

MONTHLY EVANGEL

1934

*With the Editor's
Best Wishes*

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

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

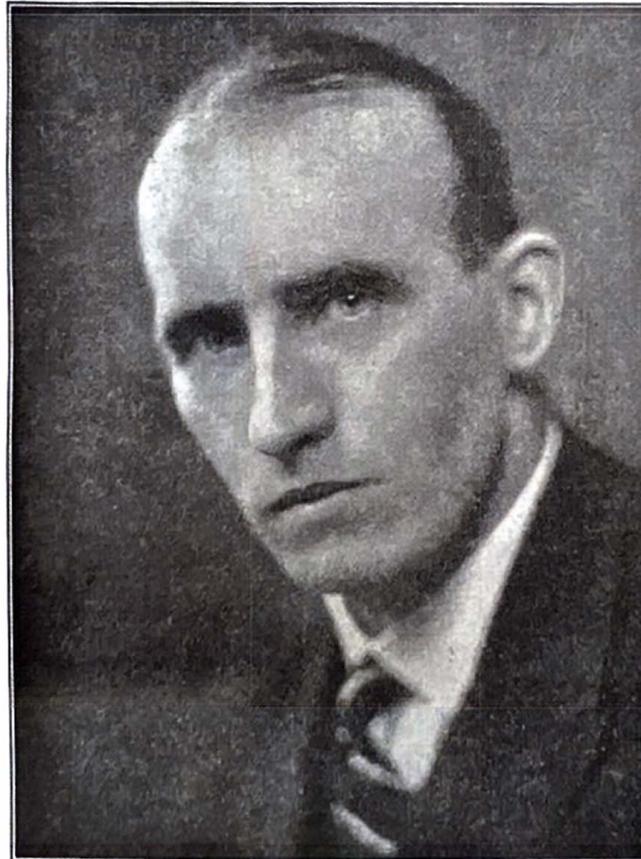
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No. 475

Entered at Stationers' Hall

January, 1934

“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.”

John 3. 17, 18.

“WHAT THE GOSPEL MEANS TO ME.”

I REMEMBER arriving one Saturday night in a little town in Ayrshire, where I was to preach the following day. The place had originally been a mining centre, but that industry had become defunct, so in addition to its original handicap of ugly brick-built cottages, there was an air of dejection about the whole scene that was intensified that evening by gathering darkness and falling rain. The only bright spots appeared to be its far too numerous public-houses, though their lurid lights only served to accentuate the general wretchedness and despair. It was therefore with a sudden surprise that as I walked through the place looking for the Manse, I came across a small band of rain-soaked Salvationists holding an open-air meeting. Their enthusiasm was enough to provide plenty of food for thought, but what made an extraordinary impression on me was the words of the hymn they chanced to be singing. Their song had this constantly recurring refrain:

“Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow; wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, and I shall be whiter than snow!” Could anything have thrown my whole impression of the place into more vivid relief? The ugly, squalid cottages, the black muddy roads, the glare of the tavern lights, the discordant shout of drunken revelry, the gathering darkness, the dismal rain! Surely a picture of degeneration, discomfort, despair! What power on earth could sweeten or beautify such a miserable place? And yet there in the centre of it was that brave little band singing hopefully about some apparently impossible ideal of being washed whiter than the snow!

The contrast between that scene and that song suggests quite clearly what the Gospel means to me. If I might attempt to put it in a word, I would say that so far as I am concerned, the Gospel just means cleansing. Perhaps from my point of view there is no better expression of the whole content of it than the words which the prophet puts into the mouth of

God as He reasons with man: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

This interpretation of the Gospel pre-supposes, of course, a very serious conception of sin. Red is not the colour that is used now-a-days to describe sin. The modern man, we have been told, does not attach any great importance to the question of sin. Sin is regrettable, no doubt, but it is not a thing to break one's heart over. The agony of mind that prompts the cry: "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" calls for the attention of a medical man rather than a minister. No, sin is not to be painted in such glaring colours as crimson, or scarlet, or bright red. It you will have a colour for it, it is more of a dirty white, a dull grey, or even a sombre black.

Yes, sin is just a coming short of perfection, a missing of the mark, as the Greek word originally implied. The whole secret of it is, no doubt, ignorance. But does this explanation adequately account for sin? Ignorance is, of course, a very fruitful source of sin—ignorance and inexperience. But do we always sin in ignorance? How often we sin with the perfect consciousness that we are breaking both the laws of God and the laws of man. Even though men were given perfect understanding to-day, there would still be sin in our world to-morrow. For sin is not just the invention of the intellect. Sin is not the monopoly of the ignorant. The secret of sin is deeper than the mind of man. It goes right down to where it has its seat and centre, the human heart. Yes, sin is red, for sin is blood-red.

And yet some would have it that if sin is to be given a colour the choice must be a dull grey. Sin is just that element of selfishness in our nature which gives such a drab effect of life, and changes it into a sombre hue. But does selfishness account for all the sin in this world of ours? Do men not sin against themselves, against their own best interests? Yes, men will destroy their own bodies, damn their own souls. Is sin then just a dull grey? No, sin is red, the symbol of ruin, ruthless, pitiless, blood-red. For sin is stained with the very life-blood of humanity, the blood of men and women, and—God help us!—the blood of little children.

There are some, however, who would describe sin as black. It is the source of all sorrow and sadness, and the suffering and misery in this world of ours. But I wonder whether black is the colour that our young folk would use to describe sin? How easy it would be to be good if sin always wore the aspect of sad, sombre, uninviting black! What of its dazzling lights, the glamour, the glitter, the lure, of sin? The prophet knew what he was talking about when he described sin in glowing colours. To him it was a great flaming poppy, flaunting itself in the open field of the world, full of fascination and appeal. But at its heart was poison and drugged sleep and death. Yes, sin is attractive. What though the sinner knows that the wages of sin is death, he will suck the sweet narcotic from the crimson flower—even though he die for it.

In the face, then, of this terrible reality, what does the Gospel mean to me? It means just this—salvation from sin. And what do I mean by that? I mean cleansing from the defilement of sin, pardon from the guilt of sin, and freedom from the power of sin.

To understand all that is meant by it let us go back to that first day when the Gospel was preached in our

world. John the Baptist came preaching repentance. "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!" But multitudes because of the authority in his voice, because of the urgency in his appeal, repented and were baptised. But how many a poor soul, I wonder, who came to the Baptist and confessed his sin, must have asked the hard question—would repentance suffice to atone for sin? Would the mere fact that the sinner was sorry wipe out for ever the scarlet stains upon his soul? What answer had the Baptist? What remedy had he to offer to unhappy men and women who came to him bewailing their inability to escape from the bondage of sin? None! And I rather think the problem must have rankled in his mind, for the day that Jesus appears on Jordan's banks a new light seems to dawn upon his soul. He points to the Man of Nazareth and cries: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." What Jew, trained from infancy in the ritual of sacrifice, would fail to appreciate the import of these words? The Lamb of God! Here at last was atonement! Here was One who would deliver from sin, because He would die for it! Yes, that day when John the Baptist pointed to Jesus of Nazareth and hailed Him as the Lamb of God, a new Gospel was given to the world.

This, then, is what the Gospel means to me—the atonement offered for sin in the person of Jesus Christ the Son of God. And yet I must at once say that this Gospel of an atonement raises questions to which I can give no answer. Why could God in His infinite love and power not have forgiven sin without the death of a mediator, and if only by shedding of blood, why at the cost of such suffering as was endured on Calvary? We may conjecture, but we cannot prove. All that Scripture has to say is that it behoved Christ to suffer. It was becoming in the sight of Him for Whom are all things and by Whom are all things, that we should be saved by a mediator, and that the chosen mediator should not save us apart from His own most terrible sufferings. In a more mysterious way than we who only see these things as through a glass darkly can ever understand: "Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

But although the whole question of the atonement offered by Jesus Christ has always been a ceaseless subject of debate, one thing about which there can be no debate is the conviction of pardon, the confidence of power, the consciousness of peace, that the acceptance of His death as an atonement for sin has brought to human hearts. For hundreds and hundreds of thousands of men and women all down the Christian centuries, the whole content of the Gospel has been the assurance that "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

"He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood."

What does the Gospel mean to me? The Gospel just means Christ. And what is He to me? He is the One Who was slain from the foundation of the world, the Lamb of God, my Saviour. Let all who read these lines see to it that they have rested their souls for salvation on Jesus Christ and His atoning sacrifice. And "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

RON. DAVIDSON.

MIKE AND HIS BIBLE.

"MIKE, I hear that you have got a Bible, but it is not for the like of you. You must give it to me; it is only for the priests to read."

"Oh, your Riverence," said Mike, "that is strange, for I was just reading in my Bible the other day that we were to teach it to our children after us, and, sure, the priests have no children."

"Well, but," said the priest, "you have no education, and you will not be able to understand it."

"Oh," said Mike, "what I don't understand will do me no harm, and what I do understand does me a mighty deal of good."

"But," said the priest, "you must give the Bible to the Church, and the Church will give you the milk of the Word."

"Oh, your Riverence," said Mike, "I would rather keep the cow myself."

Well done, Mike! There is nothing like sticking to the Bible, though it is gravely to be feared that many who claim to be Protestants, and claim to be guided by the Bible, have no particular acquaintance with it. This is one of the serious defects of the age, because to many the Bible is a sealed book. It is not sought after, pondered over, and meditated upon. Its contents are not known, and yet it contains the only written revelation of God to man.

If men are going to travel by train, they are mostly wise enough to find out beforehand by consulting the railway time-table when they will get a train to suit, but multitudes of men on their road to eternity make not the slightest bit of inquiry at the Word of God, the only reliable source of information, as to where they will land when this life is over.

The scepticism of many is simply the result of ignorance. A sceptic once challenged me with regard to a certain text which he quoted, or rather misquoted. I simply held out my Bible and asked him to get the text for me. He was completely sold. Half-an-hour's argument could not have taken him down so effectually. He had really not the slightest acquaintance with the inside of the Word of

God. I knew the text he meant, and referred him to it after a bit, but he could no more have discovered it than the man in the moon. The text he wanted to make capital out of is one in the 3rd chapter of Amos, which reads: "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" These words, he said, taught that God was responsible for all the evil and sin that were in the world. I pointed out to him that if he were to read the book of Amos throughout he would find that the evil of famine was one thing and the evil of fornication another thing, and that it was the evil of famine that God had sent upon them, because of the evils of fornication and idolatry that they had given themselves over to. I showed him that they were lacking in morals, and God made them to lack bread, giving them "cleanness of teeth" (Amos 4. 6). It was evidently all new to him, the distinction between physical and moral evil, but when men do not read God's Word how can it be anything else?

The Irishman was quite right in sticking to the "cow" himself, and getting the milk from the Word for himself. It is a great pity that there are not many more like him. There would be less room to mourn and grieve over the "lapsed masses" if the precious Volume that God has given had the place in the family circle and in the individual life that it is well entitled to, for then would happen over again what happened long ago in the experience of the man who said: "By the word of Thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer" (Psa. 17. 4).

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

CAN I know in this life that my sins are forgiven?

Surely, for it is written: "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts 13. 38). "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee" (Job 22. 21).

Can I have a settled peace?

Most assuredly, if you have a settled faith. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

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THE TEXT AND HOW RECEIVED.

I DO not know what it was that made the old Yorkshire woman say, "There's naught so queer as folk," but I have often said the same thing myself, when I have seen the way in which people have treated the story of God's great Love. Quite recently I was giving away Gospel booklets in a South London suburb, and I handed one to the proprietor of a prosperous-looking tobacco and sweets store. He greeted me with a smile, but when he read "God so loved the world" on the cover of the tract, he pushed it back into my hand and shouted, "I don't want it." "But," I said, "it's a message of love and friendliness." "I don't want it, take it out," he raged, and he literally danced as though I had dropped a seven-pound weight on his toes. I was sorry I had annoyed him, but very sad that he felt like that at the sight of my text, and I had to say to myself, "Some folk are queer."

I had another experience. It was on board the fine old *Maurelania* in mid-Atlantic. The western sky was ablaze with the glory of the setting sun, and shafts of crimson beauty were shot from the horizon across the waves. By my side stood a gentleman, delighted as I was with the splendid picture, and he talked of it as only an artist and an admirer of great sights could talk. I said to him, "Do you know, sir, that the God whose hand painted that glowing sky, loves you and me?" He drew back and looked at me for a moment with a look of anything but pleasure in his eyes, and then without a word, turned on his heel, and went to the other side of the ship, and for the rest of the week he avoided me as though I had the plague. It is a marvellous thing—it is queer, yes, queer is the word for it—that the mention of God's love should affect a man in that way, and yet we need not be surprised, for it is explained in one sentence in the Bible, "The carnal mind is enmity against God." Yet John 3. 16 remains upon the page of His Word, and is as true to-day as ever, and what a wonderful declaration of His feelings towards men it is.

But the great text is not always rejected, to thousands it has been a savour of life unto life. "It's the best text in the Bible," a happy old man said once to me, and I was not surprised that that was what he thought about it, when he went on to tell me that fifty years before it had changed everything for him. It had been used by God's Holy Spirit to turn him from darkness to light, and from the

power of Satan unto God, and had made his life worth living when it had promised to be a big failure.

I had spent the afternoon in the large ward of an Infirmary in a northern city. Every bed in that ward was occupied by a suffering man. I had sat and talked for a few minutes with each of these, and had left them all some books to read, when I came to the last bed in the ward. On it was lying a young fellow, not yet twenty. He looked very wan and ill, and as his eyes were closed, I thought he was sleeping. So I sat down by his side, hoping he might awake before I had to go. Soon he opened his eyes, and looked at me with an inquiring look as much as to say, "Who are you?" I said, "I have been giving the men some Gospel books, but I'm afraid you are too ill to read." "Yes," he said, "I am, and the doctor says there is no hope for me, but *I am in the Lord's hands.*" Those last words came out so unexpectedly, and with so much feeling that the lump came into my throat, and I could not immediately command my voice. When I managed this, I said, "And in the very best hands you are, my dear, for He has said of all who trust in Him, 'I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, *neither shall any one pluck them out of My hand.*'" "Yes," he answered, "He did say that, and He also said, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.'" And then, exhausted by the effort, he closed his eyes and lay still, and I sat silent and thrilled. Then he began to speak again, as though oblivious of my presence; slowly but with an indescribable sweetness he repeated "Everlasting life, everlasting life." I listened for a while to that sacred communion between his ransomed soul and his God; then, giving his hand a gentle squeeze, I withdrew from his side, and the last sound from his lips that I heard was "Everlasting life." That happened on Friday afternoon, and on the following Tuesday he entered the Glory.

That dying lad had found in John 3. 16 what all the gold in the Bank of England could not have gained him. Could I have carried to him the highest honours that the King could bestow, or poured out at his side the choicest treasures of the world, and this earthly life, they would have been worse than useless in the Infirmary ward; but John 3. 16 had enriched him, and God's love had put a peace into his heart that the approach of death could not disturb.

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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.



Dr. H. A. IRONSIDE, Pastor, Moody Church, Chicago.

"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.

MY CONVERSION TO GOD.

By H. A. IRONSIDE.

FROM a very early age God began to speak to me through His Word. I doubt if I could go back to the *first* time when, to my recollection, I felt something of the reality of eternal things.

My father was taken from me ere his features were impressed upon my infant mind. But I never have heard him spoken of other than as a man of God. He was known in Toronto (my birth-place) to many as "The Eternity Man." His Bible, marked in many places, was a precious legacy to me; and from it I learned to recite my first verse of Scripture, at the age of four. I distinctly recall learning the blessed words of Luke 19. 10: "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." That I was lost, and that Christ Jesus came from Heaven to save me, were the first Divine truths impressed on my young heart.

My widowed mother was, it seems to me, one of a

thousand. I remember yet how I would be thrilled as she knelt with me as a child, and prayed. "O Father, keep my boy from ever desiring anything greater than to live for Thee. Save him early, and make him a devoted street-preacher, as his father was. Make him willing to suffer for Jesus' sake, to gladly endure persecution and rejection by the world that cast out Thy Son; and keep him from what would dishonour Thee." The words were not always the same, but I have heard the sentiment times without number.

To our home there often came servants of Christ—plain, godly men, who seemed to me to carry with them the atmosphere of eternity. Yet in a very real sense they were the bane of my boyhood. Their searching, "Henry, lad, are you born again yet?" or the equally impressive, "Are you *certain* that your soul is saved?" often brought me to a standstill; but I knew not how to reply.

California had become my home ere I was clear as to being a child of God. In Los Angeles I first began

to learn the love of the world, and was impatient of restraint. Yet I had almost continual concern as to the great matter of my salvation.

I was but twelve years old when I began a Sunday School and set up to try to help the boys and girls of the neighbourhood to a knowledge of the Book I had read ten times through, but which had still left me without assurance of salvation.

To Timothy, Paul wrote: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, *through faith which is in Christ Jesus*" (2 Tim. 3. 15). It was this latter that I lacked. I had, it seemed to me, *always* believed, yet I dared not say I was saved. I know now that I had always believed *about* Jesus. I had not really believed *in* Him as *my* personal Saviour. Between the two there is all the difference that there is between being saved and lost, between an eternity in Heaven and endless ages in the Lake of Fire.

As I have said, I was not without considerable anxiety as to my soul; and though I longed to break into the world, and was indeed guilty of much that was vile and wicked, I ever felt a restraining Hand upon me, keeping me from many things that I would otherwise have gone into; and a certain religiousness became, I suppose, characteristic. But religion is not salvation.

I was nearly fourteen years old when, upon returning one day from school, I learned that a servant of Christ from Canada, well known to me, had arrived for meetings. I knew, ere I saw him, how he would greet me, for I remembered him well, and his searching questions, when I was younger. Therefore I was not surprised, but embarrassed, nevertheless, when he exclaimed: "Well, Harry, lad, I'm glad to see you. And are you born again yet?"

The blood mantled my face. I hung my head, and could find no words to reply. An uncle present said: "You know, Mr. M——, he preaches himself now a bit, and conducts a Sunday School!"

"Indeed!" was the answer. "Will you get your Bible, Harry?"

I was glad to get out of the room, and so went at once for my Bible, and returned, after remaining out as long as seemed decent, hoping thereby to recover myself. Upon my re-entering the room, he said, kindly, but seriously: "Will you turn to Romans 3. 19, and read it aloud?"

Slowly I read: "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." I *felt* the application, and was at a loss for words. The evangelist went on to tell me that he, too, had been once a religious sinner, till God stopped his mouth, and then gave him a sight of Christ. He pressed on me the importance of getting to the same place ere I tried to teach others.

The words had their effect. From that time till I was sure I was saved, I refrained from talking of these things, and I gave up my Sunday School work. But now Satan, who was seeking my soul's destruction, suggested to me: "If lost and unfit to speak of religious things to others, why not enjoy all the world has to offer, so far as you are able to avail yourself of it?"

I listened only too eagerly to his words, and for the next six months or thereabouts no one was more anxious for folly than I, though always with a smarting conscience.

At last, on a Thursday evening in February, 1890, God spoke to me in tremendous power while out at

a gay party with a lot of other young people, mostly older than myself, intent only on an evening's amusement. I remember now that I had withdrawn from the parlour for a few moments to obtain a cooling drink in the next room. Standing alone by a refreshment table, there came home to my inmost soul, in startling clearness, some verses of Scripture I had learned months before. They are found in the first chapter of Proverbs, beginning with verse 24 and going on to verse 32. Here wisdom is represented as laughing at the calamity of the one who refused to heed instruction, and mocking when his fear cometh. Every word seemed to burn its way into my heart. I saw as never before my dreadful guilt in having so long refused to trust Christ for myself, and in having preferred my own wilful way to that of Him Who had died for me.

I went back to the parlour, and tried to join with the rest in their empty follies. But all seemed utterly hollow, and the tinsel was gone. The light of eternity was shining into the room, and I wondered how any could laugh with God's judgment hanging over us, like a Damocles' sword suspended by a hair. We seemed like people sporting with closed eyes on the edge of a precipice, and I the most careless of all, till grace had made me see.

That night, when all was over, I hurried home, and crept upstairs to my room. There, after lighting a lamp, I took my Bible, and, with it before me, fell upon my knees.

I had an undefined feeling that I had better pray. But the thought came, "What shall I pray for?" Clearly and distinctly came back the answer, "For what God has been offering me for years. Why not then receive it, and thank Him?"

My dear mother had often said, "The place to begin with God is at Romans 3 or John 3." To both these Scriptures I turned, and read them carefully. Clearly I saw that I was a helpless sinner, but that for me Christ had died, and that salvation was offered freely to all who trusted in Him. Reading John 3. 16 the second time, I said, "That will do. O God, I thank Thee that Thou hast loved me, and given Thy Son for me. I trust Him now as my Saviour, and I rest on Thy Word, which tells me I have everlasting life."

Then I expected to feel a thrill of joy. It did not come. I wondered if I could be mistaken. I expected a sudden rush of love for Christ. It did not come either. I feared I could not be really saved with so little emotion.

I read the words again. There could be no mistake. God loved the world, of which I formed a part. God gave His Son to save all believers. I believed in Him as my Saviour. Therefore I must have everlasting life. Again I thanked Him, and rose from my knees to begin the walk of faith. God could not lie. I knew I must be saved.

"EXCEPT YE BE CONVERTED."

Matt. 18. 3.

IN conversion there are manifested:

1. Confession and hatred of sin.
2. Obedience to the Gospel.
3. A new life possessed.
4. The venture of faith.
5. Emancipation from the fear of man.
6. Turning to God with the whole heart.

"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live" (Ezek. 33. 11)

NOT FRUSTRATING GRACE.

SAID the apostle, "I do not frustrate the grace of God," and no one can read the epistles that come from his pen without feeling how true this is. He was pre-eminently a preacher of grace. Its power had saved him, a poor, blinded, Jewish bigot prior to its entrance into his heart, and his debtorship to it he loved unceasingly to proclaim. There was never any break in his praise of "the grace of God that bringeth salvation." Its treasures of pardon, peace, adoption, and power for godly living, he was never done extolling. Others might frustrate it; not he. Some had dim, hazy notions as to how sinners were saved: not he. Some mixed up law and Gospel, and claimed that circumcision was necessary to salvation; not he. "I do not frustrate the grace of God," he said, "but if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain" (Gal. 2. 21). "Strong speaking, that," some one may say. Yet it is not a whit too strong; for when, according to the law, Christ was circumcised, He became "a debtor to the whole law" (Gal. 5. 3). And He has gone the whole length of the law's demands. Its every claim has been met. Its demands in their entirety have been answered, and now "grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 5. 21).

THE HEALING TOUCH.

PREACHING on the woman who was healed through touching Christ, the Rev. John McNeill said:

I believe that if the Lord had come to this woman a day sooner He would have been too soon, she would have been running after the last quack with her last shilling. If Jesus had come a day later the woman might have been dead. But, glory to His Name, He is never before or behind His time. When your need is highest, the Son of God is nighest. He works with His eye on the clock. "In an acceptable time I have heard thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee." Now is the accepted time, to-day is the day, ripe and ready for the soul's healing. God make thee wise to make His time thy time, and here and

now the place and time of thy redemption!

Don't be content with merely coming and going in the religious crowd; have personal contact with Christ. Jesus turned Him about and said, "Who touched My clothes?" And those wise people, the disciples, who were always keeping the Lord right—and we have not stopped that trick yet—said, "Master, you see the multitude crowding, jostling—everybody is touching you." But Christ continued looking round. Your anglers know that it is not enough for a fish to nibble; you want your fish landed, and the fish is never yours until it is in the basket.

So Jesus wants to get this woman into His hands; she has swallowed the hook and a yard or two of the line as well, but He wants to get her landed—nothing slump, vague, wholesale, everything personal. There is touching and touching.

I might be passing down that aisle with people close around me, but a shouldering, jostling crowd would never touch me, never arrest me; but if someone lays a finger and thumb on my arm, at once, without a word being spoken, I should feel the significance of the touch, and turn round to see who it was, and what I could do.

I sometimes think there are only two denominations—touchers and jostlers. Have you touched Christ, or are you only a well-dressed jostler? "Oh, the little more, and how much it is Oh, the little less, and what worlds away "

I trust you know the plague of your own heart; at any rate, God is seeking to teach it to you. I have set before you the Lord Jesus Christ—the very Saviour for a guilty, unclean sinner like you who are dying by inches; and all that is needed to lift you out of death into His own eternal life is—put it to the touch.

Say, "Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul," and He will answer, "Thy faith hath saved thee, daughter, son." That was worth waiting for. "Not thy fingers that touched My clothes, but thy faith that touched My heart. Thy faith hath saved thee." May faith be kindled in every heart! Amen.

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THE ABUNDANCE OF THE HEART.

IS the Father's everlasting love anything to you? What value do you place on the precious blood of Jesus that was shed to put away all sin? Is Jesus and His atoning death ever the theme of your conversation, or is your conversation ever and always about worldly things? Jesus says: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and when the lips never speak anything of Him, can He have the place in the affection that He is entitled to have as the Friend of sinners? Measured by this test, that of the lips furnishing an outlet for the abundance of the heart, it is greatly to be feared that the heart of very many is very empty of Divine things. In the market-place or market-days, when the farmers are gathered from far, one can easily hear, and overhear, all manner of things about cows and sheep, and arable ground and pasture land, and about butter and cheese, and rents and fees, and so on and on. The heart is full, and the lips are full, and the principle contained in the Saviour's words is apparent to the ear. Likewise when Jesus is all and in all to any one, He is spoken of and confessed among men. Just as surely as water runs downhill, so the opening of the lips is the letting out of whatever the heart is full of. Said the Apostle John: "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us" (1 John 1. 3), and many have said the same since; in fact, many are saying it every day. They have tasted the grace of God, and they long that others may have fellowship in the same grace. The Jewish rulers and elders sought to silence Peter and John by commanding them "Not to speak at all, nor to teach in the Name of Jesus," but they boldly replied: "WE CANNOT BUT SPEAK the things which we have seen and heard" (Acts 4. 20).

How fares it with you? Don't shirk the question. Search and look, for out of an empty heart—a heart empty of the grace of God—ariseth no testimony for Christ.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION!

YEARS ago the theory of "spontaneous generation" was the pet hobby of many who were evidently anxious to put God as far out of the universe as possible, if not to supplant Him altogether. Men laboured with bottles of hay hermetically sealed to prove it. Others raked the sea for a sort of jelly which science called by the name of Bathybius, and

out of this protoplasm, life was to be generated. But neither the sealed-up hay, nor the gelatinous product of the deep, yielded the desired result. Disappointment was the lot of the scientists, and now the theory of spontaneous generation is as dead as a door-nail. No man with any regard for the honour of his name would venture to put his signature to it, because the most careful investigations of science yielded not the slightest glimmer of hope.

As in the natural world, so in the soul of man. God Himself is the direct source of life, and no man by any work of his can renew within himself that life which was forfeited when sin entered into the world. As well may a man sinking in a bog expect to draw himself out by catching the hair of his head, and tugging at it. Vain, vain such an endeavour, and likewise:

"Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place;
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to the human race."

Yet many delusively entertain the idea that through some work of theirs they will experience the great change, and rise to new and nobler things. It is simply the theory of "spontaneous generation" over again, translated to another sphere. Nature in its sphere has given the lie to the theory, as Nature always does to everything not in accord with its laws. A man may sow sawdust in a well prepared field hoping to reap a harvest, but will he? Let him give the soil some seeds of corn, and in due season there will be a sheaf for the husbandman. There is life in the seed, but there is no life in sawdust. Sealed hay! Deep-sea jelly! Sawdust! Life from these? Nature smiles. And what of the sawdust endeavours of men to renew the life of God in their soul! Hope for this lost world, and for those in it who are still "alienated from the life of God" (Eph. 4. 18), is centred in our Lord Jesus Christ. He has said: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John 10. 10). Of Himself He spoke when He said: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit" (John 12. 24). He was the corn of wheat that had "life in Himself" (John 5. 26), and through Him every believer has everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24).

Spontaneous generation is a farce. Life in Christ is a glorious fact. Do you experimentally know it?

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:: : Foundation Truths :: :

Designed for Broadcast
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No. 477

Entered at Stationers' Hall

March, 1934

“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.”

John 3. 17. 18.

THREE OLD FRIENDS.

THIS is an interesting picture—these three old friends met “accidentally” at a Missionary Exhibition in Glasgow, in the spring of last year (1933), and were “snapped” as they walked through the Galleries. For nearly sixty years they have been friends and fellow-workers for the Kingdom of God, although their fields of service have usually been many thousands of miles apart. Their names are, Dugald Christie (left), David Main (right), and David Findlay (standing).

Questions are often asked as to the permanence or otherwise of the fruits of Revivals: here is a concrete threefold answer to such questions. These three young men were all brought to Christ in the wonderful days of 1873-74, and by God's grace they have not only been kept stand-

ing, but going on from grace to grace through all the long years which have passed into history since then.

David Main was born and brought up in an Ayrshire village. He was always “good” and “religious,” and even before his conversion was already a church member and Sunday School teacher. He came to Glasgow as a young clerk in a merchant's office, when it was his good fortune to have a senior fellow-clerk who was a keen soul-winner. The question, “Are you a Christian?” Main felt quite able to answer in the affirmative; but when the further question, “Are you born again?” was put, he knew that was an experience to which he was a stranger. The Spirit of God applied the question with such power to his heart and conscience, that no peace could be found until a full surrender was

made to Christ, and a cordial acceptance of Salvation, by simple faith in the great redemption accomplished by the shedding of Divine Blood on the Cross of Calvary. This happy event took place some months before the arrival of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Glasgow, but when they came and the wonderful revival "broke out," David Main was one of those who were ready to hail it with joy, and to throw themselves into the work with glad hearts.

Dugald Christie spent his youth in the North of Scotland, but, although religiously brought up, he also was a stranger to conversion and spiritual life in Christ, when he came to Glasgow to commence a business career. It was in the month of May, 1874, and while the revival flame was still burning brightly in our City, that young Christie was induced to attend some of the services, and there the seeking Saviour and the seeking sinner met together, and the great transaction—which was to have such rich fruition—was accomplished.

It was on a date between the conversion dates of his two friends, that David Findlay was apprehended and saved by the sovereign grace of God. It came about very simply. On a Monday night (2nd March, 1874) he was present in the great meeting for young men in Ewing Place Church, Waterloo Street, when he heard Mr. Moody announce that the following day, Dr. Alexander MacLaren, of Manchester, was to speak at a special meeting in Wellington St. Church. Mr. Moody described Dr. MacLaren as the "Greatest Minister of Christ in Europe," and added, "If he don't convert you young men of Glasgow, I don't know who will!" On Tuesday evening a large congregation of young men listened to a simple talk on John 3. 16, by Dr. MacLaren, which is still vividly remembered by at least one of his congregation. At the close of this special service an adjournment was made to the church just across the street, where Mr. Moody was dealing with another crowd of young men, who packed the building "to capacity." That night seventy publicly accepted Christ as Saviour and Lord; and no doubt there were others, David Findlay being one of them, who made the great decision, without being courageous enough to confess it openly. From that night he has been "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

This, briefly, is the story of the conversion of these three young men. Had it not been for the Revival and their individual shares in it, they would probably never have known each other, and certainly their lives would have been lived out on different lines, and would not have filled out the "plan of God" which was afterwards revealed. Every new-born child of God is a potential missionary, and every one must take some share in obeying his Lord's last great command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Salvation seemed to be "in the air" in those wonderful days,

and it was easy to introduce the subject anywhere and at any time. Tens of thousands were brought to Christ in Glasgow, and the influence went out to every city, town, and village in the land. These three young men were soon busy in every spare hour preaching the Gospel at street corners—in kitchens, halls, and tents—anywhere and everywhere seeking to lead others to the same joy, which they themselves had found in Christ.

Before long the call of the heathen world began to be felt, and the desire to obey the Saviour's command took hold of their hearts. The way opened for two of the trio to enter on medical study in Edinburgh, where both qualified after a full course of training—in which they not only did well as students, but also as evangelists and soul-winners.

"Christie of Manchuria" and "Main of Hangchow" ("Doctor Apricot of Heaven Below") are two names universally known in Chinese missionary circles, and far beyond. Each of these beloved brethren has been used of God to do a great work for the evangelisation of China, and for the medical education of her sons and daughters, to fit them to evangelise their own people. After giving more than half a century of their lives to China, Dr. Christie and Dr. Main are now living in retirement in Edinburgh, where they are still able to give much service on behalf of the people, for whom and for whose salvation they have given the larger portion of their lives. Each of our friends has been greatly blessed in his wife, who has proved a true helpmeet in every way.

David Findlay did not attain his desire to go personally to the heathen. He has lived his life and done his work within half a mile of the spot where he was born. He is known to many as "Findlay of The Tabernacle," and has been permitted, in God's wonderful providence and great goodness, to do possibly more for Foreign Missions than he could have accomplished had he gone himself. To-day there are more than thirty-six Tabernacle "children" working for God in many mission fields, while a much larger number have been inspired at and helped by the Tabernacle, to go forth with the Word of Life to distant lands.

Like his two friends, Mr. Findlay has been greatly blessed and helped by his wife, who has been his helper and abettor in every good word and work.

We set out to write this little article as a partial answer towards the question, "Do the children of revivals stand?" We must leave our readers to answer the question.

The "Three old Friends" would urge all readers of these lines to make sure of a personal interest in the Saviour, who has done and been so much to them, and Who is still able and wanting to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him. There is no life worthy to be compared with a life lived for God with eternity's values in view. D.J.P.

FIVE GAS JETS.

SITTING at my Christmas dinner at a friend's table in Newcastle-on-Tyne, some years ago, my next neighbour told this true tale. In a family of five persons, four were Christians—father, mother, and two daughters—while the fifth was a wild youth, growing wilder and more self-willed and determined every day.

One Sunday his mother asked him to go to church, as he hadn't been there for a very long time. "All right, mother," said he, "I'll go to-night if you never ask me to go again." She stood aghast at his proposition, and consulted his father, who said, "Agree."

The young man was therefore in for it, and had to face the hardship, for him, of going with the family to church that night, and go he did. He made up his mind, however, that he would not listen to anything that was said from the pulpit, or take part in anything that might be done by the congregation. That being so, he must necessarily take up his attention with something or other so as to keep his mind off what was going on around. What perversity, you say. Yes, indeed, but so it was. Our gentle youth began to count some projecting bricks that formed a sort of dado round the walls of the church. Again and again he checked them, to see if the number within his range of vision was correct. The chandeliers suspended from the roof were likewise counted. These had a number of small coronas, with five jets on each. Over these he went time after time—one, two, three, four, five. Oh, what is that? One not lit up. Yes, there it is; a black one, four shining, and a black one. If I had that old sexton by the ears now, wouldn't I go for him, he soliloquised. He often rounds on me for my delinquencies. Why, I smell it, too. I declare what a nuisance. The atmosphere will be poisoned. The sexton ought to be properly castigated, and I'm the man to do it if I had my hands on him. I expect there would be an explosion before long if that escape was allowed to continue. Wouldn't it be a scene to see that old roof going off, and the walls blown out; what a hullabaloo there would be. At that moment the minister rose in the pulpit, pronounced the benediction, and the people began

to leave the church. He had not heard one word. But God had spoken.

Now for the sequel. That night our young man could not sleep. He turned on his right side, then on his left, kicked the blankets off, and pulled them on, tried every conceivable method to woo sleep, but sleep, in the good providence of God, was hid from his eyes that night. One, two, three, four lit, and a black one, he kept saying. Yes, I know that's father, mother, Maggie, and Jen; they're lit and I'm not. Yes, I remember, the smell was disagreeable; a downright nuisance. Exactly that's me again; I'm the nuisance in the house, I'm the cause, and the only cause of everything disagreeable in this family. Oh, yes, I know I'm the black one; I wish I was lit like the others; I do. An explosion in the long run. Aye, and so there will be—death, judgment, eternity, the lake of fire. I'd better get lit—and he did.

By his bedside before morning the light of the Sun of righteousness dawned on his soul. Thereafter there were five lit in that household. How many are lit in yours? W.T.

NOT PURGATORY.

ONE Friday morning we gathered together, as we always do before breakfast, to read the Word of God, and we opened the meeting with prayer. There were a few men present of whom I knew nothing. We were reading that morning about the Lord Jesus being crucified at Calvary. We got to the words where it is recorded that He turned to the thief and said, "This day shalt thou be with Me"—not in purgatory, praise God; no, it says, "in paradise." And then I spoke to them about the word "purgatory," and told them that it was an invention of the Roman Catholics to enrich their own church. After the men had gone I noticed one lingering behind. He was trembling all over as he came up to me and said, "Oh, miss, is it true?" I said, "What?" "Why what you said this morning: 'Not purgatory, but paradise?'" I said, "Praise God, it is true; it is in God's Word, and Jesus Himself tells us so." He said, "I have been haunted by it, and now I want to put my trust in Jesus."

MISS D.

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GOOD WORKS.

NO man is saved by good works, but good works must always attend a profession of being saved. Salvation is all of grace. "It is not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus 3. 5). "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly His faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 5). "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Not of works lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). "Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" (Rom. 6. 1, 2). "For we are His workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Eph. 2. 10). "This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works" (Titus 3. 8). "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus 2. 11-14). "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry; for which things' sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience: in the which ye also walked some time, when ye lived in them. But now ye also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds" (Col. 3. 5-9).

THE WATER OF LIFE.

LAKE THIRLMERE is over 100 miles distant from Manchester, but at great cost and much labour its waters flow through pipes for consumption in the homes of that city. Scores of thousands have never seen the lake who daily drink of its waters and quench their thirst. We have not seen Jesus with the bodily eye, yet He satisfies us. His work on the Cross has opened a channel between God's supply and our need. At great cost the channel through which the water

of life could flow into our souls was made. It cost the death of the Son of God. He gave His life for the life of the world. We believe on Him. We simply turn the spigot of faith, and lo! into our heart flows the refreshing stream. It is all so simple. Blessedly simple, but splendidly real. To the country dweller who migrates to the city, where, instead of having to go to the well to draw water, he finds a supply of water within the dwelling, it looks so wonderful. No pumping needed. No carrying needed. He just turns the spigot, and the water flows. He has got a well within. That is a picture of salvation. The believer has got within him a well of water (John 4. 14). Have you got the well within?

A PLEA FOR COURAGE.

SOME men are brave enough to place their own lives in danger to save the life of a fellow-mortal, who are at the same time deficient in the courage needed to confess Christ. Should a man be drowning they have no hesitation about jumping into the river to save him. If lives be endangered in a coal mine through choke-damp, or if there be a block in the main roadway through a fall from the roof, some are ever ready to run great risks to rescue those whose lives are in jeopardy. If a house is on fire, with sleeping inmates inside, what bravery is often exhibited by men rushing in through blinding smoke to waken and save the lives of the sleepers! On the field of battle noble deeds have often been done, and heroic measures adopted to shield the flag, and maintain the *prestige* of one's own country. Yet men who appreciate such brave deeds, and who do not shun, when opportunity offers, to take part in them, stand in dread of standing up for Christ among their fellow-men. They fear the reproach of their fellows more than the peril of the sea, the mine, the burning house, of the field of battle.

To be bedecked with medals for having shown great pluck and daring in rescuing human life, or for having in some other way exhibited gallantry and intrepidity, reflects great credit on the wearer; but confessing Christ in some surroundings may demand more gallantry and bravery of heart than are needed to face the cannon's mouth. And for those who are brave enough to confess Christ among men, there are honours in reserve that will pale all the earthly honours that can be won.

Jesus says: "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 10. 33).

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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.

PASTOR EDWARD LAST

MORE than forty years ago we were carrying on Gospel work in a large hall in Garscube Road. There the autumn, winter, and spring of the years were spent; but when the summer came, we delighted to get "under canvas," and usually four months each year went in for Tent Campaigns on a (then) vacant piece of ground in New City Road, Glasgow. Well do we remember one Sabbath night (in 1891 or 1892) marching our congregation down to the Tent site, to hold an open-air prayer meeting to claim the ground for God for another season of Gospel Service. That Sabbath night retains a place in the memory, particularly for two things: first, after a long and hearty prayer meeting, taken

part in by a large company of Christian people, a sailor-man stepped forward asking the old-time question, "What must I do to be saved?" After a long dealing he was at last able to "step over the line," and trust the Saviour. For years afterwards that sailorman was an earnest colporteur and evangelist, going about the country looking for souls for His Saviour.

That same night a young minister introduced himself as Pastor Edward Last, who had come to be a near neighbour, having just entered on the pastorate of a Baptist church in the vicinity. The friendship which began that night lasted until January 24th, 1934, when Pastor Last, after a long and painful illness, most patiently borne, entered into the eternal

peace and rest of God. In a letter written to us a few weeks before the end came, he said: "It was very kind of you to write to me. I am having a slow journey. I thought I would have been inside the Pearly Gates before this. I did not think Kennedy McLean, P. T. McRostie, and Joe Kemp would reach Home before me. I am now confined to my bed. I have fairly easy days, but bad nights. . . . I rejoice to say I am kept in perfect peace, finding His grace all-sufficient. I have been greatly cheered by letters from converts of days gone bye. . . . May you be spared to God's work for a long time yet. When your day's work is done, and you reach Home, what a lot we shall have to tell of the loving-kindness of the Lord, and all eternity in which to tell it. I thank God that I ever met you, and am glad we shall meet again. Your life has been to me a continual stimulus and inspiration. Remembering at the Throne of Grace, and thanking you for assurance of an interest in your prayers. Yours affectionately,—EDWARD LAST."

Edward Last was born in Chelmsford in 1861. His parents were earnest Christians, and Mr. Last confessed that, as lads, he and his brothers used to cover their ears, so that they might not hear their father's earnest prayers for them by name. At the age of sixteen Edward was converted, and a few years later was received as a student at Spurgeon's College.

His first pastorate was in the border town of Kelso, a place fragrant with memories of Horatius Bonar. While there, he was greatly influenced by reading a book on Revival, and gave himself to intensive prayer. A remarkable movement of the Spirit resulted. The chapel became crowded, many coming in from outlying villages. Not content that people should come to church, Mr. Last went forth into the open-air. After three years of wonderful blessing, he removed to Dumbarton, and thence, in 1891, to Cambridge Street Baptist Church, Glasgow. Here, for the next nine years, he laboured amid scenes of continuous revival. In addition to numerous and varied indoor gatherings, Mr. Last gave much time to open-air testimony and visitation from house to house. The membership of the church increased rapidly, many notorious sinners were converted, and a number of young people offered themselves for the ministry and the mission field.

The next sphere was Battersea Park Tabernacle, London, a building seating 1,200, where he laboured from 1900 to 1906. Here, too, his fervent appeals soon brought about a Revival atmosphere, the building was filled to over-

flowing, and large numbers surrendered to Christ. Later pastorates were at Ayr (1906-09), Hamilton (1909-12), and again at Cambridge Street, Glasgow (1912-16). Half-way through the War years, the way opened for a wider work of evangelism in association with the late Mr. J. Barnett Gow, and some months were spent with the Soldiers' Christian Association, in ministering to the troops in France. In 1923 he returned to pastoral service at Springburn, Glasgow, where he remained until 1928.

Mr. Last had close links with the Pocket Testament League, and much of his time was given to furthering its work. He was active also with his pen, and from time to time contributed series of articles to "*The Life of Faith*," in which he pressed home the imperative duty of the Church to seek the salvation of the masses, and discussed the secrets of spiritual success. Some of these articles were republished in book form, particularly "How the Churches Grew in the Olden Days," and "A Call to New Testament Evangelism."

A true servant of God, staunch in his loyalty to the Gospel, warm-hearted and unassuming, intense, yet happily gifted with a sense of humour, he gained the esteem and affection of a host of friends, and has left a shining example to all pastors who would "do the work of an evangelist."

Mr. Last was gifted in various directions, but unquestionably his outstanding gift was that of a soul-winner, and surely in this he walked closely in the footsteps of His Master, Who "came to seek and to save that which was lost." The only criticism we remember hearing of our friend's preaching was that it was always, "Come to Jesus"! Truly he had a "passion for souls," and that passion is, perhaps, more lacking than anything else in the pulpits of to-day. How many sermons does one hear in these days which are entirely without any clear statement of the way of salvation, or any earnest invitation to sinners to come to the Saviour? Mr. Last was after "souls" everywhere and always, and he had a remarkable facility for introducing the subject of personal salvation at all sorts of unlikely times and places. In this greatest of all works, he was wonderfully successful. He has left spiritual children in many parts of our land, and no doubt when the weary traveller reached the end of his journey three months ago, there would be a goodly company waiting to welcome on the Heavenly shore the man who first led them to Christ. May his example inspire many more to "go and do likewise."

D. J. F.

THE HINDU'S BURDEN.

THE following narrative is told by a servant of Christ who has laboured in the East, and who was personally acquainted with the man who is the subject of it.

A rich Hindu lady died, and according to the custom of the country, her body was burned. At the burning an old man might have been observed in great grief. He was one of the Hindu lady's servants. His name was Peter.

He might have been overheard speaking to himself thus: "Mistress is dead; and I have no one to care for me; I feel burdened and miserable; I may as well die too." He sought to throw himself upon the burning pile, but was saved by his relatives, to whom he spoke not only of his sorrow, but also of the mysterious burden within which was bearing him down. They were deeply concerned, and advised him to go to the priests with certain offerings; they assured him the priests would pray for him, and that peace would come into his soul. Alas! they knew not that the Spirit of the living God was making him feel the burden of sin, and that only Jesus on whom the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all, could ease him of his load.

To the priests, however, he went. They performed the usual rites, but all to no avail. Peter got no relief. When he still complained, they said he must have done something very bad, for which the gods were punishing him, that he must make a pilgrimage on foot to Benares, a distance of many hundred miles, and wash in the sacred river Ganges, and that then peace would be restored to his soul.

He started on his pilgrimage, and travelled three hundred miles on foot, throwing himself on the ground every two or three paces, as he was told. When passing through a certain town, he saw a crowd listening to a white man. It was a missionary preaching. He drew near and listened. Almost the first words he heard were "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28), and then the Missionary spoke simply and earnestly of Jesus the Son of God, who took upon Himself the heavy burden of our sin, that by believing in Him we might have

rest. Peter marvelled. "Could it be true?" he thought. He stopped till the end, went up to the missionary and asked him, "Is it true what you have been saying to us?" "Quite true," replied the missionary, "for they are not my words, but the words of the living God, who made all things, written in this Book."

Some further explanations were given, and in the end the poor weary wanderer believed the glad tidings. He received Jesus as his Saviour. He rejoiced. He entered into rest. He did not now need to go to Benares. He retraced his steps homeward with a light heart, and lived yet some years to testify to the reality of the work of grace in his soul. His end was remarkable. The minister of the Christian Church to which he belonged was passing his gate one day, when Peter stopped him and said, "Sir, I am going to leave you, I feel I am going to die." "But Peter," replied he, "I cannot spare you, I know you often pray for me, and I should miss your prayers." "No, sir," he answered, "you don't want my prayers, for there is One above who ever pleads for you. I am going soon. I have often prayed not to have a long illness, for I have no friends to nurse me, and something tells me God is about to answer my prayers and take me home."

So they parted. Next day as Peter was walking along, he was seen to stagger and fall; a passer-by rushed forward to him. He said, "I'm going home—I'm going to the Lord Jesus Christ," and almost immediately expired.

Reader, how is it with you? Have you ever felt the burden of sin as the Hindu did? Sin is common to men of every clime. Jesus is the only burden-bearer. The Lord help you to come to Him, that you may find eternal rest.

W.P.L.

A WORD OF PROMISE.

"For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first" (1 Thess. 4. 15, 16).

CAN A
YOUNG
MAN?

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GOD STRETCHING OUT HIS HANDS TO MEN.

I SAID one night to a hard old sinner who had come on several occasions to the Gospel Services, "Is it not time you turned to Christ for salvation?" He told me that he had done so that very night, and that he was a saved man. I asked him how he knew this; was it because he had determined to give up the drink and live a decent life? He said, "No, it was not that; but while you were preaching I thought I saw God holding out His hands to me and saying, 'I will receive you just as you are.' And I just came."

That old sinner was not deceived; God is stretching out His hands to men all the day long. He commends His love to sinners; He beseeches them to be reconciled to Him; He "will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth." Oh, weary sinner, laden with guilt, sick of the world's deceptions and sins, come to the Saviour. Above the din of this restless world His voice calls to you. He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Let these words enter your ears and heart; they bring a great peace and a priceless blessing.

Oh, tired heart, do not close your ears to His words; let the music of them charm you and draw you to His feet. Thousands have come, thousands are still coming. Do not you stay away. He will make you feel that He is glad to see you, and as your weary and sin-burdened soul finds everlasting rest upon His bosom of eternal love, your only regret will be that you did not come before.

"IT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE."

WE were talking together, a young Scotsman and I. He was in deep soul-trouble; for he had discovered that he was a sinful man, a neglecter of God's great salvation, and he wanted to be saved.

I read to him those wonderful words in Isaiah 53. 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."

Then I said to him: "You take my book and read the verse, and put yourself into it, as you do. Change the plural pronoun into the singular." He took the Bible, and read slowly and with a good deal of feeling: "He was wounded for MY transgressions; He was bruised for MY iniquities; the chastisement of

MY peace was upon Him; and with His stripes I—." He stopped there suddenly, and burst into a big sob. I waited until he managed to control himself, and said to Him, "What's the matter?" He replied, "*I cannot understand why He should have loved me so much as to die for me; I haven't cared about Him at all.*" "Neither can I understand it," I replied, and God knew that neither of us would be able to understand it, and so He calls it in His Word, "THE LOVE OF CHRIST THAT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE."

That remark helped him and he believed what he could not understand.

"WHOSOEVER."

THERE is not a sinner on earth, no matter how terrible or gross his transgressions, who may not be saved through the Lord Jesus Christ. If you can show me within the covers of that Bible one text that declares that you, or any other sinner, may not come to the Saviour, then I must cease from preaching, for I could not henceforth proclaim "Whosoever" Gospel in which I delight.

But there is no such text. On the contrary, "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10. 43). That is enough for me. Let it be enough for you. Cast the burden of your guilt at the Saviour's feet. He is your only hope. Put your case into His hand, and you will prove for yourself that God's "whosoever" Gospel is a reality.

HONESTY.

A DEEP impression was once made at a Conference at Northfield, while Mr. Moody was giving an address on prayer, in which he spoke of the need of restitution. A man rose in the audience and confessed that he had at one time cheated his creditors of 15,000 dollars, and absconded to Texas. While there, Mr. Moody came along, and curiosity prompted his wife and he to go and hear him.

On that occasion Mr. Moody was giving the same sermon, and as it reached his conscience he went home, sold his belongings, paid his creditors, and with his wife came clear out on the Lord's side. Too many, it is to be feared, are kept away from the Lord through dishonest dealings, but what shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world if he lose his own soul?

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

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

Designed for Broadcast
:: : Distribution :: :

No. 479

Entered at Stationers' Hall

May, 1934

“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.”
John 3. 17, 18.

SOME OF GOD'S "SURELYS."

A HEARER'S NOTES OF AN ADDRESS

By Dr. J. STUART HOLDEN, LONDON.

WE are all familiar with the methods that are adopted by authors, editors, writers, and those who traffic in cold print. We are familiar with the fact that when they wish to put special emphasis on some things, or bring them to the notice of those who read, they print them in big black type, standing out clearly from ordinary type. And so in the Word of God there are some things that are printed as it were in black type; that stand out with all the startlingness of an italicised passage in the Book, and obviously the Holy Ghost, the Author of the Book, has regarded

these things as being of urgent importance to man, of more urgent importance than anything else in the Book which is all important. It would appear that the Divine Author calls special attention in its records in respect to some things, for in some parts of the Bible some great passage is prefaced by "SURELY, SURELY." We come across this great word in the first page of the Bible and on the last page of the Bible.

"In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Can anything be plainer, could anything be more important? The scene spells death, and no amount of ingenious dodging upon the part of any of us can ever successfully escape it. There are

those who label the story of the garden of Eden "a myth," but for all their ingenuity they can't alter one jot or tittle of its truth. It stands out a great word of Divine warning.

"SURELY every man walketh in a vain show." This is just what life in the world is, the world in which men struggle and fight one another, and degrade themselves for what are really unsatisfying shadows. They secure what they think are their interests by despoiling their souls. Look at the man who worships business, look at him who worships sport; look at her who worships fashion and pleasure, and look at those who worship self. Are they a winsome set? Truly "man walketh in a vain show," for what have you got if you have amassed a fortune and squandered a life?

"SURELY He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." What a Gospel for those who have fallen victims to sin's seductions, that the penalty of outraged law has been borne for us, that the ravages of the world may be repaired in us, that the barrier between a God of holiness and the children of disobedience has been for ever broken down. What a Gospel that through the Life laid down for us we may be changed, cleansed in motive, and given power to recover our lost merit, and to walk in the light as He is in the light, and become reflectors of that light. What an anticipation!

"SURELY His salvation is nigh unto them that fear Him; that glory may dwell in our land." This word is very evidently here to help the one who has no doubt as to Christ, but is full of doubts as to himself and would, if he could, break away from himself and devote his life, the hours of his days, to the carrying out of the will of God; to help the one who prays but seems to get no answer, who sees a great gulf fixed between his condition and his desires, and there's no bridge over it, and knows full well he hasn't strength to cross the bridge if any bridge was there. "Surely His salvation is nigh." How nigh, do you ask? Let Jesus tell us how nigh: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." There's just the breadth of the threshold between us and a living Christ. So close is Jesus Christ to every-one of us.

"SURELY goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." The man who has committed his life to Jesus Christ knows only too well what the moral sins of his own life have been, and knows he cannot be the man he ought to be because of the man he has been. Our sins may pursue us, but they can never overtake the man who is following the

Lord Christ. He is not only our Leader, but our Rearguard. He keeps our accusing memories at bay, and we are completely fitted for the life of discipleship by the goodness and mercy which follow us all the days of our life. "If God be for us who can be against us?"

"SURELY"—Again on the very last page of the Bible is the word of our blessed Lord in the glory. "SURELY," saith He, "I come quickly." If that be true, in spite of everything we see and feel, we are moving not toward the midnight, but toward the morning; not toward the world crisis, but toward a crown of rejoicing; not toward the breaking down of everything, but toward a taking up of those who are united to Him in faith and in love; not toward chaos and confusion, but toward the vindication of faith, hope, and love, in the coronation of Jesus Christ as the universal Prince of Peace; not toward the wilderness, but we move toward the city of God. "SURELY I COME QUICKLY," and in spite of every difficulty and every threatened cloud we can cling to this great "Surely" and find assurance and hope.

These are the things to which the Holy Ghost bears witness. See then that you refuse not Him that speaketh, for these things are vital truth. Then there's nothing more to be said, but there's everything to be done, and we must do it, and do it now.

"ONCE SUFFERED FOR SINS"

(1 Peter 3. 18).

MARK *once* suffered; not many times. *He*, a sufferer all His life; a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"; but once only He suffered for sins on the Cross, "the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God." Not only to Heaven by and by, but to God now, to know Him, to serve Him, to worship Him—*brought to God*, as the prodigal was brought to the father. We have an exquisitely beautiful picture in Luke 15: "And when he was a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him" (literally covered him with kisses).

It has been said love runs faster than necessity. The father ran; we are not told the son ran. Doubtless he dragged his weary steps along, hoping at the best to be taken in as a hired servant, if received at all; but there was compassion—there was love in the heart of the father for him. What a picture of God and the repentant sinner!

W.R.H.

THE OLD NAVVY.

MANY years ago an old man, with shaking frame and ragged coat, called upon me, and asked help. Being anxious to know a little about him, I asked what kind of help he wanted, when he gave the following account of himself:

"I once was a navvy, and wrought at the making of the railway that connects this village with the neighbouring city. I then earned from three to four shillings per day; but what of that, it all went, and now I am paralysed, and not able to work."

I could see that he was anxious to strengthen his case by action, for by this time the shake had considerably increased.

"So you did not make hay while the sun shone, and now you are *repenting* when it is too late?"

"Repenting bitterly," he said, "and will do all my days."

I thought, here is an opportunity to speak to him about his soul, and in order to reach that point I said:

"You have made *one* mistake, and you are repenting it now. See that you do not make another mistake and repent it through all eternity. If you lose your soul, you will repent it for *ever* and *ever*. You are an old man, you will soon be at the end of your journey here; but if you lose your soul, the remorse *then* will *never* end."

He did not seem to like this plain way of speaking, and began to move a little nearer the door, but returned with fresh courage, and said: "What can a poor man (who is begging his bread) do but chance it?"

"God never asks you to *do*. He tells you of One who has *done* it for you; now, what God wants of you is to believe His Word about Christ's work:

"Nothing to do, for the sinners that's dead,
Must needs get another to work in his stead;
But Jesus, in Calvary's terrible hour,
Accomplished salvation in wond'rous power,"

Jesus said on the Cross, "It is finished." Now, if you add to a finished thing you only spoil it. As to your being a beggar, that will never keep you out of Heaven, for in Luke 16 you get God taking a beggar out of a worse

condition than you are in, and placing him in Abraham's bosom. *That* man was a beggar, lay at the rich man's gate, was full of sores, had the dogs for his physicians, yet he got Abraham's bosom, because he rested his soul on the finished work of Christ. And if you will believe in Christ, you, too, will get eternal life now, and you will never come into judgment" (John 5. 24).

"Believe in Christ!" exclaimed he; "who does not believe in Christ?" "All who have not got eternal life, do not believe in Christ, and if you have not got eternal life, it is evident that you do *not* believe in Him."

The conversation that followed showed how subtle an enemy the devil is. When a person has spent nearly all his life in his service, then he turns round and tells him that it is now too late to find mercy. Evidently that was the rock on which this poor man was stranded, as nothing I could say would make him entertain for a moment the thought that God would yet have mercy. He would ever exclaim, "I have such a bad heart; I have done so many wicked things."

I pointed him to the case of the thief on the Cross, and told him that although he was a thief, and even reviled Christ on the Cross (Matt. 27. 44), yet, notwithstanding all that, the moment he *owned* that he was suffering justly, and said, "*Lord*, remember me;" the answer came, "To-day, shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Young reader, take care that you are not listening to the devil's sophistry, while he is telling you that it is time enough to think about your soul when you grow old, or when you are on a death-bed (both are doubtful); but, remember Satan knows that his "time-enough-doctrine" will not do then, so he tries another, as in the case of this poor man. He tells his dupes that they have sinned away their day of grace; that it is too late to look for mercy; and souls, having believed him all their days, believe him still, although it is written in God's word, that he is a liar from the beginning.

Christ is the *truth*, and He says, "Him that cometh," be he beggar, or king, if he only *comes*, He will in "no wise" cast out. G.V.L.

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LEFT BEHIND.

AFTER Sir Colin Campbell's silent retreat from Lucknow, in the last Indian war, there was one man left behind. "Capt. Waterman," says Mr. Rees, in his personal narrative of the siege, "having gone to his bed in a retired corner of the brigade mess-room, overslept himself; he had been forgotten, and at two o'clock in the morning he got up, and found to his horror that we had already left; he hoped against hope as he visited every outpost; all was deserted and silent. To be the only man in an open entrenchment, and thousands of furious barbarians outside, it was horrible indeed to contemplate; his situation alarmed him, he took to his heels and ran—ran till he could scarcely breathe, and at length came up with the retiring rear-guard, mad with excitement, and breathless with fatigue." He was saved; but surely the agonising moment and merciful deliverance he will never forget.

Reader, there is a moment fast approaching, when every soul that has not Christ for his Saviour will be found in a far more awful position than Capt. Waterman was that morning. At the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God, all those who are Christ's, the sleeping one's raised and the living changed, shall be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air (1 Thess. 4. 16, 17). What a moment will that be for every soul *left behind*! Every saint, every soul born of God, indwelt by the Spirit of God, every real child of God, by whatever name called of man, gone to be with Jesus for ever, and all who are not His *left behind*. In which company will you be found then? It will be too late to flee. There will be no escape: "The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-places." There will be no escape: "the door will be shut." *Left behind*, not for the fearful passions of cruel barbarians, but for the awful power of "that wicked one"; for the strong delusion: for the fearful woes of "the great tribulation"; for the eternal horrors of the second death (2 Thess. 2. 8-12; Rev. 6. 19). Ah, reader! These are no cunningly-devised fables: they are coming realities—the eternal verities of the Living God. Capt. Waterman's was a temporal salvation: the Gospel proclaims an eternal salvation, through the precious blood of Christ. "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him *all* that believe are justified from *all* things."

The way of escape is still open; the door of mercy is not yet closed. The exalted Saviour is still on high: when He rises up to fetch His own people, the door will be shut for ever (Luke 13. 25).

Friend, the Living God addresses you from His word. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" "*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation"; to-morrow may be too late, and you *left behind* W.R.H.

LITTLE SINS.

THERE are two ways of coming down from the top of a church steeple; one is to jump down, and the other is to come down by the steps; but both will lead to the bottom. So also there are two ways of going to hell; one is to walk into it with your eyes open—few people do that—the other is to go down by the steps of *Little Sins*; and that way, I fear, is only too common. Put up with a few little sins, and you will soon want a few more; even a heathen could say, "Whoever was content with only one sin?" And then your course will be regularly worse and worse every year. Well did Jeremy Taylor describe the purposes of sin in a man: "First, it startles him, then it becomes pleasing, then easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed! Then the man is impenitent, then obstinate, and *then he is damned*." Reader, the devil only wants to get the thin end of the wedge of a little allowed sin into your hearts, and you will soon be all his. Never trifle with little sins. BISHOP RYLE.

THE THREE IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.

"THE process of enlightenment in many Romanist minds," says an observer, "is shadowed forth by the experience of one whom I saw but last week. He sat down to read the Bible an hour each evening with his wife. In a few evenings he stopped in the midst of his reading and said, "*Wife, if this book is true, we are wrong*."

He read on, and a few days longer, said, "*Wife, if this book be true, we are lost*." Riveted to the book, and deeply anxious, he still read, and in a week more joyfully exclaimed, "*Wife, if this book be true, we may be saved*."

"A few weeks more reading, and taught by the Spirit of God through the exhortations and instructions of a city Missionary, they both placed their faith in Christ, and are now rejoicing in Him."

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No. 480

Entered at Stationers' Hall

June, 1934

"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.

THE STORY OF C. H. SPURGEON'S CONVERSION

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

THIS is the Centenary month of the birth of Mr. Spurgeon—his birthday being 19th June, 1834. Mr. Spurgeon was undoubtedly the greatest preacher of the Gospel within living memory, and, perhaps, the greatest since the Apostle Paul. He only lived for 58 years, but the output of his heart and pen and brain—in that comparatively short lifetime—seems marvellous. On the day on which these lines are being written 10,000 people packed into London's greatest auditorium to commemorate Spurgeon's birth—and this 42 years after his earthly life came to an end! Who else who died in the last century could have drawn such an audience to thank God for his life and service? It is well that

we should have our hearts stirred by the memory of this great and faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

Here is the graphic story of Spurgeon's conversion—told in his own words—a story which has probably been used of God to bring thousands of souls to the Saviour:

"I had been about five years in the most fearful distress of mind as a lad. If any human being felt more of the terror of God's law I can indeed pity and sympathise with him. Bunyan's 'Grace Abounding' contains, in the main, my history.

"I attended all the places of worship in the town where I lived, but I think I might have been in darkness and despair now had it not been for the goodness of God in sending a snow-storm one Sunday morning, when I was going to a place of worship. When I could go no further I turned down a court and came to a little Primitive

Methodist Chapel. In that chapel there might be a dozen or fifteen people. The minister did not come that morning; snowed up, I suppose. A poor man, a shoemaker, a tailor, or something of that sort, went up into the pulpit to preach.

"Now, it is well that ministers should be instructed, but this man was really stupid, as you would say. He was obliged to stick to his text, for the simple reason he had nothing else to say. The text was, 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth' (Isa. 45. 22). He did not even pronounce the words rightly, but that did not matter. There was, I thought, a glimpse of hope for me in the text. He began thus: 'My dear friends, this is a very simple text indeed. It says "look." Now that does not take a deal of effort. It ain't lifting your foot or your finger; it is just "look." Well, a man need not go to college to learn to look. You may be the biggest fool, and yet you can look. A man need not be worth a thousand a year to look. Anyone can look; a child can look. But this is what the text says. Then it says, "look unto Me." Aye!' said he, in broad Essex, 'many of you are looking to yourselves. No use looking there. You'll never find comfort in yourselves. Some look to God the Father. No; look to Him by and by. Jesus Christ says, "Look unto Me." Some of you say, "I must wait the Spirit's working." You have no business with that just now. Look to Christ. It runs, "Look unto Me."'

"Then the good man followed up his text in this way: "'Look unto Me; I am sweating great drops of blood. Look unto Me; I am hanging on the Cross. Look, I am dead and buried. Look unto Me; I rise again. Look unto Me; I ascend; I am sitting at the Father's right hand. Oh, look to Me! Look to Me!'"

"When he had got about that length, and managed to spin out ten minutes or so, he was at the length of his tether. Then he looked at me under the gallery, and I daresay, with so few present, he knew me to be a stranger. He then said, 'Young man, you look very miserable.' Well, I did; but I had not been accustomed to have remarks made on my personal appearance from the pulpit before. However, it was a good blow struck. He continued, 'And you will always be miserable—miserable in life and miserable in death—if you do not obey my text. But if you obey now, this moment, you will be saved.' Then he shouted as only a Primitive Methodist can: 'Young man, look to Jesus Christ.' There and then the cloud was gone, the darkness had rolled away, and that moment I saw the sun; and I could have risen that moment and sung with the most enthusiastic of them of the precious Blood of Christ, and the simple faith which looks alone to Him. Oh, that somebody had told me that before—Trust Christ, and you shall be saved.

"Many days have passed since then, but Christ has held me up, and compelled me to tell out the story of free grace and undying love.

"Thousands upon thousands have tried this remedy. 'We speak what we do know, and testify what we have seen.' Now, you are at this moment either healed or not. You are either saved by grace or still in your sins. You ought to know which. 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved.'"

C.H.S.

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION.

FORTY-FOUR years ago, in the month of October, 1890, it was the great privilege of Mrs. Findlay and the writer to hear Mr. Spurgeon preach several times in his own pulpit, and also to have repeated personal visits with him, at the Tabernacle, and the Orphanage. This left an ineffaceable impression on our memory. We wrote at the time the following account of the visits:

"It was our privilege to hear Mr. Spurgeon thrice in his own pulpit—twice at the Thursday night service, and once on Sabbath morning,—and these three services we shall never forget. At the week night meetings there were about two thousand persons present, and on Sabbath about five thousand. The wonderful seating and acoustic qualities of the Tabernacle are well-known. What is the attraction that brings that vast crowd together? The building is plain exceedingly, and so is the order of the service. There is no organ, no choir, no attempt at what is popularly called 'Oratory.' There is no catering to the common cry for shortness. Long-measure hymns to old-fashioned tunes, and long sermons are the order of the day. Each of the services we attended lasted fully an hour and a half. Where, then, is the secret? Everything is instinct with life. The preaching is full of Christ—it is real food for hungry souls; the Word of God is honoured by use; the prayers are wonderful, and seem to be real dealings with God; the entire absence of acting, and a feeling of intense reality pervades everything. In every sermon a faithful presentation of the Gospel was given, and earnest appeals made for decision for Christ. On the first Thursday night some twenty-five persons were 'buried with Christ in baptism.' Amongst the rest several little girls from the Orphanage—a most beautiful sight!

"From the Pastor himself we received a most kindly welcome, and an appointment was made to see him at the Orphanage, where we had a delightful visit. Except our own National Scottish Homes at Bridge-of-Weir, we have not seen anything of the kind that has impressed us so favourably as Stockwell Orphanage. It is a real home to the boys and girls (two hundred and fifty of each), and truly blest are they who find shelter under its roof. A marked feature which we noticed is the enthusiastic love and admiration of all—workers and children alike—for Mr. Spurgeon. Many of the young people, we were rejoiced to find, are earnest Christians, and the atmosphere of the whole place is of a thoroughly healthy spiritual sort. After a look through some of the cottages we had a free and hearty chat with Mr. Spurgeon about mutual friends, and subjects of mutual interest, and only regretted that an engagement in the city made it impossible for us to accept his kind invitation to remain to tea. The Spurgeon of reality is a greater man than the Spurgeon of our imagination—but he is great, chiefly because *he makes Christ great*. We left the City Temple feeling that Joseph Parker is a *great man*—we left Stockwell Orphanage and the Tabernacle feeling that C. H. Spurgeon has a *great Saviour*.

D.J.F.

FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

MANY years ago Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, Glasgow, wrote an incident which is very worthy of being reproduced, and which I should like to tell in my own way. A number of young men were standing round the stove in the store of a small town in America one evening, discussing religion. They were bragging a good bit about their unbelief. They didn't swallow this, and couldn't take in that, and, in short, were not a whit afraid to come to the conclusion that the Christian religion, from alpha to omega, was simply a huge fraud. Indeed, one of them, just as an old farmer entered the store, was overheard to him to say, in a rather excited manner, that for five dollars he wouldn't mind, at any time, signing away all his interest in Christ. "What was that you said?" asked the old farmer. "I said that, for five dollars, I would sign away all my interest in Christ," replied the foolish youth, "and I will." The old farmer knew the human heart fairly well, so, stepping up to the counter, he took from his pocket-book a five dollar bill, and, handing it to the storekeeper, asked for pen, ink, and paper. These were supplied. "Now, young man," said the farmer, "just come here and write as I dictate, and the five dollars are yours right away." The youth took the pen and began:

"In the presence of these witnesses I, A.B., for the sum of five dollars received, do now, once, for all, and for ever, sign away all my interest——" Then he dropped the pen, and, with a forced smile, said: "I take it back; I was only joking." He did not dare to sign it. His conscience spoke loudly. Doubtless, too, at that very moment God's Holy Spirit was striving with him. My reader, I think I judge you rightly when I say that I do not believe you would sign such a document for a million dollars, yet, what's the odds as long as you do not surrender your will to Christ? The results to you will be equally the same. Fail to take Christ as Saviour and Lord, and you will make away your interest in Him just as surely, as positively, as fatally, and as eternally as if you had signed such a suicidal covenant. Will you do this? Write out a list of your reasons

for not accepting Christ, read it over again and again, and, after deliberate and mature consideration, sign your name. Then in the by-and-bye, when you stand before God, are you prepared to hand in these reasons as adequate and sufficient excuse for rejection of His Son and your own Saviour during your earthly life? Do you say that would be only fooling with these awfully solemn interests? I should think it would. And, let me add, every day you, or any other man, defers making your surrender to Christ, you act unwisely and err exceedingly.

"God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."
W.T.

LOST AN ARM BUT FOUND CHRIST.

A YOUTH with two or three gold stripes on his left sleeve, but, alas, with nothing under it, remarked, "It is here we meet again." "Where did we meet before?" I asked. "In the Pirbright Camp, near Woking, and in the Y.M.C.A. at Nuelle Chapelle, in France." "You are right," I said; "I spent Sunday and Monday, December 17 and 16, 1916, there." "It was the Monday night when I heard you speak on 'How to become a soldier,' and urged us young fellows to enlist in the army of Christ before we entered the trenches the following evening." "And did you become a soldier of Christ that night?" "No, but many did," was his shy reply. "Where did you take Christ?" I ventured to ask, for by now we were in the mess-room all alone. "When I lost that," said the Highlander, lifting up his empty sleeve. "Two nights after I heard you speak at Nuelle Chapelle we made a raid on the German trenches, but before we reached them I fell with a shattered arm, and as I lay alone on No Man's Land, I said, 'Now is my time to come to Christ.'" "And did you?" I inquired. "I did, thank God," was his quick reply. "Two days after my arm was amputated, and now I am going home, no more use for the army."

J. W. MOODIE.

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THE BEST OF MASTERS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"PEACE I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; *not as the world giveth, give I unto you*" (John 14. 27).

The Gospel of John is peculiarly the history of Jesus, the Son of God. Matthew deals with Jesus as the Prince of the House of David; Mark treats of Him as the Servant of servants; and Luke views Him as the Son of Man; but John, with eagle eye, looks beyond all the clouds of His humanity, and seeing the clear shining of His Divinity, writes of Him especially as the Son of God, the Word, that in the beginning was with God and was God. It seems but right, then, that since Jesus came from Heaven, He should sometimes put Himself and His cause, in contrast with that which is of the earth earthy. You will find through several chapters wherein our Saviour is addressing His disciples, He continually contrasts Himself, His gifts, and His love, with those of the world. Our text presents us with one contrast between Christ and the world: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you; *not as the world giveth, give I unto you.*" He gives after a diviner fashion than the world can ever give, even when its hand is most laden with its gifts.

Now, I shall take my text this morning, and endeavour to talk of it thus—first, viewing it with regard to *the peace which Christ gives*: He does not give peace as the world gives it. Secondly, I shall take a larger view of the subject, and look upon *all the gifts of Christ*, and say that, "not as the world giveth, doth He bestow His mercies on us;" and then close with a *practical inference from the whole subject*.

1. First of all, IN THE MATTER OF PEACE, Christ gives us peace, but not as the world gives it. For, in the first place, the world gives peace *in a complimentary style*. It was usual among the Orientals, for the wayfarer to say to the person whom he met, "Peace be to you;" and generally, when a house was entered, the benediction of peace was bestowed by every person who stepped across the threshold. These were often but vain and empty expressions of compliment. Not so, does Christ give. If He says, "Peace be with you," His benediction is most true and full.

Furthermore, even when the world's wishes of peace are sincere, what are they but *mere wishes*. If I am met by my most sincere friend, and he wishes to give a benediction, he cannot bestow one. 'Tis God's to bless His people

with peace. We may bless with the wish but not with the deed. There was ne'er a wish in Christ's heart with regard to His people that merely ended in a wish. The wish is but the bow string; the blessing is the arrow shot from it. Christ hath not an empty bow, but his quiver is filled with arrows, and every time He wisheth, He fitteth a blessing on the string and sendeth it to us.

2. Now having touched upon the first point, I come to the second IN THE MATTER OF GIVING. Take a broad view of it. Whatever the world gives, Christ does not give after the same fashion.

In the first place, the world gives *scantily*. Even the world's best friends have had cause to complain of its scurvy treatment. In reading the biographies of mighty men whom the world honours, you will be soon convinced that the world is a most ungrateful friend.

Again, if you will serve the world, and you wish to have gifts from it, the world will pay you *half-heartedly*. Now by the world, I mean the religious world quite as much as any other part of it; I mean the whole world, religious, political, good, bad, and indifferent—the whole lot of them. If you serve the world it will pay you half-heartedly. Let a man spend himself for his fellow-creatures' interests, what will he get for it? Some will praise him, some will abuse him. The whole list of the world's benefactors is an army of martyrs.

Then again, whenever the world gives anything, it gives mostly to *those who do not want it*. I remember once, when a lad, having a dog, which I very much prized, and some man in the street asked me to give him the dog; I thought it was pretty impudent, and I said as much. A gentleman, however, to whom I told it, said, "Now suppose the Duke of So-and-so," who was a great man in the neighbourhood, "asked you for the dog, would you give it him?" I said, "I think I would." He said, "Then you are just like all the world; you would give to those who do not want." Now, look at Jesus. He said, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Whenever poor, lost sinners have gone to Christ, He has never turned one of them away—never.

3. Now this brings me to one PRACTICAL REFLECTION, or rather EXHORTATION to God's people. If this be true, my hearers, I beseech thee serve not the world; serve none but Christ for He is the best Master; serve Him with all thy might, because He so richly hath given and so richly will give.

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No. 481

Entered at Stationers' Hall

July, 1934

“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.”

John 3. 17, 18.

UNTO HIM.

By D. M. M'INTYRE, D.D.

THE Editor has asked me to recount the steps by which God led me to His grace. I shrink from the task: one's spiritual experiences are, as a Welsh saint used to say for himself, "a secret between me and the Man." But on the other hand our Lord challenges us to stand forth as His witnesses; and if the plain recital of an uneventful conversion will be helpful to anyone, I may not refuse.

I was brought up in a Christian home—an ordinary child, with an adequate sense of what was fitting, and no grave delinquencies. I had not "broken the fold of God." Yet I was often painfully aware that I had not entered

the kingdom of the Divine Love. Not infrequently I was made unhappy on this account, but these occasions passed.

When I was between nine and ten years of age a minister from a neighbouring parish came to our church, to conduct a series of evangelistic services. I attended these, as in duty bound, but without any special interest in the preacher or in his message. One night, towards the close of the mission, the evangelist took for his theme, "The Great Supper: the Invitation, and the Excuses" (Luke 14. 15-24). I do not think that I paid much attention to his discourse, until he quoted the words: "I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my

supper." Then he added: "They never got another chance." All at once the thought struck me: How much in earnest the Master was, and how grave the consequences of refusal must be. That night I resolved to enter on the Christian life. I did not yet clearly understand that the new birth came not by the will of man, but from God. I instituted a course of Bible-reading and prayer, and became more watchful over my conduct. But there was no quickening of soul: I remained unsatisfied. I continued this line of careful effort during two years, but was increasingly conscious of my inability to please God. At length my perplexities mounted to a crisis. I said to myself, "I am making no progress, I will give up the struggle." Then a deeper thought came to me, "I must not cease to strive, even though my most earnest endeavours should be doomed to failure." I called upon God to help me. In a moment one of the most familiar of texts shot through my mind like a ray of light: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). Immediately, without an instant's delay, I rested my soul on Christ, and was at peace. Since then I have never once doubted that my Lord has undertaken on my behalf.

There was very little difference in my outward life after this; but the inward change was very great. Now I began to rejoice in God my Saviour; and I have never lost the comfort of that good hour. Though I mourn when I recall the disappointments with which I must often have touched the heart of the Redeemer, yet during almost the space of a lifetime God has been "the gladness of my joy;" and I trust that I shall come to the eternal summer with the springtime of my first love unspent.

I had not asked the help of anyone in my anxiety, and at first it did not occur to me to confess my new-found hope. Later I told my father, who, I knew, had prayed much for me. I thought he took it very quietly; perhaps he had guessed my secret.

After my conversion I had, as all must have, considerable difficulty in relating my new experience to my accustomed ways of thinking and acting. But just about this time, in the good providence of God, I fell in with a little book which helped me much—I have written of this elsewhere—"The Gospel Pointing to the Person of Christ," by Dr. Andrew A. Bonar. I have the little book still, but I have never read it since that first perusal. I have been afraid that I should not be able to

recapture the vision that came to me then. I cannot in a word say all that this treatise meant to me. It gave me a freer introduction to a personal acquaintance with my Lord. It enabled me also to lay on Him the weight of my reasonings about the cardinal verities, and to find in Him strength for daily living.

When I was a student in London I used to attend meetings, convened by the Keswick Council and held in the Stafford Rooms, Tichborne St. I often found help and quickening there; but I had already learned the truths these men so earnestly proclaimed—not only through the book to which I have referred, but from my early instruction in "the truth as truth is in Jesus." I think that in the doctrine of conversion, as exhibited by the old Scottish divines, all that is implied in Keswick teaching was included. But in the mercy of God one often receives a richer unfolding of the provisions of the new covenant in Christ Jesus. And I remember particularly how, in my own room, there came to me, in a quiet hour, much strength and cheer, when the Holy Spirit brought to my mind afresh the triumphant assurance of St. Paul, "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under law, but under grace" (Rom. 6. 14).

I have not much to add. For more than half a century I have been privileged to preach Christ. As I look back I recall with shame the feebleness of my poor efforts; but I think I can say that I have never lost sight of the greatness of the message; nor have I ceased to wonder and adore in the contemplation of the glory of Christ my Saviour.

MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

I SEE plainly now what kept me from getting Christ. A very long time I was trying to work up sorrow for my sins, because I thought I would not be accepted, and I tried and tried, but could not manage it. But as soon as I saw my Saviour, that He loved me without my loving Him first, then I was sorry for my sins; but no man can be sorry for his sins (godly sorrow) before he sees what his Saviour has done for him. I am not saved for my sorrow for sin, for praying, for teaching a Sunday School class, nor for any works of my own, but because Jesus bore the punishment for me, and through my believing Him I have eternal life! I have not to wait till the judgment day before I have it, I have it now, for God says so in the Book. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already" (John 3. 18).

"WE WHICH ARE ALIVE"

(1 Thess. 4. 17.)

"THERE is a great day coming." A notable day! The trumpet shall sound. There will be such a blast as have never been heard before. Who will hear it? The saints of God who are alive on the earth at the time. They will hear it, and respond to it. But there are also others who will hear it. Who are they? "The dead in Christ." The Thessalonian believers that Paul wrote to will hear the trumpet sound. To them he had preached the Gospel. They had received his word, and in receiving it they had "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from Heaven" (1 Thess. 1. 9, 10). Long centuries have passed since they crossed the bourne from whence no traveller returns, and myriads of other believers in every part of the world where the Gospel has been preached as a witness have also passed beyond. But all who have fallen asleep in Christ will hear the awakening sound of the trumpet and shall come forth. The living saints will not go before them in the ascent to meet the Lord in the air. The apostle distinctly says that "we which are alive" shall not *precede* them which are asleep (v. 15).

What a day that will be! Not a saint will be left behind. "We which are alive"—all are going, for "we shall ALL stand before the judgment seat of Christ" (Rom. 14. 11). He is "Lord both of the dead and living" (Rom. 14. 9). "Wherefore we labour that whether present or absent we may be accepted of Him. For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether good or bad" (2 Cor. 5. 9, 10). "We labour" that "we may be accepted," says the apostle. Our labour as sinners cannot secure for us acceptance before Him, for it is "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus 3. 5). "He hath made us accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. 1. 6). It is to the glory of His grace that we HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED AS SINNERS, so that we don't need to labour to find acceptance. But we

labour to find acceptance AS SERVANTS, and according as our service is so will our place in glory be. "One star differeth from another star in glory" (1 Cor. 15. 41). While believers are all saved by grace, the rewards are proportioned to the value of service. "The fire" of Christ's judgment seat "will try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, . . . he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire" (1 Cor. 3. 13-15).

How incumbent it should be on us "which are alive" who believe the testimony of God's Word as to the translation and fire-testing time spoken of in the Scriptures to live with girded loins and burning lamps looking for the coming of the Lord, purifying ourselves as He is pure (1 John 3. 3), and watching for souls as they that must give account (Heb. 13. 17). "Wherefore," says Peter, "gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought to you at the revelation (the apocalypse) of Jesus Christ" (1 Peter 1. 13); that "your faith, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing (the apocalypse) of Jesus Christ" (v. 7).

DANGEROUS SLEEP.

It was while Sisera slept that Jael drove the nail into his temples and ended his days (Judges 4. 21). It was while Samson slept that the Philistines shaved him, and his strength went from him (Judges 16. 19). It was while Saul slept that his life was endangered (1 Samuel 26. 7); and while the virgins slumbered the bridegroom came (Matthew 25. 5).

Much more dreadful is the spiritual slumber in which many are wrapped. Said the wise man: "How long wilt thou sleep, thou sluggard?" (Proverbs 6. 9), and to many who are careless about their souls, the same question might well be put. "Wherefore He saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Ephesians 5. 14).

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THE GRACE OF GOD.

THE grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men" (Titus 2. 11). So reads the Authorised Version, but the Revised Version has it, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared." The latter is the preferable reading, because one can scarcely say, with whole areas of the heathen world untouched with evangelisation, that "salvation hath appeared to all men;" but one can safely say that the grace of God (that bringeth salvation to all men) hath appeared.

The pity is that though, through favouring circumstances, the grace of God has laid salvation down at the very feet of some men they will not stoop to pick it up. Their pride of heart, or their indifference, or their carnal mind, or their self-righteousness, hinders them from humbling themselves before the God of salvation, and receiving from Him as a free gift what He has so generously provided for their need. It is nothing to them that the grace of God has appeared in incarnate form in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that He went forward with eager step from Bethlehem to Calvary, with all its anguish, and pain, and gloom. The epiphany (appearing) of the grace of God should interest men everywhere that the story is told, but sadly enough it does not.

Does it interest you? Or do you prefer to have your eyes filled with the world's gilded show? Banquetings and revellings, money-making and pleasure-seeking, theatres and card parties, horse-racing and prize fighting, gambling and drinking, have far more attraction for multitudes inside the arena of civilisation than has the appearing of the grace of God. Yet some such glibly enough discuss the condition of the heathen world, and profess to be puzzled about its destiny. But what about their own heathen souls? For they are like the heath in the desert. Godliness is a plant that does not grow within the area of their individuality. How can it when they shun to accept the grace of God that hath appeared to confer upon them salvation?

Do you know that the grace of God has appeared with salvation for you? And do you know (surely you do) that the One in whom the grace of God was embodied was pierced in His feet and His hands? Yet those feet into which the nails were driven at the Cross carried Him all the way to Calvary for you; and those hands that bear the nail-marks are stretched out to bless you. The last glimpse that human eyes

got of Him was at Bethany, where He lifted up His hands to bless His little band. And while with uplifted hands He was blessing them He was suddenly lifted away from them (Luke 24. 50, 51). But He has not changed His attitude, though He has changed His sphere; He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and "to-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. 3. 15).

Begin by thanking God for the appearing of His grace, for whoso offereth praise glorifieth God. It is fit and proper that you should thank Him, and in so doing He will show you His salvation, and reveal His Son in you, and to you. Thanksgiving implies faith, "and without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. 11. 6). He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and if you draw near with a grateful heart, praising Him for the appearing of His grace, the glory of His salvation will appear to you, in you, and unto others through you.

TRANSGRESSIONS BLOTTED OUT.

I EVEN I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sin" (Isa. 43. 25). There are several comforting things in this text:

1st. It is God Himself that blots out transgressions. He leaves not the blotting out of sin to any angel. His own hand does it. The great I AM is the Absolver of our guilt. He puts the work into the hands of no man, nor set of men. Ritualism, with its priestly pretensions and its claims to absolve guilt, is a system that cannot be too keenly censured. The idea of one sinful man being able to pardon another sinful man is abhorrent. "Who can forgive sins but God only?" (Mark 2. 7).

2nd. The text teaches that transgressions are blotted out for His own Name's sake—human merit has no place. Men are not pardoned for good in them. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," and all need pardon on the ground of free grace. Those who build for eternity on the sands of self-righteousness simply work out their own rejection and doom. The rejection of pardon as an act of sovereign mercy is the forfeiture of all hope of eternal bliss.

3rd. God not only forgives, but He forgets. This is not after the manner of men. Man may forgive, but he does not readily forget. God, however, forgives, and remembers no more; that is, He never brings to the front what He has forgiven. When He has blotted it out there is no chance of its having a resurrection.

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Entered at Stationers' Hall

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

Psalm 66. 16.



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

Psalm 18. 16.

REV. A. CAMPBELL DOVEY, M.A.

IT is a little difficult to write about oneself, especially when one can say in the words of a dying saint, "I fear I have not got far on in the Divine life," and alas! I fear I can say that with far more truth than the one, who said it, for he was none other than Sir James Young Simpson, the famous discoverer of chloroform, and we know what a spiritual giant he was.

I may say at once that what little I am, and I am all too conscious that it is not much, I owe to that outstanding of God's many gifts—a godly home. I was weaned, nurtured, and trained by devout godly parents, who did their utmost to prepare the soil for the seed, and as

Doctor Talmage says, "If a man starts from a good, honest, industrious, Christian mother, he graduates from a University better than that of Edinburgh or Berlin with a diploma in each hand."

When in the year 1895 I announced my intention of coming into this sin-distracted world, my mother was attending a series of evangelistic meetings in the Barclay Church in Edinburgh (Rev. Hood Wilson), and she prayed that this child might engage in this blessed work. Above all else she wished her child to be a preacher of the Gospel.

It is very difficult to say just when the Sun of Righteousness appeared over the horizon of my darkened soul, and flooded it with light.

My mother tells me that when I was very small, she took me to an evangelistic meeting in the Synod Hall in Edinburgh, and that the Evangelist asked the Christians to speak to their neighbours, and that I, accordingly, asked an old man beside me if he was saved, and that I told her that I did not think he liked it as he took up his umbrella and went out. May be, in the providence of God those childish lips of innocence were used to the saving of a soul, who knows?

I remember, however, very clearly an incident at North Berwick. I would, I suppose, be eight or nine years old. It was in the spring of the year, and we were staying as a family in a house called Seton Lodge in the East Bay. On Sunday evenings we went to evangelistic meetings, which were held in the Fishermen's Hall. On one of these hallowed Sabbath nights the Evangelist made his appeal, and I put up my hand for Christ. I remember going back to the house, and going down on my knees at my bedside and sealing the transaction there. I have since witnessed from the platform of one of the Open-Air Mission Waggon's off the High Street in North Berwick that it was there in the Fishermen's Hall I believe I found Christ.

Some time after this I was sent to an English Boarding School, and then in due course I came up to the University to study medicine. I had set my heart on medicine when I was twelve years of age, and I never thought but that I was destined to be a doctor. Before commencing at the University I fell into a time of great spiritual darkness. New ideas had come into my mind, and I began to fancy myself, and to think I was above this old-fashioned religion. I used to keep my eyes open at family worship and watch my revered father pray, and wonder whether he was really heard—open eyes broke for me the magic spell of prayers, it was all subjective, a mere make believe. It was in this frame of mind that I went one evening to the Young Life Campaign, conducted by Messrs. Fritz and Arthur Wood in Doctor Drummond's Church, in the Lothian Road in Edinburgh. I was arrested and convicted by an old lady who sang with Heaven in her face. Her face was a mirror of effulgent glory, and I remember thinking at the time if religion was an illusion, it was at least for that lady well worth while being deluded. I believe I owe much to that old lady's face and song.

Gradually the darkness lifted, and the light shone again. I applied for baptism, and was baptised by the Rev. Joseph Kemp in Charlotte

Chapel in the 2nd October, 1913. Never shall I forget that experience. The flood of joy that welled over my soul as I came out of the waters of obedience was ecstatic. I have never had such joy before or since; and I think it was due to the knowledge that now my Salvation was publicly sealed.

I threw myself whole-heartedly into Christian service. The Chapman-Alexander Campaign came to the city, and I acted as a Steward. The outcome of that campaign, as far as I was concerned was the formation of a Society called "The Personal Workers' Association," which is still in existence. A band of young men who acted as Stewards at the great Mission came together under the leadership of Mr. Grant Fleming, who is now a minister in the Church of Scotland. The object of the Association was to hold open-air meetings, engage in personal work, conduct Missions, and in general to seek to extend the Kingdom of God. I cannot say how much I am indebted to that association for the development of my talents in Christian service. I learnt to speak in public, and to get accustomed to the sound of my own voice. I was led out into the open air to witness in places where I was well-known, and from very small beginnings I found that practice in the work was acceptable to God, and led on to greater things. I was elected President of the Association, and held the position for some years, indeed, until I left the city to take up a pastorate. A clock still adorns my mantelpiece which was given to me by my friends on the occasion of my marriage, and which I greatly prize.

The war came, and interrupted the above activities. I matriculated as a medical student, joined the O.T.C., and applied for a Commission in the Artillery. I was gazetted on the 2nd of August, 1915, and I served under two flags, King Jesus and King George, till the end of the war. I was two and a half years in France, and God's overwhelming goodness to me during that period made me resolve to give up medicine for the Gospel. Accordingly, I took my Arts degree at Edinburgh, and was in due course accredited as a Baptist Minister. I held two pastorates. In 1929 I was approached by the Committee of the Open-Air Mission to take over the work of the late Mr. Thurston, as Secretary for the Mission in Scotland. My work in the "Personal Workers' Association," both before and after the war, had peculiarly fitted me for the work, so, accordingly, I am at present the Secretary for the Mission in Scotland.

THE FINE PAID.

IN a law court in New South Wales, some years ago, a man was charged with breaking a plateglass window; he was found guilty, and fined ten pounds. A young Christian man whose practice it was to go to the law courts, felt impressed to pay the fine, which he did.

On leaving the court, the man, in thanking the one who had helped him, said: "Why did you do it?" The Christian replied, "That I might have an opportunity to tell you of One who can save you."

He then went on to tell him of One who had paid his debt of sin, even the Lord Jesus Christ, and that if he trusted fully in His cleansing Blood he would be free from sin's penalty. The Christian finished with the Scripture: "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1).

As they were parting, the Christian said: "Don't forget, 'shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.'"

Five years went by, and in the course of time the Christian removed to Sydney. One day, when he was walking along a street, a man passed him, and looked at him very closely. He walked back to him, and putting his hand on his shoulder, said: "Is your name S—?"

The Christian said, "Yes, that is my name."

"Then," said the man, "do you remember a Scripture which says, 'My word shall not return unto Me void'?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, I'm a sinner saved by grace," said the man.

They warmly clasped hands, and the man said, "Surely you remember M—?" "Yes! Of course I do!" was the glad reply. "Tell me about your conversion. How were you saved?"

This is the substance of the story: "About two years after the meeting at the court, I went home one night mad with drink, and commenced to beat my wife. One of the children screamed and said, 'The police are coming!' With that I rushed out of the house, and ran on and on, until I fell down exhausted and went to sleep. As the next day was begin-

ning to dawn, I woke up, and there, not three yards away, the river Bogan lay stretched before me. I sat looking at it in a dull stupor, till gradually into my numbed brain some words formed themselves. They were these, 'shall suddenly be destroyed.'

"As I realised the fate I had been saved from I shuddered. I knew that beyond that watery grave hell waited for me. Oh! the anguish of that moment. I knelt, a lone soul, before an outraged and neglected God, and as I felt the awfulness of sin, I saw myself for the first time a sinner indeed. Then as the new day was dawning I took Christ, Who died for my sins, to be my Saviour, and knew that the Holy God had forgiven me for His sake. I was saved" (Acts 16. 31).
E.C.S.

"HIM THAT COMETH."

DO you really wish to be saved and know it? If you do, here is the story of a little incident that happened at the close of a Gospel meeting which may help you.

The late Dr. Moxey had been conducting a Gospel service one night, telling men how to be saved, and in an after-service, which was announced for inquirers, he came into contact with a young man who was deeply anxious. The young man, like many others, had been "doing his best" and trying "to feel saved," but all his endeavours had ended in failure. Dr. Moxey tried him with the text, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). The young man said he had been praying, but he did not know what was meant by coming to Christ. Said the doctor, "I am speaking to you, am I not?" "Yes." "Could I have been speaking to you like this unless I had come to you?" "No." "Then it is clear I have come to you because I am speaking to you?" "Yes." "You have been praying to Jesus?" "Yes." "Then you have been speaking to Him?" This was admitted. "Well, since you have been speaking to Him you must have come to Him?" "Yes." "Then just stay where you are," said the doctor. "He will not cast you out." "Praise the Lord, I see it," said the young man.
Do You?

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**"HOW MUCH SIN WILL CHRIST'S
BLOOD WASH AWAY?"**

SO inquired a deeply anxious sinner of a Christian friend. His soul was upon the border of despair, his sins were before him mountains high; he longed to be saved, but feared there could be no hope for him. "How much sin will the Blood of Jesus cleanse away?" replied his friend. "All sin, for God says in His Word, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'" (1 John 1. 7).

All sin; every sin. Not one left out, all cleansed away, all gone.

You may write rows of figures upon a slate; they form a sum representing millions and millions. Regard these millions of figures as the number of your sins, and now take a sponge and cleanse the slate. Where are the figures now? They are gone, no trace of them is left; so the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses us who believe from all sin; not one is left for God to view.

How much sin will the Blood of Jesus cleanse away? All sin, "all sin," replies God's own Word.

"THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR ME."

IT was Sunday night in the quiet little town of H—. Far away from the bustle and noise of the great cities, here at least was peace.

In the quaint old market square, in the midst of a group of people, stood an earnest-faced man, pleading with his listeners to make the great decision. With all the passion of his soul he besought them to leave their sin and seek the crucified Saviour while life and opportunity were theirs.

"Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," rang out the warning voice. Just at that moment a party of young men came down the street laughing and jeering at the speaker. "There's plenty of time for me," said one of the number, "J—," we will call him. A fresh burst of laughter greeted this supposed witticism, and the young men passed on. With a few more earnest remarks the meeting was closed, and the preacher and people went to their homes.

Monday morning dawned, and apparently all was as usual. But unknown to anyone, tragedy lurked in the air. E'er the day was closed people were gathered in little groups in the streets, evidently discussing some serious event, and had you been near you would have heard remarks such as these:

"Isn't it terrible! The scaffolding of that new house gave way, and young J— was thrown to the ground. Of course he was killed instantly!"

Or, "Oh, haven't you heard? Young J— has met with an accident! Some flaw in the scaffolding apparently. Anyhow, it gave way, and he went with it. Killed? Oh, yes, rather—one doesn't fall 40 feet and come through alive in a general way! It's a most unfortunate thing. He was a fine young fellow."

Yes, it was only too true. The young man who only the previous night had declared that there was plenty of time for him had been summoned into the presence of his Maker, had gone out into the dark unknown, with no rod or staff to comfort him. He had refused to listen to the call of God and now it was too late.

Oh, dear young friend, as you read this incident, be warned. Don't put off your soul's salvation. "Plenty of time," do you say? Who are you to say that there is plenty of time? The Giver of our life has the power to recall it at any moment. There is only one thing in life sure—that is death, and after death the judgment (Heb. 9. 27). Who will answer for us when we stand convicted before the great White Throne, if we reject the Saviour of the world. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 3). If you, too, were called suddenly from your work where would you spend Eternity?

Let me urge you to accept Jesus Christ now as your own and only Saviour. Claim the pardon He is ready and willing to freely grant. His Word plainly declares, "He that heareth My Word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24). L.G.H.

JESUS SAYS:

"WHOSOEVER will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me" (Mark 8. 34).

"It behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day. And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His Name among all nations" (Luke 24. 47).

"He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day" (John 12. 48).

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28).

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

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

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

No. 483

Entered at Stationers' Hall

September, 1934

"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.

PASTOR MALCOLM FERGUSON. ANNIESLAND HALL, GLASGOW.

ON at least two former occasions—in 1905 and 1924—we have given readers of the *Evangel* some account of the life and work of Malcolm Ferguson. Now it seems desirable to do this once more, as that beautiful life has reached its earthly end, and been transferred to the place where it had its source, in heaven. After some months of very trying and painful illness, death came and took our friend hence on Sabbath evening, 24th June. A large and wide circle of praying friends were making instant and earnest prayer for the dear patient's recovery; but to many hearts the conviction had been brought home that this was not in the will of God, and that his Father had need of him elsewhere, where no doubt some important piece of service awaited him. A few days before the end came we had a happy visit at the patient's bedside in a Nursing Home. Although he was in severe pain, he seemed to have no thought

that his earthly work was nearly done, and that in a few days he would be looking into the face of Him Whom he loved so well and had served so long and faithfully. The story of his first entry into public evangelistic work at Forth, forty-five years before, was vividly retold: how he gave up £10 per week in the Steel Works, to receive thenceforth a much smaller financial remuneration, but to lay up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through to steal. Other Gospel battles in which "Malcolm" had taken a leading part, and in which God had given wonderful success and blessing, were fought over again, and we laughed and rejoiced together over some of the happy holy memories of past days.

Our own memory could go even further back than that of our friend—to the old days when Anniesland Mission was housed in a small brick hall, first for a short period under the care of James Scroggie (father of Dr. W. Graham Scroggie); then for a much longer

time enjoying the ministry of Evangelist W. D. Dunn; following whom came the brief ministry of Rev. John Urquhart, a redoubtable warrior for the Word of God. But Malcolm Ferguson's occupancy of the Anniesland pulpit was longer than that of all these brethren put together, extending as it did to thirty-five years. That ministry was a wonderful testimony to the grace of God and to the natural and gracious gifts which our brother so richly possessed. Through all these years "Anniesland" has been a famous soul saving centre, and a place where Christian people were delighted to gather from many scattered places, to share in the good things which were there provided from our Father's bountiful store.

At the noon hour on Wednesday, 27th June, several hundreds of friends gathered in the Hall to pay their last tribute of respect and love to the beloved Pastor. The congregation included many ministers, evangelists, and leaders in Christian work, who had been more or less intimately associated with Mr. Ferguson in the work of the Kingdom. Three of his oldest friends took part in the service; Mr. R. B. Stewart presided and read some beautiful and suitable portions from "The Word," while Dr. D. M. McIntyre and Mr. D. J. Findlay voiced the prayers in which all the hearts in the congregation united. The family and a large number of friends went with the body of our brother to Lanark Cemetery, where it was reverently laid away to await the event for which he so eagerly longed—when the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God—and "the dead in Christ shall rise first."

Comparatively few leaders of the Host of God are so universally beloved as was Malcolm Ferguson; he was blessed with a charming and attractive personality, which drew the hearts of men to him. Through this natural gift the Spirit of God worked, and hundreds of men and women were led to Christ. All over Lanarkshire—where his earlier ministry was mostly exercised—there are those to this day who look on our friend as their spiritual father, while the fruits of the thirty-five years of work done at Anniesland are faithfully recorded in heaven, where doubtless a large number of those who had preceded him were waiting to give him a royal welcome.

Here is the story of Malcolm's conversion, as written by his own pen nearly thirty-years ago:

"Though of Scotch extraction, I was born in the County 'Derry, in the North of Ireland, but came to Motherwell with my people in the year 1877, just twenty-eight years ago. I soon got acquainted with boys of my own age, who led me first to the Band of Hope, then to the Foundry Boys' Meeting. I also attended a Bible Class, conducted by the late Mr. Colville, where I got the most of my Bible instruction. He greatly influenced me, and I was several times personally dealt with by him. But I was not thoroughly aroused till one day I was nearly drowned in the Clyde. This was one Sabbath day in the summer of 1878. I felt then that I ought to settle the important matter of my soul's salvation, but I remained in an undecided state till the following January, for it was in the Old Music Hall in Motherwell, on the 5th January, 1879, that I was led to Christ. Though I had been really awakened to see my need for a good while, I tried to drown my convictions by going to the theatre, and on the New-Year's day, just a few days before my conversion, I went to Coatbridge to see a pantomime. It finished up with a farce representing the last day,

and I vowed, if God would let me out safe, I would never enter such a place again. That was my first and last pantomime.

"On the first Sabbath of the year I went to the usual evening meeting in the Old Music Hall. Mr. Thorburn, the missionary, was preaching. His text was Luke 2. 11: 'Unto you is born . . . a Saviour.' Just about the close of his address, he looked at me (at least, I thought he did), and he said: 'Is this Saviour yours? Can you say, He is mine?' I felt I could not say that He was. Holding up his Bible in his hand, he said: 'If I offered you that Book as a gift, when would it be yours? When you received it, of course. Jesus is God's gift to you—will you receive Him?' At that moment I bowed my head and said: 'Lord, I will receive Thee. Take me as I am.' There was not the rush of happy feelings I expected, but such a sweet sense of relief stole over my whole being, I can never forget it. The burden was gone. I had left it all with Jesus, and I could now say: 'He is my Saviour.' Just then the preacher told the well-known story of the woman who was anxious about her soul, and who in her sleep dreamed that, while falling over a precipice, she clutched hold of a twig to keep herself from falling. 'Oh! Save me, or I'll perish,' she cried. Just then a voice from below said: 'Let go the twig, and I'll save you.' She did not let go until she could hold no longer, and when she did let go, she dropped right into the arms of the Saviour.

"I SAW IT. I had been holding on by the twig of my feelings, so I let go everything and said: 'Lord Jesus, sink or swim, I'll trust Thee.' That was about eight p.m. on the 5th of January, 1879. This is 1905. No tongue can tell, nor pen describe, all that Jesus has been to me in the years that have come and gone since I trusted myself to His care. This I can say: 'He abideth faithful.' Faithful to the word He gave me the night when I first trusted Him! That word was: 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out' (John 6. 37).

"After my conversion I commenced to take an interest in Gospel work, and my first address was given in the old Mission Hall in Motherwell, while the work there was carried on under the auspices of the Hallelujah Mission. But one day in November, 1886, while at work in the Dalziel Iron and Steel Works, Mr. Colville, one of the partners of the firm, came to me and told me that Mr. Kennedy, one of the agents of the Union, who had been conducting meetings at a place called Forth, near Lanark, had been taken ill—would I go and take his place for a week? I replied that I did not feel qualified for the work, but he said that if I did not succeed I could just come back again, and that my work would be kept open for me. I went, and, instead of a week, stayed for a month, and as applications for my services came in from other places, I just kept on, and have never been back at my job in the steel works since.

"All my hope for life and service is in Him who has said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'" D. J. F.

AWAKE, BEHOLD, COME.

"AWAKE thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. 5. 14. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2). "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isaiah 1. 18).

NOT FEELING, BUT TRUSTING

"THIS Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them" was the taunt thrown at the Lord Jesus Christ by the Scribes and Pharisees. But many praised God for the truth of that statement. Irrespective of rank or class, or degree of guilt, Christ receives sinners. Some are rescued from the deepest depths of sin, and stand as monuments of His grace; while others are wooed and won in early life, before they know its awful power. But whether we are open transgressors and have gone to all lengths in sin, or lived, as Paul did, a blameless life (according to the common acceptation of that term), we all are sinners, and need to be saved. Friend, have you made this discovery? Thank God, I did, when quite a youth, living in the little mining village of Greengairs, away in the north-east corner of Lanarkshire. If anyone might boast of a moral life, I more. My early days were such that even the most scrupulous could not find fault with it. So much so, that after my conversion my companions used to say, "You had nae need to be converted, you were aye guid. Perhaps I was, outwardly; but my heart often condemned me, and I knew there was something I still lacked. My parents being both dead, I lived with a half-brother, who, a few months previous to my conversion, had passed from death unto life, and by his consistent walk and conversation was giving real evidence of being born again. Indeed, the change was so great, it set me thinking, and I began to reason thus: "How strange that my brother, a wild, swearing fellow, should be so suddenly transformed, and able confidently to say his sins are forgiven; while I, with all my supposed goodness, am still in the dark." For weeks I laboured under deep conviction of sin, and to my great grief, instead of getting better I grew gradually worse, until at length I thought myself the blackest sinner on earth. Day and night God's hand was heavy upon me. I groaned, and prayed, and wept, and read the Bible, but no light could I see. Then I perused Sankey's hymn book. All the hymns that spoke of faith, and trust, and belief, I eagerly scanned, but always finished by saying, "Oh, if only I could feel saved, I would be all right; but somehow I cannot feel

it!" One Thursday forenoon—the miner's idle day at that time—my brother, to whom I had made known my wretched condition, brought in a friend to see me. We three were together in a little kitchen, in what was designated "The Protestant Row," the second house from the top. After some conversation my friend pointed out that it was not FEELING, but TRUSTING; that feelings had nothing whatever to do with salvation. We knelt in prayer, and I remember saying, "Lord Jesus, I *will* trust Thee." We arose from our knees, but the darkness had not gone, nor had the happy feelings I longed for come. Desiring to be alone, I went out for a walk, and going along the country road the light broke in upon my soul, and I felt as if I could have danced for joy. I lifted my eyes to heaven and cried out audibly: "O Lord, I thank Thee for saving me; I do trust Thee; I am Thine." Never before had things looked so beautiful. It seemed as if I was in a new world. Something indeed "lived in every hue Christless eyes had never seen." On I walked east by "The Duck House," then round "The Extension," as we called it (a loop line on the L.N.E. Railway), and returned by Mochrie Inch. As I write I seem to see the little hollow by the burnside where I sat and read the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to John. And as I lingered over the opening verses, the rush of holy, happy feelings that filled my heart were somewhat akin to Pilgrim's when he awoke in the place "Beautiful" and sang:

"Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are?
Thus to provide that I should be forgiven,
And dwell already the next door to heaven."

Many years have passed since that never-to-be-forgotten day. Many changes have taken place. Trials, afflictions, loss of health, and other ills to which the flesh is heir, have fallen to my lot. In the midst of all I have proved Christ to be a true and faithful Friend.

Dear reader, is He yours? If not, permit me to commend Him to you. He is the very One you need. God help you to believe in Him to the saving of your soul. Say, as I did: "I WILL trust and not be afraid."

M.C.

THE . . .

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BELIEVE TO SEE.

IT is not very easy seeing through a stone wall. In fact, no man's eyes are sufficiently piercing to do so. What is on the other side of the stone dyke may be charming, but nobody can look through an unbroken ten-feet-high wall and see what is on the other side. Exactly so with salvation. It is near you, but you can't see it. There is a wall of pride, or prejudice, or bigotry or worldliness standing between, and it is not possible for salvation to be seen, or experienced, or enjoyed until the wall is thrown down. In some cases, alas! in many cases, the whisky bottle is the stone wall that shuts out the view of salvation. But whatever material shape the wall, whether pride, prejudice, bigotry, worldliness, whisky, gambling, pleasure, the foundation in all cases is the same—unbelief is the rock-bed on which the wall rests. If this rock be shaken, thank God, the wall will fall. Unbelief from the beginning has been the foundation of all evil. In Eden it first showed itself. God said, "Thou shalt surely die." The devil said, "Thou shalt not surely die." Our first parents distrusted God, and fell; and through every age their sin has perpetuated itself in their offspring, with dire results.

You need not expect to see the salvation of God apart from faith in Him through our Lord Jesus Christ. The world says that seeing is believing. The Word of God says that believing is seeing. "Saidst not I unto thee," said Jesus, "that if thou wouldest believe thou shouldst see" (John 11. 40). Bid unbelief depart, and the wall that shuts out a view of Christ as your Saviour will immediately tumble over, and there will stand revealed to your enraptured gaze the One who was wounded for your transgressions and bruised for your iniquities. He waits to reveal Himself to the believing soul. Presently you cannot see Him. The wall of actual transgression and conscious disobedience stand in the way of your beholding Him, and there it will stand unless you believe in Him. How did the walls of Jericho fall? Not by the labour of those who sought to invade the city. "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down" (Heb. 11. 30). God gave the word of promise. They believed it. He honoured it. Then they possessed the city and saw all that was inside. The promise of salvation is unto all and upon all those who believe in Jesus, and blessed are they who believe. In believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, the foundation on which transgression rests is shattered, and with the line of vision cleared, Christ is seen as the Saviour.

COULDN'T UNDO THE PAST.

A NUMBER of years ago I experienced great misery of heart and uneasiness of mind through a strong conviction of the sins of my youth. My conscience would repeatedly remind me of evils which, alas! I knew to be true. I began to dread the thought of Eternity, and I realised how unfit I was to meet a holy and offended God. I had been taught from my mother's knee to say my prayers, read my Bible, and attend church regularly—in fact, I was a communicant. But the thoughts of all this failed to give rest to my soul. I was in need of a change of heart, and would have given almost anything to get peace, but did not know where to find it. As time elapsed I was drawn 'neath the sound of the Gospel, and I listened to the words of life as only those can who feel they are lost and in need of a Saviour. God's Word began to enlighten my understanding, and I began to be persuaded that Jesus was the Saviour I needed.

The sins of the past I could not forget, and I thought I must undo what I had done. This task seemed to be to incur such difficulties and exposures that one day, when quite alone, I ceased work, and in my distress said, "No, I will sooner go to hell than commence to undo the past." Some weeks later I heard a man of God say, "Salvation is a free gift, and not to be had by works, lest any man should boast. You may work as much as you like after you are saved." This was just what I wanted to know, and I found it was in the good old Book, the Bible.

Fully persuaded of this truth, I went in faith to Jesus, and asked Him to wash away my sins in His own precious Blood which He shed for me, and not only for me, but for the whole world. I believed, and began to confess Him with my mouth, and He gave me the joy and peace I so much desired. How do I know Jesus forgave me? Listen! The burden rolled away from my heart, and it has never returned. By faith I beheld Jesus bearing it for me on the Cross. "Behold the Lamb of God." It was now a joy to me to do the things I once thought impossible. Old things passed away; behold, all things became new, and what Jesus has done for me He is ready and able to do for you. "Ye must be born again." "He that believeth not is condemned already." "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9).

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Romans 1. 16.

Dr. JOHN STUART HOLDEN.

IN our May (1934) issue we gave our readers a portrait of Dr. Holden, and one of his addresses given at St. George's Cross Tabernacle in March. Now that beautiful life has closed on earth and is transferred to some higher service in heaven. On Friday the 10th of August, Dr. Holden suddenly "fell asleep" at his home in the North of Scotland. In this issue of our little paper we give another portrait and two personal testimonies regarding him—one by his sister-in-law (Mrs. Raphael), and the other by Mr. Lindsay Glegg, one of the leaders of Keswick Convention, who was himself converted through Dr. Holden.

Dr. Holden first preached in Glasgow (at the Tabernacle) thirty-eight years ago (when he was a young student), and his last visit to the city was in the same building, in March of this year. He was a remarkably gifted man, both by nature and grace. We had the privilege of being closely associated with

him on various Missionary Councils, in his position as Home Director of the China Inland Mission, in his editorship of *The Christian* for six years, as well as in his public ministry of the Word. In all these positions, and indeed in many others, he showed unique ability. He had a wonderful winsome charm of personality which drew people to him, and which he used extensively to draw them to Christ. That such a life should have been cut short at the comparatively early age of sixty years is a cause for sorrow. May the Lord graciously raise up other servants to fill this and other vacant places. D.J.F.

By the Home-call of Dr. Stuart Holden, I have lost a much loved brother-in-law, and the Church of God a valiant and good soldier of Jesus Christ.

He was born in Liverpool in 1874, and whilst a schoolboy, was one day passing a Salvation Army meeting. He stood to listen, and God spoke to his heart, and he then accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as

his Saviour and Friend. This was the beginning of a consecrated life-long service, which meant to many that they came out of darkness into God's marvellous light. His minister at this time was Dean Lefroy, a godly man, and that meant much to a young convert, listening with new interest, and new understanding, to the preaching of the Word of God.

The next influence in his life was that of the Rev. C. Musgrave Brown, who was also an earnest man of God. He was something of a disciplinarian, but along with this training capacity, knew how to lead these young workers into lives of full consecration to God. One feels that this meant so much in shaping the life of John Stuart Holden for future service for his Master. As a young worker he had brought the Sunday School to a state of great efficiency, and all connected with it was flourishing. He was told to give it up, and to become organist and choir master instead. Being a very gifted musician this he was well able to do.

The Rev. C. Musgrave Brown had a very deep love and affection for Dr. Holden, having known him from his boyhood, and on his deathbed Mrs. Musgrave Brown came into the room to find her husband with a letter he had just received from Dr. Holden clasped between his hands. In this position he prayed very earnestly for him, and as he finished this prayer, he passed away to his Heavenly Home.

Besides having these great privileges, a Christian home and this Christian training, he had a wonderfully charming and winsome personality. This was not kept for special occasions. In his home life, in the sick room, or wherever help and comfort were needed, Dr. Holden could give these in a way very few could, and could adapt himself to old or young, so that he was beloved by all. He was always cheerful, looking on the bright side of things, and had a very keen sense of humour. This commended him to many, and especially to young people, who are apt to think that being a Christian means being gloomy! I have a letter beside me now, received by Mrs. Holden from a friend, who speaks of a visit paid to Edinburgh some years ago by Dr. Campbell Morgan and Dr. Stuart Holden. As she waited for a meeting to begin, a working man who was sitting before her was joined by a friend, when the following conversation took place. "I havna seen ye afore." "No, a couldna get afore; I'm frae the country." "Then ye'll no hae heard Dr. Morgan. Man, ye must hear him, he's gran', but," softening his voice, and looking towards the platform at Dr. Holden, "He's an awfu' sweet, gracious soul, this." "Aye, he'll mind ye o' the Maister?" "Jist."

Ever after, as I heard Dr. Holden speak, or read his addresses, said this friend, I thought of these words, "*He'll mind ye o' the Maister.*" Surely this is something worth living for. His humility and generosity were outstanding features of his life. He would not hesitate, when the need arose, to take off his own coat, and give it to another who was in need of one, or, in order to give some one change and rest, would gladly pass on money he had laid aside for some special purpose of his own. Others have told of his large and varied interests besides his own Church.

I had the privilege of spending one day at Port-stewart Convention this year, and listening to Dr. Holden's last Bible Reading. It was very wonderful how many came up to him at this Convention to remind him that he had been the means of their conversion during his earlier years of ministry, when he was so much used as a soul-winner in the North of Ireland. The message he gave was ever the same, "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," and to the very

end he held without hesitation the old truths, and *all* the truth, taught us in the Bible, which we have loved since our earliest years.

It was said of his church: "There was a spiritual clinic here, broken lives were brought here, prodigal sons came here, people burdened with sin and shame came here, and under Dr. Holden's wise direction, they found deliverance, and a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."

Dr. Charles Brown so truly and so beautifully said at his funeral service in St. Paul's, Portman Square: "A prince and a great man has fallen in our Israel to-day, but," he added, "death is not the extinction, but the expansion of life. . . . not a passing out merely, it is the entrance into the larger and ampler life. . . . As Bunyan would say, the trumpets on the other side have sounded the welcome home."

It is not "good-bye," the morning cometh, when we shall meet him again, with many, many others of our loved ones gone before; and, best of all, our eyes shall see "the King in His beauty." E. RAPHAEL.

In the passing away of John Stuart Holden the world has lost one of its choicest saints. His name will ever be linked with the Keswick Convention. For over 30 years he was an exponent of the "Keswick Message," and he delivered perhaps more addresses at the Convention than any other speaker. In the days when there were two tents, he sometimes (including Sunday duties) spoke as many as 12 or 14 times; he was ever ready to bear more than his share of the burden of the Convention.

For six consecutive years he was Chairman of the Council, and under his leadership three new ventures were carried through. The present large tent took the place of the two smaller ones; the Young People's Meetings were started; and the first Communion Service was held.

In addition, Dr. Holden carried the Keswick message to many parts of the world; to America, China, Denmark, Sweden, and South Africa. His visits to the United States became almost an annual event, and many will thank God for his ministry overseas.

Dr. Holden was full of missionary zeal, and from his own Church at Portman Square over 60 missionaries have gone forth to different parts of the world.

I first met Dr. Holden at the Keswick Convention in 1905, and it was under his inspiring leadership of a prayer meeting in the Drill Hall that I was led to Christ. And what a host of others have found the Saviour through the ministry of this man of God.

His messages were among the choicest and most beautiful ever delivered at Keswick; in eloquence he was a giant, and yet he was the most approachable of men. What a unique command of the English language he had! What a charm of manner! What a gracious spirit! In private life he had a wonderful gift of friendship; he made you feel that he was intensely interested in all you were doing. He was the most charming and interesting companion I ever met, and yet he was a great listener, so sympathetic and gentle. Surely his gifts were unique, and it is no wonder that hundreds flocked to him with their problems, and sorrows; and from the highest to the lowest he was ever ready to help. He was generous with his time and money almost to a fault, and he literally wore himself out in his service for others.

To have been his intimate friend I count as one of my most treasured memories. May we all catch something of Dr. Holden's zeal for his Master and his readiness to help the whole world. A. LINDSAY GLEGG

A FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON.

"DEAR SON,—My feelings would not allow me to speak to you as I would have liked at our parting on Friday last. And what I now say I hope you will never forget.

"You are about to leave your native land for a foreign country, where you will most likely find the manners and customs, the scenes and scenery as different as the two climes are.

"It may also be that temptations to sin and forgetfulness of God may appear in a different form, as I believe that every country has its besetting sins and temptations; but I hope by the grace of God you will endeavour to resist all evil in whatever shape or whatever circumstances it may present itself in your path, for the more righteously you live the more happiness you will enjoy, the health of your body be established, and the life of your soul be preserved.

"Be very careful with whom you associate, and be no stranger to the House of God. Be faithful to your employers, whoever they may be, and be respectful to all your fellowmen, and ever manifest a truly dignified deportment in all your transactions in life.

"Be careful in everything conducive to the health of your body, but, oh, Charles, be exceedingly careful of your spiritual and eternal interests. Remember the shortness and uncertainty of human life. Make Christ your friend, and never be ashamed of Him and His cause on earth, for rest assured that if you honour God He will honour you, but if you despise Him you will be lightly esteemed.

"I need not say more, but I fondly trust you will ever bear us in your heart at the throne of grace, and, although we should never meet more on earth, yet if we meet habitually and sincerely there, we shall be more than mere earthly friends, and heirs of eternal life."

KILLED THROUGH SLOTHFULNESS.

THE Scripture says that "The desire of the slothful killeth him, for his hands refuse to labour" (Prov. 21. 25). What is the desire of the slothful? His desire is to do nothing; and in carrying out his desire he kills all his

fitness for daily toil. It is the same with reference to spiritual things.

There are men so thoughtless and slothful in regard to the salvation that God has put within their reach that they refuse to stretch out the hand of faith to receive it, and they kill their soul's welfare. They are so utterly lazy, and so indifferent to the great things God has brought near to them, that they prefer to lie in bed on Sabbath days rather than go to some place of worship to hear the Word of Life. Even to reach out their hand to take up a tract or pamphlet that speaks of salvation and read it is too much of a burden for the spiritual sluggard. He kills himself. His heart and conscience become atrophied, and he is dead while he liveth. The powers of mind which God has endowed him with to enable him to lay hold of the higher things literally waste away. Laziness makes the mind rusty, creating an incapability of receiving and assimilating the truths of the Gospel.

Let lazy sinners beware! God is not mocked. "Wherefore He saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. 5. 14). A slothful attitude to the things of God is the pathway to the pit. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2. 3).

Hear this appeal from the Word of God: "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?" (Prov. 6. 9). Also note this warning from the Word of God: "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man" (Prov. 6. 10, 11).

What a shame it is for men, strong and healthy, to lie lazily in bed on Sabbath day, utterly forgetful of the God who made them! It is nothing to them that on the first day of the week Christ rose from the dead, and in doing so hallowed the day for sacred use.

It is not a day for sloth and neglect of spiritual things. The rich man of Luke 16 made his bed in hell, simply because he was slothful as to his soul's welfare, and neglected the words of Moses and the prophets. Let the slothful beware!

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THE GOSPEL OF JOY.

THE man who says he is saved, and yet is not happy in the Lord, has not got the right kind of salvation. God's salvation makes people happy, notwithstanding all that the world says to the contrary. The world tells you that when you are converted to God you will cease to enjoy life. But the simple truth of the matter is that it is only when you get converted that you begin to enjoy life. The world cannot give a true testimony in this question, for it speaks of a thing it knows nothing about by actual experience. If a man has never been converted, how can he explain the results that follow conversion? If he has not tasted the wine of redeeming love, how can he compare it with the wine of worldly pleasures?

The Gospel of Christ is a Gospel of joy. Whatever you forget, do not forget that the Gospel is "good tidings of great joy." That is how it is described in the Book of books (Luke 2. 10). And do not forget the words that follow—"which shall be to all people." This includes you. It is clear, therefore, that there is a Gospel of joy, and it is also clear that it is for you. Have you believed the glad tidings? Are you rejoicing in eternal life? If so, happy art thou. If not, you are a stranger to God's salvation.

Now, do not make any mistake as to the Gospel joy. Be careful to remember that the Gospel does not make people happy in their sins. It makes them happy by delivering them from their sins. There must be freedom before there can be joy, and we know that there can be no freedom in slavery to sin. When the Almighty Saviour announced his mission He said He was come to "preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised" (Luke 4. 18). His salvation is a mighty deliverance. It takes possession of the heart. It sits on the throne of the affections. It overcomes the world, and makes the happy possessor the Lord's free man.

Reader, you know if this deliverance is your experience. These lines are sent forth with this end in view—that God's salvation may become real in your experience even now. If up till this time you have missed salvation's joy, you have missed the greatest and the only true and abiding joy to be found on earth. You may have a certain amount of "religion," but religion is not Christ. Have you received Him? That is the question. If you have received Him,

you know you have passed out of death into life. And Scripture expressly declares that "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound." w. s.

MANASSEH'S CONVERSION.

THE grace of God is sufficient for any sinner, however deeply he has erred, and however far he has gone astray. Manasseh's conversion is a proof of this. He sinned grievously, and sinned with the aim of provoking God, but affliction brought him to his senses, and grace did the rest. Among his various sins, that of Spiritualism was an outstanding one: "He used witchcraft, and dealt with a familiar spirit, and with wizards; he wrought much evil in the sight of the Lord to provoke Him to anger" (2 Chron. 33. 6). But "when he was in affliction he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers" (verse 12). In our day many in their affliction are turning to the witches and mediums, but Manasseh turned to the living God, and God "was entreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom" (verse 13). Few people who fall into the snare of Spiritualism, it is greatly to be feared, are ever delivered from it. Willingly turning from Gospel light, they perish in their sin, blinded by the God of this world. But no man is beyond the reach of grace, for the Lord is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. Christian people are commanded to pray for all men since "this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. 2. 3, 4). But it is hard to get at Spiritualists. They are willingly led astray, and seal their own doom. Loving not the light of the Gospel, and making no inquiry at the Word of God, which has been given to a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, they sink deeper and deeper into darkness. Manasseh's case, no doubt, seemed to many a hopeless one, but affliction entered like a hot iron into his soul, and brought him to repentance. He did not direct his prayer to the wizards, but to the Lord his God. Trouble has its uses, and when trouble leads to humility and prayer, and to sanctity of life, then men can kiss the hand that smites them. In Manasseh's case it proved the doorway to salvation. He dealt no more with familiar spirits and with wizards. When he knew God as the answerer of prayer he knew the spooks no more. Old things passed away. All things became new.

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

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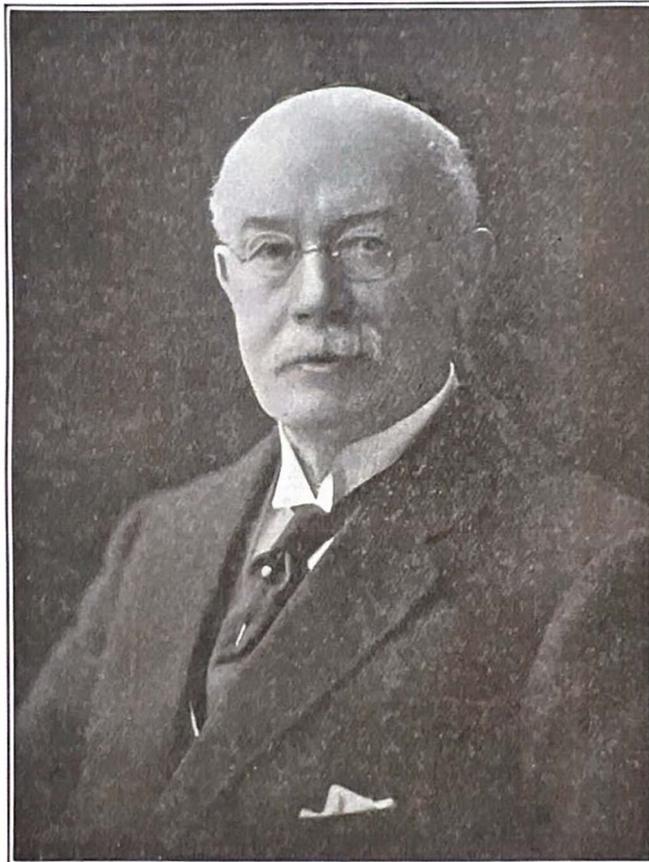
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No. 485

Entered at Stationers' Hall

November, 1934

“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.”
John 3. 17, 18.

Dr. DAVID DUNCAN MAIN.

ON 30th August last, while on holiday in Derbyshire, Dr. David Duncan Main, late of the Church Missionary Society, Hangchow, China, was suddenly called to his rest and reward. The news of the beloved Doctor's death has already found its way to many lands, and every mail is bringing expressions of sorrow from those who knew and loved him.

Dr. Main was born in Kirkmichael (and brought up in Dalrymple, Ayrshire) on the 10th June, 1856, and was "born again" in Glasgow on the 14th April, 1873. As a lad he was interested very much in Dr. Livingstone, and remembered one Saturday when the Church

was being cleaned, going into the pulpit and pretending to preach, and asking his little companions to "be good." As a boy he was full of fun and mischief, and early developed a sense of humour which remained with him to the end, and which was a great asset in the mission field. At school he was interested in his lessons, and worked hard at them. At the age of fifteen he was a Sabbath School teacher, and a pupil teacher in the village school, and at sixteen he was head boy in the school and medallist. Full of determination to forge ahead, he applied for a situation in Glasgow in 1872, and was successful in getting into a shipping office, with an engagement for five years. In the spring of 1873 a fellow-

clerk in the office asked him: "David, are you a Christian?" He answered: "Yes, I think so," and told him he went to Church, read his Bible, said his prayers, and was a Sabbath School teacher. That did not satisfy his friend, who said, "That is all right, but are you 'born again'?" He had to confess he did not know what it was to be "born again." So his friend opened his Bible and pointed out several passages, and made him feel very uncomfortable. He went home that night very unhappy, and had a troubled night. Next morning his friend spoke to him again, and tried to make the way plain, but it was not till night (14th April), when on his knees, that it pleased the Lord to reveal Himself in a sudden and most remarkable way, so that he was changed in a moment from being a good-living, nominal believer in Jesus, to being a true follower of Him. From that time He poured into the young convert's heart a deep love for those who were in Regions Beyond, and a deep impression of the great need of preaching the Gospel to them.

Immediately after his conversion he got rid of his "grave clothes," and went right into Gospel work, and when Moody and Sankey came to Glasgow in 1874, he threw himself into the work of seeking souls for the Master, and was keen for open-air services, where his voice was often heard. He worked hard while in Glasgow at St. George's Cross Tent (now the Tabernacle) with Pastor Findlay, who with all those associated with him in Gospel work were keen soul winners, and still are.

While in business in Glasgow, young Main came in contact with Dr. Donald Morison, for many years a medical missionary in India, who first pointed out to him the need of Medical Missions, and it was due to this influence that he made up his mind to become a medical missionary.

While still in business he attended lectures on evangelistic theology in the Free Church College, went to morning and evening classes with private tutors for physics, Latin, French, etc., and passed his medical prelim. exam. at Glasgow University. He joined the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society in 1877, to prepare himself to be a medical missionary. While a student he continued a keen soul-winner, and never found that engaging in evangelistic and open-air work in any way interfered with his medical studies.

In 1881 Dr. Main was married to Miss Florence Nightingale Smith, a Free Breakfast and Cowgate Worker in Edinburgh, and in

September of the same year they sailed for China, and began what was to prove almost half a century of loving and fruitful service at Hangchow, where God wonderfully blessed their united life and service. There is no space here for even a short account of their work; suffice it to say that the Hangchow Medical Mission is one of the largest in China. When they arrived, there was in the city only a small Chinese building for the cure of opium smokers. Now there are many hospitals and homes of various kinds to deal with all the ills that flesh is heir to, and for many years there was also a fine medical school, fully and efficiently equipped. There are twenty-three buildings in all, each doing a beneficent work in its own way.

In the Hangchow Medical Mission many patients have been cured of their diseases, countless operations performed, many of them very serious and difficult, but never was one commenced without first asking God to guide the hand that was to use the knife. Lepers for many years were comforted, cleansed, and made happy, but now a few are also cured. Orphans, the blind, and the homeless have been cared for and taught, the hungry have been fed and the naked clothed. Hundreds of medical students have been taught and graduated; nurses, midwives, and chemists trained; and all the work done with the chief object of bringing men and women to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus as their own personal Saviour.

This briefly is the story of the conversion and life work of Dr. Main. Every new born child of God is a potential missionary, and every one must take some share in obeying his Lord's last great command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Having put his hand to the plough, David Main neither turned back, nor looked back. He cut a clean straight furrow from the day of his conversion in Glasgow to that of his death in Buxton.

At his funeral service in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, his life-long friend, Pastor Findlay, bore loving testimony to the beautiful and Christ-like life of Dr. Main, and to his splendid devotion to his Master. A large company gathered in the Church, and afterwards at the grave in the Dean Cemetery, whose sorrow was deep and true, but who rejoiced in the assurance that the beloved one whose body they laid in the grave will rise in the "first resurrection," at the coming of the Lord to the air for those who are alive and remain, and those who sleep in Jesus.

A CRISIS.

THE passing of the soul from death into life through the regenerating power of the Spirit of God is a crisis. It is the work of a moment, and in its execution a new era begins. "Verily, verily," says the Saviour, "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). It was a crisis in the case of Zacchaeus, that which is recorded of him in the nineteenth chapter of Luke, and the crisis took place at the moment he responded to the Saviour's invitation. Jesus said: "Zecchaeus, make haste, and come down," "and he made haste, and came down." That was the turning-point in his life, for Christ, when once inside his dwelling, said: "This day is salvation come to this house." It was a time of crisis in the life of Levi, the tax-gatherer, when Jesus, seeing him sitting at the receipt of custom, said unto him: "Follow Me" (Luke 5. 27), for he left all, rose up, and followed Him. It was a crisis, ever memorable, and fraught with blessing to tens of thousands, when on the road to Damascus Saul of Tarsus, stricken and humbled, said to the Saviour: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts 9. 6). What a crisis it was on the famous day of Pentecost to thousands of souls when the converting power of the descended Spirit through the preaching of the Gospel broke in on the astonished crowds, making them cry out: "What shall we do?" (Acts 2. 37).

But some say, These are all cases of people who had not been brought up in the Christian faith. We have been brought up within the sphere and radius of Christian influence. We were taught the New Testament at home and in the Sabbath School. We have gone to church ever since we can remember, and though we cannot say we have yet experienced conversion, we hope to grow into it, and this takes time. Our answer, based on Scripture, observation, and experience is, that life either is or is not, with no space between. No person "grows into" Christian experience: but all who believe in Jesus are born into it. And within the range of Christian influence and Gospel invitation the

great crisis in any person's life is the moment in which there is definite acceptance of the gift of God, eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. This is not a question of "growing into it," for a man of God is "like a tree planted," and the history of every tree is that at some particular point of time the planting took place.

Regeneration is a crisis, not a process, but it is a crisis that sets agoing a process that will have its culmination in the day when we see the Saviour, and be *like* Him (John 3. 2); in the day that He shall present to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing (Eph. 5. 27).

WHAT IS THE GOSPEL?

LET us be clear about what the Gospel really is. It is not an offer of what God will do if the sinner prays, and beseeches, and works. No. It is a proclamation of what God has already done. "God so loved the world, that He gave His Son" (John 3. 16). That is a thing already done. In plain words, man's iniquities had separated between him and God. Sin had come in and marred God's fair creation. The whole race was shut out from His presence. Sin stood in the way. God's love was set upon us. But that love could only flow through a righteous channel. Sin had to be punished if a single sinner was ever to enter heaven, for where would God's justice have been had He received a sinner into His presence without first dealing with sin? But God has dealt with sin. He gave up His only Son, and that Son has made His soul an offering for sin. The great sacrifice has been made once, and for all; and such is the eternal efficacy of that one offering that it needs never to be repeated. The billows of God's wrath have broken upon Christ. The sinless, perfect, spotless victim has been offered up. Sin had been atoned for. God is well pleased. The way into His presence is now an open way. God is a just God, and yet the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Such are the good tidings of great joy which are for all people. That "all" takes you in. God's glad tidings are sent to you. The work that saves is done. W.S.O.

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EITHER FOR OR AGAINST

IT is very hard to get some men to believe that there is no midway between being for Christ and being against Christ. Yet His Word is plain enough: "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad" (Matt. 12. 30). The idea of a gradual change is the favourite idea with many, but spiritual death is never anything else than spiritual death, and between death and life there is a sharp, clear line.

At this moment you are either saved or unsaved. Either justified or not justified. Either in Christ or out of Christ. You cannot be partly saved and partly unsaved: partly justified and partly not justified: partly in Christ and partly out of Christ. You may have heard many strange things, but you have never yet heard of a man being partly married and partly unmarried. He is either the one or the other. If he is married, then he entered from the unmarried state to the married in a moment of time. There may have been a great deal of preparation for it, like enough there was, but the ceasing to be in the one state and the entrance into the other took place at a certain definite point of time. He wasn't *gradually* married—he gradually came nearer the point of marriage, but there was no gradualness in the thing itself.

Oh! that men would get out of the fogs and mists in regard to salvation. "It is a gradual thing," says one. "It takes a long time to do it," says another. "I hope to grow into it," says a third. But there must be a beginning. Life must enter. Salvation as God's gift must be received. Pardon must be accepted, and life, salvation, and pardon may be obtained now. "Come, for all things are *now* ready."

There was a moment when Noah was outside the ark and in danger: the next moment he was inside and safe. There was a moment when Lazarus was dead and in the tomb; there was another moment, the next moment, when he was alive and out of the tomb. These things can't be gainsayed.

"I'LL GANG MYSEL'."

ON an autumn evening many years ago a band of young men were sitting playing cards in an old shed which stood behind the quiting green in a colliery village. One of their number, overtaken by some strange feelings which he could not account for, flung down his cards in disgust and left the circle. Going

across to where a number of men usually congregated, he said to one who was standing there: "Geordie, are ye gaun roon' tae the meetin'?" "No," was the reply; "there are plenty o' hypocrites there without me." "Ah, weel, Geordie," said he, "I'll gang mysel'."

Reaching his house, he asked his wife for a Bible. Startled by the unusual request, she laughed and said: "What are *you* going to do with a Bible?" "I'm going to the meeting," was the answer.

On entering the little hall he found a testimony meeting in progress. Mr. Kennedy, of the Lanarkshire Christian Union, who has long since gone to be with the Lord, had on the night previous closed a special mission, and now the converts, full of new-found joy, were telling what the Lord had done for them. Our friend was much interested, and on being personally spoken to promised to attend the fellowship meeting the next morning, which was Sunday. He kept his promise, and afterwards attended church, a place he had not been in for many a day. In the evening he went to hear a lady who was preaching in a village about a mile distant. During the service he was deeply convicted of sin, but left without accepting Christ. That night he could not sleep. Rising, he went out to a lonely moor, and there among the heather, with the stars twinkling above him, he knelt down, and by faith, receiving the gift of God, yielded his heart and life to Jesus Christ. There on that spot, at midnight, the old life in the service of sin was ended, and a new life in Christ begun. All around, save for the occasional screech of a moorfowl—all was silent; but there was music in heaven, for it is written: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one* sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15. 10). Many years have passed since that memorable night. That young man is alive still, and in a humble way keeps telling out the story of Christ's love and grace to him, and he has been the instrument in God's hands of directing not a few to the same Saviour.

Conversion does not always come about in the same way. There are diversities of operations, but the same Spirit. But wherever there is a real conversion there is an accompanying transformation of life.

The word to one and all—to church-goer and non-church-goer, to outwardly moral and openly immoral, to high and low—is, "Repent and be converted." Friend, are you converted?
H.P.

THE MONTHLY EVANGEL

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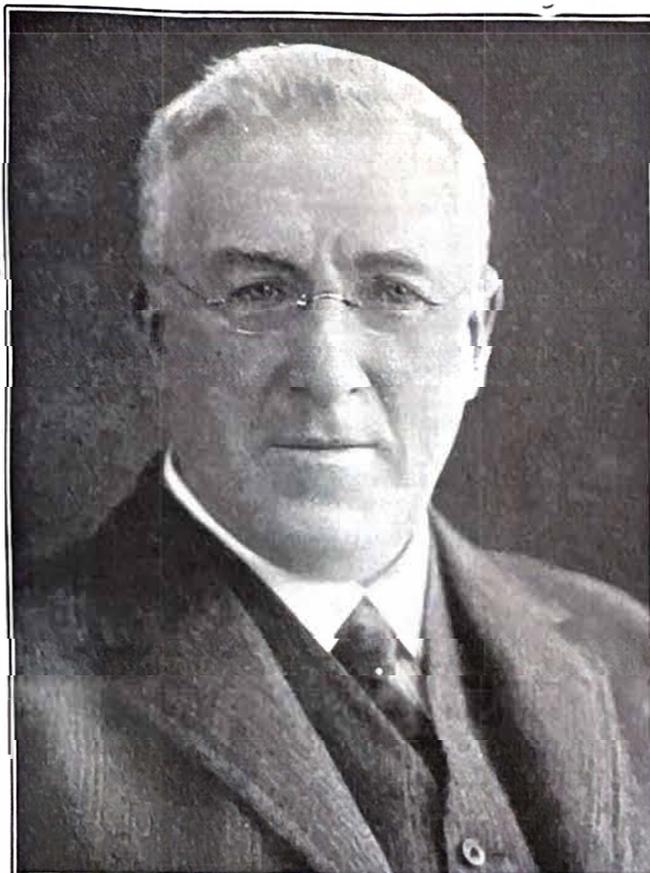
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* * * * *

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

Psalm 66. 16.



* * * * *

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

Psalm 13. 16.

Mr. HUGH BROWN, C.A.

"Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. 1. 6).

THE beginning and the continuance of the work of God in the heart of a sinner must always be a sacred experience, and the more one contemplates the loving kindness of the Lord the more wonderful it all appears.

Many are grateful to God for their coming into contact with men who valued their opportunity. Amongst those were Mr. Josiah Spiers, of the Children's Special Service Mission, who visited Glasgow when I was a child, and conducted meetings for such, in what was

then known as the Queen's Rooms. He loved the young people, and was greatly used in leading many of them to the Lord Jesus Christ; well do I remember one of his favourite hymns with which he often closed his meetings at that time:

"Lead me to Jesus, He will receive me,
He is so loving, gentle, and kind;
Calling the children, bidding them welcome,
Surely He calls me, I am a child."

He knew how to apply the great truths of Scripture to his young hearers, so that they listened.

Then, as now, young and old can be led thus far, without experiencing any true sense of sin, or knowing anything of a changed heart:

and while many out of his audiences were truly converted to God, I was among the number who, although enthusiastically interested, went no further.

A number of years passed, more or less in this state of mind and heart, until the time arrived when I was about to leave school and go to the University. Mr. George Clark was then conducting a Mission in Glasgow, in Kelvinside Free Church, and afterwards in Sandyford Parish Church. Dr. Morrison, then headmaster of Glasgow Academy, who was interested in the spiritual as well as the intellectual life of his scholars, invited the senior boys to go one evening to Kelvinside Church. On going out of the church he laid his hand on my shoulder, asking me if I knew the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. Another time he spoke to me about the new temptations and pitfalls awaiting me on leaving school. These personal talks were prompted, I doubt not, by the One Who begins and continues the good work. On Mr. Clark going to Sandyford Parish Church, I went, by invitation, with two friends, and here, in the vestry, after an address on the words, "They Crucified Him," I, with one of my friends, was pointed to the Saviour by the late Mr. Alexander Sloan, who was an elder in that Church, and Life came in place of death.

How important at such a crisis for a young fellow to have friends to guide and encourage him, and such were found in connection with the West-end Christian Union, in the persons of Mr. Alexander Sloan, Mr. J. W. Arthur, Mr. D. J. Knox, Mr. George M. King, and others. These men knew from God's Word and from experience, that confession was necessary to growth in grace, and in many ways they helped such young recruits.

As with all young Christians, questions began to arise as to many things, and along with the new life came new experiences and need for instruction from God's Word; but He Who had begun the good work had His servants in Mr. Wm. Thomson and Mr. Wm. Lindsay, of the Universtiy Christian Association, and the weekly meeting in a class-room for the study of the Scriptures was the means of more light from God's Word shining in, and darkness being expelled. At this time I was in bondage regarding a matter that I felt required definite decision. I called on a trusted Christian friend, feeling sure he could guide me; I put the matter honestly before him, expecting a "yes" or a "no," but I got

neither. Wise man, he took from his pocket his New Testament, and did not even read me a passage, but said, "Romans 14, verse 22; go home and read it." This I did not take long to do, and found these words: "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth." The matter was settled. For guidance, the only sure way is to go to God's Word. Dr. Campbell Morgan has the following in his booklet entitled, "Divine Guidance and Human Advice," where he says: "Doubtful actions are sinful, to recognise that will settle the vast percentage of our perplexities. Through all my ministry it has been my habit to say to young folk with individual problems, 'Ought I to do this?' 'Ought I to go there?' Are you in any doubt about it? 'Yes.' That settles it you cannot do it, you must not go. The last and most searching definition of sin in the New Testament is, 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'"

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

"Memory travels fast, and there are many things come to mind, some being the means which God has used in His working; and in my case not the least was home training and reverence to the Lord's Day, what this meant in those early years, and still means cannot be estimated, "you cannot put Niagara through a 2-inch pipe." Memory also brings up things to be ashamed of as well as to be grateful for. "Oh, to Grace how great a debtor daily am I constrained to be."

"To each is given a bag of tools,
An hour glass, and a book of rules,
And each must build, ere his hour is flown
A Stumbling Block or a Stepping Stone."

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 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 anyone 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?" someone says.

Yes, if you make a Saviour of your feelings or your works, or your prayers or your alms deeds, but not if your trust is unbrokenly fixed on Jesus. He is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy (Jude 25).

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

IF we say that we have no sin," wise folk won't argue with us, but they will be apt to suspect us of being either fools or knaves. They know better. If we said that we had a blunt conscience we would have a better chance of being believed.

If we admit that we have sin in us, then we must also acknowledge that our souls need cleansing, for sin is a foul and defiling thing. It contaminates every place that it inhabits, and being within us, it has defiled our whole inner being. What, then, can wash away my sin, and save me, lest I die?

No man—including yourself—can do it. We can blacken our hearts, but we cannot bleach them; we can defile them, but we cannot cleanse them. No man, and no element on earth, can cleanse away sin. The Hindus believe that they can have their sins washed away by bathing in the River Ganges, but therein the heathen imagine a vain thing. All the rivers that run into the sea, and all the rain in the heavens, will not suffice to purify one sin-polluted heart. What, then, can wash away my sin. Nothing but the blood of the Saviour! "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Nothing else and nothing less than this cleansing can give us fitness for entering the land of pure delight. Those who enter that land are they whose robes have been washed white in the blood of the Lamb (Rev. 7. 14). Would you be cleansed even now—this very moment? Then yield yourself unto God, and ask Him to wash you clean from all sin. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1. 9).
J.M.

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"WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH CHRIST?"

I WAS labouring some time ago in the town of H—, in England. The Holy Ghost was giving power to the word, and many were being saved. A Christian lady there who had a class of young women, put the above question to each member of it, to be answered in writing.

One young lady in the class, who had often answered questions in the same way before, and had done so with such taste and ability that she left all the rest far behind as to clever replies, could not answer this question, "What will you do with Christ?" For two days her mind had been occupied with it, and how it was to be answered.

But not one word could she write under the simple heading, "What will you do with Christ?" After she had gone to sleep the second night, with her mind burdened about it, she had a dream.

She dreamt that the time to meet in her Bible class had come, and that she went there without being able to write one word in reply to the all-important question, "What will you do with Christ?" Having handed the sheet of paper to her teacher with the solemn question unanswered at the top, she thought that she looked long upon the clean paper, and stepped gently near and looking over her teacher's shoulder, she saw, to her great astonishment, in her own hand-writing, under the question, "What will you do with Christ?" "Crucify Him, Crucify Him." She awoke, and it was a dream, but the Lord spoke to her through that dream, "For God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not, in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed. Then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction" (Job 33. 14). The mind of the lady had been burdened with the thought of how she was to answer her question, "What will you do with Christ?" but now her *heart* was burdened with the *fact* that up to this time she had practically been saying, "Crucify Him, Crucify Him."

A friend to whom she had related her dream and in some measure opened her burdened heart, told me of her case. I sought an interview with her. On meeting her incidentally in the house of her friend, and talking over her difficulty, I asked her if she was a Christian, if she really knew she was saved? She immediately covered her face with her hands, and the big tears, unbidden, began to drop through her fingers. I had the unspeakable joy of pointing her weeping eyes to that Christ with whom she

knew not what to do. Now the very need and the burden of her broken heart, revealed to her by the Holy Ghost, became the key to the answer of her question. She looked away from these by simple faith in Jesus. She saw that "He was wounded for her transgressions" (Isa. 53. 5), that "the Lord laid upon Him her iniquities," and that "His own self bare her sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter 2. 24). She believed the testimony which God hath given of His Son, "Therefore being justified by faith," she had "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5. 1). She rejoiced in Jesus as her own risen, personal Saviour. She saw Him as the Lamb of God on the Cross for her, the sacrifice for the sinner. She saw Him risen—Jesus, the living, personal, present abiding Saviour of His people, the Priest for the saint. She opened her heart and put Him on the throne (Rev. 3. 10; Eph. 3. 17). This was the most practical answer: Jesus accepted as the gift of God (Rom. 6. 22). Jesus received (John 1. 12). Jesus on the throne of the heart, to live, rule, and reign there (Gal. 2. 20).
J.M.S.

"THE WORD OF CHRIST."

LAZARUS was raised from the dead by the word of Christ (John 11. 43, 44). Blind Bartimeus received sight by His word (Luke 18. 42, 43). The man in Capernaum who was a sufferer from palsy was healed by the word of the same Lord (Mark 2. 11, 12). The woman who was a sinner was assured of forgiveness by His word (Luke 7. 48). His word of command caused the legion of devils to come out of the poor demoniac in Gadara (Matt. 8. 32). It was His word that rescued the child from the grip of the dumb and deaf spirit (Mark. 9. 25. 26). The woman who was bound by Satan for eighteen years was loosed from her bond by His word (Luke 13. 12, 13). His word turned the storm that swept over the sea of Galilee into a calm (Luke 8. 24). Was it any wonder that those in the little boat with Him said: "What manner of man is this? for He commandeth even the winds and the waters, and they obey Him."

The believing acceptance of His Word brings salvation into the realm of individual experience, for He says, "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).