

Christ is Victor

JAN/FEB 2005

“She Dared to Trust God”

A little white-haired old lady was traveling alone on a great ocean liner. Her daughter and family had moved from England to America and she was going there to make her home with them. On the same boat was a millionaire with whom the captain often conversed.

One day as the little lady strolled on the deck, the officer said to his wealthy friend, “See that old lady? She is probably the only person on this boat who is perfectly happy.”

“How interesting,” rejoined the other, “I should like to meet her.”

The two were introduced, whereupon the millionaire inquired where the lady was going. “To America to live with my daughter,” she replied simply.

“And what part of America?”

“I’m sorry. I don’t know the name of the town, for I have lost my daughter Mary’s letter and I have written to no one to meet me, since I could travel as fast as the post. But my heavenly Father will see to it that I find the place all right.”

The captain and his friend looked at each other in astonishment. Finally one of them spoke, “But the United States is an immense place, and to find any one house without knowing either

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“God is at My Right Hand!”

“I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.” — Psalm 16:8

This is a wonderful Psalm that brings out the deepest feelings of a child of God. I felt God at my right hand during my college days. This was true even later on, all through my life, by His grace. “Always before you”—while in the midst of friends, while in the midst of enemies, while in your games, at meal times and while asleep.

“My reins (inward parts) instruct me in the night watches!” When you keep God’s word in your heart, it instructs you in your sleep. What your heart values and preserves will determine your character. What you preserve in your heart as the most precious ambition will direct your actions.

God spoke to Abraham in the night time and showed him the stars. God wants to instruct us in the night seasons—deepening your desire for Him. You must meditate on the word of God. When the thoughts of God and the word of God dominate your subconscious mind and envelope your whole being with desires for Him, your life will be a success. If God is your portion, you will conquer in your battles of life. Your inheritance is God Himself! The nature of the One who died on the Cross is the nature that will conquer the world. Men full of God’s thoughts and nature can never be shaken. They may be put in prison, burnt or killed, but they cannot be shaken.

“The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest

my lot.” David says that he drinks in God and His nature. God is your inheritance and He preserves your inheritance. David rises to great heights in these deep thoughts. “The lines are fallen for me in pleasant places: yea, I have a goodly heritage.” (v 6). The portion of the land which God had measured for Him was in the best place.

You will have victory in every place that you tread. God gave me such victories in my youth. I could present Him as the supreme One in every college I went to. Young

people were attracted to Him. You must conquer like that. Your faith will be honoured. Be pure and holy in the sight of God.

God’s aims for you are very high. David could see God at his right

hand counseling him and leading him to fullness of joy. Hence he says, “My flesh shall rest in hope.” The body is the enemy of the Spirit’s ambitions. Perfection comes through sacrifice, spiritual discipline and humbling oneself before the Cross.

“Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy: at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.” (v. 11). If in your youth, God is not at your right hand choosing for you the portion in life, your life can never be a success. God’s intention is to give you the best. His patience and long-suffering are wonderful. We spoil His purposes by our selfishness. It is wonderful how in spite of our selfishness and disobedience, He tries to make the best of what is left to Him. In His patience and longsuffering, He bears with us.

“We spoil our life by not studying the word of God. “... Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the scriptures, neither the power of God?”

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We spoil our life by not studying the word of God. "... *Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the scriptures, neither the power of God?*" Sometimes people give themselves to God in their old age and God tries to make the best of that bit which is left. But God wants us in our youth. I often ask God to forgive me for having spoiled His plans by my disobedience. Though we are converted we often grieve Him and spoil His purposes. I wish I had obeyed Him more in my college days. One day certain friends got a telegram to say a niece of theirs died. People were praying for the comfort. God asked me to pray that she may live. I feared their ridicule and refused to pray that way. Actually she lived. The telegram was wrongly worded. I did not glorify God because I cared for my name. Grow to be perfect men of God. God calls you. At His right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

— N. Daniel

“The Judge and the Burglar”

A large prosperous downtown church had three mission churches under its care that it had started. On the first Sunday of the New Year all the members of the mission churches came to the city church for a combined Communion service. In those mission churches, which were located in the slums of the city, were some outstanding cases of conversions—thieves, burglars, and so on—but all knelt side by side at the Communion rail.

On one such occasion the pastor saw a former burglar kneeling beside a judge of the Supreme Court of England—it was the judge who had sent him to jail where he had

served seven years. After his release this burglar had been converted and became a Christian worker. Yet, as they knelt there, the judge and the former convict neither one seemed to be aware of the other.

After the service, the judge was walking home with the pastor and said to the pastor, “*Did you notice who was kneeling beside me at the Communion rail this morning?*” The pastor replied, “*Yes, but I didn’t know that you noticed.*”

The two walked along in silence for a few more moments, and then the judge said, “*What a miracle of grace!*” The pastor nodded in agreement. “*Yes, what marvelous miracle of grace!*” Then the judge said, “*But to whom do you refer?*” And the pastor said, “*Why, to the conversion of that convict.*” The judge said, “*But I was not referring to him. I was thinking of myself.*”

The pastor, surprised, replied: “*You were thinking of yourself? I don’t understand.*”

“*Yes,*” the judge replied, “*it did not cost that burglar much to get converted when he came out of jail. He had nothing but a history of crime behind him, and when he saw Jesus as his Saviour he knew there was salvation and hope and joy for him. And he knew how much he needed that help.*”

“*But look at me. I was taught from earliest infancy to live as a gentleman; that my word was to be my bond; that I was to say my prayers, go to church, take Communion and so on. I went through Oxford, took my degrees, was called to the bar and eventually became a judge.*”

“*Pastor, nothing but the grace of God could have caused me to admit that I was a sinner on level with that burglar. It took much more grace to forgive me for all my pride and self deception, to get me to admit that I was no better in the eyes of God than that convict that I sent to prison.*”

— Selected

“A Diamond in the Rough”

One night a boy stood under a street lamp, swearing like a sailor. Dr. Homer Stuntz, who believed in the limitless possibilities of even bad boys when changed by God’s grace, approached the boy and began jollying with him. The friendly approach seemed to cause the boy to swear all the more. Not daunted by the boy’s profanity, and seeing beneath his rough exterior great potentialities, the gentleman invited him to become a member of his Sunday-school class. The boy promised to attend, but failed to do so. The faithful teacher did not become discouraged, but continued to invite him to his class.

Finally the boy began to attend the class. He was bullheaded, irreverent, and the “*worst boy in the class.*” He constantly asked questions which nobody could answer. Somehow the faithful and patient teacher saw behind the tricky questions great intelligence. Time passed. Then, one day, Dr. Stuntz said, “*My boy, how would you like to go to college?*” “*The best in the world,*” replied the boy with a twinkle in his eye. He became a student at Northwestern University, where he made good. Later he became a professional ball player. One Sunday afternoon he heard the gospel preached in Chicago’s skid row. He was convicted of sin and converted to the Saviour.

Who was that boy in whom a Sunday-school teacher saw great possibilities and made an investment the dividends of which can never be fully com-

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puted this side of the judgment seat of Christ? It was none other than Billy Sunday, the world-famed evangelist, whose faithful preaching and soul-winning ministry brought many to Christ.

Of that faithful Sunday-school teacher, Billy Sunday said after fame came to him, *"You are the one who started me in the right direction."*

— Selected

"On Thanksgiving"

We exhibit a degree of thanksgiving in life in reverse proportion to the amount of blessings we have received. Martin Luther wrote in his book Table Talk: *"The greater God's gifts and works, the less they are regarded."*

A hungry man is more thankful for his morsel than a rich man for his heavily-laden table. A lonely woman in a nursing home will appreciate a visit more than a popular woman with a party thrown in her honor. A Russian who finally gets his own copy of the Holy Scriptures after seventy-five years of state-imposed atheism is more thankful for his little book than we are for all the Christian books and magazines and translations that overflow our shelves.

Ralph Waldo Emerson observed that if the constellations appeared only once in a thousand years, imagine what an exciting event it would be. But because they're there every night, we barely give them a look.

One of the evidences of the Holy Spirit's work in our lives is a gradual reversal of that twisted pattern. God wants to make us people who exhibit thankfulness in proper proportion to the gifts and blessings we have received.

— Selected

"Inspiration and Perspiration"

Thomas Edison, probably the greatest inventor in history, only had three months of formal schooling. Yet his 1,093 inventions transformed the world, including motion pictures, mimeograph machines, the phonograph, and the electric light.

His secret? He defined genius as *"one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration,"* and he proved his definition by working for days at a time, obsessed with his projects, stopping only for short catnaps.

Failure never discouraged him. When about 10,000 experiments with a storage battery failed to produce results, a friend tried to console him. *"Why, I have not failed"* Edison said. *"I've just found 10,000 ways that won't work."*

We need to have the right attitude towards failures in Christian life, as failures can become stepping stones for success. Don't give up!

— Selected

"John Nelson - the Prince of Lay Preachers"

John Nelson, the prince of lay preachers, was a giant Yorkshire stone-cutter whose great body held a soul tormented by uncertainty.

"Surely God never made man to be such a riddle to leave him so." He wrote in the era of his spiritual conflict, *"I was like a wandering bird cast out of the nest till John Wesley came to preach his first sermon in Moorfields. O, that was a blessed morning to my soul! As soon as he got upon the stand he stroked back his hair and turned his face toward where I stood, and, I thought,*

fixed his eyes upon me. His countenance struck such an awful dread upon me, before I heard him speak, that it made my heart beat like the pendulum of a clock, and when he did speak, I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me. When he had done, I said, This man can tell the secrets of my heart; he hath not left me there, for he hath shown the remedy, even the blood of Jesus."

Conversion made John Nelson a new creature. His Birstall neighbours were curious to know the cause of the change, and from telling them he was soon preaching to them. *"If it be my Master's will, I am ready to go to hell,"* said he, *"and preach to the devils."* He could hardly have fared worse had he been taken at his word.

The parish clergy were enraged to see a stone-mason assuming to teach people the way to heaven. They used every means foul and fair to silence him and disperse his meetings. Wesley saw the greatness of the man and called him to London. Together they traversed Cornwall, preaching and enduring opposition and privation.

He was cast into prison, but after three months was released. He continued to preach in the market places, submitting to all indignities rather than defend himself by his strength.

Once he was felled by a brute who had sworn to kill him. His assailant leaped upon him several times, till he was breath-

... "NELSON" CON'T ON PAGE 4

REALITY CHECK!

"THE EYES OF THE LORD ARE IN EVERY PLACE, BEHOLDING THE EVIL AND THE GOOD."

PROVERBS 15:3

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... "DARED" FROM PAGE 1

state or town is an impossibility."

"Oh, but it is a pretty house with two big nut trees in front, so I am sure it will not be so difficult," insisted the old lady. "Anyhow," she added sweetly, "my Father above knows all about it, and though the United States may seem big to us, it is very small to Him."

On the day following, the boat docked at New York City and the captain delegated a ship's officer to pilot the old lady to the hotel where he himself would stay, for he had come to have a genuine regard for her.

As the two found the way through the city crowds, the officer asked the lady if she would wait on the corner for a moment while he went to buy a newspaper. She consented.

But the next instant a policeman turned and supposing she wished to cross, took her arm saying, "Here now, this is just the time to get you over."

Before protest could be made, the poor soul found herself swallowed up in the crowd on the other side. Here she was borne along for some distance till, reaching an open space by a garage, she stepped aside to pray for help, which was sorely needed.

Suddenly her attention was drawn to a group of men close by, and as one of them turned and looked at her, she gave a startled but joyous cry, "John! Oh, John! Is it really you?"

"Mother!" came the astonished reply as the gentleman came quickly toward her. "How on earth did you get here?"

"Why, I just came over on the boat, but I lost Mary's letter and forgot the address, so God had to find you for me."

"But, Mother," he went on in amazement, "we live a long way from New

York, and though for years I have worked for a company which has its headquarters here, I have never until today been in this city."

"Oh, that doesn't matter to God," she replied, smiling. "And now take me back to the ship so I can show the captain how my heavenly Father has looked out for me."

The two found the captain berating his officer for leaving the old lady alone and unprotected. "She is lost and it is entirely your fault," he was saying.

"Oh, no, I am right here," cried the subject of conversation; "And I want to introduce you to my good son-in-law whom God sent all the way to New York City to meet me."

Also, I want you to see for yourself that it is not at all a foolish thing to trust God really and truly."

— Selected

"Faith is like muscle which grows stronger and stronger with use, rather than rubber, which weakens when it is stretched."

— J.O. Fraser

... "NELSON" FROM PAGE 3

less, and the renewed bleeding from his morning wounds left him unconscious. The bully then seized one of the Methodists who was near and flung him against a wall breaking two of his ribs. He then went to the gentleman who had hired him and boasted, "I have killed the preacher; he lies dead in the croft."

As Nelson lay bleeding on the ground, the parson's brother' and about twenty others came to see if he were really dead. They cursed him soundly,

dragged him into the street, as consciousness returned, and one after another struck him till he was down again. Eight times he struggled to his knees, and eight times they knocked him down. Then taking him by his long hair, they dragged him over the stones, kicking him fiercely. Six of them got on his body and thighs 'to tread the Holy Spirit out of him,' they said. One exclaimed, "I have heard that a cat has nine lives: but I think he has nine-score." Another said, "If he has, he shall die this day."

The 'gentlemen' then dragged him to the village well and attempted to put him in. But a woman intervened and resisted them and at last some women from the city called the 'gentlemen' by their names, who looked as men confounded at being discovered in this dastardly work. Some friends helped him into a house, and the next day he met Wesley and "found his word come with power" to his soul, and was constrained to cry out: "O Lord, I will praise thee. Thou hast brought me out of the jaws of death."

— Selected

Weekly Meetings
—Welcome to All—

Sunday Morning Worship at 10:00 am at:
Community Christ Church, in Novi MI
 46200 West Ten Mile Rd.
 Call (248) 486-6326 or (248)380-8633
University of Michigan Mondays 7:00 pm
 Angell Hall, Room G-144
 Call (248) 446-3009
University of Windsor Sundays 5:00 pm
 Iona College 208 Sunset Ave.
 Call (519) 966-4603
Oakland University: (248) 374-5565
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 Sat. 7:30 am, Sun. 11:00 pm
Fort Wayne, IN: 1090 AM (WFCV) Sat. 4:00 pm
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Atlanta, GA: 86 AM (LOVE 86) Sun. 2:00 pm
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