

A. D. STEWART
EVANGELIST

To my beloved parents whose daily Christian teaching and example I owe my love and devotion to Jesus Christ, to the faculty and teachers of Miller Memorial Bible Institute, and Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute where I received my Theological training, to my dear uncle and friend A. L. Stewart who has taught me many a precious lesson from the bible, and to all them whom I have met in Gospel work, especially the converts who have made their stand for God and the Bible in my meetings, and to all them who love the Truth and are waiting for the "Coming One" is this booklet affectionately dedicated.

PREFACE

This little booklet is sent forth with the prayer that it might be a blessing to many. It is the writer's second edition of his personal testimony. The first account has been well received and seemingly blest by the Lord. Different copies being sent to various points in the United States, England and India, and scores of places throughout Canada. This has given courage to the writer to publish a second edition, somewhat revised but in most respects the same as the original copy.

There is no other object in mind than that it might be the means of salvation and blessing to all who might read and through them be passed on to others. This booklet will have achieved its purpose if the reader has been directed to Christ and the Bible, both of which are God's greatest gifts to men and cannot be separated. The writer has endeavoured to give only a few of the outstanding things of his life, hoping that it might be profitable to any who find themselves in a similar condition. From his heart he has only the glory of God in view, and the magnifying of His grace in saving such a sinner. May the reader join in prayer with us that through this booklet many more of our young people now hopelessly astray from God might come to find in Him the greatest and most personal of all friends, who sticketh closer than a brother.

CHRIST FINDS A SHEEP THAT WAS LOST IN MOOSE JAW

The man who started out from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves was down and hopelessly so. He was not only down but out, as the saying goes. Bruised, and bleeding and left to die—until—the good Samaritan came along, and then how things changed. After the Samaritan cared for the man, I'm convinced that the unfortunate victim of the robbers was mighty thankful. Do you ask why? Because of the kindness of the new found friend.

If the kindly Samaritan had no other friends before, certainly he had one now—in the person of this one whom he had shown kindness to.

In this biblical illustration of Luke 10:30 I see a picture of my own life, I too, was waylaid on my course through life and robbed by the thieves of sin, of all my service to God and my fellow man. Not only that but I was robbed of heaven itself, because not one sin shall enter there, nor anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life. That I was down and out and on the brink of eternal ruin caused me great concern but for the life of me, I didn't know just which way to turn for help—until—that Good Samaritan came along, that never-to-be-forgotten night in the city of Moose Jaw, and lifted me.

*"In loving kindness Jesus came,
My soul in mercy to reclaim,
And from the depth of sin and shame,
Thru' grace He lifted me."*

And that dear friend is the reason, I love Him with all my heart, In my time of distress and need He gave me a helping hand.

Or again like the disciples on the stormy sea in the story of Mark 6:45. The boat was filled with frightened men, they were expecting every wave, each gust of wind to swamp their vessel. They fain would have cried out for fear so close were they to death. How thankful and how overjoyed they were, when in their darkest hour, when all hope of their salvation was gone, when the waves beat the highest and the winds blew the hardest, an almighty hand was stretched out to save and a voice spoke "Be not afraid it is I." As in the former picture of the good Samaritan so in this, the condition of my lost soul is portrayed. Beaten about on the sea of life by the waves of sin, with the winds of ungodliness and skepticism threatening to swamp my frail ship, I too, would fain have cried out for aid, but to whom would I cry. In such a dark hour I heard the wonderful story of One who could speak the words of peace and pardon to the most guilty soul, One who could calm every sin troubled heart and in my despair I sought His help. Nor did I seek in vain for that evening I met with Jesus and claimed Him as my Lord. The words of peace were spoken to my soul which down through the

succeeding years have never left me. From that hour to this I have never had a fear of death, eternity, or judgment to come because I know that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. Thank God my sins which were many were forgiven me, simply by taking God at His Word when He said, "Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

EARLY DAYS

I can never remember our home when we didn't have family worship. Very early in life I became acquainted with the fact that all had sinned and come short of the glory of God, but not realizing the great issues that this involved I was not very much concerned. However, I was religious, most children are. I had a great respect for God and the things of God and loved to go to Sunday school. Little by little as I grew older these thoughts fell off, and as many of my acquaintances were not religious minded I gradually drifted entirely away beginning to think that religion was but for old ladies and little children.

MY MAIN MISTAKE

Although I changed in my attitude toward God and the Bible, around home they didn't. With the result that the claims of God's Word were pressed the more upon me making life at times unbearable. And it was at this stage I made the great mistake that so many are still making. Rather than submit once and for all to the Word of God I rebelled, rejected Christ's redemption and the pleading voice of the Spirit of God in my heart. I can see now the folly of such a decision, but at that time I was blind to everything that would hinder me from having a good time in the world. I was young and wanted excitement and did not think that being a Christian could give it to me. I had to learn in the end by many a hard knock and bitter experience that God's way was best of all and afforded the greatest gain.

THE CAUSE OF MY MISTAKE, WILFULNESS

I insisted on my own will and way around home. Sometimes I got it and sometimes I didn't (mostly the latter) with the result that I began to work away from home. Rather than this making me better, it turned out worse. Away from the influence of Christian parents and a Godly environment I went wild. And much like the horse which takes the bit in its teeth, kicks over the traces, and charges down the road, it was not very long till I was tangled up in the harness, and the long arm of John Law stretched out to head me off. Five different times that long arm got a hold on me in my wild dash, and in three of the instances I narrowly escaped severe penalties. My arrests were in widely separated spots or I would surely have taken the count. During this time my dis-

respect grew for religion. I had attended a few dances in some of the churches and had seen the ministers carousing around like the rest of us and couldn't help but wonder what all was there to it anyway. I continued on a more and more ungodly course trying to satisfy my soul from the cup of worldly pleasure and self gratification. I'll admit it tasted sweet at first, there are pleasures in sin, but only for a season; gradually I got the bitter dregs. Instead of joy, there was sorrow, instead of liberty there was abject slavery—it seemed the bottom dropped out of my little world and nothing appealed to me. I'm convinced now that like myself, millions have had to learn by bitter experience that under satan's rule, and living for the satisfying of the dictates of an evil heart we are destined to find disappointment and bondage of the worst kind.

WANDERING

Adam when he sinned sought vainly to hide himself from God. He knew that there was no place in God's presence for sin and he tried to get away. He was condemned from without and within and in a desperate attempt to shake off the fear that was taking hold of him, he hid in the trees of the garden. Jonah also, when he went against God's revealed will, tried to get away from the convicting Spirit by travelling. But like these two characters and many others including the prodigal son, I learned that changing surroundings does not ease the pressure and tumult that goes on in the heart. I travelled thousands of miles, by car, by passenger trains, by freight trains, and by saddle horse (I used this latter means in the bad lands of south Saskatchewan, it was here I was arrested for saddle and horse stealing, trial being held in Valmorie, Sask.) but all to no avail; I could not get away from God and that voice inside that was always condemning.

During this time I worked at various jobs throughout the provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. No matter what I tried it was always with the same result inside a month, I'd have to go again. I was seeking rest and finding none, and at the same time learning that there was no escape from God. As the psalmist David said: "that even though he made his bed in hell—lo, God was there." Or if he took the wings of the morning and dwelt in the uttermost parts of the sea, God was there also." Adam found out he couldn't get away from God by hiding; Jonah found out he couldn't get away from God by travelling; the Prodigal couldn't do it; and I couldn't. I considered God as an enemy because my mind was poisoned by the arch enemy of souls—the devil, with the result I tried everything to banish God from my thoughts, all to no avail. Plunging into pleasure couldn't do it; hard work couldn't do it; staying away from church couldn't do it, it just seemed to aggravate matters. How miserable Adam must

have been while hiding; and Jonah while on that rough voyage on the ship (any voyage is rough and stormy when you are travelling away from God); and the poor prodigal son in the pig pen, how sour life must have been to him. I can sympathize with anyone who has been or who even now is in such a condition, being in it for so long myself. I didn't stop to analyse it then, but I know now the why and wherefore of it all. The devil was putting up a bid for my soul, and so was God. The Lord was doing His best to save me. I was doing my utmost to resist and in the end God won; and I never will cease to praise Him. Now I can say,

*"I tried the broken cisterns Lord,
But, ah! the waters failed—
Even as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.*

*Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me;
There is love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus found in Thee.'*

WASTE

It is only too evident to me now how utterly wasted the years of my life were that I spent in this manner. My time, talents, influence, had all come short of their God-intended purpose. Is it any wonder I was miserable? My life was fruitless and even worse than useless, all because I was not doing the will of God. Who can calculate the losses sustained by people who are doing this very thing. What will the harvest be? I often ponder what my end might have been had not the Christ found me. Each time I read of some poor wretch convicted of a crime, I say, "It could be me, except for the grace of God"; or when I meet the drunkard, cast out and unwanted by society, I say, "It could be me except for the grace of God." When I see and meet some of the wrecks caused by sin and posing as men and women (in the ministry you meet many such) I say again, "It could be me except for the grace of God." That my feet were saved from such slippery places, is only due to the work of God, who intervened and liberated a Satan-bound, determined to sin soul. Im convinced now that all sin, and sinful practices are not only wasting the precious things of life but also degrading. It makes us slaves to pleasure, which has ruined many a soul, also slaves to appetite and desire for gain. Any of which, along with a selfish disposition robs us of true manhood and womanhood.

GOD'S PLAN—OH, WHAT A CHANGE

God has a plan for every life, a place of usefulness, prosperity and blessing. This can only be discovered as we accept God's way of salva-

tion and yield our lives to His control. If we despise His mercy and grace we will miss all the precious blessings of life, and heaven itself in the end. Adam while hidden in the garden; Jonah asleep in the ship; the prodigal while in the pig pen, were in just that place, outside the blessings of the Lord, until they yielded. And so was I, until the memorable night of February 11th, 1934, when Christ came into my life. All my rebellious thoughts against God, my fear of death and coming judgment, my desire to do what was right, came to a head and I decided that once and for all I would settle accounts with God. I purposely went to a gospel meeting and after a great struggle decided to kneel and pray. Thank God for the influence of a Christian woman (Mrs. Hall by name) who persuaded me that night, along the same line I had been thinking, that now was the proper time to get right with God. I knelt in prayer and as every Prodigal in coming back to God I cried, "Father forgive me, for I have sinned against heaven and before Thee." For a number of hours the conflict waged and finally in a most wonderful way the light broke in on my spirit from the central verse of the Bible: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

*"Upon the cross of Jesus,
Mine eyes that night did see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confessed—
The wonder of His dying love
And my unworthiness."*

Even as I write the joy of it all comes back, and I cannot help but sing,

*"Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."*

The welcoming arms of God were wrapped around me, and I'm convinced that He will hold me fast. The promise is "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." I came to Him, and true to His word He did not cast me out, but took me in, and gave me power to become a son of God.

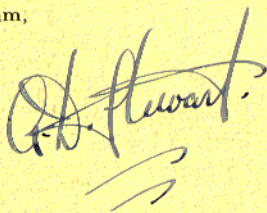
*"I've seen the face of Jesus,
He smiled and welcomed me."*

Since that day I've been out telling the story to any who care to listen—on street corners, school houses, homes and churches all over the land—how that Christ died for our sins; how He is beseeching men

and women to be saved; how He rose again for our justification, and of His soon coming to receive us unto Himself. Many misunderstand the purpose and not a few criticize, but be that as it may, I cannot help but reason that if Christ has done so much for me, can I do less for Him? I've yet to experience my first regret for the stand which I have made. And you, dear reader, what about you? Have you this friend you so much need, this Saviour who can save to the uttermost all them that will come to God by Him; this Christ who alone could say "I am the way, the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." In very truth, dear reader, He is this same Jesus who was taken up into heaven, after that He paid our penalty of sin, and will shortly come again in like manner as the disciples saw Him go. You need Him, we all need Him and He is the dearest friend that mortal man can know. I commend Him to you as Saviour, Friend and Lord, as One who saves, keeps and satisfies.

*"Welcome wonderer, welcome!
Welcome home to God;
Thou hast wandered far away,
Oh, come back to Christ today."*

Yours in making Christ known,
I am,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "A. D. Stewart". Below the signature are several horizontal wavy lines.

If you realize the need of Gospel meetings in your town or district, and would like evangelistic meetings held there, kindly write me a letter: Evangelist A. D. Stewart, 516-8th Avenue West, Calgary, Alta.