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Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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—
ONE PENNY
NET

A FRENCH OFFICER'S TESTIMONY*

"I assure you, he says grace every day before he takes his dinner."

"You must be mistaken, my friend. I had half an hour's conversation with him yesterday morning; he did not look like a fool, nor like a hypocrite. We talked about the Jesuits, and it was a pleasure to hear him. A journalist of Paris could not have spoken better."

"Twenty-five bottles of champagne against one, to prove that I am not mistaken. I have observed him doing it two or three times."

The above conversation took place between two young men of good society, in the town of —— in France. The subject of it was a young sub-lieutenant, who had lately arrived in the town, and took his meals with those young men and others at the table d'hôte of one of the hotels, which was habitually frequented by the military and by commercial travellers.

"I find it difficult to believe it," replied the elder of the two young men, in whose voice and manners there was something serious, and a certain gravity in contrast to the flightiness and thoughtlessness of his friend.

* A conversation at a table d'hôte in France on the subject:—"Every religion is good, provided one is honest."

“ Well then,” said the latter ; “ attention ! There goes the dinner bell ; you’ll soon see for yourself.”

The dinner bell had just summoned the guests, who were not very numerous that day. Amongst them was the young sub-lieutenant. They took their seats at the table, and it could easily be observed that the young officer, amidst the noise of the waiters and the hum of conversation, remained for some moments in a devotional attitude.

“ Now, was I wrong ? ” whispered the giddy young man to his comrade. “ He’s one of the Pope’s soldiers.”

“ Be quiet, Ernest,” replied the elder of the two, “ don’t judge in such a trifling way.”

“ But, my dear Derville,” said the former, “ you must see that this is very ludicrous. I have a great mind to amuse myself at his expense.”

“ As you please ; but, before being one of your party, I should prefer to wait and be sure whether this is a matter for joking.”

“ Certainly, Derville. Let us wait till to-morrow, for our fellows don’t muster strongly to-day.”

On the following day the superficial Ernest had communicated his discovery to some of his friends. The moment they sat down to dinner, the eyes of the guests, so maliciously prepared by Ernest,

turned with a kind of mocking curiosity towards the officer, who, though aware of it, gave himself to his usual few moments of silent devotion.

No sooner had he finished, when the whole company broke out into a peal of intentional laughter. They began to whisper and to point at him by moving their heads or by furtive glances. When things had come to that point, that he could no longer doubt that he was meant, the officer addressed himself to the whole of his fellow guests, saying :

“ It seems I am in the company of atheists ! ”

“ What do you mean ? ” said Ernest, to whom the remark appeared to have been especially addressed.

“ If I become an object of mockery for having shewn that I believe in God, there can be no doubt, that none of those here present believe in God,” answered the officer.

There arose a general murmur. One of the elder guests, who by his reply seemed to express the general opinion, judging from the approbation following his words, answered :

“ I believe on the contrary, Monsieur, that not one of those here present denies the existence of God. Materialism has never had many supporters, and now less than ever.”

(To be continued)

MISTAKEN !

A gentleman entered the booking-office of a certain railway station and asked for a ticket to Manchester. The ticket was handed over, he paid the necessary fare, and found his way to the platform. Presently the train came in ; he boarded it, comfortably took his seat and felt that he could now enjoy a quiet read before the train should arrive at the busy city which was his destination.

“ Tickets, please ! ” Our friend produced his for the inspector, and it was duly clipped and returned. Once more he settled into his corner, the train started and sped along at a great rate. After a little while, the gentleman, who was a stranger to that part of England, felt he would like to be assured that he was really on his way to Manchester.

“ Is this the Manchester train ? ” he asked of a man who was sitting in the opposite corner, and who was the only other occupant of the compartment.

“ Oh, yes ! ” was the reply, and both resumed their reading. At last the train drew up at a big station ; but imagine our friend’s dismay (for he was to speak at an important meeting that night) when, on alighting, he found that he had been

travelling in exactly the opposite direction to the right one! and instead of arriving at Manchester he was at Liverpool! You smile at his predicament perhaps, but what of yourself, friend? Are you sure that you are any better?

Oh, listen! My story is of a gentleman, well-to-do, talented, educated, and of excellent character. He fulfilled all the laws necessary to get to Manchester, by taking a ticket, and getting into the train. The inspector, who should have known better, allowed him to start in the wrong direction, without warning him of his mistake. His fellow-passenger, equally ignorant, further confirmed him in his error.

Oh! how it reminds us of our Saviour's words: "They be blind leaders of the blind" (Matt. xiv. 4). Many people, if asked to which place they are going—heaven or hell—will reply, "To heaven, I hope." Not only so, but they think their hope is well-founded. Their lives are excellently moral and upright; they conform to all the rules of religion. Even the very "ticket" they hold is duly examined by the "official" of the church,—the clergyman or minister. And so they settle down on that journey in which are no Return Tickets, sincerely in earnest, sincerely believing they are safe, sincerely hoping and expecting to arrive in heaven at last—*but*—oh! that terrible

word ! “ MISTAKEN ”—sincerely “ MISTAKEN ” all the time !

Are you one of these, my reader? Think for a moment of the young man who asked of the Lord what he must do to inherit eternal life. In every way his life seemed blameless. Even in his outward attitude to the Lord no fault could be found, for he both kneeled to Him and acknowledged Him “ Master.” Further, we are told that Jesus, beholding him, loved him. Here, surely, was one who might sincerely hope to reach heaven. But no ! in spite of *all*, he received that solemn warning, “ One thing thou lackest.” One thing ! One thing only debarred him from eternal life.

What does it mean, then ? Are good lives to be despised ? By no means. But the good life will never save you. The clergyman may tell you it is all right, your fellow-traveller may assure you that you are on the way to heaven. But, “ Except ye be converted, and become as little children ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.” The life down here will avail little, if, like the rich man, you finally lift up your eyes in hell, being in torments.

If our friend had gone to the guard of the train before starting, he would no doubt have learnt his mistake before it was too late. So with you,

my reader. Go to the right, the only sure Guide. The word of God is given for "a lamp to our feet and a light to our path," and it will *never* lead you astray. It tells us with no uncertain voice that "the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." But it is *a gift*, and if you would receive it you must come and take it as such, leaving behind all the garments of self-righteousness and respectability which you so fondly draw around yourself, and own yourself a lost and guilty sinner in God's sight. You may not be a sinner to any great extent in the world's eyes. But let me tell you this—if you had never committed one sin, or thought one foolish thought, the very fact that you do not accept God's free gift is a sin greater than all these: because you are slighting His Son, setting at naught His glorious work of redemption and trampling on the precious blood which He shed.

The world is fast hastening—like an express train—to destruction. Are you going with it, or are you bound for the Heavenly City? Face the question now, take sides with God against yourself, and accept the salvation His love holds out to you. To-morrow may be too late. Oh, don't delay!

L. P.

THE NEW BAYONETS

As I was making my way one evening in one of the garrison towns, carrying in my pocket three or four copies of the Gospel of St. John, for distribution amongst the soldiers, I found myself beside one of them who had stayed his progress and was in the act of lighting a cigarette.

It occurred to me that here was an opportunity to give one of the little books, with perhaps an opening for a little conversation about God's remedy for man's ruin, therein set forth. I was the more encouraged in this hope by the fact that the recipient appeared to be quite willing to talk with me.

I learned that he was expecting to sail for the seat of war in nine days' time, and the conversation then ran upon his equipment. He spoke of new rifles and bayonets being served out, and that he and his companions were glad to have them in lieu of the old pattern class, with which they had been receiving their drill instruction. He added that he did not know where the rifles were made, as he could not find any distinguishing mark as a clue to the place of their origin, but that the bayonets came from Sheffield.

To this information I had given the reply--
"And a very good workshop too"; and was

thinking to avail myself of this feature in our discussion to speak of that sword of two edges (Heb. iv. 12)—the word of God, which pierceth “even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart,” when the soldier suddenly said, “Good-night ;” and crossed the road to make his way to the barrack gates.

This set me thinking of my slowness in directing the conversation to the aspect just spoken of ; but, turning my head to watch him in his progress to the barrack gate, I noticed that he had opened, and apparently was reading the Gospel, as he drew near to the groups of his soldier companions in the barrack yard. This gave me fresh encouragement and prompted me to lift my heart to God on his behalf, that He would fulfil His own promise : “My word . . . shall not return unto Me void.” Thus, I quickly found comfort in the belief that the Lord, who is above all our shortcomings, would Himself, by His Holy Spirit make that word effectual to the soul of this individual soldier.

In this connection I would refer to the case of W. C., a young gunner in the R.H.A., at the front, who had written to ask my help in a little business matter to which I gave attention for him. I had used the opportunity to enclose in my

letter a copy of the Gospel of St. John ; and I was truly glad that in a second letter he specially thanked me for sending it.

In less than a week from receiving this letter, I had a visit from one of his relatives, who informed me that, by the explosion of a German shell, poor W. C. and another gunner had both been killed. It is surely our privilege to entertain the same hope concerning him as of the first one named. Dear W. C., we cannot meet again in this world, neither do we expect to see the other one, unknown as to name. The words we would have wished to have further spoken to him must remain unsaid. We cannot now say them, but we may consider their application to ourselves. We need not withdraw the utterance " And a very good workshop too " as applied to Sheffield for turning out sword-bayonets ; while the satisfaction expressed in the soldier's commendation of his new bayonet may well find its counterpart in our hearts, who have that divine treasure, the written word of the living God. Can we not say of it as David said of the sword of Goliath : " There is none like that " ? And not only so, but let us adopt the words which he added when Abimelech the priest spake of it, viz., " Give it me " (1 Sam. xxi. 9). There is, we think, a fitness in recalling here the words employed by good John Bunyan in the

“ Pilgrim’s Progress,” where he introduces Great-heart in his interview with Valiant-for-truth. We content ourselves with quoting only this paragraph :—

“ GREAT-HEART : Then said Great-heart to Mr. Valiant-for-truth, Thou hast worthily behaved thyself. Let me see thy sword. So he showed it him. When he had taken it in his hand, and looked thereon awhile, he said, Ha ! it is a right Jerusalem blade ” (Isa. ii. 3).

This verse, quoted here, by John Bunyan, concludes thus : “ Out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.”

Let us, dear reader, take to ourselves the example and teaching of the satisfaction of the soldier, in receiving his new pattern Sheffield bayonet ; and like David, who with the same sword with which he at the first completed the defeat of Goliath could also engage his later foes, may we take “ the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God ” (Eph. vi. 17), wherewith to meet whatever foes confront us in our pathway through this world!

T. J.



QUICKER THAN A TELEGRAM

Some few years ago, a most interesting circumstance was related to me by a sister in the Lord, who had a brother in the Army then in India.

This brother had been a special subject of prayer for some considerable time, that the Lord in His mercy would convert his soul. This desire of the sister increased as time rolled on, and she continued her earnest prayers to God on his behalf, when a thought was given her to send to her brother by telegraph a portion of scripture, and this the well-known and oft quoted verse, John iii. 16—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

She then went to the telegraph office to enquire the cost of its transmission, and was told that the charge would be 25s.

Suspecting that this was more than she at that moment possessed, she found on her return home that she had only 20s. This brought her again on her knees for guidance in her perplexity. Why not commit the message into the hands of the Lord for Him to give it Himself to the soldier? This would indeed be a much surer and quicker way than by wire. She did so and happily rested.

Shortly after this, whilst sitting in her room she heard a knock, and on opening the door whom should she see, to her great surprise, but this very brother who had been so long laid upon her heart. With much joy they sat down together, when she related to him the deep anxiety she had felt for him, and her earnest prayer to God for the conversion of his soul by the direct application of His own word.

His reply was, "Why were you so concerned about that? He *has* converted my soul." Oh, what joy this blessed news brought to her heart!

She asked him how this came about; and he then related how on his journey home he became deeply concerned about his soul's condition as a sinner "guilty before God," and was greatly depressed. Suddenly John iii. 16 was brought to his mind. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

'Through the grace of God,' said he, 'I believed His word, and was converted.'

They then compared notes as to when this took place, and they found that it was about the very time when the sister had been enabled to commit the message to God for her brother that the scripture was in this remarkable way applied

to his conscience and heart, with this happy result.

Both their hearts were filled with joy at this discovery, and much thanksgiving arose to Him who is worthy of all homage and of all praise.

E. P.

THE WELCOME

“ Sinners Jesus will receive—

Say this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall !—
This can bring them back again,
Christ receiveth sinful men.

“ Shepherds seek their wandering sheep
O’er the mountains bleak and cold—
Jesus such a watch doth keep
O’er the lost ones of His fold—
Seeking them o’er moor and fen ;
Christ receiveth sinful men.

“ Come, and He will give you rest ;
Sorrow stricken, sin defiled—
He can make the sinfulness
God the Father’s blessed child ;
Trust Him, for His word is plain,
Christ receiveth sinful men.

“ Sick, and sorrowful, and blind,
I with all my sins draw nigh ;
O my Saviour, Thou canst find
Help for sinners such as I.
Speak that word of love again,
Christ receiveth sinful men.

" Yea, my soul is comforted,
 For Thy Blood hath washed away
 All my sins, though crimson red,
 And I stand in white array—
 Purged from every spot and stain—
 Christ receiveth sinful men.

" Now my heart condemns me not,
 Pure before the Law I stand ;
 He Who cleansed me from all spot
 Satisfied its last demand ;
 Who shall dare accuse me then ?
 Christ receiveth sinful men.

" Christ receiveth sinful men—
 Even me with all my sin ;
 Openeth to me Heaven again,
 With Him I may enter in.
 Death hath no more sting nor pain,
 Christ receiveth sinful men."

Ter Steegen.

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A FRENCH OFFICER'S TESTIMONY

(Continued)

"Why then be so astonished," replied the officer, "at my acting consistently with these principles? Do you find it so ridiculous, that I thank God for the nourishment He gives me? If it is really Himself Who gives it me, is it too much for me to thank Him for it?"

"He is a Jesuit, sure enough!" whispered one of the guests, a commercial traveller, into his neighbour's ear.

"My action," answered the officer, who had heard it, "indicates in no way what I am, but yours shows at once *what you are not*."

"And pray, what *are we not*?" demanded Ernest in an irritated tone.

"Religious people," was the answer.

"But," said the old gentleman who had spoken before, "what need has God of our thanks?"

"It is not God who *needs* to receive them," replied the officer, "but I who *want* to give them."

"A thankful heart is sufficient," remarked another of the guests.

"Then you must not blame a beggar who every day receives from you fresh alms, if he never touches his hat, or says, 'Thank you.'"

“ But, Monsieur,” cried emphatically a young collegian, who was having his holidays, “ a sound philosophy—— ”

There he stopped, being unable to continue, but assured that the word “ philosophy ” in itself was sufficient to convince the hearers.

“ Well, Monsieur,” said the officer, “ are you going to use philosophy as a sponge of religion ? If philosophy teaches you to be ungrateful, philosophy is wrong. In that case,” he continued, whilst softening, by the gentleness of his voice, the sharp mettle of his thought, “ I should prefer a dog to a philosopher ; for the animal at least licks the hand that feeds it, and by its caresses proves its gratitude.”

Nobody gave a reply. The collegian contented himself with murmuring between his teeth : “ Voltaire—Rousseau—Fanaticism.” The silence lasted some minutes. The curiosity, at first of a malicious nature, gradually changed into a certain interest, inspired by the simple noble manner of the stranger, no less than by his answers. Ernest felt secretly vexed, because he had nothing to answer, either by way of jesting or of good reasons. The latter were all on the side of his antagonist, and joking was out of the question, because the seriousness of the stranger commanded seriousness. Ernest broke his bread into crumbs,

and put his empty glass to his mouth, whilst his friend still further increased his confusion by regarding him with a look which seemed to reproach him for his presumption.

"According to you," said Ernest at last to the officer in a peevish tone, "it is a proof that one is wicked, if one does not mutter some words before eating one's soup."

"Your remark is not fair," said the officer smiling. "I only said that one who lacks gratitude, cannot be called grateful. Would you dare to prove my assertion to be false?"

Ernest was confounded. Accustomed to success, his self-conceit was wounded to the quick. He wanted to revenge himself, thinking that his queer antagonist, if he defended such an unimportant part of his religion, would have to defend the whole of it, and he felt persuaded that in matters of religion nothing could be successfully maintained. So he said to the officer :

"Monsieur appears to be profoundly religious."

"Not so much as I should wish to be," replied the officer, "but enough to bless and love my Benefactor."

"And probably you condemn all who do not think as you do!"

"I think that those who refuse to conduct

themselves according to the will of God, deserve to be condemned."

"And how do you know what *is* the will of God?"

"He has revealed it."

"Oh, the Bible!" sneered Ernest. "But what about those who do not believe in it?"

"They will go to hell," was the reply.

"What! Even if they are virtuous?"

"Those who do not believe, are not virtuous," said the officer.

"What!" exclaimed Ernest. "Do you mean to say there is no virtuous person except a religious devotee?"

"No one is saved, except he that believes on Jesus Christ and obeys Him," was the calm but firm reply.

"For my part," said one of the guests, who had hitherto been silent, "I think that every religion is good, provided one is honest."

"Very good indeed!" cried the commercial traveller, "I am of your opinion."

"And I too!" said the collegian.

"And I also!" re-echoed all those present, with the exception of Derville and the officer.

"You see, Monsieur," said Ernest, "you stand alone in your opinion."

(To be continued)

RAHAB AND RUTH

Four women there are in the genealogy of our Lord Jesus as "Son of David, Son of Abraham" given to us in Matt. i. They are Tamar (ver. 3), Rahab and Ruth (ver. 5), and Bathsheba, the wife of Urias (ver. 6).

But it is of the second and third of these of whom I propose to speak in this short paper—Rahab and Ruth. For in these two women we have afforded us a striking example of the wonderful grace of God in taking up such as are of entirely opposite characters and making both alike objects of mercy, so as to exclude all room for boasting, except in the Lord.

In "Rahab the harlot" we have one sunk to the lowest depths of depravity, yet such an one "justified by faith" in her simple trust in the God of Israel when she rested all her hope of deliverance on the sworn testimony of the messengers of Jehovah. No hope was there in herself. She had nothing to plead. No palliation of her character was offered. Just as she was, she owned that judgment was impending, it was sure and certain and already near. No way of escape was open to her. But she turned to *God* forthwith. She received *His* messengers. She rejected not the counsel of God against herself as did the Pharisees

and lawyers of a later day, but asked for, and rested upon, the true token given her.

And what is the token for you, but the sure word of Him, Who cannot lie. His word and His oath. Salvation is yours, if you look only to Him who gave His Son that we might live (John iii. 16), and sent Him the propitiation for our sins. We thus have life eternal, now and for ever, and the forgiveness withal of our sins through Christ's precious blood (Col. i. 14).

So with another woman in John iv. She listened to the Saviour of the world. She believed the word of Him before Whom all her sins were disclosed. He "told me all things that ever I did." The light of God that reveals to me my *sins* in all their horror reveals also "the grace of God that bringeth salvation." "Jesus suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God," cleared from all guilt. Is it not a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that He came to *save sinners*?

What about Ruth? She comes before us as a lovely character in her devotedness to Naomi, her mother-in-law. Formerly an idolator, in a land of idolatry, she had heard of Naomi's God, the Jehovah of Israel. On her idols and her country her back is turned. Her lot is cast with her returning mother-in-law. Where she goes,

she will go. Where she lodges, so will she. Naomi's people shall be her people, and Naomi's God her God. Where her mother-in-law should die and be buried, there too should she likewise. Nothing but death should part them.

Now all this is most beautiful. Here is decision. She claims Naomi's God as hers. Outside God's ancient people—a Moabite, and so debarred by God's own enactment from their privileges (Deut. xxiii. 3)—yet is she brought into the line of the Messiah's genealogy, as was Rahab. In her case we may say “Not by *works of righteousness which we have done*, but according to His mercy He saved us” (Titus iii. 5).

Impossible for God not to own the faith that looks to and trusts Him. He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. And He Who lays down the restriction is above all law, for He is Lawgiver and Judge, and delights to shew mercy. He is no respecter of persons. *Whosoever* will may come, and is invited to come. Will you come? and will you come NOW? Oh, refuse not Him that calls you; waiting to be gracious to you!

In conclusion, let me add a word. These women, in coming thus into “the commonwealth of Israel,” never anticipated such an honour as to be in the line of the Messiah, the Hope of Israel.

But God loves to magnify His grace, and to go beyond all our thoughts or desires.

And so with us. We groaned under the burden of our sins, and coming to God confessing them to Him, He forgave us, and we praise Him for this mercy. But is this all, great as it is? We might still have been outside, though forgiven. But no, we are born into His family. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called children of God" (Read also John i. 11-13). We are "heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ"! We shall be *like* Christ, and *with Him* for ever, in the paradise of God!! How rich is our portion now, and for ever. Let us give thanks and praise Him for His so great love. Now are we His, to serve and adore.



THE OUTSTRETCHED ARMS

In the recent excavations of the buried city of Pompeii, many striking discoveries have been made, some of which fill the mind with horror, as we realize the suddenness of the destruction with which the city was overwhelmed in the year 79 A.D. Some of the stories strike a deep note of

pathos to our hearts, and I want to tell you of one which was related to me the other day.

In the course of their excavations some men came across the figure of a tiny girl, standing in the doorway of a house. Her arms were outstretched, her whole attitude displaying her desire to reach some object.

The search was carried further, for they were anxious to discover what it was that so attracted the child. Their observations lay in a street, and as the child seemed to have been in the act of rushing across it, they accordingly followed that direction. Soon their efforts were rewarded, for on the opposite side, in another doorway, stood the figure of a woman. If the child's attitude was that of eagerness to reach its mother, what shall be said of the mother herself? She saw the danger, knew the awful calamity that was about to fall upon her child, and the mother's heart yearned to save her. Her bearing betokened only her longing, loving desire to reach her little one: the mother's outstretched arms showed how gladly she would have sheltered her against her breast—*if she could!*

Ah! there was the sadness, the pathos, and there the weakness of even a mother's love. She could not save her child—she could not save herself. Probably she would have been willing to

lay down her own life for her little one, but she had not the power to effect even this. And so they perished beneath the ruins of the city.

A far worse calamity awaits this world, my friend, than any which has overtaken a single city. When it comes there will be no escape. *Now* you may flee from the wrath to come, if you will; but, perhaps you are not like that little child, which, seeing something of its danger, longed to be saved! If this is so, I ask you to seriously consider your position now. But oh! what a poor feeble illustration is the mother—with all her love and longing to help her little one—of the Mighty Saviour, who is waiting with such infinite love and patience, to receive and shelter you from the coming judgment! Is not your heart touched when you think of His love? Does it not awaken some chord of responsive gratitude in your soul? You have so long been cold and unconcerned—so cold as to His love and His great sacrifice! so unconcerned, too, as to your danger! *Can* you turn a deaf ear to His pleading? Will you let the Lord of glory offer you eternal salvation in vain? Remember, *He* can save, where even a mother's love is powerless. Oh! it is so true of Him that "He is able to save to the uttermost" (Heb. vii. 25). He knows how terrible a judgment hangs over your head if you refuse

Him, and His love goes out to you in the tenderest compassion as He says, " How often would I have gathered you . . . *but ye would not* " (Luke xiii. 34). Again He calls. That still small voice pleads with you to accept the eternal life He came to win for you by giving up His own life on the cross. Will you still let Him sadly say, " Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life " (John v. 40) ?

Remember, friend, every warning you receive only adds to your responsibility. He will not always plead. There will come a last time, and then you will hear Him say, " Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded ; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh " (Prov. i. 24, 26). Oh, do not then refuse Him ! Flee *now* from the wrath to come, trust in His atoning work and rest in the loving arms of Him who still says, " Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest " (Matt. xi. 29). He says, too, " Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out " (John vi. 37).

L. P.



LOVE NEVER ENDING

“ Jesus knowing that His hour had come that He should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own who were in the world, loved them to the end ” (John xiii. 1).

The reading of this verse of Holy Scripture has sometimes raised a question in the minds of believers as to why the statement that the Lord loved His disciples “ to the end ” should have been inserted here. From the words which He spoke to them and from His gracious ways with them, might we not have concluded that His love to them would abide always the same? Had He not said “ I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall *never* perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand ”? When they were in distress and apparent danger on the storm-tossed lake, did He not arise and, rebuking the winds and the sea, say “ Peace, be still ”? Could it be that love such as He displayed would at last cease towards them?

Why then is it stated “ He loved them to the end ”? The reason seems evident if we recall events that took place shortly before the Lord’s crucifixion. We read how Peter denied with oaths and curses that he even knew the Lord, and of *all* the disciples we are told they “ forsook

Him and fled." Yet in spite of this failure on their part "He loved them," "He loved them *to the end.*" He went to the cross to bear in His own body their sins and to suffer the judgment of God. How truly He loved to the end.

Was there ever a greater test of the blessed Saviour's love? And may we not believe that His love to us, despite our waywardness, is as great as was His love to those erring and unfaithful disciples? We may indeed. And to look forward into the bright future we may say, to quote the words of another, "His love towards us is the same *now* as it will be when we are with Him in the Father's house; it is a love that cannot be diminished and that cannot be increased; it is unchanging, it is perfect."

The One now seated in the heavens follows with truest interest the pathway and experience of each lamb and sheep of His flock, and He is able both to keep and to save to the uttermost.

It is sad if by sin and unfaithfulness we grieve and dishonour Him who has so fully proved His love. We who live in days of ease and little persecution are, if unfaithful, quite inexcusable. But to be faithful we need courage and wisdom and purpose of heart to serve and follow Him. These gracious qualities can only be obtained at the throne of grace. May His love and our

acknowledged weakness bring us by prayer constantly and humbly into His presence.

For our Lord loves to be trusted. And who, we may ask, is so worthy of trust? It gives joy to Him to minister to our needs and to be consulted about our difficulties. He cares about our small matters as well as the larger ones, and if we would be pleasing to Him in all things, we should be dependent always upon Him about them. We shall never be losers by so doing, because the promise is that "all things work together for good to those who love God" (Rom. viii. 28). Indeed the test as to whether we "love God" is how far we seek His will instead of our own.

May it be the portion of each believer to walk with Him as Enoch did, while we await translation to His presence.

G. H.



" BE CAREFUL FOR NOTHING "

" For nothing careful be,"

But let thy wants be known
To Him to Whom all power belongs,
Who rules the world alone.

" For nothing careful be,"

Since GOD Himself is thine ;
And the rich store-house of His grace
Yields joys that are divine.

" For nothing careful be,"

Since CHRIST thy Saviour lives ;
And everything thy soul requires
His love most freely gives.

" For nothing careful be,"

Since God's own SPIRIT feeds
With " living bread," and waters sure
And more than meets thy needs.

" For nothing careful be,"

Tho' dark may be the night ;
Compared with Glory's ceaseless joys,
" Afflictions " are but " light."

" For nothing careful be,"

Since " all things " now " are yours " ;
And endless blessings from above,
God round about thee pours,

" For nothing careful be,"

To Christ dost thou belong ;
" A little while " thou'lt see His face,
And He shall be thy song.

S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

—
ONE PENNY
NET

A FRENCH OFFICER'S TESTIMONY

(Continued)

“Not so,” replied the officer, “for if I had been asked my opinion I should have said, ‘And I also.’ Only, I should, in asserting my right of explaining my thought, have added that no one is truly honest unless he believes in Jesus Christ.”

A general murmur followed this remark of the officer. Some laughed, others considered themselves almost insulted, and all expressed their disapproval.

“I have asked the right of explaining my thoughts,” said the officer, “and if this be granted me, I will undertake to prove my opinion.”

“Certainly!” all exclaimed; “certainly! It will be a difficult task.”

“First of all,” said the officer, “it will be necessary to know, what is the meaning of the term ‘an honest man’? Perhaps you would find my definition too exaggerated. Will one of you be so kind as to give it? What is the meaning of the expression, ‘an honest man’?”

“An honest man,” replied the old gentleman mentioned already, “is one who wrongs nobody, leads a moral life, is not spiteful, not wasteful, one who manages his affairs in an honourable way, etc.”

“ This then is the meaning of what is called an ‘ honest man,’ as you understand that term,” replied the officer. “ Will you ask your neighbour Monsieur Ernest, whether your definition suits him ? I find in your definition a clause which must be rather awkward for him to deem consistent. I mean that about the morals, if one may believe what is said about his numerous conquests.”

“ A few juvenile follies do not prevent one from being an ‘ honest man,’ ” said Ernest. “ ‘ An honest man ’ is a man of honour, who keeps his word, is devoted to his friends, incapable of trickery and lying, without rancour and avarice.”

“ Here we have a new definition of what ‘ an honest man ’ is,” said the officer. “ I ask Monsieur Ernest to re-apply it to him who gave us the first definition. He would hardly find it to be correct. The word ‘ lying ’ would be too much. For if my memory serves me right, Monsieur was a tailor five years ago, and made me pay forty francs for cloth which he swore had cost him forty-five, and which my brother’s factory had sold to him for thirty.”

“ I should also object to the definition as being too vague,” was uttered by a little voice coming from an individual dressed in a threadbare black coat, who was eating at a side table a piece of bread and cheese, with water. “ The word avarice too is vague. Nobody will deny that it is bu

prudent to save something for one's old age, instead of foolishly giving away one's property to giddy people, who would make away with it within a few months."

"And I," said the commercial traveller, "should object to the first definition, which speaks of extravagance. It seems to me, that it is wise to enjoy and profit by everything we possess, because we may die at any moment, and I do not see in this anything contrary to honesty."

"Because everybody demands, I demand," said Derville, "that it should be added, 'without drunkenness,' which debases a man below the beast and makes him capable of anything."

"I cannot see," said a stout gentleman, who was already in a hilarious mood, with two empty bottles before him! "I cannot see what harm there is in loving wine more than water. Therefore I do not accept the proposed last addition, but wish it to be replaced by the words, 'No *gambler* and no *bully*.'"

"Our money and our lives are our own," said Derville. "We can do with them as we please, without coming short as to honesty."

"And I," exclaimed another, "wish that '*idleness*' be added to the list."

"Rather *slander*," replied another, who was known for his idle life.

"May I be permitted to sum up?" resumed

the officer. "Without intending to make the slightest personal remark, it appears to me from what I have heard, that a man may be a libertine, a liar, a miser, duellist, gambler, idler and slanderer, and yet be an '*honest man*.' So that the assertion 'Every religion is good, provided one is honest,' comes in fact to this: 'Every religion is good, provided one is not a murderer or a thief.' And if one asks you 'Who is an honest man?' you answer: 'A man whose heart may harbour every crime and vice except theft and murder!' That is, No one, who does not have to appear before the assize court, has to give account to God!

"Ah! gentlemen, you make the entrance into heaven very easy. At the last day it will no longer be necessary to search the heart, but only to look at one's shoulder, and provided the infamous letters imprinted by the hot iron of the executioner are not to be seen there, such an one would be declared fit for the kingdom of perfect holiness!

(To be continued)

"Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived]: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kindgom of God" (1 Cor. vi. 9, 10).

“ IS IT FOR ME ? ”

Many years ago a man called George Honeywell, who was a great drunkard, living with his brother in Massachusetts, was, after a heavy drinking bout, going upstairs to bed with a lighted candle, when he stumbled, and falling, unconsciously set fire to the house—resulting, alas ! in his brother being burnt to death.

He was taken to a “ lock-up ” ; and when brought before the local tribunal, was, as an old offender, sentenced to ten years’ penal servitude in the State prison.

At that time, it was customary for the President of the United States, on an appointed day, to exercise his prerogative of pardon to one prisoner, provided the warder of the prison could give a favourable report of the particular convict’s good behaviour. All the prisoners were brought together into the court-house ; and the warder gave them an address.

On the occasion to which I now refer, George Honeywell had completed five years of his sentence, being half the term. The prisoners were all gathered together, eager and expectant, as to which of their company the presidential pardon would be accorded. In a clear voice, while every eye was fixed on him, these words then fell from

the warder's lips—"This year, the President of the United States pardons George Honeywell."

Deadly pale with excitement G. H. could scarcely take it in that it was himself who was the fortunate recipient of this free pardon; and for a moment or two could not realise it. Soon, however, rising slowly from his seat, he eagerly exclaimed, "Is it for me? is it for me?" "YES, it is FOR YOU," replied the warder; and that same day the pardoned man left his prison cell once more a free man, though only half of his original sentence had been completed. This act of free, unmerited grace made a great impression upon G. H., and (as far as I remember) led to his conversion.

Perhaps you, my dear reader, are ready to say "What has that to do with me?" In reply, let me quote the closing words of Paul's wonderful sermon at Antioch, "Unto you is the word of this salvation sent." . . . "He Whom God raised again (even Jesus) saw no corruption. Be it known unto you, therefore, 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).

Yes, dear reader, "Salvation is of the Lord"; and "*unto you* is the word of this salvation sent,"

if (like G. H.) you are yet a captive in the chains of sin, in Satan's prison-house.

It is, not only a "great" salvation; but it is a perfect salvation, offered you, by the wounded hand of the Christ of God, Whose agonies at Calvary's Cross for you, and your sins, no tongue can tell; no angel knows. Here is a present, personal, and permanent salvation for every one that believes in Jesus. Here every righteous claim of Divine justice was satisfied: by Him who exclaimed, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" On that ground of Christ's atoning death only can grace proclaim "liberty to the captives; and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Yes, the precious blood of Jesus can cleanse you now from every sin, if you will simply trust it now. Then will you be just as happy as a dear sailor I shall meet by and by in the glory land, who was converted years ago at a gospel meeting in the south of London, as he sang the following words:—

"There is a Fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that 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."

S. T.

THE WATCHWORD

In one of the great rock-galleries of Gibraltar two British soldiers had mounted guard, one at each end of the vast tunnel. One was a believing man—a christian—whose soul had found rest upon the Rock of Ages; the other was seeking rest, but had not found it.

It was midnight, and these soldiers were going their rounds; the one meditating on the blood that had brought peace to his soul, the other darkly brooding over his own disquietude and doubts.

Suddenly an officer passes, challenges the former, and demands the watchword.

“The precious blood of Christ,” called out the startled veteran, forgetting for a moment the password of the night, and uttering unconsciously the thought which at that moment was filling his soul.

Next moment he corrected himself, and the officer, no doubt amazed, passed on.

But the words he spoke had rung through the gallery, and entered the ears of his fellow-soldier at the other end, like a message from heaven. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, or rather, as if God Himself had proclaimed the good news in that still hour.

“The precious blood of Christ!” Yes, that was peace! His troubled soul was now at rest. That

midnight voice had spoken the good news to him, and God had carried home the message "The precious blood of Christ."

Strange but blessed watchword ; never to be forgotten. For many a day and year, no doubt, it would be the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

We have entered on another year. We are mounting guard for another of the watches of the world's night. Let us furnish ourselves with a heavenly watchword. Can we have a better than "The precious blood of Christ" ?

DR. GUTHRIE

"REDEEMED"

"Not with corruptible things, with silver or gold, from your vain manner of life handed down from your fathers ; but with precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, even the blood of Christ : who was foreknown indeed before the foundation of the world, but was manifested at the end of the times for your sake, who through him are believers in God, who raised him from the dead, and gave him glory ; so that your faith and hope might be in God "

(1 Peter i. 18-21, R.V.).

“ THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE ”

Of the lady—the subject of this short narrative—it could indeed be said that never did a sweeter, gentler spirit inhabit a human body. Placed in circumstances of affluence, she appeared uninfluenced by them : with a right in her position to command, her spirit was one that would submit. Fortune, which, alas ! to many is their only title to respect, added nothing to her merit. She was placed providentially in a position that to many would be an object of envy, as if to shew the grace and lowliness of her spirit to walk in it. Humility is before honour. God Himself put honour on humility. The Lord Jesus humbled Himself.

As a wife and mother, this lady was exemplary : as a child, she comforted the declining years of a widowed mother ; as a friend, God's poor found her such. But let us own, that what was to be admired in her character was the work of divine grace within her.

A fearful disease seized upon her. The best advice the metropolis afforded was all in vain to arrest its progress. Now indeed the comforts of the gospel were needed—divine support alone could sustain her, and it was amply vouchsafed. Necessarily much confined to her room, she

searched her Bible diligently. She underlined portions which more particularly struck her mind, and thus left behind her a precious and striking memorial of the workings of her soul.

Life, abstractedly considered, is a joyous thing ; the trials which we meet with do not change the fact. Wearisome days and nights may be appointed unto us ; “ Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.” But still life, existence, is God’s gift to His creatures. Death is the opposite, and nature shrinks from it ; struggles hard against the enemy ; protects the part invaded ; summons all aid against encroachment, and only yields to overwhelming force.

“ The wages of sin is death.” Philosophy sought in vain to unravel the mystery of man’s decay : mankind had lost the key to their history. God in His mercy has revealed it in His word. Death is the wages of sin. “ But the gift of God is eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.” We die because we are sinners : “ In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” Adam did eat, and died, and entailed death on his offspring.

We enter into a world where death reigns, because sin is there. Sin cries with a loud voice, “ Pay me my wages ; ” and one after another make up the reckoning ; generation after generation pass into the insatiable jaws of death. Some sink like lead, are horror stricken at his aspect,

groan in their agony, and pass away. Some—how few!—smile at his terrors, open their bosom to his dart, bid him strike home, and cry exultingly, as he pierces their vitals, “O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!”

The one of whom I am writing was amongst these few. “The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?” was her triumphant experience. The disease gained rapidly upon her. After some months’ residence in London, she was brought home to die.

I was engaged in service at my usual abode. Returning home one evening, I was led to think much about her. My spirit was oppressed, and after a restless night, I felt called imperatively to go and see her. I could not resist the impression, and I took the rail the following morning.

How striking are such impressions! How, in the history of God’s people, such instances have arisen! In “Biographical Notices of Eminent Servants of God” (by S. Clarke, 1678), is given a remarkable instance of a minister who awoke troubled and anxious about a friend; so much so, that he arose at midnight, and hasted away some miles distant. Strange providence! His

friend, under mental trial, had resolved upon suicide. The rope was attached to the beam ; a few moments more, and he would have entered eternity. The arrival of the minister at this juncture arrested his hand ; he confessed his purpose ; they prayed together. The darkness was dissipated from his soul, and with humble penitent heart he confessed his sin, and was restored.

When I entered the apartment of my sick friend, she stretched out her hand, and never shall I forget the look with which she greeted me, and her words, " I prayed, yesterday, that the Lord would send you, and here you are ! " As she was thus praying, my heart was troubled about her a hundred miles distant. We recognized the finger of God, bowed together in prayer, which was graciously given suitable to her need.

That night she was seized with violent hæmorrhage. After three days' patient suffering, her spirit was released. Her consolations in the gospel abounded : and the heart of a fond husband and beloved child have this comfort in their bereavement, that their loss is her eternal gain.

J. W.



THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

A chimney sweep ! how black the skin !
But blacker far it is within.
This secret then the sweep doth know—
Though black as hell, he's white as snow !

Water will wash or cleanse the skin ;
But oh ! 'tis blood must cleanse within—
That blood that ran on Calvary's tree ;
Though but a sweep, 'twas shed for *me* !

What matters it, dear Lord, to me,
Though I a chimney sweep should be,
If through Thy blood I'm freed from all
The sin that issued from the Fall ?

A chimney sweep of low degree,
Yet loved by all The Sacred Three ;
Electing love ! what tongue can tell ?
Though loved of God, deserving hell !

I envy not the rich man's gold,
If I on Christ but lay my hold ;
There's something more I seek to win—
'Tis Christ in me, and I in Him.

'Tis all of GRACE, the sweep must say,
That he was led to Christ the " Way " ;
If ever one has cause to bless,
Sure 'tis the sweep, through sovereign grace !

In bygone days, with venom foul,
I've called damnation on my soul ;
Then who has greater cause to say,
'Tis CHRIST the " Truth," the " Life," the " Way " ?

Let none despise the sooty sweep,
 But rather with him let them weep
 That Christ should own me as a "son" !
 And for my life lay down His own !

Though black without, 'tis worse within ,
 'Tis nothing but a mass of sin ;
 Yet after all I'm white and fair,
 More comely than the roses are.

Comely I am through God's dear Son,
 He has on me His robe put on,
 Which makes the sweep, when let to see,
 Oftimes to say—' Why me ? why me ? '

(*Extract*)

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Gospel

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London

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

—
ONE PENNY
NET

A FRENCH OFFICER'S TESTIMONY

(Continued)

“And besides, one would have to listen to the reasons which the thief and the murderer might plead, and have to weigh them in the balance of circumstances, in order to know whether he who has robbed because he was in desperate need, or who has struck a rival or an enemy in a moment of maddening rage, is not more excusable than he who has received good training and counsels, never been in want, never been tempted to murder, and yet has suffered himself to be carried away by some other passion, not to speak of those classes which make their fortune by dishonest means, at the cost of their fellow men! How many are there who, to commit a crime, want nothing but the occasion and the certainty of impunity!

“The result then of the various definitions you have given in answer to my question, ‘Who is an honest man?’ is that nothing would be more difficult than to understand you; you have no clear answer to give me.

“Now I will, as I promised you, explain my own thoughts, and prove my opinion.”

At these words the general attention was doubled, though there was an air of constraint in the company. Everybody appeared to experience a

kind of resentment against his own conscience, because it would not permit him wholly to deny the truth of what the officer had said ; and also against the officer, because he appeared to be in league with their consciences.

He continued : “ First of all let me say, that your expression ‘ an honest man ’ means nothing at all, for everybody lays claim to the title. Therefore, if you say, that every religion is good, provided one is honest, I must ask permission to distinguish between an *honest man according to the world*, and an *honest man according to God*. Further, if you tell me that every religion is good, provided one is *honest according to the world*, I deny it at once, because a religion which leaves us *habitual* liars, drunkards, etc. etc., and *exceptional* thieves, or murderers, is not a good religion. I repeat then once more : You say nothing at all, unless you define what the term ‘ an honest man ’ means. It is a garment which fits everybody. You have not advanced one single step by a definition with which no one agrees. But if, on the contrary, you say : ‘ All religions are good, provided one is an honest man according to God,’ you utter a great truth, because no one can become an honest man according to God, except in the way of the only true religion. And we now find that only he is ‘ an honest man ’ who believes in Jesus Christ, and obeys Him.”

“ But,” exclaimed Ernest, “ it cannot be denied that there are ‘ honest ’ people who are not devotees. I could give you a great many examples of my own acquaintance. But to mention only one of them. There lives in this town a most upright man, the father of the poor, the comforter of the afflicted, everybody’s friend, a good citizen, a good husband ; about his character there is only one voice. Well, here we have an honest man, yet he is no devotee at all.”

“ An honest man ‘ according to the world,’ replied the officer, but not ‘ according to God.’ This is what I will endeavour to make you understand. Mark well, you mention to me one of the fine exceptions of the men of this world, a man reputed to be excellent by all the inhabitants of the town. All the better ! If I prove what I want to prove, this example will suffice us.”

“ First then, let me mention a general truth to which everyone here present will assent, viz., that everyone in the world has more or less considerable faults. Now, I ask you, what is a fault, if it is not something that offends God, or does injury to our fellow men ? And how can you be perfectly honest towards God and men, if you sin against Him, or against them ? If you then talk of a man who is perfectly honest and yet has faults, you commit a flagrant contradiction. For his faults are either a violation of what is right and good,

and then he cannot be 'an honest man'; or they do not violate any divine or human law, and then they are no longer faults. If you can shew me a perfect man, then, and only then, I will confess that such an one is a perfectly 'honest' man. Is the person of whom you speak, perfect?"

"I do not enter into all these reasonings," said Ernest, whose vexation increased in the same degree as the officer's logic proceeded in its inexorable conclusions. "All I say is this, that nobody, either friend or enemy, will dispute of the one of whom I am going to speak, the quality of an honest man. Gentlemen, I appeal to you all," continued Ernest, raising his voice: "What do you think of Mons. Duval? Although he is present, I must do violence to his modesty for the truth's sake."

All the guests looked with an expression of approbation at the person who sat at the right hand of the officer. The latter perceived that Ernest wanted to embarrass him by putting him in a delicate position in placing him face to face with one whom everybody recognised as 'an honest man.'

"I see," he said in a tone of perfect ease, turning to his neighbour on the right, "I see that Monsieur unites all the voices in his favour. Permit me to add mine also, for no one understands better than the disciple of Christ how to

admire that which is good and lovable, wherever it may be found. But at the same time I wish it to be well understood, that this homage ought not to be made a weapon against me. For, however sincere that homage on my part may be, it does not disprove anything of what I want to prove. You will please remember that I seek 'an honest man' from God's point of view, not through the eye-glass of the world. I honour, esteem, and love one who makes himself useful to his fellow men, but I do not consider him to be 'an honest man' according to God."

"Monsieur!" replied the honest man of the world to the right, with a semi-curvature of his back indicating his satisfaction at hearing his praise from the lips of the rigorous soldier, whilst his pinched lips betrayed his presentiment of some hard truth with which the inflexible adversary would soon upset his pretended perfection, "Monsieur, I deserve neither blame nor praise. I wish no man evil, and do all the good I can, because my heart impels me to do so."

"I do not believe in a heart impelling one to that which is good," replied the officer, "because I have found that my own heart impelled me to that which is evil. But permit me to continue the discussion. An historic fact will serve for that purpose."

"Certainly, everybody will agree that ingrati-

tude is detestable. Well ! a rich and mighty man met on his way a poor miserable wretch ready to perish. He had him carried into his own house, restored him to life, and treated him as a friend. Having thus restored him he said to him, ' I will take care of you ; I will nourish, and clothe, and lodge you ; whithersoever you go, you shall never suffer want.' The rich man kept his promise. He gave his protégé, not only the necessities of life, but abundance. With what gratitude must the rescued recipient of such benefits have been filled, think you ? What love must he have felt for the one who had so generously treated him ! You think he would have devoted his whole life to him, and become his most zealous servant ! One can scarcely conceive that it should have been otherwise. But you will be surprised to hear that the very opposite really happened. Not only did he forget his benefactor, though the latter had remembered him, but he actually joined his enemies. Nay, whilst he was receiving his benefits all the time, if any one happened to speak of his benefactor, the heart of the object of all this care and goodness was plunged into such ingratitude, that disdainful laughter and loud murmurs greeted the friends of his benefactor."

(To be continued)

FAMILY PRAYER

Family prayer is the nutriment of family piety, and woe to those who allow it to cease.

I read the other day of parents who said they could not have family prayer, and this question was asked of them—

‘ If you knew that your children would be sick through the neglect of family prayer, would you not have it ? If one child was smitten down with fever each morning that you neglected prayer, how then ? ’ Oh then they would have it !

‘ And if there was a law that you should be fined five shillings if you did not meet for prayer, would you find time for it ? ’ ‘ Yes.’

‘ And if there were five pounds given to all who had family prayer, would you not by some means arrange to have it ? ’ ‘ Yes.’

And so the inquirer went on with many questions, and wound up with this—

‘ Then it is but an idle excuse when you, who profess to be children of God, say that you have no time or opportunity for family prayer ? ’

C. H. S.

“ A minister observing a man on the road breaking stones, and kneeling to get at his work better, remarked, ‘ Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones.’ ‘ Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees,’ was the reply.”

“IMMEDIATELY WITH JOY RECEIVES, BUT—NO ROOT ”

MATT. xiii. 20, 21

“ Nothing is more needed in our age than greater depth of conviction upon religious subjects. The lack of ‘ deepness ’ of earth has one inevitable result, namely, the ineffectual rooting of the good seed in the soul.

“ The quick germination of the seed is not generally a hopeful sign. The soul, in the absence of genuine conviction, is more or less subject to influences that move upon the surface. These influences are oftentimes tumultuous, but are usually temporary in their continuance as well as in the effects they produce. Nothing will take the place of that deep subsoil of moral conviction which alone is capable of supporting the varied processes of growth.

“ The tended plant, without root in the soil—without that secret provision by which sustenance is constantly imparted—is either scorched by the searching rays of holy truth, or is easily extirpated ‘ when tribulation or persecution ariseth.’

“ Many a person has received with joy ‘ the precious seed, but on account of defective teaching hath not root in himself.’ A mere glimpse of his deep depravity has been regarded as all that is

necessary. His eyes have not been fully open to see his desperate condition. Palliatives have been dealt out to him. His sins have been extenuated, not exposed, and thus there is alas ! ' no deepness of earth.' The thinnest soil upon the hard rock is all that is furnished for the seed. We find no bringing forth fruit. The branches of holy purpose are ' withered ' ; the inward resistance of the evil one is uncertain, abortive ; and the falling away because of ' offences ' gradual and fatal. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

" When prayers are strongest, mercies are nearest."

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM ; OR PRAYER ANSWERED*

A TRUE INCIDENT

The incident you are about to read will appeal to you, I know. When I read it my eyes were filled with tears and my heart was moved as I thought of the wondrous privilege of working for the Lord Jesus Christ, and the rich reward.

One day I was alone, and sad ; everything seemed dark and desolate to me, my soul was

*Can be had of the Publisher of this Magazine, 2/3 per 100, post free.

cast down, and I had forgotten the exhortation, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee" (Psalm lv. 22). Suddenly, in the midst of the deep silence and loneliness of a sad evening, the sound of the sweetest music was heard. It was a boy playing the organ. What an intelligent face he had! and the great black eyes which he turned on me spoke of want and suffering.

"He is hungry," I said to myself. I gave him some bread and meat on a plate, and added a tract, without having the courage to speak to him. However, this boy interested me deeply, and while watching him eat, from my window, I asked God over and over again to use this tract to the salvation of his soul. After he had eaten, he read the title, "How to become a Christian," and then put the tract carefully into his pocket.

Several years passed, and the present awful war broke out, bringing its terrible story of suffering and distress, and so I forgot my young organ-player. I visited recently a military hospital, where the wounded and the sick were cared for. The doctor was going his round; he was standing silent and sad by the bed of a young soldier, holding his wrist and feeling his pulse, which was beating more and more feebly. I bent down to look at him. His eyes were closed, and the stamp of death was printed on his face.

At this moment the chaplain came in; he bent

over the dying man and seemed anxious to know if he were still breathing. Suddenly the young man opened his eyes and asked, "Am I going to die?" The chaplain, who was saddened, did not answer.

"Oh, don't be afraid to tell me! I am ready! God be praised!"

"I cannot say, my friend," replied the chaplain, "but do you know the Saviour of sinners? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, yes, I have just seen Him. I am not wandering. I must tell you before I go."

"Is your mother still living? Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, sir, but she is not here. I shall be with her soon; she is in heaven." As he said these words, his eyes, which were already becoming dim, took on an expression of intense happiness. "But," he added, "I have a young sister. Poor child, she will be very lonely now, but I have commended her to the Lord, and surely He will not forget her. I should like to be able to send her some little things." And so saying, he made a supreme effort to take from under his pillow his purse, in which there were some pieces of gold, then his Bible, a photograph, and a tract, the cover of which was dyed with his blood.

"This little tract brought me salvation, as well as my dear mother. A long time ago I was a poor

organ-player, trying to support my mother and my little sister ; we were very poor, when a kind lady gave me this tract. Oh ! how happy my mother was when I read it to her ! Up till then, no one had ever given us anything to show us the way to heaven. No one had ever spoken to us of this precious Saviour, who died on the cross to ransom us. Since then, we have prayed for this kind lady every day. How much I should like to see her again ! Her little book was like the cup of cold water to my dying mother."

I came nearer to his bed to hear all he was saying, for I had recognised in him the little organ-player who had formerly encouraged my downcast soul. A little while after, he said, in a low voice, " What a lovely dream it was ! I had reached the gates of heaven, and I entered. Everything was so beautiful, so glorious, but I wanted to see my Saviour, and then my mother. She was there, close to Him. Then I thought of the kind lady with the little book. I wanted to see her, but she had not come there yet. A little while after the gates opened, and she came in. I was longing to tell her what her little book had brought us ; and the Saviour, who knew the desire of my heart, said to me, ' Go.' So I went, but I woke up. It was only a dream."

I could no longer control myself, and sobbed aloud, which attracted the attention of the dying

soldier. He recognised me. Marvellously surprised to see me, yet incapable of making any movement, he said slowly, looking up to heaven, "I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast answered my prayer. I know that Thou answerest the prayers of those that trust in Thee."

Soldiers who may read this true incident ! do you want to know "How to become a Christian" ? You cannot save yourselves ; not even your self-sacrifice on behalf of your country can make you fit for heaven. You must have a Saviour, and the only Saviour is the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." You cannot enter heaven unless your sins are gone, and there is only One who can take sin away, and that is the One "who died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God."

"He appeared once in the end of the age, to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." No other sacrifice would do.

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

He is the only Saviour. "Neither is there salvation in any other ; for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

If that is so, and it is—read it in your New Testament—is He willing to save you ? Turn back

now to John iii. 16 and read, " God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Then turn over a page and read John v. 24, " Verily, verily I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

This is how to become a Christian, and to be made ready not only to see a vision of heaven, " but to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light " :—

1st—To know yourself a sinner and to be sure
you cannot save yourself.

2nd—To know you have a Saviour, and He can
and will save you.

" Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt
be saved." Look it up! Acts xvi. 31.

" In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see ;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

Brothers ! Sisters ! Christian friends ! let us spread the knowledge of salvation more and more widely. Sooner or later you will see that your work will bring forth fruit, and inexpressible joy will then be your portion. The time is short, let us work, and sow without ceasing, while it is day.

COME !

Sinner, wilt thou come to Jesus ?
 He is calling now ;
 Others find in Him forgiveness,
 Why not thou ?

Sinner, wilt thou come to Jesus ?
 Shall I tell thee why ?
 'Twas for *thee* this precious Saviour
 Came to die.

'Twas for *thee* the Well-Belovèd
 Left His Father's throne ;
 For He loves thee, and would make thee
 All His own.

God had said that He must punish
 Thee for all thy sin :
 Jesu's Blood has opened Heaven—
 Oh, come in !

Jesus bore thy Father's anger,
 Bore it all for *thee* :
 See that Cross whereon He suffer'd—
 Come and see !

'Thine the sins that nail'd Him there ; He
 Died *instead* of *thee* ;
 Here for thee is full forgiveness,
 And for me ?

Sinner, *wilt* thou come to Jesus ?
 Canst thou still delay ?
 Listen to Him calling, pleading :
 " Come to-day."

R. J.

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London

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

—
ONE PENNY

NET

A FRENCH OFFICER'S TESTIMONY

(Continued)

“ This example,” cried Ernest, “ if it be true, though it is difficult to believe it, is foreign to our question. Certainly that man was not ‘ an honest man.’ ”

“ Well, then,” said the officer, looking straight at Ernest, and raising his voice in a solemn manner, “ the benefactor is God, the ungrateful ones are you ! Yes, God has showered upon you inconceivable benefits. He has saved and does save you every moment from all the perils threatening your life. He watches over you that none of your movements may disarrange the fragile combinations of your existence. He gives the lungs for the air, and the air for the lungs. He gives light for the sight, and sound for the hearing.

“ Who has fixed the borders of the rivers ? Who has said to the waves of the sea, ‘ Hitherto shall ye go and no farther ? ’ Who prevents the floods from overflowing us, or the deep abysses from opening under our feet, or the mountains from falling upon our heads ? Who is it that gives us our nourishment ? Has the earth ever been without animals, or the rivers without water, so that you could neither eat nor drink ? Has the rain ceased from watering your corn, or the sun

from ripening it? Has the mother's breast ceased to give milk to the new-born babe? Has the sheep turned into a tiger to refuse the wool for your clothing? Or has wood or stone refused to unite in protecting you against the inclemency of the atmosphere? What is there lacking in the gifts of your Creator? And if it should please Him to withdraw them, pray what would become of you? Because of His longsuffering mercy you refuse to believe in His retributive justice, has He less power to execute it? And because He multiplies His benefits, must you double your ingratitude? In granting His mercies, He appears to you only to discharge a debt. But think what would become of you, if He ceased to govern? Compare the inevitable chaos in which you would immediately be plunged, with the regular order of daily life, and ask yourselves whether you do not owe something to God?

"No doubt you are thankful because you are 'honest!' In return for such immense benefits, you are immensely thankful, you love God above everything, you think continually of Him! You could not help doing otherwise! You could not violate His laws except He forbade you to bless Him! Alas! far otherwise, is it not? You are like ice towards Him. You do not seek Him, do not pray to Him, do not think of Him, do not speak of Him, and—you are '*honest*'! A benefi-

cent hand daily sustains your life, and gives you its blessings ; but instead of covering it with kisses, you shut your eyes that you may not see it, and yet—you are ‘ *honest* ’ ! ”

“ But with you there is something more than indifference. There is *hatred*, yes *hatred*. Frequently you murmur against that Great Benefactor, and when I, poor little worm, loaded like you with the gifts of that Father of mercies, have stammered out my thanks which I desire to be more ardent, the thought of that God, instead of producing a glow of joy in your hearts, and a happy smile on your lips, has called forth only mockery and derision ! That ingratitude which you call horrible when manifested towards a failing, powerless, imperfect and finite man, exists within you towards a jealous, omnipotent, perfectly good and infinite God—yet you are *honest* !! Ah, gentlemen, well might Christ speak of a generation of vipers, for a viper only would direct its venomous dart against the imprudent breast that gave it shelter to warm and revive it.”

Whilst thus enumerating the many tokens of God’s kindness, the officer had become more and more animated. His gentle, yet grave voice had assumed a tone which filled the dining-room. His large dark eyes sparkled with a strange fire, in which indignation mingled with love, and from his brow truth seemed to shine with its own inimitable

light. Gradually every one of his hearers had become dumb and immovable. The officer's chair had become a pulpit, and the table d'hôte a church.

“ But,” continued he, after a moment of silence, which nobody dared to interrupt, “ do not think that this is the only way of proving that, with regard to God, man is a corrupt, and not an honest being. What shall I think of one who professes the Christian religion, and does not believe in it? Or, of one who does believe in it but does not profess it? You have just given me an example of an honest man. But without entering into the details of a life which I do not know, and in which, no doubt, I should find some failures, something bad, in what I do know—this man (so estimable in other respects) lives in the midst of a people that is called Christian. He himself does not disavow this name. Does he believe that the Christian religion is true? It matters little to me, whether you answer ‘ Yes,’ or ‘ No.’ Suppose he does not believe in it. He looks at Jesus as having been a mere philosopher! He doubts that He healed the sick and raised the dead! The basis of his religion is that Jesus Christ is God, and he does not believe it! This religion teaches that there is a book inspired by God—the Bible, but he does not believe it! His religion speaks of a hell as the place for

all unbelievers, but he does not believe it ! Yet he has not openly discarded this doctrine (which appears to him a tissue of absurdities and errors) as fanaticism. He professes it under certain circumstances. In order to be married, he kneels down before a man, whom he considers an impostor ! He declares publicly that the consecrated wafer, put into his mouth is his God, whilst inwardly he laughs at it ! Not contented with this, his fear of being blamed by the ' fanatics ' drives him to have his children brought up in the same bigotry ! He suffers them to be taught as truth a catechism which he knows contains nothing but lies ! He allows principles which he judges to be false and dangerous, to be introduced into the docile minds and tender hearts of these young creatures ! ”

“ But, suppose he *believes* the Christian religion to be true. So much the worse for him ! Why ? Because he does not deny that Jesus shed His blood for the redemption of fallen men, and yet he lives without religion ! He thinks from time to time of that cross on which the blood of the Just One was shed for him the unjust ; he sees the wounds, he contemplates the agony, he hears the sighs of Jesus put to death in his stead, and—he lives without religion ! He does not even make himself acquainted with the Testament which the Son of God has bequeathed to him !

(*To be continued*)

*My beloved husband's conversion, and the last
prayer we were able to understand from his lips.*

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

71

"NOTHING RIGHT!" *January 1918*

AT THE BEGINNING ! "NOTHING " AT THE END

It is Sunday evening during the summer of 1854, and a boy of 15 is listening to the preaching of the gospel in the old William Street Chapel, in the north of London.

He has heard the same earnest appeals from the same lips before, and the response of his heart has been, " I will never hear that man again ! To preach such a sermon, and then to speak to me personally at the door—it is too bad ! I won't go near him " ; but that determination has been overruled, and to-night, as the preacher again urges his congregation with tears to come to Jesus, the conviction seizes the boy's heart—" I have a soul that must live for ever, and this man cares for my soul and what becomes of it, though I have never thought about it." And in deadly earnest he now began to think about it.

So did the prodigal of Luke xv., when, in the far country, amid the pig troughs, he " came to himself " ; then " he arose and came to his father."

The result was the same in both cases ; and before the lad left the building that evening, the sinner and the Saviour had met, and he had rested his soul on the precious words, " him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Oh, how different, how bright, how happy he was as he traversed the London streets that evening with the new-born joy of forgiveness welling up in his soul! How new everything looked! and how new everything was! for he himself was "new." "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature!"

But there was one who would not let his prey escape so easily, and before he had reached home the birds of the air were attempting to devour the good seed that had been sown. "Then cometh that evil one," with many an insidious suggestion. "It was all a delusion! he had not come to Jesus! or if he had, he had not come in the right way!" Thoroughly distressed, the lad looked up, "Lord"! he said, "there is NOTHING RIGHT about me. But I have come to Thee; and Thou hast said, 'him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out,' and I take Thee at Thy word."

It was enough. Faced with the blessed declaration of Him Whom Satan knows to be the Truth, as well as his own Vanquisher, the "father of lies" was powerless; and the youthful believer proved the truth of the words "Resist the devil, and he shall flee from you."

* * * * *

It is the close of 1917, and he who had begun his Christian course with the confession, "There

is nothing right about me " is nearing the end of it with sixty-three years behind him of consistent and devoted service to the Best of masters.

His wife and daughter are sitting by his bedside, and the former reads aloud the fourteenth chapter of The Book of the Revelation. Then the eyes close, the feeble hands clasp, and faintly but distinctly the words come, " Our gracious God and Father, we thank Thee that we are redeemed to God and to the Lamb by His precious blood, to the praise of Thy glory and *NOTHING of ourselves*," and then follow petitions for those near and dear to him.

Ah, on the borders of eternity, he needs a sure resting place ! and to find it, he looks outside himself altogether. " By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that *not of yourselves*, it is the gift of God." The youthful stripling in his teens, taking the first step of the heavenward journey, must confess, " There is *NOTHING RIGHT* about me " ; the matured saint and servant, just on the borderland, must own his salvation is " *NOTHING OF OURSELVES.*"

Reader, have you come to this ? Have you ever owned to God, " There is nothing right about me " ? He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and cannot look upon sin, and He knows you through and through. You have often taken up an apple, ripe and rosy, and, on cutting it, have

found it rotten at the core! You have cut the rotten part away, and eaten the remainder. You have taken up another apple, and noticed it brown instead of red or green: you have cut it in half, and found it rotten throughout, without a particle that was fit for food! And to own "There is nothing right about me" is just to own oneself to be but a thoroughly rotten apple, fit for nothing but the fire. And this is the truth. "A corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit," and every evil thought and word and deed you have been guilty of tells that the tree, the nature whence they sprang, is corrupt. But oh, if you own it in the sight of God, there is a superabundance of mercy in His heart to supply your need.

It was God's provision under the law, that when a man or woman became a leper, and the leprosy had covered *every part* of the body, back and front, head and hand—"whosoever the priest looketh"—that priest was to have the solemn, but pleasant, duty of declaring them "clean" (Lev. xiii. 12, 13); whereas the one with but one spot upon him was "utterly unclean" (ver. 44).

"The good-for-nothing, hopeless ones
Find mercy on the spot;
For thus God's gracious message runs,
To him that worketh not."

The only title for the sinner to enter the presence of a holy God is the precious blood, and the

finished work, of the Lord Jesus Christ. And as another faithful and long devoted servant of the Lord could say, on his death bed, "I find the precious blood of Jesus ample to enter the presence of God with." "By grace are ye saved, through faith and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 8, 9). "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5). "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus iii. 5).

And that which is a sufficient title for the vilest sinner, is the *only* title likewise for the most devoted saint. The dying thief and the apostle Paul have an equal title to heaven—THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF THE LORD JESUS. Reader, is it yours? or are you seeking any anchorage of hope in anything of yourself? Aught else must prove but "sinking sand," but "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages."

T.



"There is a kind of omnipotency in prayer, as having an interest and prevalence with God's omnipotency."

“ I’M TOO BAD FOR JESUS ”

“ I’m too bad for Jesus.” Such were the words which fell from the lips of Rose Lingard, as the writer was led to speak to her at the close of a very solemn Gospel Address, one Sunday evening, forty years ago.

The hall was crowded that evening with a most attentive audience ; and the Spirit of God was working in many hearts. During the discourse I had noticed a young woman in the centre of the hall, weeping bitterly.

At the close of the service, I announced that a prayer-meeting would be held for any anxious souls who might like to remain, when this young woman was the only one who rose to go.

I ventured to say to her, “ Won’t you stay to the prayer-meeting ? ” She replied, “ I shall lose my situation if I do.” “ I don’t want to stop you, dear friend,” said I ; “ yet would it not be better for you to lose your situation than *to lose your soul ?* ”

With streaming eyes, she answered, “ *I’m too bad for Jesus.*” “ That is just the reason why He wants you now,” I said ; “ and I won’t keep you five minutes, if you will just let me read you a verse from God’s word, which I know will help you ; for it is impossible for God to lie.”

A fresh burst of tears almost drenched my Bible, as I turned to Isaiah xliii., and (looking to God for guidance) I called her attention to the closing words of verse 24, which run thus, "*Thou hast wearied Me with thine iniquities.*"

"That, perhaps, is what you mean," said I. "Yes," she promptly replied, "I have just told you, I am too bad for Jesus."

"That is quite true," I added, for "we have *all* sinned, and come short of the glory of God"; and, "there is *none* good; *no not one.*" "But I want you to notice the wondrous grace of God to all those who truly confess their guilt and sin; and are willing to receive His free pardon *now*. Read the next verse; will you?" but she was too overcome to do so, and her tears fell fast and thick; so I read it to her—"I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake; and will not remember thy sins."

Like light from the glory, these words went home with power to her broken heart; and, wiping away her tears, she slowly read them to herself, at my suggestion. When she had read them, I said quietly: "Now you see, if you will simply believe what God says, He has given you a *double* promise in this verse—a *present*, and a *future* one. Now, just now, He blots out your transgressions for 'His own sake'; just because He loves to do it. And, as regards the *future*,

He will not remember against you one of your sins, as Christ has died to put them all away. Is not this amazing grace ? ”

“ Will you (I added) tell me your name ? ”

“ Rose Lingard,” she replied.

“ Then, if you can trust Christ now, read *your name* into that verse.”

Solemnly, and slowly, she then read it thus :
“ I, even I, am He that *blotteth out* Rose Lingard’s transgressions for Mine own sake ; and will *not* remember Rose Lingard’s sins.” *God’s Spirit* had won the victory : and *God’s word* had brought her life and joy.

That was our first and last meeting on earth, for eighteen months after, I received a letter from her death-bed, with the glorious news that those words of Isaiah xliii. 24, 25, had brought *perfect peace to her soul*—and she died, rejoicing in the Lord, while singing the well-known hymn :—

“ High in the Father’s house above,
My mansion is prepared ;
There is the home, the rest I love,
And there my bright reward.

“ With Him I love, in spotless white,
In glory I shall shine ;
His blissful presence my delight,
In love and joy divine.

“ All taint of sin shall be removed,
All evil done away ;
And I shall dwell with God’s Beloved,
Through God’s eternal day.”

S. T.

“NOT SAFE AT ALL!”

Here is a story of the late Dr. Chalmers. A lady once came to him and said:—

“ Doctor, I cannot bring my child to Christ. I’ve talked, and talked, but it’s of no use.”

The doctor thought she had not much skill, and said, “ Now you be quiet, and I will talk to her alone.”

When he got the girl alone, he said to her, “ They are bothering you a good deal about this question ; now suppose I just tell your mother you don’t want to be talked to any more upon this subject for a year. How will that do ? ”

Well, the Scotch lassie hesitated a little, and then said she didn’t think it would be safe to wait for a year. Something might turn up. She might die before then.

“ That is so,” replied the doctor ; “ but suppose we say six months ? ”

She didn’t think even this would be safe.

“ Well, let us say three months,” was the doctor’s reply.

After a little hesitation, the girl finally said, “ I don’t think it would be safe to put it off for three months—I DON’T THINK IT WOULD BE SAFE TO PUT IT OFF AT ALL.” And they went down on their knees, and she found Christ.

D. L. M.

THE COMING BRIDEGROOM'S JOY

Like sunshine from the Glory Land,

There comes across the sea

A message from the Bridegroom's heart,

"My Bride, I died for Thee.

"For thee I left My Father's home,

Where all is joy and light ;

For thee I bore God's judgment sore,

Thro' Calvary's awful night.

"Love brought Me down ; My blood was shed—

And full atonement made ;

To cleanse thee from thy guilt and sin,

The ransom price I paid.

"Thro' sufferings that no tongue can tell,

And rage of godless men,

To win thee as 'the pearl of price'—

To grace My diadem.

" '*A little while*, 'twill not be long ;

Ere dawns the 'break of day' ;

'*I quickly come*' . . . 'Arise, My Love ;

My Fair One, come away—

"My joy can ne'er be full till thou

Art seated at My side—

And, shining in Mine image bright,

We both are satisfied."

S. T.

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Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

—
ONE PENNY

NET

A FRENCH OFFICER'S TESTIMONY

(*Concluded*)

“He violates the religious duties his faith imposes on him, knowing them only by the rare motions of a faithless conscience! *Is he ‘honest’?* If he believe not, his daily life is a lie; if he believe, he lives in ingratitude, and thus in violation of all the commandments of his Saviour. Again I ask, IS HE ‘HONEST’?”

“Monsieur,” interrupted Ernest, unable to restrain himself any longer, “you calumniate humanity!”

“Monsieur,” replied the officer, “it is not I, but the *facts* that accuse humanity.”

“He that proves too much, proves nothing,” exclaimed the honest worldling. “According to you, it is impossible to be an honest man.”

“Impossible!” replied the officer. “I am glad that you have undertaken yourself to draw my conclusion, viz., that it is impossible to be *an honest man in God’s sight*, unless he be a Christian. And mark, that by a ‘*Christian*’ I understand something less vague than is generally understood by it. A Christian, in the sense of the gospel, is not one who merely observes certain formalities, or recognises certain truths, but one that manifests

his faith by his works, combats sin and lives in the love of God and of his neighbour."

"Then," said another, "it is impossible to be a Christian."

"Impossible?" answered the officer. "On the contrary, it is possible for all."

"Where then are the 'Christians' as you understand them? I, at least, have not seen any."

"Alas!" replied the officer, "this is perhaps true, for *narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it*; yet there are some. And," he added, with a glance at his uniform, "there are some even in the French army."

The table d'hôte presented at that moment a truly peculiar aspect. Ernest was leaning back in his chair biting his nails. Derville appeared plunged in deep meditation. The honest worldling made an effort at an affable smile. The commercial traveller shot from time to time furious looks at the officer. The collegian trembled as if in the presence of the head master. Each face expressed the sentiment which agitated respectively every one of the guests, according to his individual character. But on each face one could read the uneasiness which accompanies a false position, and at the same time an involuntary respect for the words of the officer.

"To conclude our discussion," said he, "I believe then it has been proved that one cannot

be 'an honest man', if one is not religious, *i.e.*, a Christian."

"In the way you understand it, no doubt," said Ernest.

"And is there anything wrong in this way?" said the officer.

"It is exaggerated," was the reply.

"For my part," interrupted Derville, "I only find it strictly just; whatever it cost, I must own it."

"Well, gentlemen," replied the officer, addressing the company in a most affable voice, "my intention in this discussion was not to make an exhibition of my logic and to shew that I am right, but together with you to seek the truth. Let me just add, that this quality of 'an honest man,' which you desire in every one, is exactly what Christianity demands of everyone. Your education, your prejudices, have probably led you into error. A Christian, a believer, a saint (names given to the same person)—a saint means an honest man, honest towards God and towards his neighbour; one who does not neglect the duties imposed by the love of the Creator and His creatures. Every religion then is good, provided one is 'honest,' that is, provided one is a disciple of Jesus Christ, knows Him, loves Him, and keeps His commandments."

"But, Monsieur," ventured Derville, "how is one to become such?"

“ With pleasure I answer that question,” said the officer. “ Indeed, nothing is simpler. The thoughts I have put before you are not my own. I have found them in the Bible, in God’s own book, the book of truth. If you will seek there this truth so desirable, praying the Lord to pardon your sins, and to give you His Holy Spirit, without Whom you cannot receive the gospel, you will receive a new spirit to understand the doctrine of God and a new heart to keep it. But do not expect to become a Christian otherwise than by a new birth, an inward conversion. And above all, beware of seeking anywhere else but in the word of God what a Christian ought to be. All men may deceive themselves and deceive you, but the gospel does neither the one nor the other ; and rest assured that what this gospel alone promises and alone can give, viz., true religion, true honesty in word, thought and action, you will obtain if you ask for it. But, believe me, gentlemen,” he continued, addressing himself to all his fellow guests, “ you will have to exchange your adage, ‘ Every religion is good, provided one is honest ’ for this truth, ‘ *No religion is good which does not sanctify.* ’ ”

“ All this,” replied Ernest, “ was well and good three hundred years ago, but now Christianity has had its day.”

“ Truth,” said the officer, “ belongs to no especial

century, but holds good at all times. That which was true eighteen hundred years ago must be true to-day. I am not speaking of human, but divine, Christianity,—not of worldly religious forms and vain ceremonies, with which ambitious or ignorant men have suffocated true religion, but of that which passes not away, which has commenced here on earth and will continue in heaven throughout eternity. This religion can be expressed by one single word, *Love!* God's love towards the sinner, for whom He gave His Son ; the sinner's love towards God, to Whom he gives his whole being ; love of men on the part of those who have received Christ. This is the sum of that Christianity which exists still in its entirety and formed as set forth in the Bible. A Christianity which revives the soul stiffened in the death of sin, which purifies the heart, enlightens the spirit, awakens conscience, and restores man to his true sphere, where all his noble faculties can come into play."

The dinner was over. Several of the guests arose, Derville approached the Christian soldier, soliciting the honour of his acquaintance.

"It will give me great pleasure," replied the officer. "To-morrow if you wish, we may continue this conversation."

(From the French)

Conversation with Mr. Harvey Spear

“THE GREATEST RASCAL IN THE TOWN”

‘My mother! I never knew her stand gossiping at the door for five minutes, all my life; and I never knew her go to the theatre or enter a public house: she was a remarkable woman, but she was the best of women.’

‘But I,—do you know what I have been? I have been the greatest rascal in the town! I have been a *great* rascal! I had no brothers or sisters to play with, and I got tired of home and got among bad companions outside. I got with thieves, and jail birds, and prostitutes: at last I associated with a gang of house breakers, and what a time we led the police! But five of them died in prison, and three committed a capital crime, and paid capital punishment; I am the only one left.’

‘And grace has met you!’

‘Yes, thirty-two years ago. And if *I* could be saved, no one is too bad to be saved. When I was converted, I went to the police and told them they need not trouble about me any more. I should not bother them again. I was a new man. And they know it.’

‘You remind me of the apostle’s words, “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save

sinners, of whom I am chief. Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first (or 'as chief'), Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting" (1 Tim. i. 15, 16).

'Yes, but he had been a good moral man, and I, a very bad one. It was his hatred to Christ and those that bore His name that made him the chief of sinners.'

'But it is the Holy Spirit of God that gives him that title. It was the truth. He was the chief.'

'He was. But to think that I could have gone from such a home to such depths! I often think how much I owe to my mother's prayers. I am sixty-seven now, and it is thirty-two years since my conversion.'

'It is forty-one since I was brought to Christ. Like yourself I had no brothers or sisters, but He met me when quite a child. So we are equally debtors to mercy. You, for being saved out of such depths, I for being kept from them.'

'Yes, but I bitterly regret having gone into them.'

The above conversation took place but twelve hours ago, and it is related here in order to echo the words, '*If I could be saved, none are too bad*'! It may be this will reach the eye of one who feels himself indeed the greatest rascal in the town,—

one who has sunk into the lowest depths of depravity, and who feels no power can raise him. But there is One who can. His name is Jesus, and He came from heaven to earth, in order to 'save His people from their sins.' And while here He showed by His unremitting acts of grace and love that

"None (were) too vile and loathsome
For a Saviour's grace."

And then He went to the cross, there to suffer God's righteous wrath against sin. He hung there as "The sinners' Substitute," and a holy God made "His soul an offering for sin," and "laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah liii. 10, 6). "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" (ver. 5).

The work is finished; He said so with His dying breath, for having declared "It is finished," He bowed His head and gave up the ghost; and God is satisfied, for He raised Him from the dead, and seated Him at His own right hand.

Oh, will you not trust this Saviour? Come to Him just as you are with all your sins. He does not ask reformed characters to come to Him. He came to save *sinners*, not the righteous. He came to save *you*. Oh, put in your claim to His grace, and accept His great salvation. He will not only blot out your past in His precious blood,

for "the blood of Jesus Christ, His (God's) Son, cleanseth us from all sin," but He will give you a new life, a new nature, and the Holy Spirit as the power of that new life, so that it shall be true of you, "old things have passed away, behold all things are become new." Oh, listen, my friend. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord—though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isaiah i. 18).

But it may be this will also reach the eye of one who has been the complete opposite of the greatest rascal in the town, one who is moral, upright, and maybe, religious, but who nevertheless has no thought of his or her need of a Saviour, and has never come to Christ. It was such an one who confessed himself the *chief* of sinners! The best boy in his class at school, excelling his young companions in religious knowledge, a good boy at home, and exemplary outside, yet he hated Christ, he hated the name of Jesus, and, in consequence, those who bore it. But he "obtained mercy," and so may you. You need it, for

"What think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest
Unless you think rightly of Him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As He is belovèd or not,
So God is disposèd towards you
And mercy or wrath is your lot."

But there is mercy for you to-day, if you will only cast yourself on it ; “ there is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be feared.” “ There is no difference,” “ for the same Lord over all is rich unto *all* that call upon Him,” and “ 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 ” (Rom. iii. 23, 24).

T.

“I AIN’T NO BEGGAR ! ”

Henry Moorhouse once used this illustration :—

Suppose you go up the street, and meet a man whom you have known for the last ten years to be a beggar, and you notice a change in his appearance, and you say :—

“ Hallo, beggar, what’s come over you ? ”

“ I ain’t no beggar. Don’t call me a beggar.”

“ Why,” you say, “ I saw you the other day begging in the street.”

“ Oh, but a change has taken place,” he replies.

“ Is that so ? How did it come about ? ”

“ Well,” he says, “ I came out this morning, and got down here intending to catch the business men and get money out of them, when one of

them came up to me and said that ten thousand dollars had been deposited for me in the bank."

"How do you know this is true?" you say.

"I went to the bank, and they put the money in my hand."

"Are you sure of that?" you ask; "how do you know it was the right kind of a hand?"

But he says, "I don't care whether it was the right kind of a hand or not; I got the money, and that's all I wanted."

"Faith is the hand," says Mr. Moody, "that reaches out and takes the blessing. Any faith that brings you to Christ is the right kind of faith; and instead of looking at your faith, *look to Christ*. See you have the right kind of a Christ—a Christ that is giving you victory over sin. Faith is to the soul what the eye is to the body. I do not pick my eyes out of my head every now and then, to see if they are the right kind of eyes. Yet people are doing that with faith all the time."

Some one has said, "Faith sees a thing in God's hand, and says, 'I will have it.' Unbelief sees it there, and says, 'God won't give it me.' Look to God by faith now and have salvation."

"THERE IS NO GOD ELSE BESIDE ME; A JUST GOD AND A SAVIOUR. THERE IS NONE BESIDE ME. LOOK UNTO ME, AND BE YE SAVED, ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH: FOR I AM GOD, AND THERE IS NONE ELSE" (Isai. xlv. 21, 22).

“ONLY A VENEER”

‘A great deal of the civilisation of the present day is only a veneer,’ said a young Canadian soldier to me a short time since.

‘I quite agree with you,’ I said, ‘and there is also a great deal of religion which is only a veneer.’

‘But *you* go in for religion, don’t you? That seems a strange thing for a man to say that goes about preaching, and giving away Testaments and tracts.’

‘Probably it does, but there is a wide difference between teaching people to be religious, and seeking the salvation of their souls. One may be only adding to the veneering of things as you rightly termed it, and the other really begins by stripping the veneer off.’

‘Now you’ve got beyond me, I don’t quite follow you.’

‘Well, you see, the very fact that man feels his need of a religion of some sort, is evidence in itself of his consciousness of having to do with God. This is accompanied in all of us with another feeling, and that is that we are not what we ought to be, and are unfit for the presence of a God who is holy and righteous. So that if we come under the judgment of God, condemnation must inevitably follow.’

‘ Now, Satan knows this as well as, and better than, we do, consequently he has a great deal to do with religion, and is ever ready with suggestions of a religious kind to hide from us our true state before God, and to induce us to adopt some kind of veneer or surface cover, to conceal the true state of things underneath.’

‘ I never knew before that the devil helped to make people religious.’

‘ Yes, I have no doubt that Satan has taken advantage of the fell need of man’s heart for something, or some one, to worship, in order to foist upon him what is false, and often the perversion of what is true in itself is more to be dreaded than positive evil and vice. But there are two marks of that true religion which is according to God, that cannot be gainsaid or misunderstood.

‘ One is that it gives us what is true about God, and the other that it tells us what is true about ourselves. These two essential things are to be found in the Bible alone—the only revelation from God. That is the reason why I distribute these Testaments—the word of God that alone gives us the truth about these two things. There are numberless religions that fall far short of this, and many are only veneers that cover up instead of unfolding the truth about God, and the truth about man.

‘ The truth about God is that He is light and

that He is love, while the truth about you and me is that we are sinners and so under condemnation. But the happy thing is that God loves sinners, but He does not, and cannot love or tolerate sin, as you know. To put it very simply, God loves the sinner, but he hates the sinner's sins, so He sent His Son to die for the sinner, and make atonement for his sins, in order that He may take the sinner who believes in Jesus and His redemptive work, to heaven without them. '

' Would you mind repeating that ? '

' Certainly. God loves the sinner, but He hates the sinner's sins. So He sent His Son to die for the sinner's sins, in order that He may take the sinner to heaven without them. '

' All the value of the death of Christ is now reckoned to those who believe God, and, turning away from their sins, accept Christ as their Saviour. '

T. R.



FAITH'S OUTLOOK

Mid earth's carnage, groans, and anguish,
 Falling Empires, hearts that break,
 Comes a Voice from yonder glory,
 Breathing still Love's well-known story,
 " I'll ne'er leave thee ; nor forsake."

Precious Saviour, Lord, Redeemer,
 Well Thou knowest all our needs ;
 But Thy grace and strength remaineth ;
 Thine own peace and joy sustaineth ;
 And Thy Love all thought exceeds.

Meanwhile, midst this world-wide sorrow,
 What should be Faith's hope to-day ?
 " Turn to God " ye warring nations ;
 Make to Him your supplications ;
 And ye Christians " pray " !

" In a moment," Jesus cometh ;
 And His loving voice we'll hear,
 Changed ; caught up ; and with Him ever ;
 Like Him, too, where nought can sever,
 What, indeed, have we to fear ?

Yes, dear Lord, our hearts are longing,
 Just to see Thee " face to face " ;
 And, in glory, sing with gladness,
 Where there's neither sin nor sadness,
 Of Thine all-surpassing grace.

Trusting soul, God shall sustain thee,
 Nothing can thy peace destroy ;
 Tho' the " night " may find thee " weeping " ;
 Thou art still in His own keeping ;
 And the " morning " bringeth joy. S. T.

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Gospel

Gleanings



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PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE PENNY
NET

Sergt. J. Lissels, while billeted here in 1915-

THE SERGEANT'S MISTAKE

The Sergeant was altogether too busy to "go sick," but he had a severe cold which threatened to develop into serious illness if neglected. So the landlady where he was billeted undertook a little doctoring, and gave him a simple remedy. The next morning the following conversation took place.

"You are better, Sergeant. That medicine has done you good."

"Yes, it has. You see I had faith in it, and there's a lot of virtue in faith. If I hadn't believed in it, it wouldn't have done me good."

"I would rather say, Sergeant, that the virtue is in the object of faith, not in the faith itself. You might believe in it, but if I had given you a wrong medicine, it would have done you harm, not good."

He looked astonished, but stood to his statement. "Well, I believe faith has a lot to do with it," he said.

And many think like him, on a far more important subject than a dose of medicine. "It does not matter what a man believes providing he is sincere," they say—and that about the eternal destiny of their never-dying soul. Faith in a lie does not make it a truth, any more than a glass of deadly poison would have cured the sergeant's cold, had it been given him instead of the medicine.

But is it not written “ Being justified by faith ” ? “ By grace are ye saved through faith ” ? “ Be not afraid : *only believe* ” ? It is ; yet faith is not the Justifier, nor the Saviour, nor the procuring cause ! The landlady was right ; the virtue lies in the Object of faith, not in the faith itself. “ Have faith in God.” Certainly. “ Without faith it is impossible to please Him, for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.” But your faith, my reader, will only do for your soul what the sergeant’s faith did for his body—it will cause you to take the remedy. The virtue lay in the medicine ; *it* cured the cold, but his faith in the landlady led him to take that which she offered him. Had he doubted her, or thought the medicine quackery, he might have refused to drink it, and so it could have done him no good ; but the moment he swallowed it, the remedy began to work the cure. And so faith in God and His word leads a sinner to apply to himself the remedy offered him in that word—forgiveness of sins, justification from all things ; peace with God ; access into His presence even now, and the certainty of being with Him in the glory for all eternity. But Christ alone is the Object of faith—God-given faith. And all the virtue resides in Him. *He* is the Justifier ; *He* is the Saviour ; *He* is the procuring cause.

The Son of God has come—sent by the Father, into this sin-stained world, sent to be the Saviour, sent to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. That Sacrifice has been offered; that offering has been accepted. The fire of God's holy wrath and indignation against sin has fallen—fallen on the head of that holy, spotless Victim, and has wrung from His lips the fearful cry "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" He and His work—that finished work on Calvary—is the "procuring cause" of God's loving favour being righteously toward the sinner now; it and it alone is the ground on which God can be just and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus, while faith is but the hand that grasps what God so freely offers by Jesus.

Virtue in faith! No. But vice—wrong, awful wrong in unbelief. Unbelief in the God that made man! Unbelief in the word of Him Who cannot lie! Listen! Talk no more of the virtue of faith, but consider the other side—"He that believeth not God hath MADE HIM a LIAR, because he hath not believed in the record that God gave of His Son; and this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

T.

THE DOOR

“ I am the door ; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.”—JOHN x. 9.

See how simple that is ! You never ask yourself what a door is, you take it for granted it is for entrance. And the Lord loves to bring Himself before us in the figures of everyday life.

“ By Me if any man enter.” You are invited to enter—to come to the Saviour. It does not say in this verse, “ I am the Door of the sheep,” but “ I am the Door,” for anyone. You, who are not a sheep—not of the Jewish fold—*you* may enter. The way of access is not above the capacity of any human being. “ I am the Way ”—we know what a “ way ” is. We are very glad to find a path in the wilderness. When wandering over the moors it is very pleasant to find a beaten path, and to know someone has been before us. “ Oh,” we say, “ I am all right, this way leads somewhere.”

And so with the door. “ By Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.” Could anything be simpler ? But this is in view of the work of redemption. He Who is the Door is also the Good Shepherd, and “ the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.” Paul says “ The Son of God Who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me* ” (Gal. ii. 20). We can each day say it who have

been to the Saviour. We know the love of One Who has given Himself for us. No one else has. For "a good man" *par excellence* perhaps—not very likely—"some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Romans v. 8).

Here is the Good Shepherd, Who gave His life for the sheep: but more than that. "Therefore doth My Father love Me because I lay down My life that I might take it again" (ver. 17).

Oh, the beautiful accord between the Father and the Son! Not one single thing the Lord Jesus did but was in communion with His Father. He would not even lay down His life without the commandment of the Father. He took the place of a servant. But was He not crucified by lawless hands? He was. Yet "no man taketh My life from Me, but I lay it down of Myself." Look at Him in the garden when they came to take Him! They went backward, and fell to the ground. Now here is salvation, and it is a large word. The Psalmist says "Thou hast set my feet in a large room." So with the soul who knows God's salvation! It has already appeared. What are *you* waiting for?

Now what follows? Liberty. "I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall *go in and out*." I have been in bondage all

these years to the devil and to my sins ; now I have liberty—and more—pasture. It is not liberty to do my own will ; that is always unsatisfying. Now I have come to the Saviour I have liberty, peace, joy, and power to do His will.

That pasture is not exhausted ; that liberty is not cramped. “ If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him ” (John xiv. 23). “ In my Father’s house are many abodes ” ; are they not enough for Him ? Nay, He is seeking another abode—and with you, that you may be sensible of His Father’s love. The Christian ought to be the happiest man in the world ! And he is ! You can’t match this happiness. And the Saviour died for my sins ! One sin remaining is enough to exclude from God’s presence ; but “ the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin.”

May you prove for your own soul the blessedness and reality of that for His name’s sake !



“THERE IS A TICKET THAT WILL PASS YOU”

Those who are conversant with the north of England will doubtless have been struck with the character of its scenery. The hills are lofty and bold. Sometimes at a great elevation there is an extensive table land, chiefly moor and unenclosed, stretching out for several miles. The scenery varies into rugged and rocky defiles, leading into fertile meadows, which again give place to ruder features.

I was led into such a neighbourhood as answers to the former description. The village was situated on the edge of a moor, which extended some distance. The country was wild in the extreme, and the population not a little like it. Nature had not been prodigal of charms to the country, nor had civilization done much for the people. They were rude and rough, yet hearty. I had an open door to witness to the grace of God, and a willing audience.

I was kindly invited to partake of refreshment at the house of a newly-married couple, where hospitality was as cheerfully bestowed as it was cordially received. Whilst at tea, a young woman entered, from the neighbourhood; and as I was speaking of God's grace to some individuals I had met with, she said she had just left some one

dying, who stood greatly in need of it. I need not say that I volunteered a visit immediately.

We went together ; and, on entering the house, found a poor woman propped up in bed. The impress of death was on her features, and it needed but little skill to discern that her days were numbered ; indeed, her time could be reckoned by hours. A very few words introduced my errand and myself. Her danger quickened her apprehension, and she asked imploringly if I could do anything for her soul.

“ Oh ! ” she exclaimed. “ If I might but live, how different would I be in future. I have not done as I ought, and now I am dying ; Lord have mercy upon me ! ”

Here I found soil ready prepared for the casting in of the seed. The Spirit of God had revealed her condition ; conviction was wrought in the mind. Would not God permit the balm to be applied to her wounds ?

I sat beside her, and, as simply as I could, put before her the grace of God in the gift of a Saviour, and how Jesus was such indeed.

She listened with agonising attention, only interrupted by the occasional change of position to relieve her breathing.

After prayer, I withdrew to the preaching, which was to commence at six o'clock.

The audience was already assembled. When

the service was concluded, it rained in torrents, and I had the prospect of a twelve miles' ride over the moors, before I should reach my abode for the night. I could not, however, hurry away. This poor woman was laid upon my heart, and I again sought her cottage before leaving the neighbourhood.

I found her pretty much as I had left her, as to bodily suffering. I inquired if she had considered over what had been advanced on my previous visit.

She replied, she had done so, as much as her pain would allow. "But I want something more ; I feel I am not prepared to die ! Lord have mercy upon me ! Oh, if he would but spare me a few days, that I might repent."

"My good woman," I replied, "days, months, or years, would not make your condition or salvation more secure. 'The word is nigh thee . . . that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved '" (Rom. x. 6-11).

Still the veil was over her mind. She groaned in very bitterness of spirit, "I have neglected the chief thing for which I came into the world. O Lord ! have mercy on me."

"Cannot you give me any ease, sir ? " she said, appealing to me.

“ Yes, my good woman,” I replied ; “ you know if you were travelling by the railway to any place, you must have a ticket to pass you. And now you are travelling from time to eternity, and there is a ticket that will pass you.”

“ Heigh ! ” she exclaimed, “ do tell me what it is ? ”

I replied, “ *The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.* ”

“ Will that pass me ? ” she eagerly inquired.

“ It will, indeed,” I said.

“ Do let me learn it by heart.” And she endeavoured to learn this heavenly passport by heart, making such efforts to speak as her strength would allow, until she could repeat it word for word. Strange as it may appear, this cost her some effort.

The rain beat in torrents against the window. The wind howled in the doorway. Nature was boisterous without ; but this strange scene of a dying woman (in the very article of death) seeking to learn a text of God’s word, as a child does its catechism, absorbed all my attention.

I waited the result. My dying pupil laid hold of the letter ; might not God apply it in power by His Spirit to her soul ! I prayed with her, and left her.

Her last imploring appeal was, “ It will pass me, won’t it ? ”

Unhesitatingly I answered her that it would ; for surely the word of God presenting the Holy Spirit's testimony to the efficacy of the blood of Jesus, will indeed pass any poor sinner who lays hold of it by faith.

She died two days afterwards. Yet before she expired, the Spirit bare witness with her spirit, that the blood of Jesus Christ indeed cleanses from all sin. She felt, as she said, " it would pass her " ; and as if the assurance of her safety might be really indulged, she remarked to those about her, " If the Lord did but suffer me to live three months, I have gotten such hold of the truth, I could convert all the house."

She sleeps in Jesus.

J. W.

Revised by W. J. Evans of Crofton

AN EMPTY-HANDED GUEST

" Thanks ! but I cannot come to tea. I have not got my sugar card with me ! " said a Christian man who, passing through a provincial town, was invited home by an old friend.

" I don't want your sugar card, or anything else, except yourself," was the reply. " And you have accepted another invitation on those terms, I know ! "

" Ah, that I have ! Yes, I'll come, please God " !
Reader, have you accepted " another invitation

on those terms,"—*i.e.*, that you come just as you are, bringing nothing but yourself?

Whose is that invitation? To what is it? And is it for you? It is: listen——

“Ho! everyone 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).

For “the kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son, and sent forth his servants . . . saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold I have prepared my dinner; my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and *all things are ready; come unto the marriage*” (Matthew xxii. 2-4).

And again “he sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for *all things are NOW ready*” (Luke xiv. 17).

Is that not enough? Hush! “He that sat upon the throne said . . . It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. *I will give* unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life, *freely*” (Revelation xxi. 6).

This is God's invitation—God, the unchanging,

unchangeable I AM—God upon His throne, for “I am a great King, saith Jehovah of Hosts” (Malachi i. 14). And is it not to you? Are you thirsty? Have you tried earth’s fountains of pleasure and found them bitter, nay, poisoned? Are you penniless? Spent all, perchance, “in riotous living”? (Luke xv. 14). Or if not so, yet on “physicians of no value” (Luke viii. 43)?

Oh, take it to yourself—and act upon it! Accept that invitation and come as you are, empty handed, with no right, no claim, and

“Nought to plead
In earth below or heaven above,
But just mine own exceeding need
And His exceeding love!”

Come! “He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst” (John vi. 35). “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out” (John vi. 37). For “this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation (yea, of *yours*), that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief!”

H.C.G.



" EVERLASTING "

" From everlasting, Thou art God "
Eternal in Thy days ;
" Whose goings forth have been of old "—
The theme of ceaseless praise !

" Ere yet the mountains were brought forth,"
The rivers, seas, or shore ;
Thou, with Thy Father, ever wast,
Rejoicing evermore.

" The First and Last "—the great " I Am,"
Of all Creation, Lord ;
Thou art the Father's only Son,
By angel hosts adored.

What everlasting glories dwell
In Thy beloved Name ;
Lord Jesus, Thou art all to me,
For evermore the same.

Yes, for a guilty worm like me,
Thou didst come down to die ;
And everlasting life is mine—
Thou only knowest why.

But this I know, that through Thy blood,
I've everlasting peace :
A full atonement hast Thou made,
And can my praises cease ?

Nay ! in the ages yet to come,
Through everlasting days,
'Twill be my joy to please the One
Who's worthy of all praise.

Yes ! everlasting joy is mine,
Unmeasured in its length ;
And, " underneath " me are those arms
Of everlasting strength !

The glories of the Father's house,
What human tongue can tell ?
There, everlasting glory shines ;
And I with Christ shall dwell.

S. T.

SPIRITUAL THIRST

As pants the hart for living brooks
 So pines my soul for Thee ;
 Away from this lone earth it looks,
 And longs Thy face to see.

Thrice Holy One ! athirst I am
 From man's false world to fly,
 And on the glories of the Lamb
 To feast my fasting eye.

'Tis here, a bleak and barren land,
 Where hearts and hopes are vain ;
 But faith perceives at Thy right hand
 Supernal wonders reign.

There, pleasures bloom which cannot lead
 Compliant souls to sin ;
 And all celestial Love decreed,
 Victorious martyrs win.

No shades of guilt, or sorrow, now
 Athwart remembrance roll ;
 Eternity unveils its brow,
 And God enshrines the soul.

VERB

Those pulses of ethereal bliss,
 Which here so feebly play,
 Shall throb within a realm like this,
 Divine beyond decay !

The Past will not return in sighs,
 The Future ne'er appal,
 The Present charm celestial eyes
 With Christ, the All in All.

R. M.

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Gospel

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PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE PENNY
NET

From the Diary of W. G. F. Bird

"GOD WANTS TO DO YOU GOOD"

Inheriting a fortune of £40,000, H— (like another prodigal) had spent it all "in riotous living," until at last he found his home in a common lodging-house, while he obtained his livelihood by playing a banjo on the beach.

Known in days of affluence to a large circle of acquaintances, he frequently met one and another who recognised him, and in mistaken pity gave him considerable sums of money. A bout of drunkenness always followed this ill-judged generosity. His great pleasure seemed to be to upset, if possible, any open-air service held on the beach, except those held by one man—a missionary who frequently visited the lodging-house he slept in, and who had gained his respect.

One Christmastide he had been unusually "lucky," and, in consequence, giving greater rein to his lusts than ever, was day after day in a state of intoxication and dissoluteness. The last night of the year came, and with it a visit from the missionary, who as was his wont held a service in the lodging house for the men, and implored them to "repent and believe the gospel." To his surprise H— was present.

After delivering his message the missionary left

to attend a watchnight service, and at its close passed the lodging-house on his way home. The keeper was outside, and beckoned to him.

“What is wrong?” he inquired.

“H— is dying. We have sent for the police ambulance to take him to the hospital, and I am waiting for it.”

Late as it was, the missionary entered the house and stood by the side of the dying man who had so often opposed God’s message of mercy.

“Well, H—, I am sorry to see you thus, but I am not surprised after the way you have gone on lately. I am not throwing stones at you, but I must be faithful.”

“Yes, Mr. — ; I believe you want to do me good.”

“I do, but what is more to the point, God wishes to do you good, H— !”

“God! No, Mr. —, not after all I have done against Him, and after such a life as mine. I could not be so mean as to turn to Him now.”

“It is true! He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance,” said the missionary. And tenderly and lovingly, to no unwilling ears now, he told how “God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.” That “God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world,

but that the world through him might be saved " (John iii. 16, 17) ; and " 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) ; and " Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things " (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

He spoke of God's love in giving His Son, of the Son's love in coming, and of His finished work on Calvary, when He offered Himself without spot to God ; of His death, His blood-shedding, and His resurrection in proof that all was finished and justice satisfied.

The ambulance arrived ; the dying man was lifted into it, and the missionary went home.

Early New Year's morning found him at the hospital.

" He is quite unconscious," said the nurse.

" I am not so sure," replied the missionary, and he began to speak to the dying prodigal of the love of the One against Whom he had so sorely sinned, but Who still waited to be gracious. His voice was recognised at once, his message eagerly listened to, and just as the sands of life were running out, the missionary had reason to hope poor H— accepted the mercy he had so long deliberately slighted and refused, and now had fled for refuge to the Saviour He had scorned and rejected. " Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord

shall be saved," but oh, how nearly he was lost for ever !

" I am escaped by the skin of my teeth," he might have said. But, my friend, what of yourself ? Have you hearkened to God's message of salvation, or have you, like H—, made light of it ? You may not have the " last chance " he had. Don't put it off. *God wants to do you good* : His gospel, His salvation, is sent to you ; do not refuse it. His patience, His grace is unfathomable, but not inexhaustible. Hush ! " Because I have called, and ye refused, I stretched out my hand and no man regarded . . . I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh " (Prov. i. 24, 26). " Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish ! " (Acts xiii. 41).

T.

Selected from Address by M. F. S. Reed
GOD'S YEARNINGS !

" Oh, that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear Me, and keep all My commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever " (Deut. v. 29) !

" Oh, that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments ! then had thy grace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea " (Isaiah xlviii. 18) !

" Oh that My people had hearkened unto Me,

and Israel had walked in My ways " (Psalm lxxxi. 13) !

Here are three scriptures from the Old Testament from " the law of Moses, from the prophets, and from the psalms " (Luke xxiv. 44). Turn with me now to the New Testament.

" O Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not " (Matt. xxiii. 37) !

" He beheld the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace ! but now they are hid from thine eyes " (Luke xix. 41, 42).

Now, my friends, may I ask you if you have ever read these words ? If so, have you considered them ? Have they never appealed to you ? Are they not remarkable revelations of God's yearning desire for your good. Are they not proofs of God's solicitude for your blessing ? God delights to bless according to His own heart, and He has not kept back from communicating His word, His thoughts, His desires.

Man has been tried, " without law " and the earth became " filled with violence through them " (Gen. vi. 13). " The wickedness of man was great," and God had to " destroy man from the face of the earth."

Then a people favoured of God to be His people were put under His law that they might fear Him and keep His commandments, but they rebelled against His word, and were cast out of the land of Canaan which God had given them wherein to be His witnesses against idolatry of every kind, but they lapsed into even worse than the heathen.

Thus for four thousand years was man tested. Over two thousand years "without law," and then for fifteen hundred years "under law."

But God had mercy, and brought back into the land, not all the tribes that had been carried away amongst the nations, but a part, two tribes who should be there when prophecy had run its course and the Saviour was born in Bethlehem. To them was announced the good news: "This day is born to you in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord," but alas! the Saviour found no welcome. The angels could rejoice, but men would not have Him. They might bear with Him for awhile, and could not but marvel at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth, but their marvel soon turned to hatred.

Oh, would you not think that man educated by God Himself through the law, the prophets, the psalms would have been prepared for the long-promised Messiah? But no: He was "despised and rejected of men . . . He was despised, and we esteemed him not." No wonder, that when they

murdered Him, God "sent forth His armies and destroyed those murderers, and burnt up their city." There is no blessing for them until they shall say "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord"—nor for you, until you bow at the feet of Jesus, owning your sins.

God has sent His Son to bless you, "in turning away every one of you from his iniquities." There is no blessing without that. There must be honesty before God. It is impossible to deceive Him. He knows our badness, and in face of it has revealed His goodness.

Look at the thief on the cross. What benefit could there be in telling him to do this or that? He could do nothing to save himself, *but* he turned to the Saviour. Would you have turned to Him thus, as he did? He said to his companion "The world is quite right in gibbeting us," and then he turned to the One in the midst and said, "Lord, remember me." Would you have asked to be remembered with all your iniquity? The Psalmist says, "Pardon my iniquity *for it is great.*" If you were in heaven with your sins upon you you would be more unhappy. That unsullied light makes everything manifest. Everyone there would know you as you really are, for all would be seen in its true colours.

But God has sent a Saviour! Think of Him weeping over Jerusalem! "*Oh*, that my people

had hearkened unto me ! ” “ If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink ! ” Could you have a more gracious invitation ? “ Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ! ” Shall this invitation be in vain ?

There is only one Saviour—“ God, and beside me there is no other.” And He it is who speaks. He would win your heart. He knows if sometimes the thought has crossed your mind, ‘ I would like to have my sins forgiven.’ Is this forgiveness possible ? *It is.* God justifies the ungodly (Rom. iv. 3-7). He is “ just and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.”

God cannot forego His glory or His righteousness. Then what can meet the exigencies of God’s holy nature ? “ The Son of God has come.” God gave, Christ came ; the giving of God and the coming of the Saviour are divinely in harmony. If God “ spared not His own Son,” what did it cost Him thus to give His Son ? But it was the only way, if God “ be just and the Justifier,” and His heart is so great He must have companions for His Son in heavenly glory, the trophies of His grace.

Come to Him, just as you are, with all your guilt upon you. Take Him at His own word, “ I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.” Can He justify a poor sinner such as I am ? He can, but

it must be by faith in Jesus Whom He has sent as the only way. Why then should you not come *now*? Why should you not know "peace with God"? The Saviour has come. The Saviour died, the Saviour is risen, a Saviour still. Will you make light of His mission and death for you? "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word and believeth Him *that sent Me*, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 21). The Father and the Son are at one in this, as in everything. The Saviour came, but He said, Believe on "Him that sent Me," and "he that believeth *hath* everlasting life." 'But I don't feel it!' do I hear you say? Do you *believe God*? is the question. And this is what His word says: "We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins" (Col. i 14). He asks no terms except that you come just as you are, without reserve, bowing to His word.

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

“YOU DID SET THE GOOD- NESS OF GOD BEFORE US !”

The effect of truth upon the heart is wonderfully varied ; the application of truth by individuals to their own circumstances equally so. As nothing that God has created is beneath His notice, the least as well as the greatest are preserved by His care. So with the varied capacities of mankind : the lofty soaring intellect on the one hand, and the limited intelligence on the other, come in alike for His sympathy. Blessed that it is so ! The very fact brings home to the heart confidence in the beneficence of the Deity. “ God is mighty, and despiseth not any.”

A forcible illustration of this was brought before me, in a village situated in the very wilds of — . Desiring to speak of the love of God to mankind, I was indebted for the opportunity to the goodwill of the publican at whose house I had put up my horse. He gave me the use of a room adjoining the inn, and the people were duly informed that a stranger would speak to them. A goodly company were collected together. Among the hearers was a poor woman, on whom the discourse made the impression which I desire to relate.

I had spoken of the grace of God, and dwelt very fully on the fact of it. I brought forward such

passages of scripture as might rivet the attention of the listeners ; and amongst others, I alluded to the woman of Samaria (John iv.). I presented, in contrast, the condescension of our Lord, the holy, harmless, undefiled One, in thus stooping to intercourse with the poor, degraded woman at the well of Sychar.

My hearer was impressed with what was said, and sent a messenger the next day, to invite me, if I had leisure, to pay her a visit before I left the village.

I did so, very gladly. I found her expecting me.

" Ah," she said, on my speaking to her, " I ken your voice, but my sight is sore failing me ; step in, and take a seat by the fire."

I did so, making some casual remark, which opened the way for further intercourse.

" Heigh," she said, " I *is* fain (glad) to see you. But you did set the goodness of God before us last night ! Bless you, bairn, I could na' sleep for the joy of it. And this morning, I could think of nothing else ; and I have been praying for an hour in my room : for I felt sure, as He was so good to that poor thing by the well, I dare venture to ask anything of Him."

" Well," I said, perceiving the drift of her discourse, " you were right to confide in Him, and He is pleased when we do so. But what was your request ? "

“ Why, bairn,” she replied, “ you see I’s getting old and cranky ; my eyesight is failing fast ; my back is nearly double with pain, and I cannot get about as I once did. And my husband is bad in the rheumatics, and it is hard for him to follow his work ; and when he comes home he is sharp in his temper, and I am not able to put things to rights, as I did when I was younger. So, when I heard you talk last night, I thought, for sure, the Lord had sent you to let me see into it ; and this morning I ventured to lay my case before Him ; and I asked Him if He would be so kind as brighten up my eyesight a little, and straighten my back ; I thought I could get on so much better like ! Did I do right, sir ? ”

Anxiety was depicted on her countenance, whilst she awaited my answer.

“ Surely,” I said, “ the Lord is very pitiful, and full of compassion, and you did right to tell Him your cares ; and He heard you, my good woman. But you should have put something else to it.”

“ Heigh, sir, what is that ? ”

“ Well,” I replied, “ you should have left it to Himself to grant you your request, or otherwise, as He thought would be best. But you might have petitioned that, should it be His will to continue your trials, He would be graciously pleased to make you as happy to bear and suffer them as if He had removed them ! ”

" Yes ! yes, you are right, sir ! God bless you ! I missed it there, I did, for sure : but when you are gone, I'll see to putting that right, I will."

I stayed a few minutes longer, and then left the village, not a little interested from this interview with my humble friend, and encouraged to go on with a work which reached the hearts of such hearers to practical purpose.

Since the occurrence referred to, I have heard that the good woman is gone to her rest. Bodily infirmities increased, and hastened her journey to an " inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," for which she gave every reason to believe the Lord had prepared her through faith in His blood which alone can give us entrance to heaven.

J. W.



The Christian is one who (1 Thess. i. 9) has been " converted to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven "

There are idols other than stocks and stones or images and pictures to which men and women bow down in defiance of His solemn prohibition. Whatever takes the place of the Lord Jesus in the heart is an idol. We are converted (being born again) to live to Him here, to serve Him, to worship Him, to wait for Him, to spend eternity with Him as His companions in heavenly glory. " Little children, keep yourselves from idols." (1 John v. 21.)

" I WOULD—BUT YE WOULD NOT "

(MATT. xxiii. 37 ; LUKE xix. 41)

'Tis evening—over Salem's towers a golden lustre gleams,
And lovingly and lingeringly the sun prolongs his beams ;
He looks, as on some work undone, for which the time has
passed ;

So tender is his glance and mild, it seems to be his last.
But a brighter Sun is looking on, more earnest is His eye,
For thunder clouds will veil Him soon, and darken all the
sky.

O'er Zion still He bends, as loth His presence to remove,
And on her walls there lingers yet the sunshine of His love.

'Tis Jesus. With an anguished heart a parting glance
He throws ;

For mercy's day she has sinned away for a night of dreadful
woes.

" Would thou hadst known," He said, while down rolled
many a tear,

" My words of peace, in this thy day ; but now thine end
is near.

Alas for thee, Jerusalem ! How cold thy heart to Me !
How often in Mine arms of love would I have gathered
thee !

My sheltering wing had been your shield, My love your
happy lot :

I would it had been thus with thee ; I would, but ye
would not."

He wept alone, and men passed on, the men whose sins
He bore :

They saw the Man of sorrows weep : they had seen Him
weep before.

They asked not whom those tears were for ; they asked
not whence they flowed ;

Those tears were for rebellious man : their source, the
heart of God.

They fell upon this desert earth like drops from heaven
on high,

Struck from an ocean tide of love that fills eternity.

With love and tenderness divine those crystal cells
o'erflow,

'Tis God that weeps, through human eyes, for human
guilt and woe.

That hour has fled ; those tears are told ; the agony has
passed ;

The Lord has wept, the Lord has bled, but has not *loved*
His last.

His eye of love is downward bent, still ranging to and
fro,

Where'er in this wide wilderness there roams the child
of woe.

Nor His alone—the Three in One Who looked through
Jesus' eye

Could still the harps of angel bands to hear the suppliant
sigh.

And when the rebel chooses wrath, God mourns his hapless
lot,

Deep breathing from His heart of love, " I would, but ye
would not."

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ONE PENNY
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*Conversion of W. J. R. Parrott***AFTER THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS !**

Some seventy years or so ago, a young mother bent over the cradle of her infant son, and earnestly pleaded with God that the precious little one committed by Him to her care might become His child through faith in Christ Jesus, and the life then opening be spent for His glory. The infant grew from infancy to childhood, and daily that mother pleaded with God for the conversion of her child, who, as he became able to take it in, was told in simple language of the love of God in the gift of His Son.

Years passed, and the child became a youth, but the story of redeeming love had no attraction for him. Wild and thoughtless, Jack was the "black sheep" of the family. Still his mother prayed, but those prayers seemed unanswered.

At the age of 23, Jack left home, and away from its restraints and godly influence, gave full rein to his sinful passions, and lived a life of drunkenness and debauchery. Still his mother prayed for him, although she knew not to what depths he had fallen. His employment took him to India, where he was frequently stationed in out-of-the-way places, often being the only European there; but though he hated God and His Christ, and His people, if ever a missionary passed near, he was sure to find Jack out, and remind him in some

way of the home he had left, and the teaching at his mother's knee. Frequently, too, was the abandoned man reminded by his own heart that the wonderful escapes and deliverances he had experienced were the results of that mother's prayers.

Small wonder that the life he was living in an Indian climate resulted in serious illness, and Jack found himself in hospital at Madras. He recovered, however, and on being discharged from the hospital resolved to "have a fling" before returning to the lonely out-post where he was stationed. Accordingly he took a room in the officers' quarters of the Sailors' Home.

Many were staying there, but the aged couple who kept the house took a special interest in Jack. They were solicitous for his comfort, and invited him to their own rooms—*why*, he could not think. But he went, and then after making him welcome and setting him at his ease, they began to speak to him of the love of God, and the finished work of the Lord Jesus.

Jack was touched! Surely it was true, and God must love him, guilty wretch as he was, or His people would not be so kind to him. His mother's prayers must surely have been heard, and Jack felt really sorry for his sins, and determined to turn over a new leaf.

But he was in the grip of a despot that does not

let his "lawful captive" easily go; he quickly plucked up the good seed that had been sown, and Jack returned to his life of sin more greedily than ever.

At length he left India, and with his wife and family settled in a well-known seaside resort in the South of England. Here he sank lower and lower, a constant drunkard and wife-beater. "I was cruel," is his own verdict in recalling those days. His wife being an Irishwoman, attracted the interest of an Irish lady whose delight it was to carry the gospel of God to the poor and needy. She visited the house, and saw, alas! the evidences of the husband's brutality and lust.

Lovingly and tenderly she told the poor wife of a Saviour who was willing and able to save her from her sins and to shield her from her husband's ferocity, and supply all her need. The woman was interested, she would fain hear more; and when invited to a little mission room to hear the Gospel, gladly agreed to go. No sooner did Jack hear of this, however, than he swore she should not go, and threatened to kill her if she dared so to do. The woman was cowed, and when the lady-visitor again called, told how her husband had hindered her. Alas, she had allowed herself to be hindered, and from that time she lost the desire to be saved, and became antagonistic to the word, and people, of God.

The lady was deeply distressed. Jack was so hardened ; what could she do ? It is written, “ If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall desire, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.” And relying on that word, the lady with two friends met specially one Saturday evening in May, 1885, for one purpose—to pray for Jack’s conversion.

Did they know of the prayers that had been going up for thirty-eight years from his mother’s heart and lips ? I cannot say, but God did. He had not forgotten to be gracious, and His time of deliverance was near.

Sunday dawned, and Jack got up. But what was the matter with him ? He did not know ; he only knew he was wretched and miserable, and more unhappy than he had ever been. He wandered about the house in an absent manner ; but, strange to say, when 2 o’clock came, the time for opening the public house, it had no interest for him. It was only a few doors off, and it was always his custom to go in as soon as it opened, and remain till it closed, but to-day it had no attraction. At length he startled his wife by telling her to dress their eldest child, and he would take her out for a walk—an unheard-of thing for him !

The woman did as he said, for she was too accustomed to his violence to thwart him in

anything ; and father and child set out together. Aimlessly, and listlessly, he wandered about, until in a back street he was attracted by the sound of singing proceeding from a small building which he entered. Little he thought that he and his child were entering the very mission room he had prevented his wife from attending under threat of death !

Hear his own words of what took place : “ The speaker was picturing the love of the blessed Lord Jesus to the dying thief on Calvary, and revealed my life, as I thought, and the blessed Lord’s love to me. Thus were my eyes opened, and I saw myself a lost and ruined sinner, and He offering Himself and bearing the wrath of God there for me.”

The meeting closed, but Jack retained his seat. Then a lady approached him, and kindly enquired his name. He told her. Did he notice her start and the glad look in her eyes, as she said : “ Oh, Miss S—— *would* like to speak to you ” !

“ I don’t know any Miss S—— ” replied Jack, but she was soon at his side with her friend—two of the three who had met but twenty-four hours before to plead for his salvation.

“ Will you accompany me home ? ” asked Miss S——.

“ No, certainly not.”

“ Oh, do come. Your little girl will be quite

comfortable with my servants, and I want to talk with you."

And her manner was so kind and Jack was so wretched that at last he consented.

There in her drawing-room Miss S—— and another lady (the third of that praying trio) told Jack again the story he had heard in the mission room, told him of God's love to him manifested in the gift of Jesus ; told how the Holy One had been made sin for him, and that by Him all that believe are justified from all things.

Heavier and heavier grew the weight of guilt on poor Jack's conscience, until it was an actual physical relief when the lady said, " Let us pray," and Jack could fall on his knees, a guilty sinner before God. For how to sit upright he did not know.

" You must pray for yourself," she told him.

" I cannot," groaned Jack ; " I have never prayed. I don't know what to say." But realizing he was in the presence of God, the cry rose from the bottom of his bursting heart, and escaped his trembling lips, " O God, have mercy on me for Jesus' sake."

And in this day of salvation, none pleads for mercy, in that Name, in vain. Instantly the weight was gone, and Jack knew that God in Christ had forgiven him. He " felt in his body that he was healed of that plague," and springing to his feet exclaimed, " Oh, I have got something

Now! where's my girl? I must go home," and he hurried from the house.

It did not take father and child long to reach home, where he found his wife in bed, whither she had gone to escape his expected violence.

"Get up, my lass," was Jack's greeting, "I have got something to-night," but she only wrapped the bedclothes tighter round her. Then he told her what the something was—forgiveness for the past, eternal life now and for ever, and a bright hope through grace; and falling on his knees by the bed he gave thanks for the grace that had saved even him.

"Man, you're mad!" she declared. But for thirty-three years she has had the witness that he was "not mad," but speaking "the words of truth and soberness" (however much excitement there may have been as he realized the joy of sins forgiven), and that he got not only "something," but some One that night—nay, more, that that One had got him!

T.



Correct Name of Address by Mr. F. E. Race

THE SAVIOUR'S QUEST

“ Jesus heard that they had cast him out ; and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God ? ” (John ix. 35).

Do you not think there was quite enough on the mind of the Lord without troubling about this poor solitary man ? But it is just the way of the Lord to meet a soul in sorrowful surroundings.

“ Jesus *heard*.” He took the place of a Servant. We sometimes begrudge our indebtedness to those who tell us anything. Not so He, though as God He knew all thoroughly. “ He heard,” and “ He found ” ; therefore He had *sought*. Was the man worth anything ? The Lord delights particularly to reveal Himself to those cast out by the world. It was not an uncertain, questionable search.

“ He said . . . Dost thou believe on the Son of God ? ” We are so selfish in our desires—content, it may be, if only our *needs* be met. But the Lord loves to go beyond our expectations, and to reveal Himself. What are all His gifts, compared with Himself ? “ Forget not all His benefits ! ” But what are they in comparison with Him, the Benefactor ? Think of His grace ! Does His eye see all through which I am passing ? And does He delight to whisper in my ear what He is ? We can all say, if we think of ourselves, we are not fit for

His presence ; but we who believe give “ thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light ; who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son, in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins ” (Col. i. 12-14). This is not an imagination, an idea, but a fact, a possession.

Oh, if you are clinging to one single thing except the Saviour, how deceived you are ! If by “ doing what you can ” you think you can make yourself acceptable to God, *drop it*, I beseech you ! “ Dost thou believe on the Son of God,” and find in Him an Object for your heart—an Object for your worship, and the Only One ? The devil is always catering for the worship of your heart. It may be by “ only a picture,” or a crucifix, but it is an idol. The Lord Jesus Christ stands out alone the Transcendent One.

We have the Divine presentation of the Saviour in the wonderful Gospel of John. Who is the Lord ? Do you not want some one to worship ? If you have tasted that the Lord is gracious it is not enough to be ever feeding on the Gospel—you want to feed on the Saviour ! I want to see my Saviour ; I want to praise Him face to face for His goodness ! We have not seen Him yet with our natural eyes, yet “ Whom having not seen, ye

love.” Divine love can be real though the Object be unseen as yet.

You think perhaps, “ If the Lord were here I’d go to Him and tell Him all that I feel, the weight of my sins, and all my need.” Well, would you have gone? You need not go out of this room! You do not need to move from that chair! “ 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 ” (Rom. x. 9).

To Him then look Who hung on Calvary’s cross. Believe on Him, the Son of God. Give thanks to the Father Who has made us accepted in the Beloved. Bow down and worship Him, the all-worthy One, Who has redeemed us to God and made known the Father’s name, “ that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them.”

God, who has loaded me with benefits innumerable from the moment of my birth, has told me He gave His only begotten Son, that, believing on Him, I might have everlasting life! Not living for ever *here*, but in heaven, where all is holy, pure and good, and to know, love, and be for ever with, the Saviour who loved me, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME!

“I’VE GOT IT”

It was the close of a summer’s evening in 1917 ; and the sun was sinking in the west, when, in passing a “ shelter,” at a well-known seaside resort on the south coast, I noticed a lady sitting alone, and felt led to offer her a “ *Message from God* ” ; which she accepted. There I thought the incident had closed : but God, Who delights in mercy, had purposes of grace : and nothing is lost, we know, if done for His glory.

On the following Monday, in passing that “ shelter,” I saw the same lady, sitting in the same seat : and, in an undertone remarked, ‘ Hope I did not offend you, by offering you that tract on Saturday ’—to which she at once replied, ‘ Oh ! no ; I should much like to have a talk with you.’ The “ shelter ” being full, she suggested our going round to her apartments, adding, ‘ It will be more quiet there.’ I gladly assented, feeling sure that God’s Spirit had already begun a good work in her soul. She was evidently in earnest, so I proposed that we should wait on God in prayer, that we might have His blessing on what might be said.

On rising from our knees, I read to her those well-known verses Acts xiii. 38, 39 : “ Be it known unto you, therefore, 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." A long conversation followed, wherein I sought by God's Spirit to press home upon her heart and conscience her own deep need, and the glorious truths unfolded in the above two verses.

She was now intensely anxious about her soul, so I suggested our meeting again the next day. Something hindered her coming, but we met on the Wednesday, and I found her still more anxious. A further interview was appointed for Thursday. That morning, however, turned out wet ; and the "shelter" being empty, I proceeded to her apartments. To my astonishment and joy, I no sooner entered the room than, with a beaming face, she sprang from her seat, exclaiming in fervent tones, 'I've got it ; I've got it.'

'What have you got ?' I said.

'Peace with God ; peace with God,' was her prompt reply.

'What about your sins ?'

'They are all forgiven and forgotten,' was her quiet answer.

The tears started to my eyes, as I said, 'Let us together thank God for His wondrous grace.' Need I say, there was joy in both our hearts, joy in the presence of God's angels, joy in God's own

heart. One more brand had been "plucked from the fire"; and one more jewel added to the Saviour's crown of glory! We had now, after that morning, many sweet talks of Jesus.

In the course of a few days, however, a lull came in her joy—and something clouded her peace—probably the discovery that she was not sinless, although she was resting in Christ, and on His finished work at Calvary's cross. This led me to speak to her from 1 John ii. 1, of the present advocacy of Christ, as One Who, having *died* for our sins, now *lives* for us; intercedes for us, and has made Himself responsible to bring us safely through every difficulty, trial, or failure, till we reach our heavenly home. Her peace and joy came back; and, when we parted, a few days after, she was bright and happy.

I never saw her again, though several letters passed between us, but I know we shall meet "in the air," when the Lord Himself shall come to receive us unto Himself; and, in bodies, raised and changed, all the blood-bought ones shall be "caught up" together. Then shall we hear His welcome voice; behold Him face to face; and be *with* Him, and *like* Him, through God's eternal day. In less than eight months after her conversion, my friend fell asleep in Jesus at a "nursing home"; where she witnessed a good confession to the grace that had sought and found her;

and for five weeks before her death, her joy was boundless.

My dear reader, may I ask you, 'Have you yourself "got" this *perfect peace with God*? Can you sing those glorious words:

"Lord, while our souls in faith repose
Upon Thy precious blood,
Peace like an even river flows,
And mercy like a flood"?

If not, let me beseech you most earnestly to take your place now, as a poor, lost, guilty sinner, at the feet of Jesus, and prove the truth of His own words, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

S. T.

"GOD MEANT IT UNTO GOOD"

GEN. I. 20

"God meant it unto good,"—O blest assurance
Falling like sunshine all across life's way,
Touching with heaven's gold earth's darkest storm clouds,
Bringing fresh peace and comfort day by day.

'Twas not by chance the hands of faithless brethren
Sold Joseph captive to a foreign land;
Nor was it chance which, after years of suffering,
Brought him before the monarch's throne to stand.

One Eye all-seeing saw the need of thousands,
And planned to meet it through that one lone soul;
And, through the weary days of prison bondage,
Was working towards the great and glorious goal.

As yet the end was hidden from the captive,
 The iron entered even to his soul :
 His eye could scan the present path of sorrow,
 Not yet his gaze might rest upon the whole.

Faith failed not through those long dark hours of waiting—
 His trust in God was recompensed at last ;
 The moment came when God led forth His servant
 To succour many, all his sufferings past.

“ It was not you, but God that sent me hither,”
 Witnessed triumphant faith in after days ;
 “ God meant it unto good ”—no ‘ second causes ’
 Mingled their discord with his song of praise.

“ God means it unto good ” for thee, beloved ;
 The God of Joseph is the same to-day,
 His love permits afflictions strange and bitter :
 His hand is guiding through the unknown way.

The Lord, who sees the end from the beginning,
 Hath purposes for thee of love untold ;
 Then place thy hand in His and follow fearless,
 Till thou the riches of His grace behold.

Then when thou standest in the Home of glory,
 And all life’s path lies open to thy gaze,
 Thine eyes shall *see* the hand which now thou trustest,
 And magnify His love through endless days.

F. H. A.

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PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE PENNY
NET

Related by W. J. R. Parrott
BORN AGAIN !

The hall was crowded, although it was one of the largest in the town—a fashionable seaside resort—for a combined mission had been convened by most of the evangelical churches in the place, and a number of the leading clergy and ministers were on the platform, surrounding the preacher, a missionary from Spain. Simply and earnestly he told of man's ruin and God's salvation, and urged upon his hearers the solemn fact declared by the Lord Jesus to Nicodemus: "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN !"

"Which of you in this audience can tell what it is to be born again?" he queried. A solemn silence filled the hall, and none answered. It may be that the question, uttered in the power of the Holy Spirit, was searching the consciences of many there, and causing them to ask themselves, what I trust this narrative may cause *you* to ask yourself, my reader, "*Have I been born again?*"

Then in the silence and the stillness a working man rose up. He was a stranger to all there, for he had not long been in the town. In simple words but with deep emotion, he told how he had been born again. He told of his past life, as a drunkard and a wife-beater, of depths of sin and degradation; he told how his guilt had been brought home to him as he listened to the account

of the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus, and realized that the Holy One of God had been made sin for him—guilty wretch as he was—in order that he might become the righteousness of God in Him. He told how as soon as he rested by faith on that finished work, and asked for mercy for Jesus' sake, the burden was gone—the sense of guilt vanished, and he knew he was pardoned and accepted in Christ. Nay more, he was a new creature. The desire for drink, the love of the pleasures of sin vanished, and joy such as he had never known before filled his heart. He could look up to a Saviour God as His Father; he knew himself “accepted in the Beloved,” loved with the same love as Christ Himself, and that shortly he would be with Him and like Him for ever.

He sat down, and presently the service closed, and he left the building.

As he walked along the Parade on his way home, quick footsteps were heard behind him and a hand was laid on his arm. He turned. The tall, well-knit form of one of the clergymen who had been sitting on the platform by the preacher, stood beside him.

“ You have just been to the meeting ! ” he said.

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ Did you see me there ? ”

“ I did, Sir.”

“ Well, I am ashamed to have been there. ’

“ Why so, Sir ? ”

“ Because I cannot say what you can. I cannot say that I have been born again, and that a great change has come over me.”

“ Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ, Sir ? ”

“ Yes, I do.”

“ Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, Sir ? ”

“ Oh yes, that I do.”

“ Do you *enjoy* the Lord Jesus Christ, Sir ? ”

There was no answer, so after a few moments, he was asked :

“ Are you converted, Sir ? ”

“ Yes, I believe I *am* converted.”

“ When were you converted, Sir ? ”

“ I don’t know. I can never remember the time when I did not believe in the Lord Jesus. I was brought up in a Christian home, by Christian parents, and taught the gospel from my infancy. But I cannot say what you can.”

“ Do you see that cripple, Sir ? Ask him how he felt when he lost his limb, and to describe the amputation. He will tell you he cannot— he lost it in infancy, and remembers nothing about it. But he *has* lost it. Ask another, and he will tell you all about it, he remembers it too well. So probably you were born again when a little child, and do not remember it ; but if you are resting on the finished work of the Lord Jesus, you have been born again.”

“ Oh, thank you. I never saw it in that light, and I thank you warmly,” was the clergyman’s gracious rejoinder, as his heart turned from its inward search for a date, and a change, and a wonderful experience, to rest on a work wrought for (not *in*) him, and on the Saviour Who not only did, but finished, that work.

“ Ye must be born again,” dear reader. “ Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God ” (John iii. 3-7). But how? By baptism? The Church may say so; the word of God does not; but declares: “ As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them which believe on his name; *which were born . . . of God.*”

That is new birth—receiving Christ; believing on His name. And the means of it? “ Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, *by the word of God* which liveth and abideth for ever ” (1 Peter i. 23). “ Of His own will begat he us with the *word of truth* ” (James i. 18). Paul speaks of the “ washing of water *by the word* ” (Eph. v. 26); Peter and James, as quoted above, declare it is by “ the word ” a soul is born again—a threefold witness to the meaning of the Lord’s word, “ born of water.” It is not baptism, but the action of the word of God in the power of the Spirit, leading the soul to Christ.

Reader, have you received Him? Have you "believed in His name?" Then you have been born again, and you have everlasting life. (John iii. 15, 16; vi. 47).

T.

A SEVEN-DAYS' SAVIOUR

Passing along a country road recently, we saw an old man clipping the hedge, whose happy reply when we offered him a gospel booklet led us to say: "Then you know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, do you?"

"Yes!" said he, pausing for a moment in his work, "and a seven-days' One too."

"Well, we *are* delighted to hear that," was our reply, "it is the best thing we've heard for a long time."

Why should this homely remark please you so much? the reader may ask.

Because in too many instances salvation is connected with great occasions, and Sunday observances, and the Saviour is sought *only* then, which is a serious mistake. Jesus and His salvation are as needed and as much suited for Mondays and Saturdays, as for Sundays, and quite as essential for the busy hours of every day life, as for the dying hour.

Too much importance cannot be attached to the fact that Christ Jesus the Lord is a *living* Saviour to those that are His by faith in His death ; and His presence and help are every-day necessities, more and more indispensable as we grow in the experience of them.

There is nothing like this to deliver us from the sordid struggle for existence, or the equally sordid struggle for wealth and position ; no power like the name of Jesus for snapping the chains that bind the drunkard and the gambler to their besetment ! and no medicine can so readily and effectually soothe the heart's anguish in this vale of tears !

But, my reader, make sure of this, that you start right in this all-important matter. The knowledge of forgiveness and acceptance through faith in the atoning death of Christ on the cross, is the only way of peace with God, and the only basis of our claim on that grace which is the privilege of every true believer.

What pleased us so much in the old countryman's quaint reply was this, that he seemed to have found out the every-day joy and help, in the same One whose precious blood had cleansed his once guilty conscience.

How often have we heard persons exhorted to start the Christian life, without this being made clear to them, that the only real start is at the

bottom rung of the ladder—a sinner needing salvation from sin and its judgment. Once this start is made, then are we on the road to learn what the blessedness is of finding a “seven-days’ Saviour” in that One “Who bore our sins in His own body on the tree,” now “raised from the dead by the glory of the Father,” and from that place in heaven, sustaining us through all the changing scenes of life: scenes often trying and testing, and becoming to many, as so frequently now, “the valley of the shadow of death.” But

“The light of love and glory,
Has shone through Christ our Saviour;
Who lived, Who died,—the Crucified,
That we might live for ever.”

T. R.

“GOING DOWN!”

LUKE X. 30-35.

“A certain man ‘*went down*’ from Jerusalem to Jericho.” The road descends from Jerusalem, that is true, but may we not take this fact of nature as a striking illustration of the “downward” path of every sinner until, converted to God, he turns away from the goal of destruction? On Jerusalem—the place of blessing, the City of

the great King, where Jehovah dwelt between the cherubim—this man had turned his back, and he “went down” to Jericho, the city of the curse.

“And fell among thieves.” So did his first parent, Adam, when he turned his back on his Creator and His word, and began the fatal descent of disobedience and death.

“Who stripped him of his raiment.” And was not Adam “stripped”? Hear his piteous confession: “I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked.” Robbed of innocence, robbed of ability to commune with his God—stripped—naked.

“And wounded him, and departed, leaving him half-dead.” Oh, the wounds that sin have made! “A wounded spirit who can bear”? “In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die,” and Adam died morally and spiritually, and from that moment was a dying man physically.

“And by chance there came down a certain priest that way”—the custodian and exponent of the law.

“And when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.” He could not help. Had there been ability in the wounded man to get up and do what he was told, the priest might have helped him. But the man was helpless. The Law says, “This do and thou shalt live.” “The man that doeth them shall live in them.” But the man

needed *life*. “ Had there been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law ” : but that “ the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh.’ There is no ability in the sinner to answer to the requirements of the law, as there was no ability in the helpless man to carry out any instructions the priest might have given.

“ And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.” He showed more interest, perhaps, than the priest, but he was equally powerless to help. He had to do with the temple ritual, but ordinances are as impotent as commandments to save a sinner, “ He that is of *works of law* is under a curse ” !

“ But a certain Samaritan.” Oh, the grace of that name ! He Who uttered it was drawing His own portrait, for none else could it be. But shortly before, as recorded in the preceding chapter, He had sent messengers to a village of the Samaritans and “ they did not receive Him.” Would we, if so treated, adopt the name of those who slighted us ? But such is the way of His grace ! “ A certain Samaritan, as he journeyed ” — “ God over all, blessed for ever ; ” who subsisting “ in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God ; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a

servant, and was made in the likeness of men : and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross " (Phil. ii. 6-8) Such was *His* journey down—seven steps of ever increasing humiliation—from the highest place of blessedness to the place of the curse, " for it is written, " Cursed is everyone that hangeth on a tree."

It was by no " chance " He came ; He " journeyed " thither—He " came into the world to save sinners." His very presence here told how " God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself." And he " came where he was " to the wounded and half-dead by the road side. And where we were, in death and judgment, under the wrath of God, the Christ of God descended, taking the sinner's place in death and bearing the sinner's doom.

" And when he saw him, he had compassion "—a word often used of the Lord Jesus in the Gospels. " He had compassion " on the leper, and touched him. None else dared but must contract the defilement ; but He, the Unfiled and Unfileable One dispelled the leprosy and banished it by that touch. He " had compassion on the multitude," and would not send them away fasting. He " had compassion " on the widow of Nain, as He met her about to consign her sole support and comfort to the tomb ; He was always having compassion, or pity.

“ And went to him, and bound up his wounds.” He came to do it—to heal the brokenhearted ”—to forgive, pardon, justify.

“ Pouring in oil and wine.” Oil is acknowledged type of the Holy Spirit, and wine of joy. Little joy had the wounded man known since he began that downward journey! It was “ poured ” in now, with the power of the Holy Spirit.

“ And set him on his own beast ”—the motive power which brought Him hither was that which should carry the wounded man.

“ And brought him to an inn ”—the place of rest, succour, and refreshment for the wayfarer journeying home. Picture of the assembly—the church, to which every wounded sinner who has been met by the Good Samaritan is brought.

“ And took care of him.” Not left at his own charges, even there. “ He careth for you.” “ My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

“ And when he departed ”—ah, He is gone! But “ If I go . . . I will come again,” He said. “ He took out two pence, and gave them to the host,” to him who controlled the inn. The office of the Holy Spirit is to rule in the assembly, “ dividing to every man severally as He will.”

“ Saying, Take care of him.” “ We have an Advocate, or Paraclete, with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous ”—One Who has right and

ability to undertake everything for those committed to His care ; and also, “ I will give you another Comforter (Paraclete, is the word), that He may abide with you for ever ” ; “ Jesus Christ the Righteous ” taking care ” up there ; the Holy Spirit “ taking care ” down here.

“ And whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.” The Host takes care by means of His servants, but the Absent One is coming again, and His word is, “ Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me to give to every man according as his work shall be ” (Rev. xxii. 12).



“ ETERNAL LIFE THIS SIDE THE GRAVE ”

One day whilst in a shop for a few minutes, I heard a woman who had just paid fivepence for a single egg, say to the shop-keeper : “ Do you think they will get cheaper this side the grave ” ?

I broke in with, “ Pardon me, Madam, I can tell you of the best possible thing obtainable, which can be had for nothing.”

She replied, “ What is that, Sir ? ”

I answered, “ *Eternal Life* THIS SIDE OF THE GRAVE.”

“ How do you get it, Sir ? ”

“ Through faith in Jesus Christ, the gift of God.”

Then, with a sweet simplicity she said, “ I have it, Sir, and adore Him.”

This little incident warmed my heart. Two other women were in the shop, and I pray God to bless this incident to them, for He knows how to use His word for the saving of souls.

Let me add a word.

There is no eternal life hereafter for any who have it not *here*.

Into this world of departure from God came the blessed Saviour to seek and to save lost sinners. He does not seek them after they have died, but here only, living men in this world. Here is the good news preached of a present and eternal salvation for every one who looks to and rests only on Jesus, who bore on the cross the righteous wrath of a sin-hating, but sinner-loving, God. Here was atonement made to God, so that He might be *just and the justifier* of him *that believeth in Jesus*.

Here then am I called to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved. For after death is nothing but judgment for all who have died in their sins.

But “ he that heareth my word,” said the Lord Jesus when here on this earth, “ and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* [this is now—‘ this side of the grave ’] everlasting life, and shall not [the

future] come into judgment, but IS *passed* from death unto life " (John v. 24).

Is not this simple, clear and definite? And so the BELIEVER can say of God: " Who HATH *saved* us, and called us with a holy calling " (2 Tim. i. 9).

W. G. T. B.

ALONE WITH GOD

" Alone with God! " oh! joy supreme!

What can with it compare?

Apart from this world's gloom and sin,

I breathe a purer air!

What heights and depths of love divine!

No room for sigh or moan;

Who would not revel in such joy?

Alone with God—alone!

Oh! yes, my soul, 'tis there I learn

His gracious mind and will;

Wisdom and strength to guide me home,

Love never worketh ill;

Peace like an even river flows

Within that hallowed zone;

Nought to disturb, nor try, nor vex,

Alone with God—alone!

Alone with God, the Infinite!

How can the finite dwell?

Yet such is oft my happy lot,

And then, with me, 'tis well!

For there, beneath His sheltering wings,

And folded to His breast,

All care and sorrow flee away;

And thus I'm fully blest!

Alone with God! no clouds between,
 In fellowship divine,
 I listen to my Father's voice,
 And know that He is mine :
 Alone with God! 'tis there I learn
 The secrets of His heart :
 The wisdom of His ways discern
 That none else can impart.

Yes, far above earth's floating dreams,
 Above the wild waves' roar,
 I bask in the unsullied light
 That shines from glory's shore ;
 Spell-bound, I hear the angelic choirs
 Ring out their gladsome lay ;
 And ransom'd hosts their " new song " chant,
 In realms of endless day.

Meanwhile, we'll wait the trumpet shout ;
 The Bridegroom soon will come ;
 'Tis but " a little while," O Lord !
 Thou'lt come to take us home ;
 Raised, and caught up, with bodies changed,
 And fashioned like Thine own,
 Thy saints shall in Thine image shine—
 Thou wilt not dwell alone !

S. T.

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Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

ONE PENNY
NET

Conversion of M^{rs} Cates at Kingston - n. - Jamaica
A SERVANT-MAID'S DILEMMA

She had not long left school when extra help being temporarily needed in the Canon's family, where her sister was employed, she was chosen to fill the place. She was a quiet well-behaved girl, and her new master soon felt an interest in her, so as a confirmation was about to be held, he told her mother she ought to join the Church before going out into the world, and himself prepared her to receive the rite.

And it was no light thing with her. Fervently she desired to be a Christian and to lead a "good life," and when at the close they sung the hymn :

" O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end,"

her heart-felt prayer followed her lips, and she earnestly pleaded it might be so with her. Yes, she *would* be good, and she would begin that very day !

Very full of this determination, she returned to her domestic duties, one of which was to carry coals upstairs. It was a large house, and the maids were always supposed to use the back staircase for such a purpose ; but if determined to be "good," she was also determined to give herself no unnecessary work, and the front staircase being much the nearer way, she crept very quietly up there, thinking nobody would know.

Just at the top the scuttle slipped, and down fell the coals over the handsome carpet and beautiful white paint! And then, as her annoyance and vexation surprised her into the expression of a bad word, the door opened and her mistress appeared to severely upbraid her for disobedience and carelessness. She *had* meant to be good; she *had* prayed so earnestly, and now this was the result! She could not be good; it was no use; she would not try or care any more. And she put away the desire from her.

Poor child, she did not realize—nor do thousands more—that to “lead a good life” one must *possess a good life*, for none can lead a life they do not possess. “He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life” (1 John v. 12). “But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name” (John xx. 31).

After a few months in the Canon’s family, her mother obtained a situation for her at a distance, a *sine qua non* being that she must be a Church-woman.

The first Sunday, her new mistress, being indisposed, told her she should expect her to go to church, in future, but for that evening she might go where she liked.

She had left her West of England home a

stranger, knowing no one in that Surrey town, and was feeling utterly lonely.

“ I won’t go anywhere,” she thought ; “ I know no one.” But passing a low, old-fashioned whitewashed building, she was attracted by the sound of singing, and drew near the door to listen. To her surprise, someone just inside noticed her, and handed her a hymn-book, and scarcely knowing how, she found herself inside.

It was a long narrow room, simply furnished, and it was a very simple gospel address to which she shortly afterwards found herself listening. But it touched and pleased her.

“ I like this and will come again,” she said to herself. At the close a young woman shook hands with her, and walking part of the way home with her, made friends and invited her to the week-night services. “ I’ll come if I can,” she said, and she kept her promise.

The following Sunday, to her relief and pleasure, her mistress was still unable to go out ; so she was free to go again to the service she had enjoyed before. But this time things were different. As she listened, for the first time it dawned on her that instead of trying to be good, all God required of her was to own she was *bad*, utterly bad, too bad to be made any better. And because she was so, and death and judgment must be her portion, in His great love He had provided One Who had

taken her place in death and borne the judgment for her, and now offered her His place in life and righteousness. Nay, offered Himself to her, to be her righteousness in the presence of God, to be her life, to be her all. And as she listened to God's record concerning His Son, the Holy Spirit opened her heart to receive it—she believed it; she received Christ; she had everlasting life (John v. 24), and she knew it!

It was the last Sunday in the year, and at the close she was presented with a large sheet almanac, with a text for every day. Full of her new-found happiness, she went home, and hung the almanac on her bedroom wall. The next day—the last day of the year—her mistress had occasion to enter the room, and espied the almanac. In a minute she was down in the kitchen.

“Where did you go last evening?” she thundered. The girl told her. “Why, they are ——” and a volley of abuse followed, ending with: “So you will never go there again.”

“Oh yes, ma'am; I mean to go again. They have done me good; I have got a blessing there, and I must go again.”

“But you told me you were a Churchwoman.”

“I was, ma'am, but I must go where I get blessing.”

Full of fury, the lady (who, as she afterwards heard, was not always responsible for her actions)

caught up the pan in which the girl was washing flannels, and threw the contents over her.

"You'll either promise not to go again, or leave the house this very minute," she shouted.

Thoroughly frightened the girl rushed to her room, and snatching up her hat and coat put them on, ran downstairs, and out into the street. Then her position flashed on her. She was hundreds of miles from her home, she knew practically no one in the town, and she had run away from her mistress in haste and impetuosity ; she had sinned. And only yesterday she had realized her sins were forgiven ! Was this to have the same ending as her good resolves at the Canon's ?

Then as she more slowly and quietly paced the streets, the words came to her, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"I have sinned"—it was a very real confession that went up from her burdened heart—"but Thou dost promise to forgive" ; and peace again filled her heart. "Lord, help me" ! Ah, she had got herself into a scrape. What was she to do ? "Undertake for me." Over and over she pleaded it ; and assured that He would do so, she never thought of undertaking for herself ; and it was not for several hours that she realized it was late at night, and she had nowhere to go. But the bells were ringing for the watchnight services, and

finding one about to commence she entered a building near the market place. Very sweet, very appropriate the service was—"just a message for me," she thought, "the Lord will appear for me through these people here." But the New Year came in, the service terminated, no one spoke to her, and the poor girl again found herself homeless on the pavement. What should she do? Near by stood a policeman.

Approaching him she asked, "Can you tell me somewhere to go to-night?"

"What do you mean?"

"I want somewhere to sleep to-night."

He eyed her up and down! "I don't understand you. You don't look like a homeless girl."

"I have run away from my place and ——"

At that moment a gentleman crossed the road.

"Has this young person nowhere to go?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" was the sharp rejoinder of the policeman.

"There is my wife," replied the gentleman, indicating a lady on the opposite pavement; "there is my house of business, and if ——"

The girl did not wait for more, but fled to the lady's side, to whom she sobbed her story. "Come with me, my dear; but first I want to ask you one question—*Do you belong to Christ?*"

"I do," and as well as she could she told how

she had confessed her sin and obtained forgiveness and the certainty He would meet the consequences.

The next day she saw her friend at the Hall, and was welcomed into her home, and within a few days obtained a situation with a much-esteemed Christian lady and gentleman, in whose service she remained many years, until her marriage, "adorn-
ing the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things."

Reader, do you belong to Christ? Is He *your* Saviour? Your Lord? Then you may count on Him for the supply of *every* need, even those caused by your own folly, for He knows how to turn the curse into blessing. But if you are still a stranger to Him, may the graciousness of His dealings with this one lead you to "taste and see" for yourself, "that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." "Blessed is every one that feareth the LORD."

T.



"Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when He had found him, He said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him? Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped Him." (John ix. 35-38).

GOING WEST—OR EAST? *

“Hullo! Dent, I’m jolly glad to see you out again. I thought at one time you were going West.”

The two soldiers met in Hyde Park. Dent, the man with tired, worn face, sat resting under the trees in hospital blue.

His eyes were bright and hopeful enough in spite of all he had endured, as he replied heartily: “No, my boy, I’m getting on fine; but I should not have gone West anyhow.”

“Well, you know what I mean; ‘go under,’ ‘peg out,’ don’t you know?”

The man in blue smiled quietly. “Yes, I do know what you mean, and I should like to explain what I mean. Can you sit down a bit? My leg is a bit groggy still.” The other, sitting down by his side, replied:

“Go it; I’ve wanted to hear how you got out of that tight box; such a lot of your chaps got bowled over.”

“Well, you can guess how glad we were when the order came to charge: we had been like dogs on the leash for days; we just went at ’em. I cannot tell you how the time passed, it was one rush to gain the height. The worst was over when I was hit; I ran for a bit and then fell. I must

* May be had in 1d. booklet form of the Publisher of this Magazine (10½d. per doz. Post free)

have lain for a long time, for it was dark when I came to myself, and my tunic was wet through. The burning pain soon roused me entirely ; it was weird, I can tell you, waking up like that ! It was agony to move, and I lay still till a star shell burst, and for an instant lit up the scene. I spied the outline of a shell hole, and tried to crawl into a bit of shelter ; I had got about half way when I came on another of our chaps. At first I thought he was done for, but I slipped my hand into his tunic, and there was a beating of the heart, so I dragged and rolled him till we came to quite a decent mound of earth. For a little while I lay exhausted with the pain of the movement, then I wondered who it was I had got. Another light flashed in the sky, and I caught sight of his face. It was a fine fellow from our platoon. His name was Gilbert, nicknamed the Filbert. He was a great favourite with us all : a jolly all round chap, a touch of the saint about him, but good sport for all that. He was too good to lose, and I tried to bring him round, but it was not easy, all in the dark, and my leg throbbing at every movement. I had some water left, and I got a few drops down his throat, and laid close to, get some warmth into him. At last he began to rouse, and I told him who I was, and said all the cheery things I could, such as ' cheer up, ' ' keep smiling ; ' but he did not really rally. At last I said : ' Gil, old man,

I fear you are "going West." Have you any messages?' He roused then. 'No, no, I am going East; not to the night, but to the dawn.' I thought he was wandering, so tried again. 'Dear old chum, you are wounded badly, I am afraid you are——,' and I hesitated for want of a word. He held my hand tight then, and said, 'Yes, I know, but all the same it is to the day I'm going. Christ has overcome the sharpness of death, and opened the kingdom of heaven for me. I know that, and I am so glad.'

"That was too much for me; I knew I was in deadly peril; at any moment a shot might find us out and finish me off. At such times a man is pretty straight with himself. I was not a religious chap, but like the rest I did a bit of thinking, and put up a prayer when we went over the parapet; but I was not ready like Gil, and it came over me all of a sudden what a difference there is between going West and going East. Here was a man who could tell me, if he only held out long enough; so I put my lips to his ear and whispered: 'Gil, can you tell me how to go East too?'

"That roused him! He seemed to come right back, and spoke quite strongly as he gripped my hand.

"'Old man, the way is straight before you; it is Christ Himself.'

“ ‘ Yes, but my sins ! You know I’ve forgotten Him all these years,’ and as I said this I felt how far I was from the Way he spoke of. He lay still for a bit, then whispered with a tender thrill in his voice :

“ ‘ There’s the Cross, you know, and the MAN who died on it ; you remember the old school hymn :

“ He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good ;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.” ’

“ Yes, I remembered it well, I could even hear the tune ringing in my ears. It all came back with a rush of memory : the faces of my classmates, my teacher’s voice ; but after all, it was only a hymn ; could I rest my soul on that ? I tried again. ‘ But, Gil, is that gospel truth ? Is that all ? ’ Again came the whispered words :

“ ‘ Yes, chum, gospel truth indeed. Listen to this, it is God’s own word : “ Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ” (1 Tim. i. 15). That’s you and me. “ Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree ” (1 Pet. ii. 24). That’s yours and mine. “ Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God ” (1 Pet. iii. 18). Don’t you see that is turning us to the Dawn, to the Day ? I drank in the words, but it was too easy.

“ ‘ Yes, Gil, but what am I to do to get that ; what is the connecting link ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Do ! why nothing ! it’s all done by Him ; ask Him to take you as you are ; He will do all the rest.’ ”

“ I thought it over as best I could ; it seemed as if there must be something for me to do, something to bring as a kind of atonement for the past ; but after all Gilbert knew best, and there was no other way I could see, so I let myself go and prayed the only words which came to my lips : ‘ Lord have mercy upon me ; God be merciful to me a sinner.’ Then Gilbert’s voice, very faint, came once more, “ With the Lord there is mercy, and with Him there is plenteous redemption ” (Ps. cxxx. 7). “ The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin ” (1 John i. 7).

“ The words came with authority, as if God Himself had spoken. He was very near us then. I trembled as I lay, but the burden had gone, and I thanked Him from my heart ; whatever came now I was safe. I did not understand, but I knew “ Whom I had believed ; ” that was even better than understanding. I felt Gilbert’s hand clasp tighter as he murmured : ‘ Another soul ; this makes dying worth while. My God, I thank Thee ; keep, oh, keep him, and bring him to the eternal day.’ ”

“ We both were silent after this, the burning

pain of my wounds grew worse, and the awful thirst came on. I dare not use the last drop of water, for Gil might want it, and his need was greater than mine. He grew colder, and there was a clammy feel about his face when I touched it. I gave him water, and he revived again, enough to put his little khaki Testament into my hand with the word 'Read.' I held on to him, for I did not want him to go; how I longed for the dawn! At last it came faintly in the summer sky like a lovely primrose veil over the east; a thin line of light broke across us as we lay. Gil opened his eyes, and a smile lit up his face; a light I had never seen glowed there, and a look of glad recognition sprang into his eyes as he half raised himself and brought his hand smartly to the salute. Another was with us Whom I could not see, but I knew Him to be Christ the Lord. Then the light faded slowly out, and his face settled into the peace of the last sleep. He had entered into the dawn of perfect day, and I was left—alone? no, not alone, for that Presence was with me, calming, soothing, resting, till the throbbing and burning of my wounds ceased, and I slept like a child, slept till the stretcher bearers found me and carried me off that field of death.

“ Now do you wonder that I never say I am going West? for God has turned me from darkness to light, and has given me ‘The light of the

knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' ”

The other man looked thoughtful.

“ Dent, old fellow, it was a wonderful experience, and it seems real enough to you.”

“ Real enough ! My boy, it is the one reality now. It is certain that on that night of peril I met the Son of God ; but it is just as certain that He is with me now, walking these London streets. He is in our midst to-day, and we do not see Him, ready to help and save. If men could only grasp the intense reality of the spiritual, it would make all the difference in life ; and it is all about our path, only we are so blind.”

(Reprinted by kind permission) A. C.



“ I am the door. By ME if any man enter in, he shall be SAVED, and shall go in and out, and find pasture . . . I am the GOOD SHEPHERD. The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep . . . I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine. As the Father knoweth Me, even so know I the Father ; and I lay down My life for the sheep . . . Therefore doth My Father love Me because I lay down My life, that might take it again ” (John x. 9-18).

A PRAYER

O Lord ! I would be wholly led of Thee,
 From mine own self I pray Thee make me free ;
 Thou art the Potter, Lord, and I the clay,
 Oh ! mould and fashion me in Thine own way !
 I would be taught of Thee ; oh ! make me know
 What Thou wouldst have me do, where I should go.
 I pray Thee guide my thoughts from day to day,
 And teach me what to ask Thee when I pray ;
 Work in me what is pleasing in Thy sight,
 And guide my lips, that I may speak aright ;
 Do Thou, O Lord ! my earthen vessel fill !
 'Tis Thou dost work in us Thy holy will.
 Bring every thought into captivity
 And make me what Thou wilt. I fain would be
 Thine wholly, Lord, to use as Thou seest good ;
 Alone I can do nought, nor ever could.
 I pray Thee guide my steps, and every day
 Make plain the path to me ; teach me Thy way.
 I would be only Thine : teach me Thy will,
 And teach me, Lord, to know and trust Thee still
 More every day I live ; and do Thou shew
 Where I can serve Thee best, where I should go.
 I fain would learn of Thee, the Lowly, Meek ;
 Then teach me daily, Lord, what things to seek.
 I fain would work for Thee, if Thou shalt please,
 In Thy great harvest-field, not seeking ease ;
 Choose Thou my work for me ; set Thou my place
 Where Thou canst use me best. And grant Thy grace
 That I may simply serve and follow Thee
 Who lovedst me, Who gav'st Thy life for me !
 The work is Thine, my Lord ! I dare not choose ;
 The glory Thine, if me Thou deign'st to use ;
 The power is Thine, O Lord, I therefore pray
 Let me but serve Thee, Lord, while 'tis to-day !

K. I. B.

NOW READY

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Gospel

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London

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

—
ONE PENNY
NET

Incidents in the life of Corporal Sidney J. Day.
THE CORPORAL'S TEXTS

“ Write a text in my album, S—— ”

The corporal took the proffered book, and remained silent for a few moments ; then, with the smile that those who knew him will long remember, he said, “ I will give you the text that was the means of my conversion. And shall I tell you how I read it ? ”

“ Do ! ” And the corporal wrote :—

“ MY CONVERSION, 8TH MARCH, 1910.

“ ‘ That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved ’ (Rom. x. 9).

“ Read by me thus : ‘ That if I confess with my mouth Jesus (which means Saviour) as Lord (One in authority), and believe in my heart that God has raised Him from the dead (as He died for me), and that He is at God’s right hand having thus conquered death, I AM SAVED.’ And I praised God ; and have been looking up to Him ever since.

—S. J. D.”

Such was the corporal’s account of the most momentous event of his life, when as a lad of seventeen he was converted—turned from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, and made a new creature. Has my reader been

converted? Perhaps he sneers at the very idea, and considers it, as a clergyman's daughter wrote the other day, "only chapel talk"—a polite way of expressing "cant"; or perhaps, while owning there is such an experience in some people's lives, thinking it is one which personally he cannot need and so will never have.

But listen! The words are those of Him Who spake "as never man spake"—of Him Who is "God over all, blessed for ever"—"Verily, I say unto you, *Except ye be converted* and become as little children, *ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven*" (Matt. xviii. 3). Make no mistake, "Ye *must* be born again."

Then how? Simply as the corporal was, by accepting the word of God as to the work of Christ. By resting on God's word; by believing His testimony as to His Son. He has declared that the earth-rejected, crucified Man, cast out and disowned, spit upon and set at naught, is "Lord and Christ"; that to Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess His Lordship. To do so now is salvation, for He is Jesus—Jehovah a Saviour. He has made atonement for sin. He has glorified God respecting that which had dishonoured Him. His righteousness, His holiness have been vindicated in the cross of Christ where God made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin. And because all that Justice could demand has

been fully met, God has raised Him from the dead, and given Him glory. And He calls on you to believe it—not with the mere assent of the intellect, but with the homage of the heart—to own this One “*my* Lord, and *my* God.” Thus shall you know, as the corporal knew, “I am saved.”

.

He sat in the messroom, his little well-worn Bible open on the table before him, and absorbed in the beauties he found there, was oblivious to all going on around. Suddenly a voice behind him exclaimed, “Well! I have been in the Army a whole year, and this is the first time I have seen a Bible on a barrack-room table!” The corporal turned, to find a man who that very morning had been placed in the same hut with himself; and a few moments only sufficed for him to discover that the newcomer was a fellow-partaker with him of the joy that belongs alone to those who are “children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.” Very precious to both was the intercourse that followed, as they spoke together of the Saviour they both knew and loved.

“I will give you the verse I had all the time I was in France,” said the corporal; “I simply lived on it right through. Here it is: Psalm xxxiii. 18, 19—see, I have marked it—‘Behold the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear Him, upon

them that hope in His mercy : to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.' I knew the Lord's eye was on me, and He would protect me ; and so He did." And then he told wonderful instances of the way that delivering Eye had discovered its watchful care over him.

My reader, God's eye is upon you. How does the thought affect you ? Are you one of those who " fear Him, and hope in His mercy ? " He will, He can alone show you mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ ; there is no mercy apart from Him ; and there is no mercy, through all eternity, for those who reject Him here !

.

It is August 21st, 1918, and " somewhere in France " the corporal is writing a letter. " Many thanks for yours received when in the line. The ' Gospel Gleanings ' came at the same time I am pleased to say that I have heard of one accepting Christ through them. I have been reading Psalm xvii. The last verse is our future hope, our goal, to which we are striving, and soon we shall reach there to receive the prize."

And what is that " last verse " ? " *As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness ; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.*"

Twelve days passed, and very early on September 2nd, the corporal's company was ordered

into action. As they advanced they were fired at by a concealed sniper, and the corporal fell with others. "He was getting his men out of danger and not thinking of himself," was the testimony of one near enough to him to be struck by the same bullet. In two minutes the stretcher bearers were at his side, but the corporal was not there. His ransomed spirit was already "beholding His Face in righteousness"; "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Yes—in *righteousness*—righteousness to the Lord Jesus and His finished work—righteousness of God which is "*upon* all them that believe," and "*unto* all" (Rom. iii. 22). Unto you, dear reader, if you will but give up all your own, and submit to God's, righteousness which is by faith of Jesus Christ. God is "just and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

"No one leaves this world fit for the presence of God," declared a lady to the writer as they spoke of the corporal's death. His last text belies it. None can see God's face except in righteousness, but those who believe are (2 Cor. v. 20) "the righteousness of God in Him" (Christ); and can already give thanks unto the Father "which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" (Col. i. 12).

And so the corporal sleeps in one of the crowded cemeteries on the then battle-front, until the voice

of the Saviour Whom he had known for eight and a half years, shall awaken him. Then that ransomed body shall rise, not "in weakness," as sown, but raised in glory, in the likeness of Him Who is coming as Saviour to deliver it from the power of the grave.

Saved by grace, through faith, and knowing it when he rested on God's testimony to the work of Christ ; saved daily, during those long years, from dangers moral, physical, spiritual, by the life of Him Who had died for him ; and saved altogether, spirit, soul and body when that Saviour returns for His own. Such is the story told by the corporal's three texts. Reader, is it yours ?

T.



"HAPPY DAY! HAPPY DAY!"

A recent instance of the grace of God to one in humble life is present with me. I had spoken in her father's house on several occasions. They welcomed the messenger for the message, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people,—for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Many heard the word gladly. The party in question was one of my hearers *then* ; she lies silent in the grave *now*. She had been married

a year before the time I allude to, and, shortly afterwards, gave birth to an infant. Her health, previous to this, had been but feeble. Her confinement accelerated a disease on her lungs, which assumed a fatal aspect. Some christians had visited her and prayed with her. I was also requested to call. I found her anxiously enquiring the way to Heaven. Her mental struggles had been severe, and still continued so. She had in health slighted early convictions. This troubled her in sickness. In fact she had many troubles, as all have who are looking at themselves and not at Christ. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

To make no merit of duties, and not to be disheartened by sins, is a highway to the cross. But nature is unequal to the journey. Divine grace alone can give energy for it. "Ye must be born again." Yet it is cheering to watch the struggle of the soul to apprehend the unspeakable gift of God, to mark the dawning of divine light—in some gradually appearing,—in others bursting in full glory, illuminating the understanding at the very moment it imparts life; slowly, however, did this young woman apprehend the gospel. She struggled hard after it, longed and thirsted for it; and when ready to faint, and

because so too, the Physician was at hand. The cross was displayed. She saw the burden of her guilt borne by Jesus, and it fell from herself.

I visited her very shortly after her deliverance from the "power of Satan unto God." I saw in her face that the trouble was relieved, and the joy of her heart found expression in unmistakable language. "I have peace, now," was her greeting, as I entered her room, and shook her by the hand. And after sitting beside her for a little while, she related what had passed in her mind. "I had been harassed all night," she proceeded, "with doubts and fears. I never was in so much trouble! This morning I could not look up at all, and I was so cast down, so heavy, I could scarcely bear. I groaned before God in spirit. I thought, to be sure, none had ever suffered as I did. I prayed to God for Christ's sake to have mercy on me. And then I turned that scripture over in my mind which says, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Surely, I thought to myself, this is just meant for me. I cried, 'Lord help me, and I will come.' And then the vail was taken off my heart, and I saw Him as plainly in my mind as if He had stood beside me and shewed me His hands and His side!" "Heigh!" she exclaimed, "but it was grand! I wept for very gladness; and just at this moment, as I was so full thinking of His love to me,

(there was a school down behind our house, and it was loosing time,* and) the little children came out singing,

‘Happy day ! happy day !
When Jesus washed my sins away,’

and they stopped short at these two lines, and sang no more. And I thought it was of the Lord, their doing so ; for it was just as far as I had gotten to, ‘ my sins washed away.’ ”

Smile not, my reader, incredulously, at this poor woman’s experience. The looms were at work in the upper rooms—the inmates had their constant occupation ; for it was their lot to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Yet the eye of our Heavenly Father watched in pity over His poor distressed creature, lying on a bed of languishing, needing pity, and finding none : and He who spared not His only Son, would not withhold from her the comfort just suited to her necessity. She lingered some weeks after this, giving evidence on a real change of heart, and died in the blessed peace of the gospel of Christ.

[*Extract*]

* The time for breaking up.

"GOD RESISTETH THE PROUD"

I PETER v. 5

Oh ! magnify the Lord with me ;
Let us exalt His Name ;
And spread abroad, from pole to pole,
His never-ending fame—
Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God,
For evermore " The Same " !

Yes ; let us praise the Nazarene,
And glory in His cross—
The One in Whom " all fulness dwells "—
And count all else but dross ;
For those who follow where He leads
Can never suffer loss.

" Be still and know that I am God,"
Ye nations, far and wide—
There is no place in heaven above,
For earthly pomp or pride—
Who sides with Me, " the Lord of Hosts,"
Is on the winning side.

Behold my Servant-Son, Who rules
The armies of the skies ;
Yet, into death obedient went,
For sin, a " Sacrifice " ;
Who follows in His holy steps,
Shall win Him as his Prize !

Unfurl the "Banner " of His cross,
Who came to bleed and die ;
" JEHOVAH-NISSI " is His name,
Who fought in days gone by,
When Amalek and all his host,
Did in the desert die.

The Voice that said, " Let there be light,"
 Still rings from glory's shore ;
 The great " I AM " the " First and Last,"
 Shall heaven and earth adore !
 The " Prince of Peace " is coming soon,
 Then wars shall be no more.

Then never let our souls forget
 That He Who speaks is GOD ;
 All pomp and pride, will He abase,
 According to His word ;
 That with " the humble, He doth dwell " ;
 What joy doth that afford !

S. T.

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