

**CALVINISM POPULARIZED: THE
FIVE POINTS CARBONIZED IN A
SERIES OF DISCUSSIONS WITH
ENQUIRERS OR OPPONENTS**

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Calvinism popularized: the five points carbonized in a series of discussions with enquirers or opponents by H. A. Long

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H. A. LONG

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Harry Alfred Long



CALVINISM POPULARISED

THE FIVE POINTS CARBONISED IN A
SERIES OF DISCUSSIONS WITH
ENQUIRERS OR OPPONENTS

BY THE PROTESTANT CHAMPION OF SCOTLAND

H. A. LONG

AUTHOR OF "THE NAMES WE BEAR,"
"COSMOGONY," ETC.

"I GIVE UNTO MY SHEEP ETERNAL LIFE."

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DEDICATORY LETTER

TO THE WORKING MEN'S EVANGELISTIC ASSOCIATION
OF GLASGOW

FELLOW-DWELLERS IN CHRIST AND WORKERS FOR HIM,—Having of a long time shared your hopes of reaching the golden shore and spending with Jesus Heaven's endless noon, I think my privilege is to write something for your upbuilding in the Beloved, which must prove more enduring than passing sermons delivered among you for a generation. I cannot enlarge the boundaries of Christian knowledge—that is given to few—but I may, by Divine aid, make plainer certain blessed truths concerning His kingdom, which, if duly apprehended, the Sabbath of God is perfected in the soul of man. That I may make clear these intentions, and accomplish this great end, it is necessary to say somewhat of the Lord's dealings with myself, His raising me from the Adamic pit, and causing my erring feet to walk the narrow path towards Sion's sacred top. About fifty years since (March 1846) it pleased Him to reveal Himself as my Redeemer. From the time the convictions of God were upon me until I found relief was but a few days, during which I did little else than weep and groan. Divine joy was shed through my heart while agonising at 11 P.M. on the Lord's Day. No text was impressed upon me; I realised nothing other than this—black anguish was away, and my soul flooded with strange joy. This I understood to intimate pardon. That joy continued with intervals for a fortnight, being at times such as to oblige my walking to and fro praising God, for I could not sit. About a month after I was thrown into distress through a companion, who apparently started for the kingdom with me, falling away. My fear was that I would too. When wrestling with the Angel He sweetly said, "Through much tribulation thou shalt enter the kingdom." That was my first telegram from Heaven, and I understood Him to mean I shall reach the

skies, though suffering grievously by the way. Amidst the manifold changes of life, I have experienced the latter part of the promise, and hope still the truth of the former. Strange to tell, for seven years I went into a stage of experience seeming to belie that. Such was the duration of my servitude under Moses. Though never questioning ultimate safety then or since, I was tried with a sense of endless defects, and groaned under miserable shortcomings, so that sometimes I dared not partake of the Lord's Supper for a year. I could not find my title-deeds, through seeking them down amongst the rubbish of my life instead of in His holy life and atoning death. I looked hard down instead of believably up. A deliverer came to my rescue. When visiting Luton Beds, I met with a man of God, a bonnet-block maker, who showed me that justification was in Christ, the Lord my righteousness, wherefore I needed no other to obtain Heaven's favour; that He was the Sun of Righteousness; as the sun imparts light to the dark planet, so He righteousness to unrighteous souls. Hence Paul says (2 Cor. v. 21), "For God made Him (to be) sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made (not make ourselves) the righteousness of God (not righteous, but, the strongest expression thinkable) in Him," not in ourselves. That righteousness being in Him we are not conscious of it, but know it by revelation, which guides God's people into all necessary truth. That night a soul was free. From then I have not doubted acceptance in Christ one hour. Soon after I suffered a dangerous illness. When recovering, an aged countryman of the old school said, "So you are raised up. They say you were near Jordan's brink. How did you feel in view of baptism in its cold dark flood?" I answered, "Feel? What do you mean?" He replied, "Why, all God's people are exercised severely in changing worlds, fear to launch away." I rejoined, "It is not pleasant to differ from them, but I had no such experience, being assured that I am His, living or dying, for this world or that." I found myself a speckled bird, it being thought orthodox to have hopes and fears, of which latter I had had enow. I could not plead them truthfully, nor be wholly silent as to gracious dealings, lest His grace should be veiled to a brother whom I might, if faithful, be instrumental in leading into freedom. Hereby I was taught that in one form we are slaves of Satan, then servants of Moses, and then conscious sons of the Lord God, ex-residenters of the City of Destruction, burgesses of the new Jerusalem. Seven years after meeting my emancipator at Luton I passed through a new phase of experience,