

The MONTHLY EVANGEL

A Gospel Paper containing Foundation Truths

No. 547

Entered at Stationers' Hall

January, 1940.

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2 Timothy 1. 12.



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Romans 1. 16.

PROFESSOR D. M. BLAIR,
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

ON a Sabbath evening in the spring of this year, in one of Glasgow's open spaces, a little group stood gathered round a speaker, who was earnestly contending for the faith—the lack of faith rather—that was in her. How vehemently did this young lady entreat her hearers to cast away their confidence! It was a bad thing to hold, a thing that no truly intellectual person would have about him. "Can you name one man of any eminence in the scientific world to-day who is a Christian?" she asked. It was a rhetorical question, but a young man in the audience answered it.

"Yes," he cried, "*Professor Blair.*" I had this from a man in the company. He reckoned that the interrupter was a medical student, or a member of the Free Churches Youth Fellowship; for you must look long through either of these bodies before you find one capable of believing that of the Professor's scientific attainments or of his Christianity there can be any possible doubt whatever.

Professors of Anatomy are generally thought of as materialists, with a strong disbelief in immortality. A well known anatomist used to declare that he had dissected many hundreds of human bodies, but had never seen anywhere the slightest trace of a soul. In that connection Professor Blair repeats with glee a story he

heard told by the late good Bishop Taylor Smith: A preacher on his way to a lunch-hour meeting found a tract thrust into his hand, and he was still holding it when he stepped on to the platform to address the gathering. His hearers seemed more than a little somnolent, a discouraging sort of audience, so he held up the tract, which had as a heading, in great letters, the question, HAS MAN A SOUL? "Now, I maintain," said the preacher, "*that man has not a soul!*" Such a statement from such a quarter was sufficiently startling to awaken the audience thoroughly. All sat up to hear some more on that matter, and some wondered if they had heard aright. "Man has not a soul," repeated the preacher, "He *is* a soul, and *has* a body."

When Duncan Blair was still in his teens the war came, and he served as surgeon sub-lieutenant in a minesweeper for a while. During that time he had a very decided religious experience. Thomas Carlyle, speaking of Oliver Cromwell's conversion, said "It is a grand epoch for a man; properly the one epoch; the turning point that guides upwards, or guides downwards, him and his activities for evermore. Oliver was henceforth a Christian man; believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases." And thus it was with Duncan Blair.

The Bible is to Professor Blair the most wonderful Book in the world. "In the whole realm of literature," said he, in his presidential address at the I.V.F. Conference at Swanwick, in 1936, "there is nothing to equal this marvellous collection of history, anthropology, ethics, poetry, philosophy, and prophecy. Spiritually, as its name implies, it is *the Book*—beside it there is none other. It speaks to every man in his own tongue; it appeals to every level of intellect; for the simple and unlearned find within it things that are hidden from the wise and prudent, and the greatest minds are lost in its abiding mysteries."

Prof. Blair is keenly interested in all Christian enterprises; but Foreign Missions and work among the young lie nearest his heart. He is an ex-president of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship of Evangelical Unions—a lively power for evangelical religion working in most of the great universities; and he is president of the Glasgow Free Churches Youth Fellowship, a movement that has as its aim the leading of the young folk of the Free Church to know the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour of their souls and Lord of their lives. But while Blair's appeal is in the first place to the youth and to the

student, he can grip the heart of older folk too; the simple and unlettered hear him with pleasure. Tears ran down the weather-beaten checks of an old fisherman as he listened to him in the Free Church Assembly three years ago. "I have not heard one speak like that since Dr. Kennedy died," he whispered to his neighbour. One thing the Professor has in common with the grand Highland preacher—a voice to which one listens with delight. "I heard Blair on the wireless last night, speaking on John Calvin's side," said a friend to me. "I didn't agree with him a bit; but he *is* a rare speaker. The other two fellows couldn't hold a candle to him."

Sir William Bragg, that eminent scientist, said that the "opposition" between true religion and true science is the opposition between finger and thumb—an opposition that helps one to grasp things. Professor Blair's view is similar. See how the scientist and the Christian speak together in this place: "The Apostle in Eph. 4. 16, speaks of the 'head, even Christ: from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.' Had Luke been telling Paul something of the wonderful structure of the human body, and the beautiful harmony which exists between its various parts in healthy function? I like to think it may have been so. And the quick mind of the apostle, ever alert to note apt illustrations of spiritual truth in the world around him, seized hold of what Luke told him as a still more suggestive figure of the relationship between Christ and His Church. To an anatomist at least it is packed with suggestive imagery. One thinks, say, of the upper limb with its specialised joints at the shoulder, elbow, forearm, wrist and hand—each one differing in type from the others, each playing its own part in the innumerable varieties of position and movement of which the limb is capable; one thinks of the differing lengths of the segments of the flexible fingers which can be adjusted accurately to grasp with varying degrees of firmness objects of greatly differing size and shape and texture; one thinks of the elaborate manipulations of which the human arm and hand are capable under the control of the brain centres in the head; with all these and other things in mind, this brilliant example of Paul's highly charged phraseology lights up a wonderful figure of the Church of Christ."

—A Doctor Looks at the Bible.—D. M. BLAIR.

REWARD.

IN Revelation we read: "Round about the throne were four and twenty seats, and I saw four and twenty elders sitting clothed in white raiment, crowns of gold on their heads (I know some elders that won't wear crowns unless they get converted) and cast their crowns before the throne."

That's the picture of the glorified Church. Here it is the Church militant; there it is the Church triumphant. I sometimes think here it is the Church somnolent. Here we call it the Church militant; there the Church triumphant, where all things have passed away, and we stand before God to receive the record of our labours and our toils for Him there. What a grand thing!

That was a wonderful time in 1857, when the soldiers returned to England from the Crimean War and assembled on a given day in the Crystal Palace, and the Queen gave out, through her assistants, medals. Upon them were the names of the principal battles and sieges in the Crimean War.

A man named Trowbridge, when a ball shattered one of his limbs, threw his arm around a tree and supported himself, and another cannon ball came and shattered his other limb and he fell. They carried him, as they supposed, dying, to the rear, but strange as it seems, he survived the terrible ordeal.

When the day of awarding came the limbs hadn't healed to enable him to wear wooden legs, and four of his comrades bore him on a stretcher. When her majesty saw them coming she turned to her chief chamberlain and said: "What is his name?" and "What was the battle?" He replied: "His name is Trowbridge, and Inkerman the battle."

She said: "Give me the medal." Then she arose, walked down the steps, went down the aisle and met the soldiers bearing the wounded comrade on the stretcher. They stopped, she leaned over and brushed the hair back from his forehead. The tears trickled down her cheeks and fell on the upturned face, and she said: "Poor fellow, how you must have suffered! How I grieve for you! How terrible

are the ravages of war that they leave men like this! God speed the day when they shall be no more."

And with her own hand she pinned the medal on his breast, and the royal musicians tried to play, but they broke down. The royal singers in the gallery tried to sing, and their song ended with a sob; and then all, seemingly simultaneously, cried out: "God save the Queen!"

I saw an old Crimean veteran out in Iowa, who showed me his medal, and he said it was a marvellous sight. I met him ten years ago, and he was then eighty years old. He said: "I wish you could have witnessed it."

I wish I could myself, but I thought it would have been more wonderful if every soldier had pulled the medal from his breast, walked past the throne, and had thrown them at the Queen's feet, and said: "Your Majesty, it is reward enough for us to look into your face and stand in your presence, and feel the power of your personality. We are glad we endured all we did just for the blessing and honour of standing in your presence."

I think when my eyes to earth's glories grow dim, and I have gone to the last city and preached my last sermon, and offered my last prayer, and have given the last invitation to the unsaved, and the death dew gathers on my brow, and the death rattle is heard in my throat, and my wife and little ones stand around my bedside and I look into their faces, I want to tell you in a time and an hour like that, when the world recedes and Heaven opens, and I burst through the gates into the city, and look into the face of Him, whom having not seen, I love, whatever reward Jesus feels I have earned, I will feel like taking the crown off my head and throwing it at His feet and stand and gaze on His face and say: "Jesus, it is reward enough for me to look into Your Face. It is reward enough for me to know that the pearly gates have swung behind my back on their jewelled hinges, and I will go in and out no more for ever. I just want to stand and look at Him—Jesus." "Look to yourselves that you receive a full reward."

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PAUL'S COURAGE.

THE enemy found his match when he got hold of Paul. He counted not his life dear unto him if he might finish his course and win his crown. Alexander with an army shook the world, but the little tent-maker made it tremble without an army by his earnestness. See him as he goes to Corinth. He is put out of the synagogue. He preaches in the streets. He is paid off in stripes. Surely that was a hard field! But he didn't complain. I like Paul. He fires my soul. When I am tempted to discouragement I think of him. D.L. MOODY.

"NOT CAST OUT."

DURING the Welsh Revival a man was induced to attend a meeting in Cardiff. He was one of four who were sitting together at a table making fun of the revival. One who overheard the conversation invited this man to come and see for himself. Certainly, he said he would come. It would be the finest entertainment in the town that night. But as for anything else—he laughed at the very name of God. So the two went together—the one who had been asked, and the one who asked him, who every step he took prayed that God would deal with his mocking comrade. They sat near the door, and within a few minutes of entering the mysterious power in the meeting brought some uneasiness to the mind of the scorner. Then came the strain and words of the far-travelled song: "Tell mother I'll be there." The man who had prayed could not help looking at the face of the man who had laughed at it all. With the first singing of the chorus it became deadly pale. "Are you not well?" he asked. "Oh, don't ask me; no one will ever tell that to my mother. I have broken her heart." The friend tried to minister comfort, but it only added to the man's pitiful sufferings. "I am the worst sinner in all the crowd," he cried.

When an opportunity was given for surrender to Christ this man rose and went forward. His distress touched every one as he stood up to ask if anyone could tell him if there was any hope anywhere for the worst sinner in the place that night. And then it seemed as if the whole congregation had become God's silver trumpet sounding in his ears all the evangelical promises of grace, till someone gave: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). And the distressed one turned to prayer, helped to the throne by a thousand hearts as one.

THE WORTH OF THE BIBLE.

"THY word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path" (Psa. 119. 103). This is what a man in ancient days found the Word of God to be—a lamp and a light. Is it a lamp to your feet, and a light to your path?

In my young days, when I was in my teens, I often heard men speak of the Bible as a Book that was like a fiddle on which you could play any tune you liked. They did not necessarily mean by this to discredit its worth, but rather to describe it as open to different interpretations. But, whatever they mean, there is *one thing* the Bible makes clear, and that is that there is only "one Name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). Much more hurtful than the rhyme about "the Bible being like a fiddle" is the unbelieving statements of men who pose as scholars and sit in judgment on the Word of God. It should never be forgotten that "the Word of God is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. 4. 12). The Greek word rendered "discerner" is *kritikos*, from which we get our English word "critic." Our Lord says: "The Word which I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." The word translated "judge" is, in the original, *krinei*, from the same stock as *kritikos*, so that men had better beware of sitting in judgment on the Word of God. It will judge them.

Every now and again somebody repeats, under the guise of scholarship, the old story that Daniel didn't write the book that bears his name. Our Lord Jesus says he did (Matt. 24. 15), and as Paul says, "Let God be true, and every man a liar" (Rom. 4. 4). If you value your soul's welfare, let not the ravings of unbelief hinder you from receiving by faith the message of salvation revealed in the Word of God. "He that believeth on the Son hath life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 33).

As a rule the Bible is the most neglected book in the households of many Church-going people. A preacher once spoke in a Church about people who had a big family Bible which they never handled, but kept it under a "tidy" on the drawer's head, whereas God gave them His Word to make them "tidy." The old question is: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" (Psa. 119. 9), and the answer is, "By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word."

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TESTIMONY OF DONALD STUART.

IT is a good thing when our parents give us a splendid start in life by sending us to the church when we are young. I was brought up in Hutchiesontown Parish Church, Glasgow, and as a child I remember reading over and over again the text on the wall in our Sunday School: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." That text never left me, and, in fact, was the means of bringing me to Christ.

When sixteen years of age I started my apprenticeship in a Clyde shipyard. There I met a Christian young man, who invited me to a meeting. I went for some time, and then one night professed faith in Christ. I must admit I did so, not because I felt I needed

saving, but because of the company I was associating myself with. Here then, I was for years, professing, but, alas, never possessing the real knowledge of Christ as my Saviour.

In the year 1918 I joined the army, and there I found the world in all its true sinfulness. All this time my friends at home thought me a Christian. One day I was in company with a crowd of soldiers when sin was freely indulged in. I felt sick of it all, and early one morning in Nov., 1919, while on guard at the entrance to Edinburgh Castle, alone in the quietness, I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest."

It was so different now I was under real con-

viction of sin. I felt ashamed of what my friends would think and say. What could I do? Here I was unreal, unsaved, make believe. I decided there and then to seek the Lord. So kneeling down at my post, I lifted up my heart to God, and praise His Name, it was done. Real lasting peace and joy entered my soul and I knew from that moment that I was a saved soul, washed in the precious Blood. I confessed Christ in the army for some time, then I heard the call to Angola. There in Africa the Lord blessed and used me in happy service with Mr. Stober. I returned home, and owing to health reasons I had to resign.

In 1930 I had the real joy of joining Mr. Climie as his assistant at the Seamen's Bethel, Glasgow, and for nine years we had happy fellowship and joy in the work in that place. I am still there, enjoying the work, praising God for planning and blessing my life.

In conclusion, reader, may God lead you to see that Salvation is of the Lord, and if you will but let Him in, He will save and plan your life for His glory.

* * * * *

In September, 1938, Mr. Climie followed Mr. Alexander Galbraith as Superintendent of the Seamen's Chapel on the latter's retiral. Mr. Stuart then became Mr. Climie's successor at the Bethel, where, as he himself has indicated, he is still carrying on the work of spreading the Gospel amongst the men "who go down to the sea in ships."

Such work is indeed praiseworthy, and both Mr. Climie and Mr. Stuart say that never before in their experiences have they had such a ready ear to the message of the Gospel than at the present time. The demand for New Testaments is so great that they find difficulty in complying with all the requests they receive for them.

The Glasgow Seamen's Friend Society, under the auspices of which both the above-mentioned missions are carried on, was founded in 1822. The social and spiritual needs of our seamen are cared for, but great care is taken that the former is never at the expense of the latter. Visitation to ships in harbour and the distribution of comforts and Gospel literature is an important part of the work, and by making personal contact, not a few of the men, both in Navy and Merchant Service, have been led to an acceptance of Christ as Saviour, and have experienced the saving and keeping power of Him whose voice the waves obeyed.

W.H.

ASSURANCE.

NO one is guilty of presumption who humbly believes God's Word concerning His Son Jesus Christ as Saviour, and then gives expression to the assured result of such a belief. But the charge of presumption is one that lies ready to the lips of many, and is often hurled with venom at those who, having ventured themselves upon the Word of God, are not ashamed to make known from their experience the value and comforting assurance of His Word. For there is certainly no presumption in literally resting on God's Gospel assurances, for "all the promises of God in Christ are Yea, and in Him Amen" (2 Cor. 1. 20). They are all truth to the uttermost degree, and instead of any one being guilty of presumption in believing them. those only are deeply and foolishly guilty who treat them as unworthy of credence. The presumption is with the unbeliever, and not with the man of faith.

"We also believe, and therefore speak" (2 Cor. 4. 13), said the Apostle. But it was not always so with him. There was a time when he thought he ought to do many things contrary to the Name of Jesus of Nazareth, and when he actually did many things that were very hurtful to those who named His Name. But these were the days of his darkness. He thought himself wise, and acted the part of a fool, but he acted "ignorantly in unbelief," as he afterwards confessed.

It seems a hard thing to charge some people with ignorance, especially where, like Saul of Tarsus, there is an evident zeal for God and a respect for the externals of a religious life, but it is the only explanation of the keen, biting way they charge with presumption, and ironically smile at, those who speak of being saved.

No one with a wide knowledge of the facts of actual life will deny that there are professors who are manifestly, when practically judged, not possessors; but to condemn all and sundry, and to laugh at the idea of any one having the assurance of salvation, as some do who are externally religious, shows an ignorance to be regretted. Have such never read that "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God?" (Rom. 8. 16). And have they not read that "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself?" (1 John 5. 10).

"But may I not fall?" some one says.

Yes, if you make a Saviour of your feeling or your works, or your prayers or your alms deeds, but not if your trust is unbrokenly fixed on Jesus.

"THE PARSON IS CONVERTED."

THE late Rev. W. Haslam, M.A., in his autobiography entitled "From Death Unto Life," tells at length how he was converted from being a Ritualist to the Evangelical faith. Up till that time all his confidence was in CHURCH and SACRAMENTS, and he was again and again disappointed when he found that the most of the people in his parish were evidently possessed of a different faith from him. He would say to himself: "It is no use; they will never be churchmen." One day, with his cassock and cap on, he went to the shop of a man whom he regarded as a dreadful schismatic. This man sold tracts, and was pleased to see him, and helped him to select tracts. When the purchase was made he gave him double value for his money. On leaving, the shopman said: "God bless you." This gave him a great shock. The idea of "a schismatic blessing a priest!" He felt ashamed to be seen coming out of the shop carrying a parcel of tracts. But he distributed them, and found the people liked them, and three men afterwards told him they had been converted through reading them, and the thought kept pressing itself upon him: "What can this conversion be?"

The crisis in his own spiritual career was hastened forward by the illness of his gardener, "a good churchman," who found the Church teaching he had got did not console him in the light of eternity. In distress of mind he sent for a working man who lived in a row of cottages near to him to come and speak to him. This the man did, pointing out to him that he was a lost sinner, and must come to Jesus for pardon and salvation. The gardener found peace through the Blood of Jesus, and immediately it spread over all the parish that "the parson's servant was converted." When Mr. Haslam heard of it he was very grieved and angry. He was sent for again and again, and at last he went to see his gardener. To his surprise the dying man was walking through the room in a joyful state, and, "Oh, dear master!" he said: "I am glad you are come. I am so happy, my soul is saved. Glory be to God!" He finished up by saying: "I mean to pray till

I die, and after that, if I can, till you are converted." This was too much for Mr. Haslam, so he made for the door, and escaped before he could be stopped. Every parishioner that he met seemed to say: "So much for your teaching. You will never convince us."

On the following Sunday he felt so ill that he resolved not to preach in Church, but simply to read the morning prayers and dismiss the people. When in the pulpit he thought when reading the Gospel he would say a few words to the people on the text for the day, "What think ye of Christ" (Matt. 22. 42). As he went on to explain the passage he felt a wonderful light and joy coming into his own soul. Whether it was something in his manner, or his words, or look, he knew not, but all of a sudden a local preacher, who happened to be in the congregation, stood up, and putting up his arms, shouted out in Cornish fashion: "The parson is converted; the parson is converted, Hallelujah!" and in a moment his voice was lost in the shouts of praises of hundreds in the congregation. Instead of rebuking the extraordinary "brawling," as he would have done formerly, he joined in the outburst of praise, and to make it more orderly gave out the doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."* Some of the staunch "churchmen" fled precipitately from the place, but over twenty people were found to be "crying for mercy." The news spread all over the district that "the parson was converted by his own sermon, in his own pulpit," and in the evening the Church could not hold the crowds who came to see and hear the preacher. Then they heard how that the Lord had brought him up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, set his feet upon a rock, and put a new song in his mouth (Psa. 40. 2, 3), and that "he felt sure if he had died last week he should have been lost for ever."

The next day he set out to tell a good man who had often spoken to him about his soul and who prayed for him for three years. On the way he met the man coming to see him. An impression had been borne in on this man that his prayers were answered, and came to see.

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"PARDON MINE INIQUITY."

PARDON mine iniquity, for it is great" (Psalm 25. 11). The writer pleads the greatness of his sin, and not the smallness of it; he enforces his prayer with this consideration, that his sins are very heinous. But how could he make this a plea for pardon? Because the greater his iniquity was the more need he had of pardon. It is as much as if he had said: "Pardon mine iniquity, for it is so great that I cannot bear the punishment; my sin is so great that I am in necessity of pardon; my case will be exceedingly miserable unless Thou be pleased to pardon me." He makes use of the greatness of his sin to enforce his plea for pardon as a man would make use of the greatness of calamity in begging for relief. When a beggar begs for bread he will plead the greatness of his poverty and necessity. When a man in distress cries for pity what more suitable plea can be urged than the extremity of his case? And God allows such a plea as this, for He is moved to mercy toward us by nothing in us but the miserableness of our case. He doth not pity sinners because they are worthy, but because they need His pity. Herein doth the glory of grace by the redemption of Christ much consist, namely, in its sufficiency for the pardon of the greatest sinners. The whole contrivance of the way of salvation is for this end, to glorify the free grace of God. God had it on His heart from all eternity to glorify this attribute, and therefore it is that the device of saving of sinners by Christ was conceived. The greatness of Divine grace appears very much in this, that God by Christ saves the greatest offenders. The greater the guilt of any sinner is, the more glorious and wonderful is the grace manifested in His pardon. "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound" (Rom. 5. 20). The Apostle in telling how great a sinner he had been takes notice of the abounding of grace in his pardon of which his great guilt was the occasion: "Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief. And the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. 1. 13, 14). The Redeemer is glorified in that He proves sufficient to redeem those who are exceeding sinful, in that His Blood proves sufficient to wash away the greatest guilt, in that He is able to save men to the uttermost, and in that He redeems from the greatest misery.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

DRUNKENNESS.

THE sin of drunkenness is not a sin of yesterday. Till the day of the Flood men were eating and drinking, and knew not till the flood came and took them all away. This does not mean that they drank cold water. Noah, after the Flood, yielded to the charm of the wine cup, and left thereby a stain on his otherwise noble record. It will scarcely be disputed that Aaron's two sons offered strange fire and died while under the influence of drink, else why the command: "Do not drink wine nor strong drink when ye enter into the tabernacle of the Lord, lest ye die" (Lev. 10. 9). The Nazarite, as a man separated to the Lord, was forbidden to touch wine or strong drink (Num. 6. 3), and one of God's complaints against His people prior to their dispersion was that they "gave the Nazarites wine to drink" (Amos. 2. 12). Disaster leapt upon the Amalekites while they were holding high revel, "eating and drinking and dancing" (1 Sam. 30. 16); and it was while Belshazzar was in the midst of a drunken carousal that the judgment of God was pronounced against him (Dan. 6. 2-4). Nabal never walked abroad after his drunken bout mentioned in 1 Samuel 25. 36. Ten days later he died. Isaiah's day was a period of deep gloom and national degeneration, for judges, priests, and prophets were all given up to the power of the enchanting yet degrading cup. They drank till they weltered in their vomit (Isa. 28. 1-8). Joel exhorted the drunkards of his day to awake and weep (Joel 1. 5), and in the prophetic Psalm we learn that our Lord was the song of the drunkard (Psalm 69. 12).

All along, from the earliest ages until now, drunkenness has been one of the world's sins, and myriads have gone into a drunkard's grave. The grass never gets time to grow on the drunkard's track to the tomb. The procession is kept up, year in and year out. From the bleak and desolating and ever-darkening path keep your feet far away. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Prov. 14. 12). It seems right to some men to walk in the way of "taking a drop," but for many such the drop at the end is sad to think of. No dictionary exists containing words sufficient to express the loss that multitudes meet with through yielding to its blighting power. The great antidote is to be found in the Gospel of Christ. We have apostolic warrant for affirming that it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

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JAMES HAXTON'S TESTIMONY.

I DO not remember when I heard my first Gospel address, but have recollections of listening intently to the faithful preaching of the Gospel by godly men, such as the late Wm. Thomson and others, who preached with power and made serious impressions in my young mind. From my earliest I was taught to revere the Bible as the Word of God, observe the Sabbath, attend Church and Mission on week nights as well as Sabbath. I realise now more than ever what a privilege I had, and thank God not only for Christian parents and for a home where God was worshipped, but to have been under the ministry of such devoted men, when influences form in the mind and life.

I have sacred recollections of sitting at my father's knee, his open Bible, his arm around me, his voice, his finger pointing out portions of Scripture which later proved to me a real sheet anchor in the time of temptation, and it is my personal belief that more is done for God and the extension of His Kingdom by the influence of Christian parents, than by platform preaching. My father, before his Home-call, had been a worker for 34 years in Bethany Hall, Glasgow, a centre well known, and a place which has been signally blessed of God, and I attended there regularly and enjoyed the services. In those days the effect of the testimony was felt in the district, and the Christian workers were indeed true disciples

who spoke openly and fearlessly of the Grace and saving power of God. In the hall I often listened to the testimonies of godly men and women, and how I coveted their experience, but did not yield to Jesus Christ. I also learned that Christianity was a real thing. I could see the joy and inspiration in their lives and the earnest Gospel appeals were not made in vain.

The Spirit of God was striving with me. I was often spoken to personally, but did not yield. I remember being seriously impressed when my father came home one night and told us that one of his fellow-workers, a most devoted and faithful servant of God, had expired at the open-air meeting whilst giving his testimony. In my young heart I felt convicted, felt I too must meet God, realised the sinfulness of sin, and the urge to yield my life to Jesus Christ, but did not do so.

Later on a friend made profession of faith in Christ, and again the arrow of conviction pressed deeper into my heart. The Spirit of God burdened my soul with my need of a Saviour, and a short time later the most important event in my life, namely, conversion took place. It happened thus: On Sabbath, 1st March, 1908, the late Mr. P. T. M'Rostie was giving his closing address in Bethany Hall, prior to his taking up duties at the Tent Hall. He pleaded with the audience (many whom he personally knew had been attending during his superintendence, and still unsaved) to accept Jesus Christ. His earnest appeal was not unheeded, and I felt deeply convicted. Mr. Robert Millar, who was succeeding him, followed with his opening address. I well remember his text: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified" (1 Cor. 2. 2). He magnified the Saviour and the Cross, and quoted:

"Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest Cross! Blest Sepulchre! Blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me."

He then told of a Glasgow carter who had said: "Lord, if ye'll tak' me, I'll jist tak' you." In my heart I responded, and said: "Lord, I will take you." I cast myself, my past, my present, my future, into God's hands. A strange and thrilling experience of saving grace filled my soul. I realised as never before what the love of God was. I was pardoned, justified, saved, a definite experience, and found peace in believing on His Name. I told no one in the hall, but went home and confessed Christ, and immediately started to do service for God. Can I forget that moment in Bethany

on 1st March, 1908? I can still feel the thrill I felt 32 years ago.

An invitation came in 1924 to leave my employment and give myself wholly to God's work, and I spent a few happy years with the late Mrs. Todd Osborne, until her death. My service with this honoured woman was well worth while, as from her I learned in a practical way what prayer meant. Another period with the City Mission, and God's blessing, was a soul refreshing time, and I had the unspeakable joy of leading many to the Saviour. With the Railway Mission I am having the opportunity of getting into contact with many in various parts of Scotland to preach Christ as the only hope for sinners. As I have started to write an account of my conversion, I have been conscious that it has not only been a personal, but a sacred experience, and it is given in the hope that the simple testimony may be helpful to someone. God has graciously kept me these past 32 years, and as we pause at this, another milestone, and recall the miles left behind, we can say it has been a strange and a thrilling experience. Like others, we have gone through deep waters, shallow pools, glens of gloom, and peaks of pleasantness, but always conscious of God's goodness and kindness, and that our life has been controlled by Him. Jesus Christ is a present, personal, living reality, that's why I love the old Sankey hymn:

"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine!
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou!
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now."

* * * * *

The Railway Mission was founded in the year 1881. The Mission is unsectarian and interdenominational, and has been most faithful in proclaiming the Gospel to railwaymen and others. The headquarters are in London, and there are branches all over England as well as abroad. The work in Scotland was commenced in 1885, has its own Scottish Advisory Council, over 30 branches in Scotland, each maintaining a splendid evangelical witness in their districts. Evangelistic meetings and other services, as well as work's meetings, are held, and a good work is being performed by the members. The Mission has a splendid tradition. God has graciously used it, and through its efforts many have been won for the Master who are now witnessing to others. The Mission also publishes its own monthly magazine, *The Railway Signal*, having reports of its activities and clear Gospel articles. This agency has also proved itself to be a great blessing in the extension of God's Kingdom.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN."

THE "PRINCE OF PEACE" was cast out of His own world 1900 years ago. "Wars and rumours of wars" (Matt. 24. 6) have filled the earth ever since, and will continue till He returns, takes the reins of Earth's Government, and "with righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity" (Psa. 98. 9).

Meantime the din and noise of battle must resound, and while it is not our business to enter the strife of party, we cannot but admire a noble deed by whomsoever done; hence we recount the following: A number of Greek irregulars had crossed the Turkish frontier and gone a considerable distance on their dangerous expedition when they were met in one of the rocky parts by a strong body of Turkish soldiers. Some sharp firing took place on either side, and one of the irregulars fell to the ground wounded and apparently dying. Without a moment's hesitation his comrade managed to get him mounted on his back, and with bullets flying on all sides proceeded to carry him out of the range of the deadly fire of the Turkish regulars; but, alas, alas! just as he was almost out of the valley of death with his wounded comrade, he was struck by a bullet from the gun of a Turk, and fell dead beneath his burden.

For his brother soldier even a Greek would dare to die, but far *greater love* was manifested to you on Calvary's rocky hill, for while you were yet an enemy the Lord Jesus not only dared to die, but died for you. "When we were *enemies* we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son" (Rom. 5. 10). Truly His love is greater than the greatest!

Gaze back upon your life, think of your many sins and rebellious acts against a Holy God, remember "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. 5. 23); then stand for a moment in thought before that rugged Cross on Calvary's brow, see that bowed head, that blessed One "dead already" (Mark 15. 44), put your arms into that of the "chief" of sinners (1 Tim. 1. 15) and of the writer, and say, "The Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20), and like the chief of sinners you will be able to declare, "I am not ashamed, for I know

WHOM I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. 1. 12).

When his brother in the army was in danger of perishing, an ordinary Greek was *willing* to save, but was not *able*, being liable to be shot himself; but, oh, glad news for a poor sinner like you, in danger of eternal woe, not an ordinary mortal, but the "Lord of Life and Glory" is both *able* and *willing* to save—willing because He loves you, able because He is exalted a "Prince and a Saviour," to die no more (Heb. 7. 25; Rev. 1. 18). Will you let Him save and keep you evermore? **HYP.**

FEELINGS.

NO man is saved by feelings. Yet many people everywhere, both men and women, are waiting to feel they are saved. A man who is hungry cannot feel he is not hungry unless he eats and appeases his hunger. If a man who is ravenously hungry sits down to a well-spread table he eats, and as he eats his hunger leaves him. He doesn't sit at the table, look at the good things on it, and try to feel he is not hungry. But that is what many do with the salvation of God. They hear about it, look at it, and mourn that they don't feel they have got it. A man who wishes to travel by railway train doesn't sit in the waiting room and allow one train after another to leave for the place he wishes to go to without getting into one of them. If he sat still in the waiting room he would never feel he was in the train, and certainly he would never reach his destination.

Into this world God sent His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. He came to save men. To accomplish this He died for our sins. He finished the work God gave Him to do. He provided salvation for all. He tasted death for every man. The message of the Gospel is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." What could be simpler? Just trust Him. Commit the keeping of yourself to Him. Receive Him by simple faith as your Saviour, and He will keep you in safety. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23).

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"WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE ONE?"

H—V— was born and brought up in Germany. Some years ago he left the "Fatherland" for California, and obtained employment in the city of San Francisco. Possessed of a considerable sum of money, his society was courted by those whose company he ought to have shunned, and through gambling and speculation he soon lost his means. Though taught to respect and reverence God's Word, the Bible was laid aside, and for ten years was left unread. During this time he was most unhappy. His life was one long attempt to escape thinking of God, judgment, and eternity. In this he partially succeeded, but only so long as he was in the company of others. Right well did he know that he was sinning against light and love; and deep down in his soul he believed that, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." To prevent the recurrence of such unwelcome thoughts, "I often," to use his own words, "stayed up late at night and on to the hours of morning with other fellows gambling, just to get out of my room; for no sooner did I go to my room than my conscience would accuse me."

Is this so with the reader? Are you attempting to get away from God? Do you shrink from being alone? Have you been living heedless of your best interests, allowing your mind and heart to be *absorbed* with the pleasures, amusements, business, or cares of this life? If so, remember that there is a day of reckoning at hand. "God hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained" (Acts 17. 31). Forgetting or banishing the thought of this cannot alter or affect the fact.

A well-known and gifted evangelist was conducting services in a large building in San Francisco. V— thought he would like to hear him, and accordingly attended several of the meetings. One evening, through curiosity more than anything else, he went into the inquiry-room and was spoken to by a lady, who asked him if he were a Christian. "I don't think so," was the reply. "Would you like to be one?" "I would not mind," was the answer given. The lady thereupon read a portion of Scripture, prayed, and asked him to do the same, and he left under the impression that he was a child of God. But, alas! like many others, Satan had deceived him with a *spurious conversion*.

He had "prayed" for salvation, and imagined that he had obtained it through his praying. He "felt happy" now—much happier

than he had formerly been. But his "happiness" was obtained through believing a lie—through believing that his sins were forgiven when they were not.

In the month of December, 1889, whilst walking along one of the leading streets of the city, he saw a crowd of people listening to an evangelist who was telling out the "old, old story" of Calvary's Cross. He listened for a while, and then with others went to a hall in an adjoining street. V— thought that the preaching was pointed and rather personal. He imagined that the preacher had singled him out, and he went home in a miserable condition. Could it be possible that after all he was not a Christian? The evangelist had dwelt on the necessity of regeneration, and had emphasised the fact that there are but two classes in God's sight—saved and unsaved, justified and condemned. Where did he stand? What was He? To which class did he belong?

Reference had been made in the course of the address to the fact that on the broad road there was a clean and dirty footpath, and that many were travelling religiously and respectably to Hell on its clean side. Was he? He was afraid of it, but was too proud to own it. On the Monday night, with large Bible in hand, he was back at the hall. He was even more wretched than on the previous evening. On Tuesday night he saw himself to be a lost, guilty sinner, under the wrath of a holy God. He hurried to his home, and, sitting reading, for the first time in his life's history, he perceived that the Lord Jesus, by bearing the punishment due to him, had done everything that was necessary for his soul's deliverance. When he learned what Christ's death had accomplished, he fell on his knees and thanked God for giving Christ to die with his fiery darts. "Are you really born again?" "Are you sure you have got the right kind of faith?" were the arrows shot. Satan, however, was defeated. V— rested his weary, sin-burdened soul, not on what *he* had done or felt, but on the finished work of Christ, his assurance of salvation depending not on the testimony of a fallible creature, but upon the Word of the living God. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar: because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son" (1 John 5. 10, 11). Accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Lord.

A.M.

The MONTHLY EVANGEL

A Gospel Paper containing Foundation Truths

No. 550

Entered at Stationers' Hall

April, 1940

"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.

Dr. KENNETH A. MACKAY, M.D.

OUR Lord sent forth His first ministers two and two, saying to them, "Eat such things as are set before you, heal the sick, and say unto them, The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." There are few to-day who can do all three things. That is because specialisation is come to such a pitch, suggests Dr. F. W. Boreham. "For awhile each of the twain sent forth preached, and each of the twain healed. Then they agreed to specialise. 'I will devote all my time and energy to the art of preaching,' said the one. 'And I will consecrate all my power and skill to the science of healing,' replied the other. The Church has perpetuated her ancient gift of

healing by creating the medical profession as we now know it. As in the beginning, out of the side of man God took the woman, and these two made a perfect pair; so, in the later days, out of the side of the minister He took the doctor, and these two also made a perfect pair."

"Well said!" says the minister; doctors may not like it so much. Specialisation, if it means doing one thing well rather than two or more indifferently, has its manifest advantages. Still it is a great matter if *one man* can both heal and preach, minister to an ailing body and to a plague-ridden soul, as did the "beloved physician," and how much more our Lord and Saviour. What a pharmacopœia

Luke left us in the two books he wrote! The melody of joy and health sounds out from every chapter. The leaves of these volumes are for the healing of the nations. Our Lord "went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil"—a foe to sin and sickness. There are "physicians of no value." The woman in Mark 5. 26 could tell us of doctors whose cures are costly and do more harm than good. There are physicians too who heal the hurt slightly, spreading a salve on the wound, when the case calls for surgery. But God be praised for every Christian doctor. The first thing in Christ's charge to His ministers, "Eat such things as are set before you," is important. The disciples, like the Master, is often known in the breaking of bread.

Fourteen years ago Dr. Kenneth A. MacKay, a newly qualified medical man, and a freshly ordained preacher went out to the Free Church of Scotland's mission field in Moyobamba. He went forth, taking with him—in Bunyan's phrase—"a good knowledge of the laws of his King, courage to speak truth on every occasion, a tongue as bravely hung as he had a heart filled with judgment." He had also a keen sense of humour, and a practical and unforgettable experience of the Saviour's love and power to save. All these things were needed, for the task confronting him was sufficiently great. He had to build and equip, in the main, a church and an hospital; acquire a Peruvian medical degree, learn the language, and understand the ways of the people, and wear down their prejudices. The Roman hierarchy was bitterly hostile, and the people distrustful and afraid. Before long, however, patients began to come to him. "A heretic! But he looks very nice, he is so kind, and he is a tremendously clever doctor." Near the end of 1926, he wrote: "As yet no death in the hospital. When I think how much a good start means, and how helpless I have been in many cases, I can put that down, with many other things, as being part of God's plan for His work in Moyobamba. Saturday was Christmas day, and in the R.C. Church there was an all night noise with drums and shouting. During the day there were endless processions, and the voice of the priest came booming over the plaza, as he thundered against the heretics. The *heretics* listened over their cup of afternoon tea on the balcony; then carried on treating *his* flock."

The people of that part of Peru are subject to an unsightly skin disease, which can have very dreadful after effects. They call it "cuchi-pe"—South American yaws. Dr. MacKay gained his M.D. degree "with distinction" for

a thesis on it. His success in treating this trouble became widely known, and procured him an open door for the Gospel throughout all the vast district of the Huallaga. "Ah, Senor Doctor," said a grateful patient, who had travelled from afar, "when will you visit our villages in the Huallaga? Everybody would come to listen to your religion and to ask for your books. Also there is much *cuchi-pe*." It was difficult for Dr. MacKay to get away from Moyobamba, for in addition to his medical work, he was conducting services every Lord's Day to a steadily growing flock, holding prayer meetings weekly, and teaching a Bible Class.

In time, however, he secured the assistance of two very fervent Peruvian evangelists—lads of his own teaching—for the church services, a couple of fine nurses for the hospital, a splendid Scottish lassie from the North Highlands as his wife, and things were made so much easier. Then one day, having obtained two months' leave, he set out, with wife and little children, one Peruvian evangelist, all needful medical things, and a great heap of Bibles and Testaments—to *the Huallaga with the Gospel*. It's a thrilling story the way he tells it. I wish I had space for more than one or two extracts from his journal. In Agua Blanca: "Morning and afternoon came the village folk for treatment, the yaws cases in the great majority; and on the evening in the dark we crossed the river to the school. There in the barn-like gloom of the building, open at the sides to the night wind, with a flickering lantern to light the book, and the audience lost in the blackness beyond its feeble rays, the Gospel was set before them and heard with perfect attention. All the New Testaments and Bibles available were bought up." In Pachisa: "The room provided was far too small, so the 'high heid yins' decided we must pass to the village church. There was no resident priest, and both provost and governor invited us to make use of the church, 'which belongs to the people and is offered you by the will of the people.' There in the dim vastness of the church, with grotesque images of painted wood leaning unsteadily from their pedestals, the Gospel was preached from high up on the steps to the altar night after night. In no place had we such enthusiastic audiences."

Dr. MacKay has had for family reasons, to leave the work in Moyobamba for a while, and at present is in Glasgow. But his heart is in the town high up in the Andes, and he is looking forward to the day when he may go again and visit his brethren in the Huallaga.

"THE LOVE OF MONEY."

ONE of the Apostle Paul's statements is that "The love of money is the root of all evil" (1 Tim. 6. 10), that is, of all the evils mentioned in the context. It makes men to fall into temptation: it leads to many foolish and hurtful lusts: it drowns men in perdition: it draws believers into error, and away from the simplicity of the faith: and it pierces its votaries with many sorrows. These are the evils named in the context that spring from the love of money, but it is a root that is widely and deeply planted nevertheless. It has taken a firm hold of the human heart everywhere, and its branches throw themselves across all the plans and purposes of many a life. Yet there is the greatest certainty that no man will carry any wealth out of this world with him when he takes his departure from it. For travellers through this world it is useful, but it is of no use in the world beyond. Hence money, though made in piles, must all be left behind.

But money in itself is not an evil, though the love of it is. It may be used for the accomplishment of much good.

The Bible tells us of men who were rich in this world's goods, and who were also rich in faith and in good works. And there are such men still; but many are full of this world's wealth and fatness who are not rich towards God. At striking a bargain they are as keen as the east wind, and as wealth grows upon them they bedeck the walls of their homes with the treasures of art, and pamper their bodies with all the luxuries that opulence places within their reach, but their souls are starved.

A minister of the Gospel says: "If I were called upon to point out the most alarming sins to-day, those which are most deceitful in their influence and most soul-destroying in their immediate effects, I would not mention drunkenness, with all its fearful havoc; nor gambling, with its crazed victims; nor harlotry, with its hellish orgies; but the love of money on the part of men, and the love of display on the part of women. While open vice sends its thousands, these fashionable and favoured indulgences send their ten thousands to perdition. They sear the conscience, encrust the soul with an

impenetrable worldliness, debauch the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make man or woman the worshipper of self. While doing all this, the poor victim is allowed by public opinion to think himself or herself a Christian; while the drunkard, the gambler, or the prostitute is not deceived by such a thought for a moment."

FREE PARDON.

"HOW shall I know I am pardoned?" Just by believing God's Word; and observe this, if you really confess your sins before God, and plead the Name of Jesus for your pardon, and do not believe that God pardons you, you make God a liar, as is testified" (1 John 5. 10).

"But I want to feel that I am pardoned." "And so you will the moment you believe God's Word. Feeling is produced by faith, not faith by feeling."

"But I feel it hard to believe this in reference to myself." "Very probably, but if so, realise it as your sin, for unbelief is a sin; confess this also before God, and ask for the Holy Spirit to work faith in you, and to increase your faith, until you are filled with all joy and peace in believing. You must look away from yourself entirely, and pay as little attention to yourself as possible, and only and altogether to Jesus, who says, "Look unto Me and be ye saved." Remember, it is not what you do, but what Jesus has done: it is not what you feel, but what Jesus has suffered that procures your pardon, and all you have to do is to credit God's Word, put your trust in the finished work of Christ, confess your sins before God, and you are pardoned instantly and for ever. This is the Gospel: that on account of what Jesus has done and suffered, God offers a full, free, and everlasting pardon to every sinner to whom His message of mercy comes; and every one, be he who he will, or what he will, is pardoned the moment he accepts it and places his confidence in Christ alone; so that if you renounce everything of your own, and venture on Christ alone, God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you, and whether you realise it or no, you are justified from all things.

JAMES SMITH.

MESSAGES FOR MEN OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES

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THE MUSINGS OF AN UNCONVERTED MAN.

SOMETIMES I think I am not a bad sort of a fellow. At other times I think I am a poor enough lot, but I don't know why I should have such a low view of myself. I pay my debts and live honestly, and I have a regard for religion, especially for the right thing. But I am often very unhappy. A deep sense of dissatisfaction gets hold of me and I am tempted to wish I had never been born. Three nights ago I was at a dance—a swell affair. The girls were very nice, and the music was A1. There were no cranks, and everything was tip-top, but I didn't like it a bit. I mean it didn't satisfy me. It seemed a mere empty vain display. I was glad to slip into the smoke-room, though I don't smoke, just to be away from the giddy whirl. Why can't I enjoy life like other people, or is it that other people are just the same as myself? That may be it. Quite likely it is, for I heard a preacher not long ago preaching that the hearts of all men are alike. I wish I knew where peace of heart can be got. "Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin." I have heard that sung in the Church, but I think it must be mere sentiment, because I never seem to meet with anybody that has got this perfect peace.

I used to be a bit wilder than I am now, but I don't feel any happier. Profane language seems vulgar, and I have given up indulging in it. I have even got the length of saying to others that they should give it up. Some have given me queer looks, and others have asked if I am turning a saint. But I must be a long way from saintship, else I would not feel so awfully miserable as I sometimes do.

Some of my friends are agnostics, and they seem quite at ease. But I have sometimes my doubts about their contentedness of mind. They maintain that nobody can know anything about what happens to an individual when this life is over, but I am not sure that their assertions are well founded. When I am hungry nature cries out for something to satisfy the hunger, and I think that this hunger of soul that I suffer from must find satisfaction somewhere on this side of the grave as a preparation for the great beyond. It is all very well to say that it is for every man to do his duty and rest there. I endeavour to do my duty. I pay my way. I can look every man in the face. I have no ill-will to any one, and when needful cases come under my notice I try to do good by stealth. These things, the discharging of them, bring

me a measure of satisfaction, but there is something awanting. How do I know? Because I feel it. You may as well ask me how I know when I'm hungry.

My cousin Bill was a wild fellow. He writes me that he has been "converted," whatever that means. I heard through another source before he wrote me that he had become awfully good, but I don't want to belong to the set that can't laugh. The idea of being awfully good frightens me. But Bill doesn't say that; he just says, "I've been converted, old chap." The fact is that that's all the length I've got with his letter. It's really too bad. I must see what he says. Maybe he has got this perfect peace that they sing about in the Church. His letter just came in when I was going off to the dance, and I laid it aside till a more suitable season. Here it is. What does he say? "Dear Jim, I've got news for you; but probably you have heard the news already. Well, even though you have, I would like to tell you myself. I've been converted, old chap. I am sure you are surprised. This wonderful turn-about happened two weeks ago, and I have been a new man every day since. I feel some days as if I were walking on air; I am so happy, and I have got a peace I never knew before," etc.

Well, I declare! that's the very thing I'm looking for, and to think that a rum old fellow like Bill should drop into it so easy perplexes me. Why, the last time I saw him at the races he made me laugh till I was like to split my sides with his fun. But he's converted! That means he is a convert. Will he make his old chums laugh now, or will he wear a long, sanctimonious face and never smile? Well, to be downright honest, I would be quite willing to wear a long face and look serious if I had a peace I never knew before. But what am I dreaming about! Bill cannot have a long, sanctimonious face if he feels like a man walking on air. A man walking on a tight rope might look serious, but not a man who feels so happy as Bill says he does.

Let me see! How does the letter finish up: "Be sure to read John 3. 16, and God bless you" That finish-up makes me feel queer. John 3. 16! Well, I must look that up. But the idea of Bill saying, "God bless you." Good old Bill! I must look up John 3. 16.

"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).

Surely this is good news for all!

The MONTHLY EVANGEL

A Gospel Paper containing Foundation Truths

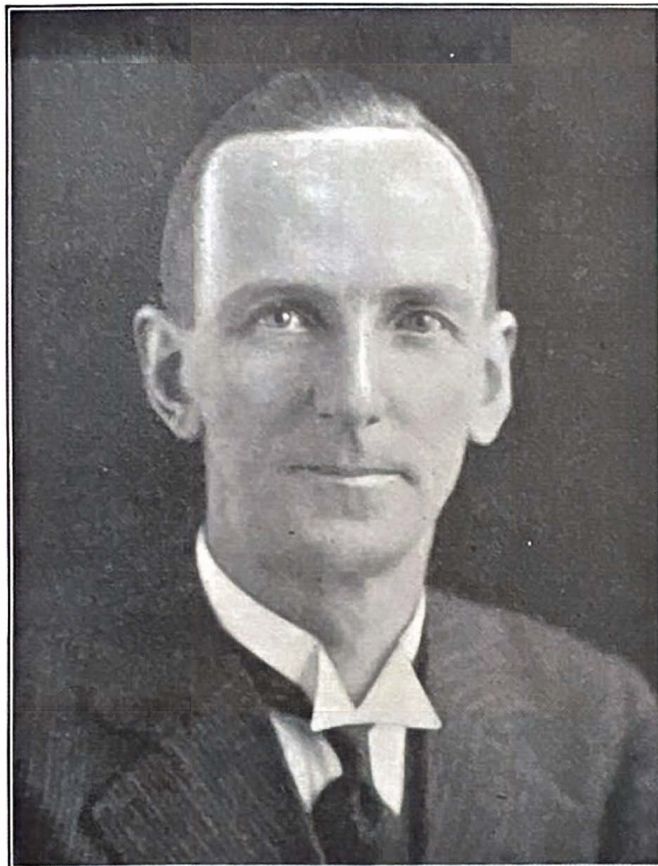
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"I know
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2 Timothy 1. 12.



"I am not
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believeth."

Romans 1. 16.

Mr. D. MACNEILL, of Anniesland Hall.

IT is with some hesitation that I have responded to the request to recount something of my personal experiences of the Grace of God. Having been born and bred in the "Highlands," there is a natural shrinking from publicity of this kind so far as "sacred things" are concerned, but at the same time I face the task with the sincere hope that my humble testimony may be of help to someone—for His Name's sake.

Like many others who have contributed to this page, I can refer to

The Days of My Childhood

with gratitude, in that I was brought up in a good Christian home. I owe much to my

parents who obeyed the injunction of Prov. 22. 6, and who faithfully endeavoured to train their family of eight, myself the second youngest, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Family worship was regularly observed, and public worship, except for illness, found the *whole* household sitting in the family pew. Moreover, a strict eye was kept on our Sunday reading, and in this connection I gratefully acknowledge the help of my eldest sister, who, when at home, used to read to us younger folks, and when away, kept us supplied with eagerly-looked-for booklets issued by the Religious Tract Society. How we greatly enjoyed "Teddy's Button," "Christie's Old Organ," "Little Faith," etc.,

stories which, even to-day, prove a real blessing to old as well as young. Two larger books also made a deep impression on my young mind: "The Pilgrim's Progress," and a missionary story entitled "The White Bear's Den."

I can remember, too, when the minister, in the course of his round, came to our house to "catechise" his young flock. We all had to be "in," and every one ready to repeat a Psalm or portion of Scripture—there were sighs of great relief when it was all over, but I now believe it was well worth while.

Outside my own home, other influences for good were also felt, and left their mark. I think of two dear saints (husband and wife), who conducted a well-attended Children's Service every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Eternity, I'm sure, will reveal the great good that was accomplished for the Saviour whom they so lovingly brought before us. Again, I was favoured in having a godly Sunday School Superintendent, whose pleadings, though they often made me very *uncomfortable*, made me *think*, as did the faithful unfolding of the truth by Sunday School teachers, two of them in particular.

When I was between eleven and twelve years of age, I faced

My First Real Spiritual Crisis.

A special mission was conducted in the local Baptist Church by a Mr. Marshall, evangelist, long since "departed." Many flocked to hear him from all denominations, and I attended with my father and mother who belonged to the Free Church of Scotland. I cannot remember any of the texts or sermons, but I certainly know that even at the above age I was strongly convicted of sin, and very conscious of my need of Jesus as my own personal Saviour. One night I waited behind, and with one or two others about my own age, and also older folks, knelt in prayer and professed acceptance of the Salvation so freely offered in the Gospel. I was indeed very happy, and His Presence so real, that sometimes I would slip into a wood near home, select a special spot, and kneeling there in prayer hope, in my boyish eagerness, for a visible sight of Jesus. Young converts, however, need to be carefully shepherded and encouraged, but I blame no one other than myself—I fell away, and by and by became a very unhappy backslider.

At the age of seventeen

I Decided to Leave Home

to get on a bit in the world! Having received permission, and also sound Christian advice

from my parents, I left Lochgilphead for Glasgow, full of high hopes, etc. Two years later the Great War broke out, and in November, 1914, I joined up. During 4 years' service, I often felt I was carrying a "burden" far heavier than the weighty army pack. Alas, I was still "in the far country" spiritually, proving indeed that "the way of transgressors is hard."

After the Armistice I returned to Glasgow for a year or two, then proceeded to Aberdeen. One memorable Sunday in the winter of 1923 I listened to an impressive sermon on John 1. 29: "Behold, the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Although I soon forgot the sermon, the words of the text kept ringing in my ears, while my burden seemed greatly to increase. This continued for several days, making me of all men most miserable. At last, in the privacy of my own room, I realised as never before the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," and by the Grace of God turned from it, in loathing, to the Saviour. Immediately, I knelt in surrender I knew that

Something Wonderful Happened.

Yes, the burden rolled away; I was a free man, and Christ's man, without a doubt. Mere words can never express the heavenly peace that flooded my soul, and the strong desire I had to tell everybody. Whatever may or may not have happened as a boy, I knew now that I was "born again" by the Spirit of God, a new man in Christ Jesus.

I soon found myself actively engaged in Christian service, and for a number of years joyfully laboured in the east end of Aberdeen. Moreover, I married a wife who has been a helpmate in the truest sense.

After a while, by mutual agreement, resulting from much prayer, and also through the reading of Hudson Taylor's book, "The Growth of a Soul," I resigned from business to undertake a 2 years' course of study in the Bible Training Institute. There, under the able teaching of saintly Dr. McIntyre and Mr. Arthur, also other notable men of God, I earnestly sought preparation for full time service. In the month of April, 1934, I was asked to assist the late beloved Pastor of Anniesland Hall—Malcolm Ferguson—whose memory will ever be green to the friends who sat under his ministry.

Continuing to serve the Lord, my heart is full of gratitude for all that He has proved of His saving and enabling Grace.

"He is not a disappointment.
Jesus is far more to me,
Than in all my glowing day dreams,
I had fancied He could be."

HARDENED.

THE Gospel doesn't harden men. Never does! Cannot do! But sin does. Men are "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin" (Heb. 3. 13).

It is well not to confuse things that differ, and make them appear all as one. If blame is to be laid down anywhere, let us see to it that the blame is not delivered at the wrong door. It does not say anywhere within the compass of the Scripture that the story of God's love, or the telling of it, of how He gave His Son to die for poor sinners, hardened men's hearts. Not anywhere is this said.

Some men grow harder under the preaching of the Gospel. This is true. But that is not the fault of the Gospel. The fault is in the man. He prefers sin to salvation. He is sin-hardened, not Gospel-hardened. He wills to reject offered grace. He wills not to come to Christ that he might have life (John 5. 40).

When the sower went out to sow some seed fell by the wayside. It fell on hard ground. It wasn't the seed that hardened the ground. It was the traffic across the ground that had hardened it. And when the Gospel is preached it often falls on hard hearts, on hearts that have been hardened by the ceaseless tramp and traffic of sin. If the seed of the sower could have found any entrance into the ground, it would soon have made a way for itself, and yielded a harvest. But there was no opening for it, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it. And if the Gospel could find an entrance, what a change would it work! But men often hear it as if they heard it not. Their thoughts are elsewhere.

But the seed, even if it had been left, might have found a corner for itself somewhere, but this was prevented, for the fowls came and devoured it. And if the Gospel could even find a place in the memory, there would be some hope of its finding an entrance into the heart's affections; but the Devil stands in dread of this, and so, when the Word is preached to men whose hearts are hardened with the traffic of sin, "then cometh the Devil, and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved" (Luke 8. 12).

This is the root of the matter. This is why men remain in a hard and callous state. Sin reigns. The whole manhood is given over to its power. The windows of the soul are darkened. The conscience is defiled. The judgment is biased. The will is weakened. The heart is hardened. Pitiably is such a state! Enough to make angels weep! But, oh! do not let us blame the Gospel, as if it had any hand in this. The Gospel, if received in the love of it, softens the heart, strengthens the will, balances the judgment, purges the conscience, enlightens the soul. Blessed be God for the Gospel of His grace.

The Gospel, if rejected, gives sin renewed opportunities of doing its deadly work, and it takes full advantage of them. Its petrifying processes go on and on, and under its operations men sink deeper and still deeper into a moral perdition here, on their way to a deeper perdition hereafter. Sin hardens, yes, sin hardens. It, and it alone.

AN UNDESIRE COMPLIMENT.

A GENTLEMAN who, in a quiet way, made a profession of being a Christian, but who was too timid, either from lack of courage or for fear of giving offence, to speak out, was one day addressed by a gentleman of his acquaintance, who said to him, "You are the right kind of Christian. You don't bother us about our souls." This was intended as a compliment, but the gentleman who was addressed felt it rather to be a rebuke, for from that time and on his lips were opened to press upon others the need of salvation, and to seek to be a winner of souls.

There is no doubt at all but that there is a time to speak and a time to be silent in seeking the salvation of men. Sometimes it would be folly to speak, and at other times it would be very wrong to be silent, but wisdom is profitable to direct. Silence is sometimes a virtue, at other times speech is golden, for "a word spoken in due season, how good it is!"

It is a matter for regret that the "one thing needful" is rarely mentioned in many circles of life, and yet if death should seem to draw near, what desire there often is to hear the old, old story of Jesus and His love!

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"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?"

A POOR Irish youth, born in the neighbourhood of Queenstown, was threatened with consumption and early death if he remained on Irish soil. Medical authorities told him that his only chance of life was to emigrate at once to South Africa. He did so, and to his great delight health rapidly returned. For "an old song" he became the lucky possessor of a "worked-out" (so the original proprietors thought) "diamond claim." At first it only yielded a bare living, but later, to his intense astonishment and joy, it made him a millionaire. Alas, that was all! It ministered to his greed of gain, and provided the things seen and temporal. The spiritual part of the young diamond miner wasn't a penny the richer. Indeed the earth became much more precious to him now, seeing that he was bound to it by so many chains of diamonds and gold. His wealth went on increasing; no need now to work; money made money. His health had greatly improved, and he thought he could visit, and possibly live in, the dear old country. He parted with his diamond claim for a very large sum, and sailed for Ireland. There he took his ease—eating, drinking, and making merry—and visited and entertained his friends by turns. He bought a yacht—there were no motors then, or he'd have had one—and cruised around. No thought of Christ nor God, no manifested gratitude to God for either health or wealth. He lived as if his own right hand had got him possession, and as if he'd never die; absolutely forgetful that God was the over Lord of this planet, and that gold, silver, and diamonds are His. What fools some men are who get wealth! They use it as if it was their own to do what they liked with, oblivious of the fact that the earth and its fulness is God's property, and ever shall be, and that they as stewards will one day be reckoned with as to what they did with His goods. Final accounts are not squared when men strike their yearly financial balance. This rich youth got tired cruising round in his yacht. Doing nothing is a wretched business. Making money and keeping it is about as wretched a business. What did Jay Gould, one of America's millionaires, say to a friend shortly before he died? "I'm the most miserable devil on earth." Yet he owned at least £16,000,000. Ah, my reader, riches will never make you truly happy. If you are looking to the working for, making, or amassing of money as your El Dorado, your *summum bonum*, you will be woefully dis-

appointed. Let me tell you a sterling fact, viz.: If you are living simply to get money to supply the necessaries of life—if that is all—if you've no other ambition in life, then there's nothing hopeful ahead.

"What shall it profit a man though he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Infinitely beyond the socialist's or the Anarchist's wildest dreams of vengeance will be the disastrous lot of the man who tries to gain as much of the world as possible, and yet loses his soul in the effort. Read this word: "Go to now, ye rich, weep and howl for your miseries that are coming upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and your silver are rusted; and their rust shall be for a testimony against you, and shall eat your flesh as fire" (James 5. 1-3).

Our diamond millionaire got tired of his round of luxurious gaiety, and began to look out for fresh fields to conquer. He bought a silver mine in British Columbia, and went out there, accompanied by a doctor and a large gang of miners. He lived in a roomy, wooden shanty over the mine, and fed on preserved meats of various kinds. The climate proved too rigorous for him, and his old malady began to make its appearance. He bore up bravely for a while, but being terribly anxious to get as much out of the mine as possible, he simply played into the hands of his deadly enemy that, with eager clutch, was feeling for his vitals. If he had struck camp and gone off to South Africa he might have beaten back his foe a second time, but he lingered on. Fresh victuals could not be had in the near neighbourhood, and the tinned meats were more than he could stomach in his now exhausted condition. The doctor was sent off on a three days' journey to get a cow for its milk, and other more suitable food, but before he returned the poor man had died of actual starvation on a bed of leaves above his silver mine. The ridiculousness of it—a millionaire dying of starvation! He lost his one precious life, and almost to a dead certainty he lost his soul, salvation, heaven, and eternal glory. Reader, be wise. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6. 33). Let Christ be first. He is first—always first. He says: "I am the first and the last." A share in the "unsearchable riches of Christ" may be yours. Make sure of an interest in "the riches of His grace." "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee" (Job 22. 21). W.T.

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No. 552

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

2 Timothy 1. 12.



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

Romans 1. 16.

JOHN MARSHALL,

OF GEORGE LYON MEMORIAL HALL,
CAMLACHIE CARTERS' MISSION.

THERE came a sense of great loss when it became known, on March 22nd, 1940, that John Marshall had passed in to see the King.

To those who knew him intimately he was affectionately known as "Johnnie," and even to little children he gladly acknowledged the familiarity. In many respects he was a "character"—always in his glory when he was preaching to, or doing something for poor people.

For over fifty years he laboured in the Camlachie district of Glasgow, and during that time saw many changes in the place and its in-

habitants. Some of us can remember the happy days we spent under his leadership, and we will always carry with us the beautiful memory of a simple life lived for the Glory of God amongst working class people.

Johnnie was brought to the Saviour when a comparatively young man, and we never tired listening to his testimony, though we knew every word that he was about to say. Here is part of it:

"In the fore-end o' an auld lorry, just as a cam' up tae Glessford Street an' the bobbie put up his haun' tae stop me, a passed frae death intae life."

From the hour of his conversion he was on the altar for God. All his spare time and much

of his means were set apart for the Gospel work of the district, and his home for many years was a veritable running "buffet" for the benefit of those who were his co-workers. In this connection, we remember with pride his very devoted wife and daughters and the cheerful hospitality they constantly manifested.

Johnnie was much in demand in the humble homes of this district for he had the happy knack of saying the right thing in their own language, and to many of these families he brought the light of the Gospel in all its simplicity.

Many of the older folks made him promise, that, if he survived them, he would take their funeral service, and in this way he got many a call to a sick bed or when any trouble threatened the household. He was of a kindly, sympathetic nature, easy to approach, and willing to go any length to make it easy for others.

It was by no means uncommon to see the tears flowing down his cheeks as he ministered a wee word in the morning meeting when the love of Christ and thoughts of Gethsemane and Calvary overpowered him and simply let loose his emotion. His love for this meeting was always a concern, and demanded his presence even in later years, when the condition of his health might have constrained him to remain indoors; he felt he must be there.

He was specially fond of the children, and was in his element on their Annual Social evening, when the hall was packed to the door. These events were addressed alternately for many years by Mr. Henry Pickering and Mr. Wm. Inglis, and the influence of their addresses live with many of us to-day as a glorious urge to children effort.

He was a great lover, too, of open-air work. For many years back-court meetings were held in the district every Lord's day afternoon, and it is a happy memory indeed to recall the cheery and optimistic manner in which he led these services. His personality commanded a hearing, and in every back-court the windows were thrown wide open and a ready ear given to the Gospel testimony. Only the "Day" will reveal the fruit of this earnest and joyful endeavour.

For many years, too, there were weeks of open-air effort during the Fair Holidays, the object being to catch the multitudes that flocked to the show-ground at Vinegarhill. The writer can remember seeing men and women kneeling in the streets and accepting Christ as Saviour and Lord, as a result of these campaigns, and our beloved brother "Johnnie" was in the heart of it all the time, even up to

a late hour during the summer evenings. A breath of revival came with these happy days and a warm-hearted zeal accompanied them which would be for our eternal good could we recapture the spirit of them and set our souls afresh on fire for God.

In later years the hall in Holywell Street, Camlachie, was showing signs of rapid decay, and as a result of the scheme houses taking many of the Mission members further afield, the building was in some respects too big.

Johnnie laboured hard, as did all his workers, to get a new hall, and it was a crowning joy to him to have lived to see this new building opened and dedicated to carry on the fine Gospel testimony of so many years.

"God buries His workers but carries on His work," and we earnestly pray that this place, so dear to the heart of John Marshall, will continue to command the blessing of Almighty God.

It is gratifying indeed that the publishers have agreed that this article should have a place in the *Evangel*, not only because they recognise the great work that our brother has been enabled to do, but also because very many friends in other lands will welcome this simple tribute to a man greatly beloved by all who knew him.

"E'en for the dead
I will not bind myself to grief,
As though death can divide,
For is it not as though the rose
That climbed my garden wall
Is blooming on the other side?
Death doth hide—
But cannot divide.
Thou art but on the other side,
Thou art with Christ,
And Christ with me—
In Christ united still are we." G.I.S.

GOSPEL WORDS.

AND as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. 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. For God sent not His Son into the World to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil" (John 3. 1-19)

SUPPOSE!

SUPPOSE, as you say, that nature does all, and that there is no God, no Maker of Heaven and earth, no Preserver and Upholder of all things, no intelligent Omnipotent Power behind all that we see, no governing mind controlling sun, moon, and stars, no sentient Being directing the motions of the earth on which we live, and acting among the affairs of men, then, pray, tell us what nature is.

Does nature build ships, or locomotives, or houses? It does not. Men with mind do. The draughtsman, the engineer, and the architect use their brains, the tradesmen use their hands, and ships, locomotives, and houses appear. Does nature make clothes, or boots, or does it bake bread? It does not. But men who have had their intelligence educated in the knowledge of these various handicrafts produce them.

Suppose, as you say, that nature does all, and that behind all we see there is no one who gives symmetry to the lily and colour to the rose, where did nature draw its knowledge of art from? Nature does not fill the canvas, but mind and hand combine to produce the works of art that are often sold at fabulous prices.

Suppose, as you say, that Christianity and all its doctrines are a myth, that the story of Christ is a fable, that the Bible is a man-made book, made by priests to frighten people, that there is no Judgment Day and no future life, and that all must die like a dog and be snuffed out like a candle. Suppose all this—what then? Who is a penny the better of such beliefs?

But suppose it is true that there is a God who made the heavens and the earth, the sea and all that is therein, and that He is entitled to rule and govern in the domain of mind and morals, and that He holds all men accountable for their actions, and that He will judge all men, and that Christ is His gift offered to sinful men to save them from the due reward of their deeds, and that those who reject Christ are sealing their own doom, and that at the day of judgment He will manifest the righteousness of His dealings with men. Suppose all this, where will the ungodly and the sinner appear?

You may deny the Being of God, and laugh at the Gospel, and neglect the great salvation, but a life built on unbelief is an empty unsatisfying, God-dishonouring life, and ends in darkness and despair. Jesus says, "If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins" (John 8. 24).

God is longsuffering, not willing that any should perish. How longsuffering no one can say. Just think how long He has suffered with you! He has borne with you notwithstanding your unbelief and pride of heart, and derision of sacred things, and non-acceptance of His precious gift. "What wilt thou say when He shall punish thee?" (Jer. 13. 21) if you go on in your sins. He might have punished thee. He hasn't. Why? Because He is longsuffering.

But suppose you die as you are, what hope will there be for you when dying? Here is a word of appeal: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon" (Isa. 55. 7). Suppose you turn to the Lord now, and why shouldn't you? "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

WE SHALL SEE HIM.

WE shall see Him, we shall see Him,
See the Christ once crucified;
See the Lamb enthroned in glory,
Worshipped, lauded, magnified.
We shall see Him; O what rapture!
As we look upon His face,
Who, when we were lost and ruined,
Saved us in His matchless grace.
We shall see Him and be like Him—
Yes, we shall His likeness bear,
And, as co-heirs of the Father,
His eternal glory share.
We shall see Him, and will love Him,
As we never loved Him here,
For as then we know more fully
He will be to us more dear.

E. P. H. KING.

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THE HEART OR ENVIRONMENT?

SOME people speak as if *environment* were wholly to blame for the existence of vice and crime. "Slums," they say, "with their impure air, wretched houses, insanitary conditions, congested population, and other social defects, are the cause of vice and crime." Is this true?

Did Adam live where the air was impure? where the dwellings were wretched? where the conditions were insanitary? where the population was congested? Did he? Was the first man hemmed in through the rapacity of landlords? Was he denied the fresh country air? Was he debarred from a comfortable living? Was he? Yet Adam by transgression fell!

Jesus says: "*Out of the heart* proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, false witness, blasphemies" (Matt. 15. 19). In the light, therefore, of His Word, it will never do to blame environment for being the cause of sin and vice. Certainly it is easier to do well in some surroundings than in others, but the unconverted heart is the Devil's workshop, and the surroundings are either Heaven or Hell according as the man in his heart is. If slum-dwellers were converted and changed by the grace of God, the surroundings would partake of the change. Moral and spiritual renewal of heart and life would renew the surroundings, even if it couldn't enlarge them. Brooms and soap, and whitewash and elbow grease, when added to salvation, have a wonderful transforming power.

But does vice only flourish in the slums? Who will dare to say it does? Manasseh didn't live in the slums. He lived in a palace, with every necessity and luxury at his command, yet he was "worse than the heathen whom the Lord had destroyed."

The straitened condition of many poor people and their limited accommodation are matters for deepest regret; but though the world's treasures were by law divided into equal portions to-morrow, and earth's acres as well, the source of all evil would remain untouched, for "the heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked." The regeneration of society and the removal of vice can only be brought about by men and women being individually saved, and the grace of God can free men from vice and from leanings to crime, however insanitary and uninviting their surroundings may be. The Church of God is not the election of environment, but "the election of grace." A man may live in a small house and yet be a partaker

of "the great salvation." The writer of this article has lived in a one-apartment house, for which he paid the rent of one shilling per week; but the crook in his lot was not that he had such limited accommodation—the crook in his lot was that his heart was not right with God. Roomier houses that he has lived in since have not made him a different man; the grace of God alone is accountable for that. By all means, if it be possible, let there be larger houses, and a more helpful environment; but the primary and most urgent need is a change of heart, for "except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 5).

The surroundings of Manasseh in the prison in Babylon, and of Jonah in the belly of the whale, were not the highest sanitary order; yet amid these surroundings these men were saved from their sin and self-will and made partakers of divine deliverance (2 Chron. 33. 13; Jonah 2. 9).

PLOUGHING UPON ROCK.

"*SHALL horses run upon the rock? Will one plough there with oxen?*" (Amos 6. 12).

Surely not! It would be a perfect waste of time and labour to plough upon rock, and a waste of the ploughshare as well; and in seeking the conversion of some men the effort seems like ploughing the rock. The ploughshare of Gospel truth never gets a hold. Flashes of fire flame out as the plough scuds across the rock, but never a furrow is made. Likewise there are men whose eyes kindle with indignation, and whose countenances burn with uncontrollable anger if they are approached about their soul's welfare, and asked to return to the Lord. "They have made their faces harder than a rock; they have refused to return" (Jer. 5. 3).

Conversion is not a work of human art—it is a work of divine grace; and God can make the heart soft and transform the rocky life into fruitful soil. The story of Christ crucified has a wondrous charm, and though telling it in the past has been like ploughing upon rock in seeking the salvation of some whose good has been sought, the next time it is told the ploughshare may make a deep furrow in the conscience.

When Jesus died it is said that "the earth did quake and the rocks rent." The very rocks broke their hearts when the Redeemer of men died, and rocky hearts of men have broken also in hearing the news that "Jesus died for sinful men." Let the story of His death for poor sinners be told o'er and o'er again.

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"I am not
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believeth."

Romans 1. 16.

Mr. EDWARD SPENCE

BETHANY HALL, GLASGOW

TO those who read regularly the testimonies given on this page there must come an ever increasing sense of the value and importance of Bible teaching and evangelistic effort among children and young people. There must come, too, a consciousness that the truly Christian home has a very valuable contribution to make to the moral and spiritual life of our nation. Many who have witnessed here to the Saving Grace of God have paid their tribute to the effect on their lives in their early days of a Bible Ministry, and to their indebtedness to godly parents who reared them and nourished them in the atmosphere

of a Christian home. It is my privilege to add to this ever increasing evidence, my own personal testimony to the value of these two things, and to tell how they led me from darkness to light in the Lord.

As I have already indicated I was born of parents who rejoiced in a personal knowledge of Salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, and in my very early days I benefited from their chastisement and counsel as they sought to impress me that there was a right way to be desired and a wrong way to be shunned. My father was one of a small company of men who laboured to bring into being and ultimately founded the New Prestwick Baptist Church, in Ayrshire, and it was in this building

that I heard as a child both from a faithful minister, and from consecrated Sunday School teachers, God's way of Salvation. I cannot remember any definite work of grace upon my life as a child but I recall being much impressed by the ministry of the late William Thomson when he conducted special lantern services in the church and told as only he could tell, the story of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Someone has said that the first step in the divine life is a sense of sin. In my experience I found this to be true. When about thirteen years of age I became terribly conscious that I was a sinner. Every little act of transgression against that which I knew to be right, troubled me. Some will say that at that early age it was impossible for me to appreciate what sin really was, never having known life in its true character. What does a lad of thirteen know about life? Granted, but I nevertheless knew that, young as I was, and innocent of great transgression, I had come short of the Glory of God. That was enough. By little or by much I knew I came short of what pleased Him and that thought drove peace from my heart and brought trouble to my soul. About that time—the early summer of 1920 to be exact—a man, Pope, I think, by name, prophesied that in June of that year the world would come to an end. Of course I did not know then as I know now the great truths of Scripture concerning this subject, but I did know that the Lord Jesus Christ was returning some day to take His people to be with Himself. The thought that He should appear and that day find me unprepared drove me deeper in the slough of despond. Like every other sin-conscious soul I immediately set about to try and save myself. I thought to DO something to bring assurance and peace to my soul, and how I laboured! Each day saw some new effort to avoid acts of sin and to do something good which would merit the favour of God. But it failed to bring peace, and often I would burst out in tears as I saw the helplessness of my own effort.

The event prophesied to take place in June did not happen, much to my relief, and for a time there seemed to be a lull in the activity of the Holy Spirit in my life, but it was only temporary. In the month of October of the same year the late Commander Wolfe Murray came to New Prestwick Baptist Church to conduct a special evangelistic effort and once again the Spirit of God laid siege to my soul. I was now afraid to attend the church services lest someone should speak to me about my need of a Saviour. How strange it was that

I should shun facing the issue of the conflict raging within my breast when peace was the thing I desired above all else! But on the evening of the 8th of October, 1920, attending one of the Mission Services, I was apprehended by Christ Jesus. At the close of the meeting the Commander came down among the congregation to where I was seated. I knew he was coming to me although there was no arrangement to do so, apart from his fellowship with the Lord of the Harvest who surely directed him to me. It was a case of plucking ripe fruit well and truly prepared for harvest by the ministry of the Holy Spirit. I trembled as he sat by my side, and sought to understand my need and then guided by God he showed me the precious words of 1 John 2. 12: "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake." In a moment of time I saw the truth about sin and salvation, and my soul leaped up and out into freedom and peace.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—
My sin—not in part, but in whole,
Is nailed to His Cross; and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

The joy of that moment thrills me still, and the words of my text are more precious now than even then for I now see more perfectly the vastness of their content. It was enough that moment these many years ago to know that the sin question which troubled my soul was settled, but it has since, and always will be the source of uninterrupted peace in my heart to know that behind this declaration of pardon stands the character of a Holy God—it is for HIS NAME'S SAKE! Hallelujah!

"GIVEN UP."

A LADY called on Brownlow North while he was in Glasgow on one occasion conducting a mission. She was in deepest distress. Her burden was that the Lord had given her up and would not hear her prayer. After she told him her tale, he asked her the question: "Are you a believer?" "Yes," she replied. "And the Lord has given you up?" "Yes." "Then either you or He must be a liar. Are you telling a lie just now in saying you have placed your trust in Christ?" "No, certainly not," she said. "Then the Lord must be a liar; and in that case if I were you I would give Him up." "Oh, but I can't give Him up, sir!" "Why not, if He is a liar?" "I can't give Him up," she again said. "Then that is because the Lord has not given you up; He is keeping hold of you." These words brought peace to her heart.

"NOT OF WORKS."

WHERE is boasting then?" (Rom. 3. 27) says the Apostle. Since men are saved by grace and not by works there is no room for boasting. If any man could go to Heaven on the ground of his own good works there would be discord in Heaven's song. That can never be. If that could happen men would praise themselves, and they would have no hallelujahs for Him who died on the Cross, and who sits on the throne. Salvation is not got by works. "But to Him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works" (Rom. 4. 5, 6).

Many unsaved people, well meaning but Scripturally ignorant, speak of "working out their own salvation." It is the right thing to do when people have got it, but how can any person work out what they have not got? How is salvation got? "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus 3. 5). It is God's mercy, and not man's merit that saves. In a weaving village in Ayrshire one woman said to another when addressed about personal salvation, "But, ye ken, we maun work oot oor ain salvation." "Quite true," was the reply, "but ye're workin' on a tim limm"—an empty loom. There is no thread in the shuttle of folk who talk of working out their own salvation.

"God who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith He has loved us, even when we were dead in sin, hath quickened us together with Christ, by grace are saved" (Eph. 2. 4, 5).

"By grace ye are saved *through faith*, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God" (Eph. 2. 8). "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law" (Rom. 3. 28). Let there be no delay. Step forward in faith, accept God's gift, and you will be able to say, "Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song" (Isa. 12. 2).

"MAINTAIN GOOD WORKS."

THE man who is saved by grace, and there is no other way of being saved, is to be careful to maintain good works as an evidence to the glory of God that he is saved. Every person who has believed in Christ unto salvation has the witness in himself, for the Spirit beareth witness with his spirit that he is now a child of God (Rom. 8. 16). Others, however, cannot see this indwelling witness, but they can see and understand the fruit that He brings forth in the life. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance (Gal. 5. 22, 23). These graces are the result and evidence of the Spirit's indwelling, and in sight of them criticism and unbelief are dumb.

Believers are to be "zealous of good works" (Titus 2. 14), not to win salvation, but to show they possess salvation. The 12th and 13th chapters of Romans are chapters containing a list of good works that those who have partaken of the saving mercy of God are to maintain. In these chapters followers of Christ are urged to be simple, diligent, affectionate, cheerful, hospitable, patient, and prayerful. They are to overcome evil with good, provide things honestly, owe nobody anything but love, shun rioting and drunkenness, and wear the armour of light. They are to maintain these good works not to get saved, but because they are saved. In doing so Christ is honoured. But people who say they are saved and live in rioting and drunkenness and in envy of others, and plan how to get into debt rather than how to keep out of it, dishonour Christ and His cause.

One day in a coal mine a miner allowed another to get a "hutch" who was not entitled to it. He did so because he was a follower of Christ, and didn't wish to quarrel about it. Another man, looking on, said to himself, "There's something in that man's profession, because before that time he would have allowed nobody to claim the possession of a hutch when it was his right to get it."

"Follow righteousness," and "let every one that nameth the Name of Christ depart from iniquity" (2 Tim. 2. 19).

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HOW DID YOU STOP?

THE late Mr. D. L. MOODY, in his book, "Weighed in the Balances," tells the following story:

When I was out west thirty years ago I was preaching one day in the open air when a man drove up in a fine turn-out, and after listening for a while he put his whip to his fine-looking steed and away he went. I didn't expect to see him again, but the next night he came back, and he kept on coming regularly night after night. I said to a gentleman, "Who is that man that drives up here every night? Is he interested?" "Interested! I should think not. You should have heard the way he talked about you to-day." "Well," I said, "that is a sign he is interested." I asked where he lived, but my friend told me not to go and see him for he would only curse me. I said, "It takes God to curse a man; man can only bring curses on his own head." I found out where he lived, and went to see him. He was the wealthiest man within a hundred miles of that place and had a wife and seven beautiful children. Just as I got to his gate I saw him coming out of his front door. I stepped up to him, and said, "You are Mr. —, I believe." He said, "Yes, sir, that is my name." Then he asked, "What do you want?" "Well," I said, "I would like to ask you a question, if you won't be angry." "Well, what is it?" "I am told that God has blessed you above all men in this part of the country; that He has given you wealth, a beautiful Christian wife, and seven lovely children. I do not know if it is true, but I hear that all He gets in return is cursing and blasphemy." He said, "Come in, come in." I went in. "Now," he said, "what you said out there is true. If any man has a fine wife I am the man, and I have a lovely family of children, and God has been good to me. But do you know we had company here the other night, and I cursed my wife at the table, and did not know of it till after the company had gone. I never felt so mean and contemptible in my life as when my wife told me of it. She said she wanted the floor to open and let her down out of her seat. If I have tried once I have tried a hundred times to stop swearing. You preachers don't know anything about it." "Yes," I said, "I know all about it, I have been a traveller." "But," he said, "You don't know anything about a business man's troubles. When he is harassed and tormented the whole time he can't help swearing." "O yes," I said, "he can, I know some-

thing about it. I used to swear myself." "What! you used to swear," he asked. "How did you stop?" "I never stopped." "Why, you don't swear now, do you?" "No, I have not sworn for years." "How did you stop?" "I never stopped. It stopped itself." He said, "I don't understand this." "No," I said, "I know you don't. But I came to talk to you so that you will never want to swear again so long as you live."

I began to tell him about Christ in the heart, how He would take the temptation to swear out of a man. "Well," he said, "how am I to get Christ?" "Get right down here and tell Him what you want." "But," he said, "I was never on my knees in my life. I have been cursing all the day, and I don't know how to pray, or what to pray for." "Well," I said, "it is mortifying to call on God for mercy when you have never used His Name except in oaths, but He will not turn you away. Ask God to forgive you if you want to be forgiven." He got down and prayed, only a few sentences. After he prayed he got up, and said, "What shall I do now?" I said, "Go down to the Church and tell the people there that you want to be an out-and-out Christian." "I cannot do that," he said. "I never go to Church except to some funeral." "Then it is high time for you to go for something else," I said.

At the next Church meeting the man was there, and I sat right in front of him. He stood up and put his hands on the seat, and he trembled so much that I could feel the seat shake. He said: "My friends, you know all about me; if God can save a wretch like me I want to have you pray for my salvation." That was thirty years ago. Some time since I was back in that town, but did not see him; but when I was in California a man asked me to have dinner with him. I told him I could not do so. Then he asked me if I remembered him, and told me his name. "Oh," I said, "tell me, have you ever sworn since that night you knelt in your drawing-room, and asked God to help you?" "No," he replied, "I have never had a desire to swear since then; it was all taken away."

He was not only converted, but became an earnest active Christian, and all these years has been serving God. That is what will take place when a man is made a partaker of the divine nature.

"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

The MONTHLY EVANGEL

A Gospel Paper containing Foundation Truths

No. 554

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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
belleventh."

Romans 1. 16.

Principal H. S. CURR,

ALL NATIONS BIBLE COLLEGE, LONDON.

IT was my priceless privilege to be born and brought up in a godly home. My parents were not only earnest Christians, but they were keen on evangelistic work. I seem to have sung revival hymns as long as I can remember. Every effort was made to train the four children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. That was done daily and almost hourly by lip and life with the blessed result that all four, who are now middle-aged men and women, are true disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, striving to serve Him as opportunity offers in the power of the Holy Ghost. I knew the way of salvation from my earliest days.

It was explained in walks and talks with my father, and as I was accustomed to attend Gospel meetings of all kinds, there was little that I had to learn of the plan of redemption. But that made no difference to my condition in the sight of God. Nor did the fact that I read the Bible and prayed regularly, and that I behaved myself as a schoolboy as well as might be desired. God is not unmindful of these things. It is ten thousand times better to be able to bear such a testimony than to write with shame of all manner of foolishness. They say that the worst sinners make the best saints. That does happen occasionally, but if these saved and sanctified sinners had their choice, they would have taken a very different

path in earlier life than that which they trod, for they have learned by bitter experience what the great theologian, who was once minister of Renfield Street Church, Principal Marcus Dods, meant when he wrote that sin is not done with us when we are done with sin. Let every person who can read these lines without painful memories of past failures, praise God for His abounding goodness and grace. "There but for the grace of God," said the Puritan preacher John Bradford, when he saw a criminal being conveyed to the place of execution, "There but for the grace of God goes John Bradford." The less we know of sin before and after conversion the better will it be for us in every way.

A day came when I was apprehended of Christ. He met me at an open-air meeting in Inverleith Park, Edinburgh. It was held on a pleasant Sunday afternoon in August. An old friend of the family was preaching the Gospel in his quiet but effective way. As he spoke, I felt that the time had come when I must definitely give my heart to my Saviour. I have no recollection of any passage quoted at the time, nor of any onrush of joyous feeling. I just stepped over the line, and my name was enrolled in the Lamb's book of life as one of the redeemed. That took place more than forty years ago, for I had the great blessedness to be saved at the age of thirteen, and yet the scene is as clearly before my mind's eye as I write, as if it had taken place no later than yesterday. Nevertheless the act had to be performed. If I had not done so, I should still have been numbered with the transgressors. It was only a step to Jesus, but that step made all the difference in this world and the next.

Let me illustrate what I mean by an incident which took place in Edinburgh during the Great War of 1914. A prominent German had been living in the capital city for many years. He occupied a high position, and he was greatly respected for his vast fund of knowledge and his splendid ability. He had troops of friends in Edinburgh, and to all intents and purposes he was a Scotsman, but he had never become naturalized. That might seem to be a mere formality. It certainly made no difference in days of peace. But war was declared with Germany, and in the eyes of the law this gentleman was an enemy. He was accordingly interned for a short time. This episode will serve to enforce the point which I wish to make. We may be so near to the kingdom of God that we may delude ourselves into thinking that we have actually accepted the Divine offer of salvation. But the Lord knoweth them that

are His, and there will be some who will learn what Bunyan meant when he wrote that there is a way to hell from the gate of heaven. Let us make sure that we are truly saved. If we are not sure we shall find nothing but joy and peace in coming to the Crucified Saviour that we may claim by faith our part and lot in the salvation which He has provided without measure.

That was the beginning of an endless experience of what God can do in us through the Lord Jesus Christ; but it was only a beginning. Day by day new blessings come, bringing with them new fitness for service not known before. I have been led onward and upward, not by reason of any merit or virtue to which I can lay claim, but solely through the keeping and inspiring power of a Divine Master Who is mighty to save to the uttermost all that come unto Him by faith. That is one of the deepest things in the Christian life. There is always more land to be possessed. Eternity will be all too short to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. I look back over my life, to University days in Edinburgh and Oxford, to Pastorates in Aberdeen and Greenock, to a Professoriate in Toronto, and then to a Principalship in London, and they seem to be so many classes in the school of Christ, Who still calls to take His yoke upon me, and to learn of Him that I may find a rest unto my soul not known before, and "the best is yet to be."

BE SAVED.

"**B**ELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Carry out the command now, for now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Don't put off any longer the obligation that God's Gospel lays upon you. It is the will of God that you should be saved. It is not His will you should perish. He waits to be gracious. He delighteth in mercy. "Come now," He says, "and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). Through His Word He speaks. By His Spirit He pleads. Through those who have tasted His saving grace, and who long to see others blessed, He exhorts and entreats. There is mercy for you, pardon for you, a new life for you, and it is Heaven below the Saviour to know. Believe on Him. Trust Him. Commit the keeping of your soul to Him. Follow Him. Witness for Him. Life's little day will soon be done.

DIVINE LOVE.

"THE world is full of sighs, full of sad and weeping eyes," a hymn writer says, but here are three texts that can give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. The first is, "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). Second, "Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it" (Eph. 5. 25). Third, "The Son of God . . . loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2. 20).

In these three texts we have the divine love for the world, for the Church, and for the individual set forth.

First, please note, God loves the world, and as you live in the world He must love you. But you can never understand in your experience God's love to you if you don't believe He loves you. There are five things in John 3. 16. 1st, There is the FOUNTAIN OF LOVE—"God so loved." 2nd, The OBJECT OF LOVE—"the world." 3rd, The GIFT OF LOVE—"His only begotten Son." 4th, The CHANNEL OF LOVE—"whosoever believeth in Him." 5th, The PURPOSE OF LOVE—"should not perish (negative), but have everlasting life" (positive). Nobody is left out in the cold in this great text. Every nation is included. The love of God is for every man just as surely as the sunshine is. "He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good." But a man if he so wills it can shut himself off from the sunshine. He can go underground where its rays won't reach him, or he can go indoors and pull down the blinds, or fasten the shutters. Multitudes willingly keep the love of God outside of their lives. They love their sin. They choose the evil in preference to the good. "The God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine into them" (2 Cor. 4. 4).

There are others who try to *feel* that God loves them. They are not careless. They have within them a desire to please God, and they think if they can reach a certain standard of

goodness that they will then feel in their hearts that God loves them. But they are on the wrong track. The sun shines on the fields independent of anything the farmer can do. And the love of God flows out to all mankind independent of what any of us feel or do. By faith His love is shed abroad in our hearts. "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us" (1 John 4. 16). The Scripture does not say, "We have known because we feel the love that God hath to us." We will have the feeling of His love, but it will spring from believing. Dost thou believe?

Second, the Church is a smaller circle than the world. It is composed of believers, of men who have responded to the Gospel call to believe on the Son of God. Sadly enough, there are men and women in Church organisations who have not believed unto salvation. But they form no part of the true *ecclesia*. The Church is an elect company of believing souls who have by the Spirit of God passed from death into life, from the power of Satan unto God. The Church, from the Scripture standpoint, is composed of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, who are devoted to the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, who love His Name, look for His appearing, and follow after holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. By false profession men may find their way into membership in one branch and another of the visible Church, and afterwards prove themselves never to have been converted, nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure. False professors may go down, but the Church that Christ loved and died for will come out on the top. "Whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified them He also glorified. What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?"

The third text speaks of "ME." The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me. We hear a great deal about national religion. It is a mere term of speech. There is no such thing. Religion is an individual thing. Can you say, "He loved me?" This is the honey from the honeycomb. I am a poor sinner, but Jesus loves me. He brought me into His banqueting house. His banner over me is love.

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A WEEK AFTER.

I HAVE just begun to read the Bible. For years I have read everything but the Bible. Novels, history, travels, and newspapers have formed the staple of my reading. When going to Church I always carried a Bible with me. Not a big one under my arm. Oh, no. But a small one that I could easily slip into my pocket. It was used when at Church. Frequently I read the book of Esther during the sermon. But when I got home I neither read the book of Esther nor any other. The Bible was an unused book. Somebody may say that if I treated it in that way it was an ill-used book. If neglect means ill-usage, then I admit I ill-used it. I had no heart for it. It was dry, dull, uninteresting, from my point of view. I had some acquaintance with it when I was younger. I got lessons from it at the Sunday school. It was also used for the day school lessons. That was before the days of School Boards. But my Sunday school days and day school attendances are things of the past. It is years since I left those days behind me. I will not say how many years. The Bible has been to me largely a sealed book. I once invested a few shillings in a nice copy with gilt edges and brass clasps. The clasps have not been often unclasped. I have had no acquaintance with anybody that reads the Bible. I have met and mingled with men every day who were just like myself. Some of them were Church members. So was I. They were queer ones. So was I. I had been admitted without any proper inquiry as to fitness. I was decent. But there has been a change for a week. I am trying to find out the meaning of this change.

It has been a new week. Yes, it has, and no mistake. I have been reading the Bible for a week. It was at a funeral a week ago that I heard an old minister read the Scripture. I think I never heard Scripture read in such an impressive way before. He read in the 90th Psalm about God being from everlasting to everlasting. He read in the 20th chapter of Revelation about the dead, small and great, standing before God. He read in 1st Thessalonians, 4th chapter, about the dead in Christ rising first. I must have been attentive to remember all that. But I think I was attentive because he was impressive. He compelled my attention. I wasn't thinking about death. I wasn't impressed with the fact that I was there to see the body of one who had died laid in the dust. These things neither impressed me nor seriously grieved me. I was there simply as a distant

relative. I was not out of sympathy with the mourners, but I wasn't in much of a sorrowing mood. The one who had gone was a Christian, I understand. Maybe he prayed before he departed that those who attended the funeral should be converted, if they needed to be. Who knows? Within the past week I have been reading in the Bible of the things that prayer may accomplish. I didn't know of them before. I am just beginning to know. The day after the funeral I went to Church. I went twice. I was asked not to go twice. A man wanted me to skip the afternoon service and spend the time with him. I said, No. Something I heard that afternoon arrested me, impressed me, distressed me. I saw I was a sinner. A godless sinner. A condemned, guilty sinner. A sinner on the way to hell. A sinner needing pardon. I also heard of a Saviour, a precious Saviour, a gracious Saviour. A Saviour who had suffered and died on Calvary's cruel tree. A Saviour who is able to save, and willing to save, and waiting to save. I was dazed. I saw nothing clearly. I heard everything that was said well enough. I am not deaf. But though I heard everything, I seemed to understand nothing.

I fastened on the Bible when I got home. I have been reading it every spare moment since. It has got an amazing hold of me. Novels, history, biography, literature of every sort have for the time being gone by the board. I find the Bible to be a surprisingly interesting book. The New Testament especially is full of beauty and helpfulness. Every page is like a garden of pleasant fruits. There has sprung up within me a desire, an eager, ardent desire, for what Peter calls "the sincere milk of the Word," and I am getting it. I have crossed the line that lies between an unbelieving and a believing life. While I have been reading the Bible the darkness of my former days has been disappearing. The clouds have been lifting. The mists have been rolling away. My outlook has been brightened. My sky has been bedecked with golden tints. By faith I see Jesus. I have walked through the Gospel meadows with Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and I have seen Jesus. I have gone through the Acts of the Apostles, and I have seen Jesus. I have gone through some of the rich pasture lands of the Epistles, and I have seen Jesus. I have dipped into the Book of Revelation, and there I have seen Jesus. I am like a little child in a big, new world, but the light of my soul is Jesus.

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A Gospel Paper containing Foundation Truths

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"I know
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2 Timothy 1. 12.



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

Romans 1. 16.

The Late Capt. REGINALD WALLIS

I WELL remember the first time I had the joy of feeling that manly hand-clasp, and looking into those eyes ever twinkling with the light of a quiet irrepressible humour.

Most fittingly, seeing that he had been identified with the Crusader movement almost from its inception, and had been the leader of one of the early classes in existence before the last Great War, the Harrow Class, it was at a Crusader Annual Sports Day at Herne Hill. It must be some fifteen years ago or more, and how many were the friends of earlier days, anxious to catch his eye, and to have even a moment's privileged conversation

with this burly, good-natured giant, by now, in the readiness of his wit, more Irish than the citizens of his adopted city, Dublin. How fortunate was I, then just a fledgling straight from college, to be in the company of two friends, one of whom had known him in the pre-war Crusader days and who had been a guest at his wedding, and who, moreover, by reason of his stature, was something of a landmark that could not be missed amid all that surging throng, and the other, a native of Dublin's fair city and one of the many warm-hearted Christians there who had taken this gifted servant of the Lord, with the heart of a schoolboy, right into their bosom. The long-

desired introduction was therefore mine to be had without the asking, and very soon we were deep in spiritual conversation of a most refreshing and encouraging nature.

Even at that time the private exercises of my own heart had led me to a realisation of the vital importance of the truth of identification with the Lord Jesus Christ in His death as God's way of deliverance from the power of sin and self, and of identification with Him in His risen and ascended life as God's way of holiness, peace and power for Christian life and service in this world. Our conversation not unnaturally turned to this theme, for this, he was convinced, was the truth which, of all others, needed emphasis in these days, and this was the message which he felt God had specially laid upon him. It is never far to seek in all his ministry, whether of the spoken word or the printed page, and it is by this supremely that he will be remembered. "The Cross is a great big 'I' crossed out." I can think of no one who possesses in the same degree as did Reginald Wallis, the remarkable and invaluable gift of making this profound and far-reaching truth simple and clear to the most immature audience. Devoid of all circumlocution and "phraseology," his message was always illumined by illustrations of remarkable clarity and aptness, of which he had an apparently inexhaustible fund, and enlivened by the inimitable humour of that singularly winsome personality, which never obtruded itself, but which, on the other hand, was not artificially or unnaturally confined, being simply consecrated to "the Master's use" in a joyous freedom from self-occupation and self-interest.

His application to his own life of his favourite theme was faithful and consistent, and yet sane, balanced and Scriptural. He loved the beauties of nature, the flowers of the garden, the mountains, the woodlands, the sea, human laughter and human friendship. His message had nothing in common with a monastic asceticism, but he held that the law of the spirit "of life in Christ Jesus"—a life which has its roots and its springs in heaven and not upon earth—is adequate for every relationship and circumstance of a normal and complete human life. True, there were those, especially in America, who held that he emphasized unduly the Lordship of Christ as the principle and condition of Christian life, and it grieved him much that he should be so misunderstood. Christian leaders of note, however, on both sides of the Atlantic who knew him intimately and who were competent to judge were in the

fullest sympathy with his message and warmly acclaimed the books that came from his pen.

That the Lord's blessing rested on his ministry would be obvious to anyone who had the privilege of visiting the Great Metropolitan Hall in Dublin during the dozen years or more, ending in 1933, in which he was Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in that city. There, week after week, year in and year out, gathered perhaps the largest regular congregation in Dublin, averaging 1800 to 2000 persons, and sometimes more. What a fine band of keen soul-winners the Lord added to the Church through the labours of His servant, splendid young men and women, fearless in their witness, devoted to the Lord, and to whom the "Captain," as they called him, for thus they had first come to know him when stationed in Dublin as an Army Officer after the last war, was indeed one "greatly beloved."

Since leaving Dublin in 1933, he had carried the "message of the Cross"—in its deeper implications, as well as in its grand simplicity—to America, Australia, and New Zealand, as well as to every part of Great Britain and Ireland, from Tain in the North to Plymouth in the South. His ministry was sought at Conventions like Keswick, Portstewart and Strathpeffer, as well as at many another, smaller but equally valuable.

This small tribute to a "brother beloved" began on a reminiscent note. In closing one cannot forbear to record with thankfulness the close and intimate friendship that sprang out of that first meeting. It was cemented in C.S.S.M. work under his leadership at Llanfairfechan, where that supreme asset of a true evangelist—a great musical gift—was seen in full exercise in the house as well as on the beach. Will those who were there ever forget those choruses and improvisations! The following year we were both on holiday in Scotland, he at Crieff and I at Oban, but it was characteristic of him that he made the journey of some 76 miles each way, and what a day we had together. Thereafter we met as often as possible—at the Balmer Lawn Conferences, in London, and elsewhere. It is difficult to realise that at the early age of 49 there has gone from us one who to me will always be one of the outstanding figures of his time, a preacher and teacher of rare personality and of such gift that even in his early days he was known in the godly circles in which he was brought up as a "Young Spurgeon." The comparison is not inappropriate.

J. R. CASSWELL.

FROM SCEPTICISM TO FAITH.

I REMEMBER, when I was a young man, being much impressed by the writings of an unbeliever or sceptic known by the name of Joseph Barker. Joseph Barker was a somewhat remarkable man. He had been a Methodist minister in Newcastle, and became a Unitarian, and then a Deist, and then an utter unbeliever. He was an able and forcible speaker, and he devoted himself to the dissemination and discussion of just what we would call infidelity. These were the times of great platform discussions, when men like Charles Bradlaugh, George Holyoake, and a number of others would conduct discussions for ten nights on end with somebody else, and these would be printed. Barker had it all at his fingers' ends—all those clever sceptical things that you hear about, all the difficulties, and all the contradictions and all the immoralities so-called, and everything else about the Bible.

Joseph Barker about this time disappeared, and I often wondered what had become of him. I could not learn anything about him. But many years after, when I was working on the reviewing staff of one of our large newspapers, a parcel of books came to me, and among these books was the autobiography of Joseph Barker. You can understand that I was very much interested and I read that autobiography.

Now, what had happened to him? Well, Joseph Barker, with his family, had emigrated to America, and his family remained Christian—his son and his son's wife, at any rate, remained Christian, and took a farm out West somewhere, and there they remained for a time. Years after he was sitting in his cabin, and his eye fell upon a copy of the New Testament. He took down that New Testament just because he had nothing else to do, and began to read. A long time had passed since the days of these controversies. Nature and quietness had produced a different tone in his mind, and as he read the Gospel he felt there was a power here that he had never realised before; and the more he read the more he wondered, the more he was impressed. He felt that a power was getting hold upon his heart, and all his old difficulties and objections faded away as if they had never

been. He didn't say much at the time, but he began to read this book quietly from time to time; and, not to prolong the story, bit by bit he came back, first of all again to a kind of Unitarian faith, then to the full faith of the Gospel, and again entered the ministry, and died as a minister of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

PROFESSOR ORR.

"COME UNTO ME."

THE Lord Jesus says unto you: "Come unto Me." So does the public house. So does the theatre. So does the gambling saloon. So does giddy society. They all invite you, but why should you respond to the invitation of the public house, the theatre, the gambling saloon, or that of giddy society? The public house will rob you of your money, your health, your capacity for work, your self-respect. The theatre will rob you of your strength of mind and induce mental dissipation. It will maim and unfit you for facing the hard facts of life. The gambling saloon will rob you of all care for the good of others, and blight you with the miasma of greed. Giddy society will rob you of all serious thought, and hinder the working of the Spirit of God in your heart. Not in dances nor in frivolous conversation is there to be obtained that preparation of soul for the things of God that is necessary.

Jesus says: "Come unto Me, and *I will give.*" That is like Him. The business of thieves is to steal; but the Saviour offers to give. He knows the need of the human heart, and He has provided everything we need.

He gives pardon, for the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (Mark 2. 10).

He gives peace, for He hath purchased peace by the blood of His Cross (Col. 1. 20).

He gives deliverance from condemnation, for there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus (Rom. 8. 1).

He gives freedom from the fear of death, for He is able to deliver them who through fear of death were all their life subject to bondage (Heb. 2. 15).

Listen and respond to His voice: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

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"WHOSOEVER WILL."

ONE of the beauties of the Gospel message is its universal offer. Its limit is the world. Someone is reported to have said to Rowland Hill, a famous preacher of a hundred years ago, that he should only, in preaching, offer salvation to the elect. His reply, as recorded, was that if the man who wished him to do so would put a chalk mark upon them he would do so. "Preach the Gospel to every creature," is the Lord's command, and it would only be cruel mockery if there to preach the Gospel to every creature if there be no living water in the fountain for all. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters" (Isa. 55. 1). "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). "Whosoever shall call on the Name of the Lord shall be saved" (Acts 2. 21). "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. 22. 17).

Wherever a sinner is found, in whatever hemisphere, island, continent, or nation, to him let the Gospel be told, earnestly, believingly told, and let him be prayed for, "for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. 2. 3, 4).

Have you come to the knowledge of the truth? or do you prefer to abide in the darkness of falsehood?

A PROCLAMATION.

THE Gospel is sometimes called an offer. But it is more: it is a proclamation. Some have the idea that the Gospel tells what God is willing to do. That is not so. The Gospel tells what God has already done. It is therefore a proclamation. Now look, for instance, at that well-known passage, John 3. 16, which some one has aptly termed, "The Bible in miniature." What does it say? It says: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." That is not an offer, is it? No. Blessed be God, it is a declaration of what God has already given. He has given His Son. Now, seeking one, that is something for you. God has given Christ, and He has done this entirely apart from your prayers, and in spite of the enmity of your heart. Such is the love of God. He made no bargain; He stated no conditions. Out of His great love He gave Jesus. You thus see that God was interested in you long before you were interested in yourself. He does not say what He is willing to do for you,

but, which is far better, He points you to what He has already done. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Wilt thou receive this gift, and be saved with an everlasting salvation? You need not say that you are waiting on God to show His mercy. His mercy has already been shown in the gift of His Son. What more evidence do you need to prove that the Lord waits to be gracious—yea, that He is willing you should be saved, and saved now? w.s.

"WHAT ABOUT THE HEATHEN?"

GOD is not a hard taskmaster. He does not seek to gather where He has not straved. Oppression is no part of His nature. To demand responsibility apart from privilege is an exaction He will never make. He lays judgment to the line, but He never goes over the line. There is no unrighteousness with God (Rom. 9. 14).

What about the heathen? This is a question often put, and to it there is but one answer; an answer in the form of a question, and it is this: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" God will never deal unreasonably with any man. It would be foreign to His gracious character to act the part of an extortioner, for "He delighteth in mercy" (Micah 7. 18).

Instead of discussing "What about the heathen?" it would be a great deal wiser if men who are given to such discussion would seriously say, "What about myself?" Such an interrogation might lead to valuable moral and spiritual result. But, alas! many are averse to such a line of inquiry. They shun it as they would shun a fever epidemic, yet why should they do so? God's thoughts for man are thoughts of good, and not of evil. He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Pet. 3. 9); and though there were "times of ignorance that He winked at" (Acts 17. 30), that is, had patience with, He "now commandeth all men everywhere to repent," for "now is the day of salvation." Christ has died, yea, rather is risen again, and "through His Name, whosoever believeth in Him, shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43).

It is easier to discuss the condition of the heathen than to part with sin. The nations that have not heard the joyful sound of God's Gospel may be safely left to His keeping. He will never preside at any tribunal where men will be asked to render an account for light that didn't reach them. But the light is near to you. Have you brought your life into subjection to it?

The MONTHLY EVANGEL

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No. 556

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

2 Timothy 1. 12.



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

Romans 1. 16.

W. E. TAYLOR, of Netherhall

WHEN any man or woman of some experience and insight thinks of seeking out a rest and holiday resort or centre, what lies really at the back of the mind is not idleness or the frittering away of time, but an uplift, some new inspiration—something which may be rightly called by that much misused word, recreation, *re-creation*. A real *rest*, a holiday worth the name, a break-away from daily work simply *must* include a spiritual ministry: "Come unto Me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Now, the passing from our midst of Mr. W. E. Taylor, of Largs, on August 4, at the ripe age of 68, will bring to many in various corners of the world, in many different countries, and in more than one continent, so keen a sense of actual

personal loss because he endeavoured through long years to be a constant ministrant of *rest*—rest of body, mind, and heart in every varying degree, since there can never be a rigid rule in these things. And oft-times even the mental stimulus and tonic proved in the end to be a channel of ministration of that very rest we so much needed.

Three of us from Yugoslavia became intimately acquainted with Mr. Taylor while attending the first of a series of Summer Conventions for Bible Study held in St. Andrews. There he poured all his soul and energy into every single detail of it, animated with the one great driving motive that we guests from far countries should ourselves have nothing at all to make us ill at ease or in any way uncomfortable, but give ourselves up to

unrestrained walks, contemplation, and fellowship for a few care-free and sunny days. We have never forgotten that stay at St. Andrew's under the brotherly, yea, fatherly care of Mr. W. E. Taylor, in the summer of 1920, in a world full of fresh ideals and new-born hope—exactly twenty years ago! Friends who may glance at these lines let it be hoped that you may never forget, even in the most worrying and the busiest times, what a great deal depends upon the first welcome—the first cheerful ring in the voice, the first kindly hand upon the shoulder and the first arm slipped sympathetically in your arm when tired after some wearing illness, and you still have a headache you don't want to mention. Love is kind, and seeketh not her own things.

Then, years afterwards, we met Mr. Taylor, not at St. Andrews, but at Netherhall, Largs, the roomy house in the spacious grounds which for thirteen years has been so closely associated with his name. For Netherhall, the house and estate of the late Lord Kelvin, had been acquired by a group of Christian business men for use as an all-the-year-round holiday centre. As manager, Mr. Taylor brought a wide and varied experience in many spheres and in many ranks of society to bear upon his work. This so manifold experience made it easy and congenial for our friend to extend to guests in the most diverse circumstances, and from so many different countries, a large minded and essentially bracing hospitality. As one walked out of the gate, there was our tall and manly host—who seemed to have popped up from nowhere—to wish one a happy trip, with some little joke, and sometimes, if both he and we could wait, a sparkling story out of the pages of his full-flowing life. With a joyful and merry abandon, he placed himself at the service of all in the Name of the Lord and Master whom he ever sought to serve. For all things were his—and ours—"whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life . . ." (1 Cor. 3), and it was all for education and growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Now, some men are irritated by the personal differences in their fellow Christians, but such personal variations were a stimulus and joy to W. E. Taylor, and though none knew better than he that the "world" is a place of trial and much temptation, yet he realised it to be a great place of *exercise* and of *education* too, and it seemed to him a very sorry thing to abuse the world by never using it: the world was his as a great place of service, and he served until he literally dropped.

It has been hinted with some clearness that Mr. Taylor had learnt in the school of Christ the celestial art of mixing with men. His early life in London and Cheltenham brought him into touch with some of the highest in the land, and, better still, into the joy of God's salvation. He was greatly influenced by C. T. Studd, the Cambridge cricketer who became the noble African pioneer and missionary, and other well-known Cambridge men. He very soon became active in open-air work, especially among the aristocracy who

paraded the Serpentine in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoons and evenings. The late Lady Franco, Baden Powell, in whose service he spent many years, valued him highly, always regarding him as a trusted friend of the family.

It was on the death of Lady Baden Powell that—with the younger members of the Baden Powell family—Mr. Taylor removed to St. Andrews. While resident there the opportunity presented itself for the starting of the Bible Study Convention, and, in connection therewith, the happy "Getting to know one another Missionary Garden Party," which was later transferred to Netherhall, and has been continued ever since.

He had a mind which always loved to associate and "hook on" abstract things to concrete; if he had an idea, he could never leave it "hanging in the air," he always had the impulse to lay hold of somebody and get help in carrying the idea into realisation. Whenever he discovered that an idea was not likely to have any bearing at all upon the "gaining" of a brother or the winning of a soul, he instinctively dismissed it to the back-ground of his mind. The Book of Exodus early captivated his practical and out-going mind; the deliverance of a people oppressed and plagued from day to day as a mere horde of slaves, and their transformation under the hand and heart of Moses into a nation for the manifestation and revelation of God's eternal purposes of redemption. To W. E. Taylor the erection and the ordering of the Tabernacle was nothing short of heavenly romance. From it he drew help for his own life from hour to hour, and for him it was all linked on vividly and vitally to the New Testament. Accordingly, he built himself a fine model of the Tabernacle, and, touring England, Scotland, and Ireland, he preached the Gospel with the aid of it.

His work accomplished, our friend and brother has been called to enter into the joy of his Lord. He has gone, but the hospitable doors of Netherhall—and Netherhall is really his best memorial and monument—are still widely open, and by the grace of God, the work there will still go on. The strength and animation of his example lives and is still active and operative in the lives of many.

Is it not always so—that in the lives of all who have faithfully striven to live for their Redeemer and Master there is that which inspires others to follow? Does the reader of these lines, I wonder, know the secret for himself, the secret of W. E. Taylor's fruitful energy and of his radiant joy? Is it that you are on the Lord's side, and is your daily life counting for God? Is anybody watching you and longing, likewise, to become a Christian and have your secret? May this brief and necessarily imperfect record lead you to serve your Master still better, if you already love Him. But if you are still in the bondage of the Prince of this World, may God open your eyes at once to see that such bondage is death, may your chains fall off, may you step out from your prison cell and follow the Lord of Life and Glory who died to set you free and to make you His own. J. W. WILES.

THE SURE TESTIMONY.

THE testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple" (Psa. 19. 6). It furnishes a sure foundation for faith, and gives a foothold which, if refused, leaves men to welter in the bogs of unbelief.

1. The testimony of the Word is sure in what it says *about Jesus as Saviour*, and experience demonstrates the truth of the Scripture, "Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1. 21). Many are ready to witness to the truth of this. They have trusted in His Name, and in doing so they have obtained the deliverance they sought. Being simple enough to accept the written Word regarding the Saviourship of the Lord Jesus, they have been made wise unto salvation. They can honestly testify that by simply accepting the testimony of the Lord they know now what they never knew before. It is no false statement they make when they individually say, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see," or when they collectively say, "We know we have passed from death unto life." They have set their seal to God's testimony regarding the Saviourship of His Son Jesus Christ, and the darkness of their former state has passed away.

2. The testimony of the Lord is sure in what it says *about forgiveness through Jesus Christ* "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). To declare, as so many do, that no person in this life can know anything about forgiveness as an actual experience, is to give the lie to the testimony of the Lord, and also to the testimony of the Apostles who were commissioned to preach the glad tidings of salvation. Both in the Old and New Testaments the doctrine of forgiveness is proclaimed, and the guilty assured of pardon. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered" (Psa. 32. 1). "It behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead on the third day, that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His Name among all nations" (Luke 24. 46, 47).

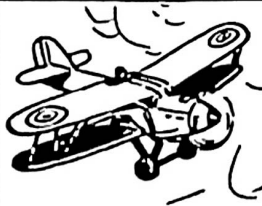
3. The testimony of the Lord is sure in what it says *about acceptance with God through Jesus Christ*. To the men and women who receive His testimony in simple faith, and without question, boldness is given to enter into the holiest through the blood of Jesus. They do not need to stand afar off, debarred by blackness and darkness and tempest like the Israelites at Sinai, for they are accepted in the Beloved. His merit has provided for them a passport into the realm of conscious acceptance with God, enabling them to say, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God" (Rom. 8. 16).

"The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." Prove it. "Let God be true" (Rom. 3. 4).

"He that hath received His testimony, hath set his seal that God is true" (John 3. 33). "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart."

HEDLEY VICAR'S VICTORY.

ON the morning which succeeded the memorable night of Hedley Vicar's conversion he bought a large Bible and placed it on the table in his sitting-room, determined that an "Open Bible" for the future should be his "colours." "It had to speak for me," he said, "before I was strong enough to speak for myself." His friends came as usual to his rooms, and did not altogether fancy the new colours. One remarked with a shrug that he had turned "Methodist," and beat a retreat. Another ventured in a bold manner to warn him of the danger of becoming a hypocrite. Said he, "Bad as you were, old fellow, I never thought you would come to this." For the most part his rooms were deserted by his old companions when the news of his conversion got out. Some sinners dread meeting a converted man almost more than smallpox or scarlet fever. For a number of months he had to encounter a large measure of opposition at "mess," and, as he said, "he had hard work to stand his ground." But he gained the victory. "Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (1 John 5. 4).



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"WANT YOU TO RECEIVE."

HOW is it that you religious people are always trying to rob us of our pleasures? I enjoy life thoroughly, and I don't see that you should take away the little pleasures I have." This is what the late Sir Arthur Blackwood, when a young man, said one evening to a young lady with whom he was walking homeward. The young lady was known to be distinctly religious, and fearing she might speak to him about his soul he did not feel quite at home in her presence; but finding she did not introduce the subject of religion he could not refrain from introducing it himself, which he did by asking her the question already stated. In reply to his question she surprised him by saying, "You are greatly mistaken. I don't want you to give up anything; I want you to receive." This was something seemingly so very new to him that he said, "Excuse me; I don't understand you. What do you mean?" "I would rather not say any more at present," she replied; "just think on that word 'RECEIVE.'"

At that time Mr. Blackwood was, and had been for several years, a leader of fashion in the higher circles of London society. But society pleasures, however elegant and refined the society may be, cannot satisfy the deepest longings of any precious soul, and as he wended his way homeward, after having parted with the young lady, the last words she had spoken kept ringing in his ears, "I don't want you to give up; I want you to receive." The words kept on appealing to his mind in such persistent manner that he would fain have been glad to be rid of them, but their dismissal he could not accomplish. "I don't want you to give up; I want you to receive." They seemed to have come to stay, and under their importunacy he became so thoroughly wretched and unhappy that he said to himself, "I should not be surprised if these Christians have the best of it after all. Perhaps they have something I don't possess. What are the things I could not give up? The pleasures of the world are very unsatisfying. What could she mean by saying, 'Not give up; receive'?"

Meeting her one day he eagerly asked her to explain what she meant by telling him he was not to give up, but just to receive. "Your whole life," she said, "has been one long attempt to satisfy your soul with things that cannot satisfy it. I want you to receive something that will accomplish this object, and when you have that you will be glad to give up the husks which you have been feeding on."

Further, she explained to him that it was in receiving Christ by simple faith that salvation was obtained, and that then the pleasures, so-called, of this world would soon be given up. The conversation was blessed to his enlightenment and conversion, and the young gentleman who had been a leader of fashion became an earnest disciple of Christ and a leader of many a good work.

LATITUDE 25; LONGITUDE 54.

SAILORS have very practical ways of expressing themselves whether they speak of sin or salvation. A case in point was recently mentioned by Archibald G. Brown when speaking at one of the meetings of the Seamen's Christian Friend Society. He said: There came to me here one day a grand looking fellow. I had not to ask whether he did business on the water, for the sea breeze had kissed his brow so often that it had left its mark there. I said, 'Where did you find the Lord?' In a moment he answered, "Latitude 25; longitude 54."

I confess that rather puzzled me. I said, "Latitude 25; longitude 54! What do you mean?"

He replied, "I was sitting on the deck, and out of a bundle of papers before me I pulled one of Spurgeon's sermons. I began to read it. As I read it I saw the truth, and I received the Lord Jesus as my Saviour. I jumped up off the coil of ropes saved. I thought if I were on shore I would know where I was saved, and why should I not know on the sea? And so I took my latitude and longitude. That's where I found the Lord—latitude 25; longitude 54."

The sailor knew that he needed a change. In his anxiety he picked up one of Spurgeon's sermons, so clear as to Man's utter Ruin by the Fall and God's Glorious Remedy through the shed Blood of His Son. The Gospel, which declares that "Christ died for our sins, was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. 15. 1-5), was there and then believed, and there and then he was "saved."

The Saviour had died, the sailor had believed, the Scriptures gave the assurance of a present and perpetual salvation (John 5. 24). Sailor-like, he took his bearings and found the spot of his salvation—latitude 25; longitude 54.

Ask yourself: If I am saved, *when* was I saved? *Where* was I saved? *How* did I get saved?

HYP.

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Romans 1. 16.

LEONARD GEORGE BROOKER'S TESTIMONY.

I CAN never praise God enough or thank Him too much that in His abounding mercy He enlightened me by His Spirit to my need as a sinner early in life, and through grace I was enabled to put my whole faith and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour.

I had not the advantage of a Christian home where Christ was known and loved and served, yet I was made to attend Church regularly, and well remember as a boy enjoying singing in the choir of an evangelical Church of England in the heart of London.

There I came in touch with helpful influences and received clear teaching in the things of God, but remained in spiritual darkness until as a youth I was bidding fair to become a merely religious—not regenerated—young man. Like the Israelites of whom Paul the Apostle speaks, I "had a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." There were times when through diligent attendance at services, and by attention to periods of prayer and Bible reading, I experienced a smug self-satisfaction, possibly much like that of the Pharisee in the well-known parable, who said, "I thank Thee I am not as other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this

publican," yet I found to my bitterness that these religious emotions had no power to help me in temptation or to deliver me from the grip of sin; that while I was only whitewashing the outward conduct, the inward character was defiled and helpless still.

Religious exercises lulled my conscience. I shunned the grosser sins, but enjoyed to the full all I could get of the pleasures and pursuits of a worldly life, yet there were times when I became startled and dismayed as I perceived the depths of sin in my heart and realised my spiritual impotency.

I had just reached my seventeenth birthday when, invited by friends about my own age, I began attending a Railway Mission Hall. The simple form of service, bright singing, and clear Gospel messages attracted me greatly. One evening while listening to an address, the Spirit of God illuminated my soul with that gracious revelation of His love manifested to us in the sufferings and death of Christ, in Isaiah, chapter 53, verse 5: "But 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." The text was a familiar one, but for the first time I saw with the eyes of faith that Jesus had been wounded for *my* transgressions; *my* peace with God had been sealed by His precious blood; *my* soul's diseases were healed because of His sacrifice. In sheer joy and gratitude my young heart responded to Him as Saviour and Lord, and that moment, though hardly realising it, I was born again of God.

For the encouragement of Christian workers, who often toil on without seeing immediate results in soul winning, let me say that no one knew then of my new experience. I couldn't have explained it myself, but I couldn't doubt it as with the assurance of sins forgiven I went home as if walking on air.

It was not long before the new life became apparent and articulate. New desires took the place of old habits. Bible reading and prayer came to be not an arduous duty, but a joyful privilege, as natural as taking food and exercise.

My chief concern then began to be to tell others of the Saviour, and to bring them to the same knowledge of salvation. God graciously fulfilled this desire, for from very humble beginnings and faulty attempts to speak and witness for Him I was led on to obey His call, which came to me to leave home and employment to receive training for service wherever the Lord might lead. It was a going forth in faith and complete dependence on God, with very slender means, yet in ways still unknown

to myself, He led me on and provided all my need. I praise Him for such definite proof in my own experience that the same Lord that saves from sin's guilt and penalty and power can also guide and undertake in the earthly circumstances of those who trust in Him. Two happy years of study and practical work in the Bible Training Institute, Glasgow, under the saintly Principalship of the late Dr. D. M. M'Intyre, soon sped by, during which one learned not only Biblical analysis and methods of Christian work, but some of the deep things of God. Then followed some happy years of soul winning service with the Stirlingshire Christian Union, later with the Scottish Section of the Railway Mission, and more recently in Lancashire and Cheshire with the Evangelization Society.

Throughout the ensuing years I have proved His unfailing power to save and keep from all manner of sin and in many forms of temptation; to guide and deliver on the journey of life; to sustain and bless in things both spiritual and material. Truly He is a Lord worth loving. He gives to those who know Him a life worth living—Life Eternal (see John 10. 28; 17. 3). And He entrusts to those who serve Him a task worth doing—the glorious task of leading others to Himself. "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Once I thought my salvation depended on what I could do to earn it or merit it in God's sight. Now I see that because of my utter helplessness He has done all that was necessary for my pardon and deliverance by Christ's atoning death on the Cross. Therefore my constant theme is:

"I will not work my soul to save,
For that the Lord has done;
But I will work like any slave,
For love of God's dear Son."

WORDS OF LIFE.

"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).

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24).

"I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth in Me should not abide in darkness" (John 12. 46).

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14. 6).

FROM BONDS TO BLESSEDNESS.

TURN to the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah. No doubt it applies in the first instance to Israel, but let us see if it cannot be made use of to us.

The first **S** is *Slavery*. "Loose thyself...O captive!" (verse 2). This is a picture of the human race. Men and women are in bondage. "Sold for naught." "Sold under sin."

The second **S** is *Salvation* (verse 7). It is called "good tidings," and surely salvation is entitled to this name. Was there ever good tidings like the tidings of salvation? Never! For a captive people, a condemned people, a helpless people, there is no story like the story of God's love to man, and no tidings like the tidings of salvation.

The third **S** is *Song*. "Break forth into joy; sing" (verse 9). Lessons in music are good, but there is no music in God's ear like the music that breaks forth from a delivered soul. The "waste places" were to sing, and lives that have been blighted and wrecked, and laid waste through sin, break forth into song when salvation is tasted.

The fourth and last **S** is *Separation*. "Go out," "be clean" (verse 11). This is the command. Out from slavery! Out from sin! Out from unhallowed pleasures! Out from all uncleanness! Out from Christless companions! Out! Into the place of testimony and purity and service, "for the Lord will go before you, and the God of Israel will be your reward."

FAITH.

"**W**HOSOEVER believeth on Him shall not be ashamed" (Rom. 10. 11). But a man may well be ashamed to possess a faith that cannot keep him sober. "The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16).

"But must I not pray for faith?" some one says. "What do the Scriptures say?" It is well to be guided by them. They are able to make the seeking soul wise unto salvation. There is no command that we know of to pray for faith, but faith does come to some as they pray. That is well known. Yet it may be a round-about road. It frequently is. Here is a

straight road: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Simply trust Him, and show your trust by committing yourself to His daily grace and keeping. Believe on Him every step of the way. Believe in His pardoning mercy to begin with, in His preserving power to proceed with, and you will find Him ever faithful, ever true. He is able to keep from falling those who trust themselves to His care. His Name is Jesus. He saves His people from their sins, and His people are those who believe on Him, commit the keeping of their souls to Him, and are not ashamed to confess Him before men. This is the sum total of saving faith.

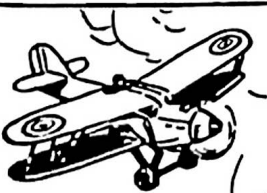
"PASSETH KNOWLEDGE."

THERE is no story on earth comparable to the story that is told in 1 John 4. 10, in twenty-four words. As Paul elsewhere says, it "passeth knowledge." The three-volume novel that is written by some famous authors is but drivel, even if true, beside it. Martyrs have gone to the stake rather than doubt or deny their interest in it, but who has ever gone to death in defence of a love story in a novel? The Bible, which contains the precious story, is shunned by many, and others who read it often don't benefit by it because they don't believe. Fortunately the truth in 1 John 4. 10 remains. What is it?

"**H**EREIN IS LOVE, NOT THAT WE LOVED GOD, BUT THAT HE LOVED US, AND SENT HIS SON TO BE THE PROPITIATION FOR OUR SINS."

Some stories much admired soon grow threadbare. This one never does, and never will. It tells of the one regenerating and hope-inspiring force which can lift men. It has engaged and transformed some of the noblest minds: it has charmed and cheered multitudes of the simplest, and it has changed the current of more lives than arithmetic can reckon, as the centuries have rolled on.

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THE BLACKSMITH'S CONVERSION.

HE was a giant physically, and fond of argument. The smithy was a great place for the young men of the village, who looked up to the smith as a Sir Oracle. He used to laugh at the writer and the Gospel he preached, and by his ridicule hindered many. Yet his conscience nagged all the time, as he frankly admitted long afterwards. His hour had not yet come. One of God's servants went to the village and started mission services. The power of the Lord was present to heal. One here, and another there, were gripped by the Holy Spirit, and led to a saving knowledge of Christ. This reached the big smith's ears as he was interested, curious, and perhaps a little bit envious. He said to his niece, "If there is anything good going, we better go and get a share of it." The wine of the Kingdom was flowing that night. He took, drank, and trusted the Saviour. It happened on this wise: After his address, the evangelist walked among the people, and spoke to one here and another there, who were in evident spiritual anxiety, among others the big smith. The smith was fond of arguing, and although under deep conviction of sin and his need of a Saviour, yet he wanted to reason the matter out, and to some extent defend himself, on the ground of his upright and religious life. The evangelist would not argue with him, but stuck to two pregnant statements, viz., First, "There's nothing to do." Second, "Surrender to Christ." Argument on the smith's side was vain. There's nothing to do. All is done. Nothing can be added to a thing which is complete, to make it more complete. If a thing is finished, then it's finished, and that's an end to it. Perfection cannot be improved. Christ's work for the sinner on the Cross is complete, finished, perfect. His life led on to His death for the sinner on the Cross. He did for the sinner all that was needed to be done. That doing and dying of the Saviour had been planned by the eternal God, against whom the sinner has sinned, to give the sinner the free gift of eternal salvation upon the one condition that he surrenders to the Christ. The Holy Spirit put eye-salve on the inner eyes of the big smith, and he saw it. Then the Holy Spirit acted on his iron will; it yielded, and the whole man surrendered to the Christ. The evangelist returned to his pulpit and said: "All who will surrender to and confess Christ, stand." Some stood, and among them the giant form of the smith towered. When God's servant saw him and the rest, he broke down, laid his head on

the pulpit, and wept for joy. Heaven and earth rejoiced that night. The smith said that the moment he stood the burden rolled away. No wonder, he understood Calvary's transaction, and his personal interest in it, and his whole inner man surrendered to God, his Saviour. Going up the brae home that night, he staggered like a drunken man, when that verse came to him: "And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. 5. 18). And he thought he knew what it meant. Since then he holds the Gospel banner high in his village, and is a helper and encourager of many. Is all this Greek and Latin to you, my reader? It need be so no longer. Be ye who you may, high or low, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, master or servant, religious or irreligious, there is no other way of salvation. "Christ is the end of the law." All has been done that required to be done for your salvation, by Christ on His Cross. Surrender to Him as you are, where you are this moment, and you, too, will be made to know from your God, along the lines of His supernatural wireless telegraphy that you and He are friends for ever. W.T.

JUST ASK FOR THEM.

DURING the Spanish-American War, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, much attached to his men, was greatly concerned when a number of them fell ill. Hearing that Clara Barton (the lady who devoted herself to the work of nursing the wounded soldiers) had received a supply of delicacies for the invalids under her care, Colonel Roosevelt requested her to sell a portion of them to him for the sick men of his regiment.

His request was refused. The Colonel was very troubled; he cared for his men, and was willing to pay for the supplies out of his own pocket. "How can I get these things?" he said. "I must have proper food for my sick men." "*Just ask for them*, Colonel," said the surgeon in charge of the Red Cross headquarters. "Oh!" said Roosevelt, his face breaking into a smile, "that is the way, is it? Then I do ask for them." And he got them at once.

Now the truth is that God's salvation can only be had as a *free gift*. Why should there be any difficulty in understanding this? The words of Scripture are very plain: "*I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely*" (Rev. 21. 6). "The wages of sin is death; but *the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord*" (Rom. 6. 23). H.P.B.

The MONTHLY EVANGEL

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

2 Timothy 1. 12.



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

Romans 1. 16.

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY

By A. McDONALD REDWOOD.

PROBABLY the majority of truly converted Christians can be more or less precisely certain of the date, perhaps of the very hour, of their conversion. Others are unable to be so certain; they seem to have come by a gradual, almost imperceptible *process* into the full glory of a personal experience of Christ as Saviour. The vital fact, however, remains—all can say with devout emphasis: "ONE thing I *know*, that, whereas I was blind, *now I can see!*" Praise God for that!

I confess I have to number myself among the latter class. I cannot give any exact date

when I was converted. But there can be no doubt of two outstanding experiences.

The first is an incident (hardly strong enough to be called a conscious experience in the usual sense) which occurred probably at the age of about 5 or 6. My revered and godly mother (a Missionary in India for 50 years, now with the Lord, and still remembered by many in Scotland and other countries), was in the habit of teaching us children verses from the Bible, interspersed often by a verse from a well-known hymn, from our earliest years. One day I failed to obey the repeated call to the set task, and my mother was herself unusually preoccupied all the morning. So

that towards evening, instead of being allowed to play in the fields around as was my wont, I was made to sit down to the hymn verse allotted for that day's lessons:

"Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.
Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by."

As the verse was repeated over and over again, the words, "Do not pass me by" made a strange appeal to me, and a picture rose before my young mind of "Heaven's Gates" wide open, beautifully inviting, and many were passing in through them—amongst them father, mother, and others from the little meeting close by. I have no doubt the mental process was unconsciously helped by the bedside stories often told by my dear mother. How formative, often, are those few minutes spent with mother as she understandingly and lovingly responds to the evening's last request ere sleep closes our eyes: "Tell me a story, please, Mummy!" The effect of the passing picture was to raise an immediate question: "Can't I go in too?" "Shall I be left outside?" And as quickly, the answer was made: "I'm going in too; I want to be in Heaven with mother and Jesus!"

It was all very childish, very simple, yet none the less real, and what is more, it left an *impression*. In the subsequent years of youth and school life in England, filled (as so many children's lives are who have missionary parents) with a variety of changing scenes and experiences, including the death of my father at sea whilst *en route* for furlough in England (I was then only ten years old), the impression faded. But it was never obliterated and still abides as an almost certain instance of "child conversion"—though many in these days would doubt such possibility.

The second "experience" was of an entirely different character, which can only be stated in very general terms, for it consisted not so much of a single act of faith but of a gradually advancing realisation of what the *true Christian life really means*—or, as Paul calls it, "The life that is Life indeed" (1 Tim. 6, R.V.).

It occurred during the days of dawning manhood, when life begins to unfold into more conscious moral and mental possibilities for good or otherwise. An open confession of personal faith had been made in baptism and a place in church life accepted.

Through the writings and the spoken ministry of that great man of God and noted preacher, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, of U.S.A., there was

revealed to my soul the possibility of a higher level of Christian character and witness than had been experienced or understood hitherto. In other words, he opened a door (by the Holy Spirit's power) which had not been thought of, far less understood; a door which should lead to a more definite, positive and fruitful exhibition of the truth of "*Christ dwelling within*" as a living, bright Reality and Dynamic.

The great hearted missionary spirit and teachings of Dr. Pierson filled me with an increasing sense that God was calling me to serve Him in the foreign field. A preliminary year was spent in Egypt (North and South), where many of the foundational lessons of practical faith, which mean so much to the young missionary recruit were to be learnt in the school of experience and testing. The power of prayer, the possibilities of faith in a prayer-hearing God, the utter poverty of one's own endeavours, and the plenitude of the ever-available resources of the Triune God—all, and much more, were put to the test in the daily circumstances of "a stranger in a strange land." God never failed, though many a time I did! "But," as Paul himself had to confess, "*I obtained mercy!*"

Then India in 1910! It is both helpful and desirable to have, if at all possible, some kind of training ere going abroad for such work—of that I am more than ever convinced. But the real and greatest training is on the field! On every level, body, soul and spirit are daily challenged—by the climate, by strange, weird customs and people, by the flagrant absence of moral standards, by hideous caricatures of so-called religion, and by the colossal darkness of minds steeped in heathen superstition. The only antidote to all of which is the GOSPEL of Jesus Christ. If you want to find the cogent reason why Paul made such a statement as, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth"; or, when he said: "God forbid that I should boast save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world"—you will find it anywhere where sin-chained souls are being stripped of their shackles, but nowhere more amazingly than where the Devil displays his blackest deeds in the great cities of Eastern lands.

In closing this sketchy record of God's dealings with a "vessel of mercy" let me say this: Let God have your *whole* life, *all* the time, for His *sole*, undisputed *use*—and you will never waste one second of time in regretting the surrender you make to Him!

BE READY!

IT was a fine summer morning. Along the country roads from different mining villages men came to the pithead of the pit in which they worked, singly, and in twos and threes. One, a man in middle life, who came from a village fully a mile distant was in a big hurry to get down to his work. The engine-man was busy drawing water from the "sump" at the bottom of the pit with a chest, commonly called a "vound," which was fixed on to "cage." The chest was used instead of pumps, as there was not much water in the mine. The man who was in a hurry would not wait till the water was all drawn, but told the engine-man he would go down on the top of the water chest, which he did, the engine-man offering no objection. When he got to the bottom of the shaft he hurried off to the coal face to get coal ready for the lad who "drew" from him. The rest of the men got down after the water had all been drawn, and all wended their way towards the different sections of the pit in which they worked. Suddenly a lad came running along through the workings in an excited state to say that A— M— was killed. This was the man who was in such a hurry to get down to his work. He had simply run to his death. Before he had been many minutes at work a huge "cut" of coal, partly prepared the day before, came down on him without scarcely any warning, burying him and ending his life in the twinkling of an eye.

But what about his soul? Had he any record for Christ? All who knew him knew there was no religion about him. A friend of his said to him one night in his own house, when he sat down to his tea with his bonnet on: "Man, take off your bonnet." "I wouldn't take it off to please God, far less a man like you." That was the man. Wild and utterly godless! But though it is on a line with our knowledge of the mercy of God to say that "while the lamp holds on to burn the greatest sinner may return," yet we always like to see some signs of men returning to God before the lamp burns out. What happened from the time he left the pithead till he came to an end of his earthly journey God alone knows!

All work was suspended in the mine for that day, and some of the men followed the cart that conveyed the corpse to the home which the man had left two hours or so before. What a scene it was when the cart drove to the door! The carrying of the body into that humble home amid the shrieks of women who tore at their hair was something not to be forgotten even by the most hardened. There let the veil be drawn.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). It matters little where men die, whether in a poorhouse or in a palace, whether in a bed or in a mine; the thing that greatly matters is how men die. Do they die ready or unready? Saved or unsaved? Pardoned or unpardoned?

"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." The door of salvation stands wide open. Few enter in. Multitudes crowd the house of mirth, and haunt the gaudy show, because "the god of this world (age) hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine into them" (2 Cor. 4. 4). The warning words of Scripture are unheeded. The judgment to come is treated as a myth. The Bible doctrine of sin is laughed at. Those who attend prayer meetings are looked upon as weakminded. The Church is railed at as an effete institution. But a day of awakening is coming. An acquaintance with picture houses, theatres, boxing matches, or gambling saloons, is a poor preparation for a dying day. Attendance at such places does not help any man to prepare to meet God. There is a scene depicted in the Word of God that should be read and remembered. Here it is: "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened, and another book was opened which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works" (Rev. 20. 12).

In what book is your name written? Think of this solemn word, "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. 20. 15).

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MEETNESS FOR HEAVEN.

A CLERGYMAN many years ago was travelling by coach. He sat by the coachman's side on the box. The coachman was one of those unhappy men who think nothing can be done without swearing. He was cursing, swearing, blaspheming, and taking God's Name in vain for many a long mile together. On he drove, now flying into a passion, now beating his horses, now cursing and swearing again. Such was the coachman's ways. At last the clergyman said to him quietly, "Coachman, I am exceedingly afraid about you." "Sir," said the coachman, "what should you be afraid of? All is going on all right; we are not likely to be upset." "Coachman," said the clergyman again, "I am exceedingly afraid about you, because I cannot think what you would do in Heaven if you got there. There will be no cursing in Heaven, there will be no swearing in Heaven, there will be no passion in Heaven, there will be no horses to beat in Heaven. I cannot think what you would do in Heaven." Said the coachman, "That is your opinion," and no more was said. Years passed away. A day came when a person told the clergyman a sick man desired to see him. He was a stranger. He had come into that parish because he wanted to die there. The clergyman went to see him. He entered the room and found a dying man whose face he did not know. "Sir," said the dying man, "you do not remember me." "No," said the clergyman, "I do not." Said the dying man, "I remember you. I am the coachman to whom many years ago you said, 'Coachman, I am afraid about you because I do not know what you would do if you got to Heaven.' Sir, these words laid hold upon me. I saw I was not fit to die. These words worked and worked and worked in my heart, and I never rested till I had repented of my sin, and fled to Christ and found peace in Him, and became a new man; and now, by the grace of God, I trust I am prepared to meet my Maker, having been made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

RYLE.

ALL AT ONCE.

"ALL at once! Can I be saved all at once?" Yes, certainly; you were born all at once. You will die all at once. And if you are to be saved you must be saved all at once. Paul said to the jailer at Philippi, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). If language means any-

thing, it means that in believing the man was to be saved. It wasn't that he was to believe then, and afterwards to be saved by degrees. "But must we not work our own salvation?" Yes, to be sure. But salvation must be possessed before it can be worked out. No man ever worked harder at working out salvation than Paul did, but the working out did not begin until after a certain day he entered into the possession of salvation through believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" he said (Acts 9. 6). Up till that time he had set up his will against Christ, and disbelieved Him, but from that moment his will was believingly surrendered. He owned his willingness to take his marching orders from the One he had been despising and persecuting, and from then on salvation was his. He was saved all at once, saved from trusting in his own righteousness; but he learned by degrees, and got light by degrees. When a child is born into a house it is born at a certain definite point of time. It, however, has much to learn. "But must we not do the best we can?" Certainly, every man should do his very best, but the first thing to do is to receive by faith the Lord Jesus Christ, for "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God" (John 1. 12).

THE MARCH OF TIME.

SOMETIMES I almost wish I could
The march of time delay,
So quickly moments grow to hours,
And hours become a day;
And when the day has bowed to night,
So much seems yet undone,
And work that I had planned to do,
I have not yet begun.

And then I think me yet again:
What better would it be
If time were at my beck and call
To stop or go with me?
I might be wishing time would halt,
To please my sluggish soul,
While others wished, in other mood,
That time would onward roll.

The hand that set the stars in place,
And made the glorious sun,
That hand controls the course of time,
Until all time is done;
And what we were not meant to do
We should not long to try,
But fill the years God giveth us
With deeds that cannot die. F.P.H.K.