

# THE GLEANER.

"Let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves."—Ruth 2; 7.

Thos. Somerville, Editor. "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

Vol. XIII. No. 8

## THE UNFOLDINGS OF GRACE IN REDEMPTION.

Far in dim and distant ages,  
Long ere time its course began,  
Read we in the sacred pages  
God had set His thoughts on man.  
Tread we softly, for the story  
Scarcely human lips may tell,  
How in that eternal glory  
God the Son did ever dwell.

In the bosom of the Father:  
Then was formed the wondrous plan,  
That the Son of God should gather  
From the race of fallen man,  
Heirs for glory—blessed purpose!  
Wisdom infinite, divine!  
Bend we low in adoration,  
Praise, our God, be ever Thine!

### UNCLE BEN.

There was a calm look on the old fisherman's face—the calm which had only been reached after many a storm; but he looked as though he had heard the Master's "Peace I leave with you: My peace I give unto you," and was resting with that in his heart.

He was not lonely,—how could he be, when he had sweet memories connected with every plank of the poor wooden cot? And there are words in the large, carefully treasured Bible too, which he ponders out aloud as he sits alone;—loving, comforting words, such as his aged wife was wont to read with him in the old days, before

Mat, poor lost Mat, left his father's home.

"And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." Old Ben Watts was uttering the words aloud as he tidied up the place after his evening meal; and he went on: "Well, isn't it according to His will as Mat should be landed safe ashore when the dear Lord calls him? For sure he wants him to give up the drink and the old ways o' sin, an' come an' follow Him. Why! didn't the Saviour die for Mat? an' don't He want him to believe it?"

In a few minutes more, as he laid carefully together the embers of his little fire, a beautiful smile flitted across his aged face, and he exclaimed reverently, "So He bringeth them to their desired haven. Ah! I knowed as He'd bring me a comfortin' thought."

He was too much occupied with his peaceful thoughts to heed the tip-toed entrance of a little blue-eyed child, who, however, soon claimed his attention, by a question she had asked some fifty times before.

"Be Mat a-comin' home to-night, uncle Ben?"

She stood beside him, enjoying the glow from his tiny bit of fire. "Be you 'spectin' him to-night?"

"Maybe he will, dearie; he's bound to come some time."

"Has ye bin asking God to make him come, uncle Ben?"

"Aye, lassie, in His own good time."

"Didn't ye ask Him to send him home quick, quick, fear you'd be dead first?"

The old man gently shook his head at the child as he answered, I always say, "according to His will;" maybe that wouldn't be His will; but Mat will come home. It may be to-night, dearie: God knows the best time.

"Well, uncle Ben, he's a long, long while 'bout it. D'ye think as Mat's dead, p'raps?"

"Nay, nay, lassie; I've been a-trustin' the Lord for him all these here ten year—trustin' God for him. Mat knows I be, and I've got that confidence as he'll come,—he'll come yet."

The little girl stole her tiny hand into his wrinkled one, and laid her head caressingly against his breast, and for a while was quite silent. It was plain there was a perfect understanding between the pair; but by and by, to the fisherman's great surprise, a tear made its way down the child's sun-browned cheek, and fell upon his hand, then a pent-up sob burst forth. "Why, Alice, child! what is it?" he asked tenderly.

"Oh, uncle Ben, I beent trustin' God for poor Mat, ye know; an' oh I do want him to come home so bad! Do ye think, if you an' me was to ask God together, He'd send him home right away,—you an' me askin' Him together?"

"We'll try, dearie," replied the old man, touched more than he cared to

show; and they knelt down side by side, while a simple, earnest prayer went up on high from the heart and lips of both.

"Uncle Ben," said the child, as she clung to him again, "did ye used to ask Him to make me love Jesus?"

"Aye, aye, lassie, a sight o' times; and He heard me, didn't He? Ye do love Him, Alice?"

A glad smile parted the little girl's lips as she gave him one more look of love, and then sped off like an arrow along the sandy shore.

Since that evening, day after day found the old fisherman and his little friend uniting in simple prayer for the wild, reckless sailor, until the pleasant autumn gave way to the first winter's cold.

"I be goin' away for a whole week, said the child one day. "An' I've bin thinkin', uncle Ben, I'll pray at N. an' you'll pray here, an' God will join the prayers together when He gets 'em up there."

"Aye, aye," said the old man, His Holy Spirit will do that surely. Wonderful Intercessors!" he murmured; "the Spirit and the Son of God always making intercession for us—always."

Ben Watts began to feel a little bit lonesome that evening—a very unusual thing with him; and he tried singing, but the poor old voice fairly broke down when he came to the words—

Thou canst help the weak ones onward,  
Thou canst raise up those that fall;  
But remember, whilst thou servest,  
Still tell Jesus—tell Him all.

There was no question what to do next. He would go and "tell Jesus;" and the old calm and peace settled over his kindly, time-worn face again.

Presently, at a slight click of the old door-latch, and a rustling sound outside, he turns his calm old face toward the entrance and listens; not for long, however, for—oh what a moment of joy! what a glad “welcome home!”—the strong, broad-chested mariner outside is speedily brought in and folded in a close embrace; logs are piled on the poor little homely fire, and father and son find that they have one thing in common which they never had before, even the love of Christ in their hearts.

“I heard you a-singing ‘Go to Jesus—tell him all,’ father; and then I heard you a-telling Him Oh, father, and so you’ve been a-trusting God for me all these ere ten years, though you knew what a wicked chap I was! And I—I never cared naught for breaking poor mother’s heart, nor nothing, till this very last autumn as was.

Not long since, when death stared us all in the face, and it seemed as if we must have gone down before morning, it all came over me then what a wretch I was, and I thought of how you and mother prayed for me. And I remembered how you’d said, that last night, ‘Bad as ye are, Mat, I shall pray day and night for you, and go on trusting God for you that you’ll come to Him at last.’ It were that as give me hope, and I came to Him, father. At early dawn we sighted a vessel; she saw our signals, and sent boats out, and here I am. Oh, father, thank God for me; for ever since I stood listening at the door, my heart’s been saying, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.’ Father, He do hear prayer, for, oh, how I prayed that night! Father, let’s you and

me thank the Lord together for the first time in our lives.”

### CHRIST BECAME POOR.

“Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.” 2 Cor. viii. 9.

We have, in this lovely little verse, one of the many incidental proofs, in which the Scriptures abound, of the deity of our Lord Jesus. It contains no formal statement of that fundamental truth, for that is clearly not the object of the passage, still it does declare it in the words “though He was rich,” a very distinct allusion to the glory He had with the Father before the world was. Time was when He was not rich; and, may we not ask when was that?

Let us briefly trace His life when here.

First, His birth was evidently in circumstances of poverty. Though “born King of the Jews,” His birth-place was a manger, and the appointed offering made by His parents on the occasion of His being presented to the Lord, was a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons—a small offering indeed, and indicative of anything but wealth on their part.

Again, when engaged in His public service He said to the scribe who volunteered his devotedness, “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.” Matt. viii. 20. Such was the whole path of Jesus here below. Could we say He was rich here? Never! When asked for tribute money He instructed

Peter to catch a fish and find in its mouth the exact amount required for Himself and Peter. Matt. xvii. 27. That is, He had not the money in hand. Again, when pursuing what is called His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, He bade His disciples go before Him into a certain village, where they were to bring to Him; and, should the owner question their conduct, they were to say simply that the Lord had need of him. No bargain was to be struck, nor money offered as hire. The Creator, and such He was, though in circumstances of poverty in His own creation, had the prior claim, and the owner yielded thereto, allowing the disciples to fulfil their mission. Yet what a contradiction—the Creator in poverty!

Finally, when death had taken place, His body was laid in Joseph's tomb. "He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death." God had pre-arranged this new tomb for the body of our blessed Lord, just as He had inclined the heart of the owner of the ass to surrender that animal on His demand.

Now, each of these incidents goes to show the constant poverty of Jesus, nor can one instance be found of His having handled money that belonged, as it were, to Himself. Judas carries the bag.

If, then, He was poor during the entire period of His gracious sojourn below, the question arises, When was He rich? Clearly before He came here. Then He must have pre-existed His incarnation? Certainly. But pre-existence in wealth and glory, in Sonship and creatorial power, necessari-

tates Deity. Certainly. Therefore Jesus was God, rich and glorious, and became man, poor, humble, and sinless! Yea, "the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us . . . full of grace and truth." And, notice, His self-im-poverishment was, *that ye . . . might be rich.*"

Ah! there is the charm for us, in His mighty stoop of self-surrender. He had our eternal wealth before His heart in His deep impoverishment. The point of His utmost poverty when alone in absolute solitude, bearing God's judgment against our sin during those hours of impenetrable darkness—that point procured our everlasting blessing. He was made sin for us . . . that we might become the righteousness of God in Him—blessed Saviour! And now the eye can turn to the glory, whither He has gone, freighted with wondrous spoil, and crowned with honour, deserved and welcome. Nor is there a voice in those righteous courts which does not acknowledge His worthiness to receive, in the fullest way, all the dignities which He refused on earth. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," resounds the heavenly chorus, "to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Rev. v. 12. Yes, sevenfold honours crown His brow, and beaming praises celebrate His fame.

"Rich in glory, Thou didst stoop,  
Thence is all Thy people's hope;  
Thou wast poor, that we might be  
Rich in glory, Lord, with Thee."

J. W. S.

#### WHERE THE ROCKS ARE NOT.

In the year 1879 when sailing north of Scotland, which is a very rocky

coast, and therefore specially dangerous, I asked the captain if he knew where the rocks were; he replied, "No, but I know where they are not." The night was dark, the sea was rough, but he was calm and undisturbed. I felt at the moment there was a moral in his words and behaviour for me, and for all Christians. We are mariners. We are passing over an ocean with rocks and shoals, and often with billows swelling high, and the night dark. We, therefore need a sure chart for our guidance, showing us the track where "the rocks are not." We have that chart in the sure word of God, which is indeed a light pointing out the path in the sea along which we may safely steer our vessel, and we be without danger or dismay, knowing that God will care for us, and save us from disaster, if sailing according to the chart He has given us.

In order to sail to the heavenly port, we must first see and own our deep need as sinners, and flee to the refuge which infinite love has provided for us in the atoning death of Him who is now the Captain of salvation. Being thus saved, the heart is to be won in view of the price paid for our redemption, and by the love which paid the price. The soul, being thus saved, becomes satisfied with Him who saves. Then it is his or her meat to do the will of God, in other words, to keep the ship in the track of His revealed mind,—in "the paths of the sea," plainly laid down in the chart of His infallible word. When the heart is thus with God, and the purpose is simply to do His will,—to sail strictly according to His expressed thoughts, He will care for the frail little vessel so that it will ride the troubled sea

safely along, and will come into port without any serious mishap or loss. Those who thus sail may suffer, for the enemy is on the lookout for any who sail according to the divine chart; but that does not interfere with their safety, but may increase their speed toward the desired haven.

On that dismal night, in the North Sea, two vessels, not far from us, were lost. Perhaps if those in command had had the wisdom, skill, and care of our Captain (Turpin) they might have been saved. We should remember as Christians, that though we have a new nature, being born of God, yet we have the old nature also; and if we allow our love to grow cold, and the word of God ceases to have its true place with us, in this way the reins slip out of the hands of the new nature into the hands of the old nature, and we know well in what direction it will drive us. Christ and His word are not enough for a soul in that state; nay more, they are, or may be, really loathed, as the Israelites loathed the manna suited for them on the way to the goodly land.

A person in this condition, begins to look around for something to meet the cravings of the nature which now holds the reins, and he sees that professors of religion, church-members, are enjoying all sorts of worldly amusements, and belonging, even ministers, to the different secret societies; and he begins to ask, Why may I not do the same? He soon persuades himself that there is no harm in these things. Next, he is sailing his barque in these waters. Should there not be entire shipwreck, the person may yet through grace, sorrowfully see and feel the dishonor he has done to the Lord.

The full amount of loss will be seen at "the judgment seat."

But it may be so with some that they have to own that their love has waxed cold, and that the things of Christ have lost their freshness for them, and that they have a drawing to these worldly things, and may be, with some honesty, asking what they are to do. Dear souls, your way is plain as to what you must do, if you wish to pass over life's sea in safety, and not come to grief and loss. You have simply to go to God just as you are, and tell Him all your backslidings of heart and all your hankerings after worldly associations, and amusements. Hide nothing from Him. Honestly confess all. Cast yourselves on His grace, and its provision in Christ; and thus you will recover your lost treasure, joy and delight in the things of God, and then, as a happy consequence, your desire for worldly pleasures and company will be gone, and you will be able exultingly to sing,

"I have seen the face of Jesus!  
Tell me not of ought beside;  
I have heard the voice of Jesus!  
All my soul is satisfied!"

Being thus graciously delivered, and the joy of God's salvation being restored to you, you might ask yourselves, Could we have asked the blessing of God on those worldly things to which we inclined? Could we have asked Him to go with us into those things and places? Or could we have expected Him to meet with us there, and given us sweet communion with Himself, thus telling us that He was pleased to have us there? Surely in your very worst state of soul you would have had to answer, No. Rather you would have wished to hide your de-

sires and ways from Him. It is hard for one who has known the truth to silence conscience. But now being restored, and finding Christ, as before, to be an ample and satisfying portion, you can say to the votaries of earthly pleasures, "What, alas, charms you, charms us no more. We have returned to something sweeter and truer, and abiding—forever abiding." Praise God. You can now join those who are crossing the ocean according to the heaven-given chart in singing what the devoted Thomas Kelly wrote nearly a hundred years ago:—

"Led by faith, we brave the ocean;  
Led by faith, the storm defy;  
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
Knowing that the Lord is nigh:  
Waves obey Him;  
And the storms before Him fly.

Rendered safe by His protection,  
We shall pass the wat'ry waste,  
Trusting to His wise direction,  
We shall gain the port at last;  
And with wonder  
Think on toils and dangers past."

O beloved, let us ever keep before us what it cost to sever us from the world. The apostle Paul writes that the Lord Jesus "gave Himself for our sins that He might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father" Gal. i. 4. Then, how could we, with the agonies of the cross before the eyes of the mind and heart, and the word of God in our hands, go into "the evil" of that from which we have been separated at such a cost! "Be not conformed to this world" is written in our inspired Guide-book. Christians, let us sail our ship where it tells us *the rocks are not*.—R. H.

"Wait on the Lord, he of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart."

## EARLY MORN.

Sweet is the calm of morning hours,  
 When waking from repose ;  
 A heart at rest, a conscience clear,  
 Full blessing only knows.  
 When morning lifts her dewy head,  
 Besprinkled at her dawn,  
 And nights lone shades, darkness and gloom  
 Are silently withdrawn.

The melody of happy birds,  
 Poured forth in joyous song,  
 Hushed 'neath the glare and heat of day,  
 To morning hours belong.  
 My heart too rises in accord,  
 With gratitude and love,  
 To praise the One who thus delights  
 To bear my thoughts above.

Sweet peace and rest, both flood my soul,  
 And harmony sublime,  
 Nature and grace with mighty charms,  
 Their hand in hand combine,  
 While o'er my freed and happy heart  
 Their sweetest voices blend,  
 And heaven's own rapture, joy and love,  
 Their blest refreshment send.

THOS. SOMERVILLE.

## SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

We must make up our minds to this, that the world can go on without us, and that God's work will prosper better when we are out of the way than it ever did in our hands. However much His cause may lose by the removal of one and another, it is destined to wax stronger and stronger. The little vacancy made in the ranks of the living by our departure will be filled before it is left. But as long as God keeps us in the world it is for a great and a good purpose, and He will always give us something to do. We have never done enough so long as there remains anything to be done. God has work for the aged, the afflicted, the suffering, the disappointed, the

helpless, the poor. The greatest work ever done in the world was done by One who was called a Man of Sorrows, and who had not where to lay His head. The greatest success ever gained in this world was called a failure at the time, and the greatest victory was thought by men to be an utter and shameful defeat.

When we are most weary and discouraged, and the world seems a desert, God's angel may be on the wing to bring us messages of mercy from the throne. Whatever seeming failures and disappointments we may experience, it is never time for us to fling ourselves down in despair and say, "It is enough." What we call failure may be Divine success with God, and our sorest defeat may be the preparation for the most glorious triumph. Elijah's night of despair in the desert, and his long contest with an apostate king and backsliding people, made him the man to be taken to heaven in a chariot of fire.—M.

—E—

"THOUGH ONE ROSE FROM  
 THE DEAD."

Men try to blame God for their sins, and try to blame Him for their continuing in their sins. And this notwithstanding all His wonderful love in sending Jesus, and all that the Son of God suffered for them, all that infinite love has done that they might be saved, yet in their folly they blame God for not saving them. Men think they would believe if they had more evidence. Even when Christ was on earth, doing so many mighty miracles, the Pharisees, hypocrites that they were, asked of Him a sign from heaven, tempting Him, as though they had

not evidence enough from His miracles. Herod acknowledged the wonderful works which He did, but the Pharisees never. When He was hanging on the cross the leaders could say, "Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the Cross, that we may see and believe!" As though they had not already had the fullest evidence from His wonderful works. But that same spirit is ever in the heart of sinful man, and Christ Himself meets it most effectively when He says, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." Luke xvi. 31.

But men now have much more than Moses and the prophets. They have Christ; have the New Testament, have His wonderful life and death. If Moses and the prophets were enough to convince men of their need of salvation, surely Christ and the apostles ought to be enough to meet the real need for evidence of any and every sinner. God gives men all the evidence they really need to have belief of His Word upon, and if they reject that, they would not believe on any evidence whatever. "Though one rose from the dead," he could tell only what God permitted him to, he could give no new revelation, it would have no authority except that of man, and man is so ignorant, always making mistakes, knows so little, and is so little worthy of confidence. What do we want of such a witness when we have the Word of the living God who cannot lie, One who is the faithful and true Witness. O what folly to reject His testimony and take any other, or seek any other. Mark well, if a man rejects the Word

of God, he will reject all testimony to the truth of the Gospel.

Man has in him an evil heart of unbelief, and that will keep him from accepting and believing the strongest testimony to the truth of God. And be you sure unsaved friends whoever you are, that if you do not accept the simple Word of God as sufficient testimony to your lost condition and the salvation of Christ, you will never accept any testimony whatever to the truth. That Word of God is testimony enough for all men, for every man, and God will give you no other. He knew just what every sinner needed, and He put it into His Word. That Word of God contains page after page of the most convincing testimony to all the wonderful truths He has been pleased to reveal. Take that blessed Book, take it as God's Word to you, read it knowing that it is the truth of God, that it is what you will be judged by in the last day. Think as you read, This Word is true, it is the truth, believe what it says, it is God's own Word, I am to believe it as His voice to me. The words of one who rose from the dead, a mere man, are of no weight—cannot possibly be a guide to us, but the Word of God this is our guide, we have this, we need no more.

—J. W. NEWTON.

### TWO GOOD BOOKS.

Christ and the Word of God ever need to be ministered to His people and never more than to-day. And our God has never given to His scattered church so much and such precious ministry as we now enjoy. We are responsible to Him for the use we make of what He is giving us. We



may not be able to leave our homes, but the written and printed ministry can go anywhere and everywhere, and at a little cost. Two books have just been issued which every saint might read with the greatest profit. One is "The Crowned Christ" by F. W. Grant, and the other "From Genesis to Revelation," by S. Ridout. The former is especially needed at this present time when such strange things are being put forth concerning Christ by teachers who are leading no one knows whither. Here we are brought to the Word, its teachings are brought forward so that any one who wishes to be clear upon these fundamental doctrines of the Word, can use this little book as a guide in his study of the Word, and will find help and teaching well suited to his need. Our greatest need is to be occupied with Him, and how can we better have our hearts and minds filled with Him than by learning of Him in His Word. Ministry which only holds Him up must therefore have great value, and as this book contains such ministry, we can commend it to all of the Lord's people.

In a day when so much is being taught to undermine the truth concerning Him, when such subtle attacks are being made upon Him, His person, His work, it is a great blessing to have a work like this both for one's own use and to give or lend to others. We hope that the readers of the "Gleaner" will avail themselves of the opportunity to procure such a book for these purposes.

"From Genesis to Revelation" has a special value at this time also, as so many—almost the whole of the pro-

fessed church are going after the higher criticism abomination. To be enabled to keep His Word in these days is a great privilege indeed. To get a fresh view of the wonderful unity of the Word, to have the numerical key to the Bible placed in our hands in the general way it is in this work, and to be taken up as it were on an elevation from whence we can see from Genesis to Revelation as one wonderfully connected whole, this is what is gained by the study of this book. It would be a most excellent plan for meetings to collect such books and form lending libraries. Then all in the gathering and many in some cases outside could read such books and great blessing might result. The books are published by Loizeaux Brothers, 63 Fourth Ave., N. Y., and for sale at the depots and book rooms. Price of the Crowned Christ, 20 cents. From Genesis to Revelation, paper, 35 cents, cloth 75 cents.—J. W. NEWTON.

### AN ACROSTIC.

In loving remembrance of my beloved wife,  
who died happy in the Lord, on the 18th  
of May, 1898.

G race abounded in her end,  
R ich in Christ, the sinner's Friend,  
A rmed with the weapons of our faith,  
C onqueror in the hour of death,  
E ndured the conflict, entered rest.

W hispered low, "God's time is best,"  
A ll through life she loved the Truth,  
L earned to love it in her youth,  
L oved it for its sake alone,  
A t her work, or at the Throne,  
C onsoled and comforted her life,  
E ither as mother or as wife.

M any mansions now her home  
C heered her life should trials come,  
M ade her confidence grow strong,  
O rdered all her ways so long.  
R ansomed by the blood once shed,  
R edeemed by Christ her living Head,  
A bsent from those she loved down here,  
N ow present in a higher sphere.

ALEX. McMOHRAN.

## CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE.

MATTHEW xxvi. 36-46.

Here we are drawing to the last scenes of the blessed Lord's life. He is here the tested, but perfect Victim, while, alas! the disciples again show what man is; but all only brings out the Lord's grace. It is not, as in John, a divine Person above all, offering up Himself, nor the man overcoming in dependence all that pressed upon Him. Obedience and grace must be perfect in the true and spotless Victim. Death and the cup were there; and He must be put fully to the proof in His obedience. But He passes through it all with His Father, and yet can think of others who can think but little of Him; for, as to them, it is the testing of the disciples more than what is special to Christ that is portrayed. He looked for their watching, and they failed Him. But we have Jesus perfect in patient obedience, Jesus perfect in referring all to His Father, though feeling, and when feeling, all He had to go through.

It is the perfectness of His mind when His being a victim is in view that is here specially brought before us. He takes all His disciples with Him to Gethsemane; and then, telling them to tarry there, while He went on farther and prayed, He takes Peter and James and John, who had also been with Him on the Mount of Transfiguration, and afterwards had the place of pillars farther on: and there all that was before the blessed One came upon His spirit. He began to be sorrowful and very heavy; He felt as man what He had to undergo, not mere pain or suffering; the power of

death weighed upon His spirit—weighed upon it as man, yet with a weight no man could fathom. Yet with what calm simplicity He tells it out! We ought to know it, though it may be beyond our knowledge. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." His need was there, and told out to hearts that ought to have felt it and watched earnestly, occupied with Him. He looked for this, for some one to have compassion. "Tarry ye here and watch with Me." Blessed Saviour! what ought a heart to have felt to whom He said it? Oh, how should it have watched! but, alas! what are we?

He went on to be alone there with His Father about that which with Him only He could enter into, and which must be altogether with Him. He was perfect in referring it to His Father, and referring it alone. There the solemn question must have its solution. There alone it could, and there alone His perfectness could bring it. He fell on His face and prayed, saying, "Oh, my Father," in supplicating earnestness, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." He should feel it fully and He did; submission would not have been perfect else, but then His obedience and submission were perfect: "nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." In the perfect sense of the cup to be drunk, and the holy desire to avoid it, the piety of soul which desired it (for it was all the repulsion of sin from God, and what our wretched souls had fallen into—what man was as departed from God, which He must take upon His soul, if, indeed, He had to drink it—if He undertook our cause—and it was a

holy desire to shrink from such a judgment and being made sin, even as bearing it before God, yet with perfect submission and obedience to His Father, whatever His will was. And to His Father He brings it, there where it ought to be brought, alike perfect in desiring not to drink it, and obediently submitting to drink it if it was His Father's will. And this was His second utterance, "If this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, Thy will be done." The no reply now to His first appeal leaves His soul in the unclouded perfectness of the second and third, for He was with the Father in full and solemn sense of what it was, but with Him He is occupied with it. How could it be otherwise? It ought to have been so. The disciples sleep, leaving Him alone with God. Where else could He have now been with such a work, such a cup, before Him?

Now it is over, one can linger round this scene to learn His perfectness and love—the love we shall enjoy in brighter days when we shall see Him as He is; when He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Yes, it was well; it was only right that He should be alone with His Father then. It could have been nowhere else, and He went naturally there, if I may so speak, for all His thoughts were perfect.

But where was *he* (let us think of ourselves) who was to go to prison and to death? With what touching grace He calls up to view the strange inconsistency: "Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" Where was the strength that was going through everything just now?

Yet with what grace He warns, with what grace He excuses: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak." How must one have hated oneself for such a want of earnestness and love to Him! Alas! now we have to do with it. But here so perfectly is He with His Father for the depth of what was before Him. So perfectly had He all that with Him only, that the free unhindered grace could in all liberty be as perfect towards His poor feeble, but failing disciples; no weight on His spirit with them; that was borne with His Father. How perfect are all His ways! What could they be else! But He can warn them, and warn them as to what was just going on. To Him it was now the path of obedience; but what was not, that was temptation. So indeed with everything; all we meet with is occasion of temptation or obedience, only there brought out where all was brought to a crisis with man. But this intercourse with the disciples at this moment is a witness of a depth and calmness in His path which is divine perfection, though in man, and in human ways and grace, which calls for adoring recognition.

We struggle or faint, or hide our sorrow in pride. I have known what it is not to know relief till I said, "Oh, my God, my soul is cast down within me." But He has all with God, and can state it as to the fact in perfect simplicity to man. We cannot tell our grief, we need support; and where are we to trust it if it be heavy? He had His resource so elsewhere—all His heart out, looking to His Father—

that He could confide where really there was nothing to lean on, only truth of heart—the spirit was willing.

Now this is greatness, only in perfection, yet in lowliness, not in self-sufficiency, in conscious weakness of humanity, but all told in perfect faith and dependence on God His Father, yet never losing His human place, yea, the very expression of it. It is here it comes out so perfectly; never a thought that was not human, indeed, but never one that was not suited to such a place in the presence of God, that is, to death and drinking the cup, yet, though a man's feelings there in view of it, not one but what was according to the perfectness of One in whom the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily. It would not do that He should not have been fully in conscious manhood there, for He was there for us; nor that, in that place, a thought or a feeling that was not divine in the fitness for it should have been there, and so it was. He was not drinking the cup, but He had to feel it as to all that it was, and feel rightly about it; had He not been God, as well as man, that could not have been. Surely He could not have drunk it else, but He could not have thought of it adequately, if a divine source and measure of thought had not been the spring of it, in man's necessity before God.

Blessed Lord, I do not pretend to fathom what Thou wast: who could? But we may learn from it, and adore in our hearts; we may look on and learn Who was there, and with thankfulness of heart. No man knows the Son but the Father, but oh, what traits of paramount blessedness flow

forth from this Son being a man! And we shall see that very man as He is (and who shall tell the joy of that?) yet He is as perfect in gracious gentleness to man. What it must have been to them, when they had the Holy Ghost to look back to, and when they knew themselves in their flight from, that which He was going to meet! Humbling surely, but a great thing for the heart to have been thus humbled, for, after all, we must learn what we are where Christ was, save, of course, atonement, and even there, in respect of guilt, to know the perfectness that is in Him. It is not by our minds, but in looking at perfectness in the same place in our weakness. Who will know strength like the weak one that leans on it? Still we know it as taught of God, as He in the perfectness of His person.

In verse 45, in tender words, which yet shewed them their service was over, and how He had been alone, He says, "Sleep on now (watching time is finished, the power of evil in act is here) and take your rest: behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." But they must be fully proved; He does not send them away. They must be with Him to the end, and learn the tale, however gently they may. If there was over confidence in Peter, yet, even so, it fitted him to strengthen his brethren when restored by a deeper knowledge of what human strength came to in the things of God. But we must learn ourselves, where He was, save where He was wholly for us, instead of us, making propitiation for our sins. Who else could have been? He was practically alone in Gethsemane, but He looked for their watching with Him, though, indeed, He had only to feel how man failed Him even in that. If He looked for that watching, the sense of someone with Him, it was to feel that there was none!—J. N. D.