

# SIMPLE TALKS ON THE TABERNACLE

by

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## CHAPTER FOUR

### SALVATION ONLY IN CHRIST

**“This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved”** (Acts 4:11, 12).

THE gate of the court, the outer veil of the tabernacle, the inner veil before the Holy of holies, were all three in a straight line. All three had the same colors in their embroidery: blue, purple, scarlet and white; and all three are types of the same Saviour.

- You need Him, to enter the court as a lost sinner, to seek God's forgiveness through the blood of Christ;
- You need him when you enter the sanctuary to serve your Lord;
- You need him in order to have fellowship with your Father which seeth in secret.

Whether in the court or in the Holy Place or in the Holiest of all you are accepted **“in the beloved.”**

There is only one gate to the court, one door to the tabernacle, one veil to the Holiest of all.

There is only one way for a sinner to become reconciled with God. Jesus said: **“I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me”** (John 14; 6).

It is true we may reach the court in very different ways. The Holy Spirit does not treat us all alike after one pattern; neither does He want to make us all alike.

Some fortunate ones are in early childhood led by mother's hand to the gate of the court; they hardly remember the time that they were not in the court. Others wandered away into a far country and it was a thorny path that led them to the gate. The change was so great that they can easily tell you the day and hour when they went through the gate of the court. It is not important when and how you arrived at the gate, but that you have passed through it at all. It needed an earthquake for the jailer to open his heart to the Lord. The Holy Spirit opened Lydia's heart as a tender rosebud unfolds its petals.

Only one way. Jesus is the way. Many have in vain tried to slip under the curtains. **“Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost”** (Titus 3:5).

People still ask with the young ruler: **“What must I do to be saved?”**

The answer is, **“Believe on the Lord Jesus.”**

Trust His finished work and thou shalt be saved. Dr. Torrey, as an experienced soul-winner, answered a man who told him that however hard he tried he could not find peace, “Friend, there is only a difference of two letters between your religion and mine, but they make all the difference in the world. You belong to the ‘do religion’; I belong to the ‘done religion.’”

Jesus said, **“It is finished.”**

Jesus is the way, not the church. Your baptism will not bring you to heaven, neither will the Lord's Supper, however highly I esteem these two ordinances. You may be a church member, a faithful attendant at church. But the church cannot save you.

It is not sufficient that you can give me a clear description of the gate. You may have clear, Scriptural ideas about the way of salvation, or if you wish, of the way of sanctification. Your knowledge will not save you; on the contrary, it will make your condemnation all the more severe if you do not act up to it. If I am saved, it is not my knowledge that has saved me, but a person, and that person is our Lord Jesus.

You yourself must enter the gate; nobody can enter for you in your stead.

Jesus can **“save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him”** (Hebrews 7:25), but you must come.

Your good father, your saintly mother, your beloved child cannot enter the gate for you.

Salvation is a personal matter; you cannot be saved by proxy. Jesus said: **“I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever”** (John 6:51). **“If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink”** (John 7:37).

No one can eat or drink for you; you must do this yourself. The Lord bids you come to Him; He invites you to come; you must accept the invitation.

I pray that the Lord may use these meditations for the edifying of God's people, but also for the salvation of precious souls. Will you pause a moment? Just lay down the book; ask yourself the question: Have I come? Have I entered the gate? Am I saved? Have I accepted the invitation? Christ has suffered in your stead; He has borne your sins on His cross. He has won you your pardon. You must accept it, otherwise the atonement will not avail you.

Dr. Richardson tells us of a prisoner sentenced to death. Many people had interceded for him. Only a few days before the execution a messenger from the Home Office arrived with the pardon. The governor went into the death cell and told the prisoner that a reprieve had come. The man said he had finished with life; he did not want a pardon. The governor informed the Home Secretary and asked if they were to carry on with the preparations for the execution. The answer came: "A pardon that is not accepted is only a scrap of paper."

Jesus is the door and the door is still open.

A widow was living on a small pension with her daughter in the country. She had never told her child the misery of her married life; that her husband, a teacher, had died of drink. The child grew up, a fine girl carefully trained by a loving mother; she had never tasted a drop of drink.

At a birthday party she was offered a glass of wine. She refused; they teased her. At last she took the glass and swallowed it in a gulp. She became a secret drinker. One day she disappeared and in vain the mother tried to trace her. Rumor reached the village that she was seen on the streets of the city. The mother kept praying for her erring child. It was certainly the Holy Spirit who suggested to her to have her picture printed. Beneath it she wrote herself: "Mother loves you still, come home."

One evening the girl entered a refuge home of the Salvation Army. A group of girls stood around the picture. The girl came nearer and recognized her mother's face, her mother's writing. With a loud cry she fell on the floor. The little Salvation Army captain (God bless the Salvation Army) had her laid on her bed. When the others were gone and all was quiet, she took the girl to her heart. The girl sobbed out her story, and the good woman told her of her Saviour's love, who loved her even more than her mother, and who would help her to become again her mother's sunshine. Did she believe what mother said? Would she go back to mother? I do not know what she wrote to mother, what the good captain wrote, but the angels read it and rejoiced over it. The girl had gone through the gate of the court. Have you?

Some days afterwards, late in the evening, the people of the village had all gone to bed. Only in mother's cottage still burned a light. Softly she tried the door — it was not locked. There stood mother with open arms. I do not know what they spoke; the Lord knows. Upstairs was her little room, the little bed, the white sheets and curtains, forget-me-nots on the table. Mother put the tired child to bed, prayed with her, smiled at her, blessed her. And as the girl, resting on mother's shoulder, asked, "Mother, do you not lock the door at night?" the mother answered, "Darling, ever since you left, the door has been open. I have always been waiting for you to come home." An open door, a waiting Saviour.

Have you come home? Will you not come home now? The door is open. Jesus says: "**Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest**" (Matthew 11:28). "**Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out**" (John 6:37).

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