

**GO AND TELL  
JESUS; PP. 3-67**

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Go and Tell Jesus; pp. 3-67 by Octavius Winslow

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# GO AND TELL JESUS.

BY

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THINGS OF GOD," ETC.

"I am better acquainted with Jesus than with any friend I  
have on earth."—HAYGREN.

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## GO AND TELL JESUS.



"And his disciples came and took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—MATTHEW 14:12.

As if to illustrate the nature and test the efficacy of His great and gracious expedient of saving sinners, it pleased the redeeming God that the *first* subject of death should be a believer in the Lord Jesus. Scarcely had the righteous Abel laid his bleeding lamb upon the altar—that altar and that lamb all expressive of the truth, and radiant with the glory of the person and work of the coming Saviour—ere he was called to seal

with his blood the faith in Christ he had professed. But if the first victim, he was also the first victor. He fell by death, but he fell a conqueror of death. He lost the victory, but he won the battle. Thus was the "last enemy" foiled in his very *first* assault upon our race. The point of his lance was then turned, the venom of his sting was then impaired, and, robbed of his prey, he saw in the pale and gory form his shaft had laid low the first one of that glorious race of confessors, that "noble army of martyrs," who in all succeeding ages should overcome sin, hell, and death, by the blood of the Lamb.

It was on an occasion similar to the death of the first martyr, that the passage suggesting the subject of these pages was written. Falling a sacrifice to his fidelity, as Abel had to his faith, John was



now a mangled corpse — the victim of Herod's sin and cruelty. Taking up the headless body of their master, the disciples of John bore it to the tomb, and then went and poured their tale of woe into the ear, and laid their crushing sorrow upon the heart of Jesus. "*And his disciples came and took up the body and buried it, AND WENT AND TOLD JESUS.*" It was, perhaps, their first direct communication with the Saviour. They had known but little of Jesus until now. Another being had engaged their interest, and occupied their thoughts. Absorbed in their admiration of the star that heralded its approach, they had scarcely caught sight of the Sun which had just appeared above the horizon. In vain had John, with characteristic lowliness, reminded them that he was not the Messiah, and but

His forerunner. Wedded to their master, they thought of, clung to, and loved only him. John must therefore die—the star paling and disappearing before the deepening splendor of the divine ascending Orb. All this was the ordering of infinite wisdom and love. The removal of John was necessary to make his disciples better acquainted with Jesus. They had heard of Him, had seen Him, and in a measure believed in Him; but they never fully knew or loved Him until now that profound grief brought them to His feet. What a Divine Saviour, what a loving Friend, what a sympathizing Brother Jesus was! how truly human in His affinities, compassionate in His heart, gentle in His spirit! they had no adequate conception until the surge of sorrow flung them upon His sympathy. Ah!

how they clung to Jesus now! Owing no other master, seeking no other friend, repairing to no other asylum in their lonely grief, "*they went and told Jesus.*" Favored disciples! honored men! Oh! how many now hymning their praises in heaven, or still watering their couch with tears on earth, will alike testify that until God smote the earthly idol, or broke the human staff, or dried up the creature spring, Jesus was to them as an unknown Saviour and Friend. Blessed, thrice blessed sorrow that leads us to Jesus! That sorrow—dark, deep, though it be—will wake the harp of the glorified to heaven's sweetest melody. The bitterest grief of the saint on earth will issue in the sweetest joy of the glorified in heaven—because that grief, sanctified by the Spirit, brought the heart into a closer al-