

**“He’s not put them back
on me.”**

“HE’S above seventy, and unsaved, and getting feeble, and I’ve got him to come through from Glasgow to stay a day or two, and I’m going to bring him to the Gospel meeting to-morrow night, and I’m real anxious about his salvation, and you will pray for him, won’t you?” The speaker was a real earnest Christian woman, and the subject of her fervent wishes

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her uncle. How natural that we should wish our loved ones to be blessed of God! And how right, too!

Many years have rolled by, but I well remember seeing the prayerful niece and the aged relative sitting side by side where I was preaching the Gospel the next evening. The subject before us that night was found in Heb. ix. 27, 28, "And *as* it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment; *so* Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many: and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."

There passed before us the two solemn appointments that the unsaved man has before him, viz., death,

and judgment, which simply mean *death* and *damnation*, for no one can rise out of judgment. Well did David know this, and hence his cry, “*Enter not into judgment* with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified” (Ps. cxliii. 2). To die and be damned, is the sure and certain lot of the sinner as such. He cannot evade these appointments. They are all divinely fixed. Sin has its sure penalties. These are they. “The wages of sin is death.” But “all have sinned,” hence death and judgment claim all rightly. Then will all be lost? No. Why? Our verses told us this too. The “*as*” and the “*so*” were examined.

“As”—“so.” “*As* it is appointed

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unto men once to die, but after this the judgment ; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." How wondrous! how divine! "As" to die and be judged was once the lot of man, because of sin, "so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." In love He went to the cross, "bare our sins in his own body on the tree," bared His bosom to the stroke of Divine and righteous judgment. Yes, He who "knew no sin," "appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." Wondrous sacrifice! magnificent grace! Did sin entail death and judgment on the sinner? He "who did no sin," "was made sin," endured the judgment of sin, and died the death that was sin's wage.

He made atonement for sin. “*As*” —“*so*.” “*As*” death and judgment belonged to me, “*so*” Christ tasted and endured them both, and I am free! He took our place in death and judgment, that we, who believe, might get His place in life and glory. Never was love like this! In the days of His flesh they said, “Never man spake like this man” (John vii. 46). We can surely say, Never man loved like this Man.

The face of my aged listener be-tokened much interest, and ere long the tell-tale tears coursed quickly down the wrinkled cheeks as his heart was softened by the tale of the Saviour’s dying love. The meeting closed with Bonar’s lovely hymn,—

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**" I rest in Christ the Son of God,
Who took the servant's form ;
By faith I flee to Jesus' cross,
My covert from the storm.
Jesus put all my sins away
When bruised to make me whole ;
Who shall accuse, or who condemn,
My blameless, ransomed soul ?"**

Inviting any anxious inquirers to speak with me in the side-room, I was soon joined by the old man, still weeping profusely.

" Well, my friend," said I, " what is the matter ? "

" I don't know exactly what it is, but I never felt as I do to-night," was his reply.

" Never mind your feelings ; the great point is, Have you believed the gospel ? "

" Yes, sir, I do believe it. Of

course I have always believed it, in a certain sense, but I believe it to-night as I never did before, and I certainly do feel as I never felt before;” and as he spoke he stroked his broad chest with his brawny toil-marked hand. “It was just when we were singing that hymn, it seemed to get all clear to me.”

“What part of the hymn?”

“Oh, that bit where it says

‘Jesus put all my sins away
When bruised to make me whole!’”

“And do you now believe that Jesus has put *all your* sins away?”

“Indeed I do to-night, though I never believed this way before.”

“You believe that Jesus bare your sins in His own body on the tree?”

“I believe that now.”

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"How many of your sins did He bear?"

"All of them."

"And where are all your sins now?"

A pause of some moments followed, while the old man pondered this query, and then slowly replied, "I don't feel quite sure as to that."

"Has He taken them to heaven with Him, do you think?"

"No, no; there's no sin in heaven, I'm sure of that."

"Well, then, what has Jesus done with them? You are sure He bore them all on the cross?"

"Yes, I feel sure of that to-night."

"And you are sure He has not taken them with Him into heaven?"

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“Yes, I’m certain about that too.”

“Well, then, what has He done with them?”

“That’s just the bit that I’d like to be clear about, but *I’m sure He’s not put them back on me.*”

“Quite right; that is true. But if He did once bear them all on the cross, and He has not taken them into heaven, nor put them back on you, what must He have done with them?”

With a deep sigh of relief, as the truth flashed on his soul, and a fresh burst of tears, the old man replied, with deepest emphasis, “Why, He must have put them away for ever.”

“Exactly so. That is just what Scripture so blessedly states, and what

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I have been preaching, and the hymn sweetly corroborates,—

**' Jesus put all my sins away
When bruised to make me whole.'**

If ever your sins could be found they must be found on Jesus, since He once bore them ; and if they can't be found on Him, they are gone for ever from God's sight."

Peace, deep and real, entered his soul, and he left for home next day, rejoicing in his newly found Saviour.

Reader, are you yet able to truthfully say,

**" Jesus put all my sins away
When bruised to make me whole" ?**

I HEAR the words of love,
 I gaze upon the blood,
 I see the mighty sacrifice,
 And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace !
 Sure as Jehovah's name,
 'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
 For evermore the same.

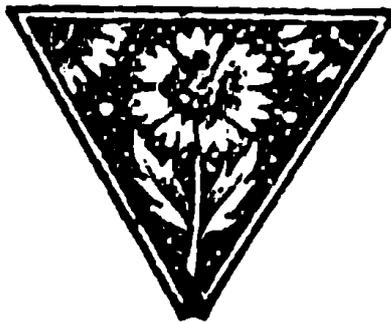
My love is oft times low,
 My joy still ebbs and flows ;
 But peace with Him remains the same,
 No change Jehovah knows.

I change ; He changes not ;
 My Christ can never die ;
 His love, not mine, the resting-place ;
 His truth, not mine, the tie.

The Cross still stands unchanged,
 Though heaven is now His home ;
 The mighty stone is rolled away,
 But yonder is His tomb !

And yonder is my peace,
 And grave of all my woes ;
 I know the Son of God has come,
 I know He died and rose.

I know He liveth now
 At God's right hand above ;
 I know the throne on which He sits,
 I know His truth and love !



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