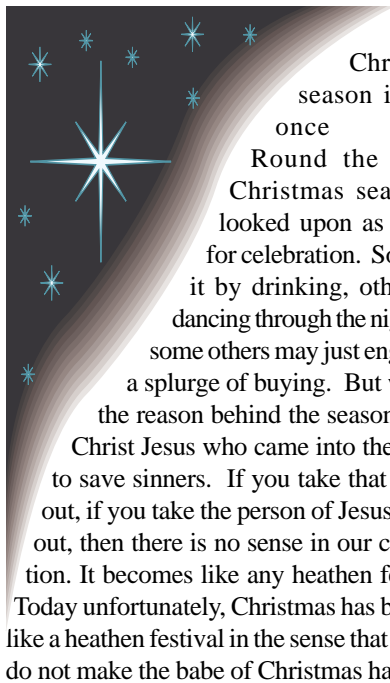


Christ is Victor

NOV/DEC 1997

“Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end.”

Billy Bray



The Christmas season is here once again. Round the world Christmas season is looked upon as a time for celebration. Some do it by drinking, others by dancing through the night and some others may just engage in a splurge of buying. But what is the reason behind the season? It is Christ Jesus who came into the world to save sinners. If you take that reason out, if you take the person of Jesus Christ out, then there is no sense in our celebration. It becomes like any heathen festival. Today unfortunately, Christmas has become like a heathen festival in the sense that people do not make the babe of Christmas happy.

If you want to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, the first factor in the celebration is the presence of Jesus. The second factor would be to make Him happy. To worship Him. To kiss His feet which were pierced with nails for our salvation. Now if we don't do that, there is no real Christmas. You may have all the celebrations, all the lights, all the food, all the clothing and all the rest of the paraphernalia but it amounts to a senseless celebration.

“The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined” (Is.9:2) How amazing! Darkness. Today our world appears to be in gross darkness. Fear everywhere. Alarms, wild alarms everywhere. Everybody, most of all, the important people, seem to be frightened for their lives and their own security. Even the pedestrian on the street gets shot for no reason, but that there is a little money in his pocket.

He is robbed or mugged, and people are afraid. Everywhere there is gross darkness of fear. And into the midst of this, you bring the Lord Jesus. He brings light and deliverance. So we are told in the sixth verse, “For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called... the Prince of peace...”

What a prophecy! The Prince of Peace has come. And yet there is so much of unrest. Why? We will not bring Jesus in. Whether it is the heart, or the family or the country, we reject Him without a cause. We hate Him without a cause. We would rather have the mythological figures and not the Saviour, the Son of God who was manifested and took the form of man to be born into the world, to live a sinless life and to offer a sinless sacrifice for our sins.

Christmas leads us to the cross. The hardest heart is softened at the cross of Jesus. You just turn and look at the spotless Saviour hanging there on the cross and you are melted. If you and I could pull ourselves up by our boot laces, if you and I by yoga or some other means, could completely bring this body under our control and live a perfect life, a holy life, we don't need a Saviour. You may have practised all the systems of self-reformation, but have you arrived at purity? Have you arrived at love? Have you found peace?

Don't tell me you are still labouring hard, running helter skelter, turning over the pages of old tomes and looking into all kinds of philosophies. “Come on,” the Lord Jesus says, “they that seek me will find rest.”

“Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end.” This is not a government enforcing something with armies, guns and bullets. It is Christ the Saviour of the world standing before you in His peerless power and the might of His love, saying, “You belong to me, I purchased you, I died and shed my blood for

One day, sickness again visited Billy's home. This time, it was one of Billy's children who lay ill. Billy's wife asked him to go to the doctor for some medicine. It was not so easily done then as it is today. Medicines had to be paid for in those days. But Billy, poor as he was, put eighteen pence in his pocket and set off for the doctor's house.

Along the road, he met a man begging. This man told Billy he had lost his cow, and needed money to buy another. Billy believed the man was really in need, and gave him all the money that was in his pocket.

Of course, it was of no use now to go for the doctor. But there was a hedge nearby, and a place to pray. So Billy jumped the hedge, and ‘told Father all about it.’ Some people might have wondered what Billy was doing, jumping hedges back and forth, but Billy didn't mind. When he got on to the road again, and started back home, he was full of faith that his little child would live.

When he got home he said, “Joey, the child's better, isn't it?” “Yes”, she said. “The child will live”; said Billy calmly. ‘The Lord has told me so.’

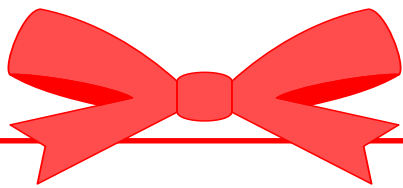
... “BRAY” CON'T ON PAGE 4

Christ is Victor
On Line

By Email: 104751.3016 @
Compuserve.com

At our Web Site: <http://lefi.org>

“INCREASE” CON'T ON PAGE 4 ...



A Christmas Gift in Prison

Some years ago, while conducting a series of meetings in Michigan City, I was asked to preach to the convicts in the State prison. I sat on the platform with the governor of the prison, and watched the prisoners march in-700 men, young and old. They marched in lock-step, every man's hand on the shoulder of the man before him. At the word of command they sat down. Among the number there were seventy-six "lifers," men who had been committed to prison for life for the crime of murder.

After the singing I rose to preach, but could hardly speak for weeping. Disregarding all the rules of the prison, in my earnestness to help the poor, fallen men, I left the platform and walked down the aisle among them, taking one, and then another by the hand and praying for him. At the end of the row of men who were committed for murder, sat a man who more than his fellows seemed marked by sin's blighting curse. His face was seamed and ridged with scars and marks of vice and sin. He looked as though he might be a demon incarnate if once aroused to anger. I placed my hand upon his shoulder and wept and prayed with and for him.

"Do you remember," said the governor, "the man at the end of the line is the lifers' row, whom you prayed with? Would you

like to hear his history?" "Yes, gladly" I answered. "Well, here it is in brief. Tom Galston was sent here about eight years ago for the crime of murder. He was without a doubt, one of the most desperate and vicious characters we had ever received, and, as was expected, gave us a great deal of trouble.

"One Christmas Eve, about six years ago, duty compelled me to spend the night at the prison instead of at home, as I had anticipated. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark I left the prison for my home, my pockets full of presents for my little girl. It was a bitter cold morning, and I buttoned my overcoat up to protect myself from the cutting wind that swept in from the lake. As I hurried along, I thought I saw somebody skulking in the shadow of the prison wall. I stopped and looked a little more closely, and then I saw a little girl, wretchedly clothed in a thin dress; her bare feet thrust into a pair of shoes much the worse for wear. In her hand she held, tightly clasped, a small paper parcel. Wondering who she was and why she was out so early in the morning, and yet too weary to be interested, I hurried on. But I soon heard that I was being followed. I stopped, and turned round, and there before me stood the same wretched-looking child.

"What do you want?" I asked sharply. "Are you the governor of the prison, sir?" "Yes, who are you, and why are you not at home?" "Please sir, I have no home; mamma died in the poorhouse two weeks ago, and she told me just before she died that papa (Tom Galston) was in prison; and she thought that may be he would like to see his little girl, now that mamma is dead. Please, can't you let me see my papa? Today is Christmas, I want to give him a present."

"No," I replied gruffly. "You will have to wait until visitor's day," and started on. I had not gone many steps, when I felt a pull at my coat, and a pleading voice said, "Please don't go". I stopped once more, and looked into the pinched, beseeching face before me. Great tears were in her eyes, while her little chin quivered with emotion. "Mister," she said, "If your little girl was me, and your little girl's mamma had died in the poorhouse, an' her papa was in the prison, an' she had no place to go an' no one to love her, don't you think she would like to see her papa? If it was Christmas, and your little girl came to me, if I was the governor of the prison, an' asked me to please let her see her papa to give him a Christmas present, don't you-don't you think I would say yes?"

"By this time a great lump was in my throat, and my eyes were swimming in tears. I answered, "Yes, my little girl, I think you would, and you shall see your papa," and, taking her hand, I hurried back to the prison, thinking of my own fair-haired little girl at home. Arriving in my office, I bade her come near the warm stove while I sent a guard to bring No.37 from his cell. As soon as he came into the office he saw the little girl. His face clouded with an angry frown, and in a gruff savage tone he snapped out:

"Nellie, what are you doing here; what do you want? Go back to your mother." "Please papa," sobbed the little girl, "mamma's dead. She died two weeks ago in the poorhouse, an' before she died she told me to take care of little Jimmy, 'cause you loved him so, and told me to tell you she loved you, too-but, papa,"-and here her voice broke in sobs and tears-Jimmy died too last week, an' now I am alone, papa"-an' today's Christmas, papa, an'- and I thought may be as you loved Jimmy, you

CHRIST IS VICTOR

■ Vol.10, No.6

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: 25128 Fair Oaks Drive South Bend, Indiana 46614, Phone 219.232-0265
- CANADA: P.O. Box 701 Station A, Toronto Ont. M5W1G2, Phone and Fax - 905.270-6051
- SINGAPORE: Bedok Central, P.O. Box 0453, Singapore 914602 Phone (02) 2418810 (Joe Ng) or (02) 3562724 (Sam) or (02) 3745254 (Enoch)
- MALAYSIA: P.O.Box 236, Jalan Kelang Lama, 58700 Kuala Lumpur West Malaysia, Phone (03) 9585352 or Wisdom Hall, 37 Persiaran Shahbandar, Taman Tambahan Krian VI, 34200 Parit Bundar, Perak, Phone (05) 7164100 T.K. Ong
- AUSTRALIA: 50 Grenville St. Tuart Hill 6060, West Australia, Phone 09.345-3739
- GREAT BRITAIN: P.O. Box 737 London SW2 4XT, Phone 0181-677-6909
- IRELAND: P.O. Box 18 Cavan Co. Cavan

US Thanksgiving Retreat

November 28 – 30

Call any number on page
four for more info.

would like a little Christmas present from him.”

“Here she unrolled the little bundle she held in her hand, until she came to a little package of tissue paper, from which she took out a little fair curl, and put it in her father’s hand, saying as she did so: “I cut it from dear little Jimmy’s head, papa, just afore they buried him.”

“No. 37 by this time was sobbing like a little child, and so was I. Stooping down, 37 picked up the little girl, pressed her convulsively to his breast while his great frame shook with suppressed emotion.”

“The scene was too sacred for me to look upon, So I softly opened the door and left them alone. In about an hour I returned. No.37 sat near the stove, with his little daughter on his knee. He looked at me sheepishly for a moment, and then said, “Governor, I haven’t any money;” then suddenly stripping off his prison jacket, he said, “For God’s sake don’t let my little girl go out this bitter cold day with that thin dress. Let me give her this coat. I’ll work early and late; I’ll do anything. I’ll be a man. Please, Governor, let me cover her with this coat.” Tear were streaming down the face of the hardened man.

“No, Galston” I said. “Keep your coat, your little girl shall not suffer. I’ll take her to my home and see what my wife can do for her.” “God bless you,” sobbed Galston. I took the girl to my home. She remained with us a number of years and became a true Christian by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. God’s book shows man’s need and God’s remedy (Romans 3:9-24; John 3:1-16)

“Tom Galston also became a Christian, and then he gave us no more trouble” (Luke 8:35) concluded the speaker. A year ago, when I visited the prison again, the governor said to me, “Kain, would you like to see Tom Galston, whose story I told you a few

years ago?” “Yes, I would” I answered. The governor took me down a quiet street, and stopping at a neat home, knocked at the door. The door was opened by a cheerful young woman, who greeted the governor with the utmost cordiality.

“We went in, and then the governor introduced me to Nellie and her father, who, because of his conversion, had received pardon, and now living a upright Christian life with his daughter, whose little Christmas gift had broken his hard heart.

—Selected

PEACE

“He came and preached peace to you who were afar off and to those who were near” (Ephesians 2:17)

It was the night before Christmas in 1870. French and German armies faced each other on the field of battle in the Franco-Prussian War.

A French soldier started walking toward the German lines. His comrades watched breathlessly, expecting to hear at any instant the crack of a rifle that would end his life. As he neared the enemy lines, he stopped and began singing, “Noel, noel! Noel, noel! Born is the King of Israel!” No shot rang out.

Slowly the Frenchman returned to his ranks. There was silence! Then from the German side came a lone soldier to that same spot and sang the German version of the same song. After each stanza both armies united in the chorus. For a few minutes Christ brought peace to that battlefield.

God is a peacemaker who always takes the first step. Jesus came as a baby, and when He grew to manhood He preached peace to a warring world. Then, in the greatest peace initiative this world has ever seen, Christ made peace between God and man by dying for our sins (Col. 1:20)

Peacemaking efforts may be rejected, but the alternative is continued hostility. God didn’t settle for that, nor should we. Let’s take the first step in healing a broken relationship, even at the risk of being “shot down”.

What this world needs is the PEACE that passes all misunderstanding.

If He Had Not Come

A Christmas card was published several years ago that depicted a minister taking a nap in his study on Christmas morning. As he slept, he dreamed of what the world would have been like if Christ had not come. No Christmas bells pealed out the familiar carols; no happy voices sang, “Joy to the world! The Lord is come!” In his dream, the pastor walked down the street, but no church stood on the corner. When he returned to his study, he found no book about the Saviour on the shelves. As he stood there puzzled, the door bell rang.

It was a small boy, asking him to visit his dying mother. He hurried to the home, sat down by the bed, and opened his Bible to read words of hope and comfort in John 3:16 and John 14, but they weren’t there; his Bible ended with Malachi. There was no New Testament message of salvation, no word of glorious resurrection, no promise of heaven. The pastor wept bitterly. Christ had not come!

Just then the minister was awakened by the voices of his choir singing, “O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant; O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem; Come and behold Him, born the King of angels: O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.” With a new appreciation for Christmas, he rejoiced to hear that message!

Christ was born here below that we might be born from above.

Say What?

“Wise men
still
seek
Him!”

One morning Billy appeared in the door of his house with a child in each arm. Joey said: "Billy, where are you going with the children?"

"The mother's dead, and the father's run away and left them, and I thought I'd bring them in, and rear them up with ours."

"But we have four of our own that you can only just maintain, and these must go to the workhouse."

But Billy's mind was made up. He believed that the Lord could give them means to support the children, and he would not turn them out. So he set the little boy and girl down among his own children, saying, "Here, my dears, this is your home now."

At that moment, there was another stranger in the home. He was a Christian too, and better off than Billy was. He saw what took place between Billy and his wife, and thought to himself, "I am quite well off, and have no children to support. Yet I would be afraid to take two strange children into my home." This visitor had 2 pounds 15s. 10p. in his pocket. He gave five shillings to Billy towards maintaining the children. Billy immediately shouted, "There, Joey, the Lord has sent five shillings already, although the children have not eaten a penny loaf."

Seeing how much five shillings had meant to Billy, the stranger gave five shillings more. "Praise the Lord! Joey, didn't I tell you the Lord could feed them here?" After a minute the man doubled his gift to Billy, giving him another ten shillings.

"Hallelujah! For the Lord will provide", was the response.

After this, the visitor took up a book and began to read. But his mind was not on his book; it was on the other 1 pound 15s. 10p. still in his pocket. "Lord, what am I to do?" Was his anguished cry. "Give Billy more", was the clear reply.

"Billy, I have not given you enough yet; take another sovereign."

"Glory be to God! Cheer up, Joey, the money is coming!"

Again the visitor tried to settle, but found he could not. Not while he still had 15s. 10p. in his pocket. He gave ten shillings, and finally he gave over the last 5s. 10p. But Billy refused the ten pence. "No brother, keep that to pay turnpike-gates when you go home." (Billy referred to dues which travellers had to pay on the roads in those days.)

Billy's faith regarding the Lord's care over these little children was now rewarded, and he wanted to praise. "Let's have a little

prayer", he suggested. And pray he did, and while he prayed the visitor thought, "I have never felt such divine power; I never expect such a blessing again, this side of heaven."

At one time, Billy had a job at the mine which involved the emptying a shaft when it filled with water. The shaft filled up every twelve hours. On one occasion, it came to his turn to empty the shaft on the Lord's Day. But before Billy left the church to go to the mine, a thought occurred to him. It was the Lord's Day, and it was not necessary for the shaft to be emptied then, so he would leave it till Monday.

Early Monday morning, Billy arrived at the mine to do his job. But the 'Captain' at the mine was waiting for him.

"Why were you not here yesterday?"

"It is the Lord's will that I should not work on Sundays."

"I'll Lord's will thee. Thou shalt not work here anymore."

Billy's faith did not forsake him in the face of this outburst. "For I felt", he said, "that I had the Lord of rocks and hills for my Friend, and I did not care who was against me."

After a time, the "Captain" relented, and gave Billy a job at which he did not need to work on the Lord's Day. About the same time, Twelveheads Chapel became the scene of a revival, and many souls were converted. Billy felt now that he should leave his new work altogether for a time, as he was needed in the chapel every day. He thought twice about staying off on Friday, though Friday was the day men were taken on for the work of the following week. But in the end he stayed in the chapel at the Lord's work.

That night two men came to the chapel. They called for Billy. When he came out they told him that he had been appointed to work with them at the mine. Billy's faith had once more been rewarded:

"So I stayed that week and worked for the Lord; and on Monday morning I went to see the place that the Lord had got for me. At the place I had been turned away from I got only 2 pounds a month; and in this new place I had 5 pounds a month or more, and had not to work so hard by a great deal. And so the Lord cleared my way for ever from working on Sundays. I did not lose by serving the Lord, but got 3 pounds a month more than I got before; and did the will of the Lord, which is better than all the money in the world."

you, you are Mine. I want to fill your life with peace and make you a blessing."

This government is increasing everyday in many hearts and I see it happening in many parts of the world. I praise God. But it is not some gimmick. It is not some healing meeting where people say, "Eh, I've been healed." Healing should be first inside and then it works outside. But all that people go for is some kind of relief from their symptoms. But Jesus does not deal with mere symptoms. He deals with the cause. You have an evil heart. You have a dirty conscience. You need to be cleansed. So He says, "My blood has been shed for you. I'll cleanse you. Come unto Me. I'll give you a new heart and My peace in it."

Let His government of peace come into your life. Don't we need our families to be governed by this peace? Don't we need our hearts to be governed by this peace? Yes, we do. May the Lord bless you and make this a time when there is meaningful celebration. "Christ has come into my heart. He is born into my life. I have yielded myself to Him. So this is a true Christmas to me," you should be able to say. May God bless you!

— Joshua Daniel

Weekly Meetings — Welcome to All —

Ann Arbor every Sunday Morning
at 10:00 am
Ann Arbor YMCA, Zonta Room, 1st floor
Call (248) 486-6326
University of Michigan Mondays 7:00 pm
Angell Hall, Room G-144
Call (313) 326-1837
University of Windsor Sundays 5:45 pm
Call (519) 254-8873
Oakland University: (810) 620-1306
For info on other meetings, Call:
Detroit: (248) 442-2806
South Bend, Ind: (219) 232-0265
Cleveland, OH: (216) 888-4193
Toronto, ONT: (905) 785-7341

Hear "The Lord's Challenge" Weekly Gospel Radio

South Bend, IN: 103 FM (WHME) Sun. 8:30 pm
Buffalo, NY: 99.5 FM (WDCX) Sat. 9:00 am
Detroit, MI: 560 AM (WMUZ) Sat. at 5:00 pm
Shortwave (Sundays at 2:15 pm, EST)
WHRI 19 Metre band 15.355 MHz
Des Moines, IA: 1460 (KDMI) Sun. 10:30 & 1:45 am
Fort Wayne, IN: 1090 AM (WFCV) Sat. 4:00 pm
Chattanooga, TN: 1450 AM (WMOC) Sat. 3:30 pm
Council Bluffs, IA: 1560 AM (KLNG) Sat. 3:45 pm
Atlanta, GA: 86 AM (LOVE 86) Sun. 2:00 pm
In Guyana - GBC - Sundays at 6:30 pm