

Christ is Victor

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The lives of people are so complicated today that they defy any easy solution. The problems of men simply gnaw at their hearts until sudden sickness or even death overtakes them. Highly educated men too have not learnt to overcome these emotions and passions which run away with their better sense and ruin their families. Has God got a solution for our problems or is He only a sentimental emblem, a picture to hang on your wall? The Living God has categorically told us: "Come unto Me and I will give you rest." This is a promise to you and to me. Either this promise is true or it is one of the greatest falsehoods ever uttered. But let's be careful now for He who uttered these words, the Lord Jesus, is the one in whom there is no shadow of turning. The Bible says of Jesus: "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth" (1 Peter 2:22). So it's He, the Saviour, the sinless One, who spoke these words of invitation and promise: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matthew 11:28).

Within my own personal knowledge, I have seen and met thousands and thousands of people who tasted these words of the Lord Jesus and found them true. They went to Jesus, when all seemed lost, when their little world was blown to bits, when they knew there was no hope for them, and they found Him to be true—He gave them rest.

Among this number of men and women, young and old, who had found peace, rest and forgiveness in Jesus, were men whom their loved ones had given up as incorrigible, irretrievably lost and even those who had been on the verge of suicide.

"Come unto Me, all ye that suffer under your heavy load of sin and guilt, and I will

"Jesus will give you rest"

give you rest." The call is to all who are sorrowful and shaken by repeated shocks, the nervously exhausted, the weak in body and mind, and the despairing. "Come unto Me." The Saviour is calling you.

Once a college student wrote to me: "I have committed every conceivable sin. Is there hope for me?" He had indulged in sexual perversions which had left him weak and distraught. He seemed to despair that he was too far gone. I wrote: "Yes, there is hope for you, when you repent." The Lord Jesus touched this boy and peace and forgiveness of sins was given him.

I begin to wonder if some people are really serious in undertaking pilgrimages of all sorts. Some go to Bethlehem for Christmas. A place, however sacred, cannot meet your deepest soul-needs. It's "A Person" you need—the Saviour Jesus who beckons you, saying, "Come unto Me."

People want a formula, a sentence or two of magical words which will do the trick and bring relief, or they ask for a charm, a relic or talisman, which they may wear round their arm or neck to give them a sense of security. They are prepared in their distress to make costly offerings, to win the favour of some mythical person or even some self-styled godman. They are even prepared to join a church, as they would a club, in the fond hope that they may solve their problems.

No, my friend, it's to a person you must go; you must go to the Saviour who loves you and welcomes you, saying, "Come unto Me."

Some time ago, I received a letter from a young man who wrote saying that he had divorced his wife and was looking round to find a suitable girl to marry. His marriage broke down completely. His wife seemed to have no room at all for Jesus. From the continual tension, both of them had suffered nervous breakdowns too. I wrote him: "No, God is able to bring your wife back to you. The Lord Jesus does not want any man to marry when his wife is still alive. It counts to adultery. Keep the

door open for your wife to come back." He paid heed to my words. He began to seek cleansing and deliverance from his sins and the powers of darkness and also to rebuild his broken home.

The Lord heard our prayer. This week it was such a joy to me to hear from that young man that he had married again the wife he had divorced, and that they were now living together. This family is living in the heart of Europe, where marriage bonds have become very weak and where the flesh seems to reign supreme. Now he wants me to go and preach in some of the towns in his area.

It's the Lord Jesus who has built the home of these young people, who had become nervous wrecks by not making Jesus the centre of their home. The words of Jesus are not vain words. "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." How true are those words!

No one can give rest to a man deep in his soul—not even your father and mother. Only Jesus. He has the power to give you that deep settled rest as He has the power to forgive your sins.

Without your knowing it, there is a guilt complex in you. The unforgiven sins in your life set up a disturbance and restlessness in your subconscious mind. Guilt in the sub-conscious mind soon produces disease and such diseases overwhelm you as doctor and psychiatrist cannot help.

"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest" is no soothing formula, which just sounds refreshingly religious at a distance. You need this rest and I. In fact, life without this sweet rest and peace is not worth living—it's a hollow, painful, boring existence. "I will give you rest" is a promise which does appear to be too good to be true but, notwithstanding, it is real. Millions have tasted this peace and rest which Jesus gives, and you too, my dear reader, must taste Him.

—Joshua Daniel

Christ is Victor
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“Storms in life ”

“Matthew 8:25: “And His disciples came to Him, and awoke Him, saying, Lord, save us: we perish.”

The disciples were really in danger in the midst of the sea. They had not ever seen a storm like this. Everyone has to face storms in life. Once we were sleeping with our little children in a thatched shed on the terrace of our house when a fierce storm broke out over us. The shed did not even seem to move while trees were uprooted not far from us. Only when big storms come, people go to God. It should not be so. God wants us to go to Him always; He is intent on preparing us to get more faith. The disciples saw many miracles, but this storm made them scream with fear.

To sit with Abraham is a great blessedness. It indicates a quality of faith. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were men of faith. They prepared their progeny to receive Christ. Is there in you a hope that there will be a prophet in your progeny? A woman like Mary, the mother of Jesus, did not come to be all of a sudden. A nation had to be prepared for such a one to be born and nurtured. They had to have received and obeyed the commandments of God. Even children must obey the commandments.

Ruth, a heathen woman, became a woman of faith. You may have a good desire to be a grandmother of a great prophet as Ruth was. But then let the Word of God go into you.

When there is a storm, faith comes into operation. Isaiah 58:9: “Then shalt thou call, and the

Lord shall answer.” Is God such a humble person that if you obey His commandment, He will be at your beck and call? He never denied His presence whenever I called Him. When Jesus healed others, the faith of the disciples was increasing.

It was very good to be with Jesus when He was awake and when He was healing the sick, the lame, and the blind, but when He was sleeping the winds were blowing fiercely. It was a test of faith. If you do not have a right relationship with Him, you will be afraid of waking Him.

The disciples did not wake Him immediately because of their respect for Him. That is faith. Their eyes were on Jesus. It was faith. Many hands pointed to Him as they conferred among themselves. It was faith. These disciples had been with Jesus. When tempests come, your hands will also be raised towards Him. He will not wake up easily. Why? To test your faith! It is not like asking a mother for sweets. She rises and gives. These are storms to build your faith. He lets them rage for some time.

If you eat the sweets in the book of life, your eyes will be on Jesus when the tempest comes. A certain girl in Africa was persecuted to compel her to leave Jesus. She was tied to a tree and was left there in the forest all the night. A lion came and walked around her. But it did not attack her. She had faith, and her faith grew through this experience. Those who put their trust in God will not be put to confusion.

One day you may be in a boat gliding over the waters. A storm comes and rocks the boat, and it

appears to overturn any moment. When you are about to be drowned, whom will you look to? Jesus! Even during clear weather your soul will cry, “Oh, Jesus, I want only Thee; if I find Thee, I find everything.” Have you ever said that?

Your eyes will ever be on Jesus. You cannot depend on the boat. It will shake and rock. Your financial stability and the health of your family may shake. Your country may pass through crisis. Yet your eyes will be on the dependable Saviour.

When Jesus was on land, the disciples saw many miracles. But on the sea? There also your faith must be awakened.

These disciples were not praying. What is prayer? It is nothing but waking up Jesus, the master of nature. When you call on His name, the rocks break down, rivers stop flowing, the sea parts and stands like a wall. Are you keeping silent, unable to pray in the storm? Until you wake him up, He will be as sleeping, until faith begins to operate in you.

“We are perishing”—this was their imagination. Is it possible that you perish when Jesus is in your boat? Jesus is with you. Are you one that never crosses His laws? Do you hold on to God’s words and live by it? When Jesus appears to sleep you will still call Him. “Here am I— oh wave, you stop yourself.” The waves will be subdued into stillness and you will be full of joy.

—N. Daniel

REALITY CHECK!

“Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us” (Psalm 62:8).

“Just As I Am”

Perhaps no sacred song or hymn has been more used to bring sinners to the feet of Jesus, than this one. ... This hymn has moved the hearts of multitudes.

Just As I Am, rings with a clear, positive note. It invites the sinner, just as he is, with all his sin, in all his unworthiness, despite his fears, though poor, wretched and blind, to come to the Saviour. ...

Only Jesus Christ can deliver us from the guilt and penalty of sin. Only He can solve all the problems of life. Only He can give us peace and joy and hope for the future.

It was out of her feelings of frustration and hopelessness that the daughter of an Anglican minister in Brighton, England, wrote the words of this fine hymn.

One day in 1833, when Charlotte Elliott was forty-four years old, she was feeling unusually depressed and alone. The other members of her family had gone off to a church function while she,

an invalid and bedridden, remained at home.

Before her illness she had lived a happy, carefree life enjoying its many pleasures and gaining a measure of popularity, as a portrait artist. Now stricken with sickness, she felt utterly useless and cut off. In addition, although she had been a Christian for many years, she began to have doubts about her relationship with the Lord. How could she be sure that all was well with her soul?

In her distress she began to list scriptural reasons for believing that she was, indeed, a child of God. She recognized the power of the Saviour's precious blood. She remembered His promise to receive all who come to Him by faith; and His ability to pardon, cleanse and save.

As she meditated on these great truths her heart was warmed and very soon Charlotte Elliott put her thoughts in verse:

Just as I am, without one

plea,

But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,

O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

The poem was instantly successful and it was even translated into foreign languages.

Charlotte Elliott never did enjoy good health for the rest of her life until she passed away at the age of eighty-two.

However, she received more than a thousand letters of thanks and compliments from people who were grateful that she had written Just As I Am.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,

Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Because Thy promise I believe,

O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

—Selected

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This Fellowship is an inter-denominational missionary and prayer group working for revival in churches and amongst students in several countries. We invite every layperson to become God's ally in changing his or her corner of the world. We train people in evangelistic work and to be self-supporting missionaries

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“You, me, or anybody else”

A man was preaching in Hyde Park one afternoon to a number of its usual visitors. As he was on the point of dismissing his audience ... he was stopped by someone touching him on the arm. He turned around and saw a man whose appearance and attire evidently showed that he came ‘from the country’. Addressing the preacher, he earnestly begged to be allowed to speak a word to the people and tell them the story of his conversion, which had only taken place a few weeks before.

He spoke with a broad English country accent, and this with his happy face and heart-felt manner secured him a riveted attention.

His story was to the following effect:

“The gentleman who has just spoke to you has given me leave to tell you what’s in my heart, and has been there this few weeks past. I am a poor labouring man, and never being no scholar, you can’t expect me to talk much grammar, so you’ll excuse my simple way, and let me tell you how the Lord saved my soul.”

“I was ploughing for my master, in a field beside the road, and just sat down ... when I sees a gentleman leaning over the gate looking out at the prospect. Presently, he spies me, and comes across the gate to where I was sitting. He said it was a fine day, and I said it was so, with the blessing of God, as we always says down in them parts, not thinking nothing about God all the time.

“Howsomever, he pulls me up sharp, though in a kindly voice, says he: ‘Do you know the blessing of God in saving your soul?’ It quite took me aback, and I says, ‘Of course, we all wants to be saved, and hopes we shall afore we comes to die.’ Then he spoke a great deal to me, as I never heard the likes in my life, about being born again, and all that away.

“Before he goes, he takes out a book and says, ‘I should like to give you this, and will you read this chapter where I turn the leaf down?’ I thanked him with all my heart, but told him I was no scholar, never having had no booklarning.

“‘Well,’ says he, ‘never mind that, you get the first person that can read to read this chapter to you.’ So he left the book and I never seen him from that time.

“After a bit, as I sat on the bank, thinking ... I hears a boy coming lumping along home from school, whistling some tune to himself. Thinks I, he’ll do! So I calls, ‘Hey, boy! Come here!’ He comes over. So I tells him to sit down just there beside me, and read me out of a book a gentleman gave me.

“I asked him, ‘Can you read?’ ‘Aye, can I, and write my own name too.’ He reads away, and I sits listening with all my might. He reads about a man what came to Jesus by night, and I never knew anything take such hold on me as them words did. I had often heard sermons with fine long words, but these came right home to me; and I was wholly stammed when He read about being born again, for that was what the gentleman was saying to me before. Then I lost what he read for a bit, for thinking to myself, ‘Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of Heaven’ (John 3:3). Now, I want to go to Heaven, and I always thought if a man did the best he could, and paid his way, and loved his neighbour, what more could he do, and he would surely go to Heaven at the end; but this floored me, this being born again.

“I called out to him to stop, and read that last over again. As he read, what he told me was the

sixteenth verse, the light began to shine in on my heart, and I thought this is what being born again means, this explains it. I know now, it was the Holy Spirit of God through them words, ‘For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

“Yet I couldn’t half think it was for me; and there was one word that seemed to me the chief word, that I couldn’t understand, so I asked the boy, ‘Can you tell me what that there word whosoever means?’ But he seemed to know it as little as myself ... then he said, ‘I can’t for the life of me tell you what it means.’ But I wasn’t to be put off, I was too anxious, so I urged him to think again. ‘You’re such a good scholar, and can write your own name, surely you know what this word means?’ ‘No,’ he says, ‘I don’t know what it means, unless it means you, me, or anybody else.’

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘why didn’t you say that at first, I can understand that easy enough. Now, read that verse over again, if you please, and put them words in instead of the long one.’ So he read over again.

“‘For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that you, me, or anybody else believing in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

“I lifted up my heart and thanked God there and then; for such mercy to a sinner like me. His love was so wonderful, and those words made it all plain that it was for me. I got the boy to say the verse over and over again, walking by me as I went on with my ploughing, until I knew them myself as well. The rest of that afternoon my heart was singing for joy, and ... I kept repeating the words over to myself, getting fresh understanding of them every time.

“After I had baited my horses, and put them out in the yard for the night, I went home, and the first thing I says to my wife when I gets in was, ‘Wife! with the blessing of God—and I meant it this time—my fortune’s made! For this very day I have received everlasting life.’ She said, ‘Thank God then, my prayers are answered.’ She had been a Christian woman for a long time, and often had I given her sorrow through my ways.

“‘But how did you come by it?’ Then I read to her—or rather said it to her, though I opened the book—the 16th verse of the 3rd of John.

“I was so full of my new-found happiness, that as soon as I had my supper, I felt I must go down and tell my mates the good news, thinking, of course, they’d be glad to hear it. We were accustomed to meet at the [pub] in the village street. ...

“So I goes down there this night with my Testament in my pocket. When I gets there my mates, and the landlord especially, begin by crying out how late I am, that I must have something very good to tell, and so on. Then when they are quiet, I tells them what I [told] my wife, and pulls out my Testament, and says the verse to them: ‘For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever—that means you, me, or anybody else—believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

“Well, they stared at me, but hadn’t a word to say; at last the landlord spoke up. I suppose he thought that if all came to this way of thinking there would be an end to his trade, so he says: ‘Come, we don’t want any of that sort of cant here, we have enough of preaching on Sundays. ...’ I answers him, ‘Is that the way it is, landlord?’

Well, it opens my eyes plain, what the friendship of the world’s worth, I could come here and talk all manner of stuff ... no matter how low, drink till I was scarce able to find my way home, and I was welcome, but now that my soul is saved I mustn’t speak about that, nor about my Saviour, then I can’t come here anymore indeed. ...

“Now, if you go down to my country and want to find me, all you’ll have to do is to ask where ‘Whosoever’ lives, for that’s the nick-name they gave me then, and the little children cry out when I pass them, ‘There’s Whosoever! There goes old Whosoever!’ But I don’t mind; indeed I rejoice, for I’m on the winning side, and I would that all ye who hear me now, took your place as one of these ‘whosoever’s’. If not, ye must be among the other ‘whosoever’s’ in Rev. 20:15: ‘And whosoever—you, me, or anybody else—was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire!’ ”

—See Hy. Pickering, 100 Thrilling Tales

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