

## THE BIBLE VIEW

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### Purged

*Bill Brinkworth*

*"Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his [God's] Son [Jesus], whom he hath appointed heir of all things, . . . when he had by himself **purged** our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high;" Heb. 1:2-3*

The Apostle Paul starts his letter to the Hebrews by bragging about Jesus. Although much is pointed out about our Saviour, one little word that is easily skipped over explains why anyone can go to Heaven, and why they can have a peaceful life. That word is "purged."

Noah Webster defines "purge" as: "to cleanse or purify by separating and carrying off whatever is impure." When one accepts Jesus' death on the Cross as payment for all his sins, he is purified of the one dirty thing that keeps many out of Heaven. He is purified from all the sin he has ever committed, and the ones he will do in the future. His sins were all carried off by Jesus when He died.

Mr. Webster further defined "purge" as clearing "from guilt or moral defilement." When Jesus' finished work at Calvary is accepted to cover one's sins, he is relieved from any shame his sin can bring him.

Many have been saved and know their sins are all forgiven and forgotten by the Father, but they hang on to guilty thoughts of sins committed in the past. Paul has told us there is no need to have any guilt. Since God has forgiven us, we must forgive ourselves.

All our sins are carried away. We do not have to continue in them, and we certainly do not need to dwell on what we are forgiven of. A Christian is purged!

***"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."*** Psalm 103:12

### Remember, You Are Forgiven!

*Bill Brinkworth*

When we are saved, our whole life should change. We are forgiven, and our sins are forgotten. Our old ways are dead and hidden (Colossians 3:3), as far as God is concerned. We are to bring our bodies under subjection ("mortify" – Col. 3:5), and no longer to let sin have any control in our lives (Col. 3:5-10). We should put our "old man," what we used to do and be, far away from us.

We are new creatures in Christ (II Cor. 5:17) and have a fresh new start. Our old man should be put away from us. We have a “new man” (Col. 3:10) that we should put on and strive, with God’s goodness and help, to “wear” well! Our new attitudes and actions should strive to be:

- Holy and dear to God’s heart (Col. 3:12).
- Merciful to others, as we have received much mercy from God (Col. 3:12).
- Kind (Col. 3:12).
- Humble (Col. 3:12).
- Meek (Col. 3:12).
- Longsuffering (Col. 3:12).
- Willing to put up with what others do to us, again and again (“forbearing” – Col. 3:13).
- Forgive what others do to us and to others. God certainly has forgiven us thousands of times. Why cannot we forgive those that have wronged or offended us (Col. 3:13)?
- Loving and caring to all — unconditionally (Col. 3:14)!
- Peaceful to one another (Col. 3:15).
- Thankful (Col. 3:15, 17).
- Ruled and guided by God’s Word (Col. 3:16).
- Submissive to authorities God says are over us (Col. 3:18-22).

It would be impossible to do all God has told us to do, as new creatures in Christ, and not be happy and content. It is when we allow the “old man” to temporarily be resurrected that we have our problems. When our old ways come back, they rob us of the peace and joy that should be ours. Has the “old you” gained control in your life again? Ask the Lord to forgive you and help you regain what is yours!

**“Feed the ‘new man’, the spiritual man, and he will grow stronger every day. Do not feed the ‘new man’, and he will suffer from spiritual malnutrition.”**

## Forgiveness

*Edmonsan, 1871*

When on the fragrant sandal tree  
The woodman’s axe descends,  
And she who bloomed so beautifully,  
Beneath the weapon bends,  
E’en on the edge that wrought her death,  
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,  
As if to token in her fall  
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,  
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;  
To see the blow, to feel the pain,  
And render only love again!  
One had it — be He came from heaven,  
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed;  
No curse He breathed; no plaint He made,

But when in death's dark pang He sighed,  
Prayed for His murderers, and died.

**“The habit of judging and condemning others is usually a great deal more serious blemish than are the things we so glibly point out as flaws or faults.”**

— *Author Unknown*

## Moody's Mother's Forgiveness

*D. L. Moody*

Before I was fourteen years old, the first thing I remember was the death of my father. He had been unfortunate in business, and failed. Soon after his death, the creditors came in and took everything.

My mother was left with a large family of children. One calamity after another swept over the entire household. Twins were added to the family, and my mother was taken sick. The eldest boy was fifteen years of age, and to him my mother looked as a stay in her calamity, but all at once that boy became a wanderer. He had been reading some of the trashy novels, and the belief had seized him that he had only to go away to make a fortune.

Away he went. I can remember how eagerly mother used to look for tidings of that boy. She used to send us to the post office to see if there was a letter from him. I recollect how we used to come back with the sad news, "No letter."

I remember how in the evenings we used to sit beside her in that New England home, and we would talk about our father; but the moment the name of that boy was mentioned, she would hush us into silence. Some nights when the wind was very high, and the house, which was upon a hill, would tremble at every gust, the voice of my mother was raised in prayer for that wanderer who had treated her so unkindly. I used to think she loved him more than all the rest of us put together, and I believe she did.

On a Thanksgiving Day, she used to set a chair for him, thinking he would return home. Her family grew up and her boys left home.

When I got so that I could write, I sent letters all over the country, but could find no trace of him. While in Boston, I remember how I used to look for him in every store. I looked amongst people for anyone that had a mark on their face, like my brother had on his. I never found him.

One day while my mother was sitting at the door, a stranger was seen coming toward the house, and when he came to the door, he stopped. My mother did not know her boy. He stood there with folded arms and a great beard flowing down his breast, his tears trickling down his face.

When my mother saw those tears she cried, "Oh, it's my lost son," and entreated him to come in. He stood still.

"No, mother," he said, "I will not come in until I hear first you have forgiven me."

Do you believe she was not willing to forgive him? Do you think she was likely to keep him long standing there? She rushed to the threshold and threw her arms around him, and breathed forgiveness.

Ah, sinner, if you but ask God to be merciful to you, you can ask Him for forgiveness. Although your life may have been in sin, ask Him for mercy, and He will not keep you waiting long for an answer. He is looking and waiting for you!

**“It is vain for you to expect, and it is impudent for you to ask of God forgiveness on your own behalf, if you refuse to exercise this forgiving temper with respect to others.”**

— *Hoadley*