

MONTHLY EVANGEL

1932

*With the Editor's
Best Wishes*

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

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

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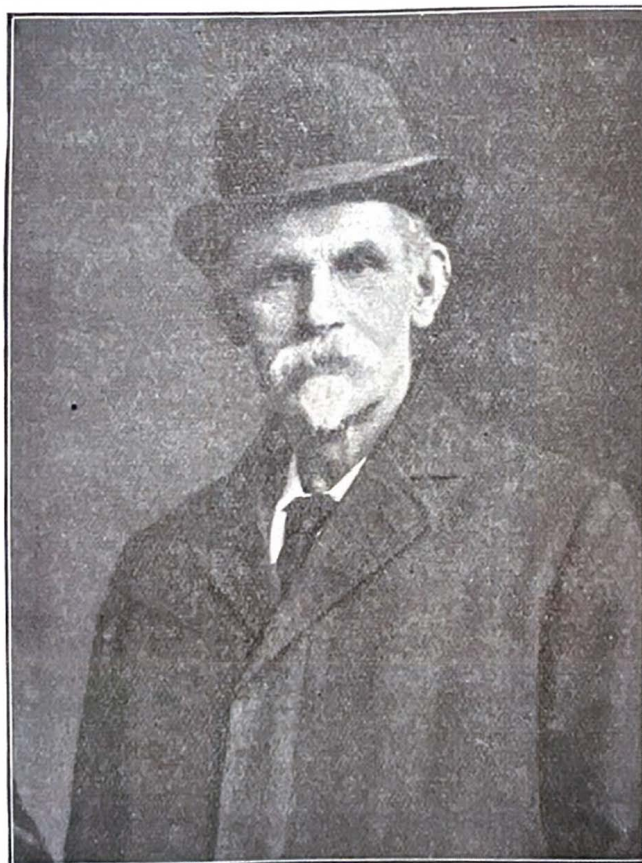
No. 451

Entered at Stationers' Hall

January, 1932

"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.

WILLIAM AITKEN, Greenock.

WE were sorry to learn of the sudden Home-call of WILLIAM AITKEN, Greenock, usually called the Railway Poet. Mr. Aitken saw the light of day in the village of Sorn, Ayrshire, 81 years ago. He learned the trade of shoemaking, but finding the work uncongenial he, when quite young, joined the service of the late G. & S.W. Railway, and at the early age of 22 years he was appointed to the responsible position of Inspector of the Glasgow and Greenock Section, a post which he ably filled until he retired in 1923. When a little over thirty years of age he definitely accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord, and ever afterwards his influence on and off duty was

for God and the lasting good of his fellow-men. A poet of no mean order, he has written several volumes of poems and readings, which give evidence of a cultured mind and a sympathetic heart, combined with a little kindly humour. Mr. Aitken's call, which took place on Saturday, 27th October, 1931, was somewhat unexpected, as he had been moving about as usual on the previous day. Absent from the body, our brother is now present with his Lord, whom he loved and served. The story of how he was led to trust the Saviour from his own pen is interesting, and we trust may be blessed of God to our many readers.

"Up till a certain period of my life's history I had much of religion, but none of Christ.

In 1859, when only in my eighth year, I can well remember the revival wave that stirred up, as none has ever done since, the sleepy little villages in the West of Scotland where my boyhood's years were spent. I was impressed, no doubt, along with many others at the time, and attended the little cottage and kitchen meetings regularly. Even yet I can call to mind many of the new revival hymns that were given us to repeat. One of them which commences thus, was a great favourite: 'Whene'er we meet we always say, What's the news? What's the news?' As years wore on these early impressions gradually wore off, and for twenty-five years I had no great desire for spiritual things. Not that I did not believe in a future state. That there was 'a heaven to gain and a hell to shun' I had no doubt whatever. The difficulty was I had no real sense of my spiritual need. I had never almost tasted strong drink. I had attended the Sunday School, the Bible Class, and the Minister's Class, in regular succession, and had had my name placed on the communion roll of the church to which my parents belonged, at quite an early age. Well-doing and well-living in so far as the world could judge, but in God's sight 'a child of wrath, even as others.'

In later years I became more thoughtful, but in no way anxious. I had, in fact, so little interest in Gospel matters that when Messrs. Moody and Sankey visited Glasgow in 1873, I had not even the curiosity to go round the corner of a night to hear the singing, although the meetings were being held in the church which I attended. Ten years later I was awakened, not through any meetings or preacher, but through the simple testimony of a humble fellow-toiler on the railway over which it was my duty to travel. This dear soul had been made 'a new creature in Christ Jesus' only a short time previous; changed from a rough, rollicking, drinking railway worker, into a meek and humble follower of the despised Nazarene. Travelling in the van with him, he had the courage boldly to confess Christ, and speak an earnest and humble word for his Master, urging me as best as he could to come to Him for salvation and cleansing. I was somewhat taken aback at being spoken to in this fashion, and resented both by word and action his well-meant inquiries as to my spiritual condition.

"I argued—or rather tried to argue—the matter, but one or two (the dear fellow had only one or two) plain, pointed texts smashed all my arguments in pieces. I believe I could

have quoted chapters from the Bible for every verse he quoted; but the Spirit of God made his words sharper than any two-edged sword, while my feeble chatter was of 'the earth, earthy.' In all probability I would have left him, but could not do so till the train came to a stop, and by that time I was more inclined to listen than to run away. One text he used with considerable effect was Romans 3. 22, 23: '*For there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.*'

"Though sensible from that hour of my need, it was some time after before I entered into, and was assured of, my safety. God's way seemed far too easy a way to get rid of my sinful past. '*Simply trusting,*' I thought, was all too good to be true. I had thought, like Naaman, that some great thing must occur. I tried to feel it; I tried to do it; I tried to see it; but all to no purpose: and it was only when I gave up trying to do, trying to see, and trying to feel, and when I simply trusted Jesus, that I was able to say: 'Now I know,' and to sing heartily: "'Tis done, the great transaction's done.'"

THE EVIDENCES OF FAITH.

THERE are those that cry up the value of good works only to belittle faith. They say it doesn't matter what a man believes if he only lives a proper life, and does good to others. However, James doesn't say so, nor does any other New Testament writer; but what he affirms is that if a man says he has faith, and can't show it by his works, his faith is vain.

If faith in Christ does not keep a man out of the public house, and out of the theatre, and out of loose company, it is not a faith to be coveted. The possessor of true faith will walk not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful. The faith that saves leads to the prayer-meeting, and into the fellowship and communion of saints. It honours the Saviour, and confesses His Name, and unless it saves from gambling, and cheating, and swearing, it is a dead faith, a sham, a counterfeit, and it will land its owner in perdition.

But good works, even though they be the fruit of a true faith, can never help to secure the justification of a man in the sight of God. All the merit of a sinner's justification is in the finished work of Christ, and faith in Him does save, apart from works, though works will surely follow. No man is saved by works, but no saved man is without works, and his works will justify his faith before men.

LIFE (John 3. 36).

THERE are two senses in which we employ the word "life." We speak of life as the principle or energy which exists within our nature, and then, by the term, we denote the form or mode of our earthly experience, which is the visible expression of the inward life in action. There is a close connection here, for the character of the visible life is, to a large extent, dependent on the intrinsic nature of the hidden life. Many a man cannot live the active life he would like to live, for the reason that the kind of vitality he possesses will not allow him. If we look round the physical world for illustrations, we observe that different objects live different kinds of life, because they are more or less endowed with the energy of life. The life of a vegetable is a lower form of life than that of an animal, and the result is that the mode of life of a vegetable is different from the mode of life of an animal. The life of a dumb animal is a lower form of life than that of a human being, and the consequence is that the life of a man is different from that of a beast. He has a higher form of vitality, hence the great contrast. The life of an unconverted man is lower than the life of a regenerate man, who is made a partaker of the Divine nature through the new birth, by which he receives a new power of vitality, described in our text as "everlasting life." When the two men, side by side, live in the power of their lives, there is of necessity a striking distinction. It needs to be said that a human being can sink himself to the level of a beast and live its life, but no brute can lift itself to the plane of human life. A born-again man may descend to the life of a worldling, but a worldling can never ascend to the life of a child of God. To attain that he must be born again. The aim of the true Christian is in the words: "To me to live is Christ."

The man who sees life in the spiritual sense is the man who sees life and enjoys it in the widest and highest sense. Interview the butterflies of fashion, the lovers of pleasure, the fast and foolish, and ask: "What is your life?" and their answer, if you interpret it rightly, will convince you that this is so. The man that follows Christ has his whole nature richly developed.

He attains higher reaches of love, and climbs loftier heights of joy. The worldly man or woman is dead, and has not the capacity for the true, higher life. A man begins natural life when born into the world. Spiritual life starts with the acceptance of the Saviour, and a resting faith in His atoning work.

The way to see is to believe. People often say "seeing is believing," but Scripture indicates that "believing is seeing." Jesus said to Martha, "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" (John 11. 40) and if we believe not, then we cannot see. Believing is a practical thing that has a practical result. The unbeliever is like a blind man. There is a whole world around him which he cannot see. There is One in our midst that can open eyes, and when we trust Him the scales fall from the blinded mind.

This way of faith is the only real and public road to life and light, to love and liberty, to grandeur and goodness. There are those who say: "Surround people with beautiful things, let their eyes rest on works of art and pictures by the great masters; provide lovely parks, bathe people in sunshine, flood their souls with delicious music, and you will improve the world and make people better and purer." The writer does not believe that talk. Many that have all these things in abundance indulge in the vilest vices, and the "classes" are as full of sin as the "masses." We wish God-speed to all who seek to better and brighten the lives of others, and fain would do our share in this good work, but all will fail unless the strong and saving Son of God be trusted. HUGH PATON.

ARE YOU?

ARE YOU on Jesus' side? Is it well with thy soul? "Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?" Can you say: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" (2 Cor. 5. 1). Or, if still unsaved, are you willing to be saved now? Jesus says: "I am the Door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved" (John 10. 9). Oh, *enter*, ENTER NOW.

WHAT to TEACH
AND
HOW to REACH
THE YOUNG

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OPPORTUNITY.

AN old legend tells of a youth, physically well equipped, with light step, and lighter heart, stepping along a wide avenue. It was early morning, everything around was fresh and bright, and the youth enjoyed keenly his walk and its surroundings. Once and again he was met by angel forms, on whose foreheads there was the word "Opportunity" in shining letters, and offered a beautiful bouquet of flowers. "Take it," said the angels, "and with it you will take every blessing for this life and the next." But the foolish youth declined the offer every time, saying: "By and by; I've no time now."

He noticed, however, that each angel had his left hand concealed beneath his robe, and he wondered what could be hidden there. His wonder was only momentary, and carelessly he pursued the even tenor of his way.

But suddenly the scene changed, the air began to chill, the light waned, withered flowers lay on every hand, sometimes his foot stumbled against a skull, a field of ashes lay on his right, mist and darkness closed in on his left; his progress was arrested, a barricade blocked his way, and he shivered as he spelled out the letters of the word "Death," glaring at him hideously from the top bar. He became giddy and fell. As he lay, whiz! through the air there came dart after dart, and each pierced him with sharper pang than the other. He looked up, and there were the angels he had passed, their left hands no longer concealed, but, with poised dart, transfixing him as he lay. So he was ushered into eternity with heart-torturing regrets that he had missed his opportunities.

So much for the legend, but I wish to say, my unconverted reader, that it is a solemn fact that you have already missed many opportunities of making the very best of this life, and making due preparation for the next. Every Gospel sermon you have heard was an opportunity. Every time your conscience nagged, and every time death was busy among your friends and acquaintances, were opportunities of taking the bouquet of eternal life, fragrant with all blessedness, from the pierced hand of your loving Saviour. But you have misused them.

This present appeal is, in the mercy of God, another opportunity added to the many that have gone before. Be wise! Stop! Think! What will the end be of a careless, self-pleasing Christless life? You can only make the best of

two worlds by becoming a real Christian, Spirit-filled, taught, and guided. That you can become this moment by accepting Christ as your Saviour and Lord, and yielding yourself to Him without reserve. Remember, although you may shirk opportunities you can neither escape Death, God, nor the Judgment Day.

W.T.

"EARLY TO-NIGHT, JOHN."

ONE evening a liquor saloon in New York City was crowded. There was a "Bible raffle." As the men went to the counter one by one to shake the dice-box there was laughter and profanity. At last one who lay stupidly drunk was roused and bidden to take a hand. He staggered to the counter and threw the highest number. The boisterous crowd gathered about him with jests and questions. He grew sober in a moment, and, not noticing their jokes, took the Holy Book in his hands reverently and said to the bar-keeper: "Please wrap this in the cleanest piece of paper you have, but don't let it have the smell of whisky about it."

Turning to the amazed group he said: "Good evening, gentlemen. It's the last time we'll meet here. I'm going home to make one of the best wives in the world the happiest woman in New York;" and, taking the Bible, he passed out, jeered by some, but cheered by others. He walked rapidly to his squalid home. He mounted the rickety stairs, entered the room, walked to where his wife sat, and laid the heavy parcel on her lap.

She started, and, looking up with a faint semblance of the old, almost-forgotten smile, said: "You are early to-night, John." She saw a change had come over him, and quietly opened the package. Seeing the Book, she burst into tears, and said: "John, I've been thinking about you all day, and wondering if you would ever be yourself again. While I was thinking, little Agnes came up, and, putting her arms round my neck, said: 'Mamma why don't papa have prayers and read his Bible as grandpa does when we go to see him?' I could not answer her, John, but now you can." "Yes, I'll answer her, wife. Get me a pen and ink."

Then he opened the fly-leaf and wrote: "To my faithful wife, to whom I shall never again voluntarily cause a sorrow or a blush of shame. John." The husband kept his word. His reverence for the Book of God led to reverence for the Living Word of God, and was the means of his salvation.

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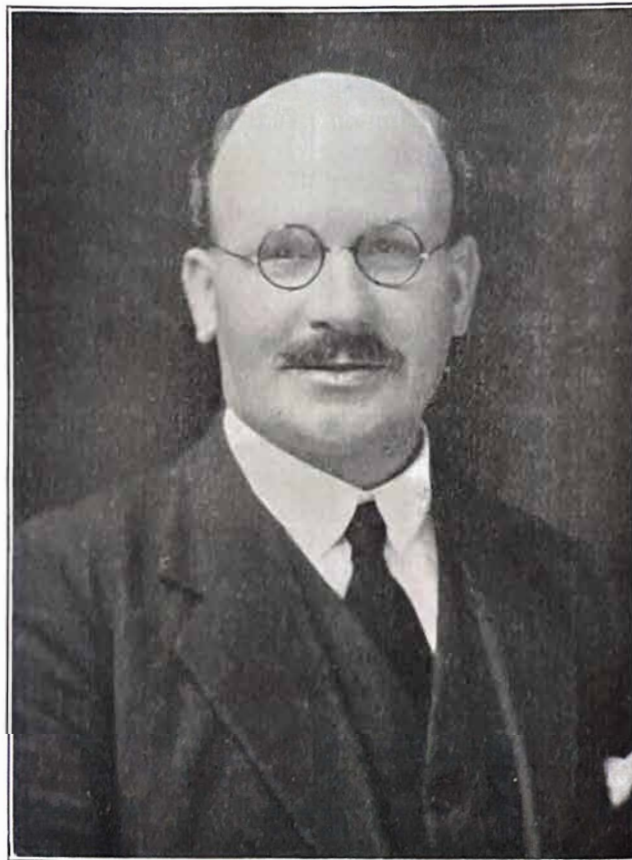
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Romans 1. 16.

Evangelist J. J. SMITH.

ON Sunday, June 9, 1899, I was converted to God. What a tremendous statement to make in so few words. And yet the words are true. Not all the Lord's people know "the day or the hour" of their new birth. I thank God I know the day, the hour, and the place. And I would need to. What a transaction that was! What a miracle of grace and power! I needed a Saviour badly. I had been religious; really religious. Put in a lot of time at it, too. But it had no power to hold me steady, or make me pure, or keep me true. What I needed was a personal Saviour. When I joined the army I just went in for a good time, and found plenty of encouragement and

help along that line. I had a fine voice, could play well at either football or cricket, and was quite handy with the boxing gloves. I was immensely popular owing to my "gifts," and there was always plenty of room for me to exercise them. Drink, cards, sport were only three of the things I spent my time and my money on. There was opportunity enough and to spare for sins of every description in those old army days. I am ashamed to say there was very little I did not go in for, and I often carried a sorrowing heart as well as an aching head. Sin is a hard taskmaster.

There were some half-dozen or so real Christian men in the regiment. They had been saved in the Soldiers' Home, where a mag-

nificent work for God was carried on all the year round. What fine Christians these men were. Many a time they were jeered at; sneers and scoffing were often meted out to them, but they held steadily on. There were few of us who didn't envy them the very evident peace they enjoyed, or the power they had. I could tell wonderful stories of how God used them to the blessing of others, as well as kept them from open sin. I used to wish with all my heart I was like them.

Even when jeering at them I used to wish I knew their secret. And yet it was an "open secret." They believed God and proved it by their actions. As soon as they were out of bed in the morning they were on their knees for prayer. Then—for there was not much time—a "little word" from the daily portion, and they were ready to face the new day. Later in the day, as they had leisure, they read their Bibles, and when not on duty at night they met for Bible study and prayer together. These men were overcomers in a very real sense. Not one of *them* would have said it, but *we* knew they were.

What splendid help they found in the "Homes," and how Christlike were the gracious ladies who worked so hard to win and hold the men for Christ.

One day when no one was about, I sneaked down to the room where they all met for their Bible study and prayer, and on opening the door, judge my surprise to find nothing but a half-circle of chairs and a blackboard on an easel. There was the great secret. Written on the blackboard were the blessed words of John 3. 16. What a conflict of emotions flooded my very soul as I gazed. What I thought was "an empty room" was filled with the very presence of God. What I thought was a "platitude" written in chalk, became vocal; it was the voice of God to *my* soul. "For God so loved *you*," it seemed to say. "God loved *you*," strange as it may seem—unreal as it may sound, "God loves you." I was filled with shame; and a wave of sorrow swept over my soul on account of my sin.

Suddenly I felt a desire to love Him in return, to *do* something, *be* something, to *prove* that I appreciated that love. I cannot explain this, but it came to me like that. What could I do? I had never once prayed—really prayed. I had no knowledge of how to approach God, save through "saints, virgins, angels, and priests"—for I was a Roman Catholic. It was then that the Holy Spirit brought

to my remembrance a verse of a hymn I had heard sung by a former workmate, and it came to me that there was no language so appropriate to use at a moment like that. I was bereft of physical strength. I could not even kneel, but slipping full to the floor on my very face before the Lord I said:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God I Come."

For a little I lay before the Lord. Nothing seemed to happen, and I wondered, until suddenly an indescribable peace came into my spirit. A wonderful calm and a sense of security filled me. I *knew* I was pardoned, that I had "obtained mercy." Blessed be God, I knew *then* as surely as I know *now*, that God for Christ's sake had forgiven me, that I was saved. I waited a little to recover myself. I wanted to rush out, to shout, to tell all the men, "I'm saved! I'm saved!"

After a while I went out to the great field where the regiment was encamped, and began to tell the fellows what had happened. That night I sang a solo at the Gospel meeting as a public testimony, and from the first day I set myself to learn the art of soul-winning. The Lord graciously gave me my chum as my first trophy, and others followed later. Oh, the joy of winning others to Christ.

It is too long a story to follow through the African Campaign, into civil life, at evening classes, in business—until I began the work of preaching the Gospel. How gloriously God used my poor gifts of preaching and singing, to His Name be all the praise. What a wonderful day it was to me when in a way I could not mistake, and I shall certainly never forget; He said to me, as really as I am writing it: "Do the work of an evangelist." That was His call to my life work.

I left business as soon as could honourably be arranged, and by the leading of the Lord joined the staff of the Evangelization Society in early 1914, and am still happily and busily engaged in fellowship with them in the service of the Lord.

I could embellish this story with details as remarkable, as varied, and as striking (and all true) as could almost be imagined. But the plain tale is best. Saved, 1899—kept, 1931—busy all the days between. Hallelujah to the Lamb! What I learned on that glorious day I have preached ever since: "There is *one* Mediator between God and man."

"MY SHEPHERD!"

A MINISTER was visiting a friend who has a large estate down the Clyde. While at breakfast the morning after he arrived the laird said to the minister: "There's a shepherd boy in the cottages across the moor who I am afraid is dying; might we go and see him to-day?" "Why, certainly," replied the minister, "I'll be delighted, and I'll get a word in with the little fellow about his soul." So away the two set over the moor, and there are the cottages with the blue peat reek curling up in the Highland air. This is the one Jamie's father and mother occupy. The mother answers to their knock, and brings them in. The laird said to his friend: "You had better go ben and see Jamie alone, and I shall wait in the kitchen here." So the minister took his way to the ben'en' where poor sick Jamie lay dying. He was a shy boy, and the minister could not get a single word out of Jamie, who would only nod his head for "yes" and shake it for "no." But the minister had little boys of his own, and knew their ways, and set to work to get the confidence of Jamie. He began to talk about the sheep Jamie's life had been spent among, and Jamie kept up the talk with nodding his little head or shaking it in response as the occasion arose.

At last the minister's talk came closer, but Jamie would not open out, and the minister suspected that he was in complete darkness about the way to be saved, or had not followed the way if he did know it. He seemed not to have accepted the Saviour yet. With a quiet uplifting of his heart to God, that the Holy Spirit might direct him to the right words, the minister turned his talk to the Shepherd Psalm and said: "I want to leave a little text with you, Jamie. It is this: 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' You will think about it, and I shall be back to see you in two days, and we shall have another little talk about it, shan't we, Jamie?" Jamie nodded. "Now, Jamie, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' Which word is the most important for you to be able to say? Do you know?" Jamie shook his head. "Think about it, Jamie—if you were one of His sheep, which word would link you to the Shepherd and put you into His keeping?"

"Now, there are five words, and," said the father of other little boys, as he took up poor Jamie's little left hand that lay on the coverlet and had become thin and transparent since the herd laddie lay down, "how many knuckles have you in this hand—five?" Jamie nodded. "Well, you will remember this little text of five words by putting the forefinger of your right hand on every one of your five knuckles as you say them." The minister took the forefinger and placed it on the lad's first knuckle, and said "The," then the finger on the second, and said "Lord," then on the third, "is," on the fourth, "my," and last on the fifth, "Shepherd." "Do you see that, Jamie?" Jamie nodded.

"Would it be 'The' on the first knuckle?" Jamie shook his head. "Would it be 'Lord' on the second?" Jamie shook his head. "Would it be 'is' on the third?" Jamie shook his head. "Would it be 'my' on this fourth knuckle that would link you to the Shepherd?" Jamie nodded, and the minister saw a light leap into the boy's face, and in a few more words the servant of the Lord Jesus tried to tell the little disciple how he could get into the flock of the good and tender Shepherd, and the Holy Spirit was there teaching, too. "Now, Jamie," the minister concluded, "give yourself to the Shepherd, and mind to get the word on the fourth knuckle, and I'll be back, as I said, in two days to see you. You will, won't you, Jamie?" Jamie nodded. They parted.

On the second day after, the minister is stepping across the moor to the shepherd's cottage. As he comes round that bank, behold! the blinds are down, and he knows what has happened. Jamie's mother opens the door, with the glow of a mystic triumph in her face, and greeted the minister with the words: "Eh, sir, we're glad to see you. Come awa' in, and gang awa' ben. Jamie slipped awa' durin' the night, and he's lyin' there as if he were sleepin', wi' a smile on his face, an' he has his finger on his fourth knuckle!" Ay, this knuckle-theology give ever to me; this forefinger divinity of the personal pronoun be mine, too, at the last. Let me die like Jamie, with my finger on my fourth knuckle. "The Lord is MY Shepherd, I shall not want."

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"NEITHER WERE THANKFUL."

Rom. 1. 21.

ONE of the sins of the Gentile nations, as specified by Paul, was thanklessness. When God gave to them by putting within their reach the knowledge of Himself, as seen in Creation, they glorified Him not, neither were thankful. The result was that they became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. A thankless heart is a foolish heart, and the rejection of light is the highway to darkness.

Of how much sorer punishment is a man worthy who rejects the Son of God? If the Godhead, as seen in Creation, left the Gentiles without excuse owing to their thankless attitude to the Maker of all, the sin of those who refuse to be thankful for the Incarnation, crucifixion, and Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ must be much greater, and any excuse less reasonable! He is the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of His Person, and in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

The outstanding and predominating sin of many is that they are not thankful. They are not vicious, nor drunken, nor do they act dishonestly in any dealings they have with their fellow-men. But for God's choicest gift they have never yet glorified Him, nor rendered Him one single note of thanks. The story of Christ's love for sinners is not to them a story they have never heard. The light of the Gospel has thrown its kindly beams across them many and many a time, but they have not at any time throughout their life's day said: "Saviour, I thank Thee Thou hast died for me!"

Thanklessness met with its desert, and always does. Not being thankful ended in God giving them up to do their own will; they shut their eyes to what God showed them, and in refusing the light and withholding their oblation of praise they fell into the pit of uncleanness. How sad their state! A darkened vision; a thankless heart; a defiled conscience; an unclean life. What greater a perdition could any man fall into in this life?

In prophetic language the Lord Jesus may say to many: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow." He bare our griefs and carried our sorrows, and is worthy of unceasing and abounding praise.

We earnestly ask: Is it nothing to you that in the fulness of time God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to

redeem them that were under the law? Is it nothing to you that He died on the Cross in darkness, and agony, and shame? Is it nothing to you that God raised Him from the dead, and that in His Name salvation is preached? Oh, the thankless attitude of many and the shame of it!

God's supreme gift to this sinful world is His Son Jesus Christ, in Whom every blessing is centred, and the thankful acceptance, or thankless non-acceptance, of His wondrous gift, determines the final destiny of men.

"LOOK UNTO ME."

Isaiah 45. 22.

HOW frequently you who are coming to Christ look to yourselves. You say, "I do not repent enough." That is looking to yourself. "I do not believe enough." That is looking to yourself. "I am too unworthy." That is looking to yourself. "I cannot discover," says another, "that I have any righteousness." It is quite right to say that you have not any righteousness, but it is quite wrong to look for any. It is "Look unto Me." God will have you turn your eye off yourself, and look unto Him. The hardest thing in the world is to turn a man's eye off himself; so long as he lives he always has a predilection to turn his eyes inside and look at himself, whereas God says, "Look unto Me." From the Cross of Calvary, where the bleeding hands of Jesus drop mercy; from the garden of Gethsemane the cry comes, "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." From Calvary's summit, where Jesus Cries, "It is finished," I hear a shout, "Look, and be ye saved." But there comes a vile cry from our soul, "Nay, look to yourself! look to yourself!" Ah, my hearer, look to yourself, and you will be damned; that certainly will come of it. As long as you look to yourself there is no hope for you. It is not a consideration of what you are, but a consideration of what God is, and what Christ is, that can save you. It is looking from yourself to Jesus. There be men that quite misunderstand the Gospel; they think that righteousness qualifies them to come to Christ, whereas sin is the only qualification. The more vile a man is, the more eagerly I invite him to believe in Jesus. A sense of sin is all we have to look for as ministers. We preach to sinners, and let us know that a man will take the title of sinner to himself, and we then say to him: "Look unto Christ, and ye shall be saved."

C. H. SPURGEON.

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

A Gospel Paper containing
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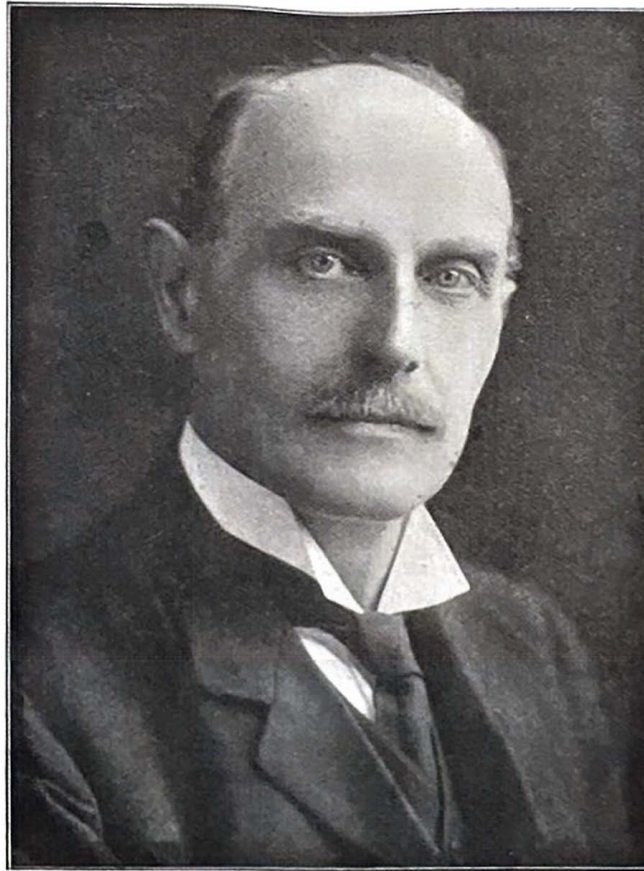
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Entered at Stationers' Hall

March, 1932

"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.

JAMES C. M. DAWSON, B.A., Belfast.
MR. JAMES C. M. DAWSON, B.A., who had been lying seriously ill at his home, 23 Knock Road, Belfast, for more than four months, fell asleep on 14th January. He was the youngest son of the late Mr. Thomas Dawson, B.L., Drumany, Co. Monaghan, and was born in Dublin in 1863.

While a student at Trinity College, Dublin, he realised his great need as a sinner, and at the age of 20 years, passed from death unto life. Shortly after his conversion he threw himself heart and soul into Gospel work. About that time he joined a band of young men who, greatly daring, began to preach Christ and Him crucified in the streets of Dublin. The opposi-

tion was fierce, and the discouragements many, yet they persevered. The warfare then waged has resulted in the respectful hearing now accorded to Gospel preachers in the capital of the Irish Free State.

Mr. Dawson obtained his B.A. degree in 1886, and was married on 23rd December, 1890. His experience of open-air work, coupled with indoor preaching, and systematic, prayerful Bible study, fitted him for the great work awaiting him.

Within a year of his marriage he heard and answered the Lord's call to China, and, sustained by the loving sympathy of his devoted wife, they entered on their labours among the Chinese. After four years' service in that land,

he was compelled, through persistent ill-health, to return home. Most men would have given in under similar circumstances, and settled down, but Mr. Dawson was made of sterner stuff. With the need of the Chinese still before him, he set out once more, this time for Singapore, Mrs. Dawson and their young family with him. One year in Singapore abundantly proved that however willing the spirit may be, the body could not stand the Eastern climate, and he came home, weakened by malaria and asthma. Mrs. Dawson was enfeebled also by the strain, and still suffers from a weak heart. As soon as health permitted, he began to accept invitations which came to him from all parts of the British Isles, and his ministry to saint and sinner met with an ever increasing acceptance.

Many bless God for the time when they sat under Mr. Dawson's preaching, and listened to the story of man's ruin by the Fall, and of the great redemption through the Blood. His messages were delivered with vividness, definiteness, and power; many a one has waited to ask the preacher: "What must I do to be saved?"

He never spoke as one in doubt; he was always sure of his ground. God's Word was in his heart and on his lips, and his messages carried conviction. His style was forceful, dogmatic, clear; his audiences felt the evident sincerity of the preacher.

Although Mr. Dawson's style of preaching was so emphatic, yet the kindness of his disposition was very apparent.

His charm of manner made him a host of friends as he went from place to place, his conversation was delightful, and the simplicity of his ways endeared him to many.

Mr. Dawson was a theologian; his mind was full of the Scriptures, and he could draw from a storehouse of knowledge on any Biblical subject at a moment's notice. The trend of modern thought never affected him; he continued, as he began, expounding the old truths of man's total depravity by nature, and God's new creation in Jesus Christ of every one who believed on His Son.

The following article from his pen on "How and When do we Become Children of God" is worth reading:—

(1) *No person enters this world a child of God.* We have all inherited from Adam a fallen, sinful nature, and David's statement is true of each member of the race, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me" (Psa. 51. 5). The children of Adam are "by nature the children of wrath" (Eph. 2. 3),

and each possesses a heart "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9). "There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3. 22, 23), and are "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. 2. 3) to God, and have only the "wages of sin" to expect which is "death" (Rom. 6. 23), and that death the Scripture describes as the lake of fire (Rev. 20. 14, 15), where the sinner, who dies in his sins, is eternally separated from God, and deprived of every blessing. Consequently each person needs to be made alive unto God—each is absolutely without eternal life by nature.

(2) *How a person becomes a child of God.* "God was manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. 3. 16) in the person of Jesus Christ. The life of the sinless Christ was forfeited, death could not claim it, no one could take it from Him (John 10. 18). He gave up His life for the sheep (*i. e.*, those who hear His voice, are known of Him, and who follow Him, John 10. 28), and in resurrection He has taken it again (John 10. 15, 18), and the person that believes in Him, though up to then dead in sins, has everlasting life (John 3. 15, 16, 36; 6. 47). He has become a child of God, being born of God (John 1. 12, 13; 1 John 5. 1). Having "received Him" he has received the "gift of God" which is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord (Rom. 6. 23).

(3) *The time when a person becomes a child of God.* Until the sinner believes in Christ he is without life (John 3. 36; v. 24; 1 John 5. 12); on believing in Him he has it (John 6. 47). That moment he is a child of God, "born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Peter 1. 23), and, being God's child, has been made a partaker of the Divine nature of the One who has begotten him. As a child of God, he is exhorted to lay hold on eternal life (1 Tim. 6. 12, 19), *i. e.*, to enjoy it, live it practically, possess it so thoroughly by abiding in Christ that it may indeed be manifest that Christ liveth in him (Gal. 2. 20) by the fruit of the Spirit being very abundant.

(4) *My personal experience.* I left home about 11.30 a. m., on 13th Feb., 1883, dead to God in my sins, and on my way to hell, well-deserved, yet anxious to be saved. About five minutes afterwards, through believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, I had eternal life (John 6. 47), and was assured of it on the authority of the Scripture, which cannot be broken (John 3. 16). In a moment I had passed out of death into life, I was a child of God, and bound for my Father's home on high.

RECONCILED.

RECONCILED—and a baby did it. A husband and wife had mutual wrongs which they sought to adjust at court. They had been separated some time. The husband stood, with downcast head, in the dock, while his wife, with the baby in her arms, waited at some little distance. When the baby saw its father it stretched out its little hands beseechingly in his direction. A kindly policeman motioned the mother to the side of the dock, when the father took his child from her arms. The little one, putting its arms round her father's neck, hugged, cuddled, and kissed him to her heart's delight. Then keeping one arm round his neck, it beckoned with the other to its mother to come. That is exactly what God's holy Child, Jesus, does with one arm. He clasps His Father, and is daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him, and with the other He beckons us to come. The baby's action was too much for the gravity of the court. The judge was overcome, and, with tears in his eyes, said: "A man who can win a baby's love like that cannot be such an utterly bad fellow after all. If I were you I would kiss and be friends, and go home together." They acted on the judge's advice, and started on a new life, reconciled by the baby. Our follies and self-will have separated us from God. His holy Child, Jesus, identified with both God and man, has made reconciliation possible by His death. If men will not be reconciled, if they will not come, if they will not let Him link them on to the Father Whom they have offended, what then? Alas! only eternal separation and banishment; and the mere contemplation of such a possibility is appalling. Let the dear Son of God put His loving arms round you, and thus He will unite you to your Heavenly Father, for He has said: "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." When you have thus been reunited to your God, all the past will be forgotten and forgiven for the sake of Jesus, and you will enter on a new lease of life, which will have its climax and consummation in God's Heavenly Home beyond. Then you, too, will be daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him. Will you be reconciled to God?

W.T.

"CHANGE THE RELIGION THAT DOESN'T CHANGE YOU."

A WAY on one of the northern rivers of New South Wales a young farm labourer was walking in the fields one morning when a square piece of paper lying on the ground attracted his attention. He picked it up, and turning it over found that it contained this one sentence: "Change the religion that doesn't change you." The young man had been brought up a strict Roman Catholic. "Well," he said to himself, "all my repetition of prayers and attendance at church have never made any change in my life." The farmer whom he served was a godly man, and that night for the first time in his life the labourer went in to family worship. When the service was over the young man asked if he might have the loan of a Bible. This was readily given him, and with the Holy Spirit alone for his teacher, he began to search the Scriptures for a religion that would change him. The seeking soul soon met the seeking Saviour. "Come unto Me," saith the Lord, "and I will give you rest." The young man heard the call and obeyed. He yielded himself to Christ, and the Lord made him a new creature. His character and conduct were so thoroughly changed that he became an astonishment to the neighbourhood.

It may be that you plume yourself on being a "true-blue Protestant," but let me ask, Has your religion made any change in your life? Remember that there is a spurious form of religion abroad that is destitute of life and power, a religion that does not change the heart. "Change the religion that does not change you," for it is not the religion that Christ taught. He said: Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." He makes all things new, and so "Ye must be born again." But you may ask, "How can a man be born when he is old?" I answer in the words of the Gospel: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son" (John 3. 16). "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in His Name: which were born . . . of God (John 1. 11-13).

J.M.

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BETTER THAN THE BANK.

BANKS break sometimes, and bubbles burst, but the continual promise, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6. 37) is one that never has been broken—never is, and never will be. The context definitely settles what "these things" are. In a preceding verse they are described as meat, drink, and clothing. "Fear the Lord," says the Psalmist, "for there is no want to them that fear Him;" and again he bears witness, saying, "I have been young, and now I'm old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Paul was of the same opinion, for, after the Philippians had sent temporal supplies to him, he wrote: "My God shall supply all your need."

The verse we have chosen as our text suggests that we will not even need to pray for supplies. If you seek first the Kingdom, these things shall be *added* unto you. They will be thrown in as a matter of course. The verse before confirms this idea. You will not need to seek, like the Gentiles, "for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Because of all this we are to have no anxious care or worry about the morrow, with its needs—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Evidently there are two kingdoms in this world. God is good; there are many things here that are not of God, and that don't belong to goodness. What does it all mean? The Bible gives the answer to our question. There is an evil personality in the world called Satan. He is described as the god of this world, and he has his kingdom here. The Fall brought man under his sway. He has dominion still. He offered Christ all the kingdoms if He would worship him. The kingdoms of this world are not yet become the kingdoms of our Lord. Some day they will; but the golden age is still in the future.

God has always had His Kingdom here. For long it was confined to one nation, but when the Saviour came He set it up for all the world, and opened its gates to every tribe and nation. The angelic announcement of His birth was: "Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

This injunction, "Seek ye first," is a message to disciples. It makes a good evangelical text to apply to indifferent sinners, but that is not its primary meaning. Through the new birth, as set forth in John 3, we enter into the kingdom. Once in, we are to seek daily its

interests and advancement in our life and affairs, and in the hearts and lives of others. Let the kingdom be first in order of time, and first in rank of importance. As we seek it thus, God will seek our good. Solomon is asleep in Gibeon, where he has come to devote himself and house to God. At night, through a dream, God appears, saying, "Ask what I shall give thee." Solomon, with deep humility, asks wisdom, "and the speech pleased the Lord," and God said unto him: "Because thou hast not asked long life, nor wealth, nor power over your enemies, behold I have granted your request, and I have added these other things you did not ask." Let us not seek great things for ourselves. If we seek God's things we shall lack no good. We lose nothing. The highest things that money cannot buy are ours now; "for the Kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Unrest, dissatisfaction, weariness are all gone now, and we have found that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come."

HUGH PATON.

THE BLESSED MAN.

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered" (Psa. 32. 1) The writer does not say: "Blessed is he who has a thousand a year, a fine house to live in, plenty to eat and drink, and a beautiful motor-car to drive about with." These things are certainly not to be despised if rightly come by. Few, however, striking the average, attain to such possessions, and if blessedness consisted in such things, and in them alone, multitudes would remain unblest. But a man's life, as our Lord Jesus has said, consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. Numbers are loaded with temporal good who are strangers to the blessedness of pardoning mercy. The riches of saving grace are slighted, and in consequence true blessedness is unknown. The pardon of sin, acceptance with God, the witness of the Holy Ghost within, deliverance from the law's condemnation, constitute a blessedness that puts the world's best in the shade. Do you know the joy of transgression forgiven and sin covered? "Who-soever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts 13. 38). Believe now on the Lord Jesus Christ and be at peace.

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CONVERSION STORIES OF MR. AND MRS. R. C. BROWN.

WHEN I was seven years of age I promised my Sunday School teacher as she lay on her deathbed that I would meet her in Heaven. But Heaven seemed far away, there was plenty of time, and I found it easier to do wrong than to do right. A few years later my brother was led to Christ by Charles Paterson, of the Faith Mission. He became a worker in Water St. Mission, Port Dundas, Glasgow, under Mr. Walter B. Sloan, and when at home I would enter a room and find him quietly reading his Bible or kneeling in prayer it made me feel very uncomfortable. As I grew older I learned to smoke, to swear, to read trashy

literature, and to deceive my mother with cruel lies. Avoiding religious meetings of all kinds, I became fascinated with the glamour of the theatre and the music hall, and thinking that I was having "a good time," I failed to see that I was being led captive by the Devil at his will. One Saturday evening a new and fierce temptation assailed me, and before I realised what I was doing I had yielded. From that moment I became deeply convicted of sin, and trembled to think where it would all end. The following day, Sunday, 19th April, 1891, was very wet, and I stayed indoors, trying vainly to get rid of my unrest of heart. After supper that night in our bedroom, my brother surprised me by saying: "Bob, don't you think

it's time you became a Christian." I gave an evasive answer and tried to appear unconcerned, but as he continued to speak of God's rich mercy and of Christ's power and willingness to save, a great desire filled my heart to be free from myself and from the bondage of sin. As we knelt in prayer, my brother bid me look in faith at the Crucified Saviour, and as he repeated the lines of Sankey's hymn:

"Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of Sin
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid;
Or why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood
If His dying thy debt has not paid."

—the light of God burst on my soul, and realising that Jesus was bearing the punishment due to my sin, I wept bitter tears of penitence. Kneeling there in utter weakness and shame, I whispered: "Lord Jesus, I thank Thee for dying for me, and I take Thee here and now to be my Saviour and my Lord."

I believe that at that moment the very life of God in Heaven came down to possess my soul, and thank God, is possessing it to-day.

R. C. BROWN.

AS a girl at my mother's knee, and later in the Sunday School, I learned to love the Bible stories. Mr. Wm. Thomson, Jun., was then in charge of our Band of Hope, and one night after an address illustrated by the picture of "The Broad and Narrow Way," he spoke to me, and I trusted Jesus as my Saviour. I was then eight years of age, and later, when I left school and went to business, I was attracted by the things of this world, and without realising it, was being drawn back into worldly ways. But the word of the Lord came unto me the second time. Invited by a friend to what I thought was to be a missionary lecture, I discovered I was in an evangelistic meeting conducted by Mr. W. J. Webster and his wife. During the searching message of Mrs. Webster on the words of Job, "If I wash myself with snow water," the Lord gave me to see my own righteousness as filthy rags in His sight. When Miss Webster sang the hymn entitled, "So near to the kingdom, what keepeth thee back?" the battle between good and evil raged in my heart. On leaving the church Mrs. Webster met me at the door, and laying her hand lovingly on my arm, requested me to wait behind and decide the matter. Turning back into the inquiry room, I gave myself unreservedly to Him "who loved me and gave Himself for me." As I knelt in prayer at my bedside that night my heart was flooded with a peace and joy hitherto unknown.

Looking back over all the way by which He has led me and enabled me to serve Him, I can only say, "Unto Him be all the praise."

(MRS.) R. C. BROWN.

A GREAT DELIVERER.

JESUS is the great Deliverer. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed" (John 8. 36). To the woman in the Synagogue, who had been bound by Satan for eighteen years, He said, "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity" (Luke 13. 12), and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God. To the brother of Martha and Mary of Bethany, lying wrapped in the arms of death, He said, "Lazarus, come forth; and he that was dead came forth" (John 11. 43, 44). When there was brought to Him a man that had an impediment in his speech, and who was deaf as well, He put His fingers in his ears, touched his tongue, and said, "Be opened." This was a word of authority, for straightway his ears were opened, the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain; and those who looked on were beyond measure astonished, saying, "He hath done all things well; He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak" (Mark 7. 37). To the leper who said, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean," He replied, "I will; be thou clean, and immediately his leprosy was cleansed" (Matt. 8. 3). In the eighth chapter of Luke we read of the demon-possessed man in Gadara; of the woman with the twelve years' infirmity; and of the twelve-year-old daughter of the ruler who was dead. For Him there was nothing but victory all along the line. The three D's yielded to His sway. Demons, Disease, and Death all went down before Him. He came into the world to destroy the works of the devil, and to deliver men from the dominion and results of sin.

Has His delivering power reached your life, and brought comfort and cheer to your spirit? He delivers from the dominion of sin, so that we cease to be its servants, and become "servants to God" (Rom. 6. 22). He delivers from the curse of the law, for it is written, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. 3. 13). He delivers from the fear of death, for He came to "deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. 2. 15). He delivers from the wrath to come, "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Thess. 5. 9).

YOUR LAST DAY.

YOUR last day on earth will come. Have you ever thought seriously on that? Try to do so now, if never before. Yes, your last day here in this life will end. It may be to-day. What do you think of that?

You will wind up your watch some morning or night for the last time. You may have wound it up for a number of years, say, ten, twenty, thirty, or forty, but one day your fingers will wind it up no more. It will never more tick-tick in response to your winding-up. Do you ever think of that?

You will pay your rent and taxes for the last time some day. You may often have had difficulty to make ends meet. It may not have been easy to scrape up as much as answer the demands of the housefactor and the tax-gatherer, but one day you will pay them your last account. Try to remember that. The occupants of the tomb pay no rent nor taxes.

You will greet that friend on the street some day for the last time. He and you have often smiled to each other, and occasionally had a little chat together, but you will smile to him and chat to him for the last time some day. Your smile will fade and your lips close. Have you ever thought of that?

You will turn the handle of your door to enter, or lift the sneck, or put the Chubb key in the lock some day for the last time. It will never again swing on its hinges at your bidding again. You have swung it to for the last time behind you as you set your foot down in the lobby and halt in your step to close it. Have you ever thought of that?

You will make your last journey by rail some day. It may be in an excursion train on pleasure bent, or in a fast-going express on business bound, but all the same your last railway journey will take effect one day. You will no more stand at the booking-office wicket and ask for a ticket for any town along the line. Have you ever thought of that? Here is a ticket against that day: "Behold, God is my salvation: I will trust, and not be afraid" (Isa. 12. 2).

Some day you will look at the newspaper for the last time. Its columns with politics, war,

trade, houses to let, businesses for sale, and stock exchange news, your eye will run down no more. The boy may deliver it at your door to-morrow, or he may be waiting for you at the corner where you have got it from him morning by morning, but you will not be there to receive it. Have you ever thought of that? Here is good news for you against that day: "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).

You will rise from your bed and dress yourself some morning for the last time. Never again will you stand before the looking-glass to brush your hair, or give yourself the little finishing touches you like to give yourself before you appear in public. Your nicely-brushed boots you will never again draw on your feet, for your pilgrimage will have reached its end. Have you ever thought seriously of that? Here is a text against that day: "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" (John 11. 25).

ROOT AND FRUIT.

THERE cannot be fruit without root. It would just be as easy to grow gooseberries on a walking stick as to bring forth spiritual fruit from an unregenerate heart. Yet some labour hard to bring about the impossible. They try to be Christians without being born again; they might as well attempt to cross the Atlantic in a teapot.

The man of God described in the first Psalm is spoken of as being like a tree planted. Please observe that word **PLANTED**. No tree can bring forth fruit otherwise. And before you can yield the fruit of righteousness to the praise of God through Jesus Christ, you must be planted by faith in the grace of God. The seed mentioned in the parable of the sower that withered away did so because it had no root. An essential part of a house is a foundation. Without a base how can there be a building? And without a foundation of faith in God how can a godly character be built up? There can be no fruit without root.

THE . . .

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SUDDEN CONVERSION.

IN the case of the jailor at Philippi we have a striking case of sudden conversion. At night he put fast in the stocks the feet of the servants of God, but ere the morning broke he exercised repentance towards God.

If we use the term conversion as the equivalent of being born again, then there is nothing else but sudden conversion. Life either is, or is not, and there is no space between.

Men are poor sinners by nature. Why may they not be made suddenly rich with the pardoning mercy of God? Men are under condemnation. Why should it be thought impossible for God to justify them in a moment of time? And He does so the moment a sinner believes in Christ. "All that believe, are justified," and no man can be half-way between condemnation and justification.

It is quite true that a man may be gradually brought round to the point of conversion just the same as a man, after he is awakened in the morning, may, after sundry yawns and rubbing of his eyes, get gradually nearer to the point of getting up. But the putting of his feet on the floor is the event of a moment, so that afterwards he is able to say that he rose at such a time as shown by the clock.

Men are often awakened by the preaching of the Word who do not reach the point of decision to be Christ's for long afterwards, and between the awakening and the decision are gradually led to look at things differently. But the decision for Christ, the mental and moral acceptance of God's Son and Saviour, the assent of the mind and the consent of the heart to the believing reception of Christ must ever, and can only be, the event of some one particular moment; and it is this event, this definite act of trust in Christ, that is known as sudden conversion.

How long did it take Zaccheus to come down the tree? Jesus said: "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house" (Luke 19. 5). Zaccheus made haste, came down, and *received Him* joyfully, and in that hour salvation came to his house. That was sudden conversion.

LOVE COMMENDED.

"**G**OD commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8). The Cross is the transcendent evidence of the love of God, and it was while we were sinners that His love

in such striking form showed itself. Had God waited till we had turned from our sins ere His love had made itself manifest, then no manifestation would ever have taken place, but, blessed be His Name, though we were the first to make the breach, He is first in seeking to heal the breach.

"How shall I put thee among the children?" was the thought of His heart, and His own Divine wisdom has strikingly outlined and supplied the answer: "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). My Son shall go to Calvary, He said, to save a lost world; and the Son said, "Lo, I come; in the volume of the book it is written of Me; I delight to do Thy will, oh, My God!" Blessed hour that rang out the news that there was born into this world a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord!

"God commendeth His love!" Yes, He does; and, moreover, His love commends itself. It needs no elaborate argument on the part of any man, or body of men, to support its excellence; its utter disinterestedness is so obvious. "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." All the way to Calvary He went to save sinners, and every step of the way was resplendent with everlasting love. "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end."

He loved sinners! Not that He thereby placed a premium on transgression and discounted morality. Oh, no! For He came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. The erring, the fallen, the lost, He came to seek and save. His bowels overflowed with tenderness, and though possessed of omniscience, and knowing all that would happen, He would have gathered in His arms those who afterwards hounded Him to death, and cried, "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" "Behold, what manner of love!"

Has this wonderful love of God ever commended itself to your notice? Has it thrown its saving power across your life? Or is it nothing to you that God has loved this sinful world, and that Jesus the Saviour has died for it? If still outside the fold, haste to the feet of the Crucified, bow before Him, behold Him, believe on Him, and bravely before men confess Him.

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John 4. 10).

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

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No. 455

Entered at Stationers' Hall

May, 1932

"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."

1 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.

Rev. ARCHD. MACFADYEN, Edinburgh.
BORN in the busy commercial city of Glasgow, and brought up in the regular Scottish fashion to attend Church and Sunday School. Had a theoretical knowledge of the Gospel but no heart experience of its saving power. A godly Sunday School teacher made a great impression upon me; not so much by what she said as by what she was. Her life was radiant. Other friends were praying for the lad, and there are many links in the chain of blessing. One Sunday evening in February, 1895, I found myself in the Tabernacle, St. George's Cross, Glasgow. The preacher was Dr. Moxey, Professor of Elocution in the Free Church College, Edinburgh. That evening is

stamped indelibly upon my memory. The atmosphere seemed aglow. The splendid singing, the heartiness of the whole service, the clear presentation of the truth, the passionate appeal such as only a Spirit-filled ambassador of Christ can make, had such an impression on me and brought me face to face with eternal things. In his final appeal, Dr. Moxey read the hymn, "God Calling Yet," in a way that I had never heard before. During the reading of the last verse,

"God calling yet, I cannot stay,
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part,
The voice of God has reached my heart."

numbers present were visibly affected and

deeply moved. Around me strong men were weeping, and many were able to see through the lens of repentance and faith the face of the Crucified. I yielded myself to the claims of the Redeemer, and on returning home immediately told my parents of my momentous decision. From the age of seven I had been conscious of the striving of the Holy Spirit of God. A dearly-loved sister had been taken from our home, and my heart was sorely stricken for a time. Even so young, I would watch the westering sun dip down at eventide, and the thought filled me with anxious fear. "What if my sun should set, just like that?" "Where should I go?" And so, for years the gracious Spirit was drawing me and dealing with me, until as a lad of fifteen, I was brought by wonderful grace into submission and surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ. I had not been given to gross sin, but I knew the plague of my own heart, and I now rejoiced in knowing the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour and Sin-bearer, and also Sovereign Lord of my life.

I felt that the best place to find help in the spiritual life would be the place where light had dawned upon my soul. Words can never express what blessing I received under the preaching of that stalwart of the Faith, Pastor D. J. Findlay. Those early years were formative in my Christian life. The clear Scriptural witness to eternal things imparted such a virility to one's own spirit, and such a vitality to one's own witness, that calls were being continually received to help in spreading the light. The Tabernacle made much of prayer and open-air witness, and visitation of the poor. For some years I had the joy of "slumming"—taking the Gospel to the "broken earthenware" and the shadowed lives of those caught in the meshes of sin. That experience has been of great help in the work of the ministry. Very few churches in our land have been able to send out into the great harvest-field so many faithful fervent souls as my spiritual home. May the rich blessing of God continue to abide in rich abundance upon it.

I was busy in Gospel work, especially among the young, and Mr. W. Thomson invited me to help him in his great campaigns. He was a great soul, and to many he was the "premier" evangelist. He was used of God to bring multitudes to confess Jesus Christ as Lord. His habit of prayer and his strong faith made a deep impression upon me, and I saw many being brought into light and liberty through his preaching. After a season with Mr. Thomson, I was put in charge of a Gospel

Tent to work in Ayrshire. Missions were held at Kilmarnock, Hurlford, Galston, Whittlets, Dreghorn, and other places, and signs followed the preaching of the Word, and fruit was gathered unto eternal life.

A call from the South revealed the fact that God had a work for me to do across the Border. I count it a privilege to have been associated with the work of Miss Perks, at Winchester.

* * * * *

A call came from Leicester, and early in 1921 we moved to the Midland city. For seven years the work was carried on with much blessing upon the preaching of the Word. Carley St. Chapel has been noted for a clear, definite stand regarding the authority of the Word of Truth, and a faithful presentation of the Gospel message, and it was a period of much joy in service and glad fruitfulness in the Master's vineyard. The Homeland calling! In 1928 the cloud moved to Edinburgh. The Gorgie Church has borne a virile testimony to Christ and His Gospel for many years, and it was a great privilege to take up the work carried on so faithfully by former ministers. No message is comparable to the message of the Cross. Just as the Apostle Paul felt the call to plant the flag of the Faith in the great centres of commerce and learning, so to-day the message is the same, and the Gospel is still the power of God unto every one that believeth. What an increasing joy it is to tell out the story of Calvary! The Victim is now the Victor, and we are led in the train of His triumph. Let me commend to you the Saviour! the Redeemer! the One who can redeem you from sin and its power, from death and its sting, from the world and its love. If you are not on His side then life is robbed of true nobility, and the future is laden with fear. Crown Christ King! He is waiting for your uttermost trust, and as you trust Him, He will save you from the uttermost to the uttermost.

"ON HIS SIDE—

- 'Tis the surest way of winning,
- 'Tis the victory over sinning,
- 'Tis the way of conquest true,
- 'Tis the vision ever new,
- 'Tis the path of mighty power,
- 'Tis the precept of the hour,
- 'Tis the reckoning on the host,
- Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
- 'Tis the yielding to His will,
- 'Tis the grace to trust Him still,
- 'Tis the call to stand and fight,
- 'Tis the battle for the right,
- 'Tis the deed of self-effacing,
- 'Tis the faith His purpose tracing
- 'Tis the song whate'er betide,

ON HIS SIDE."

A M F

THE BIBLE RAFFLE.

ONE evening a liquor saloon in New York City was crowded. There was a "Bible raffle." As the men went to the counter one by one to shake the dice-box, there was laughter and profanity. At last one who lay stupidly drunk was roused and bidden to take a hand. He staggered to the counter and threw the highest number. The boisterous crowd gathered about him with jests and questions. He grew sober in a moment, and, not noticing their jokes, took the Holy-Book in his hands reverently and said to the barkeeper: "Please wrap this in the cleanest piece of paper you have, but don't let it have the smell of whisky about it." Turning to the amazed group, he said: "Good evening, gentlemen. It's the last time we'll meet here. I'm going home to make one of the best wives in the world the happiest woman in New York;" and, taking the Bible, he passed out, jeered by some but cheered by others. He walked rapidly to his squalid home. He mounted the rickety stairs, entered the room, walked to where his wife sat, and laid the heavy parcel on her lap. She started, and, looking up with a faint, semblance of the old, almost forgotten smile, said, "You are early to-night, John." She saw a change had come over him, and quietly opened the package. Seeing the Book, she burst into tears, and said, "John, I've been thinking about you all day, and wondering if you would ever be your old self again. While I was thinking, little Agnes came up, and, putting her arms round my neck, said, 'Mamma, why don't papa have prayers and read his Bible as grandpa does when we go to see him?' I could not answer her, John, but now you can." "Yes, I'll answer her, wife. Get me a pen and ink." Then he opened the fly-leaf and wrote: "To my faithful wife, whom I shall never again voluntarily cause a sorrow or a blush or shame. John." The husband kept his word. His reverence for the Book of God led to reverence for the living Word of God, and was the means of his salvation. What the Bible and the Gospel of the Bible did for the New York man it can do for you. Believe the Gospel now (Rom. 1. 16).

"CONVERTING THE SOUL."

Psalm, 19 7.

"THE law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul," so said the writer of the 19th Psalm. He believed that men needed converting, and further, he believed that God's law was the instrument for bringing the great change about. These articles of his faith were unquestionable. Now, if the Old Testament, as we call it, or rather that part of it that was in existence when the writer wrote that Psalm, was sufficient as an instrument to convert men, how much more effective, humanly speaking, must the New Testament be! There is a veil on many parts of the books of Moses which is done away in Christ. There are clouds and shadows on many parts of the ceremonial law, for instance, that are swept away before the full sunshine of the Gospel of Christ. In the books of the New Testament there is abundance of light, and no man need walk in darkness. There is in it revealed the grace of God that teaches men how to break away and turn from ungodliness and worldly lusts, and except ye be converted ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven (Matt. 18. 3).

Have you ever faced the question of conversion—of turning from self-will to surrender to, and agreement with, God's will? Be assured that there is within your reach a perfect instrument for accomplishing and bringing about this blessed end. Acceptance of Christ as He is presented in the Gospel will put within your heart a power that will convert you and turn you round straightaway. The Gospel, revealing as it does a perfect Saviour, converts the soul. Multitudes of men are unaware of God's great and gracious provision, and have nothing but broken and blurred record to look back on. No streak of hope can they see on the horizon, because their vision is not extensive enough. They sweep in thought the circumference of their own resources, and as these have proved to be utterly inadequate to cover their need, they are ready to lie down in despair. But why should any man say "Die," since the Gospel of Christ is perfect, converting the soul? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31).

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PAYS TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

IT pays to be a Christian *in the hour of death*. Everybody knows that. Oh, when the hour of death comes, then everybody wishes he had been a Christian, but the way to have a happy death-bed is not to become a Christian when you are on the death-bed, but to have lived a Christian life before you get to the death-bed. I told the people this afternoon about the triumphant death of D. L. Moody. Many of you knew Major Whittle. His was likewise a glorious death-bed. In the last part of his suffering he was in Northfield. Every time I left Northfield, the last thing I did was to go and call on him, and about the first thing every time I got back to Northfield was to go and call at Major Whittle's. He was suffering oftentimes intense pain. At one stage of his disease the bones of his arms had become so chalky that simply lifting up his arm would cause the bone to break, yet in those moments of awful suffering Major Whittle had a most serene look in his face, the happiest person there. I always went in and found him rejoicing in the midst of his sickness. I was not there when the end came. Mr. Pitt, one of our associates in Chicago, went to Northfield, and was there the day before Major Whittle died. He went into the room where Major Whittle was lying. Major Whittle, face to face with God and eternity, greeted him with a smiling face, and they had a most happy time. Next day Mr. Pitt wrote me: "Major Whittle has gone home; another triumphant death-bed like Mr. Moody's." Oh! men and women, the time is coming, if the Lord tarry, when you and I will have to come face-to-face with death, with eternity, with God. When that hour comes, it will have paid us to have been Christians our life through.

Again, it pays to be a Christian *in the judgment*. Men and women, do you realise it? Every man and woman here to-night has got to face God in judgment. As we read in Romans 14. 12: "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Oh, in that day when you and I face God in judgment, it will have paid us to have been Christians. There are some of you here to-night who have scarcely given a thought to God, to Christ, to eternity, for years. You don't see the use of caring for God, you never think about God from one year's end to another, but in that day when you stand face-to-face with God, when your whole life is naked in all its wickedness before His holy gaze, you will wish that you had been a Christian.

DR. TORREY.

SIN.

THIS world in its structural form is not an unpleasant place, for God has made all things beautiful in their season. The snow in winter, the bursting buds in spring, the flowers in summer, the yellow corn in autumn, have all a beauty of their own that charm the observant mind, and draws out the admiration of the reverent spirit. But sin is the plague-spot of life, and we cannot get away from feeling and seeing its ravages and wreckage. It assails our thoughts, it vitiates our ideals, it weakens our endeavours to bless others. It creates the drunkard, the gambler, the murderer, the pick-pocket, the swindler, the slanderer. These, and other forms of degenerate humanity, are the products of sin, and as years grow the thoughtful mind has its seasons of meditation, in which oft-times a longing for deliverance from the very presence of sin pervades the heart.

If sin be only a theological dream or a delusion of the mind, then morality must be put upon the same shelf, and labelled in the same form. Christian Science—though we cannot see anything particularly Christian about it—is of no use to a tramp who has been fasting through lack of food for twenty-four hours. Fancy him being told that he was to believe that he had just risen from a good, substantial meal and his hunger would be gone. What would he think of the man who dealt him out such stuff? Fancy a man suffering from some internal disease, a constant martyr to aches and pains through disease, being told that he is simply to believe there is nothing wrong with him and all will be well. Would he thank his adviser? Then think of a man burdened with a sense of sin being told that there is not such a thing as sin, other than as the dream of a disordered mind. But "The Scripture hath concluded all under sin" (Gal. 3. 22), and "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves" (1 John 1. 8). If sin be a myth, then moral philosophy is a fraud, and, worst of all, the Cross of Christ was the greatest blunder in human history: "For in that He died, He died unto sin once, but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God" (Rom. 6. 10). How could He die unto sin if sin does not exist?

Here is a word of comfort for those who long for deliverance, final and complete, from sin's blight and presence: "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation" (1-Heb. 9. 28). That will be a day without a cloud.

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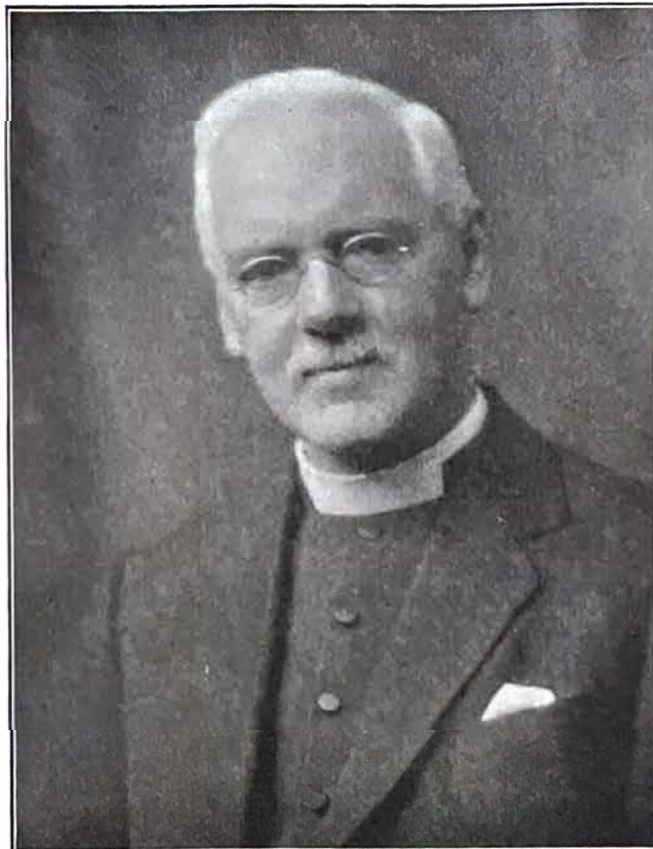
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Entered at Stationers' Hall

June, 1932

"I know
whom I have
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day."

2 Timothy 1. 12.



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

Romans 1. 16.

Rev. HORACE E. GOVAN, M.A.

ONE of the outstanding Christian families with which conversion brought us into touch in the great days of '74 was the Govan family. There were thirteen children—the youngest being then seven years of age, and the eldest already married and widowed. The father, usually spoken of as "Ex-Bailie Govan," was a delightful Christian gentleman, who left specially pleasant memories upon many of the young converts with whom the Revival brought him in contact. Most, if not all, of the family became devoted Christians, and several of them made a deep mark for God in their native city and land, and far beyond. The two eldest sons—William and Arthur—were closely as-

sociated with the Gospel work which now finds its centre in the Tabernacle, and indeed gifted one of the first canvas tents in which the work found one of its early cradles. William Govan—the mystic and poet—was for some years our colleague, and it was no small privilege to live and work in close touch with such a saint.

Only a few weeks ago Arthur Govan passed to his reward at a great age, and now Horace, the youngest of the large family, has joined the others who had gone on before, leaving only one of the thirteen, a widowed sister, in the South of England.

All of the five best known brothers could preach the Gospel, and preach it well; but

probably James would be accepted as *the preacher* of the family. All could write, and write well, but undoubtedly Horace was the one with the most outstanding literary gift, which he laid whole-heartedly at his Saviour's feet, and used to the fullest extent in His service.

Our friend was brought up in one of the most beautiful of Christian homes, where the Word of God was in constant use, and loyalty to Christ moulded the whole family life. Just when this young life was first yielded to Christ, and the new birth became a matter of experience, is not quite clear; but several of his fellow-students (in Glasgow University) who still survive, have a distinct memory of a crisis which came to him through attending some meetings of the Salvation Army. From that time his life was given without reserve to the service of his Saviour and Master, and every power of body, mind, and spirit was devoted to the highest objects.

Almost, if not quite, from the beginning of the work of the Faith Mission, Horace was associated with his brother John George in that splendid piece of Gospel propaganda, which has brought the message of salvation to thousands of souls throughout the British Empire and beyond. He was the founder and Editor of its excellent monthly magazine, *Bright Words*, which is one of the best monthlies of its order, and every issue of which has carried messages from God to weary souls.

A lifelong friend, and one who himself found his Saviour at St. George's Cross in early youth, writes: "For me Horace's home-going closes more than half-a-century of one of the happiest and most blessed fellowships of my life. From the days of my childhood, through all life's pilgrimage, blessing and help have flowed into my life through all the five Govan brothers. Horace and I were class-mates, and when the Faith Mission was born, John George and Horace and I spent many hours in prayer together.

"Horace did not come into the limelight until after that crisis in his student days; but then the quiet, reserved boy was transformed by the Holy Spirit's indwelling and anointing, into the keen witness and soul-winner. Like many who came right out then, the work of God in his heart and mind was very deep and thorough, and there was thenceforth no turning back. 'This one thing I do' was an ever deepening characteristic of all his after days. The grace of God was mightily manifest in him."

Although many years at the beginning and

end of his public service for the kingdom of God were wholly devoted to the work of the Faith Mission, there was a time in the middle period when he also did good service as a minister of the Congregational Church, occupying pastorates in Falkirk, Ardrossan, and Edinburgh. The Secretary of the Scottish Congregational Union writes regarding him: "It was in 1883 that I first met Mr. Govan. We were of the same year of the Arts Course in Glasgow University. His Latin name, 'Horace,' first drew my attention to him. He was quiet and retiring, with the scholarly mind, and with an interest in religious things. Later he had that spiritual baptism which transformed his whole life, and made him in after years a blessing to countless men and women who were seeking salvation. It was good to know him, for his spiritual insight was always refreshing to men with souls somewhat jaded. Now he is with his Lord, and still busy about his Father's business in a realm where there are no limitations, such as beset our mortal life. To use Dr. Bonar's phrase he 'slipped into glory.'"

Another old friend writes: "His special literary gift found expression in the editing of *Bright Words*, the organ of the Faith Mission. As editor, he was remarkably successful in the selection of his material: in addition to accounts of the work of the Mission, there appeared month by month striking incidents, revealing the power of the Gospel to save sinful men, and illustrations of the result of that same Gospel in producing cleansed hearts and holy and fruitful lives. Recently, under the title of 'The All-Red Route,' he published a selection of these articles, and in the Preface mentioned that they had been gathered from many lands. One of the best reviews of that remarkable book, 'Thinking Black,' appeared in *Bright Words*, and was written by the editor himself. He compiled the well-known hymn-book, 'Songs of Victory,' and he wrote a book on the Ten Commandments entitled, 'Ten Imperishable Words,' and also a 'Life of Gerhard Tersteegen.'"

On Lord's Day, 17th April, 1932, our friend was called home, in his 66th year, and after only a few days' illness. The large crowd of Christian workers of every grade and from many parts of the land, who gathered round the open grave in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, on the Wednesday following, were a testimony to the regard in which he was held. He has left behind his like-minded wife and two sons, who will be grateful for prayer interest. D.J.F.

SAVIOUR AND PATTERN.

JESUS CHRIST is the Saviour of sinners, and He is the pattern for His people. Conversion turns a sinner into a saint, and makes the convert a possessor of eternal life. We are spiritually dead by nature, and before we can follow we must be made alive. A dead man cannot walk, and a spiritually-dead man cannot follow Christ. To walk in His steps is something only a converted man can do. Before you make Christ your model you must first accept Him as Saviour and Master. As we follow Him we shall become like Him. Our life bears a relation to our model. Living a life with Christ as our pattern is like copying a picture. Here is a painting by a great master. There you have a copy of it by an amateur. The second is very unlike the first, and comparatively is a very poor painting. Yet the most uninformed eye, as it looks at the one, and then at the other, can say: "This second picture was copied from the first." Our life may not be very grand or noble, but, if we are trying to fashion it on the example Christ left us, men and women will be instinctively, in measure at least, reminded of the Lord Jesus, and they will see that we have Him in our mind.

I can see four of His steps in the Gospels in which we should try and plant our feet.

There is step number one, which we may call the *step down*. "Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, ...made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant" (Phil. 2. 6, 7). Who among us can measure that stride? We need to come down from our ambition and pride, and from our trust in condition or position. If Christians got low enough, there would be more harmony, less friction, and no readiness to take offence. Paul got low enough. He ground through grammar when he said: "Less than the least of all saints." The least is least, and you cannot have less than that. Grammar may be all right, Paul seems to say, but show me your man who is least and I will go one less. Ideas run beyond all mere construction of language, and we can well catch and appreciate the apostle's meaning. Oh, for a real big step down! Then the high horse would be left high up.

Step number two is the *step in*. As Jesus entered life there swung before Him the gateway of the will of God. He never hesitated for a moment, but, breast forward, He marched right in, saying, "I came down from heaven, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." From this purpose He never swerved. In all His career there is an absolute absence of self-seeking. This is a great step for us. The Master had it in view when He taught us to say, "Thy will be done in earth." It is a difficult step to lay aside our will and put ourselves under the rule of another. There is no grander step, for, when a man does the will of God, there is nothing more to do. To such a man light and leading come. It is this man God guides. You cannot steer a boat with no way (weight) on. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

Step number three is the *step out*. He looked on the world, loved it, and laboured for it. "He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." In the constraining power of His love we want to take this step, and to live no longer to ourselves, but to Him who died for us. There is a sphere and a service for every redeemed soul. The service varies, and no two have the same task. I have my work, you have yours. Every saint is meant to be a servant, and if you have not found your place there is something. Serve Him quickly and whole-heartedly, for the sun is fast gliding down the western sky.

His last step to which we draw attention we have named the *step on*. He set His face like a flint. He never yielded, never turned aside, never knew defeat. On, on He went, regardless of the cost and consequences which He well foreknew. He ended His earthly life by stepping on to a Cross. I think of His devoted servant, who had more of the "on" in him than any other follower, saying, when they tried to stop his step, "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the Name of the Lord Jesus."

Paul knew also the triumphant step, for he could say, "He always causeth us to triumph," and again, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." II. PATON.

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HOW?

CENTURIES have come and gone: nations have flourished and perished: generations have risen and faded away since the question was first asked: "How then can man be justified with God?" (Job 25. 4).

It is to each unit of the human family a question of the first importance, and no other can, in value, rank alongside of it. It surpasses in worth the weightiest questions, of a purely mundane kind, that ever agitated or interested the mind of man. "How a man may become a millionaire?" or "What will science have achieved by the end of the twentieth century?" are but mere drivel when placed beside it. Many interesting propositions of an interrogatory kind are ever appealing to the thought and judgment of men, but no subject of inquiry can ever be worthy of equal consideration to that of how a man can be justified in the sight of a righteous God, the more so, since "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. 3. 10).

The solution at first seems impossible, for if there be none righteous, as the Scripture affirms, such a doctrinal declaration may be considered as cancelling all hope of any man being justified before Him with whom there is no unrighteousness.

Some men would proscribe inquiry, and hinder careful search. The duties of this world are all-sufficient and heavy enough to discharge, they say, without burdening one's mind about spiritual things. This is Materialism pure and simple, and evinces a condition of mind not to be envied. Others throttle the question wherever they meet it, and blaze with indignation when asked to think of it, simply because they are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.

But every thoughtful man will face the question. Have you faced it?

The answers to it have been many and widely-divergent, but no answer, emanating from any purely human source, has ever yet comforted the conscience and cast out fear. Paganism, with its altars; and Ritualism with its philosophy, have failed, utterly failed, to guide aright the inquiring spirit, or to give rest to the sin-burdened soul. The world, with all its wisdom, has not known God, nor the way of access to Him. "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of the world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" (1 Cor. 1. 21). Man's wisdom is confounded in the presence of the question: "How, then, can man be justified with God?" But into man's

need and man's darkness God has come, and the Cross of Christ is His answer to the all-important question.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son," "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).

"Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts 13. 38, 39).

CONCERNING FEELINGS.

YOU cannot blot out your debts by trying to feel they are paid if they are not paid. A hungry man never tries to feel that he is satisfied so long as he has eaten nothing. A hard-up man, however much he tries, cannot feel five shillings in his pocket if he has not a single shilling in it.

Yet many men and women are trying to feel they are saved when they are not saved. They are endeavouring to satisfy the hunger of their soul with feelings instead of with the Living Bread which came down from heaven. They are trying to think themselves rich in religious experience, while all the time they are slighting the riches of God's pardoning mercy revealed in Christ. They hope they are saved, without having received the Saviour. They don't feel quite sure, they say, but they are waiting for the feeling to come all right. But they may wait till doomsday. Feelings of a sort they may get, but until Christ is received as Saviour, any feelings rested on are simply a delusion and a snare.

Here is the word for you and for all—the Scriptural word, the word of salvation, the word that will bless you if you obey it. It is not a word about feelings; it is a word about faith. It reads thus: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). The bitten Israelites believed the story about the brazen serpent, and they showed they believed by looking to it. They did not try to feel they were healed before by faith they looked. They felt after they believably looked, not before. So will you. By faith look to Jesus. Trust Him. Depend on Him. He will never fail. His word is, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." When you come to Him, then the feelings will be all right.

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

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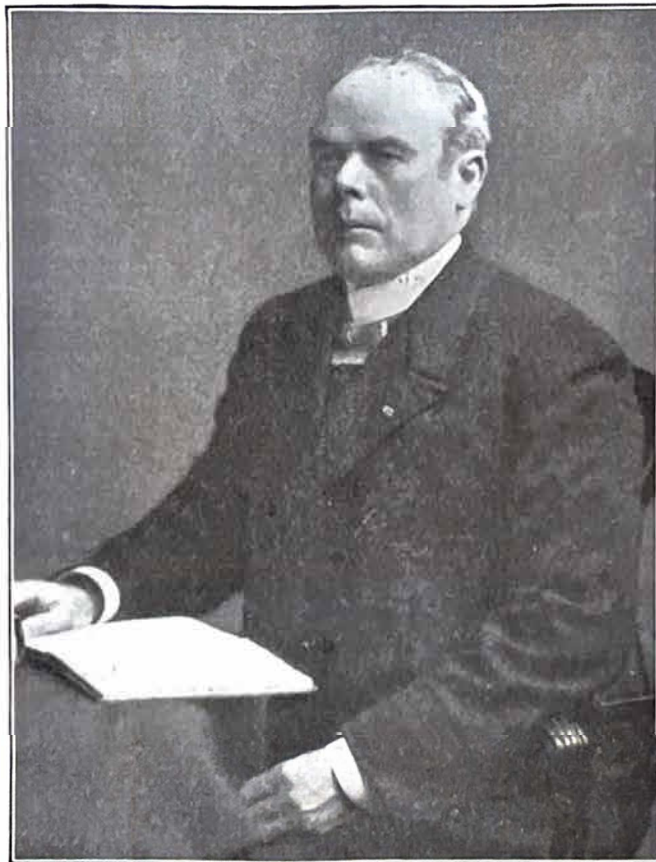
No. 457

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July, 1932

"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
believeeth."

Romans 1. 16.

Pastor ROBERT LOGAN.

MANY scattered readers in all lands will learn with a pang of regret that ROBERT LOGAN has finished his earthly fight, and was called to the presence of his Lord on Wednesday, 4th May, after a comparatively brief illness. Quite recently he had undertaken the pastoral care of the Baptist Church in Troon (Ayrshire), in which town he was born 79 years ago.

It is always well to tell the story of a man's conversion in his own words, when that is possible. He is the person who should know best what happened, as he was there when the event occurred. Here is the narrative as Mr. Logan often gave it:

"One night many years ago, before going out

as guard on a train from Ayr to Dumfries, I joined with others in scoffing at the fireman, who was a converted young man. My heart was at enmity with God, and I did not love His people. We reached our terminus all right, but on my return journey I received a compound fracture of one of my legs. I was carried into a lamp room, and one of the first to sympathise with me was the young man I had scoffed at before setting out. I cried to God to be merciful to me, a sinner, but felt as if the heavens were brass. Before this time God had been calling me, but I had refused to come to the welcoming Jesus, and now I thought the time had come when God would laugh at my calamity, and mock at my fear. I was taken

to an hospital, where I lay for about three months, during which time I was deeply convinced of sin; but no one spoke to me about my soul, and, being blinded by the god of this world, I did not know how I could be saved. God in His great goodness raised me up, but instead of commencing to praise and to serve Him Who had preserved me, I began again to serve the Evil One, though not with the same pleasure as before. God by His Spirit was knocking at the door of my heart, and thinking to reform my life, I sat down at the Lord's Table, though still a stranger to God and to grace.

"Some time after my brother, who had been converted to God, asked me to go to an evangelical meeting, and I went with him. The blessed Gospel of the grace of God was preached with such simplicity that I could understand it, and, while sitting in that meeting, I came to the conclusion that if there was a fool under Heaven, it was a man on his way to Eternity, neglecting God's great salvation. A Christian worker, Mr. William C. Gray, then President of the Ayrshire Christian Union, spoke to me about deciding for Christ, and pointed me to John 5. 24 and Romans 10. 9. I went home and for the first time since childhood got down on my knees, and, feeling like Peter on the water, that I was sinking, I said in plain language: 'Lord Jesus, I am a great sinner, but Thou didst come to seek and to save the lost, and now, as a lost sinner, with all my heart I do receive Thee as my own personal Saviour.' Following on this definite decision for Christ, the words that were brought home to me were: 'He that hath the Son hath life' and 'These things I write unto you that ye may know that ye have life' (1 John 5. 12, 13). After this I was led to see my responsibility towards those who were strangers to the saving power of God, and now by His grace I am doing what I can to get others brought to know the blessed Saviour Who saves and keeps me by His power."

Mr. Logan's early manhood was spent in the employment of the railway until, after a clear and powerful conversion, he was called out into Gospel work about fifty years ago. At first he did earnest missionary service in his native county, but about forty years ago he came to Glasgow, to take charge of the East-End branch of the Glasgow United Evangelistic Association (Bethany Hall). From the first the blessing of God rested on Mr. Logan's ministry in a very marked way, and "Bethany" became the centre of an earnest and successful Gospel campaign, through which hundreds of

souls were saved, and many witnesses for Christ went forth far afield. Ten years were spent in the East End, followed by seven in the great Tent Hall, and several more in Grove Street Institute. In each of these well-known centres the blessing of God rested on our friend's faithful ministry in a remarkable degree. All departments of work and witness seemed to feel and manifest the reviving grace and power of God; and in each case when the servant was called to pass on to further work elsewhere, he laid down his task in a very different and greatly improved condition from that in which he took it up.

Later years were given to quieter work as Pastor successively in Dumbarton, Hermon Hall, Glasgow, Girvan, and Troon, with many special missions in Edinburgh, Dundee, Canada, and elsewhere.

Robert Logan was a mighty preacher of the grand old Gospel. He had no patience with "Modernism," but accepted the whole Bible as the Word of God, and preached it with no uncertain sound. He had a remarkable gift as an organiser, and not only did a great day's work himself for the Kingdom of God, but had the joy and honour of setting many others to work for their Lord, so that there are men and women all over the world to-day earnestly serving Christ, who look on Robert Logan as their spiritual father, and the one who first passed on the light to them, and showed them how to hold forth the Word of Life.

The funeral service on Saturday, 7th May, first in Grove Street Institute, and later at the Western Necropolis, brought together many hundreds of mourners to show their respect and love for our brother, and their sympathy with the bereaved family. In the Hall the service was led by Mr. D. J. Findlay, assisted by Dr. D. M. M'Intyre, of the Bible Training Institute, and Mr. Robert Millar, of Carrubber's Close Mission, Edinburgh; while at the graveside service Mr. Logan's great friends and colleagues, Messrs. P. T. M'Rostie, Alex. Galbraith, and Walter Millar, were in charge. There was real sorrow manifest—but not "as those who have no hope"—and the note of victory ran through the service.

God is "calling up His reserves;" there are many blanks in the ranks. Who will come forward to fill the vacant places and to be "baptised for the dead?"

"Therefore my beloved brethren be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." D.J.F.

AN AGNOSTIC'S CONVERSION.

I WAS once speaking to a man of wide reading and wide experience. He had been through Unitarianism, Theosophy, Spiritualism, and much besides, and was when I met him a thorough-going agnostic. He was a graduate of a British university. He had been present at a lecture on "How to deal with Sceptics and Infidels," in which I offered to lead any honest sceptic, infidel, or agnostic into the light of faith in the Bible as the Word of God, and Jesus Christ as the Son of God. At the close of the lecture he came to me and said: "I do not wish to be discourteous, but really my experience contradicts everything you have said to-day." I replied, "Have you taken the steps that I have mentioned, and still remain a sceptic?" "Yes." "Let us be sure of this," I said, and calling in my secretary I dictated something like this: "I believe there is an absolute difference between right and wrong, and I hereby take my stand upon the right, to follow it wherever it carries me. I promise to make an honest search to find if Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and if I find that He is, I promise to accept Him as my Saviour, and confess Him as such before the world." When this was written out I handed it to the gentleman, and asked him if he would sign it. He said that he was perfectly willing to sign it, but that there was "nothing in it," as his case was very peculiar.

He signed it, however. I then said: "Do you know that there is no God?" "No," he said; "no man knows that there is no God. I am an agnostic. I neither affirm nor deny." "Do you know God does not answer prayer," I asked. "No," he replied. "I don't know that God does not answer prayer, but I do not believe that He does." "Well, I know that He does," I replied. "Will you pray this prayer, 'O God, if there is any God, show me if Christ Jesus is Thy Son, and if you show me that He is, I promise to accept Him as my Saviour, and to confess Him as such before the world?'" "Yes," he said, "I will do that, but there is nothing in it. My case is very peculiar." "Now, one thing more," I said. "You have promised to make an honest search to find if Jesus Christ is the

Son of God. This Book (the Bible) was written for the very purpose of convincing men of this. Will you take it and read it thoughtfully and honestly, only a few verses at a time, meditating on what you read, and asking God each time you read to give you light, and promising Him to follow as much light as He gives you?" "Yes," he said, "but there is nothing in it. My case is very peculiar."

In a short time we met again. Almost his first words were, "There is something in it." "I knew that before," I replied. In return he said: "Ever since I began to do what I promised you I would do, it is as if I had been caught up by the Niagara river, and was being carried along, and the first I know is I shall be a shouting Methodist." A few months later I met him again. His agnosticism had all gone, and things to which he had formerly listened he said, "are all foolishness to me now."

Anyone can test the efficacy of this method by trying it for themselves. It never fails.

DR. R. A. TORREY.

WANDERERS FROM CHRIST.

"ALL we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." We have all gone astray in our own way. Your way has not been my way, nor my way your way, but we are both lost in the wilderness of sin.

"I was forced to learn the wanderings of Aeneas, forgetful of my own," said a great saint. Have you yet learnt that you have gone astray—that you are lost? Satan, and companions in sin, will seek to keep this knowledge from you. "I wandered from Thee, O God," said Augustine, "all the wanderers around me echoing, 'Well done, well done.'" It is so still. One sinner encourages another to believe that all is well. But graves are filling and deathbeds are coming. You are in jeopardy. "Escape for thy life; tarry not in all the plain." Flee to Him who is the Rock of Ages. He stands to-day with outstretched arms asking poor, dazed, wanderers to come unto Him. "In returning and rest he shall be saved."

J.M.

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"MY YOKE IS EASY"

(Matt. 11. 30).

SOME of you would not find Christ's yoke easy, nor His burden light. That is the very last thing you would find them to be to you in your present condition; but you would find His yoke heavy and His burden impossible for you to bear. Some of you are mere worldlings, "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God"; it may be that some of you are self-righteous and proud of that which should be your shame. Anyhow, if you are unregenerate, our text would not be true to you in your unconverted state. There is something else which must come before this. If any unsaved man thinks that he can, just as he is, shoulder Christ's cross and yield himself up to be Christ's servant, he has made a great mistake. Before him these burning sentences must flash, like Sinai's lightning, "Ye must be born again," "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." God will not be served by men whose sins have not been washed away by the precious Blood of His dear Son. He will have none to bear His burdens but those who have first of all received of His grace through faith in the great "Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus." So you see where you have to begin. "Come unto Me," saith Christ, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden." By that He means, "Do not suppose that, because you are already labourers in another master's service, you can wear My yoke. Do not imagine that, because you are already heavily laden; you can bear My burden. You must first get rid of that which now makes you labour, you must first get rid of that which is a burden to you, for 'no man can serve two masters.' Your old, toilsome labour must be done with, for no man can carry the double burden of his own guilt and of the service of God. That cannot be."

So if you wish to be servants of God, if in your heart there burns a holy desire to serve the Most High, begin at the right place. Christ directs you to the door of entrance into His service and into everything else that is worth having when He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I will give it to you—you are not to buy it, you are not to earn it or deserve it—I will give it to you freely, for nothing is freer than a gift. I will give it to you—nobody else can do so, but I, in My own personality, will give to you who are the most weary with your labouring and the most heavy laden with your

sin—I will give to you rest, and I will give it to you immediately, on the spot. Come to Me now, by believing on Me, by trusting wholly to Me, by getting away from yourself and forgetting for a while any hope you ever had in yourself, and by just coming to Me to find your all in Me; and so coming, I will give you rest."

There is something more than that, however. We began with the Master's gracious invitation, "Come unto Me;" now follows His command, "Take My yoke upon you." You will prove that His yoke is easy when you take it upon you; but, instead of doing so, I know what a man often does. He draws his chair up and sits down and says, "I will consider what Christ requires of me; I will think of what it is to lead a Christian life—all the self-denials and the struggles and conflicts that will be involved in wearing His yoke, which seems to me a very hard one." Get up, sir, from that chair and, instead of being a critic of Christ's yoke, put it on. "Take My yoke upon you," says the Lord Jesus. Take it upon your shoulder by a humble yet confident faith. First be rid of your old burden, and so get rest, and then take upon you this yoke of Mine." Let me put it practically to you, and then see where Christ's yoke is not easy and His burden is not light. Suppose a number of persons say to me, "This mass of white substance yonder is salt." I say, "No, it is not salt; it is sugar." "But from this distance it looks like salt." I tell them it is sweet, the very essence of sweetness, but they do not believe me. We may have a long talk over the matter, but we shall never get to the end of the controversy till they come to the sugar and taste it; then the controversy will be ended at once.

So is it with men who have not proved the sweetness of Christ. They say, "There is nothing in religion except that which is burdensome and sad." It may seem so to you who do not know anything about it; but we who trust and love the Lord say to you, "Taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

That is the test; come and prove it for yourselves, for there has never yet been a case in which a man has really taken Christ's yoke upon him in which he has not by that very fact proved that Christ's yoke is easy and His burden is light. I must remember, however, that before I can become His servant, He must first of all be my Saviour; and when I accept Him by faith, He becomes mine and I become His for ever.

C.H.S.

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Romans 1. 16.

HOW I WAS CONVERTED.

By Pastor W. M. ROBERTSON,
Metropolitan Tabernacle, Vancouver, B.C.

In the hope that God's dealings with me may be made a blessing to others, I herewith put in writing the story of my conversion. I was born in Glasgow, and my parents soon after removed to Radnor Park, a few miles from the city, where my early years were spent. Nurtured in a religious atmosphere, and trained to rigorous observance of the externals of church life, I nevertheless grew to manhood without experiencing the saving change of regeneration. I have vivid memories of attendance at church and other religious services, but the need of the new birth was never impressed upon me.

Moreover, the worldly practices indulged in by the minister and members of the church to which our family belonged had the effect upon me of making me doubt whether there was anything of any vital importance in what they called Christianity. A merely nominal religion which had no effect upon the everyday life of its professors had no attractions for me. Enlisting in the Gordon Highlanders, I spent three years in military life, when alas! mere indifference to the claims of God hardened into open opposition. On the completion of my period with the colours, I re-entered civilian life with a positive antagonism to everything religious, and my vituperative tendencies soon found expression in an organisation for the

propagation of a militant type of Socialism. Infidel literature of the most vitriolic character, combined with the advocacy of the economic themes of Socialism, engaged all my leisure time. Whatever may be the fallacies (and they are many) of Socialism, its advocates are characterised by a zeal that often puts to shame the lukewarm efforts of Christian people. The aggressiveness of my comrades in the Socialistic cause was after my own mind, and for a time it seemed as if the solution of all problems lay in the realisation of the economic Utopia of our dreams. Yet withal, there were sad disillusionments and disappointments, and a feeling of dissatisfaction that the task of erecting a Heaven on earth by puny human means and methods seemed so slow of realisation.

In the midst of my rebellion against God and His Word, there were times when I was forced to feel the claims of conscience and the impossibility of evading my personal responsibility as being guilty in His sight. Seeking to lay the blame for the world's sad condition upon heredity and environment, I was yet unable to escape the inward voice and conviction that "the heart of every human problem is the problem of the human heart." In the Providence of God I was constrained to attend a series of special evangelistic meetings held in a large tent in Clydebank. More out of curiosity than of interest I went, and with every intention of criticising. The preacher during the first few weeks was Mr. W. M. Oatts, and his frank presentation of the Gospel made a real appeal to me. He was followed by Rev. John M'Neill, whose fearless and forceful preaching was used by the Spirit of God to create a real concern of soul. Try as I would, I could not shake off the feeling that I was a Hell-deserving sinner, guilty before a holy God, and utterly unable to save myself. All my vain delusions and doctrines vanished before the keen sword of God's Word. After many a struggle, with the tempter insinuating what a fool I would make of myself if I got "converted," and with visions of what old comrades would do, at last I surrendered. On a never-to-be-forgotten night, as the crowd were singing "Just as I am," and hardly realising all that was involved, I accepted Christ as my own personal Saviour, and became "a new creation" in Him. What a revolution! It was no easy matter to go back to old associates in the place of occupation and tell them what had happened, but His grace was sufficient. The very pressure of circumstances taught me straight away that Christ must not only be my Saviour, but my

Keeper, and to His praise I can say that He has never failed. Conscious I am of much imperfection and failure to realise all He would have had me to be; but through many changing scenes and circumstances, and in many lands, I have proved that "His grace is sufficient." It has been my privilege and joy to preach the Gospel for many years now, and to see the Lord working in confirmation of His Truth in the lives of others. If these lines should come before the eyes of any who are still basing their hopes for the world's salvation upon the sinking, shifting sands of human endeavour, I would earnestly beseech them to turn from all such vain hopes to the one sure foundation, even Jesus Christ.

On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand. W.M.R.

From the day of "Willie Robertson's" conversion there was no mistaking the change. If he had served Satan with zeal—and he did—he would now serve his new Master with greater zeal. And so he at once threw himself into the work of winning men to God with all his heart. "Compromise" is a word one can never associate in any way with Mr. Robertson—what he knew to be right he would do with all his might, and what he believed to be wrong he would smite with equal earnestness.

By and by the doors of the Bible Training Institute opened for our friend, and when he had taken the course of study there, he went out into the evangelistic field, where he made full proof of his ministry.

A period was spent at the Antipodes preaching the Gospel and calling men to repentance. From there to America was the next move, and, feeling the need of further study, he entered the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. While in that great city of the Middle West, Mr. Robertson was constantly at work preaching the Gospel, and tempting offers were made to keep him in U.S.A., but Scotland was calling, and so, when the M.B.I. course was completed, our friend came home, and for a time took up "the work of the evangelist" in his native land.

Next came pastorates in Galashiels and Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool. In both of these spheres excellent and successful work was done. A few years ago an insistent call came from Vancouver, B.C., which was responded to.

Mr. Robertson is at present spending some months on this side of the ocean, when many friends will have an opportunity of renewing old acquaintance.

D.J.F.

"I SEE IT!"

FOR the greater part of an hour one evening in a church in a West Coast town a preacher held forth on the text: "I have a message from God unto thee." In his address he set forth the way of salvation—how that the Gospel is God's message of life and power and justification and gladness to every one that believeth. On the following day word was brought to the preacher that a woman who kept a temperance hotel near by was anxious to have some conversation with him on spiritual things. Responding to the message brought, he found his way to the hotel. Having been shown into a room, the landlady presently came in, and after formal salutations had been gone through, she said: "I was in the church last night, and I wish to know what message you have from God to me." The preacher was partly non-plussed and partly amused at the woman's statement. He had spoken for about an hour the night before, trying to make the message of salvation clear and plain, and yet here he was confronted with a request that seemed to indicate his having failed to make the message simple enough. "I thought I gave you the message last night," he said. "Yes," she replied, "you spoke to us all, but I want to know what is His message to me."

The Bible having been opened at the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, several verses in that precious Scripture were carefully read. Her particular notice was invited to the 5th and 6th verses, which read thus: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

It was pointed out to her that the sixth verse commences with the word "all," and ends with the word "all," and that if she would enter by the first "all" as a sinner, she might go through the verse, and get out at the last "all," leaving her sins where God had laid them. But it seemed all too simple for her. She thought there must be something else than simply to trust Jesus and take God's Word as her guide.

She had always believed, but she was not saved, so she said; and again and again she affirmed that she could not see how any one could be sure about salvation. She was invited to read the fifth verse, and change the pronoun "our" into "my," thus: "He was wounded for my transgressions, He was bruised for my iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon Him; and with His stripes I am healed." In that way she was assured she might see God's message to her. She did as desired; yet no light seemed to break. "I don't see it," she said, rather mournfully, over and over again. Well-nigh despairing of being of any use, the preacher read the Scripture over again, when all at once she looked up wonderingly, and said, "I see it." The light had dawned: the day had broken, and the knowledge of salvation was her's. God's message had reached her heart, and her night of doubt and fear was ended.

ON SEEKING.

"NO man has truly sought God in prayer, looking to Jesus Christ, and has been refused, and there never will be such a man. I remember how I was struck with what my mother said to me when she was pleading with me to lay hold on Christ, and I was despairing. She said, 'There was never yet a man so wicked as to say that he had sincerely sought the Lord, and asked mercy at His hands through Christ, and yet had been denied.' Now, I thought that I had done so, and I felt sure that the Lord had refused me, and I half resolved in my mind that I would say as much, but I have never said it, for this reason, that I sought Him again, and found Him, to the joy of my spirit. So shall it be with you, poor, weary seeker. You shall find Him soon, if you seek Him with your whole heart. Eternity shall not reveal a single instance in which Christ Jesus cast away a sinner that came to Him. All Hell shall be searched through and they shall ask them, 'Is there one here that can say that Christ rejected Him when he came to Him?' and though glad enough to blaspheme, there shall not be found among the damned a single tongue that shall dare to utter such a baseless slander against the Friend of sinners."

C. H. SPURGEON.

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THE BURIAL OF THE WICKED.

(Eccles. 8. 10.)

SOLOMON was a wide-awake man with a pair of observing eyes, consequently he saw and noted things that other men didn't. One of the things that he noted was the burial of the wicked who had come and gone from the place of the holy. Their burial was doubtless attended with some outward show, for oftentimes it happens that wicked men are carried to the sepulchre, when life is over, in great state. Possibly the bells tolled, and it may be that the shops were shut as the procession passed along the streets.

The particular point, however, about the wicked of whom Solomon speaks, is that they had come and gone from the place of the holy. It isn't that they had come and gone from the public-house, or from the gambling saloon, or from the theatre, or from the racecourse, or from the house of the strange woman; at least that is not the point that is noted. It is that they had come and gone from the place of the holy. They had a name to live, but were dead. Beneath the garb of religion there were the festering sores, and the gangrene of moral corruption they had a form of godliness, but they were strangers to its power. They had come and gone from the temple, *come and gone!* COME and GONE! COME and GONE!! but they had never come to the God of salvation for deliverance from their sin, and had never gone forth among men with the power of God resting upon them. Beneath the glare of the sun, and in the broad daylight, they went to the place of public worship and mingled with holy men; for in every generation, and in every place of true worship, there have been, and there are, such men; but when the night came, and the sky was darkened, then stealthily they wended their way to the haunts of unholy mirth, and there filled the cup of their iniquity to the full.

It is a matter for great and deep regret, and a matter that appals and distresses many earnest men, that in large populous centres there are thousands, and tens of thousands, who never darken a church door, and never listen to a Gospel sermon; but it is a matter for equal regret that many, too many, who have a name to live, and who make a show of respect for religious observances, are men with a shady record, men who cheat, drink, swear, bet, and do other things that are at variance with pure and undefiled religion.

No wonder that Solomon adds regarding such a double life, "This also is vanity."

GOOD WORKS.

AS the great exponent of the doctrine of justification by faith, no person is more maligned and shunned than the Apostle Paul by those who proclaim justification by works. But Paul is not inimical to good works. The very opposite is the case; but he ever urges for good works as the accompaniment and evidence of salvation: not as the procuring cause of salvation.

The main objection by opponents to the doctrine of justification by faith is on the ground of the prominence given to the work of Christ on the Cross, the Just dying for the unjust that He might bring us to God is always objectionable, and to state the fact is to bring into view an animus pitiful to behold. When confronted with Paul's statements about believers being "now justified by His Blood" (Rom. 5. 9), and about having through Him "received the atonement" (Rom. 5. 11), etc., the cry is, "Back to Christ," "Back to the sermon on the mount," as if Christ taught one thing and Paul taught another. But ere our Lord Jesus left this earth He said to His apostles that He had many things to say to them, but that they couldn't bear them now. When, however, He had ascended on high, and the Spirit in Pentecostal fulness had been poured out, a new era for the apostles arrived. Every mark of immaturity disappeared, and spiritual manhood was reached as in a bound, enabling them to see and understand and speak as never before; and when Paul was brought into the apostolic ranks there was committed unto him "by the revelation of Jesus Christ" (Gal. 1. 12), the Gospel of the grace of God, through the preaching of which multitudes of precious souls were saved. What Christ spoke when on earth, and what Christ revealed to Paul, could not differ, but in the revelation given to him we have it emphasised as never before that "a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ" (Gal. 2. 16), and that "by grace are ye saved through faith...not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9).

It was Paul who wrote that "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. 1. 15), and it was also Paul who wrote that "this is a faithful saying, and these things I will, that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works" (Titus 3. 8).

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

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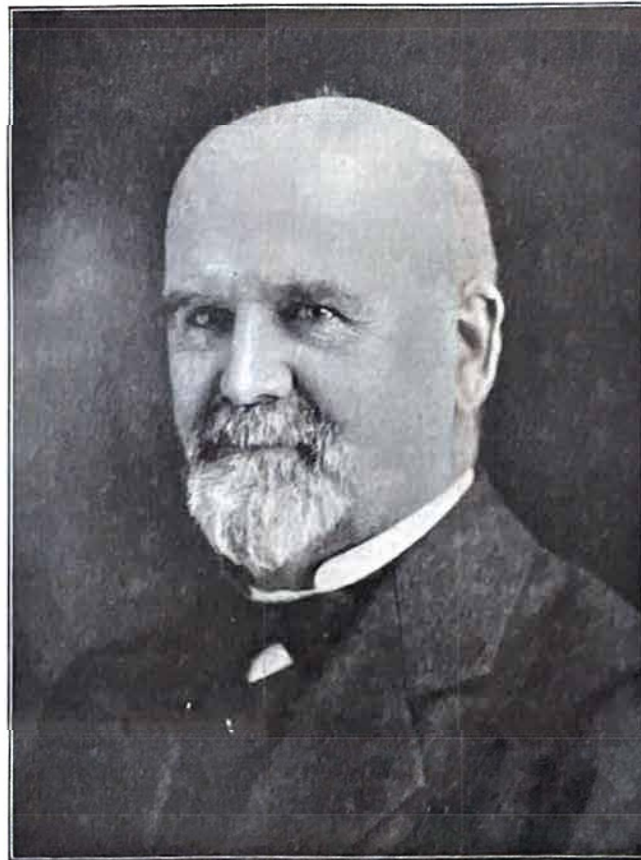
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Entered at Stationers' Hall

October, 1932

"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."

1 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
belleveth."

Romans 1. 16.

JAMES MCKENDRICK, Evangelist

WITH the desire that God may use it in blessing others, I briefly narrate my conversion to God, how He waylaid me by His love, and saved me by His sovereign grace. It was on the 29th day of May, 1881, as I stood in a lane, leaning over a gate, that God by His Holy Spirit pierced my hitherto rebellious heart, by impressing this awful fact upon me, "If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." But an hour before I had gazed upon the face of my father lying in his coffin, cold and stiff in the icy jaws of death (killed by an accident). As I looked on him, a voice seemed to say: "This is your future, some day (perhaps very soon), others will gaze upon your face. And

what about your soul and your eternal destiny?" I felt unable to answer or evade the searching question.

I then sought a lonely lane to meditate; as I did so this solemn fact pressed upon me, "If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." I would not have died without a good character. I never knew the taste of strong drink of any kind, and disliked all unbecoming language. I had attended a Sunday School most regularly till about twenty years of age, but I knew I had never undergone that saving change of which I heard Christians speak, and "born again" was an experience to which I was an utter stranger, and that if I died as I was I would die without Christ. Oh, solemn, un-

deniable fact, too powerful to be resisted, and too true to be denied, and far too important to be evaded.

I had often listened to infidels, and felt disappointed that all their arguments so lacked a sensible foundation. All they said seemed to be the outcome of bitter opposition and hatred against Christianity, and never the fruit of unbiased common sense. I turned from them, sorry they could not prove infidelity to my satisfaction.

I had often wished the Bible could be proved untrue, that there was no God, and no hereafter, and that death was a goal instead of a gateway to eternity. But all was too real for me now. The voice of my oft-hushed conscience refused to be quiet, and the testimony of God's Word shattered into shivers all the silly arguments I had ever heard or conceived; and now I stood stricken and trembling under this crushing stroke: "If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." I had often pointed to the faults and inconsistencies of Christians, and flattered myself (as many do) that I was as good as any of them, and a great deal better than some. But this false refuge afforded me no shelter or comfort now.

"If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." This completely demolished my small stock of infidelity, tore aside my rags of self-righteousness and respectability, snuffed out my little religion, and drove me from every refuge to which I had ever fled, and left me, like Noah's dove, before God, a poor, lost, guilty sinner in His sight. Argument was useless, resistance was idle, delay was dangerous. Flashed by the light of heaven, impressed upon my smitten conscience by the power of God, was the terrible fact: "If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." Oh, what was to be done?

A Christless death I always dreaded, but surely it was my approaching doom. In light of it time seemed to fade, eternity seemed near; earth's alluring pleasures and fascinating attractions seemed to wither and die, leaving me a poor, lost Christless sinner, on the verge of undying and unchanging eternity, with but the brittle breath of life betwixt me and the groans of a lost soul in hell for ever. "If I die as I am I shall die without Christ." This eclipsed everything, and dwarfed into utter insignificance all else for the time being.

The power of tongue and pen fail to express the experience of that hour. I cried: "What can I do? How can I be saved, and know my sins forgiven?" And as I stood there distressed beneath God's pitying eye, God's Holy

Spirit who had convinced me of my Christless condition brought this verse to my memory: "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 had learned that verse at Sunday School. It was in my memory. I have often shuddered since, as I have thought of the terrible fact that I was going down to hell, with the way to heaven in my head. Oh, how awful, to be passing to the lake of fire with John 3. 16 in the memory. My dear reader, is it so with you? I reasoned thus: If God loves the world He loves me. He gave His only begotten Son. I thought of His cross, of His suffering for sins, the thorny crown, the pierced hands, the riven side; all this had a meaning to me now, and a message for my soul. "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I said, "Lord, I believe; yes, I believe." But still I could not say I had everlasting life. How I longed to be able to say this. I tried to pray, but God seemed far away. I tried to feel sorry for sin and weep over it, but I could do neither. But I did then what I have continued to do ever since, rested my soul on the atoning death of our Lord Jesus Christ, and believed God's Holy Word that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I hurried to the house to tell my relatives I was saved, and getting a Bible, I read John 3. 16, and, having read and re-read it, I knelt down in my room and thanked God for loving me, and for giving the Lord Jesus Christ to die for me, and assuring me by His Word that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The years that have intervened have only served to endear to me my Saviour and His Word. May the simple story, how God sought and saved a poor sinner like me, be used by God in blessing to you. This is the sincere desire and earnest prayer of yours sincerely,

J. M. K.

OPPRESSED, YET SILENT.

ALL we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not his mouth (Isaiah 53. 6, 7).

A GAME OF CHESS.

AN artist painted a picture of a game of chess. The two players are the devil and a youth. The stake is the youth's soul. The picture shows the game at the stage where the devil has checkmated his opponent. There is a grin of satisfaction on the devil's face which the onlooker can interpret thus: "Ah, my boy, I've got you now! You're done for!" There is also a look of blank dismay on the youth's face, indicating that at last he realises the game's up, and the devil has got him. In stern reality the devil plays for the souls of men every day. Only the chess board varies. Sometimes the board is the seat of a man's passions, sometimes it is the floor of the Stock Exchange, sometimes the desk or the counter, and as often as not the social world. Occasionally the political arena, and as often doubtful literature, but wherever the game is played, or whatever the chess-board, the relentless soul-hunter like a sleuth hound stalks his man. Thousands are in his grip, held as in a vice, done for. He plays with men as a cat plays with a mouse, allowing them a little latitude now and then, letting them imagine they are free for a space, then the fatal checkmating moves comes, and the game is up. The champion chess player of the world at the time the picture referred to was painted was a man named Paul Murphy, an American Irishman, I think. A friend of his saw the picture, and invited the champion to come and see it. He did, and quietly examined it, fixing his eyes more particularly on the position of the men on the board. Now, the champion, as you can well understand, knew more about chess than the artist. "Man," he cried to his friend, "I can save him yet. Bring me a chess-board." It was brought, the men were placed as they appeared in the pictures, and, sirs, what do you think, but the champion made a move which won the game and took the youth out of the devil's hands clean. You say, Well done the champion! So do I. The Lord Jesus Christ is the champion Soul-winner for all time. No poor fellow is so checkmated by the devil but that Jesus knows a thousand moves—ay, ten thousand moves—any one of which could take him out of the devil's hands on the

instant and keep him out, too, eternally. He was manifested to break every yoke, and He has never yet met an unbreakable one. He came to set the oppressed free, and never yet has one come under His hands so oppressed that he or she could not be delivered. He came to open prison doors, and bring out captives, and never yet has He stood before the prison the doors of which would not open to His simple word. If He can bind the strong man, the devil, He can also spoil his goods. He met a poor woman in a synagogue; she had been for eighteen years bound by Satan, and could in no wise lift herself up or get away from his clutches. The Lord called her to Him and put His bond-breaking and delivering hands on her, and instantly she stood erect and free. Let Him put His hands on you, and the same experience will be yours. w.t.

DELAY NOT.

A GREAT many people intend to be saved at the eleventh hour. They wish as much as they can of the world's pleasures and frivolities and godlessness, and then when they cannot keep hold of these any longer they hope to turn round at the eleventh hour, and "go to heaven when they die." But true religion is not a dreary, melancholy thing to be shunned, and kept at bay till the dying hour. They malign it, and act in ignorance, who speak of it as if it were a thing to be kept outside of experience so long as health is vigorous, and only to be brought within range of experience when the time for departing this life has come.

Many people never hear the eleventh hour strike. That is to say, they have no death-bed. All at once, without any apparent premonition, the clock strikes twelve, and they are gone. Then among those who are left behind, some will be sure to say, "It was so sudden, he had no time to say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" He had all his life to say that, but he neglected to do so, in all probability because he hoped to be saved at the eleventh hour. If any one who sees this is waiting for the eleventh hour before trusting Jesus, we trust such may be persuaded to abandon such a position, and come to the Saviour now.

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GLENCOE.

THE thirteenth day of February, 1692, was the day of what is known in Scottish history as the Massacre of Glencoe. Some Highland chiefs who favoured the Stuart dynasty had refused for nearly three years to acknowledge the kingship of William, Prince of Orange. To bring matters to a head a royal proclamation was issued, that all the chiefs who did not swear allegiance to William by the 31st December, 1691, would be treated as traitors. Money was to be distributed among them to help to obtain their submission. Between the Campbell clan, represented by the Earl of Breadalbane who had the disbursing of the money, and the Macdonalds of Glencoe there was a deadly feud of long standing, and old MacIan, the head of the Macdonald clan, held out till the very last day, when he appeared at Fort William prepared to take the oath of allegiance. The governor, under pretence of his not being a magistrate, told MacIan that he would require to go to Inveraray, and that the Sheriff there would take his oath. A letter was given him to show that he had presented himself in time, and expressing the hope that his oath would be accepted. The Sheriff at first demurred, but, as the old man made urgent entreaty with tears, his oath was taken. This was on the sixth of January. Word was sent to the Council in Edinburgh, but Breadalbane and Argyll, leading men in the Council, had both arrived in London before the news reached them. They, however, agreed to hide from the King the fact of Macdonald's submission, in order that they might wreck their vengeance on their long-standing enemies; and having obtained a warrant signed by the King's hand to root out the clan, they at once set about scheming to carry out the murderous deed. On the First of February one of the Campbells, known as Glenlyon, led a hundred and twenty soldiers to Glencoe. He professed to appear among the Macdonalds as a friend, a niece of his having been married to one of MacIan's sons. For a fortnight the Macdonalds entertained the soldiers in their homes, while all the time Glenlyon was bringing to maturity his plans for murdering the whole clan in cold blood. Every outlet from the glen was carefully noted, and communication was kept up with Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton, from whom Glenlyon received all his orders. The thirteenth of February, at five in the morning, was the time fixed for the massacre, and Hamilton was to appear at that time with other four

hundred men. Glenlyon (another Judas) spent the night before with MacIan, and arranged to dine the next day with him. At five in the morning, though Hamilton had not arrived, the murderous work was begun, but owing to Hamilton's non-arrival a number managed to escape to the hills, only, however, to perish of cold and famine. Every house in the valley was burned up, and the whole district was left a waste. In failing to send the murderers to the gallows, including those who planned the massacre, the king left a blot on his character and his reign that never can be wiped out, and a weakness was revealed that is fatal to true kingship.

Thank God we have One on the throne of grace who will never allow one surrendered soul to perish. For though all hell should plan and scheme, He will turn all such plans to confusion. "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not be ashamed." He will keep in safety that which is committed to His care. "What if you should perish after all you say about trusting Him?" was a question put one day to an old believer. "Well," she said, "if I perish, He will lose more than I will." "How is that?" it was asked. Her reply was: "I would lose my soul, but He would lose His honour, for He hath said: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee'." No speck of dishonour will ever rest on His character, who has been raised up to be a Prince and a Saviour. Those who trust Him He will keep, and against all the treachery and trickery of hell He will guard them. Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

ON WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU?

At this moment you are either justified or not justified. Either in Christ or out of Christ. You cannot be partly saved and partly unsaved: partly justified and partly not justified: partly in Christ and partly out of Christ. You may have heard many strange things, but you have never yet heard of a man being partly married and partly unmarried. He is either the one or the other. If he is married, then he entered from the unmarried state to the married at some point of time. There may have been a great deal of preparation for it, likely enough there was, but the ceasing to be in the one state and the entrance into the other took place at a certain definite point of time. "Who is on the Lord's side?" said Moses (Exod. 32. 26). "And the sons of Levi gathered themselves unto him." Are you on the Lord's side?

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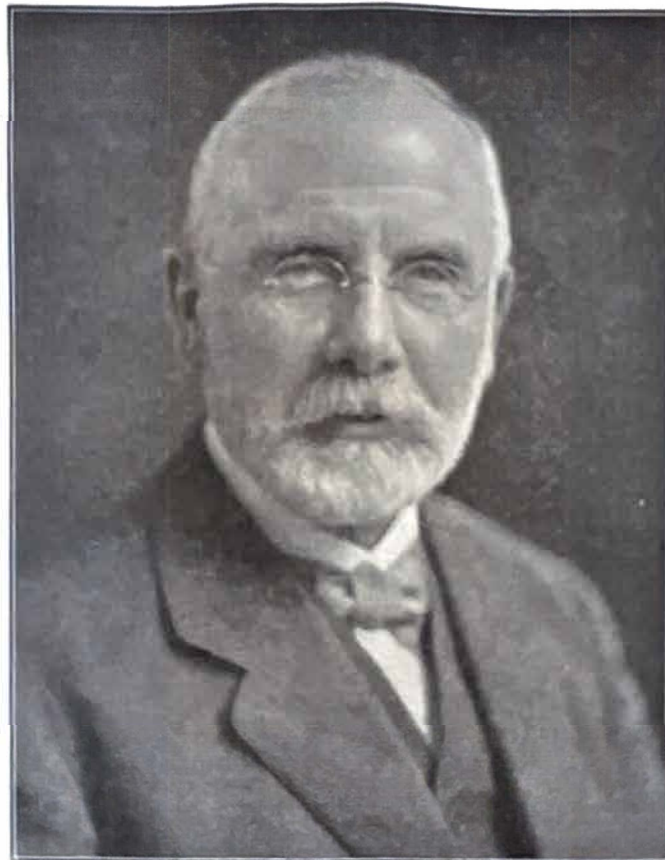
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Romans 1. 16.

STANDARD-BEARER AT REST.

THE death of Dr. W. Y. FULLERTON, on Wednesday, August 17, came as a painful shock to a host of friends, admirers of one who, during a long course of years, had been before the Christian world as a standard-bearer of the faith.

WILLIAM YOUNG FULLERTON was an Ulsterman, having been born at Belfast on March 8, 1857; this fact goes far to interpret the purpose and achievement of a fine Christian Irishman. After school years in Belfast, the young man entered upon business life, in the linen trade, and this, in due course, brought him to London where, in his early twenties, he came under the instruction of the Prince of Preachers, Charles

Haddon Spurgeon. He attended upon the ministry of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and in due time he was asked to enter the Pastor's College, a suggestion for which he had already become prepared in heart. Between time in the class-rooms and in more intimate associations with the great preacher—so to say, growing out of these conditions—there developed a spirit that meant much in the unfolding of the young man's life of witness and service. In due time (in 1879) with Mr. J. Manton Smith as colleague, he went forth as one of "Mr. Spurgeon's Evangelists," conducting Gospel meetings up and down the country, and was privileged to see much encouragement attending upon his labours. This form of service

extended over a period of fourteen years, and there are still living men and women who remember the arresting manner and appealing words of the young man, who, though not careful to hide his Irish accent, was able, by a handsome presence and deep sincerity of address, to show good results for his preaching campaigns.

After the evangelistic tours thus described came a settled pastorate—a great change in experience, but never less than a remarkable success. It was at Leicester that the preacher assumed his first and only pastorate, following (after an interval) the ministry of F. B. Meyer at what has become known as the Melbourne Hall Church. Could the itinerant preacher settle down to regular work as a pastor? He could, and he did; and Fullerton remained at his post in Leicester for eighteen years. Is not his name still held in honour in the Midlands? Then came a still more radical change, a life devoted to the worldwide Foreign Mission cause, and the furtherance of the Gospel in distant lands. It was in 1907 that this change came about, when the preacher was appointed a member of a deputation to visit the Chinese stations of the Baptist Missionary Society; and a few years subsequently he was invited to become one of the Home Secretaries of the Society. He entered upon a new and larger life with zest and ever-growing enthusiasm, and held this important office till 1927.

During the period now defined, fifteen years, with Furnival Street as head-quarters, Fullerton made journeys, long and many, into remote regions, including Congoland in Africa and several Eastern countries, and he also visited friends and supporters of the Society in New Zealand and Australia. Having, as already intimated, retired from the ever-growing responsibilities of office in 1927, he was elected Consultant Secretary, and this post he held till his death, in the meantime visiting Canada and South Africa in furtherance of the foreign mission cause. Meantime, however, there developed another side of Fullerton's life. As in the course of years he had shown a readiness to serve the churches in general by sustaining a part in Convention work, in meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life, now at length doors opened to him on all hands. Thus he became a trusted teacher, in Keswick and elsewhere. It is right to add, that from time to time the Baptist denomination gave expression to its high appreciation of the breadth and length of the worker's service. For example, in 1917-18

he was accorded the honour of President of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, and among other posts of honour which he held was a Vice-Presidency of the Bible Society, and likewise of the World's Sunday School Association.

As a writer Dr. Fullerton achieved a signal success, his many books including biographies of Charles Haddon Spurgeon and Thomas Spurgeon, F. B. Meyer, and J. W. C. Fegan; also a volume of autobiography entitled, "At the Sixtieth Mile-Stone." There also came from his pen dozens of devotional volumes, and narratives of world travel. In recognition of his high character and great service to the Church, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by M'Master University, Ontario. He married in 1884, Miss Marian Rust, of Leicester, who survives him, with two daughters, one of them a worker on the Mission field.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The service in memory of Dr. Fullerton was held on the Friday afternoon, in the Bloomsbury Central Church, and later on in the day interment of the remains took place in the Hammersmith Borough Cemetery, at Mortlake. The proceedings drew a large company of Christian men and women, who during the long years, in association with many forms of endeavour, had co-operated with the departed leader. There were church members from Leicester; officials of the Baptist Missionary Society, and members of the various central Committees; representatives of the Baptist Union, Spurgeon's College, the Keswick Movement, the Evangelical Alliance, and a score of other organisations that, along various lines had commanded the prayerful sympathy of Dr. Fullerton, some of them in the Metropolitan area, and others with head-quarters in the provinces and abroad. The occasion was one which furnished an impressive testimony to the wide and deep influence of the lamented worker; and as, in subdued tones, men and women gave expression to the sorrow that was uppermost in all hearts, the words actually spoken showed that, in every walk of life, Dr. Fullerton was deeply trusted and cordially loved, even as for years to come he will be greatly missed by promoters of Christian enterprise.

The addresses delivered by him at the Keswick Convention in July last remain with us to-day as a heritage of sound doctrine and Gospel zeal. His Gospel appeal, based on John 10. 10, made a wonderful impression on the large congregation gathered.—*The Christian*.

DELIVERANCE FOR THE CAPTIVES.

I HAVE spoken to some coloured men in America whose fathers wore the chains of slavery, and I have talked to three aged ones who, when young, wore them themselves, driven by the whips to their tasks in the rice and cotton fields, and when the proclamation of freedom was made, oh, how they had leaped for joy! The slaves used to run for freedom to the British flag in Canada. Away from the slave-drivers they would flee, and hunted by night and day they would make for the country in the north whose flag permitted no slavery, and they would cross the St. Lawrence, somehow, swimming and wading, and swimming and leaping on ice-blocks, and fall exhausted on British soil—free. But the day of the proclamation of the great President of the United States freed all, not only those who had speed of foot to flee, but it freed the weak and helpless too, the mother and the picanninies. We were slaves to sin, in chains to iniquity, but we have been set free by the proclamation of Heaven. Just at the time when the slavery question was rending America in twain, and splitting families and parting brother from brother, Judge Herbeston was on the bench in the State of Vermont. Before him is brought an escaped but captured slave. As the poor, trembling, slave man stood there in the grip of his owner, the judge let himself go in the sweep of the emancipation emotion that had begun to sweep across the country, and he said, "How do you prove that this man is your property?" The owner, a man all flashing with jewellery and hanging with thick chains of gold after the order of our modern publican, took out a bill of sale, drawn up, signed and sealed. The judge replied to the haughty and self-satisfied slave-driver, "But that is not satisfactory evidence in the State of Vermont."

"Not satisfactory evidence in the State of Vermont?" the astonished master of slaves shouted. "And what would be satisfactory evidence in the State of Vermont?"

The judge, calmly replying in the accents that tell of having found bottom and standing on it, said, "Sir, a bill of sale from Almighty God?"

Could he show that? He could not, and the judge told the slave to go from the bar a free man. And till the tyrant devil can show a bill of sale from Almighty God, I am free from him, and will remain free. The fetters are for ever broken, and I defy the devil to touch me now that the year of jubilee has come and the proclamation of emancipation has been published by Christ. I am free by the Blood of Jesus in this acceptable year of the Lord.

"YE BADE ME COME."

A MINISTER of the Gospel was once waited on by a lady who was a member of his congregation. She had a servant maid who was in great anxiety of mind and heart regarding how to be saved. The lady, who was a Christian had spoken to the girl and tried to show her the way of salvation, but had failed to lead her into rest and peace. Finding herself unable to comfort the sin-stricken and sorrowing soul, she thought she would call on her minister and acquaint him with Betsy's condition. "Tell her to come to me to-night," he said; and with this message for her servant the lady left. That night at the appointed hour there was a tap at his study door, and at his "Come in," the door opened and the girl walked in. Looking at her as if somewhat surprised to see her, he said: "Well, Betsy, what do you wish?" "I want to be saved," she said. "But why have you come to me?" he asked. In amazement the girl looked at him and said: "Because ye bade me come." "But were you not afraid that my servant might not let you in? Did you not think she might keep you outside the door?" "Oh, no," she said, "I wasn't afraid, for ye bade me come." "And now look here, Betsy," he said: "You took my word, and believed it, and came; and yet when the Lord Jesus invites you to come to Him you stay away. He bids you to come and be saved, yet you hang back, and are afraid to come in case the door be shut in your face." Betsy had never seen the plan of salvation in this light before, and ere leaving the minister's study that night she responded to His invitation who says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Have you done likewise?

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A MAN IN A WELL.

IT was only in a dream he was in the well, but it all seemed real enough. Poor man, he had been greatly concerned for a time about being born again. The process troubled him. How could it be? If it did not come about somehow he must perish, of that he was sure. Pondering over it till his poor brain whirled, only seemed to make confession worse confounded. But satisfactory explanation was at hand. It came through his dream in the following manner: He dreamt that he was at the bottom of a deep well, and could not get out. He tried to climb the sides, but the very moment he touched the side he sank to the bottom. On one occasion he lifted his head and saw a star away yonder in the midnight heavens. As his eye remained fixed on that star, to his delight he felt himself rising; he accordingly put out his hand to touch the side, when immediately he fell to the bottom. A second time his eye got fixed on the star, and a second time he rose; and this time to the mouth of the well. Inexpressibly delighted, he put his hand on one side of the well's mouth to vault out, when down he went to the bottom. Then he learned that all he had to do to be extricated from his perilous position was to look up. He did so, and the power from above soon landed him safely on *terra-firma*.

When morning came the dream returned with great vividness to his memory, and on the back of it he was taught this truth, that in the matter of the new birth he had no hand; and just as without his own aid he got out of the well so a power beyond and outwith himself would work in him that incomprehensible experience called the new birth. And so it is. What does the new birth mean? It means sonship; it means membership in God's family. It means Divine parentage. Who can bring that about? Who is sufficient for these things? No man, certainly. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," and never ceases to be flesh. Sons of God are born not of blood. What does that mean? It means that no man becomes a son of God by natural birth, no matter who his parents were. Nor are sons of God born by the will of the flesh itself. What does that mean? It means that no will power of your own can ever beget the Divine life within you. Your will power may be strong, but it is not strong enough for that. Understand that only in co-operation with your will can the new life be produced in you, and never against your will but your will is

insufficient of itself to produce, this result.

Moreover, sons of God are not born of the will of man, which just means that no other man can so act upon you as to make you a son of God. No educational teaching, preaching, collegiate, or theological hall course, can ever turn out one son of God. Man is absolutely out of court in the production of the sons of God. Then how are sons of God born? Sons of God are begotten from above. Of His own will begat He us by the Word of Truth. Therefore, O son of Adam's fallen race, if you would become a son of God, look up, only up, ever up. Look up to Him now upon the Throne who hung upon the cross for you, and as surely as you do so, you will become a son of God. For the Divine Word says, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name (John 1. 12)."

W.T.

A MOULDER'S TESTIMONY.

BEFORE my conversion I was a teacher in a Sabbath School, but when with my class I just got the boys to read over the chapter and lingered as long as I could over it. Football was my darling idol, and I was a successful player. One night when at a Gospel meeting, and while the Gospel was being preached, I said to myself that when once a certain football match was past I would be a Christian. In this way I tried to quiet my conscience, and I came out of the meeting without deciding for Christ. I wanted to win the gold badge, and did not see how I could play for it and be a Christian. Besides, I felt it would cost so much to confess Christ before a squad of moulders. As I went along the street the words "To-night! To-night!" kept ringing in my ears. I could not resist longer, so standing on the street I said: "Yes, Jesus, I will trust Thee." When I got home, instead of sitting down to supper, my wife had ready and waiting for me, I sat down and wrote a letter to my brother telling him that I had given my heart to Jesus, and that, as I could not serve God on the football field, I had given it up. My wife stood behind me watching what I was writing, for she was a Christian, and had been praying for me. Next morning when I went to my work at the foundry I was very quiet, and the men began to chaff me. Out it came at once: "I got converted last night." They then began to put puzzling questions to me about the Bible which I could not answer, so I just said: "Well, I'm simple enough to believe that it's God's Word."

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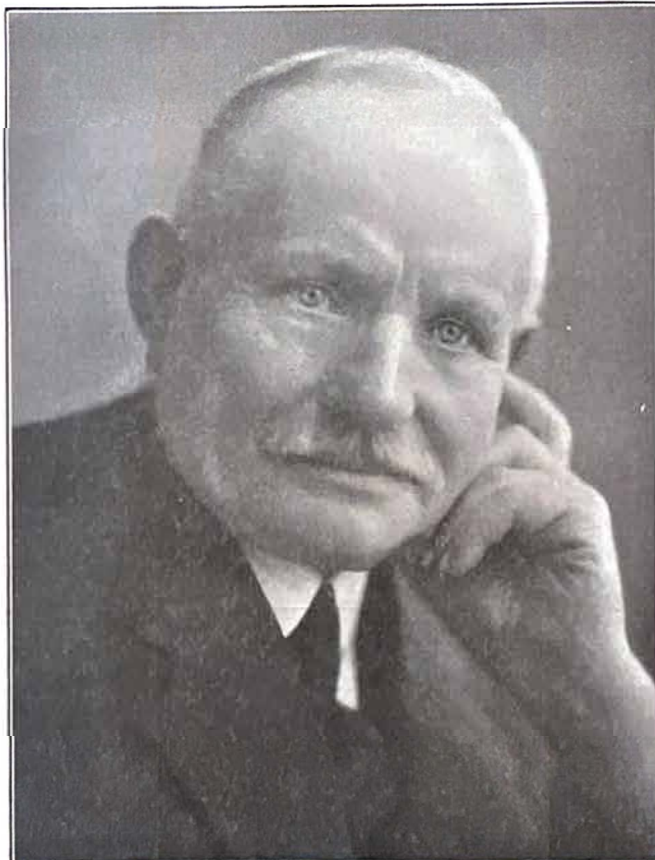
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"I know
whom I have
believed, and
am persuaded
that He
is able to keep
that which I
have committed
unto Him
against that
day."

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
believeeth."

Romans 1. 16.

JOESPH WHITING, Evangelist.

THE subject of this little sketch was the child of godly parents. In his old home God was honoured, His Name praised and His Holy Word read, and some of the happiest memories he has to-day are connected with his old home. So great was the influence of those sainted parents, and so wonderfully did God answer their prayers, that when the mother came to die she could say, "I have lived for my family, and God has given me my family," and eleven boys and girls stood around her bed, all of them decided Christians—a gracious illustration of answered prayer and the power of saintly influence and teaching.

When only nine years of age, Joseph left

school and started work as an errand boy, receiving half a crown a week in wages. How well he remembers running home with his first week's pay, for fear his mother had gone shopping before he got home with his money! When he reached home and found his mother there, sitting by the fire, he called out, "Hold out your apron, mother," and then he tossed his half-crown across the room into her apron, so glad that he could help a little in the burden of the home.

In spite of the godly influence of that home, and the innumerable prayers by which he was surrounded, he chose the "Broad Way," and went out into the "Far Country," and covered himself with the slime of sin. His name

became a by-word for mischief, devilment, and every kind of sin. But even in those dark, sad, days, he found it impossible to get away entirely from his early teaching and training, and in the wild, Godless life into which he plunged, God was frequently speaking to Him. A great volume of prayer was constantly going up to God from parents and friends for his salvation, which God in His unspeakable grace answered in a wonderful way. As he was going past a little Mission Hall, swinging a pair of boxing gloves, a young man whom he knew well invited him into the Mission Hall to a service. He replied, "No, that is not in my line." The young man in a joking way, said, "You're afraid to come in;" to which he replied, "If you think that, I'm coming in," and at once entered the hall swinging his boxing gloves about. When he got inside he found the building filled with the exception of a seat in front, to which he was led.

The Christians in the meeting were greatly surprised to see him there, and at once began to pray for his salvation. What the preacher preached about Joseph does not remember, he was so utterly indifferent to what was going on. After the preaching was over, a lady came to him and said, "Are you a Christian?" He replied, "Does it look like it?" pointing to his gloves. The lady said, "Do you want to be a Christian?" He answered, "No, I don't." She said, "Will you kneel down"—it's a great thing to get a man on his knees. He said, "I don't mind;" and down he kneeled, cold, hard, and utterly indifferent, a more hopeless case for salvation it would be almost impossible to conceive. As he kneeled there, like a lightning flash, with inconceivable power, it came into his mind: "This will be the last opportunity you will ever have." At once he bowed his head and said, "Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole." He had often heard his people singing this, and now he turned it into a prayer. God in His mercy heard that cry and abundantly answered and gave to that poor, broken-hearted, penitent a wonderful revelation of His love in the gift of His Son, and as he saw, "All his sin on Jesus laid, the Lamb of God once slain," his hard heart was broken, the stubborn will was subdued, and with a wet face he cried, "My Lord, and my God."

In that moment the old life dropped off, the burden was lifted, the fetters broken, and into the life came God's great calm, the peace of God which passeth all understanding. At

once he turned to the lady who had been praying and said, "God has saved me." But the lady thought he was gaming, and would not believe him. When going out of the hall he said to the man at the door, "God has made a new man of me to-night." But neither would he believe it. It seemed far too wonderful. When he got outside the hall the stars seemed to shine brighter than ever they did before; there was music in the leaves as they rustled together on the trees. Home he went singing every step of the way. On reaching home his mother said to him, "Where have you been? What have you been doing?" thinking that he had been getting into trouble. He said, "Mother, I have been to the Cross of Calvary. I have been to the feet of the great Saviour." His mother believed him, and said, "That's what we've been praying for ever since you were a baby; let us kneel down and thank Him." And after praying, his mother rose to her feet and sang, "'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine." It was a great night, a wonderful night, and the wonderment and joy of that night abides.

The next night the missionary from the hall where his conversion took place came outside his house to have a little open-air service. At once Joseph Whiting went and stood by the missionary's side, and when he took off his hat to pray, asked if he might hold his hat. He wanted to do something for the Lord. The missionary gave him his hat, but he prayed briefly and opened his eyes quickly, expecting his hat to be gone; but no, man and hat were still there! Soon a great crowd gathered, for it was quickly noised abroad that he was standing with a preacher at an open-air service. Of course they wanted him to speak, and in a very few broken words he told what great things God had done for him. How grateful he is that God, right at the beginning of his new life, gave him grace to make a complete break with the old life, and also to confess Him as Lord, and to witness to the power of His blood to cleanse and His grace to save.

Soon after Joseph's conversion, D. L. Moody came to the town where he lived to conduct a Mission, and on the Saturday evening Mr. Moody had what he called a "Mizpah Band Meeting," which was really a Testimony Meeting. He spoke at these meetings, just giving a testimony to the Lord's saving and keeping power. At once many invitations came to him to go and speak at other places, so that the door of service was opened to him, and God gave him grace to enter in.

NEVER COME AGAIN!

HE went out of the meeting fuming with indignation, vowing and swearing that he would never come again. Never! He would never put a foot in that man's meetings again. Not he! What business had the preacher to ask him if he were saved! But he would take good care that he shouldn't get the chance to ask him again. And he flamed and raged and scolded, until his poor wife was completely overcome!

But after a while he came back. He did that! But it was a good while after. Still he came. Notwithstanding all his oaths and vows and indignation he came back and sat down as meekly as a child. The prayers of others had won the day. And not only did he come back to the meetings, for, better still, he came to the Saviour. "Come and speak to him," said his wife. "He is waiting for you to speak to him." Yes, sure enough, there he was waiting for the same man to speak to him that he had vowed would never get within reach of him again, and the end of it all was, that he crept down on his knees, while the tears crept down his cheeks, and there on bended knee in confessing his sin he was enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus unto salvation.

Is there anything too hard for the Lord? Are all things not possible to him that believeth?

If the prayer of faith can save the sick, can it not also save the stubborn? It did it in this case at least.

When the praying wife walked out of the meeting with her arm in that of her newly-converted husband, her face gleamed, for there was joy in her heart, and joy that others shared as well.

HOW CAN I BE SAVED?

"HOW can I be saved?" "Is that what you are saying?" "Yes," you reply, "and I have asked the same question many a time, but no answer has come. I look at the skies, but they are silent. The gentle winds never breathe an answer into my ear, and I would do anything to be saved." "Well, the answer to the question is very simple, its very

simplicity being to many a stumbling-block. It is simply this: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved'" (Acts 16. 31). "But I never saw Him, and how can I be sure that there is a person called the Lord Jesus Christ?" "You never saw Him, that is true, but neither have you ever seen William of Normandy the Conqueror, nor Napoleon that was defeated at Waterloo; yet you cannot deny that they have a sure place in history?" "That is true, but don't misunderstand me. I should have said that I believe that Jesus Christ lived, but then He died. How can I know that He rose from the dead as is said, and that He is living now? How can I make myself sure?" "Easily enough. Speak to Him. Make His acquaintance. When you wish to speak to someone through the telephone you ring that one up. You don't see his face; you may have never seen his face; yet by the aid of the electric current you get into communication with the man you have never seen. The Lord Jesus proves Himself in the same way; speak to Him; pray to Him; call upon Him, He will communicate with you. His Spirit will come into touch with your spirit; His voice will speak in answer to yours. There are spiritual currents as well as electric currents, as multitudes can testify. They were anxious to be saved; they were full of fears; they were in dread of the future; their soul was full of darkness, and as they thought of Jesus Christ, or as they prayed to Him, and praying to Him means that they were speaking to Him, suddenly there came to them the consciousness that He was near them, and that He had heard them. But their faith in Him preceded this consciousness, and their faith in Him was shown in their speaking to Him. To this faith He responded as He always does. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' You don't ring anyone up on the telephone if you believe them to be dead; but if you believe they are alive, and find their name in the directory, you do so. The Bible is God's Directory, and you will find the Name of Jesus Christ in it as One who is alive. Get communication established with Him. He will hear you; He will answer you; He will save you" (Rom 10. 13).

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"THE POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE."

THE One who possesses the power of an endless life was not made a priest after the law of a carnal commandment, that is, according to the law of natural generation. The priesthood of the Old Testament was conferred upon Aaron and his sons in the flesh, but Christ was not a High Priest after the order of Aaron. The generations of Aaron's seed sprang into being and passed away, being not suffered to continue by reason of death, but Christ abideth ever. He has the power of an endless life, wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him (Heb. 7. 25). The uttermost is usually set forth as the uttermost of guilt, and it is quite true He can save to the uttermost degree of guilt, but that is not the doctrine of the text, however precious it is. The truth taught is that He is able to save to the uttermost of time, seeing He ever liveth. Death can never again have dominion over Him, for He has the power of an endless life. His word is: "I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore" (Rev. 1. 18).

The power of an endless life! What a priceless possession! Power that can never become asthenic! Strength that can never be hunger-bitten! Vigour that can never fade! Surely a life so charged is a life worth prizing, for it is a life into which death can never put its sting, and over which the grave will never shout its pæan of victory, and to every believer Christ says, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The power of an endless life! What a wonderful life that must be, since all the life we see around us, however beautiful and fruitful and vigorous for a time, has in it the elements of decay. We live in a dying world, where life weakens and vanishes, and to hear of One who has the power of an endless life is as a flood of sunshine amid the gloom and the shadows, that death casts over all sentient life in every part of the globe.

The power of an endless life! We want such a life. Our hearts cry out for it. The decay and death that confront us at every step weary us, and depress us, and harass us. We wish a life that has always the bloom on its cheek, the sparkle in its eye, the spring in its step, and the vigorous pulse-beat of youth. Our Lord Jesus Christ has such a life, and He wishes us to share it, but His plaint is: "You will not come unto Me that ye might have life" (John 5. 40). Blessed Christ! This world to the truly-awakened soul is like a starless night without Thee. But Thou art the Bright and Morning Star.

shining amid the gloom, and we would open our ears to Thy call, and throw ourselves on Thy grace, for Thou hast the power of an endless life.

"IN THE DAYS OF LOT."

IN the days of Lot the world was the same as it is to-day, and as it will be in the day when "the Son of Man is revealed" (Luke 17. 30). When His apocalypse takes place the condition of things will be as it was long ago when judgment fell upon Sodom. Men will be eating, drinking, buying, selling, planting, building, and all at once, as quick as the lightning flash, the Son of Man, long rejected, will step in on the scene. Many a cheek will pale, many a heart will sink, many knees will knock together. Talk about panic! That day will be a day of consternation and dismay.

We cannot say anything as to day and date, for the simple reason that we don't know. The gift of foresight is not ours, and God has not put His calendar of events as outlined in His purpose within the reach of our eye. The day, the month, the year are hid from us; but this we know, that now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.

The things named by our Lord as those which the Sodomites were busy at when judgment fell were proper enough. Eating is lawful and necessary. So is drinking—alcoholics, of course, excluded. Buying and selling can be honestly carried on; and planting and building are industries on which the blessing of God can be asked. The evil comes in when men can see nothing beyond eating and drinking, buying and selling, planting and building.

It is when they are hedged in by them, and wholly absorbed in worldly and temporal pursuits, with no room for God and salvation, that the evil arises. Christian men cannot live on angels' food, in fact, they don't get the chance, and they need to toil and labour, and plan and push, as well as others, but they find time to think of spiritual things, and time to pray.

They recognise that they have souls as well as bodies; and that there is a world beyond them as well as a world around them; and thus their faith fixes itself on God, whose blessing and grace will avert, for His people, the panic to which others will be subject in the day when the Son of Man is revealed.

Again we would say, and please note the words if you have not yet come to Christ: "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."