

# Gospel gleanings.

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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



*to J. P. W. 2*  
*Take from*  
*Young Men's Society*  
*Page 81*

## How a Young Man Began a New Year.

I was going to be a lawyer, and I had gone up from the south of Devon to London to go on with my legal studies, and I got into a meeting where a servant of God was preaching. It was on the 16th December, 1860. The dear servant of God who was preaching that evening, brought out very simply the importance and the blessedness of being a christian. Every seat in the hall was filled, and I stood in the aisle the whole of that evening. As the preacher—who has now gone to glory—went on, I said to myself, that man is right; he is right, and I am wrong. But there was more than that, I got the sense that that man knew God, and I did not—that man was saved, and I was not—that he was going to glory, while I was going to hell. You ask, were you a terribly gross sinner? I was exactly like you, an unconverted young man—a man full of the world. I admit that at that time there was not a pleasure of the world that I had not dipped into. I tasted of “the pleasures of sin” but they never satisfied me, and that night I was a convicted man—an awakened man. I found that I was on the wrong road altogether—that I was all wrong. I was pulled up. God pull you up, my young friend. God arrested me. God arrest you!

The preacher at the end invited anybody who would like to have a conversation with him to wait behind and I waited. Ten years before I had seen the preacher. Curious are the links in the chain of God's grace to an unconverted soul. This servant of His had come down to Devonshire to preach, and stopped in my father's house. As I entered the door of the hall that night in London, and heard who was to preach, I felt I had a certain link with the preacher—beloved C.S. I listened with real interest to his solemn, searching address on Solomon building the temple—and I thought I would like to resume my friendship with himself. After a few words with him, he introduced me to a young man, who asked me "Are you a Christian?" "No, sir," I answered, "I am not a Christian." "How is that? don't you want to be one?" "Yes, I should like to be one," "Well, what have you to do to become one?" "I suppose I have only to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." "Yes, and do you believe in Him?" "I do; we all believe in England." "Yes, but tell me, what do you believe?" Well, I confess I was struck with that question when he put it. I had been brought up in a Christian family. I had a Christian father and mother, a converted brother, and several Christian sisters, but I was not a Christian myself. I never was more puzzled than when he put that question, "What do you believe?" I said, "I believe that the Lord Jesus Christ came into the

world to save sinners." "And to save you?" "Well, I hope so among the rest." I was on the verge of believing the Gospel, and accepting God's way of salvation, when an old acquaintance stepped up and whispered in my ear, "Remember you have to sing at a concert in Devonshire (I used to sing at concerts, chiefly comic songs) in Christmas week, and you have many other engagements that week. Now no man can serve two masters. You could not be a Christian and fulfil all your worldly engagements. You had better put off being a Christian for a fortnight, and then, when you come back to London you can believe the Gospel and be a Christian."

I recollect at the time I said, "You are a bad master, and I will serve you no more." And thank God! I made up my mind then and there. "And you do believe in Jesus?" said the young man. "I do believe." "And what do you believe?" "I believe that Christ died to save me." "And has He saved you?" "Ah, no! I am not saved yet; I don't feel saved." "You are just in the position of the man of whom the apostle James says, "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well; the devils also believe and tremble" (Jas. ii. 19). That verse pierced me through, I saw the company I was in, and I fled. Fled! To whom? To the Saviour! I saw where I was. The young Scotchman said, "There is this difference between you and them; there is no mercy for them; they

are beyond it. There is mercy for you, and God grant that you may taste it." "What must I do to be saved?" burst from my lips. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "I do believe," and, thank God! I found Him as my Saviour, received pardon and peace on the spot, and have never for one moment repented my choice. I chose Christ, and refused the world—and you must choose. Would you not rather choose Jesus Christ and "suffer affliction with the people of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," and then suffer their penalty for ever?"

Extracted.

*From  
'Successes of Gospel work'  
C.S.*



## WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

There was a young woman in distress of soul at the after meeting. She had longed for some time to know, with certainty, that she had eternal life; and from the various doctrines she had heard, she was perplexed to know how this certainty could possibly be enjoyed. She said, "How am I to know that I am saved?"

The words of Jesus were quoted, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, HATH ever-

lasting life, and shall not come into condemnation (judgment), but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

The amazing fact that it was Jesus that spoke these words of assurance, broke in upon her soul. She then said, "But my sins."

Then the words of the Holy Ghost were quoted to her, "Be it known unto you . . . that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him, ALL that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38). The change that took place was even manifested in her countenance. It was from the gloom of unbelief to the brightness and joy of simply believing God.

If an anxious soul reads these lines, let me ask, what can you want more than the assurance of the words of Jesus, that believing God, you have eternal life (compare 1 John v. 10-13). "And this is the record, that God HATH given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. These things have I written to you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life."

Are you oppressed with sins? Does the remembrance of them overwhelm you? Oh, look back at Jesus, dying on the Cross, the propitiation for sins. See Him raised from among the dead

for the justification of all who believe God. For God has thus accepted the atoning sacrifice. And now does not God most distinctly proclaim to you the forgiveness of sins? Does He not declare that ALL who believe are justified from all things? Then if YOU believe Him are you not justified, accounted righteous before God? Will you answer these questions in the presence of God? C.S.



*Wm. Brewster.  
Known to find Smith*

## THE NAME OF JESUS.

In a miserable hovel on the outskirts of a Surrey town, an aged woman lay dying. Extremely ignorant as well as very poor, and in great suffering, she was an object of pity to most who came into contact with her, yet she possessed a treasure many of them knew nothing of. She was unable to read, yet she always kept a large type New Testament under her pillow, which was produced whenever any one came who could read it to her. "But why do you keep it under your pillow, since you cannot read it yourself?" asked a visitor one day.

"Because *I know the name of Jesus is in it*, and I love it," was the reply, as she pressed the Book to her lips.

Reader, do you love the name of Jesus ?

What is it to you? "Thy name is as ointment poured forth," was the exulting exclamation of one who knew that name; "We command you not to speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus" was the language of others who hated it; and one or other of those sentences expresses the heart of every reader of these lines. Again, we ask, is it as "ointment,"—sweet smelling, fragrant, refreshing, a "holy perfume," as another has said, "music in the ear;" or is it the sound most disliked, that which raises a feeling of annoyance, and aversion,—a name that is not fit for respectable society,—the name you *hate*, and would fain expunge from the vocabulary of all with whom you come in contact?

Ah, why is this?

"Jesus! The Name high over all,  
"In hell, or earth, or sky;  
"Angels and men before it fall,  
"And devils fear and fly!"

Oh, there is the secret! "God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name that is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (Phil. ii. 9-11). Jesus is the Name of authority, the Name of power, the name that shall claim the homage of every created intelligence.

To the just and right minded carpenter of Nazareth, astonished at that which had befallen his affianced wife, came the divine message through angelic lips in a dream—"Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call his Name JESUS; *for he shall save his people from their sins*" (Matt. i. 20, 21). Jehovah, a Saviour! There is the meaning of the name; Jehovah come down, not to judge, not in the terror of the law, as at Sinai, but "God manifest in flesh," in the person of the lowly Babe of Bethlehem—"Jehovah, a Saviour!" Jesus! Jesus of Nazareth! the despised One! the rejected One! the One who went about doing good, and healing all who were oppressed by the devil; the One of whom they could say "Is not this Jesus, the Son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know?" while the multitudes could acclaim Him as He rode into the city, "the King that cometh in the Name of the Lord," "This, is Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth of Galilee!" This is Jesus, —Jehovah, a Saviour!

But the Roman Governor has taken his pen, he has written in characters for all to see, and translating his words into three different languages, to embrace all classes of readers, that all may understand, he fastens his accusation to the



felon's cross on which shall hang the Substitute of the rebel, the robber, the murderer, and suspended between earth and heaven, over the head of the Holy Sufferer who has done nothing amiss, behold the words "This is Jesus!" Jehovah, a Saviour! Jehovah *the* Saviour! Bearing the sins of the guilty, and "making peace by the blood of His cross," "to reconcile all things unto Himself." "Behold the Man!" Nay, the darkness hides that scene; the face of God is turned away; Jehovah is making His soul an offering for sin, and from out the darkness hear that awful cry "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" This is Jesus, the forsaken One, draining the cup of wrath to its dregs, and then with the shout of the Victor He exclaims "It is finished!" and bowing His head, dismisses His Spirit.

But the cross is empty; the tomb is vacant; the Roman soldiers have published the lie that His disciples have stolen the body; but angelic lips have proclaimed "He is risen!" and five hundred brethren at once have seen Him and know it is true! Aye, and a company of those who have known Him best have followed Him outside the city to Bethany, they have seen those nail-marked hands upraised in blessing, and "while they beheld He was taken up and a cloud received Him out of their sight." Now two of their number stand in the Council-chamber, and the words ring out "If we this day

be examined of the good deed done to the impotent man, by what means he is made whole; be it known to you all, and to all the people of Israel, that *by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth*, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, *even by him doth this man stand here before you whole . . . . Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved*" (Acts iv. 9-12). "None other name!" The one, the only name in which there is salvation. But there IS SALVATION in that name; there was healing, physical healing, to the helpless cripple who heard those wonderful words "In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk!" and without argument, "leaping up, stood, and walked!" And as surely as he was instantaneously and perfectly healed, so surely is every sinner who believes God's testimony concerning His Son, SAVED saved from his sins and the consequences of them, for there is salvation in the name of Jesus, and nowhere else!

Salvation in that name is found,  
 Cure for my grief and care;  
 A healing balm for every wound,—  
 All, all I want is there!



*Debbie and  
Miss King*

## A GREAT CONCERT.

A short time ago a Christian lady was house-keeping for a family in a little village in Sussex. There were four daughters at home and their mother had been taken to a Nursing Home, which necessitated outside help being called in. It was a cold wintry afternoon, and the young ladies were seated round the tea table which was well filled with good wholesome food, when one of them asked Miss — if she would accept a ticket to a concert they were going to? “Thank you,” replied Miss —, “but I do not go to concerts.” “Have you never been to one?” was the next question, “No, never, but I am going to the very best concert that has ever been given, someone else has paid the price, and you may all come too.” “Where is that and when is it?” asked a bright young girl about 17 years old. “I cannot say when, it might be anytime, but one day I am going to heaven to be with the Lord Jesus, to sing His praise, a never-ending song, a glorious concert. The Lord Jesus has paid the price for me, He has borne the punishment due to me, my sins are all gone (Is. xliii. 25), and it may be very soon He will come and take me to Himself. I do not read that this invitation will always be available, “Now is the day of salvation,” “To-day if ye will

hear His voice harden not your hearts;" each one of you young ladies as you sit around this table has the opportunity of accepting the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour." There was silence, and the girls slowly got up one by one and went away, leaving Miss — to resume her work, and to wonder what the result of that conversation would be.

What will it be to the reader? *G. J. M. P.*



## HOW GOD CAN MEET A SINNER.

What have we got in the cross? The first thing is, God dealing with man in His own presence. But how? Did He come to require anything? Nothing; how should He come and require it? In a certain sense He did require fruit from the Vine, but there was none. What then did He come for? Why did He come into a world full of sin? What did He seek there? He sought sinners! Did He come here ignorant of the extent of their sin? No; for He knew what was in man's heart full well before He came. He knew their sin well. He knew all that would come upon Him. But what stops the sinner? Not that he is to come to God—we see the Lord Jesus Christ come down to him in his sins. Is there anything

between Him and the sinner? No, my friends—nothing; not even His disciples. They might quieten and get rid of importunity, but neither show God's holiness nor reveal His love. It was the prerogative of His own love to come and touch the sinner without being defiled by the sin: just as He did to the leper. The leper exclaimed, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." The Lord puts forth His hand and touches him, saying, "I will; be thou clean." And remember, if He came to show God's love to man in his sins, so that his heart might be won, and have confidence in God, He came to take away sin from man by taking it upon Himself.

The veil of the temple being rent from top to bottom, I see the holiness of God: but the very stroke which has thus unveiled the holiness of God has put away the sin that would have hindered my standing in the presence of that holiness. I see what God in His love has done for us in the person of Christ. I see that the bruising of His Son has taken place. Here I get God Himself coming down to me, and I am enabled now to go back with Christ into the rest of His holiness. In the death of Christ I see the fearful vengeance of God against sin; and the rending of the veil, which displays God's holiness and love to man. And so the more the eye of God scrutinizes and searches me, the more it brings out the blessed

truth, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. It shows the whiteness of the robe that has been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

If I hesitate to stand in His presence, I am putting in question the value of Christ's blood. You may say, "I hope to be saved." You cannot hope that Christ will die for you! It cannot be a matter of hope whether Christ is to die! The way the heart reasons is, "I am not hoping Christ will die for me, but I hope to get an interest in Him; I want a proof of His love." When you question this, you question whether Christ has become the friend of publicans and sinners; and, further, you question the power of His blood.

Suppose you had a title to demand some proof of His love, what could you demand more than what God has given? He has given His own Son. You could not ask so much as He has already given. But if I am seeking that God should tell me something else, I am seeking some other revelation than what He has given me. He rests my peace on believing the one He has given. The soul that has come to God knows that He is love, and it is to Himself we are come.

*J. K. D.*



## The Promise of His Coming.

Haste then, and wheel away a shattered world,  
 Ye slow revolving seasons! We would see  
 (A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)  
 A world that does not hate and dread His laws,  
 And suffer for its crime: would learn how fair  
 The creature is that God pronounces good,  
 How pleasant in itself what pleases Him.

\* \* \*

Come then, and added to Thy many crowns  
 Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,  
 Thou who alone art worthy! It was Thine  
 By ancient covenant, ere nature's birth,  
 And Thou hast made it Thine by purchase since,  
 And overpaid its value with Thy blood.  
 Thy saints proclaim Thee King; and in their hearts  
 Thy title is engraven with a pen  
 Dipt in the fountain of eternal love.  
 Thy saints proclaim Thee King; and Thy delay  
 Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see  
 The dawn of Thy last advent, long desired,  
 Would creep into the bowels of the hills,  
 And flee for safety to the falling rocks.  
 The very spirit of the world is tired  
 Of its own taunting question, asked so long,  
 "Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?"  
 W. Cowper.

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## HOW I GOT WHAT I WANTED.

Some years ago the writer of this story, a young man brought up under the influence of Christian parents, at the age of 23 thought himself old enough to look after himself, left his home determined to enjoy life and the pleasures of this world, and eventually found himself in the large city of London. Having then the means and facility, he at once dived into the pleasures of the world and of sin,—the theatre, ball-room, and public house; but he found nothing to satisfy,—only a craving for more, and often pain and the upbraidings of conscience. . . However, he sank deeper into sin, never thinking of the ultimate end, for “the wages of sin is DEATH.”

Eventually he drifted to the Continent, and sought pleasure in the gay city of Paris, also Italy, Egypt, and India, but with the same result.

At last returning to England, he went to reside in a fashionable resort on the South Coast, still trying to satisfy his craving, but only sinking deeper into sin.

One Sunday evening, feeling very unhappy and miserable, he wandered about the town, until, passing through one of the side streets, he came to a small Mission Room, and hearing singing, wandered in out of curiosity; and oh, the bright and happy faces of those taking part in the singing did seem strange to him!

Then the dear person conducting the meeting gave a short address from Luke xxiii. 39-43. That transaction, and the love revealed there, went home to his heart. He, like the dying thief, saw and realised his lost condition; and looking to Jesus confessed it, seeing Him in all His divine love bearing the wrath of a just God that was due to him. He turned to Jesus, and oh, the satisfaction and joy on hearing Him say "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise!" Oh, the fulness of that expression speaks volumes to the believing soul! Oh, the change! Oh, the joy of the past forgiven,—the joy of everlasting life here below, and Paradise, a home of everlasting happiness prepared above (see John xiv. 2); the happy realisation of the return of the Saviour to take him there; peace with God through Jesus Christ; the beautiful knowledge that old things are passed away, and all things become new; real pleasure and joy!

Dear reader, may that be your experience as well as mine, by God's Grace.

The vilest offender who truly believes  
That moment through Jesus a pardon receives.

*J. R. Parrot*

The work of Christ was so complete,  
Its glory nought can dim;  
The point where God and sinners meet  
Is only found in Him.

Believing what the Scriptures saith  
Yields just the peace men crave;  
And sweeter feeling follows faith  
Than ever nature gave.

## **“I’M NOT SO BAD AS ALL THAT.”**

Just two and twenty years ago, these words were uttered by a man who was dying in the Alms-houses of a well-known city.

I had been asked by a christian friend to visit him, as the doctor gave no hope of his recovery. On entering a small sitting-room adjoining the dying man’s bed-chamber, I was met by a venerable looking gentleman who appeared to be a Church dignitary, and who held out his hand to me, though I had never seen him before.

After he had gone, the nurse said to me, “Do you know, sir, who that gentleman is, with whom you have just shaken hands?”

“No,” said I, “who might he be?”

“He is the Dean of the Cathedral; and he has just been asking the dying man a number of questions, which I could hear through the open door.”

“Have you ever been christened, and confirmed, and taken the sacrament?” he asked. “*Yes, I have.*”

“Then,” said the Dean, “I need not say much to you, as you are all right, and have nothing to fear, if you should die,” and, after a few words of prayer, he left.

In effect, the reverend gentleman had told the poor invalid that there were three doors to heaven.

"How terribly sad," said I. "It only shows how unmindful he is of Christ's words in John x. 9. "I am the door; by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved; and shall go in and out and find pasture."

There is only one door, one way, one Saviour; and He is my own precious Saviour, without whose death and blood-shedding, I could never go to heaven.

"Would you like to see him?" said the nurse.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "if he is not too ill."

So she led me into the sick chamber, and there lay a middle-aged man, apparently in much pain and suffering. Sitting down beside him, I enquired after his health; and then said, "May I read you a chapter from God's word?"

"Don't care whether you do, or not," was his sharp reply.

So quietly opening my Bible, I read him the third chapter of Romans; which he evidently didn't like, for he was very restless and fidgetty. As I finished that very solemn chapter, I remarked, "That is a black picture of what every man is by nature and practice, for 'all have sinned'; and we are all brought in *guilty before God*."

"Oh," said he, "*I am not so bad as all that*."

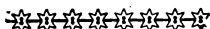
"I am," was my reply, "for God tells no lies; and this chapter is a divine photograph of what I am as a child of Adam. Yet is there mercy offered to all who will take it from the wounded hand of Jesus, as the very next verse plainly shows that *the very moment* I accept the remedy for all my sin, and guilt, and ruin, by simple faith in the finished work of Christ, I am justified freely by God's grace," through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare . . . His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God"—(Rom. iii. 24, 25).

Alas! the words fell only on unbelieving ears, and a hard heart; for, amidst his groans, he kept on saying, "No, I'm not so bad as all that"; "I'm not so bad as all that."

I knelt down for a few minutes in prayer—asking God to open his eyes, and show him that he would be eternally lost if he did not accept Christ as his own personal Saviour. But he was only muttering and groaning all the time, so I rose from my knees and wished him "Good-bye," entreating him to think over all that I had said. With a look of bitter hate in his eyes, he hurled those words at me again and again, shouting out as I closed the door, "No, no, I'm not so bad as all that."

He had heard error from the Dean, but the truth from God's unchanging Word; and alas! the very next morning, if, as I fear, he died in his sins—a Christ rejector, what is the issue but “for ever lost!”—O reader, how is it with you? “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved” “for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.”

S. T. *Tomkins*



## HOIST “D” FLAG.

Such were the words used by a young signalman in H.M. Service shortly after his conversion to God, when speaking to those in like calling, who would understand the significance of “D” Flag, meaning “I want a Pilot.”

He was exhorting them to take Jesus as their Saviour, the only faithful Pilot who would, as He has pledged Himself to do, bring them safe home to glory.

It is so very clear in God's holy word that one belongs either to sinner-ship or to saint-ship, and if in sinner-ship there is one, the evil one, the devil, who is driving one's craft midst rocks and shoals, now over reefs, then in shallow waters, now a plunge into sin, then an aching heart smarting with wounds that sin has made, until many are

made to feel that they are guilty, hell-deserving sinners in God's sight, and long to pay off the ship which is being thus driven to utter ruin, and will soon become a total wreck.

To such we hold out the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Pilot to be trusted, who if believed in, if accepted as one's Saviour, will bring one into saintship. He is not only a faithful Pilot but a perfect Captain who is in command of saintship. He flies the pennant "Love" on His ship, and those who believe in Him can say "His banner over me is love."

There is nothing to fear when Jesus is at the helm. He is an experienced Pilot and has provided both a Chart—the Bible; and a Compass—the Holy Spirit, who directs us right as we look to Him. He has correctly marked out the safe course and bearing on the chart, and affords us sure guidance. If we follow His directions we shall not deviate from the true path, and shall make no errors in judgment; but on the contrary, will be enabled to avoid all dangers. Our perfect Captain has made every allowance for ill winds, under-currents, and contrary seas, and will bring us safe home to glory (Hebrews ii., 10).

Do you want Jesus the true Pilot? Then hoist "D" flag, and He will come to you. For He "is rich unto all that call upon him" (Rom. x. 12, 13).

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

C.H. Coats



## THE RECOVERED WRECK.

Many vessels were studding the blue waters of the Firth of Clyde, on a day of cloudless sunshine in early spring.

The smaller craft spread out their snowy wings to the light breeze, and pursued their devious but independent way; whilst those of heavier burden, with furled sails, submitted for a time to the guidance and assistance of sturdy little steamers, which took the outward bound so far on their way, and brought those coming into port swiftly and securely into the haven where they would be. Amongst the latter was one which attracted all eyes and engaged all sympathies. No fair majestic ship was she returning from a prosperous voyage with rich cargo and home-anticipating crew. She was a poor, battered, storm-wrecked hulk; her bulwarks clean gone, shattered stumps where her masts had been, and her painted sides splintered and defaced.

But one short fortnight before, she had sailed from the port she was now entering, richly laden and bound for a distant land; but encountering a fierce gale in the Channel, she was dismasted and



waterlogged, and at length abandoned by her crew. Some of these having reached the South of Ireland in safety, telegraphed the news of her fate to the ship's owners at Greenock, and of the point where she was when they left her. Several considerations induced her owners to make an effort to recover the lost vessel. Her cargo was timber—thus she was likely to float some time; she was a new vessel, and were she recovered, her injuries might probably be so repaired as to fit her for future use; and then a floating hulk, drifting hither and thither at the mercy of the wind and waves, was fraught with peril to other vessels, to whom she might prove as dangerous as an un-beaconed rock or unchartered reef. So a steamer was despatched without delay to seek for the abandoned ship, having only as guide in the search a note of the latitude and longitude in which she had last been seen. Once the steamer went and returned in vain; but on a second trip her mission was successful, and she was now returning in triumph bringing the wreck with her: and the gay flags streaming from her rigging, and the loud cheers from the other vessels in the harbour, and from spectators who lined the wharves, testified to the joy called forth by the fact that “the lost had been found.”

As I watched her being slowly towed into port, and observed the glad and eager interest in the faces of the lookers-on, I thought of other wrecks.

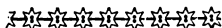
and castaways on life's great ocean, and of the joy amongst the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

I remembered Him who came forth from the Father to seek and to save that which was lost, and of all the waves and billows that went over His glorious head, before His merciful mission was accomplished.

I thought how every individual of the great company of saved ones, now safely moored in the desired haven, had each been sought out one by one, saved by Him from going down into the pit, and kept by him till they entered glory.

I thought, too, of the multitude of those who had destroyed themselves,—who, having been laid hold of by His strong and loving hand, and drawn out of a lost and ruined state, are even now being piloted through manifold dangers and storms towards the harbour of eternal rest.

Extracted.



## THE BITTEN ISRAELITE.

### NUMBERS XXI.

In turning now to the narrative which this scripture gives us, we find that the Lord refuses to cancel the judgment He had pronounced. The camp had sinned, and fiery serpents, messengers of death, were sent among them—and though

Moses may pray and the people cry out in anguish of heart, the Lord will not remove those executioners of His righteous judgment. And this is His way in the Gospel. The sentence of death pronounced at the beginning on sin is not reversed. That could not be. But God has His provisions in the face of the sentenced death. This is His way, He provides the sinner with an answer to His own demands in righteousness. Noah got from God the Ark in the day of the Flood; Israel, the sprinkled lintel in the day of judgment of Egypt; and David was told to raise an altar in the despised threshing-floor of an uncircumised Jebusite; and that altar there had virtue to quiet the sword of the Angel of Death that was travelling on high over the doomed city, as the blood of Calvary had virtue to rend the vail from top to bottom, and open the high heavens to the captives of sin and death. Israel had sinned, but the Lord commands Moses to make a serpent of brass and set it on a pole, and then proclaim in the hearing of the whole camp, that every bitten Israelite who looked to that uplifted serpent, should be healed and live. This was life confronting death;—how excellent all this is! and this is still the Gospel, the salvation of God. Nothing that was threatened has been cancelled. All by the process of ruin and redemption, is met and answered and satisfied. The blood of the everlasting covenant has given “the God of peace” to raise from the dead, Jesus,

as "the Shepherd of the sheep." God Himself is righteously, gloriously justified, and the sinner victoriously brought into a condition of certainty and impregnableness, and of holy thankful defiance of all the enmity and the attempts and the resources of the old destroyer.

But the life or healing was to be *individual*—the bitten Israelite must look for himself to the uplifted serpent. So is it now as between us and God personally and individually in the Gospel—He individualizes and separates us to Himself, to talk to us about our sins, and settle the question of eternity with us. What consolation! What grace in Him, what deliverance and blessing for us! What joy to meet God in such a character, and to see Him thus, as the Jesus of St. John's Gospel, so jealously holding Himself before us in that character, refusing to be received in any other. His loved Nicodemus was under long and patient training, ere he gave Him the look of a bitten Israelite. But he did at the end, and then did it blessedly and vigorously (See John xix). Precious truth indeed, and precious Saviour who has provided us sinners with it! The look that was preached so long ago in the midst of the camp of Israel in the wilderness, in the day of this twenty-first of Numbers, the Lord Jesus, the Jehovah of Israel and the true Serpent of Brass, preaches it still and again and with all fervency and earnestness, in the Gospel by St. John. J.G.B.

*Taken from  
the Shipwrecked Mariner*

## ‘WHOSOEVER’ MEANS ME.’

A sailor, who had been piously trained in early life, but for many years had been the victim of all manner of profligacy, at length while at sea in the Pacific Ocean, was thoroughly awakened, and convicted by the Spirit of God. One night, after turning in, his terror rose to such a pitch that he dared not shut his eyes, lest he should wake in hell; but at length he was overcome with fatigue and weariness, and fell asleep. While in this condition, he dreamed of being in India (he had been formerly), and hearing a missionary preach on the solemn words, “How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?” and he was so moved by the words, that he tried to run away, and in the effort awoke.

Then, as he says, “the perspiration was pouring from my forehead, and as I was in the greatest agitation, I opened again God’s word, for I had no other comforter. I read the third chapter of John, and there I saw what I needed. *“Ye must be born again.”* I read on and came to the sixteenth verse, *“God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”* I was struck by these beautiful words. Does that include me? Yes, I thought “whosoever” means me; I will venture on this love. And there, in that midnight hour, far away on the billows, I cast my

poor guilty soul on His mercy; and while pleading this precious word, I felt peace and comfort within me."



## Christ's Message to a Child.

'Midst the sighing of the ocean,  
 O'er it's billows wild and free,  
 Stormy winds and restless motion,  
 Came a voice to me:—  
 "Child! thou'rt standing on the threshold  
 Of heaven's unseen shore;  
 Soon, like yonder setting sunbeams,  
 Shall thy course be o'er!"—

"Lift thine eyes to life's horizon,  
 Where the storm-clouds gather fast,"  
 Softly spake that voice from heaven,  
 Through the chilly blast!—  
 'Twas the voice of Him who suffered  
 On dark Calvary's tree;  
 'Twas the whisper of His mercy,  
 "Come, my child, to Me."

Listening thus, I caught the music  
 Of those words—so passing sweet;  
 And, my many sins remembering,  
 Fell I at His feet;  
 Trusting in that precious life-blood,  
 From His wounded side which poured,  
 Countless joys to me were given,  
 Be His name adored!

Look'd I then across the ocean,  
 As that setting sun went down;  
 Musing on the Lord of glory,  
 And His victory won;  
 'Twas indeed a wondrous victory,  
 Over death, and hell, and sin;  
 Having passed through Jordan's river,  
 Heaven He entered in.

Then again I heard that music,  
 Wafted from the other side;  
 'Twas the ransom'd millions chanting,  
 To His praise Who died:—  
 'Midst that rolling swell of worship,  
 Which shall never cease;  
 From the glory came Christ's message.—  
 "Child! I am Thy peace."

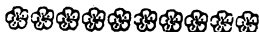
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# Gospel

# Gleanings



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—  
**ONE PENNY**  
NET



## A ROTTEN STICK.

Some few years since, passing along a country road on one of my journeys, I noticed an old man in the yard of a cottage, stooping, as I thought, to feed some chickens. Opening the gate to offer him a gospel booklet, I found he was unable to raise himself, and was only just in time to save him from what might have been a serious fall.

I helped him to a seat at the cottage door, and learned he had only just recovered from a long illness, which his wife and others feared might have been his last. This gave me an opportunity to speak to him about what lies beyond death and the grave.

The old man received the booklet I offered, but told me he couldn't read, was only sent to school two or three winters in early childhood, and began work for a farmer at seven years of age. Now he was eighty, and alas, very dark as to his real state before God, and the salvation offered to all who hear and believe the message of God's grace. This is offered not on the ground of being able to *read* it, for when this salvation was first proclaimed, it had not been written in our language, or in any other save one or two, but was preached by the apostles and others far and wide for the *hearing* of faith. "For faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

The dear old cottager hoped it would be alright, and that he would go to heaven. He had vague notions of the mercy of God, and had been a "decent living man all his life," but had no sense in his soul of what judgment of sin means in the sight of God, or of the necessity of a Saviour.

His wife listened to the greater part of our conversation, and seemed somewhat dubious as to the old man's merits and explanation, but really was not much beyond her husband in the grasp of the truth.

Finding that he blamed his walking stick (a rustic specimen) for his fall, and that it had broken with his weight, I pointed out to him that he had trusted a rotten stick; and so all these things he was trusting in for acceptance with God, and a future in heaven, were rotten sticks also, and props utterly unworthy of trust.

Not long after this conversation the old man passed away, and only a few weeks since I happened to be going again along the same road, and saw the aged widow leaning on the cottage gate. I stopped to speak with her (she was now also over 80 years of age, and very decrepit), and tried to recall to her mind my talk with her husband. During our conversation, the daughter came in, and at once said, "I remember your visit quite well, for you spoke to father about the rotten stick."

The daughter spoke confidently of having trusted in Christ for salvation, but the dear old woman was on the same lines as her departed husband when I met him,—trusting to the rotten stick of a good decent life, and believing all that is in the Bible is true, without the least sign of those solemn truths having entered her heart, and left their mark on her conscience.

I came away sad at heart. Yet she is only one of a vast multitude, found around us on every side, assenting to the truth that death and judgment are before us, and withal trusting to rotten props, such as before alluded to.

Reader, how is it with you? Why go on in uncertainty and doubt about these vital and all important questions? An admission that the Bible is true, and that Christ Jesus died for sinners, will save nobody, but only increase their condemnation. If salvation and eternal blessing depended on anything we are or can be, or on anything we can do, it would be no good news for a lost sinner. When I repeated to these old cottagers the well known words—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," they both exclaimed that they had heard that often and believed it, because it was in the Bible, but it was only too evident that they had never believed it as a perishing sinner would hear the welcome news of

pardon and life.

I often notice in going in and out amongst all sorts and conditions of people, how careful a vast number of parents are to insure the lives of their children, especially amongst the working classes. Sometimes I have remarked on this foresight, being so general, and the answer usually is that we don't know what might happen, and it is well to be prepared, and so forth.

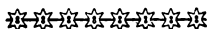
But if it is a wise thing to make provision for the mere expenses attending illness and death of children and others, *while in health*, how much more important to prepare for what comes after death? "It is appointed unto man once to die, but after this the judgment." Heb. ix. 27. Why not make sure how we stand as to these things? Remember, that how we shall stand in the judgment of God, and where we shall spend eternity, is decided on this side of death, and decided by our answer to God's offer of free salvation through Christ.

Thank God, it is not a question of payment,—weekly, monthly, or yearly. One payment, and one only, has been made on account of sins, and that was made by the only Person competent to do it—the Lord Jesus Christ. Nearly three thousand years ago it was written of Him—"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with His stripes we are healed." And

well-nigh two thousand years ago, He completed the work on Calvary's cross.

Since then, pardon and peace have been proclaimed far and wide in His blessed name, to whosoever will believe in Him. Away then with the paltry excuses, and rotten props of unbelief, and open your hand and heart to God, to accept life and blessing from Him.

T. R. *etc.*



## **EVEN ME—EVEN ME!**

Over thirty years ago, on a Sunday evening, I was on my way to a gospel meeting in the south of London, where God's Spirit had been previously working,—and some precious souls had been brought out of nature's darkness into God's marvellous light, in direct answer to much earnest prayer. Naturally, I was pleading with the Lord for the particular message He would have me deliver to those to whom I was about to speak; and that I might also be guided aright as to the hymns. Messrs. Moody and Sankey's hymns were much in vogue just at that time; and a great favourite with a good many people was one called, "*There is a gate which stands ajar,*" the tune of which is pretty, but the words far removed from Scripture truth, seeing that Mercy's door still

stands *wide open*; and all who enter in, by faith, will personally prove for themselves the truth of Christ's own words, in John x. v.9, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." More than nineteen centuries have rolled away since those words fell from His lips, but that door still stands open, and all who really wish to be saved can go in; but yet at any moment, "the Master of the house" may rise up, and shut it, and where then would *you* be, dear reader? Lost or saved . . . . *for ever*?

While still humming this tune (and as illustrating how God can over-rule even so small a matter, for His own glory), it suddenly occurred to me, that W. Cowper's well-known hymn, "*There is a stream of precious blood,*" could be nicely adapted to the Sankey tune by adding a chorus.

At the close of the very solemn address the Lord gave me that evening, I therefore asked my audience to sing the hymn as follows:—

"There is a stream of precious blood  
Which flowed from Jesus' veins,  
And sinners washed in that blest flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
Oh! depth of mercy; can it be  
That precious blood was shed for me?  
For me . . . . for me,  
That blood was shed for me."

The following Sunday, I was preaching again

at the same hall; and, in a very special manner, felt that God's Spirit was again working in the meeting. In the course of my address, I noticed a man who looked like a sailor, weeping profusely; and, at the same time, listening most attentively to every word I said; so felt led, at the close of the meeting, to go down the hall, and speak to him.

As I approached him, I said, "Excuse me, dear friend, but you seem to be very anxious about your soul; can I help you in any way?"

"Oh no, Sir," he replied, "it's all right with my soul."

"Then, why are you crying?" I asked.

"I'm crying for joy," was his answer, "it was that hymn we sung last Sunday."

"What hymn?" said I, "for we had a good many last Sunday!"

"The hymn that was, 'for me-' I'm quite happy now," he added; and his trembling lips broke out into song which I feel sure gladdened the heart of the Son of God.

"Oh! depth of mercy; can it be

That precious blood was shed for me?

For me . . . . for me—

That blood was shed for me."

Dear Reader, how is it with you? The stream of time is flowing rapidly; and we know not how soon we may be launched into the ocean of eternity. Sooner, or later, we shall all have to meet God.

Are you ready, should Christ come, while you read these lines? If so, you can truly say, like the converted sailor,

“That blood was shed for me.”

Thank God, “It is the blood—it is the blood,

Which has atonement made;

It is the blood, which, once for all,

Our ransom price has paid.”

“Behold! now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. v. 2),

S. T. *Thomas*



*Conversion of  
Mr. Jeffrey*

## APPROPRIATION, OR AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

“It is about twenty two years ago since I was converted. My parents were Christians. My father was an Evangelical churchman, and my mother belonged to the Wesleyans, and I can never remember the time when I did not fear God. I went to the Wesleyan Sunday School, and if I did anything wrong, always had the sense that God's eye was on me, and I should have to give an account to Him. But I knew I was not a Christian; and I wanted to stop, I wanted to turn to God, but I couldn't. There was a power that made me go on in sin. And that



“lasted till Mr. —— came to lodge with us. We  
“were living at B. then, and my work was in this  
“town, so though I went home for the week-ends  
“I had to return here on Sunday evenings in order  
“to get to work at 6 o’clock Monday morning.  
“One Sunday evening Mr. —— got the wife and  
“me into his sitting room and spoke to us about  
“the Lord Jesus until I had to leave to catch my  
“train at 9.30. It got in something past 10, and  
“when I got to my lodgings, I went straight to my  
“bedroom, put down my bag, took off my hat,  
“and fell on my knees. I don’t know how long I  
“remained there; it was quite dark when I got  
“up and got into bed, but nearer 6 o’clock than  
“midnight, I fancy; but I knew then what I had  
“never known before, that *the Lord Jesus Christ*  
“*had died for me.* I had known all about it; I  
“could have told you all that took place on what  
“people call Good Friday, and all the church ser-  
“vice then, for after I left the Sunday School I  
“had joined the choir at All Saints Church, up  
“the hill: but I never knew till that night that  
“Christ died *for me*, and that is when I date my  
“conversion.

“Oh, how different everything looked when  
“I got up the next morning! All was bright; the  
“birds sang sweeter than ever, and even the cats  
“and dogs I met seemed happy; all was changed.

“And when I went home the next week end  
“and told them, oh how Mr. —— rejoiced! My

“ wife did too, and I expect she felt as glad as he, though she did not say so much about it!”

Such was the story,—and in his own words,—that a Christian friend related the other day, when asked how long he had known the Lord’s love. And there are many like him, respectable, religious, God-fearing men, desiring to turn over a new leaf and lead a new life, yet unable to do so, and going on year after year, dissatisfied with themselves, but not knowing how to become better. Ask them if they believe in Christ,—of course they do! They are not heathens; they know the Bible; they can repeat Gospel texts, and they believe they are true as they believe Euclid is; and if you sift their belief in Christ it is much the same as their belief in William the Conqueror or Napoleon Bonaparte,—an assent of the mind to the historical facts recorded in the Gospels. But they have never had to do with Him for themselves. They know they are sinners,—conscience tells them so, and they shrink from the thought of having to meet God; but they have never learnt that they are utterly *lost* sinners; that they are *guilty before God* (Romans iii. 19); nay, more, “*corrupt* are they, and have *done abominable iniquity*: there is none that doeth good” (Psalm liii. 1); and “the imagination of the thoughts of his heart is *only evil* continually” (Genesis vi. 5). Beloved reader, is this true? Is it true of the men and women around you to-day? *is it true of you?*

Oh, that the light of the Holy Spirit of God, who indicted these words may flash them into the dark recesses of the heart of each one who reads these lines, and reveal all that is there in the very presence of God! Oh, that every reader who has never yet done so, may stand a convicted sinner before Him, "without a thought that is good to plead!" You may be moral, you may be upright; you may be known among your fellow men as a good man,—a faithful husband, a tender father, a conscientious servant, or a considerate employer;—but for all that in the presence of God, in the light of His word revealed by the Holy Spirit, you will say like one of old,—of whom God Himself said there was none like him in all the earth,—“Behold, I am *vile!*”

“And dost Thou open Thine eyes upon such an one, and bringest me into judgment with Thee?”

Oh, listen to God's answer!

“Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evildoers, children that are corrupters! . . . . Why should ye be stricken any more? Ye will revolt more and more. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither molified with ointment. . . . Come now, and let us reason together saith the Lord.”—Yes, He knows it all,—the horrible con-

dition, the utter vileness; He opens His eyes on you, convicted sinner, and He says—"COME now, and let us reason together . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isaiah i. 4,5,6,18). Yes, "He is gracious and saith deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom" (Job. xxxiii. 24). Look to Calvary. There is the Ransom;—"A Ransom for all," as far as the value of the infinite Sacrifice there offered to bear the wrath of God against sin; "a Ransom for many," as far as the blessed effects reach, for "a great multitude which no man could number" shall stand before the throne in a day yet future, having "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb"; but cannot the reader go further and say "a Ransom for me,"—"the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me? "Thou hast died for sinners.

"Therefore, Lord, for me!"

That was what my friend learned, in the solitude of his quiet lodging that night: he took it home to himself, he believed God's testimony about His Son. And that Son has declared "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall not* come into judgment, but *is passed* from death unto life" (John v. 24). There is therefore now NO CONDEMNATION to them that are in Christ Jesus," Romans viii. 1. There

is no more judgment for Him. He has exhausted it all; He has borne the wrath: He has declared "It is finished!" And angelic lips have proclaimed "He is risen"; the cross, the tomb are empty; the throne is occupied! "And to him give all the prophets witness, that through his name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." "Dost *thou* believe in the Son of God?"

T.

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## A LAND NOT INHABITED.

"Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat . . . and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited" Lev. xvi. 21, 22.

"The streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up for ever: from generation to generation it shall lie waste: none shall pass through it for ever and ever." Isaiah xxxiv. 9, 10.

Alone, where no man dwelt; a thirsty land  
Barren and desolate, with none to help.  
Alone *with sin*. Shut out, and left to die  
In solitude and suffering, apart

From all except the savage beast,  
Unclean and loathsome.

Land of burning pitch  
Unquenchable and fearful, where  
Thy terrors, holy God, are found.  
And to that land a sinless Victim led  
For sin; for sins; for my iniquities  
In all their guilt, confessed o'er Him, and borne  
(O grace divine!) away.

O Saviour Lord,  
The depth of all Thy woe may ne'er be told!  
It passes knowledge like the love divine  
Which led Thee there for me. Yet do I ask  
To know it more, that fearful in my sight  
The sin may be for which Thou didst atone  
In those dark hours alone, where no man dwelt.

H.C.T.



## “ HEREIN IS LOVE,

not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.”  
1 John iv. 10.

Ah, now I can see, when I believe that. In Him, in His death, is the ground of my rest. Therein I learn what love is toward such a sinner as I am. I turn to look at it, not in myself, but in Him; and I rest in God. What my soul rests in is what He is, and what He had done. “He hath sent His Son as a propitiation.” God has loved me not only when I wanted it, but according to His sense of my want. He has not mistaken my case; the propitiation is made for my sins—Christ on the Cross—and we can say, “Herein is

love!" I have found God. My soul rests there. The cloud is taken away for ever. God has given His Son.

If you say, but there is such and such a sin, I answer that it is for the sins you had or have that Christ died: for He died for your sins. You ought to hate them. He has the man and his sins before Him. He does not put away the man but his sins. Indeed, He cannot bear sin, and therefore He must put the sinner in his sins away, because He cannot bear the sins, if they are not put away. The love of God has wrought a work to bring the sinner without his sins into His presence. "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.

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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



*Told in a letter written 1816 to a gentleman at Brighton & found  
by Major H. S. J. Knight among Mr. Pocock's papers*

## An Oxford Graduate.

The Oxford Michaelmas Term was ended; the exams were over, and Henry C.<sup>rompton</sup> and his friend G., both of Edmund Hall, had taken their degrees, and returned to London to spend Christmas with their families. Tender and jubilant was the greeting that welcomed Henry, as ten orphaned brothers and sisters crowded round him, rejoicing in the success gained by one who, young as he was, had sought to supply the place of the parents they mourned.

Some five or six years before, Henry had learnt a lesson that none of the learned professors of his Alma Mater could have taught: a Greater than they, a divine Teacher, even God the Holy Ghost, had opened his eyes to learn himself, and to see himself as he really was in God's sight, a guilty, hell-deserving sinner; and then, in wondrous mercy, had shown him another truth, namely that God had provided one just suited to his every need—a Saviour exactly such as he required. He had learned 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"; that "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification"; and that "by Him all that believe

are justified from all things" (1, Cor. xv. 3, 4; Romans iv. 25; Acts xiii. 39). Henry C. believed it; he passed from death unto life; he was justified, and he knew it. Blessed knowledge! It did not interfere with his studies, but it kept him from the many snares attendant on a college life; and it kept him, too, from doubting, as so many in the seats of learning to-day dare to doubt, the truth of God as revealed in His word. Henry C. knew the Living Word for himself, and that knowledge gave him implicit faith in the written word: but it did not make him a fool or a simpleton; just the reverse, for "by faith we understand."

And now his college course being over, Henry left Oxford with the strong impression that his Lord and Saviour had called him to devote his life to proclaiming His gospel far and wide. He had already begun at the best place—that place to which his Lord had sent the healed demoniac from whom the legion had been cast, when He said "Go home to thy friends and tell them,"—"*return to thine own house, and show them how great things God hath done unto thee*"; and his youngest sister had been led through him to accept the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour. So they gathered, that December day, a happy family party, all but one rejoicing in Him as their Saviour and Lord.

*All but one.* Yes, there was one whose natural love for a devoted elder brother was not

accompanied by the divinely begotten affection which links together the children of God, however wide the apparent differences between them, for "he that loveth Him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of Him" (1 John v. 1.) And it may be some eye now resting on this page is that of one in like position—the only unsaved member of a Christian family; the only one of the loving home circle *outside Christ*. Oh, if such is the case, beware! Think what lies before—a separation for *eternity*. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, soon to be all gathered together in the courts of glory, and you—outside. Oh, why shall it be so? Shall the loving instruction from a parent's lips be always disregarded? Shall the Saviour, of whose grace and whose work they told you at the very dawn of intellect, continue to be despised and rejected by you? Beware! "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Proverbs xxix. 1).

Little as those bright young folks imagined it, that Christmas gathering was not to be; that united circle was to be broken, and death was to claim even the dearest.

A fortnight passed, and then Henry was suddenly taken ill. All that medical skill and loving nursing could do was done, but it soon became apparent that his Lord had need of him, not to serve in the gospel, but at home in His own pre-

sence. And Henry knew it. "I am going to my heavenly Father's Kingdom," he declared.

It was Saturday evening when the family were summoned around his bed, and with them stood the friend who but a few short weeks before had taken his degree with Henry. What a difference between the athletic, muscular young student, and the dying man now before him! And yet there is a glow on the pale face that surpasses the satisfaction that was there that day; the very light of heaven seems to rest upon it, and clear and distinct fall the words from those pallid lips, "Henry C. is complete in the righteousness of Christ, and washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

On the very verge of eternity, with death laying his icy hand upon him, conscious that in an extremely short time he must stand in the presence of God, that all his plans of usefulness were thwarted, that the work he had purposed was undone, not a tremor of fear, not the shadow of a doubt, crossed his mind or disturbed his peace.

"Complete in Christ!" At that solemn moment, when everything else failed, Henry's feet rested on the Rock of Ages. Nothing had he of himself to present to God, but he had the Spirit-taught assurance that Christ had been made of God to him, "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." All that he needed to fit him for the presence of God he

had in Christ; he was (and so is everyone who trusts Him) "complete in Christ!" But what about his sins? Ah, they were gone! "Washed in the blood of the Lamb." "Clean every whit." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (John xiii. 10; 1. John, 1. 7). Nothing of himself as a title: all of Christ! "I have the righteousness of God as my title; I have the blood of Christ for my sins; and I have the communion of the Holy Ghost to accompany me: what more can I want?" asked another, who for over forty years had known the love of God for himself, when death drew nigh.

Oh, dear reader, what about you? Are you "complete in Christ," or found wanting? Nothing will satisfy the inexorable demand of God's righteous judgment but perfection: it is found nowhere but in Christ; but it is found there, and it is *for you*. 'Even the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.' Romans, iii. 22—24. This was what Henry C. could describe as the "spotless, shining, pure, glorious, splendid and complete covering," with which he was clothed; and then exclaiming "Jesus, the Son of Thy love! Jesus, the Son of Thy love!" he fell back on the pillows, and in a

few minutes his ransomed spirit was "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Reader, this is no exaggerated tale, but fact, as related only two days after, by one who was present, and had known Henry from his boyhood. Would such a death be yours? It may be you are ready to say "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." But you must live the life of the righteous ere you can die his death; and you must have life before you can live it. Christ must be your righteousness before you can live it out: now I beseech you, flee to Him, and you shall find, as Henry found, that the Christ of God is enough to live and enough to die with. T.

*Extracted from  
Memoirs of  
C.S.* \* \* \* \* \*

## The Doctrine of the Church of Rome, in the Year 60.

I was walking with a friend one Lord's Day morning, at Newcastle, in the Potteries. My friend said, "The man we are meeting is a very earnest, devoted Roman Catholic." I turned aside to him, and said, "Here, I want you for a particular matter this afternoon. I want you to make known to the Roman Catholics that I hope to preach in the Market, at three o'clock to-day, and mind you let them know that I am about to

prove that the doctrine of the Church of Rome in the year 60, is the only true doctrine." "I quite understand," said he.

"And," I continued, "you see now that they all stand as near me as they can get, and that they don't let anyone disturb or hinder me from going through the discourse."

It was astonishing what a number of them were there by three o'clock; and they stood packed all round, so that no one could have got at me. I then commenced, and showed that we were not left in any uncertainty as to which was the true church at Rome, in the year 60. It was composed of all the believers in Rome—the one church, the only true one church at Rome. Neither were we left in any uncertainty as to what were the true doctrines of the church at Rome in the year 60. We have an inspired account of those doctrines, and to that document we will turn our attention. From chapters i to iii we found the statement as to the total ruin of man through sin. Whether Jews or Gentiles, all were sinners, all guilty, all utterly unable to acquire righteousness by works of law. Every man found it so, also, by his own experience. It must be so, for this was the true doctrine on the subject of the church at Rome, in the year 60; and it was the only true church in the year 60, at Rome. There was no other.

I then went on to show God's righteousness revealed in the glorious plan of redemption. How

He is righteous through the atoning death of Jesus, in justifying all that believe Him. "Their faith is reckoned for righteousness" (chapter iv.) Believing God, "who raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," they are thus accounted righteous—justified. I gave illustrations of these, to show that the mighty debt of our sins had been paid, and the everlasting proof was Jesus risen from the dead. He is our everlasting righteousness. Now, this being the case, there was one striking peculiarity of the church at Rome, or the believers at Rome. A mark of the true doctrine was this, that they did not hope to be saved. They did not hope to make their peace with God. They HAD peace with God. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Here is the true doctrine of the church at Rome in the year 60. All doctrine contrary to this is heresy and falsehood. The utter corruption of human nature: all guilty. Redemption through the blood of Christ, not human works, is the remedy. All that believe God are justified, and have peace with Him—are not hoping to make their peace with God. Jesus has finished the work on the Cross. They believe it, and have peace with God, through Jesus Christ.

Well, the application began to be too pointed



for my friends. They looked at each other, as I asked if this was the doctrine of those around me. Had they found that they were utterly lost sinners; and that, try as they might, they could not acquire righteousness or peace by works of law? Had they accepted this full salvation through Jesus Christ? Did they really believe God? Were they hoping to get peace; or could they say, with the Roman believers in the year 60, "We have peace with God?" I assured them there was no salvation apart from the doctrine of the church of Rome, as revealed in this epistle in the year 60.

By this time some of my inside friends had become outsiders, and some had disappeared, but many listened to the end; and I had not an insulting word. Oh, may the day declare that souls were that day brought to rest in Christ, and believe the word of God!

C.S.



*The Dreyfus trials*

## JUSTIFICATION.

Between twenty and thirty years ago, public excitement ran very high, on both sides of the Channel, about the case of an officer in the French Army, who was accused of selling his country's secrets to a foreign nation, condemned as guilty, and banished to French Guiana. He had throughout maintained that he was innocent, and after

his banishment, circumstances came to light which warranted the case being re-opened. He was repatriated, and again brought to trial, and as the result of the fresh evidence, and in consideration of the heavy punishment already inflicted, was *pardoned*. To how many prisoners that word would be almost the sweetest they could hear! PARDONED! It meant the opening of the prison doors, the return to liberty, restoration to home and friends; yet the gallant officer was not satisfied. Pardoned! Yes, but pardon implies GUILT; it meant he left the court and returned to his family with the stain of a traitor on his character; it meant that any might point the finger at him, and say "That is the man who sought to betray his country."

At liberty, the officer at once bestirred himself to collect still further witnesses of his innocence: the leading French counsel was engaged on his behalf, and those who had brought the accusation at the beginning were all dead.

For the third time his case was tried, and as the result, the previous convictions were quashed, he was declared NOT GUILTY, and instead of being a pardoned traitor he was not only restored to his rank in the Army, but promoted; and I believe served with honour and distinction during the late war.

His case affords a striking illustration of the difference between forgiveness and justification.

A guilty person alone can be forgiven or pardoned: a justified one is cleared from every charge. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that *justifieth*," not simply forgives; though, blessed be His name! He does forgive. For there is not one in this world who can stand in His presence and plead "Not guilty"; His sentence has gone forth "Both Jews and Gentiles, they are all under sin," "that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God" (Romans iii. 9, 19.) Therefore all need forgiveness; and in His infinite grace "through this Man (the Lord Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins," for "we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace" (Ephesians i. 7).

God proclaims a free pardon to every guilty sinner who believes it.

When He declared His name to Moses, it was "The LORD, The LORD God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin"; but that was not all. He added another sentence, for He was declaring His character to a people who thought to merit His favour by their own obedience; who had proved they did not value the abundance of long-suffering, goodness, truth and mercy shown to them, when

helpless, penniless slaves, since they desired to purchase it in future. So He added "*that will by no means clear the guilty*" (Exodus xxxiv. 7). If they would purchase His favour it must be with guiltless hands. And all are guilty! He has tested, He has proved all men, the conviction has gone forth, GUILTY!

And yet through the synagogue in Antioch of Pisidia rang the wonderful words, quoted a little above, 'Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe ARE JUSTIFIED from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses' (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

Moses only saw His back parts, for the people's acceptance of law had compelled Him to hide His face: now the glory of God is shining in the face of Jesus Christ. All that God is now manifested, for all His holy nature has been fully revealed in the Son of His love; every attribute has been not only revealed, but glorified in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. God's holiness has been vindicated on account of sin; His righteousness has been satisfied in the payment of the dread account to the very last farthing; His love has been displayed in providing the One who thus has answered everything; and His glory has raised Him from the dead.

So to-day God is declaring His righteousness in making righteous—in clearing from every charge—the one who believes in Jesus; “*That he might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus*” (Romans iii. 26). So “to him that worketh not, but believeth in *him that justifieth the ungodly*, his faith is counted for righteousness” (Romans iv. 5.)

Yes, one who once could only plead “guilty,” who was “condemned already” (John iii. 18), now stands in the presence of the Court of Heaven, “without a stain on his character,” cleared, “justified from all things,” and soon shall be presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy! (Jude 24). “Whom he justified, them he also glorified!” May such be the reader’s happy position, through the grace of God (Romans iii. 24.), and the blood (Romans v. 9.), the resurrection (Romans iv. 25.), the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God (1 Corinthians vi. 11)!

\*\*\*\*\*

*From "Cable  
Hall Address"*

## **An Invitation**

I invite all who really feel the value of the soul, who wish to go to heaven—I invite you this night to come to Christ without delay, that in Him you may be saved, that in Him you may be justified, that in Him you may be

pardoned, and delivered from the guilt, the power and the consequences of sin. Oh, my tongue would fail me, and my mind is too weak, wholly to explain the exceeding love of God towards sinners, and the infinite willingness there is in Jesus Christ to receive the chief of sinners, and to save the soul. Believe me, there are no obstacles, no barriers between that soul of yours and eternal life, except your own perverse will. Believe me, there will be joy in heaven over any one sinner that this night turns to God and seeks salvation. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." We have all heard of the marvellous effect of the choruses in the Crystal Palace; yet that mighty assemblage of voices forms but a faint chorus compared with the outburst of joy in the courts above, when sons are born again for God; when people are turned from darkness to light; when they are brought to repentance and conversion; when poor souls are led to open their eyes, to see their folly, to turn from their sins, to see Christ, to lay hold upon Him and live.

Oh! seek Christ, come to Christ, lay hold on Christ this night, that your soul may be saved. Tell Him the story of your past life; He will not cast you out. Tell Him you were that unbelieving man, that profligate man, that false man, that Bible-despising man, that Godless, unbelieving, hard-hearted, ill-tempered

man, who in times past walked after the manner of the world, but that you have come to Him because you have heard that He received sinners, and you want to be saved. He will not despise you, He will not cast you out, He will never turn His back upon you; He never breaks the bruised reed, He never quenches the smoking flax. There never was a man or woman who went to the Lord Jesus Christ, and was cast out from His presence.

J.C.Ryle



“For if by one man’s offence death reigned by one; much more they which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by One, Jesus Christ” (Romans v., 17).

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# Gospel

# Gleanings



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—  
**ONE PENNY**  
NET



*Conversion of a brother at Greenwich*

## A MODERN PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Like many boys, B. went to Sunday School, and was in the choir. But again, like many, the pleading of his teacher had no effect then; and when the time came to leave day school, he felt himself too big to continue at Sunday School. Instead, the theatre and music hall attracted him. He became "stage-struck," and set himself to learn clog dancing, even to the extent of the endangering of his life. Then he tired; and then the more serious business of war made a call upon him. It was the Boer War. We all know the sobering effect of war. His brother's regiment was ordered to the front. Concerned for his brother's safety, B. did a strange thing.

*"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men" (Ps. 107, 8).*

He cried to God for his brother's safety, and that if he was wounded, he (B.) would feel the pain at the same time and in the same spot as his brother's wound. The time arrived when for months no tidings of his brother came. The distracted mother consulted a fortune teller, who darkly hinted he was dead. B. said "No, he is not; and I will go out there and meet him, have my photograph taken shaking hands with him, and send you one home." This he

asserted on the strength of his prayer, because the asked-for sign had not been given him. So it all came to pass. He volunteered, was accepted, and within three weeks of his arrival in South Africa met his brother, and sent home the photograph! His brother's regiment had been for three months surrounded by the enemy. But the goodness of God was forgotten, and He had no praise for the deliverance which He wrought.

*"He began to be in want"* (Lk. xv. 14).

Returning home without a scratch, B. spent his army pay first, and then looked for work. He could not find it; and with his wife and family was reduced to want and hunger. He was helped to Canada, but returned a month later.

How he came to himself shall be told in his own words. "One Sunday night, being still out of work, and down in the dumps, I passed a large marquee where a gospel meeting was being held. It looked so enticing inside that I stood in the doorway and listened. The preacher (who could see me) told a man to bring me inside, and he placed me almost in the front. The prodigal son was the subject; and as he spoke the tears were running down the preacher's face, which affected me in this way. 'If a man can stand there and cry like a child about Christianity, there must be something in it after all.' I began to be troubled. The next day, after a long and fruitless search for work, I took up the Bible (it may

seem strange, but I always liked a Bible in the house), and said to the wife, 'I don't know why I should not read this; it's only like a novel, or history.' But I said this to keep her from laughing at the idea of my reading the Bible . . . I wanted to be a Christian. My Sunday School teacher came before my mind; I wanted to be like him . . . That night I again passed the marquee. There was a meeting on. I went boldly in and sat down. It was a prayer meeting, and on the point of closing. I was hoping the preacher was there, but he was not. The meeting closed. I was longing for someone to come and speak to me. I wanted to know what I must do to be a Christian, but no one spoke to me at all."

*"He arose and came to his father" (Lk. xv. 20).*

During the week a visitor from his old Sunday School sought him out, and he seemed to be calmed by the thought that now he was associated with christian people everything was well. But the following Sunday morning the subject was again the prodigal son, and it was then the light came in, and B. saw that *he* was the prodigal son. They sang:

"I gave My life for thee;  
 "My precious blood I shed,  
 "That thou might'st ransomed be,  
 "And quickened from the dead.  
 "I gave My life for thee;  
 "What hast thou given for Me?"

It went to his heart like a stab, and inwardly he was broken down. He kept back the tears,

however, then. In the evening the chorus:

“ Give thy heart to Me,  
“ Once I died for thee,  
“ Hark! hark! Thy Saviour calls,  
“ Come, sinner, come.”

overcame the last resistance, and tears freely flowed. The after-meeting found him with his old Sunday School teacher praying God to help him to become as “ a little child ” (Matt. xviii. 2, 3). He found peace in believing the same message as is sent to you, dear reader, in this little story. Is not your own life's portrait wonderfully like this one? Self-willed and wandering; greedily taking God's daily mercies and His special interventions in providence for your safety, but giving Him no praise; and most ungrateful of all, living a sinful life as though no Saviour gave His life for sinners. Till now, perhaps, the cross of Jesus has meant nothing to you. You passed by heedless.

*“ Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.”*

These words of Jesus mean that your past education and experience count for nothing as an entrance—qualification for the Kingdom of Heaven. You must begin afresh, abandoning pride and all thoughts of your own, and learn from the Saviour who was crucified for you. As things are, you are not only in want for time, may be, but as regards eternity you are a perishing

soul. But God *speaks* on purpose that you may not perish, but have everlasting life. And with the same object God has *given*—given whom? His only-begotten Son for most worthless rebel-sinners. Now it remains for you to *believe*. Look at Jno. iii. 16, and take its glad tidings to yourself with the simplicity and readiness of a “little child.”

T. Davis



## “ REJOICE WITH ME ”

(LUKE XV.)

These touching words unfold to us the deep joy of the Lord Himself, in the matter of our salvation. This is not sufficiently seen or thought of. We are apt to forget that God has His own especial joy in receiving back, to His bosom of love, the poor wanderer; a joy so peculiar that He can say “rejoice with *Me*,” “let *us* eat and be merry”—“it was meet that *we* should make merry and be glad.” He does not say, “let *him* eat and be merry.” This would never do. God has His own joy in redemption. This is the sweet lesson taught in Luke xv. The shepherd was glad to find his sheep. The woman was glad to find her piece of silver. The Father was glad to embrace his son. God is glad to get back the lost one. The tide of joy that rolls through the hosts above, when a sinner returns, finds its deep, exhaustless

from  
Chicago Nov 7 1892

source in the eternal bosom of God. "Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke xv. 10). There is no one has such deep joy in the salvation of a soul, as God Himself. The thought of this is most soul-subduing and heart-melting. Nothing can exceed it. It gives a full, clear, and convincing answer to Satan's lie in the garden, and to all the dark suspicion of our hearts. Who could listen, for a moment, to those accents, "let *us* be merry," issuing from the Father's lips—the Father's heart—and continue to doubt His perfect love? How could the prodigal have had a doubt in his heart when he saw there was not one in all the house so glad to get him back as the Father Himself? Surely the words "let *us* be merry" must have fallen upon his heart with peculiar power. He could never have presumed to hope for such a reception. To be let in at all, to be made a hired servant, to get any place in the house, would have fully equalled his highest expectation. But oh! to hear the Father say "Let *us* be merry!" This truly was beyond all human thought. Yet these were the Father's veritable words. It was really true that He was glad to get back the poor wandering spendthrift. He could not tell why, but so it was. The Father had embraced and kissed him, even in his rags. Without a single upbraiding word, He had received him to His bosom. At the very

moment when he was full of doubt as to whether he would be let in at all, he found the Father on his neck. And, as if to crown all, and banish every trace of doubt and every shadow of fear, he hears the Father's cry "Let us eat and be merry." Reader, pause and think of all this. Think deeply of it. Remember, God is glad to get back to Himself the very vilest of the vile. A returning sinner makes God happy. Wondrous thought! profound mystery of love! A poor sinner can minister to the joy of God! Oh, who can cherish a doubt, or harbour a fear, in the presence of such grace? May the sense of it fill my reader's heart with sweetest confidence and peace!

Extracted.



*Sold by W. S. J. Bird* **JOY IN GOD.**

There was a great difference in L., the carpenter, since that Boxing night, some years ago, when with cut and disfigured face he had presented himself at the house of a Christian friend, his disgraceful appearance too plainly showing how he had sought to spend "a merry Xmas," but found instead pain and misery. Now he was a sober, respectable man, an ardent worker in the temperance cause, Treasurer of the local branch of their Society, and a regular attendant at the

Men's Bible Class held in connection with it. But had he been converted? Was the change in outward life the result of a change within, that great change called NEW BIRTH, without which none shall see, or enter, the Kingdom of God (John iii. 2, 5); or was it simply an external reformation?

He was interested in the truths he heard at the Bible Class evidently, but no word ever crossed his lips to indicate his own state of soul before God. Yet he willingly acceded to the request of his friend that he should accompany him to a special gospel service about to be held by a well-known evangelist in the town in which they lived.

Earnestly the friend prayed that God might send His word home to L.'s heart and conscience, and he was not a little disappointed when the preacher announced as his text, "We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Romans v. 11); and instead of dwelling on the way of a sinner's approach to God through the finished work of the Lord Jesus, spoke of the wonderful portion the believer has, the "joy unspeakable and full of glory" that fills the heart of one who is able to boast in God Himself.

He did not make out religion to be a gloomy thing, as many people seem to imagine; but he told of pleasures that enhance anything the worldling ever knows; happiness that exceeds his highest hopes; and a joy so great as to be past



telling. And all this, not only by and by, in eternity, but *now*, a present experience, known and enjoyed in this world, amid its vicissitudes and troubles, so that the believer can say, "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." And the preacher spoke as one who knew, by experience, what he was talking about. So did L.'s friend; but he did wish the preacher had taken a subject more suitable for L., who, he thought, needed to be brought to accept Christ as his own personal Saviour, rather than to be occupied with the blessed portion of those who do so know Him.

Thus he was very surprised when, on their way home, L. expressed his deep appreciation of the address they had been listening to, adding, however:

"But I cannot understand it. This joy is something I know nothing about. I have not got it, and yet I believe I am a Christian."

"What makes you think yourself a Christian then, L?" asked his thankful but astonished friend.

"Because I do believe that Christ died *for me*. But I am not happy. I have no joy."

"Have you ever confessed Him before men?"

"No, I cannot. I dare not tell the men at the works that I am a Christian. I could not stand their ridicule."

"You will get no joy till you do. '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. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation' " (Romans x. 9, 10).

But the fear of man was still strong in L., and he continued to maintain that he could not let his mates know whose he was. "But," he asked, "how would it do for me to throw up that job? I could confess Christ as my Saviour in any other place, though not there."

"What, run away from the Lord like Jonah did? You will get into worse trouble if you do! No, seek His grace to enable you to stand for Christ *there*. He will make the way. I will pray for you."

Saturday came, and again L. sought his friend. But his face beamed with radiant joy.

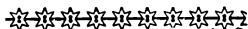
"It is all right," he exclaimed; "and I am leaving the works."

"What! Thrown up your job?"

"No! dismissed," and he explained circumstances that had led to it, feeling that God's hand was in it. He knew how the enemy of souls had sought to hinder the blessing and the testimony of one who had long been his willing tool, but had been delivered from the power of darkness; and He had made a way of escape for His feeble child from the foes who were too strong for him.

There and then L. took his stand as a Christian, a follower of an earth-rejected, but glory-crowned Saviour; and shortly after, obtaining work in a small firm where only one fellow workman and a boy were employed, he boldly confessed Christ to them, and let his light so shine that they saw his good works, and glorified His Father. And L. was happy; and *is* happy. Aged and feeble now, he has proved through long years the joy of the Lord is his strength; and now it is his to say with confidence "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

May it be the reader's portion also, for Christ's sake!  
T.



*Result of consecration with New Orleans*

## NINETY GALLONS OF WINE!

"Did you ever think," said one Christian lady to another recently, "how much water our blessed Lord turned into wine, at the marriage in Cana? 'Six waterpots of stone, containing two or three firkins apiece.' It is estimated the 'firkin' there is equal to the Jewish bath, about seven and a half gallons: if each vessel only held two firkins (and it says 'two or three!') that would be fifteen gallons each. Multiply by six, and you have ninety gallons! Oh, what a Liberal Giver our God is!"

Wine, as we know is a type of joy; a

marriage feast is the happiest time in human life; yet like all earthly pleasures, their supply of joy had run dry. The happiest things of earth cannot fill the heart. But let Jesus take command: fill the empty waterpots with water, the water of the word, yea, to the very brim, and you will find the "best wine"; "joy unspeakable and full of glory!" And you will never get to the bottom of it!

But we find that miracle at the beginning of the Gospel of John (chapter ii). At the end, in chapter xix, another vessel is mentioned, a "vessel full," not of wine but "of vinegar," joy turned into bitterness; and a vessel that is *unmeasured*. That is what they gave to Him who had given the wine, when as the Holy Sufferer, He said, "I thirst." Oh, who can fathom the depths of that bitterness, that suffering, all that He was then receiving, not only from the hand of man for righteousness, but from the hand of God, for sin? "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said 'It is finished'; and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost" (John xix. 30). He had the vinegar that we might have the wine: He had the suffering, that we might have the joy!

"Death and the curse were in our cup.

"O, Lord, 'twas full for Thee!

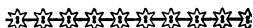
"But Thou hast drained the last dark  
drop;

"'Tis empty now for me.

"That bitter cup—Love drank it up;

"Now blessing's draught for me."

And He says, "Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!" "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures."



## **How God Has Declared His Righteousness.**

The utter sin of man makes it an absolute necessity that, if he is to be justified at all, he must be justified gratuitously by God's grace. The question of desert or previous fitness is excluded. This suits the grace and majesty of God quite as much as the abject need of man. His grace moreover does no dishonour to His holy and righteous character, but the very reverse; and all through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. What is the ransom He proposed and has found? Christ a propitiatory through faith in His blood whom He set forth for a declaration of His righteousness. For God passed over the sins of believers in Old Testament times, looking forward to Christ's blood to vindicate Him, and forbearing all the while. But now it is not a matter of forbearance. The debt is cancelled, the blood is shed, His righteousness is no longer in prospect, but brought in and manifested, and God is proved to be just in justifying him that believes in Jesus.

W.K.

## A Hymn of Praise.

Thou "altogether lovely" One,  
Thou Fairest of the fair,  
The "Chiefest of ten thousand" Thou:  
Who can with Thee compare?

The "Brightness of God's glory" Thou;  
His "Well-beloved Son:"  
What tongue can tell Thy peerless worth,  
The victories Thou hast won?

Gladly we hail Thee "Prince of Peace,"  
To Whom all knees must bow.  
Each ransomed soul shall bear Thy name  
Upon a sinless brow.

Our only pass-port to Thy home  
Is Thine atoning blood;  
Whereby our sins are washed away,  
And we are brought to God.

Our hearts are longing for that day  
When we shall see Thy face;  
And, shining in Thine image fair,  
Shall sing Thy matchless grace.

Then come, Thou Holy Lamb of God,  
And take Thy bride away,  
To scenes of endless bliss above,  
Where all is perfect day.

What countless hosts of ransomed souls  
Shall then proclaim Thy worth,  
Shall hail Thee as the "King of Kings,"  
Yea, "Lord of heaven and earth!"

## “HO, EVERY ONE

that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” Isaiah lv. 1.

“Poor folks must either borrow or beg from the rich, and the only thing that commendeth sinners to Christ is extreme necessity and want. Christ’s love is ready to make and provide a ransom and money for a poor body who hath lost his purse. ‘Ho, ye that have no money, come and buy.’ That is the poor man’s market.”

Samuel Rutherford.



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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



*Conversation between W. N. Hayes & a traveller*  
**UGLY RUMOURS.**

"Do you do any business with Farrow's Bank"? asked the representative of a City firm to a grocer in a provincial town, one day last December.

"No; why?"

"Do you know anyone about here who does?"

"Yes, I feel almost sure Mr. So-and-so banks there."

"Ah, I shall call on him directly, and will tell him. There are so many ugly rumours about it in the City, I feel it my duty to warn all I come across,"

"Now I come to think of it, I believe—— does too," said the grocer.

"Yes, I have just seen him and told him."

But feeling it did not at all concern him, and too busy to occupy himself with other people's affairs, the grocer did not enquire further about the ugly rumours.

The week passed, and Monday morning came round.

"Have you heard the news? Farrow's Bank has stopped payment!"

"No!"

"It has, and do you know poor Mr. So-and-so has lost everything! And he only banked in a big sum last Friday!"

The conversation with the commercial trav-

eller came freshly before the grocer; he thought of the "ugly rumours," and could not refrain from remarking:

"He did not profit by the warning he had then!"

"No," said his informant, "you see the customers had had so many warnings for so long they had got used to them, and did not believe there was anything in them."

And as the grocer told me of the above conversations, and of his neighbour's plight, other ugly rumours sounded in my ears; and a Voice, a solemn Voice—the Voice of Him who spake as "never man spake," gave the warning, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. . . for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also!" (Matthew, vi. 19, 21.)

"Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are motheaten. Your gold and silver is cankered. . . Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days," added His inspired servant. "The earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up," declared another (James v. 3; 2 Peter, iii. 10); while two prophets of ancient days proclaimed as one: "Their silver and their gold shall not be able to deliver them in the day of the wrath of the Lord!" (Ezekiel, vii. 19 Zephaniah i. 18).

“Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation”; such is the general answer to the warning cry. “I don’t think so,” said a gentleman the other day, as the writer pointed out to him that all the upheavals and unrest of the present time were but warnings that the judgment of God is about to fall on an apostate Christendom. “I don’t think so; as always it will be the survival of the fittest.”

Beloved reader, be not deceived. “This they willingly are ignorant of,” that all things do NOT continue as they were from the beginning of the creation; violence and corruption reached such a climax at one point in the world’s history that God interposed in judgment, and swept the whole race from the face of the earth, except one family. Men may mock, they may be “willingly ignorant,” but the fact remains, borne witness to by the very face of the globe itself, as well as by the page of inspiration, that “the world that then was being overflowed by water, perished.” And “by the same word,” which then flung open the flood-gates of heaven, and broke up the fountains of the great deep, “the heavens and the earth which are now,” “are kept in store reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men” (2 Peter, iii. 7). There was no “survival of the fittest” in the day of the flood: the *only*

*survivors were those in the Ark.* God had provided ONE place of safety—an open door, with a preacher of righteousness pointing to it, stood ready for any who would enter into it; and all who did, from the tiniest insect to the mightiest quadruped, were perfectly safe. The aged Noah, and the partner of his long life; the young men in their strength and the maidens they had married, it mattered not age or condition, they entered by the door; they each for themselves stepped over the threshold, and **THE LORD SHUT THEM IN.**

To-day the voice of the Son of God is calling *I am the door; by ME if ANY man enter in, he SHALL be saved* (John x. 9.) The Christ of God is His One Ark of safety: He is the Door, an open Door; and His voice sounds in your ears this day "Judgment is before Him; therefore trust thou in Him" (Job xxxv. 14). But "when once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock at the door," shall yours be the anguish and remorse (only infinitely greater, as the loss would be unmeasurably and eternally greater), of the lady who said to the writer respecting the same financial crash alluded to above, "Yes, I have lost in it too. And I *knew* it was not safe. I have dissuaded others from investing there, even when they have thrown it at me "But you do it yourself"; and I meant to get clear but I was too busy, too occupied with other things, until that Mon-

day. 'Then I did go down to withdraw my deposit, and THE DOOR WAS SHUT?' God grant it may not be.

"Then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I tell you, I know you not, whence ye are: depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity" (Luke xiii. 26, 27). "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment" (Matthew xxv. 46).

*Extracted from  
Shipwrecked Seaman*



## A BRITISH CAPTAIN.

William Cook was born at Irvine about the year 1787. His father commanded a vessel of his own, but died when his son was little more than an infant. The sailor's widow gave her little boy such schooling as her means could afford; at ten years of age he left home for good and went to sea, and by the time he was thirteen years old his earnings were the chief support of his mother and two sisters. His mother had made him learn the Shorter Catechism with the Scripture proofs, and though he was in some respects no better than other lads, he could never forget the Bible texts: they, at least, kept him from drinking and the grosser immoralities. He was an excellent seaman. More especially was he remarkable for cool bravery and daring. As he once told us, "I never

knew fear. I heard people speak about being nervous, but I did not understand the feeling. Still it was only stoicism—a dogged contempt of death and danger; it was not the courage of a Christian.

In the end of February, 1825, after being long detained by contrary winds, Captain Cook sailed from Falmouth in command of the “Cambria,” a small vessel of 200 tons burden, with thirty-six miners on board, whom he was conveying to Vera Cruz. On the morning of March 1st he was overtaken by stormy weather in the Bay of Biscay, and was driven considerably out of his course. Whilst jogging on impatiently in a track he was anxious to quit, he saw a large vessel bearing towards him under press of sail. At first he took little notice; but observing signals of distress flying at each mast head, he hastened to render assistance. On drawing near he saw she had troops on board, and no fewer than five or six hundred persons crowded in the rigging. Thick volumes of smoke issued from her ports; the stranger was on fire!

A boatswain soon came on board, and told him this was the ‘Kent’ East-Indiaman; she had been burning five hours; the fire must now be near the powder magazine; she had on board between six and seven hundred souls; and Captain Cook was asked how many he could receive. “All! all!” was the instant answer of a British tar. But the rescue was attended with enormous difficulties;

the peril was imminent and fearful, but Captain Cook sailed close up to the burning vessel's stern, and at once made his arrangements. The first of the passengers handed on board the 'Cambria' was an infant a few weeks old, afterwards a barrister in London.

It was a fearful scene. With his drawn sword, the Captain stood at the vessel's side, receiving fresh cargoes of the rescued, till 550 of the saved stood shivering in wet garments on board the little 'Cambria,' while the great seas burst, and through the broken bulwarks washed ankle deep along the deck. And now after a five hours' grapple with destruction, the 'Cambria' is forced to quit, and slowly drops away. To work the ship amidst such a crowd was an arduous problem, but the breeze was fair for Falmouth; and after a rapid run of forty-eight hours she was off the harbour, and by a providential veer of the wind was enabled to enter at once.

Of the share he had in this rescue Capt. Cook was seldom disposed to speak. The last time we alluded to it, he said "I was but a poor instrument in the hand of Providence. He could easily have found another. He had no need of me. When I came home on that occasion I was fêted and petted; but last week, though my bodily suffering was as great as mortal man could bear, I was thinking how much happier I am now than then; for in those days I had not found out the great source

of happiness."

When it was that he made this great discovery, he could not tell the exact time himself, but "For two and twenty years," he once remarked, "in choosing a house, I have always taken care to choose it where I could easily get twice a day to the house of God." "How is it," he would often exclaim, "that I can be so cold and unmoved when thinking of His wondrous grace? I ought to be for ever speaking of His love, and praising Him for all His goodness." One evening, shortly before his death, I found him very prostrate, and able to say but little. I had been speaking of Christ's finished work, and although lying in an apparently almost unconscious state, he said in a clear collected tone "Oh, what a blessing to know the Saviour!" Yes, what a blessing to know the Saviour! That knowledge was the blessing of this brave old seaman. "Oh, speak to me of Christ," he would sometimes say to his visitors, when the conversation grew general: "Speak to me of the love of Christ. It is Christian conversation I want."

"Oh, the condescension of that blessed Saviour!" he exclaimed one of the last times we saw him; "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.' To think that He should wish to share His own heaven with us sinful worms!" And then he repeated



“The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne  
 Shall o'er them still preside;  
 Feed them with nourishment divine,  
 And all their footsteps guide.”

To another Christian friend, on his first visit, he said, “For the last three or four years, it has been my prayer, and I believe it was my earnest desire to glorify God; but when this trouble came upon me, I felt as if it was not the way I desired to glorify Him. But it has been teaching me patience and resignation, and I now begin to find that God's way is the right way, and I desire willingly to submit to His way.”

He died on January 14th, 1856, and his remains are interred at Highgate Cemetery, but his words are as true now as they were 65 years ago when uttered “*Oh, what a blessing to know the Saviour!*” Is that blessing YOURS?

Extracted.



“The appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ: Which in His times he shall show, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see: to whom be honour and power everlasting. Amen.”  
 1 Timothy vi. 14-16.

From  
"Some Lessons on  
Prophecy Subject"

## What God Is About To Do.

The world dreams of a golden age, a period of peace and plenty, of liberty and good government, drawing nigh; and it labours, as it has done for so many ages, to hasten its arrival. God's people too, as unwatchful virgins, have had their dreams, and have fancied the gradual and peaceful approach of the same blissful period. And while the world has sought to expedite its arrival by all the means and appliances of philosophy and science, and political economy, and a philanthropy having these for its foundation, how many saints of God have added to these the Gospel, and thought thus to perfect the machinery by which this guilty, miserable world is to be brought back to universal purity and joy!

It is not by these means that Satan's kingdom will be overthrown, and the universal reign of righteousness and peace be introduced; but by *the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ from heaven*. And this is the one grand event placed before us in the "more sure word of prophecy," an event which men have contrived indeed to put off to an indefinitely distant period, but which in Scripture is ever represented as the one impending event—placed as such before both saints and sinners. It has diverse aspects, I grant you, as to these; to the one light—to the other, darkness; to the one, joy—to the other, sorrow; to the one, deliverance

and eternal triumph and blessedness—to the other, confusion, and everlasting despair.

And let the testimony of God's word come home to a man; let him be convinced that what is before the world is the coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven, not a thousand years hence, but for anything he, or anyone knows to the contrary, within the period of his own life; that his own eyes may see heaven open, and the Son of man, robed in light and majesty, descend, attended by ten thousand of His saints to execute judgment on the ungodly; that unless he embrace the Saviour and believe the gospel, he may be one of the living objects of His wrath, when that Saviour comes to tread thus "the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God"—let him be really convinced of this, I say, and is there not here an object of majesty and terror sufficient to arrest the most careless in his career of folly?

And this, my fellow-sinners, is the prospect the word of God holds out before you. I charge and warn you in the sight and presence of God, before whom we shall all stand; don't be deceived by the notions that are abroad. No one can assure you that the day of which we speak is at any great distance. For aught we know, your eyes may behold its terrors within the period of your natural life, its thunders may burst upon *your* ears, and its solemnities cause *your* hearts to quake. Unless you embrace the Saviour, who is

still presented to you; unless your hearts are opened to believe the tidings of His mercy, and take refuge in His open arms; *on you*, as yet alive here below—the terrors of the day of the Lord may fall. *You* may be among those who shall be trodden in the winepress, when HE shall come forth from heaven, Who has been rejected and despised on earth.

Delay not to flee to Jesus. He is the ark of safety that will outride the coming storm. Oh, that you might be led to seek refuge in Him! His arms are open to receive you. There is no one who reads this that He would not be glad to receive and welcome to His bosom. Oh, that this precious covert might enclose you all!

W. T. Miller



*From  
Notes of Reading  
in Scotland*

## The Foundations of the Tabernacle.

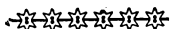
The foundation of the Tabernacle in the wilderness is very wonderful. It is founded on sockets of silver, and there are differences of judgment as to the exact amount in each socket. The general thought is that the "talent" in Exodus xxxviii. 27 is 114lbs., and two were under each board; so every board rested on 228lbs. of silver. Now it is interesting for us to see how that silver was derived. Chapter xxx tells us when the

children of Israel were numbered, each one above twenty years old had to bring "half a shekel, after the shekel of the sanctuary, that is ten gerahs." Ten carries with it the thought of responsibility Godward; there were ten commandments. The Lord Jesus in ransoming us took our full responsibility, and answered for it perfectly. The rich might not bring more, nor the poor less than that one sum, half a shekel. That tells us the worst man who ever lived needs nothing more than Christ to meet the need of his soul, for it is a question of being among the number of God's redeemed; and *no one needs more than Christ, and nothing less will suffice for any.* The best need Christ, and He suffices for the worst. The Lord said, "The Son of man is come, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many," and the teaching of Scripture in various places, is very sweet as to that. In Job xxxii, where we have God dealing with a soul in His grace, He says, "Deliver him from going down to the pit." Was that because the man intended to lead a better life if raised up? Not at all. "*I have found a ransom.*" And in speaking of that, one almost instinctively links it up with two other Scriptures. When Isaac said to his father in Genesis xxii. "Where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Abraham replied "My son, God will provide for Himself a lamb for a burnt offering." And "God so loved the world that He gave His

only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16). So He provided the Lamb; He found the Ransom; He gave His Son.

What all the half-shekels amounted to we are told in chapter xxxviii. A hundred talents—that is ten multiplied by ten—intensified responsibility, giving us a sense of the immense responsibility the Lord Jesus undertook, and how completely He cleared His own. There were forty-eight boards that made the tabernacle, and each board had two tenons, or "hands," as the Hebrew word means. So these two hands, so to speak, laid hold of these sockets, and went down into them, and then the board was held up by those 228lbs. of silver. Of course that silver pointed to the blood of Christ, as 1 Peter i. 18 tells us.

Oh, how blessed to be a redeemed one! *J. A. Taylor*



## NOW AND THEN.

2 Peter i. 19.

'Tis passing, passing, passing, the uncongenial night,  
With its darkness, strife, and tempest, wherein is  
nothing bright;

For there, above the cloud-bank, is shining from afar  
In its own majestic splendour, the Bright and Morning  
Star.

Ah, soon the Sun, on rising in His imperial might,  
Shall put away disorders that appertain to night:—  
The pain, the sickness, sorrow, no longer shall be seen,  
But forgotten with the miseries of things that once have  
been.

'Tis only Thou, Lord Jesus, enthroned in glory now—  
 But erst Who wore the thorny crown upon Thy blessed  
 brow  
 When suffering for ruined man, to put away his sin—  
 Can set to rights this evil world, and bring the glory in.

We wait for Thine appearing, but first Thy face to see,  
 When in the secret rapture we are alone with Thee;  
 And leave behind this squalid place, no longer here to  
 roam,  
 But there to see Thy glory, and rest in the Father's  
 home.

W.N.T.



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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**



*Adapted from the Shipwrecked Mariner*

## A VOICE FROM THE "KENT"

The account in *Gospel Gleanings* for June, of Captain Cook, and the rescue he was enabled to effect of so many from the burning vessel "Kent," brings to our mind another incident in that truly remarkable occurrence. And though nearly a century has elapsed, and those then present have passed from time into eternity, yet the thrilling details must arouse interest in all who hear them.

On the table before the writer lies the facsimile of a note written on the "Kent," during the awful five hours between the discovery of the fire, and the appearance of the little "Cambria." A fearful storm was raging, and the uneven lines of the writing, firm and bold as it is, clearly attest the difficulty with which they were penned.

The one who thus wrote was an officer in command of the troops on board; his wife and infant child were with him. Picture his circumstances, shut up in a burning vessel, with the fierce gale fanning the flames, and the stormy waves of the Bay of Biscay rising mountains high around the doomed ship; with hundreds of fellow creatures, for whose well-being he was, in a measure, responsible, exposed with him to the horrible fate of either being burnt alive, or drowned, or blown to atoms by the explosion of the powder magazine, which the flames were fast approaching. Picture all this hopelessness and

helplessness, both for himself and those dearer than self, who were with him; and the harrowing thought of what the non-arrival of the vessel in port, and the unknown fate of all on board, would mean to other dear ones in the home-land; picture all this, and let each reader ask himself "How should I feel in like circumstances?"

Doubtless from many on that burning ship arose the agonizing prayer for MERCY, as those who hitherto had been careless and heedless of their soul's eternal welfare thus stood face to face with eternity, and realised that they had to do with a holy God. Defiance of that God may have found expression in oaths and curses from some others; while others would be dumb with fear and horror at the fate so soon awaiting them. But of that fate NONE on board were ignorant or careless, who were of age to understand. And however they met it, all were alike powerless to avert it. .

But it was not the cry for mercy, or the shriek of despair, or the oath of blasphemy that rose from the state cabin where Major M. and his family were. Together they knelt, as well as the rocking of the vessel would allow, and calmly and quietly they committed their souls to One whose mercy they had *already proved*, to One who had once said "Peace, be still," to another storm-tossed sea, One who had walked with His own in as fierce a fire as that now raging near them, One

who had spoken "Peace" to their own hearts, the peace He had made by the blood of His cross.

Major M. and his wife were no strangers to the grace of God. They knew whom they had believed, and no terror arose in their hearts at the thought of soon being in the presence of God. Calmly and quietly they committed themselves to Him, with the helpless little one He had given them but a few weeks before; and doubtless, too, they prayed for the hundreds on board with them. And then their thoughts sped homeward, and they prayed for those whose anxiety would be so intense as months and years passed without news.

Those were not the days of wireless telegraphy: no operator sat sending out the S.O.S. signal all around; but Major M. thought of a plan whereby news might be transmitted home.

Taking half a sheet of notepaper, he firmly grasped his pen, and with no trembling hand he wrote:

"THE SHIP, THE 'KENT INDIAMAN,'  
IS ON FIRE—ELIZABETH JOANNA AND  
MYSELF COMMIT OUR SPIRITS INTO THE  
HANDS OF OUR BLESSED REDEEMER.  
HIS GRACE ENABLES US TO BE QUITE  
COMPOSED IN THE AWFUL PROSPECT OF  
ENTERING ETERNITY. 1st MARCH, 1825.  
BAY OF BISCAY." D.W.N.M.—.

Then addressing it to his father, he carefully placed it in a bottle, closely corking it, and threw

it overboard, in the hope that it would drift to some coast whence kind hands might forward it to his mourning parent, and thus the news of the fate of the ship might reach other anxious hearts also.

Little he thought that ere three days had passed he himself would be treading English soil! Yet so it was. The marvellous deliverance was recorded in June *Gleanings*; a little, damaged vessel, driven out of her course, a weak thing and despised, was God's choice wherewith to save the hundreds on board the blazing transport; and, be it noted, that was the ONLY VESSEL sighted until they reached the Channel.

Beloved reader, can one resist applying the illustration? God has provided ONE SAVIOUR, only *one*. "I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be *my* salvation unto the ends of the earth. Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel and His Holy One, to him whom man despiseth, to him whom the nation abhorreth" (Isaiah xlix., 6, 7). The despised and rejected Jesus of Nazareth, dying on the cross of shame, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness, is *God's Salvation to the ends of the earth*. Through Him, through His death and resurrection, through the redemption He accomplished, when God made His soul an offering for sin, "through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." "Neither is there sal-

vation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." And as the large heart of Captain Cook could only exclaim "ALL! ALL!" when asked how many among those perishing hundreds he could accommodate, so does God's salvation, and His righteousness, go out "unto all," though it is only "*upon all them that believe.*" While there was safety, and sufficiency, and a welcome on the "Cambria" for all, not all were welcomed there. There were some who either could not, or would not, and did not reach her. God grant none reading this may perish without Christ, and the salvation He has accomplished!

Two years afterwards, Major M. was sitting one morning at mess table in Barbados, when his servant came to inform him that, while bathing in the sea, he observed a black bulky thing floating before him; on taking it out and breaking it, he found a bottle enclosed in a thick coating of seaweed, which contained a small piece of paper, bearing his master's name. To Major M.'s amazement, he found it to be the very bottle, which he had thrown from the "Kent!" Strange that so long after, at nearly the opposite side of the globe, it should have been found and brought to him by his own servant! May it prove, in God's mercy, to have been thus preserved and guided to convey a message from Him to some heart a century afterwards in this voice from the "Kent."

*From booklet in  
the "Providence of God"  
handed me by Miss N. M. Knight*

## WITHOUT MONEY.

On the verdant and sloping banks of a noble river, in the county of —, there resided, for many years, a worthy old gentleman, of the name of Mr. C. He was a man possessing an extensive estate, and wealthy.

It happened that in the year——, a remarkable scarcity of provision, especially of grain, prevailed, and in consequence of bad crops, and an unfavourable harvest, corn rose to a high price. The distress, want, and sufferings of the poor were, in consequence, intense.

At this period of almost universal famine, it so happened, in the Providence of God, that old Mr. C. had a large stock of corn by him. For some length of time he would not open his barns, but husbanded his corn, as some supposed, for a higher price.

After some time, during which grain became scarcer, the price rose higher and higher, and money harder to be got, Mr. C. at length unlocked his barns, and began to let his corn go—but money could not buy it. Not a farthing would the benevolent old gentleman take for the bushels of corn which he meted out. To those who came with money he would say, "You can get something to preserve life; but there are many who have no money, and being without food, they must perish, unless those whom a kind Providence has favoured

with the means shall feed them."

How forcibly are we reminded, by this part of our narrative, of that great and gracious invitation which the Gospel extends to the *spiritually* famishing souls of men—"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness" (Isaiah lv. 1,2).

Dear reader, you need the bread of eternal life, without which you starve and die the eternal death, and yet never die! That bread is JESUS. Hear what He says: "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." "I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever; and the bread which I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day" (John, vi. 35, 51, 53, 54). These are solemn declarations, my reader, in which you are person-

ally and deeply concerned. The bread with which you sustain your animal existence is perishing, and the body it sustains may soon mingle with its kindred dust; but the soul! that is to live for ever, either in heaven or in hell! "Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto eternal life." Above all earthly things, seek an interest in Christ. This interest in Christ, which includes the pardon of your sins, and your acceptance by a holy God, in His righteousness, is bestowed upon you by an act of God's free grace (Romans, iii. 24). The bread which He will give you, no money can purchase. It is to all poor, starving, famishing, penniless sinners, convinced by the Holy Spirit of their need of a Saviour, perfectly free, "without money and without price"; that is, without any worthiness or conditions possessed or performed by the sinner, but simply and solely on the ground of Christ's merit, and Christ's finished work (Romans, iii. 25).

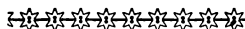
As all who came to the benevolent Mr. C. for corn, with money in their hand with which to purchase it, were sent *empty* away; so all who come to the Lord Jesus Christ with their own merits, to recommend them, or in other words, who seek to *purchase* the bread of life by works of their own, will be dismissed without the blessing. This is declared in the word of God: "He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the



rich He hath sent empty away" (Luke i. 53).

Remember, dear reader, this one most instructive fact: *that none were sent away unsupplied by the worthy Mr. C. but those who brought a price in their hand!* Apply this to the great salvation which the Lord Jesus has provided for starving, famishing, lost sinners. No poor comer is ever rejected by the Lord Jesus, but only such an one as brings a price in his hand; they must receive it as a *gift*, or they never can possess it as a purchase.

O. W. *Winkler*



## GIVE ME.

When Esau was coming to meet Jacob, at the head of a band of 400 men, it was natural the latter should be terrified at the thought of being in the presence of the brother he had so grossly wronged; and equally natural was his thought, as he carefully arranged gift after gift for him, "I will appease him with the present that goeth before me and afterward I will see his face; pre-adventure he will accept of me." It was just human nature: "Conscience makes cowards of us all," one has said; and it was the most natural thing to seek to turn away the richly deserved blow by a gift.

And when a soul realises it must meet God, the God against whom it has sinned, how con-

stantly the thought arises: "I must give Him something!" It may be *money*, if such an one possesses it, to build a church, or endow a hospital; to spend on "good works" what formerly went on self-gratification and pleasure. Or it may be *time*; to devote the remainder of the natural life to that which is solely religious, by entering a convent; or by others, in doing good to fellow men, and that which is philanthropic. Others, again, will seek to give up habits and pleasures to which they have been addicted, and by "turning over a new leaf" seek to appease God. Conscience tells that all is not right between the soul and Him, and the natural thought of the heart is that God demands something of the sinner before it can be righted.

But only twice, once in the Old Testament, and once in the New, does God say "Give Me."

"My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways" (Proverbs, xxiii. 26). "Ah!" says the soul, "then there is something I *can* give to God. He wants my heart." Does He? He *searches* that heart, He *knows* that heart, and He says "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. xvii. 9); "for out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies" (Matt., xv. 19). It is often said to sinners: "Give your heart to God!" What a gift! "Their foolish heart was darkened" (Romans, 1. 21), "because of the blindness of their heart" (Ephs. iv. 18); "and if ye offer the blind for sac-

rifice, is it not evil?" "The whole head is sick; the whole heart faint" (Isaiah. i 5); "And if ye offer the lame and the sick, is it not evil? Offer it now to thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of Hosts" (Malachi, i, 8).

No, such is not the heart God asks for. "*My son, give me thine heart.*" It is to His son, to one in relationship with Him, one who has been born again, and whose heart has been purified by faith (Acts, xv. 9), (for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation") it is to such an one God says: "My son, give me thine heart," a heart sprinkled from an evil conscience, and one in which Christ dwells by faith.

But there was one other occasion when divine lips uttered the words "Give me," and did address them to a guilty sinner.

Wearied with His journey under the noon-day sun, the Christ of God sits by the Well of Sychar. Steps approach; the solitude is broken; a woman advances with her pitcher to draw water. And such a woman! Vile, indeed, was her heart, as testified by the polluted conduct that had flowed from it; yet to her in her sin and shame the request is made: "Give Me to drink!" Wonderful grace! He who had come to give even "His life, a ransom for many, deigns to ask a drink of water from her defiled hands! He asks, but He does not get. He repeats the re-

quest, as astonished at being addressed she seeks to satisfy her own curiosity, rather than His thirst. "Give Me to drink!" "If thou knewest the gift (or rather 'giving') of God, and who it is that saith to thee give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water" (John, iv. 10).

God gives, and He gives *freely*. He who spoke those words was the Gift of God Himself, 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."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," and that more blessed place must ever be His own. So in His grace He led her on, until the request was reversed, and from her astonished lips came the words: "Sir, give me this water!" How gladly He responded! Yet must He first lay bare all her story, and all her guilt; while at the same time saying: "Come hither!" This is Jesus, the One who came to reveal God as a Giver. And now, to one such as she who has nothing to give, and no heart to give Him anything, will He respond as He did to her, if they but come to Him. Then, as she went in her new but overflowing joy, empty handed (for her waterpot was at His feet), to tell to those with whom she had sinned that she had found the Christ of God, His loving heart could disclose that she had indeed given to Him, for He said to His disciples: "I have meat to eat

that ye know not of." "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." "And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that everyone which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life" (John, vi. 40). May it be the reader's portion, also, to receive from, and thus give to the Christ, the Saviour of the world.



## THE DYING BISHOP.

It is related of the great Bishop Butler that in his closing hours uneasiness and restlessness manifested themselves, and he gave utterance to what was passing through his mind, thus:—

"Though I have tried to avoid sin, and to please God to the utmost of my power, yet, from being conscious of my constant weakness, I am afraid to die."

"My lord," said his chaplain, "You forget that Jesus Christ is a Saviour."

"True," replied the bishop; "but how shall I know that He is a Saviour for me?"

The chaplain replied, "It is written 'him that cometh to Me, I will *in no wise* cast out.'"

"True," said the bishop, "and I have read that Scripture a thousand times, but I never felt its full value till this moment. Stop there, for now I die happy."

**SYCHAR.**

Weary He trod this desert way,  
 A lonely Man and sad;  
 The Stream through all that earthly day  
 That made the thirsty glad:  
 Yet few there were who cared to know  
 That heaven's own Spring was here below.

He whom the heavenly hosts proclaim,  
 And "Holy, Holy," cry,  
 Descends to be, 'mid scorn and shame,  
 Led forth by man to die;  
 Thus Love Divine alone can meet  
 Outcast from earth, earth's sinstained feet.

Despised and sad, from this world's streams,—  
 Her thirst still unallayed;  
 Lonely and scorned, her hopes and dreams  
 Have one by one decayed;—  
 She comes to meet with One who will  
 Unasked, the empty vessel fill.

He thirsts beneath that noon-day sun,  
 Yet He the worlds had framed;  
 His voice, ere yet time's course begun  
 Each star in order named:  
 A humble Man He now draws nigh,  
 Thirsting, her thirst to satisfy.

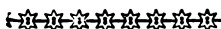
He thirsts—she thirsts;—ah, only He  
 Can bid her thirst depart;  
 And wondrous truth, 'tis such as she  
 Who cheer His loving heart.  
 She longs to find some freshening rill;  
 He longs the empty heart to fill.

But ere He gives, He'll search the well  
 From whence her streams have flowed  
 With love no tongue nor pen can tell,  
 That fills the heart of God:  
 Her life of drought by Him made known  
 Tells her she stands with God alone.

Fit hearts to meet! they part no more;  
 His hunger, thirst, have passed;  
 Her thirst for earth's poor streams is o'er,  
 The vessel's filled at last!  
 The life-spring flows; the work is done;  
 Earth's outcast now with Christ is one.

The drought remains. The Spring is found  
 To flow whence once it flowed  
 O'er earth's sin-stricken wastes around,  
 Fresh from the heart of God:  
 And far and near are found to-day  
 Hearts, whence all thirst has passed away.

And soon He'll bear to glory's day  
 The purchase of His blood,  
 For whom He trod this desert way  
 Down from the throne of God:—  
 Yea, lower still, to wrath! to win  
 His jewel from the depths of sin.

H.C. *Andrey*

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# Gospel

# Gleanings



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—  
**ONE PENNY**  
NET



*Related to me by Miss Read, who nursed old Mr. Wake, aged 103  
at 3 Old Steine Brighton*

## Behold, What Manner of Love.

In his pleasant bedroom, overlooking the sunlit waters of the English Channel, a very aged man sat in his arm chair. More than a hundred years had passed over him, and during the whole of that century, while living a moral, upright life, he had been a stranger to God and to the Lord Jesus Christ; and though professedly a member of the Church of England, he had dared to doubt the fundamental truth of the Divinity of the Saviour.

Long, long had prayer ascended to God for him. Many years before his Christian wife had passed from his side; but her cries for his salvation had been continued by their daughter, and by many others also. And though he never allowed her to see it, the quiet retiring life of that daughter had its influence on him; and as age and infirmity crept on, the consciousness of the approach of eternity forced itself on him. Then gradually, no one knew how, the barriers of unbelief and hostility to the truth yielded, and those watching saw evidences of a new life—new desires—new conduct, too, in the once overbearing proud lawyer.

Now weakness demanded that someone should always be in attendance, and the nurse waiting on him that morning was a Christian. As she sat there she suddenly began to sing:

“ Behold, what love, what boundless love,  
 “ The Father hath bestowed  
 “ On sinners lost, that we should be  
 “ Now called the sons of God.”

Then checking herself, she turned to her patient: “ In your bedroom, Sir, it is perhaps rather rude to sing without asking your permission.”

“ Oh no, I like it. Please go on,” was the courteous reply. So she sang the chorus—the blessed words of inspiration, indited by the Holy Spirit of God; no human composition, though set to human music:

“ Behold, what manner of love!  
 “ What manner of love the Father hath  
     bestowed upon us,  
 “ That we, that we should be called,  
 “ Should be called the sons of God.”

She ceased; but the old gentleman asked: “ Would you mind singing that again?”

So again the nurse sweetly sang:

“ Behold, what manner of love!”

And after finishing the verse, relapsed into silence.

“ I am afraid I am tiring you, Nurse, but I should be much obliged if you would kindly sing it again.”

So a third time the nurse sang it. The old man thanked her, and again there was silence.

An hour passed, and then he said: “ I have been thinking—it is wonderful, *wonderful*, that we sinners should be called sons of God—even *me*.”

Ah, indeed, it *was* wonderful, and it *is* wonderful. Has my reader ever thought *how* wonderful? Has he any interest in it, that wonderful love—and that

“ Wonderful holiness, bringing to light ;  
“ Wonderful grace, putting all out of sight ;  
“ Wonderful wisdom, devising the way ;  
“ Wonderful power, that nothing could stay ! ”

Can he say, as that aged man said, it is true of “ even me ? ” As born into this world, both writer and reader were children of Adam, aye, and children of wrath (Eph. ii. 3), too, inheriting a fallen human nature, on which the sentence of death has been pronounced ; and fulfilling the desires of that nature, active in enmity against God. “ They that are in the flesh cannot please God ” ; “ Ye *must* be born again.” There must be the implanting of a new nature, ere a sinful creature can look up into the face of a God of absolute righteousness and holiness, and exclaim : “ Abba Father ! ” But the Son has come. The One who is in the bosom of the Father has revealed Him : the secrets of God’s heart have been told out by Him who is both God and man : God is light ; God is love. Amid the darkness of Calvary, the light and the love were demonstrated ; a holy God made a sinless Christ an offering for sin, and laid on Him the sins of all who believe. The penalty has been borne ; the wrath has been exhausted ; the grave is empty, and the Victim of Calvary is the Victor

on the throne to-day. And "as many as received (and do receive) Him, to them gave He power (right, or title) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 12).

Long had that aged man rejected Him; but in grace He lingered; and instead of the sinner, a hundred years old, being accursed (as some will be, Isaiah lxxv. 20), he was blessed with that priceless blessing, eternal life in the Son of God.

You may not see your hundredth birthday; few do; but you may have a new birthday, and become a child of God this day, simply as the old lawyer did, by believing that God's record about His Son is for "*even me.*"

T.

*From  
Life of Dr. March*



## THAT LAST SUNDAY.

In the autumn of 1840, my father took his family for change of air to Malvern, where they were joined by his married daughter. The whole party arrived at the end of the week; and on Sunday morning they attended service in the fine old parish church, which was so crowded that they were separated in finding seats. For a time he stood in the aisle with one of his daughters, when a lady in a large pew noticed his venerable appearance, and sent to offer seats. As he entered, another lady, accompanied by a little boy, also came in. Before the service began, her eyes rest-

ed intently on my father's face, then tears gathered, and at last she said to his daughter, with much emotion, "Is not that gentleman Dr. M—? May I speak to him after the service?"

The opportunity was, of course, afforded her, as the congregation went out of church, and she told him that, although no rumour had reached her of his having come to Malvern, she had dreamed the night before (and had mentioned it to her husband at breakfast), that she had gone into a church where she was placed in the same pew with Dr. M—. "And in my prayer," she added, "you spoke words which comforted my soul. Deeply do I need such comfort."

Struck by the coincidence, which looked like a providential direction, and by the troubled earnestness of her manner, he, after a short conversation, invited her to join his family worship at the close of the day.

She came half an hour before the time, and asked to see him alone. She then told him, that eight years previously she had heard him speak at a meeting for the British and Foreign Bible Society, at Walsall, in Staffordshire. Some words which he had spoken about the blessedness of diligently studying the Scriptures every day, had then taken possession of her heart, and she began that study earnestly; but after a time, her husband, an officer in the army, had taken her to Italy, where they occupied themselves entirely with

gaiety and amusements. "I forgot my Bible," she exclaimed in an agony of remorse; "I forgot my God! and now He has forgotten me, and I am lost!"

Then was the dearest of all joys granted him—to persuade a wandering sheep that the Saviour of the lost had come to seek and to save her.

These words of comfort sank deeply into that troubled heart. At family prayers, my father read 2 Cor. V.; and when touching on the words, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ," he suddenly broke off, and said: "Behold an Advocate with the Father!—An Advocate Jesus Christ the righteous; pleading that in His own person is the propitiation for our sins; pointing to the one sacrifice once offered, before He sat down at the right hand of God. Behold Him well! Then, when you see His face upon the judgment throne, and recognise your Advocate—Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore shouldst thou doubt?"

After family worship was ended, she said forcibly: "God reward you, Dr. M——! This will be a memorable day in my life."

Four days later she died.

She left Malvern on Monday, caught cold on her journey, which turned to a fatal attack of inflammation of the throat. She was delirious during the greater part of those days; but in more than one lucid interval she was heard to say: "I

should have died in misery, but for what Dr. M— told me on Sunday night at Malvern. But he led me to my Saviour; and now that Saviour is with me, and I fear no evil—for He has saved me!”

Extracted.



## THE SEA.

You have stood by the sea in the summer time as the waves have lazily lapped upon the smooth sands, and scarcely a ripple has disturbed the calm, blue surface. You have stood by it too, perchance, when the wild wintry gale has lashed it into fury, and the mighty billows have hurled themselves against rock or breakwater in clouds of spray and foam, carrying, it maybe, some poor vessel to utter destruction. But you have never seen the sea *still*! Becalmed in the tropics, or imprisoned beneath the ice of the polar regions, the sea is always in motion; it knows no rest.

Has the reader, as his eye perhaps wanders from its sunlit beauties to rest on this page, ever viewed those restless waters as an emblem of himself? “The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked” (Isaiah lvii. 20, 21). “Oh,” you indignantly exclaim, “I am not wicked!” But are you in *peace*? Is your conscience *at rest*? It may be

the summer ripple describes you and not the winter storm; but unless you have heard the Voice that once commanded "Peace be still!" to the raging billows of the Sea of Galilee, it is true of you "there is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet."

It may be you have sought to drown its ceaseless murmur by the song of pleasure or shout of revelry; it may be you have attempted to curb the restless desires of the heart and its sinful passions, as the monarch of old is reported to have done; but as the ocean remained unchecked by the command of a Canute or the chains of a Xerxes, so have you found your best resolves and most earnest efforts alike a failure to bring satisfaction and peace to your own breast.

But One has been here whom wind and wave obey! He, who as the Great Creator God once "placed the sand for the bound of the sea, by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it" (Jeremiah v. 22), and "set bars and doors, and said, hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed" (Job xxxviii. 10, 11), has been in this world "God manifest in flesh." All the fulness of the Godhead was pleased to dwell in Him bodily; and the lowly, despised and still rejected Jesus of Nazareth—the Babe of Bethlehem, is 'God over all, blessed for ever!' View Him asleep in yonder fishing boat! He is here to make known the heart of God, to reveal the Father, and works of mercy and words of



grace flow out wherever His blessed footsteps pass. He has healed the leper, restored the sick, cast out demons, preached the gospel to the poor, and now, having given command to "Pass over unto the other side," as the Perfect Man, and perfectly a Man, weary with all His countless acts of mercy, He falls asleep on the pillow. But there was no rest in this world for Jesus! Always at rest, in one sense, in communion with His Father; in another, He could find no rest in a scene of sin and sorrow. "There arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full." Yet nothing disturbed His perfect and holy dependence. But the cry of His affrighted disciples could awaken Him. Two words fall from His holy lips: "Peace, be still," and "the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." This is Jesus; do you know Him?

But another storm has arisen. The powers of darkness have summoned all their forces; man, guilty, sinful man, both Jew and Gentile, has combined against Him; and lawless hands have fastened the Prince of Life on the cross of shame. He has come, not only to *speak* Peace, but to *make* peace, through the blood of His cross; and when Satan and man have achieved their worst and nailed him there, God enters the scene and makes His soul an offering for sin. And from out that great darkness rings the cry: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" "Deep call-

eth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts; all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over Me." As a sacrifice for sin—the one, the only sacrifice and the perfectly adequate sacrifice Jesus dies; He makes a complete atonement; justice is satisfied; and peace is made.

And on the first day of the week, the Victim of Calvary appears as the risen Victor in the midst of His disciples, with the glad word "Peace unto you." "And when He had so said, He showed them His hands and His side" (John xx. 20). Those nail prints tell of the satisfaction of every requirement of God's holy law (Col. ii. 14); that spear thrust declares atonement is finished, for "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye also might believe."

Yes, sin is atoned for, the believer's sins are borne, and "in that He (Christ) died, He died unto sin once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves (if believers) to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Romans vi. 10, 11); rejoicing in the accomplishment of the prophet's word: "He will turn us again. He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities; and THOU WILT CAST ALL THEIR SINS INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA" (Micah vii. 19).

## God the Judge and God the Saviour.

God showed, by putting the blood on their doorposts (Exodus, xii.), that when He executed judgment on Egypt He secured deliverance from it to His people. And just so in God's dealings with us; the judgment that has passed on Christ because of sin is the security of every believer against judgment. When the soul apprehends the Lord Jesus as the one offering for sin, it has confidence in God; and that on the very ground of His knowing thoroughly our sinfulness. It is impossible that God should pass over the blood of the Lord Jesus, and impute to sinners those sins which He has washed away. He cannot impute sin to a believer without condemning the value of His blood-shedding, and virtually denying the efficacy of it. And if that be true when He judges men by and by, it must be true now. Faith knows that death is God's own sentence against sin, and that it has been executed on Christ in the sinner's stead. Faith "sets to its seal that God is true," and receives His thoughts who has said about the blood-shedding of Jesus, "When I see the blood, I will pass over."

But there is another thing; it is not merely that God says, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people, I know their sorrows," etc; there must be also His power put forth in delivering.

This is shown in the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea (chap. xiv.), and to us in the Lord Jesus having "through death destroyed him that had the power of death" (Heb. ii. 14). In the cross, Satan had put forth all his power and energy against the Prince of Life; and he did it successfully, arraying both Jew and Gentile against Him (it was "your hour and the power of darkness" (Luke, xxii. 53); but in the resurrection of the Lord Jesus the mightiest power of Satan was destroyed for ever. And so with Israel; God had taken up the cause of His people. It was not merely that He had given them peace through the blood sprinkled on their doorposts, but He Himself had entered into conflict with their enemies, and Pharaoh's power in enslaving them was completely gone. We may have been brought to see the sinfulness and evil of our condition before God and the power of the blood of Jesus in satisfying the holiness of God; but we do not know liberty till we see God for us in the resurrection of the Lord Jesus.

*J. A. S.*

*From a letter sent  
me by Mr. Puse, dated about 1860*

☆☆☆☆☆☆  
**IN A CANADIAN HOME.**

A few weeks since, Harriett W—, about twelve years old, went into her brother Richard's room, and said, "Dickey, would it not be a dreadful thing for the Lord to come and take Papa and

Mamma, and Mary, and Bobby, and for you and me to be left?"

"Oh," said Richard, "I should go too, for I am saved."

"Oh, Dickey, are you *sure*?" said Harriett, in great surprise, "how do you know?"

"Because I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and He has put away all my sins, so I know I should go to be with Him, if the Lord should come."

"Then, Dickey, you ought to tell them. You know how happy they would all be; and he that is ashamed to confess Christ here, He will be ashamed of."

"It is not *that*, Tottie, but I am afraid I should do something wrong afterwards, not like a Christian."

"Yes, but Dickey, there are many Christians who do very wrong things. I must go and tell Bobby."

As soon as Robert knew, he went downstairs and called Mary out. As soon as he saw her he sprang on her neck in an ecstasy of joy, and said, "Dickey has found peace."

There was very much joy that night, and at the meeting afterwards, when thanksgiving was offered for Richard. Especial prayer was made for Harriett, and we have since heard that some have prayed for her daily, both at Guelph and at Toronto, until the Lord answered, and she also

found peace in believing. These children are now writing to their young friends, entreating them to seek the Lord. They are really wonderful letters; they write without their parents seeing the letters. Harriett wrote a most earnest appeal to her uncle to seek the Lord *now*, and come to Him.

Extracted from a letter.



## Communion, Here and There.

### HERE.

Oh, the heavenly joy and rapture,  
 Of just sitting at Christ's feet!  
 Listening there, in deep attention,  
 To His gracious words so sweet!  
 He is talking to His Father  
 Of those counsels true and wise,  
 Filling my poor heart with wonder  
 Yea, with gladness and surprise.

But he draws me yet still nearer;  
 On His loving breast I lie  
 While He tells me all the reasons  
 Why He came for me to die.  
 Then a voice from yonder glory  
 Captivates my longing soul:—  
 Precious Saviour, wilt Thou keep me,  
 And my thoughts and ways control?

### THEN.

“In a moment” . . . lo, He cometh!  
 Then His blessed Face I'll see:  
 “In a moment” I'll be with Him;  
 Like Him, also, I shall be.

“ In a moment,” all together  
 Christ His blood-bought ones shall  
 raise;  
 Spirit, soul, and body perfect,  
 Shall for ever sing His praise.

“ In a moment ” this vile body  
 From all troubles shall be free;  
 Changed, and fashioned like my Saviour’s,  
 Glorified with Him shall be.  
 “ In a moment ” . . . oh, what rapture!  
 Nothing can with it compare;  
 Sinless, holy, and for ever  
 Shining in His beauty fair.

S.T.



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# Gospel

# Gleanings

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—  
**ONE PENNY**

NET



*On grave in Brighton and Preston Cemetery*

## **A Message From An Unknown Grave.**

Passing through a cemetery in a sea-side town a short time ago, my attention was attracted by a card, hanging from a shrub on a grave, some little distance back from the pathway. There was no tombstone, or monument of any kind, but the grave, which was neatly surrounded by iron railings, evidently newly repainted, was covered by evergreens and rose bushes, quite recently carefully trimmed. It looked as if someone, long absent, had lately revisited the resting place of a loved one laid there from twenty-five to thirty years ago, judging by the dates on adjoining tombs, and that a train of thought had been awakened which found expression in the neatly but very plainly written card securely tied to the shrub nearest the path, for these were the words I read:

“There is NO PEACE, saith my God, to the wicked. Christ died for us. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Acquaint NOW thyself with Him and be at peace.”

A short but blessed gospel sermon! Reader, have you that peace? One can feel assured that the writer, whoever it may be, knows and enjoys it; and one can well imagine that the one from whose grave that message is going forth, knew it too: PEACE! Yes, *Peace with God!*

When the judge puts on the black cap and condemns the murderer to die, he bids him make his peace with God; and God's own word in the Old Testament is: "Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with Me; and he shall make peace with Me." Isaiah xxvii. 5. But the fuller revelation of God in the New Testament tells something more wonderful still—that *God Himself has made peace!* After describing the varied glories of the Son of His love, by Whom and for Whom all things were created, and by Whom they continue to be, God tells us all the fulness of the Godhead was pleased to dwell in Him, and "*having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself*" (Colossians 1. 19, 20). Peace has been ratified, signed and sealed, by the blood-shedding, the death, and the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, and God is preaching it through Him. Apart from Him, there is no peace—constant unrest, continual strife, dissatisfaction, turmoil; and, looming in the future, "a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries," for "it is appointed unto men *once to die, but after this the judgment*" (Hebrews ix. 27).

How blessed then the message on that grave! While there is no peace otherwise, Christ has died. He has made it; He is risen again to pro-

claim it; and the result of that glorious message is "All who believe are justified." That work is so complete, its effects so stupendous, that death which had no claim on Him, the Sinless One, has no claim now on the believer who trusts Him; for "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. . . Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory" (1 Cor. xv. 51—54). May the reader then "be found of Him *in peace*, without spot and blameless" (2 Peter iii. 14).

T.



## RECONCILED.

*from "Sheep  
new & old"*

There is no foundation whatever in the word of God, for the idea that God needed to be reconciled to us. There is positively no such thought found within the covers of the Bible. It was man that needed to be reconciled to God, not God to man. Man was the enemy of God. He was not only "without strength," "ungodly," and "a sinner," but actually "an enemy" (Romans v. 6, 8, 10).

Now it is the enemy—the alienated, the estranged one—that needs to be brought back—to be reconciled. This is plain. But God, blessed

be His name! was not man's enemy, but his friend—the Friend of sinners. Such was the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, when on earth. “He went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him” (Acts x. 38). It was His delight to do good unto all. He spent His life in doing good to those who, after all, preferred a robber and a murderer to Him, and nailed Him to a cross between two thieves. Thus, whether we look at the life or at the death of Christ, we see, in the clearest and most forcible manner, the enmity of man; the friendship, the kindness, the love of God.

But how is man to be reconciled to God? Momentous question! Let us look well to the answer. The passage of Scripture which forms the theme of this article declares in the most distinct manner that “We are reconciled to God *by the death of His Son*” (Romans v. 10). Nothing else could do it. The death of the cross—the atoning death—the vicarious sacrifice—the precious, priceless blood of Jesus—is the necessary, the absolutely essential basis of our reconciliation to a sin-hating God. We must state this great truth in the most emphatic and unequivocal manner. Scripture is as clear and definite as possible. In order to our being reconciled to God, sin must be put away, and “without shedding of blood, there is no remission” (Hebrews ix. 22).

Jesus stood alone in this world. He was alone in the manger; alone in the Jordan; alone in the wilderness; alone on the mount; alone in the garden. All this is in perfect keeping with His own memorable words in John xii: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and *die*, it abideth *alone*; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Here is the grand point "*If it die.*" Unless He was to return to glory alone, He must die. If He was to have us with Him, He must die. If sins were to be remitted, He must die. If sinners were to be saved, He must die. If a new and living way was to be opened for us into the presence of God, He must die. If the veil was to be rent, He must die. That mysterious curtain remained intact when the blessed One lay in the manger of Bethlehem—and when He was baptised—and when He was anointed, and when He was tempted, and when He was transfigured, and when He was bowed in Gethsemane, sweating great drops of blood, and when He was scourged before Pontius Pilate, through all these stages of His marvellous life, the veil was unrent. There and thus it stood to bar the sinner's approach to God. Man was shut out from God, and God shut in from man; nor could all the living labours of the Eternal Son, His miracles, His precious ministry, His tears, His sighs, His groans, and His prayers—not any nor all of these could have rent the

veil. But the very moment that death was accomplished, we read "The veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom."

"We are reconciled to God by the *death* of His Son." In short, it is through death we get everything—without it, nothing. It is on the ground of death, even the atoning death of Christ, that we are reconciled to God, and united, by the Holy Ghost, to the risen and glorified Head in heaven. All rests on the solid groundwork of accomplished redemption. "If while we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life." We, though reconciled to God by the death of Christ, are, nevertheless, in ourselves poor, erring creatures, prone to wander, ever liable to failure and sin, totally unable to get on for a single moment, if not kept by our great High Priest—our blessed Advocate—our Comforter. The One who bore our sins in His own body on the tree, now bears our sorrows on His heart upon the throne; and He will come again to bear the government upon His shoulders. What a Saviour! What a Victim! What a Priest! How precious to know that the One who has reconciled us to God by His death is now alive for us on the throne; and because He lives we shall live also! All praise to His peerless name!

*From Life of*  
*Richard Weaver*

## The Dying Publican.

One Sunday afternoon when labouring in T—a gentleman came and asked me to visit a sick man. I got ready and went. To my surprise I was driven up to a public house. My friend told me it was the publican who was ill. I knocked at the door. No one answered. Hearing conversation, I walked in. There sat men drinking; the servant girl was laughing with them, as if neither death nor sickness was near. I asked the girl if there was not someone ill in the house. She said: "Yes, master is ill; you will find him upstairs."

She did not so much as rise to show me where the stair was; but it was an old-fashioned house, and I soon found the stair, and began to walk up. When I got to the landing I heard someone speaking, but was at a loss to know from which room the sound came. Presently I discovered it was the room to my right. As I paused in the doorway, an agonised voice from the bed was saying: "Look at me, my dear wife and children; I am dying; I fear I shall be lost. Can you tell me what I must do to be saved?"

His weeping wife and children sobbed out "No."

On the right of the dying man sat two sisters. To them he addressed the same earnest appeal: "Can you tell me what I must do to be saved?"

“No, brother,” said they; and they wept and sobbed aloud.

A man of fourscore years sat at the foot of the bed. To him the dying man next turned with his piteous enquiry: “Father, can you tell me what I must do to be saved?”

“No, my boy, I wish I could,” was the weeping father’s reply.

I thought it was time for me to walk in. They looked at me, but did not ask who I was nor where I had come from. The sick man put out his hand, and said: “Sir, I am dying; and the minister tells me that as I have been baptised and confirmed, and have taken the last rites of the Church, and been prayed for, I must just rest content; but I cannot, for I fear I shall be lost. Can you hold out any hope for me, sir?”

I said “Yes, thank God, I can. I have come with some promises spoken by the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for you.”

I opened my Bible and began to turn to the tenth chapter of Romans. As I was doing so, the dull eyes of the publican brightened, and the heavy cloud passed away from his countenance as he asked: “Oh, is there a promise for poor G—?”

“I said “Yes; but if I read it to you, will you believe it?”

For answer he told me what a character he had been for fighting, and everything that was bad. I told him a little of my own evil history.



He asked: "Have you been as bad as that?"

"Yes," I said, "And *I* have found pardon."

The execution of poor — was very vivid at that time in the minds of all in that neighbourhood; so I read: "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." I reminded him that the execution was the end of the law to —. The offended law was satisfied when the penalty had been paid. I showed him that the law of God had no such claim on Christ as the law of England had on —; and yet He paid the death penalty. To whom then is Christ the end of the law? According to the New Testament, "To every one that believeth." Then I read to him the verses that follow: "Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, that the man who doeth these things shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise: Say not in thine heart, who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above); or, who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead). But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith which we preach, that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Then I quoted John iii. 16, and tried to show him how

Christ, with His finished work on Calvary, was God's offered gift to him and to me, inasmuch as the offer is to "Whosoever will."

He said: "Is that in my Bible?"

I said: "Yes, it is in your Bible."

He said to his elder child: "You read it to me, and I will believe it."

She lifted the family Bible that lay on the bed, and opened it; but tears so bedimmed her sight that she sobbed out: "Oh father, I cannot read it; but it must be there, or he would not say it is."

The publican's younger child stepped forward, wiped his eyes, and said: "Father, I will read it." He found the place. He read the life-giving words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The publican clapped his hands, and said: "Thank God, I can rest contented now. God so loved me that He gave His Son to die for me."

Extracted.



## Four Divine Menus.

### I,

#### The Captive's Table.

It is a solemn thing to be found in active hostility against God—the God with whom we all have to do, and Who searches us through and through. It was His knowledge of the thoughts and intents of the heart of the King of Syria (2 Kings vi. 8—23) that led the latter to attempt to capture the messenger by whom God was frustrating his designs; and in his exasperation and rage he dispatched a “great host” against the apparently defenceless and unarmed prophet. But Elisha—“the salvation of God”—a beautiful type of Him who is God’s Salvation to the ends of the earth—knew “the Lord is on my side”; and soon the mighty host arrayed against him were placed completely under his power, blind, helpless, lost! So has God the Father given His beloved Son authority, “power over all flesh;” all are committed to His hand. Sightless and helpless, the great host could only follow the prophet, and when at last their blindness was removed, they found themselves trapped—captives in the midst of the chief city of the land they had invaded; shut in, without power to escape. And if God opens your eyes, dear unsaved reader, you will find yourself

equally powerless to save yourself. You are shut up, a lost sinner, in the hand of the Lord Jesus Christ. All judgment is committed to Him: His sentence is final and eternal; you are "condemned already" (John iii. 18), and "the wrath of God abideth on you" (John iii. 36).

This army was completely at Elisha's mercy. Would he show it? Righteousness in the king demanded "shall I smite them"—these that had thus wantonly violated the peace of the kingdom? Mercy from Elisha's lips declared "Thou shalt not smite them. . . . Set *bread and water* before them that they may eat and drink." . . . "And he prepared great provision for them."

Wonderful grace! Yet but a faint picture of His who declares "I am the Bread of Life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst" (John vi. 35). Lost, helpless, guilty sinner, hitherto at enmity with God, you are in the hand of Jesus, but it is a pierced hand. It was once nailed to Calvary in order that it might answer every claim of righteousness, and thus justly offer to you a "great provision"—the Bread of Life," and "the Water of Life." Yes, God "has given Him power over all flesh that He should give eternal life to as many as God has given Him" (John xvii. 2). Christ Himself, the "Bread of Life," the Holy

Spirit, the "Water of Life" (John vii. 37—39), such is God's "great provision" for captive, helpless enemies. Oh, will you not ground your arms, and stretch out empty hands to accept, and open your mouth wide to partake of that great provision, offered "without money and without price?"

## II.

### The Prophet's Table.

If bread and water—the two great requisites for the starving and the perishing sinner, are God's provision of mercy for His enemies, He has a richer, fuller table for His servants: Elijah (1 Kings xvii. 6), as he hid by the brook Cherith, when all the resources of nature were dried up, and God's judgment was in the land, was not merely to have bread to sustain him while he quenched his thirst at the running waters of the brook. God's servants, the ravens, unclean birds as they were, were commissioned to bring him "*bread and flesh* in the morning, and *bread and flesh* in the evening." It is not only "the Bread of God come down from heaven" that is the believer's food, but "the Bread which I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." It is a once crucified Saviour Who gave His life, whose precious blood has been outpoured, risen now and glorified, but who became dead, that is the food of His people.

## III.

**The Messiah's Table.**

And as the Risen One,

- "Thou, Lord Jesus, in that day  
 "Again did'st food in deserts lay;  
 "Yet not in grandeur of the past—  
 "But dearer, what shall ever last—  
 "'Twas Thine own heart that felt the  
   need;  
 "'Twas Thine own hand the bread  
   supplied;  
 "'Twas Thine own lips the blessing  
   breathed:—  
 "Heart, hand and lips the service weaved.  
 "Such are Thy sympathies with us,  
 "And we shall ever know Thee thus."

On the shore of the Lake of Galilee, where twice before, during His public ministry, thousands had been miraculously fed by four or five barley loaves, and two, or a few small fishes, the risen Christ of God stands in the chill, grey dawn. And a fire burns there: Whose hand had lighted it? And "*fish laid thereon and bread*" (John xxi. 9). Seven hungry and cold disciples who "have toiled all the night and taken nothing," are drawing near, dragging the mighty, unbroken net they have cast at His word "on the right side of the ship," with its wonderful catch of a hundred and fifty and three great fishes! Though "the fishes of the sea. . . have no ruler over them" (Habakkuk 1. 14) yet they obeyed their Creator's command, "because the abundance of the sea shall *be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles*

shall come unto thee " (Isaiah lx. 5) ; and he would give to His own, not only this gracious proof that though risen He is the same Jesus that on a previous occasion had filled their net beyond its capacity to hold, but also their own portion in the bounty His hand was so lavishly bestowing, as He spread this table for them.

#### IV.

#### The Victor's Table.

" And Melchizedek, King of Salem, brought forth *bread and wine* : and he was the priest of the Most High God " (Genesis xiv. 18). The fight is over, and Abraham the victor is returning with the spoils of his victory. " Bread which strengtheneth man's heart," and " wine that maketh glad the heart of man " is the provision brought out by the royal priest who meets him. And such will Jesus give His victorious ones, when as the Priest upon His throne, the true Melchizedek shall come forth to bless His people. And it is to those who now are sharers of His victory—already members of His body—that He says " This is My body which is given for you : this do in remembrance of Me " ; " this cup is the New Testament in My blood : this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come."

# Gospel

# Gleanings

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—  
**ONE PENNY**  
NET



## Rock or Sand. Which are you building on ?

Many years ago, as I was going to address some children at a well-known watering-place in North Wales, my eyes were arrested by the following words, on a big notice board, on the shore :

“ On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,

“ All other ground is sinking sand,”

and my thoughts immediately reverted to Christ's wonderful sermon on the Mount, “ Whosoever heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it” (Matthew VII. 24-27).

Those wonderful words of Jesus give expression to the all-important truth that “ *hearing* ” and “ *doing* ” bring divine and eternal blessing to those who listen to His voice, and act upon His word, which is the bed-rock of our souls; whereas those who only listen, and do not *act* upon His word, make shipwreck on the devil's quicksands, and

perish in their sin.

What are you then resting on, dear reader, the Rock, or the sand? Many are resting on their own feelings, efforts, prayers, experiences, exercises, good works, baptism, confirmation, sacraments, ordinances, and other things; but all those things are *but sinking sand*; for it is quite possible to do all that, and yet not know sins forgiven, and atoned for, through the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The question is asked by our Lord Himself, "What think ye of Christ?" Blessed be God! His own dear Son, the loved One of His heart, the delight of His soul, is the *solid Rock*, on whose holy Person, finished work, precious blood; death, resurrection, glorious ascension to the right-hand of God, unchanging word, and coming again to receive us to Himself, all our hopes are resting for time and eternity. Not all the malice of Satan nor the rage of wicked men, can ever shake that solid Rock, which every true believer knows as the "Rock of Ages," that must and shall endure for ever.

Who but that Holy One, who did no sin, and in whose mouth no guile was ever found, could go beneath the storm of judgment, and the waves and billows of God's righteous wrath against sin and sins, and come out triumphant and victorious? Who but He could be our sin-Bearer, and satisfy every demand of justice, and every claim of holi-

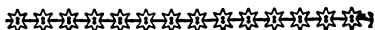
ness? Victorious over all His foes, He has silenced for ever every accusation of sin or Satan, and has set free every true believer, by the blood which flowed from His wounded side. Death has lost its sting for the child of God, for He who died and rose again now sits, crowned and glorified, upon His Father's throne. Accepted in the Beloved, and standing in the light of the glory of God, all the ransomed hosts can sing those precious words:

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

Then, dear reader, let me ask you this question: “ Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is *God that justifieth*: who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right-hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us” (Romans VIII. 33, 34). Are these divine realities sinking sand? To doubt them is to lose your soul and perish for ever: to believe them (because they are the words of Him who cannot lie) is to ensure a present, perfect, and permanent salvation, through Him who loved you and gave Himself for you. S.T.

Can foundation surer be  
 Than my God has laid for me?  
 When the Lamb was charged with guilt,  
 When His precious blood was spilt,  
 When He bore the dreadful load  
 Of my sins before His God,  
 All was laid on Him alone—  
 Tried and precious corner-stone.

Can foundation richer be  
 Than Jehovah's treasury?  
 Precious thoughts and priceless grace  
 Fill that chosen resting place.  
 Laid in love's eternal lines,  
 There the Victim's glory shines—  
 Laid and founded in the Lamb,  
 Holy, just, and true I AM!



*Incident related in life of Charles Linnson*  
**A Tour in the Isle of Wight.**

Many years ago a young gentleman, the son of a wealthy Continental merchant, found himself a guest in a large and hospitable house in the Isle of Wight. He was clever, handsome, and rich; singularly open and simple in his manners, and very interested in all the new surroundings about him. Other guests were there too, who joined with their host in seeking to make the young foreigner's visit one of pleasure and happiness. Yet somehow, he was not happy. At home in Holland, surrounded by all the comforts that affluence could afford him, or here, where the charm of novelty was added to them, he was dissatisfied. Still he entered eagerly into all the plans made for his entertainment, and gladly formed one of the party who proposed making a tour on horseback through the then secluded beauty-spots of that lovely little island.

Putting up for the night in a country inn, it was necessary for him to share a bedroom with another member of the party; and he was not a

little surprised when his companion, before retiring, knelt in prayer by the bedside. It was a new sight to the young foreigner—as novel as the scenes of sylvan beauty he had been admiring all day. He had never witnessed a knee bowed in private prayer before. But it went to his heart. No mocking laugh passed his lips, as he stood in astonishment gazing at his companion, but a feeling of envy arose as he thought “How happy is that man! What would I give to feel myself in the hands of an Almighty Guide and Protector, as he surely does!” And he fell on his knees by his side. Whether the desire found expression in words, is only known to Him who searches the heart, but the act was registered above, and it was said of him, as of another long before, “Behold, he prayeth!”

He had an unsatisfied longing; he wanted to know God as his own personal Guide and Protector; little he knew that God was waiting to reveal Himself in a far more wondrous way, even as his *Saviour*.

The morning came, and again the party mounted their horses, and were soon among fresh scenes of beauty. His host's brother, a well-known servant of God, but at the time in ill-health and unable to preach through loss of voice, was one of the number; and glad to be in silence, was riding a few yards in advance of the rest. The young man, seeing him alone, courteously rode up

to join him, and noticed as he did so that his lips were in motion. Not hearing any words, he enquired what he was saying ; and to his surprise came the reply, "I was praying for my young friend." Deeply impressed with the thought that another was concerned that he should enjoy that which he himself so much desired, he opened his heart to his new friend, and learnt from his lips that what he wanted, God was waiting to bestow.

"It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,  
But the BLOOD that atones for the soul ;"  
but there must be repentance, and there must be the having to do with God for oneself. The young foreigner had found himself in the presence of God, an empty sinner: his outward life had been moral and blameless, but it had been passed without God, without Christ, and without hope. Now, as soon as he took his place before God, he found God had anticipated his every desire: all that was needed to fill that dissatisfied heart had been given. God had sent His Son to meet every claim His justice had against him as a sinner; the death and bloodshedding of the Lamb of God had atoned for every sin: His resurrection was God's receipt in full for the discharge of every debt; and He Himself the Risen One, was at God's right hand, a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and forgiveness of sins, and to be the satisfying portion of his heart if he would but accept Him.

Well might his friend have added, as the

Apostle Paul did (2 Corinthians v. 20), "As though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

Gladly the young foreigner's heart opened to receive the glorious message: he accepted Christ as his own Saviour; and his own soul being satisfied now to overflowing, the streams flowed out to others. Like the fountain of which the Lord spoke to the woman of Samaria, the well of living water sprang up in him to everlasting life; but it also flowed out as "rivers of living water." He drank deeply for himself, and "grew in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Extending his knowledge also of the land he was visiting, he toured through England and Scotland, but his eye was not fixed alone on the beauties and objects of interest that met it. He sought out dissatisfied hearts, as his own had once been; and where he saw distress and poverty, generously relieved it, while telling of Him who could bind up the broken hearted; and at length returned to his home in Amsterdam to make known there the One who had saved him and satisfied him. But his Saviour was not wanted among the merchant princes of the busy city who thronged round his father's table. That father, too, had

no room for Jesus. But He had room for His young servant in His own home. Four years only passed since He met him in the Isle of Wight, before He called him to Himself. Death had no terrors, and the joy with which he hailed the thought of being with his Lord was a new thing in that money-making scene to those who shrank from leaving their treasures behind them. He was going to his, for

"'Tis the treasure I've found in His love

"That has made me a pilgrim below"

he might have said; and many wondered with interest and surprise at his peace and joy. Perhaps some followed him. Will the reader do so?

T.



*From *Thine New Old**

## **The Blood of Christ.**

No pen can write, no tongue can tell, what the blood-shedding of Jesus has accomplished. The wondrous fruits of that one sacrifice, both God-ward and man-ward, are infinite in their variety. The intrinsic value of that blood has fully and fairly met all the claims of God, every demand of the law, and the whole need of man. Its virtue is felt throughout the highest height of heaven, and appreciated there in a way that we can have no conception of here. But in due time its power shall be manifested throughout the whole universe. The vernal bloom of every leaf, and flower, and



blade of grass—the playful lambkin, and the harmless lion—the reign of peace and plenty throughout the whole creation in the day of His millennial glory, shall alike proclaim the redemption power of the blood of the cross. And on the other hand, the awful consequences of sinners despising that precious blood shall be endured for ever in the deepest depths of unutterable woe. Its power must be felt everywhere.

But to the *believer*, the *truster* in that precious blood, it has opened the pearly gates of heaven, and shut for ever the gloomy gates of hell. It has quenched the flames of the burning lake, and opened up the everlasting spring of God's redeeming love. It has plucked him as a brand out of the fire, cleansed him from every stain of sin, and planted him in robes of unsullied brightness in the immediate presence of God. For none has the blood of Christ done so much as for the hell-deserving sinner. And no order of beings in the bright world above, can ever know the value of that blood, or appreciate the heart that it flowed from, like the redeemed sinner. The way into the presence of God was opened up for us by the blood of the cross. We read in the xvth of Leviticus that on the great day of atonement Aaron sprinkled the blood of the young bullock on the mercy seat, and before the mercy seat seven times, thereby maintaining God's relations with the people and the ground of their approach to Him for

twelve months to come. But there was no rending of the veil, or liberty to draw near to God, save by the high priest alone, and that only once a year, and never without the blood of atonement.

But the blood of the Lamb which flowed on Calvary has accomplished all for us. The veil is removed. The way to God is now open at all times, for Jew and Gentile—for the chief of sinners. In the faith of this precious blood the guiltiest may come. Come! Where to? Into the Holiest of all. But how is the sinner met when he comes? In judgment for his sins? No; that was executed on the cross. Love alone remains to welcome the returning sinner. What! nothing about his sins? No; that question was settled on the cross. God will never raise it again with the poor sinner that trusts in Jesus. God settled with Christ on the cross about his sins. Love, boundless love, flows out to meet the sinner and welcome him home. No barrier intercepts his way. It is perfectly clear. Christ Himself has laid it open—laid it open for ever. Oh then, my fellow sinner, come. Come now. Come depending on that soul-saving, peace-speaking blood. Why delay? Only trust in the blood of Jesus and thou art safe for ever. All who honour the blood of Jesus with the confidence of their hearts, get the highest and the best place in heaven. The blood washed robes will be the whitest in heaven. They will be the same as

Christ's, blessed be His name, and more than this we can never say.

But there is another thing, beloved friends, that I would notice about our being fitted to enter heaven, and that is, *we enter by the same title as Christ Himself*. He entered by His own blood (Hebrews ix. 12)—in virtue of His own blood. So do we. He would enter, not now on the ground of His own intrinsic righteousness merely, but by the same title as His people. Blessed Jesus! What grace! Having been "numbered with the transgressors" He enters heaven by the title that equally serves for them. Hence clearly, the same welcome, the same place of nearness to the throne, as Christ Himself, await all who come in the faith of that blood. The blood of Christ has obtained for us "*eternal redemption*." All the blessedness we have been speaking about is to be *eternal*. Not only has the blood of Christ opened up the way into heaven for us—fitted us to be there, and given us a right and title to all its blessedness; but it has engraven that divine word "eternal" on all that it has made us, and on all that it has brought us into. Not only is all perfect, but all is permanent. No wonder the redeemed in heaven sing so much about the blood of Christ. It seems to be the principal note in their song. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." Oh, how loud, and long, and rapturous will be our note of praise to Him who drained the

cup of wrath for us, who washed all our sins away—who lifted us out of our low estate, and set us in the highest place in heaven—who has chosen us to be the companions of His ways, and the sharers of His eternal glory!



*From fly leaf of William Carter's Hymn book*  
**The Last Awful Assize.**

“And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens 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 the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire” (Revelation xx. 12-15).

This is emphatically the judgment of the wicked dead. The book of life is opened to show that none arraigned at this dread tribunal have their names written in it. If so, they would have had part in the first resurrection. Oh, unconverted sinner! Did it ever strike you that God

keeps books, and that your every-day life is photographed in the book of His remembrance, and that this will be a swift witness against you in the judgment? This book will then be opened, and your name called out, and the long black catalogue of your sins blazoned forth. You would not, *now*, like your nearest and dearest friend to know your SECRET SINS, but *then* they will be told out before assembled worlds.

Besides this book of remembrance there will be at least three other books (or standards) by which sinners will be judged, viz:—the book of CONSCIENCE, the book of the LAW, and the book of the GOSPEL. The Barbarian, who never had God's revealed truth, will be judged by the least of these standards—conscience, of which God has got a faithful autograph (read Romans ii. 11-15 verses). The Jews will be judged by the Law (Moses and the Prophets); but the sinners that reject Christ by the highest of all standards, even the Gospel of the grace of God. Jesus said: 'He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken the same shall judge him in the last day' (John xii. 48). Surely, if there is one place in the lake of fire more tormenting than another, it will be the portion of those who have heard of the wondrous love of God, in giving His own dear Son to die for lost, ruined sinners, and yet have refused to accept Him as their own Saviour.

Oh, unconverted sinner, if you turn your back on Christ now, the wiry worm that will gnaw your guilty soul throughout eternity will be the bitter reflection that you had Christ set before you as God's way of salvation, and that His precious blood cleanseth from all sin; yet you trifled the day of grace away, and thus became your own destroyer. But you will never cease to be. Annihilation is impossible! The misery of the second death consists in being banished from God's happy presence into the lake of fire, burning with brimstone, where the worm dieth not, and the fire never shall be quenched. ETERNITY! ETERNITY! ETERNITY! Oh, sinner! Who can dwell in devouring flames? Who can endure everlasting burning? Flee at once to Christ! "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be saved." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." *W. Carter*



## Your Soul,

One precious soul for Jesus!  
 Its worth, what tongue can tell?  
 Immortal, and for ever  
 In heaven or hell to dwell.  
 For nothing but the life-blood  
 Of Jesus Christ alone  
 Could pay for its redemption,  
 Or for its sins atone.

I want a soul for Jesus;  
 Then let it be your own!  
 You never will regret it,  
 For Christ the victory won.  
 Delay not then a moment,  
 But trust His blood just now,  
 And in eternal glory  
 At His dear feet you'll bow.

S.T.

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# Gospel

# Gleanings

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—  
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## Two Tombstones

Many years ago, I was walking, with my wife, through a cemetery, in a well-known city in the South of England. On our left was the Roman Catholic part of that cemetery; and on our right the portion reserved for Protestants.

Presently we stopped before a big tombstone on which the following words were inscribed:—

“ Mary Ann ——

“ Aged 91.

“ Died, fortified by the rites of Holy Church.”

As I read these words I was fairly staggered, and said to my wife, “ How awfully sad it is to think of anyone standing before a holy God on such a flimsy ground as that ! ” and the terrible unreality seemed to haunt me.

A few minutes after, we turned round to the right, and facing another tombstone, exactly opposite, in the Protestant quarter, we read with joy the following words:—

“ Mary Ann ——

“ Aged 19.

“ Dear reader, Jesus Christ is all in all to me.  
What is He to thee ? ”

Oh, what a striking contrast ! Both had passed away from time into eternity, but not, alas ! if the testimony of their graves be true, to the same eternity.

If the old woman was trusting to nothing but

the rites of the church she will remain in her grave till the second resurrection, when "the dead, small and great, will stand before God," and she will then find herself before a "great white throne," and there hear all her sins read out from the book of judgment; and thence pass into that place where "the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Alas! alas! *lost* for ever, in spite of the rites of Holy Church!

On the other hand, the dear young girl of nineteen, who had found all she wanted in a living Christ, and who, "being dead, yet speaketh," will rise from her grave at the "*first* resurrection," and changed and glorified, will meet her Saviour in the air to be "for ever with the Lord." Yes, He will come "with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Oh! the rapture of that moment who shall tell? and who shall tell how soon it may be? Jesus, the mighty Conqueror over all our foes, will come to receive us to Himself, that "where He is there we may be also." Such is the bright future of every believer, whether old or young; and "when we shall see Him, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." The new

eternal song of those countless millions will then be ours, "Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made unto our God kings and priests, and they shall reign over the earth."

Dear reader, how is it with you? Are you lost or saved? It must be one or other. You had better take Christ as your own personal Saviour *now*, as you read these lines, for *to-morrow may be too late*. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt* be saved." S.T.



*Commemorating Rose Day*

## Christ For Me.

One Sunday evening, many years ago, a young girl sat rocking her baby brother to sleep. All the family had gone to the gospel service, and it was her turn to keep house and mind the baby. Intent on lulling him off she began to sing; and as nothing but hymns were ever sung in that Christian household, the well-known words fell from her lips:—

"My heart is fixed, eternal God,

"Fixed on Thee;

"And my immortal choice is made

"Christ for me.

"He is the Prophet, Priest and King.

"Who did for me salvation bring;

"And while I live I mean to sing

"Christ for me."

“ In pining sickness, or in health,  
“ Christ for me,  
“ In deepest poverty or wealth,  
Christ for me :  
“ And in that all important day,  
“ When I the summons shall obey  
“ And pass from this dark world away  
“ Christ for me.”

“ That’s not true ! ” The words sounded behind her with solemn distinctness. She turned, but no one was there. Again she seemed to hear them, not with the outward ear, but deep in her conscience and heart, “ It is not true if I were called from this dark world away that I have Christ for me.” And for the first time in her life she realised herself a Christless sinner ! She sang no more ; the baby had fallen into a sound sleep, and placing him in his cot, she fell on her knees. A Christless sinner, but alone with a seeking Saviour ! She knew for the first time, her *need* of *Him*, and He was waiting to supply that need. From her childhood she had been familiar with the truths of the gospel : godly parents and earnest Sunday School teachers had installed into her mind the way of salvation, but never before that evening had she been consciously in the presence of Jesus Himself. Now she was alone with Him, with nothing to distract or interrupt, and like another of old, she “ told Him all the truth ” (Mark v. 33). And from His own blessed lips, through His written word, in the power of the

Holy Spirit, did she get the assurance, "Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace." "He that hear-eth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life."

The moments passed quickly, and before she was aware of it, the time came for the family to return home.

"Oh, we've had such a glorious meeting," was her mother's greeting.

"So have I, mother."

"Oh, who have you had here then?" was the surprised query.

"Only the Lord, mother. But I have met Him to-night, and He has saved me!"

Long years have passed since that night. The baby brother is a grown-up man; but the Saviour and the sinner who met beside his cot have never parted; the grace that brought salvation there, has taught her, and kept her; and the language of her heart as well as her lips is still:

• "At home, abroad, by night and day,

    "Christ for me.

"Where'er I preach or sing or pray,

    "Christ for me.

"He first, He last, He all day long,

"My hope, my solace and my song,

"Who sweetly leads my soul along,

    "Christ for me."

T.



*Notes of address by W. Wynne of Bridgewater, Lancs.*

## **Too Guilty For Earth But Taken To Heaven.**

The account of the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ in Luke's Gospel is a dark story of man's most awful sin, showing his intense hatred to God's grace and mercy, but amidst the blackness one incident shines brightly with the light of the Lord's love. I refer to verses 39-43 in the xxiii chapter. We read there of a man who was passing out of this world suddenly, and in full health, and mental vigour.

And this man knew where he was going! He was one of two men, both condemned as guilty and sentenced to death. The one, railing on Christ, cries: "If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us."

He has no sense of his sin; he does not see why he should die; he has not submitted to the justice of the sentence passed on him. Reader! have you? "The wages of sin is death." "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Conscience tells you this is God's sentence upon you; do you confess the righteousness of this?

The second man we read of does so, for he says to the first: "We indeed *justly*; for we receive the *due* reward of our deeds."

This is true repentance. There is absolute submission, no quibbling at the sentence or excusing himself in any way, for he sees his true self, as he is in God's sight. But this is not all he

sees, for speaking of the One hanging between him and his companion, he says, "This Man hath done nothing amiss." Who told him that? Priests and rulers—all the great and learned ones of the earth—have pronounced and treated the Lord as a malefactor; His own disciples have forsaken Him; apparently He is powerless to withstand man; to all appearances He is even as the poor thief himself; but the Holy Ghost gives this wicked, outcast man a true sight of the Christ of God. and his is the only voice which testifies to Him at this solemn moment of his life; he, a poor thief, is the only wise man in that multitude, because he is taught of God. After speaking of the Lord to the other thief, announcing His perfect sinlessness, faith grows bolder, and he speaks to Jesus, calling Him Lord, owning Him King of Kings, One with power even over death itself.

But not only has he been shown Christ's power (little comfort would there be in that, alone, for him or us), but he has learnt something of His love, for he throws himself on the heart of Jesus: "Lord remember me," he cries. What is the result? Does the Holy Son of God deign to answer a thief? Can He, at such a moment, attend to one individual?

Reader, have you ever thought what this means to you? If your eyes have been opened to see yourself a guilty, helpless, dying man, you will realise that your own eternity depends on whether

Jesus will answer a wretched one who cries to Him in his need.

Yes, the Lord answers! But is it to rebuke so bold and daring a claimant? Is it merely to declare the guilty, the vile, totally unfit for the kingdom of Him, the Holy One? Oh, if He had where would be hope for you and me? "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise!" Free, unconditional grace! Wonderful words, as full of power as of love, for He (crucified in apparent weakness), had even at that moment the power, the right, the title, to take with Him into the very paradise of God whomsoever He would.

Dear reader, He could take that poor miserable thief, and He can take you just in the same way, on the ground of His own free grace to the guilty; there is no other way; working, striving, praying will never open that door to the best or strongest. Jesus can take in the vilest and the weakest.

*N. Wynne*



## The Altar,

"Thou shalt make an altar of shittim wood, five cubits long, and five cubits broad: the altar shall be foursquare; and the height thereof shall be three cubits" (Exodus xxvii. 1.) We have not a doubt as to what the altar here mentioned points to. It was the place of sacrifice, and it points to Calvary. In spite of what religious leaders of the people say, every altar in the Old

*Notes 1)  
Reading, or Selection*



Testament pointed back to the fall of man, and to man's redemption at Calvary; just as the Lord's Table points back to the cross, and onward to the coming of our Lord Jesus. It was the place of sacrifice; and as the altar itself is typical of Christ, so is the sacrifice; and in the Antitype the Lord Jesus was both offerer and offering. Only once in Scripture is the Holy Spirit called "eternal"; and there we are told "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" And He was the accepted sacrifice.

The Septuagint calls the shittim wood "incorruptible wood;" and it tells us of the perfect humanity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the perfection of that humanity. He was perfectly a **Man**, and the perfect Man. And this shittim wood was covered over with brass. Gold is the type of divine righteousness where God is, but brass (or copper) of divine righteousness, in judgment, where man is; and it speaks, too, of course, of the capacity to endure it. There was only One Who could endure the wrath of God against sin, God's Lamb, His beloved Son, the One foreordained before the foundation of the world. God laid help upon One that is mighty when He put the momentous matter of our salvation into His hands to accomplish. It is very comforting to know there has been One who could take that

place in equal love to the One who provided Him. He, as a divine Person, could measure perfectly all that was entailed. He had not to measure by experience. In the garden of Gethsemane He could go through, and measure in anticipation, all He would endure at Calvary.

The figure five constantly points in the word of God to human responsibility; so the very dimensions have a voice to us—five cubits long, and five cubits broad. The altar was the largest of all the things connected with the tabernacle of which the measurement is given; and it was foursquare—a provision for all from the four quarters of the globe. “God will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth,” and “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

The Holiest of all in the tabernacle, the Holiest of all in Solomon’s temple, and the New Jerusalem in the book of Revelation are all perfect cubes; and in a cube we get the figure of finite perfection. In the case of Solomon’s temple, the altar was the same length and breadth as the Holiest of all; it would have fitted in exactly; so on the surface it has this voice that the claims of God’s holiness have been fully met in the sacrificial death of His beloved Son. “The height three cubits.” Three is used in Scripture for adequate testimony from God’s standard: “At the mouth of

two or three witnesses every word shall be established." And when there should be an adequate testimony to the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus, three days and three nights were chosen.

"And thou shall make for it a grate of network of brass . . . that the net may be even to the midst of the altar." Now this network then was a cubit and a half high, exactly corresponding to the height of the ark; so the mercy-seat, and the network on which the sacrifice rested, were the same level. There is no measure given of the height of the mercy-seat, for "as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him." So we get the length and breadth, but not the height of the mercy-seat, which formed the cover of the ark, and was all gold. The men of Beth-shemesh in removing the mercy-seat from the ark, to look inside, separated mercy from judgment, and had to suffer the consequence. There is also that in the Person of Christ the human mind cannot scrutinize. "No man knoweth who the Son is save the Father"; it is His exclusive right. It is ours to worship, love, and wonder.

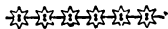
The ashes would go through this net, and were taken up, and deposited in a clean place. They would tell that the fire had done its work. It is only the shadow, and not the "very image;" for in the type, the fire, which tells of God's holiness

and judgment, consumed the sacrifice; but in the Antitype, the sacrifice exhausted the fire. So as a divine Person He puts His own imprimatur upon His work of atonement in John xix.: "It is finished!" Then when the knife and fire had done their work, God provided a clean place for the holy Body of the Lord Jesus to be deposited in (John xix. 41, 42), "a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid," nor corruption entered.

The gospel is for every creature. Those who receive it come to the gate, and enter through Christ. He is the gate, or door. And that gate was very wide; "whosoever will, let him come." But there was *only one* way of entrance; only one gate, only one door. "I am *the* Door;" "I am *the* way, and *the* truth, and *the* life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." It leaves no room for another. When "one" is mentioned by the Holy Ghost, it speaks of that which is exclusive. If there was an attempt to get in any other way than the appointed way, it would indicate the comer was a thief and a robber.

But the sinner enters by this gate, and the first thing that meets him is the brazen altar, which tells of the sacrificial work of God's beloved Son. It was beyond the power of all the angelic hosts, and only One had power to bear all that God was against sin, and He is still the Same who could say, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me"—a divine power that

would be toward all the human race. The law was given to one nation. But there is resistance in the human heart. "The carnal mind is enmity against God," man in his essence, man at his very best. So there is resistance. Modern theology would leave out all this about the altar, and speak of it as a slander on the character of God, the remnant of a barbarous age; they say that Christ was our Pattern, and they dream if they do their best to follow that Pattern they will get into the Kingdom of God. That is the devil's gospel, entirely antagonistic to the gospel of God. We can never make too much of the cross, -- of Christ crucified. In Paul's day, as now, Christ crucified was to the Jews a stumbling block. It makes nothing of man; everything of Christ. To the Greek, the educated, it was foolishness. "But to them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."



J. A. Taylor

### " I Go . . . I Come."

John xvi. 5.

John xvii 13.

"And now I go." The weary way was o'er,  
The desert done;  
Back to His Father He returned once more,  
The well-loved Son.

"I go my way" alone; for lonely way  
Indeed was His:  
But lonelier than any trod before  
Surely was this!

Bethlehem, Nazareth, Capernaum—

A few were there

Who might, in measure, that lone path of love

Follow and share;

But now no more. "I go." He turned and spake

That sad adieu.

For "where I go ye cannot follow now"

He told those few.

He looked above. It was from thence He came,

And thither went;—

Back to His Father, to the God of love

Who Him had sent.

"Father, I come." Ah, who can fathom all

That word conveyed?

The joy to Him of what was waiting there

One here betrayed?

To turn from all below unto that Heart

Where aye He dwelt;—

What human mind can fathom joy divine

Which then He felt?

"Father, I come to Thee." He looked beyond

The way between,

The end, the goal, the Father's welcome home,

Alone was seen.

"Thou wilt show Me the way, the path of life."

(Yet 'twas through death!)

"But there Thou wilt not leave My holy soul

To shades beneath."

And so He went to Calvary alone,

Forsaken there

By all. By men, disciples, and by God,

Our sins to bear.

He passed through all, as wave on wave o'erwhelmed:  
His holy soul.

The wrath, the darkness, and the stroke were His.  
To make us whole.

He bore it all. "'Tis finished"! And again  
"Father, I come!

"Into Thy hands My spirit I resign"—  
The welcome home!

Then from the grave the Father's glory raised  
His well-beloved.

The path of life revealed, and e'en through death  
His glory proved.

And thus upon the resurrection morn  
He sends this word:

"I go unto *My Father, and to yours!*"  
Unselfish Lord!

"Behold I and the children!" So He came  
Not home alone,

But "many sons" doth He present above  
Before the Throne,

Communion with the Father and the Son  
Aye to enjoy,

Adoring, ever let His matchless praise  
Our hearts employ!

T.

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NET



*Death of Arthur Bobby of Toronto. My cousin*

## THE END,

One Christmas Day, a few years since, a bright family party, related to the writer, assembled for their mid-day meal, and among them none was brighter or more happy than Arthur, the youngest son. He had just completed his college course with honours, and he was looking forward, as soon as he reached his twenty-third birthday, in a few weeks' time, to be ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, and installed as his father's curate. Surrounded by love, and greeted on every hand with congratulations on his academical successes, Arthur began the last week of the year with more than usual expectations of happiness. But as the day wore on, his face lost its brightness, his laugh was no longer heard, and complaining of headache, he retired to his room. The next day found him worse, with the doctor in attendance, and before the bells could toll out the old year and ring in the new, they had tolled for Arthur's funeral. Yes, the end had come for him—the end of a brilliant college course, the end of bright expectations of a life of usefulness, honour, and love; the end of time; the end of opportunity; the beginning of eternity! And the end is nearing for you, dear reader. Are you prepared for it? But *eternity has no end.*

Madly has the world rushed through the year 1921; it would almost seem as if men anticipated that time would last for ever. But the end will

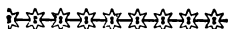
come. We have reached the closing month, and soon 1921 will be gone. 1921! What do those figures tell? Surely of God's long-suffering patience! Nineteen centuries ago He sent His Son to be the Saviour of the world, not imputing men's trespasses to them, but beseeching them to be reconciled to Him. In answer the cry rang up to heaven: "We will not have this Man to reign over us!" "Not this Man, but Barabbas!" ("Now Barabbas was a robber.") And they hanged the Christ of God on a tree the death of a common felon! "They crucified Him," as if He were a slave! But God came in, and in infinite grace He made His soul an offering for sin, and laid upon the blessed and holy Sufferer the sins of all who believe on Him. He made a full and complete atonement, the proof of which is that God has raised Him from the dead, and seated Him at His own right hand. We are well aware that sin, and atonement, and resurrection, and judgment to come are considered exploded theories in the year of Grace, 1921; that the long-suffering of God is abused and refused; that men are saying: "Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning." And we know, too, that many who call themselves the servants of Christ openly blaspheme His Name, and the glory of His Person, accounting Him merely a Man, denying His eternal power and Godhead, and that

the Man, Jesus Christ, "is God over all, blessed for ever," for "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Thus they "deny the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves *swift destruction*" (2 Peter ii. 1): "whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not." Four millenniums ago God declared "The end of all flesh is come before me, for the earth is filled with violence through them; and behold, I will destroy them with the earth." "Yet his (man's) days shall be a hundred and twenty years." During that hundred and twenty years "the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing"; but *the end came*. "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and *the flood came, and destroyed them all*" (Luke xvii. 27). Every phase of the days of Noah marks the present time; they were without law or government, and man is seeking to do without and set aside both now; violence and corruption abounded then, as now; and "they knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall the coming of the Son of Man be" (Matt. xxiv. 39). And men do not know to-day. They have given up the truth, they are turned to fables. They have closed their Bibles; they have "heaped to themselves

teachers having itching ears," who have cut the word of God to pieces; refusing that which alone can make them wise to salvation, they do not know, and they turn to Satan to find out. What is all the awful spread of spiritism but a confession that men do *not know*? Is there anything in spiritism? Is it only a sham and a cheat, a sleight of hand, and cunning craftiness? There IS more in it; there is spiritual influence; there are spirits present—but *they are wicked spirits*, the spirits of demons working miracles, for "the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons, speaking lies in hypocrisy" (1 Timothy IV. 1, 2).

Yes; it shows the end is near—the end of God's long-suffering, while He yet waits to be gracious. The end of your earthly life may come as Arthur's did, before the year closes; and the day of grace may likewise close. The Lord Jesus may call His own to heaven, and rising up, shut the door (Luke xiii. 25), and the judgment of the living may begin also before 1921 has ended; NOW is the accepted time; NOW is the day of salvation. To-day if ye will hear His voice harden not your heart, but believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

T



*Found among W. Pass's papers.*

## My Landlady's Conversion.

About three years ago, I took apartments in one of the suburbs of London, near the noble river; a lovely spot, with springs of water, trees of unusual beauty, size, and variety; shrubs, flowers, and song birds in abundance. I was thankful to have found both clean and quiet rooms, and a kind and attentive landlady; but, with such a sad face, that I feared she had passed through some great sorrow, which she could not forget.

One day she remarked to me that she could not understand how some people seemed always bright and happy; she wished she could feel so. Poor soul! She was weighed down with a deep sense of sin, with fear of death and judgment to come. No wonder she looked sad! She was one of those who are sick, and need the Physician.

Dear reader, I would say to you that none on earth can tell what *real* happiness is, but those who know their sins are forgiven them, those who believe the gospel of God, and that "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Those alone will and do prove the truth of Christ's words: "He that cometh unto Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst." They only are *satisfied*, which those clinging to the world can never be. Believing in Christ we have peace with God, which self or man cannot give, nor Satan take away.

As the Lord enabled me, I put Christ and

His work before Mrs. H., who was already feeling the misery of her sin, and her own powerlessness. A fortnight passed, and still she did not look happier, when I showed her that solemn, but decisive and comforting text in 1 John v. 10: "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record that God *hath* given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." "Now," I asked, "Have you ever accepted Christ and thanked God for this great gift? If not, I advise you to do so now. If you believe, go on your knees and thank Him for Christ." This she did, and in a few minutes came back, with a beaming face, and tears of joy in her eyes. Her burden was indeed gone. Together we knelt down and praised God for His great mercy and love, not only in giving His Son, but in now saving her soul through faith in Him. Since that time she has walked brightly and happily through grace, never a doubt, never a fear. All dread of death is gone. Her only sorrow now at home is about her husband and sisters, that they may be converted.

Dear fellow-Christians, do not be, nor let the world think you looking miserable and dissatisfied, as if the Lord could not meet every need. Let us, in heart, and even by our face, testify of Christ to all around that He is enough and more.

F. Giffard

*From Chicago New & Old*

## AN EARNEST APPEAL.

Dear Reader,—We desire, in this our closing number for the year, to address you in a few plain and pointed words. We deeply feel the solemnity of the present moment; and we are impressed with the necessity of dealing faithfully with the souls of our readers. We believe we have, as the conductors of this magazine, a sacred duty to perform—a duty to God—a duty to souls. We do honestly desire to be used of the Lord to do real soul-work, and hence it is we now devote a page or two simply to the object of making a direct appeal to the conscience of the reader.

And, first, we would ask you a very pointed question: Are you saved? Do you *know* yourself as in Christ? Do you know yourself as one saved by grace, washed in the blood, justified in a risen Christ, and standing in the full favour of God? Have you peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord? Do not be satisfied with anything short of a clear and settled knowledge of these things in your own soul. Do not put the question aside. Meet it now. You may not live till to-morrow. God declares that "*Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." God only speaks to you of salvation "*To-day*." If you wait till to-morrow, He may have to speak to you of death and judgment.

You are not now under probation or trial, as

many suppose. Man was once under trial; God tried him in every way. He tried him in the Garden of Eden; and what was the result? Man listened to the devil, and believed his lie. He tried him without law; and what was the result? Man was lawless, violent, corrupt. He tried him under government after the flood; and what was the result? Idolatry. He tried him under law; and what was the result? Transgression, offence, wrath. He tried him by the ministry of the prophets; and what was the result? The prophets were rejected and stoned. He sent His Son, in love and grace and patient goodness; and what was the result? Man hated Him, cast Him out, and preferred a robber and a murderer to the holy, gracious, loving Jesus.

It is of all importance for the reader to see the entire chain of evidence as to man's guilt, bearing down upon himself as an individual—to see that not only has he committed sins peculiar to himself, and with which he himself is chargeable before God; but that also all that is true of *man* as such—all that is true of the race and of the nature of man, is true of him—that his condition is one of guilt, and such guilt as stops not short of the absolute hatred, rejection, and crucifixion of the Son of God. This is man's guilt, and with this the reader stands charged, according to the just judgment of God, unless as a repentant, conscience-smitten sinner, he had fled for refuge

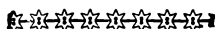


to the blood of Jesus.

Hence, dear fellow-sinner, you are not under *trial*. You have been tried and found guilty. You are *under sentence*; and in this condition God sends you a message of free pardon and full salvation. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses."

Oh, reader, do think of this. If, as a convicted sinner, you have come to Jesus, then is your entire standing altered. You are no longer viewed as standing in nature's guilt, but in divine righteousness. The same authority that declares there is judgment coming, declares there is no judgment for you, nor can be since Jesus was judged in your stead. All that was due to you, to your works, your ways, your nature, Jesus bore on the cross, and you stand accepted in Him; and never can be seen in any other way. Beloved friend, will you allow us to urge upon you, solemnly and faithfully, the consideration of this grand and all-important question? Do not put it aside. Your immortal soul, your eternal interests, are at stake. Time is rapidly passing away. Every breath you draw is bringing you nearer and nearer to a boundless eternity. You must meet God. You must live for ever. You must, ere long, be summoned away from this world; and if you die in your sins you must spend a never ending eternity in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, in blackness of darkness,

in misery and woe unutterable. Oh, do be warned, we beseech you, ere it be too late, and you find yourself in that place where hope can never come. May God's Spirit open your eyes and give you to see your guilt and danger, that so you may have no rest till you find it in a crucified and risen Lord.



## A Reverie on December Twenty-five.

The Son of God, Who dwelt in light,  
 The Father's only Son,  
 Came down and took the Servant's place,  
 The spotless, holy One.  
 Jehovah Jesus is His name,  
 The lowly Nazarene;  
 The Word made flesh, as Son of Man,  
 In this dark world was seen.

Behold Him as the lowly Child  
 In Bethlehem's manger laid!  
 Yet by Him all things do consist,  
 And everything was made.  
 The Light of life, the Prince of peace,  
 The holy Lamb of God,  
 Came down to do His Father's will  
 Earth's dreary desert trod.

For he who rules the heavenly hosts  
 Passed all the angels by,  
 And as an outcast Stranger here  
 For sinners came to die.  
 The agonies of Calvary's cross,  
 Its sufferings, shame, and woe,  
 The Lord of glory did endure;  
 Yea, unto death did go.

Oh, that poor sinners far and wide,  
 Who merry are to-day,  
 Would think of all that He passed through  
 To put their sins away!  
 If so it were, their joys would be  
 Mingled with sorrow too;  
 For should He come while thus they feast  
 Whatever would they do?

S.T.

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