

MONTHLY EVANGEL

1936

*With the Editor's
Best Wishes*

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

A Gospel Paper containing
:: :: Foundation Truths :: ::

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No. 499.

Entered at Stationers' Hall

January, 1936

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"Come and
hear,
all ye that
fear God,
and I will
declare what
He hath
done for my
soul."

Psalm 66. 16.

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"He sent
from above,
He took
me,
He drew
me
out of many
waters."

Psalm 18. 16.

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JOCK TROUP TELLS HIS STORY

I WAS born in the village of Dallachie, in Morayshire, in the year 1896. My father was then employed on the railway, and shortly afterwards he was transferred to Dufftown, where we stayed for a few years, and then removed to Buckie. About thirty years ago my father received a job with an Aberdeen firm in Wick where we finally settled.

As a boy I had a very severe and strict upbringing, the law was the order of the day, and my father and mother never failed to mete out the penalty if it were at any time broken. I need not add that I eagerly looked forward to the day when I would be freed from so many restraints and restrictions.

Sunday was a day of horror to me. I had to

go to so many services. Perhaps an outline of what Sunday meant will give you some idea of what I had to do. Church in the morning, church in the afternoon, then Sunday School for a change, and in the evening back to church again. As I grew older my religious observances were increased. As a boy I had to join the choir and also do service in the Brotherhood orchestra. All this meant extra attendances at meetings. Many times I rebelled against it, but all to no purpose—I had to do what I was told, the word of father and mother was final on all matters. There was one service I greatly loved, the Band of Hope, conducted by the late Mr. Barclay, the Banker, of Motherwell, who was at that time in charge of one of the Banks in Wick. Mr. Barclay had a very kindly way of speaking, and often gave a lantern lecture, which in those days was a great

attraction. I do believe my first real impressions were received there.

All this religious training did not keep me out of trouble. Twice I had to appear before the Magistrates of the town, and three times I almost lost my life—once when I fell over a railway bridge and twice I was saved from drowning.

On the outbreak of the Great War I had to answer the call of my country, not as a matter of choice. I was already in the Territorial Army, having served for more than a year before the outbreak of hostilities. Now I thought was my chance to be freed from the restraint of home, and I must confess I was glad when we left Wick station on the 4th of August, 1914. Our first station was Nigg, then Inverness, finally Bedford, where we were to receive our training before going to France. God had planned it otherwise for me. During one of the route marches I disjointed one of the bones in my foot. I was sent to hospital, and after treatment I was discharged and sent home, on the 28th of December, 1914. I tried to persuade my Colonel to let me go with my chums, but he would not listen to my appeals.

My discharge from the Army was a source of great sorrow to me, as it meant separation from all my former companions—some, I fear, I shall never see again. The day after I arrived home I tried to join the Navy, but was rejected on the ground of my Army discharge. I did not have long to wait, for I got signed on as a fireman on one of the coaling transport steamers which was bound for Scapa Flow. After completing a trip as fireman, I tried the Navy again, this time as trimmer, and was successful. I was sent to Aberdeen, where I joined one of the Trawler Patrols. I was finally sent to Kingstown in Ireland. During all this time I gambled and sinned, and had no thought of God or religion, the only services I ever attended were those which were compulsory according to Army and Navy regulations. These, I am sorry to say, were to me nothing short of hollow sham. I had my full of the world, but I confess I was thoroughly disappointed, for it failed to satisfy the longing of my heart. Like Solomon, I proved that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. I longed for something better, but did not want anything to do with religion; I felt I had had enough of that.

My conversion was brought about in a very wonderful way. I became very attached to a sailor boy from another ship. We were on the same patrol, and were usually on shore leave together. He had a very bad habit of getting drunk, and often got into trouble. I do thank God that I was kept from the awful curse of drink. Many times I had to carry him to the ship and so save him from appearing before the Commander.

A lady named Mrs. West, who interested herself in the spiritual welfare of the sailor boys, attached to the Kingstown Base, got to hear of my chum's weakness. She invited him to her home for tea, but he replied he would not come unless I was

asked too. The invitation was extended to both, and the day and time fixed. Our minds were alike as to the preaching we should get, but to our great surprise, we were treated with the greatest kindness, and never once did Mr. or Mrs. West mention anything religious. On leaving their home we were invited to a Gospel Meeting in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, on Sunday evening, and we both gladly promised to come. Mr. West was the preacher, but I don't remember anything that was said or sung. After the meeting was over, we both were asked how we liked the service. I said, rather in a jocular way, "I think I'll get converted." Little did I think that God would take me at my word. Something laid hold of my life, and I became utterly miserable. I tried to throw it off, but the conviction deepened. We left for patrol on Monday; I could never explain the awful misery of that week. Day and night I was like a haunted man, my sin was before me every moment. I tried to get rid of it by resolving to turn over a new leaf, but it seemed the more I tried the worse my conscience smote me. I stopped swearing and gambling, and even tried to give up smoking. When none of these things could give me peace, I made up my mind that I would go and speak to Mrs. West whenever our time of patrol finished. I did not wait for my chum, my anxiety was too great, the burden had grown till it kept me from sleeping lest I should die and wake up in hell.

How faithfully she dealt with me by showing me from the Scriptures all that Christ had accomplished on my behalf. I listened to it all, but could not grasp the wonderful truth of it. She then prayed for me and got others to pray for me, but it seemed to me that I was beyond hope. I left the hall feeling like one of the damned. On arriving at the ship, I opened the Wheel House door and got on my knees and cried on God to save me for Jesus' sake. My burden simply rolled away, and the deliverance was so great that I rushed into the cabin to tell the crew what had happened. Playing cards were on the table as usual, and they were awaiting my return to have a hand. What a shock when I told them I was saved. Some mocked and some gave me a few days, but praise God, almost twenty years have come and gone and I am still on the way that leads to glory.

Since these events occurred, the writer has been led out into full time Gospel service, and has become known throughout the land as a faithful and successful evangelist. He is now in charge of the great work at the Tent Hall, Glasgow, where he has succeeded such giants as Robert Logan and P. T. M'Rostie. The seal of God's approval rests on His servant's witness in that famous centre, and many who read these lines will be led to pray that more and more God may be glorified in the salvation of souls, where for more than 60 years the banner of the Cross has never been furled. D.J.F.

THE RIGHT.

THERE are two words in the Greek Testament that are translated by one word in our English version, and that one word is—Power. In John 1. 12 we read: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name." And in Romans 1. 16 we read: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The Greek word rendered power in John 1. 12 is *exousias*; and the Greek word rendered power in Romans 1 16 is *dunamis*. Both words mean power, and are quite accurately used. But the word *exousias* means more than mere force, for it means also authority. A man may have power to lift a bale of goods from a shop door without having authority to do so; but if the shop proprietor authorises him, then he has got the right to do so, and no man dare question him. That is the truth taught in John 1. 12. As many as receive Christ as their Saviour, obtain the right to become sons of God, and their right can never be questioned. In receiving Him they receive *dunamis*, the moral dynamic force that lifts up and ennobles human life. But they receive more, for they receive authority to rank themselves as sons of God. The spirit of sonship is authoritatively implanted in the heart, enabling believers to say, "Abba, Father." Their right to take such a position, and to use such language, are beyond being challenged, for the privileges conferred are God-imparted.

In John 10. 18 the same word occurs twice, where Jesus says, referring to the surrender of His life: "I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." He was clothed with moral right to lay down His life. There was nothing suicidal in the course He took, in so far as blameworthiness is concerned. Many men, alas! lay down their life by committing suicide. They have no moral authority to do so. The Saviour laid down His life in sacrifice. He was invested with authority to do so. There is a great difference between them laying down their life and Him laying down His. They have no right. He had.

The same word is met with in Matt. 28. 18:

"All power is given unto Me," said Jesus in speaking the parting word to His disciples. "All power." Go and preach the Gospel, for all authority is Mine. Speak in My Name. And in His Name every preacher of the Gospel may fearlessly declare a full and present salvation; and if any man who reads these lines is a stranger to the power of Christ's Name, the experience of His power to deliver and pardon and enlighten is within the reach of such. Do you doubt it? Most certainly you need not. By the authority vested in Him, He will, if you trust Him, dispel your fears, break the power of worldly pleasure, put away from you the condemnation of a broken law, cleanse you from guilt, and give you the right to affirm that He has saved you. Trust Him.

ONE HINDRANCE.

THERE are many things that keep men back from Christ. But there is one thing that is mightier than many others, and that one thing is—DRINK. Its degrading power is ever with us; but there are times when its evil influence is more prominently noticeable, and at the New-year season, when drinking habits more than ordinarily abound, many sad and painful things are witnessed. This season has had its crop of frightful, brutal products, some of which we have seen in moving through crowded thoroughfares.

For our brothers' sake we plead that all who name the Name of Christ should depart from the drink iniquity. "Pleasing not ourselves" should be the motto of all who value their brothers' weal. "It is good not to taste wine, if it cause thy brother to stumble," says the sacred writer; and that multitudes are stumbling through wine and strong drink is painfully evident. Those who engage in evangelistic work might recount incidents that would nearly break the heart of a stone—incidents of men whose pathway Christward was blocked through their love for drink. For the sake of such, by way of setting an example, it is well that all who believe in Christ should taste not, touch not, handle not; if the constraining love of Christ reigns in the heart, it will be easy to abstain.

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ROBERT, THE OLD SOLDIER.

YEARS ago there lived in a small country town an old man who was familiarly known by the name of "Old Robert." When young he had been brought up as a carpenter; but being giddy and thoughtless, he soon tired of a quiet life, and determined to enter the army. He remained in the service of his king and country for many years, most of his life being spent in India, where he led a gay, dissipated life. Having served his time, he was at length discharged on a small pension; and, enfeebled in body, and getting fast bent with age, he returned to his native town, and tried to earn a little by his old trade of carpentering. Many a job the old man got from those who had known him when young, and others who felt interested in the veteran soldier.

But all this time Robert was a stranger to God's love. For many a long year he had scarcely heard the glad tidings that "Christ came into the world to save sinners." But God had purposes of love, even for old Robert.

There was one house where the old man was often employed, and where he much liked to work. There was a large family of children, and equally pleased were they to hear and he to tell of the many adventures of his life, and to fight his old battles over again. Mr. Bent was a Christian, and, feeling anxious for the welfare of the old soldier, said to him one day: "Robert, do you go to a place of worship?" "Can't say I do, master." "Why not?" "Well, for the matter of that I never could see much good in it, and I can't understand the sermons." "Well, Robert, I can meet you there. Come to the Sunday School. We have a class for working men, and you are welcome to join." "But really, master, I think I am too old to be a boy again and begin schooling. They'd all laugh at a grey-headed soldier that couldn't read." "Not at all; you'll find plenty there to keep you company."

And so after some more persuasion he consented to come just once and see how he liked it. He did come once and again, and touching it was to see the old soldier sitting there; his head erect and the tears trickling down his cheeks as he heard almost for the first time of the wondrous love of Jesus, and felt what a great sinner he had been to despise such love.

A marked change was soon visible in Robert. Not only was he regular at the class, but the sermons which before had seemed to be dry and profitless were dearly loved. Old Robert's days were well-nigh told; gradually he grew

weaker in body, but his faith waxed stronger. Almost up to the last he was able to keep at his work, and was only confined to his bed a few weeks. He was not forgotten by his friends, who often went to see him. One day Mr. Bent came in, and seeing the old man's end was near, wished to hear his dying testimony as to the ground on which his faith rested, and said to him:

"Robert, I think the old tabernacle is soon to be taken down." "Yes, yes, master—fast passing away." "Well, how about your soul?" "Oh, it's all right, master—it's all right." "But you don't forget, Robert, what a wicked and dissipated life you have led. Do you think God can overlook all?" "Now, look here, master," replied the old man; "suppose you were to take a sixpence and put it down in my hand, and then to take a half-crown and lay it on the top of it, you wouldn't see the sixpence at all, would you, sir?" "Well, Robert, I suppose not." "Now, master, that's just like what God has done to poor, sinful me. I'm like that sixpence, for God has taken the righteousness of Jesus and covered me all over, and so when He looks He doesn't see poor Robert at all, but only what the Lord Jesus has done for him. So you see it's all right, master—it's all right. Doesn't His own Word say: 'Even the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe?'"

A short time afterwards the peaceful spirit of the old soldier entered into rest.

THE SYMPATHETIC TOUCH.

DURING the great Civil War in the States a mother received a despatch that her boy was mortally wounded. She immediately went down to the front and said to the doctor: "Would you let me take care of my boy?" "He has just gone to sleep," said the doctor, "and if you go to him the surprise may be dangerous. I will break the news to him gradually." "But," said the mother, "he may never wake up; I should so dearly like to see him." She was conducted to the side of his cot, and as she gazed upon him she laid her hand upon that pallid forehead. There was love and sympathy in her touch, and the moment the slumbering boy felt it he said: "Oh! mother, have you come?" And if you will only allow yourself to be brought into contact with Jesus, you will discover what a depth of love and sympathy is in the Saviour's touch!

W.S.

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HOW GOD CAME TO ME FROM SLUM TO SANCTUARY

I WAS born and brought up in a slum. The streets were my school. In other words, I was taught in the University of the Slum, and I graduated in the gutter. My badge was my bare-footedness. Yet, at the moment of writing I am in charge of a Church of Scotland Mission, and a student at Edinburgh University. How did it all happen?

I must have been born with a quick imagination and a sense of humour! These gifts, in later years, gave birth to sensitive insight to human nature and an intelligent appreciation of life. As a boy I did every devil-may-care thing that a slum arab could do. Quickness of hand and eye, to say nothing of my bare feet, got me into many a scrape—and out again! In every way I could have been described as

a "problem child." To use an every-day expression "I was always into some mischief or other!" I loved life—and lived it. I was a law unto myself. Even as a child of five years I went on a little excursion of my own and was not found until my mother (the dearest soul on earth—and now in Heaven), found me curled up on the counter of a police station. The sergeant who handed me back to loving arms and an anxious heart, said, as he stroked his clawed and bleeding face: "'E's a one—'e is!"

So life went on—until I was seventeen years old. I had left school at the age of thirteen. I started work with a firm of ironfounders. Six o'clock every morning, in all weathers, a meagrely fed, and scantily clad boy would kneel in the sand of the foundry and straighten sprigs for four shillings and sixpence per week. My dreams of an iron-moulder at five pound

a week did not come true, as I left the firm to become a decorator. I was duly bound by indenture, and soon became swift with maul-stick and camel-hair. I was both proud of my job and my accomplishments. I worked hard from early morning until late at night improving myself. As I improved as a craftsman the world took on a new significance. I was conscious of wealth of wonder in the air about me and the earth under my feet. It was a time of the singing of birds. Life began to vibrate with purpose. It offered a thrill. The energy I had used daily in "devilry" sought a new—a nobler outlet. I had never been to Sunday School, except on an odd occasion. I can never remember a minister of religion ever coming to our door to invite us to join the fellowship of his church. I was pagan—every inch of me. God was a vague Person who had something to do with a man called Moses. That much we learnt at school. At the age of seventeen I had never heard of Jesus—except as a term of blasphemy. To me it was just a common curse, I never even knew people were actually blaspheming when they used the word the way they did. Then the dawn broke.

One day I was in a train and saw a tract on the seat of the carriage. The name of the little brochure was, "Safety—Certainty—and Enjoyment." It was a topical thing and arrested my attention with the very first words: "WHICH CLASS ARE YOU TRAVELLING?" I have read almost every style of literature since that day, but I can say with unbounded sincerity that I have never read any printed page that has held my attention more than that tract. It is my firm belief that the person who left the tract in the train prayed that the little book would fall into hands that would treasure its truth. I was fascinated from the beginning. I read the book again and again, until I knew every line of argument and every illustration in it. Finally, I bought a Bible.

I began to read at Genesis. I had no one to guide me. I waded through every book—Exodus—and on—on, ever on—and I got more and more miserable as the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months. Then I spent a winter reading "Pilgrim's Progress," and I got more miserable than ever. I didn't really know what I was after. I ached for rest of heart and peace of mind. Perhaps God wanted some sort of sacrifice to show Him I was sincere! If so, then I would give it. I got huge packing cases, took them into a cellar, and worked feverishly for hours until the sweat poured off me, and, flinging the axe at the pile I would cry: "There, Lord, give me Thy Salvation." I well remember the last time I did that sort of thing. In my reading of the Bible I had reached the Gospel according to St. John. The Psalms and the Book of Isaiah had helped me tremendously, but I just couldn't get through to the right lines. I had still the Slime of the Slough of Despond sticking to me, I was getting more conscious of the burden of sin, but I could

neither get to the Cross nor could I understand it. I resorted to my old pagan idea of showing God by my works that I meant business. Once more I knelt on the cold stones of the cellar. Once more I worked feverishly. Once more I flung the axe from my tortured body. Once more I placed my prostrate body at His feet and cried for mercy. How little I knew Him! I wearily dragged my feet to the place where I read the Bible, long after the other members of the family had gone to bed. I knelt down and reverently opened the pages to the place where I had arrived in my reading: "God so loved the world that He gave . . ." Gave, GAVE, Gave! I could hardly believe my eyes. Of course, that's what the little white book had been telling me all through its pages. My mistake lay in the fact that I believed that I had to prove to God by works that I was a sincere seeker after His truth. I had totally ignored the greater lesson that faith is the highway to fact—the fact that God loved me and gave Himself for me. Oh, happy day!

The years have rolled between that experience and the time I now write. It is with judgment and with mercy that He has woven the web of time. He has led me into many large places. He has used me to lead hundreds of people to a decision for discipleship. He tries to teach me new lessons of life every day. He teaches me to discipline my discipleship. He shows me that unless service is Spirit filled and Spirit prompted it will profit nothing. He asks me to keep humble, otherwise my holiness will be hollow. He tells me to pray, read His Word, and to keep my eyes upon Jesus. I do not really know why I write this unless it is to help *you*. I don't want the story to merely entertain people, I want it to be used to the Glory of God to evangelise those who read these pages. The reason I have written my experience is that one of the finest Christian men I know has asked me to tell my story simply, because he thinks it will help somebody. I hope I have told it simply enough. Has it helped *you*? If you are *not* converted I want the story to help you to make a definite decision towards the saving of your soul. If you *are* converted but have grown slack in the way of Life Eternal, I want you to take fresh courage. This is not the place to review the bitter complaints of life, but I can assure you I know all the arguments—poor advertisements of Christian love, harsh dealings from the world, bitter criticism from within the fellowship of saints, persecution, etc., etc., I know, you know, Jesus knows, He had it—had it all: Paul had it, every man worth his salt in the Kingdom had it, and now unto you all, whatever your state of sin or grace, until the day breaks and the shadows flee away, God be with you in your down-sitting and your up-rising, your going out and your coming in, in your work, and in your play, in your laughter, and in your tears, so that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with *you*.

RALPH FAIRWAY.

THE PARDONED SPY.

I WAS preaching in the Southern States of America a few years ago, and the minister called my attention to one of the elders in his church. He said: When the civil war broke out that man was in one of the far Southern States, and he enlisted into the Southern army. He was selected by the general of the army as a spy, and sent out to spy the Northern army. As you know, armies have no mercy on spies if they are caught. This man was caught. He was tried by court martial, and ordered to be shot. While he was in the guard-room, awaiting the day of execution, the soldiers used to bring him his rations. Every time they came to his cell he would call Abraham Lincoln by every vile name that he could think of. It seemed as though he used to lie awake at night to study to make names. At last the soldiers got so angry that they said they would be glad when the bullet went through his heart. Some of them even said they would be glad to put a bullet through him; and if they were not obliged by military law to feed him they would let him starve in prison. They thought that was what he deserved for talking so unjustly of Abraham Lincoln.

One day, while he was in the prison, a Northern officer came into the cell. The prisoner, full of rage, thought his time had come to be shot. The officer, when he opened the door, handed him a free pardon signed by Abraham Lincoln. He told him he was at liberty: he could go to his wife and children. The man who had before been so full of bitterness and malice and rage suddenly quieted down and said: "What! has Abraham Lincoln pardoned me? I have never said a good word about him." The officer said: "If you had what you deserved you would be shot. But some one interceded for you at Washington, and obtained your pardon; you are now at liberty." The minister as he told me, said that this act of undeserved kindness quite broke the man's heart and led to his conversion, and now, he said, let any man speak one word in the hearing of this man against Abraham Lincoln, and you will see what will happen. There is not a man in all the Republic of

America, I believe, who has a kinder feeling towards our late President than he.

That is grace. The man did not *deserve* a pardon. But this is exactly what grace is—*undeserved* mercy. You may have been a rebel against God up to this very hour, but if you acknowledge your rebellion, and are willing to take the mercy that God offers, you can have it freely. It is there for every soul on the face of the earth. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared." Thank God for that. Salvation by grace is for all men. If souls are lost it will not be because God has not provided a Saviour, but because men spurn the gift of God, and dash the cup of salvation from them. D. L. MOODY.

SOWING AND REAPING.

THE prospect does not brighten for the sinner in another world. No one need try to persuade himself that all will be well in the future life whatever his present character. It is not the Bible only that teaches the doctrine of eternal retribution. The intellect, unclouded by prejudice, and free from all bias, reasons out the same conclusion. It corresponds with natural law. As a man sows, so shall he also reap. A nature out of sympathy with God, and utterly different from His holy character, cannot go into God's presence and live in His fellowship. To such a one the contemplation of God, and the sight of Him, would be keenest torture. If by some inadvertence the sinner were to find his way into heaven, he would be miserable—it would be no heaven to him. "Where is Gehenna?" he would cry. "Let me go—let me go to my own place."

Adam hid from the face of God. It was the instinctive action of a sin-conscious soul. Men are hiding from God every day. A sinner may say prayers, and come to church, and all that, but he cannot endure the presence of God. Shame, fear, hate, drive him farther and farther away from God. His prayer is, "Let me alone. Depart from me, O God!" And by-and-by it is granted. God lets him alone. God departs from him, and the sinner eats the fruit of his own way, and is filled with his own devices. A.F.F.

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"HE SAITH, I AM NOT."

A QUESTION was put by a servant maid to a man who had been for some years a follower of Christ. The question was: "Art not thou also one of this Man's disciples?" (John 18. 17). His answer was, "I am not."

It was a searching question, and it was a sorry answer. It was a time of testing, and it turned out to be a time of failure. "I am not," he said. How could he say so? For three years he had been one of Christ's disciples. He had been at school with Christ as his Teacher. He had learned the need for constancy, but he fell. His fall was doubtless in his mind when many years later he wrote of some who had denied the Lord that bought them, saying: "For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them. But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb: The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire" (2 Peter 2. 21, 22).

Peter turned from the holy commandment which enjoins confession of Christ when he said, "I am not." He went back like the dog to its own vomit, and the sow to its wallowing in the mire, when he said, "I am not." He had just shortly before said: "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I" (Mark 14. 29), yet when he was asked if he was one of Christ's disciples he said, "I am not."

Permit this question: Are you a disciple of Christ? Have you heard His word that says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me?" (Matt. 11. 28, 29).

It is a privilege to be a disciple of Christ. There are many schools that are shut to men who desire to enter them, but the school of Christ is open to all. "Come to Me," "Learn of Me." But some who have professedly embraced the privilege of coming to Him, and sitting down at His feet to learn of Him have turned their back on the privileges conferred, and live as if they never had heard His Name and had never breathed it in prayer.

Permit the question once more: "Are you a disciple of Christ?" Is your answer: "I am not?" Or is it, "Praise the Lord, I am?"

There were some men in our Lord's day when He was here on earth who were disciples secretly for fear of the Jews—at least we read of one like this. His name was Joseph. His

place Arimathaea. Yet he blossomed out grandly, and along with Nicodemus proved his discipleship to Christ at a trying time when Peter and others had turned their backs on their Lord. Then there were some who were disciples, but did not confess Christ in case they should be put out of the synagogue.

They did not go the length of saying "I am not," but they took care not to say "I am."

If it is true that Christ died on the cross for sinners, and it is true, then no man should be ashamed to confess Him. If it is true that Christ pardons sinners, and it is true, then no man who has received pardon should be ashamed to confess Him. If it is true that Christ takes pardoned sinners into His school to teach and train them, and it is true, then no disciple should be ashamed to confess Him.

If you are a disciple never let yourself get into any position that would make you deny your Lord. It is very sad for any disciple to deny his Lord, and to say when asked if he is a disciple, "I am not."

If you are not a disciple: "Behold now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

"I CANNOT KNEEL."

THIS is what a young man said to a preacher one night at the close of an evangelistic service. His family were wealthy and of good social standing, but there was in his heart a longing for a better and nobler life than either wealth or social standing could give him. But he shrank from braving the displeasure of his family, knowing that such a step as he felt he should take would not meet with their approval. He spoke of the difficulties he feared to the preacher, who listened patiently, and then said: "Let us kneel and pray." In evident agitation the young man said: "I cannot kneel." However, after a bit he did kneel, and there and then confessed to receive Jesus Christ as his Saviour, witnessing afterwards to the power of the new life received.

How many there are of whom it may be truly said that they never kneel. In prayer and faith they never bend the knee. Many things are at work restraining men from bowing the knee to the God of salvation, but the one thing we here draw attention to is the fear of man; and what a shame it is that any man should allow the dread of his fellow-man to keep him from beginning a believing and a praying life. "The fear of man bringeth a snare," and many are caught in the trap. Are you?

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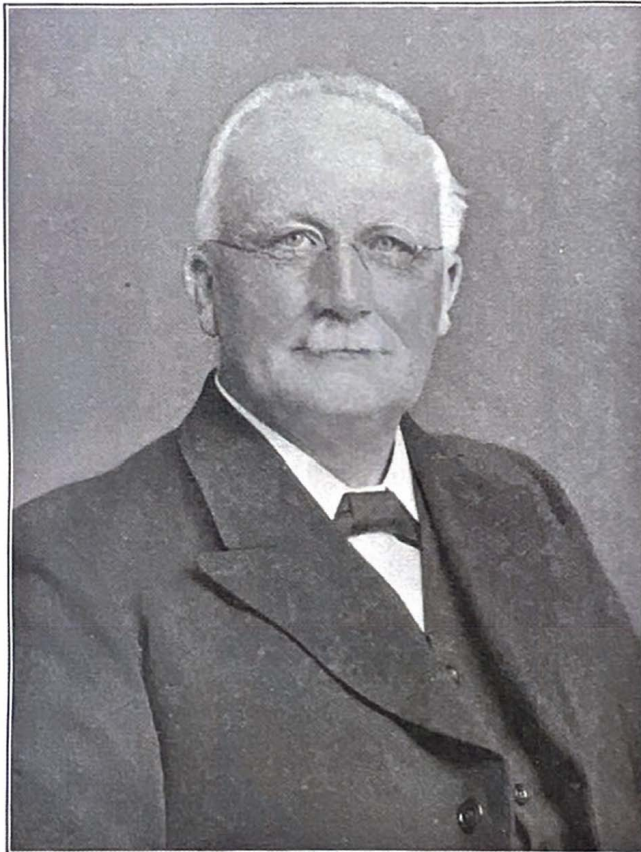
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"I know
whom I have
believed, and
am persuaded
that He
is able to keep
that which I
have committed
unto Him
against that
day."

2 Timothy 1. 12.



"I am not
ashamed
of the Gospel
of Christ:
for it is
the
power of God
unto
Salvation to
every one that
believeth."

Romans 1. 16.

A BIT OF THE LIFE STORY OF H. TYDEMAN CHILVERS.

PASTOR OF SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE

THE greatest event that can transpire in a man's life is to be brought by Divine grace into fellowship with God; this may happen suddenly and unexpectedly, or it may come about through circumstances, friends or parents, the kind provision of a gracious Providence: but howsoever it comes the outstanding Mover in it all is the Holy Spirit. What a revelation such an event in the life brings; it is a disclosure of a Divine purpose of love and grace, for we are saved according to an eternal purpose. But it also makes manifest our interest in the Redeemer's sacrifice

at Calvary. for salvation always comes by the redemption wrought out by Christ Jesus our Lord. The finished work of Christ is the procuring cause of the merciful event that brings us into a living touch with God. Does not our conversion also reveal to our now enlightened mind the kindly Providence that had been around and before us, though we recognised it not; it is through the light of one's own salvation we observe that God in His prevenient mercy had been with us all along life's journey, even though our faces were turned from Him.

"Parents, native place and time,
All appointed were by Him,"

can be said of every true believer in Christ

Jesus. What debtors we are to the sovereign grace of God in Christ, we shall never sufficiently praise Him for such unmerited favour, it is by the grace of God we are what we are. Boasting is excluded, for we are "*justified by faith apart from the works of the law.*"

It was in the earliest years of life that the writer first realised the power and reality of divine things; not that he had the experience of them in his own heart, but it was what he saw in those around. Blest with godly parents, and a home where the atmosphere was permeated with the spirit of Christ, and taken to the House of God with love and care, always taught to shun everything that was evil, it can hardly be wondered at that his boyish mind had a very deep conception of the religion of Christ. It became very evident, nevertheless, that he possessed an evil heart of unbelief and needed the saving power of Christ Jesus; how often his mother, in her quiet, solemn manner, would talk to him of the Saviour and pray with him, and yet it was not what she *said*, so much as her *life* that impressed him most. The father, a sturdy, Calvinistic Nonconformist, exercised a very strong influence over him, though somewhat differently from the mother; one was the complement of the other in his life.

Eventually, the time arrived for me to leave home for business life in London; this was a great event in our home, I being the eldest of the family. Never shall I forget the morning I left; the cab was outside waiting, and I was ready to go in company with my father, when in a moment my father said, "Come up to the bedroom," which I did, and no sooner had we entered, when on our knees we went, and father, with his arm over my shoulder, prayed, "O God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God and Father of Jesus Christ, and my God, be the God and Father of our dear boy, henceforth and for ever, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Never have I forgotten those moments the power of them are with me to this day. We arrived in London, and I was left in a large business house, with new associations and many temptations; as my mother said, *I was going into the mouth of the lion.* However, I was followed by prayer, and although I had not as yet any realised interest in Christ, I was seeking and feeling after Him. A Baptist Church had been found by my parents for me to attend, and they wrote and asked friends there to interest themselves in my spiritual welfare, which they did. Although this chapel was nearly two miles from where I

lived, I regularly attended for my parents' sake, and out of love to them, and it proved to be a link in the chain of circumstances that led me ultimately to trust in Christ.

It was sometime after this that a deep conviction of sin and unbelief was experienced in my own soul, which led me for many weeks to seek the Lord with much grief and sorrow, because of the sinfulness of my own heart. Every time I went to the House of God I felt the ministry condemned me, and there was little hope for such as I. I eagerly sought to obtain salvation by my own endeavour and good resolutions, but

"All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone."

One Sunday evening in this same chapel, I heard a sermon which led me to see that by faith in Christ alone could I experience peace and pardon, and, after some weeks, early one morning the way was so clear to me that I just quietly trusted the Lord Jesus with my soul, and peace and joy possessed me. I went to my knees and blessed God in the opening verses of the One Hundred and Third Psalm. I was eventually baptised and became a member of the church at West Hill, Wandsworth. I have never doubted the reality of my conversion, not even in my darkest moments; alas, that I have so often, I fear, failed my Lord, and even till now how frequently do mourn the sinfulness of my own heart. Yet He has been so gracious that I can confidently bear my testimony to His faithfulness, the power of His Word, and the sufficiency of His grace. Glory to His Name!

Soon after my conversion I was possessed with a great desire to preach God's Word, yet it seemed impossible for me to do so. However, in a very wonderful way, which I cannot relate here, the door opened for me to speak, first in an open-air meeting, and then afterwards in a small chapel, to take the Sunday morning and evening services, when I was only 20 years of age. From that time God miraculously led me forth to proclaim His Word, and afterwards released me from business and led me into the ministry. My first pastorate was in Russell Square, London, and afterwards at Ipswich, and the last fifteen years at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London. It has been a wonderful experience, God has blessed the ministry to the conversion of many hundreds of souls, and I have had the joy of preaching the Gospel in five countries besides England, Scotland, and Wales, and yet venture to believe that the greater work still lies ahead.

"UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT."

FREQUENTLY we have seen in public-house windows a bill, pasted on the glass so as the more readily to attract notice, with the three words printed on it that form the title of this article. We wonder why so much prominence should be given to the fact that the place is under new management. The management of the shop must have been formerly unsatisfactory, we are inclined to think. Probably customers were being lost through unsatisfactory management, hence the idea of publicly announcing that a change has been made. We would not be downhearted if public-houses were shut altogether, and the need for management of any kind rendered unnecessary, but that is not likely to be soon.

There are people as well as public-houses that are needing to be put under new management. The people that frequent public houses, that hurt themselves, hurt their homes, and influence others wrongly, are much in need of new management; so also are many others who never enter a public house. There are forces at work governing and controlling men that operate only for the demoralisation of those who submit themselves to their authority and rule. The world, the flesh, and the devil, that mighty trinity of evil, exercise the controlling power over multitudes. Some men under the sting of conscience seek release from some sin that has had dominion over them, but they come short of receiving for their release the new management the Gospel of Christ offers. The devil has no objection to men going under new management, provided he gets putting in the manager, but the last state of the man is often worse than the first under such a change.

No new management is sufficient for human need that does not include the new birth. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3. 3). "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (1 John 5. 4). Some men turn over "a new leaf." What they need is a new life. A drunkard sometimes imagines himself under new management because he has signed a teetotal card. But unless the saving

grace of God pervades and supports his resolve to abstain, he may only find all too soon that he has been deluded. A new management that leaves out Christ as Saviour and Lord is a rope of sand. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5. 17).

Have you come under the new management that is spoken of in the Gospel? All have gone astray. You have gone astray. All by nature are lost. You by nature are lost. All need salvation. You need salvation. Every child of Adam needs to come under new management. You need to come under new management. There is "sin unto death." That is the result of the old management. There is "obedience unto righteousness." That is the outcome of the new management. "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or obedience unto righteousness?" (Rom. 6. 16). In Christ there is new life, new hopes, new power, new encouragements, and new management.

SCUM ON THE MILK.

ONCE a patient in a convalescent home in Sussex found fault with the quality of the milk supplied. When asked what he had to complain of particularly, he said it was poor stuff, and not a bit like the milk he had been accustomed to drink in London. On being questioned, he said that in town there was no "scum" on the milk, whereas that which was supplied at the home had a thick "upper crust."

Evidently the milk he had been accustomed to drink had had all the cream taken from it before it reached his length, and we are afraid that a great many religious novels that some people drink down continually are like milk with the cream taken from it. Peter entreated believers to desire the *sincere* milk of the Word, but skimmed milk poured out in the shape of a religious novel is what many more earnestly desire. More is the pity! Because there is nothing so helpful for spiritual growth as the sincere milk of the Word. The milk of God's Word is rich in cream. Prove it for yourself.

SIMPLE AND HOMELY TALKS

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THE UNBARRED DOOR.

MR. RICHARD WEAVER's first visit to Glasgow was in 1860. Mr. Reginald Radcliffe accompanied him. They were advertised to speak on the Green. Others were to take part. A gentleman occupied the chair and gave the speakers ten minutes each. Mr. Weaver declined to be bound by the ten-minute rule. While he spoke great power fell upon the people, and a number were "stricken down," as it was called, the striking-down being a prominent feature of the '59 revival. Some of those who were stricken down were carried in an unconscious state into a church near by. One of them was a young woman who had left her home in Blair-Atholl nine years before. By and by she sat up, and her first words were, "Christ for me." With a sense of pardon filling her soul she started for home. She begged by day and travelled by night. Barefooted, sore footed, and weary, she toiled on, supported, as she told the preacher afterwards, by the thought of reaching her mother. It was late at night when she reached the glen. A light shone through the window of the little cot on the hillside. She reached the door and knocked; there was no answer. The old widowed mother lay in bed. She knew not what to make of the knock at that hour of the night. The girl trembled outside with cold and knocked again and again, still there was no answer. At last she put her hand on the latch and lifted it, and the door at once opened. Then the mother cried, "Who's there?" "It's me, mother," said the wearied daughter. The mother sprang out of bed, turned up the light that she might see her daughter better, clasped her in a warm and loving embrace, took off her wet things and put on dry, and seated her at a little table on which soon appeared a warm and refreshing supper. By and by the daughter said, "Mother, how is it that the door was not locked to-night?" "My dear child," said the mother, "that door has never been locked since you left nine years ago. I thought you would return home to your mother and I left it unbarred for you." How beautiful!

The door that leads to the throne of grace is not barred. Sin put the bar in; grace has taken it out. Sin disinherited the human race; grace makes returning souls, however far they have wandered, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. There is access for all into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, "Now the door is open, enter while you may." The poor girl thought the bar would be in her mother's

door, and so she kept on knocking until she discovered that she had just to lift the latch and walk in. Salvation is as simple as that. You have just to lift the latch of faith and walk in. The will of God is that you should believe on Him whom He hath sent. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." You need not remain outside in the darkness. There is light within, and provision within, and a loving welcome within. "Come unto Me," says Jesus, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Your sins may be many, but if you come by faith in Christ a gracious welcome will be given you. There is an empty place in the heavenly home that you can fill. There is a line in the Lamb's Book of Life on which your name may be written. Come inside, Come now.

"THE GREAT FOG."

THE city of Glasgow was recently for some days enveloped in such deep, dense, suffocating gloom, that some of the newspapers wrote leading articles on "The Great Fog." The combined forces of electric light and gas light did their best to penetrate the darkness, but utterly failed, their lights being but like red sticks in the gloom.

Their best efforts to light up the fog-beclouded streets put us in mind of some of the new gospels that have been invented for the enlightenment of men. Failures! utter failures are they all!

The sun being at too low a level, and not reaching a high enough elevation in these short, wintry days, and the wind being absent—an "anti-cyclone" having set in, as the meteorologists term it—the fog had it all its own way, with the result that accidents to life and limb were sadly in evidence.

So is it when the Gospel of Christ is not lifted high enough up. The darkness reigns, and souls are maimed and injured. Let but the Gospel of Christ, the great illuminant of mankind, be lifted up high enough in the preaching firmament, and men will be rightly and safely guided, for, says Jesus: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me" (John 12. 32). This no doubt refers primarily to His work on the Cross, but the words serve to illustrate facts in connection with Gospel preaching. And, when along with the lifting up of the Gospel there comes a breath of heavenly wind, the fogs vanish, and the day of unspeakable blessedness begins.

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Romans 1. 16.

MRS. JOHN COLVILLE, of Motherwell.

By Dr. JAMES MACDONALD.

DURING the first visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, a young woman heard the Lord's call, and, hearing, obeyed. She yielded herself to Him and became His servant, serving Him faithfully for over 60 years. She was then Miss C. M. Downie, daughter of Provost James Downie, of Kirkintilloch, himself a child of God, engaged in His service. Miss Downie entered with zeal into her Master's work, and soon she became known as a worker, not only in Kirkintilloch, but in many places in the West of Scotland. Some years after her conversion she came into close touch with the "Keswick" movement, and was led to yield herself wholly to God, entering into the higher life. From that time her usefulness was greater than ever, she was on fire for God.

Whilst engaged in her work she became acquainted with Mr. John Colville, who, converted in 1874, was doing a service in Motherwell and in the

County of Lanark, in connection with the Lanarkshire Christian Union, in the formation of which, in 1882, he had taken a part. Miss Downie had a considerable influence with Mr. Colville, and, chiefly through her, he entered into the higher life in 1884, and was filled with the Spirit.

Mr. Colville and Miss Downie were married in 1885, and together they entered into the Lord's work with enthusiasm and success. A good work was going on in the old mission hall, Motherwell; of which Mr. Colville became president and leader. This prospered, and the Christian Institute was built, and became a Christian centre in the district. Their home was, from the first, a Bethel. A well known evangelist said lately at a conference in Lanarkshire: "In 1895 it was my privilege to stay for a time in the Colville home. I was young and inexperienced, and had, I fear, a very common doubt of wealthy folk. When I entered the home I saw, in every room, a card bearing the words 'God

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL.

FIRST. Before I had been two days there I knew, in a new way the meaning of the words. In that home God was first in everything, His service the purpose of the lives lived in it, His glory their aim. I have never forgotten my first visit, it made a lasting impression on my life, an impression deepened by subsequent visits."

Another L.C.U. evangelist who got to know Mrs. Colville, after Mr. Colville's death, said: "My association with Mrs. Colville began in 1905, and for a number of years I was in close touch with her almost every day. I have never known one so absolutely devoted and consecrated to the Lord and His service. She lived for God, she planned for God, and she gave of her best to His cause."

Mr. and Mrs. Colville, together, carried on a great work for God, and even yet there are hundreds in Lanarkshire who owe their conversion to them. In furtherance of the work they brought to their home many of the leading servants of God in the world. Messrs. Moody and Sankey, Hudson Taylor, F. B. Meyer, Stuart Holden, C. G. Moore, Charles Inwood, Evan Hopkins, John McNeill, Col. Oldham, Col. Booth Tucker, and Miss Eva (now General Booth), Frank Crossley, and many others came and helped in the work—the deepening of the life of the Lord's people.

Foreign missions were very dear to them, and, besides supporting privately several missionaries, they gave largely to mission work and did all they could to deepen interest in it. Their home was a rest house for missionaries from all parts of the field, and these, while enjoying their hospitality, spoke on mission work in every part of the county. After a four months' visit of Mr. Charles Judd from China, about 1889, during which he spoke in many places, 29 young folk offered themselves for service in China, and were accepted. That is an instance of the work done by Mr. and Mrs. Colville.

Their lives were spent in winning souls, in helping deepen the spiritual life of believers, and in creating and strengthening a missionary spirit.

After the home-going of Mr. Colville, in 1901, Mrs. Colville took on her own shoulders the responsibility of the work, both in Motherwell and in the County. She was well qualified to do so, being a woman with remarkable gifts, a clear thinker, a fluent speaker, with a deep spiritual insight and an accurate acquaintance with the Word of God. She was a woman of prayer. In the old days a "half night of prayer" was an experience not to be forgotten. She believed in prayer because she believed in God; no one knows how much of the success of the work in which she was interested was the direct result of her prayers.

Fifteen years ago she had a severe illness from which she never fully recovered, and was never again able to take an active part in the work she loved so well. Confined to her rooms, she spent her time in meditation and communion. Receiving regular reports about the work, she spread them before the Lord, and, in this way, exercised a ministry the importance of which cannot be estimated.

In the beginning of this winter she appreciably weakened, and on 7th January she fell asleep. "She was not, for God took her."

What shall we say further? Truly we can say that she, being dead, yet speaketh. She speaks by the memory of her life and service; she speaks in the lives of those whom she brought to the Lord, and who are now living and working for Him. She speaks in the lives and words of many believers whom she helped

and encouraged in their times of distress, and in those whom she led into a fuller knowledge of their Lord. It has been very touching to receive testimonies from many parts and from all sorts and conditions of men, testimonies of conversion, of new light, of deeper knowledge, of lives consecrated to God. Now she is with the Lord which is far better, and we pray for grace to follow in her footsteps in so far as she followed her Lord.

Dr. MacDonald has kindly written the above article about Mrs. Colville, which he is so well fitted to do, because of his long intimate association with her, as friend, physician, and fellow-worker in the Gospel. Our own acquaintance goes back to the very beginning of things. John Colville, Christian Downie, and the present writer were all brought to Christ in the same meetings, and within a few days of each other, in the Spring of 1874. From the very first Miss Downie threw herself whole-heartedly into the work of soul winning. Her home was then in Kirkintilloch, where for the first ten years of her Christian life she carried on a Mission which was made a great blessing in the town and district, many souls being saved and helped in the Divine life.

Well do we remember a week-end—more than fifty years ago—when she was a guest in our little home, and the Sabbath preacher at The Tabernacle. Mr. Colville had asked her to change her name and address, and she came to us for a quiet time of prayer, before giving her answer to what was for her a very serious question. Some months afterwards Christian Downie became Mrs. John Colville, and a brief outline of the outcome of that marriage is given in the above article.

To the writer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Colville were very dear friends to the end of their lives. Although too absorbingly busy to meet nearly as often as they could have wished, the bond of true and deep Christian love and friendship was never broken. Husband and wife alike were two of the most devoted servants of Christ we have ever known, and our present prayer is that some of those who read this brief record may be led to choose their Saviour and Lord, and to serve and follow Him as faithfully as they did. Whether at the head of a great business, as a Member of Parliament, or in his own home and social circle, John Colville was "out and out" for God, and his dear wife went all the way with him. What holy memories they have left behind them. D.J.F.

"GOD HAS DONE ALL."

[WAS on the eve of going abroad, and was taking farewell of an aged friend—he was eighty-four years of age. I said: "Mr. L., we are about to part, and it is hardly likely that we shall meet again in this world." "Yes; I can't expect to be long here now," he replied. "Well," I said, "we would need to be ready to meet God, and it doesn't matter when the call may come if we are ready."

"God will do His part, if we will do ours," said he. "Ah," I said, "it's nothing that we can do that can save. Had you not better let God do it all, think you?" He was silent, apparently thinking deeply, so I earnestly pressed the question after giving him a little time. "You'll be laid on the breadth of your back soon, and then you'll have to let God do all. Had you not better let Him do all for you just now?" After another long pause he grasped me, and with tears in his eyes said: "Oh, I see it all now. I'll just let God do it all." From that moment the aged pilgrim began the new life in Christ which shall never, never end.

ST. GEORGE'S CROSS TABERNACLE NOTES.

SIXTY-TWO YEARS A PREACHER.

From "The Christian" of 12th March, 1936.

ON Tuesday, March 3, 1874, D. L. Moody in the course of a memorable evangelistic campaign in Glasgow, concluded the day's services by meeting a large company of young men in Ewing Place Church. There was no address on this occasion, Mr. Moody contenting himself with reading a few verses from Jeremiah 32, dwelling with special emphasis upon the text, "Is anything too hard for Me?" and making an appeal for public confession of Christ. Among the seventy young men who responded was DAVID J. FINDLAY, then in his sixteenth year.

The young convert, who had the advantage of a godly upbringing, immediately plunged into Christian service. In the autumn of the same year he originated a kitchen meeting, which continued for two years, the accommodation proving altogether inadequate for the numbers who attended. Then a wider field of activity opened out under the auspices of the Glasgow United Evangelistic Association. Then came six years in Grove Street Home Mission Institute, followed by two in Windsor Hall. In 1885, Mr. Findlay's attention was drawn to Garscube Hall, then newly built, where for ten years a remarkable work was accomplished in a densely populated district. Not only were numerous converts instructed in the Word, but friends and helpers were attracted from different parts of the city.

The First Tabernacle.

In due course the work became consolidated in a Tabernacle near St. George's Cross, which was publicly dedicated in the autumn of 1894. Although the main hall seated nearly 1000 persons, it became insufficient as a home for the large congregations and the multiplying agencies by which the Gospel was commended to the district. Thus it came about that in 1907 it was replaced by the present handsome and spacious building.

Last week a large company of Christian friends met at the Tabernacle to rejoice with Pastor and Mrs. Findlay in the sixty-second anniversary of a work that has become known even to the ends of the earth. In the course of a tribute which appears in the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*, "Churchman" writes:

"Standing apart from all denominational connections, independent of any outside control, based on a staunch adherence to the old evangelical traditions, 'The Tabernacle' reflects in every sense the personality of its founder. Over all its concerns he reigns supreme. In this age of dictators he is, perhaps, as near an approach to a spiritual dic-

tator as any man of our time. But the Tabernacle must be judged by its fruits, and these are for all to see. It has proved a nursery of souls; it is being said of it, not now and again, but the whole year round, 'This man and that man was born there.' And it has sent out a whole band of its 'own missionaries' to the foreign field, where it undertakes the full responsibility of their maintenance, for the pastor draws nothing for his own support from the funds of the Tabernacle.

Labours Abundant.

"All his life Mr. Findlay has been an untiring worker, and he is as busy to-day as ever. In addition to the work of the Tabernacle, he has been for many years intimately associated with the management of the Orphan Homes of Scotland, founded by his father-in-law, William Quarrier. He has been working twelve hours a day for seven days a week without fee or reward. His week's programme would seem a heavy one even for a young man. On Sunday, from morning till night, he is taking charge of the various services in the Tabernacle. On Tuesday and Thursday there are week-night services. On Wednesday he has an afternoon service at the Tabernacle, from which he goes to take an evening one at the Orphan Homes at Bridge of Weir, where there is another on the Friday. Saturday night sees him back for a prayer meeting at the Tabernacle. Practically every forenoon he is to be found in his office at the Tabernacle, where he is consulted on matters of all kinds, temporal and spiritual. An extensive correspondence with his missionaries and friends all over the world is a considerable item in his daily programme, and every letter goes out in his own handwriting. In addition, he is a director both in Glasgow and London of several missionary societies.

"Concentration and consecration have been two of the keynotes of Pastor Findlay's life. He has concentrated on what he felt to be his mission in life and he has brought to it a business acumen and a mastery of method which would have ensured success in a commercial career. His consecration has been wholehearted—he was ready for service anywhere. When a young man he offered himself for the foreign mission-field, but Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, shrewdly said that he could be of greater service at home in raising up other workers to go abroad. The years have proved the wisdom of that advice.

The Old Evangel.

"Pastor Findlay has never failed to sound forth 'Thus saith the Lord.' The results of

the Higher Criticism, the trend and tendencies of modern thought have left him unaffected. He stands to-day where he always stood. Without questioning, without qualification he proclaims the old Evangel in all its simplicity and in all its fullness. He is one of whom it can be said that he 'always makes conversion his definite objective.'

"In these days of dull uniformity of personality, it is refreshing to find such a striking and distinctive figure. Even in appearance he arrests attention. He has a magnificent physique, a commanding presence, and he carries so lightly the burden of all his years that his head is still unbowed. . . . By sheer weight and force of character he inevitably finds himself in the front rank of any company.

"And all his forceful strength has found its counterpart in the gentle, gracious serenity of Mrs. Findlay, who has so fully shared every part of his life and work, and to whose profound influence he is ever first to pay loving tribute."

The special visitor in connection with the anniversary was Rev. H. TYDEMAN CHILVERS, late of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, who ministered most acceptably on the Lord's Day, and remained for the anniversary gatherings on the Tuesday and Thursday evenings. On the Sunday morning Mr. Chilvers delivered a memorable message from the text, "Fear not, I am the first and the last." These words, he pointed out, were addressed by the risen Lord to the Apostle John, in a period of suffering and possibly of perplexity. There were three main points emphasized. First, it was a majestic claim; second, it dispelled fear, and, thirdly, it was a claim that Christ had the vision of the ultimate glory. Thus the Word enforced a lesson to those Christians who complained of harsh and difficult circumstances. They were not worse off than those in which John found himself. The Lord who enabled him to endure unto victory, would do the same for His people to-day. To John was given the Apocalypse, the great-unveiling of the coming glory, and the final triumph of Christ.

Testimony to Christ.

Presiding on Tuesday evening Pastor Findlay referred with profound thankfulness to his conversion, which occurred on that very day sixty-two years ago. Speaking on the subject of the restoration of sight to the man born blind, Mr. Chilvers pointed out how the man became a living testimony to Christ. The preacher went on to emphasize the difference between the divine profession of salvation, and the personal enjoyment of it. There are many who never seem to arrive at a full assurance, yet such assurance is God's gift to His people.

THANKSGIVING ECHOES, 1936

"More Than Forty Years."—"Along with others, I pray constantly for Mrs. Findlay and yourself, and now I join with all in praise to God that you have been spared to each other and to the church of Jesus Christ for so many years, and I thank God also for the sweet and helpful fellowship it has been my privilege to have had with you for more than forty years. As I think of Mrs. Findlay and yourself, and see the active lives you still live, I feel it is marvellous how you keep going on at all seasons. Truly prayer, are being abundantly answered on your behalf."

"Close on 50 Years."—"Please accept the enclosed as my mite towards the Thank-Offering Fund on the attainment of your 62nd Spiritual Birthday. Long may it please the Lord to keep you and your dear good wife in bodily and spiritual health. Although unable to go back as far as 62 I can thank God for close on 50 years' of its gracious and blessed ministry commencing in the Garscube Hall. May God continue to bless you both for many years in my prayer."

A Friend of Sixty Years.—"I see by to-day's *Glasgow Herald* that you are observing the 62nd anniversary of your Pastorate at the Tabernacle. Will you please accept the enclosed cheque as a contribution towards the collection.

"I have happy memories of our friendship of long ago, and I am glad that you have been spared for so many years to break the 'Bread of Life.'"

A Near Neighbour.—"We congratulate you and rejoice with you on completing another year in the service of the Master, and we pray that the good hand of our God will continue upon you.

"Every good wish for Mrs. Findlay and you; we count it a privilege to enjoy fellowship with you, and we give thanks to the Lord for your full and fruitful lives."

A "Shut-in" Member.—"I'll not be able to come and join in the united service of Thanks-giving to-morrow, but I do rejoice and praise Him for all His goodness and mercy to you and dear Mrs. Findlay for another year of service with us all at the Tabernacle. I do pray this will be the very best. I'll hear all about the preacher and the service from the family when they come home.

Another "Shut-in" One.—"I feel I just want to say to you again, after another year of rich and full blessing: 'Hath He said and shall He not do it; Hath He spoken and shall He not make it good' and I am sure our hearts, if not our voices, cry out, 'Hallelujah.'

Orphan Homes Co-Workers.—"Our united prayers are with you during this week-end, and we trust that the meetings held will be a time of much real joy and blessing to many, and our thoughts will be with you. We trust you may both have the needed strength and measure of health to help you over these strenuous days, and that both of you will still be much used for the Master's service."

An Edinburgh Missionary.—"Will you kindly put this enclosed envelope into the box for me. I am glad you have seen another anniversary and I trust there will be much blessing this week-end and onward. . . . I am still toiling away, never seeing much fruit but always seeing enough to keep me pushing on."

A Spiritual Grandchild.—"As the Tabernacle is our Spiritual home, and as we love you, dear Mrs. Findlay and Pastor, we took these love-gifts—four New-born Souls—from the Lord for you, for I owe more than I yet understand to the ministry God bequeathed to you dear ones, and N. feels that when the dear Lord led her to the Tab. He took her to the spiritual home of His providing. It is with full hearts we present these offerings in the blessed name of Jesus: His and yours."

ST. GEORGE'S CROSS TABERNACLE NOTES.

Manchester.—"The Tabernacle and all that it stands for is still the main source of all my strength and joy. I follow your notes in the Almanack, Bible Reading, prayers and services just as in the years past. The revelation of the glory of my Bible, with the Divine Tongues of fire that fill its pages, I attribute to the Gospel teaching of the Tabernacle.

"It must be apparent to yourself, your dear wife, and the splendid band of workers whom you have trained for service, that God's gracious approval rests upon your labours. I never fail you all in my prayers."

An Invalid Missionary.—"As for myself, I think you are just wonderful, and I will always be grateful for all your kindness to me, although a very humble one in the family and fellowship. I am certain the number if known, would far surpass your knowing, of those who thank God for His great goodness and loving kindness, in keeping you all through those years; the light hath not failed, and there has been no uncertain sound; throughout the years you have both held high the banner of our Lord. I need not say I hope, because I know you show in your face the happiness of those years."

A Missionary Secretary.—"I cannot let the occasion of your 62nd anniversary pass without sending loving greetings in which, I am sure, every member of our Council would wish to be associated.

"You will surely have five days of heaven on earth during the forthcoming meetings—March 1st to 5th—and I trust that you and Mrs. Findlay will receive from our God fresh tokens of His favour and blessing, both in your own individual souls and in the work of the Church and its outgoings to the Mission Field."

Another Missionary Secretary.—"Please accept our grateful thanks for this generous remembrance of the Mission from your 'Thanksgiving Fund.' It is a great kindness and I only wish I could thank you as it is in my heart to do. Your faithful interest never fails, and it is not of yesterday! These Thanksgivings are altogether wonderful: one can only say: 'It is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.' You have been greatly blessed of God in your life and work: you have behind you many an encouragement and strengthening memory, and the blessings received have been passed to thousands."

A Moroccan Missionary.—"I count it a privilege to have even a small share once more in still another 'Thanksgiving Day,' and so send my little gift herewith towards this end. It means so much to those of us who are across the seas to know that we have the continued prayerful remembrance of Mrs. Findlay and yourself. We value that beyond words to express.

"We shall be with you in thought and prayer throughout the week, that the Master's presence may be manifest in saving power"

A New Member.—"My husband and I have been worshipping at the Tabernacle for the past six months, and I should just like you to know how very much at home we feel, and how satisfied. In fact, I do think God has honoured us in calling us out of the modern church, to worship in such a real spiritual home. Like the Psalmist, we can say we are 'abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house.'

"It has been a real joy and delight to be at the social functions, where no secular item ever appears, but all is done according to Scripture to glorify Him. It is so satisfying to be where our dear Lord is so uplifted, honoured and magnified."

Another Moroccan Missionary.—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped" "Strengthen

ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees" (Isa. 35. 1. 5, 3).

Thoughts on these verses were: The wilderness where we are shall be glad for them, and this I took as "The Tabernacle" and its prayer band, that through them souls will be saved, blind eyes opened; and last verse, weak Christians will be strengthened, refreshed and established, separated from all that hinders their growth. My prayer is that you may realise this even more than in the past, although it has been glorious, still there is more to follow.

A Venerable Missionary.—"We have to thank you for so kindly and constantly sending to us during 1935, the 'Evangel' and other little papers with it. We enjoy the reading of the 'Evangel.' The stories of the conversions of well-known Christian men in the first part are very helpful and stimulating—I often pass them on. We follow your work with great interest. It is owned of God."

A China Missionary.—"I am writing specially to enclose a small gift for 'Thanksgiving Day.' Please accept it with my love and appreciation, for yourselves and all you mean to the scattered members of your family in far-off lands. Many thanks for all literature sent, all of which bring messages of cheer."

Nigerian Missionaries.—"Our thoughts and prayers will be with you all, and our thanksgivings will assuredly be mingling with yours, as we praise God again for all that the Tabernacle ministry has meant to us during the years. Since we cannot drop an envelope in the box we are enclosing it now with a small gift. We wish it were much more, but we send it with our love and prayers.

Also from Nigeria.—"It gives us great joy to celebrate with you, your 62nd anniversary. It is wonderful to have lived all these years in the service of our God, and is a striking testimony not only to the saving power but to the keeping power of His Grace.

"How good is the God we adore."

"Please find gift enclosed as our little share in the Thanksgiving Offering, and we pray that there may be great blessing among the Tabernacle people during these days."

Belgium.—"Kindly accept this little Thanksgiving offering that I may do, if only a little bit, something for our dear missionaries. I remember them daily at the Throne of Grace, especially those in Nigeria, and delight every time I see their names in the 'Evangel,' which I receive with so much gratitude. It gives me the feeling that I am still one of your friends, and I am deeply grateful to dear Mrs. Findlay for remembering me in her prayers, which I beg her still to do.

Hollywood, California.—"Another year has come and gone and it is time to report again. This is one time of the year I wish I could deliver in person, but alas! land and sea divide, and lack of funds keeps us anchored; but we are all well and happy and seeking to live for His Glory, and we can express on paper the love that is still in our hearts for Home and the Home folks. The name of our Lord Jesus Christ has been, and is being, glorified in you, and ye in Him, even to the ends of the earth. We are just bound to give God thanks always for you, for through your ministry we became heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. We enjoy every word of the 'Evangel,' swallow the Home Notes (I guess you notice where the heart lies), and we pass them on to others who also enjoy them."

California.—"I rejoice with you on this great Anniversary. 'How good is the God we adore,' in giving us leaders true and steadfast to His Word and its teaching for all these sixty two years. May you

ST. GEORGE'S CROSS TABERNACLE NOTES.

be blessed in the years to come to a greater degree than ever before. Your steadfast demonstration of 1 Cor. 15. 58 has been a stimulus to me many times, when my faith seemed to waver and Christian work trying to the flesh. I am kept very busy with Sunday School work in our Japanese Church. The children are so dear and so eager to learn, but we are handicapped for lack of teachers of the right kind, and we still need to pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth labourers into His Harvest field."

British Columbia.—"Again it is my blessed privilege to write you a 'Hello-Note' across the turbulent pond. When I think on how I would love to go home for a while and see you all, right away I am sea-sick! Do I hear you say, 'O ye of little faith.' And that is true. I've all faith in a great God and I do love Him. Praise His Name the old world holds no charm for me."

A Shetland Doctor.—"I do trust you may have a most refreshing time during your anniversary meetings, and that the Tabernacle may continue to be blessed to many, with the Cloud of His presence ever abiding in it. And for you, I would pray that in old age you may still be fruitful, and by the example of your simple, childlike faith, continue to be a help and a strength to all who come in contact with you. 'Out of him (his inward parts) shall flow rivers of living water.'"

Lossiemouth.—"Thank God for the Tabernacle and its ministry. Deep down in my heart I feel I have great cause to thank God for saving me and leading me to that blessed House of Worship, and here I enclose my small Thankoffering with 'thanks be unto God for all His great love.' I have been thinking much about you all to-day and pray God it has been a day of great blessing to all the great family who gathered there to-day."

Coatbridge.—"May I heartily congratulate you on this great occasion of your 62nd Anniversary. What those past years have meant to multitudes will not be fully known until the great day, but there is with us abundant evidence, in changed lives and consecrated service, of the fruitfulness of your ministry. May I, together with my wife, very humbly bear my testimony to the great blessings received in past days, which are a glowing memory in the present, and constant incentive to seek to serve the Lord."

Lancashire.—"Please accept the enclosed gift from the Lord. With Christian greetings and every good wish for the Lord's richest blessing upon your work for Him. May you receive a harvest of an hundredfold. 2 Cor. 9. 8."

Birmingham.—"We do trust that Mrs. Findlay and yourself are really well, that our Lord may still spare you to us for many years yet. We can ill spare any more stalwarts from the ranks of God's true soldiers. We are seeing signs of blessing in our work here. The workers are a little more keen, and we have had the joy of helping souls into the Kingdom."

London.—"A very small Thankoffering is enclosed herewith—not by any means commensurate with my gratitude to God for the Tabernacle ministry which has had a great effect on my life, but just a token."

Lincoln.—"Another Thanksgiving Day will soon be here, and we truly have much to thank and praise the Lord for, that you have both been spared to carry on the great work at the Tabernacle for Him, and for the great blessing that we have had and do receive through your ministry. I do pray that there will be showers of blessing this next week-end."

St. Leonards-on-Sea.—"What is uppermost in our thoughts to-day is our Pastor's 62nd Anniversary, and the privilege that is ours to join in the praise and Thanksgiving on this noteworthy occasion. It is

very difficult to realise our Pastor is advancing so in years, but has not our Lord promised 'As thy days so shall thy strength be'? He has assuredly; and His mercy faileth never. To-day we feel humbly thankful to God for the gracious way He has bestowed wisdom upon you for the work of upbuilding many of His children (literally hundreds) in the Christian life and service. There is something we feel deeply grateful to our Pastor for, and that is his ministry of keeping consistently in contact with members at a distance. Consequently M and J., with hundreds of others, are still part of the very large family of Tabernacle bairns."

HOME NOTES.

Our 62nd Anniversary has come and gone—but has left behind it many happy and holy memories. The Three Hours' Prayer Meeting on the Saturday night was a gracious and blessed occasion. The Prayer Room was full all the time, and the flow of prayer never paused—some scores taking an audible part, and many having to be satisfied with "Silent Prayer." The evening Communion on the Lord's Day was very largely attended, and full of the holy sense of His Presence. Some outstanding recent converts were welcomed for the first time.

Mr. Tydeman Chilvers proved a delightful Anniversary preacher. He gave five messages to very large congregations, and each of them appeared to be more helpful than the others. The Thursday night message on "EVEN NOW"—Martha's word to Christ at her brother's grave—will live in our own hearts and those of many others, we feel sure. We had known Mr. Chilvers a *little* for some sixteen years: now we feel to know him well, and love him in due proportion. When he comes amongst us again he may be assured of a warm welcome.

The financial fruits of "Thanksgiving" amount to £437 10 9 and this sum (supplemented) has been divided as follows:

"The Jew First" (February),	..	£60	0	0
Asia, 155 0 0
Africa, 252 10 0
America, 40 0 0
Europe, 10 0 0
				£517 10 0

The joy of receiving and ministering this sum amongst our beloved missionaries was an added cause for thanksgiving.

On Monday, 2nd March, The Tabernacle was full to overflowing—probably 1600 being present—for the Festival of Six Male Gospel Choirs, and as last year we had an inspiring and helpful service. Each choir did better than all the others! and altogether united in a real service of Praise to God, and of blessing and inspiration to the gathered multitude.

Dr. James Kelly took the second week of the month, and approved himself a true minister of Christ and His Word. His Thursday night story of the present religious conditions in Eastern Europe, moved all hearts to praise and prayer.

The R.B.M.U. Conference in the third week was inspiring and instructive, and we specially appreciated the presence and addresses of Messrs. Paul Grattan Guinness and F. A. Hart, as well as of ten other missionaries.

Rev. J. R. S. Wilson spends last ten days of March at Tabernacle and will be followed for April by Rev. Alfred Mathieson, a *London-Scot.* who preaches and sings the Gospel, and for whom as a *New Friend* we bespeak a cordial welcome. (See handbills for subjects).

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

A Gospel Paper containing
:: :: Foundation Truths :: ::

Designed for Broadcast
:: :: Distribution :: ::

No. 503.

Entered at Stationers' Hall

May, 1936

"He sent
from above,
He took
me,
He drew
me
out of many
waters."

Psalm 18. 10.



"Come and
hear,
all ye that
fear God,
and I will
declare what
He hath
done for my
soul."

Psalm 66. 16.

Mr. JOHN GRAY

MR. JOHN GRAY, a partner in the publishing firm of Pickering & Inglis, Glasgow, entered into his rest on Sunday, February 2nd, 1936, after a distressing illness which lasted for eleven weeks. For 28 years Mr. Gray supervised the production of the "Evangel," but his interest in this paper was more than that of a printer and publisher. When he was a boy, John Climie, the founder of the "Monthly Evangel" was an evangelist serving under the auspices of the Ayrshire Christian Union. Those were the revival days of the early eighties, and Mr. Climie's ministry was singularly fruitful in conversions. At the Railway centres in Ayrshire not a few engine-drivers and guards were brought to the Lord. Among the former was Andrew Gray of Hurlford, the father of our brother John. He bore a bright testimony for a few years, but before

his son was twelve years of age he had finished his earthly course. The influence of his father's life, and the godly instruction of his widowed mother, prepared the way for the great decision which John made in his early teens.

He entered the railway service at Hurlford about a year after his father's death, and his conversion to God took place not very long after. He described his conversion thus—"On a wintry evening, when on a country road near my home, I was burdened with a sense of my own sinfulness, and cried out 'God have mercy on my soul! Quick as a flash and clear as if a human voice had spoken, came the answer 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved (Acts 16. 31). Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God,' and that evening the lad entered into the assurance of sins forgiven, and for him a new life was begun. As a result

of that experience John Gray's theology was founded and fashioned on two great facts. The first was his own unworthiness, and the second the matchless worth and the atoning death of the Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God.

In the ministry of the Gospel and in private dealing with anxious enquirers a portion of Scripture to which he loved to turn was, "Jesus... who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 4. 25 ; 5. 1).

He at once confessed Christ and took his stand as a Christian, identifying himself with the Baptist Church in Kilmarnock, where Mr. Donald was pastor. "Saved to serve," was true of him and he was soon engrossed in the activities of the church. After a time he joined himself to the Brethren meeting in Waterloo Hall, and found a sphere of Gospel witness and testimony that not only helped to establish his own spiritual life, but made him a channel of blessing to others. He was one of a youthful band from which two missionaries went forth to Africa, and others became evangelists in the homeland. Their activities were not confined to Kilmarnock, for their service was given freely in neighbouring towns and villages.

After a number of years promotion in the railway service brought him to Glasgow, where he soon became known as an earnest and capable Gospel preacher and minister of the Word. His services were given wherever doors were opened for him, his principle being that the evangelist's sphere is the world, and wherever there is a sinner it is the business of the evangelist to take to him the proclamation of pardon.

In 1908 Mr Gray took up what was to be the work of his life when, on the death of Mr. Inglis, he entered into partnership with Mr. Hy. Pickering, in the firm of Pickering & Inglis. Thereafter in the production of religious literature he found a sphere after his own heart, and one in which he was destined to effect great developments. He had a keen business instinct ; he was alert, shrewd, eager and enterprising. In this respect he was characteristic of the best type of Glasgow business men, who have done so much for local industries. And through it all his Christian principles shone undimmed. The word of John Gray was always as good as his bond.

But neither business cares nor business success was allowed to affect his interest and activities in religious work. While "diligent in business," he was also "servent in spirit, serving the Lord." He continued freely to use his gifts as a preacher and speaker, responding, almost beyond the limits of his strength, to requests for his services. He was one of the conveners and also the secretary of the Glasgow Half Yearly Meetings of Christians. In the work abroad he had a warm and intimate interest. For twelve years he served as one of the treasurers of the Home and Foreign Missions Funds of Christian Brethren.

In the churches also he had a wide connection

and a large circle of friendship. A Glasgow Doctor of Divinity said, "I am grieved to see Mr. John Gray has been called Home. It is a great loss. He was most useful, and had a multitude of friends." His affability and remarkable knack of making and retaining friendships, his accessibility for all classes and conditions of men, and his readiness, as well as his ability to serve and help, became so widely known that the demands made upon him were urgent and continuous. And never did anyone appeal to him in vain for any help he could render. To high and low he was always the same. The humble widow in her trouble had no difficulty in gaining his sympathetic ear ; indeed, his anxiety to serve the sorrowing and the suffering became so well known, that all kinds of people turned to him in their hour of need. If he could not grant their requests his word of encouragement sent the seeker away better fitted to face whatever difficulty confronted him.

The link with Mr. Climie was renewed when Mr. Gray entered the printing business. For many years Mr. Gray rendered help to Mr. Climie in the production of his monthly paper, and when failing health made it impossible for the latter to carry on longer, it was due to Mr. Gray's kindly thought that arrangements were made which secured the continuance of this Gospel messenger.

From whence then we ask had this man the character and gifts which enabled him to render the service which he did? Hear the words which came so frequently from his own lips, "I am a poor sinner and nothing at all, but Jesus Christ is my all in all."

Love which wrought by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ was the secret. The gift of eternal life which he received is offered to you. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.

JOHN HAWTHORN

P.S.—As one who has had intimate business relations with Mr. John Gray and Pickering & Inglis, extending back for more than forty years, I would like to add a brief postscript to Mr. Hawthorn's article about his friend and mine. Many professing Christian business men divorce their religion from their business, and seem to believe that true Christianity and business are antagonistic to each other. John Gray gave the lie to that fallacy. He was a keen business man, and an equally keen Christian, and the two departments of his life were not in antagonism, but in happy union and accord. His method of business commended his religion, so that it was always a pleasure to have any sort of relationship with him. His untimely death will make a blank in many lives, but he leaves behind him a "sweet savour of Christ," and many will thank God for having known him. The great crowd which gathered round his grave was an added testimony to the esteem in which John Gray was held, by a wide circle of folks of all sorts.

D. J. F.

FORGETTING FACTS.

A YOUNG Officer in the British Army was brought to know Jesus as his Saviour and Lord. In addition to serving his King and his country he sought to serve Him who had chosen him to be a soldier of the Cross. His bright happy face and cheerful winning ways preached a sermon to those with whom he came in contact. One day he was accosted by a fellow-officer with such words as these:

"I cannot make you out. You profess to be a Christian, and you don't appear like one."

"I am very sorry to hear you say that. Wherein is my conduct inconsistent with my profession?"

"I do not mean that, but you seem to be so cheerful and happy. My idea of a Christian is that he is a man that is always heaving sighs and drawing a long face, looking very sanctimonious and feeling miserable and stupid, but you appear to be as happy as the day is long. I never see you miserable; you are the most cheerful fellow in the whole regiment, and I cannot make you out."

"Look here, my good fellow," was the officer's reply, "I want to tell you something, and that is, I have a right to be happy and you have not! My happiness is reasonable and yours is irrational! My happiness arises from contemplating facts, and yours is dependent on forgetfulness of facts."

The young officer was right. He was happy, and could afford to be so. When he remembers the pit from whence he has been dug, the hell from which he has been snatched, the heaven for which he is kept, the unchanging and unchangeable love of Him who once died for him, now lives for him, is coming soon to take him to be with Himself for all eternity, he is filled with joy unspeakable.

Have *you* been the victim of the Satanic delusion, that if you become a Christian you would not be so happy as you are at present? You are only "happy" when you forget facts. You know that you have never been "born again"—that you have never been "converted" to God, and, if called to meet Him in your present condition, you could not see, or enter heaven (see John 3. 3-7; Matt. 18. 3). As one

who has not accepted of God's great salvation you are condemned already (John 3. 8), and His wrath is abiding upon you (John 3. 36). When you contemplate your peril, and look forward to the great day of reckoning, you can see nothing but everlasting ruin. Why, then, be so foolish as to forget your danger?

You have not the faintest idea what you are losing in not possessing Christ. He is the source of perennial joy. Come to Him, as you are and where you are, by simple faith, and you will then begin to understand what real life is, and be able to apprehend the meaning of the Psalmist's words: "Happy is that people . . . whose God is the Lord."

If, however, you continue your present course of conduct, doing your best to forget your danger and destiny, and neglecting the salvation of God which you are now besought to receive, you may suddenly be ushered into eternity, and awaken in hell, remembering that you might have been in heaven in everlasting bliss, and that there was no one to blame for your sad loss but yourself. A.M.

RESTING ON A FACT.

"IF that is true I am saved." Thus spake Robert T—, as he repeated that well-known text, "He that heareth My Word, and believeth, on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24). Robert had come to middle age and though he had lived an exemplary life and was respected and esteemed by his fellows, he had never had the assurance of sins forgiven, and of peace with God. He had earnestly endeavoured to do good, and act justly, and walk humbly, but he was conscious that he had failed. Yet all the time while holding to Christ with one hand he was clinging to his good deeds with the other. While he read the passage he saw that it was not what he had done or was doing, but what the Lord Jesus had accomplished, and what He had said that made salvation secure. He rested on this fact, "Jesus died for me," and entered into life eternal. Have you rested on the same fact? J.H.

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DISTRUSTED HIM.

HOW confounded I was, how amazed, when I found that "The Lord was *ready* to save me!" and *I—I* would never let Him! I had distrusted Him, and all His offers and invitations.

Distrusted Him! And yet what more could He have done to prove His love and readiness to save? I had pushed away His hand, when He sought to loosen me from my vain ideas, and to bring me out of my refuge of lies. I had shut my ears to His invitations, and my eyes to His wounded hands and side. I had practically denied the efficacy of His blood, despised it, trampled it under foot. I had, by unbelief, crucified my Lord afresh, and *yet* "He was ready to save me." O how wonderful His love seemed! How loathsome my cold, hard-hearted unbelief! I saw there was nothing so dishonouring, so grieving to the Lord Jesus, as doubting His willingness to save sinners—distrusting Him, after all He has done for us—and not just yielding ourselves to Him, to be saved by Him. Ah, friend, have you ever made the blessed discovery that I did? Have you tried, and found the Lord ready to save?

A.L.

"LET HIM TRY!"

IN a substantially-built hall a lunatic once startled the assembled congregation by declaring that he would pull down the building! Taking hold of one of the pillars, he loudly repeated his determination. The people, in great alarm, began to rush out. Suddenly all were quieted and calmed by the loud voice of one who exclaimed, "Let him try!" and all turned back to see this modern Samson prove his weakness and imbecility.

For nearly two thousand years the wild advocates of infidelity have been clasping the pillars of Divine truth, shouting like madmen that infidelity has shaken the foundations of Christianity, and that the old worn-out thing is crumbling to the dust.

Let the children of God not be afraid, but keep straight on in their steady course—like the moon in spite of the dog that barks at it—knowing that the foundations cannot be destroyed, for Jehovah sitteth in the heavens, and shall have these madmen in derision. He having declared that the Lord Jesus shall reign, and shall "judge the secrets of all men" at the "appointed day," in righteousness. O.T.N.

WHAT IS THE GOSPEL?

THE REPORT OF A PHYSICIAN.

THE Gospel is the report of a physician who cures all diseases of the soul infallibly and freely, and respects no patients. The soul believes it, and applies it to his own case, and says, "Then I will trust Him for removing the burden of my guilt, for curing me of the evil of backsliding, the fever of my raging corruption, the running issue of my predominant lust, and the universal corruption of my nature."

THE REPORT OF A FEAST.

The Gospel is the report of a feast for hungry souls, to which all are bid welcome—Christ Himself being the Matter and Maker of it too. The soul, weary of the husks of created things, and believing this report, accordingly falls a-feeding on Christ (His flesh which is meat indeed, and His blood which is drink indeed), believing and applying to itself all that Christ was, did, and suffered, as that whereof the soul shall reap the benefit, which is the feeding by faith on a slain Saviour.

THE REPORT OF A VICTORY.

The Gospel is the report of a victory won by Jesus Christ over sin, Satan, death, and the world, and that in favour of all that will join the glorious conqueror. Faith believes this report, and trusts to it for its victory over all these, already foiled enemies.

THE REPORT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The Gospel is the report of a righteousness, wherein guilty ones may stand before a holy God. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; and by faith one believes there is such a righteousness, that it is sufficient to cover him, and that it is held out to be trusted on for righteousness. And so the believer trusts it as his righteousness in the sight of God, disclaiming all other, and betaking himself to it alone.

THE REPORT OF PEACE.

To name no more—the Gospel is the report of a peace purchased by the blood of Christ for poor sinners, and offered to them. Faith believes it, and, trusting to it, the soul comes before God as a reconciled one in Christ, brings in its supplications for supply before the throne, believing the communication to be opened between heaven and those who believe, which during the war, was blocked up.

Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, be ye reconciled to God, for He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him (2 Cor. 5. 20-21).

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

A Gospel Paper containing
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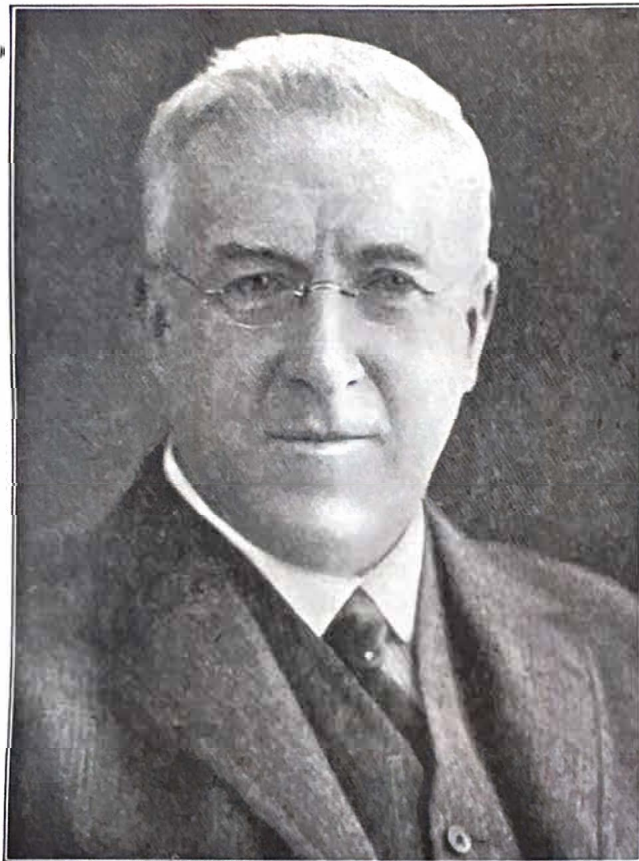
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Entered at Stationers' Hall

June, 1936

"He sent
from above,
He took
me,
He drew
me
out of many
waters."

Psalm 18. 10.



"Come and
hear,
all ye that
fear God,
and I will
declare what
He hath
done for my
soul."

Psalm 66. 16.

Mr. HUGH BROWN, C.A., J.P.

By "CHURCHMAN."

GLASGOW has been notable for many years for the number of its prominent business men who have been actively engaged in evangelical work, but one after another of these laymen has been passing away. The latest blank has been caused by the sudden death of Mr. Hugh Brown, C.A., a well-known figure in many circles in the West of Scotland.

To his friends, Mr. Brown seemed to be in the enjoyment of his usual health and vigour and the news of his death came with all the shock of a sad surprise. On the advice of his doctor, he had entered a nursing home for observation and special treatment. There

was no operation, but as one of his closest associates who had been visiting him has said, "with a smile on his face and happy words on his lips, without any apparent cause, he suddenly became unconscious, and in a few minutes was looking into the face of the Saviour whom he loved so well and served so faithfully."

It was a swift passing, but he had been long prepared for that moment whenever it might come, having in his early days found the secret of lasting peace. As a boy he had attended meetings in what was then known as the Queen's Rooms, conducted by Mr. Josiah Spiers, who visited Glasgow on behalf of the Children's Special Service Mission. Mr.

Brown has told of how, while many who attended these meetings were truly converted to God, he was among the number who, although interested, went no further.

He passed a number of years in this state of mind until the time arrived when he was about to leave school and go to the University. Of the influence exerted upon him at that time by Dr. Donald Morrison, Rector of Glasgow Academy (uncle of Dr. G. H. Morrison of Wellington) he used to speak in grateful terms. Dr. Morrison not only invited him to go to a special mission then being conducted by Mr. George Clark in Kelvinside Church, but he talked to him personally. Mr. Clark's mission was continued in Sandyford Church, and Mr. Brown has told how after an address on the words "They crucified Him," it was in the vestry there that he with one of his friends "was pointed to the Saviour by the late Mr. Alexander Sloan." Thereafter, in the West End Christian Union along with men like Mr. Sloan, Mr. J. W. Arthur, Mr. D. J. Knox, Mr. George M. King, and others he found happy and helpful associations.

Mr. Brown never lost the glow of his early zeal despite his absorption in the successful carrying on of a large business of his own, and as director of a number of commercial concerns. In administrative and personal work on behalf of missions at home and abroad, he gave largely of his time and strength. For many years he had taken a leading part in the direction of the work of the Glasgow United Evangelistic Association, especially that of the young people's department and the Bible Training Institute. He was the Scottish Chairman of the Children's Special Service Mission, and took a keen interest in the South African General Mission, the Egypt General Mission, and the Qua Iboe Mission. Latterly he was closely associated with Lord Maclay and Mr. D. J. Findlay in the management of the Orphan Homes of Scotland, and he presided at the Thanksgiving Service and annual meeting in October last.

For over forty years Mr. Brown had resided at Skelmorlie, travelling to Glasgow on business daily. At Skelmorlie he was associated with the North Church, and he had a mission hall in which he had carried on several meetings a week for a long period.

To Mrs. Brown, a daughter of the late Mr. R. Hunter Craig, M.P. for Govan, and family of two sons and three daughters, there has gone forth the sympathy of a wide circle of friends. Mr. Brown was a man of genial

personality, with a happy smile and a pleasant manner, and to those qualities there was added a sterling sincerity which impressed all who came in contact with him. He has passed away when it seemed there might have been years of increasing usefulness before him, and he will be greatly missed. But he has left behind him a fragrant memory and he will be long remembered as a shining example of one who was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Hugh Brown knew nothing of compromise in his Christian life. Two of the texts which helped to guide his life were—"Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth," and "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." All doubtful pleasures, habits, and amusements were brought to this test, and the questions "ought I to do this?" or "ought I to go there?" were easily settled for him; to know what was right was to do it. This attitude helps to account for the wonderful influence his life had upon hundreds of young as well as older people. Only eighteen months ago he wrote his Conversion story for the *Evangel*, when he closed his article with these words:

"There rises, I imagine, in the experience of every young Christian who has begun to study his Bible, as in my case, the question: 'What am I to do with my life? Does my Saviour's command "to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" mean that I am to go?' Be sure you face it honestly, and do not hesitate to prepare for foreign service if you are sent by God. It may, however, and sometimes is, more difficult to stay at home, if God thus guides. A great amount of the coldness and lack of spirituality in many of our foreign missionaries to-day is due to those going out who are not sent by God; while much of the hindrance in the work of God at home may be due to those who are carrying on that work, and all the time knowing that they have been disobedient in not going forth.

"Memory travels fast, and there are many things come to mind, some being the means which God has used in His working; and in my case not the least was home training and reverence for the Lord's Day. What this meant in those early years, and still means cannot be estimated. Memory also brings up things to be ashamed of as well as to be grateful for. 'Oh, to Grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be.'"

GOOD NEWS FOR YOU.

HE has come—the Christ of God has come. He was with the Father ere the dust of the world was made and when there were no fountains abounding with water; He was as one brought up with Him. But He laid aside His glory; for His “delights were the sons of men” (Prov. 8. 31). He left His Father’s home, and down to this dark world He came—sinner, for you. Wonderful love! He thought on you. His heart was set upon you—for surely your name is sinner? Ah, there is no mistake; you are the very one. ‘Twas for sinners Jesus came; ‘twas for sinners Jesus died. Sin had come upon the scene and blighted God’s fair creation, and the word had gone forth: “The soul that sinneth it shall die” (Ezek. 18. 20). “Without shedding of blood there is no remission” (Heb. 9. 22). Who will go to suffer the penalty of sin? Who can be found to bear the guilt of a perishing world? “Here am I,” said Christ, “send Me.” And thus it came about that He tabernacled on earth for a season until one day He was taken, and by wicked hands was crucified and slain (Acts 2. 23). Yet He could say, “I lay down My life...no man taketh it from Me” (John 10. 17, 18). “It pleased the Lord to bruise Him” (Isa. 53. 10). “For the joy that was set before Him,” He “endured the Cross, despising the shame” (Heb. 12. 2). Yes, He has come. He gave His life a ransom for many (Matt. 20. 28). He finished the work His Father gave Him to do (John 17. 4). And now the word has gone forth: “Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins” (Acts 10. 43). What welcome words! Sinner, hear it—the way is open, for Christ has died, yea, and is risen, and seated at the right hand of God. He pleads with thee. He points you to the great sacrifice for sin—the offering up of Himself; and He asks, will not that suffice? Dare you doubt His Love? Dare you question His willingness? Will you rashly, recklessly reject the matchless grace that seeks to rescue you from an eternal hell?—will you thus despise the entreaties of Him who pleadeth now from Heaven, and perish.

A TRUE LOVE STORY.

THE following “Testimony and Prayer” were given by the late George Brown, of Philadelphia, after his conversion in 1915, at the age of 71 years. His faith in a Heavenly Father continued, unshaken, during the remaining 17 years of his earthly journey.

Although he was not what might be termed an active Christian worker—and still subject to mistakes and failures—his longing could be expressed in the words of a hymn: “I want my life to tell for Jesus: that everywhere I go, men may his goodness know. I want my life—I want my life to tell for Jesus.”

I want to tell you, I am only a sinner saved by the Grace of God. I do not come to you with the tale of a drunkard, or a gambler, but I come with the tale of a moral man, and a moral man needs a Saviour just the same as the drunkard; both are alike in the sight of God. “For all have sinned, and come short of the Glory of God” (Rom. 3. 23).

I went to church, and there was not any one enjoyed the services any more than I did, but I had no Christ; for I did not have a satisfied heart; always felt that there was only one step between me and Jesus; and on the 20th day of January I took that step and came to Jesus, and made a full surrender to Him. Came just as I was, without one plea, and confessed and accepted Him as my Lord and Saviour; and through His precious blood, shed “on the Cross of Calvary,” my sins have been washed away.

There is no other way you can be saved, but through Jesus. He says: “I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.” (John 14. 6). “And him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.” (John 6. 37).

In looking over my past life, I have been among different classes of people, and been in many different places. I cannot say I can look back to a real day’s happiness. There is no happiness out of Christ! He can give you “that peace” that passeth all understanding; and “that joy” which the world cannot give.

Put your trust in Him who has said: “Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,” (Matt. 11. 28).

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"DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAITH?"

SUCH was the question asked me by a man one evening, when standing in Cuba Street, Wellington, with my Text banner.

"Yes," I replied, "but it must be in the right Person," and went on to explain to him, that only faith in the finished work of Christ would meet his deep need of salvation.

Like many more, this man had a very hazy idea of what faith is. Faith is the link that joins me to a risen, glorified Christ. It is not that faith is anything in itself, only as it takes hold of the promises of God in Christ Jesus, and claims them for oneself.

A person without faith is like a telephone box with the wires cut, in darkness and cut off from communication. Or like a steam engine without steam—lifeless. Or like a boat on the ocean with no sails or oars, drifting to destruction.

Some put their faith in their good works, forgetting that God has said that our righteousnesses are as filthy rags in His sight (see Isaiah 64. 6). Some have faith in themselves, which is like casting the anchor inside the ship, instead of putting it overboard and letting it take hold on the solid rock. Some put their faith in their church or in their minister, and will find in a coming day, unless awakened in time, that church-going is not enough. Beware, lest you be deceived by the arch enemy of souls, the devil. Please read prayerfully Isaiah 28, 15, 17.

Faith is like the link that unites the engine to the train. One minute the train is standing lifeless, the next minute the engine is linked on and it becomes a thing of life. Even so with the sinner, one minute dead in trespasses and in sins (Eph. 2. 1), the next minute by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ he becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus, old things are passed away; behold all things are become new. (2 Cor. 5. 17)

It has been well illustrated as a person posting a letter. In faith they commit the letter to the postal box and believe it will reach its destination. The only difference is that the letter may not reach its destination, but thanks be to God, the soul that commits itself to the saving and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ is as sure of reaching Heaven as though he was already there. Millions have trusted this wonderful Saviour, right down the ages, and have been landed safely in the glory, and millions more are waiting for that blessed moment when they shall see Him and be like Him.

In Heb. 3, the apostle speaks of the unbelieving Jews and he tells in verse 19 how they could not enter into the promised land because of their unbelief. This is the sin that shuts the sinner out of Heaven and which will shut him up in the Lake of Fire for all eternity. Why should we doubt the Word of God? Little children do not doubt their parent's word. Father or mother promises to bring the little one a present from town and the little one is waiting expectantly for it. Even so the blessed Lord said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven (Matt. 18. 3). When He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28) He wishes you to take Him at His word and come just as you are, and that is real soul-saving faith that honours God and reaches the sinner. One word in closing, a word of warning, the invitation is now, "Behold, NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). So do not delay but come now ere the door of mercy shall for ever close. May you do so for His Name's sake.—Amen. F. J. CROSS

"I THOUGHT THE BIBLE MUST TEACH THAT!"

LAST summer, while out in the Gospel truck, we had a meeting at a small community in eastern Wyoming. The meeting was held in the community hall. Among those who attended, and we were surprised to see him, was the local saloon-keeper. He listened attentively, as we preached from John 3. 16. After the service we spoke with him personally about his soul's salvation, and we further explained how Christ died on the cross for our sins, and how God now offers salvation free to those who accept His Son as Lord and Saviour. He said, "I thought the Bible must teach something like that though I didn't know that verse (John 3. 16) was in the Bible."

Realising his own sin, he came to the conclusion that God had some other way to save us than by our own works. Thank God he was right; God has another way for us to come to Him since we find the way by our own works for ever closed because of our inability. He saves by grace, on the basis of the atonement of our Lord. "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me. (John 14.6).

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No 505.

Entered at Stationers' Hall

July, 1936

* * * * *

"He sent
from above,
He took
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He drew
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out of many
waters."

Psalm 18. 10.



* * * * *

"Come and
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all ye that
fear God,
and I will
declare what
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done for my
soul."

Psalm 66. 16.

DR. D. M. M'INTYRE'S JUBILEE. 25th May, 1936.

WHEN it became known that the Jubilee of Dr. M'Intyre's Ministry was approaching, a keen interest was aroused in the minds of many, for the Doctor is a man greatly beloved. The meeting and the gifts presented, were the expression of the love of a devoted and grateful people. While his own Finnieston friends naturally came first in their loving appreciation of their minister, many others, in widely scattered places united with them in thanksgiving; for Dr. M'Intyre's name is honoured in all the Churches. For forty-five years he has gone in and out among them—his presence ever a benediction and his words ever an inspiration.

He was born in Monikie, Angus, in 1859, where his father was minister. At the University and

New College, Edinburgh, he received training, and later at the English Presbyterian College, London. He was ordained in 1886 to the charge of College Park Church, North London, and in 1891 he came to Glasgow to be colleague and successor in Finnieston Church to Dr. Andrew Bonar of revered memory.

One thinks of him in various situations—on the platform of a crowded meeting, and there well out of sight if possible; he is called upon to lead the meeting in prayer. He rises, characteristically clasps his hands, and presents his petitions at the Throne of Grace. A hush falls on the gathering as these quietly spoken words in the Holy Ghost, rise to the Heavenly Father. The prayer so effortless in its utterance has broken down walls of partition in many minds, and the people know that they are now standing in the Presence of God.

Or he is in the Pulpit, and when he came to Glasgow it was to a pulpit made famous through the evangelical ministry of the saintly Dr. Bonar. Speaking in Finnieston Church in 1890, Dr. Bonar said: "I think there may be something that may be a sermon to you even in the *sight* of an old minister, who has for over fifty years been preaching the Gospel and found it perfectly satisfying."

During all these fifty years of consecrated ministry, Dr. M'Intyre has also found the Gospel message to be perfectly satisfying, and he has never failed in its faithful proclamation. He found all that was needful in the Gospel for the salvation of man—from the Cross to the Throne. Christ as the object of faith; the sum of the Divine revelation; crucified and risen, these fundamental facts of the Gospel were ever kept before his hearers.

His writings are widely read and with thankful acceptance. He has defended the Faith in many well written and telling words; he is a wide reader; an original thinker; and a sane expositor. He has criticised piercingly the fallacies, as he considered them, of others, but always with sympathy and understanding.

As Principal of the Bible Training Institute since 1913, his expository gifts and his consecrated personality have made a deep and lasting impression on the hearts and minds of hundreds of students, who are serving at home and abroad.

The fragrance of his life; the power of the constraining word; the conviction of its divine origin; the sureness of his faith; and the earnestness of his spirit, were influences which meant great things for the students.

Mrs. M'Intyre, a daughter of Dr. Andrew Bonar, has been by his side in every hour, a strength and shield. By her gracious and unobtrusive ways she has endeared herself to a host of friends.

There was a crowded gathering in the Church on that Monday evening, and the addresses were relayed to a large overflow meeting in the church hall. The gathering was widely representative; leaders in Christian Work from Church and Mission were present to show their regard for Dr. M'Intyre, and admiration for the work he has done.

Rev. James Muir led in prayer, voicing thanksgiving for a life devoted to the Gospel of Christ, and fully consecrated to his Divine Master.

The Chairman, Rev. W. Simpson, spoke of the most perfect fellowship which had ever characterised his fellowship with Dr. M'Intyre, in the ministry in Finnieston Church.

An illuminated address from the Congregation was presented to him by Mr. James G. Ross, Senior Elder. He spoke of the lengthy ministry of their beloved friend, and of the blessing he had been made to them all.

A wallet containing a cheque was presented to Dr. and Mrs. M'Intyre by Lord Maclay. He said it was a high honour and real privilege to take a part on this great occasion, to do honour to one so greatly esteemed. He might be allowed to express his own personal affection and esteem. It was a constant happiness to be present in any

place associated with the Doctor's fine work. He had been used to carry on a unique work for God. In this land, and in many other lands, men and women were found who had been trained by Dr. M'Intyre, and who were all loyal to the teaching they had received in the Bible Training Institute. Well nigh a thousand Missionaries whom he had taught were serving to-day in the high places of the field. Few men in our generation have done a greater work. Of Mrs. M'Intyre it might perhaps be enough to say that without her aid and presence he could never have done the work he had crowded into his life. She was revered and loved by every one.

Dr. M'Intyre in his reply said how deeply touched they had been by the love and kindness showered upon them, and said there was nothing that so humbled one as undeserved praise. Their thoughts to them at this time had been full of loving kindness and they had been loaded with benefits. "We cannot express our sense of your affection and care, but we carry you in our hearts. Our thoughts, to-night, are deeper than words." He then went on to speak to the praise of the Lord who he had tried always to set before him. Speaking of his early work in London he said many there had been made ready for the inheritance of the saints in light. When the call came to him to take up the work in Finnieston, what induced him most was that he might learn more of the ways of God and the methods of Christian work through fellowship with Dr. Andrew Bonar, the minister of the Church. All these years there had been an unbroken chain of kindness, and they had now come in the goodness of God to the frontier line.

Professor A. J. Gossip spoke of the immense affection which went out to Dr. M'Intyre, and to his unflinching loyalty to the Gospel. His message for sinful men was found in the Cross, and that was always enough. He was never earthbound, and he never forgot about lost souls. His preaching was not arguing but witnessing; he helped men to see Jesus. He dwelt in the secret place and heard the very voice of very God.

Dr. Dinsdale T. Young, in an address which thrilled and delighted all, declared that it was the realisation of a dream through many years to visit Finnieston Church, where Dr. Andrew Bonar, by whom his life had been enriched, had ministered, and he was thankful to hear sung the praises of Dr. M'Intyre his successor and son-in-law. Dr. M'Intyre held the Bible to be unequivocally the Word of God, his ministry was centred on the Word of God, which endureth for ever. He was a great expository preacher and warmly evangelical. He believed it was the atonement that is in the Cross that saves.

Pastor D. J. Findlay spoke of the great multitude of people, who, while not members of Finnieston Church, were wholeheartedly with them that night in their devotion and love to a revered leader. Dr. M'Intyre had in him a perennial fountain which overflowed to the glory of God and the salvation of men.

A NAME TO LIVE BUT DEAD.

WHAT shall be done with such persons as live in the church, but are not of it, having a name to live, but are dead? What shall be done with mere professors who are not possessors? What shall become of those only outwardly religious but inwardly are in the gall of bitterness? We answer, as good Calvin did once, "They shall walk in black for they are unworthy."

They shall walk in black—the blackness of hopeless despair. They shall walk in black—the blackness of incomparable anguish. They shall walk in black—the blackness of damnation. They shall walk in black for ever, because they were found unworthy.

O professors, search yourselves. O ministers, search yourselves. O ye, who make a profession of religion, now put your hands within your hearts, and search your souls. You live in the sight of a rein-trying God. Oh! try your own reins, and search your own hearts. It is not a matter of half-importance for which I plead, but a matter of double importance. I beseech you, examine and cross-examine your own souls, and see whether ye be in the path, for it will go ill with you if ye shall find at last that ye were in the church, but not of it, that ye made a profession of religion, but it was only a cloak for your hypocrisy.

Remember, the higher the pinnacle of profession the direr your fall to destruction. Beggared kings, exiled princes, crownless emperors, are always subjects of pity. Professor, what wilt thou think of thyself when the robes are taken from thee, when thy crown of profession is taken from thy head, and thou standest the hiss of even vile men, the scoff of blasphemers, the jeer of those who whatever they were, were not hypocrites, as thou art? They will cry to thee, "Art thou become like one of us? Thou professor, thou high-flying man art thou become like one of us?" And ye will hide your guilty heads in the dark pit of perdition, but all in vain, for you never will be able to avoid that hiss which shall ever greet you.

Ah! take care. There are but few names in Sardis who shall walk in white. Be ye

of that few. May God give you grace that ye be not reprobates, but may be accepted of the Lord in that day! May He give you mercy, that when He severs the chaff from the wheat, you may abide as the good corn, and may not be swept away into unquenchable fire! The Lord in mercy bless this warning, and hear our supplication, for Christ's sake.

C. H. SPURGEON.

GOD'S GREAT LOVE TO MAN.

I AM going to tell you of the love of God. If I were to begin to speak on any other subject I should not succeed in my object, but I can tell you of the love of God, because I know it in my own soul. When I was in the world and used to be boxing and swearing and drinking, if any man spoke to me I would have lifted my fist to knock him down, but since that time, the Lord has shown me a better way—the way of love. The Lord used law first to bring people back, but now He uses love. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3: 16). I can go to the outcast and tell her that God loves her, that God will forgive and receive her, through the blood of Christ. The text I have read tells us, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15, 13), but God's love is greater than the love of man, for we read, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). Your name is "SINNER": that is your true character in the sight of God. But remember that God loves *you*, just as you are, however great a sinner you have been. Glory be to God! He saw us lost and ruined in the fall, and yet He loved us.. If the Lord would pass by any one, He would have passed by Richard Weaver: and yet I can testify, that if I die to-night heaven is my home. Some will say, "I do not believe it" but how do you know, if you have never tried it.

Come and believe it now. Every man and woman is invited to come.

RICHARD WEAVER.

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WHAT ABOUT SIN?

SIN is one of the realities of human experience. Frequently in the Old Testament it is referred to as the thought or action in moral life and conduct "which ought not to be done" (e.g. Lev. 4. 2). A correct and concise theological definition is that "Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God" ("Westminster Shorter Catechism"). Temptation is primarily the inclination to a wrong use of proper desire (James 1. 14). Sin is the indulgence of that inclination. Such indulgence is a revolt against God's prescribed boundaries of life. In resisting temptation moral strength is increased, but in sinning, by yielding to temptation, moral strength is diminished, and in time destroyed because of the insidious effect of habit. Sin is not inevitable. The Lord Jesus Christ in His humanity was without sin.

I. ALL SIN IS ULTIMATELY AGAINST GOD. Jehovah is the thrice holy God (Isaiah 6. 3). He is of purer eyes that to behold evil (Habakkuk 1. 13). He Who is holy in nature and righteous in action, demands righteousness in human conduct. Consequently all unrighteousness violates His demands. "Sin is the transgression of the law." This explains why a sacrifice is necessary, and the inevitable punishment that it entails. So that sin is not to be condoned as an indiscretion, or excused on the grounds of ignorance, or explained away as being an essential element in human evolution; it is more than selfishness, although selfishness may be an expression of sin.

Sin is primarily an attitude of heart and mind, a spiritual and mental divergence from God's standard for life and conduct. Such an attitude results sooner or later in action. But the guilt of sin is there, before the act is committed. The act is open defiance of God's will. The defiance, however, is there in the attitude, even though the act may never be committed. David's ugly sins against Uriah and Bathsheba were deliberately against human beings; but his own lament was, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight." (Psalm 51. 4) Our Lord said "Whosoever looketh . . . to lust . . . hath committed" (Matthew 5. 28). We shall not think lightly of sin, if we think reverently of God and of His standard of life for us.

II. SIN IS SELF-DESTRUCTIVE OF HUMAN GOOD. It is moral suicide. It is the worm at the root, that does its deadly work often

all unseen, till the evidences of decay cannot be hidden. There is no hesitation in saying that murder and drunkenness are sinful works of the flesh. Should there be any less hesitation in classing hatred, variance, strife and envy among the sinful works of the flesh? These "and such like" are all put in one category by the Holy Spirit, and He says, "they which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God" (Gal. 5. 19, 21). Therefore the sinful works of the flesh are not limited to sins indulged in the body or by means of it. Sins of the mind are equally self-destructive. All such sins make man an enemy of God. They defile the temple in which God desires to dwell; and anyone defiling the temple of God will be destroyed, not by arbitrary judgment, but as the direct consequence of the sin practised. Even if a Christian seeks to do any service for God, while indulging such "works of the flesh," his efforts will only be "dead works," and he will not evade the consequences of his sin.

III. CHRIST ALONE EFFECTIVELY DEALS WITH SIN. "He died for our sins." His death was sufficient atonement for human sin. He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself; and to put it away is to make it as though it had never been. The believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is "made free from sin" (Rom. 6. 18, 22). This is on account of the believer's identification with the Lord in His death and resurrection, and the benefits of the Lord's atonement are made actually his by the appropriation of faith. The Lord "breaks the power of cancelled sin, and sets the prisoner free." The believer is no longer sin's slave, because sin is no longer the believer's master.

The Lord, who pardons and frees the believer from the bondage of sin's guilt, becomes the believer's power to live a pure and holy life. The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ is our only cleanser. It cleanseth from the defilement that past sins have left; it cleanseth in continuous present efficacy, when the believer, conscious of any fault or shortcoming confesses such. "If the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, Who, through the Eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God" (Heb. 9. 13-14).

NEIL M'LACILAN.

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

A Gospel Paper containing
:: :: Foundation Truths :: ::

Designed for
:: :: Distribution :: ..

No. 506

Entered at Stationers' Hall

August, 1936

"He sent
from above,
He took
me,
He drew
me
out of many
waters."

Psalm 18. 16.



"Come and
hear,
all ye that
fear God,
and I will
declare what
He hath
done for my
soul."

Psalm 66. 16.

I BELIEVE GOD! DO YOU?

THE TESTIMONY OF REV. ALFRED MATHIESON, LONDON.

ONE evening I picked up my books to study, although having no inclination to do so. After some time I gave up the attempt and went out.

Crossing the market square of my native town I met my uncle, who said: "Where are you going to?" I rather indefinitely replied: "Nowhere in particular, just round about!" He said: "Will you come and hear the speaker I told you of?" I replied: "Yes;" so off we set. He led me to the other side of the market square, and we passed through an entrance-way on to a waste piece of land on which was pitched a large tent, which

we entered. The tent was seated for about 600 people, and at the rear there was a wooden platform, on the supporting backboard of which was affixed a text in large letters.

I realised to my astonishment that I had been led into a religious meeting, and I decided to remain until the service was ended.

The meeting commenced with the singing of a hymn, and after prayer had been offered up, and a portion of the Bible read, the preacher commenced his address. His was preaching I had not before experienced. Direct, forceful, pointed, it came home to me with power. Not a word of the address can I now remember, but before the meeting was finished I was convicted of sin, and it

was clear to me that I was a lost sinner before the living God. I was not labouring under any emotional pressure.

I had been dissatisfied with my life. Within me was an inexplicable longing, and a restlessness possessed me that I could not wholly analyse. My life seemed aimless. The problems of life, death, and eternity pressed themselves upon me, calling for attention. I tried to solve them, but the more I tried, the greater became the longing and restlessness.

My restlessness, I may say, had been increased by reading part of "Earth's Earliest Ages," by G. H. Pember, which had been lent me by my uncle. I expect this is the last book in the world that most Christians would dream of giving to an unsaved soul, but I have always regarded it as an act of wisdom under the leading of God. I had not read many chapters when I closed the book and did not open it again until after I was converted.

At the close of the meeting the preacher pleaded with his hearers to be reconciled to God through faith in the sacrificial death of the Lord Jesus, and His shed blood. He invited those who desired further knowledge of the way of salvation to remain behind, and those who did not care to do so, he urged to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour.

Not caring to stay, I left the meeting and went home. Upon my knees I confessed myself a sinner before God, accepting Christ as my Saviour, but rose from my knees feeling no better. The following day I thought the matter over, still realised my need of a Saviour, and at night went to the tent meeting. I was convicted of sin as before, went home, performed the same action, and again rose from my knees feeling no better.

The third night I went to the service, and the preacher's text was one which burned itself into my heart and brain, making it impossible for me to forget. His text was, "*I believe God, that it shall be even so as it hath been spoken unto me*" (Acts 27. 25, R.V.).

The preacher's theme was, that man is a sinner: "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 23); that God in wondrous love and grace towards sinful man had sent His Son to die on the Cross to save man from sin and death—which is the wages of sin—and that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16).

The question to me was, did I believe God that I was a sinner; that He had sent His

Son to die for *me*, and that by faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus I would receive pardon, peace and everlasting life?

Leaving the meeting that night I went home, and on my knees I accepted by faith the Lord Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour, believing that on the Cross He died in my room and stead to atone for my sins. I rose from my knees, not resting on my feelings, but on the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, having *full faith* in the declared Word of the living God. That moment I received pardon, peace and everlasting life.

For a whole week I was kept resting in faith upon the Word of God, with no feelings of exultation or joy, then suddenly my whole being was flooded with "joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter 1. 8). That was an experience which no words can describe, an experience never to be forgotten. It was a joy centred on Christ. "Whom having not seen ye love," writes the Apostle Peter. How true!

I went and bought a Bible and chose one I could carry in my pocket so that I could read it at every possible minute. It is no exaggeration to say that I devoured the Word like a wolf its food. Never will I forget the fascination of reading the Bible through for the first time, and with enlightened eyes; and it has been since the most fascinating Book in the world. I can truly echo the words of the Prophet Jeremiah. "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart: for I am called by Thy name, O Lord God of hosts (Jer. 15. 16). And like the Psalmist, I rejoice to say, "Oh how I love Thy law! It is my meditation all the day" (Psalm 119. 97).

Years have passed away, and I am as conscious to-day of my salvation as I was then. During those years of fellowship with God I have proved Him true, and can declare, I "know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. 1. 12).

Do you believe God? Do you acknowledge that you are a sinner and in need of a Saviour? These questions must be answered *to-day!* To-morrow is not yours!

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him (John 3. 36). I BELIEVE GOD! DO YOU?"

THE STORY OF THE KISHENEV MURDERER.

IN the City of Kishenev, in one of the southern provinces of Russia, there stands a large building. Its walls are several feet in thickness, and its massive, solid appearance is still further increased by its four great round towers.

Some years ago two men drove up in a "droshky" (a Russian carriage) to the gate of this prison. They had come direct from the Governor's house, and were armed with his full permission to speak to the prisoners.

It was an unusual errand that had brought to the prison these two visitors, with their hearts aglow with the joy of God's salvation. It was their desire to speak of that salvation to the prisoners, and to tell them how it has been made free to all by the atoning work of Christ, and how it is to be received by any poor sinner through simple faith in Him.

Row by row the men were marched up by the obliging officials. Each received the gift of a New Testament in his own language; and a brief, earnest address was given, pointing to Christ as the only One through Whom God's forgiveness could be obtained.

When all was over, the visitors were about to take their leave, when a warder stepped up to the elder of them.

"We have a murderer in our charge at present," said he.

"Have I seen him?" asked the visitor.

"No, he is in solitary confinement."

"Take me to his cell, please."

Turning to the stone staircase, by which access was afforded to the underground dungeons, the warder led the way to the dark basement regions of the prison. Here, in a lonely cell, lay the murderer.

The visitor introduced himself by offering a copy of the New Testament.

"Thank you, but I cannot read," he sadly replied.

"Here, then, is the very thing for you," was the cheery reply: "you will be able to read this, and as it teaches the truth it is most important for you to know."

So saying, the visitor produced a small book of three pages and handed it to the convict. The latter took it, opened it, and gazed with a puzzled look upon its pages. No words were there, no letters of the alphabet, but simply *colours*. The first page was black, the second red, the third white. It was a copy of what is pretty widely known in English-speaking lands as "the Wordless Book."

"What is the meaning of this? I cannot understand," said the condemned man.

This was the question which the visitor was waiting for. It gave him the opportunity that he desired of setting the Gospel of God's wonderful grace before the prisoner.

"The black leaf represents black SIN—yours and mine," he explained. "Sin against God and against man; sin in the heart and sin in the life, black as night. The red page represents the precious blood of Christ, by which alone sin can be cleansed and put away. The white leaf represents the perfect salvation of the soul through our Lord Jesus Christ; the complete righteousness that comes to the believing sinner through faith."

It was all so new to the poor convict. From one page to the other of the "Wordless Book" his eyes anxiously wandered, and his hands began to tremble violently.

"You are able to read that little book, are you not?" asked the kind visitor.

"Yes, I can read it, thank God!" he replied, as big tears fell upon his chained hands. "And thank you, sir, a thousandfold, for bringing such a message to such an unworthy wretch as I am."

And thus there was joy in Heaven over another repentant sinner. H. P. BARKER.

WHAT A CHRISTIAN POSSESSES!

"I HAVE a whole Christ for my salvation; the whole Bible for my soul's instruction and guidance; the whole Church of God for my fellowship; the whole of the Spirit's Ministry in it; the whole world for my parish, that I may be a true Catholic and never become Sectarian."—*Augustine*.

"Contains a wealth of outline and suggestion"—*British Evangelist*

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A BOMB IN A THEATRE.

IT was not a material bomb but a moral one. The effect of a material bomb is material and temporary; that of a moral bomb, is ethical and endures unto everlasting life (John 6. 27); and a County Cork landlord, Edward Heard, of Ballintubber, near Midleton, found it to be so one night in the theatre at Cork.

The remarkable Revival Movement which so widely affected the gentry in the South and West of Ireland in the middle of the last century, had deeply moved him, but, like some others at the time, he resolved he would keep the matter secret; that he would not retire from the Hunt, and from the County balls; and that he would not identify himself with those who were publicly seeking, in separation from the world, to know and follow and truly believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ.

Perhaps the most gifted and prominent of the volunteer preachers in the Revival was Thomas Weldon Trench, of Geashill (pronounced Gayshill) Castle, in the King's County. Heard knew him, and Trench had spoken to him about a real and saving and whole-hearted decision for Christ—a decision which involved a breach with Society, an acceptance of the death of the Cross, and a confession before men of the Lord Jesus as Saviour, which is one of the conditions of salvation (Rom. 10. 9, 10).

Learning that Trench was to preach on a certain evening in the theatre at Cork, Heard decided to attend; and so got himself a comfortable seat in a box. The house was densely crowded with upper-class people, all of whom knew Heard, for he was justly very popular. Trench spoke with great power about the rebellion and folly of being a Nicodemus Christian (John 3. 2; 12. 42); and suddenly looking straight at Heard he cried: "There, for instance, is Heard of Ballintubber! You all know him. He has just been converted, but he would not for all the world let any one know it!"

Heard told me that the bomb fell on him with shattering effect. He longed for the floor of the box to open and swallow him up. But it accomplished its moral purpose. He had there and then to confess Christ or to deny Him. He confessed Him; and for more than 40 happy years he ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ all over the Counties of Cork and Waterford and Kerry. And now he is with Him Who loved him, and washed him from his sins in His own blood (Rev. 1. 6; 7. 14, 15).—*Friend's Witness.*

THE "BLOOD THEORY" OF SALVATION.

SOME people, indeed not a few, object to what they are pleased to designate as the "blood theory" of salvation. The term "blood" is distasteful to them in this connection. They like neither the sound nor the import of the word. They do not object to salvation by moral influence, or as a gratuity of God's benevolence; but salvation purchased or obtained by the blood of Christ does not suit their ideas of the fitness of things. They see no efficacy in His blood to save souls. They prefer to drop the word "blood" altogether from their religious creed.

A serious difficulty with all such persons consists in the fact that they propose to amend the language of the Bible in respect to human salvation, and, in some cases at least, to substitute their own ideas for those conveyed in the Bible. Jesus, when appointing the Lord's Supper, and presenting the cup to His disciples and telling them to drink of it, did not hesitate to say, "For this is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." Paul did not hesitate to say, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins"; or to say that God had set Christ forth "to be a propitiation through faith in His blood"; or to say, "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus"; or to say, "Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood, He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." Peter had no philosophy about the fitness of things which prevented him from saying that we are redeemed "with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." John had no difficulty in saying that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." The song in Heaven, as stated in the Book of Revelation, reads thus: "Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." The saints in Heaven redeemed by Christ are thus spoken of: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Without shedding of blood is no remission. Being justified by His blood we shall be saved from wrath through Him (Rom. 5. 9).

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* * * * *

"He sent
from above,
He took
me,
He drew
me
out of many
waters."

Psalm 18. 10.

* * * * *



* * * * *

"Come and
hear,
all ye that
fear God,
and I will
declare what
He hath
done for my
soul."

Psalm 66. 16.

* * * * *

FROM THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

By REV. OSWALD J. SMITH

The People's Church, Toronto, Canada.

LET me start at the beginning. I was born in Odessa, Ontario, Nov. 8th, 1889, and I am the eldest of ten, four girls and six boys. My father was a telegraph operator, hence my childhood days were spent in railway stations, my babyhood at Elmstead, Walkerville and Woodstock, and my boyhood at Embro, a country station on the C.P.R., four miles from the village.

I was delicate, thin and tall, and not able to take my own part. Hence my early school days hold many unpleasant memories. We were compelled to walk a mile and a half to the little country school-house at Cody's Corners, summer and winter alike. At one time I passed through a severe illness of pneumonia, and upon several occasions while at school or at play I fainted dead away. Well do I recall a neighbour one day saying to another when I was supposed

to be out of ear-shot—"Well, poor boy, he's not long for this world."

It has never been my policy to look for a position or to sit down and wait for a call. Always I have created my own work, and generally work for others as well. Even in my boyhood days I endeavoured to earn and save. First of all my brother and I got two settings of eggs and borrowed a couple of hens. With the money we saved from the sale of eggs we bought a cow. We sold the milk and got two pigs. Now and again we weighed cattle and bedded cars, sawed wood, carried coal, lit lamps, hoed corn and did other odd jobs. Thus we earned what we could, and saved practically all, until, when finally I left home for good at the age of seventeen, I had saved up about eighty dollars, with which to start life.

I remember it as though it were yesterday, one afternoon in Sunday School my teacher, Grace Featherston, saying: "Any one of you boys might be a minister." Immediately I responded in my

heart, "I'll be that boy." I must have been about twelve years old at the time, and ever after the ministry was my goal.

When I was about fourteen I was fascinated and tremendously influenced by stereopticon slides on the Pilgrim's Progress, given by Miss Isabel McIntosh a Presbyterian missionary, in St. Mark's Church, Toronto. She was the first to ask me definitely if I was saved. These were my only opportunities of hearing the Gospel aside from the home training given by my mother, who lived not only a consistent but a most self-sacrificing Christian life. Yet I did not know God's plan of Salvation.

Well, at last the great change took place. We began to notice in the Daily News that Dr. R. A. Torrey and Chas. M. Alexander were holding wonderful meetings in Massey Hall, Toronto. Whole columns were given to these services. If only Editors realised how many thousands there still are who love to read religious news, they would report Gospel sermons and evangelistic campaigns far more than they do. I thank God for the space given by the Daily News to the great Torrey-Alexander campaign.

From time to time mother would say: "So and so is under conviction," as the section men and farmers read the accounts. As for me, I did not know the meaning of the words "conviction" or "conversion," but day by day my interest grew as the papers brought news of the campaign. At last, strangely moved, my brother Ernest and I asked mother if we might go to Toronto to attend the meetings, and she wisely gave her permission. Toronto was ninety-four miles away. We arrived in time for the last eight meetings, and never missed one. Why others did not go who lived right in the city I could not understand. We had travelled nearly one hundred miles to be present.

Never will I forget those meetings. Everything was new and strange. I was fascinated. As we approached the great Massey Hall that first night we saw a large crowd waiting outside. Edging our way in, we got fairly close to the doors, all excited, and watched. Presently they opened, and, almost carried in the crowds, we entered the auditorium. Our eyes were filled with wonder and amazement as we gazed around. Never had we beheld such a scene. Quickly the seats filled. Alexander stepped on the platform and, in his masterful way, led the singing. Robert Harkness was at the piano. Butler was soloist. Oh, what singing! I am used to it now, but how it thrilled me then, especially the Glory Song!

The second to last meeting came. I had made up my mind to accept Christ that afternoon. It was a special service for boys. We arrived early, and the hall was crowded. What Dr. Torrey said I do not remember, but I will never forget how he repeated his text, Isaiah 53. 5: "But He was wounded for *my* transgression; He was bruised for *my* iniquities, the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him, and with His stripes *I* am healed." At the close of his message he asked those between seventeen and twenty, I think, who wanted to accept Christ, to come forward. Some responded. Then he lowered the ages and I was included. But to my amazement I felt like lead, though I had made up my mind to go. Presently my brother quietly nudged me, and with a sober face, I took the momentous step. Shaking hands with Dr. Torrey, I went below and sat down. A worker talked to me, but I got no help.

At last I bowed my head, put my face between my hands, and, as the tears came there stole into

my boyish heart a realisation that the great change had taken place. Christ had entered. Scores of others had come, Ernest among them. He is now a minister in the United Church. There was no excitement, no unusual feeling, but I knew that something had happened, and that ever after, all life would be different. That was on January 28th, 1906, when I was sixteen years of age.

But now at last came the opportunity for which I had prayed and waited so long. I arrived at Severn. The Methodist minister, Rev. Elijah Brown, happened to be at the station. I told him I was a colporteur for the Bible Society. Immediately he said: "You will preach for us to-morrow." Thank God, my day had come! I agreed at once. Then fearing he might ask if I had preached before, since I was so young, I fell behind. But in a moment my heart was in my mouth. "I suppose you have taken services before?" he asked. The very question I had dreaded. How would I answer? I could not bear to miss the opportunity. "Oh yes," I replied, "I have *spoken* before." Twice I had given brief messages at Young People's meetings. My answer seemed to satisfy him, for he said no more about it. He had three appointments, he informed me, and I was to preach at all three.

In my room that night I knelt in prayer and pled for guidance. I did not have a sermon. What was I to say? At last there came the thought of a message I had listened to in Beverley St. Church from Dr. Elmore Harris on Ephesians 1. 3, a text that no one should take until he has been in the ministry at least twenty-five years, but since I had a good memory and recalled much of what he had said, I determined to use it. How my soul was thrilled as I thought of the morrow and its tremendous possibilities. My dreams and visions were at last to be fulfilled. I would know now whether or not I could preach.

Well, the morning came and I preached from Eph. 1. 3, and for at least thirty or thirty-five minutes I spoke without a pause, without a note, nor did my memory fail me once. How it sounded or what the people thought I do not know. I had preached, that was sufficient, and I left praising God for His vindication. I had found myself at last. In the afternoon I preached at Wesley, but spoke from John 3. 14, 15, arguing to myself that if I gave the same sermon again Mr. Brown might think I only had one sermon. And again I spoke without a pause or a note, not even stopping for the noise of a passing train for fear I could never get started again. At night we reached the largest church of all, Washago, and again I thought it would never do to repeat myself, and so I asked God for a third message, and finally decided to speak on The Ten Virgins. Surely, I thought, I could talk for half an hour on such a passage. And I did. Mr. Brown when introducing me, told how he had been blessed listening to the previous messages. Little did he know that I had never preached in my life before. But how happy I was that night! I knew now that God had called me to preach the Gospel. Never had I dreamed of anything else. I had but one ambition. And now, after twenty-seven years in the ministry, how thankful I am to God for the glorious privilege.

N.B.—Mr. Oswald Smith is in Glasgow this month (September), and all who have the opportunity to do so should try to hear him. God has made him and his message a blessing to many souls.

IS ALL WELL WITH YOU.

THE Bible says that Christ died for all, so can I take it for granted that I am saved? No. That is not sufficient ground for the assurance, because it may be that you have never accepted Him as your personal Saviour. The Bible also makes it very clear that God's gift of salvation is *unto* all (that is, it is offered to everybody), but it is only *upon* all them that believe.

You may receive a letter offering you a motor car, but until you definitely accepted the offer it would not be your own.

In Exodus 12. we have that truth taught in type in the story of Israel's redemption in Egypt on the night of the Passover. The slain lamb was intended to make each household secure from the death angel, but the family was not safe until the blood was sprinkled on the door and lintel of each house. The fact that the lamb had been slain did not in itself avail—the promise given was "When I see the blood I will pass over you."

The Lamb of God died on Calvary and His perfect sacrifice was sufficient to atone for the sins of the whole world, but it only avails for those who have personally appropriated and accepted that sacrifice.

It is interesting to note that the record in Exodus gives three descriptions of the Passover lamb, *i.e.*, "A lamb," "the lamb," "your lamb." And here again the Holy Spirit seeks to teach us a spiritual truth. That is, that there are those who are willing to acknowledge Christ as *A* Saviour but who only assign Him a place among earthly notabilities who have been great in their day and generation. Others acknowledge that He is *the* Saviour, and admit intellectually that He is incomparable, in that there is none other Name whereby mankind may be saved. But it is only when you can say He is *your* Saviour (meaning that you have definitely received Him), that you have the assurance from God's Word that you are born again. Then, it is possible to say with glad confidence, "I am His and He is mine." John 1. 12; Gal. 3. 26; John 5. 24. The blood sprinkled on the door indicated that death had taken place.

"ONLY BELIEVE."

COULD anything be simpler? God desires us to give Him credit for what He has said, and we can be certain of what He has said because it is recorded in His Word, the Holy Bible. If we are wise enough to believe Him, we shall know the joy of possessing the highest and best in this world, and in the world to come.

The greatest and grandest blessings which Heaven can bestow are obtained by believing what God says concerning ourselves, and concerning His beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. Now what does He say about ourselves? He tells us that we are sinners, and that as such we need a Saviour. Surely this is not difficult to understand. One sin constitutes a sinner, and our past experience is sufficient evidence to prove that the Divine estimate of us is true. What does God say concerning the Lord Jesus Christ? He says many most wonderful and beautiful things about Him. Let us remind ourselves of just a few of them.

He tells us that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Is not this good news? It means that the Saviour came all the way from yonder Heaven to ensure our eternal welfare. It means that when Christ died on the Cross He had a definite purpose and that purpose was to make everlasting salvation possible.

God also tells us that His beloved Son is the ONLY Saviour. Here are the words: "Neither is there salvation in any other." Let us be very clear about this, because it is of the utmost importance. It means that if I do not accept Christ as my personal Saviour, I am both helpless and hopeless. I cannot save myself. I cannot purchase eternal life. I cannot merit God's salvation. I cannot work my way to Heaven. It must be Christ and Christ only.

Are you trusting yourself or the Saviour? Are you resting upon what you can do, or upon what Christ has done on your behalf? Are you relying upon your own thoughts, or upon God's unfailing Word? Let us never forget that the mere historical fact that Christ died will save no one, but the magnificent personal fact that Christ died for me, will bring the assurance of pardon and salvation.

E. BARKER.

"Devotional Meditations, suggestive, beautifully phrased, and full of spiritual insight"—*Baptist Times*

TAKEN UNAWARES

Twelve Addresses dealing with Faith, Life, Work, and touching many of Life's Perplexities and Problems

By Dr. JOHN MACBEATH

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PICKERING & INGLIS, 229 Northwell Street, Glasgow, G.2. 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. 29 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh, 1

A HERO ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

A NUMBER of years ago an Atlantic liner left Liverpool for the city of New York. During the first part of the voyage nothing eventful happened. After being several days on the stormy ocean, one day the passengers were suddenly interrupted in their musings and conversation by a loud explosion, followed by a heavy escape of steam. Consternation seized hold of most of them, and was clearly depicted on their countenances, whilst the worst fears were entertained by some.

The first engineer, who was evidently much excited, appeared on deck and explained that one of the main pipes had burst, and that the escape of steam could only be stopped at the risk of the life of him who did it.

Having made plain the imminent peril to which all on board were exposed, he asked various persons to volunteer. No one, however, appeared to be willing to risk being scalded to death. Again the engineer besought them, but without effect. At last a stoker appeared with a sack on his head and expressed his willingness to make the attempt.

Extraordinary interest was manifested as the brave fellow descended the ladder. "Would the stoker succeed in preventing an explosion?" "Would he be able to shut off the steam?" They knew that the danger was great and grave, and if he succeeded in his mission he might sacrifice his own life in endeavouring to save theirs.

All ears were strained to listen, and all hearts beat with expectancy. After a lapse of time which seemed long to them, the noise ceased and the escape of steam subsided. The stoker, however, did not emerge from below. "What had become of him?" "Where is he?" "Is he alive?" "Has he escaped?" Such were some of the questions that occupied the minds of the passengers. On going below the searchers found the body of the stoker, but, alas! life was extinct. He had, in fact, been scalded to death.

"What a noble fellow!" says one. Yes, indeed; he was a real hero. When the lives of others were endangered, he risked his own that they might be saved. He did not positively know, when he undertook to stop the escape of steam, that his own life would be sacrificed in accomplishing it. Yet so it was. The passengers and crew doubtless felt grateful to him who in seeking to save their lives sacrificed his own.

And yet, strange to say, multitudes have not a spark of gratitude to Him who died to save them from a death ten-thousandfold worse than that of this courageous stoker! The Lord Jesus saw us, in our low and lost estate, being carried resistlessly to everlasting woe. He loved us and longed to deliver us. In divine grace and compassion He came into this world to seek and to save that which was lost. Every step of the road from Bethlehem to Calvary was well known to Him. He did not merely *risk* His life. The "Good Shepherd" gave His life for the sheep. "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17).

Through faith in Christ's death for you, you may obtain eternal life and the forgiveness of your numerous and aggravated sins. "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." A. M.

PRESENCE AND REST.

MY *presence* shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest (Ex. 33. 14). *Rest* though Moses was assuming cares he had never known before. The word *presence* is plural: faces or appearances. Jehovah would vary His manifestations. He would be darkness or light, gentle guide or stern oracle. How sweet is all this to us. Whatever Moses' daily trials he was assured of some *peculiar* help that would carry him through. In the same sense the Lord Jesus says to us, "Lo, I am with you always."

Have you any experience of the rest which is here spoken of. A rest from inbred sin, a rest from carking care, a rest from the labour and burden of endeavouring to merit favour with God. A rest in the redeeming Blood of Christ and the unchanging word of God.

TRIAL AND FAILURE.

GOD tried man in innocence, and he sold his God for an apple. He tried him under conscience, and the first effect of conscience on Adam was to make him a sheer coward; the reign of conscience ended with the flood; the reign of legalism ended with the crucifixion of Christ; the rationalist (conscience reign) gives us a Christ without a Cross; the ritualist (legalism), a Cross without a Christ; "but we preach Christ crucified, to the Jews (ritualists) a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks (rationalists) foolishness; but to them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God." W.P.M.

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

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Entered at Stationers' Hall

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* * * * *

"He sent
from above,
He took
me,
He drew
me
out of many
waters."

Psalm 18. 16.



* * * * *

"Come and
hear,
all ye that
fear God,
and I will
declare what
He hath
done for my
soul."

Psalm 66. 16.

CHARLES INGLIS, Evangelist.

ON 23rd July, 1936, there passed to his well-earned rest, Charles Inglis, the last of the great group of evangelists, who in the second half of last century—and some of them overflowing into this century—went everywhere preaching the Gospel and calling men to repentance. Mr. Inglis, although of Scottish descent, was born in London 88 years ago. He was brought to Christ in his seventeenth year and almost immediately began preaching. Two years later he relinquished the business career on which he had entered and went out as a full time servant of Christ, to preach the Gospel wherever his Master might send him; and so he had the unique experience of "doing

the work of an Evangelist" for the long period of almost 70 years.

In the summer of 1872 he conducted a Tent Mission on the ground which is now the site of St. George's Cross Tabernacle, Glasgow. One night a stranger introduced himself as D. L. Moody, of Chicago, who was then in the early days of that wonderful career, which a year or two later led on to that gracious Revival which blessed our city—our land—and indeed the whole world. That meeting brought Mr. Inglis into a circle of friends, amongst whom he was to become well-known and greatly used of God in the years that followed.

We ourselves made Mr. Inglis' acquaintance in the late 70's, when he helped us in Missions

in the Cowcaddens, and later in The Tabernacle and other buildings.

An outstanding feature of Mr. Inglis' ministry was his faithfulness in sticking to *the work of an Evangelist*. Many good Evangelists have taken the edge off of their special work by becoming "teachers" and "lecturers." Charles Inglis could give good addresses to Christians, but his main strength, all through his long life, was given to the delivery of the soul-saving message of the Gospel, and in this work God wonderfully used and blessed him.

Nearly 20 years ago Mr. Inglis celebrated his Jubilee as a preacher, in the Y.M.C.A., Aldersgate Street, London, but that did not mean retiral, for in spite of advancing years he continued active in the work of soul-winning. If he was not fit for prolonged efforts, he was ever ready to enter a door opened for testimony to his Lord. He was among the last, if not the last of that notable band of evangelists who did so much to carry the Gospel message through the length and breadth of this country, in the years that followed the revival of 1874. What Mr. Inglis was then he continued to be, a lover of souls, a lover of the Gospel. One who knew him well said he had a gift of speaking, clearly, slowly, and most effectively.

Others with whom Mr. Inglis was associated in those early days included Henry Moorhouse, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and C. H. Spurgeon. It was through the influence of Mr. Moorhouse that the evangelist first came to visit America, where he preached in many large cities, including Salt Lake City, Chicago, and New York. Thereafter he was a frequent visitor to the United States, spending a large part of each year there. Altogether, he crossed the Atlantic over ninety times. These visits to the United States and Canada were continued until he was well over eighty. Many doors were open to him in the United States. In 1911, during the visit of Dr. A. B. Simpson to this country, Mr. Inglis occupied his pulpit in New York. A work of grace was done at that time, a great number, mostly men, being converted as a result of his straight and powerful preaching. His work in American prisons was very fruitful, and he had the joy of seeing many convicts turning to the Lord. It was no uncommon thing for him to address a congregation of from 800 to 1000 convicts. On one such occasion over 100 stood up to be prayed for, including a man reputed to be the world's most accomplished forger. On one occasion in Sing Sing prison, New York, he

spoke to fifteen men under sentence of death. One, at least, professed to accept Christ.

He knew what it was to endure hardness as a good soldier, and his life as an itinerant evangelist supplied some thrilling experiences. Once, in Tasmania, he was thrown from his horse down a deep ravine into a river, and, in consequence, for the following six weeks he had to preach on crutches. On another occasion he was travelling along a lonely road in Canada, when he came face to face with a bear. For a moment he and the animal stood looking at each other; and then they went on their respective ways!

It could truly be said of Charles Inglis that he continued to bear fruit in old age. Never spectacular or sensational, his missions did not furnish bold line headings for the press, but the presentation of the saving truths of the Gospel brought light and assurance to hundreds of weary and sin burdened souls. One of the centres he frequently visited and where he will be much missed, was the Y.M.C.A., Aldersgate Street. He was always a welcome visitor, and his messages at the Noon Day meeting brought refreshment to many busy men who sought there a few minutes respite from the cares of business.

He published two books containing outlines of his popular addresses, and also supplied many articles for a number of monthlies. His theology was sound, his delivery clear, his subject never overloaded, his illustrations apt and interesting, and his ministry both to sinner and saint, most effective. He passed to his reward, after over 70 years of faithful testimony to the Saviour of the lost. Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Inglis, thus bereaved after 65 years of married life, and her daughter.

Charles Inglis lived to preach the evangel of the Lord Jesus Christ and the secret of his passion was to be found in his own personal experience. Like Paul the apostle, he was constrained by the love of Christ, a love which he knew experimentally. He did not work in order to obtain salvation, but he did work because he had been saved. He "thus judged that if Christ died for all, then were all dead, and that that He died for all that they which live should not live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again" (2 Cor. 5. 14, 15). He was an ambassador for Christ, as every saved sinner is an ambassador for Christ. There has been committed to us the word of reconciliation. As though God did beseech you through us we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God.

THREE NEW BIBLES.

A FRIEND said the other day that in his Christian experience he had discovered three new Bibles, thus were three new avenues of truth opened up to him, in which he had found most blessed and most precious truth. And these were:

1. It was a new Bible to him when he saw that *Christ died for him*. This was, and ever is, the beginning of blessings, a foundation that nothing can alter, this simple appropriation by God-given faith in Christ as his own Saviour; what peace and joy it ever brings to the heart, for, "He loved me and gave Himself for me"; this personal laying hold of Christ as his substitute, what far-reaching blessings result from this initial act of faith!

2. A new Bible was opened up to him when he found that not only did Christ die instead of him, but that *he had died with Christ*. An avenue but seldom trod by the believer; but, oh, how sweet and refreshing is the fresh herbage we find here!

God looks at my old Adam standing as having come to an end on the Cross. A soldier said in one of our meetings the other day, "I'm a new man to-night," truly, for all old things had passed away, and, "there is a new creation," for we are lifted up out of Adam and put for ever in Christ, beyond condemnation, and heirs of the coming glory.

May we have grace to reckon ourselves dead indeed unto sin (the old Adam nature), but alive unto God, and to "present our members as instruments of righteousness, as those who are alive from the dead." What a change from our Adam standing to being seated in the heavenlies with Christ. Well may we sing:

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering soul to Thee."

3. When he saw so plainly from Scripture that *Christ was Coming for His Church in the air* to take him to be for ever like and with Himself (1 Thess. 4). How this loosened him from the things of time, and made him at once a stranger and a pilgrim here below. How this blessed and bright hope cheered him onwards, through dark nights, and over rough

roads. Not looking forward to death, with its gloom, but to HIMSELF, to the time of no sin, no sorrow, no grief, but of unchanging joy, undimmed by tears, to be partaker of the radiant glory that awaits every blood-bought one.

May our souls find a perennial joy in these three precious truths—He died for me, I died with Him, and soon I shall see Him and share His glory for evermore.

"Hark! hark! hear the glad tidings,
Soon, soon, Jesus will come,
Robed, robed, in honour and glory,
To gather His ransomed ones Home."

WHAT IS A SAVIOUR?

A SAVIOUR is one who saves; just in the same way as a doctor is one who cures; a banker is one that lends money; a baker is one that sells bread; each person has a special object and work that is expressed by the name he bears. You do not go to a banker to be cured of disease; nor to a doctor to present the cheque; the title of each denotes his office and character. Just so it is with Jesus Christ. The Bible speaks of Him as "A Saviour." Why? Because "He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1. 21). That is His special office and work; therefore, when people want to get rid of their sins the word is, "Go to Jesus"; Jesus Himself says, "Come unto Me." Why, then, should people go to others for salvation? Men cannot save, works, promises, crying, praying, self-denial cannot save; the word is, "Look unto Me and be ye saved."

Will the doctor cure? Yes, IF he can.

Will the banker pay? Yes, IF he has the money.

Will the baker sell? Yes, IF he has the bread.

With each of these there is an "IF."

There is no "IF" with Jesus; the "IF" is with the sinner. "IF" you go, then He can, He will, He waits, without money, without price to save you, for He is "able" and willing "to save to the uttermost." Let the language of your soul be:

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come."

THE DAILY MEDITATION CALENDAR for 1937

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AN ACCUSER SILENCED.

TWO fellow-travellers were seated together in a railway carriage engaged in earnest conversation. It was of a religious nature, and one of them, a sceptic, was evidently seeking to excuse his scepticism by expatiating on the various evils which afflict Christendom. He was detailing, with manifest pleasure, the hypocrisy, and the craft, and the covetousness, and the divisions found in the professing Church, and then he pointed to some of the leaders as the most markedly corrupt of the whole.

In front of them sat a Christian, who was compelled to hear all this. Had he felt the accusations to be false, he might have suffered them all, as a part of the hatred the world bears towards Christ, and been truly happy in so suffering; but he knew them to be true—too true to be concealed from the most charitable mind; so all he could do was to bow his head and bear the deserved reproach.

Soon, however, the accuser, anxious to extend the circle of his audience, addressed this fellow-passenger in front of him.

"I see you are quick to detect evil," answered the Christian, "and you read character pretty well. You have been uncovering here the abominable things which have turned Christendom into a wreck, and are fast ripening it for the judgment of God. You have spared none, but given all a good measure. Now, I am a Christian, and I love the Lord Jesus and His people. Not a word shall I offer in defence, but I here solemnly challenge you to speak the first word against the Lord Jesus Christ Himself."

The sceptic was surprised. He seemed almost frightened, and sheepishly he replied, "Well, no; I couldn't find fault with *Him*. He was perfect."

"Just so," said the Christian; "and therefore was my heart attracted to Him; and the more I looked at Him, the more I found I wasn't like Him at all, but only a poor, sinful, guilty man. But tell me yourself if I hadn't a right to be happy and to love Him when I found out that He had *died* for me; that on the Cross He had fully paid all my debt, and thus cleared me of all guilt? Ever since then, I truly love Him, and all the evil which professed followers of His may do cannot turn me away from Him. My salvation hangs on what *He* has done for me, not on what *they* are doing; and, my friend, unless you too

repent and find in Him your Saviour, you will be no better off in the terrible day of judgment than the vain professors you were accusing a while ago."

The sceptic seemed deeply thoughtful as the heart of the Christian thus poured itself out. May it be found in the last, the great day, that this encounter was for his eternal blessing.

WHAT DOES THE BLOOD DO?

YOU are always talking about the blood of Christ. Tell me, now, what good can the blood of Christ do for us?

It does what mountains of good works never could—what columns of prayers rising up from our lips to Heaven never could—what oceans of tears of sorrow and repentance never could—what wealth, talent, power, energy, never could—it "cleanseth us from all sin."

You mean that it is the example of Jesus Christ?—No! His Blood—His death, not His life. "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. 1. 7).

Is it not the teachings of Jesus Christ?—No! The Blood of Jesus Christ was shed for many for the remission of sins (Matt. 16. 28). "God commended His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more being now justified by His blood we shall be saved from wrath through Him" (Rom. 5. 8, 9).

That is, it helps us to cleanse ourselves?—No! The Blood cleanseth us—not helps to.

But any sacrifice might do that? No! only the Lamb of God (John 1. 29). "This Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God" (Heb. 10. 4-10).

But why only He? Only God's Son could do it (John 3. 16; Rev. 5. 3), for no man can by any means redeem his brother nor give to God a ransom for his brother. We are all in the same condemnation, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

It means cleanses us from the love of Sin? No! the blood maketh an atonement for the soul (Lev. 17).

It cleanses us from sin before conversion? Yes! and after conversion as well (1 John 2. 1).

But only sins of ignorance? No! God says from all sins (Acts 13. 39; Heb. 10. 17).

Nothing can be plainer than this simple truth of the Gospel of the grace of God.

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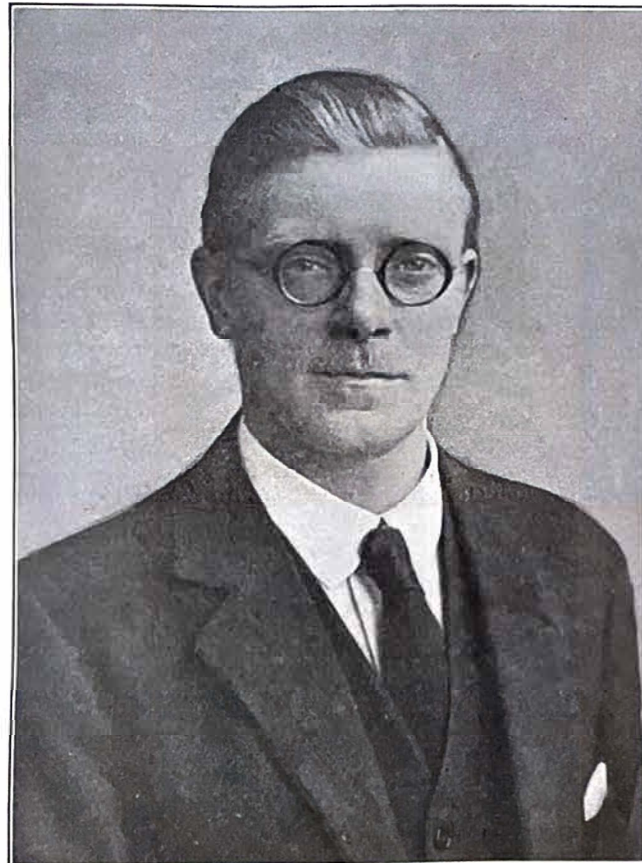
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Psalm 66. 16.

STORY OF MY CONVERSION.

By ROBERT B. FRASER.

IT is not always easy to recount the steps by which God has led us into His Grace, especially when one's conversion has been what might be called "uneventful." Nevertheless, the recital of one's spiritual experience is oft-times a great help to others, and further, is in harmony with the Divine Will, for we are instructed to be "ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear."

The details that surround one's conversion are but incidental; it is the resplendent fact that is important, so although I cannot recite details such as text, date, or preacher, I know

the glorious fact of having passed from death unto life.

Surely there is nothing more certain or momentous or wonderful than that Christ calls to Himself men and women, boys and girls, and that His voice of invitation is never silent, calling us at all times into Spiritual Life, Holy Fellowship, and Joyful Service.

Thus it was that I heard His sweet voice call me in the morning of life, yea, in its early dawning, for I was but a boy of some six tender years when I yielded to His gracious invitation.

Some respond to the call of Christ in the noontide of life, when powers have developed, others in the evening of life, when the shadows

gather, but the call reached me in life's early dawning.

How simple were the circumstances, and yet how pleasant to remember and treasure in memory's cabinet. I was somewhat like Timothy who, from his youth, had been taught to listen to the Divine Voice by the godly example of his mother. When grace visited our home it was our mother who first responded, and one by one her children, directly or indirectly, through her influence, were led to Christ. So it was from the lips of my mother that I first heard the sweet story of a Saviour's love, and from that early age until the present I have never doubted my soul's salvation.

How wonderful has been His leading and guiding. Never for one moment did I ever think He should be pleased to use me and send me farther afield with the sweet Evangel.

God not only delights to save us, but He deigns to use us, and as I retrace the steps by which He has led and guided, it has been altogether wonderful. Some dates will ever be memorable to me. The first time my lips were ever opened in witness for my Redeemer, will never be forgotten. It was in a small hall in Bridgeton, Glasgow, then known as the Laundressy St. Carters' Mission, and the year 1905. From that time I continued to witness with my brother, John, in word and song the sweet story of a Saviour's love, in and around Glasgow, in our spare time. Then in 1922 we definitely stepped out into the Lord's work visiting Scotland, England, Ireland, conducting Evangelistic Services.

In 1931 we went for three years evangelising in Canada, and now (D.V.) we go forth in this new venture of faith to Australia, trusting there shall be a glorious harvest to the praise of His Name. We commend ourselves to the prayerful interest of all God's people. R.B.F.

Mr. Robert B. Fraser wrote the above brief account of his conversion before he and his elder brother John set out on their long voyage to the Antipodes. As recorded in *The Monthly Evangel* for July, 1935, the brothers, with Mrs. Robert Fraser, arrived in Perth, Western Australia, on 28th April, 1935, and immediately embarked on the work for which they had travelled so far. A two-weeks' mission in the principal Presbyterian Church was carried through with much success and blessing. On the last day of that mission, John—the elder brother—was suddenly called into the presence of his Lord—a call which he was well

prepared and glad to obey. During the eighteen months which have elapsed since then, Robert, with the efficient help in song and personal work of his wife, has visited several of the Australian States, including Queensland and New South Wales, and wherever they have gone effectual doors have opened before them. We have had many letters from the preacher himself—and also from other friends in Australia, telling of the blessing which has accompanied the ministry of our dear friend. Robert casts himself on the prayers of God's people, to many of whom in this land and also in Canada, he is well known and greatly beloved.

It is peculiarly interesting that this gracious and efficient preacher of Christ's Gospel should have been brought to the Saviour by his mother at the early age of six. This is of special encouragement to all Sabbath School teachers and workers amongst the young. We ourselves can thankfully testify that some of the most beautiful and useful Christians we have known were led to yield themselves to the Saviour as early as three, four, and five years of age.

Perhaps some children who read this article may find in it a call from the Children's Saviour and Friend to accept of Him now, and from this day to follow and live for Him who said: "Suffer the LITTLE children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." D.J.F.

JUST, JUSTICE, JUSTIFIER.

(Rom. 3).

GOD is just—He must execute His justice—but He is the Justifier of the ungodly. These three truths seemingly contradict each other, but they are all made clear and simple by the Word of God. God is just—hates sin—yet He is the Justifier of the sinner. By the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified, for all the world stands guilty before God; all as condemned sinners come under the curse of a broken law. But God's grace steps in, so that He can be just and yet be the Justifier, satisfying His justice through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. That is, faith in the blood of Christ Jesus results in the passing over of the sins of the believer. Therefore it is that the proclamation can be made: "Whosoever believeth shall be saved"; "All that believe are justified"; and "Through Christ Jesus is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins."

God, through the person of His Son, not only pardons, but clothes the believer with the Robe of Righteousness. O.T.S.

WORK AND WAGES.

NO man, when he receives his weekly wages, for a moment imagines that he is receiving a gift, and no master would ever think that he was bestowing a gift by the payment of wages duly earned. A man may be well paid for his work, he may even be overpaid, but if value, whether great or small, has been given, he is certainly only getting what he can legally claim, when he gets his wages. Nothing but oppression and the grossest injustice would attempt to repudiate such a claim. Now, as regards spiritual matters. Whom do we serve? God or Mammon, Christ or Satan? If you are serving Satan, think of the work he sets you to: sin, sin, continually. The task of the down-trodden Israelite, who had to make his bricks without straw, was not harder than yours, while his toil brought him no wages, but yours will. Work and wages are joined together, just as sowing and reaping are, and so, too, are sin and death—for "the wages of sin is Death." And God's unchanging justice will see that the wages are paid. "Sin and Death," what terrible work—what sad wages. Hard work, too, is this work that men are engaged in. "The way of transgressors is hard." We like, in looking at the question of work and wages, to arrange the best possible return for our labour. Are you doing so? "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" This is the only result that can come from your work. Of this be assured, salvation will *never* be obtained as the result of your effort. God will give salvation to "whosoever will," but will *never* bestow it as the reward of merit either in yourself or your work. A gift loses all that makes it a gift the moment we imagine it is earned or deserved—it becomes then a mere form of payment. "The gift of God is eternal life." Why not accept the gift and praise the Giver? God will be no man's debtor, but as a Royal Giver, will bestow the best gift of Heaven on every one who will be content to be His debtor. Friend, will you have this gift? It is not a question now of reward or wages, but of rich, unbounded grace, given freely to whoever will

receive. A gift, too, of wondrous value. Not like gifts which we sometimes receive, and sometimes bestow, such as we can afford to dispense with—not that, but a gift purchased at the cost of the life of His well-beloved Son—so that we can now obtain within a brief moment of time, and obtain without money or labour, that which the treasures of earth could not buy, nor the labours of an eternity earn—"eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

A WORD ON ASSURANCE.

ISAIAH gives us this beautiful word on assurance: "If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established" (Isa. 7. 9). A great many Christians that start well never seem to become "established." They don't seem to learn to walk very well in the Christian life, but crawl and stumble along. Multitudes of true believers lack assurance; they "hope" they are saved, but they can't say positively, with Paul, "I KNOW."

Isaiah points out the difficulty—they fail to "believe" the simple testimony of the Word of God. God is not a man that He should lie. He plainly says, in John 3. 16, that "whosoever believeth in HIM (Christ) should NOT perish, but HAVE everlasting life." Assurance comes to those who simply believe God meant what He said in His Word that those who trust in Christ are SAVED and have everlasting life. (See John 3. 18; 6. 47; Romans 10. 9, 10).

A man who had definitely accepted Christ as his Saviour was asked if he had the assurance of salvation. He answered: "No; do you want me to say I feel saved when I don't feel it?" "No," said the one who would help him, "Don't say you feel what you don't feel, but just say you *believe* what God says!" And that is just putting the matter of assurance on the right basis. We are not saved because we feel like it; our feelings change like a weather vane. We are saved if we have accepted Christ as our Lord and Saviour, and we may KNOW we are saved by simply believing that God will do as He has promised—save all who fully trust in His Son for their salvation.

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IMMEDIATE SALVATION

HOW long does it take to be saved? Just the same amount of time as it takes to lay hold of a life-belt thrown within your reach, or to accept a gift, or to believe the record which God hath given of His Son. Believing is an act; it is a thing done in a moment. Therefore, God's salvation is an immediate salvation. Praise His Name! This is the very salvation needed by a guilty world. Man's way to be saved is on the principle of works. God's way to be saved is on the principle of faith.

Now, what does Scripture say as to "faith" and "works" in obtaining peace with God? It matters very little what man says. What does God say? That is the great question. He plainly declares that He saves the sinner on the principle of faith. In Romans 3. 28 we find it stated in the clearest possible manner that "a man is justified by his faith without the deeds of the law." Then again (Rom. 5. 1), "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." Then, again, we read that God hath set forth Christ Jesus for a mercy seat through faith in His Blood (Rom. 3. 25).

Faith is simply believing the word of another. If a statement is made by one whom you know to be truthful, you believe him; that is to say that you put faith in his word. Now, that is faith, although only in the word of a man. But "if we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater" (1 John 5. 9). If you believe what man says, how dare you doubt what God says? God calls on you to believe Him—to put faith in His Word—to believe the record He has given of His Son; and, in believing, the divine assurance is given that you shall "have life through His name." (John 20. 31).

Then, let the question be asked—Dost thou believe on the Son of God? By Him "all that believe" are justified from all things. Are you of that happy company who are justified from all things? But how were they justified? Scripture answers, "Through faith." They had no merit of their own to bring. They pleaded the merit of another—even of God's spotless Son; and God accepted the plea!

Remember that your works, your tears, your prayers, cannot avail to wash out a single stain of sin. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight" (Rom. 3. 20). There is none other name than the

name of Jesus, whereby you must be saved. Therefore, let your own worthless name be utterly and for ever cast aside and rest on the merits of Him to whom God hath given the Name which is above every name (Phil. 2. 9).

W. S.

FORGIVEN, THEREFORE HAPPY.

HOW many there are who would like to be saved, and know their sins forgiven; but somehow they remain unsettled and unsaved. It seems a good number of such cases arise from a desire to have the enjoyment of sins forgiven, before believing in Jesus. They suppose if they only felt happy, it would be all right, when, in reality, all would be wrong. Resting on happy feelings, and resting on the finished work of Christ are very different things. The one, a foundation of sand, the other, a "sure foundation," the "tried stone." I remember when awakened to a sense of my guilt, and consequent danger; how I longed to be saved from hell, and get my sins all forgiven. I knew the Gospel in theory; but as I did not believe it in my heart, I profited nothing by it. I wept, prayed, and read the Bible without getting any help. I saw that saved sinners were happy, and fancied if I could *feel* happy all would be well; but then my sins would rise up before me, making me most unhappy. A friend spoke to me about *trusting* Jesus. I replied, "I know Jesus died for sinners, I believe it, but I don't *feel* I am saved." He read to me from Acts 13. 38: "Through *this Man* is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins," adding, "you know you are a sinner, that Christ died for sinners; here we have God proclaiming the forgiveness of sins to you as such." But still I had no *feeling*. I was occupied with *self* instead of Christ. My answer to the blessed news was: "Ah, I see that; but I don't feel I am saved yet." My friend then read verse 39 of same chapter: "And by Him all that *believe* ('not all that *feel*') are justified from all things"; don't *feel* justified; but *are* justified. I looked at the verse. I read it. Why! not one word about *feeling*; simply *believing*—"All that believe are justified." I did believe. I could not help believing and *then* I was happy. And, oh! what real cause for joy. Forgiveness of sins through "the Man Christ Jesus." "Justified from all things." God Himself the Justifier. The finished work of His Son the ground on which He did it. I *trusted* Christ, *received* forgiveness, and was *happy* as the *result*. W. J. M.

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

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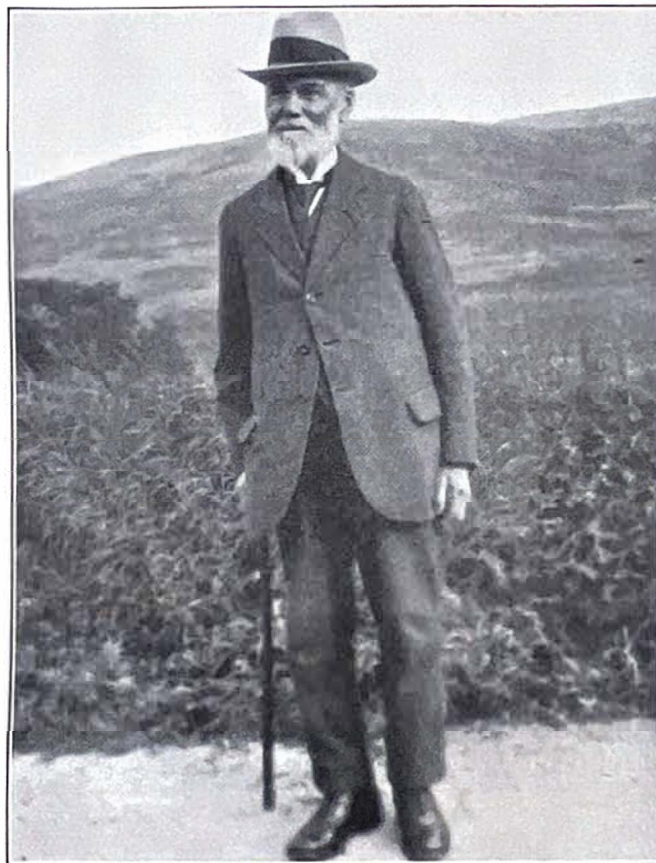
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December, 1936

"He sent
from above,
He took
me,
He drew
me
out of many
waters."

Psalm 18. 16.



"Come and
hear,
all ye that
fear God,
and I will
declare what
He hath
done for my
soul."

Psalm 66. 16.

WILLIAM G. TURNBULL.

MEMORIES OF AN OLD BORDER FARMER.

IN the attractive suburb of Colinton, near Edinburgh, an old Border farmer is living, whose memory goes back far beyond D. L. Moody's first visit. He was born about ninety-three years ago, in the year of the Disruption, and when Queen Victoria had just commenced her long and notable reign.

Mr. WILLIAM G. TURNBULL had a farm, "Spithie-on-Rule," in the village of Denholm in the Hawick district. He was for many years secretary of the Border Union Tent, and in that connection was much in contact with that fine, brave preacher of the Gospel, Richard Hill.

Mr. Turnbull has written some notes of his early spiritual experience, and of the Christian work on and around his farm. The notes which follow are almost exactly as he himself wrote them, and for clear expression they are a remarkable production for a man of his extremely advanced age. A. S.

The effects of the Revival of 1859 were passing, but the fruit was seen in many ministers and evangelists.

It was in 1873 or '74, when Moody and Sankey stirred England. They were invited to Edinburgh and offered the Free Assembly Hall. Scotland was awaiting a harvest time.

About 1873, at Kelso Races, a young man stood at one end of Kelso Bridge giving away tracts, another at the other end, doing the same, but unknown to each other. John Scroggie was one, William Dunn the other. They met, and took to each other, and henceforth were always known as "Dunn and Scroggie."

Dunn and Scroggie were first heard of in Galashiels, where a good work was done, and a united Home Mission formed. A deputation from Hawick urged them to visit that town. The Corn Exchange and Hall were secured for several weeks, and great gatherings were held. The town was moved, and in spite of some opposition, a large united Mission was formed,

which continues to this day. The evangelists went to Jedburgh, where similar results followed. Denholm was given one week, where "I believed, received, and confessed."

We were a large family and blest with godly parents. My younger brother and I had much in common. We were taken to church four miles distant, every Sabbath, taught the Shorter Catechism, familiar with the Bible Stories and the "Pilgrim's Progress." We had family worship morning and night. My younger brother told me in after life that he never remembered a time in his life when he did not trust Jesus.

Mine was a harder nature, and I rested content with head knowledge. I loved sport, worldly pleasures and attractions. Our father died, calling us one by one to his bedside and giving each his parting blessing. I was early put in charge of the farm.

The family house was nearly empty except for my godly mother and myself. How much I owe to her influence on my otherwise careless life. My conscience awoke to the unsatisfactory state of my spiritual safety. The barren fig tree seemed to speak to me: "I have come seeking fruit these past 30 years and find none, cut it down." Mercy cries: "give it another year—if it bear fruit—well, and if not . . .?"

I was impressed one time when, on leaving a neighbour's house, the lady put her hand on my wrist, and said: "You know this is a Week of Prayer for young men all over Scotland, and you will be getting a blessing." I thanked her, and I seemed to feel that touch for long.

Messrs. Dunn and Scroggie were to visit our village for a week's mission. I went each night. I just thought: "They are two young men like myself; I would like to have a private talk with them, for help."

I waited until the last night. Mr. Dunn was in charge as Mr. Scroggie had left. I went to his lodgings before the meeting, and said I was dissatisfied with my spiritual condition, and thought he could help me. "Let us hear what God says; 'All we like sheep have gone astray; 'There is none righteous, no, not one.' Have you felt that to be true of yourself?" "Yes, that is what is troubling me." He showed me God's love in the Gospels from various aspects, which I knew to be true intellectually. I hesitated to take God at His Word. Mr. Dunn replied: "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar." I dare not do this.

He quoted to me John 3. 36: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath life." God's "hath," present tense, present possession, gripped me. I yielded up my will to Him, accepting His Son as my Saviour. "Just as I am, Thy love unknown, has broken every barrier down, now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come." On my way home the stars were shining. Psalm 8 came to my mind: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

I felt a different man than when I came up the road. I can't write about the change; it must be experienced. On saying, "Good night" to mother, I said: "Mother, I think I see my way now, spiritually." She wept tears of joy, and blest me.

On Sabbath, I went early and saw my minister before the service, and thanked him for all his sound teaching. I had had head knowledge, but now believed it with the heart, and was willing to take

a class in the Sunday School. He seemed pleased. I formed a Sunday School for the farm children, and kitchen Gospel meetings on Monday nights, and there was the village Mission meeting on Friday nights.

I now found the Bible to be a new Book, for if any man be in Christ, all things become new. A peace and a joy filled me almost beyond my capacity to receive. My cup of blessing ran over. It was His joy, His peace, His blood, and righteousness my only plea.

A young ploughman from Berwickshire came to our next farm. He was ploughing nearby, but under deep conviction of sin, fell down in the furrow behind the plough, and was helpless for some time. Light and liberty came soon afterwards. In later years he was appointed Town Missionary for Dalkeith.

Another tall young ploughman got saved at the village mission. He was anxious to do something for Christ, and bought sixpence worth of tracts, but his faith failed him about giving them away. However one day he took one and laid it on a milestone with a stone upon it, and then walked away lest he was seen. The ice was broken. Some time after he took up employment in Hawick, and for forty years he was a good supporter of the Mission, especially at open-air meetings, where he kept on distributing tracts.

A man with a large family afterwards occupied his house; a shy, reserved man, who did not attend the Mission. However, we were surprised to see him there for some nights, and then dropped off, as if he had found something he had been seeking. Shortly after he went out in the morning with others to the plough. On passing the first gate, something caught the horse he was riding; it reared, fell, and on rising, fell back on him. He was carried back on the gate unconscious. He never regained consciousness. I sat by his bedside and thought he was speaking. I listened. He was back at his plough and speaking to his horse. He shortly passed away. After the funeral his wife told me that on that fatal morning, before rising she heard him repeating: "Our hearts if God we seek to know, shall know Him and rejoice." How prophetic. I expect to meet that man in Heaven.

A young married workman came to reside on the farm. I had occasion to call at the door. His wife asked me to come in. She looked sad and began to tell me her trouble. She had recently laid her first-born in Oxnam Churchyard, and felt very depressed, but when it was fixed they were coming, where Gospel meetings were held, she was glad.

I reminded her of the promised Comforter of whom it was said: "A bruised reed He would not break, nor quench the smoking flax." No more was said, but she ever afterwards remembered it was the time light and peace came to her soul. She became a great Home Mission worker, though afflicted with some incurable trouble, but notwithstanding, became one of the brightest Christians. They emigrated to the U.S.A., where she let her light shine for several years. At her death a large community mourned her loss, and a long train of waggons followed her remains to the burial.

One of our Sunday School scholars lived to become a missionary's wife, and went out to the Congo Bololo Mission; another grew up, married, and went abroad. On a visit home she said to me: "Do you remember putting your hand upon my head and asking me if I loved Jesus? I gave you no answer, but I can now, for I do love Him."

**"LET US NOW GO EVEN UNTO
BETHLEHEM."**

By the late Dr. J. STUART HOLDEN.

IF the Gospel mirror be broke into a thousand fragments, each one still mirrors in itself the reflection of Christ. In this way the first Christmas Day is a miniature of His whole life, and a prophecy of all that should come to be the record of His redemptive work. To gather with the shepherds in the stable at Bethlehem, is to worship none other than the Lord of Life and Glory.

For here is the manifestation of everlasting love in the Father's gift, and in the Son's grace. Here is the Word made flesh. Prophecy has become power; language has assumed life; love has planned and love has stooped. This is the Evangel of the Manger, which all His subsequent life unfolds; and it shines out against a background of gloom—the shadow of the world's rejection. For even the life of the helpless Babe is sought by a ruthless foe. The borrowed cradle foretells the borrowed tomb of the Man Who should one day die for the sins of His own rejectors. These are some of the lessons of the great Sacrifice learned by those who betake them to Bethlehem.

Here, too, is the worship and consecration of believing hearts. For here the rich and poor, the wise and unlearned, meet together in common fellowship. Already He draws all men to Him, and changes life for them. The rich pour out their treasures of gold, frankincense, and myrrh at His feet. The poor leave the yet greater treasure of their devotion, and go forth to proclaim Him in the testimony of captured hearts. Bethlehem becomes to them all the starting point of a new life. From henceforth they are not their own.

How much do we need to urge one upon another this Gospel of pilgrimage: "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem." To us all it means the pilgrimage of the sinful way. Along the track of our own failures we must make our way, through the wreckage of our own ideals and vows, to the feet of the lowly Jesus; there to find Him in both rest and renewal. From thence alone do we go out to "walk in the light even as He is in the light."

DANGER OF DELAY.

IF not saved already, you are in all probability one of those who are intending to be saved. But you know so few of this class ever find salvation, or rather so few are there of the unsaved that are not of this class, that it has become a proverb: "Hell is paved with good intentions." Every year leaves you more accustomed to the deceitfulness of sin: some hardness is added every year, every day, to your conscience. You know that soft sponges become flints oftentimes by a peculiar progress. There are in sponges particles of flint or siliceous matter; these are ever attracting particles to themselves, until in process of time the whole mass is an aggregate of silicious matter, and the softness of a sponge has disappeared. It is exactly thus with your conscience; its sensibilities are gradually giving way to the hardening particles that are introduced by every sin you commit.

Jesus for your choice is waiting;
Tarry not; at once decide!
While the Spirit now is striving,
Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.

Cease of fitness to be thinking;
Do not longer try to feel;
It is *trusting* and not *feeling*,
That will give the Spirit's seal.

Let your will to God be given,
Trust in Christ's atoning blood;
Look to Jesus now in Heaven,
Rest on His unchanging word.

F. W. PITT.

"KEPT."

"THERE is just one thing that makes me hesitate," said a young man, on the point of decision for Christ. "I'm afraid I can't hold out. You know, where I work there are some pretty rough fellows. I don't believe there's a real Christian in the crowd."

For answer, the minister reached down and lifted a flower from the vase on the table.

"Do you see this flower, Arthur?" he asked. "It grew right in the mud and slime of a marsh. You see how clean and spotless it is. That's because God kept it. And He can keep you, too."

THE DAILY MEDITATION CALENDAR for 1937

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ONE SIN.

"HAVE you been to hear the gentleman who is preaching at the Shaftesbury Hall?" asked the shopkeeper. "No," answered the customer, "I haven't even heard about it."

"He preaches after church hours, at eight o'clock on Sunday," said the shopkeeper, "and if I were you I would go." "Well, I think I'll go next Sunday on my way home from church," replied the other.

Accordingly, next Sunday found her in the hall, indifferent, perhaps at first; curious later on; and ere the speaker closed his address, listening as if her life depended on his words. The subject was the inevitable effect of one sin; one sin shut Adam out of Paradise, one sin shut Moses out of Canaan, and one sin must shut the sinner out for ever from the Paradise of God and the Heavenly Jerusalem; for "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth." Thus, one sin involved eternal separation from a holy, sin-hating God.

One sin. And she had committed thousands! One sin. And she was conscious that, that very day, nay, that very hour, she had sinned! One sin. Then the gates of Heaven were shut upon her—and an agony of dread shook her frame. And now the preacher was about to close. He had told the consequences of one sin; he had told, too, of a Saviour's love—a love which led Him to seek and save those who were lost; a love which led Him to Calvary's Cross to take the sinners' place and to suffer in his stead. And now as he closed he called the very walls to witness that he was guiltless of his hearer's blood, that he had set before them the way of death and the way of life, and had warned them to flee from the wrath to come.

And our friend, what of her? She sat as one transfixed, as indeed she was; for is not the Word of God "living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit?"

But what shall she do? How her heart throbbled! Surely, she thought, the people on the next chairs must hear it beat! She felt as if she must choke. But listen, the preacher is giving out a hymn; but what use could that be to her? Sing? Yes, those who were shut in by that "wall great and high" might sing; but she was shut out—there could be no mercy for a sinner like her! But listen, the first verse of the hymn is being read:

"Come, thou weary, Jesus calls thee
To His wounded side,
Come to Me, saith He, and ever
Safe abide."

Yes, she was weary and heavy laden—and hopeless, too. But why hopeless? Was this not an invitation to every one? Was it, could it be, to her? And now the concluding verse:

"Dost thou feel thy life is weary?
Is thy soul distrest?
Take His offer; wait no longer,
Be at rest."

She feels that the crisis in her life has come; she feels that it must be now, or it may be never; and how pleadingly the lines of the hymn break on her ear:

"Take His offer; wait no longer,
Be at rest."

Yes, she will take it, and take it now; she will come, to Jesus with all her load of guilt. Did He not bid her come? Does He not receive sinners? And in an instant, as she came, the load dropped off, the weariness was gone, and joy unutterable and full of glory took its place.

The preacher had left the town, and was carrying the Gospel message elsewhere, when one day, just before preaching, he received a letter from our friend. "I have heard you are preaching at B—," she wrote, "and I want to ask you a favour, and it is this: Tell the people of my conversion, and tell them that one sin will for ever shut them out from God; and then give out my hymn—I always call it my hymn now.

So the preacher took it as a message from God, and told the story as it has been told to you to-day. May you, if unsaved, find in it His message, that one sin unatoned for must for ever close the gates of Heaven to you! J.F.

SIN BRINGS RUIN!

THE snow comes down on the Alps flake by flake, and is so light that you may hold it on the tip of your finger without feeling any weight: but the flakes gather, they compact, until some day a traveller's foot starts a slide, and it goes down in an avalanche, crushing to death the villagers below.

So the sins of youth, of manhood or of womanhood, may have seemed only trilling divergencies from the right—so slight that they are hardly worth mentioning; but they have been piling up and piling up, until they make a mountain of sin, and one more step of the feet in the wrong direction may start an avalanche of ruin and condemnation.