

Every Christian has the—

GATEWAY TO THE GREAT COMMISSION

G. Allen Fleece

The world is going to be evangelized by . . . a continuous working of the power of the risen Son of God. He calls you and me today to spend our lives in the full stream of that miracle working."

Look for a moment at the wording of that commission as we find it in Matt. 28:18-20: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore."

I think there is no other place in the Word that has as solid footing as the word "therefore" in this connection. It rests upon the omnipotent authority of the Son of God. "All power is given unto me . . . Go ye therefore . . ."

Remember that this commission has been given to every Christian, not just to a select few who have a missionary call.

I do not mean by this that God calls every Christian to active foreign missionary service or that a call to foreign mission service is a higher call than a call to service at home. It is not. There are no levels of distinction within the will of God. The emphasis before us here is this: regardless of the nature of God's personal call for our lives, He gives us all the same job to accomplish in the place He puts us. All of us are to live our lives in obedience to the personal call of the Lord, but with our whole energy poured out for the furtherance of the Gospel, obedient in that place to the great commission.

As you prayerfully consider and find the place the Lord wants you to spend your life, your whole outlook should be to live in that place, utterly for the one thing that the Lord has for you to do. That means everything in your life must be determined according to what will best get the Gospel out to men.

The one thing that has helped me make every decision in seeking God's will for my service has been this simple standard: Where can I best be used of God to get the Gospel to those who have never heard? I believe this is Scriptural principle. God wants me in that place where He can best use me for this purpose.

I love to think of Jesus' feeding the five thousand. Out yonder are people who are very hungry and needing bread for their bodies. And the One who has all the power to supply them with that bread turns to the disciples and says, "Give ye them to eat."

Then you remember how, after protesting that what they have is nothing among so many, they bring that little to Jesus, and He takes it in His hands and thanks God and breaks it to feed the multitude.

Dr. Robert Hall Glover used to ask at what point the actual miracle was performed. Were the loaves and fishes changed into enough for more than five thousand people while Jesus held them in His two hands? I think not. Did the miracle occur when He gave the food into the hands of the disciples? That is even harder to conceive. Twelve men couldn't carry that much food. This leaves only one place for the miracle, and that was while the loaves and fishes were being given to the multitude. As the disciples gave it out, the

One who has all power worked a continuous miracle and all were fed.

The world is going to be evangelized by just such a miracle—by a continuous working of the power of the risen Son of God. He calls you and me today to spend our lives in the full stream of that miracle working.

I know of nothing like moving out where the miracles are—like getting down before God and staying there until I rise up conscious that all that I am is His for His missionary purpose in my life, and in pouring out my life in the expectation that He has all the power. Miracles will meet us as we move out in such obedience to His will.—The Moody Monthly.

"GANGPLANK CONSECRATION"

By W. R. Lanpher

Against the background of the busy Embarcadero of San Francisco's water front, we recently said "good-by" to the Beales sailing for India on the Dutch ship "Rake," and the Eckels sailing for Japan on the "China Transport."

Although the two ships sailed a few days apart, the last minute events were similar. Tired longshoremen, hurrying to get last minute freight aboard; great floodlights turned on the "China Transport," so men would work in the night; a last prayer together with immediate families and a few close friends in the small staterooms which were to be home for a few weeks. Relatives and friends trooping down the gangplank to wait on the pier, with eyes trained above to watch our veteran missionaries at the rail.

Then the one thing that makes it seem so final: The one remaining tie with the U. S. A., the gangplank, is raised up from the pier below and, with a blast of whistles, the ship moves slowly into the bay. It was "good-by" and separation for several years from homeland and loved ones.

We expect, and our missionaries quietly demonstrate, "gangplank consecration." But is there not a consecration as deep and as strong for us who remain at home? As I stood waving to my representatives to India and Japan, it was good for me to examine my consecration. Surely God expects as much from us in the depth of our consecration as He does from our missionaries. God help us as pastors, Sunday-school teachers, laymen, pray-ers, and pay-ers, to match the "gangplank consecration" of our missionaries!—Herald of Holiness.

MISSIONARY EQUIPMENT

- A restful trust in God for the supply of all needs;
- A life yielded to God and controlled by His Spirit;
- Zeal in service, and steadfastness in discouragement;
- Love for communion with God, and for the study of His Word;
- A sympathetic spirit, and a willingness to take a lowly place;
- Tact in dealing with men, and adaptability toward circumstances;
- Some blessing in the Lord's work at home; a healthy body, and a sound, vigorous mind.—Goforth.

After I had finished a series of meetings in a town in the United States, a man came up to me and said, "I have enjoyed the meetings this week, but I am sorry you came".

Upon seeing the look of questioning on my face, he continued, "These meetings this week have reminded me afresh that I have missed God's best for my life. I was once called to Africa. I thought I should earn enough money to take care of my passage and outfit. It would be so much easier to do that, so I stayed and entered business. I own that business today. I have everything money can give. I have a beautiful home, a lovely wife and family. In our home we have everything that money can bring, but down in my heart there is a great void—there is a great emptiness, and you have reminded me all through this week that I have missed God's best. My life has been a failure, not from the standpoint of the world; but I know now, as I have never known before, that as I stand before God one day I shall look back and know that my life has been a failure."

—Harold Street

WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

Vincent, the Nonconformist minister, in his volume on the Great Plague and Fire in London, gives a description of the manner in which the faithful ministers who remained amid the danger, discharged their solemn duties to the dying inhabitants, and of the manner in which the terror-stricken multitudes hung with breathless eagerness upon their words, to drink in salvation ere the dreaded pestilence had swept them away to the tomb.

Churches were flung open, but the pulpits were silent, for there was none to occupy them. The hirelings had fled.

Then did God's faithful band of persecuted ones come forth from their hiding places and fill the forsaken pulpits. Then did they stand up in the midst of the dying and dead to proclaim Christ's eternal salvation to men who expected death before the morning. They preached in season and out of season. Week day or Sabbath was the same to them.

They lifted up their voices like trumpets for every sermon might be their last. Graves were lying open all around them. Oh, how they preached! They preached like dying men to dying men. No fear of men, no love of popular applause, no over-scrupulous dread of strong expressions, no fear of excitement or enthusiasm prevented them from pouring the whole fervour of their hearts, that yearned with unutterable tenderness over dying souls.

Ministers preached as on the brink of the pit into which thousands were falling without hope as the plague smote the inhabitants of London. There was such a vast concourse of people in the churches where these ministers were to be found that they could not many times come near the pulpit doors for the press but were forced to climb over the pews to get to the pulpit.

They faced audiences such as they had never faced before: such eager looks, such open ears, such greedy attention, as if every word would be eaten which dropped from the mouths of the ministers.—(Words to Winners of Souls.)

"If Christ is God and died for me then nothing is too much for me to do for Him."

The King's Highway