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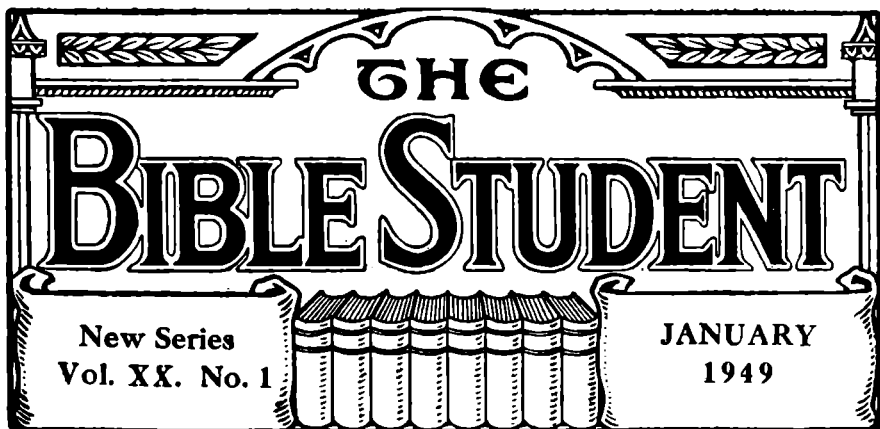
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"The Entrance of THY WORDS Giveth Light"

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Editor: A. McDONALD REDWOOD

them, the summons of One who deserves a thousand times more than I can repay Him—these are the true motives, and they will give hands and feet and wings to our humble endeavours to be ‘wise to win souls’” (Alexander Smellie). The wise man will have a passion for souls. And “they that be wise” in this shall “turn many to righteousness and shine as the stars for ever and ever” (see Dan. 12:3).

* * *

By way of practical illustration we give two excerpts here which are personal experiences. Both speak their own lesson in different ways. The second is culled from an esteemed contemporary, *Precious Seed*, with due acknowledgments. Let us pray that these messages may bear fruit in the heart of every reader. And, finally, let “The Challenge” at the end cause us to think not only of ‘the man next door’, but *the lands that still lie in heathen and Moslem darkness*.

HE KNELT IN PRAYER

By Mrs. Emma Booth Tucker

The moon’s clear rays penetrated a small upper chamber and outlined the slender figure of a youth kneeling in supplication, pouring out his soul in fervent prayer and strong resolve. Had one listened to the language of that heart utterance it would doubtless have been recognized that it was not the first surrender of that young man’s being to the claims of God and to the interests of mankind. But that soul-cry bespoke none the less clearly impatience with the things which were behind and a hunger and a thirst born of a revelation of the world’s vast need, and the power awaiting the consecrated hand to meet it.

“I must save souls. Take everything else; let others, if they will, have all besides; give me souls. Even the means employed are less than sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, save as they aid me in reaching that goal. My very sermons in this new light seem powerless, my efforts small and weak and insufficient. But the passion of Calvary’s Victim consumes me, thrills my whole being, illumines the path I shall henceforth tread, though it be singlehanded and alone.”

The following day found the Salvation Army General-to-be, William Booth, fulfilling an engagement in a small and somewhat Gospel-hardened village, not the most likely place in which to

kindle the revival flame which he was determined should be henceforth the outcome of his efforts wherever he might be.

Scarcely, however, was he seated at the table of the gentleman entertaining him than an opportunity for special effort and faith was brought to his notice. "There is an old man," his host explained, "the subject of many prayers, but who has so far rejected salvation, who has been particularly laid upon my heart of late"; and drawing a letter from his pocket, he read its contents, which spoke of a daughter longing for the old man's conversion and revealed that, having been recently saved herself, she could not rest for the terrible thought that her father, standing, as it were, on the threshold of eternity, was not ready for heaven.

"If the old man should be at the meeting, and if your message should touch his long-resisting spirit, it would indeed be a wonderful victory," said the gentleman, and the General then and there took the old man's case upon his soul.

No sooner had General Booth entered the pulpit than his eyes sought and found the one concerned. Silvery hair crowned a strong, fine face, despite the traces of age and dissatisfaction. The General preached to all; but it seemed to him that the one soul constituted the bulk of his audience. A new fire, claimed on the previous evening, burned in his words, penetrated the consciences of the people, lit a flame of conviction and realization in the strong hearts of the motley throng.

Some wept audibly; others trembled in their seats. All felt God was there. The appeal was given. The General was going to put his faith and God's ability to the test.

There was a pause—nobody moved. What did he do? Pronounce the benediction and go home? No! The fire of Calvary-love that burned within his soul would not let him. Something further must be done. If they needed compulsion they must be compelled, and down the pulpit steps he came. Going straight for the oldest and probably hardest sinner in the place, he knelt at the side of the white-headed man whose danger and need God had once more brought home to his conscience.

"I am so cold," the old man argued, "and my heart is so hard."

"Well it may be," the General responded, "after having resisted God's pleadings so long."

"I am too old now," further reasoned the long-halting sinner.

"Think of the length of eternity," pleaded the General. "Come and get ready to die."

More vain excuses were by the bayonet charge of the General's desperate earnestness disposed of, and finally the astonished audience was gazing upon the General's youthful figure supporting up the aisle to the prayer bench the white-haired and tottering form of the man who for eighty years had resisted the appeals of grace.

"I can remember to this hour," the General said in after life, with eyes that softened with the backward glance, "the little spot upon the crimson-cushioned seat, where his tears made a pool as he sobbed out his sorrow and contrition at the Saviour's feet."

One needs no reminder of the length or character of the sin-stained procession who have followed that aged convert to Calvary's footstool as a result of that night's consecration to a single goal—the *salvation of souls!*

FISHING

On board S. S. "Queen Elizabeth"

By V. L. Dodsworth

As a young believer with very little experimental knowledge of the power of the Lord, I was led of Him, along with two other brethren, into tract work amongst the troops. We three were serving as male nursing orderlies on board troopships, attending to any who became ill *en route* to the theatres of war. In our off-duty we began to distribute tracts on the troop-decks, and although we met with opposition, jibes and scoffings, yet they were as nothing in comparison with the peace and joy within. Withal we prayed that the Lord would lead us to a bigger ship, and in faith we obtained 5,000 tracts. The Lord heard our prayer, and did "exceeding abundantly above all"—we were sent on the *Queen Elizabeth*, biggest ship in the world.

It is common knowledge today that she carried 15,000 troops, and as we left England for U.S.A. we wondered where we would ever get tracts for such a "field." We disposed of all we had on the journey out, and arrived in New York with no tracts, very little money, and one solitary address of a Christian in Brooklyn. This address had been given to us casually, many months before, "in case we ever got to New York." We prayed about the tracts, worked out the approximate cost of one supply—£20-0-0,—and almost despairing we went to see this brother in Brooklyn. He was preparing to go to a Youth for Christ Rally, invited us along, and within four hours of leaving the ship we were listening to R. G. Le Tourneau, Christian business man, giving his testimony.