

**GLEANINGS
AMONG
THE SHEAVES**

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Gleanings among the Sheaves by C. H. Spurgeon

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BY

Charles Spurgeon
REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

SECOND EDITION.

New York:
SHELDON AND COMPANY,
498 & 500 BROADWAY.
1869.

TO
THE NUMEROUS HEARERS
AND TO
THE INNUMERABLE READERS
OF THE
REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS,
This unpretentious little Volume
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE PUBLISHERS.

THE STEMS GROW UP EVERY WEEK:
THE SHOCKS APPEAR ONCE A MONTH:
THE SHEAVES ARE BOUND TOGETHER ONCE A YEAR:
And it is thought that these samples, gleaned from the Sermons,
will be welcome to many, but chiefly to those who are
most familiar with the ample fields from
which they are gathered.

GLEANINGS
AMONG THE SHEAVES.

The Preciousness of the Promises.

THE promises of God are to the believer an inexhaustible mine of wealth. Happy is it for him if he knows how to search out their secret veins, and enrich himself with their hid treasures. They are an armory, containing all manner of offensive and defensive weapons. Blessed is he who has learned to enter into the sacred arsenal, to put on the breastplate and the helmet, and to lay his hand to the spear and to the sword. They are a surgery, in which the believer will find all manner of restoratives and blessed elixirs; nor lacks there an ointment for

every wound, a cordial for every faintness, a remedy for every disease. Blessed is he who is well skilled in heavenly pharmacy, and knoweth how to lay hold on the healing virtues of the promises of God. The promises are to the Christian a storehouse of food. They are as the granaries which Joseph built in Egypt, or as the golden pot wherein the manna was preserved. Blessed is he who can take the five barley loaves and fishes of promise, and break them till his five thousand necessities shall all be supplied, and he is able to gather up baskets full of fragments. The promises are the Christian's Magna Charta of liberty; they are the title deeds of his heavenly estate. Happy is he who knoweth how to read them well, and call them all his own. Yea, they are the jewel room in which the Christian's crown treasures are preserved. The regalia are his, secretly to admire to-day, which he shall openly wear in Paradise hereafter. He is already privileged as a king with the silver

key that unlocks the strong room; he may even now grasp the sceptre, wear the crown, and put upon his shoulders the imperial mantle. O, how unutterably rich are the promises of our faithful, covenant-keeping God! If we had the tongue of the mightiest of orators, and if that tongue could be touched with a live coal from off the altar, yet still it could not utter a tenth of the praises of the exceeding great and precious promises of God. Nay, they who have entered into rest, whose tongues are attuned to the lofty and rapturous eloquence of cherubim and seraphim, even they can never tell the height and depth, the length and breadth of the unsearchable riches of Christ, which are stored up in the treasure-house of God — the promises of the covenant of His grace.

Sorrow's Discipline.

THE Lord gets his best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction.

The Christian Warfare.

IT is a tough battle which the Christian is called to fight; not one which carpet knights might win; no easy skirmish which he might gain, who dashed to battle on some sunshiny day, looked at the host, then turned his courser's rein, and daintily dismounted at the door of his silken tent. It is not a campaign which he shall win, who, but a raw recruit to-day, foolishly imagines that one week of service will insure a crown of glory. It is a life-long war; a contest which will require all our strength, if we are to be triumphant; a battle at which the stoutest heart might quail; a fight from which the bravest would shrink, did he not remember that the Lord is on his side; therefore whom shall he fear? God is the strength of his life: of whom shall he be afraid? This fight is not one of main force, or physical might; if it were,