

A Scottish Deacon Finds Salvation

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*"Thy Word
Is
Truth"*

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The Apostolic Faith

N.W.Sixth & Burnside
Portland, Oregon 97209
U.S.A.

A SCOTTISH DEACON FINDS SALVATION

I CAN truly say that God has led me over land and sea and brought me to where I could hear the true Gospel. I left the city of Glasgow in Scotland years ago to come to the city of Portland, Oregon. I was brought up in a godly home, under the teachings of the old Scotch Covenanters. I was brought into the house at night about seven o'clock and the Bible was read to me, and prayer was made. But merely being taught to pray and to read the Word of God, never made a Christian of me.

I entered the church as a young man; and when I grew into manhood they made me a deacon. I was the minister's right-hand man – never missed a meeting. But, thank God, the deacon found that he needed salvation, and, best of all, he now has it.

I'll never forget way back there in Scotland, working in one of the largest explosives factories in the world (that was my business, manufacturing explosives), I saw men and women blown into eternity in a moment's time; and God would thunder out of Heaven to me, "What would you do if it were you?" I was not ready to meet God, although I was a deacon in the church; but it takes

more than church membership to get into Heaven. It takes the Blood of Jesus.

Convicting Testimonies

I have often said that if there ever was a Scotchman who thanks God that his feet ever pressed the soil of the United States of America, I am one. It was in Portland that I caught the sound of the old-time religion that the Apostolic Faith people were telling about.

I crossed the Burnside Bridge and heard a band of the Apostolic Faith people on the street corner at Second and Burnside, singing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee." I stood two blocks from the street meeting, and tears began to flow down my cheeks. I wondered what was the matter with me. I know now what was the matter - God was talking to me! I came closer and heard the ex-drunkard and the ex-dope fiend telling the marvellous things God had done for them. I said that it was all right for the dope fiend; it was all right for the drunkard. Get the bad fellows converted for they need it; but I justified my self and said, "I am a deacon in the church, and I don't need it."

I fought against this Gospel for six months, but at the end of six months I became so miserable under God's conviction that I was glad to surrender to the Lord.

Hypocrisy Exposed

I shall never forget the first meeting I heard at the Apostolic Faith. I went just to please my wife; but I wasn't very comfortable as I sat there. I heard something that went down into my heart and I found out, after all, being religious and being "born again" are two different things. Those people seemed to know my very life. I heard the people of God tell what He had done for them. They said God had saved them from their sins and separated them from habits that were attached to their lives, and had given them victory. I never could say that. I could say that I was a church member, a Christian Endeavorer, a Sabbath School teacher, but in my heart there was no rest or peace.

God spoke to me that Sunday morning, sitting there in the service with a cloak of religion, with a profession on my hands but no possession in my soul. The Lord's messenger was preaching that morning about hypocrisy, people wearing tags and making others believe they were Christians. I was sitting with my Christian Endeavor badge and other

badges on the lapel of my coat; and that sermon went home to me. I knew it was God who was speaking to me.

I fought against it; I rebelled, and said I would go my way and serve God as I pleased. But down in my heart there was something telling me, "This is the way, walk ye in it!" I looked at my Christian Endeavor tag; I was endeavouring, but I was endeavouring in the wrong direction.

That was the most miserable week to me. I worked in one of the largest buildings of this city, had a good job, a good home, friends, family, and everything coming my way; but God's conviction was on my life. I went to the saloons trying to drink it off. I had no use for my home or my fellow man. I couldn't speak a decent word to my family.

Sunday morning came again. I had just come off duty, and my wife said to me, "Are you going to church with me this morning?" I said, "No! don't ask me to go to that place any more; I have gone for my last time. Leave me alone; I have had enough of that!" I went out into the back yard and lit my cigar, and paced up and down. God spoke to me and said, "You had better go!" I went into the house and said to my wife, "Wait a moment, I

believe I will go.” She sat down and waited very patiently for me.

We were late for the meeting, but not late for the sermon; and that was what God wanted me to hear. That morning another preacher got up and began to preach about hypocrisy. I don’t know if he saw the tag, but he preached on the same subject. I thought that was all they preached about. And that preacher came across the platform that morning and pointed right down to me and said, “You hypocrite!” He talked about people making believe they were Christians, and down in their heart they knew right well that they were far from God. I gave my wife a nudge with my elbow, and said, “You told these people something about me.” She said, “No, I didn’t tell them anything.” My wife had not told anybody about me; it was God who was speaking through the preacher. God was finding me out.

I rushed down the stairs, my fists clenched, my teeth set. I said, “I am good enough! I will go to my own church and worship. I never will bow my knee at this altar. I’ll never do it! I’ll never do it!” My wife said, “I will be home after the evening meeting.” I said, “I don’t care whether you come home or not; I am through!”

Tested and Tried

I went to the Board of Trade Building where I had to work two hours that morning. I was a miserable man. I opened the firebox and tried to light the oil burners. When they exploded they seemed to say, "You hypocrite!" Tears began to run down my face. The conviction of God was upon me. I said to myself, "What is the matter with me?" I went to the motor room. I had something to do on the speed fingers. I said, "I will get away from this." But God was in the motor room. I was afraid to touch those speed fingers, afraid to touch the motors; they were loaded with electricity. I knew a wrong touch would mean severe burns or possibly sudden death. So as I was about to adjust some of the speed fingers I stepped back, the tears streaming down my face. Every click of those motors seemed to say, "You hypocrite!" I could hear the preacher's voice through that building saying, "You hypocrite!" I said, "God, what is this anyway?" I could stand it no longer. At last I said, "If this is the Spirit of God, I will see it through. I will put God to the test right here, and if there is a God, I want to know it."

I sized up the men around me. I said, "What will they say if I pray?" Oh, there was a terrible battle

on! I said, "I will see it through. If God will give me what the preacher was talking about, I will try." This "deacon," this religious man, got down upon his knees before three of his fellow workmen. I lifted my hands to Heaven and said, "God, be merciful to me a sinner; I want salvation!" I didn't tell God I was a deacon or Sabbath School teacher. I told Him the truth of the matter. I told Him I was a sinner. Being a deacon in a church doesn't signify you are a Christian. I found I needed salvation just as much as the brother who had been an atheist.

I met a little opposition from these men at the workbench. While I was praying, one of the best friends I ever had came up and tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Scotty, get up! Tell me what's the matter. I will help you." I said, "George, leave me alone." He said, "What is it? Is it financial trouble? Is it sickness? I will help you in any way I can." I said, "George, stand back; you can't help me. It is going to take God to do this." He stood back. God answered, and the heavens opened; the glory of God flowed into my soul; He saved me through and through. In about two minutes I rose to my feet, saying, "I've got it! I've got it!" Thank God, I did have it. I started to praise the Lord. All I could say was, "Praise the Lord, praise the Lord!" As I lit the old oil burners, it seemed to me that they were

saying the same. Everything around me was praising the Lord. I dug down into my pockets and out came the cigars, and my old pipe and the chewing plug, and I flung them out the door.

The boy who was running the elevator told the others, "There's something wrong with Jack. He's up in the motor room and he is crying." Thank God, I was crying out to God with all my heart; I wasn't ashamed either. Oh, the glory that filled my heart! Thank God for a working man's salvation. A man who works every day in overalls can get salvation right at the workbench.

The Joy of Victory

I ran down Third Street after my work was finished, and back to the Apostolic Faith mission. The first person I met at the head of the stairs was my wife. I said, "I am saved!" She said, "You will have to prove yourself." When we went home that night, she said, "Here is your box of cigars. What are you going to do about them? No Christian smokes." I said, "Burn them!" So she took them and put them in the stove. She said, "Here is Russell's doctrine [Jehovah's Witness literature! You have tried to make yourself believe there is no hell!" I said, "Burn it with the cigars where it belongs. Put the whole thing in the stove. I am through with it!"

They were burned that night, and, bless God, I have never had another cigar in my mouth from that day until this. That night I went down upon my knees, with my family around me, looking up to Heaven, with tears streaming down my face, thanking God for the old-time religion. I now have the salvation the old Scotch Covenanters had.

God took the sin out of my heart. This is a salvation that you can shout about at the workbench, on the street, wherever you are. It takes the weak backbone out, and puts a backbone of steel in you; makes you stand foursquare for God. It is the peace of Heaven down in this heart of mine. It keeps me every day with the old-time religion in my heart. I wish you could feel the joy and peace that comes down into your heart when you get the old-time religion.

The moment I said, "God, I will give You all," that moment He did the work in my soul. A few days after I was saved, I wanted more of this salvation; and God sanctified me wholly, a second, definite work of Grace. The love of God that came into my soul at that time could never be told. I shall never forget how the fire fell when the Lord sanctified me. The next night I came back and sought for the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. I cried out to

God and said, "O God, baptize me and give me power to tell the Story." And He heard and answered and baptized me with the mighty Holy Ghost and fire. It is wonderful! The Gospel is the thing the world needs.

The boys at work said, "We will give Scotty a week. When he gets his pay, we will see what kind of religion he has." I was coming up out of the basement; I had my check in my pocket. They were all standing and waiting. I could hear them saying, "Here he comes!" I was ready for them. They said, "We are going in and have a glass of beer. Have one with us." "No!" I said, "I am through." They said, "If you don't take a glass of beer, take a cigar." I said, "I burned two boxes last night." One of them said, "Let him go." They had to let me go. They had no strings on me. They knew God had done something real for me. The chief engineer in that building came up to me and said, "You stay with this. It has made a man out of you. It has put the thing in your heart." That man later came and gave his heart to Jesus Christ. I worked under him about three years.

Made Restitution

I had never heard anything about restitution. I had read it in the Bible, but I never thought it was for

these days. But after God saved me, the restitution came right up before me. I had taken things from the building I had worked in. Those people had trusted me, and I had a passkey for every office in the building. But God showed me I have to make things right. I promised Him I would go and confess to the man in that building what I had done.

I went to my work, and the first man I met was the very one I had stolen from. I was a little afraid. Down on my knees behind the old boilers I went. I said, "Lord, You help me to go and confess to that man, and I will do it." I jumped to my feet, ran up the stairs, and said, "I am here to make a confession. I am supposed to be a watchman in this building, and I stole these things. I am here to pay for them and make it right." I went to the other fellows I had wronged, and asked forgiveness. I wrote back to Scotland, to a man whom I had worked with. I had taken more than my share of the money, and I paid it back.

I wrote back to the city of Glasgow to the minister I had been under and told him God had saved me, sanctified me, and baptized me with the Holy Ghost. I waited for his answer, and what do you think he wrote back? "Don't go too far!" Well, I am going all the way. I am going to Heaven.

Faith Rewarded

My little daughter had been afflicted with tuberculosis of the glands of her neck for nine years. I had tried nine of the best physicians in Scotland; I had tried the two best specialists in the city of Portland, Oregon. We had spent hundreds of dollars trying to bring healing to that child's body, but to no avail. Many a night when I would come home from work, I would go to her little crib expecting to find her gone. As I would look down at her little wasted form, I thought I would have given my own blood if I could have raised up that child, but I couldn't do it.

My wife, who was a Christian, had first heard of the Apostolic Faith people through a neighbour who loved the Lord; and one day she went to this little neighbour and poured out her heart to her, and told her all her troubles. That woman said, "Don't you know there is a people, the Apostolic Faith, who pray for the sick and the sick get well?" My wife came home and said to me, "I have good news for you. I have been told there is a people who pray for the sick and the sick get well." I wasn't saved at that time, so I said, "I don't believe it. We will just leave her in the hands of physicians." She said, "I am going to throw out the medicine." I said, "If you do, I will go to the

drugstore and buy more.” But I didn’t need to buy more, because the healing power of Jesus Christ came down on that child’s body, and God raised her up, and she is a witness to the healing power there is in the Blood of Jesus. She is a well woman after these many years and is serving the God of her parents, as does also her daughter and family.

These forty-eight years in this Latter Rain Gospel have been a happy time for me. I have had a few battles, but God has brought me through. I thank Him for the peace and victory I have in my heart. I am a soldier of the Cross and on the firing line. – J.B.C.