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Gospel

Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

A NEW YEAR—AND A HAPPY ONE

A happy New Year! How familiar the words are, and yet alas! what a mockery they seem at the present time! To many a broken heart in Armenia, Belgium, Poland, Serbia,—yes, and in other countries too, not so devastated, but where broken and bereaved hearts abound—in *this* land it may be, and to readers of 'Gospel Gleanings' too, they must fall with bitter irony. 'Happy!' many such a heart is saying; 'it contains no happiness for me! happy days are over for ever for me!'

Deeply do we sympathise with such, and tenderly do we remind them that, though their happy days can never be recalled, and the loved ones whose presence made their happiness shall never come again, yet there is One Who can bring joy out of sorrow, and fill the widest gap with His own loving presence; One Who came into this world to "bind up the brokenhearted," to "comfort all that mourn," and Who, before He left the world to go to the Father, completed a work which affords a righteous title to "give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" to any and every burdened heart that comes to Him. "Come unto

Me," He declares, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses," when as the Man of sorrows He trod this earth, weeping with those who wept in one instance; saying "Weep not" in another, and removing the cause of the grief at the same time; healing the sick, raising the dead, and comforting as He alone knew how to.

But, on the cross He bore more than that. There and there alone, He "bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter ii. 24); nay, more, He was "made sin" by God, and, bearing all the judgment due to it, has made a full and complete atonement. "Once in the end of the age hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Hebrews ix. 26). That sacrifice has been accepted, and God Himself is now just and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. He has raised Him from the dead, the proof that He is satisfied—all His claims met—His majesty vindicated; and believing in Him, resting on His finished work, you too, dear mourning reader, shall find that He who satisfied God's heart can satisfy yours!

At the beginning of His ministry here, "He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up; and as His custom was, He went into the synagogue

on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read ” (Luke iv. 16). The book, or roll, of the prophet Isaiah was handed Him, and the holy hand of Jesus turned the roll until He found what is now the 61st chapter in your Bible, dear reader ; and He who spake as never man spake, commenced to read : “ The spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath appointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor ; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord ” ! The Voice stopped suddenly in the middle of the verse ; the book was closed abruptly—no wonder all eyes were fixed on Him, as the well-known words, read with such new unique emphasis, were thus left unfinished. Hush ! the Voice speaks again : “ This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears ! ” A new year had dawned on Nazareth—a year that has lasted from then to now, even “ the acceptable year of the Lord ! ” The year in which God will accept sinners—in which He will be gracious to them—in which He reveals Himself a Saviour, not a Judge. “ God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved ” (John iii. 17). “ Behold NOW is the accepted time ; behold NOW is the day of salvation ” (2 Cor. vi. 2).

But the book so suddenly closed when that new year dawned at Nazareth will again be opened ; all His commission declared by the Holy Spirit in Isaiah lxi. has not yet been finished by the Sent One of the Father ; the work He came then to do has been finished,—and finished perfectly ; but He yet has to proclaim “ the day of vengeance of our God ! ” Not a *year*, only a *day* ! God delights in mercy ; judgment is His “ strange work. ” But sin cannot go unpunished. To spare the sinner He did not spare His Son ; the very date 1916 tells how long He has lingered out His acceptable year. But if His terms are not accepted by the sinner, what then ? What then for *you*, dear reader ? Have you accepted them, and thrown yourself as a lost guilty rebel on His mercy shown in the Lord Jesus ? If not, the closing moments of God’s “ acceptable year ” shall usher in “ the day of vengeance of our God ” to you. In His long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance, God has permitted Satan and man to go on working out their own evil way—and what that way is, the distress and devastation and death so rife in many a fair portion of God’s creation tell too well.

But it will not go on indefinitely. The day of vengeance will dawn, and He who bought the

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world at the cost of His own life will vindicate His own claim to it, and redeem it from the hand of the enemy. He will judge the living ; He will purge out of His kingdom all things that offend ; He will put down evil with a mighty hand. Worse, far worse than the sorrows now devastating Europe will be His day of, vengeance, when He requites on the head of His enemies the blood of His beloved Son—Whom they murdered and still reject. “ The day of vengeance is in thy heart, and the year of My redeemed is come ” (Isaiah xiii. 4) He will say ! Another “ New Year ”—when Satan shall be bound ; when the “ sinners shall be consumed out of the earth ” ; when Israel, having received of the Lord’s hand double for all their sins, shall welcome their once crucified’ long rejected Messiah ; when this groaning creation shall be brought into the “ liberty of the glory of the children of God ” ; and the “ whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.” A happy New Year, indeed ! It will dawn, for God has decreed that where His Son was murdered and rejected He shall reign gloriously ; and the pages of His word are full of details of it. But what, my reader, will your part be in it ?

A few years since His Majesty King George V. drove with his Queen through the East End of London. Dense crowds lined the streets, many of

them aliens. One poor woman from a distant land where persecution reigned, and freedom was unknown, was heard to bid her child, as she lifted him above the crowd, 'Look at him! that is the King! He is a good King, and we are going to stay here in his land always!' Poor soul, she knew how to appreciate the freedom and the justice by which His Majesty's subjects are governed, and rejoiced to be among them; but was there no difference between her and the beautiful gracious lady by his side, the sharer of his throne, his crown, his home? And wider far than the difference between Queen Mary and the poor refugee shall be the difference between those who in the "acceptable year of the Lord" bow to His claims, and own Him their own Saviour, and those over whom He shall reign in the day of His power. Yes, "They which receive" such "abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 17), and *with* Him too (2 Tim. ii. 12).

T.



Contributed by Miss Little. Happened while W. J. Stone was preaching at Wood Green.

HOW A LONELY SOLDIER WAS MADE HAPPY!

One cold, dark Sunday evening recently, a soldier walked into a hall in which the gospel of the grace of God was about to be preached.

There was something about him that drew one's attention to him—a wild kind of look, as though he had been through a lot of trouble. He appeared interested, and sang with the rest, though as he sang

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,”

he was seen to drop his head for a moment, and put his hand to hide his tears.

The text that night was: “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners” (1 Tim. i. 15).

The speaker went on to tell of what Jesus did to save sinners, and that all the sinner has to do is to accept His finished work. In closing, he pleaded earnestly that if any present did not know their sins forgiven, they would that night “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.”

The closing hymn was:—

“Just as I am without one plea,” etc.

Half way through it the soldier closed his hymn book, and, walking to the front of the hall, he knelt down with his head in his hands.

It was requested that the last verse should be sung again. Emotion prevented several from singing, and all were affected as they sang :—

“ Just as I am, Thy love, I own,
Hath broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come,”

—and the soldier came—just as he was, knowing himself a sinner—came to the One whose love *had* broken every barrier down, and *was* welcomed and pardoned.

He is one of eight brothers. The other seven have all been killed during the war. The shock of their death, and the sorrow resulting, has caused the death of both parents! He is left alone. He was sent to England from the Front, and the ship in which he came was torpedoed, and he was thrown, unable to swim, into the water. Through God's mercy, he was rescued, though, through being so long in the water, it was some time before he revived.

Then he knew he needed something that he had not. He was brought up a Roman Catholic, but that gave him no comfort then. Since his arrival in England, he has been seeking *something* to satisfy, and now has found *Some One*, and the One who died for him has found *him*. He is happy now. Death has for him no more terror, for if it comes, it will but take him to his Saviour in glory.

Dear reader, how is it with you? You may not have lost father and mother and brothers, all in so short a time as this dear bereaved soldier. You may not have been to the Front and escaped death on the battlefield [as he.] But [you have felt, and perhaps still now feel, miserable because of your sins. For heaven or hell is before you for eternity, and which is it to be? Sins cannot enter heaven. And you wish and hope to find a home there, do you not? Come then to the *Saviour* just as *you* are, with all the weight of your sins. He will not refuse you. The blood [of Jesus Christ cleanseth from every sin.

PEACE

“War,” and not “Peace,” is the one, and all-absorbing topic of to-day! Yet, amidst the constant roaring of the guns, the crash of falling empires, and the groans of the wounded and the dying, what a solace it is to broken hearts to know that “Peace with God” may certainly be found in this poor dark world, and it may be yours now, dear reader, if you do not yet already possess it, or know its sweetness. But we have to face facts, and believe God’s word; otherwise we shall, sooner or later, find ourselves “without hope” in that awful place where mercy is unknown. Scripture saith, “The wicked shall be turned into

hell, and all the nations that forget God." Yes, "the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

God's word teems with many and striking contrasts between the righteous and the wicked; and from the same holy record the fast approaching doom of this guilty world is foretold in those solemn and warning words: "When they shall say, Peace and Safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape." Should that awe-inspiring event occur in your life-time, dear unsaved reader, or, should you die as you are, "in your sins," there will, in either case, be no peace for you, but eternal banishment from His presence, Who, as Saviour, is now beseeching you to come to Him, but Who will then be your Judge.

Christmas-tide has come and gone; and many a one who was alive and well the Christmas previous now lies numbered with the dead. "Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, but where is he?" Eternity alone will furnish the answer. But the angels' voices, which nineteen hundred years ago announced the birth of the "Prince of Life" and 'Peace,' still re-echo down the stream of time; and sweetly do their words, "Peace on earth,

good-will toward men," fall on our ears to-day, amid the growing sin, suffering and death which are all around. But, in order to secure peace, that lowly Nazarene, Who is none other than the Son of the Living God, must needs go down beneath the storm of judgment, and the dark waters of death. Sin could only be atoned for, and righteously put away, through the shedding of the precious blood of Jesus ; and when, amidst the agonies of Calvary, He exclaimed : " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me ? " and later on, " It is finished," all was done which He had come to do. Forth from His wounded side poured that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin ; and peace was then for ever made, and once for all for all who believe. God signified His own divine approval of that " finished work " by rending the veil of the Temple from top to bottom ; and, as " the God of peace," He " brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant." The first words, too, that fell from the risen Saviour's lips, when He came, at eventide, into the midst of His trembling disciples, and shewed them His wounded hands and side, announced the divine reality of His single-handed victory, " Peace unto you " ! Having after forty days, gone up on high, and taken His seat on the right hand of God, the children of

“Faith” now behold the “Prince of peace” upon His Father’s throne; and rest adoringly on those precious words, “He is our peace.” Not only so, but Peter, the very man who had three times denied His Lord and Master, was the favoured servant divinely sent to the house of Cornelius, to “preach peace by Jesus Christ,” with the divine result that all those present, through believing in Him, received the remission of their sins, as well as the gift of the Holy Ghost, and at once announced the glorious fact in Christian baptism.

Can you hear these glad tidings, dear reader, and still remain indifferent to God’s saving grace, when you may now enjoy settled and abiding “peace with God,” through simple faith in Christ’s Person, work, and word; all of which are divine, unchanging and eternal? If so, let me lead you in spirit to the house of Simon the Pharisee. Read that touching story of divine love and mercy for yourself, under the eyes of God, and in the light of eternity, and may God convert you as you read it.

A lonely woman, weary of life, sad at heart, and polluted by sin, heard that Jesus was sitting at meat in the Pharisee’s house; and, uninvited, enters and stands behind the Saviour of the lost. Silently she stoops down, while tears of bitter sorrow fall, fast and thick, upon those holy feet. All the city knew that the woman was “a sinner,”

but these are the very ones whom Jesus receives, for whom He died. Wiping those tears away with her long hair, she kisses His feet, and anoints them with her precious ointment. God only knows what was passing in that woman's heart ; but she listens to the thrilling story which Jesus told Simon of the 500 and the 50 pence debtors ; whose creditor, when they had " nothing to pay, frankly forgave them both." Well she knew which of those two debtors she most closely resembled, and that her awful debt of sin could never be cancelled by either tears or money. But none that come to Jesus are ever cast out ; and even Pharisees had afterwards to own that " this man receiveth sinners." Simon had impiously said in his heart : " This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who, and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him, for she is a sinner " ; but he got his answer straight from the lips of Jesus, " Her sins, which are many, are forgiven." Then, with loving eyes, the Son of God graciously turned to that broken-hearted captive of Satan, and joy unspeakable filled her heart and mind, as His life-giving words entered her soul, " Thy sins are forgiven ; thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace."

Such is the sweet story, dear reader, of God's saving grace ; and, standing as you are on the brink of an endless eternity, let me lovingly

beseech you by the word of God, and the wounds of Jesus, to trust His precious blood just now, as you read these lines. Eternal life and peace will then be yours ; and, as you truly confess Christ, and follow in His holy steps, so will you find the glorious reality of the following precious scriptures made good in your soul : “ Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee ” (Isaiah xxvi. 3).

“ Peace I leave with you ; my peace I give unto you . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid ” (John xiv. 27).

“ Great peace have all they that love thy law ; and nothing shall offend them ” (Psalm cxix. 165) ;

“ And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly : and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ ” (I Thess. v. 23). S. T.

EVERY WHIT

“ Whole¹ every whit ! ” One moment lying there
 In utter impotence, beyond all help
 Of men or angels : yet the eye of Him
 Whose heart is all compassion scanned the scene,
 And from His lips the welcome question fell
 So unexpectedly : “ Wilt thou be whole ? ”
 “ Arise and walk ! ” The word with power came.
 From off his couch, to perfect strength restored,
 He sprang ! “ Whole every whit,” for not in vain
 The word of Him Who is the Son of God.

“Clean² every whit !” Though crimson was the stain,
 He Who has made thee whole pronounceth “ clean.”
 No spot, no stain remaineth where His blood
 Is sprinkled on the sinner, while on high
 The Living One that precious token bears,
 Proof that atonement made, the work is done³
 And thou who trustest Him Who did it all
 Art whole, art clean : declared so by the Son.

Speaks⁴ “ every whit !” One sound within that place
 Is uttered by the stone-work, cedar, gold ;
 One word alone the fitting marbles tell ;
 One word the hidden silver whispers low ;
 One word the carvèd cedar, lofty fir,
 And olive utter to the listening ear ;
 One word the gold encircling, covering all,
 Speaks unto thee, my soul, as whole and clean
 Thou dar’st approach where else no foot may tread.
 All utter “ Glory ” ! Glory thou’dst come short,
 But that that precious blood had brought thee nigh.

A stone art thou ? Built in the house of God ?
 Healèd and cleansed ? Let every whit tell forth
 His glory ; and thy life and way
 Speak only but to utter forth His praise !

¹ John vii. 23.

³ Leviticus xiv. 3-7.

² John xiii. 10.

⁴ Psalm xxix. 9 margin.

H. C. T.

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—
ONE HALFPENNY

Communion held by M. J. S. Taylor and aged man in the pier at Brighton, while M. Taylor & my husband were sitting here

“A DOUBLE EXPERIENCE”

One autumn morning an aged man sat, or rather reclined, in one of the ‘shelters’ on the pier, at an English watering place. The wind was fresh and chilly, but he was snugly protected from it, while able to enjoy the warmth of the direct rays of the sun. Others appreciated his comfortable nook too ; and by and by two gentlemen approached, seated themselves, and, each taking a book from his pocket, began to read. Then one or two ladies came and sat down, so that the shelter was fairly full.

After a while, the gentleman next the first occupier of the seat noticed that his aged neighbour was in trouble with one of his boots, which had become unlaced, and which he was feebly and vainly trying to tie. The book he had been reading, which all in the shelter knew was a Bible, was put down as he politely offered his assistance. It was gratefully accepted, and while he was adjusting the lace the old man remarked regretfully on the helplessness of age, its dependence on others, and the inability of health to render it happy.

‘It is well to have hope beyond the grave,’ rejoined his friend.

‘What do you mean ? There is nothing beyond

the grave!' and the old man, with one foot on its brink, began loudly to protest that the tomb was the final end of man; that death closed his existence; that the Bible, and the God of the Bible are all a myth; and the Saviour it proclaims unworthy of trust! Gently, firmly, but very quietly his remarks were met, and answered by his companion; and for an hour the conversation lasted, all in the shelter listening. At last the old man said (quite oblivious to the fact that he himself had started and kept continuing the discussion), 'Why do you argue? I am firmly convinced of my opinion, and so are you of yours; it is no use to discuss it.'

'There is this difference between us,' replied the Christian: 'I have had a double experience. I was once as you are now, an unbeliever, and without hope. Your arguments cannot affect me, because I have proved for myself the truth of the word of God. And what the grace of God has done for me, it is able to do for you, and I shall pray that it may.'

What the effect of that conversation was, eternity will declare; but I would ask my reader's attention to the remark 'I have had a *double experience*,' and beseech him to consider whether he too has had that double experience. Do *you* know what it is to be 'an unbeliever and *lost*'? and also by experience to "Believe on the Lord

Jesus Christ and be *saved*”? Have you known yourself “sometimes *darkness*, but now *light* in the Lord”? Have you “passed from *death* unto *life*”? Were you “an *enemy* and *alienated* in your mind by wicked works,” but now “reconciled”? Has the Holy Spirit of God ever opened your eyes to see yourself in the light of His presence, a lost, ruined, guilty sinner, and wrung from your heart the cry “Behold, I am vile”? Or are you now as you have always been—moral, upright, religious; from childhood giving an intellectual assent to the truth of the Bible—believing it as you believed the ‘History of England’ placed in your hands in school days; or have you been “born again”? I do not ask ‘Have you been baptised and confirmed?’—probably you have. “New birth” is no outward rite. It is the commencement of a new existence—the imparting of a new life—a new nature. “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

‘I am conscious of a change within me, and I understand my father’s sermons now,’ said a young undergraduate of Toronto University, a few years since. He too was like you, brought up in the fear of God, by outward profession a Christian, yet the truths he heard from his father’s lips were unintelligible to him, even while he won honours in his college studies. It is not intellect that needs to be reached, but the con-

science. It is not the touch of human learning, but the Spirit of God who alone can light that "candle of the Lord." Good for the young student that he did experience that 'change'—a change "from darkness to light, and from the kingdom of Satan unto God"; for, well and strong on Christmas morning, he was in his grave ere the New Year! And you may be there as quickly! Oh, have you had this 'double experience'?

There is a saying, old and quaint, nevertheless true: "He that is born once dies twice; he that is born twice dies only once."

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh," declared the lips of Eternal Truth; and "flesh and blood shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

"Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me," wrote an inspired penman (Ps. li. 5); "Ye . . . shall die in your sins: whither I go ye cannot come" is the fiat of Him to whom all judgment is committed (John viii. 21); for "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death" (Rev. xx. 15).

O, dear reader, if you are painfully conscious that there has been "no change" in your life, that you are as you always were, that you have *not* been born again, that "conversion" is a thing you have never experienced, let me cry 'Halt!' Conversion is, as a late major in the British Army

expressed it, ' Right about face ! ' Take one good look at yourself, in the mirror of Romans iii. 9-19 ; and one solemn glance into the future as revealed in Matthew x. 28, and Mark ix. 43-48, and turn—turn to Jesus ! He says, " Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else." That is conversion—' right about face,' from self to Jesus ! " Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole. and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived " (Numbers xxi. 9). " And as Moses lifted up the serpent of brass in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up ; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life " (John iii. 14). This is new birth. " For as many as received him, to them gave he power (right, title) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name ; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God " (John i. 12, 13). " Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature ; old things have passed away ; behold all things are become new " (2 Cor. v. 17). This is " a double experience."

T.



A FALL FROM A SCAFFOLD

A sad incident was related at an inquest, held recently in London, on the body of a workman who had fallen from a scaffold and had been picked up dead. A person who was familiar with scaffolding arrangements made the statement that a line or piece of rope, called 'the life-line,' was fitted to the scaffolding for the use of the men who were at work there, and of which they could take hold in order to preserve their balance. Unfortunately, in the present instance, the workman failed to make use of the line, with the result that he fell and was killed. We can only hope that his soul had been made ready, through faith in the Saviour, for the long hereafter that awaits every child of Adam.

But why did he not hold the 'life-line'? A fellow-workman explained that the reason really was that the man was ashamed to be seen holding the line because his mates would say what a timid man he was, and they would have a good laugh at his expense.

I need hardly remind you, my reader, that there are many persons in this world who stay away from Christ the Saviour for fear of what other persons may say or think of them. They are risking their souls' eternal welfare for fear of the

world's scorn or contempt. Scripture speaks of these in the last book of the Bible, "But the fearful (or cowardly) shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

On the other hand, there are many who have, with God's help, turned away from this snare of the devil and have come in faith to Jesus Christ, trusting in Him as their Saviour and confessing Him as Lord. They have also remembered those words which He spake, saying, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. x. 32). The time is coming when every person that has lived in this universe must acknowledge the Lordship of Jesus the Saviour—must confess that He is Lord to the glory of God the Father. Those who confess Him now in this day of grace receive the salvation of their souls, for God's word declares that "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus (or Jesus as Lord) and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 9).

Do not longer hesitate, I pray thee, dear reader, if thou hast the desire thus to confess the Lord Jesus. Go forward now and overcome in the strength that He will give thee. The results will not be sorrowful and gloomy, though the deceiver may tell you so. On the contrary, thou wilt have

a peace and a happiness such as thou never hadst before. Thou wilt rejoice in Him to whom thou wilt then belong.

Remember! there never was a day as now when Christians are allowed to live in such peace and liberty in this present evil world. Our forefathers have had to suffer and die at the hands of the governing authorities. But now has God ordered, in His providence, a far less difficult way for the believer, and we know not how soon present trials may come to an end and the summons to heaven be sounded. Let it be yours to confess Christ *now*. May God help you!



A DYING CONFESSION

The infamous Cæsar Borgia is said, in his last moments, to have exclaimed:—

“I have provided, in the course of my life, for everything except death; and now, alas! I am to die, although entirely unprepared.”

The Rev. Thos. Scott's utterance was, like Simeon of old, “Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart *in peace*, for mine eyes *have seen Thy salvation*.”



' WE LIKE TO GET AS NEAR TO NATURE AS WE CAN FOR SIXPENCE '

On the front of a house in Beverley is fixed a quaint oak board on which is carved a man making a wooden horse, another a toy drum, and a third a doll ; and the words ' We like to get as near to nature as we can for sixpence.'

There's a deal of truth in it. Children of almost all temperaments and circumstances like to have their wooden horse or drum or doll, and usually the nearer it appears to the real thing the better they like it. Thus the writer, when a small child, was given a toy horse and cart, but was not satisfied because the horse could not be taken out and in.

Nor is this only found in children, for do not adults, when unable or unwilling to get the real thing, like to have what looks like it—the veneered furniture to look like the solid wood—the faced blocks to look like stone—the mercerized cotton to look like silk—and the plated goods to look like silver? Yes, most of us like to get as near to nature as we can for our sixpence.

The business of the toy-maker and many others depends on this. (The so-called priest and his

system depend on it too, with their Mary for Jesus, the "priest" for the Saviour, and the authority of the Church for the authority of the Lord and the word and Spirit of God.) It may not matter as regards toys, veneer-faced blocks, etc., but it does matter when the principle is adopted in eternal things. When in these things a substitute takes the place of the true reality, it matters much; and of this we are all in danger. Satan is subtle, man is conceited, and the heart is deceitful and foolish.

Whatever is short of the Lord Jesus Christ and His work is vain for God's glory or our salvation. However near to the truth of God it may appear to be, unless it is 'the truth' itself, it will hinder instead of help. There are counterfeits too. Sometimes we are warned of counterfeit coins being tendered around us, and we are advised to beware. Oh! beware of the numerous counterfeits of Christ and His work that are being offered.

Base coins which we may carelessly take are made to look real, but they only contain base metal. Others are actually made of silver, looking quite good, and being very difficult to detect, but they are equally valueless as coins of the realm. And so we scrutinize coins tendered to us, but are we always as careful in what we received as 'the truth' as we are even in regard to coins?

God, in His infinite goodness, has placed in our hands His own word as the standard for testing everything. Are we not, then, without excuse if we accept what is contrary to, or short of, that standard? Nor will it do to get as near as we can for our sixpence—for what we are able or willing to give. If out in weather so severe that unless we got shelter we should die, how much better off should we be even if we got as close as the door? No, nothing less than right inside would avail, and nothing will avail for you and me, short of being “in Christ.”

No use getting ‘as near as we can’ (or as we *think* we can), for really we are far off and lost. SALVATION IS OF THE LORD who saves completely—“not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to *His* mercy.” He saves, *now*, all who come to Him by Jesus, who suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, who died for the ungodly—who died for you.

Respectability, sobriety, honourable conduct, philanthropy, good citizenship, social reform, religious observances, ordinances, christian profession, ecclesiastical office, striving to keep the law—all these and more may be but getting ‘as near as we can’ for our sixpence.

And will those who speak as if their final salvation depends upon their ‘holding on,’ bear

with me in asking whether the thought of their sixpence ('what they can do') does not account for such speech. It is not for 'our sixpence' that God is just and the justifier of Him which believeth in Jesus, but in virtue of what Jesus has done. Such is the righteousness of God.

It is as sinners, ungodly, without strength, with nothing to commend us to God, but hearing the commendation of God's love to us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us, that coming to the Saviour we find Eternal Salvation. Believing the gospel of our salvation we are sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, and by the Holy Spirit made members of the body of Christ. Knowing the present grace of the Saviour we wait, look, and long for the coming of the Lord—then to be always with Him.

How is it with ourselves? Is it 'near to,' or possessing eternal life? 'Near to,' or saved? 'Near to,' or in Christ? Hoping or knowing? Having fear, or boldness through God's perfect love which casts out fear?

A. J. L.

“He [God] *looketh upon men*; and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light” (Job xxxiii. 27, 28).

THE BRAZEN SERPENT ; “NEHUSHTAN”

I want just to bring before you a well-known incident from the Old Testament, as showing that if man's deep need is to be met it must be in *God's* way, and not in man's. I may do a thousand things that I think I ought to do, but they are all in vain, for they all fall short of God's glory. God's ways are above our ways, and His thoughts above our thoughts.

Will you turn with me to Numb. xxi. ? Here we read of the Israelites murmuring in the wilderness. Fiery serpents sent amongst them destroy many. In their distress—for their bite was fatal—they came to Moses, saying, “ We have sinned.” Moses is told by God to make a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole. “ And it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live,” was God's own declaration. And so it was—when a bitten man *beheld* the serpent of brass *he lived*—for that was GOD'S way of healing them.

The ‘brazen serpent’ was but ‘ a piece of brass,’ and this is what Hezekiah called it—‘ Nehushtan ’ (which means, ‘ a piece of brass.’), and he broke it in pieces (2 Kings xviii. 4, 5). Itself was worthless !

Now, what I want to make plain to you is this. There was no healing virtue in the 'brazen serpent,' nor, indeed, in the 'look' of the dying man. The virtue, or power, was in God's way and His word. It was He who willed that healing should flow to the one who *looked to that object*, because it was *His* appointment *then*. God had pledged His word that by that means the dying one should live. Hence the cure to Him who looked.

Now it is, as our Lord when speaking to Nicodemus (in John iii.) said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the *Son of man* be lifted up, that whosoever *believeth in HIM* should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world that HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, that whosoever believeth in HIM should not perish, but have everlasting life."

You may 'look'—but where? "Then I looked on all the works that *my* hands had wrought, and on the labour that *I* had laboured to do; and, *behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit*" (Eccles. ii. 11)! "Look unto ME, and be ye saved . . . for I am God, and there is none else" (Isai. xlv. 22).

To 'look' savingly, is to 'believe.' "Believe," then, "in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

“WATCH !”

“Watch !” for the Master cometh,
 Soon shall we hear His voice ;
 Soon shall the morn’s uprising
 Our longing hearts rejoice ;
 “Watch !” till *the Star’s* appearing
 Welcomes the break of day ;
 “Quickly” the Bridegroom cometh
 To call His Bride away.

Amidst the world’s commotions,
 Its sorrows, suffering, sin ;
 The crash, and fall, of Empires ;
 With Christ we’ll enter in ;—
 Then tears shall change to gladness,
 And Faith shall change to sight,
 The Bridegroom’s face beholding
 Shall fill us with delight.

“Watch !” lest He find us sleeping,
 When we His tryst must keep ;
 “Watch !” for the trumpet’s summons,
 Soon will dispel all sleep ;
 Sinners, alas, are dreaming
 The hours of grace away !
 But those for Christ who’re waiting
 Surely should “Watch and Pray.”

“Watch !” for our Lord returneth,
 Perhaps He may come to-night !
 Will He find our loins well girded ?
 Will our lamps be burning bright ?
 “Watch !” for He cometh quickly :
 Then on His face we’ll gaze ;
 Changed in a moment—*like Him*—
 In the bright glory’s rays.

“Watch !” till His voice awakens
 Forth from the earth and sea,
 Gems for His crown of glory,
 Who to His praise shall be ;
 “Watch !” for the hour’s approaching
 When we must give account ;
 Then, in His holy reckoning,
 “*Nothing but Christ*” will count.

S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

From Mr. Bird's diary

“NOTHING TO SHOW TO GOD”

A SOLDIER'S CONFESSION

A young soldier lay dying. He had fought through the Boer War, and was then invalided home,—a quiet, steady thoughtful boy, accustomed from his childhood to hear God's way of salvation. And as he lay on his sick bed, the past came before him—his childhood, his youth, his time of military service, its exciting episodes and gallant deeds, when he had risked life and limb in his country's service. And the future rose before him too—that endless eternity he must so soon enter—and the God of absolute holiness with whom he must shortly have to do. And as he reviewed the past in the light of the future, these words fell from his lips:—

‘I know my life has been bad. I have tried to shun evil, and do the best I can, but since I have been ill I have thought *after all I have nothing to show to God.*’ O dear reader, think of it! Within forty-eight hours of the time he spoke these words he stood in the presence of God! What could he gather up to bring to Him in those hours of desperate weakness, when mind and body were

incapable of effort? You may not, as you read these lines, think yourself so near the end of life's journey as he; but you may be nearer. And be the end near or distant, the fiat has gone forth, "I have sworn by Myself, the word is gone out of My mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, That unto Me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear" (Isaiah xlv. 23). "SO THEN EVERY ONE OF US SHALL GIVE ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF TO GOD" (Romans xiv. 12).

How does your account stand, my reader? You keep your own account books, and refer to them to see how your relations stand as man to man. Open your spiritual ledger, and in the light of coming eternity review the account you must render to God.

Turn to the debit side. What do you not *owe* Him? The constant, ceaseless, temporal mercies from the first moment you drew breath! the long-suffering patience that has prolonged your life, and waited till this hour if peradventure you should turn to Him and repent! the matchless grace and love that provided a Saviour, and a full and perfect salvation even for you! and has offered and is still offering all freely to you!

And what have you on the credit side? It is not for me to pretend to cast it up. I know not the secrets of your life. *God does.* And His Spirit which searcheth the deep things of God, and

knows His estimate regarding all, and which searches the heart of man too, He has audited the account,—cast up the ‘Credit’ balance, and written at the bottom, “ We are all as *an unclean thing*, and all our righteousnesses are as *filthy rags*” (Isaiah xlv. 5).

Ah, it was God’s estimate of his life that the young soldier agreed to, as he summed up its comparative blamelessness, and respectability, and gallantry, as ‘Bad! I have nothing to show to God!’ And he turned away from it all in disgust—from his efforts, from his failures, from his sins, from himself, as he further exclaimed with his dying lips,

‘ But then, Jesus died for my sins.’

He had ‘nothing to show to God,’ but there was One who had everything to show—One who had glorified God in this world in a life of perfect obedience, One who had glorified God in His death, by becoming a Sacrifice for sin, and who died, “ the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God ” (1 Peter iii. 18). “ The wages of sin is death,” and they have been paid for all who believe—paid by the Lord Jesus Christ, on Calvary’s Cross. “ There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus ” (Romans viii. 1). Jesus “ died for our sins.” This is the gospel. ‘ I declare unto you the gospel,’ says the apostle Paul “ by which also ye are saved

how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures" (I Cor. xv. 1—4).

The young soldier believed it ; he rested on it ; he made it a personal matter ; " Jesus died for MY sins." That is faith. It is believing what God says ; trusting not myself, but Him.

My reader, it is a fact that Jesus died. It is a fact that He rose again. But how does that fact affect *you* ? He has made propitiation for sins : a full and sufficient account, if I may so express it, has been paid by Him into the treasury of heaven. It suffices for all ; it avails only for " all who believe." But God offers it to you. " Through this Man is preached to you the forgiveness of sins " (Acts xiii. 38) ; believe it, accept it, rejoice in it, and be saved, " accepted in the Beloved."

T.

Mr. Philip Henry said to some of his neighbours who came to see him on his death-bed, " Oh, make sure work for your souls, my friends, by getting an interest in Christ while you are in health. If I had this to do now, what would become of me ? I bless God, I am satisfied. See to it, all of you, that this duty be not undone when your time is done, lest you be undone for ever."

“ I HEARD THY VOICE AND I WAS AFRAID ”

Strange that these should be the first recorded words that man ever addressed to God.

Now, it could not be that God created man with the intention that he should be afraid of the sound of His voice. Such an idea is altogether inconsistent with the place God gave Adam, of authority over every living thing He had made, with the wisdom to name them appropriately. The fact is, that when Adam uttered the words quoted above, sin had already entered, and spoiled the relation between God and newly created man. The brief day of innocence was gone, never to return, and conscience (the knowledge of good and evil), which Adam was so ready to acquire, brought him the conviction that he was unfit for the presence of God. Therefore it was that he hid himself, and had to be sought with the words, “ Adam, where art thou ? ”

Fear of God, and fear of judgment marks nearly all the natural thoughts of man ; and when, in ignorance of the true God, he makes idols to satisfy the voice of conscience which tells him there is a superior being, he makes objects of terror and darkness, or deifies evil passions.

But turn to the other side of the picture, and we find the Bible records God's desires, and His provision for the removing of this "fear that hath torment," and for the relieving of the awakened conscience of its sense of guilt. The other end of the line, if we may so express it, is seen in Revelation xxi. 3. Here the eternal state is described in the beautiful words: "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God."

A great voice out of heaven makes this striking announcement, which tells us as plainly as possible just this—that heaven, morally, means the presence of God, and perfect happiness for man in that presence. Now, dear reader, you and I know perfectly well that to be left alone in the presence of God for half-an-hour would mean the most miserable half-hour we ever spent. Unless, ah!—that's the point—unless all that our conscience can accuse us of in the presence of perfect light and holiness, is entirely removed. No effort of ours can cleanse our guilty consciences, or avert the judgment of God upon our sins. Yet scripture declares that there is such a thing as "boldness in the day of judgment" (1 John iv. 17). But for this, as must be obvious to any thoughtful person, sin, which has created this estrangement between God and man, must be removed. This has been

effected in the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. God's word about it is, "He (God) hath made Him (Christ) who knew no sin, to be sin for us, that we might become God's righteousness in Him" (2 Cor. v. 21). And, as to sins, transgressions, "The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth from all sin" (1 John v. 7).

Left to himself, man has gone farther and farther away from God. The Bible gives us the true history of this downward path, but along with it, the patient goodness of God, in seeking His wayward and rebellious creatures, culminating in the gift of His Son. He (Jesus) has laid the only basis of reconciliation in His death on the cross. Many persons seem to have the impression that it is God who needs to be reconciled, and, sad to say, not a few writings and hymns convey this false impression. But how can it be so, when "God so loved the world as to *give* His only begotten Son" (John iii. 16)? "The Father sent the Son." Who asked Him to do so?

Hence the gospel is truly glad tidings, and it is "as though God did beseech by us, we pray in Christ's stead, Be ye reconciled to God."

Reader, what excuse can you make for rejecting such an offer as this?

T. R.



SET ON BY FRIENDS

He was poor, very poor, and with a mutilated arm—perhaps through an accident; or, it may be that he had lost the forepart of his arm in the defence of his country, fighting his Sovereign's enemies.

We pitied him; but he did not pity us, as we endeavoured to tell forth the glorious message of free salvation for guilty sinners. He was in the crowd gathered around us near the approach to the Free Ferry at Woolwich.

He did not pity us, though there were those who sought to interrupt and hinder such good news from being made public. Poor man! he sided with them, he helped the disturbers, they encouraged him, and, at last, *set on by his friends*—by one particularly—he took the lead in speaking blasphemously against the One who in love to sinners, agonised under the load of their guilt, and shed His blood for their salvation on Calvary's cross.

The young preacher pleaded with him; but in vain. The deluded man, *set on by his friends*, waived his mutilated arm in front of the preacher's face, to the amusement of the disturbers. Suddenly a strong arm seized him, and as he turned, he

found himself arrested by two policemen, who had come up unobserved.

The preachers tried to prevail on the policemen to let the man off, but they refused, and he was taken to the station.

But what of his friends? What of the one who had encouraged him most in his evil conduct? He, the original disturber, and ringleader of the interrupters, taking advantage of the confusion caused by the arrest of the one-armed man, tried to escape from the crowd unobserved. And in this he doubtless would have succeeded, had not one of the speakers drawn the attention of the crowd to him. 'There,' said the preachers, 'is the one who is to blame for all this; it was he who urged on that poor fellow to do as he did. And now he forsakes him! not even making a single effort to plead for his release; or even saying a word in his favour! Shame on him! He professes to be his friend and yet forsakes him in the time of need, and that, after himself leading him into the trouble! How like the enemy of our souls—Satan, who leads us into sin, urges us to ignore the warnings given, then forsakes his dupes in the hour of their need, leaving them to receive the wages of their sin—death, with naught but an eternity of remorse and judgment before them!'

In words such as these, the young preacher sought to convince his hearers of the folly of being

led by professed friends into paths of folly and of sin. The cowardly disturber slunk off, evidently convicted, but unrepentant, of his shameful conduct.

O dear reader! take warning from this. Do not let your friends be the means of your undoing! It may not be an earthly prison that you have to fear; but think of the place where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched, where inward remorse and God's righteous wrath shall never never cease. Oh, see to it before it is too late, that you are insured against such a doom; by believing now in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for *our* sins, for us ungodly sinners, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God, that we might know His pardoning love and mercy, and praise and serve Him for ever.

T. W.

THE LEAP FOR LIFE

Amongst the true stories of the sea which I read, now nearly seventy years ago, in a book given to me by my father, was one with the title: 'The Main-truck, or The Leap for Life.' The story was as follows.

A British frigate lay moored in a port of the Mediterranean. The Commodore in command had his son on board, and an adventure which happened

to the latter forms the subject of the story. The ship's monkey had seized the boy's cap and run up the rigging with its prize. The little midddy gave chase as far as to the royal-mast-head, when the animal made a hasty descent, clear of the ability of the boy to intercept him. Recovering somewhat from the violent exertion he had already made, the boy continued his climb until he stood upon the 'main-truck,' the very pinnacle of the frigate's standing gear.

At the very moment the danger was perceived by members of the crew, the boy's father came alongside the ship, and arriving on deck, he ordered a marine to hand him a musket. Then stepping aft, and taking deliberate aim at his son, he shouted: 'Robert, jump! jump overboard, or I'll fire at you.' The boy was seen to begin to totter, and his father shouted again, 'Jump! 'tis your only chance for life.' The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the boy was seen to leave the truck, and spring out into the air. With a rush like that of a cannon-ball, the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows among the several officers had dived from the bulwarks. He rose; he was alive!

It was then found that the father stood in as great need of the attentions of the ship's doctor as Master Bob, the mental struggle he had passed

through producing symptoms as distressing as those which resulted from the boy's physical ordeal.

Some may ask if the lad had hesitated any longer to take the life-saving leap, would the father have really fired the musket? I believe he would, but would have so taken his aim that the bullet, although missing the person of his son, should pass so near as to cause such a piercing screech as would effectually overcome any remaining hesitation.

What a moment was that for the Commodore and his son alike! And how well does its lesson apply both to the Christian and also to the unconverted. There are circumstances in the little history we are considering which are full of teaching, such as the dangers which beset the many forms of worldly ambition, and the apparently certain and fatal consequences of Master Bob's climb on to the frigate's main-truck, which call to mind those solemn words of the Lord Jesus: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul" (Mark viii. 36-37).

We honour the faith of the missionary who goes forth, as it were, with his life in his hands, to proclaim the gospel of God to the heathen, and of the evangelist who takes his stand at the race-course to preach the same gospel to the lovers of pleasure. Let us also take to heart our own

responsibility to be more earnest and faithful in warning those we meet with in the less exciting paths of daily intercourse, of the dangers of neglecting so great salvation, and that, as it was with the young midy, when he heard his father's shout, 'Jump! 'tis your only chance for life.' tell them in the name of the Lord, and in the words He has given us to declare: "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

Reader, if you are of the number of those who have not yet accepted this great salvation which is offered you, without money and without price, let me entreat you, as your position is so like that of Master Bob, balancing himself for a few moments on the little support, from which if he hesitated but a second or two longer, he must have fallen to the deck to certain death, to act as he did at his father's command, the command of one who loved him: 'Jump, 'tis your only chance for life.' As he cast himself into the waters of the Mediterranean, and was thereby saved from the consequences of his own folly, so may you cast yourself, in all your sin and helplessness, into the arms of that Saviour who died for you on Calvary's cross, and made propitiation to God by the sacrifice of Himself. Cast yourself upon this mighty Saviour, and you shall for ever abide in the ocean of His love.

T. J.

“SURPASSING !”

Romans xi. 33

“Past finding out!” Sooner may childhood’s joy
 Measure the ocean in its vast expanse
 And depths, than human mind
 Gauge the unfathomable marvels
 Of the thoughts of God. Convicting all,—
 Shutting up all within the gloomy cage
 Of unbelief,—not to condemn
 But to exhibit what His mercy free
 And sovereign grace shall effect.
 Proving all helpless—all “come short,”
 Below the standard of His glory,
 Objects of wrath! Yet judgment He would not!
 Mercy rejoices over it in grace!
 Mercy allied to truth—truth that showed all—
 And all exposed, judged all in Him Who stood
 The Holy Victim in the sinner’s stead.
 All that believe are justified—
 Justified freely by that once shed blood,
 The work accomplished by the Holy One.

Ephesians iii. 19

“Surpassing knowledge!” Love of Christ Himself,—
 Saviour whom God provided, yet Who came
 The willing One—th’ Eternal Lover of the sons of men!
 The Lover of His Church! the One Who sought
 And found and purchased her He loved,
 Because her life was precious in His sight.
 “To know His love”—Impossible!
 Yet to enjoy—to be its object, and to feel
 The bliss of its enjoyment—this He gives,

And giveth freely ! Saviour ! teach us more
 To know that love : to fathom more its depths ;
 To lose ourselves in its immensity ;
 " Filled in the fulness " knowing only this,
 For God is love.

Phil. iv. 7

" Surpassing understanding ! " 'Mid the roar
 And crash of falling kingdoms, while the world
 Totters and reels beneath the furious blows
 Of man 'gainst man, the Peace of God,
 Even and still, unruffled and unmoved,
 Guarding the heart of some ! Say, is it *thine* ?
 Though all depart, His love it changeth never ;
 Though life may cease, He lives for evermore ;
 Though earth be moved, His word abideth stable ;
 Himself, the same, to-morrow, and for aye !
 All left to Him. Requests, though feebly uttered,
 Breathed in His ear and *left*—He will reply
 When best it pleaseth Him. He is in peace,
 And we enjoy it, understanding not,
 Not knowing, nor exploring, but
 Possessing—Him and peace.

H. C. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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

*Conversion of Mr. Richard Cole, met with by my husband & self
in train going to Cambridge Wells, where he resided*

GOD SPEAKETH IN A DREAM

Mr. C. was an intelligent, refined country gentleman, fond of art (himself an artist), and of the pleasures that attach to a rural life—riding, shooting and the like. Amiable and moral, yet “without God and without hope in the world,” he sought only the enjoyment of this life, unconscious that it was true of him as of the Ephesians of old—“dead in trespasses and sins; wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, fulfilling the desires of the flesh, and of the mind, and were by nature children of wrath even as others” (Ephes. ii. 2, 3).

“But God, Who is rich in mercy,” had His eye on him, and, little as the pleasure-loving man thought it, the word had gone forth, “He is a chosen vessel unto me to bear My name” “for I will show him how great things he must suffer for My name’s sake.”

One night Mr. C. had a vivid dream, so vivid and realistic that he could not get rid of it on awaking. He dreamed that he saw a beautiful picture, which changed the whole tenor of his life.

The picture was so clear to his mind, that he knew he could recognise it again anywhere ; but *what* its subject was, or its meaning he could not understand. In vain he tried to banish the memory of his dream. He was vexed and annoyed with himself for thinking of it ; it was foolish to occupy his mind with the mere result of a disordered imagination—he would forget it.

But forget it he could not. Day after day this wonderful picture remained before him, until at last he began to wish he really could see it, and be done with the bothering effects of his phantasy. To 'change the whole tenor of his life !' . Did he want it changed ? Was he not happy enough as he was ? Well, one thing was evident ; his happiness rested on no firm foundation, if so unreal a thing as a mere dream could upset it like this—for happy he was not now, by any means.

God had spoken ! Little as he realised it, that dream was no result of an overwrought brain, or too heavy a supper ; and the first tone of God's voice was waking him from the lethargy of the sleep of spiritual death in which he was.

Oh, to see that picture ! The thought obsessed him, though how to gratify it he knew not.

Weeks passed, and one day a paper fell into his hands. It was the catalogue of an auction sale shortly to take place at a gentleman's house, a few miles from his home. Among the effects to

be sold were some 'pictures.' This greatly interested him; and when a neighbour asked him if he would go over and inspect the lots offered, he gladly acquiesced, though carefully hiding his intense eagerness to see if perhaps his dream might thus come true.

They drove to the house together, looked at the various lots of furniture offered, and then turned to the pictures. There was nothing very remarkable—sundry oil paintings and prints such as might be found in almost any gentleman's house, but nothing in any way approaching the subject of his dream. They passed from room to room, and at last the neighbour suggested their returning, but Mr. C. still lingered. He was unwilling to leave till every corner of the place had been searched, if, perhaps, when fully awake, he might light on that which had so occupied his mind when asleep. The neighbour got impatient, but at last they turned into a small ante-room which had hitherto escaped their notice.

'There it is! that's it!' suddenly exclaimed Mr. C., with eagerness.

'That's what?' queried the astonished neighbour; but even then Mr. C. did not reveal his secret. It was a well executed painting, entitled 'Job and his Friends,' and represented a broad beam of light falling on the anguished patriarch, while his friends were more in the shade. 'I must

have that picture ! ' said Mr. C., and accordingly when the sale took place he purchased it, paying a large sum for it.

Still he was ignorant of the subject of which it treated. Who was Job ? He did not know. But at leisure at home he studied the painting, and then he took his Bible and he studied God's picture of Job. He heard His estimate of him, " None like him in the earth ; a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil " (Job i. 8) ; and he traced the lines of the Divine portrait Painter, until he heard Job's confession, " I am vile ! " " I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes ! " (ch. xl. 4 ; xlii. 5, 6).

" As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man," and the echo fell from the lips of Mr. C., ' *I too am vile. I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes !* '

Not God's voice in a dream, but God's voice in His own living word had reached his heart and conscience, the ' whole tenor of his life ' *was* changed ; he was " born again by the word of God " (I Peter i. 23) !

Not that he was happy—no, far from it. Deep anxiety about his soul—an increasing sense of the sinfulness of his sin—an abhorrence of the things he formerly loved—all this characterized him now.

And then, in a little mission room, it pleased God to speak to him again. The sweet soft tones of the gospel fell on his ear ; he heard that the Daysman Job desired, God had provided—the only One Who could lay His hand on the Throne of God and on the guilty sinner—was the Lord Jesus. He heard that “ God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life ” (John iii. 16). “ 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).

Now, believing in the Saviour, resting on the work He has once and for ever accomplished, Mr. C. found peace, and joy, and happiness. Old things indeed were passed away, and all things become new ; and the life formerly spent in pleasure was henceforth devoted to the service of the One who loved him and gave Himself for him.

It was the writer’s privilege to know him during the closing months of his life, when he had passed through many experiences and vicissitudes, and to hear his testimony to the keeping, as well as saving, grace of God.

My reader may not have a dream to awaken him from nature’s sleep of death, but he has the word of God in his hand ; and I would beg him, ere he lays this paper down, to ask himself, ‘ Have I listened to the voice of God speaking to *me* in

its pages? ' "He that heareth My word," said the Lord Jesus, "and believeth Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life" (John v. 24).

T.

A SHELL FROM THE MURRAY-MURRAY

About fifty years ago I bought from an old sailor a few interesting specimens of sea-shells, two or three of which excited in me feelings of special interest. One of these was an example, about the size of a hen's egg, helical (or spiral) in form, and speaks with a voice to which we surely would all do well to pay attention.

It was found in the bed of the Australian river Murray-Murray, and its pearly lining has the remarkable feature of possessing a gold tinge, so ingrained as to call to remembrance the words of Rev. xxi. 18, concerning the New Jerusalem: "The city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."

This interesting feature in the river shell was thus explained to me by the old sailor. The Native Blacks of Australia are accustomed to search for the gold washings and rocks containing the gold, by the indications presented in the enamel linings of

the shells of the river molluscs. The various tributaries of the Murray-Murray, which have their sources in the mountains, or pass through districts which are rich in gold-bearing quartz, become impregnated with the particles of gold which are liberated and brought down the stream and so become incorporated in the lining of the shell as the living occupant deposits the pearly matter united therewith. Thus by the degrees of golden hues in the interiors of the shells, these native explorers estimate the prospects for themselves or for the British gold-seekers who may consult them, of their search for gold.

There is a saying amongst men, 'Tell me who are your companions, and I will tell you what you are.' Thus we find it written of the apostles Peter and John, after they had been arraigned before the Jewish rulers, and were commanded not to speak nor teach in the name of Jesus, and they answered, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard," they were let go, while all men glorified God for that which was done. "And being let go they went to *their own company*," etc. (Acts iv. 23).

The earlier verses of this chapter help us to understand the teaching of the gold-tinted shell. It was when they bore witness before their judges to the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, saying, "Whom ye crucified, whom God raised from

the dead," and they declared concerning Him, "THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME UNDER HEAVEN GIVEN AMONG MEN, WHEREBY WE MUST BE SAVED," we are told, "When they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled, and took knowledge of (or recognised) them, that they had been with Jesus" (verse 13).

Here was the secret of their boldness before their judges, as afterwards when set at liberty they tell to their own company, *i.e.*, to those to whom He also was precious, all that the chief priests and elders had said unto them, then the whole company lifted up their voices to God with one accord in praise for what He had thus done, and in prayer that He would "grant unto His servants with great boldness to speak His word, and that signs and wonders might further be done by the name of His holy Servant Jesus."

We find the same teaching from the example of Stephen, in the end of Acts vii. For when he was brought before the Jewish council, all that sat therein "looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel" (Acts vi. 15).

In the next chapter he rehearses before them God's dealings with their nation, and says, "Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain those which showed before of the coming of the Just One, of whom ye have been

now the betrayers and murderers: who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it." Then in verse 55, "being full of the Holy Ghost, he looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heaven opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

" In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Wandering from Thee we are feeble,
To Thy presence keep us nigh."

We have similar testimony in the case of Nebuchadnezzar (Dan. iii.). Looking into the burning fiery furnace into which, at his command, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, had been cast, he said, " Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt ; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

I knew a Christian boy who went to have his portrait taken ; and when the photographer was about to expose the plate, he said to the boy, ' Now, do not look gloomy, look as happy as you can.' The boy answered, ' I must think how much Jesus loves me ; that will make me look happy.' He lived to go to China as a missionary, and had a most happy, though not very long, career there of serving the Lord, Who took him home to Himself there to prove to all eternity that it is indeed the presence

of Jesus and the knowledge of His love that is the secret of true joy and that in its fulness.

I recall also this incident. A Christian lady whom I knew well was one day sitting in an omnibus when another, who sat opposite to her, reached forward her hand, saying, 'I must take your hand in expression of the pleasure it gives me to meet with one who, I can see, knows and loves my Saviour.' To this she replied, 'Yes, through His sovereign grace I can say that I *have* tasted of His love; and if He has already written His name in my forehead so that you can read it, I can only add, To Him be all the praise.'

T. J.

SET ON BY FRIENDS

The little story I told you, under the above title, in last month's number of this Magazine, was brought to my mind by reading of a king who was 'set on by his friends.'

This king was in the capital of his country, and it was besieged by the then mightiest monarch of the world, because the king had rebelled against him, and broken his oath of allegiance. Only one man was in a position to give the king good advice—but he was hated, and had been imprisoned,

by the king's friends. Yet the king had him brought before him, anxious to hear what advice he had to give—but afraid to act on it when given!

In vain did the man beseech the king to act on the advice he gave him, and so save his city and the lives of his people.

'Set on by his friends,' he refused to act; even though he was plainly told of the disastrous consequences of delay. 'Set on by his friends,' he continued his feeble resistance to the mighty monarch; and when at length the city fell, and he was captured whilst trying to escape, he proved the wisdom and truth of the advice and of the warnings he had neglected.

And so king Zedekiah is a warning to us all. The prophet of God told him what would be his doom if he refused to act on the advice given him in God's name; and moreover to him, how that the women would say, "*Thy friends have set thee on, and have prevailed against thee: thy feet are sunk in the mire, and they are turned away back*" (Jer. xxxviii. 22).

Truly, friends become foes, if they try to come between the soul and God. Think of the pitiable condition of this king! think of his terrible end! and let his doom warn you of the folly and danger of listening to man rather than to God.

O reader! have you not been warned of the danger that you are in? The God who sent

Jeremiah to Zedekiah, with a message of salvation from captivity and torture—has He not sent *you* many a warning, telling you of the risk that *you* are running of spending an eternity with the devil and his angels in hell? Has He not told you of a Saviour provided by God at infinite cost to Himself—of a Saviour whose precious blood can cleanse your guilty soul, and fit you for the presence of God?

Is it too much to suppose that the remaining days of Zedekiah's life would be characterised by remorse for his folly? But what is that in comparison with an *eternity* of remorse, which will surely be yours, if you neglect this great salvation, to the ruin of your soul?

“Obey, I beseech thee, the voice of the LORD which I speak unto thee: so it shall be well unto thee, and thy soul shall live” (Jer. xxxviii. 20).
“How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation” (Heb. ii. 3)?

T. W.

WITHIN A MONTH!

A young lady of 15, being urged to think of her soul's eternal welfare, replied, that she would do so when she was older, but that now her purpose was to enjoy the world whilst young.

She was reminded of *the uncertainty of life*; but in vain! A month later, and she was dead and buried!

FORGIVENESS TOO CHEAP!

“ A collier came to me at the close of one of my services, and said: ‘ I would like to be a Christian but I cannot receive what you said to-night.’

“ I asked him, ‘ Why not?’

“ He replied: ‘ I would give anything to believe that God would forgive my sins, but I cannot believe He will forgive them if I just turn to Him. It is too cheap.’

“ I looked at him and said: ‘ My dear friend, have you been working to-day?’

“ He looked at me, slightly astonished, and said: ‘ Yes, I was down in the pit as usual.’

“ ‘ How did you get out of the pit?’ I asked.

“ ‘ The way I usually do. I got into the cage, and was pulled to the top.’

“ ‘ How much did you pay to come out of the pit?’ He looked at me astonished. ‘ Pay! Of course I didn’t pay anything.’

“ I asked him: ‘ Were you not afraid to trust yourself in the cage? Was it not too cheap?’

“ ‘ Oh, no!’ he said. ‘ It was cheap for me, but it cost the company a lot of money to sink that shaft.’

“ And without another word the truth of that admission broke in upon him, and he saw that if

he could have salvation 'without money and without price,' it had cost the infinite God a great price to sink that shaft and rescue lost men."

(*Extract*)

"For 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).

There is no real turning to God without repentance. And this repentance is not (as some might say) my trying to turn over a new leaf, but my bowing to the truth of God's holy word that I am nothing but a sinner, "ungodly," "WITHOUT STRENGTH," "LOST."

But Jesus came to seek and to save that which was "lost." When we were "without strength," Christ died for the "ungodly." "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Turn then away from yourself to Another—to Him who died on Calvary's cross, the Just for the unjust to bring us to God. There is salvation in that name, but in no other. See in Him your Substitute from God. He "was *delivered up* for our offences, and was *raised* again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith [not by feelings] we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Believe in Him, and *thou* shalt be saved.

"THE CROSS"

Tell me not of earthly pleasure,
 Nor its idols fair ;
 Jesus is my heart's chief treasure,
 And His love I share.

Teach me, Lord, to love and value
 Nothing like Thy Cross ;
 And, in heavenly light, to reckon
 All things else but dross.

Oh ! what depths of Mercy centre
 On dark Calvary's tree ;
 Love and Light, and Truth and Justice,
 Shining there I see.

Sin not only judged, but cancelled,
 Righteousness secured,
 By the One, Who in obedience,
 All God's wrath endured.

Worldly pride and wisdom shatter'd,
 By my wounded Lord ;
 There, thro' death, He gain'd the victory,
 Be His name adored.

All that worldlings proudly boast of,
 Vanquish'd by His blood ;
 And its cleansing virtues making
 Sinners fit for God.

Wean my heart, then, holy Saviour,
 From the things around ;
 May I learn that thro' Thy sufferings,
 Peace alone is found.

In Thy Cross then would I glory,
 Seeing Christ is mine,
 Walk the path of separation,
 In its light divine.

S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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—
ONE HALFPENNY

An old man named G. of Bournemouth, frequently visited by me as a child

“A TERRIBLE NICE TEXT”

In a little hollow, or what was once a furze-covered common but is now the site of a fashionable church almost in the centre of a large watering-place in the south of England, there stood (when the writer was a child) a small one-storied cottage, or, rather, hovel. Surrounded by a good-sized garden, reclaimed from the common, with piggery and fowl-house, it was then the home of an aged couple who had brought up a large family there, several of whom, at the time of which I write, were in respectable service.

Well do I remember seeing the old man resting his arms on the primitive gate which led to his lowly dwelling, enjoying the sunshine when the weather permitted; or perhaps more frequently I should find him indoors, leaning over the pillows placed at the head of the bed, for in this attitude only could he take rest. He suffered greatly from asthma, and was never able to lie down. And to his visitors he would give the painfully spoken, yet quaint greeting, ‘I be terrible glad to see ye!’

‘Terrible’ indeed seemed the one word in his vocabulary to express anything of a superlative degree; and once when a text of scripture was quoted to him (he could not read, I believe),

his fervent rejoinder was ' That be a terrible nice text ! '

What think you, reader, were the words that thus called forth such a response from the lips of this unlettered man ? They were words which, when first penned by the inspiration of the Spirit, called forth an outburst of adoring gratitude from him who was privileged to record them—and he was a " citizen of no mean city "—a scholar of no mean capacity—the very opposite of the poor old countryman.

" THIS IS A FAITHFUL SAYING, AND WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION, THAT CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS " (1 Timothy i. 15) !

This was old T.'s ' terrible nice text ' ; and this same text was the source of the doxology which broke from the apostle when, after adding " Of whom I am chief," he exclaimed, " Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honour and glory for ever and ever ! "

Reader, what do you think of the words you know so well, and have read so frequently perhaps ? Are they ' terrible nice ' to you, or are they simply the expression of a statement which some believe to be true ; but which—whether true or false—is no concern of yours ? Or, while giving them credence as expressing a fact, do you treat them as referring to somebody else, but not to yourself ?

Old T. knew himself a sinner. He knew too that he had to meet a God of inflexible holiness, and he knew he could himself do nothing to blot out the record of over 70 years of sin. If salvation depended on works he could do none, for he was 'past work'; if it depended on the repetition of prayers, Ave Marias, and Paternosters, his failing breath forbade his repeating them; if it depended on almsgiving he was too poor and indigent to give away. He could do *nothing* to save himself or merit forgiveness.

No wonder then that when he heard of One who had actually come into the world for the express purpose of saving, and *saving* SINNERS, his heart responded with a welcome to the good news; he took it to himself; he tasted that the Lord was gracious, and he was saved.

On the eve of Christ's birth, the instruction to Joseph was, "Thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save *His* people from their sins" (Matt. i. 21); and when the aged Simeon took the Holy Infant in his arms, he exclaimed, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation which Thou hast prepared before the face of *all* people" (Luke ii. 30, 31)—for that Holy One was the "Light to lighten the Gentiles," as well as the glory of Israel. Yet had He to say, "They that are whole have no need of the physician; I came not to call the righteous, but sinners" (Mark ii. 17); for wrapped

in the cloak of their own self-righteousness, His people—as a nation—knew not that they needed (not a Helper, but) a SAVIOUR. But see Him, a self-invited Guest, in the house of one “that is a sinner” in the eyes of his fellowmen; one who would “see Jesus Who He was,” and who found (as every one who has a similar desire shall find) that the Saviour would be seen by him “Who He was.” “To-day is salvation come to this house”—that is Who He *was*—Who He *is*—for “The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost” (Luke xix. 9, 10). Yes—He “came into the world to save sinners”; it *is* a “faithful saying”; it is “worthy of all acceptation”—of being received with both hands—with all your heart, dear reader. But in order to save and to save righteously, the Son of God had to suffer for sins (He had none)—for our sins. He must die. And He must rise again. “Being made perfect”—that is, in resurrection, for as to His adorable Person, He ever was, and is the absolutely perfect One—“He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him” (Hebrews v. 9).

“For God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” “Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be *saved from wrath* through Him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much

more, being reconciled, we shall be *saved by His life*” [i.e., on high] (Rom. v. 8—10). Yes, He died to save; He lives to save; and, “If *thou* shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, THOU *shalt be saved*” (Rom. x. 9). “Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved” (Acts iv. 12).

T.

“I HAVE NEVER HEARD IT LIKE THAT BEFORE”

While visiting some friends in a small market town in the county of ——— not far from the sea, Mrs. P. and I arranged to spend a day upon the beach. We were, however, somewhat discouraged in the morning, as the sky looked threatening, the clouds were lowering and the weather altogether seemed unfavourable, yet we felt much impressed to go. We could not tell why, but believed that the Lord had a divine purpose in it; so we started on our way.

The place to which we were going was about four miles distant, and in order to spend a long day there, we started rather early in the morning, and on reaching the beach found only one solitary

person there—an aged man who had exceeded the allotted days of three score years and ten—who was, as I afterwards learned, under-keeper on an adjoining estate.

He was standing behind a sandbank at the entrance of the beach. Wishing to get some information as to the flow of the tide, the sea at that time being a good way out, I made my way to him with the view of learning what time the tide returned. But while speaking to him, the thought of his soul's salvation came very forcibly to my mind, and I therefore ventured to put the following all-important question, 'Can you say that your sins are all forgiven?' Fixing his eyes upon me, with a sorrowful look he replied, 'No, sir, I cannot.'

'Your present position, then,' I said, 'is a very solemn one. If even the Lord delay His coming, you cannot expect to live long. Soon you will have to leave this world. If this should be with the weight of all your sins upon you—with them to appear before the great White Throne, to give an account of every evil deed done in the body, and even every evil thought which has entered into your mind, you will find yourself unable to answer to the holy claims of Him who will sit upon that Throne. Unutterable woe will be your portion, and you will hear those solemn words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into the fire

everlasting, prepared for the devil and his angels.”

‘ Through the mercy of God I can say that *all* my sins are forgiven, having believed the gospel which He has given concerning His Son Jesus Christ ; and this same gospel is offered to you, and is worthy of your acceptance. The Son of God in His immeasurable love to you, a poor, lost and ruined sinner, and in obedience to His Father’s will, came into this world, and as Son of man, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross ; there He was made sin, Who knew no sin. His precious blood was shed which alone can shelter you from the coming wrath of God now hovering over your guilty head, if only with your heart you will truly believe in Him.

‘ My dear friend, slight not the love of God, turn not a deaf ear to His unfailing word which says, “ God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should never perish, but have everlasting life ” (John iii. 16). This message of His love is for you at this present moment ; and if you only believe it with your heart before God, you too may have the knowledge and full assurance that *your sins are all forgiven*, and have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord.’

While thus speaking to him, he turned his

eyes upon me with tears rolling down his cheeks, and, pointing to the parish church, he said, 'You see yonder building; many times have I been there, but I have never heard it like that before. I can now say that I do believe and feel sure that my *sins are all forgiven.*'

After speaking a few words of thankfulness and encouragement, we parted. He went to his home with a gladdened heart, and we to the beach, rejoicing that the Lord had converted his soul.

He was afterwards visited several times by a Christian friend living in an adjoining town, to whom he gave full proof of the reality of his conversion.

Not many months after, he passed away, rejoicing that he was going to be for ever with the Lord.

Oh! what joy is given to the heart of a poor sinner, when by faith he enters into God's thought of the value of the finished work of His beloved Son on the cross of Calvary. He that believes on Him can say, 'I know that *all my sins* are forgiven,' for the word of God says, "He was delivered for our offences, and was raised for our justification" (Rom. iv. 25); "therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1).

GREENHAM, THE GOODS GUARD

A thin, spare man, above the average height, with short, dark grey hair, eyes which glistened and twinkled with light, and a happy face, which, always beaming, was especially radiant when his favourite themes were dwelt upon, a retiring, modest man was John Greenham, whom his workmates on the line good-naturedly called 'Six o'clock Greenham' (*i.e.*, straight up and down, as the hands of a clock at the hour of six); a gracious man withal, though strong in purpose yet suave in manner; whilst as firm as a rock when principles were at stake, yet one of the meekest of men when that which appertained to himself alone was in question. A kind husband was he, a true friend, a faithful servant, and a devoted, consistent happy Christian.

He was born on July 14th, 1844, at Hatfield in Hertfordshire. Being the youngest son in a family of six children whose parents were in humble circumstances, he had few educational advantages. He was sent to the village school, but whilst there his studies were sadly hampered by an incorrigible love of truant-playing and birdnesting, so that when, impatient of restraint, he left the school, he barely knew the alphabet. We next find him

tending sheep, then after a while promoted to be horsekeeper at Birchwood Farm, Hatfield.

In every situation his open, generous nature made him many friends, for he was a bright light-hearted youth, full of frolic and mischief, yet thoughtfully and kindly considerate of others.

The year 1868 was a most eventful one in the little cottage at Hatfield, for in January the father died, whilst later in the year another event occurred of deepest moment to young John. He was now twenty-four years of age, valued as a servant and much sought after for his happy, cheerful temperament. Like Naaman of old, he was "an honourable man with his master," but he also "was a leper." By this I mean, dear reader, that amiable though John might be, and upright too, yet "having *no hope* and *without God* in the world," he was all the time "*dead* in trespasses and sins," dead whilst he lived! "From the sole of the foot even unto the head, no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment."

What a description is this of the condition of the unsaved! and there is "*no difference*" the word of God says (Rom. iii. 22), for by nature each one of us is a "child of wrath even as others" (Ephes. ii. 3). Blessed be God, even through this dark picture a bright beam of light is seen, for "when

we were yet *without strength*, in due time CHRIST DIED for the ungodly " (Rom. v. 6).

About March in this year it was rumoured in the neighbourhood of Finchley that six young women were to be baptized at Colney Hatch. Thither repaired young Greenham and several of his boon companions, thinking that the opportunity of having some sport out of the solemn scene was too manifest to be neglected. He little thought that that occasion would prove the turning point in his career, but so it was. He " came to scoff and remained to pray."

The word ministered at that time through the good hand of his God upon him, was brought home to his heart and conscience by the power of the Spirit, and he saw himself to be a poor lost sinner, needing forgiveness and life, and, when Christ was presented to him as the loving Saviour who had come down from heaven to glorify God concerning sin and to save lost sinners like himself, what could he do, guilty and condemned, but thankfully accept the pardoning mercy which, without money and without price, was freely offered to him? He believed God, dear reader, and being justified by faith had peace with Him through Jesus Christ our Lord, and after three months he presented himself for baptism at Colney Hatch, a saved soul, fulfilling the Lord's injunction, " believe and be baptized."

However others might explain away or stumble at the plain command, there was no hesitancy in John's mind as to the "necessity" of his being baptized upon believing. There was not a shred of doubt or question about the matter; the Lord had spoken, and that was enough. "What doth hinder me to be baptized" (Acts viii. 36)? "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost" (Acts x. 47)?

Many years afterwards he would speak of the exceeding joy and blessing he realised in being thus buried with Christ in baptism.

A new era now commenced in John Greenham's life; old things had passed away, and all things become new, for he could say, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." And now an earnest, yearning desire to glorify God in his body and spirit filled his soul and actuated him in all things. He had found One *who loved him* and whom he might love fully without let or hindrance! Henceforth for him to live should be Christ, and to serve his loving Lord should be his happiest liberty.

He now felt the great disadvantage of having neglected his education, for at this time he did not know any more than his alphabet, but he set him-

self diligently to work early or late to be able to read the Bible. He would take his dinner on the Lord's day to a village Sunday school at a little distance, and, helping to take care of the infant scholars, would eagerly profit by what they were taught, whilst he in return diligently taught the little folks the love and claims of Jesus. No service for the Lord was a trifle with him; he undertook with another brother to attend to the sweeping, etc., of the little chapel at Finchley, and spoke to one of the pleasure he used to feel in being allowed to do this little service, even then looking forward with trembling joy to being at some future time permitted to preach Christ to the people.

On one occasion, about 1869, he was wheeling a barrow along the road from Highgate to Finchley when he felt a strong and irresistible desire to pray to his Father; he therefore set down the barrow, and kneeling in it poured out his soul in prayer, utterly unheeding what the many passers-by who stopped to look at him might think about the matter.

He made application to the Great Northern Railway for the situation of porter on the line. His sister, to whom he was much attached, thinking he would need money whilst awaiting the appointment, offered some to him. 'No, sister,' he replied, 'I have saved some which I earned while

serving the devil, it is not all gone. God does not intend me to keep it.'

At last he got work at Luton, and taking a cottage there, he brought his mother home to live with him, for the old house had passed into other hands, and the family was dispersed in all directions, to seek an honest living as best they might.

'Thank God He has opened my eyes, that I was not cut off in my sins,' he would exclaim; and he sought reverently and earnestly if haply he might be the means of opening his dear mother's eyes to the truth and lead her also to the Saviour whom he so devotedly loved.

'Ah! John,' she said to him, 'you are teaching me what I ought to have been able to teach you years ago.' Nevertheless, the Lord gave him the joy of knowing that she was saved before He took her hence.

The assurance of salvation gives elevation, consistency, and solidity to the character and bearing. To know that I am loved by One in the glory who has gone down to death for me, and raised me, who was dead, to share with Himself eternal glories by-and-by, cannot fail to give dignity and yet true humility to one's whole being; so that I do this, or refrain from doing that, not alone because the thing is in itself right or wrong, but because my Lord and Master would have me to act thus.

(To be continued)

“ WORSHIP THE LORD IN THE BEAUTY OF
HOLINESS.”

In the beauty of Holiness worship the Lord,
He has nought of delight in the bow and the sword,
In the love of His name, in the faith in His grace,
Oh, worship the Lord, and His blessings embrace !

To the proud and the scornful confusion He is,
But to those who now love Him He's nothing but bliss—
To the weary, the mournful, who trust Him, He'll give
All the wealth of His love which for ever doth live !

In the strength of the horse, in the pride of his speed,
He cares not, and mocks at the warrior's need—
In all your unrighteousness call on His name,
And He'll save ye for ever from woe and from shame.

All the bulwarks and holds that men's hands can upraise,
Are as nothing to Him in the might of His ways—
Oh, confide not in them, put thy trust in no sword,
In the beauty of Holiness rest in the Lord !

And should death overtake thee, as soon it must come,
Thou art sure of thy refuge, for ever thy home—
Thy course now completed, thy faith He'll reward,
In the beauty of Holiness worship the Lord !

T. G. Leggett
of Brighton

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Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

ONE HALFPENNY

SEWING, PATCHING, EMBROIDERING

“ There is a time to rend, and a time to sew,” God declares in His word (Eccles. iii. 7) ; but when man began to use a needle, he started the sewing without the rending. The first act of the first sinner in this world was to reverse God’s order.

It was a solemn moment when Adam and his wife, having eaten the forbidden fruit, found themselves *naked*—unfit for each other’s presence, unfit for God’s presence, and unscreened from either ! No wonder the guilty pair cast about for a covering : “ they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons ” (margin, “ things to gird about ”), we are told (Gen. iii. 7). The first sewing ever done ! The effort of sinners to escape the eye of God, and cover themselves from His and each other’s scrutiny. But what sinful hands sewed, conscience rent. The moment God’s voice was heard, their fig leaves were useless. “ I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself.” Such was Adam’s confession in answer to God’s tender call, “ Where art thou ? ”

The Lord God whom he had sinned against, whose one and only command he had wantonly

and wilfully disobeyed—"for Adam was not deceived" (I. Tim. ii. 14)—was seeking His rebel man—God come down in grace! "God is love"; how He showed Himself so in that earliest moment of man's sin! But "God is light," and the light penetrated behind the trees, behind the fig leaves, and Adam and his wife stood unhidden, uncovered—NAKED before God.

Their confession might well have been that of the prophet in a later day, "We are all as an unclean things, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind have taken us away" (Isaiah lxiv. 6). The sinner and his covering alike, a fading leaf! His righteousnesses—his best deeds and efforts, filthy rags!—his iniquities, like the wind, rustling, fluttering the rags—revealing their filthiness, their squalor, as well as the person they vainly would hide; and these whirling, both with the fireceness of an autumn gale—whither? "Taken away." Awful knell! "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

O my reader, have you ever found yourself thus in the presence of God? A lost, a guilty sinner, convicted not of one, but of countless sins, more than the hairs of your head? Are you seeking to "sew" fresh fig leaves together—to make amends, to form new resolves, turn over new

leaves, lead a better life from henceforth? Beware!

But perhaps you say, 'I accept the warning. I have tried to do better and failed. Henceforth I try again *with God's help*. My mistake has been trying to do without Him. But Christ died for all. If I put my trust in Him and try again, I shall succeed.' Will you? Listen! "No man also seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment: else the new piece that filled it up taketh away from the old, and the rent is made worse" (Mark ii. 21)! These are the words of Him whom you would fain use to "patch" your old garment! But Christ will be no patch. If you use Him thus, the rent shall be made worse—the rags more torn and worthless. You cannot mend them—you cannot repair them: you cannot cover yourself by prayers, by scripture reading, by ordinances, by anything and Christ, or by Christ and anything!

Adam's fig leaves were faded and torn: but he and his wife did not leave the garden either naked, or in patched aprons! They left it clothed and covered! Not aprons, but coats, were on them—coats they neither made nor put on. "Unto Adam and his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them" (Gen. iii. 21). Their fig leaves gone, they stood in the Divine presence consciously naked—with no attempt at conceal-

ment—all their sin out, and the doom of it pronounced by the voice of God. They heard, they bowed to it ; they heard, too, of a coming Deliverer who should in His own person meet and annul their deceiver ; they believed God. And the God who had come down in grace to meet them, now worked for them ; He provided the garments, the result of sacrifice—nay, He *made* them, and *He clothed* the guilty pair. Of them, as of Joshua the high priest in a later day, it might have been said, “ I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment ” (Zech. iii. 4).

And this is the only way in which you and I, dear reader, can be clothed in the presence of God. As the King, who made a marriage feast for his son (Matt. xxii. 2—13), not only provided the feast but the garment worn there, so has God Himself provided a robe—the “ best robe ”—for every sinner who confesses his nakedness and guilt before Him. That robe is Christ and Christ alone,—“ Who of God is made unto us righteousness ” (1 Cor. i. 30)—“ even the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all, and *upon all them that believe* : for there is no difference, for *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus ” (Rom. iii. 22—24).

Oh, stand still, dear reader, if still conscious of your nakedness before Him, with empty hands and silent tongue, and accept from His grace this glorious robe—let Him put it on you, and you shall know yourself covered by that which not only meets the claims of His holiness, but delights His eye and heart!

But there is another side to the question. Of the King's daughter it is written: "She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework" (or, "broidered work," Ps. xlv. 14, R.V.), while the hosts of heaven in a future day shall sing, "Let us be glad and rejoice and give honour to Him for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath *made herself ready*." "And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints" (Rev. xix. 7, 8). When does a woman sit down to do her "embroidery"? With a pile of ragged garments, or unmended stockings before her?—with making and mending, patching and darning, all waiting her attentions? Not if she is a good housewife. The delicate fancy work awaits her time of leisure, when, her duties complete, she can employ herself for pleasure in work of ornament and beauty.

And when the sinner has given up sewing and patching—when he knows what it is to be clothed, as before God, with a garment that can never

wear out, then he, too, can employ himself in that which is for beauty, for pleasure, for the delight of the One Who has wrought all for and in him.

“ They made coats of fine linen, of woven work, for Aaron and for his sons, and a mitre of fine linen, and goodly bonnets of fine linen, and linen breeches of fine twined linen, and *a girdle of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, of needlework* (or “ embroidery ”) as the Lord commanded Moses ” (Ex. xxxix. 29). Such was the priestly dress, worn in the presence of God. What a contrast that girdle to Adam’s fig-leaf one ! A reference to Exodus xxvi. 36, and xxvii. 16 will show that exactly the same materials were used in like “ embroidery ” for the “ door ” of the tabernacle, and the gate of the court. Both told of Him Who said, “ I am the Door.” “ I am the way no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.” Both spoke of the glories of the person of Christ : so did the priestly girdle. So will the bridal dress in which the bride, the Lamb’s wife, shall descend out of heaven from God, “ prepared as a bride adorned for her husband ” (Rev. xxi. 2).

If God has put us in Christ, it is the privilege of the Christian to “ put on Christ ” practically in his ways and walk, and by the power of the Spirit thus to work this exquisite ‘ embroidery,’ which shall delight the eye of our God and His Christ throughout eternity.

T.

WHAT BECAME OF SOME BALL-ROOM FLOWERS

So many of us seem to forget that this life must end sooner or later. Some may be cut off suddenly in the midst of life's business or pleasure, as in the case of a poor woman who lived in the neighbourhood in which I reside.

She had made arrangements to go to a ball, and had a new dress for the occasion. On the previous Sunday morning she tried it on to see whether any alterations were needed. In the afternoon she went to see a friend, who accompanied her on the way home; but suddenly she fell down unconscious. The doctor was sent for, who had her taken to her home.

Ere they laid her on her bed, the ball dress had to be removed, but—she was gone! On the day of the ball, the flowers which she had ordered were laid upon her corpse. What a solemn warning! and, truly, how little we know what a day may bring forth.

She had no time to repent, but not so was it with her neighbour, whom I was asked to visit. This person was laid upon a bed of suffering for weeks. After speaking to her about her illness, I asked her about her soul. 'Was she saved?'

She looked greatly distressed, then said, 'I wish I could say I was, then I would not mind dying.'

'But,' I said, 'cannot you believe what God says in His word, "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out"?''

Yet nothing seemed to comfort her, until I said, 'I know what you must do! God says that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Tell God you know He says so in His word, but you don't believe it.'

'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'I could not do that.'

'Then,' I said, 'you do believe it; and all your sins are washed away in that precious blood.'

A bright smile came over her face, for she then saw that her sins were forgiven her for His Name's sake. She fell asleep in Jesus about ten days afterwards.

Dear reader, you see that your salvation depends on believing what God says: "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son."

"And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life." Did you ever thank God for this gift? or dare you tell God you do not believe what He says?

F. G.
Fanny Giffard

GREENHAM, THE GOODS GUARD

(Continued from page 79)

A gentleman left a purse of gold upon the seat of a carriage in which he had travelled. Greenham found it and took it at once to the guard of the train. Presently the traveller came running back to the train.

'All right, sir,' cried the guard; 'your money was as safe as if in the bank.'

'Ah, Bridget,' said a lady friend of the writer to her Irish servant, 'honesty is always the best policy.' 'Excuse me, ma'am,' was the reply, 'I would scorn to be honest for that reason; for it seems to me the one whose honesty was only a question of policy and not of principle would be of very little worth as a servant.'

After a time Greenham was promoted to be goods guard, when the same faithful discharge of duty characterised him, for he walked as seeing Him who is invisible.

One night a man requested him to allow him to travel in his brake van.

'No,' he replied, 'I cannot do so without special permission.'

'But are you not the guard?'

'Yes, but the rules forbid it.'

' But no one will see you in the dark.'

' Oh, dear yes, my Master can see in the dark as well as in the light. I would gladly pay your fare for you if I had it upon me, but I cannot possibly take you up.'

His fellow-workmen gathering round him at the dinner hour, sometimes some of the " baser sort " would try to provoke or annoy him, but in vain. He would tell them that if all the devils in hell were to surround him he would not hesitate to speak for his Master. They called him nicknames, ' Jesus Christ's man,' ' Holy John,' etc. He did not care for it. ' One thing he desired of the Lord, that would he seek after, that he might dwell in the house of the Lord, to see the beauty of the Lord ' ; and his sweet revenge was to proclaim the love of Jesus to them. No word so ineffably sweet to John as the one word " Jesus." He was indeed to him a living Friend with whom he walked and talked and held sweet communion.

Here let me digress a little to ask, dear Christian reader, do YOU know what it is to have Christ dwelling in the heart by faith (Eph. iii. 17) ? I do not ask whether you have the Holy Spirit. Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. vi. 19), and it would be unintelligent and unbelieving to pray for the Spirit of God to dwell in you. He is in you if you are Christ's. " If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His "

(Rom. viii. 9). But to know Christ as dwelling in the heart by faith is the outcome of a close walk with God, as in John xiv. 21—23, where the manifested dwelling of Christ is contingent upon loving Him and keeping His word.

Many Christian people at the present time are yearning for a likeness to Christ and communion with Him, which is variously expressed as “the higher life,” “perfect love,” “sanctification.” “the rest of faith,” terms which do not express more than various phases of the truth that Christ, who is our LIFE, and whose perfect love casts out all fear, who is our *sanctification* too, and in whom by faith we have found our perfect rest, *Christ Himself* takes up His abode in the heart of him who, strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, and rooted and grounded in love, opens the door of his heart to Him who knocks for admittance. (Rev. iii. 20.) Oh! how the presence of the heavenly Guest hallows all earthly things; the cares and worries of life, all our sorrows and distractions, are transmuted into sweetest sabbath rest and ceaseless praise.

‘I have Jesus in my brake-van,’ Greenham would say, ‘and I always go out with my lamps trimmed and burning’—alluding probably to his open Bible which always lay upon his seat for ready reference.

A company’s inspector came into his van once and

sat upon Greenham's seat. 'Stop, stop, sir!' he cried, 'you are sitting upon my sword! a dangerous weapon to sit upon!'

One day Greenham was standing by his train, which was shunted to allow an express to pass, when a gentleman called from a window—

'Am I right for Nottingham?'

'No sir, you are going from Nottingham; you had better get out at once'; and out he got, and rushing to the station-master found to his annoyance that there was no passenger train by which he could reach Nottingham that night. The traveller stormed, and especially vented his wrath upon the ticket collector at the junction, whose duty it was to inspect the ticket and set the passenger right, and to whose dereliction of duty he was determined to call the attention of the Secretary. The passenger meanwhile was preparing to drive the whole distance, when Greenham came up and said to the station-master—

'If you will give me written permission, sir, and this gentleman agrees to it, I will take him in my van the greater part of the distance, and then put him into a coal train van which would take him to Nottingham to-night.'

The grumbling passenger availed himself of the offer, and when in the van seated upon Greenham's carefully-folded coat, and the subject always first with Greenham having been fully conversed upon,

he sought, as his manner was, to carry his principles into daily life.

'I am sure, sir,' said he, 'you would desire to befriend a working man if you could.'

'Oh, yes, I would, I assure you.'

'Then, sir, if you please, do not, as you propose, write to the authorities about the ticket-collector at ———. He has a wife and a large family, and your complaint would result in his instant dismissal and the punishment of his family.'

'For your sake I will not,' was the reply; 'and I will write to-night to the station-master, asking him to say nothing of the circumstance.'

In 1874 he removed to Doncaster, still in the service of the Great Northern Railway as goods guard. Whilst there his faithful, loving service for the Master was conspicuous in his walk and ways.

A hunting party on one occasion, following the hounds, passed through his little garden and broke a large pane of glass. Urged by his friends to do so, he wrote to the noble owner of the pack, apprising him of the damage to his window, but seizing the opportunity of very respectfully presenting the love of God in the gift of Jesus, as meeting all our need as sinners, and urging the necessity of being born again. By-and-by came a kind reply enclosing the cost of damage, and thanking dear Greenham for his earnest, well-intentioned letter.

(To be concluded)

SAVED IN A MOMENT

At a Gospel meeting, some time since, a young woman was very anxious about her soul ; and a friend, who was with her, was about to ask some one to speak to her when the hymn was given out :—

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

There and then, as she stood to sing, with the tears in her eyes, she came to Jesus. It was her heart language, “ O Lamb of God, I come.” She turned to her friend, exclaiming, “ He gave out that hymn for me.” And you may come NOW, this very moment—will you? “ Now is the accepted time, NOW is the day of salvation.” Oh, what issues hang upon this moment ; the devil trembles lest you should come to Christ, and he should lose you. Your eternity is in the balances. Which shall it be? Heaven or hell? Christ or the world? Decide at once, and for ever, for Jesus.

H. W.

" COMMUNION "

From earthly cares and human thoughts,
Lord, keep our spirits free,
That we may learn the secret joy
Of fellowship with Thee.

In touch with Thee, the Christ of God,
For this our spirits long ;
Then " Faith," tho' all the way be rough,
Will sing her loftiest song.

In touch with Thee, the Father's Son,
His treasure ; His delight ;
This makes the pilgrim's heart rejoice,
E'en thro' the darkest night.

" Hope " lifts her longing eyes to Him
Who occupies God's throne,
And finds direction all the way,
Because that way's " His own."

In touch with Christ, outside men's dreams,
But with our Master one,
Our deepest joy to know His mind,
Who all God's will hath done.

Tho' weak indeed, yet keep us, Lord,
In constant touch with Thee ;
Thus, by Thy Spirit, shall we learn
The Father's thoughts of Thee.

S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

*Discourse addressed by Miss Tomlin to Mr. Prior
of Brighton.*

“ DO YOU KNOW THE LORD ? ”

She was terribly deformed ; and it was with such difficulty that she could get about, supporting her sadly-contorted body on a crutch, that she was an object of pity and remark to those who passed by her.

A Christian woman who had occasionally met her and assisted her across the roadway, for her affliction quite prevented her from seeing anything on either hand, found her one evening sitting on a seat in a public garden. Something more than pity was touched in her heart, as she reflected that the poor, shattered body was the dwelling of an immortal soul ; so, sitting beside her, she got into conversation. It was general at first, and then she suddenly asked the question which heads this paper—

‘ Do you know the Lord ? ’

The effect was electrical. A thrill passed through the mis-shapen frame, and a smile illumined the drawn suffering face as she replied, ‘ I should think I do ! ’

And then she went on to tell how long before, as a child, she had known Him as her Saviour ; but how, in opening womanhood, she had been disobedient to His plain command, “ Be not

unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and had married an unbeliever; and how by the chastenings of His faithful love He had shown her her sin, while teaching her more and more of Himself.

Yes, she knew Him, a faithful personal Friend, One Who "sticketh closer than a brother," and whom she looked soon to meet, and to know Him more fully for ever.

But I would pass this question on to you, my reader. Do *you* know the Lord? Not, do you know *about* Him?—most probably you do; but have you a personal acquaintance with the Son of God? Have you ever been in His company for five minutes? If you do not know the Lord Jesus, you do not know God—you are still a stranger to Him—and yet you must meet Him, and have to do with Him, sooner or later!

We read of one long ago, "Samuel did not yet know the Lord" (1 Sam. iii. 7), and yet his home was in the very house of the Lord! A Levite by descent, dedicated to the Lord's work from birth, occupied constantly with holy things, under the tuition of the high priest of Israel—yet "he knew not the Lord."

Born in a Christian land, christened in babyhood, instructed in the truths of the Bible, taught to pray at your mother's knee, an attendant at Sunday School, Bible Class, and Church, confirmed

and a communicant, the respected member of a Christian church, would it be true to say of you, "He knew not the Lord"?

The guests have entered, the supper table is furnished, the last seat occupied, and the Master of the house has closed the door! He left it to no menial; He waited, waited, waited in His long-suffering patience till the last moment; then He shut it. A step outside—another—a hurried knock—"Lord, Lord, open unto us! We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets! But He shall say, I tell you, I know you not, whence ye are: depart from Me" (Luke xiii. 25—27).

And yet His word, His pleading word, over and over again has been, "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee" (Job xxii. 21). He wants you to make His acquaintance: He is not hiding Himself in thick darkness; He has revealed Himself, that you might know Him.

"The Lord revealed Himself to Samuel by the word of the Lord"—He made Himself known. In the stillness of the night His voice awoke the boy by the oft-repeated call of his name, and when at last he responded, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth," Samuel did know the Lord.

So may you. He is calling you: He is revealing Himself by His word. And that word is about

Jesus. God has revealed Himself by His Son. "Hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9). In that holy life of lowly ministering grace, in the carpenter's house at Nazareth, or up and down the land, where the Christ of God was found, healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, raising the dead, preaching the gospel—God was manifest in flesh ; He was making Himself known.

And in the dark shades of Calvary, when the sun refused its light, and the earth quaked and the rocks rent—when a holy God met a sin-bearing Christ, and all the waves of His wrath swept over His head as He cried, " My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ? "—God was revealing Himself. Do you know Him ? Have you learnt Him there ? Have you discovered that this God—who could show His own well-beloved and Holy Son no mercy when He was made an offering for sin—is the One with Whom *you* must do about *your sins* ?

Do you expect mercy at His hands ? You will not find it, except you find it *there*. You will not know Him, unless you know Him *there*. At the cross of Calvary you must meet Him ; it is the only trysting-place between God and the sinner. God and sin have met there—met in judgment : the sin is gone and—

“ The sinner who believes is free :
 Can say ‘ The Saviour died for me ’ ;
 Can point to the atoning blood,
 And say, ‘ This made my peace with God. ’ ”

For “ in the place where He was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein never man before was laid. There laid they Jesus therefore ” (John xix. 41, 42). But the grave is empty ! The Lord is risen ! And God has revealed Himself as the God of peace, by the empty, opened grave of the Lord Jesus !

Do you know the Lord Jesus, once dead, but now alive again ? God has given Him power that He should give eternal life to all who believe in Him. “ And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent ” (John xvii. 3). Do you believe on the Son of God ! “ He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life ” (John vi. 47), and having life you can know God, and do know Him and Jesus too.

But oh, to know Him better ! There are depths in His love, heights in His glory, unfathomed and unexplored, for the heart that knows Him to revel in. But “ if any man be ignorant let him be ignorant ” is an awful knell to those who dare to say unto God, “ Depart from us for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways. ” May He grant that no reader be of that company !

T.

“DIP IT UP! DIP IT UP!”

An interesting incident has been recorded concerning the experience of the crew and passengers of a large sailing ship, which had become becalmed off the coast of South America, some miles from the mouth of the mighty river Amazon.

The fresh water supply on board the vessel had become exhausted, and, in those days the means to render salt sea water suitable for drinking purposes were not known. In their distress the voyagers appealed to the captain of a passing ship to supply them with the water they so much needed. Strange to say, the captain replied, “Dip it up! Dip it up! It is all around you,” for the fact was, they were, without knowing it, sailing in a sea of fresh water. Though far from land the mighty Amazon brings down such a volume of fresh river water that for some miles out to sea it remains unaffected by the salt of the ocean. Needless to say the distressed mariners were not long in availing themselves of that unexpected supply.

There are many voyagers on the Sea of Time who are thirsty in their souls. They feel a lack which they are unable to satisfy. They hope that in the end it will be all right—that they will be granted

a place in heaven above, even if it be only just inside the door. But to find rest for the soul *now*, to know forgiveness *now*, to be an heir of glory *now*, are blessings which so many are slow to appropriate. Yet there they are in very truth awaiting possession by all who will confess their sins to God and put their trust in Jesus.

The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. This gift may be possessed now by all who are willing to receive it on God's terms.

“When *I kept silence* my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah. *I acknowledged* my sin unto thee, and *mine iniquity have I not hid*. I said, I WILL CONFESS MY TRANSGRESSIONS UNTO THE LORD; and THOU FORGAVEST THE INIQUITY OF MY SIN. Selah” (Ps. xxxii. 3—5).

“Through this man (Jesus) is preached unto you the *forgiveness of sins*, and by Him all that *believe* are justified” (Acts xiii. 38, 39). And again, “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” (John v. 24).

May it be yours, dear reader, to obtain by faith, at once, the possession of such priceless wealth!

G. H.

“ COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE ”

It happened that afternoon that I paid my visit to a certain Ward earlier than usual. Reclining at one end of the Ward was a dear patient, a believer, suffering acutely from cancer. I sat down by her bedside, sang a hymn, read from Scripture a few comforting words, then passed on to the next patient, and the next, till I reached the other end of the Ward. I then came back on the opposite side till I reached the door, and left the Ward.

All this time there was sitting in front of the fire an aged patient, a recent arrival, with whom I had once before exchanged a few words. She was clad in sleeping attire, with a blanket round her shoulders rather loosely held, and I felt a little delicacy in addressing her under these circumstances, and so passed out without speaking to her directly.

It may have been a half-hour afterwards, when, addressing some convalescents in one of the Day Rooms, the head nurse came into the room. I paused—was my presence a hindrance to the performance of some necessary duty?

“ The old lady sitting by the fire is very much upset because you left the——Ward without speak-

ing to her," she said. Adding, " She says you could not have been much of a good Samaritan to pass by without coming where she was ! "

" Tell her I am very sorry indeed. And I will come back presently, expressly to see her."

The head nurse withdrew, and I went on with my address. Presently, bidding all in that Day Room adieu, I set out to fulfil my promise.

I found my aged friend agitated, and a nurse was standing by her side trying in a very kind manner to console her.

She began by gently chiding me for my seeming neglect of her, and I suffered the rebuke, for I was clearly to blame. I had looked on her outward appearance, and had not adequately considered the possibility that her poor heart was weary and sad. She had longed for the comfort of the Holy Scriptures, and I had not given her a portion !

I record this my own failure because I desire to impress upon my fellow Christians the danger of our overlooking a responsibility laid upon us by the Lord in His word, for is it not written : " COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD " ?

Very many whom the Lord loves are sick, or weary, or lonely. We may have plenty of other duties pressing for attention, and it may involve some self-sacrifice, yet the effort to comfort the Lord's own needy ones is not in vain in the Lord.

Let us seek these out, and by God's grace may we be to them a sweet savour of Christ. The more precious the truth as to His person, work and word, the more comforting will it prove. Very soon, perhaps, that needy one will look forward to your next visit with earnest longing. Yea, even nurses soon discover their secret ; and when they wish to raise the weak one's spirits will say, " You know what day it is, and who will be coming presently to see you." One dear sick one, who had often evinced her gratitude by kissing my hand, said to me, " You give me something to think about, and I sleep better after your visits. God bless you ! "

To return to my reprover's case. I let her fully pour out her complaint as to my conduct, and then began to speak of her precious Saviour, of His work, of His love and of His grace, and of His precious promises. Sweet thoughts of Him restored her peace of mind, and anon she confided to me circumstances relating to the departure of her husband. And though the mention of him caused her to weep afresh, yet they were not tears of unmixed sorrow, for the Lord had granted to His servant an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom.

From that time forward we were firm friends. I never passed her by, so long as she was able to take notice, and to listen to God's holy word.

I generally found her sitting up in bed, reading her large print Testament.

“Where are you reading to-day?” I would say, and perhaps lean over her bed and pick up her Testament and read aloud a few verses, just where she had been reading. It might be any part of the Testament, for, as she would herself say, “I likes it all.” The Bible was God’s message to her, received without any questioning. Christ was her Lord and Saviour, her all in all; and she never wearied of hearing of His love and grace, until presently He called her to His rest.

And now, dear reader, do *you* know this Saviour? Is He more to you than any earthly treasure? Have you found Him to be your comfort in every sorrow, your refuge in every danger, your resource in every difficulty, your peace in every storm?

You cannot really prove Him thus unless you have come to Him with all your sins, and, by faith in God’s blessed word, seen them laid on Jesus, Who suffered on the cross, the just for the unjust. Oh, see the Saviour there bearing God’s judgment for *you*, that you may now be freed from all your sins, and accounted righteous before God through faith in Jesus.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou* shalt be saved.”

A. J.

GREENHAM THE GOODS GUARD

(Continued)

He usually took his dinner in a basket in which he carried his chief treasure, a well-worn Bible, but which was also the repository of many other precious things, several highly-prized letters and well-read tracts and books, which were the constant companions of his journeys : these he would spread out on a ledge in his van and turn to read as he had opportunity, for there are often long pauses in the progress of a goods train.

One day his basket with all its precious contents was stolen, and Greenham looked upon this as one of the greatest of the minor trials of his life ; but he took it to the Lord, who enabled him to triumph over it and to find comfort in earnest desire and prayer that the Lord would make his Bible and tracts a blessing to the soul of the purloiner.

On July 31, 1884, with his coat thrown over his shoulder and his basket on his arm, he once more left his home for his appointed duties. His wife accompanied him to the garden gate, and expressing her anxiety with regard to a domestic disappointment.

‘ Speak to the Lord about it, my dear,’ he said, ‘ and He will send some one to be with you.’

Arrived at Newark Station with his train, a number taker called out—

‘ Who are you ? ’

‘ It is I,’ called out Greenham from inside the van.

‘ Oh, Greenham, I know you by your voice.’

‘ Yes,’ said he, coming out, ‘ you are like the damsel who detected Peter when he denied his Lord ! ’ And then ensued a conversation at intervals upon the denial of Peter, for Greenham was never so happy as when bringing the Bible to bear upon every circumstance of life. The day rolled on. Merry voices proceeded from a field close by, for troops of children connected with a Sunday School were gathered there, enjoying a holiday in the fresh air. The shouts and laughter arrested Greenham’s attention, for there was always a place for children in his warm and gentle heart.

‘ I should like to be with them, my heart is with them,’ he said to the number taker. These were his last words.

He had always the impression that, if he were called to die, the summons would be sudden and “ like the twinkling of an eye,” and so it proved to be. Busily arranging his goods train for the return journey, he had been reminded to look out for the express, which was then due and presently came tearing and thundering along, not stopping

at Newark Station but leaving two detached 'slip' carriages behind it. He saw the express pass, then, having coupled two waggons, that he might signal with his arms to his engine driver, he stepped for a moment upon the main line, having apparently forgotten the detached carriages, which, coming along at terrific speed, threw him, dear man, with a force so great as to split the end of the carriage against his own train, whence he rebounded under the wheels of the slip and was taken up a mangled corpse.

The children played and shouted at their games, and the swell of their merry voices sounded out far and wide as if contending with the noisy engines in the station yard, but he heeded them no longer—the loving, yearning heart was still. Dear Greenham had been taken to be for ever with the Lord.

When his van was entered his little Bible was as usual upon his seat, opened at Hebrews ii., and marked from 11th to 18th verse.

(To be concluded)

“Boast not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”—PROVERBS XXVII, 1.

ON AN EAGLE'S FEATHER PICKED UP ON THE
PLAIN OF ESDRAELON, TUESDAY,

20TH AUGUST, 1872

(Exod. xix. 4; Isa. xl. 31)

Upon the ground I saw thee lie,
Unheeded, almost passed thee by,
Thou silent witness from the sky :
Plume of an eagle's wing—
While traversing Esdraelon's plain,
But, happily, I drew the rein,
Dismounted that I thee might gain,
A trophy home to bring.

Long time concealèd thou hast been,
The cabinet's recess within ;
As one long lost, I seem to win
My treasure once again.
And thou to me dost speak once more,
And call to mind the days of yore,
With lessons written o'er and o'er,
On Scripture page so plain !

Jehovah telleth that He bare,
On eagle's wings, His people where,
Himself to meet them did prepare
And bring them safe at length.
Unto the faint He giveth power,
When stormy clouds o'erhead shall lower ;
Who wait on Him in darkest hour
Shall prove His arm their strength.

Lord ! teach me by the eagle's plume
To seek from Thee no more to roam,
But press right on until I come,
With Thee for aye to dwell.

T. J.

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

ONE HALFPENNY

*A remark of Lt. J. Diddell's, with reference to a sudden
gas attack at Messines on his birthday, June 16th 1916*

114

GOSPEL GLEANINGS

“ PERFECTLY SAFE ”

“ I stood on the parapet, watching through my field-glasses to see if the Germans were going to attack, but I felt perfectly safe with my gas helmet on, and the steel shrapnel-helmet above that ! ” So said an N.C.O. recently, as he described a gas attack, in which many of his comrades had lost their lives.

Perfectly safe ! Within 200 yards of a merciless foe, exposed on the parapet of a trench to shell and rifle fire, surrounded by the deadly fumes of a dense cloud of poisoned gas, yet feeling “ perfectly safe ! ” Whence such confidence ? Was it in his own right arm, and the strength with which he could wield his fixed bayonet, or the almost perfect marksmanship with which he could fire his rifle ? Nay ! small help in either, with those deadly fumes around him, that were carrying agony and death to all who breathed them, corroding and rusting and penetrating through almost everything.

His confidence—his sense of “ perfect safety ” was not based on himself and what he could do, but it was based on what was between him and the danger. The gas might penetrate his uniform, might poison the rations in his haversack, might rust and spoil his rifle, but it could not penetrate the often-proved helmet that enclosed his head. And the deadly shrapnel might burst all round

him: he was covered. It was confidence in the provision {that had been made for him—a provision he had not} worked for or paid for, but which had been made for him, and which he had simply *put on*. He had availed himself of the protection provided for him; and his feeling of “perfect security” was solely based on the efficacy of that provision.

My reader may, or may not, be exposed to like physical dangers; but he is most assuredly exposed to worse spiritual ones. A more deadly poison than any German gas is around him in the hands of a more cunning foe than any sniper, however ingenious. It is written in the word of God, “Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places” (Eph. vi. 11, 12, *margin*). “The Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy” (1 Tim. iv. 1, 2). “And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness” (2 Thess. ii. 11, 12).

In these three Scriptures we have the *foe* who discharges it ; the *gas* he uses ; and the *effect* of that gas.

Men may scoff at the idea of a personal devil. God's word shows him to be an awful reality, and his work is, alas ! too visible all round. His emissaries are very busy—not in the “ evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders,” and other acts of violence and wickedness that are so common—no : such things come from the “ heart of man,” not the devil—from *your own heart* and mine, my reader ; and He Who searches the heart declares so in Mark vii. 21-23. They are not the gas, though they are the actions of a gassed victim. The first cylinder ever opened in this world hissed out the sentence : “ Yea, hath God said ” (Gen. iii. 1). The poison gas thus discharged was *doubt of the truth of God's word*. Is it not still permeating the spiritual atmosphere of every walk of life ?

In 1 Kings xxii. 19-23, we find the discharge of another cylinder. The prophet's vision saw Jehovah in His throne, and the challenge going forth to those hosts of “ wicked spirits in heavenly places ” before referred to in Eph. vi. : “ Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead ? ” One undertakes the task, and thus sealing the righteous doom of the man whom none was like—for “ he sold himself to do wickedness,”—declares, “ I will be a *lying* spirit.” “ Who is a

liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ " (1 John ii. 22) ? If the first discharge of Satan's gas denies the word of God, the second attacks the person of the Son of God. Both are fatal. " If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins " (John viii. 21).

Dear reader, you may die in battle for your country, but *if you believe not in Jesus you will die in your sins*, and HE says of such—no matter who says otherwise—" Whither I go ye cannot come " (John viii. 21). Damnation—the eternal punishment of the lost, in the lake of fire for ever,—is the portion of every soul that dies in his sins, unwashed, unforgiven, because an unbeliever in Christ. Make no mistake. Death in battle does NOT save. FAITH IN CHRIST DOES.

Yes, God has provided a helmet ! There is a " helmet of salvation "—stronger than the most perfectly tempered steel, more impenetrable than the most thoroughly saturated gas-bag ; and God Himself has made it.

Grace is its source—free, sovereign, unmerited favour to the vilest and most unworthy—flowing straight from the heart of God : " By grace ye are saved " (Eph. ii. 5) ; the gospel—" how that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures " (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4)—is its means ; and faith is simply the hand

which accepts, and welcomes, and wears the glorious salvation which "God our Saviour," in the Person of "the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour" has provided. The one who has thus accepted it can say: "O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle" (Psalm cxi. 7). And when the enemy attacks, and fresh clouds of evil doctrine poison the air, the believer who has once had his head "covered" thus by God Himself, is called to "take"—to wear—to cover himself with—to use the helmet already on his brow, as well as all the other pieces of armour in the panoply of God.

"I had my gas helmet on my head forty-eight hours, during the battle of ——," said one; "not over my face, all the time, but tucked up on my forehead, ready for any need." That is "taking the helmet of salvation," while above and surmounting it, as my friend's steel casque surrounded his gas helmet, is "the *hope* of salvation"—full and complete when the warfare is ended, and victory consummated, "for God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, Who died for us that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with Him" (Thess. v. 9, 10). "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. xv. 57).

“HOW DOES A MAN BECOME A SOLDIER?”

I was leaving the Birmingham station for Manchester when I noticed three soldiers walking on the platform. I felt an inward conviction that my Master had something for me to say to these men. Taking my seat in the carriage beside their three knapsacks, I looked up in prayer, that the right man might come and sit next to me.

They took their seats. I remained silent for some time. At last I saw tears begin to roll down the face of the man next to me. It is often better to pray than talk ; one gets to see more of God that way.

After a while I said to him, ‘ When I saw you three walking on the platform, I felt assured that the Lord had a message for one of you ; and I asked Him to bring the right man next to me ; and now, will you tell me what is giving you so much grief this morning ? ’

He looked very much surprised, and said : ‘ O sir, it is eighteen years since I ran away from home ; my father was a man of prayer ; I never saw him again ; he has been dead many years now but I can never forget his prayers for me. I have been abroad most of my time since I enlisted—have never seen my dear mother from that day to this—

she does not know whether I am dead or alive ; but I am going to-day to see her ; I have got her address in Manchester ; and this brings to my mind those happy days when my father had a prayer-meeting in our house.' He also showed me a worn-out letter, written by his sister, on leaving his native shores.

No words can tell the value he set upon this tender treasure ; he had worn it near his heart in every part of the world he had seen. He also opened his knapsack and showed me a well-worn Bible : his two companions, I found, also had each his Bible. They were, in fact, three praying soldiers. I read their testimonials, and three more noble, upright men I had seldom met. The thrilling interest of that conversation I shall not easily forget. One point, however, I must name. Though these three soldiers were, like Lydia of old, given to prayer, and I trust the Lord had opened the heart of the one next to me, yet they were totally ignorant of God's way of salvation.

In order to meet this ignorance, I put the following question : ' How does a man become a soldier ? Does he go to some old rag-shop, and buy his cast-off regimentals, and try to imitate the soldier, until he gets to be one ? ' ' Well, well,' said one of them, ' a pretty soldier that would be, wouldn't he, now ? '

' But,' said I, ' then tell me, how does a man

become a soldier?' 'How? Why, simply by *receiving the shilling*,* to be sure.'

'Just so,' said I, 'does a sinner become a Christian. It is not by going to some religious rag-shop and buying the rags of self-righteousness; and trying to imitate the Christian, until he gets to be one. No, it is simply as a lost sinner *receiving Christ*, as the man receives the shilling.' "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

'What!' said one of the soldiers, 'do you mean to say then that a man does not ought to do his duty to God, to read His word, and pray?' 'Oh, yes! the Christian earnestly desires to do all this. You have to do your duty, you have to keep your regimentals bright, and to obey your orders; but tell me, have you to do your duty to get to be a soldier, or because (since you received the shilling) *you are one*? Just so the Christian. He loves to keep his regimentals bright, to walk with garments undefiled, and to obey, as a son delights to obey, the will of his Father. But this is not to get to be a Christian, but because he is one.'

'I never saw it in that light,' said he. 'I know you never did; and, after all your sincere desires to live to God, and thus get to be a Christian, when

* Since this was first written the practice of giving a shilling has been discontinued, but the principle still holds good.

you come to look back at your past life, have you not often done the things you most hate? Don't you often feel you are as far from being what you wish to be as ever—sin has such terrible power? Now, has it not?' 'That's all true, sir. But what is a poor fellow to do? You have no idea, sir, of the temptations of a poor soldier! Why, now, we three, because we are steady men, are sent to be recruiting sergeants. It makes my heart sick to think of the dens we shall have to go into to get our men.'

'Oh,' said I, 'what a world of sin and wretchedness! and how much there is in every fallen man that answers to the iniquity around. If God had not known it all, and sent His own dear Son to die, the sacrifice for sin, on the cross, so that salvation might be as free, yet as binding, as the soldier's shilling, who could be saved? Who, with such a fallen nature, in such a world, could imitate the Christian, until he got to be one?'

At Crewe, two old pensioners got into the same carriage, one of whom appeared to have tried hard and long to make himself a Christian. This man, I believe, found blessing to his soul through the conversation. As an old soldier, he remembered well the shilling; and he remembered he had not to buy his regimentals; and he remembered well that he had to do his duty, not to get to be a soldier, but because he was one. But he had never known

that it is just the same with every sinner that is brought to God. When a man is enlisted, he is stripped of everything—not a rag is left. He then stands in royal uniform—but that royal suit is a gift—he has not to pay a penny for it. He *only receives it*.

No matter how dirty his old rags were. Every man in the regiment stands in the same cloth. It will be so with thee, poor, lost sinner, no matter how filthy thy life has been ; no, if even thou hast been like the thief on the cross, or a very Mary Magdalene. If the Holy Spirit shall open thy heart to receive thy entire salvation, thy royal clothing shall be the very righteousness of God.

Yes, every soldier of Christ wears the same spotless robe. “For He made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him ” (2 Cor. v. 21). “But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.”

Perhaps one of the dealers in old rags of self-righteousness will say, ‘Won’t you come to my shop, and try my sacraments and ordinances ? I will teach you how to imitate the Christian best, and then *you* may hope to get to be one. I assure you my shop is the oldest in the line.’

No, thank you ; no religious rags for me. I have put on the Lord Jesus—He is my only trust—

I need no more ; for God says of all that are in Him, " There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." And, " Ye are complete in Him." What God says is complete, let not man try to mend. No, no ! fellow-soldier of Christ, don't be tempted into the rag-shops of the day ; thou hast not to put on old regimentals to get to be a soldier of Christ. Watch and pray, that thou mayst walk worthy of thy royal uniform. As says the word of God, " I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God (those that are saved) might be careful to maintain good works " (Titus iii. 8).

It is impossible to describe that poor soldier, as he came within sight of Manchester. I spoke of the return of the prodigal son. Whatever might be the joy of that poor mother's heart, in receiving her long-lost son, still infinitely greater is the joy of God, in receiving the long-lost prodigal. O careless sinner, what a God of love dost thou despise ! Thou art starving in wretchedness, and there is bread enough and to spare. See, see, He comes to meet thee with outstretched arms of love ; fall into them crying, " I have sinned." The first words the prodigal heard were these, " Bring forth the best robe and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hands, and shoes on his feet."

C. S.

GREENHAM, THE GOODS GUARD

(Concluded)

On August 3rd, at the Doncaster Cemetery, in the presence of a great concourse of people, largely composed of railway employees, devout men carried Greenham to his burial. It would seem that while yet the body was unburied his work was not completed, as if he being dead yet spoke, for before the open grave the gospel of God's wondrous grace was faithfully declared, and sinners were invited to the safe refuge in which the departed one had so long rejoiced--the shelter of the blood of Christ.

My tale is told, dear reader. It is a simple record of everyday life, of a sunny Christian who dwelt habitually on the mountain top, above the mists and fogs of earth. I do not say that he knew not what trials were ; on the contrary, his sensitive nature would keenly feel unkindnesses. But he knew that the Lord had said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Me ye shall have peace," and he lived in the enjoyment of the secret of transmuting cares and sorrows and storms into golden opportunities for service, and into occasions for glorifying God. Being careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, making his requests known unto God, the peace of God which passeth

all understanding kept his heart and mind through Christ Jesus.

Reader, let me press a close personal question upon you. Is it well with your immortal soul? Can you thankfully say, "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my cup"? "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for me"? If you cannot, there is something terribly wrong, you are yet in your sins, and are under "condemnation," and "the wrath of God abideth upon you." Flee, oh flee! you are in imminent danger, the manslayer is upon your track. Grace has thrown the gates of the city of refuge wide open to receive you. Escape for your life.

"In the refuge God provided,
Though the world's destruction lours,
We are safe—to Christ confided,
Everlasting life is ours."

But perhaps you say, 'You are assuming that I am a great sinner, whereas really I have been a very moral man, and amongst railway servants, whose privileges are few, I have been known to be very punctilious in attending a place of worship and have never been a swearer nor a liar, nor indeed, have I ever forfeited the good opinion of my master or my mates; and I don't like your sweeping assertions, taking it for granted that if a person does not agree with you he is a wicked sinner!'

Stop, my friend. What you say as to your moral conduct may be all true, but if that is your only plea you are a lost man all the time, dead in trespasses and sins. God's word says definitely that "by the deeds of the law (or by law-keeping) there shall no flesh be justified in His sight," and you are seeking to be justified upon that very ground; "but now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, even the righteousness of God which is BY FAITH of *Jesus Christ unto all*, and UPON ALL THEM THAT BELIEVE"; for there is *no difference*, "for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." If, then, *all* have sinned; and there is no justification on the principle of doing, "how shall man be just before God?" Oh, read the blessed answer in God's book, "Being JUSTIFIED FREELY by HIS GRACE THROUGH the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."

This righteousness is UNTO ALL, we read, therefore it is unto *you*; just as you are, with all your iniquities upon your head, this righteousness is unto YOU; if there was not another sinner left in this wide world, it would be unto YOU; "*who-soever will*, let him take the water of life freely"; and it is UPON all them that believe." Accept the pardon God offers you in Christ, and sinner though you were, the righteousness of God is UPON you, a perfect righteousness, the righteousness of GOD. Therefore, dear reader, throw away the filthy

rags of human righteousness, with which like Adam with his fig-leaf apron, you try to hide your nakedness in the sight of God.

Christ bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and established a divine platform upon which God can meet the sinner, the true mercy seat, Christ Jesus. Redemption thus is accomplished, God is glorified, and a new and living way is consecrated for us through the veil, into the holiest, into the very presence of God.

In Hebrews ii. we read, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" How gracious of the Holy Spirit who knows the worth of the soul and the infinite value of the redeeming work of Christ, to press the immense importance of not neglecting so great salvation. Time is fleeing fast; at the most a few more short years, and then where will you be, in heaven or hell? The Lord give you, dear reader, to look the matter straight in the face, and to rest your guilty, never-dying soul by simple, trusting faith on the work and merits of the precious Lord Jesus Christ.

"God commandeth all men everywhere to repent; because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead" (Acts xvii. 30, 31).

Gospel

Gleanings



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London

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

—
ONE HALFPENNY

From Mr. Bird's Diary

“DOUBLE-DYED SINS”

Miserable indeed was that cabman's home, for drink had the mastery over both man and wife, and if any seemed indeed “sold under sin,” it was they. Perhaps she appeared the worse of the two, with her dirty, neglected children and quarrelsome habits—a terrible spectacle of fallen, degraded womanhood. But it was just such as she, lost and guilty, that the Son of man came to seek and save; and the blessed truth that God justifies, not the good, but the ungodly (Rom. iv. 5) because “when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly” (Rom. v. 6) was wonderfully illustrated in poor Mrs. C.

One dark Tuesday night, in the month of November, she found herself at a special mission service, and heard the wondrous news that *just as she was*, with all her sins of commission and omission, and without turning over a new leaf or doing anything to make herself fit for the presence of God, He would receive her, for “THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS” (Luke xv. 2). And just as she was she came to Him, poor and helpless and hopeless, with her craving for drink, and her troublesome tongue, and her thriftless habits—she came with her sins to Him who had said, “Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out” (John vi. 37), and ac-

cepted from Him the salvation He is ready to bestow. She believed His word ; she trusted Him, and took the Lord Jesus as her own personal Saviour. And as she was He received her. Down in the secret of her own soul she heard His word, "Thy sins are forgiven." "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace, and be whole of thy plague."

" He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the vilest clean,—
His blood avails for me ! "

She might have sung the verse and truly, for from that hour she was a "new creature." "And if any man be in Christ he is a new creature ; old things are passed away ; behold, all things are become new " (2 Cor. v. 17).

Her love of drink was gone ; the craving for it disappeared, and a marvellous change was soon evident in her home and family. The little ones, formerly so ragged and dirty, were clean and bright, making one's heart rejoice to see them ; and the poor base home was tidy too, no longer a scene of wretchedness and neglect. And yet a dark shadow rested on it. The husband and father was still unsaved—still a slave to sin and his own appetite ; and during those cold winter months, while the children rejoiced in the new-

born love and care of their mother, they had often cause to tremble as the heavy, unsteady footsteps of their father approached. But the grace that had saved her, could save him, she felt, and daily—many times daily—as she went about her household duties, her prayers went up to the God she now knew as her Father, that He would save her husband too, while she tried every way she could to get him under the sound of the blessed message that had done so much for her.

“What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband” (1 Cor. vii. 16)? “Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your husbands, that if any obey not the word, they may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives, while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear” (1 Peter iii. 1, 2).

With such encouragements from the pens of two apostles, she prayed on; but it seemed useless. Deeper and deeper he seemed to sink, until at last he was summoned for being drunk and fined at the police court. This was a terrible blow to her, and a great trial of faith; but she was encouraged to pray on, in the hope that God might overrule Satan's malice by causing this very shame to break her husband down. It may have had some effect; whether or no, one thing was affecting him, and that was the change in her life; there was no mistaking that, and he wished he were like her!

So one Sunday evening, in the early spring, he was found by her side in the Mission Hall. The expected preacher did not come, but God had His own messenger with His own message ready. "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).

The word went home, and the speaker noticed big tears coursing down the cabman's cheeks. At the close of the service he went to him, to hear from his quivering lips, "Mr. —, my sins are double-dyed, but, by the help of God, I will give up the drink to-night!"

"That is not enough!" was the quick answer; "you must accept, not give," and a living, loving Saviour, Who had died and risen again was presented to him, One Who saves from sin and from its mastery. And the cabman yielded himself, body and soul, to that Saviour that night, receiving Christ, and with Him forgiveness, cleansing, eternal life, power—henceforth, with his wife, to be "heirs together of the grace of life."

T.

“SEEK YE THE LORD WHILE HE MAY BE FOUND”

(ISAIAH. lv. 6)

These words were particularly addressed to a people who knew something of the Lord and His claims upon their obedience. They were not heathen who did not know Jehovah, but, on the contrary, had been laid hold of to be Jehovah's witnesses. For beside Him there is no God.

And so I would address these words to you, my reader. You are not heathen; you live in what is professedly a Christian country. You have the Bible; you may have been taught it, if not at your mother's knee, in Sunday School perhaps. You may have heard it read in Church or Chapel or Mission Hall. You would not say that the Bible was an absolutely unknown book to you.

And oh, what a wonderful book it is! There is no other book in all the world to compare with the Bible—and why? Shall I tell you? Because it is the word of God. No other book, however excellent it may be, is GOD'S WORD. This the Bible is, and it speaks to you.

It may be that you have not read it much. But have you not read it at all? Have you not been affected by the reading of the story of Joseph, of

Ruth, of David, of Elijah, of Naaman the Syrian, of Jonah, of Daniel, not to name others of the Old Testament ?

And when we come to the New Testament, the most wonderful record of all ! it tells us of JESUS, the Son of God from all eternity, who became a man that He might die for man, and righteously save, here and for eternity, all who come to God by Him ! For He only is the way. No one cometh to the Father but by Him. No other name is given under heaven whereby we must be saved.

He, the Holy One of God, "suffered for *our sins* ! His death on the cross is the exhaustion of God's righteous wrath, for *all who believe*, but for none other. Not *one* of us can give a ransom for his soul, for we are all sinners. We have all sinned, and come short of God's glory. But He, the sinless One, gave *His* life a ransom for many. For on Him God laid our iniquities.

"Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures ; . . . he was buried . . . he rose again the third day according to the scriptures . . . was seen of Cephas . . . then of the twelve ; after that . . . of above five hundred brethren at once," etc. (1 Cor. xv. 1-11).

This is God's gospel, or glad news, for you. And it is God's power to SALVATION, TO EVERY ONE THAT BELIEVETH (Rom. i. 16).

Now let me ask you, my dear, unsaved friend,

How many years have you lived in your sins? How long have you lived in unbelief of this great, this wonderful salvation? Here is God's remedy for your ruin, God's provision for your deep need, God's salvation for your soul! You have been living with your back to God, walking in the broad road that leads to destruction. For however right your way may seem to you, is not the end of it the ways of death (Prov. xiv. 12)? Oh, when will you turn round with your face towards God? "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Now He may be sought. For it is the day of grace, the day of salvation. But soon it will be over. Many *then* shall knock at the door but *in vain!* Now the door is wide open. Will you not enter now? Put it not off, I pray you. Come as you are, but come now. Come in your sins, believing in Him who died? Is He not in heaven? Can my sins enter there? If He has borne them in His own body on the tree, are they not gone? Can they ever return? Believing, we have redemption through *His* blood, the forgiveness of sins.

Oh, be in earnest. Seek the Lord this very moment, and He shall be found. Bow to His word, and you shall live. If you now delay, you may never again have the desire to be saved! For putting off hardens the heart.

*Sent on a card by Mr. Thomas G. Woodling, and by
my husband forwarded to Mr. Rice*

HOMEWARD

We're going *home*—

Sometimes through sunlit meadows
And pastures decked with flowers ;
But oftentimes the way is steep and rugged,
And skies are dark o'erhead, and tempest lowers ;
But still it leads to home.

We're going *home*—

Each step, both light or weary,
Brings that blest home more near ;
And faith discerns the homeward path more clearly,
And travail makes the thought of home more dear ;
And thus we journey home.

We're going *home*—

No stranger-God will greet us,
Nor strangers we to that blest home of love,
For faith has made both heart and mind familiar
With that blest scene—our Father's house above,
Our bright, our heavenly home.

We're going *home*—

The way will have an ending
In glory bright and fair ;
But precious thought—all other thought transcending,
Our Lord—He will be there,
His presence makes it home.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS

'A fatal seizure!' We may perhaps have often seen such a headline in a local paper, and taking note of the name and the several details of the case we may have occupied our minds with matters of more engrossing interest. But in F.'s case that fatal seizure meant the sudden calling home of his beloved praying mother, when he was only 13 years of age. F. had now sorrow upon sorrow; for his easy-going father shortly afterwards married a godless woman, who, dragging down her husband to her own level, made it evident to F. that his room was preferred to his company.

His father further aggravated matters by legally apprenticing him in a drunken freak to a lapidary in another town, who so nearly starved the lad that, feeling he could endure such treatment no longer, the boy ran away. Summoned by his cruel master to court, F., having no one to defend him, was given the option of returning to his unwelcome task, or to go to prison for one month. When he got outside the court he ran away, to go he knew not where, and his friends procured for him a third-class ticket to London, that he might go to live with an uncle there.

This uncle was in easy circumstances, and got him employment, and allowed him to live with

him. But being himself fond of drink, he appeared to find pleasure in playing pranks upon his nephew, and constrained him to drink much more than was good; the final upshot being that he was sent back to his own home. The warrant being still in force, not many days after, he was arrested, and in the very depth of winter had to serve out his sentence in prison. Still the Lord watched over the erring son of that praying mother. When out of prison his father's heartless advice to his son was to go back to his cruel master. A second time the poor lad ran away, and, young and inexperienced as he was, lived a hand-to-mouth existence, and slept in a stable.

An opening presented itself with some sappers and miners who were making an Ordnance Survey. F. soon got a name as being a very clever contour walker. The pay was good, though the work was very hard at times, and the temptation to indulge in drink great. The surveying party being transferred to Cornwall, F., even if he had had more drink than was good for him on the Saturday, would not fail to attend church on Sunday morning. At one such time his heart was searched as he read a tablet inscribed, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools: for they consider not that they do evil. Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be

hasty to utter anything before God : for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth : therefore let thy words be few." The seeking Shepherd, in unwearied love, was seeking that poor lost sheep.

Now back again in his native place, F. became a boon companion to those who indulged in drinking habits. But when his step-mother overheard him very properly objecting to countenance a condition of things absolutely evil, she took him by the poll, and forced him out of his father's house. The Lord continued to watch over this son of a praying mother.

He secured an appointment as coachman to a very wealthy family, and things for a time were very free and easy in the servants' quarters. Presently, some special services were being held in the locality ; F. was curious to ascertain what all the fuss was about. So he was wont to linger outside, and listen to what was going on within. A power he understood not, was directing his footsteps. That mother, now present with the Lord, had, before she was taken, prayed for her son.

Becoming more interested, F. ventured inside, and as he listened to the often told story, he saw himself, as before God, a poor, lost and undone sinner. His whole course of life till now had been one long series of transgressions. Like Job, he could now say : " Behold, I am vile ; what shall

I answer Thee?" The same Spirit that had convinced him of sin, now presented Christ as his Saviour. So that in the words of Job he could say: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eyes see Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

The prayers of his believing mother breathed all those years before had now been graciously answered. Her beloved son received Christ.

The news that F. was converted soon reached the servants' hall. Indeed, his heart was so overflowing with joy that he felt he must tell others of the precious Saviour he had found. Returning from an evening meeting he found his supper laid in a corner, apart from all the other servants. They had boycotted him for Christ's sake. His God-given joy caused his happy spirit to soar above this treatment on their part, which was for some time rigidly kept up. One evening, when he returned from a prayer meeting, his supper being laid apart as usual, the housekeeper soon after took up her candlestick, walked across to him, and said: "Goodnight!" She then turned round to the rest and said: "From this time forward, never you molest F. again."

Having now brought F. to Himself, the Lord gave him an helpmeet, in the person of a truly devoted young sister in the faith to the strengthening

of his hands as he now took an active part in the Lord's service.

Very greatly did he value the inestimable privilege of preaching before others the unsearchable riches of Christ, and the Lord was graciously pleased to bless his testimony; the Lord too ordering his footsteps through many trying circumstances, to the strengthening of his own faith, and to the multiplying of his joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. So that by grace, in his now declining years, he can joyfully confess: "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: Thou maintainest my lot . . . I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel . . . I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

He now looks forward to meet, with other loved ones, at the Lord's right hand, that honoured mother, whose prayers are now answered by the conversion of her greatly loved son.

But now, my friend, rest not in a mother's prayers, however precious, for *they* cannot save you. Nothing but the blood of Jesus can cleanse you from your sins, and in no other way can you obtain forgiveness, but by believing on Him Who died for sinners. You must come for yourself. You must touch the hem of Christ's garment for yourself. The touch of another for you will not

do. It is a momentous *personal* matter, as if there was not another sinner besides yourself in all the world. "God be merciful *to me the sinner*," is what the publican said (Luke xvii. 9—14). "Believe," then, "on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

A.J.

" IMPOSSIBLE "

" Impossible ! " men often say,
 But 'tis not so with God,
 To Whom " all things are possible ; "
 Then who shall doubt His word ?

That word declares, " God cannot be,"
 Alas ! men often do ;
 But 'tis " impossible " with God,
 Who " Faithful is, and True."

" Impossible " that blood of bulls
 Or goats should e'er avail ;
 No stains of sin could they remove,
 For types and shadows fail.

But now the " Anti-type " hath come,
 God's Lamb His blood hath shed ;
 That blood alone atones for sin ;
 Christ liveth, Who was dead.

" Impossible " 'tis to renew,
 The souls who fall away,
 " Unto repentance," saith our God ;
 And who shall say Him nay ?

“ Impossible ! ” for knowing truth,
 Yet from the truth they stray ;
 From light to darkness thus they pass,
 Who turn from Christ away.

“ Impossible,” the sceptic cries,
 “ That God should save me now ; ”
 But Jesus answers, “ Look and live,”
 And “ faith ” says, “ Yes, ’tis now.”

“ Impossible ! ” the leper thinks.
 “ Will Jesus make me clean ? ”
 Quick comes His touch : He saith, “ I will,”
 And lo !—no spots are seen.

“ Impossible ! ” but not with God,
 The blind man fain would see ;
 Faith’s answer comes, “ Receive thy sight,”
 And straightway cured was he.

“ Impossible ! for death hath claim’d
 My daughter for his own : ”
 Thus Jairus thought ; but Jesus saith,
 “ Only believe ”—’tis done !

Death flees before the “ Prince of Life,”
 “ Maiden, arise,” saith He ;
 And in a moment she returns
 To life and liberty.

“ Impossible ! ” men reason still
 And thus Christ’s power discard ;
 “ Faith ” counts on God, with Whom we know
 “ There nothing is too hard.”

S. T.

Gospel

Gleanings

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London

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PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

—
ONE HALFPENNY

AN ABANDONED PRISONER

The Baroness von Wrede is the daughter of a former Governor-General of Finland. When quite a girl, her heart and life were surrendered to Christ, and sanctified by His Spirit. She began to seek for souls in the convict-prisons of Finland when about nineteen years of age, her father's high position giving her access to places to which ordinary persons would have been curtly denied admission. For years her influence for good among the convicted criminal classes of Finland has been extraordinary. In her early womanhood she appeared to be the victim of a rapid decline, and the doctors gave but little hope that her life could be saved. Her father was in an agony of grief.

"Oh, Matilda!" he cried, "what can I do to save you? Will you not try to get well again? Will you arouse and determine to recover if I promise to give you a house, an institute, for your prisoners' mission?"

"Yes, dear father," she replied, her eyes sparkling brightly at the prospect, "indeed I will; God helping me, I will be strong again."

She made a good recovery, and gained the house for her prisoners, and, in addition, a considerable extent of land. For her over-joyed father, as a

thank-offering, made over to her one of his estates in Finland. To this day it is being used for the reception of discharged prisoners who give signs of sincere penitence and a genuine desire for reformation. One of her brothers (a man like-minded with herself) takes the oversight of this humane and Christian enterprise.

On one occasion the Baroness, calling at a prison on her customary visitation, was informed that a particularly violent and ferocious criminal was in his cell awaiting trial and punishment. He was charged with the commission of no fewer than eighteen murders, some of them being of peculiar atrocity.

“ Let me see him,” she begged of the Governor.

The Governor smiled pityingly upon her.

“ My dear child, I could not think of such a thing.”

“ But I must see him. God can save even such as he ! Where is his cell ? ”

It was not difficult to discover the cell, for there were several armed warders on guard outside the heavy door.

“ Open, and let me go in ! ” she demanded.

“ I really dare not let you risk your life. It is far too unsafe. He is almost a maniac ! ” said the alarmed Governor.

However, the young Christian worker declared she was willing to take all risk, and insisted on

gaining admittance to the cell ; so, with great reluctance, and many protests, they yielded.

“ Please do not touch the little slide in the door to peep in ; nor interrupt us while I am in there ! ” was her parting request to the little group of amazed officials who stood in the corridor.

Then the warder turned his key and withdrew the bolts, and, cautiously opening the door a little way, the heroine glided inside. A slight rattle of chains directed her attention to the object of her search, stretched at full length upon his hard bench.

He was a huge, massive giant of a man. Quickly she walked to where he lay, and stooped slightly over him.

“ Are you awake ? ” she inquired.

The murderer gave a sudden start, as if electrified. It was almost a leap bodily into the air ; and his heavy irons clanked loudly as he fell back upon the bench.

“ I have come to see you,” she said gently.

There was no answer.

“ Won't you talk to me ? ”

“ Who are you ? ” he inquired fiercely.

“ I am a friend. I want to be kind to you, and to help you.”

“ Who sent you here ? ”

“ I have come of my own wish, for your sake.”

“ I could kill you with one blow ! Get out of

my cell ! ” he cried hoarsely, and his chains rattled again with the violence of his passion.

“ But you won’t kill me,” she replied, with a silvery little laugh. “ That would not be any use. I want to do you good, not harm—to speak to you about the Lord Jesus.”

“ Go away, I tell you ! I will not listen.” Again the rattling clinks, as the ruffian put up his hands to his ears.

“ Then I shall pray for you at home ; and I shall come to see you again soon. We all need forgiveness ; and, when I pray, I shall ask God to forgive you as well as myself. Good-bye ! ”

The prisoner made no reply, and she left the cell as quietly as she had entered. Again and again the Baroness visited that criminal, and gently pleaded with his seared and deadened conscience.

“ I want to know who you are ? ” he asked on one occasion, curiosity overcoming his petulance.

“ I am the daughter of Baron von Wrede,” she replied.

The prisoner stared at her.

“ You never mean to tell me that a morsel like you are the daughter of that fine handsome man ! ” he exclaimed.

“ Of course I am,” she said. “ We cannot all be handsome and tall like my father *and you* ! ”

At this pleasant compliment his hostility com-

pletely collapsed. He was silent for a minute or two.

“ It is not the least use you talking to me,” he resumed. “ Nobody can do me any good. My heart is a rock ! ”

“ How glad I am to hear you say that ! ” she answered brightly.

“ What do you mean ? ” he inquired angrily.

“ I am glad your heart is a rock,” she explained ; “ for I have seen flowers, yes, and sometimes even trees, growing from the rock, and so have you. A tiny seed falls into a crevice in the side of the rock, and takes root, and grows, and covers the rock with beauty. So I hope some word the Lord will give me for you, may take root in your rocky heart, and grow. I am praying that it may be so.”

And it was so. Her prayers were answered. That cruel unmanageable murderer became a changed man. God gave her that soul. His ferocity left him. With deep penitence he took his awful crimes to Him who said : “ Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.”

—*Bright Words*

Published on Train at bottom of Elm Grove, Brighton

SUCH A NATURE

Two girls sat on the outside of a tram car, discussing about another whom they had espied, quietly walking along, studying a local map.

'She never makes friends with anyone. I cannot understand her at all,' remarked one.

'Well, you see, it is her nature,' rejoined her companion.

'How awful to have a nature like that!' was the reply of the first speaker, and her words made me ponder.

"The natural man *receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God*: for they are foolishness unto him" (1 Cor. ii. 14). How awful to have a nature like that!

"But these speak evil of those things which they know not; but what they know naturally, as brute beasts, in those things *they corrupt themselves*" (Jude 10). How awful to have a nature like that!

"Among whom also we ALL had our conversation in times past in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desire of the flesh and of the mind; and were BY NATURE THE CHILDREN OF WRATH, even as others" (Ephes. ii. 3); *how awful to have a nature like that!*

And that is yours, my reader, and it is mine. "By nature, children of wrath"—"dead in trespasses and sins." By practice, "children of

disobedience"—obeying, not the revealed mind of God, but the desires either "of the flesh," or "of the mind," pleasing self, either in the coarse, profane licentiousness of the openly immoral and vicious; or in the cultured refinement of art and science; both leaving God out, and both "treasuring up to themselves wrath, against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." The fruit may be of differing size, and shape, and colour, but the species is the same, for it all comes from the same root.

It was a cosmopolitan group that once gathered together in Jerusalem—the debauched libertine Herod, the cruel time-serving governor Pilate, the coarse rough Roman soldiers, the professed people of God, the religious set, divided (as now) into two camps—the Sadducean high priest, undermining the word of God, denying anything he could not see, disbelieving in resurrection, angel or spirit; and the punctilious, scrupulous Pharisee, tithing the very herbs in his garden, and thanking God that he was not as other men. There they were, grouped together, with one aim, one purpose—to destroy Christ! "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" Their hearts were alike; their nature identical; how awful to have such a nature!

And what of the twentieth century? H a

human nature improved during two millenniums of Christian light and knowledge? Let the bloodshed, and brutality, and nameless horrors perpetrated during the past two years, in so-called Christian lands and by professedly Christian hands, supply the answer. What does it all show? That Christianity is a failure? Nay, it proves the truth of the foundation stone of Christianity, that human nature is incurable—corrupt to its very core! What horror committed in Belgium, Serbia, Poland, in air or under sea, is equal to that committed at Calvary, where man, by lawless hands, crucified his Creator? “That which is born of the flesh is flesh.” “The mind of the flesh is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God” (Rom. viii. 7, 8).

“Marvel not that I said unto thee, YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN” (John iii. 7). You must have a new nature if you would please God. “Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God” (John iii. 5). And that is not accomplished by any rite—whether baptism or any other. No, it is the action of the “water of the word” by the Spirit of God that gives a new life. And that is wrought by faith’s look at the once crucified, but now risen Saviour!

As the serpent-bitten Israelite, with the poison coursing through his veins, and inevitable death staring him in the face, was bidden to "look" at the uplifted serpent of brass—the exact counterpart of that which caused his destruction—"even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John iii. 14). Yes, "God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh" (Rom. viii. 3), and found a righteous way to save the sinner! "For 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)!

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name, which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John i. 12).

What "exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of a divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust" (2 Peter i. 4)!

"By nature children of wrath"—"partakers of a divine nature." What a contrast! In one or the other, my reader has his place. Faith, in a crucified but risen Saviour, and in Him alone, makes the difference. Which is yours? T.

“THUS IT IS WRITTEN”

LUKE XXIV.

The utterances of our Lord Jesus are ever wonderful. For they are the words of Him Who is the Truth. Never man spake as He, whether of authority or grace. Did ever one so thoroughly enter into the varying circumstances of humanity? Truly grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. And did He not reveal Himself if truly man, as withal truly God, Who alone can command the winds and the waves, that they should obey Him? He could touch the leper and be undefiled. He could, and did, say, “I will, be thou clean,” and the leprosy was banished.

Disease and death and corruption lost their power and fled at His word. “Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed,” and Jesus said unto the centurion: “Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour” (Matt. viii. 5—13).

“Young man, I say unto thee arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother” (Luke vii. 11—15).

“Lord, by this time he stinketh; for he hath been dead four days.” Jesus “*cried with a loud voice*, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-

clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him and let him go " (John xi. 39—44) !

Now we come to the words of Jesus risen from the dead, and shortly (after forty days) to be carried up into heaven. But here on the day of His resurrection he appears in the midst of " the eleven," and tells His disciples that " thus it is *written*." They had the scriptures, the Old Testament, for the New Testament was not then written. Yet it equally with the Old Testament is scripture. And *all* scripture is given by inspiration of God. It is the written word of God.

Our Lord, then, in His utterances refers often to what " is written." To Satan He could say, " It is written." To the Jews, " Ye search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life ; and they are they which testify of me." " Moses ' wrote ' of Me. But if ye believe not his ' writings,' how shall ye believe My words ? " " The ' scripture ' cannot be broken."

Do we sufficiently regard " what is written " ? " The word of our God shall stand for ever." And *this* is the foundation of our faith. Now that the New Testament is written and given to us, we have the complete word of God. And woe to the man who would *add* to it, or take from it !

How blessed indeed it is, that we have such a wonderful basis on which to rest our faith—

even on the word of Him who cannot lie. Do *you* believe this word of God which is able to make wise unto salvation? Has it given you the knowledge of this salvation? The Lord Jesus is not now here to speak to us as in the days of His flesh. But we have His words, His life, and the record of His death for sinners. He suffered the just *for the unjust* to bring us to God.

“ Thus it is written,” that Christ should *suffer*, and rise again from the dead.” He “suffered” at the hands of wicked men. They took and nailed Him to a cross. Thus did God allow unholy, wicked men to deal out this cruelty to the sinless One—to the Holy One of God. For it was by God’s determinate counsel and foreknowledge that He was delivered up. But there was infinitely more than this. The Saviour SUFFERED FOR SINS; for our sins. This suffering was from God, when our sins were laid on Him. For “He was wounded for our transgressions,” says the prophet Isaiah 700 years before the event. “He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with *His* stripes we are healed.” Do you ask like the Ethiopian eunuch, “Of whom speaketh the prophet this?” The answer is of Jesus—Jehovah a Saviour. For He came to save His people (the Jews) from their sins. True, His people refused Him. But He is GOD’S “SALVATION TO THE ENDS OF THE

EARTH"! And in a future day the Jews shall know Him as their Messiah, who came to save them from their sins.

Is not this what we see here in the verse that follows? "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name to *all* the nations. And God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Come then now, confessing your sins! Bow to God's judgment of them! That judgment fell upon Jesus when on the cross. Hence those three hours of darkness! And that cry from the Holy Sin-bearer, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" That man should forsake Him and flee is not surprising if we think what man is; but that God should forsake! Has He not declared, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"? Yes, and this remains true for everyone who believes in Jesus. Why then was Jesus forsaken? Because he was bearing *our sins* on the tree.

"He took the *guilty culprit's* place
And *suffered in his stead*;
For man (O miracle of grace) !
For man the Saviour bled.

"Blest Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In Thine atoning blood !
By this are sinners saved from hell
And rebels brought to God."

Now, my reader, let me put this to you. **Do you**

hate your sins, or are you clinging to them? Would you seek, if you could, to blot out your past, and start afresh? You would fail again, as in the past. You *cannot* change your life. But God can, and He only. Confess your sins to Him—your powerlessness to efface the past or to do better in the future. Come then, to Him, just as you are, in your helplessness and misery. Will He refuse you? No, He will receive you; as the father welcomed the returning prodigal (Luke xv.), so He will welcome you *now*.

Delay not to come, and you shall know this welcome, this forgiveness. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isai. i. 18). "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and I will not remember thy sins" (Isai. xliii. 25). "Through this man [the Lord Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him *all that believe* are justified from all things," etc. (Acts. xiii. 38, 39).

"Thus it is written and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name to all the nations beginning at Jerusalem"—the guiltiest city of all. Such is grace! May you know it, for yourself, and know it now!

GOD THE OBJECT OF THE SOUL

(PSALMS XLII., XLIII.)

My soul, oh, why art thou cast down ?

Rest only in the Lord ;

Be not disquieted within,

All grace doth He afford :

Hope thou in Him ; He is thy God,

Who knows thy feeble frame ;

All needed strength will He bestow,

His power is still the same :

Then let thy heart fresh courage take,

Delighting in His ways ;

His loving-kindness shalt thou prove,

And rich shall be thy praise !

Unto God's altar will I go ;

God, my exceeding joy :

His song shall cheer me thro' the night,

Prayer shall my lips employ ;

His love and light shall lead me on,

His truth hath set me free ;

Like thirsty hart, my soul doth pant,

The living God to see.

S. T.

ERRATUM

Page 143, verse 2, line 1, *For "be" Read "lie."*

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—
ONE HALFPENNY

*Related by Mr. Summers of Fenbridge Wells; woman
Kept shop in Church-yard Cottage, Brombridge, Kent*

A VILLAGER'S TROUBLE

It was a lovely spot—a quiet old-world English village. For centuries those picturesque, low-pitched, red-roofed cottages had stood under those wide-spreading oaks and elms, and in such a scene of beauty, one might have expected to find contentment and happiness, if anywhere.

Contentment and happiness—yes, they both dwelt in the heart and shone forth from the face of the traveller, as he reined in his horse and alighted at the gate of one of the flower-embosomed dwellings near the foot of the hill, hard by the little church. Business led him there on the service of an earthly master, but “ye serve the Lord Christ” was his motto and his privilege; and as one who had found a Satisfier as well as a Saviour in the One now exalted at God’s right hand, he delighted to speak of Him to those with whom he came in contact.

No wonder he was happy! His sins were forgiven, and he knew it on the authority of the word of God (Acts xiii. 38, 39; Eph. iv. 32; 1 John ii. 12); “being justified by faith” he had “peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ” (Rom. v. 1); he possessed everlasting life (John v. 24), and the Spirit Himself witnessed with his spirit that he was a child of God (Rom. viii. 16). What a

good man ! What a privileged person ! He would not have told you so. No, on the contrary, he would have said that these privileges were his solely on the ground of being *very bad*—so bad, that he could not be made any better. It was as a sinner—a guilty, lost, and condemned sinner, unable to give up his sins, to turn over a new leaf, or make himself in any way acceptable to God, he had “ fled for refuge ” to the One who came into the world to save—not good people—but *sinner*s ; and owning his sin to God, he learnt from God’s word that His beloved Son had stood in his stead, had been wounded for his transgressions, bruised for his iniquities, and had died “ the just for the unjust, that He might bring ” him “ to God.”

He was rejoicing in the thought that very soon he would be at home in the presence of the Saviour—body, soul and spirit—conformed to the likeness of Him Who had done so much for him ; there still to worship, and praise Him for ever ; and he was contrasting the beauty of His handiwork in the fair scenes of nature through which he had just passed, with the Father’s house of many mansions to which he was passing, where no tempter, no sin, no death, can ever enter. Probably, too, he was picturing how much fairer those fair earthly scenes will be when God’s earth-rejected, but glory-crowned King shall reign “ from the river to the ends of the earth.”

As he entered the house he was struck with the utter contrast between the joy that filled his own heart, and the misery depicted on the countenance of the one who greeted him there. Misery and discontent—these seemed to mark her, and he could but view her with compassion. So after transacting the business that brought him there, he began to speak of the subject uppermost in his own mind, suddenly introducing it with the words:—

‘ I am very thankful to have a bright prospect in front—the return of the Lord Jesus, and what that means to us who are looking for Him. Suppose He were to come to-day: What a glorious thing for us if we are ready ! ’

She replied, ‘ I have been to ~~Bright~~, where they have been holding a mission for a fortnight.’

‘ I hope it did you good.’

‘ No, I don’t think it did. I am more miserable than ever.’

‘ I am sorry for that,’ he said kindly, ‘ what is your trouble ? ’

Sharp, short, and sudden came the answer: ‘ *Oh, my sins are my trouble.*’

Reader, before we listen to the remainder of this actual conversation, are they *your* trouble? Have you ever spent one anxious five minutes over *your sins*, or are you like a young girl I knew in London, who when asked, ‘ What about your sins ? ’ replied: ‘ I have never thought about them ! ’

If you have ever thought about them, really, quietly, seriously, surely they have troubled you. For you must answer to God for them—"every one of us shall give an account of himself to God" (Rom. xiv. 12); and God and sin can never be together, except in judgment. But, oh, if you have not,—if you have never been troubled about them

"Come, then, a still small whisper in your ear—
He has no hope who never had a fear;
And he who never doubted of his state—
He may perhaps,—perhaps he may—**TOO LATE!**"

God grant this may not be true of you, my friend! It was not true of this village woman. Her sins troubled her, and she was not ashamed to confess the fact.

So to her abrupt confession her visitor replied, 'I am very glad to hear you say that. You are near the kingdom of God. God has dealt with the question of those sins. And if the Lord Jesus Christ took your sins away and nailed them to His cross, where are they?' Slowly, light broke in, and the words fell from her lips: '**THEY ARE GONE!**'

'Oh, what a precious word for your soul! They ARE gone. I trust you will accept the simple message. Good-bye.'

And the visitor was gone. They have never met again. But the truth he carried to her has not

gone. The word of God declares, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us" (Psalm ciii. 12), and faith that simply rests on the word of God respecting the work of Christ can exclaim: "Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back" (Isai. xxxviii. 17), for "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity? . . . and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea" (Micah vii. 18, 19).

T.

"TO SAVE SINNERS"

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

The advent of Christ into this world is a stupendous fact. It has a supremacy over other facts, inasmuch as it embodies or substantiates all others in scripture. All facts, true and essential, revolve around this central mystery and revelation—the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. The very creation of which we form a part was brought into existence for the display of Jesus Christ (Heb. i. 2; Col. i. 16, 17; Rev. iv. 11).

The eighth Psalm speaks of One who has "dominion over the works of thy hands," etc. The fall of man necessitates the redemption of man if he

is to dwell with God. The Creator, by His incarnation and death, becomes the Redeemer of man. This great necessity was foreknown, and provision made, in eternity, before the wheels of time were set in motion, and when the serpent sought the destruction of man, the announcement was made "that the woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head" (Gen. iii. 15). The Redeemer shall be the destruction of the serpent, and the Saviour of all who believe. From that day to the present the serpent has sought to hold his prey, but the triumphant grace of God has wrought its wonders all through the history of man in virtue of accomplished redemption once predicted but now fulfilled in Jesus Christ.

One of these triumphs we have before us, who exclaims with the utmost satisfaction, "THIS IS A FAITHFUL SAYING AND WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION, THAT CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS."

The predictions and promises of Christ's coming into the world are the illumination of the Old Testament, and its fulfilment the glorious light of the New. Prophets described His coming, in place and time and manner, and their faithful sayings were fulfilled to the letter, which referred to His first advent, when God's beloved Son was born into the world. But having come, other faithful sayings had to be fulfilled, viz., His

humiliation, rejection and crucifixion, for the salvation of sinners. His presence here made manifest the depths to which man had fallen, the depravity of his nature, the perverseness of his will, and the blindness of his heart. John says, "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not" (John i. 10)! Could the world be more ignorant than not to know its own Creator? "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not" (ver. 11). Could the alienation be more complete between man and his God? especially as the blessed Lord came not to demand from man, but to give. "To as many as received him, gave he power to become children of God" (ver. 12). Yet His very presence was objectionable to men, Jew and Gentile alike. But the historical fact has become accredited. The birth, life, death and resurrection of Christ are included in the tenets and creeds of Christendom. The veriest infidel accepts the dates of the Christian era. Man may not believe, yet the coming of Christ was according to the testimony of the word of God. But here the believer and the infidel part company for ever; the believer rejoices in the divine fulfilment of divine promises in the presence of a Divine Person, who "came into the world to save sinners." The birth and life, the death, resurrection, ascension and glory at God's right hand, of the Lord Jesus Christ, are precious to the

believer who has made the discovery that the faithfulness of God is fulfilled in Him, of whom Paul says, "IT IS A FAITHFUL SAYING AND WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION, THAT CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS."

The advent of Christ into the world was the revelation of the love of God to man, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). It made the angels praise. The very heavens were stirred with the auspicious event. It turned shepherds into beholders, worshippers, and proclaimers of the faithful sayings of God (Luke ii. 18-20). It made 'wise men' rejoice with exceeding great joy. They worshipped and presented their gifts in the presence of the fulfilment of the faithful sayings of God (Matt. ii. 10, 11).

Now there is no other theme that can unite Angels, Shepherds, Wise Men, and Sinners in one glorious anthem of praise and worship like this faithful saying—"CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS." The great purpose of this coming is to save sinners. Abundant testimony is given to this in the faithful sayings of Scripture, and to His fitness, His power, and willingness to save sinners. He is divine as well as human. The "high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity," also dwelt in time. "The word was made flesh,

and dwelt among us." He who dwells in heaven, once dwelt on earth! "There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."—and but one (1 Tim. ii. 5). No one could share the work with Him Who is "Jehovah's fellow." *He* has no assistants. The faithful sayings always direct to Him alone. "No other name," no other work, no other person, but the name, work and person of Jesus Christ can save the sinner. Neither angels nor men can save sinners. Patriarchs, Moses, prophets, kings, cannot save sinners. Neither the church nor apostles can save sinners. SALVATION IS BY CHRIST ALONE, for "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12). Good works cannot save; no relationships or associations can save; all the good works ever performed will not save; all the matins and vespers ever offered, all the tapers and incense ever burned, cannot save the sinner; neither sacrament nor human priest can absolve the sinner. "CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS." HE is the Physician for sin-sick sinners. HE is the Redeemer from the bondage of sin. HE is the Saviour of the lost.

His arm never fails. He is an unfailing refuge for the exposed. He says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Well might the apostle stand upon this faithful saying

of the Rock of Ages, and proclaim the doings of this invincible Redeemer by saying, "THIS IS A FAITHFUL SAYING, AND WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION, THAT CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS." Let it be heard and known. Let the religious formalist and the socialist hear it. Let the rich and poor hear it. Let the wise and the ignorant hear it. Let the higher critics hear it, as well as the low evolutionists, and pleasure seeker. Let the learned and illiterate know of God's best gift, and of heaven's best message that "CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS."

R. Y.

"HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME"

In 1 Sam. xvii. we have the wonderful account of the deliverance of the people of Israel from the haughty menace of the champion of Gath, who defied the armies of Israel for forty days.

Not a man was forthcoming to defend and deliver, during all these six weeks, till at length a ruddy youth appears, on a visit to his brothers who were in the army. He sees the terror that had laid hold of the host, and he hears the defiant challenge of the Philistine; and he ventures forth unarmed indeed in military fashion, but going forth in reliance upon

the God of Israel, whose armies had been disdained and defied by the giant. With but a sling and a stone, he ran to meet the foe. The stone finds its mark, slung by the hand of faith. It sinks into the Philistine's head, and he is brought to the ground. His head, cut off by his own sword, is in the hands of David. The Philistines flee and are pursued, the spoil is taken, and David is introduced to the craven-hearted king who should have been the one "to fight their battles," as the people had hoped.

What a day of victory was this! The tension relieved, the terrible strain broken, there is now in their place singing and dancing and music. All is changed. No wonder, then, we hear of one who, a witness (we may well suppose) of all that this day had wrought, and a listener of all that David had been saying to his father, is attracted. His soul becomes knit with the soul of David. "Jonathan loved him as his own soul." He strips himself of his 'princely raiment and armour,' and gives them to David. All this is beautiful indeed.

But now let us turn to Another—to One whose love (if Jonathan's exceeded that of women) is superlatively above *all* human love. Jonathan did not *die* for David his friend. He "stript himself" indeed, but he did not die for the one to whom his soul was knit. But Jesus—the Lord

Jesus, not only emptied Himself, but humbled Himself even to *death*. For whom? Greater love hath no one than that he should lay down his life for his *friends*. But *Divine Love*, and its commendation by God Himself, is that when we were *enemies*, CHRIST DIED FOR US (Rom. v. 8)!

And so the blessed apostle, who had once been a violent hater of the name of Christ, and of His followers—who had done his very best to stamp out Christianity, now uttered these words, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who LOVED me, and GAVE HIMSELF for me" (Gal. ii. 20)! Have you ever pondered these words? Do you know a love such as this? Can you say from the bottom of your heart, He "loved me," "He gave Himself for me"? If these words have penetrated your heart, if they have searched your conscience, are you not broken down before Him? Why should I be loved by One who is holy, who cannot look upon sin, for it is heinous in His sight? Why should the Son of God give Himself for me? The answer is, This love is sovereign and divine. I deserved nothing but hell. But "herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 10). Believe, then, this wonderful love, and eternal life and forgiveness is yours, now and for ever. May God grant it! Amen.

“ I NEVER KNEW HIM ”

A touching story is told of the child of a well-known painter. The little girl lost her sight in infancy, and her blindness was supposed to be incurable. A famous oculist in Paris, however, performed an operation on her eyes and restored her sight.

Her mother had long been dead, and her father had been her only friend and companion. When she was told that blindness could be cured, her one thought was that she could see him ; and when the cure was complete and the bandages were removed, she ran to him and tremblingly pored over his features, shutting her eyes now and then, and passing her fingers over his face as if to make sure that it was he.¹

The father had a noble head and presence, and his very look and motion was watched by his daughter with the keenest delight. For the first time his constant tenderness seemed real to her. If he caressed her or even looked upon her kindly, it brought tears to her eyes.

‘ To think,’ she cried, holding his hand close in hers, ‘ that I have had this father so many years and never knew him ! ’

How many of us are like the little blind girl ! The heavenly Father is so near in Jesus Christ, but our “ eyes are holden. ”—SEL.

" BE OF GOOD CHEER, 'TIS I "

Amidst the turmoil, war, and strife,
The unrest, and the din ;
The raging waves of discontent,
The sorrow, death and sin ;
There cometh from the throne of God,
Like music from the sky,
The precious words of Christ, our Lord,
" Be of good cheer, 'tis I."

The darkness thickens all around ;
The war-clouds gather fast ;
E'en mercy's door will soon be closed,
The day of grace be past ;
Yet, spite of all that men have done,
Like sunshine from the sky
There falleth still the voice of love,
" Be of good cheer, 'tis I."

The church of God seems fast asleep,
His saints are growing cold,
The subtle craft of evil men
Is working, as of old ;
Yet God will still His truth maintain,
His word is ever nigh,
And, midst the storm, faith hears His voice,
" Be of good cheer, 'tis I."

The storm for us would prove too strong,
 The waves our strength defy,
 Submerged beneath them should we sink,
 But Christ Himself draws nigh ;
 The winds may howl, the tempest rage,
 But still we hear His cry,
 " Be not of little faith," nor doubt,
 " Be of good cheer, tis I."

Then let us not faint-hearted be,
 But cease to mourn and sigh,
 Our God will give delivering grace,
 His word he can't deny ;
 To Him alone then let us cling,
 Who for our sakes did die,
 And we shall prove His faithful love,
 " Be of good cheer, 'tis I."

S. T.

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ONE HALFPENNY

GIDEON OUSELEY

Some Methodist soldiers belonging to the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards were stationed at Dunmore, County Galway. They hired a room at the head inn, and held meetings there. Their hymn-singing, Bible-reading, and exhortations drew forth laughter and derision from formalists and worldlings. A Methodist preacher being invited to visit them, Gideon Ouseley determined he would discover their hypocrisy or fanaticism! but found none. This was in 1791, when Gideon was twenty-nine years of age. He saw that they knew God, and he wanted to know Him by the Holy Spirit. He says:—

‘The question came to my mind, IS THERE AN ETERNITY? IS THERE A HEREAFTER BEYOND THE GRAVE? My mind replied, THERE IS. The next question was, WHAT WILL YOU DO? Then instantly ALL MY SINS SPRANG UP TO MY MIND’S VIEW LIKE A HOSTILE ARMY.

‘I then reasoned with myself, If all this remains, and comes against me in the day of judgment, I shall be ruined most certainly. I felt as if I was too vile a sinner to warrant my hope there was mercy for me. Yet I remembered that there

was mercy for even the chiefest of sinners, and I thought of the invitation in Isaiah i. 18 :—

“ 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.”

‘ The thought of my heart was, if God will forgive you all the past, will you serve Him, not as many do, but as He will have Himself served—that is, according to His own word, and not heeding what men may say or do ? I replied, All this is reasonable ; but I never could serve Him in that manner.

‘ It was then suggested to me, God is almighty, and He is merciful, and if you labour to promote this result as you have done in other things, failure is impossible. To this I said, I believe so ; but I must count the cost. I am a young man, and may live, say forty years ; and to be under restraint all that time, as if buried alive, would be dreadful. I am not willing to undertake to be tied down to obey that book (the Bible) for the remainder of my life. Then I considered the possibility that I might die before the morning and (even should I survive for forty years) then be cast into hell for ALL ETERNITY !

‘ This decided the matter. I had such a view of ETERNITY ! of being cast into everlasting misery !

never—never—never to be released! I fell upon my knees, and cried, O God, I will submit!

'The moment I consented, and cried, I submit, I submit, cost it what it will, the scripture came to my mind, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath done, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive" [*i.e.*, for the earth]. This is good, said I. It is great encouragement. Another scripture followed, "Blessed are those servants whom the lord, when he cometh, shall find watching" (Luke xii. 37). So then I said to myself, If I begin to watch now, and obey the Lord, and do no more evil, but obey Him according to this book, He will count me a blessed man, and He will never go back.

'The next thought that occurred to me was, BUT WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH YOUR PAST SINS? Then the voice sounded, 'Read the Scriptures, and do what they bid you. I was going to say, I will, when another thought arose: How do you know that the Scriptures are true? I do not know, said I; but of all things they appear the most probable—God knows—I know no better. And I determined to read and obey. But I found myself so stupid and forgetful that I could not obey as I had hoped.

'All this time I knew not *the way of faith in Christ*. Thank God! I did learn it BEFORE IT

WAS TOO LATE. I was seeking salvation by the works of the law; and because my efforts were futile, I murmured against God. I condemned Him, and not myself! I asked, Why did God make me as I am? and why expose me to eternal ruin for what was His fault, and not mine? I was like one enclosed in a net, and was becoming more and more entangled by my efforts to extricate myself.

‘ John Hurley was an earnest, zealous preacher, and his ministry was much blessed to me. He did not leave me to the horrors of the law. He unfolded the plan of salvation. He preached the glad tidings. He assured me of the willingness of God to pardon my sins through faith in Christ, to blot my name out of the book of death, and write it in the book of life.’

One Sunday morning, about the middle of May, 1791, Gideon went into his room, with the resolution to remain there until he had found peace to his anxious and alarmed soul. He locked the door, and threw himself upon the floor, and there groaned and cried for mercy. In the exercise, to his amazement, a growing sense of hardness of heart came upon him, and with it the wondering thought, ‘ Am I to be saved ? ’ and then the appeal, ‘ Ah, Lord God! is there no mercy for me ? ’ and still the growing sense of hardness.

At length, in the midst of his renewed and

resolute appeal, the thought of entire and instant submission rose up within him, 'Lord, I submit—I submit!' And with this there came up the thought of Jesus the Saviour—the Saviour for him! 'I saw Jesus—Jesus the Saviour of sinners—Jesus the Saviour for me. I saw Him as the gift of the love of God to me. Jesus loved me, and gave Himself for me! And the hardness of my heart all passed away. It melted at the sight of that love of God to me, and I knew—yes, I knew that God had forgiven me all my sins; and my soul was filled with gladness, and I wept for joy.'

Extracted

At Crombridge, Sussex

'DO NOT DRINK'

There it stood—the quaint old village pump, under its picturesque gabled roof, where the old men used to gather and gossip in the evenings. Just the same in appearance it seemed, as when, years ago, it struck our attention when first entering the village, though one missed the old familiar villagers. But then it was war time, and the place did seem empty. But what is that white paper nailed above the trough? A notice of something lost, or strayed, or found? We will

cross the road and see. A sheet of plain paper, and these words written in a clear round hand :—

“ Warning !

The public are requested
not to drink of the water of this well, as
it is unfit for drinking purposes.”

Small wonder then the water in the trough looks stagnant and dirty ; that the evening brought no men with their pails ; the noon-tide, no thirsty children on their way from school ! Contaminated and poisonous, the old well was deserted, while the thirsty villagers sought other sources of refreshment. They heeded the warning, and left the polluted well alone.

And over how many of the streams at which men seek to quench their soul's thirst for satisfaction and pleasure, would we not write, “ Please do not drink ” !

It is the voice of folly, as it is the voice of vice that cries, “ Stolen waters are sweet ” (Prov. ix. 17). But “ the dead are there ; her guests are in the depths of hell.” Do not drink !

“ Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink : that continue until night, till wine inflame them.” “ At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder ” (Isaiah v. 11 ; Prov. xxiii. 32). Do not drink !

Under the scorching heat of an Eastern mid-day

sun, a woman toiled with her pitcher to draw water. Her neighbours might choose the cool of the evening, but not she. Long had she sought satisfaction at earth's fountains of pleasure—she had found them broken cisterns that yield no water. A life of sin and debauchery—still continued—left her unsatisfied and wretched; and now, shunning the gaze and the company of more respectable people, she toils in the heat of the day to supply her household's need.

But she is not alone. One sits, "wearied with His journey," on the well; and as she draws her supply of water, she hears the request, "Give me to drink." And she argues, instead of complying. "If thou knewest," He said again, "the gift of God, and Who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him and he would have given thee living water." She looked down—the water lay in its placid stillness far below; she saw no vessel in His hand—and again she argued! But Jesus says,

"Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again." Ah, she had proved this to be true indeed! Pure and perennial, "Jacob's fountain" might be—it could only assuage bodily thirst for a short time; daily had she to take her pitcher to replenish her stock. And what was true of that, is true of every well of earth: the "pleasures of sin" are but for a moment—they leave the soul

unsatisfied, the heart unfilled. "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst"—for ever. He used the strong negative; "but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 14).

Beloved reader, of this fountain, we beseech you, *Do drink*. The closing month of another year finds you still unsatisfied and unhappy. You have tried the pleasures of sin, and found them thirst-producers instead of thirst-quenchers. But here is One Who *satisfies*. God gives—He delights to bless; the water of life of which Jesus spoke has its source in the heart of God, and its streams flow from the throne of God and of the Lamb (Rev. xxii. 1). Yes, in order that they might righteously reach even to you, the eternal Son of God became the Lamb of God, and offered Himself without spot to God, to bear the full weight of Divine holiness and wrath against sin. He has made atonement. He is "highly exalted," is "a Prince and a Saviour," and through Him living water flows for you.

It may be, however, that the eye which reads this is far removed from that of "Samaria's erring daughter," and the year which is closing has been spent, not in self-pleasing, but in a life of self-denial, of care for others—of devotedness to religious duty; of more earnest prayer and

alms-giving. And yet, the heart is not satisfied. There is a void somewhere, still unfilled. Turn to the pages of your Bible, dear reader, and gaze on the Lord Jesus in the close of John vii., in far different company and place from what we have seen in John iv. The Jewish year of ritual is ended—the “last day” of the last feast is come and Jerusalem is crowded with God-fearing worshippers. “In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying,

If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.”

You have tried religion—it will not satisfy ; you have tried philanthropy—it will not meet your heart’s yearning. To you the word of Christ is sounding, “If any man thirst, let him come UNTO ME and drink” !

Yes, “let him that is athirst come ; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely” (Rev. xxii. 17). For He that sitteth on the throne saith, “I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely” (Rev. xxi. 6).

Of these streams, “Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved !”

T.

AN EARNEST APPEAL

My dear Friends, we are coming to the close of another year. How does it find you? Are you still UNSAVED? Or, have you come to the Saviour and been given to know the joy of His salvation?

We are all nearing the *end* of our journey here. But we shall soon commence the *beginning* of a life after death. What kind of a life will this be? If unsaved here, it will be a life with the devil and his angels, for ever and for ever, under the eternal wrath of God! Are you so infatuated as to be bold enough to face this? Remember it is FOR EVER! and in what God's word describes as, "the lake of fire"! This place was not prepared for you, but for Satan and his angels. But you, refusing God's offer of pardon, of peace and joy, elect to have your portion there! Is it so?

Knowing the terror of the Lord—for no sin is so great as refusing His mercy and goodness—we would seek to persuade you. Now is the time—the moment to come to God, sinner as you are. See the Saviour whom He has sent, dying on the cross for sinners! And if for sinners, why not for you? There is atonement for sins, in His

blood; and nowhere else. He has made propitiation, so that God is *just* in His justifying the guiltiest who comes to Him through Jesus. He only is the way—but He *is* the way. And “him” (He has said) “that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” Will you not come, and this moment?

Eternity with the Lord Jesus—what a blessed and glorious prospect is this! And such is the certain portion of him whose sins are washed away by the blood of Jesus.

Do not trifle with, or put off, this great salvation now offered you in His name. But believe on the Lord Jesus Christ now, and thou shalt be saved.

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