

God's Last Call

By Rev. Ralph Hobson *

I was visiting my home city, Ottawa, Canada, in July, 1951, A request came from my cousin, Mrs. Mary Lusk to visit her son Hubert, who lay critically ill in the Ottawa Civic Hospital with third degree burns.

It had been some time since I had seen Hubert. Under normal conditions I doubt very much if I would have recognized him had I met him on the street. But under these circumstances it would have been even more difficult to have recognized him. All that was visible, and not too much at that, were his eyes peering through the bandages that entirely covered his face. There were openings for his nose and his mouth.

Hubert's mother particularly asked me to speak to him about his soul's salvation. This I was glad to comply with. Upon entering the sick room, the nurse kindly left. Nurses were on duty with Hubert twenty-four hour a day. After the usual greeting and enquiry about his well being, the trend of our talking turned toward spiritual things.

I asked Hubert how everything was with his soul. He confessed that he did not know that he was saved. "Ralph", he said "God has been dealing with me." These words readily led me to go further in discussing the matter of personal salvation. I went more deeply into the question of his relationship to God and the necessity of being born again.

Hubert had not been to too many gospel services. He had attended some at the Wesleyan Methodist Church on Sunnyside Avenue in Ottawa. In the few services he had attended there he heard sufficient gospel to give him an appreciation of what I was talking about. A very important question was put to me by Hubert. It was this, "How can one know when he is saved?" I took him to John 1:12, "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." In this verse a very simple condition is set forth. Upon meeting this condition of faith in Jesus Christ and receiving Him as Saviour, one becomes a child of God. This answered Hubert's question.

God was leading each step of the way. Finally, I said, "Hubert, are you willing to take Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour?" He said, "Yes. I am." After I had led in prayer, I suggested that he pray and ask God to save him. He prayed in a manner that was very definite, as if he truly meant business with God. And indeed he did mean business. He realized that he needed Christ as His Saviour. That moment he was born again. He was saved. He became a new creature in Christ Jesus. There was no doubt about it. (It seemed as if the very room itself lit up with a bright light).

I prayed, committing Hubert to the Lord. When I had said "Amen" he responded also with an "Amen". This gave me more assurance that God had done a work of grace in his heart. Hubert requested a Gospel of John, which was soon provided for him.

As I walked through the corridor of the hospital my soul was thrilled. My whole being seemed to be electrified. I said to myself, "There's a new name written down in glory and it's Hubert's."

The next day I returned to Peterborough where I was pastor of the Park Street Alliance

Church. I had not been back too long when Hubert's mother telephoned me saying that he had passed on to be with the Lord.

In John 5:24 we read, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

You too, dear reader, can pass from death unto life as Hubert Lusk did by taking the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. You must recognize yourself as a lost and condemned sinner. Romans 3:23 says, "All have sinned and have come short of the glory of God". "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." (Acts 16:31).—Tract * Pastor of Halifax Church

THINGS WE CAN'T AFFORD

We can't afford to win the gain that means another's loss;

We can't afford to miss the crown by stumbling at the cross.

We can't afford the heedless jest that robs us of a friend;

We can't afford the laugh that finds in bitter tears an end.

We can't afford the feast today that brings tomorrow's fast;

We can't afford the race that comes to tragedy at last.

We can't afford to play with fire, or tempt a serpent's bite;

We can't afford to think that sin brings any true delight.

We can't afford with serious heed to treat the cynic's sneer;

We can't afford to wise men's words to turn a careless ear.

We can't afford for hate to give like hatred in return;

We can't afford to feed a flame and make it fiercer burn.

We can't afford to lose the soul for this world's fleeting breath;

We can't afford to barter life in mad exchange for death.

But blind to good are we apart from THEE, all-seeing Lord;

Oh, grant us light that we may know the things we can't afford!

Author Unknown

FROM THELMA ROSE

in endeavors to "catch trains," meet appointments, etc. Many thanks to all. God is good to give many wonderful friends, and He has privileged me to visit most of them as I've travelled home via Kentucky, Ontario and through the districts of our Reformed Baptist churches. I regret having missed seeing some.

On my return via Massachusetts, they were busy days as I endeavored to contact friends and relatives in the vicinity of Boston. Invitations were received that gave listeners in Nazarene churches at Cambridge, Lowell, Somerville and Cliftondale. The expression of interest in all these places encouraged my heart. God bless these pastors and their people.

At the time of writing I'm in Pennsylvania, having had some meetings along the way, and expect others to be arranged before I reach Florida. Your prayers are needed and appreciated.

Yours in God's Will,
Thelma Rose

Freedom From All Sin

Commissioner S. L. Brengle

The most startling thing about sin is its power to enslave. Jesus said, "He that committeth sin is the servant of sin," and everyday life and experience prove the saying to be true. Let a boy or a man tell a lie, and he is henceforth the servant of falsehood, unless freed by a higher Power. Let a bank clerk misappropriate funds, let a businessman yield to a trick of the trade, let a youth take an intoxicating glass, and hencefore he is a slave. The cord which holds him may be light and silken, and he may boast himself as free, but he deceives himself. He is no longer free—he is a bondman!

We may choose the path in life we will take: the course of conduct; the friends with whom we will associate; the habits we will form, whether good or bad; but, having chosen the way of sin, we are then swept on without further choice, with a swiftness and certainty down to hell just as a man who chooses to go on board a ship is surely taken to the destined harbor, however much he may wish to go elsewhere.

We choose, and then we are chosen! We grasp, and then we are grasped by the power stronger than ourselves, like the man who takes hold of the pole of a galvanic battery; he grasps, but he cannot let go at his will; like the man who took the boa constrictor and trained it to coil around him, but when it was grown, it crushed him; like the lion trainer who put his head into the lion's mouth—but one day the lion closed his mouth and crushed his head as he might have crushed an eggshell!

Just so is the sinner in the grasp of a higher power than his own. He chooses drink, gambling, worldly pleasure, or human wisdom, fame, and power, but he soon finds himself captive only to be surely crushed and ruined forever, unless delivered by some Power outside himself. What shall he do? Is there hope? Is there a deliverer? Yes, thank God, there is! Jesus said, "Whom the Son makes free is free indeed."

Let the sinner cry to Jesus and He will break the lion's paw and paralyze the serpent's mighty coil, and turn back the currents of the devil's electricity, and set the enslaved captive free.

Some years ago, as I was passing out of a church near Boston, one Sunday night, a young man, an artist, stopped me and said:

"Brother Brengle, do you mean to say that Jesus can save a man from all sin?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "that is exactly what I mean to say."

"Well, if He can," said he, "I want Him to save me, for I am the victim of a habit that masters me. I struggle and vow, and make good resolutions, but I fall again, and I want deliverance."

I pointed him to Jesus. We prayed, and the work was done. He remained in and around Boston for six months, shining and shouting for Jesus, and then went to California. Eleven years later, I went to San Francisco. One day I heard a knock at my door. A young man entered, looked at me, and inquired:

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, sir; you are the young man that Jesus saved from a bad habit about twelve years ago, near Boston," I replied.

"Yes," said he, "and He saves me still."

(Cont'd on Page 4, Col. 3)