

HOW A DOCTOR OBTAINED FULL SALVATION

By Frank Green, M.B., B.Ch.

I was converted in 1911 when sixteen years old, but, being filled with higher critical ideas of the Bible, it did not occur to me to take any portion of the Word of God to rest upon by faith. Consequently, when the first few months of joy had subsided, I was left without any certainty of salvation. I went through the Great War in that uncertainty and in a frequent state of uneasiness, for I never knew where my soul would go should the next shell send me to eternity. During that time I became a backslider through disobedience; but on going up to Cambridge after the war I met some fine, red-hot Christians. The very radiance of their faces convicted me of my need for something better; and so through their testimony and that of others I was led to seek for the fullness of the Holy Ghost.

For the next four years I continued earnestly seeking assurance of this blessing. I used to speak to Christian leaders, read holiness books, and would devour the testimonies of those who claimed to have been sanctified wholly, so hungry was I to find the heart-rest of which they spoke.

Surrender and consecration were uppermost in my mind at this time, because when talking with certain of my friends they would say: "Brother, if you will only consecrate all to the Lord and surrender entirely to Him, He will give you the blessing." Surrender was the chief thing emphasized, and during the next four years I made at least eight desperate attempts at full surrender. Each time I had a little extra joy and happiness, but it all evaporated in about a week's time, and I was soon right back in the unsettled state of doubt and uncertainty, with an unsatisfactory "something" deep down in my heart.

Other people would say to me: "Oh, you must learn to give the Lord instant obedience in all things"; and so things came into my mind, difficult things which I thought God wanted me to do. I thought if only I could obey in them, God would give me the blessing. I remember a journey from Liverpool to London. I thought I ought to give tracts to a number of the passengers, and hardly slept a wink the night before, wondering if my courage might fail me at the last moment. By a stupendous effort the supply was exhausted on the occupants of two coaches, and I thought, "The blessing will surely be mine now"; but I was as miserable at the end of the journey as at the beginning.

Other friends said: "Claim the blessing, then testify to it, and the witness will soon come." So I struggled to testify that I had been sanctified, but the assurance never came!

During these fruitless self-efforts, however, I was persuaded that there must be a blessing of a life of heart-rest and victory, because the Word seemed clear enough about it, and the faithful life and testimony of some of my friends was beyond question. But eight desperate efforts utterly failed to give me any assurance. Many a time I was on the point of giving it up as hopeless, but the Lord mercifully gave me a determination to hold on till assurance came, even should it mean waiting for years.

When things seemed most hopeless, in June, 1923, God arranged in a wonderful way that I

should go to the J. E. B. Conference at Swanwick. I was a medical student, more or less in the middle of a term, but circumstances grouped together to allow me to go, and it seemed as though God had sent me there. I went with my head beautifully filled with the theory of sanctification, and fondly thought I knew all about it, for I had often felt helped by seeking for this truth. But it was only in my head; and God had to do the essential preliminary work of showing me that I knew nothing of it in my heart.

Directly on arriving there, the secretary of the conference greeted me in this fashion: "Good evening, Mr. Green. We are so glad you've come. Is this teaching new to you?" I felt deeply insulted at such a question. Had I not been seeking hard for four years to learn all I could about it? But in His own wondrous way God used that question as the first step in convincing me that my "old man," whom I hoped was dead, was very much alive. During that week Mr. Paget Wilkes gave some Bible readings on sanctification; and in the last of the series he showed us with piercing definiteness that by faith and faith alone could we be sanctified. My head was so full of the idea that consecration was the one big step into blessing that I felt like getting up in the hall and telling him he was wrong. I remember his saying, "Many of you dear people have been to convention after convention, and you've consecrated and consecrated yourselves times without number, and you are no farther on than you were years ago. Friends, throw away your consecrations; they'll not do you a bit of good; believe, only believe." It was a wonderful address, but I was disgusted and disappointed.

On leaving the conference hall, God showed me again that there was a live "old man" in me. He chose four or five people to come up to me saying, "That was a lovely address, wasn't it," I remember saying to the first one, "Yes, it was." To the second one I answered a little shorter. When it came to the last one, I was furious and turned away most rudely without answering a word. This gave me clear proof that, even if I had an intellectual grasp of sanctification, there was no experience whatever of it in my heart. So I just had to get on my knees and confess to God that I knew nothing at all about this blessing, in spite of all my profession to the contrary.

About seven o'clock the following morning I was absolutely desperate, but determined to hold on even though there seemed no hope of getting any light on the matter. I had been reading at random, and then came across Acts 26:18: "* * * that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith that is in me."

When I got to the end of the verse and read "sanctified by faith," the Holy Ghost just lighted up those words in such a way that I knew they were for me. "By faith!" Then Mr. Paget Wilkes was right after all! And, more than that, these were the words of the Lord Jesus Himself. So there was now absolutely nothing else left for me to do but to believe and enter in. I did there and then, for I just could not help it. There was not an iota of ecstasy or joy such as I had had four years before, but just the God-given ability to believe that He, Jesus, had done this thing that I had been seeking for — a quiet heart-rest, leaning wholly and solely on the evidence in

black and white before my eyes.

Please do not think from what I have said that I want to minimize consecration. It is only a mockery, if we hope for this blessing without first fully surrendering ourselves; but surrender alone is not enough. If anyone is fully surrendered, it is those wretched people in India who crawl on their knees for miles up stony mountains in the hope of finding peace. They have a depth of surrender which puts many of us to shame, but they have no faith. We must indeed be fully surrendered; but believing is the only thing that honors God and brings the blessing. We often speak of someone being a wonderfully-consecrated soul, and some credit is due to him for it; but when we appropriate something by faith, we simply receive it from God's hand, and He gets the credit. And so God made me to see that it was His doing alone which enabled me to appropriate the blessing, and that it was in just the same way as we previously received the assurance of our justification.—The Flame.

YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT

R. B. Warren

The attempt to elude the consequences of sin is always doomed to failure. The words spoken by Moses, (Nu. 32:23), "Be sure your sin will find you out", are as true to-day as always they have been. Though man succeeds in concealing his sin from his fellows, he ought to be aware that God sees it and will ultimately and eternally punish the sinner. But the words spoken by Moses imply much more than the discovery of sin. They assert that sin will discover the person. How many who took the initiative in plunging the world into war and committed cruel deeds are learning the truth of this statement. Hitler sowed to the wind and reaped the whirlwind. Sin doesn't pay. Its wages are death.

There is only one escape from the sins of one's life. We read: "He that covereth his sin shall not prosper, but who so confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." Prov. 28:13. Here is the cure. It is not enough to confess; we must forsake. Then we will find that God in his great mercy will abundantly pardon. He gave His Son, Jesus Christ, to die in our place that we might be freed from the penalty and dominion of sin. If we come in Jesus' name we shall have this glorious deliverance. Won't you come?

NO HOLINESS APART FROM GOD

A room or public building may be full of delicious sunlight. But that sunlight is not the property of the room; it does not belong to it. You cannot congratulate it upon its possession. For when the shadows of evening gather, and curtain the face of the sun, the chamber is as dark as possible. It is light only so long as the sun dwells in it.

So the human spirit has no holiness apart from God. Holiness is not a perquisite, or property, or attribute to which any of us can lay claim. It is the indwelling of God's light and glory within us. He is the holy man in whom God dwells. He is the holier in whom God dwells more fully. He is the holiest who, however poor his intellect and his earthly lot, is most possessed and filled by the presence of the Holy Spirit. We need not wonder at the apostle addressing believers as 'saints,' when he was able to say of them, "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you."—F. B. Meyer.