

# Christ is Victor

September/October 2018

VOL. 31, NO. 5

## ***“God’s Spirit and fire in your life”***

“I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire” (Matthew 3:11).

Here Jesus is speaking about repentance. Repentance is the beginning of Christian life. But as we go on further, we find dross in us. The idols we have entertained have left much filth in us. Ezekiel 36:25: “Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.” We need to be cleansed from this filth. God has made provision for this. Jesus will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. When Isaiah was brought face to face with God, he found himself unworthy. He cried out that he was a man of unclean lips. He needed cleansing, and God gave it to him through fire from the altar before His throne. Our lips are not worthy to speak the eternal Word. God is able to cleanse us from such dross.

At conversion, you feel you are a desperate sinner. Once again after conversion, you feel desperate at the amount of dross that the Word of God and the presence of God lay bare to you. Are we fit to preach the Word of God? No, there is dross in us. But God has made provision for us that the dross may be cleansed. When the Holy Spirit

and the fire of the Holy Spirit come into us, that dross will go. But just one such experience is not enough. When one enters the responsibility of marriage, one needs a further cleansing by the fire. When one begets children, one needs another touch of

**“GOD’S SPIR...” CON’T ON PAGE 2**

Christ is Victor  
**ONLINE**

Free E-mail Subscription  
At Our Website: <http://lefi.org>  
Live Sunday Webcast 10 AM  
Contact us: [post@lefi.org](mailto:post@lefi.org)

## ***“Jesus’ house is the House of Prayer”***

**“My house shall be called a house of prayer” (Mark 11:17).**

If we ask a man on the street to identify a house of prayer, I wonder what he would say. Probably he would point to a place where charms are sold and weird counsels given and call it a house of prayer.

The very conception of House of prayer has totally disappeared in most countries. A house of annual festivity of one sort or another, or a house where devotees dance with their bodies smeared with oil or bright colours, or a house which resounds with chants not easily understood—yes, you will find. But what is a House of prayer and where is one to find it? Surely not in modern Christendom!

Someone took me over to see a very beautiful church building in the United States. It glistened with paint and polish and everything was tastefully and, in fact, very expensively appointed. Someone said one or two millionaires too worshipped there. Yet in spite of the sheer beauty of the interior decoration, there was only one service held there each week and that on Sunday morning. There was no prayer meeting or any mid-week meeting whatever.

A church without a prayer meeting is a dead church. You and your children are not going to get anything of lasting value from a prayerless church.

What is known as the church is a body of believers, who have found in Jesus forgiveness of sins and deliverance from sin and pray effectively from their hearts, withal enjoying true and loving fellowship with each other.

Where there is true love, there is always genuine concern and heartfelt prayer. Now, that is what the Lord Jesus wished to see in the temple. But alas! He heard only the bleating of the sheep, the dolorous cooing of doves kept there to be sold as sacrifices, the vigorous and vociferous haggling over purchases and the jingling of coins at the moneychangers. You can well imagine what a shock and sorrow all this noisy cacophony of voices and sounds must have been to Him!

“My house shall be called the house of prayer for all people.” Jesus found the temple

to be anything but a House of prayer. There was neither the atmosphere of prayer nor were there men intent on prayer there. The heart of the Saviour was filled with anguish and abhorrence and He cried, “Ye have made the house of prayer a den of thieves.”

I don’t know how commercialism and a money-motive slowly and imperceptibly [attach themselves] to a religious cause. Then it soon develops into a stranglehold, and be sure it is all downhill from that point. Where prayer was wont to be made, it is fights and arguments instead! Where there were godly and upright men before, crooks and clever dissemblers take over. Thereafter, a heartless commercialism holds sway over what was meant to be a spiritual institution or a place where the weary and the heartbroken find peace with God and rest. I’m sure there are still some right-thinking men who are well and truly fed up with the manner in which religious places of worship have become the seats of moneymaking racketeers. These temples do not promote holiness of life but are hotbeds of immorality and vice. Thugs and thieves do not come here to pray and repent but to express their appreciation for a religious system or deity who, they feel, has helped to fill their coffers with money, regardless of its being ill gotten.

A temple is a House of prayer, where sin is rebuked and from which men return wholly transformed. Men who had gone there under the grip of alcohol return with an abhorrence of liquor and crooks turn into straight-living men. They have had an encounter with God in the temple and their lives have been transformed. This transformation or new life penetrates deep into the total-life of the recipients. Where he was a failure as a father, he begins to make amends. In the place of a home-wrecker, we have now a homebuilder—a man who can be trusted as a true and faithful husband anywhere he goes. Yes, meeting the Lord Jesus produces in you a change of life which thrills you and makes you wonder at yourself.

On the other side of the picture, you see men who approach a religious festival with

**“JESUS’ HOU...” CON’T ON PAGE 3**

## *“Our God of the impossible”*

The following stories of how God can do the seemingly impossible come from Rosalind Goforth, a missionary to China, who wrote *How I know God answers prayer*.

\* \* \*  
“Behold, I am the Lord, . . . is there anything too hard for Me?” (Jeremiah 32:27).

“Ah, Lord God! . . . there is nothing too wonderful for thee” (Jeremiah 32:17, margin).  
\* \* \*

### **A wayward soul**

The following illustration of the truth, “What is impossible with man is possible with God,” occurred while we were attending the Keswick Convention in England, in 1910.

One evening my husband returned from an evening meeting, which I had not attended, and told me of a woman who had come to him in great distress. She had been an earnest Christian worker, but love for light, trashy fiction had so grown upon her as to work havoc in her Christian life. She had come to Keswick three years in succession, hoping to get victory, but had failed.

My whole soul went out to the poor woman; I longed to help her. But Mr. Goforth did not know her name, and the tent had been so dark he could not recognize her again; besides, there were about four thousand people attending the convention. That night I lay awake asking the Lord, if he knew I could help her, to bring us together, for I, too, had at one time been almost wrecked on the same rock.

Three evenings later the tent was so crowded that I found difficulty in getting a seat. Just as the meeting was about to begin, I noticed a woman change her seat twice, and then rise a third time and come to where I was, asking me to make room for her. I crowded the others in the seat and made room for her—I fear not too graciously. While Mr. F. B. Meyer was speaking I noticed she was in great distress, her tears falling fast. I laid my hand on hers, and she grasped it convulsively. At the close of the meeting I said, “Can I help you?”

“Oh, no,” she replied, “there is no hope for me; it is those cursed novels that have been my ruin.”

I looked at her in amazement, and almost gasped: “Are you the one who spoke to Mr. Goforth Saturday night?”

“Yes; but who are you?”

Scarcely able to speak for emotion, I told her, and also of my prayer. For the next few moments we could only weep together. Then the Lord used me to lead the poor crushed and broken soul back to Himself. As we parted, a

few days later, her face was beaming with the joy of the Lord.

### **A hymn verse**

While addressing a gathering of Christians in Glasgow I was giving a certain incident, the point of which depended upon a verse of a certain hymn. When I came to quote the verse, it had utterly slipped my memory. In some confusion I turned to the leader, hoping that he could help me out; but he said he had no idea what the hymn was. Turning again to the people, I had to acknowledge that my memory had failed me, and, feeling embarrassed, I closed my message somewhat hurriedly.

Sitting down, I lifted my heart in a cry to the Lord to lead me to the verse I wanted, if it was in the hymn-book used there. I took up a hymn-book and opened it, and the very first lines my eyes fell on were those of the verse I wanted, though it was the last verse of a long hymn. Rising again, I told the people of my prayer and the answer, and gave them the verse. The solemn stillness which prevailed indicated that a deep impression had been made. Some two years after, a newly arrived missionary in China told me he had been present at that meeting, and how this little incident had been a great blessing to him.

“They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in Thee, and were not confounded” (Psalm 22:5).

### **A needy friend**

I awoke suddenly one night feeling greatly troubled for one in Canada. So strong was the impression that this friend needed my prayers that I felt compelled to rise and spend a long time wrestling with God on this one’s behalf; then peace came, and I again slept.

As soon as I was out of quarantine I wrote to my friend and told of this experience, giving the date. In time the answer came, which said that—though no date could be given, as no note had been made of it—as far as could be judged, it was about the same time that I had had the burden of prayer that my friend was passing through a time of such temptation as seemed almost overwhelming. But the letter said: “I was brought through victoriously; I know that it was your prayers that helped me.”

### **A lost key**

My husband had gone to hold revival meetings in a distant province, and while he was away I went with my Bible-woman to a certain out-station at the urgent request of the Christians, to preach at a four-days’ “theatrical,” which brought great crowds. The four days there were enough to wear out

the strongest; for many hours daily we had to face unruly crowds coming and going; and at the end of our stay I turned my face homeward utterly worn out. My one thought was to get to Wei Hwei, our next station, for a few days’ rest with my youngest children, who were attending school there. A sight of them, I knew, would recover my energies better than anything else.

But in getting home I in some way lost the key of the money-drawer. It was Friday, and the train for Wei Hwei left on Saturday at ten o’clock. Different persons came for money, but I had to put them off with some excuse. There was too much money in the drawer for me to leave with the key lying around somewhere; besides, I myself could not go without money.

As soon as I had my supper I started searching everywhere. Drawers, pigeonholes, shelves, were all searched in vain. After hunting for two hours, until I was too exhausted to hunt any more, I suddenly thought, “I have never prayed about it.” Stopping still just where I stood by the dining-table, I lifted my heart to the Lord. “O Lord, you know how much I need a rest; you know how much I long to see the children; pity me, and lead me to the key.”

Then, without wasting a step, I walked through the dining-room, hall, and women’s guest room into Mr. Goforth’s study, to the book-case (which covers one side of the room), opened the door, slipped two books aside, and there was the key. So near did the Lord seem at that moment that I could almost feel His bodily presence. It was not that I remembered putting the key there, but He led me there.

Yes, I know God answers prayer.

## *“God’s Spirit and fire in your life”*

that fire. This humble attitude must continue in us and do its work in us. We must maintain singleness of eye.

Jesus asked Peter to launch out into the deep. We have to launch out deeper in our spiritual life and then cast our nets on the right side. This means casting our nets where God wills. God watches us if our desire is for the highest life—the life of Jesus! Isaiah and Elijah seem to have had such desire and saw it fulfilled. God gave it to them. God is watching our personal devotion and consecration to bless us with the deeper life.

—Joshua Daniel

## “Jesus’ house is the House of Prayer”

the grossest of motives. They never once heard that a visit to the temple should be with the firm intention of praying and getting right with God. Such an idea is novel and totally alien to many people in our world today.

While walking through the majestic St. Peter’s in Rome, I found hordes of tourists casually strolling round the place, not bothering to even pay scant respect to those people who were carrying out routine religious observances in a small enclosure. The irreverence and the godlessness of the scene were quite shattering. Have we only an impressive and magnificent structure to show? No! We have a great God, who changes sinners, teaches them to pray and be men

of God, and rebuilds sin-ravaged and broken homes, a God who dwelleth not in mere buildings built of brick and mortar.

Standing in a long line of waiting people, who had travelled great distances to get a fleeting glimpse of a famous gilded idol, a young man told me that he had indulged in grossly unclean deeds in broad daylight! His visit to a fabled temple had only worked him up to a state of uncontrolled bestiality! A den of thieves indeed!—where men are robbed of their virtue and women of their virginity.

It looks as though, currently, in the name of religion, almost anything can be done. What a tragedy!

The Lord Jesus, who had come into this world to die for mankind’s sins, was

heart-broken when He saw the temple of His day devoid of prayer and true godliness. Nor did He get paralyzed by the scene of prolific wickedness—He cast out the wicked from the temple and cleansed it.

When we are washed in Jesus’ Blood, the dynamic of God’s holiness takes hold of us; the uncleanness and wickedness around us hides its head in shame and flees from us. There is something vitally wrong with a Christianity that cannot change the world around it and usher in purity of life where none existed.

The thieves and evil men are turned into soul-winners when Jesus comes in; and a scene of total spiritual desolation and moral bankruptcy is changed into a scene of spiritual revival and renewal when you repent before the Crucified and Risen Saviour who is waiting to cleanse and receive you. Oh, may the Living Saviour bring a cleansing wave of revival over homes and nations.

—Excerpt from *Pray with Purpose* by Joshua Daniel, published by Laymen’s Evangelical Fellowship International

## “A terrible prayer”

A story was told of a plough-boy who was troubled about his soul. He knew that he was a sinner, unfit to meet a holy, just God. He believed that there was a place of happiness and a place of woe, and that hell would be his doom in his present state. God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit desires the salvation of all and therefore desired his salvation (1 Timothy 2:1-6). The Holy Spirit strove with him but he stifled conviction. He did mean to accept Jesus Christ but not then. He knew the Bible too well to believe that there was any “second chance” after death. He was guilty of the terrible sin of resisting the Holy Spirit and stifling His call.

One day he became so troubled about his spiritual condition that he prayed this terrible prayer: “Oh, God, I don’t want to be saved now; take Thy Holy Spirit from me,” and returned to his work. From that time, he seemed to be utterly careless about the

salvation of his soul.

As he lay on his death-bed, he recalled the fatal day he refused to accept God’s great salvation. Conscience pierced him with its scorpion sting.

At the cost of His Son who died and rose again, God has provided a free, full, and present salvation. It is now pressed on your acceptance. But God will not force you to take it. If you continue procrastinating, you may be suddenly cut down in your sins. Delay no longer, for life is most uncertain. “Now is the accepted time,” tomorrow may be too late.

“Whoever will call on the name of the Lord will be saved” (Romans 10:13). “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved, you and your household” (Acts 16:31).

—From 100 Thrilling Tales by Hy. Pickering

## Reality Check!

**“HE WHO HAS THE SON  
HAS LIFE; HE WHO DOES  
NOT HAVE THE SON OF  
GOD DOES NOT HAVE LIFE”  
(1 JOHN 5:12).**

## CHRIST IS VICTOR Volume 31, No.5

This newsletter is produced six times per year by the Laymen’s Evangelical Fellowship International. It is printed and distributed in the US, UK, Germany, Singapore, Canada, and Australia and is supported by unsolicited sacrificial gifts of young people. For a free subscription or for other enquiries, please contact any of the addresses below.

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.

- ◆ USA: P.O. Box 14, South Lyon, MI 48178, Phone – (248) 446-3080
- ◆ CANADA: P.O. Box 31002, Windsor, Ontario N9G 2Y2, Phone– (519) 966-4603
- ◆ SINGAPORE: P.O. Box 320 PSA Building Post Office, Singapore 91114. Phone – (65) 63562724 (Sam)
- ◆ MALAYSIA: P.O.Box 236, Jalan Kelang Lama, 58700 Kuala Lumpur West Malaysia, Phone –012-3416203 or No. 3, Lorong Beduk, Taman Sungai Bakap, 14200 Sungai Bakap, Seberang Prai Selatan, Pulau Pinang. Phone – 019- 4493115 T.K. Ong
- ◆ AUSTRALIA: P.O. Box 24 Tuart Hill, Perth, West Australia 6939 Phone – 09.345-3739
- ◆ GREAT BRITAIN: P.O. Box 737 London SW2 4XT, Phone – 020-8677-6909
- ◆ IRELAND: P.O. Box 18 Cavan Co. Cavan
- ◆ INDIA: 9B Nungambakkam High Rd. Chennai 600034, Phone-044-2827 2393
- ◆ INTERNET: <http://lefi.org>
- ◆ EMAIL: [post@lefi.org](mailto:post@lefi.org)

## “The story of a white rose”

One evening a man was on his way to speak at a Gospel meeting in London. He was hurriedly passing along the Thames Embankment and noticed a young woman mourning deep in thought within a hundred yards of the hall. His attention was arrested; at first he hesitated but then felt prompted to speak to her, asking her to pardon his apparent rudeness in addressing her. He invited her to the meeting close by, saying no one would interfere to stop her leaving at any time, and promised a cup of hot coffee and bun.

The young woman indignantly resented his interruption and declined the invitation. Shortly before this encounter, the man had had tea with a lady who presented him with a white rose. His hostess had been so persistent and some power seemed to have compelled him to accept so he had yielded. Removing it from his coat, he turned and asked that the young lady would accept it. She finally did grasp the beautiful flower, and as the lamp shone on her sorrow-stricken face, he noticed a falling tear. Giving her the name of the street where the hall was situated and saying goodbye, he left her, hoping she would still attend the meeting.

When the gentleman had finished speaking later that evening, he spotted the young woman in the hall. After another worker had concluded, she rose as though she had something to say and yet was afraid; nevertheless, she told her story.

The young lady had been standing on the embankment deciding whether to go back into the haunts of vice and immorality in which she had lived for five years, in sin of the most wretched and degrading kind, or end all by throwing herself into the Thames. She had all but decided to drown herself when the gentleman spoke to her and aroused her from her wicked thoughts. After repeatedly pressing her to accompany him to the meeting and her refusal, he asked that she accept a

beautiful white rose—the same pure white flower her widowed mother gave her five years before in their village home in north England, far from sinful London. It was her mother’s favourite flower, and she had remarked, “Ellen, my dear girl, you are leaving your poor lone mother, much against her wish, to roam, I very much fear, into sin, and when you are far away from her, and you ever see a white rose, always remember your mother’s parting gift to you will be followed by fervent prayer for the return of her sinful child. Day nor night shall I cease to pray that God may bring you home a saved child.”

Ellen, the young woman, had often thought of her mother and her words and had had to stifle her conscience many times, and while considering that awful step that night, she had thought of her. “I pray to God to forgive me the sorrow this night’s act would have caused her,” she said. “This pure sweet rose brought me to my senses. I gazed at it, kissed it, moaned over it, felt powerless to resist coming to this meeting, and I’ve been listening to the invitations to ‘Come to Jesus,’ and I feel I dare not go from here without salvation; if Christ will only extend His mercy to one so deep in sin and immorality as I am.”

The Christian workers began to speak to her about John 3:16: “For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Ellen listened eagerly to this, then burst into tears and fell on her knees, imploring in deep anguish that God would save her soul. The Christians joined in prayer, then left her with God, with whom she was pleading for forgiveness. She eventually became more calm and subdued, and then quietly rising she exclaimed, “Oh, mother, your long-lost child will return to you saved by believing in the merits of a crucified Saviour.”

That night she was given shelter and on the next day the news was

communicated to Ellen’s mother who was overcome with joy and thankfulness at the glad news. She was given a place among Christians where she was able to live happy in Christ and a consistent life, seeking to lead others to the same precious Saviour. And Ellen could always after remember and thank God for the gift of the white rose.

—From 100 Thrilling Tales by Hy. Pickering

## 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 7:00pm

Angell Hall, Room G-144

Call (248) 486-6326

**University of Windsor** Sundays 5:00pm

Iona College 208 Sunset Ave.

Call (519) 966-4603

**Oakland University:** (248) 374-5565

For info on other meetings, call:

**South Lyon, MI:** (248) 446-3080

**Cleveland, OH:** (440) 878-0816

**Stamford, CT:** (203) 554-0792

**Miami FL:** (561) 542-4890 or (561) 450-8414

**Washington D.C./Baltimore:** (240) 216-8433

## Hear “The Lord’s Challenge” Weekly Gospel Radio

**Buffalo, NY:** 99.5 FM (WDCX) Sat. 8:45 am

**Detroit, MI:** 560 AM (WMUZ) Sat. 5:00 pm

**Shortwave** (Sundays 2:15 pm, EST)

WHRI 19 Metre band 15.355 MHz

**Des Moines, IA:** 1460 (KDMI)

Sat. 7:30 am, Sun. 11:00 pm

**Fort Wayne, IN:** 1090 AM (WFCV) Sat. 4:00 pm

**Council Bluffs, IA:** 1560 AM (KLNG) Sun. 8:00am

**Atlanta, GA:** 86 AM (LOVE 86) Sun. 2:00 pm

**Guyana:** 560 AM (VoG) Sun. 6:15 pm

**Toronto, Ont:** 1250 AM (CJYE) Thurs 3.15 pm

**PLEASE PASS THIS ON TO A FRIEND**