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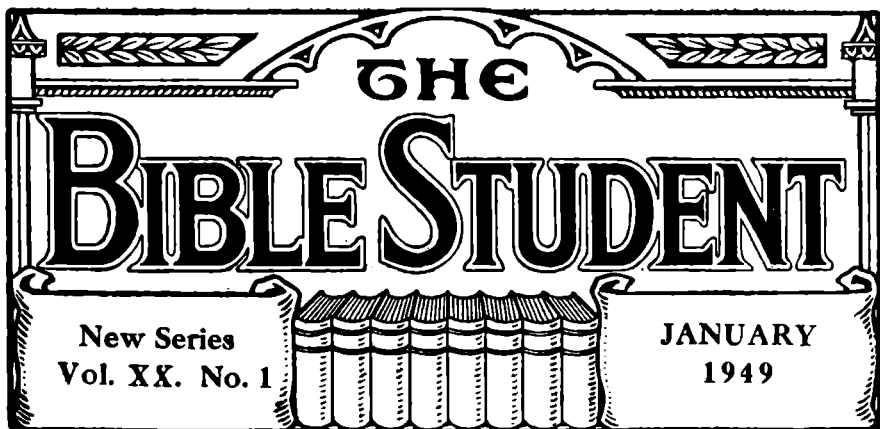
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"The Entrance of THY WORDS Giveth Light"

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Editor: A. McDONALD REDWOOD

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.

Describing how he had set aside over half the shares of his business to the Lord, he informed his audience that the profits from these shares were directed into evangelical work, and if anyone wanted any tracts he could supply any quantity free. God's answer in four hours! During the 21 months we were on board the "Q. E." we received and disbursed a quarter of a million such tracts to men going over to prepare for "D" Day. Through personal contact and follow-up work in a daily Bible Class the Lord made possible for us to hold, many found the Lord in the midst of the Atlantic, one of our last trips yielding a harvest of 17 souls.

When we were taken off the "Q. E." we could not understand it as the European war was still in progress, but we felt that the Lord knew best, and asked that we might abide in His will. We were split up, one being sent alone, while my other colleague and I remained together. We were sent to Italy to pick up a ship, and went along with a goodly assortment of English tracts. When we boarded the ship we discovered that our task was to repatriate displaced persons, namely, Russians from France to Russia, and French in the opposite direction. While we could both speak "school French," we had no knowledge of Russian, and no literature in either language. Accordingly we sought the Lord's face, tried to get Russian and French gospels at Taranto, Istanbul and Odessa, each time in vain. Our only other port of call was Marseilles, and we had no address of any evangelical organisation or even a Christian in this port, so with very little faith we stepped ashore in Marseilles, and "thumbed a lift" into the town on a lorry. Going up the main street the lorry stopped dead, although there was no apparent obstruction nor yet did any of the numerous servicemen get off. In that moment we caught sight of a tiny shop and above it was written "Maison de la Bible." No sooner had we seen it than off the lorry sped. We got off at the next opportunity and walked back. We walked right past the shop, although we were looking out for it, it was so tiny, yet eventually we did rediscover it, and found that they had Russian and French Gospels of John. We bought all the Russian Gospels and a goodly supply of French, and asked about further supplies. We were told that further Russian Gospels could not be provided as none had been ordered, and even if they sent to the publishers in Switzerland immediately, because of the havoc wrought by the retreating Germans, it would take months to get a reply, and even longer for a consignment to be delivered.

We returned to the ship, and next day when the Russian repatriates were on board we went amongst them, and were literally mobbed for copies of the Word of God. In a matter of minutes our supply was exhausted, and many outstretched hands were withdrawn—empty. We felt greatly burdened, and asked ourselves and the Lord, "How shall they hear without a preacher?" God's answer was immediate! We went on the deck and saw circles of Russians all along the length of the ship and one in the midst of each reading aloud from the Word of God. Coming back from Russia to France we distributed Gospels and tracts in French to the repatriates, and once more arrived in Marseilles. Thinking of those outstretched hands, this open door to the Russian hearts, we implored the Lord to undertake in some way. He knew all about the need, it was He that had given us the open door. When we arrived at the "Maison de la Bible" these words fell upon our ears: "Two days ago 30,000 Russian Gospels arrived. They had never been ordered, they have been on the way for months!" How true—"Before they call I will answer." So on subsequent trips, until our work was complete, the Lord kept open the door, supplied us with the material, fed hungry souls, and filled our hearts with joy unspeakable and full of glory. This is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes. May this testimony to His power and fruitfulness be a blessing and encouragement to all who are seeking to serve the One whom our souls adore.

THE CHALLENGE

Britain's war leader, Churchill, promised "blood and sweat and tears". A whole nation responded. A *Greater* than Churchill is appealing today. Garibaldi offered "no comfort or provisions, but forced marches, battles, hunger, death". He said, "He who loves his country with his heart and not his words only should follow me." Tens of thousands responded. A *Greater* than Garibaldi appeals today. Scott asked for two volunteers to go with him on that perilous Antarctic expedition. The response came in thousands. A *Greater* than Scott appeals today. The mountaineer, Mallory, laid down his life amid the everlasting snows of Everest, after stating that it was "the unreachd and the unexplored and unconquered" that had a strange fascination for him. But a *Greater* than Churchill, than Garibaldi, than Scott, than Mallory is appealing now—today, for the life and the courage and the daring of those who are willing to jeopardize