nursed him, and at last the stubborn heart was broken,

“ I am waiting to be saved. I am willing to take that easy yoke,” he exclaimed, as they read Matt. xi. 28-31 to him.

But he was not his own. Seventy-nine years the prey and captive of Satan, the enemy would not let him go; and the struggle that ensued was awful. Christian workers were there, but they were powerless to help, and horror came on them, the power of darkness, as that aged, attenuated form

sat bolt upright in the bed, with clenched fists, exclaiming, "O God, help me! I do believe in Jesus, but the devils have got me." For hours the struggle continued, but the next day brought deliverance.

The first chapter of Colossians was read to him, and the ninth verse of chapter ii., and the glorious truths pressed home that He in Whom all the fulness of the Godhead was pleased to dwell in a body, that He by Whom all things were created, and by Whom they exist, had made peace by the blood of His cross, in order to reconcile him—rebel as he had so long been—to Himself.

"You don't understand it, but do you believe it?" he was asked.

"I do."

That afternoon, his former landlady was by his side, and heard from his own lips, "I believe I have a title to heaven—the blood of Jesus."

Later in the day, John x. 27-30 was read to him; and as the Lord's words, "I and my Father are one" fell on his ears, he raised his hand, exclaiming, "That's it—'I and the Father are ONE'!"

All the doubts and difficulties, the unbelief and blasphemy of a long life were broken before that revelation of the Person of the Son revealed by the Father through the Holy Spirit; and the effect is best described by his message to his absent friend.

“ Tell him I am free, the Son has made me free, and I could not be freer ! ”

A fortnight has passed, excruciating agony, and frequent mental failure have marked it ; sometimes delirium, sometimes semi-coma, but he is calm and conscious now, between the terrible attacks of pain.

“ The God of mercy ! the God of mercy ! ” he whispers. “ In a few hours I shall be in the presence of God.”

“ You are not afraid ? ”

“ Oh no ! ‘ The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.’ ”

Something of the old energy came back, the dark eyes flashed with joy, and a brilliant smile overspread the wasted countenance. He placed his hand on his heart—“ I have felt it here ! ”

The nurse went to his side. And looking into her face he said—

“ The God of heaven, the God of heaven gave His Son Jesus Christ for us sinners.”

“ For you and me,” said a Christian present.

Again that beaming smile, “ Yes, for you and me ! ”

Shortly after, the pain ceased, unconsciousness ensued ; and sweetly, quietly, almost imperceptibly, he passed into the presence of “ the Son of God Who loved him, and gave Himself for him ! ”—
“ A brand plucked from the burning ! ” T.

JERICHO—GIBEON : OR FAITH— LITTLE FAITH

“ He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar ; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life and this life in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life; John v., 10—12.

Reader, do YOU believe it ?

Rahab had heard and the inhabitants of Gibeon had heard the report of that which the God of Israel had done and was about to do, and believing that report caused each to act. But simple head belief in an historical fact is **not** faith,—it does not bring the soul into contact with God, and there will be millions in the lake of fire who believed every word of their Bibles as they believe the History of England.

“ Now the just shall live by faith : but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. But we are not of them who draw back unto perdition ; but of them that believe to the saving of the soul.” (Heb. x. 38, 39).

Unless your belief of Scripture leads you to God by the Lord Jesus Christ, and the work He wrought on Calvary's cross, you will "draw" back from God, and to "perdition." The same report which eventually led Rahab, the harlot of Jericho to "dwell in Israel unto this day" (Joshua vi. 25), roused the hatred and animosity of Adoni-zedek, the king of Jerusalem, against the Lord and against His people, and brought on him "swift destruction."

But let us look for a moment at the difference between Rahab and the Gibeonites. How came she to "dwell in Israel," to be in the royal tribe of Judah in the direct line of the Messiah too (Matt. i. 5), while they were but "hewers of wood and drawers of water" (Josh. ix. 27)? Both had heard exactly the same report (Josh. ii. 10, ix. 9, 10); both trembled at it, and both rested on the word and the oath that seemed their safety.

But while the Spirit of God refers repeatedly to the faith of Rahab (Heb. xi. 31), James ii. 25), we never hear of the faith of Gibeon, though we do hear of the faithfulness of God to His own word about them (2 Sam. xxi. 2, 3). The difference between them was simply this; Rahab threw herself unreservedly on the mercy of God: she was the worst woman of that obnoxious city, but just as she was she trusted in the grace of God, and found what every sinner finds who comes in all

his guilt and need to Him. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." She got the word of the spies in the name of the Lord between her and judgment, and she got the scarlet line—that which their own lives had depended on as the token of her safety. God's only testimony now is to His Son, and the blood He has shed. "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me," but "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

The Gibeonites, on the contrary while they rested implicitly on the oath of Joshua, and knew that alone could give them safety, were afraid to own themselves what they were. They took much trouble to appear in other colours, and a vast amount of unbelief in the goodness of the God of Israel, as well as confidence in their own skill was mixed with the little faith they possessed. Oh, if they had come as Rahab came, how much better for them! Their clear disguise might deceive Joshua, but it could not deceive Jehovah though, blessed be His name! it could not alter His word. They were *safe* but they were *slaves*, because they could not trust Him fully; a sad contrast to their pretensions of being "ambassadors" from a distant land.

My friend, are you like them? Have you believed the record which God gave of His Son, yet set aside your own utterly lost, worthless,

condition—owning yourself a sinner, but not a lost sinner? In the light as He is in the light examine yourself, and own before Him you are just as vile as His word declares; for the fulness of His grace, “through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus” needs such in its own boundless measure: “where sin abounded grace did much more abound.” But while you cling to one atom of supposed goodness in yourself, or attempt to hide anything from His eye, you but hinder the out-flowings of that grace, which delights to raise up “the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory.”

T.



“I ONLY BELIEVE IN WHAT I CAN SEE.”

“I only believe in what I can see,” said a young soldier with a complacent smile, one Sunday afternoon.

“Then you miss a good deal, my young friend. That tram-car travelling along the main road outside the camp moves rapidly with its load, can you see what drives it? And that huge elm tree blown down in this park a few nights ago, could you see what caused it to fall?”

“Twas the wind, of course, and electricity drives the car.”

“Quite so, but you could not see the wind, and as to the car, we not only can't see the power that drives it, but cannot define it. Science hasn't yet decided what that powerful thing is, and many more of the most powerful things in this world are things that cannot be seen, to say nothing of what is called moral powers. Do you believe that since I came into this camp this afternoon, this world has travelled many thousands of miles in its orbit, as it is called, and is even now turning round like a spinning top? We can neither see or feel these movements, yet all science is based upon them, so you see your theory is wrong

altogether. We accept as true, things of this world that we can neither see or explain, yet refuse to believe the only revelation that God has given us in His word, about much more important matters, that affect our hearts and consciences—the inner man, not the outer—and involve our eternal destiny.

“ It is written in the Bible as to God that He is One ‘ Whom no man hath seen or can see, dwelling in the light to which no man can approach.’ Also, that ‘ no man hath seen God at any time, the only Begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.’

“ On the other hand, you have all heard the old saying ‘ One above sees all,’ and in one of the Psalms (cxxxix:) we read of a man who found out this—that it is absolutely impossible to get out of the sight of God. That darkness and light were both alike to God. He (David) said, ‘ If I ascend up into heaven thou art there, if I make my bed in hell, thou art there ; and not only so but he says—‘ Thou art acquainted with all my ways, and there is not a word in my tongue but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.’

“ Now let me ask you a straight question lads! How is it possible to be happy in the thought of having to do with a God like this ?

“ I can only say you must be very much better young men than I was, or any that I knew in my

young days, if you can be happy in the knowledge of God as you are. Yet God desires that we should be, and that is the secret of the gospel of Christ—how to be happy in the full knowledge of God, now and for all eternity.

“ There are two important truths about God—made known to us in the gospel—‘ God is light ’ and ‘ God is love.’ If He were light only, then all darkness must be banished, and our sins and darkness would bring us into condemnation. But He is love, as well as light, this is His nature, and He ‘ so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

“ Now to go back to where we started. How can we be brought into touch with God? And that brings in faith. Neither sight nor sense will help us, but ‘ He that cometh to God, must believe that *He is.*’ ‘ Without faith it is impossible to please Him.’ Our consciences convict us of sin and our unfitness to dwell in the presence of a God who is light, and we are surrounded with numberless evidences of the power and wisdom of God, yet often refuse to believe Him and His word, while we accept every day, things natural that are utterly beyond our ken to explain.

“ You may have the best pair of eyes in the British army, but they are no use to you in absolute darkness. You would stumble over

these beds and forms, if it were quite dark in this hut, despite your good eyes, but let a ray of light in, and all is clear. Christ is the light *from* God, and the light to lead us *to* God. We are dark in ourselves, and walk in darkness, but Christ having come into this world has made the darkness more apparent. If I compare myself with Him I see clearly that God must condemn me and banish me from His presence, but Christ died for sinners such as I am—'suffered for sins, the Just (One) for the unjust (ones).'¹—went to the cross in love for sinners, and in perfect obedience to God; and all who believe in Him "are justified from all things."

"And this is the judgment, that the light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light, for their works were evil. For every one that doeth ill hateth the light, and cometh not to the light lest his works should be reproved. But he that doeth the truth cometh to the light, that his works may be made manifest that they have been wrought in God" (John iii. 19-21, *R.V.*).

T. R.



"Blessed is the man that heareth ME, watching daily at MY gates, waiting at the posts of MY doors. For whoso findeth ME findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord. But he that sinneth against ME wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate ME love death."—PROVERBS viii. 34-36.

"HEARKEN UNTO ME!" . . . "LISTEN UNTO ME!"

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| Why, thoughtless sinner, wilt thou die? | ACTS xiii. 46 |
| Can hell's dark gate provide a charm? | MATT. xvi. 26 |
| Or dost thou grasp the soothing lie | ISAI. xxviii. 15 |
| That sin can do thy soul no harm? | ROM. vi. 23 |
| Cease for a moment from the strife, | I SAM. ix. 27 |
| And hear what Christ the Saviour saith: | ISAI. xlvi. 12 |
| "Who seek ME find eternal Life; | PROV. viii. 35 |
| Who hate ME are in love with Death." | PROV. viii. 36 |
| God sent His Son from heaven above, | JOHN iii. 16 |
| To take the guilty sinner's place, | ISAI. liii. 5, 6 |
| To speak His everlasting love. | I JOHN iv. 10 |
| And manifest His glorious grace: | ROM. v. 20, 21 |
| God writes it down in words of gold— | ACTS xiii. 38, 39 |
| The Gospel spreads it far and wide; | JOHN iii. 14, 15 |
| And now the joyful news is told: | I TIM. i. 15, 16 |
| Sinners may live, for Jesus died! | I JOHN iv. 9 |
| These words of life to thee are sent; | ACTS xiii. 26 |
| The trumpet gives its silver sound: | PSALM lxxxix. 15 |
| God now commands thee to repent, | ACTS xvii. 30 |
| And seek Him while He may be found: | ISAI. lv. 6 |
| His Spirit's all-creating breath | JOHN iii. 6, 7 |
| Can quell thy guilty restless strife— | JOHN iii. 18, 19 |
| A rebel saved from endless Death, | JOHN iii. 36 |
| To find in HIM Eternal Life! | JOHN xvii. 3 |
| <i>August 13th, 1918.</i> | W. W. |

Please carefully read all the References

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Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

—
ONE PENNY
NET

From the Diary of W. G. F. Reid

“ SHE LIVED CHRIST ”

It was a cold March day ; influenza was rife, and among the sufferers was an active servant of God, who spent his time among the poor and needy. This day however, he felt so ill that he was hurriedly returning home when he met a poor woman whom he had known for years. Often had he visited her when she was ill, but now she seemed unusually well, and expressed her sympathy with him in his illness with the kindness born of Christian love. That was Thursday, and a few days rest and nursing with God's blessing, fitted him for the service he delighted in on the Lord's day. The morning was not far advanced however when he received an urgent call to see the one who had so recently comforted him.

He went to the address, and what a sight met him ! A wretched hovel with no fire place, damp whitewashed walls, a small window about two feet square, not made to open—a place “ not fit to stable a horse,” as he indignantly exclaimed,—and there she lay, suffering from acute bronchitis, unable to speak, and apparently unconscious. He sent a note for a doctor, and there read and prayed, for he knew that where deaf to all other sounds

the name of Jesus is music in a believer's ear—and such was that poor sufferer.

Years before, in a mother's meeting, she had heard of the grace of the Lord Jesus in coming to seek and to save that which was lost,—that though He was rich yet for her sake He became poor, that she through His poverty might be rich; nay more, that He had once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring her to God; and knowing herself to be a sinner, poor, and unjust, she had welcomed the gospel as it was brought to her, and without money and without price had accepted God's free gift of pardon and salvation.

And she had become rich—rich toward God, rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom which, He hath promised to them that love Him. Yes, born to an inheritance that fadeth not away, born again by the Spirit and word of God, an heir of God and a joint heir with Christ. Terribly poor as to this world's goods, yet she witnesses a good confession to those around her—her light shining amid the squalor of the neighbourhood she lived in—by unselfish care and sympathy for others.

During a former illness, when her wonted seat in the Mission Hall had been vacant for a fortnight, and she was gently chided for not sending word why it was so, her only answer was "I know how much you have to do, and your little girl ill at

home too, I did not want to trouble you. You know it is all right with me. I thought the Lord was coming to take me home to meet my dear husband, and I was so glad, but it seems not His time yet. I do want patiently to wait His will."

And so she had waited in increasing poverty and weakness, reflecting a little of her Lord's gentleness and mercy, until suddenly this illness had laid her aside. And neighbours came in and out to "do" for her, and listened to the words of Scripture and prayer which she (perhaps unconscious of it) utters. One especially, a bad drunken woman seemed anxious that the poor sufferer should hear. Did she realize it is a solemn thing to die? Do you? "It matters little if she hears or not," the visitor told her "she has lived Christ and I have no doubt as to her future; but what could be said of you, if you were stricken so suddenly."

And what could be said of *you* my reader? Are you "living Christ?" If you are indeed, then He must be your life: for you cannot live a life you do not possess. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life." (1 John v. 12). "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).

Do not say you do not know but that you hope

it will be all right with you. Those who have Christ do know it. "We know that he abideth in us by the Spirit which he hath given us" (1 John iii. 24). "We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know him that is true, and we are in him that is true, even in his Son, Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life" (1 John v. 20).

If you do not know it—if you do not know Him—then tell Him so. "Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace; thereby good shall come to thee."

As Abraham's believing God, was reckoned to him for righteousness, so shall our faith be reckoned if we believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead who was delivered up for our offences and raised for our justification. Then can we say, being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ (Rom iv. 5).

Oh, believe this declaration. Good was it for the poor woman of my narrative that she had done so. Within an hour of receiving the call, the doctor stood by her side, but he was powerless to do anything; and half an hour after, a ransomed spirit left its poor tenement of clay, left that comfortless wretched hovel, and exchanged it for the Paradise of God. She had lived Christ here, and enjoyed His company in her lonely path of poverty,

—not so poor as He had been, for He had not where to lay His head ; and she had, such as it was. Now she is with Him where He is, beholding His glory, while she waits His time to change her body of humiliation and conform it to His body of glory.

But let her sudden end be a warning to you. A week before, on the previous Lord's day, she had been as usual to hear His word, and with His people. On the Thursday she was as well, or better than usual. At mid-day on that next Sunday she was dead ! “ Therefore be ye ready also.”

T.



“ There is such a thing as a moral ‘ cannot,’ as well as a physical ‘ cannot.’ In the former, our wills, tastes, affections, thoughts, and he who rules us by these, are often stronger than our judgments. Awful state ! if our being subject to God is in question. ‘ I have married a wife and cannot come,’ told a tale about want of *heart* and *will*, not of external or physical inability.”

H.P.

“ BE YE READY ? ”

It was a glorious autumn afternoon, as I stood upon the shore of one of our favourite seaside resorts, gazing upon the sunlit sea, so calm and restful. The sky, the mighty ocean, the balmy air, all speaking of the glorious work of God the Creator.

Who would have thought of danger near at hand ?

A small rowing boat glided along : its occupants appeared to be enjoying the fair scene, little thinking that soon they would have to prove how very near eternity is to each one of us !

One of the party thought fit to change his position, without sufficiently counting the cost ; the move was fatal to the little craft, and overturning it, precipitated those merry pleasure-seekers into the sea. It was a terrible moment to us who were watching from the shore the perilous condition of those poor folk. Unless help came at once, they must be drowned, for possibly none could swim.

Happily for them, a fishing-boat was near at hand, and the kind-hearted skipper, seeing their dangerous plight, in a moment made for their

rescue. Off went his coat, ere he dived into the water to save them from a watery grave, and soon all were saved, and brought to land.

Now, dear reader, why do I relate this incident? Not merely to tell you of a tragic happening, such as alas! too often occurs, but because in it we see just a picture of the lost condition of the sinner, and of his absolute need of the Saviour.

As sinners we are in a far worse condition than these who were exposed to drowning, for we are in danger of our souls being eternally lost, unless we avail ourselves of the gracious Saviour of sinners Who is near at hand, and who is able and willing to save us, if we will but go to Him, confessing our sins, and seeking the salvation that He alone can give.

Think for a moment! What would have happened if these drowning people had refused the timely aid of their deliverer? Death awaited them, and not only the death of the body, but eternal death if they were without Christ. It would have been worse than folly and utter madness to have despised the deliverance that was within their reach. Far, far worse is it for you my unsaved reader, to be despising the only way of salvation, when eternal issues are at stake, and your soul may be lost for ever!!

But why will you run the risk when a loving Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who has shed

His precious blood upon the cross of Calvary, invites you to accept the salvation He has to offer, if you will but own you are a sinner, and accept His great gift of pardon and eternal life?

Life is filled with uncertainty! We know not what a day or an hour may bring forth; but if we are resting on the atoning work and word of the Lord Jesus Christ, our feet are firmly fixed upon the Rock of Ages, that Rock that can never be moved. Oh! let not Satan rob you of the blessing that may be yours now if you will accept it at the Saviour's gracious Hand. *Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.

K. E. *Peltman*

*Extracted from
"Crossing the River" by Miss Marsh*

HEAVEN'S GATE

"An aged lady lay on her dying bed. She had lived a life of simple faith, which made her declining years like a snowy landscape on a sunny day. Those who listened to the wit and wisdom of her conversation, and marked the keen interest which she took in all that was passing around her, could hardly believe that she had nearly numbered eighty-five years.

She was cherished with devoted care and tenderness by the relatives with whom she had always made her home ; and between the eldest boy of the family and his great-aunt a friendship had grown up from his babyhood, like that of which Wordsworth sang :

“ We talked with open heart and tongue
Affectionate and true ;
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.”

which added not a little brightness to her green old age.

There was no gloom in that chamber of sickness ; the children of the house went in and out of it, and the eldest boy left all his little treasures there. The smiling young faces ever met with a smiling welcome from the old Christian who lay in the glow of light that seemed to stream upon her from heaven's opened gates, patiently waiting for her summons to go in and see the King.

Sitting behind her one day, I repeated the words :

“ Jesu, refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

but before I could finish the verse, she turned to me with a look full of animation, and exclaimed—

“ You must think of something else, if you mean it for me, my dear ; that is no prayer of mine *now*, for I have flown there long ago, and none can pluck me away ! ”

When the time for her departure drew near,

she quietly, but almost playfully, gave directions for the day of her funeral, to save pain to one who loved her with a daughter's love.

Then just before she left them, those who stood around her bed caught the whispered sentence, while they saw her dim eyes shine with the light of heaven——

“ The angels are shouting—I must shout too—
Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever, for ever and ever ! Amen.”

“ Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine in the far-off, sinless land ;
With them the holy angels that know no grief or sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.”

C. M. (*Extracted*).

THE JESTER

I wonder if you have ever come across the story of a certain jester of olden time who having offended his royal master by too free jesting had lost his place, but being afterwards pardoned, was reinstated and presented with a staff, on the condition that if he met a greater fool than himself he should pass it on to him.

Some time after, the monarch being on his death-bed, sent for his old entertainer, and told him he was leaving him.

“ Where are you going ? ” enquired the fool.

“ I do not know.”

“ How long are you going for ? ”

“ I am never coming back.”

“ What provision have you made for your journey ? ”

“ Alas ! none ! ” exclaimed the king.

“ What ! ” replied the jester, “ you are going away, and you do not know where, you are never coming back, and you have made no provision for your journey ! Here, take my staff—you are a greater fool than I ! ! ”

Now, my dear friend, may I ask you if you know where *you* are bound for, and are you ready ?

From the moment of our birth we are started on the journey of life. Our time in this world may be short or long, comparatively, but it is a very, very short journey here in view of eternity to which we are every one rapidly hastening. Oh, do you know where you are going ? How foolish indeed it is to go on from day to day, not knowing what kind of a future is before us.

For there are two futures before us. By this I mean there is a blessed future for those whose sins have been washed away through the blood of that One Who died nearly 1900 years ago on the Cross of Calvary.

But a woful future awaits those who die in their sins, for there is no forgiveness, no salvation offered

beyond the grave. It is offered you here, but here only. And I want you to think for a moment what an awful risk you are running, if you have not already faced God about your sins. You cannot enter heaven with your sins, with but *one sin!* upon you. They must be got rid of *here*, if you are to enter *there*.

There is no lime-light or ex-rays, no created light even, that can match or approach the searching light of God's presence. He dwells in unapproachable light. And we have all to give account to God.

This question faces you : How can I get rid of all my sins? "We have *all* sinned, and come short of *his glory*." "Without shedding of blood is no remission." The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin. We who have come to the Saviour, and believed on Him can, say : "We *have* redemption through *His blood* the forgiveness of sins." "Through this man (the Lord Jesus Christ) is preached to you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things."

He only is the Saviour. He is the Way. There is no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved. How then shall we escape if we neglect *so great* Salvation.

J. E. P.

THE NEGRO AND HIS MASSA

A negro was once under conviction of sin at the same time as his master. The negro found grace very soon, but his master was some months seeking a Saviour ; so he said to the negro one day, " I can't make it out how you could get to Christ so easily, and find peace so soon ; it has cost me many months of prayer."

" Massa, it strikes me it is like this. When Christ came along, He said to you, ' Here, I give you my righteousness for a clothing.' You looked at yourself and said, ' My coat is pretty fair ; there is a small hole in the elbow, and a small rent here, but I will make it last a little longer ! ' So you got no peace at all. I was a poor, shivering nigger when Christ came along ; I had nothing but filthy garments on. I pulled them off, and put on His own righteousness, and I found peace at once."

There is much wisdom in that. As long as we have our own righteousness remaining in us, we must never expect to find salvation by the blood of Christ : but when willing to throw everything down and trust in Christ, just as He is, there is nothing in the way to keep us from the fullest enjoyment of peace in believing. (Rom. iii. 20-26 ; x. 3, 4 ; I Cor. i. 30).

C.H.S.

"THE ROCK THAT FOLLOWED THEM."—(1 Cor. x. 4).

EXODUS xvii.

Upon the Rock he takes his stand ;
 The rod of God is in his hand :
 Around him press both man and beast
 Athirst, from greatest unto least.
 He lifts the rod ; he strikes ; and lo,
 From the great depths the waters flow !
 Life-giving streams to all and free :
 Fit type of Him on Calvary,
 The Rock, the Bedrock of the soul,
 By whose deep stroke we are made whole.
 The humble, lowly Christ of God
 On Whom then fell Jehovah's rod :
 The Rock of Ages, from Whose side
 Flowed forth that holy cleansing tide
 Of blood and water : witness clear
 To all with eyes and ears to hear
 Of full atonement—fully made,
 When upon Him the guilt was laid.
 The Blood, that met God's holy due :
 The water, moral cleansing too.
 Ah, stand on Him ! stoop, drink and live !
 Those streams He freely waits to give.
 No longer—weary, thirsty—roam
 Afar from God and rest and home.
 He called aloud " Whosoever will
 May drink and live ! " He calleth still !
 'Tis free : no money and no price
 Have you to pay. Faith doth suffice.

NUMBERS xi.

Before the Rock again he stands ;
 Another Rod is in his hands,
 With almond bud, and bloom, and fruit.
 Once dead, but now each living shoot
 In perpetuity shall bloom
 Before the Lord with sweet perfume ;
 Telling of Him, the Christ of God,
 Once smitten 'neath Jehovah's rod,
 Now risen, and ascended high,
 The Living One, no more to die ;
 The great High Priest with glory crowned
 For whom no place too high is found :
 The noble towering Rock of strength !
 " Speak to the Rock," which through the length
 Of desert lands has followed on,
 In faithfulness, where they have gone.
 We need not Moses' sin describe,
 In spite of it, a living tide
 Flows freely down that all may drink
 Who bow beside that River's brink.

NUMBERS xxi.

Oh, hast thou drunk ? then sing with joy
 " Spring up, O Well ! " Oh, blest employ !
 Dug with the staves of death and life,
 That well springs up with blessings rife.
 Sing to it ; sing ! until the day
 When thirst for ever fled away,
 Beside the streams of life, the Lamb
 Shall lead His flock—the great " I AM,"
 And heavenly songs shall louder swell
 His praise, Whose greatness none can tell !

H.C.T.

ERRATA

- Page 67, last line—*for* rapid *read* rabbid
 „ 73, line 19—*for* seemed *read* secured
 „ 74, line 20—*for* clear *read* clever

Gospel

Gleanings

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London

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

—
ONE PENNY
NET

*From the Life of Augustine M. Poplady and "Hymns
Wisdom and
their Hymns"*

**A SUNDAY EVENING IN
IRELAND.**

“Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded; sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of wisdom joined with power.
He is able!
He is willing! doubt no more.”

* * *

The words floated on the soft breeze of an August evening, sung with the warmth and fervour peculiar to those whose rich brogue marked them as belonging to the Emerald Isle—floated from the open doors of a large barn, where a few humble labourers were assembled to listen to one almost as illiterate as themselves—but, who like them, had known what it was to come, a poor and wretched sinner, to the Saviour whom they had proved for themselves was able and willing to save just such as they.

It was not to Mary, not to the Saints, not to the Church they looked for salvation—but to Jesus, the Mediator—the ONE Mediator between God and man; and having looked to Him they had found the truth of His own words “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal

life" (John iii. 14, 15); they had it; they rejoiced in it. Poor and despised, they gathered in the old barn, soon to be filled with the beautiful harvest now ripening around it, little knowing on what fruitful soil the seed of the Word was to fall that summer evening.

The preacher announced his text "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ" (Ephes. ii. 13), and then in warm and simple language, he preached about that precious blood which cleanses from all sin, which removes every barrier between a guilty sinner and a Saviour God, and brings the one who trusts it right home to the presence of God—to stand there in perfect peace, because in perfect righteousness.

Yes, "the old, old story!" So old, so familiar to you, dear reader! So old, and yet so sweet to some of those assembled there that it was ever new; so old too, to one in that little company to whom the service and its surroundings came with the full force of novelty. He was young; sixteen summers had not yet passed over the fair boyish head—the "only son of his mother, and she was a widow"—the widow of an officer in the British army who had fallen in his country's service soon after the birth of this dearly loved son. Tenderly she had cared for him, and warmly he responded to her love, while the rapid progress he had made in study promised her a rich reward for her solici-

tude. But those studies had been interrupted; business demanded her presence in Ireland, and she could not be separated from him. So one can understand the delight and interest of the intelligent boy, escaped from a public school in London, in the novel and rural surroundings of his temporary Irish home.

Accustomed to the ritual of the established church, in which his uncles were clergymen, the ungrammatical sermon of the illiterate preacher came with a force of novelty: but there was something else which rivetted the boy's attention. Never before had he realised as now that *he* was "far off," never before had his sins—yes, *sins*, good boy as he was to his mother and his tutors—sins which none but he himself and a Holy God knew anything about—appealed to him as they did that still Sunday evening; and never before had he felt that the blood of Jesus was the thing, and the *only* thing that could meet them.

The Irish labourers around him little knew what was passing in the soul of the young English stranger sitting among them; but God knew; and that night, by the power of the Spirit of God, Augustus Montague Toplady was translated from the power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, and passed from death unto life. "By the grace of God, under the ministry of that dear messenger, and under that sermon, I was, I trust,

brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1756. Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought near to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name. Surely it was the Lord's doing, and is marvellous!"

Reader, have you been brought nigh to God or are you still at a distance from him? Sin is that which has separated between your soul and God: it erected a barrier between Adam and his Creator the moment his disobedient hand had taken the forbidden fruit, and forced him trembling and naked to hide among the trees of the garden.

Higher and thicker and more formidable that barrier has risen ever since. You can never bridge it and you can never breach it. But God has come in. He who in wondrous grace could go after his fallen creature, and calling to Adam did say "Where art thou?" has himself undertaken the question of sin, and in the Person of His beloved Son, in Whom all the fulness of the Godhead dwelleth bodily—He has settled it.

He who knew no sin has been made sin, and he has died for it. "Once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice

of himself." The sacrifice has been offered, has been accepted, and the One who cried with the shout of the Victor "It is finished," has taken His seat on the right hand of God. The barrier is gone; "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God" (I Pet. iii. 18), and "NOW, *in Jesus Christ*, ye who sometime were far off, *are made NIGH* by the blood of Christ."

Are you in Christ? Is He your righteousness, your life? If so you can sing:

"So nigh, so very nigh to God,
 "I cannot nearer be,
 "For in the Person of His Son
 "I am as near as He."

Yes, even NOW—not *some day*. "NOW is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Delay not! "I shall see Him, but NOT NOW; I shall behold Him, but NOT NIGH"—said the procrastinator, and he sealed his doom. A foe to God, a foe to His people—loving the wages of unrighteousness, yet a tool in God's hand forced unwillingly to say what He put in his mouth, Balaam, the soothsayer—Balaam the Medium—in 20th century language—foretold his own awful future, and yours too, if you, like him, procrastinate. "Not now" made nigh, means "not nigh" for all eternity.

T.

See note on p. 66 "C. B. C."

To the Editor of "Gospel Gleanings."

Dear Sir,

Having known the late "C. B. C." well, and visited him almost daily during his last illness, it has occurred to me that additional details about his conversion might be interesting to your readers and might help some to realise what it really means to "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ" and "be saved."

He began the first conversation we ever had on religious matters, by enquiring for a place of worship where there was a good musical service, saying he preferred the Unitarians, but their Church was too far off.

I replied "I am very sorry to hear you say so, for they deny the Divinity of the Lord Jesus, and He has said, 'If ye believe not that I am He ye shall die in your sins,' 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' 'Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.'"

With a sneer he rejoined, "Do we need saving?"

"We *must* be saved," I repeated, feeling only God's own word could meet him.

He made no further reference to the subject till after his wife's death, when he was constantly reading the Scriptures. Then on one occasion he remarked, "You and I think alike on everything, except the Divinity of Christ."

"A big exception," I replied, and taking up a French Bible lying on the table I turned to Romans ix. 5, and handed it to him, saying, "I pin my faith to that, Mr. C." He read the words "Christ qui est Dieu au-dessus de toutes choses, beni éternellement," ("Christ, who is God over all, blessed for ever,") and somewhat thoughtfully added, "Well, we may agree on that some day!"

After the fearful struggle referred to in the account in your May issue, he sent for me, and greeted me with the words, "I am troubled about my poor wife!" "What about?"

"Because she died a reprobate!"

She had been a Roman Catholic until "her husband's creed upset her," she herself told me; and not long before her death had refused to read a large type New Testament, saying she did not believe in anything, and I have no reason to think there was any hope in her death; but, not wishing to excite him I replied, "I could not say so myself. She had God's message of mercy and forgiveness told to her repeatedly, and what she did with it during that week she lay speechless I cannot say. That is between God and her own soul; but I

want to know about you, and that you believe in the Lord Jesus."

"My dear, I have always believed in Him, since I was a little boy in the Sunday School!"

Seeing he was fencing, I said solemnly,

"You have told me over and over that you did not believe in Him!"

"Oh, there are different ways of believing in Him."

"You must believe He is the Son of God, and your own Saviour."

"I do believe He is the Son of God."

This was a great advance, as but a fortnight before he had most blasphemously denied it to others who were speaking to him. But I feared it was not the work of the Holy Spirit—not God-given faith, in the Person of His Son, and that the enemy was seeking to lull him with some opiate containing a measure of truth, and yet denying His eternal Godhead and Divinity. So I asked again.

"Do you believe He is God over all, blessed for ever?"

He hesitated, and then said, "I believe He is over all the works of His Father."

In a moment Satan's subtlety and delusion flashed upon me—the cruel lie that reduces the eternal Son to a mere creature—and taking his Bible, I said.

“Now listen. This is the language of those who *do* believe in the Lord Jesus.” Giving thanks unto the Father, which has made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son; in whom we have redemption through his blood even the forgiveness of sins; who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature. For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him and for him: and he is before all things, and by him all things consists. And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence. For it pleased *the Father* that in him should all fulness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things to himself” (Col. i. 12, 20). For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily (Col. ii. 9).

“Now,” I said, “do you believe that? I do not ask if you *understand* it, because you do not; but do you believe that the whole fulness of the Godhead was pleased to dwell in Him and to make peace by the blood of his cross to reconcile you

to Himself?"

Firmly he replied, "I do."

Promising to see him again later in the day, I left him, but mentioned to the Christians downstairs the passage read. On my return they told me he had asked for it again, and the nurse had read it.

When I entered the room he was struggling for breath, and very ill, so holding his hand I sat quietly till the attack passed, when he greeted me with "Great is your reward in heaven."

Looking up for wisdom I replied, "It is a great thing to have a reward in heaven, but greater to have a title there at all!"

"I believe I have a title there," he said.

"I heard yesterday that the apostle Paul with all his faithful service had no better title to heaven than the dying thief, for the blood of Jesus is the only title there."

"That is true!" he interjected.

"The blood was the apostle's title, and the dying thief's title, and through grace, it is my title, too," was my answer.

"And it is mine" he added.

Seeing he was decidedly weaker than in the morning, I did not stay long then, but went again in the evening. He quite thought it would be his last night, but was peaceful and happy.

"I am not going to worry any more," he said.

"Shall I read to you?" I asked.

"Oh, do; the Bible seems a different book to me now."

I read a few verses here and there from John x. In the middle of verse 18 he interrupted, saying, "That's it—power to take it again," which struck me, as he had always ridiculed the truth of the resurrection. But I was not prepared for the emphasis and force with which he brought his hand down on the bed as I came to verse 30, "That's it—'I, and my Father are one.'"

It was not the intellect that was convinced merely, but the heart that was bowed. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."

A few days later a friend sent him a copy of a hymn she thought "ought to express" his feelings. It was a confession of guilt, and the last verse contained a prayer for forgiveness. Seeing it did not at all appeal to him, though he desired me to thank her, I remarked "You don't need to ask forgiveness, do you! You know you are forgiven?" "Rather!" was the unhesitating reply.

I could add more, but beg to remain,

Yours in Christ's service,

X X X (H.C.Y.)

From "Sackett Hall Address"

“WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?”

Have you got an answer to the question? Is your mind made up about it? Be it bad or be it good, be it well or be it concerning Him, is your mind made up? Have you an opinion about Him? “What think ye of Christ?” It is no light question; it is no question for curiosity’s sake that I put it. It is a momentous question, beyond all expression; it carries in its answer your everlasting destiny for weal or for woe, for heaven or for hell. The solution of the question determines the whole of the matter.

I will give you two reasons why you should think of Christ.

First, *because you cannot help yourself*; you must think of Christ. Mark me, you must think of Him. Not now, perhaps. No, I cannot force Christ into your hearts; but you must think of Christ; if not now, at another day.

At some day, be it a future day, near or far away, At some day all you hear to night will be brought before you; the question pressed upon you to-night must be answered; there will be no escape from it. Oh, what a thought is this! You may crush it, you may endeavour to destroy it by heaping

cares upon it; You may go and try to plunge this question in a vortex of sin and dissipation; You may say, "Get thee hence, get thee hence!" But no, it lies buried, and it must rise up many a time before thee when thou diest, on a sick bed, in the hour of trial, at the very dying hour; aye, if not then when the spirit is emancipated from the body, and it goes right into the presence of Him of whom thou hearest to-night. The question must then be pressed and then answered, if never before "Now, what thinkest thou of Christ?" When He sits upon the judgment seat, and thou standest before Him for the sentence to be passed upon thee "What thinkest thou of Christ?" will be the question then.

Secondly, I have got another reason why I commend the question to you. *You cannot escape the consequences of the question.* Now, do you know this, that as a man thinks of Christ so the man is, and so the man will be for ever and ever? There is not a man or woman in this vast assembly whose character at this moment, while I preach, is not decided by their thoughts of Christ.

Do you believe that? I will prove it to you. Look at a man—I do not care who he is—who thinks nothing of Christ; look at that man's character; look at that man's views; look at that man's thoughts of other things. Tell me, what

does a man think of God until he knows and thinks of Christ? Does any man know God till he knows Christ! Did you know God till you knew Christ? Did you know Him to be a righteous God, a vengeance-taking God, and a mercy-giving God, and a gracious God? Did you know Him in His perfections? Your thoughts of God are determined by your thoughts of Christ. Christ is the manifestation of God.

Again, what will a man's thoughts be of sin till he thinks of Christ? Did you ever think of sin leading down to hell till you saw Christ on Calvary dying for sin? Did you ever think that that sin brought down the whole curse of Almighty God upon the soul until you saw One so suspended under the depression of sin, that He said, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

What does a man think of holiness till he thinks of Christ? Did you ever feel "I must be holy, like God, or I cannot be with Him" till you saw Jesus, and knew what He was, the Holy One of God? What does a man think of eternity or time till he knows Christ?

Did you ever think beyond the present day, the gratification of the flesh, money getting, pleasure going, and so forth, till you saw the everlasting interests bound up with Christ? Do you not see that as a man thinks of Christ so he thinks of everlasting life? He determines his present

character, his feelings, his thoughts, his whole existence, by his thoughts of Christ.

A man's thoughts of Christ determine whether he has peace at death or not. I have seen many a man die. I have seen godly men die, and infidel men; and I have never seen one man die who did not die according to his thoughts of Christ. A man's thoughts of Christ determine his state when he dies. Will ye doubt whether his thoughts of Christ determine his state for ever after that? What! and do ye not see then, that if a thought of Christ carries a man through life and through death, there is every probability that it will do the same through eternity? Do ye not see, even in the common nature of things, that as a man is to-day, to-morrow, and the next day, so he will go on?

But the Bible settles that—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on Him." He goes away to everlasting condemnation.

Rev. Capel Molyneux.

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—
ONE PENNY
NET

*Reminiscence of Miss Collins to W. Chappell,
on the Lord's Day following his conversion*

TO-DAY'S NEWS

"What's the news to-day, Ma'am?" asked a sick man, as his landlady entered his room to enquire after his health one Sunday morning.

"That God loves you," was her reply.

"I know He does! but I could not have said so a week ago!"

"Yet I told you very plainly last Sunday week."

Yes, and you, my reader, have been told so very plainly too, perhaps. It may be that the glorious news that *God loves YOU* has sounded in your ears over and over again. Very likely, as a child at your mother's knee, you learnt to lisp "God so loved the world (and you are part of it) that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16), and those words still remain on memory's page.

It may be, too, that you are equally familiar with the words, such as "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8), or "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him"

(1. John iv. 9); yet if you were asked the direct question "Does God love you?" what would be the answer of your innermost soul?

Ponder it, my reader. You have to do with God. Sooner or later, "every one of us shall give an account of himself to God" (Rom. xiv. 12), the great, the terrible, the holy God, who charges His angels with folly, and in Whose sight even the very heavens are not pure.

And does God, that holy God, love YOU? I reverse the question, *Do you love God?* His law, the lowest standard He could give to show what man ought to be, demands "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart, and with *all* thy soul, and with *all* thy might" (Deut. vi. 5), with an absorbing, paramount affection, leaving no room for any other object. Is it so? Do you so love Him?

Remember, "God is jealous, and the Lord avengeth." "It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." He demands your love, the God that created, that sustains, that preserves you; and in return you give Him as much as you give the football club? the cricket eleven? the golf course? the pictures? or the theatre, or the novel? What comes first in interest, a half-day at either of these, or a half-hour alone with God? "Men shall be lovers of their own selves. . . . lovers of pleasure more than lovers

of God," and is not this the fact now? "As in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." You are no better than they. And if honest with yourself you must own that instead of loving God with all your heart, you love everything else, friends, self, pleasure, wealth, fame, any and everything better than you love God; and the greatest dread in your mind is that some day, sooner or later (you fervently desire it may be later) you must stand in His immediate presence, to give an account of yourself to Him.

And *you do not love Him*. Yet to-day's news is true! Loveless though you are, God does love you. Enemy though you are, He desires you to be reconciled to Him; rebel though you may be, He has a pardon all ready for you. The hatred, the rebellion, the enmity, is on your side, not His; and He has come out, because He loves you, in the plenitude of His mercy, and make a righteous platform on which he may welcome, and pardon, and justify—YOU! Will you not surrender, and come now to Him? God is light; God is love; it is His very nature. And He has acted according to what He Himself is. "That which makes manifest is light," and all that you are, as well as all you have done, lies exposed and open in His light, but He is love, and all that He is, is toward you.

As David's heart of old, longed to go out to

ward his rebellious, exiled Son, so does the heart of God long to go out to you, dear reader; and He has found, what David failed to find, a righteous outlet for His love.

Gaze at Calvary. There amid the darkness and the horror of that scene, when the Son whom God had sent to declare His love was handed back to Him by lawless and loveless men, as a felon on a gibbet, there God came in, and expended on His holy head all the wrath and judgment due to the sinner and to sin for all who believed. He who is God from all eternity, bore the sinner's sentence; justice was satisfied; holiness vindicated; love triumphant. The Cross is vacant. The Holy Sufferer, who bowed His sacred head and cried, "It is finished" is there no longer. A rent veil, a quaking earth, and opened graves answered that cry of victory immediately; and ere long an empty as well as opened tomb proved God's Satisfaction in that accomplished redemption; while an opened heaven to-day shows that same Man Christ Jesus, risen and exalted, and sitting on the right hand of power. There is no veil, no barrier, no hindrance. God has come out in the plenitude of His grace; You may go in! God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. And "as though God did beseech you by us, we pray in Christ's Stead, Be ye reconciled to God."

Believe His love. See it manifested at Calvary. You may have lived long without realizing it. As the one mentioned above, you may never have known and believed before that God does love you, but you may claim it. You may rest in it. And as surely as you believe it, you shall find it true. As the prodigal in the far off country but turned his steps homeward in his rags and desolation, intent on saying "Father, I have sinned," and found the Father's arms round his neck, the Father's kiss on his cheek, the Father's voice in his ear, so shall you, dear reader, if you will but come now.

But remember, God's love is only known in Christ, and by faith in Him. The fact that He loves you will not save you, unless believed in. *You may be loved, and lost.* But you cannot put your seal that God is true, and be lost; you cannot believe His word and be lost; you cannot have love with you made perfect and be lost, for "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." T.



From Sweden Hall Address.

WHAT I HAVE

“Here I stand, a poor lost sinner, with eternity before me, and perhaps a life of trouble and sorrow before I enter that eternity. What do I want? I will tell you what I know and feel I want, but, thank God, what I know I have.

“I want a complete work to rest upon. As a poor man lost in sin, a wretched transgressor, I want to know I am pardoned; and I know it. I want a blessed Saviour to go through life’s pilgrimage; I want One who knows my wants and feelings, and can sympathise with me. I want One who can send into my heart a powerful principle to guide and support and strengthen me; and I have it. He is at the right hand of God, that same Jesus.

“Oh, that word—the *same* Jesus! Aye, He who went to Bethany. The friend of Martha and Mary; He who went with those sorrowing sisters; He who met the widow of Nain, and said “Weep not”; He who comforted every soul that came to Him; He who never repelled one who sought His mercy, who loved His people with an intensity of affection that no language can describe; He is above for me; He is my friend, that “sticketh closer than a brother,” One who never leaves me, who helps me now that I speak to you, and will

help me through life and through death with His rod and with His staff.

“And what then”? Absent from the body, present with the Lord.” This is a salvation worth having. Then I look on to a coming day, and what do I see? Oh, that same Saviour coming, my body raised, and I myself in my perfected state caught up to meet Him, and so be ever with the Lord.

“Oh, tell me, whether this is not a salvation worth being called the gospel—glad tidings; and tell me whether the man who understands and feels this gospel can do otherwise than speak it from his heart's bottom with all the power, and vigour, and energy of which he is possessed? Let men talk as they will about fanaticism and enthusiasm; let us have the widest fanaticism rather than coldheartedness, the indifference, and the lukewarmness that characterise the mass of those who are called Christians; let us have men in earnest about it; Aye, and if they realise the power of God in their own hearts they cannot but speak things that make for their everlasting peace.”

C.M.



from Coe's Hall Addresses

THE LOSS OF THE SOUL.

Think what a solemn question these words of our Lord Jesus Christ contain! What a mighty sum they propound to us all for calculation! Where is the accountant, where is the clever arithmetician that would not be baffled at once by that sum: "*What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul*"? (Mark viii. 36, 37).

The first remark I have to make is this. We have every one of us an undying soul. . . . Our lot is cast just now in a world which is extravagantly taken up with material things. We live in an age of steam engines, and machinery of locomotion, and of invention, and in an age when the multitude are increasingly absorbed in thinking of railways and of docks, of commerce and of trade, of banks and of shops, of corn and of cotton, of iron and of gold.

This body of ours that we take so much care of, give so much attention to, think so much of, to warm it, to dress it, to feed it, to make it comfortable, this body alone is not all the man; it is but the lodging of an immortal tenant, that tenant an immortal soul.

Death does not make an end of any of us. All is not over when the last breath is gone,

and the doctor's last visit has been paid, and the coffin is screwed down, and funeral preparations are made; when "ashes to ashes, dust to dust" has been heard over our graves; when the world sees our place filled up, and our gap in society is no longer known—no, all is not over then, the spirit of that man still lives; we have every one an undying soul.

The horse that wins the Derby, or the Leger, the horse that attracts the attention of thousands, that painters paint, that engravers engrave, on whose performances the money of so many turns, what is that horse in the sight of God to the meanest infant, or the meanest person that stands before me this night? That beast has no understanding, and its spirit goes downward; but that infant has an immortal soul.

The second remark I have to make upon this solemn subject is this; that any one may lose his own soul. This is a sorrowful part of the subject, but one that I dare not pass by. I may not, I cannot turn from it. I have no sympathy with those modern notions which have been broached in these later days; I have no fellow feeling with those prophets who can prophecy nothing but peace, and would altogether keep back from man the awful fact that he may lose his own soul.

I am one of those old-fashioned ministers that believe the whole Bible, and everything that the

Bible contains. I believe there is a real devil, and I believe there is an actual hell; and I believe there is no charity whatever that leads a man to keep back truths like these.

What! shall I call it charity to see a brother drinking poison and hold my peace? What! shall I call it charity to see some blind man tottering toward the edge of a precipice, and not cry to him, "Stop! stop! beware"? I call it the greatest charity to bring before all men the greatest amount of truth, and endeavour to press upon them that they may lose their souls—that they lose them for ever in hell.

Man has about him a wonderful power of evil. Weak as we are all here for good, we have a mighty power of doing ourselves harm. You cannot save those souls of yours; remember that. You cannot wipe out a single blot upon your soul; you cannot change that heart of yours and make it new. But remember, *there is one thing you can do; you can lose your immortal soul!* You may murder your own soul by open sin, or by serving lusts and pleasures.

Again you may poison your own soul by taking up some false religion. You may keep it by traditions of man's invention, or by going a mere round of ceremonies and services which never came down from heaven. Again; you may starve your soul to death by trifling and indecision. . . .

You have but to sit still; you have only to do nothing, you have only got to keep in with the circumstances in which God has placed you; you have but to swim with the tide, to follow the crowd, and after a time you will be lost for evermore; broad is the road that leadeth to destruction.

And where does your soul go when it is lost? I can tell you; there is but one place to which it can go. There is no such thing as annihilation; it goes to the world that never dies, it goes to the fire that is not quenched; it goes down to blackness, darkness, wretchedness, misery for evermore; it goes to the only place for which it is meet; it goes to that hell to which, not being meet for heaven, it must needs descend. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God."

Would you know the value of a soul? Then go and measure that value by the price paid for it 1,900 years ago. What was the price paid down for it then? No gold, no silver, no diamonds were sufficient; no work of man, no work of Angels, was found enough to redeem man's soul from hell. Nothing but the blood of God's own Son, nothing but the death of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, nothing but the shedding of His own precious blood, was found sufficient to purchase for man's soul deliverance from the wrath to come.

Go and study the history of what took place on Calvary. See that Sufferer there hanging upon the cross; mark all the wonderful transactions that took place when He died; see how the sun hid his face; see the three hour's darkness over the earth; see how the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent; hear His own dying words, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me"? Then see in all those transactions some idea of what the value of a soul is, for in that day was paid down the price, the only price, that could pay the full value of Man's immortal soul.

My last remark upon the subject shall be this—that any man's soul may be saved. I bless God that I am able to stand here and make that proclamation freely and unconditionally. I tell you every one may be saved, because Christ has once died. Christ, the Son of God, has died on the cross to make atonement for man's sins; there upon the cross he bore man's sins, and carried away man's transgressions; there He suffered, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. He allowed the curse to fall upon Him, and by His death He satisfied the law of God we had broken. That death of His was no common death, no mere example of self-denial; it was not merely the death of a martyr like Ridley, or Latimer, or Cranmer; it was an atoning death, a propitiation, a sub-

stitutional death, a death which He suffered as man's representative, a death that carried with it eternal consequences to all the sons of men that are willing to take an interest in it. . . .

Yes, I tell you furthermore that any one may be saved, because Jesus Christ still lives; He lives at the right hand of God. . . . lives to give us the Spirit of Adoption, lives to sanctify us, lives to raise us from death, and to bring to glory all sinners of mankind that put their souls into His hand. . . . "Come unto Me," says the Saviour, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

J. C. Ryle.



"THE WATERED LILIES."

The Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair
Which His own right hand had planted,
And trained with tender care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye
That His flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The Heavenly Master said;
"Where'in shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty, and frail, and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of not use at all.

But the Master saw, and raised it—
From the dust in which it lay;
And smiled as He gently whispered
"This shall do My work to-day."

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to Me;
It is small, but it is empty—
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water
Over his lilies fair
Until the vessel was empty;
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His labour had not been vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
 Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;
 But he used the earthen vessel
 To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
 As He laid it aside once more,
 "Still will I lie in His pathway,
 "Just where I did before."

Close would I keep to the Master,
 Empty would I remain;
 And perhaps some day He may use me
 To water His flowers again.

E. R. V.



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ONE PENNY
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From the Diary of M. G. F. Reid

THE OFFICER'S STORY.

Loud voices, coarse laughter, and the tramp of running footsteps broke the peace of Sunday afternoon, as a servant of God wended his way toward the common lodging houses where he was wont to spend a few hours telling of Him who came to preach the gospel to the poor and bind up the broken hearted. Turning a corner in the direction of the uproar, he discovered a barefooted ragged creature, whose bloated face was almost crimson, intoxicated nearly to madness, running as fast as his uncertain steps could carry him before a group of wild youths who were goading him to frenzy. Recognising him as the inmate of one of the houses he was going to, the missionary drove off the young tormentors, and bade the man, at once cowed by his quiet authority, accompany him to the lodging house, and go to bed (obtaining permission from the owner for him to do so, though against rules), adding that he would call for him in the evening. A few hours' sleep quieted and partially sobered the miserable drunkard; and when the missionary looked in before the evening service to invite any there to come with him to hear an ex-officer preach the gospel, the ragged shoeless man was quite ready to accompany him, despite the laughter of others who thought it "a good joke."

As it had been announced an officer would preach (by no means a common occurrence in that dingy mission room) an unusual number had gathered, and the place was full; but in no way deterred by the difficulty in finding a seat, or ashamed of his appearance, the half-sobered man pressed forward to the very front, and there found a chair that had been overlooked.

The preacher of that night is now a well-known servant of God, engaged during the many years that have elapsed since that night in winning souls for his Master; but that was the first time he had opened his lips in public to tell of God's great love to sinners. He had not long known it for himself, but he could say "We have known and believed the love that God hath towards us,"—"we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen," and during that address he told of God's wonderful dealing with himself—a story which has been told in print before now, and circulated far and wide;—but which will well bear repeating to the readers of "Gospel Gleanings."

The son of a clergyman, he was present, as a child, when a stranger occupied his father's pulpit; who, preaching from the words "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved," gave expression to a remark that even if a soul called on the name of the Lord five minutes before death, he would be saved. This statement—blessedly true

in itself, providing the cry is that of God-given faith in the Saviour He has sent,—was nevertheless used by Satan as an opiate to quiet any anxiety of soul in the mind of the youthful hearer. "I can live as I like; all will be well if I only call on God just before I die," was the construction the enemy of souls put on the words; and thenceforward he did live as he liked, delaying any thought of repentance till the more convenient season he, in his folly, supposed would precede his exit from this world into the presence of the God he shunned and dreaded.

Having obtained a commission in the Army, he was sent to India, and whilst there a fearful epidemic of cholera broke out. Sitting at mess, one day, he was suddenly taken ill, ordered by the doctor to bed, and told by him that a very few hours would decide his case; he would call again at such a time, and by then he would either be decidedly better, or—DEAD !

Left alone, he realised the time so long anticipated had arrived. "Now I must repent; now I must call on God," he thought, but do what he would he could not begin. He looked at his watch, counted the minutes, and even as he did so noticed how some of them had already passed. He tried to think of his sins, but memory turned to irrelevant subjects; he tried to pray, but no prayer would rise to his lips. Again he looked at his watch,—half the allotted time had gone; and again he

tried to concentrate his mind on that now most momentous subject to him,—eternity, so near, and he so unprepared to meet it; but again it was of no avail. He could not repent; he could not pray. The last few moments the doctor had given him were come,—must he die without calling on God? By a desperate effort, he rose from his bed and fell on his knees by its side, to be found there shortly afterwards in a state of entire unconsciousness.

But God had mercy on him: contrary to expectation, he did recover, and another opportunity was given him of accepting God's salvation. He had learned that he could not come to God at a time of his own choosing: he **must** come *at God's time*, and *in God's way* and on **God's terms**; that He has declared "*Now*,"—not at the last moment of your life, but "**NOW** is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation;" that His beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, is "*the way*, and the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Him," and that it is "to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." So just as he was, the young officer submitted to God's terms, took the place of a lost, ungodly sinner, and confessing with shame his guilt and the sin of so long refusing God's great salvation, he accepted it from His hands through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Pleading that finished

work on Calvary as his only hope, he sought and obtained mercy, and the assurance his sins were forgiven for His name's sake. As one that had obtained mercy he stood before that crowded but humble audience, assuring them they too could obtain it, in the same way,—by Christ, and by Him alone.

To the ragged shoeless man on the front bench this was news indeed; he was deeply interested, and he never forgot it: but he did not accept it. He still went on with his sin and his shame, but God did not leave him alone. Roving about from place to place, he never could return to the town where he had heard that message without meeting the one who had taken pity on him that Sunday afternoon, and being again reminded of it. It mattered not by what road he approached, from north, east, or west, he always came face to face with that man; and at last became conscious God's hand must be in it. Then the Holy Spirit wrought conviction of sin, and led him to the feet of Jesus. Deep dyed as his sins were, the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, and he passed from death unto life, and from the power of darkness, into the kingdom of God's dear Son; and still lives, a monument of the grace that saves from the guilt, and from the power of sin.

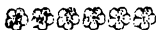
But what about the reader? Are the gallant officer and the once frenzied drunkard to rejoice together throughout eternity in the grace that

saved them just as they were, and has kept them throughout long years of varied experiences, joys and sorrows, trials and triumphs, and will ere long present them faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy, will they be there, and the reader outside?

Oh, my friend, decide the question ere you lay this paper down. There is salvation for the vilest,—a salvation that is *needed* by the most moral and upright, for “ALL have sinned and come short of the Glory of God.” That salvation of which the Lord Jesus Christ is the Author (Hebrews v. 9) is sent to you free, gratis, by the hand of God Himself (Acts xxviii. 28); it is offered NOW. “Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” “*To-day*, if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts,” for

“ To-morrow's sun may never rise
 “ To bless thy long deluded sight;
 “ NOW is the time; oh, then, be wise:
 “ Thou would'st be saved; why not
 to-night? ”

T.



From Saele Hall Address.

PRE-ENGAGED.

A certain great landowner made a feast for his tenantry, and sent to invite them all to come. They were to pay nothing,—the whole cost was his; they were to bring nothing,—the whole provision was his. Well, the time arrived when the feast was ready; but the tenantry did not arrive. He sent messengers to tell them that the oxen and fatlings were killed, the tables served, and everything ready for the arrival of the guests. One of the tenants said to the messenger, "I am in treaty for another farm from another gentleman, and just now I am going to see it; and you will oblige by making my excuses to our worthy landlord." Another of them said, "I have just made a bargain for some cattle with a neighbouring farmer, and I am going to see them, so I beg you to make my excuse." Another said, "I have just married; my own wedding feast claims my presence, so pray make my excuse."

Here, from a variety of causes resulted one and the same end—excuse, excuse. Now, where was the hindrance of the feast of the tenantry? Not in the landlord—he was all kindness, and generosity, and hospitality; not in the feast itself—it was ample and excellent; not in the messengers—they gave the invitations as they were desired. Where was the hindrance then?

The tenants were all pre-engaged, and, somehow or other, those pre-engagements of theirs pos-

sessed more attraction for them than the landlord's feast. Perhaps they owed some arrears of rent, and were afraid of being spoken to on the subject, if they met the landlord. Perhaps they had entertained a false idea of the landlord's character, as a harsh, a high and haughty man, with whom it would be unpleasant to converse. Perhaps they did not believe the messenger, and could not persuade themselves that such an honour was intended for them as to sit down at the landlord's table. But from whatever cause, the result was, "they all with one consent began to make excuse."

"To you is the word of this salvation sent." You are not strangers, and foreigners, you are tenants of the great Landlord. The feast was made for you; the invitation is given to you. There are attractions in the world, there are attractions in the Cross. The attractions in the world are engendered in men by the devil; the attractions of the Cross by the Holy Spirit.

The kingdom of Satan is elastic; it can extend its circle so as to include any change and every change in a man's character, except that which is effected by the Cross of Christ. A man may admit fully all the primary truths of what is called natural religion—the existence of God, as a moral Governor of the universe, as a righteous Judge of men, an eternity of consciousness, to some of misery, to others of happiness; he may moralise about virtue and vice, rewards and punishments,

the law of God and the responsibility of man, and all this eloquently; but yet he may never have come to the feast. He may in addition to this, have acquired the largest store yet ever acquired by man of what is called natural knowledge; he may have ransacked every department of it; all this he may do, and still not approach the Kingdom of Heaven.

The filings of iron may be tossed from one heap of rubbish to another, they may be taken out of the yard of the smithy, sifted, separated, carried and spread upon the accurately clean and beautifully ornamented walks of a palace garden; but still they are of the earth, and they lie on the earth in the palace garden as truly as when in the smithy or the forge; their specific gravity keeps them on the earth. But let a loadstone of sufficient power and in sufficient nearness, pass over them, and, see, they seem to lose their specific gravity, they leap into the air, and adhere to the greater attraction. The Lord Jesus Christ is the Loadstone of immortal souls; yes, the Lord Jesus Christ is the Emancipator of the enslaved affections; the Lord Jesus Christ is the healing medicine which spreads itself through all the holes and alleys of this system of moral corruption, and sweetens every pulsation of the breast into love to God. The Lord Jesus Christ is the Philanthropist for eternity, who storms the citadel of this enmity against God, and plants on the summit the true genuine flag of everlasting liberty,—the love of God in Christ.

He is the Feast which God has provided. He surpasses all pre-engagements!

H. McNeill



“THE ROCK I HAD BEEN SPLITTING ON FOR NIGH THIRTY YEARS.”

Do you ask what this rock was? Why, it was some secret reliance on my own works for salvation. I had hoped to be saved partly in my own name, and partly in Christ's name; though I am told there is salvation in no other name, except in the name of Jesus Christ (Acts iv. 12). I had hoped to be saved partly through my own works, and partly through Christ's mercies, though I am told we are saved by grace through faith, and not of works (Ephs. ii. 7, 8). I had hoped to make myself acceptable to God partly through my own good works, though we are told that we are accepted in the Beloved (Eph. i. 6). I had hoped to make my peace with God partly through my own obedience to the law, though I am told that peace is only to be had by faith (Rom. v. 1). I had hoped to make myself a child of God by sanctification, though we are told that we are made children of God by faith in Christ Jesus (Gal. iii. 26) When we are justified, it is done freely, that is graciously, without any the least merit of ours, and solely by the grace of God through Jesus Christ (Rom. iii. 24, 28). All that is previously

needful to justification is this, that we are convinced by the Spirit of God, of our own utter sinfulness (Isaiah lxiv. 6); convinced that we are the children of wrath by nature, on account of our birth-sin (Ephs. ii. 3); and that we are under the curse of God, on account of actual sin (Gal. iii. 10), and under these convictions come to the Lord Jesus Christ renouncing all righteousness of our own, and relying solely on Him who is appointed to be the Lord our righteousness (Jer. xxiii. 6). Again, Christ says "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden (with the burden of sin), and I will give you rest"; that is, I will take the burden away; I will release you from the guilt of sin. (Where you may observe, that the only thing required of us when we come to Christ, is to come burdened and sensible that none can remove this burden but Christ.)

And let me point out to you the grand delusion which had liked to have ruined my soul. I saw very early something of the unholiness of my nature, and the necessity of being born again. Accordingly I watched, prayed and fasted too, thinking to purify my heart by these means; whereas it can only be purified by faith (Acts xv. 9). Watching, praying and fasting are necessary duties, but I, like many others, placed some secret reliances on them, thinking they were to do that for me, in part at least, which Christ only could. The truth is, though I saw myself to be a sinner,

and a great sinner, yet I did not see myself an utter lost sinner, and therefore I could not come to Jesus Christ alone to save me. I despised the doctrine of justification by faith alone, looking on it as a foolish and dangerous doctrine. I was not yet stript of all my righteousness could not consider it as filthy rags, and therefore I went about to establish a righteousness of my own, and did not submit to the righteousness of God by faith (Rom. x. 3). I did not seek after righteousness by faith, but as it were by the works of the law. Thus I stumbled and fell (Rom. ix. 31, 32). In short, to use a homely similitude, I put the justice of God into the scale, and as many good works of my own as I could into the other; and when I found, as I always did, my own good works not to be a balance to the divine justice, I then threw in Christ as a makeweight. And this everyone really does, who hopes for salvation, partly by doing what he can for himself, and relying on Christ for the rest. But, dear Sir, Christ will either be a whole Saviour or none at all. And if you think you have any good service of your own to recommend you unto God you are certainly without any interest in Christ. Be you ever so sober, serious, just, and devout, you are still under the curse of God, as I was, and knew it not, provided you have any allowed reliance on your own works, and think they are to do something for you, and Christ to do the rest.

John Berridge (Extracted).

“ TRUTH, LORD ! ”

Matthew xv. 22—28.

The Syrophenician had no title to promises. Being of a doomed race, as to dispensation, she had only curses, the very opposite to promises. The Lord first deals with her on this ground: “ It is not meet to take the children’s bread and to cast it to dogs.” He brings her to her true place as He always does. You may try and spare the soul, but it must be in truth before it learns grace. Would you all say, “ Yes, Lord, but the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master’s table?” She had not a word to say for herself; but she had a word to say for God. The publicans and harlots justified Him, and He justified them. So it is always where He works in grace and truth. I believe there is overflowing goodness for the children; but there is something for the dogs too. Could Jesus say there was not? It was real knowledge of God and herself.

The heart must be brought to this, “ I have no righteousness, I have no promises, but I have God come into the world to us sinners, and because we are sinners.” He never said “ Come unto me ” until He had first come Himself. There was perfect light to convict, but the convicted sinner finds himself in the presence of perfect love. Have you ever said “ Yes, Lord,” owning that you had no righteousness and no promises; only that you trust

the perfect love that brought Christ into the world? Then the thought of what God is towards you takes the place of what you are towards God. Here I am, just as I am, in the presence of perfect love—love that cannot deny itself. The sinner finds he has a title in God's heart when he can find none in his own. The woman that was a sinner loved much because much was forgiven her. It was a broken heart that met the heart of God, and the heart of God met a broken heart. It is wonderful when the heart of man really meets the heart of God. The moment I am brought through grace into full distinct consciousness that there is no good in me, I find this; I find the perfect blessed love of God which has met me where I am in His presence.

At the Cross you see sin meeting God, Christ being made sin for us, and the nature of God glorified, — far more than merely sin being put away. While the Lord puts away sin, He prepares the way to the accomplishment of all the counsels of God. At the Cross I find Man made sin in the presence of God—a Divine Person, too, of course; and this not to screen but to sustain Him. There is love that has met me in my sins, and now there is righteousness in the presence of God, our Fore-runner being there. The truth is there; but there is also the perfect love of God to put away sin. The heart is then free to trust the love unhinderedly.

J. N. G.

THE SINNER'S REFUGE.

He that shall shed, with a presumptuous hand,
The blood of man, must by Thy just command
Be put to death; the murderer must die;
Thy law denies him refuge where to fly.

Great God, our hands have slain a Man, nay,
further,

They have committed a presumptuous murder
Upon a guiltless Man: nay, worse,
They have betrayed a Victim to the curse
Of a reproachful death; nay, what exceeds,
It is our Lord, our dying Saviour, bleeds:
Nay more; it is Thy Son, Thine only Son!
All this have we, all this our hands have done.

On what dear objects shall we turn our eye?
Look to the law. Oh, by the law we die.
Is there no refuge, Lord? No place that shall
Secure our souls from death? Ah, none at all?
What shall poor mortals do? Thy law is just
And most irrevocable. Shall we trust
Or fly to our own merits to be freed
By our good works? Ah, these will help indeed!
Is there no city for a soul to fly
And save itself? Must we resolve to die?

Oh, infinite! Oh, not to be expressed!
Nay, not to be conceived by the breast
Of men or angels! O transcendent love!
Incomprehensible! as far above
The reach of man, as man's deserts are under
The sacred benefit of such a wonder!
The very blood our sinful hands have shed
Cries loud for mercy, and those wounds do plead
For those that made them: He that pleads, forgives;
And is both God and Man; both dead and lives.
He whom we murdered is become our guardian;
He's Man to suffer, and He's God to pardon.
He's our protection here, our refuge city,
Whose living springs run piety and pity.

Francis Quarles.

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—
ONE PENNY
NET

From Cooper Hall Addresses

THE MANIAC AND THE FIRE

It once happened that there was a fire in a lunatic asylum; and when the deliverers were going from room to room, to rescue the poor inmates from death, they burst into an apartment where they found a poor maniac sitting in the corner rubbing his hands with delight, looking at the blazing rafters above his head, and enjoying the scene. That man did not see his danger, and therefore he was enjoying himself, whilst in a few moments longer the blazing rafters would have fallen and buried him in the conflagration. My friends, this is a faithful representation of thousands and thousands in this great metropolis. They are enjoying themselves (ah! fatal enjoyment), whilst there is gathering over them the blazing rafters of the fiery indignation which is to consume the enemies of God, the black storm gathering over their heads, with all the elements of destruction that are soon to burst upon them, and they are not aware of their danger Oh! my friends, if there be any of you who have lived in such a state as this until this night, I beseech you to consider, and try to discover, where your danger lies. Why, it lies in your being in arms and in rebellion against God; it lies in your having strayed from Him so that you may be said to be lost in the paths of sin and error. Thousands upon thousands are going astray. Did I say thousands upon thousands?

"*All* we, like sheep, have gone astray;" and unless we have returned to our Lord and Saviour, we are still going astray, and are still in danger.

You know all human laws are made upon the principle, without which there would be no laws at all,—that to every transgression of the law there is a penalty attached. What would you say to a law which attached a penalty to the transgression of it, and never inflicted the penalty? You would say it was a law not worth having—that it was a mere mockery: justice demands that the law should be executed; and it is much more so in regard to the law of God, which is holy, perfect, just, and good. You could not expect that He who has declared Himself to be all perfect, and just, and holy, should modify His laws to suit your infirmities, and sinfulness, and depravity; therefore the penalty of the law must be exacted. Now all have sinned; all have come short of the glory of God. "The wages of sin is death." Then do not all men lie under this sentence? Yea, "death passed upon all men for that all have sinned." And this would have been the case with you and me if the Lord Himself had not contrived a plan to save mankind. What was the contrivance? In order that He might be merciful, He made a covenant with His only begotten Son, to come and suffer the penalty instead of us. He has borne our sins and carried our sorrows. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; He took away the handwrit-

ing that was against us, and nailed it to His Cross. This is the salvation we want. The barrier is removed when the price is paid for sin ; and the Lord Jesus Christ paid that price when he died upon the Cross. It was not the mere death of a martyr, let me tell you ; it was not a man expiring between heaven and earth in order to seal certain truths with his own blood.

Mind the doctrine ; for it is the very heart and soul of Christianity, that *the death of Christ was a sacrifice for sin, that the precious blood which was shed is of infinite value ; it was by the shedding of that blood that man was reconciled to God.*

And now let me leave you with these words upon your ear, and I trust also impressed on your hearts and minds ; that unless you accept this offer of salvation to-day, while it is called to-day, there is no peace or happiness for you, either in this world or the next. You may amuse yourselves and rejoice as that maniac rejoiced in the midst of the flames, not seeing your danger ; but the day will come when you will call out, and perhaps when it will be too late, "What must I do to be saved?" Oh ! hasten now ; delay not a moment. "Now is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation," and to-night I would just answer you in the simple language of Scripture, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. *Rev. R. Bur*

*Notice on Old Baptist Connexion Chapel, Selwyn Road, Brighton
and two Conversations with W. Chappell*

DIVINE ELECTION.

Not far from the place in which this is being penned, and at the moment, a certain well-known minister from the Midlands, is preaching on the above subject. What he is saying about it, it is not the writer's to know; but the subject is one which has raised many a question in the human heart. "Am I one of God's elect?" "How can I know?"

As I write, two pictures rise before me.

I see an aged man, with over seventy years' experience behind him, and he interrupts a conversation going on between his wife and a friend, with the question "Then how can you reconcile the doctrine of predestination with man having to give an account to God?"

Neither doctrine suited him; had God chosen him for anything it was for wrath, he firmly believed, for his heart was steeled against Him, and his long life had been spent in defiance and enmity. But if he hated the thought of God having any plan about him, he hated still more the thought that he must give account to God! Both could not be true! They were irreconcilable! And he would like to show the folly of the remark he had heard as he approached, "Ah, they little think they must give an account to God!"

Hence his question. But he was not prepared for the reply he got. "How do I reconcile them?"

Not at all, for they are not at variance. They are like two parallel lines, they never meet, but they run side by side harmoniously. "God hath from the beginning chosen" some to "salvation through justification of the Spirit and belief of the truth," but it is equally true "So then, *every one of us* shall give an account to God."

The word of God is unanswerable; so he retired discomfited.

I see another picture.

It is very early morning, and the same man lies on his death bed. The nurse on night duty is about to be relieved; but as he is wide awake, and the house is hushed and still, before leaving she opens a Bible and essays to read a few verses.

"What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?" A pair of piercing dark eyes are fixed on her, and as though the question required an answer, the old man exclaims—"Why none!"

"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It——" He interrupts with "God's elect! Charge God's elect! Why no one can!" as a smile charged with the very light of heaven plays over that dying face.

Now, dear reader to whom this doctrine presents a difficulty, look on these two pictures, and

mark what made the difference.

I believe the writer is correct in saying that the truth of election had never been spoken of to that old man between those occasions. No elaborate treatises, and not even the statements of the Word of God about it, have wrought the conviction, not only that the doctrine is true, but that he himself was one of the elect, and consequently one against whom no charge could be laid, for "It is *God* who justifies."

If the reader will open his Bible and turn to John vi. 37, he will find it is written "All that the Father giveth me shall *come to me*, and him that *cometh to me* I will in no wise cast out." There is the Father's giving,—there is God's election at one end of the text; there is the Saviour's promise "I will in no wise cast out," at the end; and between them the twice reiterated words "Come to *Me*;" "*Cometh to Me.*" Ah, Christ is the Centre! Christ is God's Centre for everything. You cannot soar to heaven, and ransack the Lamb's Book of life to see if your name is there; but you have an equally Divine Volume in your hand which declares "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); that "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8); and that 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). Your responsibility is to believe His record concerning His Son; to take your place as a lost and guilty sinner, deserving His wrath and eternal condemnation, and to accept the full and free and eternal salvation He offers to you through Him. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 9).

That aged man had done so; he had owned the Lord Jesus Christ to be his Lord and his God: the stony heart of unbelief had been melted by the love that had spared not His own Son in order to spare him; and as soon as Christ had His right place, as soon as God's Centre became his Centre, every other truth fell into its right place too. He knew he had been given by the Father to the Son because he had come to Him: he knew he was one of God's elect because he was a God justified man. And if you would know your election, know yourself a lost sinner, and know on the authority of God's word, that you have eternal life, because you believe in the name of His Son Jesus Christ.

T.



From Beecher Hall Address

A HORRIBLE PIT.

Without Christ men must perish. This may be a truth which may be condemned as proceeding from illiberality; but it is a truth which the word of God contains, and, which, when we come to consider we see to be necessary to the sinner's happiness; for if it be so, that he is accustomed to do evil—and you cannot deny it—then it is necessary that he must have a new nature in order to fit him for communion with God. Two cannot walk together except they be agreed. A holy God and an unholy sinner cannot be happy together; the one must shrink from the presence of the other. Introduce the unconverted sinner into the presence of God's unstilled glory, and heaven would be a place of torment to him. "Except ye be born of water and of the Spirit," said the Lord, "ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." In those new heavens, and in that new earth, of which we are taught in the Bible, there dwelleth righteousness. The unrighteous can have no admittance there; they must be formed to righteousness on this earth, and this they cannot be except by being brought in simple dependence, on the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ." He is "the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Him." "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" Can the fallen sinner

save his own soul? No. But Christ can, and He has said 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' All who are in Him are safe. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus; but without Him the man continues in the miry pit of clay, and he must perish in his iniquity. What then? Oh, is there not a danger of delay in this matter? Take the illustration of the Psalmist in Psalm xl. Suppose a man aroused to a sense of his perishing condition; suppose a rope let down to him by a friendly hand, by means of which he may be lifted up out of the miry pit of clay and set upon a rock; and suppose, like the sluggard on his bed, he turned round and said, "There is time enough; some day or other I will lay hold on the rope and be delivered from my danger,"—oh! what would you say of the resolutions of such man? Is not the delay dangerous? The time for his being rescued is the present time; the future moment that he looks forward to may never come to him. Now, or never, is the question for that man to consider. But suppose he says, when the friendly rope is let down to him, "How did I get here? How did I get into this pit of clay? Before I lay hold on that rope I must have my question satisfied." You would say, that man is acting foolishly, the question for him is not how he got in, but how he may get out. But is not the sinner acting with equal folly who says "I did not make my own heart: how is it that I have got a wicked

heart? What is the origin of sin? how came I to be in this helpless condition?" Man, this is not the question for thee now. Delay is dangerous; thou art in a perishing condition; the means of escape are before thee; the question is, not how thou didst fall into sin, but how thou mayest be recovered from sin. Delay is dangerous. "To-day, while it is called to-day, harden not your hearts." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."



" HAVING MADE PEACE."

There were you under your sins. Christ came as a real true Man about these sins that are distressing you and keeping you away from God. I see Him made sin, deigning to take the dreadful cup of God's wrath: Jesus Christ coming in a body, not with a message that it shall be done. No, the thing is done. God has visited sinners in love. I meet God by faith there where He had met me; and I see in the body of Christ's flesh through death He had put sin entirely away. I have nothing to do with it. Who could do anything to add to such a work? Men may wag their heads at it in derision, but the work is done fully and completely. Christ is gone up; and He is gone to present you holy, and unblamable, and unreprouable in His sight. Was there any mistake, and uncertainty? No, the soul knows and feels that God has done it. If

He has me in His sight, He must have me holy and unblamable and unreprouable, and He has made me so: and when He finished the work, He sat down. "After He had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God." Well then may it be said, "Giving thanks unto the Father who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." The work is done; and now God sends "to declare," as the apostle says, "his righteousness." Did you accomplish it? Did you do anything toward it? Nothing but your sins. He has made peace. Our souls then can rest in this blessed peace. And it is not only that I have this peace: no, God has peace for me; and the nearer I get to God, the more I see the fulness and perfectness of this peace. It is God's peace, and I have peace in it. All there is according to His own perfectness. He rests in Christ's work for my sin. If He had nothing more to require, what can I require? All the ground of my connection with God is that His love has been manifested in putting away my sins; and I have peace in that. If you think you must satisfy God as a creditor, you do not know God. God is love, and He is known through the Cross. If I own God as my Saviour and Lord, it makes all my character. I have new objects and new motives. I may do the same things harmless in themselves perhaps, but I have a different motive in doing them when I know God. It is not what a man

does that marks his character, but why he does it. When I know God in Christ, I go and do right things because I love God. A child may see if you say He has translated me from the power of darkness into the Kingdom of His dear Son. If I have peace with God there is nothing between Him and me. The peace is made. It is a thing established.



J. V. D.

Address by W. Parson **HIS GIFT.**

"I have put the desk all ready for you to-night, Mr. P," said the caretaker of a building where the gospel of God's grace was usually told out each Sunday, to an elderly working man, who was the earliest arrival that evening.

"Oh, have we no minster then to-night?" he queried.

"Not as far as I know." So unexpectedly he was called on to take the service, at which the writer was present. After reading part of John iii. he began his address with these words:—

"Some have one gift, some another. I have "not the gift of a preacher, but I have the gift of "knowing by experience what the heart of God is,—"expressed in the gift of His Son dying for poor "sinners. "Not to condemn the world, for it is "condemned already "but to save the world;" and he went on to tell of the time in the year 1883, when "the moment I confessed my sin

“to God He was faithful and just to forgive it,
“and the burden that was pressing me down was
“gone, and I rose from my knees” (how his face
glowed as he said it!) “a new creature, so new
“my own friends when I got home hardly knew
“me,—I don’t know if they were afraid of me,
“but they called me mad!”

Has the reader this man’s “gift,”—the gift of
“knowing by experience the heart of God,” be-
cause the recipient of the Gift,—the unspeakable
Gift, that heart has given? “A gift is a precious
stone in the eyes of him that hath it;” to *have* a
gift, you must *receive* it.

A gift is not a purchase; and a gift is not
worked for: it is gratuitous. It is not *won*; it is
not *earned*: to be a gift, it must be free on the
giver’s part; it must be received by the one to
whom it is presented.

“The wages” (well deserved! fully earned!)
“of sin is death; but the gift of God *is eternal*
life through Jesus Christ our Lord.” “God so
loved the world that *He gave* His only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not
perish but have everlasting life.” God’s heart has
been manifested by the Gift He has given, “His
only begotten Son”—“My beloved Son in whom
I am well pleased,” as He said when introducing
Him at the beginning of His public ministry here,
—and yet *He gave Him*. He “spared not His
own Son,”—He delivered Him up to death and

to judgment,—gave Him to die. God so loved that He gave: that is His side. “As many as *received Him* to them gave He power (right, or privilege) to become the children of God, even to them that believe on His name” (John i. 12). That is the other side; is it *yours*? Have you *received Him*? Have you accepted the Gift God has given? Is it yours? Is He yours? “This is the record, that God has given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life” I John v. 11, 12. This was “the gift” the humble preacher possessed: the gift every child of God possesses—a precious stone indeed in the eyes of him that hath it,—for “unto you therefore which believe He is precious, but to them which be disobedient, the Stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient” (I Peter ii. 7, 8); and “on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.” Receive it, rejoice in it; or be crushed by it! Solemn and awful alternative. God’s heart goes with His Gift: His hand must be against those who dare refuse it.

T.



" MY GOD " . AND. " YOUR NEEDS."

Oh! precious truth! my God, I know,
 Will all your need supply,
 Thro' Jesus Christ, Who came in grace,
 For sinners lost to die.

'Neath judgment's storm, He bowed
 His head,
 On Calvary's blood-stained tree;
 That bitter cup drank to its dregs,
 In love to you and me.

Then raised, and glorified, by God,
 To His right hand on high;
 From glory's riches, doth He send
 Unstinted, full, supply.

Yea; from that never-failing source,
 The child of " faith " may draw
 Unmeasured blessings, none can count,
 Exhaustless is that store!

Hence, down-cast, we need never be,
 For God delights to give.
 And, feeding on that " Living Bread,"
 Thro' Christ, we truly live.

Yea; all our need, what'eer it be,
 Is evermore supplied;
 From out that boundless treasure-store,
 Which flows from Him who died.

Then let us magnify His name,
 For soon we'll see His Face,
 And sing, throughout eternal days,
 The riches of His grace.

S.T.

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London

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—
ONE PENNY

NET

*Bessie Elliott converted during the wave of blessing at
Bourneville during the visit of Chas. Stanley, N. B. Clanning*

BESSIE'S BONNET.

The years 1876 and 1877 were remarkable in the history of the town of B——. God sent servant after servant there with the message of His mercy, and many, of whom the writer was one, were made willing in the day of His power, and turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. The aged man, who had buried wife and children, exhausted his small savings, and that day broken into his last remaining sovereign, —he was led to listen to the voice of God through His messenger, and accepting the glorious invitation "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," found himself the possessor of everlasting life and an inheritance that fadeth not away. Returning to his lowly lodging he confessed Christ to his landlady, telling her he knew his sins were forgiven and it was well with him for eternity, before retiring to rest. Well for him he accepted Christ then. By the next morning the spirit had fled, and his opportunities were gone for ever!

Then there was the blacksmith's wife, whose story was told in Gospel Gleanings for March, 1920, and there were many others. The town was stirred; the assembly rooms, used one night for a dance, were filled the next day with anxious sinners, who under the faded and tawdy decorations no one had had time to remove, lis-

tened to the pleadings that would fain woo them to pleasures for evermore. Even the Town Hall,—the largest building in the place,—was filled to overflowing, far beyond its seating capacity, with souls eager for the word of life.

Among the many who received it, and passed from death unto life was a young woman named Bessie E——. Now the grace of God that bringeth salvation also “teaches us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world,” and those who were then used to bring souls to Christ were careful to instruct them in the ways of the Lord. The young converts were taught they were not left as individuals to please themselves, or to go at their own charges, but as indwelt by the Holy Spirit of God were “joined to the Lord” (I Cor. vi. 17); and were not only united to Him as “members of His body” (Ephs. v. 30), but to each other as “one body” (I Cor. x. 17). And they were also taught that this was expressed by their partaking of the “one bread” of which the Lord had said “Take eat, this is My body; this do in remembrance of Me;” and that, like the early disciples of Troas, it was their privilege to “come together to break bread” on “the first of the week” (Acts. xx. 7).

So there came the day when, for the first time, Bessie E—— was to take her place at the Lord’s

Table and remember Him. She was employed as cook in a lodging house, so it required no little effort and management to enable her to be present on the morning of the Lord's day, and she was a little late in arriving. The Meeting Room was full, and Bessie, somewhat nervous and fluttered, could see no vacant seat except right in the front row. Tall, and like many of her class, inclined to stoutness, she was a conspicuous figure; and rendered much more so by wearing a bright sky-blue bonnet, trimmed with crimson roses! At that time, and during the long period of Queen Victoria's widowhood and retirement, no one of taste or refinement wore any but neutral colours, so Bessie's headdress was all the more startling; and being just in front, caught the eye and distracted the attention of many present. Particularly was this the case with Miss S——, the Bible-Class teacher. Converted to God a few years previously when a leader of fashion, she herself had, in days past, gone to the Lord's Table in garments far more suited to the concert hall or public assembly, than to that sacred occasion; but she had learned that His mind was expressed for His own in matters of dress as of everything else: that He had said "that women adorn themselves in modest apparel with shamefacedness and sobriety" (I Tim. ii. 9), and it greatly tried her that one under her tuition should thus adorn herself with

Miss Sandiford

what was then considered immodest and vulgar. But not willing to grieve Bessie, she and another lady agreed to pray together about it, and ask God Himself to teach her. ** may mention*

Another Lord's day came, and again Bessie arrived a little late, but without her blue bonnet, being neatly and inconspicuously attired in black. The two ladies exchanged glances, and both silently gave thanks for the answer to prayer.

That afternoon Bessie stayed at the close of the Bible Class to speak to Miss S——. "I had such an answer to prayer last night, Miss; I must tell you about it."

"I had one this morning, Bessie."

"Did you notice my bonnet last Sunday, Miss? I had it for a wedding, but I always hated the thing since my conversion; it was not fit for a Christian. And I had put aside the money to get another, but you know there was that collection the other day for—(she mentioned some case of need well known at the time), and I thought 'it does not matter what I wear, God looks at the heart,' so I gave them what I meant to buy a bonnet with. But, Miss, I was so uncomfortable, I felt I could not again come to the Lord's Table in it; so I gave some old pieces of silk to a milliner, and she promised faithfully to make them up by Saturday. It had not come last evening, and I did pray to the Lord about it, for I could

not have worn that thing again to-day; and last night at 11.30 she sent it home! Oh, I did thank Him!"

Then Miss S——told how she too had prayed, and they rejoiced together.

The incident was trivial, but it involved great principles. It is perfectly true "man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart;" yet "if any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new," and His word lays down what the new exterior is that suits the new creation within. May each dear reader know the grace that saves, and the grace that teaches for themselves, until

"Grace all the work shall crown,
 "Through everlasting days;
 "It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 "And well deserves the praise!"



A Letter a Hundred and Twenty One Years Old.

My dear Madam,

Mr. C—— says you still refuse comfort. I am sorry for it, when it seems to lie so near you. But surely you find some comfort, when you think of the mercy that has opened your eyes, and directed your desires to a Saviour, who you believe is exactly suited to your case. Your ill-health affects your spirits, and your low spirits

prevent that sensible comfort you might otherwise have. You rather mourn; but has not the Lord said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they *shall be* comforted." This life is a state of conflict rather than of comfort; but your comfort is coming; the hour is at hand when your sun shall go down no more and the days of your mourning shall be ended. Live upon that hope. Faith founded upon the sure word of God, is better than sensible comfort. I wish you were quite willing to be saved as a sinner, and to think the blood of Christ, and the oath of God, sufficient warrants for your trust. If you wait till you think yourself very good, you will never be comfortable in this world. Jesus says, "Come to Me;" and "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." I have the comfort of believing that He means what He says, and is able to make His word good; together with the consciousness that I have taken Him at His word, and committed my soul and my all to Him. Were I to seek comfort from my frames, feelings and services, I might sink into despair; for if the Lord was strict to mark what is amiss in the best day of my life, I should be ruined. The care of a family is your department; it demands your attention, and you are as well employed when in it, as Mr. C—— is when in the pulpit

Yours,

October 31st, 1799.

JOHN NEWTON.

From Luke's New & Old

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST."

First, let me ask you, as in God's holy presence, "What think ye of Christ" as the SENT ONE? Do you see in the lowly Jesus, the manifestation of God's love to you? "For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and again, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (John iii. 16; v. 24. Luke xix. 10). Do you then as "lost," "perishing" sinners, see in Him the One sent of God to seek and to save you? Can you make a personal application of God's love in Jesus to your own soul? You are not making the proper use of Christ unless you do. For God so loved the world—ruined, rebel sinners in the world—that He sent His Son to seek and to save them, and whosoever believeth in Him is immediately and eternally saved. Oh, can you now say, in the light of these Scriptures, I believe He came to save lost, perishing sinners, and that is just what I am, so that I see from the testimony of God Himself, that He came to seek

and save me? Now is this what you think of Christ as the Sent One of God?

Secondly. "What think ye of Christ" as the **CRUCIFIED ONE**? What are your thoughts of Him, as suffering and dying on the Cross? Do you see Him there, suffering for your sins, and dying to put them all away? Passages of Scripture bearing on this point are so numerous, that the difficulty is in the selection, but take the following: "But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (Rom. v. 8; I Cor. xv. 3, 4). Now, what are you and I, in the sight of God? are we not sinners,—utterly lost sinners? Why, we are nothing else. If we are on this ground, through firm faith in the word of God, then the whole truth of Scripture as to the work of Christ on the Cross, is true and applicable to us. We may gaze upon that suffering One there, and say in truth "He loved me, and gave Himself for me!" Nothing can be plainer than this, beloved friends. God says, in plain terms, Christ died for sinners. Now if I say, "that is just what I am, but I cannot believe that He died for me," I contradict the word of God,

and as John says, "make Him a liar." "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God" (Rom. v. 6; I Pet. iii. 18).

Thirdly. "What think ye of Christ' as the GLORIFIED ONE? Do you think of Him as a perfect Man in glory? As "David's Son," and at the same time as "David's Lord," "God over all, blessed for evermore?" Do you think of Him as the tender and compassionate Jesus? as ready to forgive and bless as when He was down here? We read that, "When he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high" (Heb. i 3). He who was once on the Cross, is now on the throne for us. But He is the same Jesus still; scenes and circumstances are changed, but He is not changed, He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8). In the past, the present, and the future, Jesus is the same. What an unspeakable mercy this is! Change who will, or what will, our Saviour changeth not! What confidence this gives the heart! To know Him on the Cross, is peace of conscience, to know Him on the throne, is peace of heart.

All who came to Him when He was down here, under a sense of their need, instantly received blessing, according to the grace and love of His

own heart. He sent away none without having first met their need. Individuals came to Him, and were blessed; others were brought by their friends, and they were blessed. None were ever told, either that He could not, or would not bless them. Streams of healing, restoring, refreshing, saving grace, flowed from His heart of love, as from their native fountain.

And now, Oh, my dear fellow sinners, what are your *present* thoughts of Jesus, in heavenly glory? Are not your hearts drawn to Him, as with the cords of love? Rest assured that He sees the very first uplifting of the heart to Him, and though amidst the glory, He will meet you in the richest fullest blessing, the moment your hearts are really turned to Him.

“A little while,” and He who is now the GLORIFIED ONE will be the COMING ONE, and the REIGNING ONE. Oh, embrace the heavenly Saviour now! He is saying “Come unto Me I will give you rest.” Oh, believe the glad tidings of His love, delay not to flee to the arms of His mercy, flee to Himself as your refuge, and then you will be ready to greet Him at His coming with a joyous welcome, and enter into the joy of your Lord.



description asked by my cousin Leonard Rebill,

THREE DIVINE OATHS.

“Do you object to swear an oath?” asked a solicitor of a Christian lady for whom he was transacting some business; and on her replying, “No, the Lord Jesus responded to one when adjured by the high priest,” the solicitor remarked, “Yes, and God has confirmed His word by an oath.”

He has; and there are about fifteen different occasions recorded in His word when He has done so, and to three of these we would draw the reader’s attention, because they concern him very closely.

The first we would mention is in Isaiah xlv. 23. “*I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear.*” Yes,—“every knee!” God has sworn it,—to Him every knee shall bow,—yours among them, dear reader. *You* have to give an account to God. You may forget Him now; you may say with the fool “No God for me;” but “as I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God” (Rom. xiv. 11).

And not only will thy knee bow and thy tongue make confession to the God “in whose hand thy breath is and whose are all thy ways,” but God has also decreed “that at the name of *Jesus* every knee should bow, and that every ton-

gue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father" (Phil. ii. 10, 11).

To bow to Him now in the day of His grace, to confess now that He is Lord, is salvation: for "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 9). But to refuse to bow now to Him as Saviour, to delay owning His rights and His Lordship until the day when the oath God has sworn shall be performed, and your rebel knee is compelled by His almighty power to bend before the once crucified but now highly exalted Man, who will then occupy the great white throne of judgment (for to Him is all judgment committed), to delay till then is eternal perdition. Make no mistake. Despite the denial of religious leaders of the twentieth century, there is an endless hell, —there is an eternal lake of fire; there are everlasting burnings. And "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

But have you bowed? Have you heeded the word "judgment is before Him; therefore trust thou in Him?" (Job. xxxv. 14). Have you "fled for refuge" to the one appointed Saviour whom God Himself has given? God is "*not* willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter iii. 9); but He *is* "willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of pro-

mise the immutability of His counsel," so has interposed "with an oath; that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us" (Heb. vi. 17, 18).

God chose a poor, wretched idolater (Joshua xxiv. 2), and revealed Himself to him as the God of glory (Acts vii. 2), and told him to leave home and family and go to the land He would show him, promising to make him a great nation. Abram obeyed. Then long afterwards, when the hoary, childless patriarch reminded Him "to me thou hast given no seed," the Lord brought him forth beneath the star-lit sky, and bidding him number those sparkling orbs of heaven, declared "So shall thy seed be!" "And he believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness" (Gen. xv. 6). Abraham was justified by faith. Again years passed; the child of promise had been given, but he had also been claimed again. The one in whom all the promises of God were centred had lain bound upon the altar, and the father's hand had outstretched the knife to slay him, "accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure" (Heb. xi. 19). But the voice from heaven had stayed the knife: the ram had been offered instead of the son, and as the sweet savour of that burnt offering ascend-

ed to God, so "By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord; for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son; that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore" (Gen. xxii 16, 17). So does God respond to the heart that trusts Him. Abraham had His naked word. You have more. You have His work,—a finished work,—to trust. Abraham's faith rested on a promise: the faith of God's elect now rests on performance,—on facts;—on the death and resurrection of His beloved Son, "Who was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification."

May you trust Him? Listen: "Inasmuch as not without an oath he was made priest: for those priests (Aaron and his sons) were made without an oath; but this with an oath by him that said unto him, The Lord sware and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek, by so much was Jesus made a surety of a better testament. And they truly were many priests, because they were not suffered to continue by reason of death; but this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood. Wherefore *he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them*" (Heb. vii. 21—25).

Trembling Christian, fearing whether you can "hold on," with the flesh within, the world around, and an ever watchful foe ready to hurl his poisoned darts of unbelief at your heart, the oath of God has provided you with a great High Priest who never fails. "For such an high priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens; who needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's: for this he did once, when he offered up Himself. For the law maketh men high priests which have infirmity; but the word of the oath which was since the law, maketh the Son, who is consecrated for evermore" (Heb. vii. 26—28). T

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London

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—
ONE PENNY
NET

Adapted from the life of John Howe
BURNT UP!

On a spring day, in the year 1705, an aged man lay dying. His life had been spent during an important and exciting epoch of the country's history, and it had not been passed in any "cool sequestered vale of life," keeping the "noiseless tenor of the way." Thrice an exile, domestic chaplain to two Protectors of the Commonwealth, one of the dissenting ministers driven from their livings by the Act of Uniformity, yet on intimate terms with the leading prelates and preachers of his day, and one of the latter himself; respected and honoured even by his enemies, John Howe had lived a stirring and eventful life. Now it lay behind him, and in the light of eternity he reviewed it, while those around thought they had heard his voice for the last time. Over fifty years' service as a preacher and a writer of the truths of the gospel he may have recalled; multitudes from the very highest in the land to the humble cottager in his cabin, had heard the gospel from those now silent lips, many of whom will be his joy and crown of rejoicing in a day still future. Ah, what thoughts passed through his mind in that solemn silence, as the last sands of life's hour glass ran out? Solemn, solemn reflection!

As those years had passed by, he had sought to record them; and according to the custom of the

age that has given to the world the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, the notable events of his own chequered career had been recorded and arranged, though even his nearest and dearest were unaware of the fact. Yes, recorded in the light of the present, when the spirit was stirred, and feelings were affected by the circumstances in which he was. Now they were all past and the light of the future, the light of eternity, shone on them: how different they looked! Contrary to all expectation, speech suddenly returned, and calling his eldest son to him, he gave him a key, and ordered him to bring all his papers, carefully stitched up in a multitude of small volumes, and made him solemnly promise, notwithstanding all his reluctance, immediately to destroy them. The son obeyed, and the kindling flames soon consumed those carefully preserved records of that long and strenuous life. Burnt up! Yes, the record: what about *the life* thus recorded? Historians and biographers may regret the loss of much interesting detail thus destroyed in a moment; but every detail there written is chronicled elsewhere, and before long in the light of the judgment seat of Christ, all will again be manifested. Not as they looked, when the busy pen wrote; not even as they looked when the light of eternity began to fall on them, and revealed each circumstance in truer colours; but they will

shine out then in the full blaze of glory, weighed, valued, appraised by the Eye of Omniscience And Howe will be there as the record unfolds itself to his astonished gaze, shining in the glory with Christ, conformed to His image, mortality swallowed up of life. How differently he will estimate all then! The things, perchance, he had made most of, burnt up as valueless in God's sight; other details, too trivial to find a place in that "multitude of small volumes," yet found "unto praise and honour and glory," when weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, and tested by the fire of the Divine Assayer. Yes, gold they will be, pure gold, without alloy.

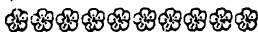
"I expect my salvation," Howe had declared, "not as a profitable servant, but as a pardoned sinner;" and none ever took that ground, the place of a lost sinner needing pardon, without finding it. But in that coming day of manifestation, when all who are Christ's give an account of themselves to Him, and "every man" in that countless throng of redeemed men "shall have praise of God" there will be much—ah, how much!—of their lives revealed then that shall only be "burnt up."

We stand at the close of another year. Has the reader looked back over his life spent during 1920? Has he calmly reviewed it in the presence of God? In these days of rush, and haste, probably he has not taken the time and pains to record

it in black and white; but it is recorded, and that divine record will one day be unfolded before him. How will it appear? Is the reader, as John Howe was, on the ground of sovereign, pardoning mercy? The place of a "pardoned sinner" is the only safe place for time or eternity! "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost" (Titus iii. 5), "for by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God" (Ephs. ii. 8), "being justified freely (gratuitously) by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Romans iii. 24).

But it is the "saved," the "regenerated," the "renewed," the "justified" who will be manifested before the judgment seat of Christ, to have their works (*not themselves*) tried by fire; it is they who "if any man's work shall be burned," "shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire" (1 Cor. iii. 15). But "what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God? And if the righteous scarcely be saved, *where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?* (1 Peter iv. 17, 18). The *unpardoned* sinner? Ah, "I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great stand before God; and

the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" (Rev. xx. 11, 15; Mark ix. 44, 46, 48). T.



From the Life of John Newton

JOHN NEWTON'S DREAM.

"The scene presented to my imagination was the harbour of Venice, where we had lately been. I thought it was night, and my watch upon the deck. As I was walking to and fro by myself, a person came to me and brought me a ring, with an express charge to keep it carefully; assuring me that, while I preserved the ring, I should be happy and successful; but if I lost or parted with it, I must expect nothing but trouble and misery. I accepted the present and the terms willingly; not in the least doubting my own care to preserve it, and highly satisfied to have my happiness in my own keeping.

"I was engaged with these thoughts, when a second person came to me, and, observing the ring on my finger, took occasion to ask me some questions concerning it. I readily told him its

virtues, and his answer expressed a surprise at my weakness in expecting such effects from a ring. I think he reasoned with me for some time upon the impossibility of the thing, and at length urged me, in direct terms, to throw it away. At first I was shocked at the proposal, but his insinuations prevailed; I began to reason and doubt of the matter myself, and, at last, plucked it off my finger, and dropped it over the ship's side into the water. The same instant, a terrible fire burst out from a range of mountains behind the city of Venice. I perceived too late my folly; and my tempter, with an air of insult, informed me that all the mercy God had in reserve for me was comprised in that ring, which I had wilfully thrown away. I understood that I must now go with him to the burning mountains, and that all the flames I saw were kindled on my account. I trembled, and was in great agony, so that it was surprising that I did not yet awake.

“But my dream continued; and when I thought myself on the point of a constrained departure, self condemned, without plea or hope, suddenly a third person came to me and demanded the cause of my grief. I told him the plain case, confessing that I had ruined myself wilfully, and deserved no pity. - He blamed my rashness, and asked if I should be wiser, supposing I had my ring again. I had not time to answer before I saw this unexpected friend go down under the

water, and he soon returned, bringing the ring with him.

"The moment he came on board, the flames in the mountains were extinguished, and my seducer left me. Then was the prey taken from the hand of the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered. My fears were at an end; and with joy and gratitude I approached my kind deliverer to receive the ring again; but he refused to return it, and spoke to this effect—"If you should be entrusted with the ring again you would very soon bring yourself into the same distress; you are not able to keep it, but I will preserve it for you, and whenever it is needful, will produce it on your behalf." Upon this I awoke.

"A time came when I found myself in circumstances very nearly resembling those suggested by this extraordinary dream;—when I stood, helpless, upon the brink of an awful eternity. Had the eyes of my mind been then opened, I should have seen my grand enemy, who had seduced me, pleased with my agonies, and waiting to seize and bear away my soul to his place of torment. I should have seen Jesus, whom I had persecuted and defied, rebuking the adversary, challenging me for his own, as a brand plucked out of the fire, and saying, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." However, though I saw not these things, I found the benefit—I obtained mercy, He who restored the ring

vouchsafes to keep it! "The Lord is my shepherd." I have been able to trust my all in His hands, and I know whom I have believed. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Extracted.



NOT POSSIBLE TO BE GOOD,

from Dr. Orles' account of mission work in Liverpool

It was about noon on a cold December day, in the city of L—— that a poor woman stood peeping through the window of a small room on the ground-floor of a large building. What it was she did not know, but seeing several other women assembled there, curiosity led her to enter. Once in, she heard several speak of what the Lord had done for them, while others requested prayer for their various needs, for she had unwittingly entered the daily women's prayer meeting held in connection with a busy medical mission. After others had mentioned that which they desired should be brought before God in prayer, the stranger burst into tears, and besought them to pray for her. "I have been trying to be good for a long time," she said "but I have failed. It is not possible for me to be so, and I find that I have not tried in a proper way. I did appear to be so for a time, and then I fell away from the Almighty; I said bad words, I thought bad thoughts, and now it seems to me as if the Lord Jesus cannot or would not love me!"

What a confession! But others there had

passed through much the same experience, and willingly joined in prayer on her behalf. At the close of the little meeting, she was invited to remain for a private interview with the lady conducting it, when she told the following story:

About twelve months before she had attended a church where the minister had spoken to her personally of her soul's need. He told her to fulfil her duties in her home in the fear of God and not in the fear of her husband, and to take the Sacrament. Whatever else she did, she complied with the latter advice, and for a little time she had a measure of peace in her soul, and then all was disquietude—she was more miserable than she had previously been. When this was discovered she was earnestly pointed to God's simple way of pardon through the precious blood of Christ; and as she was unable to read, one text was repeated to her over and over again, that she might learn and ponder it. It was "*I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins*" (Isaiah xliii. 25), and the words "FOR MINE OWN SAKE" were emphasised. Not because she fulfilled her household duties in God's fear, not because she took the Sacrament, but for His own sake, because a righteous God in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, as God manifest in flesh, has made a full and complete atonement, because the Just has once suffered for the unjust, because righteousness

has fully been meted to Him who took the sinner's place, and God is glorified:—because of the work of Christ, and for His own sake God blots out the believer's sins.

And not many days after the poor woman returned again to say she knew from her own experience her sins were forgiven for His name sake (1 John ii. 12). Reader, are yours? T.



THREE NEW YEARS.

The year of Grace, 1920.

“The acceptable year of the Lord” Luke iv. 19.

“The year of My redeemed” Isaiah lxiii. 4.

Another year of grace
 Is nearly passed;
 The moments coming now
 Will be its last.
 What e're it held in store
 Of joy or pain
 Gone; and for evermore
 Nought will remain.

Another year shall dawn,
 Another date;
 A new year ushered in;
 Time will not wait.
 What it shall hold for thee
 Thou knowest not;
 Nor whether bright or fair
 Shall be thy lot.

* * *

Another solemn year
 Neareth it's end,—
 The Lord's “accepted year”
 (When He your friend
 And Saviour deigns to be)
 Shall soon be o'er;
 And He who now invites
 Shall close the door.

This long "accepted time,"
 This "day of grace,"
 Dost thou its offers sweet
 Gladly embrace?
 Or is it slipping by
 Unheeded still?
 God's offers still refused
 By thy proud will!

* * *

A little while, and then
 With lurid ray,
 Another year begins,
 A new year's day
 Of vengeance and of pain,
 Of sorest woe,
 To all who now refuse
 Jesus to know.
 O fearful day! when all
 God's grace and love,
 And calls of mercy sweet
 He shall remove.
 The year of grace passed by,
 With all its store
 Of gospel truth and love,
 For evermore.

Another year shall come:
 All glory bright!
 And God's redeemed shall then
 Dwell in His light.
 Accepted *now* by Him,
Then shall they see
 Jesus in all His might,
 And like Him be.

Jesus! Sole theme above!
 His grace shall fill
 Their hearts with worship sweet
 Nothing shall still.
 An endless year of bliss!
 Will it be thine?
 Hark! *now* unto His call,
 Thine ear incline.

H.C.T.