

As I went on speaking, however, this strong, sturdy laborer became deeply moved. "Yes, I remember now," she said, "When we were burying that body, I felt the presence of God all over that place!"

Now, dear readers, what is the explanation of such a life? How could a young lady, still pursuing her studies, never having preached a sermon or sung a solo, never having traveled more than two hundred miles away from her home; how could her life so affect people in all parts of the world that they felt a mighty general had fallen? The Word of God says, "One of you shall chase a thousand; two shall put ten-thousand to flight." Helen Ewan's life had been worth more than a thousand ordinary Christians to the Church. And the story of her life, translated into many different languages, has continued to bless many today. What, I say, is the explanation? **There is only one explanation: SHE WAS FILLED WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT.**

Helen, who was an ordinary young woman, became extraordinary simply because she surrendered all to Christ and appropriated for herself all that was hers in Him. She, with unveiled face, took time to receive, and thus reflected, the glory of the Lord as she passed from one degree of glory to another.

We all mirror the glory of the Lord in some degree, but if we are to perfectly mirror His glory, **there are three things that must be true of us:**

1. The mirror must be clean. A dirty mirror does not give a true reflection.
2. The mirror must be kept clean. In Bible days, when mirrors were made of polished metal, they had to be kept polished to be of any use. And the mirror of your life must be kept clean and polished if it is to perfectly and consistently reflect the glory of the Lord.
3. The mirror must be in place; it must face the object to be reflected. You must have both eyes on Christ, the whole life looking unto Him, if you

would reflect His glory.

May you, dear reader, be so fully surrendered to your Lord that you will, like Helen Ewan, fully reflect the glory of the Lord. Let this be your prayer, with Francis Ridley Havergal:

*In full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only,
And evermore to be.
O Son of God who lov'st me
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have, and all I can,
Shall henceforth to Thine own.*

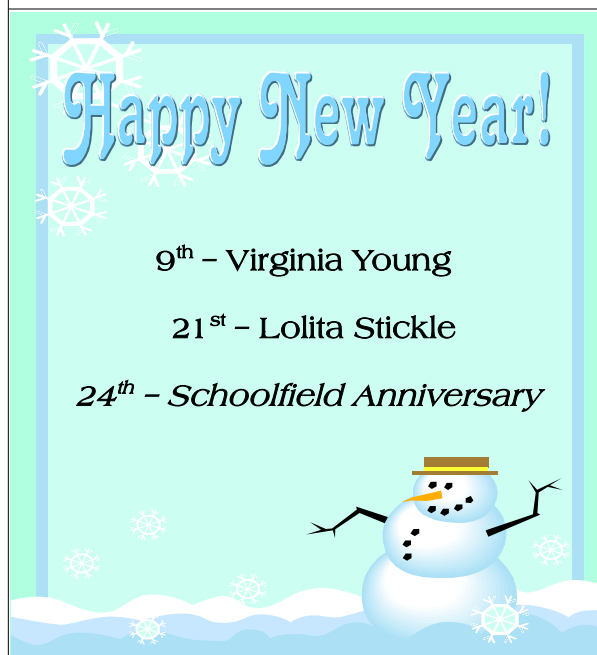
*Reign over me, Lord Jesus!
O make my heart Thy throne
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.
Oh! come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King!*



CHRISTMAS TREE THEME



BIRTHDAYS & SPECIAL EVENTS IN:



NCO Kids

Monthly News

❄️ January 2012 ❄️

Helen Ewan

Part 2

Written By: James A. Stewart

Recap: Helen Ewan was on ordinary, common Christian, and in another, she was an extraordinary one. Her brief, Christian life of eight years was filled with the fragrance and glory of God. In her prayer life, Helen was such an example to us. She arose each morning around five o'clock to commune with her Lord. Helen's other great quality was her seeking after the lost. In meetings she was always on the alert for lost souls.

Margaret Wilson

Every growing girl has her own heroes and heroines. Helen was no different. Her favorite character was one of the Wigtown martyrs of the Covenanting days in Scotland, Margaret Wilson. Margaret was seventeen when she laid down her life for Christ on the 11th of May, 1685, in Wigtown, not very far from the little town of Anwoth where Samuel Rutherford spent the early years of his ministry. She was the daughter of Gilbert Wilson, a farmer. The Wilson family unitedly carried on a guerrilla warfare constantly against the enemies of the Gospel of their time. They hid

and cared for the Covenanting preachers and sought every opportunity to magnify the Lord.

In February of 1685, Margaret ventured to creep forth from her hiding place and steal down to her home because of hunger and cold. She was soon discovered by the enemy and locked up in prison – in the “Thieves' Hole” where the worst malefactors were her associates. For six or seven weeks she lay in this dismal place. Then she was taken out and placed in another prison where constantly, day and night, she was asked to deny her faith. She steadfastly refused.

An other prisoner, an elderly widow named Margaret Lachlison, and she, along with Margaret's young sister Agnes, aged thirteen, were sentenced to be “flogged through the streets of Wigtown by the public hangman, and thereafter be put for three days in the jugs,” Gilbert Wilson paid the sum of one hundred pounds sterling for the release of Agnes, who was then absolved of her dreadful sentence. But Margaret was old enough to know her own mind and would stand or fall according to her own decision.

The town folk were all afoot on that fateful day of May 11th, 1685. Until now, the enemies of the Gospel in Scotland had been put to death by burning at the stake. Now, for the first time, they planned to use water. This was to frighten the prisoners and deter the people from taking like stands for the hated truth.

There was near the town Wigtown a little stream called Bladnoch. At low water, the Solway recedes for miles, and it is over the naked sands that the Bladnoth trickles to its goal. But when the tide returns, it rushes rapidly up the river's path and by and by overflows the banks on both sides.

That dreadful morning, two stakes had been driven in the sands within the channel of the stream while the tide was out; one farther up than the other, but both comparatively near the town. To the stake farther out they fastened Margaret Lachlison, the widow, seeking to intimidate the

younger girl who was tied to the stake near the shore. The tide was as yet far out. The people stood waiting, prepared to rescue the two women at the first sign of their relenting.

Then the tide came rushing in. The people retreated up the banks for safety. The water was already lapping about the face of Margaret Lachlison, who was struggling silently.

“What think ye of your companion now?” cried some brutal official to Margaret Wilson, who felt the cold waves about her waist.

“What do I see but Christ wrestling out yonder” Think ye that we are the sufferers” No! It is Christ in us.”

Then the girl sang part of the twenty-fifth Psalm and, opening her Bible, read the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. We can imagine with that pathos she read the closing words of the chapter:

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

As it is written, For Thy sake we are killed all day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Finally, she prayed. The water began to lap over her face. Her tormentors began to plead for her to recant. The following dialogue took place:

“Margaret, ye are young. If ye'll pray for the king, we will give you your life.”

“I'll pray for salvation to all, but damnation to none,” she replied.

They dashed her under the water and pulled her up again. People looked on and said, “Oh, Margaret, will ye say it?”

“Lord, give him repentance and forgiveness

in salvation,” she prayed.

“We do not want your prayers,” cried the enemy cursing her bitterly. “Just take the oath.”

“No sinful oath for me,” she answered.

When Margaret was released for that moment to swear the oath, the heartbroken people cried out to Major Wiram, “She has said it! She has said it!”

But to Major Wiram the brave girl gave a flat refusal.

“I will not. I am one of Christ's children.”

They placed her on the stake again and the waters of the Solway rolled over her head. Margaret was instantly in the presence of her Lord.

It was of such rugged stock as this that Helen Ewan came. She might not be asked to die for her Redeemer as was Margaret Wilson, but by His grace she would live for Him each moment of every day.

At the university Helen was preparing herself for the missionary service among the Russian people of Eastern Europe where I, myself, was later to labor. Already she was learning the Russian language in preparation for her life's ministry. But God, in His wisdom and love, called her Home at the age of twenty-two.

She had been spending her vacation with an aunt in the kingdom of Fife and while there was continually about her Master's business. She was taken ill suddenly and as suddenly was called Home. It was so unexpected that it shocked us all. I was laboring at the time in an evangelistic campaign in a city in northern England. When the news reached me of Helen's Home-going, I was stunned. I could neither eat nor sleep. So great was my grief that the people were amazed to learn that this young lady from my city was no more to me than a spiritual friend and companion; not my fiancée. “How is it possible,” they asked, “that a young man could be so broken down over the loss of anyone, especially only a friend?”

I was not alone in my sorrow. Thousands wept throughout Scotland and Great Britain. Many sought to express something of the blessing this life had meant to them. For instance, at one

memorial service, a Christian leader stood and told the audience of how Helen's spirituality had so deeply affected him. “I was old enough to be her father,” he said. “I had known the Lord many years longer than she had known Him, but still she seemed so far ahead of me spiritually.”

On far-off mission stations, Britain missionaries grieved at the news. Alas, who would bear them up so faithfully at the Throne of Grace now? Who would step into this gap and take her place?

Even many years later when I would be again in Glasgow, one of the most thrilling experiences was to be with a group of Christian friends who would be sharing with each other something of what this dedicated, radiant life had meant to us personally. The very mention of her name had a charm; an irresistible force that drove one to his knees to cry out, “Oh, God, raise up others like Helen Ewan. Oh, God, make even me a better man for Thy glory!”

Some time later, when I had a few days free from my evangelistic meetings, I visited the cemetery where Helen had been laid to rest, in order to once again give God thanks for such a life. There I knelt before God and laid myself anew upon His altar, pleading that the fire of God would fall on even me.

One of the grave diggers to whom I spoke could not at first recall anyone having been buried there such as I described to him.

“You must remember that we are burying large numbers of people here; this is a public cemetery,” he explained.